

**LYNX**  
**MISSION 1: ASIA -- "Luck Runs Out"**

**[CINE\_10\_200] ASIA INTRO**

CINEMATIC 10\_200:

GLOBAL RISK LOGO

Tight on a Global Risk logo on the side of a rough, metal surface, accompanied by an electric HUM.

BLACK LIST LOGO

Tight on Black List logo on the side of a sleek metal surface. Wind RUSHING past.

TALON (O.S. RADIO)  
Enemy vehicle in sight. Approach  
vector set. Commander?

EVA (O.S. RADIO)  
Awaiting confirmation.

GLOBAL RISK LOGO

Camera pulls back to reveal the logo on the side of a massive, heavily-armored maglev train. The electric HUM deafened when track pillars rush past in a blur. The train and logo slowly advances toward screen left.

BLACK LIST LOGO

Camera pulls back to reveal the logo on the side of an attack helicopter flying at full speed - two identical helicopters flanking it on either side - all slowly advancing toward screen right.

CORA (O.S. RADIO)  
Yes, standby...  
(beat)  
Okay, got him. Intel confirms  
Cavanaugh is on the train.

EVA (O.S. RADIO)  
All teams, mission is go, repeat,  
mission is go. Cleared hot.

EXT. ASIA, GLOBAL RISK TRAIN - SUNSET

With the glow of the sunset behind us illuminating a maglev track running towards us, the train suddenly careens left following a bend in the track then past the camera at high speed.

A moment later, the three Black List helicopters fly in from screen left and bank hard right, giving chase.

LOGAN (O.S. RADIO)  
Lock and load. Jumpers ready.

The helicopters fly low and tight near the maglev line - the center helicopter flying through an ornate Asian archway spanning over the tracks just before all three fly past the camera.

EVA (O.S. RADIO)  
Shoot to kill. If Cavanaugh lives,  
Black List dies.

EXT. TOP OF GLOBAL RISK TRAIN - SUNSET

A Black List soldier, LOGAN BREWER, lands solidly on the top of a metal surface, hand bracing his impact. In rapid succession we hear SEVEN MORE BLACK LIST SOLDIERS landing behind him.

Logan leads the other soldiers forward - each with an assault rifle drawn - as they hunker low bracing against the wind, fighting to walk forward on the top of the speeding train. Behind them in the sky two Black List helicopters peel off and fly away.

SUPER: LOGAN BREWER, Black List Lieutenant, Heavy Weapons Specialist

LOGAN  
(into comms)  
Commander, we're on.  
(to team)  
Let's move.

The monstrous heavily armored maglev train careens forward on a track heading toward a city skyline -- Global Risk logos prominently emblazoned on the side of the train.

SUPER: EVA TORRES, Black List Commander

EVA (O.S. RADIO)  
Copy, Logan. Talon, maintain safe  
distance.

TALON (O.S. RADIO)  
Roger, Eva. Maintaining at bearing  
three-four-six.

EVA (O.S. RADIO)  
Cora, proceed.

EXT. BLACK LIST HELICOPTER

Following some distance back from the train is a Black List assault helicopter.

INT. BLACK LIST HELICOPTER

Inside, we see CORA WINSOR focused on a tactical tablet attached to her wrist.

SUPER: CORA WINSOR, Black List Sergeant, Tech Specialist

CORA  
(into comms)  
Copy, Commander. Defenses will be  
down before...  
(beat; groaning)  
Damn it.

On Cora's screen, we see two schematics of enormous high-powered assault cannons. Her fast fingers desperately press buttons crippled by screen glitches.

LOGAN (O.S. RADIO)  
Cora, how we doing?

LOGAN'S POSITION

CORA (O.S. RADIO)  
SNAFU. Armor's blocking my bloody  
connection.

Logan notices the gun schematics on the feed to his own tactical watch.

LOGAN  
(into comms)  
Those guns die or we all do.

EVA (O.S. RADIO)  
Talon, approach, hold three-four-six. Low and tight. Get in there.

As the team advances low and strong against the wind, two enormous large-caliber cannons, like those on Cora's screen, pop-up from compartments ahead of them on the top of the train. They rotate and aim directly at Logan and his team.

LOGAN  
(into comms)  
Kill the guns, now!

All the soldiers brace in shooter stances and sight their guns. Nowhere to run. Nowhere to hide. They're screwed.

EXT. BLACK LIST HELICOPTER

Racing to catch up, the helicopter dives down, narrowly swooping under an arch and getting within meters of the back of the train, pacing behind it perfectly.

INT. BLACK LIST HELICOPTER

On Cora's screen, she presses a few buttons and the visuals of the guns switch from red to green. The image glitches a few times then clears; the signal strong.

LOGAN'S POSITION

CORA (O.S. RADIO)  
I got it sorted but hurry! Global  
Risk knows we're here.

Logan kneels down, retrieving a gel gun from off his back. The soldiers form a protective circle around him, guns at the ready, all eyes watching those cannons up ahead.

Logan sprays gel in a large circle on the top of the train.

CORA (O.S. RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Clock's ticking.

Logan strikes the butt of the gun on the roof, creating a spark that ignites the gel.

He and the others turn away, shielding themselves from the gel as it furiously burns bright and fast around the circle.

CORA (O.S. RADIO) (CONT'D)  
Shit! I lost the guns!

As the gel flash subsides and the enormous metal plate loosened by the fire disconnects and falls into the train, the cannons aim and fire, taking out one of the soldiers. The rest return fire, to no avail.

Logan helps the soldiers through the now gaping hole cut through the top of the train. Behind Logan, in the sky, Cora's helicopter rises up, guns blazing, drawing the attention of the cannons.

They open fire again, and sparks fly as bullets cut through the helicopter like a hot knife through butter.

Logan turns to see the helicopter billowing smoke and evasively banking hard left and out of sight. He growls in frustration.

LOGAN  
<growling in frustration>

Looking forward once again, the cannons fold back into their compartments and Logan notices a tunnel rapidly approaching. He jumps down through the hole and into the train.

CINEMATIC 10\_200 ENDS.