

INT./EXT. - WAREHOUSE

ROBERT and JON rush towards the exit. A HELICOPTER can be heard on the far side of the door.

ROBERT
Come on, Jon! The chopper is
waiting for us outside!

Robert bursts through the door into the courtyard. A flash of light follows, and as our vision clears we see SOLDIERS surround Jon and Robert. They're wound pretty tight.

SOLDIER
Drop your weapons! Drop them now!

ROBERT
Well, shit.

SOLDIER
I said fucking drop it!

ROBERT
(to Soldiers)
Okay, okay. Let's everybody keep
calm...

One of the soldiers strikes Robert in the back of the head.

JON
(to Soldiers)
You motherfuc--!

Jon turns, and is met with a strike to the face. He falls to the ground. As Jon lands, a Jeff Bridges-lookin' man, VASILISK, approaches Jon with pistol in-hand. We do not reveal that he is Vasilisk.

VASILISK
(joyous)
Hey! That is no way our friends!

Vasilisk begins to load his revolver.

VASILISK (CONT'D)
(to Jon)
You know, Mr. North, I believe
that the best of us are also
lucky.

Vasilisk spins the cylinder of the revolver and lifts the pistol to Jon's face. He counts with each pull of the trigger.

VASILISK

One.

Vasilisk pulls the trigger. Click.

VASILISK

Two.

Vasilisk pulls the trigger. Click.

VASILISK

Three.

Vasilisk pulls the trigger. Click. Vasilisk smiles, amused.

VASILISK

I'll be goddamned.

Vasilisk reaches back and clocks Jon with a solid right hook. Jon drops. Vasilisk turns and walks towards the helicopter. We see Robert being loaded on board.

VASILISK

Until next time, Mr. North.

(to soldiers)

Do not kill him.

SOLDIER

Yessir.

Vasilisk climbs into the helicopter, shouting back towards Jon without actually looking at him.

VASILISK

I hope your luck holds!

The helicopter door closes, and the chopper takes off.

The soldiers cautiously approach Jon. One of them raises his boot.

SOLDIER

Sleep tight, Marine.

The soldier brings his boot down on Jon's face, knocking him unconscious. On impact, we...

CUT TO BLACK.

END SCENE.