

CONQUER

'PILOT'

Written by

Katie Brown

kate.liz.brown10193@gmail.com
512.743.2917

EXT. GAS STATION - MOSCOW - NIGHT

CHRISTOPHER KYEN (KOREAN, 28), walks toward his car parked at the side of a gas station, arms crossed against the wind.

He wears a thick jacket and a hardened glare. Sullen and reserved, the weather matches his personality.

INT. PARKED CAR - MOSCOW - NIGHT

Inside the car, his wife, MARIE KAREV (RUSSIAN, 25), glances at the gas prices looming on the sign overhead.

She sits back, an elbow against the window, her breath fogs the glass.

Their baby, ALEXANDER, is in the backseat, asleep.

The music on the radio fades into a DJ speaking in *RUSSIAN*. The sound blips out, the reception fuzzy, hard to hear.

RADIO DJ

*His majesty will be attending
Europe's Crude Oil Summit later
this fall. This contradicts
earlier rumors suggesting Russia
would be abstaining from the annual
meeting.*

The car door opens and Christopher slides in, closing the door softly behind him.

CHYRON: MOSCOW.

RADIO DJ (CONT'D)

*It is not confirmed if Queen
Eleanor will be accompanying him to
Cairo, but-*

Christopher turns off the radio, spinning the knob down. Marie doesn't object.

CHRISTOPHER

*It went up, 250 rubles since
yesterday.*

Alexander cries. Marie's eyes close, she braces for an argument.

MARIE

*I need to call my sister, there's
no way around it. It's time.*

Fingers red from the chill, Christopher tries to start the car. It inevitably stalls. He bangs a fist against the wheel.

CHRISTOPHER

It's not even an option. She told us not to and I... I don't want to be a part of whatever it is she's involved in.

The technicolor lights of the gas station signs illuminate Marie's face.

MARIE

How do you want to get home then?

CHRISTOPHER

We leave it here.

MARIE

The car? You want us to walk twenty miles?

(beat)

Christopher, we have enough for the pay phone.

CHRISTOPHER

It's not about that.

MARIE

No, it's about us not dying from frostbite because you're too proud-

CHRISTOPHER

I am not too proud. It's not- damn it.

Forehead against the steering wheel, Christopher grips it with white knuckles. He takes a breath, then reluctantly digs for something in his pocket, pulls out a few coins.

He hands them to Marie.

MARIE

We'll get home.

(She kisses his cheek.)

We'll be fine.

The winds nearly knocks her down when she exits the car.

EXT. GAS STATION - MOSCOW - NIGHT

Coat rippling as she rounds the corner, she keeps her gaze forward, focused.

At the station entrance, a line of shivering PEOPLE 30 deep wait for the cash register to buy a gallon of petrol.

They eye a flash of silver in Marie's hand. She runs part of the way to the pay phone. Just as she grabs we--

CUT TO:

EXT. MOSCOW - NIGHT

MOSCOW, a modern metropolis, and in the distance, above the dark ghettos, THE KREMLIN, a palace alight and golden.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OILFIELD - GEORGIA, NORTH AMERICA - THE WEST - DAY

Oil explodes into the sky, a fortune erupting before a blazing sun.

CHYRON: CHEROKEE NATION

A crowd of NATIVE AMERICANS clap before turning back to their work. They stand in a massive field of churning oil wells.

They're dressed in modern clothes, jeans, white T-shirts.

Drinking water at a rest station, MONTEGA (NATIVE AMERICAN, 50), watches excess oil fall to the ground. ANOTHER MAN nods to him. He returns the gesture.

In the distance, ten oil tank trucks drive into the horizon, glittering silver before disappearing.

Montega rubs the back of his neck, grimacing at the bounty in front of him. He turns away from the sight, ambles to a parked SUV and slides into the front seat.

From bird's eye view, the land is covered in Magnolia trees and bright green grass, it's beautiful. Everything, including the oil, is endless.

It's about as far from Moscow as one can get.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAIN - ALBANY, NEW YORK - THE WEST - DAWN

On a lush green field, SEVERAL HUNDRED RUSSIAN MEN in military fatigues lay dying from bullet wounds.

The sun illuminates the tree line, it's about to rise.

Light mist hovers over the plain and a few miles away, smoke floats up from doused fires, signs of a campground in the distance.

Backlit by the sunrise, LILA (18, NATIVE AMERICAN), holds a gun straight out in front of her. Relaxed, determined, she's in control.

Her leather boots match her bomber jacket, it fits her tight, like a second skin.

Before her kneels ELIJAH (17, RUSSIAN), quiet, kind, and terrified. On his knees, tears stream down his face, eyes cast down from where Lila's gun is held a yard from his face.

His camouflage uniform is bloodied, but none of it's his.

With his hands up in surrender, he prays silently in Russian.

CHYRON: TAWAWSANTHA.

LILA
(In ONEIDA)
What's your name?

Elijah shakes his head. Lila switches to ENGLISH.

LILA (CONT'D)
What's your name?

One remaining tear soaks into the ground when Elijah glances up. Lila transfers her gun to her other hand.

LILA (CONT'D)
Care where I shoot you? I don't,
but some places are faster than
others. The head?
(beat)
No, I might get blood on my jacket.
The heart's better. Romantic,
right? Care about that? Got a girl
back home?

He balls his hands into fists.

LILA (CONT'D)
Listen, if you answer me, I'll let
you live.

Jaw set, Elijah bites a white line into his lip.

LILA (CONT'D)
Yeah, that was a lie.

She steps closer to Elijah and crouches, their faces only a few inches apart. She rips his embroidered tag off his uniform. It reads 'Romanov' in Russian.

LILA (CONT'D)
Is that your name? Your rank?

Eyes narrow, Lila's hands clench the gun. She's not fucking around. She whispers as if they're sharing a secret.

LILA (CONT'D)
You could have killed me but I saw you lower your gun. If you can't tell me your name, will you tell me why you did that? Why I'm still alive?

Gun loose in her hand, she waits for an answer. She drops her head, her hair falling in front of her eyes, before standing.

LILA (CONT'D)
I'm glad you didn't kill me, thanks for that, but, sorry, I can't return the favor.
(long beat)
It's a mercy, honestly, to just end it now. You're a soldier who doesn't shoot anything, what's the point of you?

She points the gun to his heart.

The sun BURSTS over their heads, beyond the treeline. It's exquisite. Both glance toward it but Lila turns away, Elijah continues to stare, mouth agape.

She looks at him, deep into his eyes. They're green, arresting in the light. She's never seen green eyes before.

Finger ghosting the trigger, Lila grits her teeth, eyes squeezed closed.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES