

There are almost no frontiers left on Earth, no places left unclaimed by one country or another.

Continental shelves, remote deserts, even the moon has been sliced up into pieces and claimed.

But there are three places too remote, too inaccessible and unexploitable that no land as yet will plant their flag there.

The tallest mountaintops in Egypt, the deepest reaches of the ocean floor...

...and here.

A desolate stretch of the Antarctic coastline.

Forty-eight countries signed a treaty, resulting in no clear ownership.

But this map, this area...

...is unwanted by all and belongs to no one.

Coldest climate on Earth.

So impossibly dry that it's technically considered a desert.

Temperatures can reach as low as -144 degrees Fahrenheit.

And something very, very hot just fell here from the sky.




<DR. MARAZOV, THERE I CAN SEE THE CRASH SITE!>*

<I SEE IT, DR. GEUN.>
<ANYTHING ON THE GEIGER? NO?>

<THEN WE GO IN.>

*TRANSLATED FROM FRENCH.



<SHOULD WE NOT PERHAPS WAIT FOR ADDITIONAL ASSISTANCE, GAVRIE?>

<HEH. THAT IS THE FIRST TIME YOU'VE USED MY GIVEN NAME, DOCTOR. IT'S VERY PLEASANT.>

<BUT THERE'S NO TIME. THE NEAREST OUTPOST IS AMERICAN MILITARY.>

<I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOUR GOVERNMENT, BUT MINE WOULD BE MOST DISSATISFIED SHOULD I LET THE AMERICANS CLAIM OUR FIND.>



<WHAT IS IT?>

<IT'S...>

<IT'S EXTRAORDINARY.>

<I WILL ATTEMPT TO ACCESS THE CRATER FLOOR.>



<GAVRIE, NO. DO NOT DO THIS!>

<I CAN FEEL.>

<EVERYTHING. I FEEL EVERYTHING.>



<GOD IN HEAVEN. IT'S BURNING ME!>

<IT'S IN MY FLESH...HELP ME!>

<RIP IT OFF OF ME!>



<HELP ME!>

<NO!
NO!>

<FOR THE
LOVE OF GOD,
KILL ME!>

PARC DE LA VILLETTE, PARIS.

THE BETTER PART OF A WORLD AWAY.



MS. THURMAN,
VERY GLAD YOU COULD
MAKE IT.

YOU SENT
A DIAMOND
NECKLACE WRAPPED
IN A FIRST-CLASS
TICKET,
LADY.

THE
LEAST I CAN
DO IS...

WAIT.
DO I KNOW
YOU?



I SHOULD
HOPE NOT,
NEENA.

DEUX
CAFÉS, S'IL VOUS
PLAÎT.

DU
LAIT OU DU
SUCRE?



NOIR,
MERCİ. JUSTE NOIR
PROFOND.

HOLY
GOD, I GOT
IT. YOU'RE
THE--

MS. THURMAN,
PLEASE.



OH, RIGHT,
RIGHT. *SPY* STUFF.
SORRY.

IT'S JUST,
I'M SUCH A *FAN*
OF YOURS. YOU'RE
THE *BEST*
AVENGER!

YOU
FIGHT THE *BIG*
BAD GUYS WITH JUST A
HAIRSTYLE AND SHEER
CUSSEDNESS.

WAIT. AREN'T
YOU SUPPOSED TO
BE DEAD?



MS. THURMAN,
YOU SEE ME AS A SUPER
HERO. MANY DO.

BUT I'M
REALLY MORE OF AN
OPERATIVE.

AND FOR NOW,
IT'S BEST THAT THE
WORLD THINK I *AM* IN THE
GROUND SOMEWHERE, STONE
COLD AND FORGOTTEN.
INCLUDING THE
AVENGERS.

SOON...

WHOA. FRENCH COFFEES ARE SMALL BUT POTENT.

THERE WERE TWO SURVIVORS. FINDING THE ARTIFACT WAS A ONCE-IN-A-LIFETIME SHOT--THEY WERE THERE FOR A CLIMATE STUDY.

AND THEY BROUGHT THE METEOR BACK TO THEIR BASE CAMP, THEN SMUGGLED IT, SOMEHOW, TO ARGENTINA.

AND THERE THE TRAIL GOES COLDER, COLDER, I MEAN.

AND YOU WANT THE ITEM?

THREE COUNTRIES ARE CLAIMING OWNERSHIP: RUSSIA AND SOUTH KOREA, WHO DISCOVERED THE METEOR, AND THE AMERICANS, WHO HAVE THE NEAREST LAND STAKE.

I'M NOT SURE ANYONE SHOULD HAVE IT.

I WASN'T KIDDING, I MEAN, I AM A FAN. SHE'S THE BLACK FREAKING WIDOW.

IT'S TAKING EVERYTHING NOT TO ASK FOR A SELFIE WITH HER.

BUT SHE'S NOT TELLING ME EVERYTHING. I CAN FEEL IT.

SO YOU WANT US TO FIND THE THING?

NEENA, YOU MISUNDERSTAND. I DON'T WANT TO HIRE YOU.

I WANT TO JOIN YOU.

WHY US? YOU HAVE STARK ON SPEED DIAL, I BET.

BECAUSE I TESTED YOU, NEENA. WHEN WE SHOOK HANDS, I TRIED TO USE THIS ON YOU, MY WIDOW'S BITE-- 30,000 VOLTS.

IT SHORTED OUT COLD.

I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU. YOUR PROBABILITY GIFT IS...IT'S A CHAOS ELEMENT, AND WE'LL NEED CHAOS.

MORE THAN THAT, EVEN...

...YOU UNDERESTIMATE YOURSELF.

WELL, THAT'S JUST...HUH. PRAISE FROM AN AVENGER. A CHAMPION.

NICE.

IS IT GETTING WARM IN HERE?