

"ARCUS: VOX POPULI"

Written by  
Stefano Pavone

Copyright (c) Stefano Pavone 2024

1st Draft – 25 April 2024

Email: [stefanopavone@live.co.uk](mailto:stefanopavone@live.co.uk)  
Telephone: +44(0)7591938371

TITLE CARD: "23 JUNE 2016 – LONDON, ENGLAND, UK"

FADE IN:

INT. SECRET CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

This room is opulent and laden with contrasting architecture consisting of marble columns and multicolour high-tech hexagons making up the floor interspersed with smaller black pentagons.

A computer terminal is visible, and sitting in front of its keyboard is a woman dressed mainly in purple with tan skin and dark hair, her face shrouded in darkness – the future PRECEPTRESS OF THE BRITISH DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC (40-50 years old).

PRECEPTRESS

Gentlemen, I am sure you know as to why we are gathered here today. The economies of the world are beginning to collapse and the crime rate is escalating – the supply is not nearly enough to meet the demand, and our nations' individual armed forces cannot carry out their tasks effectively enough, particularly with the UK's departure from the EU, which has caused much strife in Europe. We need something stronger, more cohesive.

A male voice – filtered and distorted – can be heard from the computer's speakers.

UNKNOWN VOICE #1 (V.O.)

An excellent suggestion. I have already discussed the matter with the President of the European Commission.

The Preceptress raises a solitary eyebrow as she allows herself a slight smirk.

PRECEPTRESS

I take it he was agreeable?

UNKNOWN VOICE #1 (V.O.)

Oh, yes. When I said we could do away with all future *referenda* to expedite democracy, he was beaming so hard it was practically pitiful.

BEGIN CHAOTIC MONTAGE

EXT. CITY STREET – EVENING

The Sun is setting in the Sky. Some homeless men are trying to keep warm by an open fire while playing cards, while a group of women and children are trying to survive.

A Japanese man with a full head of dark hair and glasses – the future resistance ringleader, SATOSHI YANAZAKI (40-50 years old) – pulls up in an UAZ-469 4\*4 sporting a rainbow-like logo. Beside him is his *protégé*, a Euro-Mediterranean man with dark hair, mixed-colour eyes (greenish-brown), a round head and photochromic spectacles – half-white, half-Latin Italian ENRICO ROBUTTI (25-30 years old).

A second voice, also male with the same vocal filters applied, speaks up.

UNKNOWN VOICE #2 (V.O.)

I hope you are not underestimating the problem. The others may not go as quietly as you think. We have received official confirmation to start constructing the first self-contained cities-in-a-skyscraper – arcologies, if you like. First London, then Manchester, followed by every major city in the rest of the country.

Satoshi and Enrico bring the homeless people a large metal crate full of Yugo-Kalashnikov assault rifles complete with attached grenade launchers and full-size Uzi submachine guns, along with assorted sidearms. Enrico picks out a sleek-looking handgun – a Zastava M57A Yugo-Tokarev single-action semiautomatic pistol in 7.62\*25mm, which he holsters on his left side.

UNKNOWN VOICE #1 (V.O.)

I'm concerned about the riots occurring in Cardiff and Edinburgh – intelligence reports that the terrorists responsible are galvanising the masses and recruiting adolescents into their Cause. It looks like the chaos is reaching the point where we might not be able to contain it.

A barricade is set up with about 40 newly-inducted rebels. Enrico is making sure the rebels are OK before manning his position with a Yugo-Kalashnikov assault rifle complete with attached grenade launcher, armed and ready.

The First British Revolution begins as the rebels open fire, the streets ablaze with gunfire and explosions. The military troops advance, and so do the rebels, with Satoshi leading the charge with a dozen or so of them by his side while brandishing a gold-plated futuristic-looking Chiappa Rhino 60DS double-action revolver in .357 Magnum to indicate his leadership, while others remain behind in the improvised trench.

INT. POLICE HUMVEE – EVENING

A group of approximately a dozen or so paramilitary police officers are present, clad in blue SWAT-like uniforms complete with full-face ballistic helmets and Kevlar body armour, the visors on their helmets raised to expose their faces. These are members of the London Metropolitan Police's ARMED RESPONSE UNIT.

Most of the men are gearing up with fully kitted-out CZ BREN 2 5.56\*45mm assault rifles complete with 40mm grenade launchers, silencers, green laser sights and holographic sights, while a few arm up with CZ Scorpion EVO 3 A1 9\*19mm Parabellum submachine guns and Benelli M4 Tactical 12-gauge semiautomatic combat shotguns.

They are led by a giant of a man (nearly 2 metres tall) with dark skin, brown eyes and short black hair – this is Afro-Russian Detective Chief Inspector MIKHAIL ROZHENKO (30-35 years old).

A Native Siberian man of medium height with tan skin and dark hair – Russian Detective Chief Superintendent ROMEO MEDVEDEV (40-50 years old) – is also present.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS – EVENING

The Sun is setting. People are out and about holding signs for Scottish independence and climate action, written in Scottish Gaelic. Some of the protesters are shot dead by SAS troops, while others are arrested violently. Those who remain standing opt to flee.

PRECEPTRESS (V.O.)

Why contain it? Let them fight  
amongst themselves, let them watch  
their democracy's end. This is what  
they wanted, this is what they get.

A third unidentified voice complete with filter speaks up, female this time.

UNKNOWN VOICE #3 (V.O.)

The people are taking increasingly drastic measures to combat the climate crisis. Temperatures are close to the limit for human tolerance, and the underclasses are starting to get desperate.

The police shoot at the fleeing protesters, who run for their lives, dropping their pickets.

EXT. PALACE GARDENS – NIGHT

The Moon is shining in the Sky as a group of very angry rebels led by Satoshi and Enrico are present, armed with Serbo-AKS with attached grenade launchers and Uzis.

The rebels escort a group of finely dressed adults into the centre of a posh garden, lining them all up – the Royal Family. Satoshi watches apathetically while Enrico gives orders to ready, aim and fire, despite pleas for mercy from the monarchs.

RAT-TA-TAT! BANG! BLAM! The monarchy and its closest members are coldly executed in a bloody massacre.

PRECEPTRESS (V.O.)

Of course they're desperate. They can smell their deaths, and the sound they'll make rattling their cages will serve as a warning to the rest. Rest assured, all of you, that these issues will be solved in time.

The rebels lower their weapons as Satoshi admires their handiwork, with Enrico spitting on the late King and Queen's corpses before walking away.

END MONTAGE

BACK TO:

INT. SECRET CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

The Preceptress smiles smugly.

## PRECEPTRESS

Civic deeds must never go unrewarded,  
 and contrariwise, complicity with  
 these causes, these goals to subvert  
 the will of the people and confiscate  
 our rights to liberty and  
 independence... will not go unpunished.  
*Vox populi, vox dei* – the voice of  
 the people is the voice of God.

She terminates the connection and is quickly enveloped in  
 darkness.

FADE OUT

TITLE CARD: "BRITISH DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC – 2026"

FADE IN:

BEGIN OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE OVER "LAND OF CONFUSION"  
 MONTAGE

EXT. ROOFTOP – THE NEXT DAY

The Sun is shining as a man dressed in orange with a pair of  
 thermal/infrared binoculars watches a scene from a nearby  
 building, sporting spectacles and a round, shiny head with  
 short dark hair in a buzz cut while standing in front of a  
 silver Kazan Ansat-M twin-engine helicopter with golden  
 doors and orange, almost bronze, rotor blades. This is an  
 older-but-still-recognisable Enrico.

He can see an arrogant schoolmaster berating a student –  
 Scottish 18-year-old WINSTON SMITH. His eyes narrow and his  
 teeth clench as he witnesses the schoolmaster physically  
 assault the student! Enrico lowers his IR binoculars with an  
 eerie calm, drawing his Serbo-Tokarev pistol, racking the  
 slide with deliberate force.

INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE – MORNING – CONTINUOUS

The door opens to reveal the headmaster, wearing an  
 expensive business suit complete with matching necktie  
 (possibly Giorgio Armani or Louis Vuitton).

Enrico barges into the office, seeing a forlorn and bruised  
 Winston before him. He looks at Winston before getting down  
 to his level, trying to make eye contact with him, noticing  
 a barely-visible red mark on the pupil's hands and the back  
 of his neck – he can also see a rejected voucher for the  
 school's foodbank in addition to Winston's left hand being a  
 bloody mess.

Enrico nods in understanding, and turns around to face the principal, whom he pistol-whips, breaking his nose with an audible CRACK! The man yells in pain, clutching his broken nose. Enrico then shoots the principal's right hand with a BANG!, crippling the man before kicking him down to the floor.

He then produces a Beretta folding knife with a sawtooth blade, unlocking it with the push of a button, and scars the man's face! The headmaster yells in pain from the combined force of both blows, holding his face in agony as Enrico glares at him coldly.

INT. TV STUDIO – AFTERNOON

A blonde woman with blue eyes is present – Swedish-American journalist VERONICA DAHLSTRÖM (25-35 years old), wearing a sapphire blue turtleneck sweater and tights combo. She is interviewing the disgraced headmaster, the wound from Enrico's pistol-whipping still visible as she writes down his words furiously.

A man in pink and white – her partner, Welsh photographer DAI HUWS (20-25 years old) – films the interview nervously, with a portable audio recorder mounted to his mirrorless digital camera.

INT. KIMANI'S OFFICE – EVENING

The Sun sets outside as Veronica and Dai are in an opulent office with a dark-skinned woman in a yellow turtleneck with long, smooth black hair – this is Afro-German news editor KIMANI BACHMEYER (25-35 years old). The trio look through notes taken from the interview along with a picture of Enrico. Veronica glances at the photo and smirks devilishly.

EXT. CITY STREET – NIGHT

The Moon is shining in the sky as newspaper stands all over the country sell out the daily edition of the JANUS GLOBAL MEDIA paper detailing Enrico's harrowing assault, complete with his mugshot.

NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: "NATIONAL HERETIC PERVERTS OUR YOUTH!!"

INT. LIVING ROOM IN MIKHAIL'S BUNGALOW HOME — THE NEXT DAY

A giant of a man, approximately 2 metres tall and sporting dark skin with black hair — an older-but-still-recognisable Mikhail — is with a woman with dark hair, dark eyes and tan skin — his girlfriend, Austrian-Iranian KARIN DAIMLER (30-40 years old). She is wearing jade green. They seem happy enough together, dining and drinking.

INT. PRISTINE OFFICE — MORNING

A man with dark grey hair — an older-but-still-recognisable Romeo, now a senior officer in the GREAT BRITISH POLICE FORCE — is on a pushbutton telephone with someone. He soon hangs up and types up an email to Mikhail on his computer, sending it with great urgency.

EXT. ALLEYWAY — AFTERNOON

The Sun is shining in the sky as an Asian woman with golden skin, green eyes and black hair tied back in a ponytail, clad in a ruby red Spandex catsuit with a jade green half-face mask, tan boots and gloves and a sapphire blue utility belt — Japanese beauty TAKI ONODERA (25-35 years old) — is facing off against a squad of half a dozen or so paramilitary police officers. The neo-ninja stares at GBPF troops, who are holding a Muslim family hostage.

The paramilitaries are clad in emerald green uniforms with magenta accents complete with Kevlar body armour and full-face ballistic helmets sporting a logo of the armed response branch of the GBPF — the DIVIETO faction, armed with kitted-out CZ BREN 2 assault rifles, the commanding officer clad in ruby red and cyan while brandishing a Benelli M4 combat shotgun. The officer raises his personal defence weapon menacingly.

Taki moves as if to lower her stance, but at the last minute she throws a *shuriken* at the man, catching him in the throat, killing him! Before the other soldiers can react, she draws her sidearm — a CZ 75 SP-01 Tactical 9\*19mm Parabellum double-action handgun with a decocker, along with a *kunai* dagger, and proceeds to gun down and slash all but one of the troops, standing before the sole survivor with blood dripping from her dagger.

The last man standing backs away from the beautiful but deadly assassin before breaking away into a run.



Taki laughs a noblewoman's laugh before holstering her weapons, turning to face the family and approaching them calmly, giving the father a wad of money, which he takes gratefully.

EXT. CITY STREET – EVENING – LATER

The Sun sets in the sky as a lone Enrico stands on the edge of the Serpentine River in New Hyde Park, watching the fading lights reflect onto the water. He draws an Aiaigasa picture of him and Taki from his pocket and looks at it thoughtfully, the interethnic lovers standing under an umbrella with their names written in Japanese. Looking out onto the river, he pockets the photograph and walks away.

INT. SWIMMING POOL – EVENING

The Sun is setting outside as Taki emerges from the women's changing rooms at a swimming pool in a ruby red racerback swimsuit with her hair down and out, and dives in, showing off her grace and finesse as she alternates between swimming on the surface and underwater.

EXT. FISHING BAY – NIGHT

Enrico holds up a group of social workers from the Order, who are threatening some of the locals and their children in Cardiff Bay. Enrico verbally chastises them and guns down all but one, Spaghetti Western-style. The last one standing takes the hint and runs away as the people smile at him appreciatively.

Their leader shows him a pile of books and texts in Welsh, half-burned and defaced only to be replaced with their English-language counterparts. He is given a book written entirely in Welsh and is led to a feast consisting mainly of fish, bacon and pork.

EXT. ROOFTOP – NIGHT

The Moon is shining in the sky as a quartet of men in dark clothes sneak across the sci-fi-looking metropolis's hexagonal skyscrapers complete with multicolour LED lights.

An Asian man clad in purple and sporting dark grey hair – Japanese resistance ringleader SATOSHI YANAZAKI (50-60 years old) – is present with his aides – Spanish lieutenant ARMANDO RAMÍREZ, wearing green (40-50 years old), Serbian GORAN VUKOVIĆ, dressed in red (18-25 years old) and French-Moroccan DERICE DEVEREAUX, clad in blue (20-30 years old). The quartet gear up.

Satoshi brandishes a gold-plated Chiappa Rhino 60DS double-action revolver in .357 Magnum to indicate his leadership. Derice and Goran prepare to abseil down the building's rooftop while Armando drops a small glass vial into an open ventilation shaft, which shatters on impact and releases a reddish-orange gas into the store.

INT. OFF-LICENCE – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

The clerk feels woozy as the gas overwhelms him... and he falls asleep, landing into his chair as he dozes off. The Slavic safecracker and the Arab computer hacker enter the building as the sleeping gas dissipates, with the Hispanic enforcer leading the way. Derice hacks into the owner's PC while Goran locates the keys on his person.

A concealed compartment which Goran is working on eventually opens, rising within from the floor. Goran is stunned at the sight of the contents – chlorine, Class-A drugs, purified chicken, firearms! He looks at the guns in the compartment and examines them critically, looking disgusted – Glock pistols. Yuck! Derice removes a USB flash drive from the computer, pocketing it.

The owner begins to recover from the sleeping gas and awakens. Seeing the chaos before him, he surreptitiously activates an alarm, sending the place into a cacophony of turmoil. Derice and Goran look at each other, panicking, while Armando raises his CZ P09 Suppressor Ready 9mm double-action handgun, pointing it at the man's head as he aims directly at US. BANG!

FLASH TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM IN MIKHAIL'S BUNGALOW HOME – THE NEXT DAY

Mikhail and Romeo are present in the former's hemispherical house. Romeo, clad in a suit and tie with a decocked CZ 75 SP-01 9mm double-action handgun holstered on his shoulder, is showing a casually-clothed Mikhail a folder containing some colour photos of the usual suspects.

ROMEO

(In Russian)

*We should've talked at my office. Not sure if that would have been much use, though, since it's clear to me you don't want to talk about it here.*

MIKHAIL

*I'm not falling all over myself to talk about it much of anywhere to be honest with you, Romeo. Congratulations on the promotion to Commissioner, by the way.*

ROMEO

*Thanks. What do you know about him?*

MIKHAIL

*You mean besides what he got up to during the revolution? Not a lot, to be honest. I just know that he crippled a headmaster for abusing a pupil and beat an abusive couple to near-death for neglecting their child. I don't blame him, to be honest.*

ROMEO

*He still broke the law, though. Two wrongs don't always make a right. You know that.*

(Pause, as he and  
Mikhail exchange  
glances)

*Did you ever think about giving me a bell?*

MIKHAIL

*No, not really.*

ROMEO

*Why not?*

MIKHAIL

*I quit. Remember? I couldn't take it anymore. You know what this job did to me... to Karin.*

ROMEO

*I understand. Look, I'll be straight with you, Mikhail. If I really didn't need you to come back, then I wouldn't ask.*

(MORE)

ROMEO (cont'd)  
*I can get you temporarily reinstated  
 for this case and promoted to  
 Detective Lieutenant.*

Karin enters. Mikhail smiles warmly at her before Romeo hands him a photograph, catching his attention. Mikhail examines it critically as Karin sits down beside him, squeezing his hand gently.

MIKHAIL  
 (In English)  
 Who's this?

ROMEO  
 Armando Ramírez, a Spanish refugee.  
 He's the gang's second-in-command and  
 arguably their MVP.  
 (Shows him another  
 picture)  
 Derice Devereaux, French-Moroccan  
 computer hacker. He usually works  
 with his best friend.  
 (Shows him another  
 picture)  
 Goran Vuković, Serbian know-nothing-  
 know-it-all with an immature  
 personality and a gifted safecracker.

Mikhail notices a picture of Enrico, identifiable by his glasses and nearly-spherical head complete with a military-style buzz cut.

MIKHAIL  
 Let me guess: Enrico Robutti?

ROMEO  
 100% correct. He's our man. He thinks  
 he's the modern answer to Salvatore  
 Giuliano. They've carried out a very  
 heavy terrorist attack, right on our  
 home turf in the heart of Old London.  
 They've taken some very important  
 officials hostage and are threatening  
 to destroy Big Ben if their demands  
 are not met.

MIKHAIL  
 What are they?

ROMEO  
 Places for themselves and their  
 families in the arcology in New  
 London.

(MORE)

ROMEO (cont'd)

They also want proportional representation and the abolition of the New National Service Act. They're believed to be known associates of our Robin Hood wannabe. Maybe his Band of Merry Men won't be so merry once they're in custody.

Mikhail looks slightly perturbed as he tries to take in everything. Karin notices this.

KARIN

You're supposed to be his friend, Romeo. Why can't you leave him alone?

ROMEO

Because I don't know anyone else with the same level of experience, confidence and exemplary dedication. If he decides to do it, Karin, then I'll keep him as far away from it as I can.

Mikhail finally locks eyes with both his girlfriend and his ex-boss.

MIKHAIL

OK, I'll do it... for the last time.

They look at him with mixed reactions. Romeo is relieved and grateful, while Karin is concerned.

INT. REBEL BASE – NIGHT

SUPER: "UNKNOWN LOCATION"

Enrico, Satoshi, Armando, Derice and Goran are present. The quintet are seated around a round white table, looking over photos and documents.

SATOSHI

I really must express my gratitude, Enrico-san – without them, ARCUS would have definitely gone down the pot. We've got our eyes on a woman who might be able to help us take down these bastards at DIVIETO.

He shows him a picture of Taki in her ninja outfit.

GORAN

DIVIETO? Isn't that a word in your language for prohibition, Enrico?

ENRICO

(To Goran)

That's right, Goran. Looks like there are some brains in that *crucco cranio* of yours after all.

(Pause, examines the photo)

Holy shit, that's my girlfriend!

SATOSHI

I know. You can thank me for getting you two together after your little breakup.

ENRICO

But why her?

GORAN

I figured you could talk her into helping us out since you speak a few languages.

(Pause)

I'd shag her if I knew how to speak Japanese.

DERICE

You'll sleep with any pretty woman you see, won't you, Goran?

GORAN

You got that right, Derice.

Derice and Goran both laugh together, making Armando facepalm briefly, while Enrico ignores Goran's joke.

ENRICO

So that's why she's been coming home late for the past 2 years. She always told me she went swimming.

SATOSHI

She did.

(Pause)

Enrico, I'd like to speak to you alone for a minute, please.

Enrico nods and replies in the affirmative in Italian as the rebels leave them alone. Satoshi then sits down before his one-time student, pouring a cup of *sake* for each of them.

ENRICO

(In Japanese)

*Do you mind telling me what it is you have to say?*

Satoshi, startled from the sound of Enrico's voice, curses in Japanese as he regains his composure and looks at him nervously.

SATOSHI

*Yes, of course, Enrico... we need to talk about Taki.*

ENRICO

*What's wrong with her?*

SATOSHI

*Nothing's wrong with her, it's you I'm concerned about. I know you haven't been thinking clearly lately, and I can understand you're worried about Taki, but your feelings are going to get in the way sooner or later if you're not careful. Your relationship with that journalist, what's her name...*

ENRICO

*...Veronica?*

SATOSHI

*...right. She played you like a damn fiddle.*

Enrico nods and replies in the affirmative in Italian.

ENRICO

*How's your wife Elena doing?*

Satoshi smiles as Enrico loosens up slightly.

SATOSHI

*She's OK.*

ENRICO

*Does she know of your little... double life?*

SATOSHI

*Yes. I find it's best to be honest when you're in such a relationship, don't you think?*

ENRICO

*True. How are the boys – Koichi and Yasuo? Are they OK?*

Satoshi looks at Enrico sadly with a hint of disbelief.

SATOSHI

*Oh, yes, they're fine, thanks.*

*(Pause)*

*Armando told me about that headmaster you beat up. Why did you have to do it in public? I thought I taught you better than that. You could have just walked away and nobody would have been any the wiser.*

ENRICO

*I'd have thought it was obvious: he was threatening and had openly admitted to assaulting a pupil half his age and half his size. This country's never been a good place for a child to grow up – I know that, your wife knows that, and you of all people should understand that, and don't give me shit for teaching me the tricks of your trade, dirty, though, it is.*

*(Pause, noticing Satoshi's annoyed look)*

*That argument works both ways, remember? I'm a heretic, you're the heresiarch.*

*(In Italian, after downing his cup of sake in one go)*

*I'll see you around, Satoshi. Thanks for the sake. Say hello to Elena and the boys for me.*

He gets up, bows briefly and leaves the base, leaving Satoshi alone.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE – EVENING

The Sun is setting in the sky amidst futuristic skyscrapers composed of high-tech hexagons complete with shimmering neon lights, the daylight fading over the horizon as Enrico's helicopter heads for a translucent golden yellow brutalist-looking hexagonal stepped pyramid in the distance complete with a flat top, looking like something out of Yugoslavia – the NEW LONDON ARCOLOGY.



INT./EXT. NEW LONDON ARCOLOGY — EVENING

SUPER: "EMERALD SUITES, NEW LONDON ARCOLOGY"

Enrico, dressed in orange, approaches a very green light-emitting diode neon sign marking the entrance to a residential tower block known as the Emerald Suites — 80s club music can be heard from afar as he briefly glances at the opulent architecture before approaching the green sign, looking determined.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT — EVENING

Veronica enters her plush apartment. She sets down her things and checks her double-action revolver — a nickel-plated Chiappa Rhino 30DS in .357 Magnum — to ensure it's fully loaded before setting it down on a table beside her.

She sits in an armchair, sighing in relief. After several seconds of silence, her doorbell rings insistently — DING-DONG! She curses in Swedish and get up to see who it is... she can see someone outside a bluish-green hallway... it's Enrico! She answers almost immediately by opening the door for him.

VERONICA

Enrico! What are you doing here?

Enrico looks nervous as he glances at his ex-girlfriend. Her voice has a mixed accent, mostly Stockholm with a touch of Californian Valley Girl.

ENRICO

Hello, Veronica. It's been a while.  
Can I come in, please? It's quite urgent.

Veronica is taken aback by Enrico's unusual forthcomingness but obliges, letting him in.

VERONICA

Yes, of course, come in.

ENRICO

Thank you.

He does so as she closes the door behind him with a CLICK, the two of them sitting opposite each other. Veronica surreptitiously keeps her revolver beside her in case Enrico tries to pull off anything stupid.

VERONICA

I heard about what happened.

ENRICO

Of course you did. I'm willing to bet you even reported on it yourself, being the good career journalist that you are.

VERONICA

(Annoyed)

What do you want? I thought I told you we were through!

Enrico tenses up at Veronica's tone of voice.

ENRICO

(Coldly)

That's right, we ARE through romantically – you're fucking right about that.

VERONICA

Enrico, you don't need to swear.

Enrico glares at Veronica.

ENRICO

(Calmly but tensely)

Yes, I do. With you, Veronica, I do. I don't think you understand just what exactly I have to go through on a daily basis. I wake up before dawn while there's still some darkness in the sky so I can get my shit together for the day ahead, so I can actually get out there and try to do the people a favour by telling them what they need to hear and saying no to the propaganda that gets spewed away. I've seen things you could never imagine in that small mind of yours, I've got a collection of white feathers large enough to start my own pillow business because I refuse to be cannon fodder, so don't you DARE tell me how to behave, because I KNOW your secrets. You broke up with me, I didn't break up with you!

(Pause)

You. Owe. Me.

Veronica looks scared, hurt and mollified all at once as she feels the wrath of her ex-boyfriend come crashing down on her, crying tears of fear.

VERONICA  
(Trying to remain  
calm)

Enrico, please listen to me. I'm  
sorry I hurt you. Please, tell me  
what you want and I'll do it.

Enrico sighs and curses to himself in Italian as he forces  
himself to calm down.

ENRICO  
(In English)

OK... I have a favour to ask: I want  
you to check out the NNSA – you know,  
the new *magna carta* of the BDR. After  
this, I'll get off your case.  
Besides, don't you want that precious  
Pulitzer Prize?

(In Italian)  
*I can imagine it right now: Veronica  
Elvira Dahlström, Reporter of the  
Year for Expo and Time Magazines –  
maybe they'll even throw in a free  
centrefold as a bonus.*

Veronica laughs humourlessly.

VERONICA  
Trying to appeal to my better nature,  
Enrico? That didn't work when we were  
dating, and it's not going to work  
now.

ENRICO  
(In English)  
I'm not trying to, Veronica. You'll  
either do it or you won't.

He stares at her, his eyes cold and focused. She looks back  
at him.

VERONICA  
You're on.

Veronica smirks cockily, while Enrico smiles slowly.

EXT. ACADEMY ROOFTOP – THE NEXT DAY

Winston is present, now in free dress (mainly orange),  
looking nervous from the memory of Enrico's intervention. He  
meets up with a Latin girl with dark hair, brown eyes and  
tan skin, dressed in dark blue – 18-year-old Spanish  
immigrant JULIA DA SILVA.

She smiles at him as the Sun shines in the sky, her voice laden with a Castilian Barcelona accent.

JULIA  
Winston! Are you OK?

WINSTON  
I've been better, Julia.

Julia looks worried, Winston's voice sporting a noticeable Glaswegian accent.

JULIA  
What's wrong?

WINSTON  
I take it you've heard of the news about the headmaster being beaten up?

JULIA  
*Señor O'Brien?* He had it coming. I don't understand how or why people like him are so highly revered. It was about time someone put him in his place. I heard he got fired.

WINSTON  
Serves him right for sending Francis home for wearing shorts in hot weather.

JULIA  
Francis Aaron? Actually, he got sent home because he was bisexual, and so did Robert Morse for backing him up.

Winston looks concerned.

WINSTON  
What about Zari?

JULIA  
Zari Haddad, the Muslim girl? She got sent home because of her hijab, and for soiling her seat due to her period. It's the teacher's fault for not letting her use the toilet. Trevor Charrington got detention because he stood up for her.

Winston sighs and then swears loudly in Scottish Gaelic as he loses his temper.

WINSTON

(Angry)

It's those parents' meetings! They always decide for us but never let us have our say! They're just as much to blame as the scum who make the rules. Our rights are on wafer-thin ice already thanks to some of the Order's laws. Can't wear long trousers until we're 13, so we have to freeze our Celtic nads off in the winter with tights! Is this bloody New Britain or Saudi Arabia!?

Julia hugs Winston reassuringly... BOOM! An explosion is heard as Winston pulls back, holding Julia close to him.

JULIA

What the hell was that!?

WINSTON

I don't know, but I don't think we should be up here. Come on!

He lets go of Julia and takes her hand as he leads her away from the rooftop.

INT. ACADEMY CORRIDOR – MORNING – CONTINUOUS

Winston and Julia enter a corridor to find a massacre taking place – Civil Protection officers (also known as Metropolice or Metrocops), clad in sapphire blue uniforms with yellow accents complete with Kevlar body armour, knee and elbow pads and full-face ballistic helmets, are engaged in combat with ARCUS rebels.

The Metrocops are aided by some GBPF DIVIETO soldiers due to the former's limited loadout consisting of CZ 75 SP-01 9mm handguns and stun batons. When the smoke clears and dust settles, a woman in red approaches them, complete with ninja mask... Taki. Julia panics while Winston is calm.

TAKI

Are you Winston Smith?

Winston nods.

WINSTON

Yes. Are you here to kill me?

Taki looks at Winston dispassionately.

TAKI

No. You must live. You must come with me, for your own safety.

JULIA

Who are you?

TAKI

I will tell you everything when the time is right – for now, however, I must escort you both out of here.

Taki motions for them to follow her amidst the bloody bodies of both rebels and GBPF soldiers (along with the occasional Academy security guard), which they do. Despite the silence, Taki is on edge with her Czech-made handgun armed and ready, her eyes darting from side to side as she aims down the pistol's iron sights. She reaches the main gate with them and throws a smoke bomb, disappearing into thin air like a true ninja.

INT. VERONICA'S OFFICE – AFTERNOON

Veronica is present. Her phone rings as she types on a computer, and she snaps it up quickly, answering the call.

VERONICA

Hello? Janus Global Media, Veronica Dahlström speaking – you got a hot scoop, I want a cut.

(Pause)

Really?! Seriously!? Wow! OK.

(Takes notes on a notepad)

OK, I'll be there as soon as I can. You got it. Thanks, bye.

Veronica hangs up and exclaims jubilantly, calling to her partner in Swedish over the intercom – a man enters dressed in pink and white and looking semi-bored, his voice sporting a Swansea accent – Dai.

DAI

What is it now? Another edge-of-your-seat thrill ride that'll get you your bloody Pulitzer Prize?

VERONICA

You could say that. Come on, Dai, we're going to the clinic at the Elephant and Castle in Old London.

She hands him his camera complete with a portable digital audio recorder mounted on top of it and proceeds to gear up, secretly checking her double-action revolver on her person before leaving, Dai following semi-reluctantly.

INT. CLINIC – DAY – MOMENTS LATER

Winston and Julia are present, as are adults of various ages, looking emaciated and occasionally coughing as some of them wheeze, dying in pain as doctors and nurses frantically try to help them with the aid of medical robots. Veronica arrives with Dai, approaching them semi-cautiously.

VERONICA

Hello... are you the two students who survived the massacre at the Academy?

Winston nods once.

WINSTON

Aye, we are.

Veronica beams happily.

VERONICA

Great! I'm Veronica Dahlström, reporter for Janus Global Media.

Winston groans internally but says nothing.

JULIA

Who's your friend?

Dai steps forward with a smile.

DAI

My name is Dai Huws – I'm a photographer and Veronica's partner.

VERONICA

I'd like to ask you a few questions if you don't mind, Mr...

WINSTON

...Smith. Winston Smith.

JULIA

I'm Julia Da Silva.

VERONICA

Nice to meet you both. Can you remember what happened?

JULIA

I was on my way to school, just like any other day... we were meant to have PE in the morning, compulsory swimming lessons.

WINSTON

(Irritably)

Segregated swimming lessons.

Veronica notices Winston's annoyance but says nothing.

JULIA

(Close to tears)

I had a... you know... girl's moment, and I wasn't allowed to go to the toilet... I ended up contaminating the pool and being sent home.

Veronica looks at Julia sympathetically.

VERONICA

I'm sorry, Julia.

JULIA

As for what happened today, we were just having a chat on the school roof when all hell broke loose.

WINSTON

Aye, and a woman looking like something out of a Japanese cartoon comes out of nowhere and gets us to safety. She was actually quite fit, I thought she was a bloody videogame cosplayer.

Veronica looks at Winston with some concealed jealousy before smiling at Julia sympathetically.

VERONICA

Thank you, both of you. Mr Huws?

Dai approaches the young lovers with his camera.

DAI

Say cheese, lovebirds.

He laughs and takes a photograph or two, his mirrorless digital camera flashing madly.

FLASH TO:



INT. LIVING ROOM IN JULIA'S FAMILY HOUSE — DAY — LATER

A man and woman with dark hair are present, looking concerned, both Latin/Mediterranean in appearance — these are Julia's parents, JUAN and LUCIA DA SILVA (both 40-50 years old). A door is heard opening and closing and they look up to see their daughter enter, looking forlorn.

JUAN  
(In Spanish)  
*Julia, are you OK?*

LUCIA  
*We were worried about you... we  
couldn't reach you on your phone.*

They notice Enrico as Julia hugs her mother.

JUAN  
(In English)  
Who are you?

ENRICO  
You might have heard of me. My name  
is Enrico Robutti...

JUAN  
(Cutting him off  
nervously)  
...the same Enrico Robutti who's been  
giving the rod-wielders and powers-  
that-be a hard time?

Enrico looks visibly surprised.

ENRICO  
(Stunned)  
Yes.

JUAN  
Where did you find my daughter?

ENRICO  
(In Spanish)  
*At the clinic near the Elephant and  
Castle. She told me about how a  
massacre happened... which made quite a  
mess.*

(MORE)

ENRICO (cont'd)

*I brought her home so you wouldn't send her to her room without listening to her or some stupid Victorian Puritanical bullshit like that, but I know us Mediterranean folks – particularly Latin people like you and I – are more compassionate and reasonable than that.*

Juan looks stunned at Enrico's proficient Spanish as Julia looks at Lucia apologetically, who simply hugs her. The family look at Enrico hopefully. Juan shakes Enrico's hand and thanks him in Spanish before soothing his daughter. Enrico smiles.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS – EVENING

The Sun continues its descent as a bright yellow UAZ-469 4\*4 pulls up near the ruined Palace of Westminster in Old London, complete with Big Ben tower. Romeo's voice is heard over Mikhail's radio as he exits the vehicle.

ROMEO (V.O.)

Your goal is to take their command post in the spire of the tower – how you accomplish it is a choice that I leave to you. I want them taken in alive – the dead are not known for talking sense. Good luck, Mikhail.

MIKHAIL

Thanks, Romeo.

Mikhail draws his sidearm – a cocked-and-locked CZ 75 SP-01 9\*19mm handgun – and flips off the manual safety as he approaches the structure carefully, hiding in the shadows as he aims his handgun into the threshold before entering the ex-palace.

INT. HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT RUINS – EVENING

Mikhail enters what remains of the House of Commons... and immediately springs back behind cover. Taking a peek, he can see a dozen or so civilians being held hostage by a trio of rebels armed with Zastava M05 E3 7.62\*39mm Yugo-AKs complete with attached grenade launchers.

One by one, he uses his CQC (Close-Quarters Combat) to incapacitate the terrorists, zapping them unconscious with his portable electric prod.

He can see a hostage look at him, terrified – he smiles reassuringly as he activates his radio.

MIKHAIL

Romeo, the hostages are OK...  
proceeding with the plan. Over.

ROMEO (V.O.)

Perfect, Mikhail. I knew I could  
count on you. Out.

Romeo terminates the connection as Mikhail sees a SWAT-like team of GBPF DIVIETO troops enter to rescue the hostages. They exchange salutes before Mikhail proceeds with his own mission.

INT. BIG BEN – EVENING

Ascending the stairway to the spire of the Elizabeth Tower, Mikhail scans his surroundings quickly, his handgun in one hand while he holds his electric prod in the other, combining them together in a CQC-like pose.

He can see a trio of men, all sporting dark hair. The first one is Latin in appearance complete with a buzz cut and clad in a rainbow-like outfit, the second Arab with a beard, Afro and tan skin, and the last one Slavic with a full head of follicles... Armando, Derice and Goran respectively. Mikhail aims his gun and prod at the men.

MIKHAIL

Freeze! DLT Rozhenko, GBPF CID. Drop  
your weapons and give yourselves up.  
You're nicked, all of you.

Mikhail shows them his police badge in the form of a silver hexagon with golden accents including his police ID number – 213 – along with his national identity card. Goran quickly drops his gun on the floor and raises his hands, prompting a funny look from Derice, who lowers his own gun and puts up his hands with less panic, while Armando turns around to face Mikhail solemnly.

ARMANDO

I surrender.

Mikhail lowers his weapons in surprise as Armando sets down his gun.

MIKHAIL

I'm sorry?

ARMANDO

Do what you must, but remember that the rainbow of ARCUS will shine even after my death.

MIKHAIL

Do you even realise what you've done? Terrorism is a grave offence punishable by exile under Article 17 of New British law, as decreed by the Order of the 3 Lions.

ARMANDO

Oh, yes... the almighty Nova Britannia – effete and impotent, trying to recreate a past that never existed at the expense of the present and future.

MIKHAIL

Do you have a single fact to back that up or are you speaking out of every orifice in your body?

ARMANDO

Look it up. It's all in the numbers.

Mikhail looks at Armando quizzically.

MIKHAIL

What numbers?

ARMANDO

Think about it. The British Democratic Republic is the only country in Europe where 99% of schools have mandatory dress codes on pain of expulsion, which are legally imposed by the Order, just like in some parts of Indonesia. In 1982, all British nationals were promoted from subject to citizen, and everyone born here from then on was automatically granted citizenship. 15 years later in 1997, Hong Kong is finally returned to China... conscription was abolished nationwide in 1960.

(MORE)

ARMANDO (cont'd)

As of now, corporal punishment is illegal in Scotland and Wales, and rightly so, yet it's still legal in England... and most importantly, this country had compulsory ID until 1952, when they were phased out due to discontent between the authorities and the people until it was reinstated more than 70 years later in 2024 following the reunification of Ireland and dissolution of Israel. Most of these key events took place in leap years.

Mikhail glances at Armando.

MIKHAIL

What the hell does that even mean? What's this got to do with it?

ARMANDO

It's called consolidation. Strengthen governments and corporations while weakening individuals at the same time. By appealing to gullible people's emotions with vaguely-definable concepts such as "discipline" and "patriotism", this can be done imperceptibly over time. Freedom and justice cannot exist on pain of sanction. We're just trying to give decent people a chance to live their lives – we're trying to do the right thing, if it means going against the supposed "will of the people".

Mikhail tries to restrain his anger as he glares at Armando as a team of GBPF DIVIETO troopers enter.

MIKHAIL

You speak of freedom and justice, yet your actions dictate the contrary. I can assure you that your interrogators will not be as forbearing as I am.

Mikhail snaps a military salute at the officer, who returns the gesture, the committed cop turning around and walking away as the paramilitaries approach Armando. Unknown to either one of them, Enrico is lurking in the shadows. Watching Mikhail leave the palace ruins, he sneaks out of his hiding spot and opens fire – BANG!

The troopers look around, but they are quickly gunned down, Spaghetti Western-style. BANG! BANG! BANG! Enrico looks at the corpses of his enemies, the barrel of his gun smoking as he engages the safety and holsters it.

Armando looks at him in surprise as police sirens can be heard in the distance complete with flashing red and blue lights, while he, Derice and Goran retrieve their weapons. Enrico smirks slightly.

ARMANDO

Well, now, you certainly took your time finding us.

ENRICO

There didn't seem to be any hurry. Anyway, I figured you guys were OK without me up until recently. Come on, let's get out of here.

Enrico glances out the window. Spotting a secret passage, he leads the quartet into the tunnels underneath the former Houses of Parliament.

INT. BENEATH THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT — EVENING — CONTINUOUS

Enrico, Armando, Derice and Goran emerge into what appear to be cavernous catacombs. Goran can be heard retching from the stench.

GORAN

For the love of Chernobog, it stinks in here! This rebellion isn't worth the pittance I'm being paid, Derice.

DERICE

Goran, we're not being paid at all, remember? We're off the grid.

Goran sighs in annoyance and curses in Serbian as Derice laughs. The quartet walk through the dimly-lit ossuary until they reach an intersection.

ENRICO

Armando, get to the surface and head for my chopper, and take Derice and Goran with you. We need to be ready to get the hell out of here.

ARMANDO

What about you, Enrico?

ENRICO

I'll be a few more minutes, I just want to do one last sweep of the area.

Armando nods once and replies in the affirmative in Spanish as he leaves, taking Derice and Goran with him as they head for the right. Enrico, now alone, turns around and heads for the left.

Reaching the end of what appears to be a cave-like corridor, he can see a futuristic-looking door, his sidearm raised and ready. Spotting a nearby computer terminal, he looks around to make sure nobody is present before hacking into it by inserting a USB flash drive into a nearby slot and inputting a 4-digit code: 0451.

A red LED turns green complete with BEEP as he hears a door slide open. Removing and pocketing the USB flash drive, he proceeds deeper into the catacombs.

INT. HIDDEN COMPUTER ROOM – EVENING – MOMENTS LATER

Eventually, Enrico reaches an illuminated green corridor with purple accents as he takes cover briefly before turning around to point his gun into the computer room. It's empty, save for a woman in a crimson catsuit standing before a single lonely PC... Taki. Lowering his weapon, he approaches the *kunoichi* calmly.

ENRICO

(In Italian)

*I didn't know you were so eager to impress me, Taki. We could do more damage if we pooled our resources together, you and I.*

She immediately wheels around to face him, her mask covering the lower half of her face as she points her gun at him with her right hand, her *kunai* dagger holstered on her left thigh. Her eyes widen in shock slightly as she comes face-to-face with her boyfriend.

TAKI

(In Japanese)

*Enrico? What are you doing here? I didn't know you were still with ARCUS.*

ENRICO

*I'm not. I like to consider myself nonaligned while still doing the right thing.*

(MORE)

ENRICO (cont'd)  
*I'm helping the rebels mainly because it's the right thing to do, plus I get to stick a barbed-wire dildo up the Man's rectum in the process.*

Taki looks at Enrico carefully, eyeing him up and down as she notices his handgun is safely holstered. She lowers her Czech-made Slavic fantastic and decocks it with a SNAP, stifling a laugh as she nods.

TAKI  
(Amused)  
*OK, Enrico – have it your way.*

She steps aside, allowing him to use the PC – Enrico approaches it and inserts his USB flash drive into the main terminal, transferring crucial data to his portable storage device. The computer screen flashes a happy green complete with a PING!

ENRICO  
*OK, that should be enough. Come on, let's get out of here.*

TAKI  
*Good. I can't wait to hear what your friends at ARCUS have to say.*

Taki follows Enrico, escaping the installation.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS – NIGHT

The Moon is shining in the sky as a manhole cover opens up some distance away from the remains of the Houses of Parliament, and Enrico emerges, helping out Taki as she closes the manhole cover.

ENRICO  
(In English)  
You OK, Taki?

TAKI  
Yes, I'm fine. You should really worry about yourself. Come on, I take it your personal vehicle isn't far behind?

Enrico looks stunned.

ENRICO  
How do you know that!?



TAKI  
 I know you, Enrico.  
 (Laughs)  
 You need to learn a lesson or two in  
 stealth, my dear, now come on.

Taki heads into the shadows swiftly, silently and stealthily. Enrico stays behind, briefly stunned, before following her.

EXT. CITY PARK – NIGHT

Enrico is now getting nervous as he calls Taki's name a few times, only to be met with a deafening silence. He curses in Italian. Reaching what he thinks is his helicopter, he takes several steps forwards only to be met by a dazzlingly bright searchlight hitting him in the face. A man in a trench coat is standing beside the light's source – Mikhail!

He is backed up by a few dozen GPBF soldiers and a single officer as multiple lights illuminate Enrico. The troops' eyes glow menacingly as they chatter among each other complete with distorted vocoder-like speech.

MIKHAIL  
 FREEZE!!  
 (Enrico stops moving)  
 Enrico Amedeo Robutti, you are under  
 arrest!

Enrico curses in Italian as he tries to make out Mikhail's large, muscular near-2-metre-height form. Pausing for a while to allow his eyes to adjust to the bright white light, he can see a familiar man standing beside Mikhail – Satoshi! He approaches Enrico in a friendly manner.

SATOSHI  
 Enrico, don't do anything stupid!  
 Listen to him! It's no use.

MIKHAIL  
 Mr Yanazaki, please stay back!

Satoshi turns to face Mikhail calmly.

SATOSHI  
 Rozhenko-keibu, please...  
 (Turns to face Enrico)  
 ...I know how to talk to him.  
 (Approaches Enrico)  
 Robutti-san, it's OK, I won't let  
 them hurt you. I've explained  
 everything, it's going to be OK.

Enrico looks at Satoshi in shock and disbelief, almost hurt.

ENRICO  
Have you betrayed us!? Have YOU...  
betrayed ME?!

SATOSHI  
I'm sorry... I had no choice. You know  
as well as I do that this Robin Hood  
fantasy of yours can't go on forever.

Enrico's pain turns to anger as he glares at his former  
*sensei*.

ENRICO  
You... bastard!

SATOSHI  
(Calmly)  
Enrico, I'm sorry.  
(Turns to face  
Mikhail in a panic)  
He's got a gun!

Satoshi hits the deck while the paramilitaries open fire,  
armed with an assortment of guns.

MIKHAIL  
NO!! Hold your fire!

BANG! BANG! BLAM! RAT-TA-TAT! Enrico is gunned down as  
Mikhail yells ceasefire orders in Russian, one bullet in  
particular striking a fatal blow across the carotid artery  
on Enrico's neck, spewing blood everywhere.

Mikhail's orders are overpowered by the gunfire as Enrico  
screams in rage and agony before falling to the floor, eyes  
closed and with a bloody and bullet-shredded body. He's  
dead. Satoshi and Mikhail observe his corpse mournfully.

SATOSHI  
Oh, my God... Enrico, you bloody fool.

Seeing no visible weapon on the dead Euro-Mediterranean's  
body, the Afro-Russian looks at the Japanese man  
suspiciously.

MIKHAIL  
Where's the gun?

SATOSHI  
He usually has it holstered on his  
left-hand side.

Mikhail glares at Satoshi angrily, the shorter man glancing back nervously, and they eventually leave. Taki, having hidden in the shadows, arrives just in time to see Enrico's corpse, the *kunoichi* looking visibly disgusted and horrified as she crouches beside her dead boyfriend's body, removing her face mask and letting her dark hair fall freely.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE – NIGHT

Taki's voice can be heard SCREAMING Enrico's name in sheer terror and grief, her scream echoing into silence with only the Moonlight as her witness.

INT. PRISTINE OFFICE – NIGHT – LATER

Mikhail enters Romeo's office, looking tired. Romeo is present with Karin. Romeo is reading a report written in both Russian and English, while Karin looks nervous. Romeo looks up to see Mikhail calmly as Karin runs up to him, the Middle Eastern beauty hugging her Afro-Siberian partner briefly.

ROMEO

Ah, Mikhail. There you are. Please, sit down.

(Mikhail does so)

Care for some vodka?

MIKHAIL

Yes, please. I need a bit of a pep-up after what happened tonight.

ROMEO

You don't say. Thank you, *Fraulein* Daimler, that will be all.

Karin looks at Romeo, then Mikhail sadly.

KARIN

I'll see you back home, OK?

MIKHAIL

Yes, of course, don't worry, *zlotse*.

Karin smiles sadly and then closes the door behind her with a CLICK. Now alone, Mikhail and Romeo exchange looks for a moment before the former proceeds to sit down and take a sip. Romeo smiles at him briefly.

ROMEO

(In Russian)

*One of the benefits of this job, dear Mikhail, is reading the complaints of the public... while getting both your bollocks bashed in at the same time by the nation's leader.*

Mikhail looks stunned as he hesitates to drink.

MIKHAIL

*I'm sorry, I don't think I understand.*

Romeo's attitude turns graver, more serious, as he looks at his friend and most trusted subordinate.

ROMEO

*At 19:00 hours Greenwich Mean Time tonight, I received a telephone call from the Preceptress herself. She sounded quite annoyed that we had disobeyed direct orders to bring in the heretic alive and unharmed, instead opting to flat-out murder him.*

(Pause, in disbelief)

*Why did you not restrain him?*

Mikhail looks remorseful for a moment.

MIKHAIL

*I don't know. His teacher, Satoshi, said he was unstable.*

Romeo softens slightly as he looks at Mikhail.

ROMEO

*Bring him in. I want to speak to him myself. Do it now, please.*

Mikhail looks at Romeo and nods once accompanied by a reply in the affirmative in Russian before downing his glass in one go.

INT. INTERROGATION CELL — NIGHT — MOMENTS LATER

Mikhail, Romeo and Satoshi are present, the cop trying to control his anger while his friend and boss is calm and composed. Satoshi is seated opposite them, looking tranquil.

MIKHAIL

(In English)

Yanazaki-san, what was your relationship with Enrico Robutti?

SATOSHI

He was my most unique student. I taught him nearly everything I knew, including the Japanese language which he coveted so dearly. He met his girlfriend, Taki, mainly through me.

Romeo looks at Satoshi quizzically.

ROMEO

I understand you and Enrico fought in the First British Revolution together, during the civil war which tore the country apart. Is that how you met and got to know each other?

SATOSHI

For the most part, yes. We were actually quite well-acquainted beforehand. Even then, he was impetuous and too quick to jump to conclusions.

MIKHAIL

What made you give up the hammer and sickle?

Satoshi glances at Romeo briefly before facing Mikhail.

SATOSHI

I grew up. The war was over, and there seemed to be no point in being defiant for the sheer hell of it.

ROMEO

One last question: why speak up now?

Satoshi sighs, trying to control his anxiety.

SATOSHI

I wanted to believe he could change, he would wake up. Sadly, this wasn't the case, and I feared that his antics would endanger my family.

Romeo nods sympathetically, while Mikhail looks satisfied. He thanks Satoshi in Russian.

INT./EXT. ARCOLOGY ROOFTOP – THE NEXT DAY

The Sun is shining in the sky as Veronica and Dai are both sitting down in a restaurant on the arcology's domed rooftop, having lunch with the Preceptress. Veronica is confident, while Dai is diffident.

VERONICA

Thank you for accepting my interview request, Preceptress.

The Preceptress smiles cordially.

PRECEPTRESS

You're more than welcome, Miss Dahlström. A leader must have close ties with the press if they are to lead their country effectively. What's on your mind?

Veronica hesitates for a moment, the Preceptress's soothing smile putting her mind at peace.

VERONICA

I want to talk to you about the New National Service Act... why make it the golden law of Nova Britannia? Conscription was deactivated more than 60 years ago and there hasn't been a need for it since World War 2, and there's no need for compulsory uniforms.

The Preceptress looks at Veronica sympathetically, who glances at the former's bodyguards in the form of a pair of Men In Black.

PRECEPTRESS

After what happened a decade ago with that infernal referendum and the subsequent civil war, both of which were contributing factors to the ascent of the British Democratic Republic and the formation of the Order of the 3 Lions, we came to the conclusion that the best possible way of preventing a repeat of that uprising is to instill British values in every citizen, and what better way than to train them to defend their country and levelling the playing field for everyone? It would help make the transition from school to work much more seamless and organic.

(MORE)

PRECEPTRESS (cont'd)

We are considering alternative services for those too compassionate to pick up a firearm as well as accommodations for those with disabilities and/or religious inclinations. It's only a year long, anyway... well, one for women, two for men.

Veronica nods understandingly and writes down the Preceptress's words hastily as Dai finally speaks up.

DAI

Why halve the time for women?

Veronica glances at Dai briefly with mild panic before refocusing on the Preceptress.

PRECEPTRESS

Men are naturally more adept at such tasks than women. I know it sounds old-fashioned and traditional, but some traditions have stood the test of time for a reason, Miss Dahlström: they help promote stability, as illogical as they may seem to the alien-minded. *Vox populi, vox dei.*

Veronica finishes her lunch and smiles at the Preceptress, shaking her hand as she rises.

VERONICA

I see. Thank you, Preceptress.

PRECEPTRESS

You're welcome, Miss Dahlström... my bodyguards will escort you out.

She indicates the two MIB approaching the journalist, who walk with her to the exit.

EXT. CAR PARK — AFTERNOON

Approaching her car (likely a Volvo), Veronica looks at her notes critically as the Preceptress's words come back to haunt her. She can see a GBPF logistical vehicle drive past her, containing some men and women. Dai notices this.

DAI

Come on, Veronica, let's go. I think we've got what we came for, don't you?

Veronica ignores Dai and approaches a semi-abandoned edifice, where she can hear raised voices and commotion as she takes cover, with Dai following. Taking a quick look, she can see a group of able-bodied men with their hands above their heads being marched at gunpoint truck bearing the GBPF logo.

A few of the captives attempt to flee but are quickly shot dead. Veronica and Dai both recoil slightly before moving on to witness a school tour group being held hostage by another execution squad. The officer's voice is clear and intelligible, unlike that of his subordinates.

G.B.P.F. OFFICER

You are found guilty of the following charges: Intent to deviate from the Template, subverting British values, refusal to conform to the school's dress code, providing stolen food to starving pupils, speaking nonstandard English, subversion of Federation protocol... and going on vacation during term time.

He nods at his subordinates, who raise their weapons. A cacophony ensues as the kids and their parents are massacred. Both Veronica and Dai are shocked! They take a minute to regain their composure before slowly and quietly returning to her car as the death squad leave.

Veronica gets into her car and ignites the action while Dai is still shaken up.

VERONICA

Get in, Dai, we're tailing them.

Dai sighs and curses to himself in Welsh as he does as he is told before Veronica guns the engine, slamming her partner into the window of the front passenger's seat in a humorous fashion before driving away and following the truck.

EXT. MILITARY BASE — EVENING

SUPER: "GREAT BRITISH POLICE FORCE BOOT CAMP, NOVA MERCIA"

The Sun is beginning to set as Veronica's car follows the GBPF truck towards a military base. She exits her car and discreetly infiltrates the complex/facility, acting swiftly and silently as she equips her revolver along with a pair of binoculars, while Dai remains behind.



Entering the perimeter of the base, the Scandinavian blonde sneaks past the guards on patrol duty and quietly follows the procession of able-bodied captives, hiding every now and then.

INT./EXT. MILITARY HANGAR – EVENING – CONTINUOUS

Veronica sneaks in. The “recruits” are assembled into a makeshift audience as a tactical instructor stands on a podium, the reporter activating her radio as she hides behind cover.

VERONICA

Dai, I’m in. Are you OK?

Dai’s voice can be heard on the other end of the line. He doesn’t sound too pleased.

DAI (V.O.)

Yes, I’m fine. It’s you I’m worried about.

VERONICA

Thanks, but I don’t need to be babysat.

DAI (V.O.)

Fine, be that way.

Dai curses to himself in Welsh before he terminates the connection as Veronica slips into the base proper. She eventually reaches a computer room, its sole guard (a Civil Protection officer/Metrocop) exiting while looking slightly impatient, muttering something about food as his stomach rumbles. Seizing her opportunity, Veronica slips into the unguarded suite.

INT. MILITARY COMPUTER ROOM – EVENING – CONTINUOUS

Veronica enters the computer room as she puts down her revolver and starts typing on a keyboard, hacking into the GBPF mainframe.

VERONICA

(In Swedish)

OK... *let’s see what we can get.*

The screen shows extremely confidential information, including a new cybernetics program – national service: the next generation... the CYBER INITIATIVE – involving both mechanical augmentations and nanotech-based biomodifications. Veronica's eyes widen slightly as she swears in Swedish. Dai's voice can be heard on her radio.

DAI (V.O.)

Veronica, the guard's shift is about to change. Get what you need and get the hell out of there NOW.

Drawing her smartphone, she sends her editor a quick email containing the incriminating evidence before bolting out of there.

INT. REBEL BASE – NIGHT

In a subterranean laboratory, all the rebels except for Satoshi are present. Enrico's bloody and bullet-shredded corpse lies on a platform, while Taki glares at her allies coldly. Armando acts like a doctor, while Derice and Goran are mainly doing their own thing as usual, the latter casually munching on junk food.

TAKI

You'd better pray this experimental new technology works, or I'll have your heads.

Armando replies in the affirmative in Spanish and nods, each of his gloved hands holding a jet-injector – in his left, one is filled with a glowing cyan liquid, which he injects into the carotid artery on Enrico's neck before injecting a magenta liquid into his heart with his right hand, reactivating it.

Enrico's wounds begin to rapidly close and heal as his metabolism is restored. Awakening, he grunts and gets to his feet as – his eyes click open, glowing a bright cyan briefly before fading so the glow is just barely visible. He looks at himself, stunned that he has been resurrected, observing his reflection in a nearby mirror.

ENRICO

(In Italian)

*Bloody hell, what a nightmare.*

Taki, relieved, runs up to Enrico and hugs him tightly.

ARMANDO

Welcome back from the grave.

ENRICO

Thank you.

ARMANDO

You're welcome. Your new nano-augmentations include a light with infrared, ultraviolet AND night vision, microfibril muscle, speed enhancement which also affects your jumping ability and best of all, a neural interface to help you interface with computers more easily, and a social enhancer to predict people's personalities.

Enrico calms down slightly as he looks back at Armando.

ENRICO

Augmentations? You mean biomodifications? I was under the impression that technology was outlawed by the Order because of its potential for extreme misuse.

ARMANDO

It was. Who do you think worked on the project during the revolution?

ENRICO

(Sarcastically)

Oh, great! It's like Yugoslavia and the Years of Lead all over again.

Goran swears in Serbian, clearly annoyed. Derice laughs, while Armando sighs and face-palms himself briefly.

BEGIN MONTAGE OF ENRICO LEARNING TO USE HIS NEW NANO-AUGMENTATIONS WITH MOSTLY HUMOROUS RESULTS

INT. SHOOTING RANGE IN THE REBEL BASE — THE NEXT DAY

A nano-augmented Enrico aims his Yugo/Serbo-Tokarev handgun at a target shaped like his former teacher and pulls the trigger repeatedly, his eyes glowing a faint baby blue.

BANG! BANG! BANG! High-velocity bullet after high-velocity bullet rip the target to shreds until his gun empties and the slide locks back.

He reloads his weapon and resumes firing. When his second magazine empties, he blows the smoke away from the barrel of his gun and calls forward his target, revealed to spell the initials 'F.D.P.'

INT. GYM IN THE REBEL BASE – MORNING – MOMENTS LATER

Enrico and Taki are sparring. The ninja counters her boyfriend's unrefined and pragmatic *Vale Tudo*-like moves with her own disciplined and sophisticated combination of Judo and Karate.

Taki defeats Enrico with ease, looking at him with disappointment. Enrico's eyes suddenly glow a bright jade green and he gets to his feet, his girlfriend's disappointed look changing to one of pride as she assumes the position.

EXT. RUNNING TRACK – AFTERNOON

The Sun is shining in the sky as Enrico and the rebels prepare to do a 100-metre sprint race. Enrico himself is wearing bright orange, while Taki is clad in form-fitting Spandex athletic wear complete with sneakers, racerback sports bra and compression tights, her hair tied back in a ponytail.

Goran eyes her up only to receive a dope slap in the back of the head from Armando, who is wearing a golden Acme Thunderer pea whistle around his neck, which he blows. FREE! Everyone on the track starts running, with Goran running out of breath early on and having to be supported by Derice, the two buddies helping each other.

Enrico finds himself struggling, but his eyes soon glow a bright golden yellow, and he activates his speed enhancement augmentation, zipping past the others. Only Taki can keep up with him, crossing the finishing line herself in second place after her powered-up boyfriend. Armando examines a digital stopwatch around his neck: under 10 seconds! He beams at Enrico proudly.

INT. REBEL BASE – EVENING

For his final exam, Enrico and Taki enter a room with Armando, Derice and Goran. The lights go out, and Armando blows his whistle. FREE!

Enrico cycles through his new enhanced vision modes – night vision, thermal/infrared and ultraviolet – as he tries to sneak through to the other end of the room while avoiding being noticed and trying not to trip any laser beams which could set off an alarm, his eyes illuminating like flashlights as they turn blood red.

He can see Armando, Derice and Goran aim their guns at him. A pink circle surrounds their guns – a Crisis Flash!

Enrico quickly disarms Armando by shooting his gun out of his hand, ditto Derice and Goran, in a Spaghetti Western-style manner. BANG! BANG! BANG!

With his adversaries incapacitated, he reaches the end of the corridor and turns on the lights before heading for the exit. The rebels applaud him as Taki smiles, hugging him tightly.

END MONTAGE

EXT. VILLAGE SQUARE – NIGHT

This is a village straight out of a Hayao Miyazaki *anime*. The Moon is shining in the sky as a lone Winston walks through the village *plaza*. He spots a local official, a guard dressed in semi-medieval attire. Against his own better judgement, he approaches him cautiously.

WINSTON

Excuse me... do you know where I can find the local hermit?

The guard smiles and laughs uproariously.

GUARD

You mean Enrico Robutti, the man who's put our village on the map? Yes, I do.

(Indicates a house on a hilltop)

He lives right there in that bungalow – he doesn't come down much, but when he does, he's always got something to say that we can all learn from.

WINSTON

Is that so? That's good to know. I could use his help. Thanks.

GUARD

You're welcome. Don't worry, he's an OK guy... as long as you're not with the Order, that is.

Winston smiles.

WINSTON

(In Scottish Gaelic)  
*Thanks again.*

GUARD

*You're more than welcome, young sir.*

Briefly surprised, Winston starts walking towards the hill, its summit housing Enrico's solitary geodesic dome home.

INT. ENRICO'S HOUSE – NIGHT

Enrico is in front of his computer, looking bored out of his bloody skull, occasionally typing on his mechanical keyboard, complete with CLACK-CLACK-CLACK of the keys. After several seconds of dreary monotony, the sound of a ringing bell catches his attention – DING-DONG! He checks the time and curses in Italian before getting up to answer the door.

ENRICO

Winston! Hi. What are you doing here?

WINSTON

I need your help, *Signor* Robutti. My mother didn't really believe me when I told her about you – she took that bastard head's word over mine, but my father was cool.

Enrico smiles and motions with his head for Winston to enter, who does so – he closes the door.

ENRICO

What's on your mind?

WINSTON

My classmate, Julia Da Silva – that's who's on my mind. I think she might have been taken by the Order to an arcology in the Shetland Islands – apparently, it was for her personal safety, considering we're getting our independence soon, and if Wales follows suit, then we'll join Ireland and form the CFR.

Enrico looks confuzzled.

ENRICO

CFR?

WINSTON

Aye – the Celtic Federal Republic. It's a shitty pipe dream, but one worth pursuing.

Enrico laughs. His smile soon fades as he turns on the light and notices Winston's gaunt, almost vampiric, appearance.

ENRICO

Are you OK? You don't look so good.

WINSTON

You got any fruit or something good?  
I've not eaten for a day.

Enrico's eyes narrow with concern.

ENRICO

What do you mean? You don't eat  
supper when you get home?

WINSTON

I don't like going home, I think you  
should know that.

ENRICO

Why not?

WINSTON

My mother's a control freak, a really  
nasty one.

ENRICO

What do you mean?

WINSTON

She won't let me eat unless I do well  
at school, unless I get an A-grade  
minimum, and even if I don't like the  
shite she puts out, she still makes  
me eat it, making me puke, the doss  
cow.

Enrico looks perturbed at this news.

ENRICO

What about your father?

WINSTON

He's tried to reason with her.  
Believe me, he's tried everything  
over the past year or so. I don't  
know how a posh bitch like her  
married a working-class-salt-of-the-  
Earth guy like my old man, who never  
laid a finger on me or any kid, thank  
Robert Burns.

Enrico stares at Winston in disbelief, looking at the young man sympathetically. Before he can respond, his computer beeps with an email.

ENRICO

Excuse me.

He checks the email... it's from Taki. It's written mainly in Japanese, which Enrico can understand for the most part... complete with an attachment. It's information regarding Julia's whereabouts! Enrico smiles at Winston.

WINSTON

Everything OK?

Enrico smiles at Winston.

ENRICO

Let's just say that I think we'll find Julia in next to no time, Winston.

WINSTON

Thank Christ for that.

Winston smiles in relief.

INT. VERONICA'S OFFICE – NIGHT

A lone Veronica is present, typing up a report in front of her computer, her blonde hair down and out. She occasionally checks her smartphone, half-hoping for a message from Enrico as she contemplates dialling his number. She is startled by the sound of a loud rapping on her door and looks up to face Kimani holding a newspaper. She smiles at her.

VERONICA

Come in.

She does so and hands her a newly printed newspaper.

KIMANI

Front page news – just like always, Veronica.

VERONICA

I didn't become a journalist for nothing, Kimani – the people deserve to know the truth.

Kimani looks at Veronica worriedly.



KIMANI

That kind of talk is Dangerous with a Capital D – you of all people should understand that.

VERONICA

I know, you don't have to remind me. Besides, they're your words.

(Pause)

They're not thinking of pulling the plug on us, are they?

KIMANI

No, they wouldn't dare – they'll probably get rid of me, though.

Veronica looks at him with mild confusion.

VERONICA

Why?

KIMANI

Have you seen the viewing figures? More people tune in to watch you report the news instead of listening to my dreary comments.

VERONICA

I'm sorry.

Veronica puts her hand on Kimani's shoulder, who looks at her.

KIMANI

You're still feeling guilty about the promotion to field reporter? Don't be. It was either you or me. It seems that fan service is a prerequisite for nearly any occupation nowadays. There are too many men, too many people making too many problems.

Kimani shoots Veronica a slightly irritated look before leaving, who looks worried as she reads the newspaper headline.

ARTICLE: "UNLAWFUL MASSACRES IN THE NEUTRAL ZONE!"

Veronica smiles triumphantly as she dials Dai's number, putting the phone to her ear as she toys with her blonde hair.

VERONICA

Hello, Dai? It's me, Veronica. We've got it. We've got our Pulitzer Prize.

She looks at a picture of Enrico on her desk with a slight hint of sadness and regret.

EXT. CITY SKYLINE – THE NEXT DAY

SUPER: "KIRKWALL, ORKNEY ISLANDS, HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND"

The Sun is shining bright in the sky, the ocean waves crashing on the shoreline. A Byzantine-looking emerald green stepped hexagonal pyramid with a flat top sticks out like a sore thumb – the arcology.

INT. SWIMMING POOL IN THE ARCOLOGY – DAY

A young brunette Latin woman in a dark blue racerback swimsuit is present – Julia. She dives into the pool and swims around, both on the surface and underwater. Unknown to her, an Asian woman with dark hair in a ruby red swimsuit is watching her – Taki.

She watches Julia swim around before striking, intercepting her underwater and grabbing her, pulling her down below. Julia struggles in panic before she glances at Taki's face, recognising the ninja. The two women surface, Julia coughing and gasping for breath as Taki remains cool and concise.

TAKI

Julia, listen to me. We're here to get you to safety.

JULIA

We?

TAKI

Me, my partner and your classmate. Get changed and meet me outside, I can't explain now.

Julia looks at Taki worriedly, who smiles slightly and hugs her briefly before both women get out of the pool.

INT. ACADEMY ENTRANCE IN THE ARCOLOGY – AFTERNOON

The double-doors open with a PING! Enrico and Winston exit, the latter examining a computer monitor displaying an electronic timetable while the former looks around anxiously, scanning the area with his multiple vision modes.

ENRICO

Where to?

WINSTON

According to this timetable, her lessons are over for today. If I know Julia as well as I think I do, then she's probably gone swimming.

ENRICO

Let's go, then.

He moves to draw his gun, letting his young disciple lead the way.

INT. ENTRANCE TO THE SWIMMING POOL IN THE ARCOLOGY – DAY –  
MOMENTS LATER

Enrico and Winston arrive at the pool entrance. Turning around a corner, Enrico stops and motions for Winston to stay back, which he does. He carefully jumps around a corner and grabs someone... Taki.

She swears at him in Japanese. Julia hugs Winston tightly, who returns the embrace as Enrico lets Taki go nervously, apologising to her in Italian.

ENRICO

(In Japanese)

*So you found our young friend's Latin lover... great.*

TAKI

*This is no time for jokes, we've got to get out of here!*

Enrico glances at Taki, his face tightening into a determined expression.

ENRICO

(In English)

Right! OK, let's go.

He leads the quartet back to the elevator carefully, with Taki backing him up, occasionally using her tight-fitting Spandex catsuit-clad body as a distraction on some youthful-looking guards, removing her mask to show her face before alluring one of them into a kiss and zapping them unconscious with a handheld electric prod, incapacitating the other guards with her martial arts moves before replacing her mask.

Enrico smiles at her, impressed, as does Winston, earning him a jealous look from Julia before they reach the safety of the lift and hop inside.

INT. ENTRANCE TO THE GRAND ARCOLOGY – DAY

PING! The elevator's double-doors open and the quartet make it out seemingly safe and sound. The receptionist's desk is unmanned, concerning Enrico slightly as he observes the empty table until the sound of Winston's voice snaps him back to reality.

WINSTON (O.S.)

Come on, Enrico! We're counting on you to have a word with Big Brother!

Enrico replies in the affirmative in Italian and keeps moving.

INT. VERONICA'S APARTMENT – EVENING

The Sun sets outside as Veronica enters her plush apartment as she changes into casual clothes, down to a white sleeveless undershirt and black underwear. She dials a number on her smartphone and puts it to her ear. Unknown to her, however, a group of GBPF DIVIETO troopers are converging on her position.

VERONICA

(Calmly)

Hey, it's me. Listen, just do as I say, please: contact Enrico and meet with him. I think I'm in too deep here. I've been compromised.

(Annoyed)

Oh, really? You think I'm going crazy?! Then how do you explain the bullet holes and dents on my car!?

(Calming down slightly)

You're right, I'm sorry... it's just that... well... hell, I'm still mad about him.

(In Swedish)

*I've said too much. Keep yourself alive. I'm meeting up with Enrico and joining him. If you're smart, then so will you.*

She hangs up and looks up to see a shadow near her apartment door.

Instinctively, she sneaks up to her weapon and picks it up, cocking it. Veronica opens the door before her cautiously... nothing.

As she exits her room, she is attacked by a GBPF soldier – she counters by elbowing it in the neck followed by a spin kick and a punch to the gut, knocking it out – BANG! BANG! BANG! Three shots from her revolver and it's dead.

As Veronica recovers from her assault, she runs into the living room. The Scandinavian blonde receives a single punch to the nose, knocking her out cold as a giant mook picks her up.

INT. BATHROOM IN VERONICA'S APARTMENT – EVENING – MOMENTS LATER

Veronica is dunked into the bathtub as she screams underwater, blowing bubbles as the DIVIETO troopers torture her with a single GBPF officer standing by, a soldier holding her upside down while the others watch her struggle and thrash, her hair floating freely in front of her face. The mook pulls the attractive reporter to the surface as she coughs and gasps for air. Unlike his subordinates, the officer's voice is clear and intelligible.

G.B.P.F. OFFICER

What exactly is the nature of your relationship with Mr Robutti?

VERONICA

We're friends. Nothing more. Please let me go!

G.B.P.F. OFFICER

Then it might grieve you to learn that he is dead, Miss Dahlström.

Veronica looks shocked as she swears in Swedish.

VERONICA

No.

(Pause, raising her voice slightly)

No! That's not true!

G.B.P.F. OFFICER

I'm afraid so... which leaves us with you. We know that you have classified footage stored on your phone, abusing your press privileges when you ventured into a government installation in Nova Mercia.

Veronica wipes her wet hair away from her face and stares at her captors defiantly, knowing they will kill her regardless.

VERONICA  
(Last words, in  
Swedish)

That's right... you're just going to  
have to kill me.

The commanding officer approaches the captured reporter and makes eye contact with her, his own face obscured by his dark helmet. He then nods at his subordinate, who dunks Veronica into the bathtub once again, drowning her – they watch her slowly stop moving as she dies.

EXT. CITY STREET – EVENING

The GBPF death squad exit the tower block and head for an armoured car, which drives away from the scene and into the Sunset.

BACK TO:

INT. BATHROOM IN VERONICA'S APARTMENT – EVENING

Veronica's slightly bloody body is lying against the shower stall of her apartment, lifeless and motionless with a few red spots on her wet top indicating bullet holes, her blonde hair brushed out of the way neatly, her eyes closed – she's dead.

EXT. MIKHAIL'S BUNGALOW HOME – THE NEXT DAY

The Sun is shining complete with birdsong as Mikhail walks up to his white geodesic dome home with a red door and blue rooftop. He looks at the shoreline with a sad smile as he unlocks the front door and enters his hemispherical house.

INT. LIVING ROOM IN MIKHAIL'S BUNGALOW HOME – MORNING

Mikhail enters the lounge to see Karin sitting on a chair, looking visibly nervous. He looks at her curiously.

MIKHAIL  
Is something wrong, Karin?

The door closes behind him to reveal Enrico sporting his sidearm with a silencer attached to it and an angry glare, locking the door behind him. He points his suppressed handgun at Mikhail, who backs away slightly.

ENRICO  
 (In Italian)  
*Hello, Detective Lieutenant Rozhenko.*

Mikhail looks at Enrico, his shock giving way to panic.

MIKHAIL  
 Enrico...? No... it can't be you. You're meant to be dead.

ENRICO  
 (In English)  
 I know. It's quite liberating, actually.  
 (Pause)  
 Get down on your knees right now and put both your hands behind your back.  
 (Mikhail does so slowly)  
 Karin, get in the bathroom and lock the door – do it now, please.

Karin replies in the affirmative in Arabic and does as she is told. Enrico thanks her in Italian before turning back to face an agitated (but still trying to remain calm) Mikhail.

MIKHAIL  
 You're a fool, even in death, Enrico.

ENRICO  
 Tell me something I don't know.  
 (Pause)  
 Why?

MIKHAIL  
 Why what?

Enrico pistol-whips Mikhail in the back of the head complete with a THWACK!, knocking him to the floor, the detective screaming in pain as he holds his wound. Mikhail looks up to see Enrico's cold stare, the revenant holding a gun at. His. HEAD.

ENRICO  
 Why did you kill her, Mikhail?

MIKHAIL  
 I don't understand... who?

Enrico strikes Mikhail again, pistol-whipping the dark-skinned cop in the forehead. THWACK! Mikhail yells once again and clutches his wound, swearing in Russian.

ENRICO

You know who – Veronica.

MIKHAIL

(Pleadingly)

I didn't kill her! What are you talking about?

ENRICO

Veronica was found dead in her apartment this morning, along with some DIVIETO operatives. An autopsy revealed that her lungs were full of bathwater along with multiple gunshot wounds in 9mm Parabellum – standard-issue GBPF pistol calibre. The dead officers were identified as being under your command.

MIKHAIL

No, it wasn't me. You know a hit of that type has to be officially sanctioned by the officer in charge – in this case, yours truly. Anyone who knows me knows I am hesitant to use violence in many capacities.

Enrico scans his whereabouts, looking left and right briefly before advancing on Mikhail menacingly.

ENRICO

I don't know about that. I'm well aware of your reputation as someone who gets in too deep. We're not so different, you and I.

MIKHAIL

Don't be stupid! Everyone thinks you met your Maker back at the Old Millbank Gardens. You kill a police officer with a high public profile and you really WILL be dead!

ENRICO

A handful of heartbeats to a heretic, especially an undead one.

(Pause)

Now, if you didn't kill her, then who gave the order? Don't lie to me, Mikhail.

(MORE)



ENRICO (cont'd)  
(Lowering his voice)  
Don't you dare lie to me.

Mikhail tries not to panic as he glances at Enrico, trying not to piss him off. He glances at the silenced barrel of Enrico's sidearm with undisguised dread as he looks up at the vengeful revenant before him. Enrico's eyes sparkle briefly with blue lightning as he glares at his reluctant associate.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM — AFTERNOON

Mikhail, Romeo and Dai are present, sitting opposite each other. Dai curses to himself in Welsh, looking annoyed.

DAI  
I don't understand. We've been here for nearly 4 hours. How many different ways do you want me to tell the same story?

MIKHAIL  
You knew Veronica was with the rebels, but you didn't do anything: Why?

DAI  
What was I meant to say? "Hey, cops, my work colleague is in cahoots with the resistance at the request of her discount Robin Hood ex-boyfriend."? Is that what I was meant to say? I had no proof.

Mikhail is incensed by Dai's attitude, prompting Romeo to intercede before things get too tense.

ROMEO  
Mr Huws, please calm down. We're trying to help you. You've got to tell us everything you know.

DAI  
I have done, at least a dozen times!  
(Sighs)  
I would never have sold out Veronica or anyone. I told you what happened, I told you everything I know, and that's the last time I'm telling you the story.

Mikhail glances at Dai for a moment as a uniformed Metrocop enters and gives Romeo a release form, which he reads and signs before showing it to Mikhail, who nods at Dai sympathetically.

MIKHAIL

OK, Mr Huws. You can go. If you do find out anything, then I suggest you let me know as soon as possible.

Dai gets up to leave as he thanks Mikhail and Romeo in Welsh, the Metrocop escorting him out of the room.

Romeo looks at Mikhail sadly.

ROMEO

(In Russian)

*You should probably call Karin, let her know how you're doing.*

MIKHAIL

*I don't know. Enrico might want to go after her.*

ROMEO

*Mikhail, Enrico's dead.*

MIKHAIL

*Then who was interrogating me in my own home this morning, Romeo?*

Romeo looks shocked, almost hurt.

ROMEO

*You bloody fool! Why didn't you tell me!?*

MIKHAIL

*You always said you didn't believe in ghosts and goblins.*

Romeo sighs in mild annoyance.

ROMEO

*OK. Look, if this is true, then this could have serious repercussions. The Preceptress finds out about this, and we're going to end up like a prostitute on her first night on the job.*

Mikhail looks at Romeo and laughs humourlessly before regaining his composure.

MIKHAIL

*I know, I'm sorry.*

*(Pause)*

*I just hope she's OK.*

Romeo smiles slightly.

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS – EVENING

The Sun is setting in the sky as Mikhail's UAZ-469 drives across a road in a futuristic cyberpunk metropolis complete with high-tech hexagonal skyscrapers adorned with psychedelic multicolour rainbow lights. Romeo's car (maybe a Škoda) is behind him, with a GBPF Humvee at the back, forming a small convoy.

Mikhail's 4\*4 pulls up outside an unassuming-looking edifice and out steps two figures: Mikhail and Karin. Romeo pulls up behind him and dismounts his own vehicle.

ROMEO

*You're going to be OK here, Karin. Nobody knows where this place is except Mikhail and myself. I'll make a phone call or two to help you get set up. After that, I suggest you try to get some rest. That goes double for you, Mikhail.*

Mikhail looks at Romeo, then Karin, then back at Romeo as he curses to himself in Russian, trying to control his frustration.

INT. SAFE HOUSE – EVENING – MOMENTS LATER

Karin and Mikhail are present, the former seated while the latter is standing, looking out of the window.

KARIN

*(In German)*

*You're really into this, aren't you?*

MIKHAIL

*I've got no choice, Karin. You know that. I'm not like you with your cushy part-time 4-hours-a-day college librarian job, Monday to bloody Friday.*

KARIN

(Raising her voice  
slightly)

*Mikhail, cut the bullshit! You do have a choice! You chose to get involved with the job again, you chose to go after the modern answer to Robin Hood, and you're probably going to choose what you're going to do next.*

Mikhail turns to face Karin tersely.

MIKHAIL

(Raising his voice  
back)

*Well, maybe this situation is different! The police can't choose when and when not to enforce the law, and I can't choose which parts of me I can keep and discard.*

(Calming down  
slightly)

*I'm sorry. Look, I've tried to avoid all this, but I can't. You knew the score when we started dating just before the revolution, I'm surprised it's taken you this long to put 2 and 2 together and come up with the answer.*

Karin looks at him curiously, almost sadly as she sympathises with him.

KARIN

*Let me ask you this, and please be honest with me: Why do you do it? Why do you prefer to live with the dead instead of the living?*

Mikhail looks thoughtful for a moment as he glances outside.

MIKHAIL

*I don't know. I really don't.*

(Pause, as he looks  
at Karin)

*What I do know is that you deserve someone better than me. I'm married to the job, not to our relationship.*

KARIN

*Mikhail, I don't want anyone else.*

Mikhail continues with his mini-confession briefly before realising what Karin says.

MIKHAIL

*It's a good thing we're not married  
or have kids...*

*(Pause, as he  
registers Karin's  
words)*

*...I'm sorry?*

KARIN

*It's OK. Don't be.*

She takes his hand soothingly.

MIKHAIL

*Karin, this isn't a joke.*

KARIN

*Neither is this.*

She kisses him on the cheek, smiling at him. Mikhail looks stunned.

MIKHAIL

*(In English)*

*...bloody hell!*

Karin laughs.

KARIN

*Mikhail, I love you. I've got no  
problem with your work, you know  
that. I just don't want to get a  
telephone call at 1 AM from Romeo  
telling me you've been turned into  
Swiss cheese.*

Mikhail nods, silently admitting defeat.

MIKHAIL

*I know.*

*(Sighs)*

*OK, look... maybe we need to get out of  
here. There's a restaurant nearby,  
they do good food. We could try going  
out there tonight, just the two of  
us.*

Karin smiles at Mikhail suggestively, while he raises a solitary eyebrow in a cocky manner.

INT. WINSTON'S HOUSE – EVENING

BANG! BANG! BANG! Three short, sharp knocks collide with the front door to Winston's house as the Sun sets outside. A man with grey hair assumed to be Winston's father, JOHN SMITH (50-60 years old), approaches it, opening it to reveal Winston, the Scottish teenager looking hurt and upset at the same time with a touch of restrained anger.

JOHN

Winston! You're alive!

John hugs Winston tightly, his voice sporting a Glaswegian accent similar to his son's. Winston winces from his father's grip briefly before he is released.

WINSTON

Dad, I can't stay long. Is my mother here?

JOHN

Aye, of course, my son. Please come inside.

Winston braces himself and thanks his father in Scottish Gaelic as he enters the house, closing the door behind him.

WINSTON

You know why I've not been home for a week or so?

John smiles reassuringly.

JOHN

Winston, it's OK, lad. You're a big man now and ye can look after yourself just fine for the most part. It's yer mam who's off her tits.

WINSTON

You don't say.

John looks at his son sadly, his facial expression one of guilt and remorse.

JOHN

Winston, I'm sorry I didn't do more to help you. I wanted to give ye some of ma food but she wouldn't let me. I tried to tell her that yer grown up now, and we also need to listen to you speak your piece, like what happened at school.

WINSTON  
I need to speak to her NOW.

John nods understandingly.

JOHN  
Aye, of course.  
(Turns to face the  
living room)  
Bridget! Come here, lass!

Winston braces himself as a woman with light hair enters – his mother, BRIDGET SMITH (40-50 years old). Her voice has a Home Counties accent (southern English middle-class). Mother and son lock eyes with each other.

BRIDGET  
Winston! What the hell have you been  
doing all this time, and where have  
you been?

Bridget looks at her son accusingly, condescendingly, while John steps back and watches the confrontation unfold silently.

WINSTON  
Mam, I need to talk to you.

BRIDGET  
Shut up! Don't interrupt.

WINSTON  
Mam, can you just listen to me for a  
second, please?

BRIDGET  
I said shut up! Don't you dare talk  
back to your mother!

Winston becomes increasingly impatient and exasperated as he tries to control his rising anger and frustration.

WINSTON  
Mam, for flip's sake, just let me  
speak my piece for one minute, it's  
serious!

BRIDGET  
Winston, be quiet! One more peep out  
of you and you'll go to your bedroom  
without any supper, now shut up!

Winston finally snaps as he reaches his breaking point – he's had enough.

WINSTON

No, for fuck's sake, YOU shut up!

(Pause, as Bridget is  
shocked and John  
smiles proudly)

I came here to tell you – YOU, my so-called mother – what really happened! I've been working with some friends, people near and dear to me! You can collect all the white feathers you like, but we're doing the right thing instead of signing ourselves over as cannon fodder! Friends of mine, classmates, people close to me have DIED to sustain your lifestyle! If you could take your head out of your posh rod-wielding arse for 5 minutes, then you'd realise that I was actually happy for the first time since we came here! You people smash down your children only because that raises you up, just as you yourselves were raised. You're terrified by the smallest sound because you live your life in such a sheltered world. It's a psychotic fantasy to escape the weakness and disease you sense in the core of your souls, and from the millions of diseased mentalities that worship this twisted island comes a nation of insecure adults, normalising abuse and punishment under the excuses of "discipline", "respect" and "nostalgia", all because of your twisted obsession with blind obedience to authority, which is borderline illegal given how you've treated me. I trusted you, you miserable bitch, and you sold me out. I don't know what happened to you or what made you change, but I'm done with this shite.

(Pause)

We're not just making promises that we know we'll never keep.

Bridget is visibly hurt and horrified by her son's words as Winston turns to leave, but John puts his hand on his son's shoulder, who turns around to face him.



JOHN

(In Scottish Gaelic)

*Winston, before you go, just let me say this: you came into this world as a Scot, complete with a rich history, a proud culture and a strong code of honour, and a Scot you'll always be. Remember your roots.*

John pulls Winston into an embrace, which he returns, both father and son sharing a heartwarming (and heartbreaking) hug together. As their forms part, Winston smiles at his father sadly.

WINSTON

*Thank you. I will.*

JOHN

*You're my son, and always will be. Now go... go to meet your fate, and please, forgive your mother.*

Winston nods once and leaves the house for the last time, looking determined, the door opening and slamming closed behind him as Bridget collapses from the guilt of her strict parenting, the grief overwhelming her as she starts to break down into tears. John looks at her sadly.

BRIDGET

*I'm sorry... I'm so sorry, both of you... forgive me, please...*

Bridget continues sobbing as John hesitates for a moment before ultimately crouching beside his wife and hugging her in a display of compassion and comprehension.

INT. REBEL BASE – EVENING

Enrico, Derice, Goran, Armando, Winston, Julia and Taki (sans mask) are present, with a few redshirt rebels. Armando is showing them satellite images of a 100-storey high-tech hexagonal skyscraper known as the CRIMSON TOWER.

ARMANDO

*Here's the plan. We now know where they're holding their crown jewels: right here, in the Crimson Tower, complete with its very own private island off the Edinburgh shoreline. It's got a few checkpoints on the way and can be accessed by a bridge from the city outskirts, underground, or via a helipad on the rooftop.*

(MORE)

ARMANDO (cont'd)

We need to find out where the Azure Dome is located. We're looking at 100 floors of offices, condominiums, restaurants, cinemas, there's even a school for every age group. An arcology for chandelier-shagging anointed ones, snobs and rod-wielders. You will enter via the basement, also known as the Maze of Death.

Goran laughs derisively.

GORAN

Is that just a fancy name, or did it actually earn its title?

ARMANDO

It earned its title, Goran. You should do well to remember that the way of a revolutionary is a harsh one. The Maze of Death is filled with many devices of such lethal cunning.

GORAN

Booby traps?

ARMANDO

They can be described as such, yes. When we have successfully traversed the Lethal Labyrinth, it is imperative that the the mainframe controlling the security measures within the tower is deactivated, which will also disable the traps. From that point on, use an elevator which leads up into the lobby on the surface. Derice, Goran and myself will stay behind and open up the money vault, while Winston, Julia, Taki and Enrico will head inside. Make sure to drop knockout gas into the vents so everyone has a nice, well-earned sleep. There are archives on Levels 40 and 80. Enrico, you, Winston, Julia and Taki get what we need from them and then all of us head for the penthouse together for extraction. Enrico, use your remote control to fly your helicopter and land it on the helipad on the rooftop so it's ready.

Derice and Goran look petrified, while everyone else is calm.

DERICE

Holy shit.

Armando smiles enigmatically.

ARMANDO

It couldn't be simpler. We depart at 21:00 hours GMT. Good luck, all of you.

Everyone leaves except for Enrico and Taki. Enrico removes his spectacles and looks at Taki nervously, who puts her hand on his shoulder.

TAKI

I know, I'm nervous as well, but we've got to pull ourselves together... for the people, Enrico.

ENRICO

That's what I'm worried about. We've been at this for nearly a decade, and they've treated us with scorn, contempt and ingratitude.

(Laughs)

At least we got rid of the monarchy and daylight bloody saving time.

Taki takes down her hair, letting it fall freely, and hugs Enrico tightly.

TAKI

I need you to focus, because I don't think I could bear to lose you.

As they embrace, Enrico loses his balance and falls to the floor, with Taki landing above him out of sight, although she can be heard laughing like a schoolgirl in an *anime*-esque fashion.

EXT. CRIMSON ISLAND — EVENING

SUPER: "CRIMSON ISLAND, EDINBURGH, CENTRAL LOWLANDS OF SCOTLAND"

The Sun sets in the sky as the island is indeed composed of a futuristic skyscraper bearing the eponymous colour, looking like a stretched hexagonal ziggurat complete with stepped levels and a futuristic courtyard.

## INT. SUBTERRANEAN MEZZANINE – EVENING

Inside a greenish-yellow, brightly-lit sublevel adorned with hexagonal walls and corridors, a manhole cover opens up and out come the makeshift Dirty Dozen, one by one, the last person closing the manhole behind him. Derice, Armando and Goran are wearing red maintenance uniforms with blue military-style patrol caps.

They walk for a while with their weapons armed and ready, keeping an eye out for any potential enemies... there are none, instead the most visible threat is an electrified floor which glows a menacing bluish-violet complete with a muted humming/buzzing sound.

Enrico looks around him, searching for any hooks or holes to grab onto with his enhanced vision, eventually spotting a series of metal rails on the ceiling.

ENRICO

(Indicating the rails)

We can use them to get across. If you lose your grip, then you'll get enough voltage up your jacksy to illuminate Paris for a year.

They begin crossing over the electrified floor, their guns slung over their shoulders. About halfway through, one of the rebels feels a support rail snap off in his hand. He reaches for the next one, but doesn't quite make it as he loses his grip... and gravity ensues. He falls and lands on the electrified floor, which turns him into a human fried chicken. ZZZAAP!

The man screams in agony as a large fireball emerges from beneath with a VOOM, enveloping him in incandescent blue-hot flames as he writhes around for several seconds before Enrico ultimately puts him out of his misery with a single, well-aimed headshot. BANG! The man's corpse collapses, charred beyond recognition, while Julia looks away as Winston soothes her.

The others reach the other side safely, where they are met by a long corridor intersected into segments guarded by green laser beams moving up and down. Enrico leads the way, using his thermal/infrared vision to help him out. A redshirt rebel accidentally trips one of the beams, costing him an arm and a leg – literally. He screams in pain as his limbs are sliced off, the walls stained red with his blood, which splatters and spurts everywhere.

His weapon – a KS-23M 4-gauge pump-action shotgun with a wire stock – falls to the floor complete with his arm still attached, and fires.

BANG! The poor sap in front of the half-a-man turns around to help him only to get a massive slug to the torso, perforating his heart and killing him instantaneously. Winston tries to stop Julia from running back to them.

WINSTON

Julia, what are you doing!? Don't be a fool!

JULIA

They're in trouble, Winston! We have to help them!

WINSTON

They're gone!

JULIA

No! They can't be!

Enrico runs back to help Winston as Julia is devastated at being unable to help her new comrades. He locks eyes with her.

ENRICO

Forget them, they're gone!

(Pause)

I'm sorry. Now, come on.

Proceeding further into the Maze of Death, the remaining rebels make their way through a corridor which is seemingly vacant and unoccupied. A single lonely (and oversized) red pushbutton switch with a shower head symbol above it catches the attention of an unsuspecting redshirt.

As the others walk past him, he inspects the button curiously... and stupidly pushes it with a loud CLICK. Nothing happens. He shrugs it off and walks away... but a large fibreglass panel slides upwards in front of him, blocking his path, accompanied by one behind.

His friend turns to help him but it's too late as the doomed man is showered in sulfuric acid, his screaming audible for a split second before he is silenced with a hissing SSSHHH! Only his smoking skeleton remains, along with his gun.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN MONEY VAULT — NIGHT — CONTINUOUS

The surviving operatives eventually reach a hexagonal elevator with a large vault-like door adjacent to it, complete with a circular handle. A humming/buzzing sound is audible.

Enrico uses his neural interface to hack into a large computer terminal, disabling the elaborate security deathtrap, the humming/buzzing sound fading away into silence as it powers down.

ENRICO

OK, the protection grid's offline.

TAKI

Good. Armando, Derice, Goran, do your thing. Remember the plan: when we give the word, head for the roof, and try not to let the allure of riches influence your judgement.

GORAN

You don't have to tell us twice — this beats working dreary assignments in a tedious college course.

DERICE

You know, those diplomas might not mean much if we don't come out of this alive. We nearly got both our balls pinched.

Armando works on the vault door with Derice and Goran while Enrico, Winston, Julia and Taki take the elevator, ascending into the base of the tower.

Armando, Derice and Goran enter the vault, approaching the ventilation shafts. Each man is holding a smoke grenade containing an incapacitating gas. Scanning the area, they are stopped by a pentagonal drone with a single hexagonal eye that glows yellow. They show it their identity cards, which it scans and its eye turns green, letting them pass.

Derice opens a nearby shaft while Goran disables the remaining security. They approach the open vent and look at each other for a moment before arming and throwing their smoke grenades into the gaping hole.

BRIEF MONTAGE OF VARIOUS FLOORS OF THE CRIMSON TOWER FILLING WITH PINK SLEEPING GAS AS EVERYONE IS KNOCKED OUT.

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM IN THE CRIMSON TOWER (80TH FLOOR) – NIGHT

The elevator doors open with a PING! Enrico bolts out with Winston as the doors close behind them, the schismatic and his apprentice approaching a nearby computer terminal... and Enrico starts typing on a keyboard, activating his neural interface augmentation while Winston remains on guard duty with his M57A sidearm ready. Taki's voice can be heard on his radio.

TAKI (V.O.)

Armando, Derice, Goran, are you guys OK?

Their voices come from the other end of the line.

ARMANDO (V.O.)

We're OK, just concern yourselves with your situation.

DERICE (V.O.)

We're fine. We've got one last round to do and then we're done. I don't want to stay here one second longer than I have to.

GORAN (V.O.)

You should see some of the jewels they're packing in this mine. This shit's got to be worth at least four trips to the Moon!

Enrico laughs.

TAKI (V.O.)

Don't worry, I will when we get back to base. Just take what you need and wait for the sign. Out.

Enrico terminates the connection and continues typing, eventually accessing a schematic diagram of the Crimson Tower. He accidentally brings up a screen showing damning evidence of Satoshi's involvement. Enrico's eyes widen slightly in panic as a photo of Satoshi appears on the screen complete with his list of transgressions, which Winston notices. Enrico removes his spectacles, pinching his eyes as he sighs, devastated.

WINSTON

Enrico, are you OK?

Enrico tries to regain his composure before turning to face Winston, his *protégé* eyeing him up with concern.

ENRICO

I... no... I mean... I've got to be,  
Winston.

WINSTON

Are you sure? You look like you've  
been kicked in both bollocks at the  
same time.

ENRICO

You're not far off.

(Reading Satoshi's  
file)

"Subject: Yanazaki, Satoshi. Gender:  
Male. Age: 57. Date of birth: 4 April  
1969. Crimes: Multiple deviations  
from the Template of British Values,  
including unauthorised sequestration  
of food from Government food banks,  
obstruction of justice, encouragement  
of socialistic values, terrorism,  
miscegenation, appropriation of  
classified technology and unpatriotic  
conduct. Since the massacre of his  
wife and two sons in late 2019 during  
the First British Revolution, Mr  
Yanazaki has become increasingly  
determined to destroy our society, an  
obsession which seems to have eroded  
his sanity. Formerly a recruiter for  
the rebellion, he is now the  
ringleader of the terrorist  
organisation ARCUS as of early 2021,  
having deposed its founder and  
previous commander, Simon Albury,  
whose present whereabouts remain  
unknown."

(Pause)

Bastard! He's gone full-on Yukio  
Mishima.

He hacks a little further and an image of the Preceptress  
soon appears on the monitor, a single large red word  
appearing to partially erase it.

MONITOR: "DECEASED"

Winston peers over his shoulder and his eyes widen in shock.

WINSTON

Holy shite!



Enrico briefly turns to face his *protégé*.

ENRICO

I know. It makes me feel sick, too.

(Turning back and  
reading the screen)

"Subject: Preceptress of the British Democratic Republic. Gender: Female. Real name: Anita Kondrat. Age and date of birth unknown. Polish-Russian dual national of Native Siberian descent. Leader of the BDR from mid-2016 to her overthrowing in late 2019. Executed in early 2020 at the orders of Satoshi Yanazaki and Detective Chief Superintendent Romeo Medvedev, her death was widely reported as being KIA thanks to the talents of Kimani Bachmeyer and Veronica Dahlström. Her likeness and personality have been saved as a hard-light hologram in order to provide the people with a sense of hope and duty as a sort of Big Sister or Mother figure, while DCS Medvedev earned a promotion to Commissioner following the country's renaissance. No further data available."

(Sighs)

If you can hear me, Veronica, then I'm sorry... but you were bloody wrong.

Enrico looks hurt as he reaches forward and saves the incriminating evidence to a USB flash drive, putting it in his pocket as he disconnects his neural interface, holding his head in pain.

The computer suddenly shuts itself off... and an alarm sound is heard. He looks at it in disbelief, striking the panel... nothing happens. His face tightens with panic as Goran's voice is heard on his radio.

GORAN (V.O.)

(Anxiously)

Enrico! Taki! Help us!

TAKI (V.O.)

Goran, calm down! What's happening?

GORAN (V.O.)

All Hell's breaking loose. Did anyone up there sound the alarm?

WINSTON  
No, they're all asleep.

DERICE (V.O.)  
Then that means... shit.

ENRICO  
Seal yourselves in the vault until  
it's clear. Once the techno-pigs  
realise they can't get to you, they  
should back off. Taki, are you OK?  
(Pause)  
Taki, come in, please.  
(Another pause, in  
Japanese)  
Do you read me, Taki? Come in!  
(A longer pause, in  
Italian)  
Taki, please!

ARMANDO (V.O.)  
I'll go check on her. She might need  
some help.

ENRICO  
(In Spanish)  
Thanks, Armando.

Enrico can feel the panic gripping his soul as he terminates the connection and tries to call the elevator. Nothing happens. He tries again. Nothing happens. He curses in Italian and turns to face Winston with a nervous expression on his face.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN MONEY VAULT – NIGHT

Derice and Goran finish gathering the money and sling their moneybags over their shoulders. They can faintly hear a whirring sound nearby as the door to the vault opens to reveal nothing... except a few pairs of glowing red eyes. Derice and Goran exchange fearful glances as they raise their Serbo-AKs simultaneously. There is a long silence.

DERICE  
(In French, into his  
radio)  
CONTACT!!

A gunfight ensues, 2 against 20 – despite their best efforts, they are not much of a match for the genuine article, who are initially pushed back but soon turn the tables.

BANG! Goran screams in pain as he falls to the floor, shot in the leg, quickly prompting Derice to jump back behind cover. Goran reaches for his Yugo/Serbo-Tokarev sidearm and begins to fire blindly at the direction of his attacker, yelling profanities in Serbian until the magazine empties and the slide locks back. Goran releases the empty magazine and moves to reload his pistol with a new one.

Derice moves to help him but somebody shoots Goran's hand, effectively crippling him as he drops his handgun, shrieking in a combination of rage and agony. BANG! A third shot to the torso mortally wounds Goran. Derice SCREAMS his friend's name in fear and terror.

GORAN

Derice... get out of here...

DERICE

No, Goran. Not without you.

GORAN

Derice, I'm dead anyway!

(Grunting in pain)

Oh, God... look... just... shoot me,

Derice... I'm not going to make it.

DERICE

Goran, please don't say that! We've been through worse together!

Goran laughs painfully.

GORAN

(In English)

True. Listen to me, Derice... My time here is over... I'd rather not die drowning in my own blood...

(Last words, in

Serbian, as he

coughs blood)

...please - just kill me.

Derice cries silently as he nods and, after some hesitation, shoots Goran in the head with his M57A sidearm, putting him out of his misery with a BANG. Goran lies back as his eyes close, no longer in pain... or moving.

Derice looks up to see a pair of DIVIETO soldiers approach him. He quickly switches over to his Yugo-AK and opens fire. RAT-TA-TAT!

INT. EMERGENCY STAIRWAY IN THE CRIMSON TOWER — EVENING —  
LATER

A door bursts open and out come Enrico and Winston with their guns armed and ready, the Euro-Mediterranean heretic and young Highlander on full alert.

ENRICO  
(Into his radio)  
Armando, Derice, Goran, please  
respond.  
(Silence is spoken)  
Ramírez, Devereaux, Vuković! Come in!

Derice's voice is heard on the other end of the line.

DERICE (V.O.)  
(Weakly)  
Enrico... Taki... they've got us pinned  
down. They got in.

ENRICO  
Derice! Where are you?

Enrico scans the elevators with his neural interface while Winston is on guard duty.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN MONEY VAULT — EVENING

A lone Derice is present, the Hispanic lieutenant clutching his bleeding stomach, his handgun in his other hand, the slide locked back and magazine well empty to indicate its fully expended status. His face is sweating profusely and he appears to be in pain.

SWITCH BETWEEN ENRICO/WINSTON AND DERICE.

DERICE  
(Losing strength)  
In... the vault... in the basement. Don't  
worry... I killed the bastards.

ENRICO  
I'll be with you as soon as I can,  
Armando — hold on!

DERICE  
Don't be stupid... I won't last... much  
longer.

WINSTON  
We can't leave you if there's a  
chance we can save your life!

DERICE

(In English)

Enrico... Winston... listen to me... just  
get out of here.

(Last words, in  
French)

*Make the Order pay... do it... for us...  
farewell, my friends.*

He reaches into his pocket painfully and pulls out what looks like a snap cap adorned with the French and Moroccan flags. Armando flips up the top, revealing a red pushbutton switch... which he pushes with a CLICK, staring at it as he lets out a wry smile. BOOOOOM!!! The vault is engulfed in a fiery explosion.

INT. ARCHIVE ROOM IN THE CRIMSON TOWER (40TH FLOOR) – NIGHT

The elevator doors open and Enrico bolts out with Winston, guns armed and ready. Unknown to either of them, Armando is being held at gunpoint by a GBPF officer brandishing a Benelli M4 semiautomatic shotgun, while a subordinate punches the Hispanic lieutenant, prompting him to swear in Spanish.

SWITCH BETWEEN ENRICO/WINSTON AND ARMANDO.

Enrico calls Armando and Taki's names with a hint of concern. Winston calls Julia's name worriedly.

G.B.P.F. OFFICER

Answer him. Speak to him and we will  
give you a fair trial.

Armando glares at him defiantly.

ARMANDO

Your mother married a paedophile.

Armando lets out a dirty laugh, earning him a punch to the gut and a pistol-whip to the head, bruising his face. He yells in pain, but not loud enough for Enrico to hear.

ENRICO

(In Spanish)

*Armando? Are you OK? Is Taki with  
you?*

WINSTON

(In Spanish)

*Julia? Are you OK?*

Enrico scans the area with his night vision augmentation and sees nothing, switching over to ultraviolet mode – nothing. He switches over to thermal/infrared vision, a few brightly-coloured humanoid shapes catching his attention. He approaches them cautiously, unaware of his friend's predicament.

G.B.P.F. OFFICER

Don't be stupid, please. He's worried about you. Be a good boy and answer him.

The officer in charge kicks Armando in the bollocks, causing him to scream in pain, loud enough for Enrico to hear as he runs towards the source of the noise.

ARMANDO

(Last words, in Spanish)

*Enrico, look out! It's a setup!*

The GBPF officer strikes Armando in the back of the head and shoves him away, firing three shots at the Hispanic man with his combat shotgun – BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Two to the body and one to the head, causing his skull to burst open and expose his brain. His bloody body falls to the floor, staining the skull-white scenery ruby red.

BANG! A trooper shoots Enrico beneath his right eye. He falls to the floor, covering his eye while screaming in agony as a GBPF DIVIETO soldier produces a small yellow cylinder with a blue colloid inside – a nanovirus grenade.

The trooper wielding the grenade flips up the top and presses a red button with a CLICK, a green LED pulsing complete with a faint BEEP. He then throws it casually in Enrico's general direction. ZAP! The nanovirus grenade detonates, emitting a cloud of purple lightning.

Enrico tries to get up but his knees buckle as he can feel something bite at his feet, rooting him to the spot as he tries to move, clutching his head in pain as he yells in a combination of rage and agony. His vision blurs, his hearing distorts, and he can feel his augmentations power down.

As a group of GBPF troopers slowly surround a weakening Enrico, the lights go off with a low whine. He passes out, losing consciousness.

FADE TO:

INT. SECRET CONFERENCE ROOM – EVENING

The Preceptress's visage is present on a large computer monitor, speaking to some high-ranking officials, all seated around a round white table, along with Kimani, Romeo, Satoshi and Mr O'Brien. All of them except for Mr O'Brien are visibly anxious.

PRECEPTRESS

For nearly a decade, there's been peace and prosperity since the country was reformed into a modern sovereign state, free from the shackles of the European Union. It came at a very high cost – more than a million British lives perished in the ensuing civil war following that historic vote and many of our institutions were destroyed. We have rebuilt the former United Kingdom into Nova Britannia.

(Pause, to Kimani)

How do you explain ordering the murder of one of this country's most prominent journalists? I thought she was your friend.

Kimani says nothing as she looks away guiltily. A man with a bald head and glasses – the JUSTICE MINISTER – examines the Preceptress critically.

JUSTICE MINISTER

She was in a unique position... now we must find a replacement.

A man with a Rasputin-like beard speaks up – the HEALTH MINISTER.

HEALTH MINISTER

Never mind her replacement, Preceptress, what are we going to do about the healthcare crisis? The NHS is long gone and people are dying from easily curable diseases. Doctors and nurses are going on strike, and we can't get them back despite warning them they're jeopardising their retirement benefits.

His question is interrupted by another man – the EDUCATION MINISTER.

## EDUCATION MINISTER

The Order must survive! Preceptress,  
more and more people are rejecting  
the notion of British values!

A short man in a tuxedo speaks up – the HOME SECRETARY.

## HOME SECRETARY

What are we going to do about the  
illegal fugitives? We should  
reinstate entry and exit visas!

A man in a futuristic green military uniform complete with  
hexagonal medals – a GREAT BRITISH POLICE FORCE GENERAL –  
finally looks up and, after a while, speaks calmly.

## G.B.P.F. GENERAL

Preceptress, I'm asking you to help  
us repeal the New National Service  
Act. We cannot enslave our own  
citizens. Those years of their young  
lives which they spend under my  
command should be theirs to live. The  
senior echelon of the Order itself is  
beginning to realise what a terrible  
idea it really is, and Scotland and  
Wales have done away with it  
entirely. England must follow suit.

## MR O'BRIEN

The NNSA has been implemented with  
drastic measure and great effort,  
General, and the death penalty is to  
be reinstated before the end of the  
year.

The General is stunned into silence.

## PRECEPTRESS

What of the education crisis?

## KIMANI

We have received reports that the  
current starting age is far too  
young.

## SATOSHI

She's right. As a former parent  
myself, I'm inclined to agree. I  
recommend raising the age by a few  
years more to keep up with the 21st  
Century.



MR O'BRIEN

Impossible. It would tax the people far too much, and given their already low intelligence, it would likely cause mass burnout on a national level.

ROMEO

(Nervously)

Please try to think of the children and their parents. They are struggling enough as it is.

MR O'BRIEN

I anticipated that factor. However, we must be as cold as ice if we are to retake what is rightfully ours.

The Preceptress looks a little stunned, even disappointed.

PRECEPTRESS

I can see that this fragile alliance is starting to disintegrate. Maybe I should postpone all future meetings until you can all get your heads together. The future of the nation is in our hands. Remember that.

(Pause)

Farewell.

The Preceptress disappears as the transmission ends and monitor fades to black.

FADE TO:

INT. CITY STREET – THE NEXT DAY

SUPER: "JANUS GLOBAL MEDIA HQ, MANCHESTER"

The Sun is shining in the sky as Mikhail's 4\*4 pulls up outside an opulent pentagonal tower. Out steps Mikhail, examining a pink and yellow USB flash drive in his hands critically before cocking and locking his CZ 75 handgun. He enters the building silently.

INT. RECEPTION OF JANUS GLOBAL MEDIA BUILDING – MORNING

An attractive female receptionist with auburn hair and sporting a dark blue turtleneck top looks at Mikhail.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, can I help you?

MIKHAIL

I'd like to speak with Ms Bachmeyer,  
please.

RECEPTIONIST

Do you have an appointment?

Mikhail shows the receptionist his police badge and ID card.

MIKHAIL

I'm Detective Lieutenant Rozhenko of  
the Great British Police Force's  
Criminal Investigation Department.  
Let's just say I have some business  
to take care of - urgent, unfinished  
business. Now, where can I find him?

The receptionist indicates an express elevator behind her.

RECEPTIONIST

That lift will take you straight to  
his penthouse suite, which also  
contains his office.

MIKHAIL

Thank you.

He smiles at the receptionist and heads for the express  
elevator, the woman running her hands through her hair as  
she watches him leave.

INT. KIMANI'S OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Dai and Kimani are present, the Welsh photographer looking  
rather unnerved while the Afro-German news editor-cum-  
propagandist is calm and collected, much to the younger  
man's dismay. Kimani is seated, while Dai is standing up.

DAI

Boss, I can't do this - it's not  
right.

KIMANI

Come on, Dai, where's your courage?  
Where's your sense of civic duty?

DAI

(Disbelieving)

Duty? Courage? Veronica thought the  
same thing, you know... she thought she  
had to be a bloody heroine, and  
that's why she's dead.

KIMANI

She was a rebel and was executed for conspiring against the State under Article 4 of British law.

Dai looks at Kimani coldly – something's wrong, and he knows it. He swears angrily in Welsh. Before Dai and Kimani can continue their argument any further, Mikhail's voice is heard from behind as he enters the office.

MIKHAIL (O.S.)

Mr Huws... Mr Bachmeyer... just the men I wanted to see.

Dai turns around to face Mikhail, who shows him his badge and ID card.

DAI

(Panicking)

Lieutenant...?! what are you doing here!?

MIKHAIL

(To Dai,  
sympathetically)

Calm down, Mr Huws. I'm not going to hurt you. I need to ask your guvnor here some questions – the answers I've been receiving haven't been very helpful.

(To Kimani, flatly)

What were you talking about just before I came in, *Fraulein* Bachmeyer?

Kimani feels her face fall slightly, the smug smile giving away to a sense of panic and mild anxiety.

KIMANI

What are you talking about?

MIKHAIL

Civic duty, honour, courage, call it what you will...

(Approaching him  
threateningly)

...why don't you put your money where your mouth is and tell me the truth?

KIMANI

What are you talking about, *Poizeileutnant*? Listen to me!

MIKHAIL

(Insistently)

You knew what Veronica was doing, didn't you, Kimani? You were friends with her, and you sold her out when you knew she was getting too close, didn't you?

(Pause, calming down slightly)

I suggest you think carefully before answering my questions.

Mikhail glares at Kimani, who looks at Dai, then Mikhail, then back at Dai again.

KIMANI

(Anxiously)

Dai... help me out here, will you?

Dai's eyes glance over at Kimani for a moment without turning his head to face him before locking back onto Mikhail.

DAI

It's your tree, boss... you're sitting in it.

Kimani sighs – she knows the game is up.

KIMANI

(In English)

All right. Yes... I knew Veronica was allied with the resistance...

(In German)

...she was very protective of her homeland.

DAI

So you sold her out... you bitch!

KIMANI

We also had the late heretic's allies deported, for reasons which should be clear, even to you.

Mikhail narrows his eyes slightly as he feels his own anger rise.

MIKHAIL

Where are they, *Fraulein* Bachmeyer?

KIMANI

Don't you know? Everyone knows what happens to those who refuse the rule of the Order.

MIKHAIL

(Empathically)

WHERE, Kimani?

KIMANI

(In English)

They're at the Colony... just off the coast of the Outer Hebrides. There is only a single punishment there... Degree Absolute – their worst fears are brought to life and turned into a death sentence. Rather a nice touch, don't you think?

(In German)

*New Britain, the birthplace of modern totalitarianism and pathological nostalgia, finally embracing the future.*

Mikhail narrows his eyes slightly as he feels his own anger rise. After several seconds of struggling to contain his emotions, he comes to a personal executive decision.

MIKHAIL

(With a tranquil fury)

Kimani Bachmeyer, you're under arrest. You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. Anything you say can be used against you. If you can't afford a lawyer, then one will be provided for you... but I don't think you should have too much trouble on that end.

Kimani nods, accepting defeat. She reaches into her drawer surreptitiously, which Dai notices. He can see Kimani reach for a 9\*18mm Makarov PMM double-action self-loading pistol.

Dai snaps back to face Mikhail and tackles Kimani, incapacitating and disarming her. He looks up nervously, glancing at Mikhail, who smiles slightly while nodding once, thanking him in Russian while motioning with his head to flee to safety.

Dai thanks Mikhail in Welsh and runs out of the office. Now alone, Mikhail takes a look out of the window. He scans Kimani's computer, inserting the USB flash drive. His eyes widen slightly as panic deprives him of the power of speech.

INT. ROMEO'S OFFICE – AFTERNOON

The Sun is shining outside. Romeo is alone, observing something on his computer. Suddenly, Mikhail bursts in with a USB flash drive in his hand, looking VERY pissed off.

ROMEO  
(Nervously)  
Mikhail! Hi... I didn't expect you to be here so early.

Mikhail drops his USB flash drive onto Romeo's desk, who looks at it curiously before inserting it into his computer – the monitor lights up, showing the facts for him to see.

MIKHAIL  
How did our names – yours and mine – end up on the Preceptress's list of known associates?

Romeo's face falls slightly as Mikhail looks at him calmly.

ROMEO  
Where did you get this, Mikhail?

MIKHAIL  
From a VERY valuable informant. I need to know the truth, Romeo.

Romeo looks at Mikhail guiltily – he knows the game is up.

ROMEO  
OK... yes, I knew about ARCUS. I also knew about the Colony. I've been trying to help the rebels with some tips from the press... but only because we have a common interest: preserving the peace with support from the MIC.

MIKHAIL  
MIC?

ROMEO  
Military-Industrial Complex. We serve as a mediator between the people and the state. I'm sorry if I screwed up, but I'm just as human as you are.

Mikhail stares at Romeo coldly, feeling betrayed.

MIKHAIL

(Angrily)

Sorry?! A lot of decent people are DEAD, Romeo! Don't you have any idea of what you've done!?

(Pause)

They're dead because of your bloody games... and mine, too.

There is a long pause as both Mikhail and Romeo force themselves to calm down.

ROMEO

(Anxiously)

Mikhail, please... I'm sorry. Look, I'll email you what I know – just understand that what has been seen cannot be unseen.

MIKHAIL

I'd appreciate that greatly... boss.

Mikhail glares at Romeo, who looks back at him apologetically, his facial expression remorseful.

INT. SAFE HOUSE – DAY – LATER

Karin is present as Mikhail enters, looking flustered as he reaches for a pushbutton landline telephone. She looks at him with concern.

KARIN

Mikhail, are you OK?  
 (Pause, Mikhail  
 doesn't answer)  
 Mikhail, talk to me!

He turns around to face her, his face a mess of emotions.

MIKHAIL

I don't have time to talk, Karin.

He tries to reach for the phone but Karin stops him.

KARIN

Mikhail, stop. Get your head together and speak to me.  
 (Pause, Mikhail  
 relaxes slightly)  
 What is it?

MIKHAIL

Romeo... he sent me some... interesting documents.

KARIN

What kind of documents?

Mikhail can feel his frustration rise into anger as he struggles to contain his own anxiety.

MIKHAIL

Documents about the rebellion, the Order of the 3 Lions – a secret Gulag. I have seen shit that will turn you white, woman.

Karin is temporarily stunned into silence as Mikhail curses in Russian, sighing in exasperation.

KARIN

So what are you going to do?

MIKHAIL

I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to do something I should have done a long bloody time ago: the right thing.

His eyes sparkle with his signature confident gaze as Karin smiles at him. Mikhail picks up the phone and dials an unknown number.

EXT. DOME ISLAND – DAY

SUPER: "OUTER HEBRIDES, HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND"

The Sun is shining in the Sky amidst a snowy island housing a large baby blue monolithic domed city – the AZURE DOME. A signpost reads a very chilling-in-a-friendly-way message, written in both Scottish Gaelic and English.

SIGNPOST: "FÀILTE DON CHOLOINIDH" ("WELCOME TO THE COLONY")

INT. WINSTON'S CELL – DAY

Winston is inside a Spartan-looking cell, white and pristine, a stark contrast to his heavily beaten, bruised and bloodied appearance. He can hear footsteps from outside, getting louder... and a woman in black turns to face him, looking at him through the glass – the Preceptress. Winston glares at her.



WINSTON

What the hell are you doing here?

The Preceptress looks at him sadly, almost sympathetically.

PRECEPTRESS

Mr Winston Smith, my dear... I came to declare you a martyr for the British people. You should consider yourself most fortunate, honoured, even.

Winston glares at her bitterly.

WINSTON

(Sarcastically)

What about Julia? Was she "fortunate and honoured" to be chosen for a segregated education and the Cyber Initiative?

(Pause, sighs)

You know what? I don't give a shit anymore. Just kill me and get it over and done with.

(Sadly)

My mother never loved me anyway, and my father's too bloody chicken.

The Preceptress looks at him sadly.

PRECEPTRESS

I'm sorry that you feel that way. May there be mercy in your next life, if it even exists.

Winston watches the Preceptress leave as he sighs, leaning his head back against the wall. Just then, a familiar figure in a suit enters sporting a scar down one eye (thankfully, not across the actual eyeball itself) and a crooked right hand, a man whom Winston recognises, his face contorting into a tranquil fury: his former headmaster, MR O'BRIEN.

WINSTON

Principal Shithead.

Mr O'Brien looks at Winston with a combination of curiosity and resentment, his voice eerily placid.

MR O'BRIEN

Kids like you should be seen and not heard. It was perfectly legitimate. I have no regrets.

WINSTON

(Raising his voice)  
Legitimate? You're undermining the  
very values you claim to be  
defending!

MR O'BRIEN

Rules are rules, Master Smith. It's  
the will of the people... it's called  
democracy... discipline. Back in my  
day, we'd spare the rod...

WINSTON

(In a rage, cutting  
him off)  
...oh, and that makes it OK, does it!?  
It's "democratic" to break the law by  
sending us home for not wearing the  
"right" clothes or speaking in the  
"right" accent?!

(Narrowing his eyes)  
You're INSANE, you sick FUCK!!

Mr O'Brien is incensed by Winston's words, who glares at the  
fallen authoritarian disciplinarian silently.

MR O'BRIEN

Very well, if that's the way you want  
to play it.

A few Metrocops/Civil Protection officers enter, flanking  
either side of Mr O'Brien evenly. Winston looks at them  
carefully.

WINSTON

(Sarcastically)  
Oh, great. You're going to feed me to  
the pigs. Have they not eaten enough  
shite for one day?

MR O'BRIEN

Oh, come now, Master Smith. We both  
know you are quite the delinquent.  
After all, your mother was quite  
distressed regarding your  
inexplicable prolonged absence from  
home, and I want to know why. Maybe  
there's something you didn't tell  
anyone, something you didn't share  
even with your dear father... but you  
ARE going to tell ME, Winston.

Winston begins to panic as he realises what is about to  
happen, his fear rising.

WINSTON  
There's NOTHING to tell!

MR O'BRIEN  
Oh, I wish I could believe that,  
truly I do.

WINSTON  
Then why don't you!?

MR O'BRIEN  
Because it is my duty to correct...  
naysayers... such as yourself, if  
quelling them is out of the question.  
I'm sure something will come to you  
eventually. I can wait, Master Smith.  
The question is: can YOU?

Winston doesn't answer as he sees the Metropolice officers slowly close in on him, his eyes darting from left to right as the scene ends.

INT. COLONY HOSPITAL – DAY

Enrico awakens, his eye and shoulder wounds bandaged and cauterised as he sits up on a hospital bed. He curses in Italian. A guard wearing a Civil Protection/Metropolice uniform enters and sits beside him, turning on a television set – he extends a friendly gesture with his hand, inviting him to watch. Enrico does as he is told.

INT. COLONY MORGUE – DAY

An Asian woman in a mostly-crimson catsuit enters the morgue with her silenced SMG armed and ready – Taki. She examines the corpses before her, and against her own better judgement, she uncovers one to reveal a shrivelled, desiccated mess! She looks shocked as she quickly covers it up again.

She tries another one, which appears to have its skin melted off and hair burned into the charred flesh. Another one is covered in frost and ice. She covers them up again and wills herself to keep going, muttering something to herself in Japanese to help regain her composure. A monitor flicks on automatically in the morgue, drawing her attention.

INT. GREEN CORRIDOR – DAY

A pair of Metrocops walk down a hexagonal hallway with a yellow floor with a teenage girl in the middle, the youth's face obscured by a black hooded robe.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER – DAY – CONTINUOUS

The girl is led into a transparent spherical chamber with a pentagonal door, which slides open as she is escorted to her execution, a hidden security camera filming and streaming the proceedings live on the Internet. She is undressed completely, her nude form revealing her to be Julia! Mikhail panics and curses in Russian, while Enrico follows suit in Italian.

A monitor before her blips on to reveal a figure wearing a white skull-shaped mask which conceals its face – the EXECUTIONER. It speaks in a male *basso profundo* voice, clearly intelligible.

EXECUTIONER

Subject: Da Silva, Julia. Gender: Female. Age: 18. Date of birth: 6 July 2008. Crime: Multiple deviations from the Template of British Values, including encouraging wrong-handed manipulation, unauthorised sequestration of food from Government foodbanks, sartorial rebellion, aiding and abetting a known dissident, obstruction of justice and unpatriotic conduct. Punishment: Degree Absolute. Sentence to commence immediately.

The monitor blips off and the room dims somewhat...

INT. SKYBOX – DAY

Inside the safety of a viewing box, the Executioner observes the proceedings and watches a monitor showing him the execution. He flips up a plastic cover on a yellow control panel housing three push-button switches – a red "Off" one, a green "On" one and a blue emergency stop. The Executioner presses the green "On" switch.

After a long silence, a hissing sound is heard as Julia cries out in pain, a barely visible jet spraying cold water onto her nude form as the room gets chillier with every passing second, indicated by the chamber's blue light.

## INT. COLONY HOSPITAL – DAY

Enrico screams profanities angrily in Italian at the monitor before trying to turn his head away. The Metrocop/CP officer puts his hand on his shoulder soothingly before indicating the screen with a point of his index finger. Enrico looks at him, his featureless face obscured by his helmet.

He glances at the screen, then back at the guard, who indicates the screen emphatically, earning him a punch to the gut followed by a kick in the knackers. The guard keels over in pain and falls to the floor like a sack of potatoes, curling up into a ball while groaning in agony before passing out.

BACK TO:

## INT. COLONY MORGUE – DAY

Taki quickly comes back to her senses. Checking her silenced gun to ensure it's fully loaded, she aims down the holographic sight and opens fire, shooting at containers full of highly volatile liquid, the high-velocity projectiles searing the walls and igniting the fumes. RAT-TA-TAT!

BOOM! Explosions ensue as a fire rages within the morgue as Taki reloads her gun, exchanging the depleted extended magazine for a new one and cocking the weapon with vigorous determination. The smoke from the fire activates the alarm and sprinkler system, extinguishing the flames and showering the pissed-off neo-ninja, who glares at the chaos before her amidst the wailing siren, which fades into silence.

## INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER – DAY

Julia screams in agony and terror as the jets continue spraying water onto her naked body, cursing loudly in Spanish as ice begins to form on her skin, slowly freezing the Hispanic teenager alive! She SCREAMS Winston's name in despair.

## INT. COLONY HOSPITAL – DAY

Enrico checks a nearby locker for his possessions, using his neural interface augmentation to unlock it. Opening it, he locates a familiar-looking self-loading pistol complete with holster and a few magazines – his Yugo/Serbo-Tokarev handgun – which he grabs and equips, rearming himself once again.

WHOOSH! He can hear the doors slide open, prompting him to hide behind cover. Taki enters with her submachine gun raised, prompting Enrico to tackle her once again, pointing his gun at her. He calms down when he realises who it is.

TAKI

(In Japanese)

*Is this how you treated all your girlfriends in the past, Enrico?*

ENRICO

*No, just you. You do have a habit of putting me on edge, Taki.*

TAKI

*This is no time for jokes. We've got to find Winston and Julia and get out of here.*

ENRICO

*So they're alive?*

TAKI

*Not for long if we don't hurry. You go rescue Winston, I'll focus on Julia.*

Enrico nods and replies in the affirmative in Italian as he proceeds to leave, then stops briefly.

ENRICO

*How did you know where this place is?*

TAKI

*I followed them when they knocked you out. It wasn't easy keeping up with them, your helicopter needs an upgrade or two. Now, go. We'll link up after you've got Winston... and arm yourself with something more effective, my dear.*

Enrico looks at Taki with an expression that equals the phrase "You don't say, woman."

ENRICO

(In Italian)

*No shit.*

He proceeds to leave, while Taki examines the hospital briefly before following him.

## INT./EXT. DETENTION CENTRE – EVENING

The Sun is setting in the sky, just barely visible outside the Azure Dome. Reaching his destination, Enrico hides from a single guard, who passes him by... and then enters the detention centre.

## INT. SUPPLY DEPOT – EVENING

A door slides open as Enrico enters, the door sliding shut behind him. Enrico looks through the available provisions, his eyes falling on a Serbo-AK complete with sling, holographic sight, grenade launcher and side-folding shoulder stock.

Grabbing it, he loads it up with a full magazine of M43 high-velocity rounds (including an additional bullet in the chamber) before cocking the gun with a CHA-CHACK and heading out with an ammunition pouch tied to his waist.

## INT. CELL BLOCK – EVENING – CONTINUOUS

Enrico enters the detention centre with his assault rifle armed and ready, scanning the area carefully as he inspects each cell one by one... a familiar figure catches his eyes, slumped, beaten, bleeding and bruised... an Oriental man with dark grey hair – Satoshi! He puts his hand to a numerical keypad beside the door, its red LED flashing green complete with a high-pitched PING! The door slides open and he enters the cell.

## INT. SATOSHI'S CELL – EVENING – CONTINUOUS

Enrico bursts in and crouches beside his dying former mentor, propping him up and calling his name. Satoshi's eyes open weakly as he glances at his ex-student.

SATOSHI

Enrico-san... you made it...

ENRICO

What happened? What have they done to you?

SATOSHI

I'm sorry... they made me cooperate in exchange for my family's safety...

Enrico feels his face tighten slightly as he realises what Satoshi means – he considers putting a bullet in his *sensei's* head but decides against it.

ENRICO

...never mind that now. I can get you out of here. There's a hospital nearby.

SATOSHI

(In English)

No... it's too late for me... my Elena's gone, and so are my beautiful boys...

(Last words, in Japanese)

*...please, Enrico-san... end it now.*

Enrico glances at Satoshi sadly and replies solemnly in the affirmative in Italian. He aims his Serbo-Tokarev self-loading pistol at a dying Satoshi, unsure whether to go for the head or heart. Eventually, his hand steadies as he makes his choice.

INT. CELL BLOCK — EVENING — MOMENTS LATER

BANG! A single gunshot is heard, which echoes throughout the cell block and most of the detention centre. Enrico exits the cell with an ambiguous look on his face while brandishing his Serbo-AK as he leaves the detention centre, looking determined.

INT. COLONY CREMATORIUM — EVENING

Enrico walks through the shadows of the crematorium, keeping his assault rifle armed, raised and ready — taking cover at a vantage point, he can see a few Metrocop officers, all armed, watching over what appears to be a labour force composed primarily of children and teenagers of various non-white ethnicities! Some of them have been partially mechanised (DIVIETO rejects), while others are having their organs harvested.

He is visibly disturbed by the sight but knows he is powerless to help as he takes some photos and a video of the action before quietly slipping away, hiding in the shadows to evade detection.

INT. WINSTON'S CELL — EVENING

Winston is in his cell, lost in hard thought as he mumbles to himself in Scottish Gaelic. A tapping sound catches his attention, and he raises his head to see Enrico on the outside. Winston gets to his feet and approaches him.



WINSTON  
 (Relieved)  
 Enrico! Thank God you're here!

ENRICO  
 Hold on, I'm going to get you out of  
 here.  
 (Peers inside)  
 What happened?

Winston screws up his face in mild disgust, which is unusual for him.

WINSTON  
 I got all 7 colours of the shite  
 rainbow beaten out of me and nearly  
 had one of my eyes cut out by some  
 big bastards in black and white,  
 that's what happened!

Enrico looks at his *protégé* sympathetically.

ENRICO  
 I'm sorry.  
 (Pause)  
 Stand back, please.

Winston does as he is told as Enrico hacks the door's numerical keypad with his neural interface, grunting with effort as he strains to open the lock. Eventually, a red LED display on the keypad turns green, complete with a PING! The door slides open and out comes Winston, thanking him in Scottish Gaelic.

WINSTON  
 Where's Julia? Is she OK?

ENRICO  
 She's going through Degree Absolute.  
 (Gives Winston a CZ  
 75 handgun as his  
 sidearm)  
 You'll need this.

He hands Winston the gun's holster and some extended 9mm magazines, his *protégé* arming himself and nodding once.

WINSTON  
 Cheers.  
 (Cocks the gun)  
 Right, then. Let's do this.

Enrico nods and motions with his head for Winston to follow him, and the peerless pair head into the detention centre.

INT. COLONY CREMATORIUM — NIGHT — MOMENTS LATER

Enrico and Winston scan the area, the latter now brandishing a fully kitted-out FABARM STF-12 pump-action 12-gauge shotgun with a sling, extended magazine, holographic sight, forend-mounted light, side-mounted shell holder (full of spare shells) and side-folding shoulder-stock.

The Euro-Mediterranean heretic and Celtic rebel hide in the shadows as a pair of GBPF troops walk past them. BLAM! BANG! They execute them both, each with a single headshot from their guns. The child slaves and teenage labourers begin to panic.

ENRICO

(Soothingly, to the kids)

Don't be afraid... we're here to help you. We're going to get you out of here.

(To Winston)

How many are there?

WINSTON

About 100.

ENRICO

OK, we'll have to lead them out in groups. There should be a harbour nearby, complete with some lifeboats. I'll get them to safety, while you go rescue Julia.

Enrico arms himself with his assault rifle complete with CHA-CHACK and gives Winston a hand signal to proceed with the plan, which he does.

Enrico activates his speed enhancement augmentation and bolts out into the open, the troops predictably opening fire on his lightning-fast form and missing every shot. He emerges from behind, gunning them down easily, Spaghetti Western-style. BANG! BANG! BANG! The remaining Metrocops flee the scene in terror as he glares at them, his eyes glowing a whole spectrum of colours.

Reloading his Serbo-AK with a new magazine, he cocks it with a CHA-CHACK and aims his gun carefully, examining his surroundings critically.

Turning around a corner, he soon comes face-to-face with a single Metrocop brandishing a decked-out 5.56mm CZ assault rifle, and a brief standoff ensues. Eventually, the Civil Protection officer relents, lowering his gun in the process, prompting Enrico to follow suit.

MIKHAIL  
 (Irritably)  
 You really have no sense of  
 restraint, do you, Enrico?

Enrico recognises that voice as its owner removes his gas mask-like helmet to reveal a dark-skinned face complete with short black hair – it's Mikhail!

ENRICO  
 Hello, *Signor tenente*.  
 (Pause)  
 Aren't you going to take me in?

Mikhail looks at Enrico calmly, his face relaxing slightly.

MIKHAIL  
 No. Not anymore. After learning the truth about the Order and the Republic's history, I figured I'd rather be on your side. This place is worse than the Gulag at Vorkuta.

He hands Enrico a pair of key-shaped USB flash drives – each drive has a Greek letter embossed on it: a gold "Alpha" drive, and a silver "Omega" one.

ENRICO  
 Thanks... what's on them?

MIKHAIL  
 Alpha contains the source code to a highly advanced app called Lilith, originally developed by MI5 before the revolution, while Omega holds all the evidence behind this invisible war. Whoever possesses them controls the Republic, so keep them safe. The men of steel, the men of power...

ENRICO  
 ...are losing control by the hour.

Mikhail smiles slightly, showing off his bright white teeth in the process.

MIKHAIL  
 Exactly.

Enrico looks confuzzled at Mikhail's display of generosity.

ENRICO  
 Thank you.

MIKHAIL  
You're welcome... comrade.

Taki's voice can be heard on Enrico's radio. She sounds unusually nervous.

TAKI (V.O.)  
Enrico, I've just landed.  
(Pause)  
You'd better come here, quickly. I  
can't shut down the mechanism.  
(Panicking)  
I can't help her!

Realising what Taki is inferring, Enrico swears loudly in Italian.

MIKHAIL  
Degree Absolute, right? Come with me.

Mikhail calmly leads the way, with Enrico following him.

INT. CELL BLOCK – NIGHT

Enrico and Mikhail enter the detention centre's main cell block, looking determined and scanning the area carefully. Enrico inspects each cell one by one with his multiple vision modes (thermal/infrared, night vision, ultraviolet).

Both Enrico and Mikhail shoot open every cell door they can find with prisoners inside – the newly liberated captives escape and thank the peerless pair before running to safety.

Reaching the end of a pair of double-doors beneath a sign marked "RESTRICTED AREA" in both English and Russian, complete with red circle-slash prohibition symbol, Enrico scans the door, noticing a similar keypad beside it, with a red USB 3.2 slot above it.

He tries to hack the keypad, but nothing happens as the LED flashes complete with a low-pitched BLEEP. He curses in Italian. He tries using a multitool to hack the door, with the same result.

Mikhail steps forward, producing an orange key-shaped USB flash drive from his pocket, which he inserts into the slot above the keypad. The red LED turns green complete with a high-pitched PING!, and the double-doors slide open as Mikhail pockets his flash drive, smiling.

MIKHAIL

Some doors can't be hacked open, they need a key. I'm surprised you never learned that simple truth, my friend.

Enrico nods once.

ENRICO

*Touché, amico mio.*

They head into the depths of the complex/facility.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER – NIGHT

Julia, by this point, is covered mostly in ice as the water continues to settle on her subzero skin, the spray merciless and ceaseless. Her dark hair is stuck together and her lips are turning blue, her body weakening with every passing second as she tries to remain conscious, the Hispanic teenager praying to herself feebly in Spanish, a prayer which she concludes with a single name: Winston's.

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER – NIGHT

A lone Taki is present, a kitted-out CZ Scorpion EVO 3 A1 9mm SMG with a built-in silencer slung over her shoulder as she shows signs of increasing pressure, anger and fear, desperately trying to hack an open control panel with a multitool. Winston arrives with his shotgun in tow. She swears loudly in Japanese as she tries pulling apart the wires manually.

INT. SKYBOX – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

The Executioner and a single Metrocop guard are present, watching the execution's climax as Julia collapses, now a human popsicle. BLAM, CHA-CHACK! A shotgun blast blows the door open and out steps Winston, brandishing his combat shotgun and looking FURIOUS.

WINSTON

FREEZE!!

(Calming down  
slightly)

Abort the procedure and unlock the door!

The guard does as he is told as Winston shoots the control panel, disabling it permanently with a single, well-aimed shot. He then fires a high-velocity slug at the Executioner's back, killing him.

The Executioner falls to the floor, screaming in agony as he dies, while the guard runs for safety, not even bothering to witness or intervene in the commotion.

BACK TO:

INT. EXECUTION CHAMBER – NIGHT – CONTINUOUS

The door to the death cell slides open and Winston runs inside despite Taki's warning. Locating Julia's frozen form on the floor, he picks her up and carries her outside, quickly removing his sweater and wrapping it around her body in an attempt to keep her warm. Tears of fear run down the Scottish youth's eyes.

WINSTON

(Desperately)

Julia, come on. It's OK. It's OK, love, you're safe. You're OK. You're fine, trust me! You're going to be all right.

(Pause)

You're going to be all-fucking-right!

Julia doesn't move. Winston finally gives in to his fear, his pain – and lets out a LOUD scream of combined grief and despair, just as Enrico and Mikhail arrive with Taki – both men exchange somber looks, realising the gravity of the situation as Taki puts her hand on Winston's shoulder soothingly.

EXT. DUNE ON DOME ISLAND – NIGHT

Enrico, Mikhail, Winston and Taki hide behind a snowy dune on October Revolution Island clad in winter gear and equipped with their respective guns, the ice-cold wind biting at their faces.

Taki uses her IR binoculars to scan the area while Enrico uses his enhanced vision, alternating between thermal/infrared, night vision and ultraviolet modes, observing a military base on the island.

ENRICO

I can see a man who I think... hold on...

TAKI

What is it?

Enrico looks at the man in question with an expression of familiar fear.

ENRICO  
 ...I think I know that man. He's  
 Winston's headmaster.

WINSTON  
 (Angrily)  
 That piece of shit's mine.

ENRICO  
 Ours, Winston. Yours... and mine.

TAKI  
 I'm coming with you.

ENRICO  
 I think it's a better idea if you  
 took on the two-faced goddess, Taki –  
 you've got the woman's touch.

Enrico laughs sarcastically, earning him an annoyed look  
 from Taki.

MIKHAIL  
 Right, then. I guess that leaves me  
 to handle my ex-boss.  
 (Pause)  
 We need to stick to our personal  
 targets – any deviation will lead to  
 confusion and, very likely, failure.

Without another word, the quartet breach the base's  
 threshold and split up, heading for separate destinations on  
 the base.

INT. SECRET CONFERENCE ROOM – NIGHT

A door slides open as Enrico enters with Winston, the door  
 sliding closed behind them. The two of them look at the  
 fusion of industrial computer machinery and multicolour  
 high-tech hexagons before them in awe.

A pair of footsteps can be heard. Slow, methodical  
 footsteps. A woman emerges from a nearby room and approaches  
 them, sporting dark hair and is clad in purple: the  
 Preceptress, or rather, her hologram simulation.

PRECEPTRESS  
 Enrico Amedeo Robutti and Winston  
 John Smith... congratulations, you did  
 it.

Enrico is stunned, while Winston remains focused.

ENRICO  
You're the Preceptress?

PRECEPTRESS  
Correct, *Signor* Robutti. You probably already know this, but my legacy is ruined thanks to the apostates who defiled our very efforts as a nation.

ENRICO  
I know... Kimani, Satoshi and Romeo. First one's a coward, second one's a traitor, third and last one's a bloody sycophant...

WINSTON  
...and that bastard Mr O'Brien.

PRECEPTRESS  
Then I trust you to do the right thing. After which, you may do as you will.

WINSTON  
Where is he?

The Preceptress softens, smiling at the peerless pair gratefully.

PRECEPTRESS  
(In English)  
Very close by. I don't think you need to know what their survival would entail for the Republic. Thank you, all of you. Remember: there is more than just one right in the world.  
(In Polish)  
Good luck...  
(In Russian)  
...and farewell.

Enrico smiles sadly, while Winston is somewhat apathetic as the Preceptress vanishes, her projection disappearing into thin air.

Enrico approaches a computer terminal – the Preceptress's PC – and start typing out his commands on a mechanical keyboard, complete with a CLACK-CLACK-CLACK as he produces the dual USB flash drives Mikhail gave him, examining them critically.

The computer's voice – a female *contralto* – speaks up.



COMPUTER (V.O.)

Preceptress of the Order of the 3  
Lions, identity acknowledged – access  
granted. Subject: Alpha and Omega.  
Please choose a recipient.

The screen then presents Enrico with a list of choices –  
ARCUS, Janus or the GBPF. After a long silence of  
deliberation, he finally makes his choice.

ENRICO

NOBODY gets this. Not the self-  
righteous rebels, not the two-faced  
media, and definitely not the  
National Porcine Agency. Nobody! It's  
time to let the people decide their  
future for themselves. Democracy  
might not be perfect, but it's the  
right thing to do in this case.

(Cocks his assault  
rifle with  
deliberate emphasis)

We finish things here, now and  
tonight... one way or the other.

(Pause)

This invisible war ends NOW.

On the N of "Now", Enrico terminates the connection and  
pockets the dual flash drives with deliberate intent and  
stares at Winston grimly, who looks back with tortured  
ambivalence.

EXT. OUTPOST NEAR THE MILITARY BASE ON DOME ISLAND – NIGHT

Mikhail strides outside the perimeter of the base  
cautiously, knowing better than to go in guns blazing unlike  
his Mediterranean counterpart. He spots a structure shaped  
like a hexagonal prism nearby, illuminated like a Christmas  
tree... and he approaches it carefully, sneaking into the base  
unnoticed.

INT. COMMAND CENTRE ON DOME ISLAND – NIGHT

Mikhail enters the office of what appears to be some kind of  
command centre, its door sliding closed behind him as he can  
see a familiar figure speaking to a hologram projection...  
Romeo. He is talking to Mr O'Brien.

MR O'BRIEN

You will be much happier... and less  
stressed... as a teacher at the academy  
in the New London arcology.

ROMEO

I can't order the death of an officer without evidence, it's against police protocol!

MR O'BRIEN

You're not a commander, Comrade Medvedev. We hoped you'd give the GBPF an urban, diplomatic face complete with a peaceful personality to boot, nothing more, nothing less. We screwed up our priorities.

ROMEO

I refuse to be pushed into some obscure bureaucratic cubbyhole!

MR O'BRIEN

Actually, I doubt you'll get the chance. Look around: your star pupil has returned to teach a lesson to his mentor.

The hologram projection blips off and Romeo turns around to face Mikhail, who is glaring at him with a tranquil fury.

ROMEO

Mikhail! Hi. Have you made a decision about what to do?

MIKHAIL

Yes, Romeo, I have.

Romeo smiles.

ROMEO

That's great! When do you want to start?

MIKHAIL

As soon as possible, if you don't mind.

ROMEO

OK, then! Let's go.

Romeo moves to reach the exit but Mikhail stops him.

MIKHAIL

No. Not now.

ROMEO

That's OK, we can wait it out.

Mikhail stares at Romeo coldly, even sadly.

MIKHAIL

(In Russian)

*We still have unfinished business,  
you and I – it's going to be a long  
wait.*

Romeo laughs nervously as he realises what Mikhail means... and his face changes to a look of sad realisation.

ROMEO

(In English, shocked)

No... wait... you're here to kill me!?  
YOU?!

MIKHAIL

(Half-hurt, half-  
angry)

You knew the risks, Romeo – you  
shouldn't have lied to me, betrayed  
me, used me.

(Pause, regaining his  
composure)

Now it's your turn.

Romeo looks shocked, even hurt as he glances at Mikhail in disbelief, his panic rising.

ROMEO

Mikhail, please don't do this. Think  
of the people!

MIKHAIL

I am.

Romeo looks at Mikhail, his eyes full of sadness and understanding – he must die, and he knows it.

ROMEO

(In Russian)

*I'm sorry, Mikhail.*

Mikhail raises his assault rifle as he hesitates for a moment, second-guessing himself... then shakes it off.

MIKHAIL

*So am I, Romeo.*

They exchange one last, final glance. At the last minute, Mikhail strikes Romeo with the stock of his gun, knocking him out. Glancing at his unconscious former mentor for a moment, he then leaves the office brusquely but calmly.

EXT. MILITARY BASE ON DOME ISLAND – NIGHT

A lone Taki slips through the base silently and stealthily, her crimson-coloured Spandex catsuit facilitating her invisibility in the darkness, the ninja wielding her silenced submachine gun as she approaches what appears to be a hemispherical structure, a geodesic dome – the door's locked, complete with a red LED above a numerical keypad.

Hacking the door open with a multitool, it slides open as the LED turns green complete with a PING!, and she slips inside, the door sliding closed behind her.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE ON DOME ISLAND – NIGHT

Taki enters the comms centre with her silenced SMG ready. She can hear a female voice, speaking faintly. She follows the sound of the voice quietly, keeping her gun raised in case she encounters potential enemies. There are none.

Reaching the source of the noise, she hides in the shadows as she turns to see a dark-skinned woman in a turtleneck with long, smooth black hair talking into a radio: Kimani.

KIMANI

What's the headline for tomorrow?  
 "Resistance crushed as patriots win  
 civil war"? Perfect. We can't lose.  
 What about the recruitment offices,  
 are they in place? Yes? Excellent.  
 Good. Veronica really was unique...  
 replacing her will be impossible.  
 Keep going. Out.

She hangs up as Taki emerges from the shadows with her gun pointed dangerously at Kimani's head.

TAKI

There's no news like bad news, isn't  
 there?

Kimani turns around to face Taki, panicking slightly at the sight of her gun.

KIMANI

Yes... how did you get in?

TAKI

I have my secrets, just as you have  
 yours. Now, I want the truth.

Kimani looks at Taki calmly.

KIMANI

You wouldn't understand.

TAKI

I think I do, actually. Kimani-chan, what the hell have you done? You know what these people are like.

KIMANI

Hell is exactly what I've done. I had to teach the people of this country a lesson. It was unfortunate, yes. Cruel, definitely, but totally necessary.

TAKI

Necessary? That made it OK, did it!? To stab your friends in the back?!

KIMANI

(Raising her voice slightly)

What were they meant to do – what were WE meant to do? Just sit on our hands and wait for it all to end? This is the world we live in, and these are the hands we're given! "General ideas are no proof of the strength, but rather of the insufficiency of the human intellect", to quote Alexis de Tocqueville.

Taki glares at Kimani.

TAKI

(With a tranquil fury)

Was it all worth it?

(Pause)

I don't think so, not anymore.

Kimani coolly stares back at Taki and looks to the side. Taki follows her gaze, the ninja caught off-guard. Kimani takes advantage of this and disarms Taki, knocking her gun out of her hands as she assumes a kickboxing pose.

KIMANI

(In German)

*Very well. A duel of honour it is.*

Taki assumes a martial arts pose and prepares to engage her target.

TAKI  
 (In Japanese)  
*We'll see about that.*

They stare at each other for a moment before engaging in hand-to-hand combat, a desperate duel determining the ultimate fate of the country. Kimani puts up one hell of a fight, her strength and endurance practically a match for Taki's feline agility and reliance on pressure points, the Afro-German eventually overpowering the Japanese ninja.

As Kimani prepares to strike the finishing blow that will knock out her adversary, Taki reacts at the last minute and blocks her opponent's attack, resisting with all her remaining strength before finally delivering a sharp punch to Kimani's nose and a spin kick to her torso. Kimani falls to the floor, defeated, as Taki picks up her silenced SMG.

KIMANI  
 (In English)  
 Don't, please. You're right... I'll help you.

Taki looks at Kimani cautiously.

TAKI  
 If the Preceptress is dead, then who's really in charge?

KIMANI  
 He calls himself O'Brien... *Herr* O'Brien.

Taki thinks about this, then helps up Kimani.

TAKI  
 You're coming with me.

Kimani thanks Taki in German. Looking past her shoulder, she can see some GBPF troops enter, pointing their guns at the neo-nija.

KIMANI  
 Look out!

She pushes Taki to the floor as the troops open fire, who accidentally shoot her instead – RAT-TA-TA-TAT! Kimani screams in pain as Taki returns fire, gunning them all down with short, suppressed, controlled bursts – BLI-BLI-BLIP! She gets to her feet and helps Kimani.

TAKI  
 Stay calm. I'll get you out of here.  
 I can help you.

KIMANI

(In English)

Listen to me... please... find... *Herr*  
O'Brien... and kill him. He's the one...  
pulling all the strings. Tell  
Veronica's... partner... I'm sorry.

(Last words, in  
German)

*Good luck... and thank you.*

Kimani lies back as her eyes close. She's dead. Laying down her body, Taki reloads her silenced submachine gun with vigorous determination and cocks it with a CHA-CHACK! Taking one last, final look at the place, she turns and bolts out of there.

EXT. OUTPOST NEAR THE MILITARY BASE ON COLONY ISLAND –  
MORNING

The Sun is rising in the sky, slowly illuminating the dark horizon. Enrico is with Winston, both men going after Mr O'Brien, who is protected by a few GBPF soldiers and a single DIVIETO officer.

Hiding in the shadows amidst an industrial structure of sorts, Winston makes a snowball and throws it in the general direction of the soldiers. The snowball disintegrates, and the troops open fire. RAT-TA-TAT! BANG! BLAM! No dice. Mr O'Brien looks annoyed.

MR O'BRIEN

Damn it. You people are too trigger-happy.

Enrico emerges from his hiding spot, holding his Serbo-AK with his dominant left hand, his recessive right hand clutching the handguard dangerously, with Winston following suit as he clutches his combat shotgun angrily, racking it with a CHA-CHACK. The troops and Mr O'Brien turn around to face the source of the noise, their faces falling in disbelief.

WINSTON

Looking for me?

RAT-TA-TAT! RAT-TA-TAT! RAT-TA-TAT! Enrico takes out the officer with a well-placed trio of short, controlled bursts, the man screaming in agony as he falls to the floor, dying of rapid blood loss. The soldiers fire at Enrico, who uses his speed enhancement augmentation to zip for cover. Mr O'Brien picks up the dead officer's gun.

MR O'BRIEN

Take him out! Destroy the heretic!

A fierce gunfight occurs between the nano-augmented revenant and the neo-imperialistic nationalists, with Enrico using every augmentation at his disposal to stop them. Winston kills one soldier by striking him from behind and eventually throwing him off a high platform, sending him falling (and screaming) to his death, shooting another one who comes to investigate. Enrico is impressed.

ENRICO

Well done. I'm actually proud of you.

WINSTON

I picked up some bad habits from you, you know.

Enrico chuckles and scavenges their corpses for ammunition, taking what he can salvage before moving on with Winston. They head for a large and very tall central hexagonal tower doubling as a lighthouse.

INT. CENTRAL TOWER OF THE MILITARY BASE ON COLONY ISLAND - DAY

Enrico enters with Winston and look around them - they have a choice between an indefinite flight of stairs and a simple hexagonal elevator. They choose the latter, its first set of double-doors sliding shut behind them as it begins its ascent.

As the elevator makes its way up to the spire of the lighthouse/tower, the two men engage in combat with Civil Protection guards backed up by DIVIETO soldiers. Enrico and Winston cover each other's backs while reloading. Both men eventually make their way to the top.

The elevator's second set of double-doors open behind Winston and in front of Enrico complete with PING as they exit the hexagonal translucent transporter and run forwards into a short corridor before reaching the lighthouse/tower's spire.

ENRICO

You are under citizen's arrest, Mr O'Brien.

Mr O'Brien looks at Enrico in surprise.



MR O'BRIEN

That's rich, coming from a renegade citizen like you. Anyway, what's the charge?

ENRICO

The murders of Satoshi and Elena Yanazaki and their sons, along with Julia Da Silva, Francis Aaron, Armando Ramírez, Derice Devereaux, Goran Vuković... and Veronica Dahlström.

MR O'BRIEN

Winston John Smith... what is your problem, you pathological contrarian?

Winston laughs humourlessly, trying to control his rising anger and frustration.

WINSTON

My problem? MY PROBLEM!? You want to know what my bloody problem is?! You're turning people into machines and decent kids into slaves! That's what my problem is!

MR O'BRIEN

You don't understand, Master Smith! Those people were not true patriots – they refused to behave according to our ways and traditions.

WINSTON

That's MISTER Smith to you, now... sir!

Mr O'Brien claps sarcastically.

MR O'BRIEN

Well done with your effort, miladdo. The whole country is grateful.

WINSTON

At least I do my best, AND I give a shit about my fellow citizens. I care about Trevor, Francis, Robert, Zari...  
(Pause, yelling)  
...and Julia! Do you want me to name them all??

Enrico raises his Yugo-AK and aims carefully at Mr O'Brien's head, who begins to panic.

MR O'BRIEN

We're keeping the country – no, the world – safe! Protecting decent people! You must understand this, Enrico!

ENRICO

(Lowering his voice)

Understand this. Every stone that's thrown must fall to the ground..

WINSTON

...but you don't give a fuck as to where they might come down.

A group of GBPF DIVIETO troopers led by a single officer make their way to the top of the lighthouse/tower, armed and dangerous, aiming their guns at them complete with CHA-CHACK cocking sounds. Mr O'Brien calms down a little bit.

MR O'BRIEN

Drop your guns, both of you. Do it now, please.

Winston looks at Enrico, who nods once wordlessly. Both men drop their guns and raise their hands.

WINSTON

I always knew you were a gutless, yellow turd, you pathetic, selfish little shite.

Mr O'Brien ignores Winston's taunt and approaches Enrico calmly.

MR O'BRIEN

I want to make a deal with you... all I ask is that you renounce certain behaviours and do the smart thing for once in your life.

ENRICO

You mean... declare my loyalty?

MR O'BRIEN

You could say that. We can't have people breaking their promises left, right and centre. Everything we've fought for would be in jeopardy. The Republic has to help the collective first and the individual second. You of all people should understand that, Enrico.

ENRICO

What about Taki, Mikhail and Winston?  
Are they expected to give up their  
individuality as well?

MR O'BRIEN

Not if they do the right thing.  
Enrico, please, time is very limited.

Enrico thinks it over – Winston looks at him.

ENRICO

What guarantee do I have that you  
will let them go if I concede?

MR O'BRIEN

You must trust me.  
(Pause)  
Please.

Enrico looks pensive, almost pained, glancing at Winston for a moment before locking eyes with Mr O'Brien. His eyes harden with resolve.

ENRICO

(In English)

No... I'm sorry, but I owe it to those  
who died to stop this madness.

(In Italian)

*There is more than just one right in  
the world.*

BANG! A trigger-happy DIVIETO trooper shoots Enrico once in the left kneecap, making him yell in pain as he falls to the floor. He curses in Italian, clutching his bloody wound tightly as a Civil Protection/Metrocop officer patches him up with a first-aid kit, removing the bullet with a wet squelchy PLOP.

Winston steps back and looks at Mr O'Brien, then the wounded Enrico, the sight of his injured friend and mentor bringing the Scottish youth's anger to a boil. He's had enough. Looking around, he finds a piece of reinforced metal and picks it up... and he charges at his ex-headmaster.

MR O'BRIEN

(Mockingly)

This was a mistake, Enrico! There was  
no need for any of this. Don't think  
for a second that this is anyone's  
fault but your own.

Winston angrily strikes Mr O'Brien over the back of the head with his improvised club, his eyes sparkling with fury.

WINSTON  
 (Last words, in  
 Scottish Gaelic)  
 Fucking rod-wielder!

THWACK! Mr O'Brien cowers in pain from the blow as one DIVIETO commando strikes Winston in the head and crouches, allowing his buddy to mercilessly gun down the fleeing high school senior with fully automatic rifle fire, the officer firing a single shotgun blast for good measure. RAT-TA-TA-TA-TAT! BLAM!

Winston yells and swears in Scottish Gaelic as his body jumps into the air and falls down the lighthouse/tower, landing smack-drab at the very bottom complete with a sickening THUD!, eyes closed and turned into Swiss cheese. He's dead.

Enrico swears in Italian and SCREAMS Winston's name in horror as the troops converge around him, ready to execute the heretic. Enrico glares at them defiantly, trying to conceal his fear as Mr O'Brien gets to his feet, clutching his bloody ear in pain, which appears to be dangling off his head.

ENRICO  
 Go on, then. Finish me off.  
 (Pause)  
 Go ahead! Do it! You're a disgrace to  
 your country, all of you!

Mr O'Brien is incensed by Enrico's words, and he glares at him slightly.

MR O'BRIEN  
 What would you, a heretic, know about  
 patriotism when you refused to serve  
 when called? You've gone against  
 every single guiding principle of  
 British values since the revolution.

Enrico glares back at Mr O'Brien, fully ready to die... again. Unknown to him, however, Mikhail and Taki have entered the lighthouse/tower and are making their way to the top with a third person in tow.

ENRICO  
 I know and understand enough. What  
 good is an honest soldier when they  
 can be ordered to act like a  
 terrorist?  
 (MORE)

ENRICO (cont'd)

Why are you so obsessed with punishing defenceless children and young people as a form of teaching them how to behave if you have the audacity to complain when they retaliate? What I've been concerned with all these years is simple justice and equality, and there can be neither for as long as rules and laws are absolute and one-sided. Even life itself is an exercise in exceptions! No matter how strong your hatred for outlanders burns, no matter how disingenuous your justifications may be for your cultural obsession with punishment and pain, no matter all our advancements... we can't deny ourselves, nor can we live without the very quality that makes us human: freewill, independent thought.

Mr O'Brien, angered by Enrico's defiant soliloquy, glances at the GBPF officer, who steps on the heretic's bandaged and bloody kneecap with deliberate force. Enrico yells in pain as the corrupt principal-cum-politician picks up Winston's shotgun and cocks it with a CHA-CHACK before aiming at Enrico's head.

Enrico remains silent as he and Mr O'Brien glare at each other. After several seconds, a voice can be heard from behind - Romeo's voice.

ROMEO (O.S.)

Let that man go!

The officer turns around, as do the other troopers, to see Romeo sporting a black eye, with Mikhail and Taki backing him up. Enrico sits up as Taki helps him get to his feet, while Romeo shows the DIVIETO soldiers his own badge and ID card - number 546.

ROMEO

(To the troops)

You're all suspended from active duty pending an investigation. There's a lot of evidence pointing at your unit regarding some particularly brutal crimes.

MR O'BRIEN

You're a fool, Commissioner. Do you realise what will happen if you go through with this?

ROMEO

Better that than living a lie. I've got a heart full of regrets and a head full of bad memories. You're under arrest for a multitude of crimes I can't even begin to fathom.

Romeo picks up Enrico's Serbo-AK and arms himself with it while Mikhail steps forwards, his eyes sparkling with fury.

MIKHAIL

(With increasing intensity)

You have the right to remain silent. You have the right to an attorney. You have the right not to be tortured, not to be murdered, humiliated, experimented on or deported to a God-forsaken hellhole, rights that you and your fellow conspirators took away from decent people! You have those rights because of the men who came before you who stood up and did the right thing. Because of the men and women who are standing here right now waiting for you to give them the order to fire.

Mr O'Brien is stunned into silence, shocked to his very soul.

MR O'BRIEN

Do you think that I would hesitate to kill you, or your friends, if I thought it was in the best interest of my country?

MIKHAIL

No, you wouldn't hesitate. I know that. Scum like you are cowards inside and out...

(Indicating the troops)

...but they might. Give them the order... if you can.

Mr O'Brien thinks for a moment – realising he is screwed, he backs away, acting like he is about to relent... but at the last minute, he grabs Taki and holds her hostage, using her as a human shield! She drops her silenced SMG in shock as the troops now point their guns at HIM.

MR O'BRIEN

(Last words)

I didn't expect you to come this far,  
but you'll learn the truth soon  
enough. There is more than just one  
right in the world!

Taki struggles briefly before her face lights up with an idea. Reaching back, she locates Mr O'Brien's... gentleman's area... and squeezes it as tightly as possible, making him yell in pain and release her.

Retrieving her suppressed submachine gun, she quickly disarms him as Enrico catches the shotgun... and without hesitation, he opens fire with support from his girlfriend. BLAM, CHA-CHACK! RAT-TA-TAT!

They fire several shots into the piece of shit before them, ultimately sending the evil extremist out of a window and falling to his death, screaming like a little girl as he takes the gravity elevator all the way down to ground level. Enrico lowers his gun with a sense of grim satisfaction, his oath of vengeance fulfilled, while Taki stands down calmly.

FADE TO WHITE

EXT. CEMETERY – THE NEXT DAY

Enrico, Mikhail, Romeo and Taki are present. The quartet stand before a shared grave... Winston and Julia's grave. Enrico's helicopter, Mikhail's 4\*4 and Romeo's car are parked nearby.

GRAVESTONE: "R.I.P. WINSTON JOHN SMITH (18/6/2008 – 21/10/2026) & JULIA DA SILVA (6/7/2008 – 20/10/2026) – TOGETHER FOREVER ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN"

Enrico, still sporting his eyepatch and bandages, approaches the grave sadly, trying not to break down in tears, to no avail.

ENRICO

(In English)

I'm sorry... forgive me.

(In Italian)

*I hope you've found peace, my friends.*

Taki puts her hand on Enrico's shoulder gently while Mikhail looks at him sympathetically. Romeo looks uncomfortable. Enrico looks up at Mikhail and holds out his hand, which he takes, and the two men shake hands sadly.

Enrico acknowledges Romeo with a smile and a simple bye-bye wave before heading for the chopper alone.

TAKI

(In English)

Thank you, both of you. You truly are men of honour.

(In Japanese)

*Go now and live your lives in whatever ways seem best to you.*

She performs a martial arts salute complete with a bow before joining Enrico. Mikhail and Romeo look at each other with mixed expressions – the former is smiling sadly, while the latter is remorseful.

ROMEO

Mikhail, I'm sorry I... kept a lot of things from you. I'll get the NNSA repealed and abolished. No more conscripts, no more corporal and capital punishment, no more mandatory school dress codes, nationwide. I can get the BDR modernised.

(Another pause)

You have my word on it.

Mikhail turns to face Romeo with a slight smile.

MIKHAIL

Thanks, Romeo. That's going to make the people very happy.

ROMEO

(In English)

I've got another deal for you. I want you to think about it: why don't you come back to the Criminal Investigation Department? We can change the laws of the Republic for the better, maybe share them with the rest of the world. It's the least we can do after all the lies.

(In Russian)

*We'd make one hell of a team, Misha.*

Mikhail thinks about this and laughs slightly before turning to face Romeo.

MIKHAIL

*I don't think so. Besides, I have a promise to keep.*



Mikhail and Romeo watch the rising Sun together, the big ball in the sky illuminating the horizon as a new day dawns.

EXT. MIKHAIL'S BUNGALOW HOME — AFTERNOON

The Sun is shining brightly in the sky as Mikhail's 4\*4 pulls up. Karin is watching the ocean waves crash on the shoreline, the sound of a car engine catching her attention. She turns around to see Mikhail emerge from his vehicle, who approaches her as she runs towards him, hugging her tightly, and they smile. Karin beams as she kisses him on the forehead.

KARIN  
(In German)  
*Is it over?*

Mikhail nods nervously.

MIKHAIL  
(In Russian)  
*Yes, Karin... it is now.*

KARIN  
(In Arabic)  
*Thank you so much for coming back alive, Mikhail. Happy birthday, my love.*

Mikhail smiles back and thanks Karin in Russian as the couple walk back to the shoreline before admiring his new retirement present in the form of a gold pentagram star within a silver circular shield with his name embossed on it in bronze, written in both Russian and English.

Both Mikhail and Karin watch the horizon together happily. Their journey through the night together is finally over.

FADE TO BLACK

FIRST TITLE CARD: "'YESTERDAY WE OBEYED KINGS AND BENT OUR NECKS BEFORE EMPERORS. BUT TODAY WE KNEEL ONLY TO TRUTH, FOLLOW ONLY BEAUTY, AND OBEY ONLY LOVE.' — KHLIL GIBRAN (1883-1931)"

SECOND TITLE CARD: "THE END", FOLLOWED BY CLOSING CREDITS

**THE END**