

INT. PORTABLE LABORATORY TENT

JON NORTH enters the LABORATORY, his firearm at the ready. The laboratory is pristine, sterile. High-tech medical and scientific equipment fill the room, each machine whirring, beeping, and buzzing as they serve their purpose.

The faint sound of 1980s synth pop (ideally Erasure) plays in the background.

On the far end of the lab, a SCIENTIST sits in a wheelchair, his back turned to Jon. The scientist is very much absorbed in his work - and the music, swaying back and forth with the music.

As Jon approaches, the music grows a little louder and a little more defined. We also see glimpses of the two screens the scientist is working on. One is a series of equations - obviously his work. On the other we see an iTunes-like media player with a bunch of track listings (all in Russian).

Jon is no more than a couple of feet from the scientist when he asserts himself.

JON
Don't move.

The scientist freezes in that moment, his hands hovering above the keyboard.

JON
Turn around. Slowly.

The scientist stays frozen in place.

JON
(commanding)
I said turn around!

SCIENTIST
But you told me not to move.

Jon thumbs back the hammer of his sidearm. We hear the familiar click.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
Okay, okay! You've made your point.

The scientist turns around and faces Jon. We see that it is none other than SERGEI FLOSTOV.

FLOSTOV (CONT'D)

You 23 Society people do not know
how to take a joke.

JON

I hate to break it to you, but I'm
not 23 Society. I'm looking for
Dr. Sergei Flostov. Do you know
him?

Flostov chuckles.

FLOSTOV

Well I should hope so. He's me.

JON

You're Flostov?

FLOSTOV

I was the last time I checked,
yes.

(beat)

Wait. You said you're not with The
23 Society?

JON

No. But you're going to tell me
why you're working for them. Now.

FLOSTOV

Well, that's easy: I have an
aversion to being shot.

Flostov tilts his head slightly, obviously reading the
confusion on Jon's face (which we cannot see).

FLOSTOV (CONT'D)

You thought I was *intentionally*
helping these thugs? Christ, no.
They took me at gunpoint. Said if
I didn't help them that they'd
mail pieces of me to my daughter.

JON

What do they want you for?

FLOSTOV

I'm a geneticist. They wanted me
to help them research ways to
improve their soldiers combat
capabilities. Superior strength,
improved stamina, acute
psychological conditioning. That
sort of thing.

JON
"Psychological conditioning." As
in, brainwashing?

Flostov laughs, amused at the concept of "brainwashing."

FLOSTOV
You've been watching too many
movies, I think. No, this is more
along the lines of training a
stubborn dog to not go to the
bathroom inside the house. It was
only tested once. On the American.

JON
"The American?"

Before Flostov can speak, another voice chimes in over
Jon's RADIO: RAQUEL SHEIN.

RAQUEL (OFF)
Shein to North. Jon, come in.

Jon grabs the radio from his belt.

JON
(to Raquel)
North.

RAQUEL (OFF)
What's your status?

JON
(to Raquel)
Lab is secured. Resistance should
be minimal.
(beat)
I found Flostov.

RAQUEL (OFF)
(relieved)
Good work, Jon. MOSSAD is going to
be in your debt.

RAQUEL (CONT'D) (OFF)
I'm currently en route to your
location. I should be there
shortly.

JON
(to Raquel)
Copy that. North out.

Jon returns the radio to his belt, and his attention to Flostov. Flostov is smiling.

JON
Tell me about this American.

FLOSTOV
Hm?
(beat)
Ah, yes. The American. He was strong, I will say that. I was glad to see him resist.

JON
What was his name?

FLOSTOV
I do not know. What I can tell you is that he was an older gentleman. Gray hair.

JON
(to himself)
Shit. Not Robert.

FLOSTOV (CONT'D)
When it became apparent that he wouldn't break, they took him away.

JON
Where?

FLOSTOV
A place they call "The Slaughterhouse," north of here. It's where all the prisoners go before, well...

Flostov brings his index and middle fingers to his temple, like a pistol, and simulates pulling a trigger.

JON
Shit.

Jon radios Raquel.

JON
(to Raquel)
Raquel. Where are you?

RAQUEL (OFF)
I've just entered the caves, closing in on your position.

JON
Good. I'm heading north to
investigate a place called the
"Slaughterhouse."

RAQUEL (O.S.)
Be careful, Jon. That place has a
reputation.

JON
Copy that. North out.

Jon cuts the radio signal.

JON (CONT'D)
(to Flostov)
My associate will be here shortly.
Do everything she says.
Understand?

FLOSTOV
Of course! I am looking forward to
meeting your friend.

JON
(unimpressed)
Hrm.

Jon turns and leaves the room, just as we hear Raquel enter
on the far side. She and Flostov begin to talk in the
distance as we...

FADE TO BLACK.