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# Mercenaries

By Edward DeRuiter

While conditions for women  
have improved in the West,  
Here in Ganzar, they're  
among the worst in the world.  
It's no exaggeration  
to say that these women  
Live their lives essentially as slaves.  
Am I still on air?  
Damn!  
I'm sure reception will improve  
Once we get out of  
this pass, Ms. Prescott.  
No. I mean, do we think the warlords  
Are gonna put their guns down  
Just because I'm here for  
an election-year photo op?  
We're wasting our time.  
It only takes one pebble  
to start an avalanche.  
Thanks, Agent Fortune Cookie.  
What the he is this?  
Reynolds. Camelot One to Camelot Two.  
What's the holdup?  
I'll take care of it in a second.  
We gotta move this cart.  
Jones is down!  
He's got a gun! Get down!  
Webber, get Elise to safety!  
Elise, you okay? Think I'm okay.  
I'm activating the homing  
beacon in your watch.  
You can run due east.  
Someone will be by to  
get you within 30 minutes!  
You're coming with me, aren't you?  
I gotta cover you! Go!  
I like your watch.  
May I see it?  
Get up.  
You can imagine what can happen  
To a pretty thing like  
you in these mountains.  
What are you gonna do to me?  
Heh. That depends on the

President of the United States,  
Or, as you call him,  
Daddy.  
Move.  
Kendall.  
When?  
I'll be there in 10 minutes.  
Put me up to speed.  
Two hours ago, the  
First Daughter's convoy  
Was hit by militants in the  
mountains near Ganzar province.  
Approximately 30 minutes ago,  
The White House received that via email.  
Hello, Mr. President  
and presumably members  
Of the U.S. intelligence agencies.  
You may call me Ulrika,  
Though I assume you have  
a thorough dossier already.  
But I want you to say  
hello to my new houseguest.  
I will make you a simple offer.  
My country is in disarray.  
It's fractured.  
We need a strong leader to unite it,  
And that leader shall be me.  
But I need your help.  
I ask of the U.S.  
To liberate my country  
from its shackles,  
Eliminate the rivals,  
pretenders to the throne,  
And install me as the  
legitimate President.  
You do this, and I will become  
A very, very good friend to America.  
You've got 48 hours from  
the receipt of this email.  
Do not play me for the fool.  
If I see as much as one drone,  
One G.I. footprint in the dirt,  
Then I'll start mailing pieces of her  
Back to you.

Ohh.  
Even such grotesque things  
Are of great value  
To any number of America's enemies.  
Holy fuck.  
Yeah, that about says it.  
Tell me the President  
Is nowhere near the Situation Room.  
Oh, he wants blood,  
But has recused himself.  
Now, as far as the press is concerned,  
He's going through a  
routine medical procedure.  
The good news is we've managed  
To keep a lid on the kidnapping so far.  
So what do we know about this woman?  
She's one of five significant  
warlords in the territory.  
Now, we don't know her place of origin,  
Date of birth or if  
Ulrika's even her real name,  
But we do know that she trusts no man  
Except for her right  
hand, Grigori Babishkova.  
Their base of operations  
is a former Soviet prison.  
It's a virtual fortress.  
The locals call it "the Citadel. "  
Frontal assault is out.  
This isn't bin Laden's  
condo in Abbottabad.  
She'd be dead while we're still  
Trying to kick in the front door.  
Well, that leaves us  
With a long shot, infiltration.  
Now, the problem with that  
is, other than Grigori,  
She's completely paranoid about all men.  
I mean, her psych evaluation says  
That it's almost pathological,  
unresolved paternal...  
Daddy issues. Got it.  
So she'd be doubly on guard  
If some strange men started

knocking at her door.  
What does she feel about women?  
Oh, her hate is unisex.  
She thinks women are weak  
And underestimates them.  
Then that's who we go with.  
Use her prejudice against her.  
We don't have anyone, ma'am,  
I mean, at least not qualified.  
The military changed their  
position on women in combat  
Too soon for this one.  
And our own people?  
Anyone who could is too imbedded,  
And, I mean, even if  
we could get them out  
Without blowing their cover  
or getting them killed,  
We couldn't do it in time.  
We just need to think  
outside the box in this case.  
Or more accurately...  
Inside the Box.  
Is that two weeks up already?  
Pizza day.  
I been waiting for today, Clay.  
Me, too.  
You only got two weeks in the hole,  
But my girl's still stuck in infirmary,  
Breathing through a goddamn tube.  
I told her what would happen  
If she didn't stop shaking me down.  
You don't think you gotta pay me tribute  
Like everybody else around here?  
No.  
And what was with the lackey?  
You should have told me to my face.  
Aw, Clay, you know I prefer  
Talking about people behind they back.  
I just wanted my goddamn pizza.  
Thanks.  
Cassandra Clay? What?  
Here, kitty, kitty.  
Fuck off, Pignatelli. I'm working.

Don't worry.  
I'll pay you every penny you're worth.  
Kat Morgan?  
Yeah.  
Little privacy, please.  
I'll be keeping an eye out on you.  
Hey, pig face!  
Fuck!  
You'll do.  
Mei-Lin Fong?  
CIA?  
Give me a moment.  
Eww! What the hell?!  
Nice trick.  
Thank you.  
Mona.  
Raven.  
I knew it was just a matter of time  
Before you came crawling back.  
Cutie-pie.  
Office perk?  
Surprise.  
Fucking bitch!  
Ladies, I hope you excuse  
the rough treatment,  
But time is money.  
Mae-Lin Fong, explosive  
ordnance disposal,  
Qualified multiengine pilot.  
I also play piano.  
Then you turned self-styled  
techno-anarchist,  
Blew up what you described at the trial  
As a "crooked Wall Street bank. "  
Sentenced to 15 years.  
What does a Chinese girl  
Know about making bombs, anyway?  
Oh, the Chinese invented gunpowder.  
Or did they not teach you that  
In the trailer park, sugar tits?  
Kathryn Morgan,  
Marine-Corps-qualified scout sniper.  
10 years for shooting  
up your boyfriend's truck

While he and his mistress were in it.  
Shocker.  
Not that great of a job.  
You missed.  
If I wanted them dead,  
I would have only needed two rounds.  
I was just teaching that  
cheap bastard a lesson.  
Cassandra Clay, part  
of the pilot program  
To prove that women can serve in combat.  
Ranger school, then Delta.  
You were even given command  
of your own little unit.  
A real old G.I. Jane...  
Until you lost half  
your team in Afghanistan,  
Attacked your C.O.  
25 years for nearly killing him.  
You broke his arm,  
Broke his legs, one in four places,  
Broke three ribs, which  
resulted in puncturing his lung.  
You squashed his eye socket.  
Look, I can't take  
credit for all of that.  
He was also hit by a truck.  
When you threw him into it.  
And then at your court-martial,  
Not one peep of why.  
I couldn't recall.  
Saving the best for last?  
Raven.  
I'm not gonna tell your real name,  
Agency courtesy and all.  
That, and I'd crush your fucking throat.  
You've seen everybody's dirty laundry.  
I think it's time they see yours.  
You see, Raven was one of us.  
We taught her how to seduce and kill,  
And she did it well, very well,  
Until she started moonlighting  
as a hit woman for hire.  
Private sector paid good.

We might have turned our backs on that,  
But then you killed one of ours.  
That paid even better.  
You're all pieces of shit...  
But today you're lucky pieces of shit,  
Because Uncle Sam wants you.  
Uncle Sam must be  
really fucking desperate.  
The President's daughter  
Was kidnapped by an  
Amazonian she-bitch,  
And she has her hostage in some castle  
In the backwoods  
of Shit-hole-istan,  
And she wants us to prop  
her up as new head of state.  
We're gonna tell her go to hell.  
First, we need to get Elise back,  
So this is the reason I'm  
putting this team together.  
Kat, long-range  
interdictions, communications.  
Mei-Lin, explosives.  
Raven, close-quarters wetwork.  
Clay, tactical training and command.  
You get in, grab the  
girl, get out. Simple.  
Just the four of us? No backup?  
Right.  
Simple.  
Sounds like a suicide mission.  
Well, that's why we're  
sending in you four.  
Oh lovely.  
What's the job pay?  
We've been authorized  
To give each of you a  
full Presidential pardon.  
And even you, Raven,  
With potential to be reinstated  
in your previous positions.  
Of course, that's gonna depend  
on the success of the mission.  
How does that sound, Captain?

What happens if we say no?  
Well, if you say no,  
Then you go back to your hole,  
And you serve the maximum sentence.  
We might even put a few  
more charges on top of that,  
Depending on how vindictive  
the President feels  
When his daughter comes home  
in several small packages.  
So what's it gonna be, ladies?  
When do we start?  
We already have.  
I brought you some food, hon.  
Did the cook char your chicken?  
May not be a state dinner,  
But it's more than virtually  
every resident here eats in a day.  
You shouldn't waste it.  
The United States doesn't  
do any negotiations.  
For the masses, no,  
But for you,  
The rules are different,  
And there's virtually no price  
Your father wouldn't  
pay to get you back.  
What makes you think  
that he won't bomb you  
Even farther to the Stone Age  
if something happens to me?  
So educated, yet so nave.  
The bullying Americans  
Invading another poor  
nation for revenge?  
Not in an election year.  
The exit!  
Now!  
Silly girl.  
Step away, or she's dead!  
Try anything funny,  
And I'll slit your throat!  
Go ahead! Slit my throat!  
I give you permission!

I am not fooling around here!  
Neither am I.  
Shut up!  
I swear I'll do it!  
Do it! Shut up!  
Killing me is the only  
way out of here! Do it!  
Shut up!  
How disappointing.  
I promised not to harm you, not yet,  
But you do understand that  
insolence cannot go unpunished.  
Someone else has to be  
punished in your place.  
No! Let me go!  
Stop! No!  
No. Please.  
Please. No.  
You remember this  
Next time you try  
anything foolish, bitch!  
Feel free.  
No, uh, changing rooms?  
Bashful, are we?  
You want to unhook the back?  
Ladies.  
Better than prison jumpsuits, isn't it?  
We put together something  
special for each of you  
That suits your individual tastes.  
It's German-made,  
Blaser R93 bolt action sniper rifle.  
Shoots a .338 Lapua Magnum  
with a five-round load,  
Comes customized for you, Kat,  
With a Harris bipod attachment,  
And a 4-by-32 tactical  
milled out scope,  
With a ballistics computer  
built into the optics.  
Hmm. Twin Glock 19.  
Can shoot nine-millimeter parabellums  
In a 14-round clip.  
Just the way I remember them.

Come to me, girls.  
Triggers aren't broken in.  
These aren't mine.  
Your originals are in my office.  
I had them made into paperweights.  
No problem.  
I'm sure I'll find a  
way to break these in.  
I'm sure you will.  
ISA issue, Mark Four...  
Mark Four demolitions package...  
C-PAT microdetonators,  
Proximity and radio frequency switches  
And next-generation Semtex,  
Moldable, concealable and undetectable  
To all current bomb-sniffing tests.  
Anything else?  
What? No toys for me?  
Ah, well, anyone can  
tell you're a purist,  
So we figured the best thing with  
you was to keep things simple.  
M-1911A1.45 Colt.  
Old-school gun for  
an old-school girl.  
Woman. I meant woman.  
Would you pull your shirt up for me?  
What is that?  
It's a universal access number.  
You get into trouble,  
you dial this number.  
Any phone in the world,  
it will ring back here.  
This chip is undetectable  
to any metal detector.  
This may sting.  
Ahh!  
Fuck.  
What happened to  
old-school memorization?  
Shit!  
Unh!  
Ladies, your carriage arrives.  
That piece of shit?

Hey, you be kind to Lula, huh?  
"Tajikistan Motoring Press"  
Named her car of decade.  
Heh. What decade? The eighties?  
I am Vez, number one in  
import, export to Ganzar.  
You're a smuggler.  
So was Han Solo.  
The important thing is that he says  
He can get you into the Citadel.  
How? I have man on inside  
Who will vouch for you.  
He's second cousin to  
third sister's husband,  
But I know him like first cousin  
To second sister's husband,  
And for right price, he looks other way.  
Any more questions?  
Yeah.  
What's to stop us from splitting  
the moment we hit the road?  
You mean, like the  
micro-explosive that's implanted  
Subdermally in your carotid  
When you were all knocked out?  
Are you serious? No.  
We don't need insurance.  
Look at you.  
This is what you were built for.  
Road to Citadel is  
swarming with patrols.  
Is best to go local.  
Ohh! Oh, my God!  
What is that? It smells like yak piss.  
No, no, no, is not yak.  
Is goat.  
Do you really trust this guy?  
As much as I trust you.  
So what do we do with Ulrika?  
Leave her. The brass wants to  
ask her a few choice questions  
Before they shove her  
into a dark, deep hole.  
Sorry to ruin your fun.

Elise is the objective.  
Rescue her, and you're free.  
The clock's ticking.  
Hey, I driver.  
I no porter.  
You have song in America.  
Is a Christmas song.  
Is very stupid song.  
Is, uh, Adolf reindeer with red nose.  
You know this song, huh?  
Is about mutant, uh, reindeer  
With a bioluminescent nose.  
He's outcast. He's freak.  
All of the reindeer,  
they make fun of him...  
So let's pretend we're  
real military again,  
Chain of command and everything.  
Let's rescue Princess Peach,  
Let's get our pardons,  
And let's just never  
see each other again.  
Fine by me.  
Kat, run the crypto  
check, pretty please.  
Charlie 2-3, this  
is Foxtrot 1-2.  
Crypto check. Over.  
Why are we slowing down?  
It's Ulrika's patrols, eh?  
Don't worry. I handle it.  
No, no, no, no.  
We keep it cool, all right?  
We can't risk them...  
We can't risk them calling us in.  
Guns away. Hide your face.  
Merchandise.  
Merchandise? Mm.  
Open it.  
Hey. Heh heh.  
See? Merchandise.  
Oh.  
I'm going to need to  
sample your merchandise.

No, no, no, no, no.  
You... You don't want this, eh?  
These women, they're good  
for housework only, eh?  
They have, eh, disease.  
Make your dick fall off.  
Just a blow job, then.  
I like this one.  
Do you wanna give me a blow job?  
I asked you a question!  
Here's your fucking answer.  
Oh, shit! Americans.  
Runner at 11 o'clock!  
I got this.  
Good shot.  
Yeah.  
It's Clay.  
What's going on?  
Encountered hostiles.  
Our transport is out of commission.  
We lost Vez and the contact.  
Recommend we abort mission.  
That's a negative.  
I repeat... Our ride is shit-canned,  
And we have no leads.  
The mission is fucked.  
Strongly recommend we abort.  
In less than 24 hours,  
Care packages with bits  
of the First Daughter  
Is gonna start showing  
up at Pennsylvania Avenue.  
You're smart. Just find  
another way to get in.  
Use your feminine charms.  
Charlie 2-3 out.  
Looks like we're walking, ladies.  
Talk about your shit-holes.  
They haven't had a  
functioning government  
Since the Soviet Union.  
One can hardly expect them  
To maintain infrastructure.  
Cool guns.

Thanks.  
American, yeah?  
Come to save us?  
Not exactly.  
I love America. You guys all have  
The best stuff, the best  
movies, even have same gun.  
Hey, we got it, kid.  
You don't look like Army.  
We're not.  
You're mercs, aren't you? I knew it.  
I'm Lexi. You should  
let me join up with you.  
I'll help you, and then you bring me  
Back to America with you. Deal?  
Look, kid, we're not nice women.  
We're not gonna have some fun adventure.  
We gotta do some very bad  
things to some very bad people,  
And it's no place for a teenager.  
I can take it.  
I got skills to pay bills.  
Hah! Hah!  
Be gone, kid!  
Was that really necessary?  
Unless you want to be responsible  
For that girl's life, yeah, it was.  
Contact HQ.  
Let Mona know that we  
made our way into town.  
I would have shot her ass.  
Yeah, I know you would.  
Oh, shit! My sat-phone.  
Lexi! Lexi!  
Ready or not, here I come!  
Shit. You take the doors.  
We meet around back.  
Shit.  
Oh, come on!  
You guys are making this boring!  
That cheeky little bitch.  
You almost had me.  
Too bad I'm just too good for you.  
I could have eaten for a month

With what I would have made from that.  
We'd like to help,  
but, uh, we need this.  
That was some nice work, though.  
So can I join up?  
Go back to being a kid.  
Okay, but you'll never  
get into the Citadel,  
Not without me.  
That is why you're here, right?  
Ulrika?  
What do you know about it?  
I know that ever since yesterday,  
Security has been tighter than ever.  
Something big is going on.  
Ulrika's going to be very cautious.  
Fortunately, I have an idea.  
All right, kid. What do you got?  
Every week, Ulrika sends  
a truck to the port,  
And, every week, that truck comes back,  
Always on the same day, today.  
What's inside?  
Don't know. Sometimes guns,  
Sometimes medicine,  
But always valuable,  
And I know exactly what route they take.  
Lexi...  
You want to be on the team?  
I still think you guys should  
have let me use a bigger charge.  
All right, Annie Oakley, you're up.  
Target has been diverted.  
Were you gonna use that  
piece of shit on me?  
Keeping body count to a minimum.  
You're no fun, Clay.  
What are you gonna do?  
You know what?  
Pull that trigger, I open a vein.  
"Thank you for saving  
my ass, Mei-Lin. "  
My pleasure, Raven.  
Domo.

That's Japanese, bitch.  
Same shit.  
Wow.  
What kind of missiles are these?  
ICBM.  
Which is? Which is?  
Intercontinental Ballistic Missile  
With a minimum range of  
more than 5,500 kilometers.  
Primarily designed for  
nuclear weapons delivery.  
Well, I guess I know what  
to get you for your birthday.  
We could put this  
On my Christmas list.  
We're not taking that, Raven.  
And we're not keeping  
those either, Mei-Lin.  
Where you gonna put em?  
Well, looks like we  
found our calling card.  
So let's get into character  
And start calling.  
Ulrika.  
What?  
They've found us.  
Lose something?  
Thank you for returning my shipment.  
You've earned 30 seconds of my time.  
I suggest you use it to  
persuade me not to shoot you.  
Absolutely.  
We could have kept this bad boy  
And sold what was inside,  
But that would be peanuts  
Compared to what we have to offer.  
Which is?  
If you will...  
Fannie Pong...  
Daughter of Pong Fan  
Shui, the industrialist.  
Third-richest man in China.  
You broker the deal.  
We split the ransom.

Checking identity online.  
See how easy it is  
To change Wikipedia?  
Shut up!  
Fannie Pong, confirmed.  
Your offer is enticing.  
Now explain why it makes sense  
to me to not just kill you now  
And keep all the ransom for myself?  
Well, that's an option,  
But you'd be missing out on  
a very lucrative partnership.  
Pong is just the introductory offer.  
See, we're good at acquiring  
high-value packages like this.  
We just hate the paperwork.  
Well, you've come at a very  
inopportune time for me.  
I'm not sure I want to  
take on new distractions.  
If you don't want the easy payday,  
I'm sure one of your  
rivals will be interested.  
You knew coming in here  
That I would never let you give  
such a prize to any of them.  
Now, y-you don't want to shoot us.  
Well, at least not me,  
Not if you want to know what I changed  
The missile's arm-disarm codes to.  
'Cause, see, without those...  
Hi...  
These are about as effective  
as a couple of sparklers.  
What makes you think that I  
won't torture them out of you?  
Oh, I know you would.  
I just... I don't know  
if you've got the time.  
Good.  
That's a difference  
between men and women,  
Brains, not thick-headed muscle.  
But I could keep pushing,

Because I know you'll flinch first.  
But it's so rare to meet  
such industrious women...  
So for right now,  
I think it's more exciting if I, um,  
Say, "Deal. "  
Deal.  
Grigori, have the ICBM  
taken to the airfield  
And loaded on the plane.  
I want it ready to ship  
As soon as the funds are wired.  
Why don't you and your  
associates come with me,  
And let's hammer out the  
details of our arrangement.  
Whoa! No. Not you, kid.  
Sorry. You stay here.  
What? That's fucking bullshit!  
Excuse me? I told you about this truck!  
This was all my idea!  
Stealing my truck was your idea?  
What's your name, girl?  
Lexi.  
Grigori, show Lexi our gratitude.  
Finder's fee.  
Cool.  
Don't do it again.  
Oh, I almost forgot.  
For being incompetent enough to be  
foiled by a little girl's plans...  
Why don't we go to the new VIP suites.  
Come on.  
Why don't you make sure  
Lexi gets home safe.  
I was never big on sightseeing, anyway.  
Good.  
Go find something to do.  
So, what y'all do for fun around here?  
As you can see, your country's war  
on terror has been excellent for us.  
Suicide vests.  
Ah-ah. Can't give away  
trade secrets to a stranger.

Oh, just as well.  
We're business partners.  
We use a sealed gelatin explosive pack  
With ceramic ball bearings  
Designed to pass right through  
Metal detectors and bomb sniffers.  
For our brothers in the Middle East  
fighting the imperialistic and...  
Ha ha! Whatever those crazies say.  
But they pay in cash,  
So if the fools want 72 virgins  
that bad, none of my concern.  
If I were you, I would avoid  
Your shopping malls  
for the next few weeks.  
Ladies...  
I spared no expense.  
Only I know the code to these.  
Call me paranoid.  
Okay.  
Ow!  
What is this?  
Business, in a sense,  
The oldest business.  
Prostitution.  
Every woman under my care  
Are required to perform so.  
Money can only buy a  
man's loyalty for so long,  
So if you really want to control them,  
Control the choice pussy in the region,  
And the rest is easy.  
Well, you better hope the choice pussy  
Keeps getting themselves locked up.  
Well, of course.  
Sooner or later,  
Every woman winds up in my prison.  
Ah.  
Here we are. A new resident.  
Uhp-uhp-uhp-uhp.  
Round up villagers for revolt.  
Says you killed her sister.  
Ah, yes,  
The chambermaid from yesterday.

Oh, Grigori did make a mess of her.  
And then to just dump the body  
On the side of the river, ooh.  
When Grigori is done with her,  
She'll be as obedient as a poodle.  
You like to watch, Katrushka?  
Next time.  
Stick to the plan, soldier.  
We can't save her.  
Elise is the mission.  
I don't know who the bigger bitch is,  
You or her.  
I want to be up front  
with you, Ms. Clay.  
I don't trust you.  
So why did you let us in?  
Well, never let it be said that  
I put paranoia before profit.  
Well, look.  
Listen, if you're too busy,  
Why don't you just  
email me your schedule,  
And we can do this another time.  
We haven't even gotten  
to know each other yet.  
Your accent, American.  
Your posture, your poise, military.  
Forgive me for being curious.  
My Army days are long gone.  
Dishonorable discharge.  
Go on.  
I had 20 good men underneath me  
And a prick of a C.O.  
He said that women in  
combat were a joke...  
So he would give us missions  
That were more and more complicated,  
Hoping that I would fail,  
And every time I succeeded,  
It just really pissed him off.  
One day, he tasked us with clearing  
A cave complex in Waziristan.  
Well, we walked in,  
And we were looking

at a hundred fighters.  
That was the beginning  
of 14 hours of hell,  
At the end of which I  
was one of the lucky ones.  
I only caught two bullets.  
Come to find out  
My C.O. was intentionally  
withholding Intel.  
11 good men died  
Because he couldn't stand  
to see a woman in charge.  
So when I got out of the hospital,  
I put him in one.  
Heh.  
I knew there was something  
I liked about you, Clay.  
Your boss lady says we  
should make ourselves at home.  
At home, I...  
I never liked to drink alone.  
We are part of an elite sorority,  
Women that have earned  
the command of men.  
So tell me, how did you earn yours?  
My father.  
He was a great military leader,  
But he would never have given  
me the power like he would a son,  
So I shot him in the  
eyes, and I took it.  
But then I realized  
Staying on top, that's a challenge.  
Very true.  
Everyone wants to steal your power,  
So I've learned to distrust everyone.  
So forgive me for asking, Clay.  
Why, of all days, did you come today?  
Well, we didn't have the bomb yesterday.  
Perhaps.  
Perhaps there's more to it than that.  
I don't know what to tell you.  
Well, I can easily have  
my men make you tell me,

But for a kindred spirit,  
I prefer a different approach.  
Hey, there, fellas.  
Poker.  
My favorite.  
Deal me in.  
Here's to the hole that never heals  
The more you lick it.  
Ah. Na zdrav.  
I have a high-profile prisoner,  
One that I'm sure will attract  
at least one rescue attempt,  
And here you are right on schedule.  
Be truthful with me,  
And I'll be lenient,  
Even generous.  
I don't know what you're talking about.  
Heh.  
That's a bit of a lie.  
Your background, that wasn't.  
Your country may have faith in you,  
But I think you've lost faith in them.  
Isn't there something you would like  
To get off your chest?  
Bap!  
Boom.  
I win again.  
Your ass was really hoping  
For that nine from the river, huh?  
And, you, I'm gonna give you a free tip.  
Stop with that blinking shit.  
Everybody knows that mean  
you ain't got nothing. Damn.  
Versace, Versace,  
Versace.  
You're gonna have to wait till next hand  
To be dealt in, new booty.  
Enh.  
I don't gamble.  
Even if the stakes are high  
And the game is rigged?  
Hmm?  
Ha!  
Do it, Mommy.

Shoot me.  
So tempting, baby.  
But first, I need you to call your boss.  
They know I'm not to be disturbed  
When I'm discussing business.  
Now, where were we?  
Thanks for the drink.  
Cheers.  
To nipples,  
Because without them,  
Titties would be pointless.  
Come on.  
Shit.  
Son of a bitch.  
That's better.  
Okay, girls, let's go.  
About fucking time!  
In position.  
Go to the end of the hall. Turn left.  
Go down two doors.  
Make a right.  
Clay, hang back.  
Clear. Go.  
Thanks, Kat.  
Mei-Lin, it's me.  
And just try and keep it quiet.  
It's about time.  
"Keep it quiet," she says.  
You keep it quiet.  
I'm gonna show you.  
Whoo! Hot damn!  
Silent-mite.  
No boom, no bang, no fun.  
Oh. What'd I miss?  
You look like shit.  
Come on, Princess.  
Elise.  
Elise Prescott.  
Yes?  
Step back from the door.  
Clear!  
Okay, come on.  
Who are you?  
Jehovah's Witness.

Can we talk about Jesus Christ? Come on.  
You guys better get moving.  
Okay. Raven, how are  
we at the motor pool?  
I got you covered, Clay.  
Okay, just keep on that track.  
You got a clear path.  
Anybody on your tail?  
Negative.  
Good.  
Ohh!  
Hit the lights!  
Clay, you owe me a  
bottle of single-malt.  
What the fuck am I gonna do  
With a pardon, Clay?  
Get a job?  
Find Mr. Right?  
You and I both know damn well  
I'll be back in the Box within a year.  
So I made a change to the plan,  
Mm-hmm, made a last-minute  
deal with Grigori,  
Not that he was in  
any position to argue.  
Ulrika agreed.  
Here's my new Minister of Tourism.  
Yep.  
I'm gonna wine and  
dine all the Americans,  
Mm-hmm,  
Get them to make their movies here.  
Hell, I might even fuck George Clooney,  
With a strap-on.  
We're gonna run for it.  
Are you serious?  
Clay!  
Okay. Come on.  
We're gonna have to jump, okay?  
Are you fucking crazy?  
Elise, trust me. You can do this.  
No!  
Let's go. Come on!  
Move!

Come on.  
Take her to her cell.  
The other two, do as you please.  
Where's the other American?  
Shot the fucking bitch.  
Hey, Grigori... Eh?  
The girl that helped them,  
What was her name?  
Lexi.  
Ah, Lexi. Okay.  
Fuck.  
God! Fuck!  
May I...  
Okay?  
Thanks.  
This was always a long shot, Clay.  
Pack it up. Head back here.  
I'm really surprised that  
you got as far as you did.  
There's nothing more  
you can do for them.  
Lexi.  
Lexi, baby, are you awake?  
Oh, hi.  
Okay, don't go to  
sleep, okay, sweetheart?  
I'm gonna take you to America, okay?  
You can go to the mall. Heh.  
We're gonna watch crappy  
movies on cable TV.  
You can go to the prom.  
You'll do all those things  
That teenagers are supposed to do, okay?  
Just don't go to sleep.  
Oh, my God.  
Didn't anyone ever tell you  
It's not nice to lie to kids?  
I'm sorry.  
Ohh!  
What? You just gonna pick on her?  
Don't tell me you've gone PC.  
You know what the problem  
is with Chinese cuisine?  
Too much MSG.

Never enough salt!  
Ah shit!  
Ohh! Aah!  
You're fucking kidding me.  
The bidding has started.  
Excellent. Excellent.  
I'd stay and watch,  
But I've got Iran, North Korea  
And Al Qaeda very interested  
In paying for the honor  
Of killing the First Daughter.  
Grigori, they're all yours.  
Enjoy.  
Heh.  
You can have the Oriental.  
The white woman is mine.  
Boss, we have a situation  
You should see up here.  
Not a finger on this one until I return.  
This one,  
Do as you please.  
Hmm?  
Next time, do it yourself,  
Or I blow your little fucking dick off.  
She's out of your league, pal.  
Are you here for us,  
Or do you just need us for Elise?  
I'm here for everyone...  
Everyone.  
So what's the plan?  
We do a PMS from hell on this place.  
Hey! Arm yourself! Here!  
Okay. Mei-Lin, hit it.  
Clay.  
Ulrika, they have  
armed all the prisoners.  
Well, then, you better unarm them.  
With pleasure.  
Get the brat.  
So, what,  
I'm your bitch now?  
You are whatever I'm paying you to be.  
You know,  
My mommy had blonde hair, too.

Time to die, Mommy!  
Mommy! Aah!  
Oh, you want to play?  
Ah, you want to play?  
Come here.  
I know the perfect woman for this job.  
Be right back.  
Take your time.  
Like a poodle, huh?  
Oh, hi, Raven.  
Hey, Clay.  
Hah!  
Now what, huh?  
Yeah.  
Now what?  
Now...  
Stop!  
Don't you move.  
I'll kill her.  
I'll kill her.  
Don't you move.  
Come in,  
And keep moving.  
The bitch is right behind me!  
Fuck.  
I said move!  
Move! Go, go, go, go, go!  
Bye-bye!  
Clay! Clay!  
I'm here! I'm here!  
Jesus, how many lives do you have?  
I was right on their... I had them,  
And then there was a tunnel.  
It imploded. I don't  
even... I fucking lost them.  
You'd been any closer, we'd be  
scooping you out with a spatula.  
I can't lose her. I have to go back.  
Listen, even if you could get through,  
You'd never catch up.  
Fuck!  
Wait. The Soviets were really boring.  
They used the same blueprints  
for all of their prisons.

Okay.  
Am I really the only one  
Who reads "Cold War  
Architectural Digest"?  
Okay, what is... What is the point here?  
No, no. Okay, the tunnel,  
Uh, it leads to a structure...  
A church, I think, in the  
village right below us.  
This tunnel? Yep.  
Okay, great. I'll get us some wheels.  
Okay. Go, go, go! Come on.  
Ulrika!  
I wouldn't shoot if I were you.  
She's bluffing.  
Hand her over,  
Or we all die.  
You wouldn't harm her.  
She's the mission,  
The whole reason you came!  
And you don't want to die, do you, girl?  
Come on, sweetie!  
Tell the nice lady how scared you are,  
How you just want to go home.  
Elise, how much would you give  
To stop Ulrika from ever  
hurting another woman?  
Anything.  
Everything.  
Me, too.  
Wait!  
It's okay.  
This isn't over!  
Oh, you can count on it!  
Get in! Get in.  
Shit!  
You all right?  
I'm okay, but my rifle's not.  
What the hell are you waiting for?  
Punch that shit!  
Hey, Kitty-Kat, you gonna  
sit there and admire the view,  
Or you gonna shoot back?  
My rifle's broken!

Maybe you should try some  
evasive driving for once!  
Stop your bickering, you two!  
You want evasive driving?  
Hang on, bitches!  
They got a rocket launcher.  
Okay, I've got two rounds left.  
It's all on you. No pressure.  
Two rounds? Yeah.  
I thought you never miss.  
Well, with a 1911 from a moving  
vehicle at a rocket launcher?  
I believe in you.  
Hold it steady!  
Nice work. I like that.  
Don't tell Mei-Lin, but I  
was aiming for the driver.  
I don't care.  
Okay, we're stealing her plane.  
Let's go home, ladies.  
Clear.  
Big plane. Small girl.  
You good?  
Like an Asian chick gives happy endings.  
I like 'em big.  
Why am I not surprised?  
Get comfy.  
Okay. Yeah, Daddy.  
Okay.  
Ladies and bitches,  
This is your captain speaking.  
Please buckle up.  
There is an Asian  
woman behind the wheel.  
We've been cleared to taxi by me.  
Pull up near the cockpit!  
Keep your panties on!  
Oh, hell, no.  
Aah!  
See you next Tuesday,  
Bitch.  
We had a little problem,  
But don't worry. I took care of it.  
It's okay.

Fuck, no!  
Fucking America!  
God damn you!  
Motherfucking get you!  
Ohh! Shit!  
Who the fuck shot me?  
Fuck you!  
Bullet in my shoulder!  
Shit!  
Aah!  
You Americans are so soft!  
This is over!  
You've stopped being fun!  
And you couldn't even save your team!  
Not yet I haven't!  
Uncle Sam wants her.  
Fuck this!  
Send me back to prison. Fine.  
Satellite tracking isn't good enough!  
I need eyes on that plane!  
I don't care if you need  
F22s from the fucking moon!  
Just do it!  
Ma'am! We have a visual!  
They're coming in hot!  
You know that hole you  
were saving for Ulrika?  
'Cause all you'll need is a shoe box.  
And Raven?  
That bitch's wings have been clipped.  
Heh heh heh.  
Heh. She's dead as a dodo.  
She... She...  
I... I got shot.  
I have... I have a  
bullet in my shoulder.  
Ma'am, the jet is  
fueled and ready to go.  
Ms. Prescott, let's get you out of here.  
Your dad's waiting for you.  
Thank you.  
I'm gonna make sure that my father  
Does something to help  
all the women here,

Really help them,  
Not just some P.R. stunt.  
Miss.  
Hey, Elise,  
You sure you don't want  
to be part of the team?  
You'd be a great addition.  
Somebody's gotta make sure  
you guys get your pardons.  
We have to go. Come on.  
Hell of a job, Clay, you and your team.  
Got another assignment for you,  
If you're interested. Heh.  
Maybe tomorrow.  
I owe these ladies a drink.  
Damn straight.  
Gotta be ladies night  
somewhere in this place.  
Adios.