

FADE IN:

EXT. THE DESERT - DAY

HENRY PLOTZ (30s) spears trash with nine other prisoners on a remote stretch of road.

They wear orange DOC coveralls with bright yellow safety vests. A SHERIFF sits on a nearby rock, reading the paper while slowly chewing his sandwich. It's a hot day.

A STREAM OF PISS splatters Henry's boot.

The pisser is BUBBA, a troglodyte-looking behemoth with long, wild black hair. He smirks as he pisses.

Henry shakes his boot, smiles politely and walks away.

A discarded soda can hits Henry in the back of the head.

HENRY  
(turning)  
Bubba, I do believe you're a bit  
unclear on the concept.

He spears the can and puts it in his trash bag and, again, walks away.

Bubba follows and spins Henry around, a huge fist ready to crack open Henry's face when--

--Henry points skyward.

Bubba looks up.

Henry knees Bubba in the crotch.

Bubba collapses to his knees.

Henry knees Bubba in the face.

Bubba falls face-down in the sand.

HENRY (cont'd)  
(waving to the  
Sheriff)  
Moment, sir. Moment.

The annoyed Sheriff approaches and sees a prostrate Bubba.

HENRY (cont'd)  
I fear he wasn't sufficiently  
hydrated.

The Sheriff nudges Bubba with his boot.

SHERIFF  
Put him in the shade by the van.  
(to a nearby PRISONER)  
And you, help him.

As the Sheriff walks back to his rock to resume his sandwich, the Prisoner lifts Bubba's legs.

Henry lifts his end BY THE HAIR.

PRISONER  
Bubba's not gonna like that.

HENRY  
Bubba's sleeping. Let's not wake him.

They carry their big load over to the shade of the van and gently deposit him in the sand. Well, not exactly gently.

As Bubba is lowered from Henry's end there is a RIPPING sound and Bubba's head hits the ground with a thud.

Henry looks in his hand and finds a large clump of black hair. He stuffs it into Bubba's pocket and goes back to work.

A sudden ROLLING THUNDER in the distance, getting louder. Two military Apache helicopters burst over the nearby hills and zoom low over the desert floor.

The motors in the helicopters suddenly HUM to life and a barrage of bullets from their chain guns, at the rate of 600 rounds per minute, strafes some rocks in the distance.

Something inhuman, monstrous, bounds from those rocks. It gallops awkwardly on two legs.

The helicopters make another pass, fire, and the creature goes down. The helicopters disappear over the hills.

PRISONER  
What the --?

A new sound, the high-speed ROAR of many vehicles, grows louder.

A large convoy of military trucks and jeeps filled with armed soldiers rounds the bend and speeds past them on the road toward...but there's nothing out there in the barren desert landscape that Henry can see. Just rocks and sand for hundreds of miles.

The last of the convoy, a beige sedan, slows when it gets to the DOC van, then stops. Out come two burly men, identically dressed. They wear shoulder holsters and reflective sunglasses.

They stare at the prison crew from the opposite side of the road.

SHERIFF  
What's going on gents?

No answer.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
What was that thing in the desert  
that was shot?

No answer.

SHERIFF (cont'd)  
You boys from Edwards?

Still no answer.

By now the entire prison crew is spooked, including the Sheriff.

HENRY HIDES BEHIND THE OTHER PRISONERS.

The two burly men pull Uzis from their back holster, aim and fire, methodically cutting down the Sheriff and the prison crew.

Henry pretends he's hit and falls immediately, letting other prisoners pile on top of him. Everything is silent, except for the approaching footsteps of the two burly men.

Just then Bubba comes to and staggers to his feet by the van. He sees the dead work crew. He sees the two burly men with Uzis. He puts one and one together and then runs for his life.

The two burly men chase after him, firing along the way.

Henry untangles himself from the pile of dead men and sprints to the sedan. The keys are still in the ignition.

He starts the car and drives in the direction the convoy came from.

As he drives he checks the glove compartment. Nothing.

He checks the visor. Bingo. A PICTURE ID of one of the burly men. His name is "Jasper Willing" of "PC4 Risk Management".

As Henry drives he removes his vest and peels down his orange coveralls so that only his white t-shirt shows.

As his car rounds the bend Henry sees a blockade directly in front of him. Jeeps with soldiers in full battle gear. More private military contractors in plain clothes.

Henry slows, assesses, then does a quick turnaround and speeds away in the opposite direction.

They fire on him immediately, shooting out his windows.

He continues driving back the way he came. When he gets to his dead road crew the two burly men are waiting for him. They fire, and more windows are shot out, along with one of the tires.

Yet Henry keeps driving.

Up ahead sits another roadblock positioned for Henry. He veers off the road and onto a very rocky trail. Bullets riddle the car.

He's got the accelerator planted to the floor. Dust and rocks spit out from behind the car. He's doing fifty on a stretch where off-road jeeps have a rough go of it at twenty.

Something's gotta give.

A DIP in the road. Not particularly deep but enough to throw the car off balance.

Henry loses control and the car flies over the small ridge and into a gulley, crashing nose-first in a standing position, embedded between two rock pillars.

Henry's too dazed to move.

PRIVATE CONTRACTOR(O.S.)

Yes sir. I understand.

A man dressed in clothes identical to the two who killed the prison crew puts away his cellphone as he approaches.

He stares at Henry who's apparently out of options. But, Henry being Henry...

HENRY

I'm Willing, Jasper, with PC4.

PRIVATE CONTRACTOR

What a coincidence. I'm also with PC4. So when did they start issuing orange coveralls?

HENRY

I'm undercover.

PRIVATE CONTRACTOR

Of course you are. Bye-bye.

The contractor points his gun at Henry and fires, the sound strangely muffled.

EVERYTHING GOES BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM SOMEWHERE - DAY

Henry spoons chocolate pudding with his handcuffed hands as he sits in bed. It looks like a very sterile hospital room because of the medical equipment, but there are no windows.

Henry stops to rub at a WELT on his neck with a red dot in the center.

A SOLDIER enters the room. He looks and carries himself like an MP, a guy not to be messed with.

SOLDIER

Let's go.

Henry complies, in his white boxers and t-shirt, and is led to the door.

SOLDIER (cont'd)

Leave the spoon.

Henry takes it out of his waistband and puts it on the table. They go out the door and into a...

WINDOWLESS HALLWAY

A long narrow antiseptic corridor that seems to stretch on forever.

GUNSHOTS ahead, red warning lights flash, alarms go off.