

*Katalambano*

Jade Fox: Go ahead, Styles, we got you covered.

The chase is on. Styles is running with all his might and Ecstasy spots him from behind. He starts shooting some ammo from his weapon. Styles leaps behind some oil drums, and begins to return fire. Ecstasy runs for the chopper and continues to fire. Finally Ecstasy shoots his last bullet and now he is out of ammo. Ecstasy runs with fury and trips before he enters the chamber. Nick catches him and corners him at the door.

Nick: The battle is over, Ecstasy. Surrender, it's over.

Ecstasy: Surrender? Never! You can even imagine me doing that yourself, Styles.

Nick walks towards Ecstasy with his fist balled tight.

Nick: Time for roll call.

Ecstasy runs towards Nick in a rage and throws a right, but Nick blocks his punch. Nick returns with a combination and another one. Again and again. Ecstasy falls down and lies there looking helpless.

Ecstasy: Styles, you're right, the battle is over. I surrender, take me away, but let me walk away from this with a little honor.

Nick: You can forget it, "B." I'm not giving you shit.

Ecstasy looks at him with a silly grin, and Nick looks at him with suspicion. Ecstasy begins to get up, but unleashes a smoke grenade. Styles runs for cover and the grenade explodes. Ecstasy opens the chamber door and boards the chopper. The rest of the Katalambano warriors enter the

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area and help Styles stand up. Ecstasy hovers over them and speaks from a microphone.

Ecstasy: This battle isn't over, you thugs, criminals, and convicts! You are no better than me! Looks like NATO put trust and confidence in some worthless minorities. Black, Asian, Hispanic, Arabic, it doesn't really matter. You want to be heroes to the nation. Then so be it. You all shall die. I could've recruited some men like you. But all you wanted to do what was right. The hell with you! The hell with you!

Ecstasy flies away in the chopper with anger. The Katalambano watches depart from their presence.

Nick looks at Black Wan with joy.

Nick: Wan, I didn't know what happened to you. Welcome back.

Black Wan: Had to go under deep cover. Many lives were at stake. Although many were lost, we still stopped Karkase.

Sonja: That is what matters the most. It's good to see you again, Wan.

Nick: Let's go home, warriors!

The Katalambano returns back to the lair. Dutch requests a meeting with the Katalambano.

Dutch: Suju, you have done well as the Katalambano's guide. I am proud to have you as part of our militia. All of you have done well and the world is at peace. Many nations all around the world are now aware about the Katalambano. Who would ever imagine that a people of color and rejected by society could save the world from terrorism. I may appear to be white on the outside, but my great-grandfather

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was Afro-American. He had a thing for Irish women. Well, enough with that. It's another example to let you know that beauty is only skin deep. There should always follow a question. Do you look at things on an outward appearance? In most cases, the world always does and that is something only society can change. Good luck, warriors, this is only the beginning. Styles, I have some of your books and many of your poems. It looks like you have a story to tell. If you don't mind, share with us a poem of triumph and victory.

Nick looks surprised but is willing to comply with Dutch request.