

*You can't beat death  
but you can beat death in life ...sometimes.*

*We were more, than this world offered.  
We lost ourselves.  
We were meant to be... to last for so much longer...  
so much more.*

# **Kil. Serenity.**

## **APOCALYPSE FRONTLINES**

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*Screenplay by  
Rath Avens*

*[pianestarov@yahoo.com](mailto:pianestarov@yahoo.com)*

An explosion fills the air of an American city. Thick smoke drifts by at ground level briefly obscuring a tall man holding a young woman by the shoulders. They look back and forth at each other as tears run down her cheeks and blood trickles down the side of his head.

The man shakes his head.

KIERAN  
You're not gonna die here.

She touches his face with firm fingers and a harsh or bitter look. They embrace as bullets and a smaller explosion strike nearby.

He pushes her away. She turns to leave.

We see her one hundred yards away looking at the man picking up his RPG and a spare rocket casing.

She yells into the smoke and flames.

CHARNA  
Kieran!

We see him yelling back but we cannot hear his words except as they echo through Charna's brain.

KIERAN  
Find THEM!

Masked bandits and rebels roam the cities bombed to rubble...

Beautiful gardens fade into forest stumps. Children play and are cared for by young mothers. They fade into dead fish. Hands pick berries and drink stream water. They turn into burning chemical plants and laboratory scenes.

WORDS GO BY:

USA, SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA;  
Three Years From When You Read This.

CHARNA (Voice only)  
Serenity killed everything  
that I care about.

The good things in the world are dying.

Our Rebellion was sweet,  
but it had a cost.  
Millions dead and whole cities wasted.  
And now many of our people - the poor -  
they live amid the ruins  
and toxic wastes;  
never enough water, food or safety.

And still we laugh,

sharing the nervous glee  
of children laughing;  
pulling a prank  
or like waking up on Christmas.

We have some pride, if not victory  
and we will remain defiant -  
forever - to the Federal government.

You want rubble?  
We'll give you rubble!

Zooming in from Space toward the Earth, forest fires and smoggy  
cities.

DEATH ANGEL (Voice at first)  
Earth can no longer sustain your numbers.  
You are so many.

Cities, Cars, Cattle... Forest Fires, and the Death Angel Spinning atop  
pinnacles, clouds, ruins. A pair of Black Swans land on the water.  
The Death Angel stands in pose at a global warming ravaged coastline.  
Buildings rise above the waves that roll through their doorways.

All of you who know:  
That You are like water;  
like the water rising at my feet.  
All of you who feel  
that you are betrayed:  
You know that this thing called life,  
The one that your rulers have sold you;  
it is really some toxic shit.  
It is a primal Evil manufactured by your  
Great Corporations...

DEATH ANGEL  
Where is your humanity?  
Does nothing stalk your heart.  
What happened to your Shadow?

Are you tired of being conned,  
ripped-off, and shorn like a sheep?  
Follow the way of my disciples,  
as they sow fear in the hearts  
of the enemy and set one against another  
in a storm of precision bloodletting.

Follow them... and you will surely  
embrace Me.  
We'll stab their funny bone  
as we slit their throats.  
Whose throats?  
Ah, that's the question isn't it?  
Whose throats to slit...  
Who deserves to live,  
and who deserves to die.

Flames, battles and women with veils looking on...

CHARNA

In desperation the rulers search  
for a New Order:  
For a paradigm to save them  
and maintain their privileges.  
Yet everywhere another force  
- a very subtle one -  
builds toward its own destiny and  
its final showdown.

Love: Community, the Personal  
and the Team  
they evolve along with this  
Nightmare world.

CHARNA AND DEATH ANGEL

We balance the Fire. We are like water.  
We build up and we go around.

Storm scenes from North Coast winters, waves lash the coast, bridges collapse. Birds... turn into bombers for a second and then two women, presumably Charna and the Death Angel, stand on cliffs with their arms raised, invoking...

CHARNA

We planned the rebellion.  
Street fighting and snipers.  
Riots turned into a full on  
armed resistance.  
The government responded with its  
mass murder excuses...

Urban bombing scenes: Beirut, Palestine, Dresden, Hanoi... Grozni

The urban carpet bombing,  
the B 52s, rolled over us  
- the wave of bombs -  
rolled over the positions  
of the resistance.  
More bombings followed  
and these were extended  
into Tijuana, Seattle, Juarez  
and Montreal.  
Canada fractured into separate regions.  
Parts of the North Coast and Alaska  
formed a new country.

Ecotopian Flags and Black ones too; gardens; goats and water systems.

Some desperate places had declared  
their autonomous status.  
The no-man's lands...  
these were the war zones.  
The rich - those lousy fuckers -

## CHARNA

they were holding on to what they could.  
 Their intact military forces held  
 the oil fields in Mexico  
 and in Venezuela.

US military maneuvers, oil fields burning and special-ops take the world.

Resistance was strong only in Colombia:  
 the Last Refuge in the South;  
 and also among the global shanty towns...

FARC Guerrillas marching in the mountains and jungles.

Indigenous people died fighting  
 by the millions.  
 The Andes, they flowed with blood again.  
 The Mountain ran red.

The puppets of the drug lords  
 and the elite death squads,  
 they performed as trained  
 and held an Iron-Fist,  
 Mexico disintegrated.  
 The massive bombing of Juarez  
 and Tijuana  
 scared away those who weren't  
 already scarred.  
 Commandos roamed the mountain areas.  
 and who worked for whom  
 we did not know.

Nobody did...

We hear that Tijuana has rebuilt  
 despite the threat of more bombings.

Millions of people still crowd  
 along the border on East to Coachella.  
 Smuggling and the gun trade  
 or a quick trip up north  
 They are - as they have always been:  
 precious commodities.

Some things never change  
 no matter what happens.

No matter the risks...

Kids gnaw a bone and take it away from a dog, chewing on it fast and furiously. Police and military arrest people, loading them into vans, jails and prisons...

A moderately dark night moonlight through the clouds. A woman atop a tall cliff.

CHARNA

Yes, Hunt them down and kill them off,  
one by one.  
A most successful campaign.  
Perhaps too successful.  
For those like me.

Charna jumps off the cliff and floats down vampire-like to the middle of a large green hill. She slashes the throats of two commandos in one move. She runs through the green hills and down gullies and small brushy canyons, jumping small streams. Sometimes gay and sometimes with furtive looks over her shoulder.

I am Charna A.

Speaking from the flames of a city and a forest (superimposed) burning, we see her standing there and also still running through the forest and down the hills.

I'm good at my art,  
the skills of killing.

I'm the steel, the edge.  
I'm looking for a lover,  
the one whose Shadow is pure.

Together, The Steel and the Magic  
We are like water,  
And sometimes water  
can even destroy Iron.

Floods and storm lash the coast with giant waves; bridges collapse,  
Swans cry out.

For me, only the ends  
that we are fighting for  
are what matter.

Charna sings and hums an unknown and barely heard tune. Back and forth to the green hills, Charna running and a quietly tinkling brook. Jumping over rocks in her own commando outfit. Once or twice she looks like a forest wraith or a shadow. Choppers buzz the area with searchlights, and kids are crying.

I am a utopian and a realist.  
Someone who will do anything  
risk everything  
- to make dreams come true now.

There is no future,  
if we do not win soon...

[Music: Silent Hill and  
Canasta songs. An occasional  
helicopter zooms around in  
the distance.

Charna and the Death Angel are at an icy pond. The light is bright and distorted by a bluish tint. Charna switches from angry to sweet to normal emotions.

DEATH ANGEL

You understand now - Do you not?

CHARNA

In the end... I don't want to die  
or to live.  
Will I die for him? For the Magic?  
Am I crazy bad? Or am I crazy good  
and also so very necessary given the  
circumstances?

I crave something sensitive, I do.

For a minute Kieran is there at the pond fading in and out. She half reaches out to the ghost.

Something to replace Kieran,  
someone to love... and respect...  
I want to tell my life stories...  
of death and people.  
Those killed in front of me,  
and because of me...

The search for the magic in my dreams  
and in the memories.  
Like a mirror image.  
Like a movie... Where life and death meet.

DEATH ANGEL

My memories.

Charna rotates around looking at her life, visions, friends, Mom and Dad. Sailing...

CHARNA

I see it everywhere I look.  
It's inside of everything...

Is it all the same, really,  
from the same source  
and... tainted with the same evils?  
My life of deceptions  
...the massacre in Santa Barbara.  
The Justice and brutality that are now  
my survival?  
The power to walk through the flames,  
To be where I am now,  
walking into the lair of the Beast,  
where the rich people live.

Is this evil too?  
Am I evil?

To take on the whole damned Empire?

Charna is hiking the woods again - fleeing with a stealthy kind of paranoid run... Half way she sees a glimpse of The Obelisk vaguely through the forest and Kieran is near it.

Indoors with the lights down low, a couple is tied up to chairs, back to back in a Sacramento urban mansion. Charna is standing over them with a gun.

Then out on a rock place... looking at the view below her. The stream is growing larger now down lower. Then we see two pairs of different boots walking in the twilight... One pair is Charna's.

The icy pond by the old garden with its bulbs poking up through snow and more greenery around the edge (watercress, clovers). Keiran is pacing and brooding...

He watches Charna from above and for a moment his view is from the top of the Obelisk by the icy pond... She is walking through the thinning forest... dreamy-like, serene. A flash of the Death Angel rising... A broad vista of green hills behind Charna and ruined cities spread out down toward the valley and the ocean in the distance.

Smoking trash piles are evident a few miles away and become more frequent towards the Control Zones.

CHARNA  
I've made it this far.  
Now we'll see.  
It's easier in the cities,  
but way more work to do.

She lies down in the nook of a rock and an old log, in patchy shade and falls asleep...

CHARNA: DREAM #1

Charna's dad is pointing a gun at her. Then an explosion shakes a prison gate. High 5's pass among some comrades and they are smiling and laughing as they pile in a jeep and drive off with the dust kicking up. A huge explosion goes off a mile behind them. A brief flash of a US Army Bradley coming at them...

The Boy, Lokia, standing by the pond.

She turns bothered in her dream.

Leaves blow down a trail.

The hills change colors... She stumbles and then she runs stealthily, as earlier in the day. She sees the other pair of boots. She picks up a rock and throws it hitting a tree and then it bounces off of a large rock. A distorted vision comes to her like a Super Home Movie of a little boy and a little girl playing in the sun...

She wakes up and looks around barely awake, but concerned.

CHARNA (mumbling)  
I have to find a better place

Meandering down a ways further, she stops at a last overlook and picks a camp destination. An aircraft searches the terrain but the resolution of its cameras is not great. She makes her way down the rest of the hill in the sunset and finds a secreted place among rocks and smaller trees. She hums a lively light tune and then it turns more eerie as she falls asleep. She is smiling to herself and we see a flutter of small wings turning into a mechanical bird or like a butterfly too... superimposed on tree branches and the evening sky.

A shadow thing moves and searches.

The other pair of boots is still walking and then we see the man as he walks in the dark toward her camp.

CHARNA: DREAM #2

The Obelisk and its shadow loom above her. Three small dead bodies lay on the ground and flames rise up around them. Her head is aching in the dream and she holds it, shaking herself... A glimpse of her father pleading... A gang leader shoots her three times and then a brief flash of a black guy standing over her... and her Dad (younger) driving away in a car, Mom crying, a toy run over... Charna turning into the fierce swan-hawk face. The boots... Lightning flashes bright. The colors turn inverted and evil.

Charna stirs and stretches slowly as only soft bird noises announce the dawn. She half sits up rubbing her eyes and face.

CHARNA (mumbling)  
The Truth doesn't have to make sense  
or be true.  
What...

Confused and sleepy she shakes her head to clear it. She stretches again as she begins to get up.

A man clears his throat... suddenly:

DAMIEN  
Ah rghrgh... rrr

And a little cough.

A small flock of birds take flight suddenly. It sounds like a gunshot.

She sees him there sitting or leaning on something twenty feet away - not too close. Her gun comes out and she closes the ground in an instant. His hands go up. A slight smile plays on his face.

The burning city flashes through her mind. She shakes her head again to clear it. We see a 360 degree view of the two of them standing there as the sky lightens slightly and then a bit more (or a jump).

A partly cloudy sky appears and birds are flying high up. She stares at the man closely: a fairly dark or mysterious complexion. She thinks French and African. Moroccan? He has longish

hair and kind of a gypsy look, fairly tough and back woodsy, cute too! We can tell this from her positive body language.

DAMIEN

I thought I would never catch up to you.  
I'm Damien, Damien al Berri.  
A friend of Kieran...

She gives him a cross look... And screws up her lips, questioning, teasing... She plays with the gun at her temples and her lips.

I came to warn you - about the Feds -  
and yeah, some of the resistance people  
are after you too.

CHARNA

What is this?  
You think you are some kind  
of a woodsman? Tracking me?  
You say you are a friend of:  
What did you name her - Kirana?

I should just kill you now dude.  
Why take chances.  
And then maybe thank you too,  
for the warning!  
Hmmmmm...

Take it off,

Her look tells him that she means everything... And she mouths it too.

She speaks to Damien as she backs him up a bit waving the gun. She grabs his backpack, dumps it out and looks through his stuff. He takes off his jacket and tosses it over. She waves the gun again and nods... She looks appreciatively at his Mack 10 machinegun pistol and sets it down on his stuff... He takes off his shirt and then his hat, then his pants and tosses them over to her, as he stands there in his skivvies... She scans his clothing and his pack with a device. She spends the most time examining his large GPS phone device.

DAMIEN

Reprogrammed for special security needs.  
Uhhh...  
You can turn it on.  
Just press star menu twice  
and enjoy.

CHARNA

I'll have the gangs check it out.

The birds land back in the tree branches.

She puts the gun in her back belt area and crosses (swaggers) over to him closer... She peaks into his shorts at his member and then pushes him down onto a large stump.

Can I trust you?

He looks up at her.

She thinks about grabbing him and kissing him and then blowing his head off. She looks up at heaven thinking about the answer he can't give.

She sits down ties her boots better and watches him get dressed. She waves her hand to let him know he can put his stuff away. He is looking around when she jumps up and grabs her pack.

Well, come on then,  
you might as well tag along.  
I can use you.

DAMIEN

Are you sure?

CHARNA

I guess if you wanted to kill me,  
it would of happened last night.  
I get the feeling that you're like  
really dangerous.  
I like that.

They look around at their home, the place, and the path that they find themselves on...

DAMIEN

Where are we going?

Damien is genuinely curious. Charna has on her tough act, but she smiles a bit deviously at the scene and at his hard on.

CHARNA

Where are you from?

DAMIEN

Well, I been working in the Bay Area.  
Kind of a liaison between the  
Network and the hippie power brokers.

Charna's eyebrows rise and her facial expressions fluctuate with his words. Ideas and Plans swirl in her thoughts and on her face.

I'm from San Diego... Tijuana!

CHARNA

Great we'll go there. You know the place...

DAMIEN

They are looking for you..  
They say that you killed some family..  
all of them... Up in Sacramento..  
You went crazy, Psycho.

Charna is taken aback for a moment. She sees the couple tied up to the chairs and she is pulling the woman's head back by the hair. Suddenly she spins and a boy is standing there, but her gun fires before she sees who it is.

CHARNA

That's what they say, Huh?

She plays with the gun, puts it up to her mouth, rubs it on the side of her lips (and/or her temples) and kisses it. He nods. She ponders, pouts and screws up her mouth/lips.

Come on.. then... Buddy-Boo.  
I'll kill anyone that I suspect usually...  
unless they are more valuable alive  
Then I just want to kill them more.  
Fool!

DAMIEN

Moi?

She stops walking and leans against a burned-out car with her hands on her hips looking at him. He crouches down in front of her.

CHARNA

I'm not going to tell you  
the whole damn story right now.  
They both had guns. The kid was an accident.  
Fuck it, I used to be an assassin,  
then I mellowed out and tried all the  
organizing stuff.  
Look where that got us:  
stabbed in the back and Bombed out!

Damn... the fucking moderates  
and all those traitors!

She stands up tall and lanky. He is sitting in the road. She looks down at him.

I've got to get across the border into  
rich people land and find a couple of people.  
Bad people... OK?

It will be fun...  
Really, lots of fun.

They walk on down the road past mud puddles and around more wrecked cars toward some ruins. Small birds are harassing two Crows flying a little ways overhead. They walk on and on... to Cat Power tunes (Hate or a cover song, like Waterwall). We see them walking on and on from the back and then from the front and back again to the front. They step over dead dogs, bloody rags...broken toys.

DAMIEN

They need you in the hills...  
up North. Especially Erica and Jondra...

CHARNA

I told you I'm dead. They don't need me...  
I killed a few spies  
and quite a few traitors.  
I smoked them out for the Network...

On the blood of the fallen,  
I have sworn to kill them all,  
all the traitors and those  
who planned the bombings.

DAMIEN

But you weren't always a killer...

Charna gives him a wink and swivels her hips enough to get the point across. They walk on again and their expressions show their thoughts are hesitant and unsure. She slows and then pauses. She sits down on a broken wooden pallet and rubs her hand over her forehead. She shakes her head and gets up with pistol coming out fast. She circle around Damien waving the gun and threatening him in play. Then she spins him around, grabs the front of his shirt and pulls him eye to eye.

CHARNA

Face to face killing is not chaos.  
The act is direct, real, intense.  
Try it.  
The power of something focused.  
It fills you with a clarity.  
It's the opposite of this calm, civilized  
attitude you have:  
All made up of shit.

Killing is a one-way street, Dude.  
You don't have to sit around  
and feel bad that you are confused  
and doing nothing.  
The Man, the Heat, will be on your trail.

Isn't that better  
than pushing papers for losers...  
Better than your old boss?

They stare eye to eye for a moment. Then they both smile and walk on. We see the shadow thing watching them and a dart hits the ground, but they don't see it. Charna goes kind of into a daze... He grabs her and pulls her closer.

Kieran is standing by the icy pond with a view looking down at Charna from high above. The Death Angel stands to the side, aloof.

KIERAN

You have touched her I fear.  
Touched by the Death Angel.  
Because of me - and a warrior now.

DEATH ANGEL

Just as I touched you Kieran.  
What has to be ...what the world needs.

Kieran, Damien and CHARNA's faces mix and shift back and forth.

KIERAN

Fight the rich  
and those other devils who haunt our minds.

DEATH ANGEL  
Jealous, are you?

Charna grabs Damien back and looks into his eyes with a soft smile.

DAMIEN  
What was that?

CHARNA  
I get these weird dreams and flashbacks.  
I guess I'm still suffering  
from the trauma of the bombings.

Damien gives her a weird confused look and starts to say something.

CHARNA  
Don't start caring about me,  
only the mission matters.  
There's nothing left for me.  
Don't you understand?  
Nothing, except this thing I have to do.  
Nothing. I have nothing to go back to..  
It's all finished.

Even Marie is dead I think.

A few tear drops form, but then she turns away from him and walks over to a relatively undamaged vehicle.

She fixes her self up a bit in the reflection of the car window. She has long hair still tucked up under her hat. She changes a few things and brushes her hair, cleans up, checking her gear, disguises, etc. So far, she has worn a cap, hat or bandana, so that it looks like she has short hair, soon she switches from that look to long hair flowing freely.

She starts walking and turns back:

CHARNA  
Are you coming or not...

DAMIEN  
You don't want me...

CHARNA  
Those are your words... not mine..  
Have it your way.

She takes off walking.

He follows. A minute later he catches up.

DAMIEN  
Thanks for sharing that with me.  
All of it..  
Well, I would like to hear  
more about the dreams.  
You are the most incredible woman..  
or person... I ever met.

CHARNA

I am a beautiful girl, don't you think?  
 an alluring woman they say...  
 But shit, you know,  
 I always felt that beauty  
 was fucking ugly.  
 It's pathetic.  
 A shallow and a used thing...  
 A commodity for sale like everything else  
 in their world.

She bites her lip and stares back at Damien with more sincerity than usual.

Real beauty is in what you do with it!  
 Beauty on a pedestal -  
 Alone and worshipped for its sake alone,  
 that really is perversion.

We see a rotating 360 degree view of both of them standing there. And then it looks like Charna is circling him with an almost humorous expression on her face. A brief moment occurs when she pokes, tickles and points at him. Damien is bewildered, head spinning and he sees a brief vision of a veiled aunt and some teachers glaring down at him. And once in a while that scene of the little boy and girl playing in the sun...

CHARNA

Nothing good could come of it.  
 Tie Beauty or power to a vision,  
 a cause, or a force  
 and then it can be judged and  
 captured to use. Otherwise?

DAMIEN

Tell me.

CHARNA

Well. This sounds crazy,  
 but sometimes  
 I think that I am the only one  
 who is not trapped by all this ugliness.

It is hard to tell how much allure or trust is sparking between these two people. Charna does most of the teasing, but Damien's innocent yet mysterious attitude adds to the power of their chemistry. She gives that little girl smile to herself... and we see her other quirks coming out as she occasionally screws up her face and kicks her toe in the ground, like she is both shy, confused and agitated.

She twirls a strand of hair that has come out of her cap and she sees: Flashes of kids burning and crying...dying in her arms.

[MUSIC: Bjork (Broken) or  
 Nouvelle Vague]

DAMIEN

By illusion, by infatuations with delusion  
and the surface of things?  
With attachment.

CHARNA

Yes! And though - it is true -  
that I must duel with men  
and this whole system of lies  
forever!  
I am the one.  
The one who is not really alone  
and not enthralled by ego and...  
and all the crap of this world.

DAMIEN

But, what are people supposed to do?  
Who should they follow or listen to?

You?

Charna, nods.

CHARNA

Some people struggle with their doom...  
but as yet they are not really  
of any use to anyone  
and quite a bother to their friends.

Rightfully so of course...  
but maybe you will understand this  
as you get to know me better...

He gives her a look and nods...

If you live that long.  
So... do. Please...

Softly she mouths:

Live.  
Live...  
and come along with me.

She trails her hand behind her, as they walk over the bodies and rotten trash, bloody rags and broken toys... and on for miles. They climb one hill and take a short cut down a small ravine. They each have their backs to some large tree trunks resting and breathing.

DAMIEN

I don't know if you want to talk about it.  
But I was wondering  
where did you first meet Kieran?

I knew him a little, up at Sarah's Commune.  
We made like five million growing  
Kind Bud [ganja] one summer.

Her tone changes. She starts to be nicer, friendlier, to Damien. Sunlight plays across her face. The wind moves the leaves in the tree.

CHARNA

I met Kieran at the Cross Tower Bridge.  
It was that day during the winter rains,  
that year when the dams broke.

He said his power came from  
the dislocations - the Space -  
between humans and the truth.

Standing on the bridge,  
we talked for a while.  
Over the noise of the wind  
and all the cars rushing past,  
I told him about the forces  
loose in the world.

I told him about the deaths  
that I saw in my dreams  
...and the ones that would die  
in the bombings.

Visions: dead people, women in veils... Dice rolling.

CHARNA

And I told him about the feeling  
I kept having,  
ever since that dream.  
A feeling that someone held the dice,  
rolling them out to see  
who would die and who might live.

He called this Child of Destiny,  
the Death Angel.

And he said that she came to him  
as Kara, the Black Swan of Indecision.  
A fierce warrior too, he said.

[Charna is actually  
Kara, at least  
mythically.]

Damien and Charna stop and look each other in the eye.

DAMIEN

You fell in love with him.

CHARNA

The look in his eyes that day  
and his conviction...  
Damien, it grabbed me  
like nothing else had  
in a long, long time.

Well except for the killing.  
Assassination as an art form...  
That's in a class, all of its own:  
pure and cleansing;  
that satisfying need to kill  
those who are killing everything.

They turn back to the road and pass the water bottle between them again.

[MUSIC: CAT POWER, Hate or earlier stuff]

Edge of Oxnard/Ojai: An old run-down dusty town, like a road in Mexico with shacks, trash and a few fires burning... Just as they can begin to see the next town, a collection of small buildings, they hear a sound of struggling and she motions him to the left and they go around a shed to find a white trash guy raping a black or mixed race teenager...

The guy turns to get up and Charna whips her knife out with her left hand and sticks it right into his larynx. She kicks him backward and puts a bullet into his head.

CHARNA  
Take the girl on down the road,  
I'll catch up...

Damien hesitates: Gives her a look.

DAMIEN  
Are you, OK?

She just stares. Charna finds a broken axe nearby, chops off the head of the rapist, gouges out the eyes and holds it up to the sky.

CHARNA  
This scumbag deserves the worst -  
No Kingdom shall he see -  
only oblivion.

Use him, oh Death Angel, my liege.

Then she performs a small ritual of bowing and stretching up her arms.  
She traces a circle around her face with her outward facing hands... A unique Rei Ki death dance of obeisance and honor.

When she catches up, Damien and the woman are walking slow. The woman leaning on his arm is still sobbing. But she quits when Charna gets there. They walk along down the road past a woman and a child burned to death...

CHARNA  
Kill an evil person,  
and you absorb their energy,  
their disease and turmoil.

She looks back at Damien and at the girl.

Ignore the common fear,  
those looks of disgust.  
They are really just envious.

DAMIEN

Everyone wants power,  
few know what to do with it.

CHARNA

I don't know about you.  
But I'm ready...

They come to a run-down store and there's a truck there about to leave, so they jump on without asking. The raped woman watches them leave and an old woman comes over to her. The driver shrugs and the kid in the front seat turns and just keeps looking until Charna makes a face and then the kid smiles, but keeps starring.

[Music: Gwen Stefani, Hollolback girls.  
In the truck it switches to Brittany  
Spears: "I'm not a girl," then static,  
then 'Salsa and then back to Brittany.]

CHARNA (Mumbling)

Protect me...

At the next stop they get into a transport van full of poor young men traveling on their job searches. They give her a funny look and she clears her throat as she gives Damien one glance.

CHARNA

Watch this.  
Hey, Brothers/Companeros (Spanglish?)  
why don't you come with me,  
join our little band of guerrillas?

We're off to hit the Fat Cats,  
Pinche Pendejos Ricos.

We're gonna hit them hard!

Their chaos kills us by design.  
Its like Love, Hate, Passion.  
Tools, and abstractions  
until they are applied.  
And the way that chaos is applied,  
determines its effect... its meaning.

Do you want to be used by the rich?  
Your life is your life.  
Don't let it be clubbed into submission.  
Watch for the way out.  
The gods offer you chances.  
Take them.

You can't beat death but you can beat death  
in life, sometimes.  
Can you be marvelous?  
Can you be me!

Chaos rises when the wrong people die.  
If you are really about your people:  
When something exists to bring profits  
through exploitation and ecological destruction  
then it's everyone's interest to see

that this situation ends.  
 You can burn that thing to the ground...  
 Or there are other ways too.

Points gun to her head.

Sometimes I think it's all about honor.  
 I want the rich people...

She turns and faces the camera.

and you wanna-be rich  
 to really know your truth:  
 That greed and might makes right  
 that your ability to dominate  
 the rest of the planet  
 is all that matters.

I want you to be proud fascist Nazis and  
 fearful greedy psychopaths.

Because I would rather kill someone  
 aware of their truth  
 than to kill someone  
 who doesn't know anything.

I want to kill someone who is  
 determined and ready to die.

She looks out the window and then back to the guys...

It's going to be a really fun ride  
 Buckle up? or join us.

Charna starts to turn around to sit down and then changes her mind.  
 She puts a foot up on a seat between a guy's legs and smiles wickedly.

Ya know, a girl got to be naughty sometimes  
 to get herself out of a tight spot.

I always put myself in tight spots  
 so that - Ya know  
 I... have to be naughty...

She winks to the guys.

Charna goes from sweet and smart-ass (here) to a softer or lovey and  
 vulnerable woman. Then she is cold blooded. All of this in a brief  
 period - or even a moment.

DAMIEN (Mock Seriously)  
 She is naughty!

The guys smile and give her the look, like they're hooked:  
 "Where do I sign up!"

CHARNA  
 We all have doubts.  
 The "scene" is often much different  
 than imagined.

CHARNA

Come on you tough guys...  
Who's coming to battle with me?

She cocks the 45-caliber pistol. The van rumbles along and Charna looks out the window as they travel south - face against the glass. At times they are near the control zone border and they can see cell towers and power plants. She thinks about the sights going by and tells Damien her feelings.

CHARNA

I can't stop looking at it.  
Even the burned out towers  
and the old substations  
remind me of all the ones  
that are left in the South.

I can't stop looking at it.  
Once you know...  
how all that is so terrible,  
the construction...

Her voice falters and she trails off...

DAMIEN

I agree, when you are like us,  
all you can see are the targets,  
prime targets: Computer Centers;  
Cell Towers; Key Junctions...  
Airline terminals...

The things that you want to destroy  
in order to stop it.

CHARNA

We have to stop it, Damien.  
It's like totally out of control.

What are we supposed to do?

Sometimes Damien sees this same feeling in her eyes - as the wind blows against a darkening blue sky. And then it is tranquil.

They are just driving.

A few miles further into the town they hop off of the van bus.

Two guys come along with them from the van. Charna shows them where to hang out and where they should wait for contact. They buy food (tostadas and fruit slushes) from a little stall and they look around at all the people. Damien watches as Charna asks a question or two. They wait a few minutes (seconds) and then get onto an old bus. They get off the bus and it's a new kind of place in a more crowded and busy, though poor, part of the town. They see a sign saying Control Zone Border one mile.

VIEW FROM A SPY DRONE

A camera watches them go into a market mini mall. She holds up a few shirts for Damien to eyeball and then changes clothes in the bathroom stall. Sitting on the toilet she makes a cell phone call and then a text message... They see border searches being done in the distance as

the sun starts to set. She goes into another shop to buy a few things: Knitting needles, menstrual pads, bullets and a new type of cell phone antennae. She gets directions to the gang that she wants to visit and bargain with. We see her talking to a worker at the store - a slight argument - then she writes something down and leaves with no goodbye. Charna definitely seems bothered or worried.

A hillside housing zone (like in Jalapa, Mexico or the movie La Sierra). They walk down several different streets and walkways and then enter a small alcove with no windows. Charna says something into the window slots and flashes something at the person behind the window. They get into the hangout after turning over their weapons. Cool scene when they meet the gang - eyes and signs. Guns come out as they walk into the room.

Two Mexican guys and an Indian and a black girl... are looking at them carefully. Charna and Damien get patted down again and then taken over to a device scanner. A tall older guy looks over to the window lookout. The dark skinned woman nods to him. They all watch the device with the yellow and blue led lights flashing back and forth and ending on Blue.

[MUSIC (background) is  
Molotov, then Lil Kim or Mano  
Chao?]

They push them over to the table as it is hastily cleared off. The leader, a youngish Mexican guy, David, addresses them.

DAVID  
Well, we know who you are  
supposed to be...  
We don't get "famous" visitors much.

The Indian girl, Murta, plugs a mike into the laptop.

MURTA  
Speak into this. Tell us your  
"real" names  
or you can just leave.

A pause, Charna and Damien look once at each other.

CHARNA  
My name is SARNANDA - S.A.

She pushes the mike stand over to Damien.

DAMIEN  
I am Damien al Berri.

DAVID  
Thanks. We'll use this  
voice ID recording  
for ID verification, to send you codes  
or to hook you up with other gangs.  
Just don't use your voice coder  
if asked for ID  
or if its super important.

DAMIEN

What about the situation in L.A.  
or at the border...

They refuse to answer Damien at first. Eyes go around in the silence.

MURTA

We aren't exactly sure what  
to think about you two...  
Charna has a solid reputation,  
but, well "Damien?"

Charna just shakes her head back and forth non-committedly, thinking what to say.

MARIELLA

He's a top Intel guy...  
working for some fat cats  
in the bay area -  
last we heard...

DAMIEN

I think some exaggerate my abilities...

CHARNA

And some might underestimate them...  
too!

Look Murta, David...  
He came to warn me about the Moderate  
bosses up North...  
that they and their bed buddies  
in the South were both after me...

MURTA

You know what you're doing I assume...  
Simpatico y Chinga el mono?

CHARNA

Let me tell the story  
so everyone is filled in.

I'm an assassin. I wasn't always one,  
though maybe that is what  
I was born to be...

I was a good Catholic girl  
in a nice family.

Then my Dad fell in love  
with the military and left us  
for a younger woman. I was 15.  
I started hanging out with the radicals.  
The guerrillas were speaking the truth.

I helped plan the first assassinations  
of moderate do-gooders.  
You know those folks who sound serious  
- almost radical -  
the ones who promise that things  
are going to change

## CHARNA

only they never tell you how or when...

After the rebellions in South America,  
the movement in the US grew fast.  
I went into moderate activities  
thinking that now things were different..  
But I was wrong - well my instincts  
were right, but I forgot  
that the privileged ones - the leaders -  
always have their own interests at heart.

I had just switched back over  
to the radicals - the Guerilla side -  
when I met Kieran Anfel.  
A cool guy who cared about the truth  
- about getting rid of  
the rich and the traitors -  
once and for all - stomping out those  
cucarachas - even if we failed.

We planned the rebellion inside a riot.  
It might have worked,  
but the authorities were tipped off  
by the moderates. And the government  
bombed our uprisings  
and quite a few other places  
while they were at it.

So many friends died, yours and mine.  
Kieran, sacrificed himself  
so that some us could get away -  
to fight another day.

I couldn't trust anyone... anymore.

I knew that I was already dead,  
that I had to make the best use of  
my hate - as long as I still drew breath.  
I started out on a jihad to kill  
as many traitors, rich people  
and future leaders of the fascists  
as I could..

Or so I told myself..  
I guess I wanted revenge  
for Kieran too.  
Vengeance is really sweet.

Soon I was on the trail  
of a traitor from the North.  
The one who had planned  
the bombing campaign  
that ruined all of our plans  
and tipped the world into..

Well, I'm headed down South  
into the rich people's secure zone  
and I'm gonna kill a whole bunch  
of assholes.

I'll find them!

Murta's eyes switch to Damien, questioning Charna.

Damien found me.  
I don't know if I can trust him,  
but I could use someone,  
someone good with a gun  
and electronics to cover my back...  
And someone to listen to my  
rantings and ravings.

Guys aren't so bad sometimes.  
He'll work just fine for this mission.

Anyway, I have more than luck  
and anger on my side.

DAVID  
For sure you'll need it.

MARIELLA  
So, you are trying to execute  
all of those involved in the bombings...

Charna nods slowly and looks at each of them.

DAVID  
We'll send you anything  
that we can get on that.  
On those responsible.

Eyebrows rise up some around the table. David types into a laptop computer and a few pages print out. He hands them to Charna, who glances quickly.

MURTA  
The Zetas in San Diego  
would know more than us  
about the higher ups in enemy intelligence  
and about the bombings  
and who planned them.

But we don't work with them much.  
They'll have a high price  
for any info...

I wouldn't trust them,  
but I'm not you.

David slides the fresh printout pages across the table to Charna.

DAVID  
Here are a few likely candidates  
and we have someone in mind  
for your first hit.

Mariella is definitely making eyes at Damien.

DAVID

He's a top counter-intel big shot.  
Sure as shit he was probably involved.

He's totally inner circle  
...and well, we need to get rid of him too.

CHARNA

In the lock up box there's some stuff  
we have to trade. Its in the blue bag.  
Here is a list of what we need..

Murta takes the list and hands it to Zeneida and then to David.  
Charna nods and moves the photos closer to her view.

CHARNA

We'll need help in the tunnels.

David nods and smiles. The rest of them look around the room.

DAVID

In the morning. We'll have it all  
in the morning.

MARIELLA

Be ready early to leave on short notice.  
Muy rapido.

Mariella gets up and grabs a small pack and some binoculars.

DAMIEN

You're leaving Mariella?

MARIELLA

My turn for guard duty, sorry.  
But we can't trust the muchachos  
with everything.

David gets up and walks around over to Damien and rubs his shoulder and then heads over to the kitchen area. Murta gives over some codes and points to them on the paper as Charna bends near. Damien looks bored or hurt. More downloads come onto Charna's cell device too, and they watch them scroll as they show her some things with the translations and PPG codes. They are discussing cell phone intercept technology, enemy tracking systems and resistance counter measures. Murta tells them how to hook up with other gangs if their own network goes down and also some miscellaneous things that might go wrong.

Gang members are coming and going. A teenage girl who seems to like Damien or Charna walks by a few times starring at them. Zenieda and Murta come dancing in with a new arrival: a black guy.

ZENIDA

We got Wayne here and a couple hommies  
from the "6<sup>th</sup>" for... some  
real entertainment.

They are all cool, casual and homey. A couple kids scan the newcomers and then put their cell phones in the lead box where all of the other guests' stuff is kept. One young boy is explaining things to Damien.

A 12-year-old kid: MANUEL  
 The candles and the wood stove  
 are to save power,  
 because it is rationed in order to  
 charge up the fuel cells to run the  
 transmitters for our surveillance grid.

Grandma is cooking pudding (like a scene from Nicaragua). Most of the kids are sent off to bed early - with only slight complaints.

MARIELLA  
 What does it mean when a man  
 is in your bed,  
 gasping for breathe and calling  
 your name?

You didn't hold the pillow down  
 long enough.

They start dancing a little. A new Juanes song comes on and a few of the women go "Barbie... ahh." More women and a few kids come in and food is cooking. A dog wanders in and some music comes on - rap or Spanish or? It's super casual now, black woman feeding David a bite of food and sexy smiles. Young girls are dancing a skit. Coffee is poured.

Charna takes out a flask of Whiskey.

CHARNA  
 For Mom.

An older grandpa, Claudio, gets up from a rocking chair where he had been all along. He comes over to the table, and a girl brings his bottle over and a jigger. He pours a jigger of tequila and lifts it to the group.

CLAUDIO  
 Two centuries ago  
 a former European colony  
 decided to catch up with Europe.

As Claudio speaks Damien and Charna see visions flash of life, their own conflicts, mistakes and heroic deeds - they glance at each other several times too... Casual stuff goes on too, kids feeding a dog, a kiss snuck by teenagers, someone cleaning a weapon and fixing a cell phone, building a bomb...

Claudio takes a drink and clears his throat.

A few tough teens sneak out with one look at Claudio. We can see them out on the roof smoking weed.

CLAUDIO  
 It succeeded so well that  
 the USA became a monster, in which,  
 the taints, the sickness  
 and the inhumanity of Europe  
 grew to appalling dimensions.

CLAUDIO

The violence of our resistance  
has been a collective catharsis,  
but not enough to make us strong  
I fear.

We have taken things into our own hands,  
but a bit too late to be effective.

The healing and the liberation are real,  
and it felt great to chop off  
some pretty little bourgeoisie heads.  
But the colonial imperialist forces  
plan their next attacks.

They mark-out their mopping up operations,  
they transfer populations, they build walls,  
and they are ferocious in their reprisals...

But you - you two... hummmm  
Maybe you are like the older guerrillas -  
like the ones I knew so long ago  
in Venezuela, in Chile...

The pure hero knows all of this.  
He is a new man - or - no man.  
He begins this life at the end of it.  
He considers himself a potential  
no a certain - corpse -  
the Wretched of the Earth.

Food and drinks are offered around the room. There is a lot of eye-  
balling and some eye contact going on.

CLAUDIO

He will be killed;  
not only does he accept this,  
he's sure of it.

This potential dead man has lost  
his wife or his sibling;  
he has seen so many dying men and  
the living corpses of the tortured,  
and the torturers... the tortured nations.

He prefers victory to survival,  
others, not he, will have the fruits  
of victory and some kind of peace;  
he is too weary of it all.

Claudio rolls a dice that he has been holding and tossing inside his  
hand the whole time. It comes up a 3 or a 6?

This weariness of the heart is  
the root of an unbelievable courage.  
We find our humanity just on  
this side of the die - or the dice -  
this side of death and despair.

The hero finds it - their humanity -  
beyond torture and death.

We sow the wind,  
he is the whirlwind.

The child of violence at every moment,  
he draws from his humanity.  
He makes himself a man at our expense.  
Violence, like Achilles' lance,  
can heal wounds -  
even those that it has inflicted.

But so many people are still bound  
hand and foot -  
thinking they are trapped  
and shirking their duties...

Some day the time of magicians  
and fetishes will end,  
they will have to fight  
at the end of the dialectic.  
It hits out blindly to right and left,  
that evil empire, it will make you fight,  
to take the plunge.

The time draws near...  
maybe you two -

Claudio takes her hands...

Maybe, you will make the difference.  
The time draws near... Poco tiempo,  
yo creo no demasiado.

He rolls the die and after spinning impossibly long and strange, it  
comes up a 3 or a 6.

DAVID

OK Tata - con permiso -  
let's turn up the music.  
We want to show our comrades a good time.  
OK?

Grandpa just slowly swallows another tequila...and smiles his  
wrinkled eyes...and keeps rolling the single dice in his closed hand...

The kids who were smoking pot on the roof come in with red eyes,  
smiles and giggles - the kind that you try and hold back until they  
break out into laughter. One of the boys steals a cookie, just  
barely, from the grandma's cookie sheet. It's hot!

Mariella jumps up and tells them.

MARIELLA

Wait a minute I've seen her before.

She goes to dig out a poster and it shows the million-dollar reward.  
It also shows another girl - or what authorities think is another  
likeness of Charna. But it's Marie, her old friend.

Wayne leans in with big white teeth.

WAYNE

Well - that makes sense - since they have  
the top dog Intel guy sniffing at her!

Then more tension builds for the first time. Charna decides to control the situation and test Damien, again. She takes Wayne's hand and starts dancing again. She tip-toes up to Wayne's face and whispers in his ear.

He holds her and she mouths: I Want You!

CHARNA

Tell us a joke Wayne.

Wayne squeezes her again and then leans toward Damien.

WAYNE

Hey Damien, you're from Hippie Land.

Tell me: What do hippie tobacco,  
hippie coffee and hippy sex  
have in common?

DAMIEN

They all taste good with pot?

WAYNE

No!

He lights up a big party splif and wipes off a bit of pot stuck to his lips with the back of his hand. He makes a special chewy sound as he spits out another chunk of pot that fell off the splif into his mouth. And it sounds like "Putah."

Ptahhh, ptahh.

That night after dancing, talks and partying... she picks up Wayne's hand as he sits on the couch and leads him down the hallway. Damien gets a bit jealous. He knows something about Wayne, but he can't get the info until he gets his phone back. He remembers that Wayne is some kind of a medium size drug dealer, maybe with a lot of contacts: Zetas, informants, mercenaries and the San Diego/Tijuana scene.

While making love, Charna stops and says something vague to Wayne or the world.

CHARNA

Something terrible is going to happen...  
soon. It's coming...  
can't you feel it?

The guy just grabs her leg like he is going to grind her some more. She kicks him off and the scene cuts away...

CHARNA: Dream #3

Brief flashes of the Obelisk, the rapist that she killed, his head without eyes. Then a glimpse of her killing the hostage on the way to San Diego. Her dad Standing at the car yelling at her Mom. The soon to be crushed toy in the road... The boots.

A last vision of Damien dressed like a priest looking down at her speaking.

DAMIEN

You've got to do it.  
They're not real -  
or not supposed to be...

A bit groggy, Damien walks in from sleeping on the porch. He sees Charna sleeping on the couch... Later in the morning, while wolfing down eggs, sausage, tortillas and Horchata, they have a rap with Mariella (a huera or Africana).

DAMIEN

Aren't you afraid of getting bombed here?

No one speaks and Mariella gives him a wink and a cute smile.

MARIELLA

Anything is possible once you dare it all.  
When you dare to scale the heights,  
then you are already there.  
Poor workers and farmers together,  
they will construct a new state -  
unlike any before.

A world based on the principles  
of decentralization -  
training people to construct  
their own lives, communities  
and priorities - the right ones too.  
Long-term productivity and sustainability  
of basic goods production  
will be our guides.  
That's Ecosolidarity.

DAMIEN

Where did you learn all that?

Their eyes are locked on each others' for a moment.

MARIELLA

Oh yeah, I studied economics  
at Berkeley with Marcel Sarmaniego...  
a few years ago.

David comes in to tell them they have to leave for the tunnels and the bribed guards that await them now. Then he hands them some passports, more knitting needles, ammo, special stuff, a jammer and a couple of gift-wrapped packages.

DAVID

You just activate these chicas  
with the key - a pin.

David opens the larger bag and there are red boxes, small teddy bears, toy balls and a bag marked: "deliver to hotel."

And then you turn the decorative bow  
or the animals' head,  
for how much time you want.  
Like this.

They are pretty sturdy,  
 but I would be careful.  
 There are a few cell phone  
 activated ones too.  
 They have instructions on them.  
 We told you how to access the codes  
 for safehouses, the explosives drop,  
 and the target areas. Right?

Do you have questions?

CHARNA

Nope, we're get to go! Anxious to kill...  
 You should really meet us down there!

MURTA

You have to leave now - the tunnels  
 and the bribed guards are waiting...  
 Be careful in the city,  
 we will need you later.

There's something going down  
 at the prisons.  
 Other gangs are planning prison breaks,  
 but there is more too I think.

DAVID

We understand  
 why violence is necessary.  
 We are all at war with everything -  
 with all of the illusions of this world.  
 Though some cannot figure out  
 which side they are on -  
 or even where the sides are...

We fight back because everything  
 about the current model and their leaders  
 is flawed - tested and failed.  
 They create structures of violence  
 and then hide the structure of blame  
 - from everyone,  
 From everyone that they want...  
 to hide it from.  
 They crush democratic experiments  
 like Nicaragua, Cuba and Venezuela.

I am glad for you - for us.

MURTA

I think we all be glad  
 you gonna fuck them up.  
 It's murder to kill someone  
 for your own greed  
 or to kill someone for the rich  
 and their fucked up (Spanish?)  
 systema de muerte. (System of death)

But to kill to stop such insanities -  
 that is assassination as Political Art -  
 that is self-defense.

DAMIEN

Only solution total destruction...

DAVID

It's sad - and it's terrible.  
If people had been more vigilant  
and careful then these killings  
- your job - like so many others  
would never have had to happen.

But the laws always worked  
like a piñata.  
The more you beat them  
the more candy you get

DAMIEN

But if you want to make an omelet,  
ya gotta break some eggs.

They give Damien the dumb look again, but Charna reaches over and takes his hand.

CHARNA

I'm tired of working in groups,  
too many weaklings  
...too many spies!  
But you people here seem really tight...  
We'll honor them, huh, Damien?

DAMIEN

The best defense is attack -  
swift stinging raids.  
She's a one-woman attack cell.

CHARNA

Well it's nice to have you along...  
too...  
But I don't need you Damien.

DAVID

Good luck and happy hunting.

They all put hands together and give separate hugs... Mariella's eyes catch Damien's and she smiles good luck to him. One of the guys from the van full of workers goes with them part way... Once they hear a shuffling or slight fight, but nothing happens... Then they are at the gate, the border and tunnels. A secret hallway entrance and more sewer tunnels like with slats of light and cracks here and there.

A control room scene with cameras, video screens and other gear. The guards, Charna and Damien are all checking the time and the watch assignment schedules. Then a camera goes blank - then the Shadow thing is searching... One close call at a large light opening and a guard walking by just as they pull back.

After crossing the border, they find a secret place in a partially broken storm sewer pipe. (Like in Aeon Flux movie scene)

CHARNA  
Our luck holds,  
I think maybe we're a team.

DAMIEN  
Did you have fun last night?

CHARNA  
Getting personal, eh?

Damien shrugs like its no big deal.

CHARNA  
We carry all these scars  
around with us for our whole lives.  
They don't always show and they  
don't always hurt.  
But they are there inside of me  
and you...

And sometimes, only a smile -  
sometimes only a fresh smile  
from a stranger  
or a one night stand -  
can heal the pain... the loss -  
if only for a while...

Besides it's my job,  
a girl's gotta stay in practice.  
Shit, I thought you guys might  
start a fight,  
that Wayne might bait you...

Don't worry, I'm all yours now...  
until you get me killed.

He imagines the million dollar reward posters that the gang showed them... makes him wonder - makes everyone wonder - what the scene is between these two assassins - between these "friends."

DAMIEN  
Do you ever get that feeling  
that you have to turn around  
because you went too far -  
like when you are looking  
for an address?

But then you worry that the turn-off  
is really just a little bit further  
and turning around will  
actually cost you a lot of wasted time?

She smiles and hugs him. Then she opens her bag and puts on her high heels to match her outfit. She combs Damien's hair and puts new sunglasses on him. She lingers touching his face nicely for a long moment. Then she rubs her knuckles on his scalp making him jump back. They look at each other hard as they wait for the bus to come.

They sit on the bus - watching town go by.

[MUSIC: Massive Attack  
and/or Arabian.]

They enter the hotel room. Damien pulls out the bed mattress and unzips the secret compartment. He pulls an envelope out and then shoves the drop-off bag inside (Money and some toy bombs).

In the big fancy LA town they are styling in fashion too, and strutting around... holding hands to play the part and laughing a bit... like two young yuppies enjoying themselves and their status.

At a coffee shop they intercept a cell phone conversation about the intelligence guy's shoes... More data downloads and codes... shoplifting? They listen in on conversation and interests around them. And a bit of flirting when she gives a phone number out to a horny businessman.

They fake a mild domestic fight once just for practice.

A guy touches her shoulder.

COFFEE SHOP GUY  
Are you with him?

CHARNA (Batting her eyes)  
Well, I hardly know him,  
But yeah he's mine... He's my toy.  
My little toy.

Then she shows Damien a funny magazine photo of a "Diamonds are Forever" advertisement and they cuddle up.

Flashes of them taking photos with their cell phone cameras of the police surveillance cameras, electrical systems and guards. Then they switch to a mellow scene at a new restaurant/coffee shop across from the city center. They banter and she acts like his love. They recon: security set-ups at certain hotels, guardrooms, communications, places that they come back to later. They buy a few disguises or other things... fruit (raspberries) and condoms. They don't talk much as they are busy observing and recording photos and info - but they are flirty and silly at times.

At a secluded alley (or a park) he stops her with his hand on her arm. She looks around at the quiet sunset sky and takes a deep breath relaxing.

CHARNA  
I can feel it.  
Tomorrow, it's happening tomorrow.

DAMIEN  
You always seem so confident CHARNA!  
But I know that something  
is troubling you  
A lot.  
Why don't you tell me what it is,  
or who you are really looking for?

She stares at him for a long time, but then turns away and doesn't say anything.

DAMIEN  
I could help you....

She shakes her head...

I hear you mumble in your sleep...

She does something quirky and just says softly, or shyly,

CHARNA  
So do you... big boy...

Then they see a new police poster: "Assassin Girl Wanted." It shows a pretty recent photo of her in a cap and another with long black hair. In one photo there is a likeness of Damien too. They giggle as they go into the hotel room and begin having fun and sweetness cutting and dying both of their hair..

DAMIEN  
Come on. Won't you tell me  
about when you were young.

I have this feeling like, well...  
something is similar about us.  
Something familiar.

Charna goes to look out the window as she often does. She likes to watch the drizzle and the blue light of the evening as the clouds move in again, and again.

They watch TV in their room for a while; some news: arrests and a political speech about New Security Measures and increased rations. Damien starts to fall asleep and notices Charna is looking out the window... again. He comes over quietly and she grabs his arms around her. She breaks down from her usual tough punk attitude and shows herself for a moment as her eyes get a little wet.

She turns a little, looking back up and around to Damien:

CHARNA  
My father killed my 9 year-old brother  
because he tried to stop my Dad  
from raping me.  
I was 12.

That's the last time I've seen him,  
either of them.

A few thoughts and visions flash through her mind. She kisses Damien softly, almost crying... Then she turns away over to the window looking out at the blue light as she is silhouetted against the clouds...

DAMIEN  
What do you think about  
when you watch the rain?

CHARNA

It reminds me of the Russian River..  
I met him there.  
Kieran was at that bridge that evening  
to stop people from killing themselves -  
from jumping.

DAMIEN

I know you told me about it  
when we first met...

CHARNA

Shushh!

DAMIEN

He liked to look into their eyes, didn't he.  
And pull out their determination...

You probably felt like  
pushing them off, off of that bridge.  
All the people who wouldn't fight,  
who wouldn't join the resistance

She stops and looks back at Damien who is holding her from behind  
again.

CHARNA

Oh, you're right Damien,  
I can't keep talking about it  
or making you listen... to my...my...

DAMIEN

It's O.K., I'll listen.  
I want to be your friend.  
We've been thrown into all this together  
and we might as well...  
get close. Be close

CHARNA

My life has been such a Merry-go-Round,  
a Palace of Horrors.  
I started out so sweet and helpful,  
everyone's friend  
and the shoulder to cry on.

I worked for a couple of communist  
and peace groups before  
I dropped out of college at 22,  
last year,  
just before the Rebellions.

Switches to narration as we see the same or new scenes of what  
happened in the rebellion.

CHARNA

I was there organizing the rioters  
we had snuck into Santa Barbara.  
We waited hidden until the police  
were drawn down south to the other riots.  
We timed the attack perfectly.

## CHARNA

A few hundred organizers  
 got thousands of college kids,  
 online gamers and surf bums!  
 to take out all communications,  
 burn the police and the  
 National Guard centers...  
 and then seize practically every  
 valuable facility.

Then the bombings... the millions dead...  
 bodies on top of bodies,  
 burning bodies, and maggot-filled  
 lumps on the sidewalks.

And those huge fucking tanks rolling  
 over the dead, churning them  
 into smudges and dust.

I can't talk about Santa Barbara.  
 It changed my whole world.

Scenes of warfare and then her dancing with Kieran (Waltz, Tango,  
 Salsa)... then her dancing with Damien.

Her eyes go to Damien...

## DAMIEN

Your partner, Kieran Anfel, died there.  
 I knew him from the old days  
 and from Security Briefings.  
 It was suicide, but it bought some of you  
 a few minutes of precious time.  
 The time that was needed in order to escape.

Suicidal love and bravery.  
 And you still feed on that act...

Don't you? Charna...

## CHARNA

Now I just want to kill.  
 The richer or more powerful the person  
 I kill, the better score I get.  
 And I am keeping score,  
 though I don't have to count.

They trade glances and she looks a bit more uncertain than usual...  
 He brushes her hair back and she looks up at him.

Everyone else seems paralyzed with fear.

She walks over to the bed, facing it. Damien comes up behind her.

## DAMIEN

You like the feel of the game  
 and the fear that it gives to the rich.  
 Like when one of them  
 - or their children-  
 takes a bullet in the head.

CHARNA

We are all victims and killers too, now.  
So... Bring it on...

DAMIEN

If you ask me,  
you take this warrior business  
far too seriously.  
You can't undo the past,  
no matter how many you kill.  
And besides...

She turns around and sits down on the bed.

CHARNA

...what's the point in being  
a short-lived martyr...  
if you deny yourself life's  
simple pleasures?

DAMIEN

I think you do see this Sweet Thing?  
I know you feel it.

I think that only by getting closer  
can we become stronger.

Then she hugs him while she is sitting down and he is still standing up. He bends down and gives her a brief kiss. She sees the Death Angel's eyes in Damien's - a bluish twinkling amid dark pupils. She falls back on the bed.

CHARNA

There's a place I want to take you  
to... soon.  
I think my dreams are real.

Damien... I'm starting to need you  
and want you... and I think  
that's dangerous.

Then a swirling series of visions - both conscious events and dream fragments begin to overwhelm her. She closes her eyes trying to sort it out. Damien doesn't notice as he is collecting his own thoughts and looking toward the window.

DAMIEN

It's so weird getting close to you  
- to us. What will become of us two?  
The future? How far can we go?

Then he looks back to Charna and sees her eyes closed. He lies down next to her and touches her hair above her ear. He lowers his voice and says something that has been bothering him.

Charna, someone killed my  
9 year-old brother too...  
What year was that?

He sees that she is asleep, but he doesn't know that she is watching a house burning and a boy watching it too. He wants to say so much

more about his feelings as he watches her sleeping so innocently with the half-moon's light crossing her face between the clouds.

How can I help with her Shadows  
until I've faced my own?

He lies down pulling the sheets over them and stares at the ceiling for a minute before falling fast asleep.

DAMIEN (Mumbling in his sleep)  
Charna let go of Kieran  
of Santa Barbara.

CHARNA: DREAM #4

She sees the drone, then a guy operating it at a computer. Then it looks like the guy at the computer is her Dad and then like Damien... and then like a giant eyeball looking in - hazy night vision or low quality video.

Charna wakes up a bit scared.

CHARNA (nudging Kieran)  
Do you hear that noise?  
Come on, I, I... can hear it...

Damien just groans and moves a little. Charna gets out of bed and looks out of the window. She sees something small flying away and then below she sees a hummingbird at some flowery bush. Damien is asleep...

Charna looks down at a cold rainy alleyway. A cat is stalking the edge of the alley and farther down someone is dumpster diving.

She is dreaming again, standing at the window..

She sees a seven-year-old Damien playing with another little boy. Her father is there. Then she is 12 years old at her old house. Her shirt is torn and Damien is fighting with her father. He is young, like 14 or 15, and something is wrong. Damien is scarred and ready to kill her Dad..

She hears Damien yelling.

DAMIEN  
It was you. You who killed him.

Ugly red flames swirl and engulf everyone: her mother, father, Damien, her brother... herself. Then suddenly Damien is older, dressed in night action combat fatigues... talking to Kieran.

She dreams, but it's real too... The Death Angel leads her to the Obelisk. She just stares into it and we feel like we are falling into it. It rotates to make this effect - and zooms into nothingness (out of focus) and then out of the void appears stars or points of light.

[Space music: Verve,  
Nick Cave, Poe or Cat  
Power.]

The 10-year-old boy is there again in the dream at the pond - the Icy Pond.

THE BAD BOY  
How many stars are there,  
do you think Sarnanda?

She smile-smirks and glares over at him but no eye contact, at first, until they spin around each other glaring and crying and tricking. Then she reaches out her hand, but he pulls back - and they spin again.

CHARNA  
Lokia Dear,

The boy looks angry... for a second.

You won't find me there Loki.  
You tried didn't you?  
But I'm a blackest hole,  
a void just like you

I'm like your sister,  
a Sister of the Darkness.

She isn't sure suddenly as the boy also looks like someone else that she knows or once knew...

I think you know what I mean,  
what this means.  
Our charm?

And then she touches the stone obelisk and the boy turns away into the woods... Multi-colored leaves blow and swirl up around him as he fades.

She sees him drop something shinny in the grass and she heads over to look for it. She remembers spinning around on a kids' push-merry-go-round and something flying off into the grass...

Charna hears the boy's words floating back to her.

BAD BOY  
The seals are all broken now...  
except for one and that one  
will kill you, bring you down,  
and make you suffer like I have.

CHARNA  
But I remain, you can never brake me!  
You are just a little boy...

She sees the burning house scene again and a boy inside burning. He looks like Lokia - the Bad Boy - but then he turns into a different boy's face. One she doesn't recognize.

Charna is suddenly on a rooftop and holding the head of Wayne. She is thanking the Death Angel and the Angel opens her arms.

DEATH ANGEL

Bring me more...

CHARNA

I think they need God.

DEATH ANGEL

No. God needs you, all of you...  
the magic works through the iron -  
through bodies and blood.

It needs willing sacrifice,  
strong wills and what you call faith...

In the fire at Santa Barbara  
you became a Death Angel  
in order to walk through  
the flames - to escape.  
Now you pay the price...  
Death, Yours and many of your friends.  
Unless... unless

[Music: different sweet-sad,  
Maria Mena or Black Tape for  
Blue Girl.]

They lie in bed. He looks tenderly at her. Morning rain goes from strong to soft. She gets hugs from the back, and then again at the window. Room-made coffee is prepared by Damien and then Charna starts talking about which hits to do first by pointing at some faces of people she and David think are related targets.

DAMIEN

Yeah [pointing].  
Him and that lady for sure.

They keep conspiring in their underwear, prancing around and making faces at each other - acting out the hit... Finally, she tells him more of what she is looking for.

CHARNA

I want to tell you more about my dreams,  
But they are so crazy. I don't know?

What I have to do... its impossible  
and I'll die, but then I'll succeed...  
What I have to stop...

DAMIEN

What we, we have to stop...  
all of us that are left.

CHARNA

Tell me your dreams Damien.  
Did you dream of me?

He doesn't answer, but he sees his own view of the icy pond and the boy there is his martyred brother, not the other Bad Boy that Charna usually sees.

He sees his childhood of protests, his Dad being assassinated and Damien running away from a forest fire that turns into a large house fire, slowly... a burning building falling apart. Then a mosque... and a tear drop pools in his eye.

Charna smiles and her face lights up, but she has a tear drop too.

CHARNA  
It's OK. I'll tell you all my dreams,  
later.

They leave hotel, with less stuff now, and do not return there.

Thanks for getting a room  
with a clean bathroom.  
You're so, chivalrous!

DAMIEN (flirty/British/Shakespearean)  
Yes, strong reasons make strong actions.  
My dear.

They go to a different café and sit outside on the patio watching the business people rush by. They make eyes at each other while reading the newspaper and waiting for cellphone intercepts. Damien starts checking out the girls... at the next table. Charna sneers...

CHARNA  
Just playing the part, No?  
You're so good at it!

What's in this for you...  
Why are you here with me?

DAMIEN  
You mean existentially? Who am I?

She gives him a "mean" stare with a little grin at the end.

DAMIEN  
You know why, I bet.  
I saw you speaking  
to some strange woman in my dream.  
You say to her: I am the iron.  
Damien, he's the magic...  
He knows it!

Magic needs people - the Iron -  
to work through... to use.

God! And the boy at the pond,  
I swear I've had that dream before.

Charna gives him a look like she doesn't know what to say - or ought to say.

CHARNA (worried, but also spacey)  
Damien

DAMIEN  
Once when I was young, like 17,  
I was worrying about my life decisions  
all the time.  
I wanted to go to the Caucasus  
and help my cousins in the war.

But I knew a greater battle would come here  
and so I was torn and confused.

One night in the heat of summer  
I had this dream. A woman -  
who looked kind of like you -  
but paler and drawn -

She said: "You don't have to face  
your Shadow like most people.  
It is all pure and full of joy,  
all of the things that you have  
hidden away so that you can be tough  
- like your father.

That is where your heart is.  
Give it to her when she asks.

CHARNA (worried and spacey)  
Damien

They get a new download on their Blueberry device. We see the PPG codes unzipping:

[TEXT]  
Engineers meeting confirmed:  
4 PM Friday, Sheraton Hotel.  
Alameda Gang will rendezvous with equipment,  
12 PM Friday, City Center.  
Switch device to freq 12 Mhz...  
ZX 55 tomorrow...

Details scroll by on the sniper hit, the engineers, and a prediction of contact with Agent 757 (Turribe) soon. She is looking at the map - making marks.

They rest. He rubs her feet intently and they breathe. Suddenly, the pager signal goes off.

Beep... beep...

[Rap voice ringer wallpaper comes on too, and not expected]

Damien's cellphone blackberry device rings and the printer starts too. They hear over the phone intercept (through wireless head phones):

I-Chief's intervention Hoy.  
Pronto otro lado  
de 1726 E. Jackson ...

Hola chicas, It's a great band,  
Man

She kicks him in the shins and jumps up.

CHARNA  
I wanna go shopping!  
I need some new shoes dear.

She stretches out her leg wiggling her foot... Then it's off to the shoe store. As they are walking to the corner to get a cab, they see an armored car and they toss a magnetic toy bomb onto the gas tank. Later the guard takes the toy off of the gas tank and puts it on the dashboard of the truck and starts driving away.

KAA BAMMMM!

As the taxi drives through a poorer part of town due to a detour around a motorcade route, they see scenes like north of the border: A kid pulling a bone away from a dog! Chewing on it fast. There is a lot of security and armed troops everywhere at times and at other times or places, massive surveillance and auto machine gun drones and stationary units too.

CHARNA  
Just like us,  
the kid has to grab a bite  
before the slums, the starving kids,  
the trash... and all this polluted water;  
can take it from his mouth,  
and steal it.

DAMIEN  
In our case it's the opportunity  
that we have to grab  
before everything conspires  
to suck it away?

CHARNA  
You are learning my dear!  
I'm so proud of [You! - (mouthed)]

Whispering eyes are playing around. And she mouths U (you...) again, as the cabbie looks back at her. On the way she turns to Damien's eyes and does her mouth quirk.

OK - Here's the deal,  
Mr. top-of-the-line Intel dude.  
There's this guy, a Two Star general.  
I guess he's US Army  
or maybe Special Forces.

CHARNA

He drew up the plans for the  
big bombing campaign.  
I got most of this from that nice couple  
that I killed in Sacramento.

At "From That Nice," she turns up the radio and closes the window to  
the cabbie...

And it checks out.  
I know he worked with Bishop Godinez  
in Nicaragua before the re-invasion  
and also with Monsignor Rudilloso  
and Opus Dei in Rome.

There might even be a connection  
with my Dad, the fucker!  
He was with Opus Dei all the way.

That sick as fuck murder cult,  
the Catholic Fanatics.  
Maybe he thought Opus Dei  
could save him - his soul -  
from damnation for adultery...  
for all the crimes of war that he  
so proudly commits.

DAMIEN

Your Dad was US Army, right?

They both nod and look pensive. Then he smiles and squeezes her hand.

He might be a general by now.

She pulls her hand away

CHARNA

Nah, he's a loser,  
but I'd kill his ass for sure,  
if I run into him.

Anyway... "Partner,"

Patting his hand and then play choking his neck.

CHARNA

This will be a nice training run for us,  
confidence building

... maybe romantic? Maybe...

DAMIEN

Murder turns you on?

CHARNA

Just victories... and  
you sometimes. Maybe...

The radio is playing Cat Power and Charna sings along:

Anyone can tell you there's no more  
road to ride  
Everyone will tell you there's  
no place to hide  
There's no laws or rules  
to unchain your life

But the ones who didn't make it  
The ones who couldn't take it  
So glad they have made it out alive

Everyone loves the fun  
everyone comes by  
In the wind I crunch, I want to die  
They can give me pills  
Or let me drink my fill  
The heart wants to explode far away  
Where nobody knows

Hey come here  
Let me whisper in your ear  
I hate myself and I want to die

When I was seven I told my mother,  
To take me to the bay  
and put me on a ship.  
Silver swordfish Eelectric,  
I can feel or dream down here.

They do a duet (every other line or so here) A view goes by that repeats now and then of rain on the water and black swans taking flight.

If the water should cut my mind,  
If the water should cut my life,  
If the water should cut my mind,  
Set me free,  
I don't care,

... Set me free

SUNG TOGETHER

We are like water!

The water scene pops up again. She squeezes his hand until he winces and pulls it away, looking mock silly at her...

CHARNA

There is a season that never passes,  
one that never ends, The Season of Love.

[With an "Ahh Barbie,  
marry me"]

They take the cab and get out a few blocks away from a group of small stores and a barbershop... They are window-shopping when Charna gets the feeling they are being watched. She pulls him along and puts on her sunglasses, buys him a hat.

Charna looks through the window at the interior of a small, cluttered shoe and leather store. She drops her bag and places a red box on the fire hydrant near the shoe store.

They enter the store and see the Hispanic lady and her daughter at the register. Charna had planned to kill them, but decides to change the plan now. She tells Damien to watch the door with a motion of her head and all we hear is:

CHARNA

Black car, three men. Watch for them.

She walks up to the counter, where the cash register is. She smiles at the 8-year-old daughter.

No school today?

The girl starts to say something.

STORE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

I'm sick...

Eyes go between the Mother, then daughter, then Charna...

Well I don't like it there... not really

She looks at the mom who looks at Charna and smiles almost conspiratorially.

STORE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

I don't like the kids.  
This part of town is all  
rich white kids:  
The only-child syndrome, I guess.  
They're all so spoiled and fussy...

And something in Spanish to her mom... [Tontos!]

CHARNA

Yeah I know what you mean.  
You wish you could be  
out in the country riding a horse  
or playing in the river.

The girl's eyes light up and then Charna pulls out her gun. She gives the "shush" - fingers to her lips' signal.

CHARNA

SHUSHHHH!

You won't be hurt,  
but you had better start forgetting  
everything you can about me...  
Or make up stuff if they harass you.  
Tell them I'm mean!

STORE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER

Who?

CHARNA  
Is there a camera?

STORE KEEPER  
Yes, there.

And Charna goes over and yanks it down. She takes out the toy bear's eye and smashes it on the floor. Later a federal cop looks at it once...

DAMIEN  
CHARNA there's a car outside.

Charna grabs the lady's arm and leads them to the back room. She shuts the door and secures it... somehow. She rushes back to the register just as the guy comes in - but it's not the right guy. It's a bodyguard. The guy stands at the counter where the cash register is. He lifts his sunglasses up as Charna approaches.

INTEL CHIEF BODYGUARD  
We called about Mr. Walther's shoes...  
Where's the old lady I talked to...  
the Mexican?

Charna gives her curt smiles and bobs her head.

CHARNA  
I come in for a few hours most days,  
so she can take her siesta -  
you know Mexicans...

Let me see, Walther,  
Yes, here they are, Sir.

Then he hands her cash and she gives him change. He leaves the store. As he shuts the door we see a guy at a computer terminal typing and speaking into a microphone. His back is all we see But we can see the words he is speaking typing across the computer screen.

The hummingbird drone flies down closer to the limousine where the Intelligence Chief is looking at his new shoes as he talks on the phone.

It's you Harry. I didn't know  
you were going shopping,

I thought 'good ole Barbara' did  
all of that for you.  
Damm it! I thought that was what  
you got her for buddy!

HARRY (the Intelligence Chief)  
Afraid not, she's gotten testy lately,  
drinks too much...

What's that?

## KNOCK - KNOCK

Charna runs out after the bodyguard who has already opened the car door to hand the shoes to the chief. She knocks on the window of the limmo where she imagines the chief is sitting. Damien comes out of the store and turns right walking away down the sidewalk scoping it out... She hammers on the window again and when the limousine window opens she hands out the gift present to them.

CHARNA

Mrs. Hernandez wanted you to have this.

And as he takes the package her gun comes out from behind her and she shoots three silenced shots. Damien gets to the other side of the car after it is all over.

Get the guns and wallets and stuff  
from the front seat.

The bodies are near death, oozing plenty of blood. She gets into the back and grabs some stuff: a few guns and devices. Damien gets another Mac-10 for the shopping bag. They try and get the radio communicator (Satellite) from the dashboard, but give up.

Then they skip away swinging their shopping bags, turning the corner they hail a taxi.

The Mexican store owner's girl pokes her head out of the storage closet and sees the street, just as the shadow vision thing zooms in on the car. The girl ducks back into the store.

The drone operator calls out again...

Harry, what's up...

[Music: Dark death or metal...]

We see the package on the seat and then a big explosion and then the computer screen... blank. The drone got hit too.

Shit, damn...

Charna is reading through the address book and looking at the phone logs. She speed dials a number on her phone and we see the fire hydrant exploding and water is everywhere... putting out the raging fire from the car explosion.

The Lebanese cabbie turns and asks Charna again where they are going to.

CAB DRIVER #2

Where do you go to? What you do me?

She sees the Bishop's address - or a church listed nearby.

CHARNA

Do you know where St. Mark's Church is?

CAB DRIVER #2  
 Yeah sure lady, just down the road...  
 a kilometer.

The cab drives past a few cops and gangstas... until they come to a large, old Catholic church [like in Chicago, Montreal, Guadalajara?].

They get out and walk a bit around the church grounds. Faint strange lightning flickers and then colors are inverted around the color inverted church which seems to be stretching up and narrowing like the Obelisk - like a spire of vanity and pride.

Another house of evil.

DAMIEN  
 What good did all that do?  
 We killed three guys  
 and scared a few more.

She shrugs and shakes her head.

They both see a falling star visible, streaking across the northeast twilight.

CHARNA  
 You never know... I like to  
 scare my enemies...  
 Terrorize them if possible.

And we got this stuff we can trade  
 with the gangs...  
 Killing the Intel chief screws up  
 their whole network: chaos against Chaos.

David will be pleased, why not you..

Come on this one will be more fun,  
 I promise.

DAMIEN  
 The Priest... that's crazy.

CHARNA  
 You like priests?

DAMIEN  
 No, I hate them...  
 Well I like the church,  
 kind of...  
 I don't want to talk about it.  
 It was a long time ago.

Her eyebrows go up. She is trying to think of snide stuff to say!

They enter the church and she crosses herself and gives Damien the finger. And sticks her tongue at him..

DAMIEN  
 "Bloody Mary... Bloody Mary"

They walk down the aisles to the front altar and pull out guns. They wave the guns and herd some lay people into a room, search them, and take their wallets and cell phones and tell them to lay down be quiet or they will all be killed. She secures the door good.

As they come around the corner they see the Bishop walking with his arm on a young boy's shoulder.

DAMIEN  
 Let me handle this one CHARNA.

CHARNA  
 OK. Back to his living quarters.

Damien moves fast across the room and gets the machine gun up to the priest's head just as he turns around.

DAMIEN  
 You know what this is you scum bag  
 child rapist?

The Priest looks at the boy and begs rotely.

PREIST  
 Don't hurt the boy.

DAMIEN  
 Shut up, bitch. Move, take us to  
 your living quarters  
 and if there are any tricks... you  
 and the boy (he winks) will get it...  
 Move!

He pushes the priest hard and forward. Charna takes the boy's arm. They enter a room and a red glow from the small fireplace fills the scene: candles burning, a big desk. Damien shoves the boy into a closet. Charna crosses over to the desk as Damien backs the priest up to a huge chair and pushes him down...

Sit!

She grabs the computer from the desk and opens a drawer...  
 Damien puts the gun to the priest's head.

Tells us...

PREIST  
 Tell you what, my children?

DAMIEN  
 Tell us who was involved in the bombings  
 of Seattle, Santa Barbara...

Charna pulls a wad of wrapped 100-dollar bills out of the drawer...

You know what we are talking about -  
 Chief Harry told us all about it,  
 before we killed him,  
 ... haven't you heard...

The priest looks scared, and Charna reaches across the table and grabs his jaw.

CHARNA

We won't hurt you if you tell us...

But then the priest looks at her and he sees: Death Angel... Charna comes around the desk and puts the computer in her pack. She takes out her knitting needles and smiles. Then she struts closer.

Well, we might hurt you just for fun,  
To purify your soul... all those Sins.  
You know.

She taps the knitting needles together.

DAMIEN

Was it Turribe or Cisneros involved?

The priest just squirms.

Who!

Charna pokes a knitting needle to his neck:

CHARNA

Tell us, you sick fuck.

They look over at the boy (the closet). Charna strokes the knitting needles...

PREIST

There's a couple military people involved -  
outside of the High Command in Washington  
They are kind of running their own show  
out here.

DAMIEN

Names! Who are they...

The priest crosses himself and Damien knocks his trembling hand away in disgust!

PREIST

Tenneford I think. General Tenneford  
and a younger woman, about 40.

He hesitates and then winces as Charna winds up to hit him with the knitting needles.

A Major or a Major Cornel...  
Faustina or Fausta...  
SSSS Something like that.

Charna types the name into her cell phone and hits send... Then she nods and smiles triumphantly to Damien. She pulls the plug on the cell phone and then yanks the computer dock out and quickly places the knitting needles on the table. She bends over to put the priest's equipment in her pack. She moves the knitting needles over towards Damien so that she can sit down. Then pulls out her gun smiling wickedly.

CHARNA

Last chance old priesty,  
tell us what else is planned,  
what Devil's work  
are you and your gang up to?

He starts to speak but sees only the eyes of the Death Angel approaching and Charna's too... She leans over and leers at him. Damien looks at the needles and then at the priest and then Damien kills the priest with a sudden knitting needle to the chest and on through the chair...

[Arabic or Sufi music]

PREIST (whispers)

Prison, prisonssss

This is the moment that their love changes: his awe of her; and her appreciation or trusting of him. They are alike - for now. We can tell about their change, just barely, but it starts to become obvious in a way... The Magic and the close secret smiles increase.

Damien walks over to a chest of drawers and pulls out a Priest's garb and some diamonds.

She gives Damien a funny/sad look and then a smirky half-frown, as actually, she had hoped to get more info from the pervert. But she liked Damien's style... She dips her finger into the pooling blood and on the mirror writes:

FUCK VAMPIRE PERVERTS

CHARNA

I think I love you!  
My little Wizard of Love and Death?

Can you feel the magic yet,  
the temptation to use it?

She starts to lick the blood off of her finger, but hesitates...

DAMIEN

We have to get out of here!

She puts the remaining needle into her pack and swings it up on her shoulders. She pulls out her silencer gun and puts it under a small blanket that she picks up. Damien puts his gun under his jacket and they head out.

Just outside of the door, a ghostly nun comes out with a pistol and Charna cuts her down. She goes into the nun's room and grabs some nun clothes.

They run down the church aisle and out the door into the street.

We see the boy Damien put in the closet peek out from the door at the bleeding corpse of the Bishop. The Boy smiles.

## EXT CITY STREET DAYLIGHT/SUNSET

Police cars and choppers zoom by, but go off to the shoe store hit. Outside something secretly shoots a tiny dart (intermittent transmitter) into her pack.

They see a camera on the building and Charna shoots it with a laser.

And then they see a gasoline tanker truck at the convenience store. They cross the street Charna pulling him along, jogging a bit. She slows and takes something out of her bag. Carefully she turns the animal's head and tosses the bomb on the rear bumper of the tanker truck.

Damien hops into a large SUV and then he waves people away with his gun. And, off they go... A huge flash and an explosion erupt behind them.

Damien pictures a large Mosque as he looks back at the fireball. They drive away laughing and then head south and west to the run-down part of town. The drone is following them.

They see a group of teenagers hanging out on a corner and pull up to them.

CHARNA

Yo, hommies, you punks know where a hot dance club is round here?

We looking for some fun!

A couple of the toughest kids swagger over closer and lean on the car - checking Charna out. A younger kid takes a few steps closer and says:

LUIZ

Plush Out is just down the street on the left.

[Music reaches them from a dance hall: Mexico City rock.]

You go downstairs  
at the boarded up hotel,  
Down the street  
where the green lights are.

The tougher kids by the car start to turn to say something to the younger kid.

Charna gives the signal (eyes up!) to Damien. They get out of the car, closing the door purposefully, mechanically. Then they are circling opposite ways around the car. There's a slight confrontation building between the five of them who are closest to each other.

Charna gives a lethal stare and then says:

CHARNA  
Who's got a joint to trade  
for this pistol?

A girl (Nina) from the corner runs over with a fat splif and offers it.

Charna takes the joint, lights it up, and looks around at everyone. Charna nods to Nina. Hoping to catch her name she says:

Thanks? ah?

NINA  
Nina.

She smoothly whips out another gun from behind her back and hands it to Nina. Then she passes the joint on to Damien. He looks at it not sure and then takes a wee toke and coughs a bit.

CHARNA  
Damien pack up our shit,  
we're going dancing.

Damien packs up while Charna leans on the car and smokes. She watches the kids, thinking. They hear louder music now, coming out of the dance hall.

Are you all down with the Resistance  
or are you just a bunch of  
streets punks? Huh?

The leader type says:

GANG LEADER #1  
We watching our turf,  
and we be watching you too...  
White girl.

Charna looks around for cameras wondering if they are watching too... She sees a couple of smashed black camera housings... The Gang leader "tuffy" steps closer to Charna.

GANG LEADER #1  
Who the fuck do you think...

The younger kid (Luiz) takes a step forward and says:

LUIZ  
Many are for rebellion.

CHARNA  
Well you're in the Resistance now.  
Understand?

The kids all look around. Damien cocks one of the Mac-10s and comes around the car to Charna, looking both ways.

CHARNA  
Here's the deal, you lucky angels.  
We all got our honor systems, you know?

She takes the last toke on the splif and drops it on the sidewalk.

You all take the car.  
What's your name?

LUIZ

Luiz

CHARNA

Until Friday at noon,  
Luiz is in charge of the car.  
Then it's ours for a while...  
if we need it.

The gang leader steps forward moving his jacket to show his 45-cal. pistol slightly.

GANG LEADER # 1

What happens at noon?

CHARNA

You meet us at Alameda City Center  
and cover the southwest corner.  
Just in case we need back up.

She tosses the keys to Luiz and looks at the older guy, the gang leader.

Don't fuck up

She nods her head sideways to Damien and they start to take off. Then Charna stops Damien to say something.

Is your Mack 10 good?

DAMIEN

Good as they get.

CHARNA

Well let's leave this one  
with the car kids,  
OK?

She pulls the other machinegun out of Damien's pack and hands it to Luiz, who smiles hugely and then checks the cocking device. Luiz puts on a serious look and then he motions to the girl with the splif.

Nina assumes a tactical small arms posture and rotates in a semicircle, like she knows what she is doing. Some younger kids hoot and holler:

YOUNGER GANG KIDS

Go, GO Girl, You Be the Ghetto Swat.

Nina's friends come over closer to Luiz and the car, checking them out.

CHARNA

Will you be alright?  
Is there anything else you need?

NINA

I wish my brother and mother  
were out of prison.  
I wish the gringos were out of Colombia!

Charna throws a big wad of hundred dollar bills up in the air and everyone scrambles for them. Charna and Damien hold hands and walk briskly down the street. They look back down the street as they go down the stairs to the disco. They see the car approaching and then turning left. Luiz yells out as the car turns:

LUIZ

Don't get tagged!

We see the drone operator listening and then static and a loud roar, as the band cranks it up. The bags and backpacks of Charna and Damien are slid into a locker... and the hummingbird drone's electronic signal goes to zero.

[MUSIC: Saosin switching to  
Gwen Stefani (Tick Tock), Los  
Abandon or Crazy Ahir  
Tribal.]

Then just dancing and drinks and a blur of fun and kisses. They are dancing and fooling around. Dancing sexy and she kisses him a lot. She dances with another guy and kisses a girl too... and steals her wig

They do some drugs and pickpocket a bit - and they leave with some people in the music group in a nice town car. She wears a blond wig.

A ways down the road Charna sees a motel and pulls out her gun and says:

CHARNA

We'll be getting out here. Thanks!

They rent a cheap room - second floor. It's raining again and they make love by the window. They take it slow and THEN she comes hard but still a swirly sensuality... It's dreamy and the blue light of the rain is cool.

Charna lets the rain hit her through the open window and puts her hands up and then outside, feeling it trickle down her.

Then they are cuddling and moving on each other a little.

[MUSIC: Mum or Nouvelle  
Vague]

DREAM # 5

Charna sees Luiz dying and saying to her:

LUIZ

If you see my Dad in prison -  
he's the leader of South Central 13;  
You tell him:  
No Pasaran Assholes and he'll know...  
He'll know the rest...  
Did you have a Daaaa... d

He dies with the word on his lips...

Connections form between Damien and Charna's dreams... They both see flashes of the same or slightly altered parts of each other's dreams. Previous dreams repeat and there are flashes of prisoners, prisons and tiger cages... At one point they are looking across a fire at each other and Damien speaks:

DAMIEN

Love creates strange monsters.  
Don't be afraid... to do it.

CHARNA

But you are THE LOVE, stranger.  
I'm not afraid!

David's warning about something happening echoes... blurry/surreal. And then gradually we sense the reverse order: The Dreams and the action start to catch up with each other and with current events.

Charna and Damien are standing with their backs to us as they look at the pond and the Obelisk from a distance. (End dream).

Morning sunlight is peaking in through a crack in the curtains. The light lands on the sleeping couple. Charna opens her eyes, just before Damien does. He's in for it, as she wields, a sweet smile and an achy-acting, and - today - an especially smart-assed, spark on her lips.

CHARNA

'Tis almost morning;  
I would have thee gone:  
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;  
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,  
Like a poor prisoner  
in his twisted chains,  
And with a silk thread plucks it  
back again,  
So loving-jealous of his libertine.

DAMIEN (Yawning big)

I would I were thy bird. I do, I do.

(From British Lord to Tweetie  
Bird)

I swear.

CHARNA

Sweet, so would I:  
Yet I should kill thee  
with so much cherishing.  
Good night, good night!  
Parting is such sweet sorrow,  
That I shall say good night  
till it be tomorrow.

DAMIEN

Sleep dwell upon thine eyes,  
 peace in thy breast!  
 Would I were sleep and peace,  
 so sweet to rest!  
 Hence will I to my ghostly  
 father's cell,  
 His help to crave,  
 and my dear hap to tell.

Charna flips over and hides under the pillow/sheets, until Damien rolls her back over.

CHARNA

Tis the morrow, you remain.  
 Ahh death, sweet love.

DAMIEN

Ahh, sweet love, death  
 And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
 Which watch not one another out of fear;  
 For love all love of other sights controls,  
 And makes one little room an everywhere.

CHARNA

Whatever dies, was not mix'd equally;  
 If our two loves be one, or thou and I  
 Love so alike that none can slacken,  
 none can die.

DAMIEN

Destiny may take thy part,  
 And may thy fears fulfill.

But think that we  
 Are but turn'd aside to sleep.  
 They who one another keep  
 alive, ne'er parted be.

They make faces, laugh sexy little laughs and cuddle back under the covers for awhile... Still raining when they get out of bed at 11 AM. After kissing a bit again, they shower with cockroaches... Damien calls them sink or shower Faeries!

They get dressed and check their gear. They leave the hotel and walk holding hands in the drizzle rain, kicking cans and looking at each other. They walk some ways, window-shopping and just relaxing. A few likely hippies walk by splashing in the puddles: a cute dready couple in love.

CHARNA

Do you think they practice the concept  
 of purpose in life and action  
 or how about meaningfulness?

Damien shrugs... and shakes his head derisively.

[Could say more: Damien hints at cosmic battles they are fighting in the dreams. He mumbles something about simulacra, how the hippies know enough to want escape. So they do, with drugs and a simulacra of a more primitive and healthy time.]

Finally, they arrive at an alternative-looking coffee shop in the City Center area. The first of her headaches comes on suddenly.

They sit down in a coffee shop. Damien gets some coffee and comes back to the table where Charna is busy plugging in their computer gear.

A cell phone intercept comes in as soon as they download new codes:

CELLPHONE # 2  
Hello, this is Gentleman 746 calling for a skinny red head. Ready for today, around five...  
Deliver the "Package" at Hotel de Angeles, code "Red Ribbon", front desk. Copy.

The cell phone blueberry device calculates and then spells out:

Confirmation Intercept:  
Alvarado "El Gordo" Turribe Castano.  
This is a call to an escort agency.

We see the drone's view and a computer operator saying:

COMPUTER DRONE OPERATION CONTROL  
Delta 4 9er, we have a signal again on target S 311.  
Collateral Factor 7, Low.  
Prepare for termination?

CHARNA  
You stay here and try and get all the downloads off the priest's laptop. OK?

I've got some shopping to do.  
Alone.

DAMIEN  
What's up?

She shows him, the text version and he shrugs.

Charna, are you sure?  
I think we should just relax and recon the Bird's Eye hit for tomorrow.

(The sniper hit on the engineers.)

Something just isn't right.

CHARNA

Damien, this is the Bull's Eye,  
this guy is the key.  
He's such a fucked up torturer,  
even if he wasn't involved  
in the bombings,  
he would still deserve  
what I got prepared for him,  
and a whole lot more.

Besides, he's also  
one of the top engineers...

DAMIEN

Yeah, you're probably right.  
You gotta do what you gotta do.  
But what's my role, not today,  
but in all of this?

CHARNA

Tomorrow is tomorrow,  
we'll dream together...  
You'll see,  
I'll have him eating out of my hand,

And she leans over to whisper to Damien.

CHARNA

before I cut his balls off!

We'll talk later... Later. [And she means: Later!]

There's a sex boutique  
down the street, south.  
I'll be there a half hour or so...  
If I can get everything I need there,  
then,

Well, like I'll be right back.  
Otherwise...

I'll call ya  
And, and we can meet here  
or down by City Center,  
OK?

We'll do some more recon,  
get ready for tomorrow...

Big eyes right in his. There is little expression on either's face,  
but concern, and love, with a bit of tease is there.

DAMIEN

Sure thing, Sweet Thing, killah...

She stands, leans over close to his face, and says:

CHARNA

I'm glad I was so nice to you  
last night. It's good for me!

Now I get to be naughty,  
really naughty... and mean too.

She struts out the door of the café with her shopping bag and leaves her other bag and the backpack behind. Damien, stares out the door that she left through and then gets to work on the laptop and also a geographical/spatial map of the sniper hit zone (the buildings) for tomorrow...

Then it all speeds up: Scenes of Charna trying on bondage outfits and buying rope... Scenes and sounds of the drone and targeting information (computer data screens scrolling and infrared camera signatures); scenes of Damien thinking, and then he decides. He starts to get up from the table to get another coffee refill and... to buy her something?

He sees that some files have finished downloading from the Bishop's laptop onto his phone. So, he starts a new download and hits send on his phone to begin uploading files to the network. He looks around and gets up to buy something. He asks the girl next to him to watch their stuff. Then he stands up and decides to take his backpack with the weapons in it up to the counter, being afraid of pickpockets and hit-and-run thieves, even here in the upscale secure zone.

Charna is leaving the shop down the street. She got everything she needed.

The drone controller is sitting at his computer terminal.

Damien is standing at the counter ordering.

DAMIEN  
I'll take a refill  
and can I have one of...

He starts to point at a chocolate thing and then he senses something and looks outside to see the missile across the street zooming down at him.

A picture of Charna's pack and the dart. Then a flash of Charna, getting a headache and her eyes looking up.

We see the view from the missile's perspective coming into the window of the coffee shop. Damien dives over the top of the coffee bar counter and knocks the barrista down pretty hard. Instantly a huge explosion... rocks the café, glass is flying everywhere.

Charna sees the flash from a few blocks away. She goes on further, then looks at her watch and sees that it is 4 PM.

CHARNA  
Time to go to work.

She tries to call Damien, but all we see is a smoking cell phone that was his.

She goes in the fancy hotel and waves at the doorman At the front desk she leans over and with a sexy whisper gives the password:  
(Obtained from deciphered PPG codes from Turribe's phone call)

CHARNA  
Red Ribbon

She gets the key code from the clerk.

She goes up in the elevator, through the door with the code, and past the guards with their metal detectors. She stops for an inspection at the next group of guards who are outside Turribe's room. They look her over and feel her outfit a little. She reaches out and touches one of their guns and then shows a tit with her other hand. They search her shopping bag casually with only a wink at the rope (and they don't see the plastic rappel device).

Inside are two men in sweat pants... One guy is smoking a cigar and one holds a collar and a slinky chain... A giant bed faces a huge TV screen showing a violent porn flick. The feel is classical music and scotch whiskey - in fancy crystal... with dominance oozing everywhere.

She acts surprised to see both of them: the Drug Lord ex-Vice President of Colombia and his friend: the richest man in Venezuela. She strolls over and takes a swig from the bottle and says,

CHARNA  
I'll let you tie me up  
if I can tie up  
one of you first...  
and give you some head...

[Like (flashes of) Tokyo  
Decadence: dark, subdued, causal  
humiliation building.]

Cisneros comes over and puts a collar attached to the slinky chain around Charna's neck.

She drops her coat and bag as she lets her blouse drape open and then she pulls out a rope (not the long one). She starts undoing her shirt... They laugh and agree and Turribe says with boyish excitement:

TURRIBE  
I want it - I want the blow-job. (in Spanish)  
Tie me up.

She takes off some their clothes and then her top while she swivels and does an erotic dance. Charna touches the men's privates as she is standing there in her bra and G-string. She ties up Turribe while Cisneros is stroking himself through his pants. And then not through his pants. She turns once and looks at Cisneros and frowns.

CHARNA  
Get away from me! Go lie on the bed  
if you are gonna do that.

She finishes getting Turribe tied up, turns the music up and then she puts a chair under the doorknob. With serious precision CHARNA spins around and kicks Cisneros in the neck so hard it snaps. She kicks him

again before spinning around and grabbing a knitting needle out of her bag. Charna sticks it and her hand over Turribe's mouth. The needle at his neck presses deeper and his eyes go so very wide.

She whispers to him, lecturing, and telling him things that he doesn't want to hear.

CHARNA

Your are such rotten scum.

She slides her bag over slowly with her foot... She smiles with the confidence of her command of the scene. She pulls the bag up, shoves a menstrual pad in Turribe's mouth (maybe her own bloody one!) and then checks the ID's, brief cases and the electronic devices of the dead Cisneros and of Turribe.

She looks at him - now and then - as she sticks papers into her bag and ties the rope to the window and puts on her rappel gear...

She walks over to him hanging there from the door - there so ugly and naked - his dick so small now. She puts on her trench coat, partly covering up her nakedness. She smiles and then she grabs his hair and pulls the pad out of his mouth after asking him:

CHARNA

Where do the Engineers sleep?  
Which compound?  
Eh? ... and the mayor?  
Come on, tell me and I will spare  
your family.

OK?

He doesn't want to talk but does when he sees the text message that she is holding on his cell phone. His wife is saying that she has sent the guards over to him while she and his daughter finish shopping...

TURRIBE'S WIFE (Voice)

Carino, We'll wait for you  
at Cafe Tacuba.  
We don't need them, the guards, dear.  
It's so safe and lovely here  
in America, still.

Better than Colombia, Really secure!  
Chow, Te amo...

[Subtitles?]

A busy street, lots of people. Damien pretends to window shop. He is wandering around trying to figure out what to do. Which way is the boutique? He is trying not to look out of place. He thinks about the situation and the hotel that Charna is at. He walks along and back and forth looking in windows and at the people shopping. He wants to buy her something? He wants to take his mind off of their dilemma.

He sees a vision of Charna dancing half naked with a collar on.

Then a drone shoots a dart into his pack and he sees it happen. He plucks it off, runs a scan and then wedges it into a seam on a truck heading North that is stopped in traffic.

Back at Turribe's hotel room.

CHARNA  
Tell me about the engineers.

TURRIBE  
They are here to talk about infrastructure projects.

Charna gives him a strong look.

You know, power plants, water systems, and prisons...

CHARNA  
More prisons?

TURRIBE  
Yes, but also re-building the old ones.

CHARNA  
Who works with General Ternnison?  
Where can I find him...  
Tell me  
or I'm going to get your family...  
all of them!

I'll do things to them, I will...

TURRIBE  
I don't know much, I swear.  
You think I bother with such  
low level crap?

Charna picks up a knitting needle and puts a hand on his side.

CHARNA  
My Ass! You know.

No, wait. Show me your ass!

Turribe swallows and pleads:

TURRIBE  
Tennision works alone,  
except for that woman his wife  
or concubine:

Major Cornel Faustine.  
She's the Vice-head of military prisons.  
And one hot potato too, I hear.

Charna twists his ear back, gun to his mouth.

CHARNA

More!

TURRIBE

They, th th ...They are planning something new alright. They are really worried about social uprisings...

And about the assassins...

His eyes go wide as he looks more closely at Charna.

TURRIBE

At you!  
They are worried a lot about people like you.

CHARNA

Tell me about the traitors on the Resistance side, tell me and your ATM codes too.

You want to save your wife.

At least Hispanics - even Hispanic fascists - have some honor, something one can orient to; something to make you half human compared to all these chingado base Americans.

TURRIBE

Are you going to kill me?

CHARNA

No,  
you look too nice hanging there in your birthday suit.

I want everyone to see you just like this, helpless and degraded.

But first you tell me.

And she sticks the knitting needle up his ass a ways.

TURRIBE

The Zeta's have taken over a lot of the gangs in the south and some in the north. They are working with Tennision and others...

You're fucked I'd say!

Her eyebrows go up steeply indicating that she thinks HE is fucked!

CHARNA

The codes:

TURRIBE

4242779

The codes are entered and the account opens up. Then she grabs his balls and crushes them until blood spurts and she shoves the pad - bloody now - back in his mouth.

Suddenly her headache goes away... She rubs her temples and smiles, relaxed. She opens the door to the bathroom to wipe her hands on a towel and then pulls a needle out and stabs it through the door and on through his heart.

She turns and looks at Turribe as she crosses over to the window.

She smiles a rare fake smile as she tucks Turribe's gun in her coat pocket. She slides her rappel harness on over her long legs.

CHARNA

Thanks so much Angel.  
My headaches are gone.  
I feel great.

Loud knocking comes from the door... and she leaves out the window. As she swings out the window and looks down four stories, for a moment she sees a dead boy, crushed, bleeding on the sidewalk below. First it's her brother, then another boy and then Damien's face that she sees.

She blinks and then slides smoothly down fast to Damien's open arms.

He's waiting - smoking a cigarette - his first in years. Above they can hear the sounds of the door breaking down in Turribe's room as the guards crash in.

Damien waves at a taxi and almost has to go out in the street to make it stop. And then they are off speeding away from Turribe's hotel area, heading for a cheap hotel room.

She hears Damien's story about the missile explosion and then shows him his new cell phone (Turribe's). He goes to work reprogramming and checking it out...

The black woman cab driver turns around and asks again where they are going.

CABDRIVER #3

Anywhere particular?

DAMIEN

Take us to:

CHARNA

Near the City Center of Alameda,  
a cheap hotel.  
Across from the Hyatt or near it.

They take an exit West and Charna immediately complains of headaches again. She cuddles closer to Damien.

DAMIEN

What is it?

CHARNA

Shit, how am I supposed to know.  
I never remember anything,  
nothing like this.  
Except for once,  
right after the bombing in Santa Rosa.  
I had gone there after Santa Barbara  
and I was thinking of  
... of taking a break...  
heading farther North to friends...

DAMIEN

And?

CHARNA

And just like now - or actually  
more than once lately...

DAMIEN

What?

CHARNA

I thought about hanging out with you...  
and just having some fun...

Shit is it a fucking crime  
to need relaxation!

Then they turn south and her headaches subside.

She had wanted to relax, talk, sleep and maybe do some love making  
that night. But the headaches come on ferociously and she just holds  
on to Damien dreaming hysterically. Trying to slow it all down.

They get to an older-looking hotel and Charna wakes up well enough to  
wait in the lobby while Damien pays for the room and a couple of  
fancy beers.

We hear him say:

DAMIEN

Yes, two days. Two days...

They crash on the bed exhausted.

SHORT DREAM

Charna hears a voice in the clouds:

Doubts can hurt your head.  
Cut off that which blocks  
your true self.  
Free the Shadow.

## INTERIOR HOTEL ROOM

While she sleeps Damien goes through the gear that is left and what Charna plundered from Turribe. Charna's gear is all gone from the café rocket... the explosion that hit the tag (dart) on her backpack.

They have: two 10mm pistols (one from Cisneros), one with a silencer; Damien's Mack 10 and four clips of ammo; a couple knives, and one toy bomb left too. He loads and downloads updates and warnings off of Turribe's phone. Damien tries to look at the files on Charna's phone, but she hasn't given him the codes yet.

When she awakes, they find and unfold an underground newspaper they had picked up at the dance and forgotten about.

They see headlines about:

"Charna the Assassin Girl"  
and the "Mystery Man"

The paper states that "Domino" is his name. A different article claims that a gang named Domino is hunting The Assassins. Police say it's a gang war between the 13<sup>th</sup> Avers and some other group moving into the hood.

They talk for a while casually about the sniper hit and the City Center weapons pick up. They look at maps, and traffic flow diagrams...

Damien starts rubbing her shoulders and back, and rotating her neck a little.

DAMIEN

We should lie low - go slow.  
Really CHARNA, this is crazy.

The people are admiring you -  
look at the newspapers!  
Stay alive... go slow...  
That's all I'm saying.

Come to Tijuana and meet my family..

She nods thinking it over and stroking his neck.

DAMIEN

The sniper hit is too dangerous.  
We're, You are pushing our luck..

Something is fooling with us,  
playing with us and trying to push us  
into mistakes.

Even the pickup of the sniper rifle,  
Damn, it seems really fucking dangerous..  
We're far South now, in different turf.

CHARNA

Damien, I am listening, I know you care,  
about me and our mission.  
Not long ago I would have resented you..  
now..

Well, We're going to go get the rifle..  
the rest we'll see about..

His brow furls, he's getting a bit glazy.

DAMIEN

The people are tuned into the hits  
and your actions.  
People are following your words  
and your orders.  
You're a sensation!

CHARNA

You don't know that.  
You don't even know what,  
what you are doing.

She gets agitated for a minute, like a Shadow is passing over her.  
Their faces turning around - their personas switching back and forth  
to each other and through each other.

You just want to bask in the glory...  
like the one between my legs!

Damien hears "UNLESS..." but it is not Charna speaking.

Charna goes tense and rigid, her eyes just looking ahead. And then she  
closes them as wild emotions play across her facial expressions.

She is at the Icy Pond, but there is something new, a feel.

Two trees stand on either side of the Obelisk, one is budding one is  
dying.

DEATH ANGEL

Unless...

CHARNA

What am I doing?

DAMIEN (From outside of the dream)

Unless what?

She wakes back up.

CHARNA (mumbling)

Escape myself?

DAMIEN (Pointing at Underground  
Newspaper)

We are artists on a floating world,  
dreams inside of dreams -  
trying to paint our way out of the blackness.

We cannot want; we can only take what we find.

CHARNA (in a daze seeing the future)  
Oh my God!

DAMIEN

CHARNA, are you OK? Did you hear me?

CHARNA

I'm sorry; I guess I need more sleep,  
these headaches...

Then she turns a bit coy:

I'm not saying you are wrong,  
it's just not how I feel...

It's not me to back off -  
not one fucking inch,  
not ever again.

Charna bites hard snapping the carrot she was holding in half.

DAMIEN

OK, OK... You're "The Pro."  
We'll get the rifle,  
Together, if it's so important.

Do you want a pony too? Princess?

And he wrestles her over on her tummy and then tickles her some and she laughs and half-heartedly tries to get away. They turn the lights off and lay on the bed looking out the window at the moon and clouds.

DAMIEN

Why didn't things work out?  
Why did it all degenerate into  
such violence?

...So polarized.

CHARNA

You mean between us the Resistance  
- each other - the real radicals  
and the sell-out moderates...  
Ohh,

Or, You mean in general -  
Why we didn't win over the masses?  
Shit that's a dead subject...  
for a while now, eh?

There is so much I am sure  
you do not know, few do...

CHARNA

The moderates and their groups  
were always working with the police  
- they are the police -  
in their heads and in their deceptions.

Listen to me...  
The groups who weren't already cops  
were easily infiltrated.

They still are those fucks -

CHARNA

that's why they are after me.  
They know that I know.  
They know I will do something.

DAMIEN

There's something really strange about you.

She points her finger at him like a gun.

[Clinical existential/ Jungian analysis could work here. Shadow projection is threatening and "doing something" helps but does not eliminate the Shadow - the denial stash. Damien says: "Maybe you were meant for even more glory, maybe I am holding you back.]

No, not that you like killing so much... It's your attitude - where you come from.

CHARNA

My lack of an ego?  
A greater cause rather than  
a selfish little monster  
pulling my strings?

DAMIEN

Doesn't everyone have an ego?  
Come on!

CHARNA

It's not that simple.  
You can tell people  
with big egos.  
They aspire, they conspire,  
and they perspire -  
all for their own glorious status.

They are focused and their focus is themselves. Their wealth, their beauty and - all acquired if necessary at the expense of others. Of course.

DAMIEN

It's true that you do not seem to care about yourself... only your value to the revolution.

CHARNA

Yes, the revolution - the mission at hand. That is what any soldier cares about.

DAMIEN

But what about, well you seem to think that you are always right, that you have all the answers.

CHARNA

Yes and no. I wish I was wrong,  
I hate being right,  
I wish there was some way to negotiate  
with these pigs who rule the world,  
but there isn't. We tried - remember?

Logging action lockdowns,  
marches on the capital,  
writing letters...  
Death by Cop and culture jamming too.

None of it connected,  
none of it faced the reality -  
the Evil taint that the government,  
and their many loyal supporters,  
worshipped.

I don't know...  
For me, when a person  
- especially a non-Libra - fails,

he blames himself -  
at least internally he does.

When I fail it's the opposite -  
I outwardly blame myself -  
but internally I feel  
that it's my friends' fault.  
Because they didn't help,  
they didn't help enough -

didn't do what they said they would...  
or something.

Or take intelligence.  
When an ego freak is smarter or  
better than others, he is happy  
and proud about it.

He will put people down -  
not for a goal -  
like understanding a situation,  
but just for the power  
and the glory of it.

Whereas I always feel terrible,  
abandoned and isolated,  
because I am so much more aware  
and more tuned in than most people.  
I end up feeling bad that I care  
when no one else does.

DAMIEN

But that anger - that hate - you have  
is also what keeps you going.  
I really think that we are alike  
in some ways.

CHARNA

Or perfect opposites

DAMIEN

Charna. I know you are right -  
that apathy caused a lot of failure  
and suffering a few years ago -

But

But well, it's different now,  
You are making a difference.  
You're the Heroine's Hero -  
The Model for a New Resistance.

People are working together and  
coming together - even in the North.

You know, some more traitors and sell-outs  
were hit up there  
and in Santa Barbara too.

Inspired by you.

Charna takes aim at the ceiling shooting down imaginary enemies, and  
blowing the smoke off the end of her finger.

CHARNA

No doubt!

DAMIEN

Just like you did when you started  
this rampage.

But now you need to back off.  
Please be careful.

Be a leader to help organize this  
bigger resistance that is growing --

Well, either way, I like you.  
You're bad ass, but on the inside  
there is something sweet,  
a sweet kernel that was meant to grow.

Or maybe that is why you fight -  
why you're such a great assassin.

Because your heart is pure.

Though you are scary in the dreams..

CHARNA

I know, we have to talk about that.  
I keep wanting to, but I'm afraid.  
Afraid it will change the world,  
change us... I don't want that.

They get a download about the truck:

[TEXT]

Meet at the city center,  
South East Corner area,  
black tarp on truck.

Security Level IV:  
Risk: HIGH! Transport: Zero;  
Support: Zero.

Charna falls back on the pillows and we see her look out the window at the moon going behind the clouds.

CHARNA  
The magic is coming Damien.  
I'll be waiting for you.

She falls asleep with a strangely serene, but serious look on her face, lying there straight on her back. In her sleep she mumbles to Damien:

CHARNA (mumbling)  
When I looked down from the window  
I saw a dead boy.  
Was it my brother? Why is he on fire?  
  
He looked like you.

DREAM # 7  
Damien has a new dream about Charna. She is watching his house burn down and his brother dies screaming. He sees the man with the gas can, but he doesn't recognize him.

Charna is calling him, he hears her voice.

CHARNA (voice)  
Damien, Damien, Damien.

Damien arrives by her side suddenly looking a bit sheepish. She takes his hand and starts forward toward the Obelisk.

CHARNA  
Sometimes, one has to go backward  
in order to go forward.

Then a great and sinister shadow slides into the scene, shadowing Charna and threatening all things. The moon shines dimly around the outline of the figure.

DEATH ANGEL  
Don't you see, I am you.  
You are not dreaming.  
There is no Icy Pond  
or not as you perceive it, I doubt.  
These are your fantasies  
and now you know that  
you can control them.  
Study the surface of what you see:  
A boy who bothers you; a convoluted trap  
that you have set to keep your self  
from doing what needs to be done.

"Protect the magic"

You say that to me sometimes -

Your dream brother, connected by the synchronicity of your father's hate and your two brothers' deaths.

This boy - this thing of evil - that you have created will kill everything you love, everything you believe in. He will turn you into him. There are no barriers

Return to the things themselves.

Transcend the point where assumptions die.

In our waking life, the ego is like the sun, illuminating everything, but it also blocks out the stars. And the stars - or actually the dark between them - is where the soulscape creates what balance is possible in the world in our dreams.

You are connected and protected by that bond that runs from Kieran, to you, and on to Damien and all things.

Then it is suddenly quiet, everything has changed. The pond looks smaller, older, colder... The wind begins to stir and then to blow. The trees bend and shake even more than the wind would suggest. They turn to leave and Charna hesitates thinking of the shiny thing that the boy dropped when she was last here. But the unwelcome feeling grows until they feel like they are hunted. She has a vision of the shiny chain glinting in the dewy grass as a shadow passes over it.

They struggle back, away from the pond, but the brush and even the grass seem to resist them and make their movement difficult. Charna invokes the Death Angel - with her Reiki hand movements - but nothing happens.

The last image they see is of a great hulking beast, peaking around the dying tree by the pond. And as they step into the light between the worlds, they hear the boy's voice.

THE BAD BOY

I killed her, I command her now...

But Charna knows otherwise as something like an owl - but also like a miniature Death Angel - flies out of the dreamland and disintegrates. A small reddish glow enters Charna's chest.

She reaches under her shirt and feels something attached to her long lost heart - a shadow but not a shadow. She knows that she has to give them away - and soon.

For a moment Charna's face or head is back in the Dreamland - a face that alternates from rage to serene beauty and peacefulness.

CHARNA

No way punk. You have nothing to command.  
I've got my heart back  
and something else too.

They get up late and eat snacks that they brought along... Damien keeps giving her a worried look, but Charna seems happy or relieved.

CHARNA

We can't talk about it right now,  
we've quite a job to do.  
Everything is right...  
everything has more meaning.  
Don't you think?

Damien screws up his lips and kind of frowns and shakes his head sideways. Then he gives her a little smile. They leave some stuff they don't need in the hotel and slip out separately from side doors.

They walk out into the buzz of the busy street and buy some coffee "to go" at a swank place with a nice sidewalk area. Standing in line they check out the people computing and eyeballing each other. Damien is in his priest garb and Charna is an old lady with her knitting needles... and two 10-millimeter pistols... nicely hidden.

They walk along even holding hands a few times. Damien takes up position at a corner restaurant to the northwest. They look for a sign of the Luiz gang, but they don't see anything hopeful.

Damien is worried but Charna is cruising on fighting adrenalin, confident and ready... Scenes of people and then now and then a glimpse of an old lady knitting or a priest smoking...

Just as they both spot the truck with the black tarp, Damien gets a message from David:

[TEXT]

Abort mission... It's a trap!  
Meet at 132<sup>nd</sup> and 77<sup>th</sup>... one hour.

CHARNA

Fuck it! We're going in...  
Or I am, anyway!

She sees a few cops in the area.

Damien, get the "Blues" North of me.

See if you can spot Luiz... and stop -  
worrying about me.

The truck starts to turn around again. Charna sees a guy stopped in traffic and she hobbles over to his car dressed as an old lady, back-hunched and her shawl covering her face. She opens the car door and gets in.

She pulls a gun and says:

CHARNA

If that black truck goes straight  
you pull in front of it  
and crash it, if you have to.

If it turns, I walk out  
and you almost run over me.  
I'll fall in front of it to stop it.

Once the shooting starts you can leave - but  
if you fuck up before the shooting starts,  
then the shooting will be from me at you.

And it will tear you in pieces.  
And that will work for me too.

Ya Understand?

He nods and she shoves the gun into his armpit.

Are you sure you understand?

He nods faster.

Good!

Damien makes his move. He knifes one cop and sets him down gently against a wall, with the police cap pushed down over his eyes. He places their last bomb on a full septic tank pumper truck that has stalled in the road. He waits until a loud noise comes before shoving his knife into another cop who lets out a muffled yell. Then he pulls the valve stem out of a limo tire.

The truck turns and Charna stumbles out and falls down as the guy in the car pulls forward near her and stops. The innocent guy jumps out of the car and runs away.

Charna smiles and then sees a guard from the truck leaning over her. She grabs his shirt collar/ jacket.

CHARNA

Greetings from the Death Angel -  
You pig!

She slides her leg up under the guy and sends him flying a dozen feet holding his crotch. She whips out her two guns as more guards come around the truck. She kills two of them, but the firepower is too great and she has to fall back behind another truck by a dumpster.

She hears a moped approaching as she reloads. She knows that a few guards are circling around her to get her from the back. She pushes on the dumpster and manages to get it rolling... Just before it hits the truck she spins it and rolls in front of the truck. She shoots one guy, but can't twist in time for the other one...

The moped stops and she sees Luiz and Nina. The girl is hanging onto Luiz from the back of the moped and she turns and lets off a blast

with the Mack 10. Two of the guards are killed outright, including the one that was about to shoot Charna.

She turns back the other way to shoot the two guards sneaking up on her. She gets them but not before one cop shoots Luiz in the head through the motorcycle helmet. The moped falls over and we see Damien running toward them from a few blocks away. The sound of choppers fills the air.

The military choppers and a hundred troops/police begin to seal off the square. Damien sees this happening first and he stops a lady getting on her motor scooter.

He commanders it saying:

DAMIEN  
I'm law enforcement Mam,  
I need your bike, thanks...

Looking a bit strange in his priestly garb/habit, he strives to disrobe as he speeds along, riding down alleys around garbage and kids. He shoots three guards at one turn in the road and squeezes between the police cars... He speeds desperately toward the rendezvous point hoping like hell that Charna is OK...

After Luiz gets shot, Charna kills the last guard. She kicks and shoots a few other wounded ones when she hears the choppers coming and sees Damien riding away - or a priest at least. She motions to Nina to cover the back of the truck, the girl is still cradling Luiz's head, hugging him... Charna glances her way only once as she makes her move.

She yanks open the back of the truck and a guard opens fire on her. She ducks down and fires a killing blast with her pistol by sticking it up over the edge... without even looking.

She leaps up grabs the cello case and flies out of the truck and runs down the alley. After a few steps she turns back to Nina and yells:

CHARNA  
Get out of here girl!

She sees a white convertible, and imagines doing some stunts: leaping off balconies with the cello [like the movie Barrio 13].

She jumps into the backseat of the Cadillac and puts her finger to the youngish driver's neck. In the rear view mirror he sees that it is only her finger, but that doesn't make him feel any safer.

Drive - Drive south and smile or else...  
Else I won't love you ...

She notices that the driver notices her blouse is torn open... She stretches her leg into the front and slides forward... gun out... and re-loads.

The guy gives her a weird look: confused, startled but also bemused and curious. She takes her finger off his neck and they both smile a bit too intensely as he almost drives through a red light and then stops...

She takes off her gray wig and lets her red hair blow in the wind.  
She puts on some sunglasses.

Just then Nina comes running up and tosses the Mack 10 to Charna  
and swings into the back seat.

CHARNA

Go right up here we need to get to  
132<sup>nd</sup> and 77<sup>th</sup> ... like now.

NINA

I think we need to go north instead.  
The numbers switch around here,  
I'm not sure.

Charna plays back the text message but it is not clear either.

CHARNA

Go north...

The driver (Fernando) looks at each woman and raises his eyebrows  
and turns North. Soon they see the numbers change and it makes sense.

Damien jumps out in front of the car, Mack 10 pointed at them and  
Charna reaches her foot over and hits the brakes. He walks up to the  
driver's side and leans over and kisses Charna A.

Then he sees cops harassing a girl down an alley. Charna follows his  
eyes and sees the scene too. They see two cops - one white and one  
black - harassing a black girl 17 years old, searching her stuff and  
holding her arm. The cops are smiling a bit - and getting ready for  
more fun.

Damien speaks to Nina, as he looks sideways at Charna.

DAMIEN

No. No way.  
Charna let's gets out of here!

She yanks Fernando out of the car and shoves him in the back seat.  
Then Damien gets in the front.

Here we go again!

They go down the alley, Charna driving, and she stops the car 30 feet  
from the cops. She hops out pulling her skirt down (or up). She  
struts over fixing her hair with a doe-eyed innocence. She struggles  
a bit to get her other high heel back on as she gets near the cops.

She waves and says in a kind of valley girl routine:

CHARNA

Can you tell me the fast way  
- I mean fast -  
about how to get to San Diego freeway?

She drops a cigarette pack on the street and bends over to the side,  
so the black cop coming over can kind of see her butt (no panties?).

The big white cop comes over and emphasizes his own bend over peek at her ass.

Damien opens the passenger side door quietly and starts to slide out... Then he stops and looks back in at the hostage with Nina's gun in his side. He reaches over to pull the keys out and gives a stern look to the rich kid... Fernando is trembling a bit. He points his finger at the hostage and looks out the window at Charna too. And then Damien puts his finger to his lips

"Shhhh..."

The black cop starts to do his leer thing with Charna as the other cop hits the young black girl and makes her squeak.

As Charna is about to talk and make her move, a cop yells over to Damien:

WHITE COP

You. You get back in the car. Now!

The hostage is about to say something and doesn't.

Charna stands up and whips out a pistol from her purse and punches it against the black cop's neck - as Damien is moving slow-mo (like the Matrix) ghost-like around the car going for the other cop. All of their guns are moving - and then Charna drops her guy with a shot through his neck and Damien fires but misses.

The other cop shoots, misses Damien and hits a kid behind him that we hadn't really seen. Charna and Nina shoot the white cop several times. They jump in the car to take off. Damien fumbles in his pockets for a minute and then gets out of the car again to pull the keys from his pocket where they are stuck.

They see Nina has left the car and is sticking a device on the bottom of the gas tank. She jabs a hole in the tank so it is dripping. Then she walks back over to the white convertible.

Charna gets out again too and Damien tosses her the keys. She throws them back.

CHARNA

No. You drive!

She grabs a shirt out of the back of the car and starts changing clothes. A new skimpy T-Shirt replaces the blouse that is now covered in blood. She is changing her shirt and walking around to the passenger side when another car pulls up and Damien swings around to shoot at it. But Charna stops him as she recognizes Marie. She walks back around the car as Marie gets out.

Marie looks at the cops, at Nina and the two guys.

MARIE

Damn girl! Uhwuu... Uhwuu

CHARNA

What are you doing here?

MARIE

Everyone's talking about my friend,  
the Assassin Hero,  
and so I came looking for you.

The choppers over City Center  
were a good signal...  
And I got a message texted  
from a friend...

Charna starts to say "David," but Marie puts her fingers to her lips,  
as she looks at the crows around them... picking at the cops' eyes.

Nina comes over, looking cautiously at Marie and tells Charna:

NINA

I have to go, Now!

CHARNA

I'm sorry about Luiz.  
Where's the car...  
we left you?

The rest of the gang?

NINA

We were in a borderline Zeta gang.  
...You know, counter revolutionary...  
Vicious!  
Some of us had been infiltrators  
against the Resistance.  
I'm a double agent,  
I was a double agent.

Our gang leader tried to  
take the car from Luiz.

They got it or what was left of it,  
after we cut them down.

NINA

I have to get to the barrio,  
we're doing a diversion  
for the prison break in a few days..  
Are you involved?

Charna motions "get in," and they will give her a ride...

NINA

No. I'll manage. You're too hot.

She turns to go and then says back to them:

Bomb goes off in two minutes... or less

CHARNA

Come on Marie, follow us.

Marie looks at her own car - shakes her head and says:

MARIE

Nah, it's hot or hotter than this one  
I bet...

She points at the convertible.

Scoot over Damien.  
I don't let guys drive for me,  
not if I can help it.

Damien starts to scoot over by Charna, when Marie puts out her hand to stop him.

MARIE

No, you two get in the back.  
I want this rich kid close to me  
where I can watch him.

What's your name?

FERNANDO

Fernando:  
Fernando Valenzuela...

Marie reaches over into Fernando's pants and plays around and takes out his wallet. They get settled in and put up the convertible top (later they put it down again) and head out, the city going by... the miles of suburbia.

Marie talks a bit and finally says, to Damien:

MARIE

Did she teach you the Victory Song?

Damien shrugs and smiles...

MARIE SINGS

If the water should cut my mind,

CHARNA (Weakly)

If the water should cut my life,

DAMIEN

If the water should cut my mind,

MARIE AND DAMIEN SINGING TOGETHER

Set me free, I don't care, ...Set me free

Marie glances in the rear view mirror at Charna to see why she quit singing.

They see a smaller, sweetly sleeping Charna. She dozes... with the wind blowing in her hair and Damien and Marie drive on... toward the beach and San Diego.

Singing:  
 We are like water!  
 There is a season that never passes,  
 one that never ends,  
 The Season of Love.

They drive on for a long ways and then Marie pulls off the highway onto a dirt road and drives around a big hill where the power lines run. She parks the car by a large tree, well hidden.

Charna feels someone pulling a jacket over her shoulders and decides to catch some more sleep. She feels a soft hand brushing her cheek and touching the hair above her hair, just the way she likes.

She stirs slightly and Marie says:

MARIE  
 Hey love, we're out of LA,  
 camping in the desert,  
 we'll hit the beach in the morning.

Charna cuddles into the pillow and says:

CHARNA  
 Uh, hum.

MARIE  
 You sleep, and tell me your dreams.  
 OK?

Charna kind of nods or assents. Marie starts to get out of the car, but then leans down to Charna's ear:

I'm gonna test out the rifle  
 before we leave.

What shall I do with him [or them]?

Charna sees the Death Angel beckoning by the pond and answers clear and crisply:

CHARNA  
 Kill him.

MARIE  
 Both of them,

CHARNA (mumbling sleepy-eyed)  
 No, not, not both.

Marie smiles and whispers:

MARIE  
 That's my girl.

Marie looks over at Damien and Fernando cooking soup by a little sterno fire and then she grabs the Cello case and slides out of the car.

She ambles over to the guys and says:

You should tie up this rich kid,  
and don't tell him anything.  
I don't trust rich kids,  
they do things that get people killed.

The guys look at each other and shrug - a guy thing.

DAMIEN

He seems OK, he could of run  
or caused a problem earlier.

How's Charna?

MARIE

She's cool. Let her sleep  
till we get to the beach.  
She told me what to do.

She opens the cello case and starts breaking down the rifle.

DAMIEN

Are you sure Charna would want you  
to mess with that?

Marie keeps taking it apart and says:

MARIE (nicely)~

Do you want me to kick you in the face?  
I told you, she told me what to do.

Besides, I taught her  
most of what she knows about  
these things (looking at the rifle),  
and about love (looking at Damien),

and a lot more too.  
We ditched school together,  
shoplifted together, dreamed together...

Damien gives Marie a rather confused look and then looks over at Fernando who seems a bit sheepish or scared.

Marie gets the rifle apart and is examining the trigger mechanism.

MARIE

Tell me Damien, where did you grow up.  
And can I have some of that food?

She reaches in her bag and pulls out a can of beans and some bread.

DAMIEN

I was born in San Diego,  
but we went back to Tijuana  
to live with my Nana, when I was four.

MARIE

We?

DAMIEN

My brother and my mother.  
My father was killed organizing  
for the farm workers.  
Spilled milk under the bridge..

MARIE

What was he like?

She slides home the firing mechanism into the rifle body. Then after a bit of digging she finds the organic Peanut Butter in her bag.

DAMIEN

They say he had a way with people,  
that it was like magic.

MARIE

I bet Charna says that about you too..

DAMIEN

How did you know?

MARIE

I told you, I know her,  
and we're close.

They are munching down on the food and sharing with Fernando too..

DAMIEN

What about you? Where do you fit in?  
How did you meet Charna?

Marie just looks at Fernando and shakes her head.

MARIE

Charna can tell ya sometime,  
if she chooses to.  
It's still classified!  
What about your Nana or your mom?

DAMIEN

Islamic, from Iran but Sunni.

MARIE

And you were persecuted for that, eh?

Damien, looking a bit flustered and hesitant:

DAMIEN

How could I explain it. That was then,  
I was young.

MARIE

It's OK, I share dreams with Charna,  
and I know you do too..  
But we don't have to talk anymore,  
I think I've figured a few things out

already... We'll see...  
Do you know where your name came from?

DAMIEN  
Please Marie,  
I need to know what's going on...  
I love her... I do...

Marie pulls out a spotting scope and a range finder from her pack and says to Damien:

MARIE  
Would you go up on the hill  
and find the range on that substation  
to the North?

She finishes putting the sniper rifle back together.

DAMIEN  
Where shall we let him go,  
dump him?

She responds:

MARIE  
There's a big rock slab around here  
to the South  
- it's a landmark. It'll do.  
We'll leave him there...  
*[or what's left of him, she thinks.]*

FERNANDO  
Don't leave me alone with her Damien...

Damien takes the gear and gets up. He gives her a long stare and then starts walking to the hill.

*[Ominous music: Mum or Poe.]*

MARIE  
Who's your father Fernando-Wando?

FERNANDO  
I don't have to tell you anything.

Marie whips out her large auto-pistol and says:

MARIE  
Oh yeah? You little prick,  
MARIE  
come on now!

You want to spit into the wind?  
Or lick my boots?

She comes over to him smiling and snaps a handcuff on him and then knees him hard in the groin and the back. As he bends over in pain she snaps on the other handcuff. She jerks him up and drags him over to a rock slab away from the fire on the far side, further away from the car where Charna sleeps.

Did you ever rape a girl?

He hesitates, then frowns and says

FERNANDO  
No. Well not really.

AND she shoots his ear off with her silenced pistol.

He holds it saying:

FERNANDO  
I guess you could call it that -  
kind of.

There was this maid,  
a housemaid, Matina Sanchez.

My Dad used to fuck Matina  
when he got drunk or mad at Mama.

She was an illegal servant  
and so she would be... like his sex slave  
when my Mama was gone.

So yeah.

One time I...

And she shoots him mildly in the balls.

He falls down on his knees crying and holding himself.

MARIE  
Dance!

He gets up painfully and dances.

Like a chicken! Fuck Face!

And he does.

Then she shoots his foot and says:

MARIE  
Crawl like a dog...  
Bark like a dog - howl like a dog.  
Beg like that girl did  
when your father raped her.

Beg for your life  
like the poor do everyday:  
the Indians in Chiapas or Bogotá.

Marie walks over closer and yanks his head up by his hair and then holds his chin. She gets down and looks in his eyes. All that they both see is the stone slab of the obelisk and several sets of eyes.

They fade in and out of there (the slab of the Obelisk). The gun is in her hand moving up to his eye socket.

Even your own Mother  
would probably kill you,  
so you couldn't tell her  
pretty little secrets...

Fernando's head enters the slab wall of the obelisk and Marie's gun enters his mouth. She looks up startled to see a drone not far away... Close up on her finger pulling the trigger and a glow on the slab... the Queen - Goddess of Death - Walking away from us, finger smoking. But Marie never had a chance to pull the trigger.

Marie turns and runs as fast as she can. As she dives behind another rock, the missile homes in and strikes Fernando in the back and comes out of his chest, as he is crawling away. It's a fairly small explosion, but rock fragments fly over Marie's head and one even hits the car's rear window cracking it. Charna doesn't wake though she feels the vibration in her dream.

Damien's eyes light up and then cross. He comes running down the hill helter skelter.

Marie gets up just as Damien arrives.

DAMIEN  
What happened?  
Come on we got to get out of here.

MARIE  
What's the range?

She's loading the rifle and checking it again.

DAMIEN  
The what?  
Oh, the substation?

MARIE  
Yeah.

DAMIEN  
900 yards, probably down 200 feet  
from the hill.  
Marie?

MARIE  
Get everything out of the car  
and throw away anything we don't need.  
Scan everything we keep and check it  
for those darts.  
We're leaving in a few minutes.

Then she sees the drone glinting in the moonlight and leans the gun on the rock aiming. Slowly she tracks it waiting for it to get closer and to hover. Then bamm! And the bullet flies outward and hits the drone. It drifts and glides off to the north.

Marie jumps up, grabs an ammo clip and runs up the hill.  
She yells back at Damien.

Hurry, you fool  
and turn the car around too.  
Meet me on the other side of the hill  
toward the highway.  
There could be more of them.

We see her tuning in the night vision scope and see the electric substation through the reticule. A close up of her finger on the trigger and then pulling it. A loud report and muzzle fire, then a blast over at the transformer and it explodes in a ball of fire.

MARIE  
Damn shit, yea!  
That was great.  
Must have been some methane buildup  
in that baby!

And then she is racing down the hill to the road and arrives there just before Damien pulls up. He starts to scoot over but she jumps in the other side.

Drive, south, left. And move it.

They speed down the highway as the sun begins to rise... fast until Marie says:

MARIE  
Pull off here and hide  
behind that old building.  
Those cows will hide our heat signature,  
maybe.

Damien does this and a few minutes later they see three police cars drive by at 80 miles an hour. A chopper is evident back where they came from too.

He types in the rest of the data into the cellphone and sends the text message with codes and checks... and info on the ambush (to David).

They pull out onto the highway again and soon take another short cut, as the sun rises fully they arrive at the beach.

Flashes of other women and women with veils standing on low hills and roof tops...

DREAM # 9 (In the car)

Charna and Damien are standing on the edge of a beautiful pond - like the pond of the Death Angel but alive and greener. It is a warm Spring day and fluffy clouds stream by through blue as blue skies - only an occasional psychedelic (inverted) color effect flashes by. She takes his hands in hers and closes her eyes.

CHARNA  
Set me as a seal upon your heart,

DAMIEN  
As a seal upon your arm;

DAMIEN AND CHARNA  
For love is as strong as death.

CHARNA  
There is more to life than duty and death!

DAMIEN  
Why are we capable of feelings  
if not to have them?

CHARNA  
Why long for things  
if they are not meant to be ours?

DAMIEN  
Well don't listen to me.  
You're so sure of things.  
You're certainty, it's like armor.

Charna leans over and slowly kisses him modestly on the lips.

DAMIEN  
You only kiss me when you feel like  
killing me?

CHARNA  
No. When I kiss you,  
then I feel like killing you.

DAMIEN  
Why love?

CHARNA  
Because it reminds me of  
what I can never have:  
Peace.  
The peace of the normal life,  
of the Future.

They are walking around the lake and watching frogs jump, butterflies flutter, dragonflies hovering, a chipmunk skittering. Damien is braiding a bracelet of grass for Charna. It's an unusual pattern and he does it amazingly fast. He finishes and as he hands it to her a shadow glides over them and it gets darker everywhere for a minute. A great swan flies past them and words drift down.

DEATH ANGEL (Sweetly, but with a  
warning sarcasm too)  
Hush Little baby Don't You Cry..  
Say Your Prayers little one,  
Don't Forget to Include Everyone.  
Tuck You in, Warm Within,  
Keep You Free From Sin.  
Something's Wrong, Shut the Light.  
Heavy Thoughts Tonight,  
  
Dreams of War, Dreams of Liars,  
Dreams of Dragons' Fire.  
  
Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.

I Pray the Lord My Soul to Keep.  
 If I Die Before I Wake, Pray Death Angel  
 My Soul to Take.

Hush Baby, Don't Say a Word.  
 Never, Never mind that Noise You Heard.  
 It's Just the Beast within Your Head.  
 Hush little baby, Or now you die.

Now Charna is at the icy pond and it looks colder, drier, sicker. She sees Damien come out of the flames of his brother's death by fire - a martyrdom - and a suspended martyrdom. Damien is holding something shiny in his hand and he holds it up and looks carefully at it.

Flashes of other women and women with veils standing on low hills and rooftops... swans.

Damien naps once while driving. We see him sleeping and then he dreams that he is watching his brother burn and then a man is running from the fire with a gas can... He sees the man's face and the eyes.

He sees Charna speaking to the Death Angel who is now inside of the Obelisk.

CHARNA

Only actions give life strength,

DEATH ANGEL

Only moderation gives it a charm.

Then a brief scene like a longer one at the end: She is at the obelisk and she sees a paradox of sight, perspective, comprehension, and meaning...

The tall Obelisk is stretching up forever (while she is on the ground near it) and then she is looking out of a window in the Obelisk. She sees the brother below... her dead brother's bleeding body is down four stories below on the earth - or impossibly further. His eyes are alive and looking up at her. Then she is next to him and then a different scene.

Charna is standing on the surface of the pond near the middle of it.

Standing at the edge: The Bad Boy, her brother and Damien's brother are all there - or slightly there and for only a moment. One is burning as he fades, one is crying (the pond Bad Boy) and one is fierce (her brother). She feels threatened and wants to defend herself - to hurt them.

She starts crying and then she is holding her head and pulling her hair. (Like in Serenity at the dead planet.)

CHARNA

The Magic: the Dark and the Light,  
 Where life and death meet.  
 I see it everywhere I look.  
 It's inside of everything...  
 Is it all the same, really,

from the same source  
 and... tainted with the same evils?  
 Love and hate...  
 Are you evil?  
 Am I?  
 Why, inside of everything?

Lights flicker and then go out in parts of Los Angeles. Sparks and smoldering melted metal at the power substation, debris and ruins.

Two undercover cops are speaking together and shaking their heads:

UNDERCOVER COP  
 I knew those damn kids would  
 figure this out sooner or later.  
 Damn government types wouldn't listen.  
  
 Wouldn't listen to me  
 and wouldn't listen to you either Joe.

The monolithic obelisk becomes the transformer and then all machines...

The torso of the Death Angel leans out from the window, midway up the obelisk.

DEATH ANGEL  
 144,000 of the most evil  
 wealthy ones must die... (Spanish too)  
  
 The rich die when the birds fly...  
 The rich die.

Vistas of Black Swans flying... and Charna flying with the Swans.

DEATH ANGEL  
 Goodbye Sarnanda, my child.  
 Use it wisely.

Intermittent scenes of Marie driving the car to San Diego.

At the beach, Marie gets out of the car and leans in the rear window shaking Charna a bit.

MARIE  
 Come on sleepy head. Its time,  
 for some salt water and play.  
  
 We want our girl!

Charna groans slightly and rolls over in the back seat:

CHARNA (Mumbling)  
 What's it like out there...  
  
 Where's Damien?

MARIE

Partly cloudy with a chance of Armageddon,  
but the water's not too cold.

Damien pokes his head in the other window:

DAMIEN

Hey you... welcome back.  
It's beautiful...

Like you...

And the water is warm, like you.  
I guess it's Global warming.

You can see where the winter storms  
took out a few houses  
and parts of the sea wall.

And I swear, I've never seen these birds  
north of Puerto Vallarta!

CHARNA

When the birds fly...

Charna eases out of the car happy it's a bit cloudy, since her head still hurts. She isn't too worried about that as she knows that the headaches are gone for good; resolved in her dream.

They run across the sand, chase each other and laugh. They play and make eyes and kisses, taking turns teaming up on each other: first Damien and Charna on Marie and then the girls team up on Damien (tackle him hard?).

A porpoise goes by and seagulls, pelicans and a swan.

Charna and Damien kiss in the water and then walk up the shore to where Marie is sitting with her back to a huge driftwood log. It's calm at first but then the wind blows harder until they leave.

CHARNA

What are you gonna do Marie?

MARIE

Oh, I think I'm your new bodyguard  
or your fan club PR hack...

(kid slang would be  
better!)

CHARNA

We came down here,  
Well, Damien hopes we came here  
to take it easy,  
especially after The ambush in LA.

But Damien hasn't  
checked his messages lately -  
or else he's not on the same priority  
list that I am.

The Engineers' meeting has been moved to,  
Yes! San Diego, Tomorrow.

again.") DAMIEN (A touch of "you win  
Damn Charna.

Damien looks at his messages and hands Charna the text message.

CHARNA  
But we're not doing the hit.

Marie looks at each of them as they are all giving each other weird looks.

Charna dials the phone and we watch her pulling herself together, putting on her new and professional attitude.

CHARNA (on the phone)  
Yes I'm calling for M or D.

DISPATCH  
Request voice ID.

CHARNA  
Charna S.A.

Murta speaks with a computer generated voice we can't hear well..

CHARNA  
Hi, nice to hear your voice  
or something like your voice.  
I've changed my mind,  
I've made up my mind.  
You were right...  
We'll be there, just send pick up  
and transport info.

CHARNA  
If I'm gonna work down here,  
I'm gonna have to  
clean house first.  
OK?

She hangs up and rubs Damien's back as he has stretched out and is perhaps withdrawn too.

CHARNA  
You were right too Damien.  
Well, when you told me to slow down,  
take it easy.  
I think it meant I was supposed  
to reconsider the plan -  
and my obsession with the hit list.

If we can't get equipment or logistics in LA,  
then we can't really pull off  
any more big hits.

The prison uprisings or breakouts -  
whatever is all going on  
- is really big.  
I want us to get involved.

Or that's what I'll tell the gangs.

DAMIEN

The gangs?

CHARNA

Yeah, we're going to Tijuana.  
Tomorrow.

But right now - or after I rub your back  
- you Donkey, let's go downtown;  
see the lights and all of the street people.

She rubs his back and Marie heads back to the car to get it ready.

Before they leave we see Charna texting photos of her Dad to David  
with a Message:

[TEXT]

Locate this guy: Fred Anares,  
Edward Sarnes, or Jacob Desmond.  
He's a general in the Army,  
and likely causing trouble.

They walk down the beach and then the road a little ways and then  
hitch a ride with some Cholos. Then they are walking around downtown.  
Kids and carnival like stuff is happening and the myriad of tortilla  
and candy sales people... the brown masses and entrepreneurs that no  
government can ever seem to wipe out.

A hippy Chicano dude says to his friend as they lean nonchalantly  
on a corner:

STREET CORNER CHOLLO

What is that stuff?  
That girl has body karate going on..

They go into a small Greek restaurant with meat on a rotating stick  
and see Damien's mother and sister at a table - wearing shawls/veils..

Damien takes Charna's hand and leads her over to the table. He bends  
down and kisses his mother and sister on each side of their cheeks  
and they look hard at each other for a moment. The sister turns her  
gaze to Charna.

DAMIEN

Let me introduce Charna A.,  
a leader from the North..  
And my dear friend.

They each shake hands with Charna.

DAMIEN

I tried to get her to come down here  
and meet you.  
I wanted to stay and see you both  
for a while.  
But we can't stay, it's probably not safe  
to be around us anyway.

DAMIEN'S MOTHER

Your sister has finished her studies.

DAMIEN'S SISTER

I'm going to Lebanon, Damien.  
It's always been my dream.

DAMIEN

I know, I just wish we could  
get to know each other again.  
It's been so long.

They talk some more in Arabic while Charna looks around and peeks out toward the street. She gives him a yawn and a look. They get up and excuse themselves: kisses and hugs and Damien gives them some money...

Marie appears behind them as they are walking back to the beach. A black Hummer has to brake hard for a dog. Charna looks up and sees that the passenger in the Hummer is Wayne the black dude that she slept with at David's. A dark Mexican guy is the driver.

MARIE (To Charna)

You look like you saw a ghost...  
Do you know Chi Chi Tamayo?

CHARNA

Who the fuck is that...

MARIE

He was driving that tricked out Hummer.

CHARNA

That's pretty weird.  
The strange look you saw on my face  
was because the black guy  
next to him in the hummer...  
that was Wayne.

DAMIEN

That guy at David's... Are you sure?

CHARNA

Yes.

MARIE

I'm gonna follow them...  
I'll meet up with you...

CHARNA

No. Marie I want you to stay..

Marie calls back as she is leaving to get on a bus:

MARIE

The Stanislaus River, springtime...  
I'll...  
I'll contact about this...

Charna knows that she is talking about Wayne and his new friends by the way Marie is pointing down the road south toward where the Hummer went.

She gets on to the bus just in time and looks out the window at Charna and Damien...

DAMIEN

Carlos Chi Chi Tamayo.  
He's the head of the North Zetas.  
His brother, Ramon is a curse too.

He's a traitor from the LA Resistance.  
You probably know him as Vicente Ortega.

Charna nods her head.

DAMIEN

He runs the South Zetas  
and some Mexican smuggling groups  
- so they say.

They walk down the road over to the beach road and toward their car.

CHARNA

I don't know Damien. About David  
and working with people...  
even Marie...  
It gets complicated with people involved.

DAMIEN

Well you better make up your mind...  
before we go meet the gangs.

They see a low rider car go by and it looked like David driving.

Damien points at a young couple walking by. The teenage girl sports an ankle bracelet with some swan wings on it. The couple is holding hands and Damien notices the way that he and Charna are holding hands. He switches his hand around so it's the same way that the couple has theirs. He pulls on Charna's arm and whispers in her ear.

DAMIEN

Can I get you one of those charms  
to bind you to me?  
To the Earth, so  
you won't fly away?

CHARNA

Damien, you wouldn't?

She thinks back to the dream at the sunny pond and the bracelet Damien made her - a magic bracelet.

Down the beach a mile or so near where they left the car, they can see police car lights flashing. Then Charna sees the young couple walking away and the bracelet sparkles with the shiny reflection of the storefront lights and the moon.

CHARNA

The charm, my charm,  
a shiny charm.

Damien is about to say something when the low rider comes back by and they get in with David and Murta. They drive by the white convertible and head on up to a secret place on the beach between some jagged rocks.

The moon is almost full. No dialog, just making a small fire, under the rocks. Sharing some food and good smoke and wine... They pass on the Mescal.

Charna says goodnight and turns to leave.

DAMIEN

I'll be right down. Make the bed up..

Would ya?

Charna walks on, swaying her hips as she meanders down the beach a little ways to their gear. She looks back twice... Damien turns to Mariella.

DAMIEN

I just want Charna to take it easy -  
to go slow.  
Be careful Mariella.

MARIELLA

Well then you had best set about  
saving the world -  
I mean killing the rich rather quickly now,  
hadn't you?  
Like before she wakes up or gets killed.

DAMIEN

How can David risk being down here,  
saving our ass too?

MARIELLA

Everything is on autopilot now.  
The groups have their missions  
you know - cruising under  
their own momentum.

DAMIEN

Or like a runaway train about to crash.

She smiles and he touches her arm softly.

MARIELLA

I hope we are on a team together  
when it goes down.  
El fin del mundo! When Lorena cries.

They give a brief hug and Damien walks away toward Charna, looking back to Mariella only once. Charna cuddles up next to Damien and they lay watching the stars and the clouds go by. Waves crash onto the shore and the rocky coastline.

## DREAM # 10

They appear at the pond together, dressed to kill and armed for major battle: ammo clips, grenades, military packs, and an RPG or two.

The Prince and Princess of Death... (See Photo Gallery)

Kieran and the boy are there. The boy is looking down, solemn and withdrawn. Silently, Kieran is standing nobly, but perhaps troubled too.

Momentous winds stir from gentle to stronger in the crescent moon night.

Visions of Charna young, but older than at the time of her brother's death... Damien young, but older than at the time of his brother's death.

The bad boy is switching between the two boys... No words just feelings, the wind changing direction, their varied looks and flashes of Kieran pleading, and Damien and Charna pointing their weapons outward like they are being attacked.

Then they swing them slowly toward the boy and the Obelisk... and then scanning the perimeter, like commandos do. The boys' mothers are there momentarily - pleading and crying.

Suddenly Damien speaks in an unusual voice.

## DAMIEN

Open the windows, air out your homes,  
your egos: the monsters that try to  
capture and confine your selves.  
Appreciate what is before you.  
Be surreal and merge your dream images  
with your fears.  
Then you will find in them  
the power to act.

## CHARNA

Dreams are simply the flow of life  
into the night.

I'm here Loki, a black hole,  
a void like you.  
I am your Sister of the Darkness.

I think I know what this means.  
Our charm.

The Seals are all broken except  
for one. And that one will kill me.

You have broken me. I'll break you too  
and then we'll all be free or dead.

In the fire at Santa Barbara,  
I became a Death Angel to walk  
through the flames, to escape.

I'm ready to pay the price.

A view of Charna and Mariella zeroing in on a target through a scope on a big sniper rifle... Who is the target? What is it? We can't see...

A switch to the scenes of Charna running down the green hills in the beginning of movie - hunted and paranoid... The children playing in the sun, flashes of the whole journey and of other dreams.

They awake early in the morning to squawking seagulls and David.

He hands them a new pistol and a bag with ammo and some clothes.

DAVID

Go with Esteban, our friend.  
He'll get you to the tunnels.

Keep hunting. I hope I see you again

- I'm sure I'll read about you.

She smiles and gives him a small hug while sitting down...

CHARNA

Yes, sir!

They dress and pack quickly. Esteban's white van arrives for them. They put on veils and switch cars once. The new car drives a short distance and then pulls into a garage where the tunnel starts.

They walk out of a storefront into bright sunshine and dust. They follow Esteban down a twisting route through vendors and narrow alleys...

A drone comes down to drop a smaller one. Some gangsters see it:

GANGSTERS ON A ROOF

What the hell is that thing doing?

As the bay doors open on the aircraft to release the baby drone, they shoot it with a shoulder-fired Stinger missile and it crashes.

Quick cut away to the guy at the computer screen.

They enter another tunnel and while walking in the darkness we see a scene from a prison: Two guys passing coded notes and giving last goodbyes... Stuff being hidden and stuff being dug up or recovered from hiding places... around a prison.

They come out of the second tunnel into a large courtyard. It's subtle, subdued like Colombia - guards with guns, mostly hidden, are scattered in the corners. No one searches them.

An old man (a bit like the old Mexican at David's) waits for them in an arched pathway... Smiling slightly and nodding to them...

OLD MAN VIEQUES

Welcome...

CHARNA

Fadi Suliman, if you don't mind.

OLD MAN VIEQUES

That will do just fine.  
Besides I only see David  
my son-in-law when I look at you.  
You come highly regarded.

Your quarters are in the West Wing,  
Jasmine will show you the way.  
Here are some periodicos...

Charna glances at the headlines:

Vampire Killer Still Loose.

Another headline is:

Death Angel Appears in Prisons:  
Prisoners build shrines...

OLD MAN VIEQUES

The meeting will be at 9PM  
or when everyone arrives.

You can keep your weapons.  
The communication devices won't work here.  
It's a secure area.

A young Jasmine shows them down the hall, she opens a door and follows them into the room. The girl opens the curtains to show them a view to the sea and a parrot sitting in a tall tree outside A tree covered with Iguanas.

JASMINE

Some say that you are the Savior...  
Please try and find my brother -  
his children miss him.

They are holding and abusing  
a lot of gang members  
at El Centro Military Prison.

She hands a photo of the brother and a Prayer Card to Charna.  
Charna nods slightly and closes her eyes.

JASMINE

You're going to die aren't you?

(Music: Leonard Cohen?)

CHARNA

That's what I do - I live by the sword.  
My friend here, he's the magic!

Jasmine nods slightly like Charna did and closes her eyes. Her hand is still touching Charna's from handing her the photos. Jasmine turns and leaves and comes back a few minutes later with a bowl of fruit and a pitcher of water. Then she leaves. In Tijuana everyone is professional, ready and focused. Charna stays veiled the whole time until the middle of the big meeting.

We see scenes of various gang leaders and people driving, going through tunnels. More scenes at the prisons and snipers and others taking up positions, kids doing diversions, cut-off saws taking out power lines and bridges, and the kidnappings of prison guard chiefs' families, etc...

Views of Charna and Damien stretching, exercising and sparring ninja style - and a bit of Capoeira too.

Charna is reading over the text messages and her notes. She thinks about the dreams and we see some of her thoughts putting it all together. Finally, she tosses the notebook over onto a chair, takes off her clothes and jumps on Damien who is stretched out under the covers on the bed having just taken a shower - hair wet and clean.

CHARNA

I'm being bad jumping on you like this?  
I know that night - a long time ago...

DAMIEN

Last week?

CHARNA

SHHHH.  
I miss those days when it seemed clear,  
direct

DAMIEN

Intense...

CHARNA

No, it was sweet.  
My friend, my comrade in this ugly war.

They make love under the sheets (mostly). (Or like Alatraste, she is naked and sensually turned on.) Charna strokes his ears and then holds them tight staring at her friend.

CHARNA

I love you. I don't think  
we will see much more  
of each other  
- one way or the other.

A knock comes on the door and startles them some.

We see a scene - a vision. A young woman like Jasmine is hurriedly loading and unloading a gold-plated pistol. The woman takes out all six bullets, puts in four others, shuts the chamber and then opens it again and puts two of the other bullets back in, worried that he might check. We don't see that some are blanks.

Charna sees a vision that she has dreamed of... A gun going off right at her...

She pulls her gun and stands to the side of the door naked.

CHARNA

Who is it?

JASMINE

The old man invites you to dinner.  
just continue down the hall to the end.

They walk into the room and sit at a large table piled high with simple foods, carne asada, grilled onions and peppers, papaya, avocados, farmer cheese, tortillas, beans... menudo. Few words are exchanged. A short talk celebrating a big attack by the guerrillas in Colombia taking out a whole US brigade in the jungle.

Finally, Vieques holds up his glass of wine.

OLD MAN VIEQUES

A toast to those who know the rules...  
and when to break them!

Charna removes her veil for a second and gives him a big smile. Then she replaces the veil.

Vieques receives a letter, reads it. And then has it delivered over to Charna. She reads it and we see the words:

Commandante Sister S.A.:  
This letter serves as my authorization.  
Now you speak for me and for all of the  
East Barrio gangs.  
You work for us,  
we pay for your services, so do your job:  
Be our Leader.

Your suspicions are confirmed.  
Marie to arrive with proof  
and confirmation details.  
Wipe them out!

Signed: David/ Murta  
Feliz en Victoria: Fuck the Shades...

After a few more words about the weather, kids, and upcoming holidays; Vieques excuses himself.

Charna and Damien go back to their room.  
They check the time, change clothes and put on their weapons.

Then Charna sings:

CHARNA

If you knew your love would die today -  
would you change?  
If you saw love and the face of God...  
Could you change?

How good how bad does it have to get?  
What chain reaction will we get?  
How much would it take to have an effect?  
Make you want to Change...

How many losses, how much regret -  
If everything you need to know -  
Makes your life Unbearable,  
How would you change?

And she gives a little dance and ends up in his face saying the last few words, triumphant! They hold each other looking out the window and remembering good times - together and apart.

DAMIEN (In a 70's Sly  
and the Family" Stone" mode...)  
You've got the power!

CHARNA  
You cover the North and West walls  
- I'll point them out to make sure  
you don't get confused.

A large dim-lit room, old wooden furniture and a pool table in one huge corner of the conference hall. Nine gang bosses and a few associates are seated at the table when it is full with Marie's arrival. Bosses have one or two guards with them. About twenty-five people are in the large (30 by 70 foot) conference hall.

Charna sits next to Vieques at his motion. Damien takes a seat along the wall, about 30 degrees around from Charna. He is behind the Mara's back, sitting next to a couple of totally tattooed hulks.

They discuss events around the world and the plans for some of the prison attacks. Details are kept vague on purpose, but the general nature of some of the diversions and the pre-arranged hits are revealed. Then it switches to security issues and introductions. Marie enters the room wearing a veil and takes a seat across from Charna, and not far from Wayne.

Vieques hammers on the table and everyone gets quiet.

OLD MAN VIEQUES  
Now we are all here and the times  
are so momentous:  
Please each of you introduce yourselves  
and which groups you speak for.  
  
If you have important alliances  
with any group here or not here,  
I ask you to declare them.  
  
I know who is with whom, and if  
we are going to all fight together,  
I think everyone else deserves the truth  
and any explanations that might be  
necessary.  
  
It's up to each of you to decide  
what you say and whom you align with.  
But I promise you that truth  
and judgment sit in this room and no one,  
not even I, may ignore this.

## OLD MAN VIEQUES

Such are the times we are in:  
 We either stand together as brothers  
 or surely the fascists  
 and their allies will re-draw the world  
 again.

We'll start with me and go around.

This leaves Charna last in line for introductions. Some of the bosses shift uncomfortably and grumble. The guy next to Wayne speaks out:

## EL TORO

If we are all going to be brothers  
 and have no secrets,  
 I'd like it if these sisters here  
 would take off or at least  
 lower their veils - you know!

Vieques hammers the table again:

## OLD MAN VIEQUES

This is my house and I am taking  
 quite a risk bringing all you  
 hoodlums - you malditos - here.  
 (A pause...)

So, in the name of fairness,  
 I would ask those sitting  
 at the table who are veiled  
 to remove their veils  
 after they introduce themselves.

My name is Ramon Vieques Danillo,  
 I'm Italian and Mixtec.  
 I have run the Smuggling routes  
 and the money laundering operations  
 in most of Northern Mexico  
 since we wiped out Felix and his boys.

They were traitors working for the CIA  
 and the corrupt leaders of Mexico  
 - God bless their torture in Hell.

The gangs have always served  
 their roles as organizers  
 and outlets for the youth  
 who have no place  
 except as slaves  
 in the world of the rich.

## OLD MAN VIEQUES

But now you must see yourselves  
 as the army of the people  
 - because there is no other army  
 and no protection  
 for the people or for you  
 unless you unite.

## OLD MAN VIEQUES

I am aligned with the East Valley guns  
 through my son-in-law  
 David Soto-Danillo,  
 but I will work with anyone  
 who I can trust  
 and who pledges here today  
 to honor this war council.

The next guy is a chubby weathered Mexican - Salvadoran:

## MARAS

I am Marian Maras-Calderon.  
 I run the Central Valley  
 of California, the farm workers  
 and quite a few extortion and  
 kidnapping rings in Arizona, Juarez  
 and Hawaii - though our profits are down  
 a bit there since the US army  
 kicked everyone off the main islands.

I know many of you have heard  
 that I work with the Zetas  
 and even the Mafia in the Bay Area.  
 I'm a businessman  
 and with my diverse and spread out operations,  
 I have to work with a lot of scoundrels.

The fact is, I stand 100 percent  
 (cien por ciento) behind David and Ramon.  
 Don't fuck with the Maras!

A couple more guys speak - the Brothers of Medellin y Veracruz, the  
 main arms suppliers. But we barely hear them as Bjorkish/Cranberries  
 or some band rises in tempo and we see Marie looking at Charna and  
 nodding and Charna looking at Damien and nodding and Vieques  
 squeezing her hand under the table. (Like Kill Bill/Pulp Fiction)

Next up is Marie. She takes off her veil and Wayne and another gang  
 boss look a bit shocked.

## MARIE

My name is Marie Hearst.  
 I represent The Real Resistance  
 in Northern California and I have letters  
 of endorsement here from groups  
 all the way to Alaska.

You may not know it yet  
 but our forces have just seized  
 the armed forces command in most  
 of the Bay Area.

Most of the traitors and collaborators  
 have been killed or captured. Including...  
 well, you'll hear soon...

I don't think we will have  
 any more opposition.  
 With the war about to breakout  
 down in the South,

MARIE

I think the people will rally behind us  
and we will have  
a million soldiers in a month.

I stand with David, Ramon and  
the Angels of Anares because  
...we will win.

The next guy, a tall skinny Puerto Rican-Cuban, chews on his pencil  
and then taps it on the table a few times.

PEDRO

I'm Pedro with Prison Union.

He takes off his sunglasses that are covering half his face.

I spent 8 years in Folsom before Ramon,  
Senor Vieques,  
got me the fuck out of there.  
I've got a network within the guards,  
the administrators and the prison gangs.

If we don't make our move now,  
then my whole network will be dead.

You all know that something is happening  
and that it's big.  
We got to grab the bull -  
and the Bull-shitters -  
by the horns... tomorrow.

It's gonna happen anyway - and that means  
the government will assume  
that many of you are involved -  
so if you don't fight  
they'll be after you anyway.

Is that clear?

The next guy is Wayne's friend and the representative of the Felix-  
Castano Cartel that is actually a front for the Zeta Death Squads and  
their affiliated gangs in Mexico and California.

EL TORO

All this fancy talk. And we never needed  
any help from Alaska.

I'm all for this unity and  
the Prison Plan is great, except  
some of us think that we should let

EL TORO

... the prisons be a diversion  
while we wait a day to hit the city centers  
and the power plants.

That way many of the troops will be moved  
to the prisons.

The prison Union guy, Pedro, bristles and looks around.

Vieques interrupts with the hammer again:

OLD MAN VIEQUES  
 You didn't tell us whom you represent  
 Senor Toro.

There is intense silence... El Toro shifts in his chair, Charna blinks...

Wayne raises his hand and speaks:

WAYNE  
 Listen I can vouch for El Toro here.  
 We have a new alliance and we are  
 recruiting kids from all over So Cal  
 and in the prisons.

We both lost most of our friends and assets  
 in the war zones,  
 but we're back and ready to fight.

Vieques is about to insist again when we see Charna grabbing his hand  
 under the table and nudging his foot with her foot.

Next is Felipe Orazco:

ORAZCO  
 I'm a legitimate businessman,  
 the former Mayor of Nogales, Sonora.  
 I have worked with most of you,  
 reluctantly at times, in the past.  
 But the Past is the past, and the future  
 is not so bright.

My associates, mayors and former  
 political operatives, businessmen,  
 and leaders of communities; they want  
 a way out of this mess.  
 Some blame you - you radicals.  
 Some have given up and will probably  
 join the government if this fails.

I don't know. I want to trust  
 and believe in all of you.  
 I KNOW what hells you have been through  
 and that you rightfully blame many people  
 like me - people  
 who let politics slide  
 into the abyss...

But, but if you would stop fighting  
 among yourselves  
 and make peace, then truly  
 we might just win.

CHARNA  
 We will unite.  
 Some of us will see to that.

She stands up (the first to do this?) and lowers her veil slightly.

I am Charna A. The Death Angel...

Wayne. You never answered Ramon.  
Do you work for the Zetas?  
Are you a traitor - a spy -  
an assassin of friends?

Or just an opportunist?

El Toro stands up all huffy and says:

EL TORO

Who is this bitch, this white dog?

She got nothing on me... I fuckin work  
in my barrio - I got people,  
people who depend on me...

Marie reaches down to her side and tension rises. She pulls out a manila folder, pulls out the photos and slides them down the table away from El Toro towards the Chinese guy and the Brothers...

The other gang members look tense for a moment and look over the stuff. It looks like a shootout is imminent. When the photos get to Charna she glances at them and adds the letter from David. When the photos get to Wayne, Charna stands up and kicks her chair back and over. She takes a half step back and stands defiant with her arms crossed.

WAYNE

This don't prove nothing.  
You gonna start a war here,  
you gonna start a war  
right before the heat  
comes down on us?

CHARNA

You don't start a war with traitors  
- the enemy -  
you are already at war with them.  
But there won't be a war,  
I'm gonna kick your ass  
and your scum followers  
will be too humiliated  
to raise your banner again.

She jumps up on the table and says:

This is for Luiz, Nina and their friends  
you killed in that ambush.  
The one you planned for me.

Only someone working with the government  
could of pulled all of that off.  
Come on tough guy I challenge you.

CHARNA

I've got David's backing and  
your girlfriend's too.

Everyone turns to the wall where a woman pulls down her veil and we see it is a woman who looks just like Jasmine named Ashia.

Then a key Mexican guy, Jesus Martin, who was sitting between Pedro and Marie, leans over and acts like he wants to say something to El Toro. As El Toro leans forward, Jesus lets a gun slide down his sleeve and grabs El Toro's head and slams it to the table. At the same instant, Jesus' gun reaches El Toro's head.

JESUS

Yeah - Nice job Charna, everyone.  
We knew - or some of us suspected.

Charna walks across the table and stops near El Toro.

CHARNA

Wait - I want to show these two  
and any other traitors here.  
Who has the power - who is triumphant -  
and who really believes.

She flips over in an arc and grabs El Toro's hair and hauls him backwards over his chair and kicks Wayne brutally at the same time.

Vieques puts out his hands to the various guards and says:

OLD MAN VIEQUES

Hold your fire, let them fight.

Wayne is circling around behind her as El Toro tries a kick - but she easily avoids it and dumps him into Wayne. El Toro spills across the floor, but Wayne holds his balance and catches Charna's arm.

She spins out of his grasp and barely eludes a grab by El Toro.

She beats Wayne mercilessly tearing off his ear and smashing his teeth until he pulls a knife and she backs up as she hears El Toro's gun clicking and the sound of the blast filling the room.

Nothing happens. We see the golden gun from the vision.

He pulls the trigger three more times before Charna can spin and begin her leap. Slight shock and a flash of the Death Angel. El Toro looks really scared and furious.

EL TORO

She's a fuckin Devil - kill her.

JASMINE

Watch out!

On instinct Charna ducks and the next shot is real and hits Wayne in the head as he is swinging the knife. Then El Toro points the gun at Vieques and pulls one off before they all kill him. A single bullet grazes Vieques' shoulder - not too bad! Slight shock is on his face and they all see a flash of the Death Angel's majesty. A sniper in a window above the room shoots one of Wayne's guards in the head and

the others drop their weapons as another Vieques guard slides around a corner entrance with a large machinegun pointed at them.

Charna grabs the knife out of Wayne's dead hand and chops his head off. Then she rips off what is left of El Toro's head and holds them both up while she mumbles some words (Like in the rapist scene at the beginning).

CHARNA (Inaudible or?)  
I have forgiven...  
but I know what must be.  
I choose who will die  
and who will live -  
I am Destiny!

Charna tosses the heads over to the guard dogs and then returns to the table with the gang leaders. She clears her throat and sits down where El Toro had been. Everyone else is still standing - and the bodyguards are tense.

CHARNA  
Let' get down to business -  
its much easier without traitors  
lurking about -  
or pigs rooting ...and

She motions and they all sit down, except for one of the brothers of the Medellin-Veracruz Gang who leaves the room. Vieques signals to the guards.

They talk fast and direct about the prison breaks and the surprises - both ways. They make assignments and then they leave. We don't hear all of this as the camera roves around to Vieques, the bad guards being ushered out, and Marie looking around at Damien and at a few other guards.

Vieques is being attended to - but he motions another guy to bring over Charna. Damien comes over too. Eyes move around.

OLD MAN VIEQUES  
Don't worry, I have the finest Doctores.  
Tell David to go for it all,  
we are la Fuerza Unita,  
...La Raza Grande.

Ashia and Jasmine come over. Jasmine has more medicine and bandages. Ashia looks down and then speaks.

ASHIA  
I switched out most of the bullets  
with blanks,  
but I didn't have enough...  
I didn't know what to do.  
It was Jasmine's idea.  
I did it.  
I hated that pig (Puerco-Cochino)

Vieques touches her arm and they all just wait for a few seconds.

CHARNA  
We're leaving, there's a lot to do..

Scenes of packing and lots of cellphone calls from both of them - the jammers have been turned off. Even going back through the tunnels there are a lot of calls and text messages with their green glow in the dark tunnel...

They stop by a truck where Marie is loading a mortar and a rocket launcher. No words, just hugs and long looks and little smiles.

Charna emails an artist's drawing of a picture of her father to David. They send it around and try to test it on various search engines.

In Tijuana we see Jasmine holding a printed-out note from David:

Agent S.A.:  
The prison warden at El Centro is  
General Anares, also known as  
Two Star General Tennington; Opus Dei.

He's a really evil guy -  
we hear all of these rumors.  
Can you help with this one.  
It's all set for tomorrow.

Scenes fly by: cars, veils, no veils, trucks and busses - people getting on and getting off.

Charna just looks at Damien:

DAMIEN  
Here we go...

They get out of a car at a run-down truck stop and get into the back of a covered one ton truck with an open back end. She leans on Damien and pulls a blanket over her self and falls asleep. So does Damien.

#### Final Asleep Dream # 11

Her dad is speaking with Nina at a prison. She sees visions of her self and Damien suffering from abandonment at 12 and 14 years of age. She realizes almost everything that is going on around them and the world.

Standing between the two great trees, she faces away from the Obelisk that rises behind her. Light pulses around her outline.

CHARNA  
God, it's true.  
Damien tried to tell me.  
Our brothers died on the same day.  
How weird!  
Michael killed by a fall,  
and Damien's brother,  
what was his name? From fire...

I know why Michael died.

CHARNA

But Damien's brother,  
a victim of political arson?

What does it mean?

My Dad? Abusive to everyone.  
That, that Cornel,  
Cornel Faustine!

God, been blocking it all out.  
I better find that girl.

A vision strikes her of Damien in trouble, bomb going off.

My Lover, my death.

It switches to Kieran. Then she is walking or reaching - for the boy.

A VOICE (Death Angel type)  
He is lost - let him go.

DAMIEN (voice only?)  
I love You, because I love you.

Then back to the beginning of the story at the bombing of Santa Barbara and Kieran's death. The obelisk looms. Memories are flashing back - whereas usually they are flashing forward.

Then to her childhood, that fateful day, she sees her brother turn his head to her as he steps between her and her father that day General Anares, her father, tried to rape her. And killed her brother Michael.

MICHAEL: CHARNA'S BROTHER (14-years-old)  
I love you CHARNA.

CHARNA'S DAD  
You piece of shit!

Charna and Damien (who switches back and forth to Kieran) are talking and she holds her head - aching.

Now they are on a small hill overlooking the Icy Pond. The weather is crisp. Things feel frigid. Light and dark are gathering and dividing.

CHARNA  
This is where it all ends:  
my search for the magic  
in my dreams and in the memories.

DAMIEN  
What's the magic, CHARNA?  
Who am I?

What have you done to me?

CHARNA

Moi?  
You've been through enough with me  
that I know you feel it.

What do you see?

DAMIEN (Looking down at the Pond)  
It's the same scene as  
the last time we were here:  
Kieran, your Brother, my Brother.

CHARNA

Look closer at my Brother,  
what's inside of him?

DAMIEN

Charna, I can't,  
I'm starting to get dizzy.

CHARNA

Good, now tell me what you see.

DAMIEN

There is something inside of there,  
a Shadow.

CHARNA

My Shadow, unless I'm wrong  
about everything.

My fears that I thought I didn't have;  
delusions I could never identify,  
everything that I pushed away  
cause it didn't fit. In order to survive.

What's my brother's name?

DAMIEN

Michael

CHARNA

How did you know that?  
I never told you.  
I never mention his name.

DAMIEN

I read it somewhere, I guess.

CHARNA:

But what about you Damien?  
Where is your Shadow?

DAMIEN

My shadow was in the boy too  
or one of the boys, I don't know.

CHARNA

Don't you remember your own dreams?

You don't have to face  
 your Shadow, like most people.  
 It's all pure and full of joy,  
 all of the good things that you have  
 hidden away so that you can be tough  
 - like your father.  
 That is where your heart is.  
 "Give it to her when she asks."  
 That's what you told me.  
 Except you were young  
 or it's the nature of dreams to trick  
 because I think your shadow is in your heart,  
 not the other way.

The Charm glows with Damien's warmth.

And that's where the Charm is too,  
 or it better be.

DAMIEN

But why is my brother here,  
 if he isn't my shadow or my delusion?

CHARNA

I don't know - it must be connected  
 to my Dad.  
 I'll just have to kill them all  
 and then you can fix it with the magic.

DAMIEN

Oh, great Charna.

CHARNA

You'll see.

DAMIEN

We have triggered something Charna.  
 The magic - I don't know what it is  
 - but I feel it.  
 It's connected to you, my Death...

CHARNA

The magic is violence -  
 another word for action.  
 It comes from dark bargains  
 that you don't wanna know about.

Or sometimes, sometimes the magic  
 comes from a pure heart; a heart  
 that wants what has to be done.  
 Wants it so much - so simply  
 - that it just has to happen.

Your magic is the fusion  
 of the pure self  
 and the pure shadow.

CHARNA

The white magic of truth - of art -  
 mixed perfectly with the black magic  
 of a calculated terror of our  
 primal resistance.  
 You are waiting to pour out  
 across the world  
 to change everything...  
 to catalyze reactions...

The white light and the black light  
 - the original and the inverted.  
 FUSION and POWER!

And I am waiting for you.  
 I am.

DAMIEN

What if things aren't what you think  
 Charna... Are we tricking ourselves,  
 is something else using us?

CHARNA

Not about the magic. You have it!

DAMIEN

That may be so, I don't trust it.

CHARNA

Damien

She looks at his eyes that are now glowing slightly blue - shifting  
 to violet.

Your Eyes!

DAMIEN

What is illusion?  
 What is a copy of something?  
 Our dreams, our connections with them?

Is it like the Matrix, that old movie?  
 Are we just hooked up to test tubes  
 dreaming all of this?

CHARNA

NO!  
 This is worse. Our bodies are free,  
 It's our minds that are fucked,  
 and controlled.

We can't save the boy,  
 but we can undo some of his evil.  
 My evil that I created  
 in order to kill!  
 We can undo that.  
 I'm sure of it.

Escape myself - free the shadow.

DAMIEN

My brain can't figure any of this out.  
My intuition tells me that  
we don't have much choice.  
So, I guess I'll follow my heart.

CHARNA

You will have to come back here  
someday.  
Or wherever the Death Angel  
calls you to.

DAMIEN

Set me a seal upon my heart.

CHARNA

As a seal upon my arm.

Now give me your heart.  
It can't handle what you have to do.

She pulls him closer, kisses him hard and looks in his eyes for a minute. He squeezes her as he feels something moving inside his shirt and then it is over. He looks troubled and concerned, but he rises and picks her up from off of the ground. He spins her around a few times with her heels kicked up and flying around.

CHARNA

Sow the wind "Oh Magic One",  
I'll sow the whirlwind!

DAMIEN

For love is as strong as death.  
Use it wisely!

CHARNA

Let's beat death  
while we are still alive.

DAMIEN

The Prince and Princess of Love

CHARNA

and Death...

DAMIEN

So close...

CHARNA

We set things on fire!

Damien sees the tattoo of his heart on Charna's arm. A bracelet of woven design graces the heart. For a second he imagines that he sees a Black Swan under the skin.

Fires and explosions at various places around the cities.

Scenes from a prison: one of the Mexican guys she recruited on the first van at the beginning and someone from Nina's gang. Prisoners are killing a guard and changing into guard clothes, passing weapons.

The El Centro Prison is east of San Diego in desert hills. In spite of the relaxed happy atmosphere, whenever they are with the gangs there is a contrast, an uneasiness, and a pain because people are missing or injured... They are all silently missing loved ones.

Against this feeling is the feeling that everyone is tight and totally together - at least for now!

Shots splice in of snipers taking out guards and a diversion at a nuclear power plant. One of the assault team members is Murta - Old Man Vieques' daughter.

In another scene we see Mariella at a Women's Prison aiming the same sniper rifle that Charna thought they had lost when the white convertible got nabbed by the cops.

Damien flashes to Mariella surrounded by US military and then it looks like she dies. Another dream of Mariella where Damien is thinking of her and kissing her.

He is looking into her face and says:

DAMIEN

All the things that could have been...

And then she turns into Charna.

Other teams and people we have seen are pulling triggers on suicide bombs. A cop-torturing scene after a sudden break-in at a police station.

A PUNK GANGSTA

Fuck the pigs  
and all the pig people.  
Find the traitors and do them in...

Cutoff saws being used on a tower and then the saw is loaded into a truck.

Riding away from San Diego with a few busses and trucks, Charna wakes up to hear that Nina is talking to Damien about Colombia and her youth.

NINA

I had my first lover in Puerto Asis  
when I was 14.  
He was 17 and worked making coca base  
in a crude pit outside of town  
along the river where the drug boats  
came every week.

My friend's mind was in turmoil  
over his relationship with me:  
a brutal cold-blooded assassin.  
When I would leave to kill a mayor  
or a priest, he would shudder.  
He would start to reach out to me,  
but he would stop at what he saw in my eyes.

When I would flirt with other guys  
and get them to do one of my contracts for me,

NINA

his emotions would accelerate wildly  
as they rushed at the brick wall reality  
of the situation.

I knew it would hurt and I loved him -  
his loyalty, his patience.  
I didn't want to hurt him anymore.  
He was beginning to give up,  
to think that I had no respect for human life,  
that all I cared about  
was some money for clothes and CDs.

I worked for the AUC Death Squads  
funded by cocaine and the USA  
for a year before switching  
to the leftist FARC guerrillas.  
It's true that both sides fight  
mostly for money. But, you know what,  
the guerrillas are much nicer  
and much more sincere about life.  
They don't fight for the big rich bosses...  
they fight for ideals too  
and that is something.

Charna stretches her arms out again and looks around.

NINA

We're talking about childhoods  
and our first crimes.  
Wanna join in?

Charna nods and rubs her eyes again.

DAMIEN

What was it like growing up  
without a father?  
Did your mom have a boyfriend?

Flashes of bad things go by: Her Dad's face turning into a beast.

CHARNA

I had my friend Marie - sometimes we would  
stay up all night listening to Dad's  
old short wave radio learning  
about the world  
and how much they hated the USA.

During the first Invasion of Iran  
we practiced with our slingshots  
on the windows of mansions.  
At night we would sneak out  
and spray paint revolutionary  
or Jihad graffiti.

Once we even taped a big firecracker  
on the bedroom window of an FBI  
supervisor's house...

And I had my cat Sully.  
We loved watching her stalk mice  
and moths...

The scene cuts to them driving and looking out the back of the truck.

Other trucks are arriving at a town near the prison.

They go through the costumes in the truck and Charna dresses like an old lady and Damien puts on the priest outfit.

Nina gets a call on her cell phone, she listens and then says:

NINA

We'll take care of it.

NINA (To CHARNA and Damien)

You see those two prison vans,  
well one of them has our driver in it.  
But the other one,  
well the driver we wanted  
didn't show up  
so it's a real prison guard  
and we don't have time to bribe him.

CHARNA

You go for his gun,  
and I'll finish him off.

Damien and Charna leave the van separately and then converge on the van where the guard is standing by the driver's door.

DAMIEN

Young man can you help me.  
There's an old lady  
I'm taking to the prison  
and I can't find her.

The guy looks gruffly at Damien, and is about to brush him, off.

DAMIEN

Oh, my God there she is.

As he turns his head Damien grabs the security guy's gun while Charna stabs him in the heart, twisting the knife decisively. They push the body back into the van and a new driver shows up. I.D's and passengers are sorted and organized. Nina makes a final phone call and then they are off driving toward the prison. They dump the body off just out of town.

Riding in the truck Damien asks Charna again about the magic.

DAMIEN

Why aren't I more nervous?  
I have no idea  
what you want me to do.

CHARNA

From knowing you I would say  
that you're a peripheral prophet.  
You see the edge effects,  
the things that will go wrong  
or change in a situation, a plan...

Maybe Love,

DAMIEN

What CHARNA?

CHARNA

No I meant Love - maybe love  
can be your power in the end.  
You are not so torn and damaged  
like me.

You might make love grow  
in strange places  
and in unexpected people.

Maybe you can turn love into a weapon.  
It's the most powerful one,  
but few have mastered it.  
Guns are so much easier.  
And besides, every revolutionary  
is motivated by love.  
And love and hate are just parts  
of the same - remember?

DAMIEN

You're not helping much.

CHARNA

You take risks but you are  
pretty balanced.  
Don't let the magic overpower  
and you'll be OK.

Right partner?  
I told you once  
in front of David and Murta,  
that I don't need you...

I was still testing you  
and playing games...  
Sorry, but you know:  
The truth is that you  
don't need me.  
We have done it all...  
And If I'm gone...

DAMIEN

Charna!

CHARNA

Check it out.  
Even without your heart,  
you're attached to me!

Damien kind of frowns and moves his head back and forth then he  
smiles and they tickle and laugh a bit.

They drive through the prison gates with only a cursory check.

Inside the visiting center people are waiting in line for visitation.

An old lady with knitting needles sits down near the door to the guards' office.

A pregnant woman suddenly goes into labor and a prison medical crew comes out to help her.. Visitors continue to visit.

Charna looks at her watch: 30 seconds to go. People move into position. A guard comes to the visitor entrance door and calls a name.

At the same time a little boy sticks a toy on the counter by the information window. The toy is a suction device that looks like Donald Duck.

The van's guards are walking into the building carrying a large bag. Charna moves to the visitor door and the guard asks for her ID. He asks her for the knitting needles, just before she stabs him in the neck.

We see a scuffle break out in the guardroom. Then some of the guards hit the floor as the Donald Duck explodes. Charna distracted slightly by the explosion didn't see that the guard still lived and had grabbed his gun. She kicks the gun away and sticks another knitting needle in the guard's neck and slams her foot into his chin.

Everyone moves fast getting weapons from the dead guards and from the big bag just brought in. Charna moves down the hallway as good guards come out another door. Everyone is wearing green armbands.

She asks one of the good guards:

CHARNA  
I need a guide to the Warden's Office  
and this team needs to get  
to the communications center.

He nods and grabs a few people to help and then sends others off on different missions.

Inside the prison, throats are being quietly slit with the help of good guards. A group that looks like prisoners is being moved by several guards toward the communications control center.

A large explosion ignites and then the mortar shells start landing. Charna and the other team are moving down the hall when they see guards at a main security gate. Suddenly the guards start shooting at them and a few people get hit.

The communications team uses their anti-tank missile to take out the gate and everyone around it.

In the prison everything is under the control of the Resistance Network. A large hole is blown in one of the walls and trucks arrive to begin loading prisoners. Others are just running out into the desert. A chopper comes and starts shooting but ground fire soon brings it down.

The two teams move forward and then are about to split up for their separate missions.

NINA

That was easy!

CHARNA

Too easy.  
Most of the senior officers  
are gone and...  
There should of been more choppers by now.

NINA

We'll have the Com Center in a few minutes,  
maybe the inside people already  
took it out and that has slowed  
the response down?  
And the cell phone jammers.  
Though satellites are probably  
still working,  
I don't know... It does feel abandoned.

You're creeping me out, Charna.

CHARNA (to Nina)

Seize it but don't blow it all right away.  
I've got an idea.

Sounds of gunfire are dying out and Nina's team moves off down the hallway to the command center.

BAM BAM AAA BAM BAMMM.

An older secretary comes running down the hall hysterical.

SECRETARY

You gotta save them,  
he's gonna kill them  
before he leaves.

CHARNA

Slow down lady. Where's the Warden's Office?

SECRETARY

It's at the end of the hall.  
But to the right is where he keeps  
the sex slaves...  
Help them, it's terrible what he does.

Charna listens at the door and then backs up and crashes through, shooting the guy inside in the hand, his gun hand. The team behind her enters as one movement and secures the room. One bad guard is beat up and another is shot running down the hall after a few seconds.

Damien is at the other door breaking it down and freeing two women and a girl to the guards.

Charna dismisses her guards and stalks her dad around the large office. He is holding his hand and acting sheepish with his big eyes reaching for her.

CHARNA

My, my I wasn't expecting you here.

GENERAL ANARES  
 Funny, I have been expecting you...  
 ever since the headlines.

She looks down gathering her thoughts and then he springs over the table whipping out a large knife as he comes.

Something goes wrong with her pistol and her knitting needles fly again: Karate style. She knocks the knife away with one arm while the other deals the General a nasty blow to the side of his head sending him into a closet door. He spins but she kicks him back and pins his good hand to a doorframe with a knitting needle stuck through it and buried into the wood frame.

Damien and a guard come rushing in, but Charna dismisses them.

Damien stays. He looks at Charna who is examining the smallish cut on her arm.

DAMIEN  
 What doesn't kill ya,

CHARNA  
 Makes us stronger  
 Her Dad's office is slowly turning into and overlaying the Icy Pond scene. There is a hint of a talk, a threat and a promise.

GENERAL ANARES (Her Dad)  
 I'm not really even your Dad.  
 Your mother was such a whore!

CHARNA  
 Sorry Dad or ex-Dad,  
 but the only whore that I detest  
 IS THAT ONE THAT YOU MARRIED  
 - THE MILITARY!

GENERAL ANARES  
 You suspect don't you?

CHARNA  
 What are you talking about.  
 I suspect everything about you  
 and people like you?

GENERAL ANARES  
 Don't you wonder why it was so easy  
 to take over the prison?  
 Usually we have twice as many guards  
 and choppers everywhere?

CHARNA  
 It's probably all the diversionary attacks  
 we have going on  
 all over your little Empire...

But she has doubt on her face...

## GENERAL ANARES

Who have you been looking for Charna  
- my little assassin?  
And why are you looking so hard?

Because they - WE - bombed  
your little uprising...  
in Santa Barbara?

We were waiting for that day  
- for you and your precious Kieran.  
Just like we waited for this day...

## CHARNA

Youu, you! - It was you I've been  
hunting this year.  
And your doing it again aren't you...

Bombing us.

And he laughs a deep and evil laugh...

Then they are no longer in the office or it switches back and forth  
to the pond.

The pond is now almost completely white with snow and ash falling and  
everything dead and stiff - frozen in place and time. Damien speaks  
then and slowly there is a warming, a different light and Charna  
feels the sun on her cheeks.

They turn from the pond to the Obelisk where her father hangs from a  
crystal spike in his hand.

## DAMIEN

Mr. Anares,  
I love your daughter very much.  
I love what she fights for  
and I love her attitude to life...  
and death.

But you underestimate her and our love.  
You could never understand anything true.

## DREAM WALKING

Damien and Charna approach The Obelisk by the pond. Its shadow looms  
above them. The Boy is there and acting very strange.

## CHARNA

You have to go now.  
...We can't save you.

## DAMIEN

We can't.

## CHARNA

Damien keep the windows open,  
keep the connections alive.  
Use the Magic.

Three small dead bodies lay on the ground and flames rise up around them. Charna is burning and then out of the dream walking. She speaks to Damien or perhaps the world.

CHARNA

Don't you see, I am you.  
We are all responsible for each other  
and ourselves.

We are dreaming each other in a way.  
There is no Icy Pond,  
All of this is just our cold  
and lonely feelings... our abandonment.

Without Damien I could not  
control these fantasies.  
When you know of a trap,  
it's a good time to trap the trappers.  
To do what has to be done.

"Protect the magic"  
Damn I'm gonna let it loose  
with fury and love!

Yes, dream brother, we can feast  
on all the death and those to come -  
without conscience or consequence.  
It is set now.

Different visions of her father over the years and now nailed to the door and also burning at the base of the obelisk - or smashed...

These things of evil - the Greater Ones -  
and the ones that we have fashioned,  
they will kill and great suffering will ensue.  
But they cannot kill everything  
of love or of faith!

There are barriers,  
but we are today beyond them.  
We are pure.

Two things are happening simultaneously. It's like there are two Charnas. Motion and feelings start to overlap. She is moving forward and backward toward the boy at the window.

The Bad Boy tries to get in the way and she goes right through him. The bracelet falls to the stone altar.

She begins to leap and her dad turns toward her threat as he is reaching for the boy. She slices his throat as all three of them crash out through the window...

They smash to the ground artistically in a pattern at the base of the very tall obelisk.

She is looking back and forth like she has to choose between her brother and the bad boy. Is it delusion? Is it a choice between Damien's life or victory?

One of the bodies rises up while burning... For a moment Charna's face starts to look like a Swan's.

CHARNA

Damien don't let go of this.

Damien realizes he understands something novel. Reality depends on the order of things, of the way that they are received. He grabs Charna's arm and pulls her around.

DAMIEN

If I start from my brain  
and then use love or feelings  
to understand our dilemma,  
this scene,  
then I get a certain result.

If I start with my heart  
and use my brain to guide,  
I end up somewhere else.

Hold my hand Charna.  
Breathe deep at the same time.

They do this and Damien says,

I don't know how I know this,  
but you have said it all.  
It's in between your words  
or the Death Angel's.

Just reorder them.  
Reorder the past.

Stress is starting to show on Damien, but she finds it quite comical or musing.

A REORDING FLASHES by and they look around, nothing happens. The Icy Pond grows darker and a yellow glowing light remains only around them at the obelisk.

CHARNA

To pay the price, to change the past.

Or to save lives, always requires  
giving a life or many .

I have freed myself from my shadow  
by giving my life.

Let me release the shadow  
from your heart.

She clutches at her chest.

CHARNA

Return to the things themselves...

## DAMIEN

I feel that thing you say is  
inside of everything.  
The gap that you talk about,  
it's closing.  
But I don't know what it is.

## CHARNA

Damien, you have to want this,  
to want information  
from a walking talking General Anares,  
more than anything in the world.

More than me or heaven.

I don't want to die for nothing.  
Do it!

Damien closes his eyes and starts crying. He sees a dead woman, Cornel Faustina. Then for a moment he is between this dead woman and General Anares.

Charna clutches her chest/heart (or Damien's actually) and drags the corpse of her dad, that she has just killed twice, back into the world of the prison warden's office.

The Dream World swirls around them and we see the last leaves of the dying twin trees falling down into the pond. Some of the leaves are frozen and suspended in the air as the light dims at the pond.

Charna closes the eyes shut of the two remaining boys at the obelisk. Charna and Damien's brothers have found peace.

A weird flash back pops up. Damien is holding her dad, the General, from behind and looking out from a tall rotating skyscraper. He watches Charna at the obelisk closing the boy's eyes.

They are all back in the office of the prison warden.

Damien has to sit down, but he keeps one hand firmly on the General's shoulder and the other on the arm of the pale and dead Cornel Faustina.

The General sitting calmly at the chair straightens up for a minute. He looks like he has love in his eyes. As he turns to look at Faustina we see his slashed neck and bits of fat and muscle hanging out. The other ghost of the General hangs from the door where she stabbed him with the knitting needle. This general's hair is burned and frizzy now.

Charna's head is aching in the dream still and she holds it, shaking herself...

She has a last vision of a US Army Bradley coming at them on a road. A glimpse of her father pleading... a black guy standing over her... her Dad glaring, Mom crying, a toy run over...

The boots...

DAMIEN

Do it Charna. They aren't real...  
or they aren't supposed to be.

CHARNA

It will be done.

She says this both in and out of the dream with a kind of echo. The Charna still in the dreamland steps into the office. She walks over to the body hanging from the doorframe and then she looks out the window at the prison courtyard and the smoke and chaos.

Tell him what to do:  
high and low level email and  
voice mail broadcasts of  
Override Warnings to evacuate...  
and the codes.

The General is smiling a weird smile and a beautiful vision of Faustina appears and he mumbles her name. Damien looks relieved for the first time in while.

Faustina and General Anares look into each others' eyes and she strokes the hair above his ears gently.

Charna dials her cell phone as she looks around the room at everyone.

CHARNA:

Hello, Nina; Nina Base...

NINA

Yes Base, go ahead.

Charna comes around to the computer at the warden's desk.

CHARNA

Hook up computer 116664242.  
Copy and re-broadcast this everywhere.

Damien just keep talking to him  
until we get this hooked up.

Charna is typing on the computer and reading Anares' mind as she gets through codes and firewalls. Nina is suddenly on the computer screen smiling and gives the OK sign with her fingers. Charna turns the computer toward Anares and Damien grips the General's shoulder tighter.

Anares face looking quite clean and dapper is on the computer screen that is popping up on security monitors everywhere.

Faustina (Speaking Damien's words)

Revoke your orders, tell them it was a mistake.  
Evacuate!

GENERAL ANARES

Command Order 669 Revoked.

YES, evacuate all prisons and  
cooperate with the inmates.  
A mistake has been made.

Repeat evacuate prisons.

We see Marie sweaty and bruised at a major communications center and a row of satellite transmitters standing by.

Charna turns to her Dad.

CHARNA

I doubt whether you understand  
what you have done,  
all this damage and death.  
There were options you fool.

You rich and powerful  
could have slowed it down.  
Saved some kids...  
those poor young people.

Does that make you feel good,  
do you care? Did you ever?

So proud of your country, its strength  
and the glory of war.  
The honor of beating up on defenseless  
and backward places.

Of course the world's a bit  
more complicated than we can discuss  
here, in this life.

You like a complex world  
of many shaded grays  
and shadows and lies...  
a foreign policy based on  
maintaining regions in chaos  
so that you can intervene  
when it is opportune...

That's how I realized that the moderates  
were the real enemy -  
the enemy of hope and life!

So, I guess I need to thank  
some of you fascistas  
for showing me the light.

She holds him by the throat with incredible strength. Harshly into his face, close up, she tells him her thoughts.

You have to do what is right,  
even if it hurts you  
or those close to you.

You have to know that what you are doing  
is necessary, important, well chosen.  
You have to inspire others.  
You have to find a way to make sense  
- if no one else does.

CHARNA

We have to pass something on to others,  
the next generation,  
the world the hope .

People should have studied  
their criminal skills more  
and gotten into that mindset.

GENERAL ANARES

(Coming to, back to his evil self)

You can dish it out just so,  
can't you Charna?  
But you can't take shit no you cannot.  
You get all flustered, angry, lost...

Then dreams come back. She sees herself lighting the Bad Boy and the others on fire. Another boy sits up burning. She barely notices Damien shaking her arm.

CHARNA

Shut up! You're dead mother fucker.

DAMIEN

Charna we have to go. Tie him up.

The ceiling speakers blare a warning to evacuate. She handcuffs her Dad to a big desk and shoots the computer and then the monitor. She says her final words to him.

CHARNA

You will die again and again  
until all of the people like you  
are gone.

HER DAD: GENERAL ANARES

But still, it's true Charna,  
you are me or a part of me...  
My little girl, my little slut!

Damien pulls her away from the room. She seems in a daze.

As she stumbles out of the building we see an enemy sniper zeroing in on her, but the sniper is shot by a Resistance sniper and the shot goes wide. As Charna gets up off of the dirt, her cell phone falls down.

The final prison scene. They are running through smoke as bullets fly very near them and other people get hit. She hears a sound coming from a door that people are pounding on. She shoots the lock and they pour out into the smoky courtyard. She sees a lady who had earlier asked her to free her boyfriend. And pushes her to run.

A garbage truck rams out through a nearby gate and the last people run for it.

A friendly chopper comes to get a few people and a surface-to-air missile hits a police chopper and then a military one too. More explosions everywhere and moving toward the prison.

The Resistance keeps trying to text message or call Charna when they get confirmation on her father's ID (Agent 747P) and his position.

Anares is Tennington and Tenneford.  
Repeat...

But it is too late at the prisons. The message flashes in the dirt and then her cellphone is destroyed by a boot.

Charna and Damien get outside the prison walls.

They stop a few hundred feet from the walls by a small shrubby tree on a slight rise looking back. They kiss and hug.

A flash of the Death Angel rising... that we have seen before at the beginning. The boy she killed accidentally in Sacramento...

A broad vista of green hills behind Charna and ruined cities spreading out down toward the valley and the ocean in the distance.

Smoking trash piles are evident a few miles away and become more frequent towards the Control Zones.

CHARNA  
I've made it this far.  
Now we'll see.  
It's easier in the cities.

Damien is shaking her arm, shaking her out of the daze.

An open-back jeep truck swerves over to them and stops.

Charna and Damien are staring blankly at each other

DAMIEN  
Come on Charna, I'm not gonna loose you  
after all that.

She sees a flash from the past of Marie getting on the bus in San Diego saying:

MARIE (voice or dream vision)  
I'll se you at the Stanislaus,  
Springtime.

They get in the back of the truck and it speeds off.

They are wiping the dust out of their eyes and looking around in the wind. Charna is the only one to see the three Bradley Fighting Vehicles (or Strykers) coming down a road perpendicular to them. She sees the small bridge that they will have to cross to get at them.

One of the Bradleys starts firing its 50-caliber guns at them.

She hops right out of the back of the truck. She runs back a hundred feet as Damien notices she is gone.

Charna starts firing at the enemy...

The truck driver doesn't really know what is going on. Damien looks back at her and starts to jump out when a guy grabs him.

A friendly chopper is zeroing in on the Bradleys, but too late.

Charna is shot, cut down...

She falls to her knees still firing and then she is pulling a grenade pin as the Bradley approaches the bridge.

Damien turns around. One Bradley is smoking, another is burning and crashed into the slightly collapsing bridge.

An unrelated Bradley is zeroing in on Charna, close up.

He sees Charna's face coming toward him and he hears words.

CHARNA

Find them, all of them.  
No mercy, no prisoners.

Damien struggles again and jumps out of the truck to go back. A shadowy view of a Black Swan rises gigantic behind everything. The shiny charm glints.

Then the bombs from the Air Force high altitude bombing blast land. They take out nearly everything... dust and smoke and flames spread outward and echo.

Damien lays on the ground looking up at the sky and sees the Death Angel.

DEATH ANGEL (Now a disguised Charna)

She bought time for everyone.  
For you to get away!

Just like Kieran did for Charna  
at Santa Barbara.  
Just like you will do,  
if you go now.

GO! Find them!

Damien gets up off the ground from where the blast had sent him and is dragged back on the truck by his friends.

The truck just keeps driving over the hill out into the desert.

Slow flashes of her and him: children, separate lives, and then the hills and the hotel rooms... love...

And killing the already dead Boy!

Charna at the Pond singing, alone, but it's a little sunnier than last time...

CHARNA (or some female singer)  
 Make No Mistake,  
 Make no mistake of my intentions.  
 Your arms I seek...

I have tried to run away.  
 But I am so alone when we are apart.  
 I don't want to stop.  
 It might change my memory.  
 I am what I am. I'll do what I'll do.  
 But I can't hide.

I won't go. I wont sing. I can't breathe  
 until you're here with me...

Don't want to call MY FRIENDS.

THEY MIGHT WAKE ME FROM THIS DREAM.

Narration as Credits roll.

I want to hold the hand inside of you.  
 To see the truth or nothing.  
 You live your life and see shadows.

Into your darkness I return.  
 I think it is strange without U.

Loose your eyes at what's not there.

Yeah, strange you never knew  
 all of that certainty  
 that they clung to  
 and depended on.

The resolve to die...

You're going to die aren't you?

Charna gives Damien back his heart.

Thuuump!

She is burning and singing:

If the water should cut my mind,  
 Set me free,  
 I don't care,

We are like water

And bowing Japanese style

Charna raises her arms replicating the Reiki like movements she did at the ritual beheading of the rapist and again with Wayne. A line of decapitated heads smiles.  
Waves are lapping a shoreline.

Black Swans fly by and into the sun. Charna rises up becoming a Swan and the bracelet Damien wove her is on her ankle.

Ending with the song at the beginning:

CHARNA (Voice)  
You have been perfecting  
murder for centuries...

I have forgiven...  
but I know what you must do.  
I choose who will die  
and who will live.

I am Destiny!

Damien sees the spot where Charna died. The heart and bracelet tattoo rise up from the body and fade in the smoke..

MARIE IS STANDING ON A BRIDGE, AND A MAN (DAMIEN) APPROACHES HER.

Cities, Cars, Cattle... Forest Fires , Death Angel Spinning atop pinnacles, clouds, ruins.

All of you who know: That You are like water;  
who feel that you are betrayed:  
You, who think that this thing called a life -  
your life - The life that the rulers have sold you;  
How that life is toxic shit bound for evil.

If you are tired of being conned,  
shorn like a sheep and stripped of your decency  
and your honor...  
Well, where is your humanity or your noble beast...  
Does nothing stalk your heart.

And what happened to your Shadow?

Come along then,  
And follow the way of Charna and Damien,  
an odd couple, a solitary team...  
Follow them as they sow fear in the hearts  
of their enemies. Set one against another  
in a storm of precision bloodletting.  
Follow them... and you will surely embrace Me...

We'll stab their funny bone as we slit their  
throats,  
Whose throats?  
Ah, that's the question isn't it...  
Whose throats to slit... Who deserves to live,  
... and who deserves to die...

Flames, battles and women with veils looking on...

## **THE: E N D (END)**

### **WORDS SCROLL BY**

Some things just never change no matter what  
happens. No matter the risks...

I keep trying to tell you  
that We Are Not Trying To Save the World!  
It's been too late for that for decades!  
Especially given how fearful and timid  
most people are. The liberals and the  
moderates,  
they killed the world with their lies and  
double-talk.  
No, at this point in the sad tragic history  
of humans, we are just trying to die  
with some dignity and honor.

There is always some hope that an honorable  
legacy  
- a noble sacrifice - can shape the future  
and inspire others to think more clearly than  
we were able to.

One goal we might accomplish is to stop the  
rich from profiting from the end of the world  
- and at least to stop them from enjoying it in  
their drugged-out bliss - Killing Serenity!

And we are not trying to build a perfect  
or even successful alternative world.

We do hope that people in Liberated Zones find  
a way to live that maximizes their military  
capabilities, and this must include morale  
and social cohesion.

In a war sustainability means short-term  
survival.

All of the climate-chaos-sabotage on the planet  
orchestrated by the governments of the rich,  
makes real peace and alternative experiments  
meaningless - if you don't survive  
to defend them!

People who ignore these concepts are  
purposefully  
not making sense - they are sick or evil.

The Truth is that because you didn't support politicians that advocated helping the poor (only the Utopian Greens and the Communists really did, but only for a while... Not the Democrats!) You end up voting to kill these millions of people with your ignorance and your allowance of evil policies...

A Voice faintly...

The search for the magic in my dreams  
and in the memories.  
Like a mirror image.  
Like a movie...

Where life and death meet.

Charna rotates around looking at her life, visions, friends, Mom and Dad. Sailing... She kneels with her hands clasped as if praying to a beach, an ocean or clouds and waves... she sinks slowly into the sand as she makes the circular pass of her hands. Reiki... THE INVOCATION...

Outside of the prison:

**The blue-white tulip rises out of her ashes...**

**FADE OUT**

**Kil. Chaos: Bomb-Antarctica**  
**(Sequel to Kil. Serenity)**

**Treatment Kil. Chaos:**  
**The story I have to tell: Nuke Antarctica**

**By Rath Avens**

**We always think that luck is what we don't have.**  
*- Girl on a Bridge*

**6 Word Synopsis:**

Nuclear Bombs Stolen Antarctica New York.

**9 Word Synopsis:**

Anarchist Nuclear Bombs Antarctica Kurds Help Al Qaeda Hurts.

The Antarctic Ice shelves have to be blown up in order to stop the plans of the rich and to alter the final battles for the earth. A daughter struggles with her Father and his shadow at the End of the World - the last chance for action and honor. Where does Veska fit, should she support the broader alliance or her friends on the hardedge of the Anarcho-Islamist position.

Her role as a future leader clashes with her father's control and plans. Accepting new friends and love. she finds herself - with the helping hand of fate and luck - and she finds those precious moments of snatched romance of a deeper love... and friendship.

Veska explains to her new friend Sasha:

" We had to fight the world - all of it - starting with our ancestors and those with power and lies as their friends.

That we knew, but the most miraculous thing I know was how us few anarchists, with no history or references, got the Roma to join us - or tolerate us.

We had to trick them of course.  
 All fair in love and war. And I hope they are happy with the deal."

A young Anarcho-Islamist, Veska Kalinskovic struggles for love, identity and survival in the shadow of her father. A CIA-French attack-force strikes many Anarcho-Islamic strongholds. In the chaos, Veska's father, Metalu, is forced to take her along on a trip to buy nuclear bombs in Kurdistan.

Hours into their flight from the CIA-French attack they encounter an overdue scout and the daughter of the bomb merchant. They leave the mountains of southern Romania and reach the Black Sea coast. A sailboat takes them to Turkey.

Tensions build over roles, leadership and trust. It subsides, but tension remains just below the surface. It shapes much of the dialog.

At the grand meeting near lake Val, they buy a nuclear weapon over the sinister protests of Al Qaeda agents. With the help of the merchant and his daughter, they get a head start on AQ the CIA or whoever else might be tracking them. On advice from the merchant's daughter they take a different route back to the Black Sea. It is a longer and slower route through mountain trails and small villages.

Deceptions, ambushes and disagreements plague the journey. A combination of high and low technology innovations, tricks, cunning, sacrifice and risk sees them through to the coast. Or some of them... Metalu dies at the end, or so it appears as the train he has jumped on explodes... Veska realizes that he did love her, that he wasn't only after his own glory and control. The bombs were already on their way to Antarctica. Veska and the scout had not figured out that her dad had slipped the bomb off with the merchant's daughter when it looked like she died.

**Airplanes landing on Antarctica...**