

BLUNT FORCE  
an original screenplay by  
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V.2

A young woman fights a multinational private security corporation to rescue her kidnapped fiancé, only to realize that instead of an evil conspiracy, she is battling with the results of a life's worth of psychological trauma.

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FADE IN:

I/E AIRPORT – DAY

SAMANTHA "SAM" MILES, 27 and tired looking, wearing jeans and a T-shirt, is walking out of Baggage Claim when she notices her brother, KEVIN MILES, 30s, waiting impatiently near the exit. He spots her and nods a quick, uncertain smile at her.

They walk towards each other and hug.

KEVIN

Hey, Sam! How'd it go?

Sam scowls at the memory of her last several days.

SAM

Just more Army bullshit.

KEVIN

Yeah.

(pause)

I'm sorry I've got to run, but here're yer keys.

He hands her car keys and she nods as she clutches them. She smiles weakly.

SAM

It's okay. Thanks for doing that.

KEVIN

No problem. You okay?

SAM

Yeah, yeah. I've been over it a hundred times....

(remembering)

How are you getting home?

KEVIN

I'm just grabbin' a cab to the office.

SAM

Oh! Cool. Let me give you some money.

KEVIN

Fuck no. I'm okay. Really.

Sam smiles.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Here's the ticket. Level 4, section B.  
You'll see it right as you come out of  
the elevators.

She nods and they walk to the escalators as she rolls a single piece of luggage and carries a backpack and a garment bag.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Look. You know, if you want to talk  
about any of it... or none of it, you  
know! Just call me. Okay?

She nods. Clearly something happened to Sam in the Army and it makes Kevin sad, but he's withholding his feelings so as to not make it harder on Sam.

He gives her another hug and lingers a little, whispering in her ear.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I love you, Sis. You deserve better.

Sam starts to tear up but chokes it down.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

But it's over. You're home now, so...

Kevin steps back and looks her in the eye. She smiles and looks away.

SAM

Yeah. I'm fine. Thanks.

He shakes his head.

KEVIN

I'm really sorry my schedule's so booked.  
I'll call you after work and we'll get a  
bite. Okay?

SAM

Sure!

KEVIN

Okay! Seeya'!

Kevin hurries out the doors to the loading curb. Sam turns towards the escalators.

INT. AIRPORT PARKING LOT

Sam rolls out of an elevator and out to the parking area. She spots a white car, a Kia Optima, and heads toward it. The car has ARMY stickers on it and other paraphernalia, marking it as hers.

She gets in and drives off with an abrupt and impatient driving style, familiar with the vehicle's handling.

I/E WHITE KIA OPTIMA - DAY

Sam is driving her car home on a freeway.

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)

This is the recorded testimony of Army Specialist Samantha Miles regarding events that occurred near the town of Fallujah, Iraq between March fourth and March twenty-first, two thousand seven. Present are myself, Lieutenant Ryan Moll, private first class Stephen...

(pause)

Seventeen days....

As she drives Sam replays these events in her mind. They weigh on her heavily. The memories flow into each other, overlapping.

SAM (O.S.)

That's correct.

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)

Seventeen days. Do you remember anything else?

SAM (O.S.)

I've told you everything.

(pause)

I've told you. I don't know.

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)

Why did they hold you so long?

(pause)

I'll remind you that you're under oath.

That really bothers her.

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Is there anything you've left out of your account?

SAM (O.S.)

...no.

Sam looks over at the passenger seat.

CARL HOLLINGSWORTH, 34, smiles at her. He's slouched in his seat, dressed in "private security" duty gear (cargo pants, T-shirt, black utility vest, boots, etc.).

The IMPACT sounds like an EXPLOSION.

The white Kia Optima immediately swerves to the right, away from an SUV on its right that has crashed into it,... and flips.

Metal CRUNCHES, glass shatters and flies everywhere. Sam and Carl SCREAM as they're tossed around by the force of the car flipping and bouncing across the freeway.

The car stops flipping and SLIDES as other vehicles SCREECH, CRUNCH and SHATTER around them.

Sam and Carl are now upside down. She opens her eyes and sees a huge 18-wheeler coming right behind her wrecked Kia. The huge truck jackknifes and flips over.

The momentum lifts the trailer, revealing it to Sam's terrified gaze. It's a gasoline truck and she has time enough to see that the side of the chrome tank is painted with a corporate logo: WKCH, Inc.

The tank LURCHES into the air in a lethal arc and then CRASHES onto the asphalt. The explosion is deafening and seems silent at first until the shock wave passes and knocks everything another hundred yards.

The resulting gasoline fire is huge. Sam fights with her seatbelt and scrambles out of the wreck as she sees the burning, SCREECHING truck slide towards them.

SAM (CONT'D)

Carl! Carl? GET OUT OF THE CAR!!

Sam glances at Carl. He's unconscious, bloody, and hanging upside down. Sam stares at him, terrified...

He twitches, he's ALIVE!

...and then at the approaching fireball. At the last second, Sam cringes, turning away from death.

The sliding, burning gasoline truck stops... yards away. The SCREECHING metal SILENCES.

Sam looks up and back at the truck. She turns back to the car.

SAM (CONT'D)

Carl! Honey? Get out now! Wake up!

She sees him drop from his seat and then notices hands and arms helping to lug him out of the wreckage.

Sam stands to get a better look, either over or around the wreckage, at whomever is helping Carl.

She sees four, no, six men, dressed in "private security" duty gear as well, carrying Carl away.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hey! Wait....

POLICE OFFICER #1 (O.S.)

Get down, get on the ground, NOW!

Sam turns and sees a police officer yelling and pointing his gun at her. His patrol car is behind him, lights flashing, out of focus.

POLICE OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

On the ground, now!

SAM

That's my fiancé they're taking away. I need to go with him!

He approaches her and wrenches her arm behind her to cuff her. Sam is still dazed from the wreck.

SAM (CONT'D)

Carl? Hon'...?

The cop yanks Sam away from the car. Over her shoulder, Sam sees the men rapidly carry Carl's unconscious form to a waiting black SUV on the shoulder of the road.

SAM (CONT'D)

Wait!

POLICE OFFICER #1

On the ground, NOW!

The black SUV's tires squeal as it races away.

SAM

No! WAIT! CARL!?!

POLICE OFFICER #1

I said...

The cop shoves her and...

Sam pushes against him with her body and then pulls, spinning on him, chopping his arm with her hand and then his throat and yanking his gun out of his hand.

She aims the pistol at the disabled cop who has dropped to his knees, gasping. He's reaching for his pepper spray and baton...

Semi-auto SHOTS LAND AROUND HER. Sam looks up.

A passenger also in duty gear, despite obviously being hurt in the wreck, is unsteadily trying to get shots off at her from the mangled cab of the gasoline truck.

He's trying to fire an assault rifle slung around his neck. The driver of the truck lays splattered against the shattered windshield. The shooter kicks his part of the windshield out to get a better shot.

Again, the SHOTS HIT Sam's car and the asphalt around her. She aims, bracing her arms and fires twice at the shooter, killing him or at least dropping him.

The cop in front of her tries to pepper spray her and swing his baton. She shoots him once.

Sam glances around the scene. She becomes the calm eye of this storm. The freeway is a mess, the aftermath of a massive multi-car pile up is swirling around her.

CARL (O.S.)

People need to know what they're doing...  
It's not right!

She tries to recall the moments before.... Sam shakes her head trying to remember what Carl was telling her.

SAM (O.S.)

What are you talking about?

CARL (O.S.)

I think I need to go public. The FBI or the newspapers.... Something.

SAM (O.S.)

Why?

She looks around the freeway and spots more dark SUVs and Humvees distorted in the distance by the heatwaves coming off of the black top. She sees more of those vehicles crossing a nearby overpass and making their way to the crash site.

A LOUD ROAR passes overhead – a dark helicopter strafes the crash site, making her flinch.

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
Seventeen days....  
(pause)  
Do you recall anything else?

Sam remembers Carl's shoulder bag. She drops to the ground and looks in the car. Nothing.

Her focus shifts and she spots it on the other side of the car in the grass.

She runs around the wreck, snatches it from the grass and runs off.

EXT. CREEK

Sam stumbles into the creek. Her blue jeans and white T-shirt dirty from the asphalt, smoke and blood of the crash.

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
Seventeen days....

SAM (O.S.)  
That's right....

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
Is that when the assault occurred?

Her panic overpowers her, dropping her momentarily to the muddy rocks of the dilapidated creek. She lets out a soul emptying wail...

SAM  
CARL!!!

She stays on her hands and knees crying, trying to catch her breath and come to grips with her new reality.

She grabs Carl's shoulder bag and opens it. The bag was monogrammed with "C.H.," Carl's initials. Sam rummages through the bag and finds some printouts.

It's a confusing collection of documents but she can make out that they're a series of emails and memos. Carl highlighted incriminating passages.

CARL (O.S.)

I'm going to blow the whistle.

Key words pop out at her despite her shock and grief: "leak," "toxic," "liability," "illegal," "cover-up," "report," "public safety," and on and on.

CARL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The American people need to know what's happening in their name and with their money...if they care of nothing else...

Sam recalls the moment before the car crash.

I/E WHITE KIA OPTIMA – FLASHBACK

Sam is driving as Carl haltingly fills her in.

CARL

WKCH – Williams, Kelleher, Carson & Hyde  
– is trying to hide this from everyone.  
Bribes keep the government officials  
quiet, so that leaves...me.

He glances at her with a forlorn expression. Sam understands the severity of what he's telling her.

EXT. CREEK – CONTINUOUS

Sam has dark circles and bags under her eyes from lack of sleep and stress. She wipes tears from her eyes.

CARL (O.S.)

I need to go to the FBI or the media...  
or both.

Sam rears her head in desperation.

SAM

CARL!?!?!

RUSTLING in nearby bushes startles Sam. A young woman stumbles out of the foliage. Sam aims the cop's pistol at her, one eye closed, perfectly braced to plant two shots in whoever this is.

BETTY "BATS" BORICK, 27, stops short!

BATS  
Holdyerfire, Sam!

Sam recognizes her and is shocked by her sudden appearance. She yanks the gun to the side, almost as an afterthought.

SAM  
What...? Where...? ...what are you doing here?

BATS  
Where do you expect me to be?

Sam rushes Bats and hugs her ferociously.

BATS (CONT'D)  
I was following you guys, remember?

SAM  
It's good to see you, Bats.

BATS  
(confused)  
You too, kid.

Bats inspects her to make sure she's not bleeding from her ears or something.

SAM  
They took Carl!!!

BATS  
I saw. We need to move—

SAM  
(interrupting)  
He found out what WKCH was doing—

BATS  
(interrupting)  
I know, I know....

SAM  
I think that's why they—

Bats braces Sam with both hands.

BATS  
They meant to kill both of you. They know. That's why we need to move.

Sam processes that.

SAM  
I need to find him.

BATS  
(interrupting)  
How? We've got to move!

SAM  
Wait.

Sam picks up Carl's bag and the printouts, stuffing them back in. They follow the creek bed further away from the freeway.

EXT. STREETS

Sam and Bats nervously make their way through the city streets to Sam's house. Bats, however, walks more casually and confidently.

Sam notices that and it reminds her to calm herself. She looks at Bats in admiration, as a friend and role model.

Bats has a muscular, kick-butt frame. She's wearing a rough-and-tumble-looking outfit that looks sexy on her. Her hair is short and spiky whereas Sam's hair is shoulder length and in a ponytail.

Bats is wearing black fingerless bicycling gloves and she has modern primitive tatoos on her muscular arms. She's not a Paris Hilton version of an athletic chick. She's a real woman who works out and knows what she's doing.

Sam is no pushover either. But she's not as razor sharp as Bats. Not quite as precise in her look.

On the quieter streets Sam and Bats jog to make better time. They move as a natural team.

I/E SAM'S HOUSE

Sam and Bats slip into her house and Sam immediately strips out of her dirty, light-colored clothes.

SAM  
They must have been onto him for a while now.  
(pause)  
Find the backpack in the hall closet.

Sam kicks off her shoes and pants and strides into her bedroom, tossing the cop's gun on her bed.

SAM (CONT'D)

They're going to want to debrief him before they do anything to him. We have to find him before they kill him and dump him.

She pulls out clothes similar to what Bats is wearing: cargo pants or dungarees with paint streaks and oil stains on them, a dark "wife-beater," a dark T-shirt and a black hunting vest/duty rig.

SAM (CONT'D)

I've got some health bars in the kitchen. Grab a bunch and some water bottles.

(pause)

And pee now.... I know what you're like!

BATS (O.S.)

Shutup!

Sam puts on hiking boots and then she opens her nightstand and takes out a gun safe. She opens it and pulls out two Glock pistols. She loads them and hands one to Bats when she walks into the bedroom.

The whole time her mind is racing through all of the possibilities, her jaw muscles working, her eyes darting about.

Sam takes the cop's gun she tossed on the bed and reloads it with ammo from the safe. Done, she puts the safe away and notices a framed picture of her and Carl in Iraq.

She looks funny in her oversized fatigues. He looks cute and rugged in his private security getup.

CARL (O.S.)

This isn't the place or the time.

Fear and sadness choke her.

INT. TENT/IRAQ - DAY - FLASHBACK

Sam is sitting on her cot. Carl kneels in front of her and takes her hand.

Sam looks at him warily. He chooses his words carefully with a nervous smile flitting in between a more serious expression.

CARL

Think of this as the teaser... One of those movie previews.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)  
The coming attractions!  
(pause)  
Don't answer now. You don't have to say anything.

He takes her hand in both of his.

CARL (CONT'D)  
But when we're back in the world, I'm going to propose to you.

He remembers to breathe. The smile returns to his face. Sam is shocked and moved.

SAM  
Can't I just say 'Yes'?!?

CARL  
I haven't asked you yet!

He smiles mischievously then scowls.

CARL (CONT'D)  
This place sucks so bad...I just don't want this to be our memory of this moment.  
(pause)  
I just want you to know it. I couldn't wait, so.... But I'm going to do it right. Later. SOON! Soon!  
(pause)  
You're out of here in three days. I'll be home in a month, soon as my contract is up. Then we'll go someplace nice.

She laughs and hugs him with tears in her eyes and kisses him long and hard. He finally pulls away.

CARL (CONT'D)  
Okay. I've got to go. We'll be back home in no time and then, just you watch!

He pauses beaming a smile at her and then leaves the tent.

I/E SAM'S HOUSE – CONTINUOUS

Sam is succumbing to some tears. She hears Bats at the bedroom door and looks up, wiping her face. Bats smiles.

Sam looks angry, not at Bats but at the situation.

SAM

We've got to find him.

Bats nods.

SAM (CONT'D)

And then we're going to make someone pay.

Bats' facial expression is one of either cautious judgement or vehement agreement....

Sam's home phone RINGS. They look at it.

BATS

Don't answer!

Sam rummages for more things, an ankle holster for the cop's gun and a concealed holster for her vest. She also finds a combat knife and a telescoping baton and a duty rig belt that she covers with her T-shirt.

Sam's answering machine kicks in.

POLICE OPERATOR

This is officer Wenn from the Los Angeles Police Department. We're looking for Samantha Miles. Can you please call the station or have her call as soon as possible. She can ask the phone operator to connect her immediately. Again, this is officer Wenn of the L.A.P.D....

Sam keeps moving and finishes getting ready. She shakes off her sadness for the time being.

BATS

Where do we look first?

SAM

We need to—

Sam hears something. She runs to the front door and peers through the curtains at a police car that has just stopped in front of her house.

SAM (CONT'D)

Gotta'go.

Bats sees it too and follows Sam out the backdoor.

## EXT. BACKYARDS

Sam hops the fence, followed by Bats, and hurries to the neighbor's backdoor. She pulls out her knife and slips the backdoor open.

BATS

Nice.

(pause)

Is anyone here?

SAM

At work.

## INT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE

They slip down the hall of the quiet house and upstairs. Sam leads them to a bedroom window overlooking her house.

They see the police officers, a man and a woman, walk up to her front door. They watch their legs, the rest of them blocked by the porch roof, as they knock on the door loudly.

MALE OFFICER

Hello? Police! Is anyone home? Open the door, please.

(pause)

I'll go 'round back.

The female officer steps out onto the front lawn and answers her cellphone.

FEMALE OFFICER

Yes?...WKCH? What do they want?!?

(pause)

Yes, sir....yes. We're on it.

Sam looks at Bats and nods.

SAM

We need to get into WKCH and find Carl's evidence. I doubt they're holding him there, but we might find out where they've got him.

(pause)

Hand me the backpack.

Sam opens the backpack and finds one of Carl's printouts.

SAM (CONT'D)

This is a letter Carl wrote to whomever  
he was going to hand this to...or in case  
he didn't make it.

She gulps down her sadness.

SAM (CONT'D)

He says here where we can find a hard  
drive with evidence on it.

BATS

Let's do it.

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING/KEVIN MILES' OFFICE

Sam's brother, Kevin, is a psychiatrist. His phone rings  
and he answers it. His office looks the part....

KEVIN

Kevin Miles.

POLICE OPERATOR

Is this Kevin Miles?

KEVIN

Yes?

POLICE OPERATOR

Are you related to Samantha Miles of 1434  
Clover Street?

KEVIN

...yes. I'm her older brother. What's  
the prob-

POLICE OPERATOR

(interrupting)

A car registered to her name was involved  
in a large accident on the freeway but  
she hasn't been found at the scene.  
We're looking for her.

KEVIN

Is she okay? I mean is there any sign  
of-

POLICE OPERATOR

(interrupting)

Would you know how we could locate her?

KEVIN

Yeah, I suppose-

POLICE OPERATOR  
(interrupting)  
Could you come to the station and help  
out?

KEVIN  
Of course.

POLICE OPERATOR  
I can have a squad car pick you up.  
What's your current location?

EXT. STREET #2

SAM  
We need a car.

Bats spot an idling, double-parked Crown Victoria with  
the driver's door open.

BATS  
There's one.

Sam slips behind the wheel as Bats gets in the passenger  
side. Sam glances at Bats and her shit-eating grin.

SAM  
Shutup.

Sam drives!

INT. LAPD STATION

Kevin is escorted by a police officer to Duty Supervisor,  
Sergeant Rivera. Sergeant Rivera shakes Kevin's hand.

SGT. RIVERA  
Thanks for coming down...

KEVIN  
Kevin, Miles.

He hands his card over and the sergeant glances at it.

SGT. RIVERA  
Psychiatrist! Do you have any idea where  
your – is it your sister?

Kevin nods.

SGT. RIVERA (CONT'D)  
Where she might be?

KEVIN

Not exactly. I assume you tried her home.

SGT. RIVERA

No answer.

Rivera remembers his manners and motions to a desk and chair as he takes his seat behind the desk.

SGT. RIVERA (CONT'D)

Please.

KEVIN

What happened?

Kevin sits on the edge of his seat.

SGT. RIVERA

Well, there's been a multiple car pile up on the 110. What state of mind was your sister in today?

KEVIN

Why?!

Rivera just waits for an answer.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Has something happened?

SGT. RIVERA

Well, her car was abandoned at the scene, which is odd.

Kevin thinks.

KEVIN

She's been through a lot recently. I met her at the airport this morning to give her her car so that she could get home; I had an early appointment and couldn't just drive her home today.

Rivera nods and waits.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She's a vet and just got back from some debriefing....

SGT. RIVERA

What about?

KEVIN

Well. I don't know if you heard about a company that was captured in Iraq and held hostage six months ago?

Rivera shrugs; there's a lot of bad news out of Iraq.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

...she was one of three survivors.

Rivera nods gravely.

SGT. RIVERA

Would you say that her judgment has been impaired?

KEVIN

What do you mean? What's happened?

The phone on Rivera's desk rings.

SGT. RIVERA

Excuse me.

He answers it.

SGT. RIVERA (CONT'D)

Yeah. Yeah.

(pause)

It's as we suspected. Amend the APB to approach her with caution.

(pause)

Right.

Kevin is seriously alarmed now as he scoots even further up on the edge of his seat.

Rivera hangs up and turns his attention back to Kevin.

SGT. RIVERA (CONT'D)

Tell me everything you can tell me about your sister.

I/E WKCH, INC., STAIRWELL

One of the emergency exit doors opens behind the building and Sam hurries over to it and slips inside while Bats holds it open.

They climb the stairs with Sam consulting Carl's letter. They reach the top floor, the roof access, and wait.

BATS

People should be leaving work soon. We can wait here. Let me see that.

Sam hands her the letter.

BATS (CONT'D)

Does he say if the hard drive is secured?

SAM

No. We touch it, I'm sure a whole set of alarms will go off, though.

BATS

We can't just copy it. We need to kill the power and just disconnect it and get out of here.

SAM

You take out the power. I'll disconnect it.

INT. WKCH, INC. CORPORATE OFFICES

Sam and Bats sneak out of the stairwell and search the area.

They find the IT room on that floor.

Sam locates the hard drive Carl indicates in his letter and looks at Bats. Bats nods and slips out of the room.

INT. OFFICE SPACE

Bats hurries past an emergency exit and smiles as she stops short. She steps back and gazes upon a fire ax, behind glass, in an emergency cabinet on the wall.

INT. POWER STATION

Bats is in the building's main electrical hub. She hefts the newly procured ax, tests its weight, chokes up a bit on it and then attacks an electrical conduit.

The conduit sparks and the lights flicker and go out. Emergency lights come on.

INT. IT ROOM

Sam props a flashlight on a nearby rack and shines it on the hard drive. The lights go out and she unplugs it.

She throws the hard drive in the backpack, snatches the flashlight and hurries out of the room.

INT. OFFICE SPACE

Bats joins Sam.

SAM

Good work!

BATS

Thanks! Let's beat it.

SAM

Not yet.

Sam goes searching and finds Carl's office.

SAM (CONT'D)

I want to see if Carl left any hint of who's specifically behind this.

Sam rummages through his drawers and files. Bats spots an envelope in his In box. She opens it (it's unsealed) and reads the letter.

BATS

Look at this.

Sam stops her rummaging and Bats hands it over. Sam reads it quickly.

SAM

It has come to our attention that your security clearance has been used to access areas for which you are not authorized.

(pause)

...meet with the head of corporate security, Mr. Donald Reggs.

(pause)

This is it!

(pause)

Signed "D. Reggs."

Sam looks at Bats.

BATS  
Sounds like your man.

SAM  
Head of security.

BATS  
Let's go.

SAM  
We need to know what he looks like.

Bats blinks at her.

BATS  
He may have an office here.

Sam holds up the letter.

SAM  
Ninth floor!

I/E SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR

Rivera leads Kevin to his squad car with the label  
"Supervisor" painted on the rear fenders.

KEVIN  
What does all this have to do with my  
sister?

SGT. RIVERA  
In addition to the car wrecks there was  
some shooting at the scene. Firearms.  
And a fatality.

KEVIN  
You think Sam's involved?

SGT. RIVERA  
At this point it's looking that way.

They get in the car and Rivera drives off.

INT. NINTH FLOOR, EXECUTIVE OFFICES

Sam and Bats navigate through the building's floor plan.  
It's a typical squarish floor plan, elevators in the  
center, offices with window views on the outside.

Sam is counting the office numbers and finds the one.

SAM

“Reggs, D.”

Bats tries the door. It’s locked. She slides a slim-jim out.

BATS

This shouldn’t take too long.

But Sam’s hiking boot interrupts, kicking the door knob and the door into pieces and swinging the door open. Sam gapes at Bats.

Bats is reminded of Sam’s emotional state.

BATS (CONT’D)

That works too.

Sam slips into the office and turns on the flashlight, scanning the room.

There! On a credenza behind his desk is a variety of framed photos. This guy seems single. All of the photos seem to be of him with VIPs, a map of his career so far.

No cute family photos, a hard-driving career type.

Sam grabs one of the more obviously recent pictures and smashes the frame on the corner of his desk. She lets the pieces fall to the carpet and holds the photo in her other hand.

SAM

Hello, fucker.

Bats looks over her shoulder.

BATS

Putz!

Sam presents the picture to Bats. D. Reggs, head of security for WKCH looks like an average red-headed forty something ex-cop, ex-military guy.

SAM

You spot him, let me know.

BATS

I’ll do more than that.

Sam nods.

SAM

Let’s see who gets to him fir-

Sam flinches. She points a finger out the office window at a beam from a flashlight sweeping a far wall.

SAM (CONT'D)

He'll see the door.

Sam crouches, heads out of the office and away from the searching beam. Bats follows closely.

BATS

(whispering)

Probably some fat rent-a-cop.

Sam yanks out her baton and shushes Bats.

They go down a length of cubicles and go around a corner smack dab into the guard. He's clearly fat and looks like a "rent-a-cop." He toggles his walkie on his shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Craig. On my twenty!

(pause)

Stop right there. Don't move. You're under arrest for trespass-

Sam lunges at him, throwing out her hand and telescoping the baton at his forehead. The sections slide out in SLO-MO and the hard metal tip reaches out to make contact with bone.

The security guard immediately leans back hard as the baton reaches its limit and stops. The 250lb -plus security guard turns his loss of balance into a kick, straight to Sam's mid-section.

Sam doubles over and rolls to the side.

The large guard rolls backwards out of his fall and onto his feet with his gun out with surprising agility.

SECURITY GUARD #1 (CONT'D)

Freeze or I'll shoot.

Bats dives to the side and he FIRES trying to catch up to her.

Sam pops up behind a cubicle and FIRES TWICE, hitting the guard in the shoulder.

He falls, GURGLING.

Bats and Sam meet at his body, guns drawn, alert.

SAM

Fat rent-a-cop, huh?

BATS

Never assume, I guess.

The guard tries to raise his gun at them and Bats moves to shoot him. Sam pushes Bats' gun aside and kicks the gun out of the guard's hand.

The guard's walkie starts squawking, which startles them.

SECURITY GUARD #2 (O.S.)

Shots fired! Shots fired! Joe? Come in. Sitrep! Sitrep?

Sam squats, holstering her gun, grabs the guard by his shirt and pulls his face closer.

SAM

Where's Carl Hollingsworth?

The guard struggles to breathe with a mouthful of blood. His hands search for his wounds, trying to slow the bleeding.

Sam yanks his hand away.

SAM (CONT'D)

Where do you take people you kidnap?!?  
Black SUV? A bunch of men, all in black?  
HUH?

He shakes his head and his facial expression suggests he truly doesn't know. He's bleeding out fast.

SECURITY GUARD #2 (O.S.)

Ninth floor! Northeast corner! Joe? Come in! Report.

SAM

TELL ME! WHERE IS HE?

The guard struggles and then his head sags back, eyes half open, mouth agape. Sam realizes he's dead and shoves him back onto the floor, angrily.

SAM (CONT'D)

Motherfucker!!!

She stands up and then kicks the dead guard.

SAM (CONT'D)

Fuck!!!

They hear running somewhere in the building.

Sam grabs the guard's radio and earpiece. She plugs it into her ear and stuffs the radio in one of her many vest pockets. She swaps magazines on her pistol and pockets the one that's two down in rounds.

SAM (CONT'D)

We need to get out of here before backup arrives.

Bats points with her pistol.

I/E SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR

SGT. RIVERA

So your sister is trained in firearms.

KEVIN

Well, yeah.

Rivera reaches for the car radio.

INT. NINTH FLOOR, EXECUTIVE OFFICES – CONTINUOUS

Bats leads and hurries the way they were going, gun held out in front, eye down her sights, and stopping at the nearest cover, a support column on a wall.

BATS

(hissed)

Go.

Sam scurries in similar fashion to the next cover, a water cooler. She sweeps the area with her gun to make sure it's clear.

SAM

(hissed)

Go.

Bats reaches the next corner where the space narrows to a corridor leading to the restrooms and back stairs. She peers around the corner down the dark corridor.

BATS

(hissed)

Go.

Sam sprints for the stairs.

BATS (CONT'D)

Lookout!

Two guards appear at the other end. Sam's confiscated walkie echoes their new transmissions.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
We've got them, south  
corridor!

SECURITY GUARD #3  
Stop right there!

Bats fires suppressive shots, forcing the guards back, as Sam slides on the floor and then kicks the crashbar on the stairwell door and rolls inside.

SECURITY GUARD #2  
One got into the stairs. Block it off on  
the eighth floor.

BATS  
Sam? Change of plans!

Sam peers back at Bats and tries to see her in the gloom. Bats hand gestures that they should take these two guards out and double back the way they came...in three, two, one.

Bats steps out and fires consistent shots down the corridor.

SECURITY GUARD #3  
Hold your fire!

Sam comes out of the stairwell shooting the same way Bats is. She clips Guard #2, who drops, and rushes forward to finish off Guard #3.

She sees Guard #3's hand shoot out to help Guard #2, but then he pulls it back, taking cover around the corner.

Bullets go through sheetrock. So Sam adjusts her aim on her side of the corner and fires successive rounds into the sheetrock until her gun locks empty.

Guard #3 drops from behind his hiding place and the cloud of plaster dust and gunsmoke, dead.

Bats hurries ahead and kills Guard #2.

Sam swaps magazines for a full one. She rummages the guards' duty rigs for magazines and pockets them.

BATS  
Same ammo as us, bless their hearts.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

BATS (CONT'D)

The others are going to expect us down  
this way.

Sam nods. Bats eyes the holes Sam put in the two walls  
and nods.

BATS (CONT'D)

Nice.

Sam nods and gives Bats one of the newly confiscated  
pistols, keeping the other one as a backup.

They hurry back to where they ran into Guard #1.

INT. GARAGE

Sam and Bats open the door from the stairwell to the  
garage. One aims left, the other right.

Bats sprints out and to the left near some parked cars.

Again they provide cover for each other as Sam passes  
Bats and Bats passes Sam until they reach the outside  
perimeter.

EXT. GARAGE – EVENING

They duck to a stop and scan the area. Across the way is  
a large construction site. Apparently, WKCH needs more  
office space than the building Sam and Bats just left  
affords them. Sam nods at it.

They take a last look around for anyone – it seems that  
the action remains inside – and they sprint across the  
lot to the cyclone fence around the construction.

The sun has gone down and streetlights are turning on.

Bats is the first over the fence as Sam cups her hands  
and boosts her over. Bats is even dramatic about her  
landing, showing off.

Then she grabs the cyclone fence and pulls it down on her  
side, making it less wobbly. Sam climbs it easily and  
hops over, landing in a squat.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Sam and Bats climb to the third floor on concrete stairs  
that haven't had railings added yet.

They make their way to the edge of the structure. The building is a skeleton at this point, no outside walls or windows, just structural support and floors.

Debris and piles of supplies litter the concrete floors, offering Sam and Bats lots of hiding places and shadows.

They find an edge from where they can spy on the office building they just left. Sam produces a monocular and peers at the windows. The 9th and 8th floor windows show signs of flashlights sweeping the area frantically.

Sam adjusts the volume on the confiscated walkie, careful to not attract attention to themselves. She nods to herself, listening in.

SAM  
(whispering)  
They know we have a walkie.  
(pause)  
They're switching to their backup  
channel.

Sam tunes the walkie to find their backup channel. She clicks through the dial a few times and smiles, finding it.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
Just like being back at Camp Winnetonka.

Bats gets the reference and smiles.

SAM (CONT'D)  
They're expanding their search, starting  
with the garage.

Sam turns her attention to her backpack and takes out the hard drive. Bats takes off her backpack and takes out a laptop.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Where'd you get that?

BATS  
I think it's Carl's, from his office.

Sam nods, saddened. Bats flips it open and turns it on.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Come on, come on.

In the meantime, she plugs the hard drive into the laptop. She types something into the laptop and smiles, nodding.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Your birthday.

SAM  
What?

BATS  
His password.

Sam stifles a sob. The light from the laptop provides an eerie bottom light on them, like a campfire or cauldron.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Okay. What do we have here?

SAM  
That looks suspicious.

Bats opens a Powerpoint presentation that shows different large-scale construction operations around the world, particularly in certain hot spots, Iraq, Afghanistan, Niger.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Try that other one.

This file opens up and immediately seems much more incriminating. It too is a presentation, but for more internal purposes.

BATS  
Some pharmaceutical project designed to make...

The screen displays statistics on average soldiers and enhanced soldiers using a synthetic steroid created by WKCH. Bats seems to summarize the information quickly.

BATS (CONT'D)  
...super soldiers.

Bats switches over to another file.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Apparently somebody at WKCH screwed up and spilled some of their nanites into the local drinking water.

(pause)  
(MORE)

BATS (CONT'D)

This is from WKCH's nanorobotics division, extremely tiny robot technology that could be used for a million different applications...

(pause)

...including inside the human bloodstream.

Bats looks at Sam.

BATS (CONT'D)

Looks here like WKCH seems more interested in getting their property back rather than safeguarding the public.

SAM

Fuck....

BATS

You've got enough conspiracies here for twenty different companies.

SAM

WKCH IS twenty different companies.

(pause)

Look for information on their real estate holdings.

Bats gapes at her.

SAM (CONT'D)

They need to debrief Carl somewhere. See what buildings they own around here.

BATS

They could have him on a plane by now!

That terrifies Sam.

SAM

Just look!

Sam pulls out her cellphone.

BATS

What are you doing?

SAM

I'm calling Kevin.

BATS

Keep it short.

She waits for the call to go through.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Sam, is that you?

SAM  
Yeah, it's me—

KEVIN (O.S.)  
(interrupting)  
Where the hell have you been?!? People are looking for you everywhere. Are you alright? The police said you were in a massive car wreck and disappeared—

SAM  
(interrupting)  
I know, I know. Listen! Carl's been kidnapped, by WKCH, Incorporated! Williams, Kelleher, Carson & Hyde.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Oh, Sam...  
(pause)  
Where are you? You might be hurt. You need to come in—

SAM  
(interrupting)  
It wasn't no accident on the freeway. They were trying to kill both of us—

KEVIN (O.S.)  
(interrupting)  
But, Sam.

SAM  
Carl found out about several things, illegal, dangerous things WKCH has been doing and hiding from everyone. He was filling me in when they attacked us.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
What are you talking about?

SAM  
I've got Carl's printouts and a hard drive that will prove all of it.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
But that makes no sense, Sam—

SAM  
(interrupting)  
He was going to blow the whistle. Either the FBI or the media... or both!

This phrase, “the FBI or the media... or both!,” comes out like a sort of mantra.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Okay. Calm down, Sam. I’m here to help you. You just need to come in, Honey–

SAM

(interrupting)

No! I need to find Carl and save him. If I don’t make it I need your help to get this information out there. You consult with the FBI and you know people you can trust. I trust you; Carl trusts you.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Oh, Sam...

(pause)

This is nuts. You’ve got to turn–

Bats snatches the phone away, closes it and turns it off.

SAM

What the fuck!

Bats holds a finger to her own lips, silencing Sam.

BATS

(whispering)

We’ve got company.

Bats closes down the laptop, puts it away in her backpack and hands the hard drive back to Sam.

I/E SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR

Rivera is driving, lights flashing to a call. Kevin has his cellphone to his ear.

KEVIN

Sam? Sam!?

(pause)

Fuck! She hung up.

SGT. RIVERA

What’d she say?

Kevin rubs his forehead in frustration.

KEVIN

She said she’s trying to find Carl, her fiancé.

Rivera glances at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She says he was kidnapped, I guess from her car at the pile-up.

SGT. RIVERA

Kidnapped? Is that true?

KEVIN

No.

Rivera looks at him between weaving through traffic and hitting his siren.

SGT. RIVERA

How do you know?

KEVIN

Because he's dead. He worked for WKCH, Incorporated, Williams, Kelleher, Carson & Hyde.

Rivera nods, recognizing the corporation's name.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

They met in Iraq and were going to get engaged when he got back but he got killed by a roadside bomb while protecting some VIP.

SGT. RIVERA

And your sister thinks he's still alive?

KEVIN

I was afraid of this.

SGT. RIVERA

What do you mean?

KEVIN

She's had a hard life...a very hard life. Being in Iraq didn't help. I was afraid that something else happened to her when they were held captive, something that might cause her to start to disassociate.

SGT. RIVERA

You're saying she literally thinks she's fighting some private security conglomerate to rescue her boyfriend?

Rivera picks up his radio handset.

SGT. RIVERA (CONT'D)

Central?

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE – CONTINUOUS

SAM

(whispering)

Where?

Bats takes out her pistol, chambers a round to be sure and duckwalks around their hiding place to get a better vantage point. Now Sam holds a finger to her lips, scowling at Bats' gun.

Bats gives her a bratty nod and gestures that someone is approaching them straight on. She signs that Sam should flank him and knock him out. The last sign is the old famous karate chop.

Sam nods and scurries around to flank their intruder.

Security Guard #4 is searching this floor of the construction site with his gun in one hand and his flashlight in the other. Even though the structure is strung with lights there are lots of pools of darkness.

He's moving cautiously but not cautious enough if he had seen these women in action.

BATS (O.C.)

Hey, Baby.

Guard #4 swings towards her voice...

SECURITY GUARD #4

Don't move! Hands...

...and illuminates a startling sight.

SECURITY GUARD #4 (CONT'D)

...up!

Bats is standing with her hands in the air and her T-shirt pulled up over her bra, displaying a distracting cleavage.

Guard #4 can't help himself from glancing down at her chest or her extremely muscular stomach.

SECURITY GUARD #4 (CONT'D)

Are you alone?

BATS  
(naughty)  
Am I alone? You work fast, Baby.

Guard #4 desperately wants to call this in, but with which hand, his flashlight hand or his gun hand?

SECURITY GUARD #4  
Turn around and hands on your head.

BATS  
To answer your question,...

Sam jumps out from behind a column and smacks him on the back of the head with her baton. He drops like a sack of potatoes.

BATS (CONT'D)  
(serious)  
...no, I'm not alone.

Sam grabs the guard's gun, ejects the magazine and ejects the chambered round and then tosses it behind a pile.

Bats yanks her shirt back down and joins Sam.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Did you see him checking me out? Ugh!

The entire floor around them is suddenly flooded with spotlights and a bullhorn startles them.

REGGS (O.S.)  
(filtered, bullhorn)  
You are surrounded! Come out with your hands up!

BATS  
Oops!

They run to the edge of the floor and look down and see dark SUVs and Humvees shining spotlights at them, parked in a semicircle.

SAM  
Shit!

Sam uses the monocular to get a better look. They can see full-on commandos on the ground with rifles, aiming up at them.

BATS  
Dang! They don't mess around.

After some searching Sam zooms into the man with the bullhorn. She recognizes REGGS from the swiped photo.

A helicopter suddenly ROARS by, flying around the structure, right to left. It too has a spotlight that is pointing in their eyes.

SAM

No shit.

I/E SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR – CONTINUOUS

Rivera drives up to a SWAT van on the construction site that is deploying. Donald Reggs spots the supervisor car and walks toward them.

REGGS

Sergeant. We've got a situation here.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE – CONTINUOUS

Sam and Bats hear a ZIPPING, WHIRRING SOUND and three silhouettes drop into their view from the upper floors: commandos rappelling to their floor.

The commandos have MP5s slung over their shoulders, aimed right at Bats and Sam, frozen in the lights.

RAPPELLER #1

Freeze!

Sam and Bats both drop back on their butts at the same time as they pull their pistols and fire off two or three shots.

Two commandos are shot. All three open fire, shooting high and out of control as Sam and Bats roll backwards and behind two piles.

They flip to their stomachs and crawl away as fast as they can. Sam reaches back and lays down suppressive fire.

Full automatic fire answers that from two sources.

SAM

Upstairs!

They get up, run back, and sprint upstairs. They reach the next floor and see more rappelling lines snaking down, surrounding them.

BATS

We need more firepower!

Bats has a weird look on her face. They see two more commandos rappel past them.

SAM

No! Wait!

BATS

I'll be back!

Bats sprints to the edge of the building and jumps out towards the rappelling line with a SHRIEK.

She hugs the line, scrambling to grab hold of it with her gloved hands. She grabs it.

The commando looks up, trying to train his weapon on Bats, but the added weight and motion makes it hard for him to aim let alone hang on.

She's holding the two ends of the line, the belay and the slack. If she lets go of one her weight will make both of them drop. If she lets go of the other, who knows?

Bats wraps her leg around one line, securing herself, and lets go of the other. Her weight takes her down and pulls the commando up against his will.

As they pass each other Bats kicks him in the head, knocking him out.

Sam reaches out, grabs the commando's gear and line and pulls him in, tossing him onto the concrete floor like a rag doll. She then uses her weight to belay for Bats.

SAM

Bats! Get up here!

Bats appears at the edge of the building, climbing the rope, as shots ring out aimed at her. Bats clambers onto the concrete floor and away from the shooting.

SAM (CONT'D)

Crazy bitch!

BATS

(smiling)

That's me!

Sam disentangles the commando's MP5 and swaps out the magazine for a fresh load.

SAM

Secure the line. We may need it!

Bats undoes the commando's rappelling harness and anchors the line to something heavy, nearby.

SAM (CONT'D)

We need more MP5s!

Sam hears some COMMOTION and points at the stairs whence they came. Three commandos rush up FIRING wild, short bursts, searching for Sam and Bats.

Bats FIRES her pistols two-fisted as Sam opens up FULL AUTO. The three commandos drop.

Bats sprints to their bodies and grabs the first assault rifles she spots. A commando yells from below...

COMMANDO #1 (O.S.)

(anxious)

Bravo? What's your situation?

Sam joins Bats glancing left and right for any other commandos rappelling to their floor. Bats hands her a rifle and yanks the other two away from the corpses.

Sam stands up and chucks something down the stairs. She holds her other hand up: a flash-bang grenade.

COMMANDO #1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Grenade! Get dow-

The first grenade goes off in the clot of commandos at the foot of the stairs, one storey down. While not lethal, a flash-bang grenade going off in what amounts to a huddle is going to hurt.

Sam follows that up by emptying the first MP5 down the stairs. That is lethal. She drops the empty mag and inserts a fresh one.

They hear SHOUTS and COMMANDS all around them from the frazzled and confused commandos, but fortunately still below them.

Sam drops the second grenade down the stairs to the stunned, wounded and dead commandos. Someone tries to give a WARNING...

Bats has dragged the dead commandos aside and taken their ammo chest rigs.

The second grenade DETONATES below...

Now Sam and Bats each have two compact MP5 automatic assault rifles with twenty full magazines, plus each of the chest rigs from the third, dead commando and the rappeller, as well as numerous flash-bang grenades.

And they have their two or three pistols. They put on the chest rigs and sling the MP5s over each shoulder, crisscrossed and ready.

SAM

Get that line!

Bats runs and unties the rappelling line and yanks one end down, until the free end slips through. The loose line SINGS past her, falling to the ground, but Bats loops it up and soon has the whole line coiled.

She joins Sam who has propped the dead commandos' flash-bang grenades together in their webbing and is holding one in her hand about to activate it.

SAM (CONT'D)

(hissed)

We need to go up one more.

Bats heads upstairs while Sam hesitates long enough to pull the pin and toss the spoon on the grenade and leave it behind with the rest.

She turns and sprints upstairs, holding her ears.

Three other flash-bang grenades are lobbed up preceding more commandos who come running up the stairs to take advantage of the confusion about to be caused by their grenades.

But Sam's gimmick goes off before theirs right in their faces as they run up. Their SCREAMING and the other flash-bang grenades GOING OFF fills the air as Sam and Bats race to another part of the building.

The helicopter makes a few more circuits of the scene trying to help but not adding much other than atmosphere.

Sam and Bats are at the elevator shaft that's also under construction. Sam shines her light down the shaft. Nothing shoots back.

SAM (CONT'D)

Tie that line to something.

Sam runs to the edge of the building to reconnoiter their situation. She's careful to stay in the shadows.

She peers over the edge and sees the many rappelling lines from the commandos hanging off the side of the building.

But down below she spots a truck parked by the building.

Sam runs back to Bats who is listening to the commandos on a pilfered radio.

BATS

They're being more cautious now that we showed them what for. They're clearing each floor before moving up.

SAM

They're still one floor down?

BATS

Yup.

SAM

Any idea how to blow up a truck from up here?

Bats thinks.

BATS

What kind?

SAM

A fuel truck! I think it's diesel.

Bats smiles.

CUT TO:

Sam and Bats have taped three flash-bang grenades to the fuel tank of a generator. Bats holds one end of a telephone wire threaded through the grenade pins and spoons.

They push the generator to the edge and over the side and Bats yanks on the wire which gives a satisfying tug. She reels in the end to show three grenade pins.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

The generator rolls off the edge of the building and falls the four storeys right onto the huge fuel tank of the truck.

The generator smacks into the steel with a loud clang and then the flash-bang grenades detonate. The generator's fuel tank ruptures, ignites and EXPLODES.

That and the impact of the generator ruptures, ignites and EXPLODES the fuel truck which is lifted into the air in a somersault.

The huge orange column of fire illuminates the night.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - CONTINUOUS

Sam and Bats climb down the rope in the darkness of the elevator shaft. The only light in the shaft is the indirect light from the rest of the site coming through the open spaces where the elevator doors will someday be.

Sam waits until they reach the ground floor before turning on her flashlight. They swing to the opening to the ground floor and jump off the rope.

INT. GARAGE #2

Sam and Bats sprint across the empty space to the exit.

BATS

Wait, wait.

Sam halts and looks at what Bats is pointing out, a brand new black Dodge Charger.

I/E BLACK CHARGER - NIGHT

The Charger roars out of the garage and through the construction site with its headlights off.

It barrels towards the gate and crashes through.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Rivera is standing in the open door of his car with his radio handset to his mouth. Kevin is pacing and Reggs is on his cellphone.

SGT. RIVERA

Copy. Pursue but don't antagonize her.  
Clear the road ahead of her.

Reggs hangs up and Kevin stops pacing.

SGT. RIVERA (CONT'D)  
She got away in a black car.

He looks at Kevin.

SGT. RIVERA (CONT'D)  
She's taking this to a whole new level.

KEVIN  
It's vitally important that we don't feed  
her fantasy and make things worse.

SGT. RIVERA  
What could be worse?

KEVIN  
A complete psychotic break could kill  
her.

Kevin can see Rivera weigh that against the harm she's  
causing to other people.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Short of that, she could cause even more  
harm and damage.

SGT. RIVERA  
That's clear. How do we stop her?

KEVIN  
I need to get through to her. Get her to  
come to me.

Rivera looks at Reggs who nods.

SGT. RIVERA  
Okay. Get in the car.

I/E BLACK CHARGER – CONTINUOUS

Sam is driving, intent on the road. As soon as she hits  
the busy streets she eases up on the gas and flips on her  
headlights so as to blend in.

She turns onto a busy boulevard and just drives –  
cruising.

SAM  
Did you find any leads?

BATS  
No. Did you get the license plate number  
of the SUV that took Carl?

SAM

No! Shit! They could have him anywhere right now. He might even be in one of those SUVs surrounding that construction site!

BATS

No way to know! Maybe we should hole up somewhere. Figure this out!

Out of a side street a black SUV accelerates into traffic and nearly rams their Charger.

BATS (CONT'D)

Whoa!

The SUV has commandos on each side, riding the running boards, ready for deployment.

BATS (CONT'D)

Shit! How did they do that?

SAM

They must be tracking us.

Sam hits the gas and the engine RESPONDS. She swerves around the left of a car ahead of her, making them spin out and slow down the SUV, not to mention the cars in the opposite lane.

BATS

Nice.

Bats looks back.

BATS (CONT'D)

But...

Sam sees in her rearview mirrors more dark SUVs with flashing red and blue lights in their front grills and on their dashboards and commandos on the running boards.

SAM

Shit! How did they do that?

Sam floors it again and the Charger pounces.

Sam sees an on-ramp and swerves across traffic to reach it. Her wake leaves cars honking, fishtailing, spinning out and crashing into each other, slowing down their pursuers.

Sam's face is set with a grim tension that is nearing exhaustion.

By the time Sam drives the Charger up the on-ramp it's practically airborne as it merges with the freeway traffic.

I/E FREEWAY/CHARGER – NIGHT

More cars veer and slide as they try to avoid hitting or getting hit by this black monster that has appeared out of nowhere.

Different moments of the attack and Carl's abduction flash back at Sam as still images as TENSION POUNDS in her temples. Her knuckles turn white as she grips the steering wheel.

Her eyes are wide open, as if she's trying to look past the earlier terror. She looks like shit.

Bats puts her seatbelt on and hangs on. Sam looks in the rearview mirrors and sees more dark SUVs with flashing lights and commandos. These were already on the freeway.

SAM

How did they do that!?! They're swarming on us.

Some of her original pursuers have driven up the on-ramp on the shoulders and are now speeding to catch up to her.

BATS

Shit! Are they everywhere?!?

Sam's cellphone rings. She snatches it up with one hand and opens it. She glances up and has to swerve around a slower car. Needing both hands, she drops the cellphone and it lands in the passenger footwell.

SAM

Fuck!

She can see the indicator light flashing for the incoming call.

BATS

We need to slow these guys down.

SAM

How far back are they?

Sam is trying to gauge that as she HONKS and flashes her headlights to move cars out of her way.

BATS

I don't know. Two. Three?

SAM

Do you have any flash-bangs left?

BATS

I think so.

SAM

Count how far back they are.

BATS

Count?

SAM

Yeah! See this sign? There! One thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three, one thousand four-

BATS

(interrupting)

About three seconds back.

SAM

Perfect. Get ready to chuck-

Machine gun fire POCKS their Charger, making them flinch.

BATS

Fuck!

More images flash back at Sam as she drives: memories of driving hellbent convoys in Iraq, convoys that weren't about to slow down, for fear of ambushes and roadside bombs.

Bats raises an MP5 and looks for a target, any target.

Another burst SHATTERS the rear and side windows.

SAM

On the right!

An SUV is two lanes over and the commandos on the near side are shooting at Sam and Bats.

More GUNFIRE comes from the SUVs behind them as well.

Bats knocks the broken glass out and jams the MP5 out and FIRES a short burst.

The car in the next lane, caught in the crossfire, slams on the breaks and loses control, gets rear-ended and suddenly pitches forward and end-over-end and practically demolishes. The college student driving it must be pulp.

The SUVs behind them swerve and barrel through the mess.

Bats fires several short bursts at the SUVs behind them that are accelerating.

SAM (CONT'D)

Concentrate on the drivers!

Sam pulls one of her pistols and shoots out the passenger window. She swerves around another slow car and then has a clear stretch.

She concentrates on the driver's window of the SUV in the slow lane and FIRES several controlled shots.

The commandos on that vehicle try to fire back at them.

Sam's shots hit the SUV's windshield and driver's door in a relatively impressive close grouping (considering the chaos).

The SUV swerves towards and suddenly away from them and then onto the shoulder where it jackknifes, horrendously flinging off its commandos like G.I. Joes.

More gunfire BLASTS at Sam and Bats from the two side-by-side SUVs behind the Charger (one directly behind them and the other in the next lane).

SAM (CONT'D)

Throw a flash-bang at them.

Bats snatches a grenade and counts to time it right. She pulls the pin on the grenade. Sam swerves in front of a civilian's car putting it momentarily between them and the SUVs.

Bats tosses the grenade out the blasted rear window.

It BOUNCES off the civilian's car, which swerves and loses control, and then flies into the air in a graceful SLO-MO arc right in front of the right-hand SUV.

About a foot from the windshield the grenade detonates in a blinding white flash and with a LOUD BANG. Bats looks away for a moment.

The SUV slams into the civilian's car, now out of control, sending the SUV into a swerve of its own and into the other SUV in the left lane with commandos in between, crushing and mangling some.

The first, "right-hand" SUV hit by the grenade is weaving back and forth, hitting other cars as some of its occupants try to regain control.

Sam races ahead and catches up to another car. She veers to the left-hand lane and pushes past the car in front, SCRAPING metal against metal.

As soon as she clears the front of the car she taps her brakes long enough to bump the car behind her.

The driver overcompensates, slamming on the brakes which then sends the car into the "right-hand" SUV behind it that's trying to regain control...

The SUV bounces and climbs over the car's trunk and launches over it sending the rest of its troops flying to their deaths.

Unsuspecting civilians lose their shit as bodies land on their hoods and windshields causing all sorts of damage.

Bats sees the whole thing happen out the rear window.

BATS

Nice...

She starts to turn forward when she notices the other SUVs swerving and maneuvering around the wrecks.

BATS (CONT'D)

Shit! There's two more. Shit! Three?

Sam is swerving around cars ahead of them and when necessary pushing some out of the way, causing them to spin out and wreck as well. Grunting, she gives up honking and flashing her lights politely.

SAM

We need to stick a cork in this shit!

A ROAR from above catches their attention. The helicopter that previously had wanted in on the fight at the construction site has just flown past and ahead of them.

BATS

What's he got?

Sam frowns and looks in her mirrors.

She looks around and realizes that the Charger has a sun-roof. She jerks a thumb at it.

SAM

Open that up!

Bats notices it and does so. The wind blows into the car. Bats aims her MP5 out the top looking for the helicopter.

SAM (CONT'D)

That doesn't have much range.

BATS

It's better than the Glock!

Bats spots the helicopter.

BATS (CONT'D)

There you are! Eleven o'clock!

Sam scans to her left and finds the helicopter's blinking anti-collision lights and searchlight coming around for another pass.

Bats glances at the SUVs chasing them. They seem to be giving them some room. She frowns at that; something's up.

She climbs and stands in the sun-roof. Her boots are planted awkwardly on the center console and the passenger seat.

Sam glances at the seat and then at her phone that is bouncing around in the footwell with the message light blinking.

The phone starts RINGING again. "Damn!" seems to be Sam's reaction.

BATS (CONT'D)

Here he comes.

Sam ducks inadvertently.

The helicopter loops around behind them and cuts across the freeway and lets out a LOUD BURPING sound.

Inside the Charger Sam and Bats flinch as it's hit by large caliber machine-gun fire. Bats ineffectually FIRES back at the helicopter with her MP5.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Shit! Fifty caliber!

The strafing fire has stitched a diagonal line across the Charger and fortunately missed the women.

BATS (CONT'D)  
We won't withstand much more of that!

The helicopter describes a figure eight as it loops around from the other side to strafe them again.

Bats swaps magazines and then climbs back up through the sun-roof. She raises the MP5 for better aim and tries to lead the helicopter as it approaches.

More GUNFIRE from the SUVs opens up and PELTS them but it's just harassing fire.

The helicopter drops down twenty feet as it approaches. Now Bats can see that there are machine-gunners hanging off each of the sides of the helicopter trading turns shooting at them.

Talk about Black Helicopters! This is it!

BATS (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
When you hear me shoot, you swerve!

SAM  
(shouting)  
Gotit!

Bats hesitates, hesitates, hesitates and OPENS UP at the same time as the machine-gunner on the helicopter does. They have tracers in their .50 caliber machine-gun.

The tracers arc through the night and stitch across the asphalt towards the Charger.

Sam swerves towards them, hoping it'll make them overshoot.

Sparks surround them from the harassing fire from the commandos on the trailing SUVs.

Bats tries to place a full magazine of rounds in the air right in the helicopter's flight path.

She sees sparks come off the helicopter's fuselage as the .50 caliber rounds practically cut open their trunk, rear window and backseat.

Bats turns her attention to the SUVs and whips the other MP5 up and lobs rounds at their windshields.

Behind the SUVs some of the rounds that missed them land on the asphalt or in the cars that have closed in on the melee with predictable results. Those bullets don't just disappear!

BATS

I hit him but I don't know what good it did.

SAM

They hit the gas tank or the engine-

BATS

(interrupting)

Or us!

SAM

-and we're toast!

Sam is weaving to make it harder on their attackers.

SAM (CONT'D)

We need...wait a minute! Look at that!

Bats looks around and sees a shiny gasoline truck with two trailers ahead of them.

SAM (CONT'D)

Get ready.

BATS

What for?

Sam speeds forward to the right of the large truck.

SAM

I'm going to cut in front of him. You take out as many of his tires as you can.

Bats swaps magazines on her empty MP5 and moves over to the left-hand windows.

Sam pushes the Charger forward catching up to the tractor-trailer. Slower cars she passes or shoulders off the road.

They reach the truck's rear taillights. The shiny chrome trailer reflects all of the headlights following it, including their Charger and them. Sam gets a funhouse mirror glimpse of Bats and herself.

Bats adjusts herself. Then Sam realizes that it's a WKCH gasoline truck; they don't refine it, they just get paid to move it.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(snarling)  
Figures....

Sam grips the steering wheel and watches the helicopter in the distance as it prepares its approach.

Sam accelerates ahead of the truck passing the hitch between the two trailers. Then they reach the tractor and ease past it and in front.

Bats starts SHOOTING as Sam swerves in front of the truck.

The truck driver naturally swerves from the Charger. But as his righthand tires shred from Bats' shooting and the asphalt, the cab tilts and digs into the road and it swerves into the left-hand lanes.

It's too late to try to correct for the swerve. The first trailer pitches forward and the second one lifts up as the truck jackknives.

Sam and the Charger speed ahead of the jackknifing truck as Bats FIRES more rounds into it.

Fifty caliber ROUNDS rain down on them from the front as the helicopter has chosen a frontal approach this time.

Sam swerves as more rounds HIT their car.

But the last few rounds from the helicopter HIT the jackknifed truck and the first trailer EXPLODES, detonating the second trailer.

The enormous fireball rises into the sky as the helicopter flies into the heart of it.

Sam watches the whole thing through her rear-view mirrors.

The truck has created a cork of fire that has stopped up the freeway. All five lanes are a wall of flame.

Dark holes are punched through it as vehicles that couldn't stop in time drive through the huge conflagration and wreckage.

Then Sam sees at least one SUV emerge from the fire with commandos flailing, on fire and falling off the running boards. The SUV is clearly out of control and weaves back and forth until flipping over and exploding.

BATS  
(breathless)  
Pretty....

A second and third SUV stumble through the fireball with similar results.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Holy fuck!

Sam swerves across the freeway to the next off-ramp.

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD

Sam drives frantically to get away from any remaining pursuers.

I/E SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR

Rivera drives carefully through the huge mess of crashed vehicles that ends in the burning gasoline truck a mile later.

Police cars and a SWAT van that were in pursuit have slowed to a stop and some officers are trying to make room for the fire trucks and ambulances they now need.

There are no SUVs or commandos strewn amidst this mess.

Kevin apparently has been repeatedly calling Sam on a heavy-duty cellphone not like the one he was using before. Kevin hangs up again, frustrated and anxious.

KEVIN  
She's not answering.

SGT. RIVERA  
Did you forward all of your numbers?

KEVIN  
Huh? Yeah.

SGT. RIVERA  
Your sister's out of control.

KEVIN  
I know.

I/E BLACK CHARGER

Bats stares out the rear window and the side windows looking for any signs of trouble. Sam stares ahead looking for a good place to stop.

BATS

That was amazing.

(pause)

Like being back in the Suck, huh?

Sam glances at her and doesn't know how to respond. Was Bats actually having fun or is she just making a point?

They find themselves in an industrial part of town near an estuary.

Sam spots a bridge that crosses the water and a chain link gate that keeps people out from underneath.

She turns onto the access road and blasts through the gate.

The Charger doesn't have much left in it. Huge bullet holes surrounded by a lot of smaller ones perforate the car's body.

Sam pulls the car under the bridge, looks around and reaches for the cellphone in the footwell.

She bails from the car and stretches.

Bats climbs out as well, swapping magazines on both MP5s, just in case. She backs towards Sam, like a bodyguard, keeping an eye on their perimeter.

Both let out big breaths as they come down from the rush.

Sam flips her phone open and sees that she has messages from Kevin.

She calls him back. The phone RINGS and rings and rings, longer than Sam is used to.

She's about to hang up when Kevin picks up.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Sam? Is that you?

SAM

What took you so long?

KEVIN (O.S.)

Where are you? Are you alright?

SAM

I'm fine.

KEVIN (O.S.)

The police are looking for you. I've been calling and calling.

SAM

I know. Are you going to help me or what?

KEVIN (O.S.)

What you were saying before doesn't make sense—

SAM

(interrupting)

Okay then—

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR

Rivera is looking at his laptop. He has an application that shows whether or not the police department has a trace on a cellphone call. He has green lights. He nods at Kevin.

He's also wearing an earphone, listening into the call.

KEVIN

(interrupting)

Wait! Yes, I'll help you. But to do that you need to help me out, here. You need to come in. I don't know where you are or if you're really alright—

SAM (O.S.)

(interrupting)

I said I'm alright. I need to find Carl—

KEVIN

(interrupting)

You don't sound alright, Sis'.

SAM (O.S.)

I've been through hell the last several hours, okay? And this day is the worst day of my motherfucking life. And that's saying a lot!

KEVIN

I hear you. Let's talk about that.

SAM (O.S.)  
What's to talk about, Kevin? If I've  
learned anything, it's that words don't  
mean shit. Actions do!

Sam starts sobbing and crying.

SAM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I need to find Carl! Bats and I have the  
hard drive Carl mentioned. There's tons  
of shit on it about illegal toxic spills  
and fucked up super secret projects and  
all sorts of shit.

KEVIN  
Bats? Okay. Alright. We can talk about  
all of it. But you need to come in.

Rivera mouths "Bats" at Kevin, shrugging. Kevin  
grimaces.

BACK TO:

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD – CONTINUOUS

SAM  
It's all that fucking WKCH's fault. God,  
I hate those money-grubbing  
motherfuckers!

She sinks to her knees in the gravel under the bridge.  
The Charger's headlights capture motes in their beams and  
silhouette Sam.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
I know, I hear you, Sam. But you're in  
big trouble right now and you need to  
turn yourself in if I'm going to be able  
to help you.

Sam stops short.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR – CONTINUOUS

Kevin cringes. Rivera listens gravely.

SAM (O.S.)  
"Turn myself in?" What do you mean?

KEVIN

I mean that you need to come in, from wherever you are. I don't know where you are, Sam!

Kevin checks with Rivera who just hopes she won't balk.

BACK TO:

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD – CONTINUOUS

Sam glances at the cellphone as if it's an alien object that just materialized in her hand.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Sam? You there? Hello! Sam? Don't hang up!

Sam can't put her finger on what's bothering her.

SAM

I'm here.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Just come in and we can figure everything out, Sam. Okay? Will you do that for me? Don't make me beg, Sis'.

SAM

Is someone there with you...right now?

KEVIN (O.S.)

What? No!

SAM

Can you talk? Are you free to talk? I mean freely?

KEVIN (O.S.)

No, yes! Of course. No one's here.

SAM

If you're in trouble, say mom's first name.

KEVIN (O.S.)

What? Don't be ridiculous, Sam. I'm fine. No one's here. It's just me talking to you telling you to come in.

(pause)

I can't help you if you keep running around the city.

SAM

Are they listening into this call?

The realization hits Sam. She stifles her next words. She chews her lips as she tries to figure out how to figure out if Kevin's been compromised.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR

KEVIN

Sam. Okay, stop this. Just come in and we'll talk.

SAM (O.S.)

What do you mean "we"?

KEVIN

Sam, please.... You're not making this any easier.

SAM (O.S.)

I feel like I can't trust you right now.

(pause)

I need your help, Kev'.

KEVIN

No, no, no. Sam, it's me. I'm trying to help. I swear. I just can't do anything if you're God knows where. Understand?

(pause)

I just need you to come in so that I can help you-

CARL (O.S.)

(through phone)

Sam? Sam? SAM!!!

SAM

CARL?!?

(pause)

Kevin? Is that Carl-

Kevin and Rivera are both startled by Carl's voice.

BACK TO:

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bats has grabbed the phone from Sam's ear and hung up on Kevin.

SAM

Hey! What are you doing?

She gets to her feet, wiping the tears and snot from her face.

Bats is playing keep away with the cellphone.

SAM (CONT'D)

GIVE IT! I HEARD CARL!!!

Bats turns and tosses the cellphone into the estuary.

SAM (CONT'D)

What the fuck! I HEARD CARL!

BATS

I know! Kevin must be helping WKCH. You said it yourself. He consults with the FBI.

(pause)

Plus, they could be tracking us with your phone. Just having it on can do it.

That stops Sam for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR – CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

Sam? SAM! SAM!

(pause)

Fuck!

He turns to Rivera who's talking into his radio.

SGT. RIVERA

Sky-Four, just keep an eye on her but don't get any closer.

SKY-FOUR (O.S.)

Copy. We've got a lock.

KEVIN

Did you hear that man's voice?

SGT. RIVERA

Yeah! And who is Bats?

Kevin sighs deeply.

KEVIN

It's what I was afraid of. Bats is a  
childhood friend of Sam's—

SGT. RIVERA

(interrupting)

You said Carl's dead.

KEVIN

He is!

SGT. RIVERA

Then who was that?

KEVIN

I think that was Sam.

Rivera doesn't understand at first, then it sinks in.

SGT. RIVERA

Aw shit.... Is that the psychotic break  
you were talking about?

Kevin thinks and thinks.

KEVIN

I hope not.

BACK TO:

EXT. FRONTAGE ROAD – CONTINUOUS

SAM

He'd never betray me.

BATS

Maybe he doesn't know what he's doing, or  
maybe he thinks it's for your own good.

Sam contemplates what Bats is saying. The more she  
thinks about it the more it makes sense.

SAM

It did take him a while to answer his  
phone. Normally he's Johnny on the spot!

BATS

They were probably making sure they were  
tracing the call before he answered.

Sam looks at Bats.

SAM

You heard Carl too, right?

BATS

Yeah. If we find Kevin, we might find Carl. What number did you call?

SAM

Kevin's cellphone....

Bats opens Carl's laptop.

BATS

Isn't Kevin's office in some medical building?

SAM

The Oak Grove Medical Building.

Bats studies the screen and then finds something. She gives Sam a "Bingo!" sort of look and turns the laptop to show her.

Sam looks at Bats and then at the screen.

INSERT: (COMPUTER SCREEN, SPREADSHEET)

OAK FERN ESTATES

>>OAK GROVE MEDICAL BUILDING

OAK HILL OFFICE CENTER

Sam looks at Bats and nods.

BATS

One of WKCH's real estate holdings.

That infuriates Sam.

BATS (CONT'D)

Right now we need to ditch this car.

EXT. SUPERVISOR SQUAD CAR – CONTINUOUS

Emergency vehicles have arrived at the freeway. Rivera is barking orders on his radio, trying to make some sense of this.

SGT. RIVERA

How can one woman bring down a helicopter!?

(pause)

Over!

Rivera turns to Kevin who had been interrupted.

KEVIN

It's not unheard of, a woman sounding like a man. People in altered states have spoken languages they weren't supposed to know or shown superhuman strength...

Rivera nods.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

...usually at their breaking point.

(pause)

Sam is convinced that her fiancé's alive and kidnapped.

SGT. RIVERA

Can we use that somehow?

Kevin isn't too sure he likes that idea.

SGT. RIVERA (CONT'D)

(impatiently)

We've got to get her under control. Look at this!

He waves at the freeway around them.

KEVIN

I know, I know.

(pause)

But if we fool her, the sense of betrayal could be too much.

SGT. RIVERA

Then you're going to have talk real nice, Doctor.

INT. VAN

Sam has climbed aboard and into the driver's seat. She starts the van, the keys are in the ignition, and pulls away from the curb as Bats runs up and hops in with the rest of their stuff from the Charger.

BATS

What is it with you and unattended vehicles?

Sam looks at her and manages a smile.

Sam spots a large parking structure a block away.

Bats climbs into the back with a flashlight. The van bounces as Sam drives into the parking structure and looks for a place to stop.

BATS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Easy!

Sam takes a ramp up and screeches a right turn. She spots a space, slides the van in and stops. She lets out a long exhausted breath.

BATS (CONT'D)

You're not going to believe this!

Sam looks back and sees Bats standing at the door, grinning. She flips a switch and the overhead light illuminates the cargo bay.

Sam's eyes pop. Bats pulls a blue windbreaker that's hanging from a hook for Sam to see more clearly. Large yellow letters spell out "DEA."

SAM

No way!

Bats laughs and turns back to rummaging around the van.

BATS

Did we interrupt some raid or something?  
Someone owes you a "thank you."

She finds a rugged-looking cellphone and displays it for Sam to see.

BATS (CONT'D)

Ah ha!

Bats finds a laptop. As she turns it on it looks like a tracking device. She fiddles with the keyboard while eating a health bar.

SAM

Wasn't it password protected?

BATS

(chuckling)

Yeah. "D. E. A."

Sam is impressed.

SAM

You're really good with computers....

Sam checks their MP5s and then their remaining ammo.

BATS

While you were busy with high school  
French I was rubbing elbows with the  
geeks of tomorrow.

She looks around the van's many drawers and containers  
and finds ammunition.

SAM

That French came in handy in the desert.  
Easier than Arabic.

She takes a couple of boxes and starts reloading the  
empty magazines.

BATS

No shit!

SAM

What?

Sam looks over Bats' shoulder as she plugs rounds into a  
magazine. Bats points out the laptop screen. The  
software she's found has a WKCH logo. Sam nods with grim  
determination.

BATS

They're into everything. They're in bed  
with all of the law enforcement agencies.  
The DEA more than anybody.

(pause)

I'm sure there's some particularly  
interesting partnerships there!

Sam looks around the van with renewed interest and  
wariness.

SAM

You think they're listening to us in  
here?

Bats looks at Sam and smiles. She grabs a thing that  
looks like a police scanner and flips some switches. The  
scanner runs through the dial, checking each frequency.

BATS

If there's a bug here we should hear a  
transmission.

(pause)

Nothing yet.

Sam nods and goes about looking around the van and  
reloading the magazines.

Sam finds some sealed overnight delivery boxes with WKCH logos on them. She opens one and finds pill bottles.

She hands one to Bats.

SAM

Lookit this!

Bats studies it and nods, impressed.

BATS

Phthalocyanine! Phthalocyanine is a macrocyclic compound with an alternating nitrogen atom-carbon atom ring structure.

Sam gapes at her.

BATS (CONT'D)

Slo-mo pills.

Sam shakes her head.

SAM

More WKCH poison!

BATS

We should take these!

SAM

What?

Sam makes a face, appalled.

BATS

They're slo-mo pills, they make you see the world as if it's in slow motion.

SAM

What good is that?

BATS

You never did speed on missions?

Sam nods.

BATS (CONT'D)

It doesn't jack you up like speed. It just sort of puts you out of sync for a while.

SAM

How's that going to help us?

BATS

Because, if someone throws a punch at you, you see it coming hours before it lands. Okay, maybe not hours, but it's like you're swimming through these slow moving people and you're normal moving.

SAM

Do they make you grow hair or make your balls shrivel?

BATS

(female announcer voice)

"Side effects include dizziness, a bad taste in your mouth, blue vision, diarrhea, bad diarrhea, and swollen ankles...."

(pause)

Who knows? But we're not going to live on them. Just this one time. Long enough to get Kevin and find Carl.

Sam takes the pill bottle back and studies it, shaking her head, but resigning herself to using a WKCH product.

SAM

When should we take them?

BATS

They supposedly take effect pretty quickly. Let's wait until we know what we're doing.

Sam looks at Bats, thinking.

BATS (CONT'D)

(exaggerated slow talking)

We don't want to be talking like this the whole night.

Sam chuckles.

BATS (CONT'D)

Plus, the effect doesn't last that long.

SAM

That would suck!

BATS

(exaggerated slow talking)

E x a c t l y...

Sam locates the cellphone Bats found and flips it open. It works.

SAM  
You got any ideas?

Bats watches Sam studying the cellphone.

BATS  
This software is a link to satellite feeds. I've got it running and we can task some satellites to check stuff out.

SAM  
Like what?

BATS  
Kevin's office. Thermal viewing.

SAM  
You mean we can see his heat signature?

BATS  
Yeah!

SAM  
And anyone else's in the room with him?

BATS  
Exactly!

SAM  
That's awesome!  
(pause)  
I'll call him and set up a meet.

Sam dials Kevin's number.

BATS  
Wait.

Sam stops dialing.

BATS (CONT'D)  
Remember, his phone is probably tapped to trace your call. Don't stay on too long.

Sam thinks about it.

SAM  
How fast can you task the satellites?

BATS  
"Operators are standing by...."

Sam nods to herself.

SAM

I'll find out where he is. You'll look him up. We'll see if he's lying, instantly.

BATS

Yeah. He says he's alone, we'll know.

SAM

Right. If I could say something that he would recognize so that he could give me a sign or something....

BATS

Didn't you guys have an 'ible dible' language or something?

SAM

"Ible dible"? You mean like ubbi dubbi?

BATS

I guess.

SAM

Unfortunately...no.

BATS

Too bad.

SAM

I think we're just stuck with playing it by ear.

BATS

Wait. We know he's not alone. If you ask him if there's anyone there and he tells you, then he's telling you the truth.

SAM

I could ask him how many people are with him.

BATS

Yeah! Then you'll really know if he's being truthful.

SAM

But why would I do that?

BATS

Act crazy.

SAM

What do you mean?

BATS

Pretend it's a numerology thing. At this point you don't care what he thinks. We just need to get him away from them long enough so that he can help us.

Sam starts dialing again.

SAM

Task the birds. I'll get him to tell me how many feebies are with him.

Bats hits keys and tasks the satellites. It's all very graphic and slick looking, like from a Tony Scott film.

Bats zeros in on Kevin's office.

Sam waits for her call to go through. Again the ringing takes longer than usual and she makes a face at Bats and points at the cellphone, shaking her head in exasperation.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hello?

SAM

It's me.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Sam? What number are you calling from?

SAM

It doesn't matter. Where can we meet?

KEVIN (O.S.)

My office. Just come here. Where are you?

SAM

I don't know. Who's there with you?

Bats points to the screen and the image of the medical building as seen from a satellite.

KEVIN (O.S.)

There are some police officers here. They want to speak with you.

SAM

How many of them are there?

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Five or six... six. Why?

SAM  
Nothin'.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Can you see a landmark where you are?

SAM  
No.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Are you coming here?

SAM  
I'll see you at your office in two hours.

She closes the cellphone.

Bats has isolated Kevin's office in the medical building. The laptop screen shows a photographic image of the building.

Bats hits some keys and the image is overlaid with dots of heat representing people and nebulous shapes for areas of warmth and cold. There's a slight delay to the motion of the dots but it's easy to follow a person's movements.

SAM (CONT'D)  
There.

Sam points out where Kevin's office should be.

SAM (CONT'D)  
He's on the second floor.

BATS  
That's the top floor. Let's drill down.

The image changes from a top view of one floor and blends into the next floor down. Warm and cold furniture and objects appear and disappear as the display focuses down into the building.

Then the display shows the second floor. Kevin's office is distinguishable, by the windows facing the street. It has a small desk and chairs for patients and himself.

Bats points out a purple human shape sitting at the small bluish desk. Apparently a desk lamp is on.

She points at the other purple human shapes in the room. There are six, but one has opened the door to the office and stepped out to say something to two other figures in the hall. Those two listen and then immediately leave.

That figure goes back inside.

Bats points out a figure that looks like it's sitting on a sofa listening to headphones.

BATS (CONT'D)

That's the phone guy.

Sam nods. On the screen Kevin gets up from his desk and walks over to a window, periodically gesturing to whomever in the office.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY/COMMAND CENTER

Rivera and Kevin are on the shoulder of the freeway at a police van, a mobile command center.

SGT. RIVERA

Okay. Let's get to your office and see what we have to work with.

BACK TO:

INT. DEA VAN – CONTINUOUS

Sam dials the phone again. It rings and rings and they watch the figures react in Kevin's office. Kevin hurries to his desk and then waits.

The Phone guy waves and Kevin answers.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Hello?

SAM

Change of plans.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Wait, no.

SAM

Meet me in the auditorium of Harding High School.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Why?

SAM

See you in two hours.

She hangs up.

They watch the laptop screen closely and see the bodies moving and gesturing and making calls.

BATS

Eew! Why there?

SAM

I don't know Kevin's building that much.  
You and I know Harding High like the  
backs of our hands.

(pause)

Let's go.

Sam climbs back behind the wheel and starts the van.  
Bats gets in the passenger seat and continues to monitor  
Kevin's office.

BATS

That got them moving!

EXT. FREEWAY/COMMAND CENTER – CONTINUOUS

SGT. RIVERA

Harding High? Why there?

KEVIN

It's familiar.

Rivera turns to the SWAT commander on the scene.

SGT. RIVERA

We need to deploy a squad at Harding  
High, now! Get Ingleside to advance  
there.

The SWAT commander turns away to make calls.

EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE

The DEA van pulls out onto the street.

I/E STREET #4/DEA VAN

The DEA van pulls over and stops.

BATS

They're fast.

Sam looks over at the laptop. Bats has the entire high school on the screen.

Purple dots stream from vehicles that have pulled into the parking lot and move into the school buildings. As they spread out, the shapes take positions in different strategic spots.

SAM

They don't want us to get the jump on them.

They can see how the police, and whomever else is working with them, have created a perimeter, concentrated on the school buildings but taking into consideration an approach from the athletic fields.

BATS

What's the plan?

SAM

Through the front.

BATS

Really?

SAM

You say these pills work. Right?

BATS

I guess.

SAM

They think we're going to sneak in from the football field or the north fence. They're weakest in front. That'll give us ingress and egress.

BATS

Check you out, "ingress and egress."

Sam gives her a sideways glance.

SAM

I know where the power station is at the school. If we blow it up they'll be in the dark.

BATS

Even if they have night-vision I doubt they're relying on it.

SAM

Zoom into the auditorium.

Bats navigates the display to the auditorium. They see one figure sauntering to the stage and sitting down. Even from this strange perspective the figure looks clearly exhausted and troubled.

SAM (CONT'D)

Hang on, Kevin. I still need your help.

Bats zooms out from the auditorium and it's clear that Kevin is alone within a perimeter of purple shapes waiting for Sam to appear.

But then Bats notices something. She zooms into the backstage area of the auditorium. There are two figures there, one is sitting in a chair and the other is on their side on the floor.

Sam flashes back to Iraq and being thrown into a room, captive, with her comrades.

Sam and Bats look at each other.

SAM (CONT'D)

Carl....

EXT. STREET #5

Bats is walking along and spots a Jeep Cherokee.

She looks around and takes out the slim-jim. She's about to slide it down the window to pop the door but she stops.

She tugs on the door handle and it opens. The dome light turns on.

BATS

Hhhmmm....

She slides in and turns the dome light off.

INT. DEA VAN

Sam is behind the wheel as Bats drives up with her window rolled down.

BATS  
You like?

SAM  
Nice. Let's go.

EXT. STREET #6

The DEA van and the Cherokee drive up the street and the Cherokee pulls over.

Sam idles and Bats collects her gear. From her position Sam can see the high school across an intersection and down a stretch. Lights are on, welcoming them.

This is an old post-war tree-lined neighborhood with comfy houses with lawns and a good school nearby.

Bats climbs into the van.

INT. DEA VAN

BATS  
Here's looking at you, kid.

Sam and Bats pop their Slo-mo pills at the same time and wash them down with water from their backpacks.

Sam tries to diagnose herself. She looks over at Bats.

SAM  
Is it doing anything?

BATS  
Give it a moment.

Bats checks her gear. Sam prepares her gear as well.

They have their MP5s and their pistols strapped to their bodies and everything else they need.

They give the display a last look.

SAM  
Ready?

BATS  
...don't call me Betty!

Sam puts the van in gear and steps on the gas.

EXT. HARDING HIGH SCHOOL

The DEA van reverses from an adjacent street onto the street with the school.

Sam drives the van backwards past the front of the school, onto the sidewalk, over some junipers and into an area enclosed by a chain link fence.

The van smashes the fence in as it runs over it and slams the rear end into a transformer.

INT. DEA VAN

Bats slides open her passenger door and jumps out. Sam jumps out of the driver's seat, runs into the back of the van and presses a button on a device they've rigged.

The device has a counter with 8 seconds on it, counting down.

Sam climbs out the front and out the passenger door and runs after Bats.

EXT. HARDING HIGH SCHOOL – CONTINUOUS

Bats is walking calmly across the school's entrance, waiting for Sam to catch up to her, with her MP5 aimed in front of her.

6, 5, 4,

Sam joins her and they hurry in through the front doors, which are unlocked.

3, 2, 1.

INT. DEA VAN

The device DETONATES. That RUPTURES the floor of the van and its gas tank.

EXT. HARDING HIGH SCHOOL

The DEA van EXPLODES and destroys the school's transformer.

INT. HARDING HIGH SCHOOL

The lights go out throughout the school as Sam and Bats run inside and turn left down the first hallway.

The hall reveals '50s-era construction with skylights at regular intervals, wider than it is tall. Streetlight leaks in through various windows, providing a cold illumination.

Sam and Bats hug the walls, keeping their eyes open for any signs of ambush.

SAM

(whispering)

When is this pill gonna' kick in?

Bats glances at her and hesitates and then smiles very slowly.

Sam starts to turn her attention ahead but stops when she notices that everything has slowed down around her. She turns back to look at Bats who is grinning at her and nodding up and down and up and down.

SAM (CONT'D)

(exaggeratedly slow)

I see...

They have their MP5s at the ready. They thumb their selectors to single shot and raise their barrels a few degrees more.

They've reached the midpoint of the hallway. There are eight classrooms in this hall, four ahead of them and four behind.

Sam looks forward and notices the doors ahead of her on both sides (#1 and #2 on her right and #3 and #4 on her left) begin to open very slowly, almost mechanically.

Sam's eyes widen as she stares at the doors opening for what feels like an eternity. As the doors open a full 90 degrees, and spill streetlight on the linoleum floor, shadows streak across from two of them.

In the inset windows in the doors she spies the tops of helmets and just past the doors the tips of barrels appear.

Sam and Bats instinctively move away from the walls in the hallway and Bats turns around to cover them from the rear.

Sam aims her barrel at a spot on door #1 to her right and FIRES. A hole appears in the wood.

As she adjusts her aim to door #2 on the right a spray of blood begins to emerge from behind door #1.

She FIRES and a hole appears in door #2. A moment later a similar spray of blood appears as the cop in SWAT gear sprawls out from behind door #1, shot through the head.

Similar single, controlled shots RING out from Bats but Sam is concentrating on what's in front her. They've effectively cut the hallway in half with four classrooms in front of them and four behind them.

Sam is now aiming at the SWAT cops emerging from the two classrooms on the left.

She FIRES at door #3, the nearest one who is blocking her view of the other one, and hits him in the upper chest as he tries to turn and bring his weapon to bear on her.

The exit wound sprays blood behind him. Sam hesitates while he drops, revealing the cop behind him.

Then she FIRES and scores another head shot.

Bats has done virtually the same thing with her set of threats.

Sam kicks door #3, the nearest one on the left, closed. It slams into another SWAT cop rushing out behind his fallen buddy.

As he's falling backwards and hitting the door jamb Sam pivots to her right on one foot and SHOOTS through the open door #1, hitting the next SWAT cop to try to emerge from that classroom. His trigger finger pulls.

Stray BULLETS HIT the hallway floor.

Sam completes her 360 degree pivot, returning her aim to the door she just kicked closed where she now delivers three consecutive SHOTS through the wood.

The SWAT cop she had knocked back when she kicked the door shut is now hit and out of action.

SHOTS hit the left-hand wall from the direction of door #2.

Sam continues her pivot, aiming forward now and lowering herself to the floor in a lunge.

She FIRES and hits a SWAT cop who's emerged from door #4, the last door on the left, and is SHOOTING at her as shown by the muzzle flashes coming from his barrel.

She pulls her trigger twice and hits him in the upper chest, just below his jaw. As Sam throws herself to the floor on her right shoulder she FIRES at the SWAT cop shooting at her from door #2.

One of her SHOTS misses, HITTING the door jamb behind him. The other SHOTS climb up his leg and torso ending on his face.

His fully automatic STREAM OF SHOTS have stitched a smooth arc across the classroom door and left-hand wall, puckering the lockers there.

Sam is suitably impressed by the effects of these evil little pills and takes a moment to glance back at Bats to see what she's doing.

Bats is holding up a thumb as if she knew Sam was going to take the trouble to turn back and look at her.

Four SWAT cops lie on the linoleum of the hallway behind Bats.

Sam rolls to her feet as Bats joins her.

Sam pulls a flash-bang grenade from her duty rig and flicks the pin with her thumb. Bats does the same thing.

The doors at the end of the hallway have been propped open, persuading Sam and Bats to go in that direction.

They run the last feet to the doors, again hugging the sides of the hallway and chuck the grenades outside. Sam's goes to the left, opposite of her position, and Bats' goes to the right, likewise.

They pause for an eternity, counting.

SAM (CONT'D)

One-thousand-one...one-thousand-two...

They lunge forward into a passageway between buildings.

Looking like Butch and Sundance at their end, Sam emerges from the hallway, shifting to her right and Bats emerges from the hallway, shifting to her left.

On her side, Sam sees three SWAT cops aiming their M4 Carbines and MP5s at them.

On Bats' side she sees four SWAT cops doing the same thing.

Sam FIRES single shots, starting with the furthest cop, moving to the nearest.

They immediately open FIRE but the grenades EXPLODE.

Sam's shots find their targets as the SWAT cops' shots stray.

Sam throws herself on the ground and rolls to get more SHOTS off.

Bats has done a similar thing but as she drops to the ground, stray SHOTS hit her. She doesn't roll to her feet like Sam does.

Sam notices.

She runs over to Bats.

Bats is lying on her right side with her back to Sam.

BATS  
(slowly)  
Go! I'm fine!

There's no blood yet, but as Sam hesitates it starts to leak from Bats' wounds and onto the concrete.

Two of Bats' targets stir, trying to shoot Sam or Bats.

Sam slowly trains her MP5 on them and FIRES, knocking them back. By the time she's shot the second one the first one is barely reacting to the impact of her first shot.

Sam is impressed with her new special powers, thanks to those evil little pills.

Sam turns to look at her targets who are dead or dying. A cop's arm falls back from a futile attempt to reach for something.

Sam stares at the pathway to the auditorium, a building set in between the various classroom buildings.

BATS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(slowly)  
Don't wait for me. I'll cover our  
retreat.

Sam glances back at Bats. She seems very hurt, but she's right. Against her inclination, Sam sprints towards the left-hand side and looks at the surrounding buildings and windows for threats.

She can't see anything but that doesn't mean they're not there. Sam thumbs her selector to 3 shots per trigger pull.

She can see the auditorium with its doors also propped open, invitingly.

Sam makes her decision and lunges forward.

Shots RING out from at least three rooftops.

As Sam runs, she pivots to her right, locates a sniper and SHOTS at him. Her three shots reach him, including the first one that goes through the roof gutter.

Running backwards she spots the other two on the opposite side and FIRES. She misses one and clearly hits the third one who begins an overly dramatic lunge backwards from the impact of her three slugs hitting him.

She doesn't wait to watch his grand finale. Instead, Sam completes her turn and runs through the open auditorium doors into the dark lobby.

INT. AUDITORIUM

She dives inside, looking to her right for any shooters. Nobody is on that side.

She scrambles around to look at the other side, aiming her MP5.

Nobody.

Sam scrambles to her feet and against the door jamb that leads to the auditorium hall. She glances through the round windows in the swinging doors.

It's dark inside, as everywhere, but by craning her neck she thinks she sees Kevin waiting by the stage.

She looks again and confirms for herself that it's him.

SAM  
(yelling)  
Kevin! Are you alone!

KEVIN

(yelling, slow)

Sam? Yes! Are you alright? I heard shooting!

Sam kicks one of the swinging doors open and SPRAYS three rounds into the ceiling.

Kevin flinches and ducks; from his point of view he moves normally, from Sam's he's slowed down.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Don't shoot! It's me!

Sam rushes in, keeping low and down an aisle, and doesn't hear any return fire.

She trains her MP5 on the shadows and sweeps the balcony as she makes her way to the darkened stage.

By the time she clears the balcony enough to see it completely she's convinced herself that the auditorium is clear.

SAM

Where's Carl?!?

She points her barrel at the stage and the wings. Kevin glances nervously.

KEVIN

(slow)

What?

From Sam's perspective her speech doesn't seem as slow as everyone else's.

SAM

I know he's back there! Who's with him?

(pause)

Hurry. I need to get you two out of here. We don't have much time. Bats has been hurt.

Sam has reached Kevin who is down on one knee, cowering from her last spray of shots into the ceiling. He looks at her as if he doesn't recognize her, as if he were dealing with a loose, snarling dog.

Plus, from his perspective she sounds funny when she speaks, talking a mile a minute.

KEVIN

(slow)

Sam. This isn't helping! Put that gun down. Please!

Sam glares at him, amped up from the action and adrenaline.

SAM

I came to rescue you and Carl, not turn myself in! Now where's Carl?

She pulls out a pistol and tries to put it into Kevin's hand. Horrified, he just lets it drop to the carpet.

SAM (CONT'D)

Pick it up! You need to help me! I'll get Carl! You stay here until I get back and then we're out of here!

She turns to climb the stage but she can see that Kevin is still cowering. She needs to convince him.

She rummages in her vest and...

SAM (CONT'D)

Here's the hard drive Carl wanted to get. You need to turn this over to your FBI friends!

...yanks out the hard drive.

THE LIGHTS COME BACK ON.

The auditorium is suddenly illuminated by all of the house lights.

Kevin blinks, and slowly stands as he looks at the hard drive in Sam's hand.

His expression is almost comical, particularly moving so slowly. Sam gapes at him and then at the hard drive in her hand. She does a double-take.

The hard drive is an antique Art Deco cigarette case, as far as Kevin can make out.

To Sam, it's a hard drive, but with numerous bullet holes shot through it. The metal has been flared out by high-velocity rounds.

SAM (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

KEVIN

(slow)

Sam. Just put the gun down. You've been through too much! Really!

SAM

No! Noooo! This is the evidence that Carl wanted to give to the FBI!!! It's ruined! NOoooo! Fuck!!! I FUCKED UP!!!

Sam is suddenly full of self-loathing and is talking so fast and shaking her head and body in rage that it seems like she's having a seizure. Kevin is alarmed by her behavior.

The Slo-mo pills wear off almost as quickly as they kicked in.

KEVIN

(not slow)

Sam!!!

Sam chokes and splutters on her words as she tries to speak clearly. It's as if now that the Slo-mo pills have worn off she's incapable of complete sentences.

SAM

Carl! CARL?!? Help... me,... Kevin!!!

Kevin is wincing, almost weeping, watching what is happening to his sister.

KEVIN

I'm sorry!

Kevin pulls a stun gun out and pushes Sam's MP5 aside as he applies the leads to her stomach.

Her seizure becomes real as she yelps and collapses from the shock. Her trigger finger squeezes and fires the remaining two bullets from the magazine.

Kevin falls, on top of her, as he struggles to pull the MP5 away from her grip.

She watches him struggle with her as she loses consciousness. More hands reach out to her from out of nowhere, overpowering her.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. AMBULANCE

Sam regains consciousness to find herself strapped and secured to a gurney in an ambulance. EMT #1 is sitting nearby and notices her.

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
Seventeen days....

SAM  
Where am I?

EMT #1  
We're taking you to the hospital. No one's going to hurt you.

SAM  
Where...? What? Where's Bats?

EMT #2, driving the ambulance calls over his shoulder.

EMT #2  
Your father was right.

(EMT #2's voice sounds dubbed over by an older man than the actor playing EMT #2.)

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
Do you remember anything else?

Confused, Sam turns her head and sees Bats lying next to her on another gurney attached to an IV, a heart monitor and an oxygen mask.

Bats has a field bandage that is soaking with fresh blood.

SAM  
Bats! Are you okay?

Bats is weak but annoyed.

BATS  
Whattha'fuck?

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
Yes, what happened?

EMT #2 (O.S.)  
She failed.

Bats struggles to get the oxygen mask off her face. EMT #1 helps her pull the mask down.

BATS  
I waited for you.

SAM  
(crushed)  
Noo.... Bats!

BATS  
Where's Carl?

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
Have you told us everything?

EMT #2  
She's just a good for nothin' lousy  
whore, like her mother!

SAM  
Kevin had a tazer-

BATS  
(interrupting)  
Same old story!

Bats' wounds weaken her, making her voice croak.

EMT #2	LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)
Excuses! Just like your worthless mother, Samantha!	What <u>did</u> they want with you?

SAM  
Nooo.... It's not like that.

BATS	EMT #2
Same thing in the service. Same thing in school.	Same <u>thing at home</u> ...

SAM (CONT'D)  
Daddy?!?

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
That's when it happened. Isn't that  
correct?

BATS	EMT #2
You're not good enough to beat them... You just want to be a victim.	A little whore....

SAM  
(weeping)  
No, I'm a fighter. Don't say that, Bats.  
I'm a fighter.

Bats has a mean glint in her eye.

BATS  
WKCH gets away with the toxic leak, with  
the super secret nano project....  
(pause)  
...and killing Carl!

Bats falls back on her gurney, weakly shaking her head in disapproval.

SAM  
He's not dead!!!

BATS  
You suck....

Tears are running down Sam's face as she fights against her bonds and tries to sit up to convince Bats she's wrong.

EMT #2  
You were only good for one  
thing...barely.

SAM  
(at her father's/EMT #2's  
voice)  
Shutup!  
(to Bats)  
Don't say that. Not you! You're my best  
friend. You're my only friend. No. Not  
you....

Bats snarls at her from her gurney and then lies still, eyes open but suddenly vacant.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Bats?

Sam is appalled by Bats' abrupt death.

EMT #2  
Say, Goodbye.

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
Remember, you're under  
oath.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Bats. Don't leave me...

EMT #2  
"Another one bites the dust!"

The ambulance bounces, lurches and stops.

The rear doors swing open and EMT #1 is joined by others who roughly grab the gurney Sam is on and yank it out, dropping the casters to the ground and wheeling her away.

INT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE DEBRIEFING – FLASHBACK

LIEUTENANT MOLL, 30s, is a clone career officer, indistinguishable from thousands of others. He leans in to Sam opposite him at a conference room table. Another soldier monitors a video camera on a tripod.

LIEUTENANT MOLL  
Seventeen days! Why seventeen days?

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL CORRIDORS, IRAQ – FLASHBACK

Sam goes from being strapped to a clean chrome gurney to being tied to a rusty old 1960s era gurney. Sam struggles with her bonds as men wheel her down a brightly lit white corridor. She's wearing her fatigues.

SAM (O.S.)  
(weeping)  
Bats! No!!!

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)  
That's when it happened, correct?

They hit swinging doors with the gurney and blast through.

This is the moment after she and her company were taken captured and tortured; the seventeen days.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE, IRAQ – FLASHBACK

Sam is yanked off the rusty gurney, tied again and tossed on the dirty cement floor next to her comrades. They huddle together, afraid, the men and women, and scoot closer to a wall.

Their Iraqi captors file in and out of this old stifling, morgue.

LATER:

Another female soldier sitting next to Sam is crying, as they are forced to watch their captors waterboarding one of the men.

Most of her company is dead, lying nearby.

WOMAN SOLDIER

You're not even asking us questions!  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!?

LIEUTENANT MOLL (O.S.)

Isn't it true that that was when it  
happened?

SAM

NOOO!!!!

INT. ARMY INTELLIGENCE DEBRIEFING – FLASHBACK

Lietenant Moll sits back, exasperated.

LIEUTENANT MOLL

You're confused, Specialist. These are  
very damaging allegations.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR

Sam is somewhere...

SAM

No....

She passes out.

INT. EXAM #3 – MORNING

Kevin is approached by DR. WILMA JOHNSON, 40s. He's  
sitting on an examination table, weeping.

DR. JOHNSON

How are you doing?

KEVIN

I'm fine! How's my sister?

She looks him over. He seems okay.

DR. JOHNSON

Heavily sedated.

KEVIN

Haloperidol?

DR. JOHNSON

(nodding)

Yes.

He pulls out his card and hands it to her. She nods, appreciating that he's a psychiatrist.

KEVIN

My sister's had a very unhappy life.

(pause)

My father abused both of us. It was worse for Sam, Samantha,...especially when our mother left.

DR. JOHNSON

Was she ever treated? Was he reported?

He shakes his head.

KEVIN

I've tried talking to her about it, once we were older, but she always denies it. Finally refused to talk about it.

Dr. Johnson nods, concerned.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

She was in Iraq. She joined the service

(pause)

...to get away, I think. I know something happened. Her company was caught, tortured and some were killed. But I think something else happened to her there.

(pause)

I believe she was raped. But she refuses to talk about it.

Dr. Johnson rolls her eyes, overwhelmed by the many things this young woman has suffered.

DR. JOHNSON

Is it true she caused the pile-up?

KEVIN

Yes. Something there triggered a psychotic episode. She's been fighting some conspiracy to kill her and her fiancé. She kept saying that he had been kidnapped. So, she did all those things thinking she was going to rescue him.

(pause)

They met in Iraq, but he didn't make it back. I thought she had accepted it and was dealing with it, but....

Dr. Johnson reaches out and grabs Kevin's hand compassionately.

DR. JOHNSON

I'm sorry for what you and your sister  
have been through.

He looks at Dr. Johnson.

DR. JOHNSON (CONT'D)

(aside)

People don't seem to realize how fragile  
our minds really are.

(pause)

Despite all of the great things human  
beings are capable of we treat each other  
so horribly.

Kevin nods, understanding completely.

KEVIN

She's always deserved better.

FADE TO:

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – DAY

TITLE: three months later

Sam is in a large white room bound to a wheelchair placed  
at a table. She's asleep and drooling onto her white  
scrub top.

She rouses from her sleep and opens her eyes and starts.

SAM

Carl!?!?

Her eyes dart around the room suspiciously. Her face is  
fuller, not so sleep-deprived. Her hair's been cut. In  
some ways she looks better.

The room consists of nothing more than a translucent  
window on Sam's right, high up on the wall, streaming  
sunlight, a door directly behind her and a large opaque  
white observation window next to the door.

Her hands and feet are bound to the wheelchair by thick  
padded-leather cuffs. She tugs on them in a familiar  
way, not for the first time.

She cranes her neck to look behind herself. She tries  
the other side. She sees the door and observation  
window. The observation window seems to have a perforated  
metal barrier on it.

She turns her head back to face forward with a self-satisfied smirk.

She yawns and studies the minute details of the room: the grungy corners, the acoustic ceiling tiles, the peeling plastic laminate on the win-

The door behind her opens and someone enters.

Sam resists giving them the satisfaction of turning to look at them. She'll see who they are soon enough.

Kevin, who sits down opposite her at the table on a chair he's brought in for himself.

Kevin speaks softly and calmly, trying not to upset Sam.

KEVIN

Hi, Sam. Do you need anything?

Sam stares at Kevin, not sure what to make of him or what he's up to, and remains silent.

SAM

Where's Carl?!?

Kevin raises a placating hand.

KEVIN

Carl's not here, Sam. But, I'm here to talk to you and help you.

(pause)

I wanted you to get a lot of rest. Now, if it's okay with you, I'd like to talk to you about what happened three months ago.

Sam glares at Kevin uncertainly.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Is that okay?

Sam sits back in her chair. Then she starts shouting to imagined eavesdroppers in the other room.

SAM

Where's my fiancé, Carl Hollingsworth-

KEVIN

(interrupting)

Sam, Sam! SAM! Sam. It's okay! We don't want to shout here.

SAM

What are you up to? Why am I here?

KEVIN

Will you not yell?

She doesn't answer. She glares at Kevin and then, despite having her hands bound to the chair, does the equivalent of crossing her arms and digging her chin into her chest.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Okay....

Sam's eyes dart around, trying to figure out what's going on.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I want to talk about what happened on the freeway and afterwards.

She glares at Kevin, annoyed.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Is that okay?

Sam is bothered by the question. She purses her lips, restraining herself from hollering.

SAM

They kidnapped Carl. Has he been found?

KEVIN

Is it okay if we talk about it?

Kevin uses a very compassionate, even tender, tone in speaking to her.

Kevin waits patiently. She seems a bit uncertain but nods.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I would like to go back through what happened. But I want you to remember that they're just memories. It's in the past. It can't hurt you now.

(pause)

Would you mind recounting what happened from the crash until... now?

Sam glares at him, looking for a trap.

SAM

Carl and I were driving on the freeway.

KEVIN

Where were you going?

SAM

I dunno.

Sam realizes that "I dunno" is not the right answer.

SAM (CONT'D)

We were going... to do some shopping...  
for the wedding.

KEVIN

Okay.... Go on.

SAM

Then all of a sudden we were hit from the  
side by a big truck or SUV. I didn't see  
it exactly.

Sam stares at the tabletop.

But she seems to flashback to the crash and cocks her  
head.

SAM (CONT'D)

They attacked Carl and me on the freeway.

KEVIN

How did they attack you?

I/E SAM'S CAR/FREEWAY – DAY – FLASHBACK

Sam is alone in her car.

SAM (V.O.)

They hit our car...

(pause)

...caused a huge wreck...

(pause)

...and took Carl.

A dark SUV beside her has its front right tire blow out,  
practically in Sam's left ear. The SOUND is like an  
EXPLOSION.

Then the SUV swerves, loses control and CRUNCHES into her  
front left fender.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

Who's "they"?

SAM

WKCH, Incorporated! Williams, Kelleher,  
Carson & Hyde, Incorporated, LLC, dot,  
dot, dot, consolidated, subsidiary  
bullshit and so on. The company Carl  
worked for in Iraq!!!

(pause)

Carl was going to blow the whistle on  
them and they FOUND OUT!

Kevin raises his hands and placates her.

KEVIN

Okay. OKAY. Thank you.

Sam looks up at Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Then what?

SAM

...Carl...we lost control of the car and  
we...flipped.

Sam's face tightens and tears form in her eyes.

I/E SAM'S CAR/FREEWAY – FLASHBACK

Sam is driving her car and she loses control and the car  
flips and rolls dramatically.

SAM (V.O.)

The car rolled...a bunch of times.

KEVIN (V.O.)

What happened next?

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Kevin tries to keep his voice calm and paced, as if he  
were hypnotizing her.

SAM

I remember getting out of the car...

Sam stares at the tabletop.

KEVIN

What is it?

She sobs.

I/E SAM'S CAR/FREEWAY – CONTINUOUS

Sam is struggling to get out of the car. Carl is NOT THERE.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Kevin waits for Sam to collect herself.

KEVIN

What happened next?

Tears are streaming down Sam's face.

SAM

I heard noises, all around me. Crashes.  
I was scared.

KEVIN

What hap-

SAM

(interrupting)  
I saw a big gasoline truck coming towards  
us. It flipped over and... exploded.  
(pause)  
It was a WKCH truck!  
(pause)  
There was fire, smoke. I was yelling to  
Carl to get out. There was a truck  
coming right at us!!!

KEVIN

What happened after that?

I/E SAM'S CAR/FREEWAY – FLASHBACK

Sam is looking for Carl in the car or on the asphalt, but he's not there.

SAM (V.O.)

I...saw,...these men...took him.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

SAM

This guy, this cop came at me with a gun,  
yelling at me.

(pause)

He tried to cuff me, but I realized he  
was with them and I disarmed him.

(pause)

I disabled him.

I/E SAM'S CAR/FREEWAY – FLASHBACK

Sam is struggling, in a less elegant, but nonetheless  
effective, way with the cop.

KEVIN (V.O.)

How did you disable the cop?

He DOESN'T have his gun out or his handcuffs. Sam  
punches him in the throat and subdues him and then takes  
his gun.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Sam cocks her head again as if reconsidering a thought.

SAM

He tried to shoot me! I knocked him out,  
down.

Sam is staring wide-eyed, remembering.

I/E SAM'S CAR/FREEWAY – FLASHBACK

Sam shoots the cop while he's on the ground, not trying  
to mace her or hit her with his baton.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Kevin licks his lips and tries to stomach this whole  
thing. He knows the real accounting.

KEVIN

What did you do next?

Sam thinks.

SAM

I got away from there... as fast as I could. I needed to figure out how to find Carl, rescue him!

KEVIN

Where did you go next?

SAM

I don't know. Away from there.

KEVIN

What did you do next?

SAM

Bats found me.

Kevin gulps slightly.

KEVIN

Bats? Who's Bats?

SAM

Bats! My friend! You know!

She looks at Kevin. She gives him an incredulous shoulder shrug. He finds this particular bit challenging.

KEVIN

Betty... Borick?

SAM

Yeah!

KEVIN

How did she find you?

SAM

I dunno. She was in the car with us.

(pause)

No! She was in her own car...

(pause)

I don't know!

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

What did you do next?

SAM

Bats saw how they had attacked Carl and me. We went to my house and got some stuff needed.

KEVIN  
You got your backpack?

SAM  
Yes.

KEVIN  
And your guns?

SAM  
Yes?

She looks at him suspiciously. He nods at her.

KEVIN  
Okay. What did you do then?

SAM  
I don't know. We... we went looking  
for... we went to Carl's office.

KEVIN  
In the WKCH building?

SAM  
Yes!

KEVIN  
And...?

SAM  
We got the evidence he wanted, to blow  
the whistle. That's the evidence I  
wanted you to get to the FBI.

KEVIN  
What was the evidence?

SAM  
Don't you have it? Why do you keep  
ASKING ME THESE QUESTIONS? DON'T YOU  
ALREADY KNOW?  
(yelling)  
ARE YOU GOING TO HELP ME FIND CARL OR ARE  
YOU GOING TO HELP THEM?!?

Sam is upset, yanking against her bonds.

KEVIN  
Okay, okay—

SAM  
(interrupting)  
NO! IT'S NOT OKAY!  
(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

CARL IS BEING KEPT SOMEWHERE BECAUSE OF THIS SHIT! I JUST NEEDED YOU TO HELP ME AND NOW YOU'RE HELPING THEM!

(pause)

WHAT KIND OF DEAL DID YOU MAKE WITH THEM? ARE YOU WORKING FOR THEM? IS THAT IT? DID YOU KNOW ABOUT ALL OF THIS? IS THAT IT, HUH? ARE YOU IN CAHOOTS WITH THESE FUCKERS?

Flustered, Kevin walks to the door.

SAM (CONT'D)

COME BACK HERE! GODDAMNIT! KEVIN?!?

Kevin returns to his seat with a folder and Sam's backpack which he places on the table.

SAM (CONT'D)

You sold me out!

KEVIN

No! I didn't sell you out!

He calms himself, sits down and places his hands flat on the tabletop.

Sam glares at him, heaving, but stops ranting.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm not trying to upset you and I don't want to upset you. I am here to help you, Sam. Whether you believe it or not.

SAM

(sneering)

What about Carl? What about Bats? Are you going to help them?!?

Kevin stares at her for a long time, long enough to back her down. He doesn't look at her in a mean or threatening way, just serious.

He opens the folder and finds a photocopy.

KEVIN

I want to show you something, but I think it's going to upset you.

(pause)

I want you to look at it and then tell me if you remember seeing it.

He looks at her and waits for a response. She thinks about it and then nods.

He places the photocopy on the tabletop in front of her.  
It's a copy of a death certificate.

INSERT:

DECEDENT: Hollingsworth, Carl; AGE: 34

C.O.D.: Trauma due to IED explosion  
(see attachment for details)

Kevin looks at Sam to see if she's reading and understanding it.

He points to a section of the photocopy, the date.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Do you remember seeing this document?

Sam doesn't respond. Her jaw muscles flex continuously, though.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Can you see the date on this document?

I/E SAM'S CAR/FREEWAY – FLASHBACK

Sam turns to see Carl driving her car, but then their positions switch and Sam is driving and the passenger seat is empty.

She's smiling and turns to look at him in the passenger seat but HE'S NOT THERE.

She frowns and then the SUV has the blowout and strikes her car.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Kevin is leaning forward, pleadingly.

KEVIN

(low voice)

Can you see the date here?

Sam's crying.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Will you read it to me... please?

She clears her throat.

SAM  
May fifteenth...

KEVIN  
And the year?

SAM  
Two thousand seven.

Kevin leaves that on the tabletop and finds another document. He places it on top of the death certificate.

It's a copy of an article. The headline reads: PRIVATE SECURITY EMPLOYEES ATTACKED AND KILLED. The dateline of the article reads "Baghdad, May 15th, 2007".

KEVIN  
Do you remember seeing this?

Sam stares at it.

SAM  
...no.

Kevin has tears in his eyes as he looks up at his sister.

KEVIN  
Do you know what this means?

Sam studies the photocopies on the tabletop. She looks at him.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
He wasn't in the car with you.

She sobs.

SAM  
That's not true. It's a trick. He was in the car.

KEVIN  
Do you remember showing me the hard drive you got, the one Carl told you to get?

She nods tentatively.

Kevin takes out all of the contents from the backpack and spreads them out on the tabletop.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
This, minus your guns and ammo, is what you had in your backpack.

Sam gazes at the contents. She sees Carl's printouts, some health bars, a plastic water bottle, the hard drive and the photo of Reggs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Do you agree that this is what you had in your backpack?

Sam nods slightly. Reggs' photo is not of him alone but of him smiling with his wife and children. He's not the humorless career guy in this photo.

Kevin reaches for the hard drive.

He picks it up in his hands and places it on top of the death certificate and article for Sam to see more closely.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Do you recognize this?

Sam nods and stares at it.

She's staring at an antique cigarette case, about 4 inches wide by 5 inches long. It's a beautiful Art Deco cigarette case.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Can you tell me what that is?

SAM

(quietly)

It's Carl's hard drive.

He turns his attention to the printouts and fans them out.

KEVIN

Do you recognize these?

SAM

Yes.

KEVIN

What are they?

SAM

They're Carl's printouts and his letter.

KEVIN

Can you tell me which one is his letter?

Kevin turns them around and lays them side by side, as well as he can on Sam's side of the table, moving the other items aside.

Sam stares at them.

I/E SAM'S CAR/FREEWAY – FLASHBACK

Sam is frantically looking at Carl's printouts, reading them, shuffling the pages, in the midst of the pile-up.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE – FLASHBACK

Much earlier than the scene at the freeway, Sam is at her desk, scribbling on the pages, doodling.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

KEVIN

Can you tell me what WKCH stands for?

SAM

(sobbing)

Williams, Kelleher, Carson & Hyde.

Sam is staring at one of the pieces of paper that has a lot of doodles on it.

INSERT: (doodles) W.K.C.H.

WHO KILLED CARL HOLLINGSWORTH?

W

KC

H

WKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCHWKCH

The doodles on the page are all angry-looking ballpoint pen scribbles that have been drawn over and over. The paper is debossed from the heavy ink coverage and the repetitive strokes.

The original text of each of the pages is almost illegible from the doodling.

Kevin studies Sam's facial expression closely. He seems to see through it.

KEVIN

Can you see the logo on the upper left-hand corner of that piece of paper?

She nods.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Can you read it to me?

SAM  
United States Department of Veteran  
Affairs.

The heading on the document is "PSYCHIATRIC EVALUATION."

Sam scrunches her eyes shut, squeezing more tears out and trying to keep the pain out.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Ask Bats, she was with me!

Kevin frowns. Sam continues talking with her eyes shut.

SAM (CONT'D)  
Where is she? She knows everything.

Kevin sighs.

SAM (CONT'D)  
She helped me get into the WKCH building!  
SHE helped me look for Carl!!!

EXT. STREET #2 - FLASHBACK

Sam is stealing a double-parked police cruiser while the officer is responding to a call.

INT. WKCH, INC. CORPORATE OFFICES - FLASHBACK

Sam is alone in the building at night.

She's startled by a single guard whom she viciously beats to death.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM  
Just ask her, Kevin!  
(pause)  
She helped me escape that place.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - FLASHBACK

Sam is running to the construction site's fence, all alone. She has a gun in her hand.

Flashlights search for her across the parking lot.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM

Bats helped me defeat ALL OF WKCH's men  
who were trying to kill us.

Kevin listens closely.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - FLASHBACK

Sam is in a shoot-out with security guards on the third floor of the new WKCH building.

She's clearly trained to use pistols and uses them well.

She kills the guards, one by one.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - CONTINUOUS

SAM

Just ask her, Kevin. She shot down the  
helicopter that was trying to kill us.

EXT. FREEWAY - FLASHBACK

Sam is being pursued by ten or twenty police cars.

A gasoline truck has just jackknifed and it explodes behind Sam's car.

She pulls the stolen car over to the shoulder, almost under an overpass. She takes out an M-16. The car she's stolen is a police car.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK

Sam takes out an M-16 from her closet and loads it expertly, without looking.

EXT. FREEWAY – FLASHBACK – CONTINUOUS

A few of the police cars make it around or even through the burning gasoline and halt and form a perimeter as the police officers get out and train their guns on her.

One or two of the squad cars that drove directly through the gasoline are now on fire as their occupants fight to save their lives.

A news helicopter flies overhead and Sam fires at it with the assault rifle.

The helicopter is hit and as it clears the overpass it crashes on the roadway ahead – not a flashy, Hollywood gasoline explosion, but a real-world, hard landing, crumple, shatter and smoke crash.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

SAM

Just ASK HER, Kevin!!! She was there when we tried to rescue you and Carl from the Harding High auditorium!!!

EXT. HARDING HIGH SCHOOL – FLASHBACK

The stolen DEA van is in fact a stolen FedEx truck, crashed into the school's transformer and on fire. The windbreaker Bats showed Sam has the FedEx logo on the back, not "DEA."

INT. HARDING HIGH SCHOOL, HALLWAY – FLASHBACK

Sam is emptying her assault rifle and then her pistol on several police officers trying to stop her.

She seems exultant and powerful as she releases the empty magazines from her pistol and assault rifle.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Sam keeps her eyes closed.

SAM

She was there when we looked at the evidence about the... the drug project designed to make better soldiers,...

(pause)

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

...the nanotechnology spill that's now in  
all of our bloodstreams...

(pause)

...the cover up for the spill and the  
bribes and all that!

(pause)

Bats knows all of it. Just ask her....

EXT. CAMP WINNETONKA – FLASHBACK

It's the late seventies and Sam is a little girl.

She's in her swimsuit, dripping wet, in the middle of a  
frantic crowd of swimmers and sunbathers.

SAM (V.O.)

Just ask her, Kevin....

On the sand is a little girl of Sam's age. A lifeguard  
is performing CPR on her. It's Betty Borick... Bats, 9  
years old.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Kevin has tears running down his face.

Sam opens her eyes and stares at the table top.

She focuses on one of "Carl's printouts" that is almost  
obliterated by doodles and writing. Her eyes scan the  
table and find the death certificate Kevin presented her.

The headings on both documents are identical. Carl's  
version is just obscured by all of Sam's scribbles. Her  
eyes widen.

Kevin slides the two documents next to each other. The  
comparison is complete.

She gasps.

KEVIN

You've seen this document before, Sam.

Sam lets out a huge wailing gasp that turns into  
inconsolable crying.

Kevin is crying too.

MONTAGE

A rapid-fire series of images runs through Sam's mind, all of the real things that happened and that she did, the different people she killed, on her psychotic rampage.

This gets interspersed with a series of images of her child abuse, her abandonment by their mother, she leaves, and then their father, he dies in a bar fight, isolation in junior high, a sexual assault in a restroom in high school and then... Iraq.

SAM IS TIED UP, SCREAMING AS SHE'S BEING WATERBOARDED in the filthy morgue in Iraq.

WOMAN SOLDIER  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?!?

One of the torturers sneers at her.

TORTURER  
Nothing. We don't want to know nothing!

They continue...

Sam is being debriefed by Lieutenant Moll.

LIEUTENANT MOLL  
That was when you were sexually assaulted, by the insurgents, by your captors. Isn't that correct, Specialist?

Sam is crying.

SAM  
No! It was before that! It was my CO who raped me! I've already told you!

END MONTAGE

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM – CONTINUOUS

Sam cries and cries and cries until she exhausts herself.

Sam opens her eyes slowly, exhausted. She sees that Kevin's been crying with her. She tries to smile in gratitude and solidarity but the grief is too strong and it forces her face to quiver and frown.

KEVIN  
They're gone and it's over, Sam.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
It's going to be okay, Sam.  
(pause)  
You need help, but it's going to be okay.

Kevin jumps up and hurries to Sam's side.

He grabs her bound hands and turns the wheelchair to face him as he kneels in front of her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Do you hear me?  
(pause)  
Sam?

Sam stares at Kevin, crying. She opens her mouth to form words.

SAM  
Bats?

Kevin shakes his head compassionately.

KEVIN  
That was a long time ago.

She screws her eyes shut, squeezing more tears out and forces the next word out as she looks at Kevin.

SAM  
Carl?

Kevin shakes his head, but she already knows.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
What have I done...?  
(pause)  
All those people?

Kevin chokes back the pain and then nods.

KEVIN  
I'll help you.  
(pause)  
It's over now. It's all over now. It's  
time to start your healing....

Racking sobs shake Sam's body until she exhausts that wave of sadness. Then...

She opens her eyes and stares at Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
It'll all be alright, Sam. I'm here.  
I'm going to make sure you get better!

Her gaze shifts and seems to focus on a point in the center of his head.

He notices and is alarmed by it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Sam?!?

He grabs her upper arms and braces her.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Sam! It's over.

The grief that a moment ago seemed bottomless and clearly on Sam's face is seeping away.

Replacing it is a blank, placid expression, not grief.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Sam?  
(pause)  
Sam!?!?

Kevin is suddenly horrified to see what's happening with his sister, right in front of his eyes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Sam? Stay with me! SAM!!!

Sam's expression becomes a vacant slight smile. Her eyelids droop as if she were instantly drowsy.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Don't do this, Sam! You need to stay  
with me and get better.

He grabs her head in both hands to force her attention on his words. He stands and kisses her on the forehead.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Don't do this, Sam. I need you.

He gets within inches of her eyes, staring into them.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Sam? Stay here!

He watches Sam's eyes as she retreats and finally disappears.

Her head lolls in his hands. He lets go gently to test if she's still holding her head up. She's not!

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Sam? NO, NO, NO, no, no....

He feels her pulse. She still has one. It's strong.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Sam! I know you're in there! You're not dead!

(pause)

It's not fair! You can't do this! Stay here! With me!

(pause)

Sam?

Kevin sets her head back on her shoulder. She lets it rest there. Her mouth is slightly open with that vacant, placid slight smile on her face as she gazes into space.

Kevin becomes more frantic and her smile becomes more evident as she retreats into her mind.

The wall to Sam's right explodes in a cloud of mortar dust and stunning sunlight. Kevin falls to the side.

BATS (O.S.)

Sam? Sam? Let's go!

Sam, in her wheelchair, snaps to attention, smiling at the sound of Bats' voice. Her face is streaked with tears that she completely wipes away.

She's not bound anymore.

SAM

In here!

A silhouette approaches through the dust and light and becomes Bats in all of her imaginary-friend glory, with her sexy tough-girl outfit and spiky hair and attitude... and some guns.

Kevin is covered in dust and debris. Sam gets up from the wheelchair and looks down at him, a little concerned but she seems to know that he's fine.

Sam easily pulls the white scrub top off and quickly wipes her face with it and then chucks it aside.

Underneath, she's wearing clothes similar to Bats' action-oriented outfit. All she needs is the holster and duty rig Bats gives her to buckle around her waist.

Then Bats hands her a nasty-looking assault rifle with a compact body and a long barrel and a big sight. It's a Colt ACR/M16A2E2 or an M16A4 or an AR15 equipped with an ITL MARS reflex sight and M5 RAS foregrip or SOME SUCH THING!!!

Sam hears some shooting and explosions outside and looks at Bats.

BATS

They're out there behind a wall.

They clamber over the exploded wall and look out onto the world.

SAM

Who?!?

BATS

Them!!!

The sun is setting on a city turned into a battlefield.

BATS (CONT'D)

Ready?

Sam looks at Bats and smiles, nodding with a renewed purpose and meaning.

SAM

Yeah.

FADE TO BLACK.

The End