

STRYKE

"Loose Ends", Part 3

by

Mike Shoemaker

Promo blurb: *Loose Ends*, Part 3. Stryke contacts Greco, but Savate is discovered and taken prisoner. Can she rescue her, and save the ship from imminent destruction as well?

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Greco and Al-Kassi stand in the dining facility where Stryke and Savate took out the guards, looking at the bodies. A few other guards mill around with them.

"I am deeply disturbed by this turn of events," says Al-Kassi. "Five highly-trained men, most with combat experience...all dead. Three shot with precision, two more with their necks snapped like dry twigs.

"Our intruder is indeed formidable."

"No arguing with that."

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Al-Kassi is facing Greco.

Al-Kassi asks, "So who could this be? Perhaps the Mossad, or a SEAL team from America?"

"I don't think so. A SEAL team wouldn't have been able to hide from our sweep, and frankly you've got too many friends inside the Beltway.

"As for the Mossad, my sources tell me that they have no beef with you. You don't supply any enemies of Israel, so as far as they're concerned, you're low risk."

Greco continues to speak.

"You can also rule out the Spetsnaz and British Intel. I mean, *officially* you're wanted by most of the free world. But as long as you supply their leaders under the table, they leave you alone."

"Well, *someone* is clearly here. It is imperative we discover *whom*."

Al-Kassi is motioning toward the corpses.

"These men were dispatched by a professional," says Al-Kassi. "Have you no idea who might have done this?"

"Well..."

Close on Greco's face, as he thinks.

A flashback-style panel, as he sees a glorified version of Stryke, in her old costume, wearing the long, braided ponytail she was noted for. She's standing with her legs apart, a smoking pistol in one hand, a bloody combat knife in the other. She is magnificent, idealized.

Back on Greco, grim-faced.

"...not yet.

"Not unless ghosts can kill."

Stryke and Savate lie together in bed, with Stryke curled against her, cupping a breast and nibbling her ear.

"Hey, Frenchie," says Stryke. "That was great. Did it bring back any memories?"

"Mmmmm...." offers Jeanette. "*Mais oui!* You remembered all my...sweet spots."

"Always will, babe."

Jeanette has rolled to her back, with Stryke still propped up beside her. She's tracing her finger down the center of Savate's hard belly.

"So...what's your next move?" asks Stryke.

"Business as usual," answers Jeanette. "I am to keep Al-Kassi under surveillance, and stay under cover until ordered to take him down."

Stryke is out of bed now, legs apart as she pulls her thong securely up. Jeanette sits propped up in the bed, not bothering to conceal herself.

"And what are you to do next?"

"Well, I've gotta go find somebody."

"Greco."

"Yep."

Savate is smiling slyly.

"Ah, I see. You still believe that he may join you in abandoning his criminal ways, *oui*?"

"I dunno. I'd like to think so, but I may be pissin' up a rope. I won't leave without tryin'."

Stryke is zipping her top up to about the halfway point.

"Very well," says Savate. "I respect your intentions. But I still have unfinished business with him. He killed my partner, and I cannot forgive that."

"I'm not askin' ya to. If I can get through to him before you're told to take Al-Kassi down, and get him out of here...you won't have that to deal with, right?"

Savate is standing now, her arms crossed.

"*Oui*. But do not count on this happening. My orders may come at any minute. And if you see my gun directed toward Mister Greco..."

Savate's face has turned deadly serious.

"...I advise you to duck."

Stryke returns the look, with a slight smile.

"I hear ya, Frenchie. I hear ya."

We're back in the office of Generalissimo Francisco Miguel Enrico Lopez, as he stands behind his desk. His assistant, Major Mendoza, is guiding a tall, handsome man with close-cut black hair into the room. He wears a military-style jumpsuit and aviator's sunglasses. Lopez' computer screen will be displaying a graphical view of the Gulf of Mexico, with a small blip denoting the *Allah's Jewel*.

"This way, Captain Vega," says Mendoza.

"Captain, so good of you to come. Please, come in."

The Captain and the General shake hands.

"I got the impression from your message that you had a most urgent request, General. How may I help you?"

"I apologize for the...mysterious nature of my summons, but I'm afraid I have a mission of tremendous importance - and secrecy.

"You are aware of the unfortunate demise of Minister Delgado, *si*?"

They continue to talk.

"*Sí*. Hearing of such accidents is always unwelcome."

"That is the reason for our meeting, Captain. His demise was no accident."

Captain Vega is shocked.

"Then...he was murdered?"

"*Sí*. Delgado was dealing with an arms merchant named Abdul Al-Kassi to acquire a supply of anti-aircraft missiles. He reported that he had struck a deal with him, and shortly thereafter we were informed that his helicopter had crashed shortly after takeoff."

They continue to speak. The Captain's face is twisted in anger.

"Our intelligence intercepted a communiqué' from the Tigadoran government to Al-Kassi after the fact. It revealed that they had counter-offered for the missiles, and ordered his death as well."

The Captain growls, "*Blasted Tigadorans!* Once again they violate our people! We should incinerate the whole lot of them!"

"I share your anger, Captain, and wish to do something about it. Unfortunately, a direct assault upon them at this time would put us at a distinct disadvantage."

General Lopez points toward a red blip on his computer screen. The blip is headed toward the lower portion of Central America, between Mexico and Panama.

"However, there is a way we can strike back. This map displays data from a Soviet down-looking satellite, and we have filtered the input to track Al-Kassi's current position.

"His ship is a few hundred miles off the coast, and has recently changed course toward Tigador. It will arrive and deliver its payload in a matter of hours."

He seems a bit more passionate now as he addresses the Captain.

"We have an opportunity to show both Tigador and Al-Kassi that such transgressions will *not* be tolerated. Retribution must be *swift* and *decisive*."

"Agreed, General. Give me the order and I will destroy Al-Kassi and his payload. My jet can be ready in minutes."

General Lopez is smiling slightly.

"Patience, Captain. We will wait for him to come a bit closer. Stand by with your plane, and when the order comes..."

Close on his face, which shows determined resolve.

"...blow that Arab *bastard* straight to *hell*."

Back on the ship (an establishing shot would be good), Al-Kassi stands in an operations room, with some banks of monitoring equipment and gadgets lining the walls, manned by a few stewards. One of them is standing beside him.

"You called for me. What have you discovered?"

"Our query on the Interpol agent you executed has netted information on his activities. He was gathering intelligence on you and your clientele for his superiors at Interpol."

Al-Kassi appears bored.

"And what else is new? Those fools have been attempting to undermine me for years. I hope this is not all you have learned."

"No, Mr. Al-Kassi. We ran across something else.

"He had a *partner*."

Al-Kassi is serious now.

"A partner? On this ship?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who? Who is it?"

The assistant indicates a monitor, upon which is the agency photo of Jeanette Charvet, AKA Savate.

"This woman."

Al-Kassi is very grim.

"Have her brought to me.

"*Roughly*."

Greco is walking into his room. Faintly visible behind the door is Stryke. He hangs his katanas on a nearby peg. His quarters are fairly spartan, with little by way of color or decoration.

He's peeling off his shirt when she jumps on his back, panicking him. Her legs lock around his waist, her arms around his neck.

"GOTCHA!!!" she yells.

"FUCK!!!" he exclaims.

He flips her over top of him, toward his bed.

"Whoaaaaaa--" she exclaims.

Up toward Greco as he stops himself in mid-strike, looking down. He's visibly shocked.

Down on Stryke's upside-down face, smiling devilishly.

"You're losin' your touch Greco."

He has her now facing him, holding her by the shoulders, looking at her in wonder.

"J-Jackie?"

"Live and in person, lover. Happy to see me?"

He continues to hold her furthest shoulder, while he feels along her body with the fingertips of his hand.

"You're...you're supposed to be *dead*."

"I was. But I rose on the third day.

"Got a kiss for me?"

Greco crushes her to him, as they exchange a passionate kiss.

"I've got more than *that*...."

Here we're gonna show the reader just how much Greco and Stryke like one another. This panel shows him smooching down her neck as her unzipped top flies open.

"Ooooh...oh, yeah...." she says.

Stryke is lying on the bed, with his face between her legs, his hands cupping her strong haunch like a chalice.

"Mmmmm...that's it, oh, yeah...."

He's behind her now, doggy style, her face sideways and buried in his pillow. She's pulling hard on the sheets of the bed.

"Aaaaah...harder...God, yes...."

Greco is atop her now, between her widely-spread legs, his back arched as he drives home, his upper body curved up, his arms fully extended, his hands clasped in hers.

"Greco...ohhhh, nail it lover! Nail it!!!"

Stryke and Greco are embraced on the bed, her straddling his lap, gyrating as he kisses and fondles her breasts, her arms encircling his neck and head, pulling him closer.

"Aaaaaah!!! Ohhhhhh!!! YEEEEESSSS!!!"

They flop down beside one another on the bed, exhausted and shining with sweat, gasping and satisfied.

"Mmmmmmm...." she purrs.

She looks over at him.

"I guess I was wrong," she says.

"How you figure?"

"You *definitely* haven't lost your touch."

Greco rolls onto his side, caressing her body with his hand.

"Jackie...I really thought you'd bought it in Queen City. When I heard you'd disappeared after that supernatural shit went down, I never thought I'd see you again.

"What's the story? I mean, it sure feels like you, but...did I just fuck a ghost, or what?"

"Almost, lover. Almost."

Quickie flashback panel, as we see most of the intrepid heroes facing off with Von Drake, Anvil, and all their demon friends.

"We fought the forces of hell in Queen City, and that's no joke. It took some really heavy-duty heroics to keep our world - hell, our *universe* - safe. And yeah, we almost died in the process."

They continue to talk. He's sitting propped up, and lighting a cigarette.

"We won, and I...vanished for a while. When I came back, I didn't know who the hell I was, or where I was. It took me a while to put all the pieces together again.

"It left me pretty screwed up. I'm still sortin' it all out."

"I can understand. But it's still weird, Jackie. I mean, I'd written you *off*, okay?"

Jackie's now sitting nestled against him.

"Hey, I know. I knew you'd be surprised to see me. But I'm alive, and that's what counts. Right?"

"Sure. I don't mind tellin' you that when you...when I thought you'd died, I sorta lost it for a while myself. I dropped outta sight, just doin' odd jobs and gettin' by.

"I...thought about you a lot more than I thought I would."

They're still talking.

"I considered goin' back as a mechanic, but it just wasn't the same without you. I took the job as Al-Kassi's bodyguard for a change of pace. It helped, but I...."

"You what? Missed me?"

"Yeah. Yeah, I missed you. A *lot*."

She's smiling devilishly.

"That's sweet."

"Believe me, it took me by surprise. I didn't think I'd ever care if somebody died. Hell, people like us can't *afford* to care.

"When I found out what it was like, I guess I got a new perspective."

She addresses him earnestly.

"That's why I came here, Greco, and snuck aboard this ship. I wanted to see you again, and let you know that...I've changed, too. I'm not just out of the killin' game. It's more than that.

"I wanna give somethin' back, understand? I mean, I spent years doin' bad things, Greco. *Terrible* things. I don't know if I can ever make up for it, but I want to try. I'm *goin'* to try."

He looks at her, smiling.

"Lemme guess. You want me to try, too."

"Sounds sappy, don't it?"

"I dunno. You've changed. I've changed. It ain't that far-fetched."

She has her hand on his chest.

"Well, what do you think?"

"I'm not sure. Quittin' is one thing, but I never thought about redemption. I was just -"

BOOP! chimes a sound in the room.

Greco punches an intercom button on the nightstand next to his bed.

"Greco."

"This is Al-Kassi. I need you to come to operations at once. We've found a double agent, and have her in custody."

"Gotcha. Be right there."

Greco turns to Stryke.

"Look, hang loose here. Do *not* leave. I want you in my bed when I get back. Understand?"

"Yeah. Just promise me you'll think about what I said, okay?"

Greco is pulling on his katanas as he departs.

"Yeah, I'll do that. Just let me take care of this, and we'll get back to it.

"There's scotch in the cabinet. Help yourself."

The door slams closed behind him.

Stryke looks thoughtful.

"*Jeanette....*" she murmurs.

In the operations room, Greco strides in to see Jeanette, clad in her black bikini, kneeling before Al-Kassi, a bit bruised up, her hands cuffed behind her. She is most displeased. Two guards flank her.

"This blonde *bitch* is our infiltrator," says Al-Kassi. "She took down four guards before she was finally subdued."

"I see. What do you want me to do?"

Al-Kassi has a positively evil smile on his face.

"I have attempted to glean what information she has gathered from her, but she will not talk," he says. "You will *make* her."

Stryke steps into the room, re-dressed in her sexy ensemble, pistol drawn.

"I -" says Greco.

"Okay, folks," says Stryke. "Guns on the ground - *now*."

"You, there - uncuff the lady."

The guards have dropped their guns, and one of them has freed Savate, who rubs her wrists. Greco is standing near the guards.

"You okay, babe?"

"*Oui*. But I would not be, had you not appeared. *Merci*."

"My pleasure."

From behind his back, Al-Kassi is pulling a small knife from under his belt.

"What now?" asks Savate.

"Well, I'm not sure. I -"

Al-Kassi slings the knife toward Stryke, which catches her partially on the wrist, making her drop her gun in surprise. The guards react by advancing. (Note: Stryke will be squaring off with the guards and Al-Kassi, and Savate will be dealing with Greco, so position everybody accordingly).

"*HA!!! Get them, fools!*" he yells.

"*Shit!*" Stryke exclaims.

Savate lands a *devastating* crescent kick to Greco (**BRAK!!!**), knocking him backwards.

"Cochon!!!" yells Savate.

"Uuuunh!!!" he exclaims.

Stryke lunges for Al-Kassi, but his guards block her path.

"You raghead piece of shit! I'm gonna rip your head off!" she screams.

Greco lands a knee to Savate's midsection (**WHAM!**), stunning her.

"Oooooof!!!" she exclaims.

Stryke takes one of the guards down by flipping him at his wrist, his hand bent palm-first toward his arm, a la Steven Seagal.

"Whoooooooooah!!!" he yells.

Savate lands a strong backfist to Greco's chin (**BIFF!**).

Stryke nails the other guard with a double-palm blow (**WHAK!**), sending him flying.

He flops at Al-Kassi's feet, who is most perturbed by this.

"Uh...." he says.

Stryke looks toward Al-Kassi (straight-on shot of her face), smiling evilly.

"Your turn," she says.

Greco has Savate pinned against the wall, his forearm against her throat.

"I - I'll kill you-" she gasps.

"Look, just chill out, bitch!" he says. "Don't make me -"

Savate's leg flies up, battering into his side (**BRAK!**).

"Aaaagh!!!" he says.

She follows this up by driving her elbow across his jaw, snapping his head to the side (**KRAK!**).

Greco is on his knees; she has pulled his head back, exposing his throat, and is about to bring a chop down onto his Adam's apple.

"For Pierre, you murdering -"

Stryke catches her hand at the last second, stopping her.

"Jeanette!!! Stop, he's down!!!"

"No! I must do this!"

"Wait!" gasps Greco. "I - I knew about you all along!"

She stops, still holding his head, confused.

"What?" she says.

"I knew you and your partner were with Interpol from the beginning! I let it slide because you weren't posing any real threat. I was going to leave you alone unless you did something crazy."

A flashback shot, of Pierre lying dead on the deck.

"Your partner, Vachon, got greedy and tried for the transaction files. Even you have to admit that was stupid. I wouldn't have touched him, but Al-Kassi was right there. I didn't have a choice."

Savate has released him, and he's standing, a bit hunkered over, holding his side.

"I could have had you both killed from the start. In the old days, I probably would have. Hell, it would have saved me getting my ass kicked."

"Jeanette," says Stryke, "Look at it this way. Vachon sealed his own fate. And if it hadn't been Greco, somebody else would have done it.

"If you want to blame anyone..."

She points toward Al-Kassi, who is multiply contused, lying half-against the far wall, very unconscious.

"...blame *him*."

Savate stares at Al-Kassi.

"I...I suppose you are right. Al-Kassi ees the sponsor of all this. I weel deal with him."

"Uh, hang on, gang...." says Stryke.

We get a view of a radar scope; approaching from above is a bright blip.

"Guys...does that look like a jet coming in on an attack vector to you?" she asks.

"*Shit!*" says Greco. "It damn sure does. Transponder reads that it's a Piraguan Mirage."

Stryke looks at Greco.

"Why would Piragua be attacking the ship?"

"Al-Kassi fucked them royally in a deal recently. He should have know his luck would run out. They're trying to hit us before we pass into Tigadoran waters.

"Okay, we've gotta work fast. Come on!"

Behind them, Al-Kassi stirs slightly.

"Ooooooh...."

Outside on the helicopter pad, Stryke has just climbed the stairs, with Savate close behind her. They're looking off-panel.,

"Do you see it?" asks Savate.

"Not yet - oh..."

From behind them, as a distant glint of light becomes distinguishable.

"...there it is."

They both have concerned looks on their faces.

"Should we not put out an alert?" asks Savate. "We need to give them a chance to abandon ship."

"No time. That jet'll be on us inside thirty seconds!"

They wheel as Greco comes over the top, carrying a Stinger missile.

"Where the hell's Greco -"

"Right here, babe. You got it spotted?"

"Yeah! Move your ass!!!"

Greco has the Stinger mounted on his shoulder. The jet is closing in fast.

"What are you waiting on?" asks Stryke.

"It's still acquiring the target...hang on...."

Behind them, Al-Kassi is climbing up onto the helicopter deck, carrying an assault rifle. He seems disoriented and furious.

"Y-you...motherless pigs...I will kill you all...."

From behind Al-Kassi, as he sights them in. Stryke and Savate see him, but Greco is still targeting the plane.

"Uh, Greco - " says Stryke.

"*TARGET!!!*" says Greco.

The Stinger fires (*FWOOOOOSH!!!*), as the missile shoots out of the tube. The subsequent fiery backblast hits Al-Kassi full-on.

"*YEAAAAAAGH!!!*" he screams.

The missile streaks toward the oncoming jet.

Al-Kassi's scorched body flies backwards off the helicopter deck.

The plane explodes into a brilliant orange fireball (**BUH-WHAAAAAM!!!**).

Al-Kassi's body splashes into the ocean (**SPLASH!**).

They watch as the burning wreck augers into the water, sending up a white plume.

"Wow," says Stryke. "You got the jet *and* Al-Kassi. Nice!"

He replies, "Hey, when you're good, you're good."

"I'd say it's Miller Time, wouldn't you?"

An establishing shot of the ship in dock, to denote a passage of time. Crates are being unloaded by dockhands (they contain the stingers, so they'll be longish). Visible beside the ship is Stryke's modified jetski.

From the deck, Stryke and Savate flank Greco as they watch, leaning against the railing.

"So you're assuming control of Al-Kassi's operation?" asks Stryke.

He says, "Yeah. I figure it'll be a sweet gig for a while. He didn't exactly leave a will, and nobody's got a better claim to his assets than me.

"I've already put the word out through proper channels. This deal with the Tigadorans alone will be worth a ton of money."

Greco looks at Savate.

"I hope we're cool. I don't wanna think you're lurkin' around every corner, waitin' to smack me around again."

"*Oui*. I bear no grudge. But I cannot remain."

"I understand. Thanks."

He and Stryke are embraced.

He says, "As for you...I'll definitely think about what you said. I'm not sure I haven't already turned over a new leaf, but I'll consider making it official.

"Now...are you up for a world cruise?"

"Mmmmm...tempting, but I've gotta get back. Being the CEO of a major company has it's perks, but it's a pain, too. Besides, I've gotta see about luring Frenchie there into private-sector employment."

"Fair enough. But I want to see you again. *Soon*."

They kiss, passionately.

She says, "Look me up. You know how to find me."

Stryke and Savate walk down the gangplank. Stryke's waving.

"Later, baby! I'll be waiting!"

He watches them depart, smiling.

On his face, he says, "You won't be waitin' long...."

THE END