

POTUS

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BLACK SCREEN:

SCROLL:

HINDU (V.O.)

"There is a distinct difference between ignorance and stupidity. Ignorance is simply not knowing a thing. Stupidity is refusing to learn a thing. Hence, a person can be both intelligent and ignorant...

(pause)

Stupidity, unlike ignorance, is an accepted pattern of learned behavior and like a disease it is spread from one carrier to the next. But unlike a physical infection it does not have any natural anti-bodies to stem its proliferation...

(pause)

Unless education can one day be force fed into every man, woman and child on Earth, humanity will eventually be pulled down into its own self proliferated extinction.

(pause)

Excerpt from the Doctoral Thesis of Robert Develin"

FADE IN:

INT. DARKENED OFFICE - DAY

The office looks like a war zone. Lights and ceiling tiles shot out, furniture askew with papers and debris everywhere. MAX, in his mid 30s, holding a machine gun, is hunkered down behind a steel desk. HINDU, early to Mid 30s of West Indian decent and holding a large gun, is next to him bleeding from a bandaged head wound. A few bullets PING and ricochet off the desk and the wall behind it.

MAX

How many you got?

Resting the pistol across his knee, Hindu checks the magazine.

HINDU

Not enough. You?

Max glances at his weapon's clip.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Bout' the same. Can't be many of them left. Can it?

HINDU

Doesn't matter. We're still outnumbered and they're still desperate. Most of them probably don't have much longer. The will to live is the only thing keeping them on their feet.

MAX

But we don't have any serum.

HINDU

Serum or not, they're beyond reason. Getting us is their only rational.

Off to the side, the stairwell door opens and a MAN covered in sores, wearing fatigues and wielding a plasma gun enters.

HINDU

MAX!

Hindu FIRES a few rounds that strike the man and throw him back through the doorway. The door closes behind him.

MAX

Goddammit! They found another way in? Options?

HINDU

The buildings' surrounded, all exits covered and we're basically pinned down. Our only choice...the stairs.

MAX

But what if more of them are in the stairs?

Hindu frowns sternly.

HINDU

We take em' out.

MAX

Damn you've turned into a ruthless bastard.

(CONTINUED)

HINDU  
Federal custody will do that to  
you. On three.

Max clutches his weapon even tighter as Hindu gets into a crouching position.

HINDU  
THREE!

Both men leap to their feet at a run while FIRING down the corridor and heading for the stairwell door. From down the corridor return WEAPONS FIRE can be heard. Bullets and energy weapons pepper the desk and wall.

STAIRWELL

MAX and HINDU barrel through the door. They SLAM it behind them. Breathing hard, they rest for a moment.

HINDU  
They weren't expecting that but it  
won't confuse them long. They'll  
regroup quick.

Max notices the corpse of the man in fatigues and his weapon at the bottom of the stairs.

MAX  
Hey, look. Dude had a pulse gun!

Max looks at Hindu.

HINDU  
We don't have time.

MAX  
Could give us a better chance  
against more of them.

Max starts down the stairs

HINDU  
Max no!

Max continues until he reaches the landing. Edging past the corpse, Max reaches for the gun as GUNFIRE erupts near him.

HINDU  
They're in the basement!

Max leaps over the corpse and darts up the stairs as FOOTSTEPS can be heard down the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

HINDU

They probably used pulse guns to  
burn into the underground parking!

Both men rush up the stairs as fast as they can.

MAX

Fuck! This is like being in a  
fucking horror movie! These guys  
should be dead! They're practically  
zombies!

HINDU

Zombies that can shoot back!

Bullets RICOCHET off the walls around them and plasma SINGES  
the banisters.

MAX

How the hell did we get into this  
shit!

FADE OUT:

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

FADE IN:

EXT. C.D.C. NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

The blue and gray sign displays the abbreviation 'C.D.C.',  
in white letters, with the sky blue building in the  
background.

SUPERIMPOSE: "10 Days Ago"

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

AMY, a plain Jane type in her late 30s, sits at her desk. A  
small blinking icon floats above her desk. Grabbing her  
purse, she heads out.

EXT. PARK - NOON

Amy sits on a park bench with a brown bag lunch. She reaches  
in her purse and pulls out a small ear piece and inserts it.

AMY

Phone. Hindu.

His name, number and picture appear hovering before her.

INT. HINDU'S OFFICE - NOON

Hindu sits in front of his computer. A SONG quietly plays. He puts a cell device in his ear, smiling as he answers.

INTERCUT:

HINDU

Hello.

AMY

Hello. How's the most handsome and brilliant scientist I know?

HINDU

Fine but Cameron's still married.

Amy frowns a bit but continues.

AMY

Funny. I was talking about you.

Hindu puts a hand over his mouth to cover his laughter.

HINDU

Oh. I didn't know.

AMY

Right. I've only had a crush on you since forever.

HINDU

Hey, you're the one that said we could only be friends.

AMY

That was college. I've matured a lot since then.

Amy looks around, speaking a bit more quietly.

AMY

I'm still living down the fact that without you I might have ended my career before it even began. I owe you one.

HINDU

Forget it. What are friends for?

(CONTINUED)

AMY  
Yeah, friends.

Hindu catches the tone and tries to lighten the mood.

HINDU  
Well, I'm here and you're there.  
You know I don't go for long  
distance relationships.

AMY  
Awww...couldn't you make an  
exception just this once.

HINDU  
For the best looking senior analyst  
at the C.D.C., I might.

Hindu quickly pulls up a travel site in a floating window.

HINDU  
I have some time coming. Next  
month, I could take two weeks, grab  
a flight and take you to lunch.

Amy almost knocks her bag off the bench.

AMY  
You'd do that for me? You'd come  
and see me?

HINDU  
Sure. Our research doesn't seem to  
be going anywhere right now. With a  
few days prep, I could stay a week.

Amy nearly bursts with excitement.

AMY  
Great! I will so make it worth your  
while. I mean, I'll show you a  
great time. I mean I hope you'll  
really come. What I meant to say--

HINDU  
I understand. It'll be nice to see  
you again too.

Amy frowns again and sighs with disappointment.

AMY  
Yeah, that's what I meant. I'll let  
you get back to work. Talk to you  
later. Bye.

(CONTINUED)

Amy ends the call but talks to herself while putting away the device.

AMY

Great Amy, another missed opportunity. You could have said something. Anything. Told him how you feel but you blew it.

Amy looks at her lunch disgustedly and closes it up.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NOON

DR. CAMERON WEBBER, rich industrialist type in his late 30s, passionately kisses his very attractive lab assistant, KAREN, whos in her late 20s. The sheets barely cover them as they squirm and grope each other. His cell device's ALARM goes off and they break the kiss. Cameron sits up.

KAREN

Lunch over so soon, Cameron?

CAMERON

We can't let on.

Karen makes a pouty face.

KAREN

I hate it.

She caresses his bare chest and he grabs her hand.

CAMERON

Karen, I'm not leaving my wife.

KAREN

I know. I still like borrowing you for a while, like a library book.

CAMERON

So I'm just a periodical you can check out whenever you want?

KAREN

Something like that but here's something you can check out.

Karen stands up on the bed and lets the sheet drop. Cameron looks her up and down smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

I can accept that. But we still  
have to get back to work.

The pair bounce off the bed and start retrieving their scattered clothing.

INT. RESEARCH LAB - AFTERNOON

A few TECHs walk around the large lab doing various things when Cameron, in a lab coat with his picture ID clipped above the pocket, enters. In the middle of the room is a large isolation unit with an air lock and keypad.

ISOLATION UNIT

SCOTT RENNETH, a mid 30s playboy type, in a lab coat, types on the keypad and the door opens. Hindu, in an environmental suit, comes out. He removes the hood and hands it to Scott, then removes the gloves. Cameron approaches.

CAMERON

Hey Hindu. Any progress?

HINDU

Are you kidding me? All the samples  
are inert. I still think that this  
is a dead end.

CAMERON

Still, the Senator and investors  
believe in the research. If my  
theories hold true then we may have  
a cure for the common cold.

HINDU

Common cold. Yeah right.

Cameron walks away while smiling at Karen, who's also in a lab coat. Hindu frowns at Cameron and continues removing his suit while handing parts of it to a smiling Scott.

HINDU

What do you think Scott?

SCOTT

That someone is going to get really  
really rich very very fast.

Hindu walks away with Scott frowning at his back.

INT. DEVELIN'S OFFICE - DAY

DR. ROBERT DEVELIN, a managerial type in his early 40s, sits in his expensive leather seat at his polished desk with an expensive looking nameplate. While staring at a floating 3D simulation of a strand of DNA, the double helix turns back then strands break off until it falls apart completely. Develin sits back looking disappointed.

DEVELIN

Again! How many times must we fail?  
It's got to be a problem with the  
sub-proteins. Something we're  
overlooking, too small to see.

He swipes in front of the image and it disappears.

DEVELIN

Computer. Secure browser. Search.  
Latest developments in molecular  
scanning. Military and academia.

Windows open in mid-air with five highlighted.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Activating secure search mode.  
Thirty-nine projects currently in  
development. Five are prototypes  
from practical thesis.

DEVELIN

Computer. Extrapolate highest  
probability of success for all  
prototypes.

Windows close except for two, which enlarge.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Two of five have an equally high  
probability for success.

DEVELIN

Computer. Preview both projects.

The images shift and a schematic for a refrigerator sized device appears.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Project 'A', designation, Magic  
Mirror. The project is designed to  
diagnose illness by micro-scanning  
tissues on the mitochondria,  
organelles and DNA levels.

(CONTINUED)

The images shift again and a schematic for a hand held device comes up.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Project 'B', codenamed, Sherlock. A classified project designed to create a portable device for rapid analysis of foreign agents and bio-hazards in the environment.

Develin looks at the images and is pleased.

DEVELIN

Excellent. Computer. Create a new file. Name. Looking glass. Download all materials and store. Forward copies of the file to engineering for prototyping. Priority one.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Which device?

DEVELIN

Computer. Project 'A' for prototyping.

COMPUTER (V.O.)

Confirmed. Project 'A' slated for prototyping.

Develin leans back and smiles.

DEVELIN

Phone. Renneth group.

INT. SMALL ROOM - DARK

In a barely lit room, SHEILA, shrouded in darkness, sits at a desk with a gun partially disassembled. A blinking blue light appears on the desk. She puts it in her ear.

SHEILA (O.S.)

Hello. Renneth, Sheila.

DEVELIN (V.O.)

I have a job for you.

SHEILA (O.S.)

Good. I was getting bored.  
Assassination or intelligence?

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN (V.O.)  
Recruiting.

EXT. PRISON YARD - DAY

PRISONERS are in the yard for exercise but in one corner several prisoners walk towards one lone big black bald burly-looking inmate in his early 30s named KELIS. The leader of the group, MOE, a mousy black male in his early 30s, looks over his shoulder to see if anyone is watching.

MOE  
What's up Kels? Where yo' boys at?

KELIS  
You know exactly where they at.

The group surrounds Kelis but keeps their distance.

MOE  
Why'd ya think deah all  
disappeared?

KELIS  
I was wonderin'.

Kelly gets into a defensive stance and keeps actively watching.

MOE  
Made some deals. They got rid of  
all yo' boys one by one, so I could  
get a shot at yo' ass all alone.

KELIS  
I'm flattered but bitches ain't my  
type.

All of Moe's boys WHOOP and HOLLER at the statement.

MOE  
Awww. Now ya'done hurt my feelin's.  
And we was just gonna whip yo' ass  
for what you did to Tiny.

KELIS  
Tiny? You know why I took him down.  
He fucked with a member of my crew  
and paid the price.

(CONTINUED)

MOE

Yeah, but we got a rep' to uphold.  
Now you gotta die.

Moe pulls a homemade knife and the others follow suite.

KELIS

So' ya'll think it's gonna go down  
like this?

MOE

Yeah. We do. Gonna enjoy dis'.

KELIS

If you gonna bring an ass whoopin'  
be prepared to take one. You been  
hidin' behind your crew so long I  
think yo' punk ass done gone soft.

One of the men attempts to flank Kelis only to have his nose back-kicked in. A second man tries a frontal attack with his knife. He swings but misses Kelis' midriff. Kelis grabs the man's arm and SNAPS it like a twig. The next one attempts a flying tackle but Kelis side steps the attack and follows up with an elbow to the back.

MOE

YEAH! YEAH! YOU GOIN' DOWN KELS!

Kelis heads for an opening but another man closes quickly. He punches the man in the face. The man covers up. Kelis quickly uses a kick to shatter the man's shin.

MOE

GET THAT FOOL! KILL HIM!

TOWER

A TOWER GUARD notices the commotion on the far end of the yard and grabs his radio.

TOWER GUARD

Fight in the yard! Fight in the  
yard! Get some men down there!

PRISON YARD

Kelis does a move that looks like he's break dancing but sweeps the legs of one man while kicking a second in the stomach. Kelis is back on his feet almost instantly. The circle around Kelis widens as he takes out another man.

(CONTINUED)

An ALARM sounds and GUARDS rush into the yard. Moe reacts.

MOE  
OH SHIT!  
(to Kelis)  
Those fancy moves ain't gonna save  
yo' ass next time Kels!

Moe flees as Kelis pauses to survey his surroundings.  
Several guards swarm towards him.

GUARD 1  
Prisoner, you know the drill.

Kelis drops to his knees and puts his hands behind his head.

KELIS  
I was just mindin' mine when they  
came at me.

GUARD 1  
Doesn't matter. It's still  
solitary.

Several guards help the injured to their feet as Kelis  
watches impassively. Guard 1 turns to one of the other  
guards.

GUARD 1  
How many?

GUARD 2  
Several serious, no deaths this  
time. They had weapons.

Guard 1 takes stock of Kelis.

GUARD 1  
No deaths? That's good for you.  
Means your stay in solitary will be  
a short one this time.

INT. SOLITARY CELL - DAY

The door opens and Kelis is shoved inside a darkened cell.  
The door closes and he takes a seat. A moment later Kelis  
hears a short ARGUMENT and the door opens. Guard 1 steps in  
with a few additional guards behind him.

GUARD 1  
Let's go prisoner.

Kelis rises.

(CONTINUED)

KELIS  
Damn that was fast.

GUARD 1  
You got a visitor. Your lawyer is  
here to see you.

HALLWAY

Kelis is chained then escorted with guards front and back.

GUARD 1  
I don't know how you got a lawyer  
with enough clout to get you out of  
solitary.

KELIS  
That's funny cause I don't know how  
I got a lawyer. The last fool that  
handled my case was a P.D. so fresh  
out of law school that his pimples  
hadn't cleared up yet.

VISITORS ROOM

Kelis waits at the table. Through the door on the other  
side, Kelis can see a guard, flirting obviously with a very  
attractive woman in her late 20s, carrying a thin satchel.  
The guard allows her to enter but continues to watch through  
the glass. Kelis checks her out as she strides over  
confidently and sits.

SHEILA  
Hello Kelis.

KELIS  
Who the hell are you?

SHEILA  
Someone who can get you out of  
here.

Kelis sits back laughing. Sheila frowns, annoyed.

SHEILA  
Something funny?

KELIS  
You ain't no lawyer and it ain't  
April fool's, so somebody must be  
trying to punk me.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

What makes you think that?

Sheila sits back, folding her arms and stares at him evilly. After a moment he realises that shes not joking.

KELIS

I haven't had a visitor in years. As a matter of fact, ever. Now someone looking like you just waltzes her ass in here and wants to get me out. Just like that. What's the catch?

SHEILA

I want to offer you a job.

KELIS

Lady you don't know the first thing about me.

Sheila opens the satchel and pulls out a printed page with a small picture of Kelis and a lot of lines of text on it. She places it on the table facing him but doesn't look at it.

SHEILA

Kelis Eric Jackson, a.k.a. Kels the Killer. Age thirty-two. Father left at three, mother died at twelve. Your maternal grandmother thought high school sports would help calm you down. You tried martial arts and took to it like a fish to water.

Kels mouth drops open but he quickly recovers.

SHEILA

After grandma died in your senior year, you dropped out and became the youngest underground fight champion on record until you fell out with your owner and he set you up for murder. You got twenty but they keep adding years every time you get into a fight with the other inmates.

Kelis smiles smugly.

KELIS

Most of thats' on my rap sheet. How'd you get the rest?

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

Doesn't matter. Right now you're facing about forty-seven years, not including this mornings' incident.

Kels' becomes annoyed.

KELIS

It was self-defense.

Sheila leans forward with a wiry smile.

SHEILA

So what. Even if you don't get any time for today's incident, what about the next time or the time after that? We both know that even if you live to see parole, you'll be too old to enjoy it.

KELIS

Who the hell are you?

SHEILA

My name is Sheila Renneth and I'm the last person that you'd ever want to say no to.

Kelis looks at her blouse and smiles.

KELIS

I don't think I'd want to.

SHEILA

Slow it down Romeo. I'm not part of the package.

Kelis looks over her shoulder at the clock.

KELIS

Ok. What's the deal?

SHEILA

Say yes and I can get you out of here within the hour. We train you, provide you with everything you need and you get paid. You work for us. A real job, not like the underground. You just have to follow orders. My orders.

KELIS

Doing what?

SHEILA

Let's just say it's like police work, only you work for us.

The guard checks his watch and turns to the door.

SHEILA

Time's up. Decide now. I won't be back to make this offer again.

KELIS

I'm in.

SHEILA

I thought you might be.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

In front of the prison are a transport bus and a red sports car. Sheila and Kelis, in shabby clothes, exit the prison. They pass bus with Moe's crew being loaded into it. Sheila leads Kelis towards the car and throws him the keys.

SHEILA

You're driving.

Kelis catches and looks at the keys as she gets into the passenger seat. As Kelis gets into the car he notices that Moe is in the back of the bus. Moe looks back and the two lock eyes in hatred.

KELIS

Where are they going?

SHEILA

I don't know. Start the car.

Kelis takes one last hard look and starts the car.

INT/EXT. CAR - EARLY EVENING

Sheila eyeballs Kelis as he drives. He glances over.

KELIS

Thought I would change my mind.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

No. I would have just killed you already. I was wondering how much of a challenge you'd be if I had to fight you.

KELIS

And you think you could take me?

SHEILA

Without a gun? Maybe.

KELIS

So what would happen if I decided to stop this car right now and--

A gun appears at Kelis' temple as if by magic.

SHEILA

Luckily, I have a gun, so we don't have to find out.

Kelis doesn't move anything above the neck.

KELIS

Damn you're fast.

SHEILA

It pays in our line of work.

KELIS

What are we? Mafia hit men?

SHEILA

You wish.

Sheila puts the gun away.

SHEILA

Stop at a gas station. We're on the clock and need to look the part.

KELIS

Can we get a burger too? Lot of things I ain't had since going in.

She frowns at him then thinks it over and smiles.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY EVENING

SENATOR JOHN CROCKER, a powerful and intelligent politician in his mid to late 50s, is in a tuxedo, all but the bow tie which he is attempting to tie. His wife SARAH, a woman in her early 50s with a few extra pounds, sits on the bed in her evening gown looking at him.

CROCKER  
Are the girls ready?

SARAH  
Yes, they've been ready for a while. You know they can dress themselves.

Crocker looks at her crossly.

SARAH  
Do we really have to go? The party is supporting someone else. They don't need you.

CROCKER  
I told you before. I have to make the rounds and keep up appearances. I have to support the party so that later on they'll support me.

Crocker continues to fiddle with his tie.

SARAH  
Yes but this fund raisers' for him. The guy they're backing. McCreedy?

CROCKER  
Yeah, a real idiot but if I can get into his good graces, I may be able to sway some good will my way.

Sarah rises and walks over to her husband.

SARAH  
You know the person you should be swaying is your son, Stanley.

CROCKER  
The addict? If you remember he stole from us and wrecked the car. That's why he's in rehab in the first place.

(CONTINUED)

SARAH

Yes but maybe he's changed. You haven't spoken with him since he left. Why don't you at least call him?

Sarah helps Crocker with his tie.

CROCKER

We didn't really talk before my first wife died and after, we couldn't be in the same room for more than two minutes before an argument started.

SARAH

Because he was angry and he has too much of you in him. He's your son.

Sarah finishes the tie looking pleadingly into his eyes. Crocker looks at her with insincerity.

CROCKER

I'll call him.

Sarah looks at him intensely. His expression changes.

CROCKER

I said I'll call him. If he's changed we can talk about him coming back and living here again.

Sarah kisses him on the cheek.

SARAH

Good. That's all I want.

EXT. URBAN STREET - EVENING

The car pulls up to an abandoned building. Kelis and Sheila get out wearing jeans, leather boots, gloves and jackets.

KELIS

What are we doing here?

SHEILA

Right now this place is a haven for runaways and hypes who crash for the night between fixes.

(CONTINUED)

KELIS

So what are we doing here?

SHEILA

Working. Follow me.

The two head for the gaping hole where a door used to hang.

INSIDE

The interior is just as rough and grimy as the exterior. The lights work but are dim. Sheila doesn't even look at the elevator and leads Kelis up the stairs.

HALLWAY

The two make their way down a hallway of doors. Sheila stops at one door and carefully opens it.

DIRTY ROOM

Sheila and Kelis enter. One dim light bulb hangs from the ceiling. Sheila pulls a small flashlight and shines it around a bit. In the corner is a filthy mattress with a very dirty, slim, 20ish male, on top of it. An ADDICT.

SHEILA

Pick him up.

Kelis walks towards the addict carefully.

SHEILA

Be careful. Don't hurt him.

The addict appears to be sound asleep until Kelis grabs his wrist. The addict SCREAMS, while scrambling to his feet. Kelis nabs the other wrist and the addict fights back until he hears a pistol COCKING next to his ear.

SHEILA

Calm the fuck down!

INT. CHARITY EVENT - EVENING

PEOPLE mingle while Sarah proudly shows off the GIRLS' dresses. Crocker and family pose for PHOTOGRAPHERS' pictures. A REPORTER approaches the Senator.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER 1

Senator, I heard that you didn't even try to throw your hat into the ring to run in this election.

CROCKER

I thought we covered this. No. No, I didn't. It wasn't the right time. The campaign trail would have been a bit of a strain on my family right now and family is important.

REPORTER 1

Speaking of family. Where's your son? Stan. Shouldn't he be here?

Crocker and his wife glance at each other quickly.

CROCKER

Stan is a young man and young men like to enjoy themselves. That sometimes means being away from home and family.

REPORTER 1

So where is he?

CROCKER

Stan is in Aspen on a ski trip with friends. He won't be back for a couple of weeks yet. We speak often and he's disappointed that he couldn't make it back in time for this event but boys will be boys.

Crocker retreats from any further questions by hugging his wife and smiling while photos of his family are being taken.

EXT. STREET - LATE EVENING

Kelis leads the addict. Strips of blanket binding his hands. Sheila follows behind with her gun in his back.

ADDICT

You two don't know what you're doing! Do you know who I am? Do you know who my father is? What he will do when he finds out?

Kelis reaches for the rear passenger door when Sheila stops him.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

Put him in the trunk.

Kelis looks at her quizzically and receives a look in return.

KELIS

You're serious. I thought people only did that in the movies.

Kelis moves to the trunk and begins to open it.

KELIS

You know cars have built in safety features to prevent--

When the trunk opens, there is a blanket and a set of shackles welded to the bottom of the trunk. The addict sees and panics.

ADDICT

Wait! Wait! My father has money. He can pay you. More than what you're getting now. Twice as much!

Sheila puts her gun to the addict's head.

SHEILA

He's already paying us. Now get in. And I'd be quiet if I were you.

Kelis helps the addict into the trunk and shackles him. Kelis closes the trunk and turns to Sheila.

KELIS

So we're professional kidnappers?

SHEILA

Not even close. Get in the car.

INT. CHARITY EVENT - NIGHT

Crocker and family sit at their table. The WAITERS clear away the last of the empty plates and glasses.

SARAH

Honey, it's getting late. We should get the girls home.

Crocker turns to his girls across the table.

(CONTINUED)

CROCKER

Are my little angels ready to go?

Before they can answer he gestures for quiet as he reaches into his jacket and pulls out a RINGING cell device. He answers cheerfully.

CROCKER

Hello. Max?

(turns angry)

What do you mean the clinic called and there's a problem with Stan? I don't care what it is. Take care of it and call me back tomorrow.

Crocker puts away his device and smiles at Sarah, who only rolls her eyes at him.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

Sheila stares out the car window into the darkness, still cradling her weapon in her lap while Kelis drives.

KELIS

Are you going to tell me what this is really about? Who's in the trunk?

Sheila, bored, looks back at Kelis.

SHEILA

His name is Crocker, Stanley Crocker. Son of Senator John Crocker.

Kelis nearly chokes.

KELIS

Oh shit! The...Senator Crocker?

SHEILA

The one and only.

Kelis thinks hard.

KELIS

So the old man can't control his son's habit so he called you.

SHEILA

Something like that.

(CONTINUED)

KELIS

So that kinda makes us bounty hunters.

SHEILA

Not really. We don't usually get missions like this. By the way, you passed.

Kelis gives Sheila a quick look.

KELIS

Passed? Passed what?

SHEILA

This was not only a retrieval mission but also a test. You took my orders without flinching so I didn't have to cut you down.

KELIS

This was your rodeo, I was just a clown. Besides, I'm not stupid enough to believe that you'd hesitate to put a couple of hot ones in my ass.

Sheila smiles at him slyly.

SHEILA

You're pretty smart. You just may have survived to see parole on your own. If I were ever going to see you again this would be the start of a beautiful friendship, minus the friendship part.

Kelis glances at her.

KELIS

What now?

SHEILA

After this you'll be trained and re-assigned and our paths will probably never cross again.

This time Kelis smiles slyly.

KELIS

Too bad. I think you'd like me to stick around for a while.

Shelia glances at him.

KELIS

Something about the bald head ain't  
it?

Sheila looks at the gun in her hand then leans over and  
whispers in his ear.

SHEILA

Definitely.

INT. LARGE CONDO - NIGHT

JOSIE WEBBER, a woman in her late 40s but still  
attractive, walks into an elaborate living room. She picks  
up the telephone and dials. The phone RINGS until the  
voicemail comes on.

CAMERON (V.O.)

This is Dr. Cameron Webber, please  
leave your name and number and...

She hangs up and looks around. Finding her cell device, she  
types in the air and turns on the TV.

ANNOUNCER

With gas prices rising faster than  
ever, lack of jobs and record  
unemployment numbers, the city's  
crime rate has almost doubled in  
the last few months. The latest  
wave, criminals attacking motorists  
and even gas station workers in an  
effort to steal and sell gasoline  
on the black market.

Josie's cell device RINGS and she jumps. She looks  
disappointed as the word 'detective' hovers in front of her.

JOSIE

Hello.

(pause)

Yes I do. Follow them and gather as  
much evidence as you can. I want to  
nail his ass to the wall.

(pause)

I don't care. I'll pay it. Bye.

Josie ends the call. As she is about to put down the device,  
it BUZZES. She taps it and a message hovers above it,  
'Working late. Don't wait up. Cameron.' She drops the device  
and starts crying uncontrollably.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Sheila and Kelis enter the room. He turns and locks the door. When he turns back Sheila slams him back into the door and kisses him hard. She breaks the kiss and looks at him angrily.

SHEILA

I don't care who you're with or who you do but when I call, she better be gone before I arrive...or I'm killing her and you.

Kelis looks at her, sensing something else.

KELIS

And?

SHEILA

Let's just call this another test. Disappoint me and you won't disappoint anyone else ever again.

Kelis examines her for a moment then kisses her feverishly while ripping off her blouse.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Cameron, Hindu, Scott and a few other WORKERS sit around a large conference table.

SUPERIMPOSE: "9 Days Ago"

CAMERON

People, our budget is up for review. We have to have something impressive to wow our investors.

Cameron strolls coolly around the room.

CAMERON

Dr. Kerresh's achievements have kept us on the map but we need more.

Cameron stops near Hindu, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

Dr. Kerresh, would you mind going to my office and retrieving the latest copy of the project reports. I though I had them with me.

HINDU

(surprised)

Uh. Sure.

Hindu rises and walks to the door.

HINDU

Be right back.

As soon as the door closes Cameron turns to the room in anger.

CAMERON

Look you sorry sacks of shit! We need to make some real progress! Like now! The only people pulling their weight around here are me and that idiot that just left.

Cameron stalks the room, looking at each person before moving on to the next.

CAMERON

Think the Senate Committee is gonna keep funding us out of the goodness of their hearts? Think again.

SCOTT

We're doing the best we can.

Cameron approaches Scott.

CAMERON

The best we can?

Cameron draws his hand back as if about to strike but thinks better of it.

CAMERON

I outta smack the whole lot of ya into the middle of next week!

Cameron steps away as Scott glares at him evilly. Cameron turns as the door opens. Hindu enters.

(CONTINUED)

HINDU  
I couldn't find the reports.

Cameron smiles warmly.

CAMERON  
Never mind. I was just finishing  
up. Didn't really need them anyway.

Cameron turns back to the table.

CAMERON  
As I was saying gentlemen, we need  
to do just a wee bit better to  
insure that the government will  
continue our funding for next year.  
(pause)  
Meeting adjourned.

Everyone rises and filing out. Scott gives Cameron a final glare as he exits. As Cameron and Hindu become the last two in the room, Karen enters.

KAREN  
Did I miss the meeting?

CAMERON  
Oh no. You're right on time. I'll  
brief you about it. In private.

Cameron glances knowingly at Hindu. Hindu looks confused for a moment then becomes embarrassed.

HINDU  
Oh! Right! Right. I have some work  
to do in the lab. So I'll just go.  
Right now. I'm leaving.

Hindu slinks out, closing the door behind him.

HALLWAY

Hindu turns to walk away when someone inside the conference room closes the shades.

INT. BIO LAB - MORNING

DR. HENRY YEAGER, Develin's balding assistant, waits uncomfortably as Develin reads over a report.

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN

Are you sure? The samples were supposed to be inert!

YEAGER

We've double and triple checked them. This may pose a problem.

Crocker enters as if searching for something. Develin glares angrily while dismissing Yeager. Crocker smiles with all the warmth of a crocodile as Develin approaches cautiously.

CROCKER

Doctor. How's the research going?

DEVELIN

What are you doing here? I didn't send for you. Walk with me.

RESEARCH LABS

Develin and Crocker walk down a hall of large glass windows, each one with a TECH conducting some type of experiment.

DEVELIN

There are some anomalies with the samples your people brought us.

CROCKER

Anomalies? Meaning problems.

DEVELIN

The samples were supposed to be inert but they're not. It will be more difficult to--

Stopping, Crocker rips into Develin.

CROCKER

I don't care! I spent close to a billion dollars funding your little science project.

Behind them, a TECH and a monkey are playing with blocks.

DEVELIN

Creating a virus that can be tailored to specific demographics isn't exactly child's play or everyone would be doing it.

They continue walking.

(CONTINUED)

CROCKER

This lab is years ahead of anything else on the planet.

DEVELIN

Look, we've mapped entire genomes and can recombine proteins at will! But it's like making soup...

CROCKER

Soup?

DEVELIN

...knowing what to put in and what to take out! And no matter how much forensic modeling we do beforehand, the recombinant DNA strands seem to have a mind of their own!

Crocker and Develin come to a window with two TECHs in a room with a pool. One tech is wearing boots with lights built into them.

CROCKER

When I recruited you, you convinced me that you were smarter than your counterpart. You said that could take Dr. Webber's research farther and faster than he ever could!

The booted tech walks on top of the pool towards the middle as the other take notes.

DEVELIN

I can! But you're expecting miracles.

CROCKER

I'm expecting what I paid for. I want to see results and I want to see them soon.

The booted tech loses his balance and falls into the pool.

CROCKER

I've spent a lot of time and energy just hiding the disbursements that pay for this place. Failure is not an option!

Crocker walks away, leaving Develin fuming behind.

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN

You want results, I'll give you results.

INT/EXT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Hindu pulls his car out of a store parking lot. A shopping bag sits on the seat next to him.

HINDU

Phone. Call Amy's cell.

The DIAL then RING of a phone can be heard.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Amy is in her cube when MUSIC comes from her purse. She pulls out her cell device and inserts it into her ear.

AMY

Hindu. Got some good news for me?

INTERCUT:

HINDU

Few more days until vacation and I just scored enough supplies for more than a week.

AMY

Bring them all. You may decide to stay two.

HINDU

I can't do that.

AMY

Right. Better yet. Don't bring any, stay a month and buy what you need here.

HINDU

I don't think I can take that much leave. What are you up to?

AMY

Nothing. Just checking some reports on last year's flu season. Pretty mild, pretty boring. What about you?

(CONTINUED)

HINDU

Lunch. On my way back to the office.

AMY

Well hurry up. Don't want to give Cameron a reason to change his mind.

Hindu notices his gas gauge is low and spots a gas station.

HINDU

Sorry 'A' but I gotta cut this short. Have to stop and get some gas. I'll call you tomorrow.

AMY

Ok. I'll be waiting.

HINDU

Don't work too hard.

AMY

You too.

HINDU

Phone. End Call.

EXT. GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

Hindu pulls into the station and exits the car. He opens the tank and pulls a credit card. Preoccupied with the pump, he doesn't notice two masked MEN sneaking up behind.

INSIDE

The ATTENDANT is so engrossed in the latest holo-game floating above the clear sheet of plastic that he doesn't notice what's going on outside.

OUTSIDE

Hindu waves his card and as soon as the pump is authorized he's grabbed. He struggles but is clubbed on the head and goes down. Barely conscious, Hindu sees the men grab the hose and start filling up a large makeshift gas can. Blood flows into his eyes.

INSIDE

The attendant finally noticing the incident through the window, picks up the phone and dials.

OUTSIDE

The men finish filling up and close the tank. Each grabbing a side, they run down the street laughing. Hindu lies on the ground stunned as the attendant rushes over. He kneels at Hindu's side.

ATTENDANT

Are you alright?

Hindu is dazed and cannot speak.

ATTENDANT

Don't move. You're bleeding. Help will be here shortly. Don't worry, you'll be alright.

Hindu tries to speak but falls into unconsciousness.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY

ENGINEERS sit at consoles in the control room. A very large empty table dominates most of the space. Through the observation window, Develin and Yeager watch the TECHS on the floor below check what looks like an over-sized sensory deprivation chamber.

DEVELIN

Ready for our first human test, doctor?

YEAGER

(a bit worried)

I hope so.

DEVELIN

We are on the brink of a new age in medicine and medical diagnosis. You should be more positive. Besides... It worked on the monkeys.

On the virtual control boards all the indicators go green.

ENGINEER 1

Dr. Develin, we're ready sir.

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN  
Bring in the patient.

LAB FLOOR

Two bio-suited TECHs drag in Stanley Crocker, kicking and screaming. The device opens and the techs force him in and strap him down.

CONTROL ROOM

Develin looks over images displaying all kinds of vitals. A live feed shows Stanley struggling in vain.

DEVELIN  
If this is successful we'll have a  
bio-scanner decades ahead anything  
else on the planet.

The room goes silent as the engineers look to Develin.

DEVELIN  
Fire it up.

Engineers swipe their hands in front of their virtual controls and the lights dim. Develin and Yeager watch Stanley's vitals change from green to red as he writhes in terror.

LAB FLOOR

A very loud machine-type HUMMING starts as a green light travels from one end of the device to the other. The light shuts off and the overhead lights brighten. The device opens with Stanley breathing hard and looking around.

CONTROL ROOM

Develin and Yeager turn from the consoles to the empty table. A life-sized transparent holographic image of Stanley's body appears hovering above it. Bones and organs are visible with small readouts indicating various parts, some highlighted with red text. Develin appears pleased.

DEVELIN  
It worked! Early stages of  
pancreatic cancer, cirrhosis of the  
liver, partial kidney failure on  
one side. It's all here.

(CONTINUED)

Yeager laughs loudly.

YEAGER

Somebody call star fleet medical  
cause we've got their scanner!

Develin watches as the techs take Stanley away then turns  
and addresses the engineers.

DEVELIN

I want a full diagnostic by  
morning. I want the device  
inspected and tested for anything  
that may cause problems. I want to  
find those problems before they  
find us.

Develin turns to Yeager.

DEVELIN

Doctor, by tomorrow evening I want  
more of our test subjects run  
through the machine. I want a full  
examination of each subject's data.

YEAGER

Something wrong?

DEVELIN

There's no sign of the POTUS virus.  
He was infected yesterday. It  
should be showing up and it isn't.

Develin glances back at the hologram.

DEVELIN

We'll have to fix that.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

The large blocky sign with white lettering denotes the  
'Emergency Room' on a red background, parking and other  
entrances on blue. The white building with blue windows  
stands in the background as an ambulance pulls in.

SUPERIMPOSE: "7 Days Ago"

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Hindu awakens in a hospital bed. His head is bandaged and he is wearing a dressing gown. A NURSE comes in.

NURSE 1

Oh good, you're awake. How are you feeling Dr. Keresh?

HINDU

Where am I? How do you know me? How did I get here?

Hindu attempts to rise only to flop back down from the effort. The nurse shakes her head at him.

NURSE 1

I wouldn't try to move, you've got a pretty bad concussion. You're at St. Angels Hospital. You arrived by ambulance with your wallet on you.

HINDU

How long have I been here?

NURSE 1

Two days. It took eight hours of surgery, a bunch of stitches and a small metal plate in your head to stop the bleeding. You almost died.

HINDU

Two days? What happened? The last thing I remember--

NURSE 1

Was being mugged for gas? A lot of that happening nowadays. You should be more careful.

Hindu concentrates for a moment.

HINDU

I was on my way back from lunch. I was supposed to be flying out on vacation soon.

NURSE 1

I'm sorry, but according to the doctor you won't be going anywhere for a couple of days, even with our new excellerated healing regiment.

(CONTINUED)

HINDU

Where's my clothes and stuff?

The nurse opens the closet.

NURSE 1

Your clothes. Your wallet and cell are in the drawer. I have to finish my rounds but if you need anything, push the call button. Someone from the nurses' station will come.

The nurse exits, closing the door. Hindu rolls on his side and opens the drawer. Inside his wallet and cell are in a plastic bag. He picks up the device and sees that its' off.

HINDU

At least they saved my battery.

He taps the device on and it shows that he has over two dozen calls, several voice-mails and texts. Most of which are from Amy. He sighs heavily and sets the device down.

INT. EXPENSIVE CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

The café is full of PATRONS with WAITERS dashing back and forth. Cameron looks deeply into Karen's eyes as WAITER comes over and offers them wine. Cameron waves him away.

EXT. EXPENSIVE CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

Josie pays the CABBIE and exits the cab. She walks quickly to the door of the café as the cab pulls off.

INT. EXPENSIVE CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

Cameron smiles at Karen and she blushes. He pulls out a plastic hotel key card and places it on the table. He slides it towards her and as she reaches for it a small stack of pictures lands with a SMACK on the table. She GASPS.

JOSIE

So this has been your lunch date and early morning meeting for the last few weeks!

CAMERON

Josie!

(CONTINUED)

Cameron picks up the pictures and sees that the first few are of him and Karen riding to work together. The next few are from a distance of them through a hotel window.

JOSIE

I told you before we got married  
that I wasn't going to put up with  
any shit like this!

CAMERON

It's not what you think--

JOSIE

F-THAT! Do you think I'm stupid?

Most of the restaurant patrons stop and turn to the source of the disturbance.

CAMERON

Honey. I--

JOSIE

You're a smart man. That's what  
attracted me to you in the first  
place, doctor. But not smart  
enough. I hired someone to follow  
you. Found out that you're screwing  
your secretary!

Josie reaches into her purse and pulls out some papers folded into thirds. She tosses them on the table as she storms out. Cameron mumbles quietly to himself.

CAMERON

Lab assistant.

INT. BIO LAB - DAY

Develin, Crocker, Max and several SCIENTISTS sit around a desk littered with charts and pictures of people in various states of decaying health. Crocker regards a picture of a man covered in sores.

CROCKER

Magnificent. And you're sure that  
it only attacks who we want it to.

Develin smirks as he idly glances over another picture.

DEVELIN

We can't be that specific. No one  
can. Our current technology just

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN (cont'd)  
isn't that good. But the virus can  
be targeted to a very small  
demographic of genetic markers.

CROCKER  
So what if it starts attacking  
people we don't want it to?

DEVELIN  
We have a few safeguards just in  
case it starts...misbehaving.

Crocker looks questioningly at Develin.

CROCKER  
Like?

DEVELIN  
Inherently, we tell it which RNA  
sequences to target. Secondly, it's  
transmitted by fluids. So unless  
you are injected, ingest or sprayed  
with a specifically targeted  
version, you won't get sick.

Max looks around the desk worried.

MAX  
What about an infected person with  
similar markers breathing on you?

Develin dismisses the remark with a gesture.

DEVELIN  
The pathogen has an extremely short  
lifespan outside of the host, so  
there's an insignificant chance of  
transfer. Besides, it prefers the  
bloodstream.

CROCKER  
And what exactly does it do again?

DEVELIN  
Unlike its distant cousin, the HIV  
virus, once our virus has infected  
the host it doesn't shut down the  
immune system, rather it causes  
hyper-immunoproliferation.

Crocker laughs.

CROCKER  
You just made that up.

DEVELIN  
That's what we call the reaction.

CROCKER  
In layman's terms?

Develin leans back.

DEVELIN  
It scrambles the chemical receptors for the creation of white blood cells, preventing them from telling the difference between normal tissue and foreign pathogens thus causing an overabundance of anti-bodies. It starts out with flu-like symptoms--

CROCKER  
But the body literally eats itself alive over time because the anti-bodies believe that every cell in the body is an infection.

Develin smiles, impressed at Crocker.

DEVELIN  
Very good Senator. We named it the POTUS virus, after the office that you're seeking. Please, follow me.

Develin rises and leads the group towards an elevator. They enter and the bottom button is pushed. After a few minutes they their destination is reached.

#### EXPERIMENTATION WARD

The doors whoosh open to a hospital ward. Develin leads the group. Each bed is surrounded by clear plastic with a table and monitoring machines. Most are occupied by PATIENTS.

CROCKER  
So these are the prisoners I sent you.

DEVELIN  
Not really. Most of these are homeless people and drug addicts.

Crocker is shocked.

(CONTINUED)

CROCKER

What?

DEVELIN

Prisoners can be missed and records  
can be traced.

CROCKER

So what did you do with my men?

They pass a bed with an angry man strapped to it struggling  
fitfully.

DEVELIN

The ones we deemed uncontrollable  
ended up here. They were likely to  
die violent deaths anyway. Death  
certificates for fatal accidents  
were provided, naturally.

CROCKER

The rest?

DEVELIN

We gave them a choice. Join the  
R.W.O. or go home.

They pass an empty bed and Max is concerned.

MAX

You let them go?

CROCKER

Let them go! My name is stamped on  
their papers and you simply let  
them go! Are you out of your mind?

Develin stops the group at a bed and replies impassively.

DEVELIN

No. Not really.

On the bed is a male is so covered in blisters and sores  
that his features are difficult to make out. On a tray next  
to him are a few personal belongings, one being an ID with  
the name 'Stanley Crocker'. The Senator stands stunned.

CROCKER

That's my son!

MAX

But Stan was supposed to be--

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN

In rehab? He was. He escaped and started living on the streets when we had him picked up.

CROCKER

I'LL KILL YOU!

Crocker lunges for Develin but is restrained by a couple of the scientists.

CROCKER

I paid for all this! I made it all possible!

Develin brushes some lint from his lab coat.

DEVELIN

Do you really believe that you were the only Senator in our pocket? What you contributed was far less than you think.

Develin becomes a bit more cavalier.

DEVELIN

Several of your colleagues, like you, also believed that their idiotic ideology should rule this country! That they should decide who lives and dies.

Max takes a step back and begins to turn when he hears a gun being COCKED behind him. He freezes. Crocker still rampages.

CROCKER

And you're better suited to the task?

Develin replies almost conversationally.

DEVELIN

No but Mother Nature is. The Restorers of World Order merely serve her purpose.

Crocker struggles as he practically growls at Develin.

CROCKER

The R.W.O. works for me!

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN

The original R.W.O. did. We took over and restructured it a long time ago. I currently serve as chairperson for the organization.

Crocker eyes Develin maliciously.

DEVELIN

The old R.W.O. was own your private Black OPs crew, equipped with advanced technology and weapons to cleanup your messes. We took over and reverse engineered those items and improved on them. We now manufacture them and issue them to our new recruits.

CROCKER

A private army? You'll never get away with this! Killing me will only start an investigation.

DEVELIN

Judging by your own success in deception, I think we will. And who said we were going to kill you?

Develin gains an evil glint in his eyes.

DEVELIN

Release him.

The scientists release Crocker who stands ready to fight.

DEVELIN

Hitler was right. The master race should rule but he was also so so wrong. Blue eyes and blond hair are not the weights by which we should set the standards. Intelligence is the key.

Crocker becomes less agitated.

CROCKER

What do you mean?

DEVELIN

With every animal on Earth, when their natural defenses fail they are culled by natural selection.

Develin glides toward Crocker with his hand in his pocket.

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN

Man's ultimate defense has always been his intellect, yet our society breeds, protects and even applauds the inferior mind. We've dumb down society to allow those not worth living to thrive.

CROCKER

And you propose to do what? Kill off stupid people?

Develin grins broadly and continues to approach.

DEVELIN

Actually, we were surprised to find that many people of lower intellect share a great majority of the same genetic markers for brain growth and cerebral activity.

Crocker retreats a bit.

CROCKER

OH MY GOD! You guys are serious! But this just a small outfit!

DEVELIN

We have sleeper cells all over the world. Most don't even know they work for us, yet.

Develin pulls a small clear spray bottle from his pocket

DEVELIN

You wanted to see progress. Well here it is. Our latest development.

He brandishes it proudly like a magician about to do magic.

DEVELIN

Looks like water, doesn't it. But with this we'll save humanity from itself by killing off those who would drag us into extinction.

Crocker retreats even further.

DEVELIN

Interestingly enough a few of the homeless never actually got sick. I guess they were smart but just got handed a raw deal by society. More proof at just how unjust we are.

(CONTINUED)

The scientists move to block further retreat.

DEVELIN

None of the addicts ever made it though. Probably because drugs cause defects in the brain at the cellular level, turning even the best of us into the very poison we need to expunge. Like a gangrene limb that must be severed to save the body.

Crocker backs into the scientist as Develin steps forward.

DEVELIN

My question...

Crocker attempts to cover himself as Develin sprays him with a fine mist.

MAX

JOHN!

DEVELIN

...How smart are you?

Crocker tries in vain to wipe himself off. Develin turns and walks away, returning the bottle to his pocket.

DEVELIN

Don't worry. It takes time to incubate and even if you live, anyone you touch, kiss or even breath on will become infected.

CROCKER

What now?

Develin moves to Crocker's son and hovers over him.

DEVELIN

Like the men you sent us, you're free to go.

Max is confused.

MAX

Free to go? Aren't you afraid that we'll tell somebody?

Develin doesn't even turn.

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN

Who'd believe that the Senator lost control of a covert bio-genetics weapons lab that he's been secretly funding in order to kill off people who would never vote for him in the first place?

Develin gives a signal and the scientists herd Crocker and Max towards the elevator.

CROCKER

What about my boy?

DEVELIN

Already dead. He's too far gone for the vaccine to do any good.

MAX

So there's a cure?

Develin looks at Max.

DEVELIN

No. There's an inoculation to stave off the symptoms but there is no cure. Can't have our foot soldiers falling out on us, can we?

Develin smiles.

CROCKER

How many will die?

DEVELIN

Now you're concerned about the people?

The elevator opens.

CROCKER

How many!

DEVELIN

If it spreads as we predict, approximately one-third of the world's population. More or less.

The elevator closes and Develin turns to the scientists.

DEVELIN

Call our agent and inform him that he is not to allow the Senator to

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN (cont'd)  
do anything too stupid, that's if  
the virus doesn't kill him first.

I/E. SENATOR'S LIMO - DAY

Crocker sulks in the back of the moving limo. Max sits as far from him as possible with the windows open.

CROCKER  
I thought I was using these people  
but I was the one being used.

MAX  
Nature of the game.

CROCKER  
I don't dare go home to my wife and  
the twins. But I still have an ace  
up my sleeve.

Crocker pulls out his cell device and starts dialing on a holographic keypad.

INT. MCCREEDY'S OFFICE - DAY

SENATOR CARL MCCREEDY, a white haired weasle of a man in his early 60s, picks up the phone.

MCCREEDY  
Hello? Who is this.

INTERCUT:

CROCKER  
McCreedy. It's me, Crocker.

McCreedy begins to grin broadly.

MCCREEDY  
Crocker. I didn't think you thought  
too highly of me once the party  
made their decision. Why are you  
calling?

CROCKER  
Look, I know this is highly  
irregular but I need a favor.

(CONTINUED)

MCCREEDY

What do you want?

CROCKER

There's this radical group of terrorists calling themselves the R.W.O. They killed my son and we believe them to be in control of a biological weapon. They're a threat to national security and need to be erased.

MCCREEDY

Whoa. Those are some pretty serious charges. You got any proof to back up those accusations?

CROCKER

All I'm asking for is an investigation. I don't have the connections but you do.

MCCREEDY

Tell you what, I have some friends down at the C.I.A. Send me what you got and I'll have my guys look into it. If they find anything, anything at all, I'll unleash all the furies of hell on em'. How bout that? Okay. I'll be in touch. Bye.

McCreedy hangs up the phone and pulls out a cell device. He puts it in his ear.

MCCREEDY

Phone. Secure Line. Call Develin.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

An ambulance leaves the the Emergency Room entrance.

SUPERIMPOSE: "4 Days Ago"

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - LATE MORNING

Hindu is at the front desk signing out. A PATIENT walks past looking pale and coughing horribly. Hindu glances at him as he hands back a clipboard to the NURSE. He notices that several other PEOPLE in the waiting room also have the same symptoms. He turns back to the nurse.

HINDU  
What's going on?

NURSE 2  
Nothing to worry about. Just an outbreak of the flu.

HINDU  
But it's not flu season.

NURSE 2  
Tell them that.

She nods in the direction of the waiting room. Hindu takes another look then exits.

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATE MORNING

Hindu pulls out his cell device and puts it in his ear as he attempts to hail a cab.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Amy is at her desk when cell device plays a SONG. She answers.

INTERCUT:

HINDU  
Hello? Amy?

AMY  
Hindu? Oh my god. Are you alright?

HINDU  
Yes. I'm just leaving the hospital.

AMY  
Are you going to be able to get your vacation time back?

(CONTINUED)

HINDU

In light of circumstances, this would be counted as sick time. Speaking of sick, has the C.D.C. heard of any severe flu outbreaks?

AMY

It's not flu season. But I'll look.

Amy types on her keyboard and a virtual report appears.

AMY

No. No, alerts have gone out. Searching hospitals in your area. Hmmm. Seems to be a few more cases than normal but nothing really unusual. Why do you ask?

HINDU

There were quite a few people being admitted to the hospital for flu symptoms. I just thought you may have heard something.

AMY

You know if I did, I couldn't tell you. I'd be breaking protocol and risking my job.

HINDU

I understand. Can you do me a favor then? Can you keep an eye out for a sudden jump in flu cases?

Hindu continues to attempt to flag down a cab.

AMY

Sure can but only because I respect you as a colleague. Not to get you in debt so that you'll really come see me next time.

HINDU

I got mugged. I would've shown up.

AMY

Yeah, yeah, any excuse. Be that as it may, you still owe me a visit.

HINDU

Yes ma'am. I'll talk to you later.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Talk to you later. Bye.

Hindu ends the call as a cab finally stops in front of him.

INT. SENATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Crocker, at his desk, hangs up the phone. Max sits across from him.

CROCKER

I've spent two days calling. I've called and called but I can't seem to get through to the President.

MAX

What about the C.D.C.?

CROCKER

The C.D.C. won't help until the bodies start piling up.

MAX

Other health organizations?

CROCKER

They all either think I'm crazy or just trying to create a panic.

MAX

So, we're on our own. What about your family?

CROCKER

I called my wife and told her to take the girls on holiday out of the country. She refused at first but I convinced her that Stan and I would be meeting them later. What are we going to do in the meantime?

Max reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell device.

MAX

Remember when you first started this and I told you that I thought it was a bad idea? Fortunately, I was the one dealing with the contractors.

(CONTINUED)

CROCKER  
What do you mean?

MAX  
During the install and programming of their computer systems I had an administrator create a backdoor for me just in case of emergency.

Max presses on the device and set of access credentials appear in mid-air.

MAX  
I'm no expert but I should be able to get enough evidence to convince someone with some clout to start an investigation at the very least.

CROCKER  
Max, you're a genius!  
(becomes worried)  
You don't have to mention my personal involvement in this do you?

Max looks at Crocker with strong dislike. Crocker cringes then looks resigned.

CROCKER  
Can I at least get a head start?

MAX  
Fair enough. Besides, implicating you means implicating myself. I'll have to do this from home. These systems are monitored.

CROCKER  
Max. I really am sorry.

MAX  
Don't tell me, tell all the people we're trying to save.

INT. DEVELIN'S OFFICE - EVENING

Develin is reading a virtual file when the word 'Alert' starts flashing in a corner.

DEVELIN  
Computer. Nature of the alert?

(CONTINUED)

COMPUTER (V.O.)  
Unauthorized remote access.

DEVELIN  
Computer. Shut down...on second  
thought, slow data transfer to  
point one percent, trace that  
connection and get me the address.  
(pause)  
Phone. Call Galter.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

In a suburban neighborhood, a black van pulls up across from a non-descript house with a big yard and a white-picket fence. The DRIVER looks up and down the street then three TROOPERS in black helmets, fatigues and body armor, carrying large rifles exit the van. They quickly cross the street.

FENCE

They enter the yard. A small black dot at the base of the fence turns into a red light. As they head up the walkway, one makes a hand signal and the other two split off.

FRONT DOOR

TROOPER 1 comes up the porch steps and stops at the front door. He kneels, putting his weapon down and pulls out a set of lock picks. He begins working on the lock.

SIDE WINDOW

TROOPER 2 slides along the side of the house until he comes to a window. Shouldering his weapon, he pulls a roll of tape from a pocket, tapes the window and punches it. The glass barely makes a sound. He pulls back the tape with broken glass on it, reaches inside and unlocks the window.

BACK DOOR

TROOPER 3 opens the screen door. The inner door is slightly open. Using the muzzle of his weapon, he nudges it wider. He peers into the darkened kitchen and proceeds.

## KITCHEN

Trooper 3 sweeps back and forth as he cautiously moves past the refrigerator. The refrigerator door opens slightly and a potato peeks out. Trooper 3 advances as the potato is put to his neck and the gun behind it FIRES making barely a sound.

## EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

The driver is opening a pack of cigarettes when he sees a flicker of movement behind the van. He drops the pack and pulls a gun. Opening the door, the van explodes.

## STREET

Some feet behind the burning vehicle Max lies on his back near the large rifle. He coughs and sits up.

MAX

Damn thing is powerful.

## INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Trooper 1 sneaks through the living room and comes upon a small box with a key pad. In small print it says 'P.A.T.H.S., Patriot Advanced Tactical Home Security'. An EXPLOSION is heard and can be seen through the window.

## INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Trooper 2 pulls the sheet off a pile of pillows. An EXPLOSION is heard outside and he takes off at a run.

## EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Max gets to his feet and hops a nearby fence while the two troopers exit the house. Surveying the burning van, they Shoulder their weapons and they remove their helmets. Trooper 1 is revealed to be a very angry Moe.

MOE

FUCK! This is bullshit! He got away!

TROOPER 2

We gotta call this in.

(CONTINUED)

MOE

Better get inside. Don't want the whole fuckin' hood makin' us.

They head inside as the shades of nearby houses open.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Moe pulls a cell device from his pocket and puts it in his ear while Trooper 2 paces back and forth.

MOE

Hello. He got away.

(pause)

Some sort of fuckin' home security system warned him we were coming.

(pause)

Ok. Got it.

Moe puts away the device as Trooper 2 paces.

MOE

Someone from Coulter is coming.

Moe takes a seat.

MOE

Sit down, you're making me nervous.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Moe is still sitting and appears deep in thought while Trooper 2 continues to pace.

TROOPER 2

It's been almost an hour. Someone should have been here by now, even the police.

MOE

We blocked all calls for at least half a fuckin' mile, so the police wouldn't show up. Remember? Relax. Coulter's just tryin' ta find a way to get us out quietly.

Trooper 2 keeps pacing.

(CONTINUED)

MOE

Look, they'll be here soon.

Moe rises and heads for the kitchen.

MOE

I'm thirsty. I'm gonna see if this fool got some beer.

Trooper 2 keeps pacing.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A red car drives up behind the house. Kelis exits the car in a black trench and gloves. He sneaks up to the back of the house and locates the gas meter. Attaching a small device, he sets a timer.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Moe walks past Trooper 3's body and barely glances at it. He opens the refrigerator and is unsettled that the light doesn't come on. He pulls some tape from just inside the door and the light comes on revealing that there are no shelves.

MOE

Sneaky ass fucker!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Kelis eases back into the car.

KELIS

Phone. Dial 9-1-1.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

9-1-1, emergency services. How may I help you?

Kelis becomes hysterical.

KELIS

OH MY GOD! There's been an explosion! My neighbor's house just blew up! The fires so big, it set the van across the street on fire!

(CONTINUED)

OPERATOR (V.O.)  
Can you give me your name and  
address?

KELIS  
Fred Smith! 1022 Main Street! Send  
the fire department quick!

Kelis ends the call with a feline smile.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Moe goes over to the sink and turns on the water. As he is about to reach for a glass, he sees a red car out back. His eyes widen when he notices Kelis behind the wheel. Moe presses his hands and face against the glass in shock.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Kelis sees Moe in the kitchen window. He takes a quick look before driving off. The house goes up in a ball of flame.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING

Outside of a large office building, a mass of PEOPLE are coming in. Many are in business suits and carry brief cases.

SUPERIMPOSE: "3 Days Ago"

INT. HINDU'S OFFICE - MORNING

Hindu is going over some reports when his phone RINGS.

HINDU  
Hello? Hello? Josie?

Scott is walking by but stops just out of sight.

HINDU  
I can't understand you as long as  
you're crying. Slow down. Take a  
deep breath and talk to me.  
(pause)  
That's better.  
(pause)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

HINDU (cont'd)  
No. I don't know. I only work for  
the man, he's your husband.  
(pause)  
Yes, I'm your friend.  
(pause)  
Ok. Ok. I'll meet you for lunch.  
(pause)  
No, I won't tell Cameron.  
(pause)  
Ok. Goodbye.

Hindu pulls the phone away from his ear and looks at it  
strangely. Scott steals away without being seen.

INT. DEVELIN'S OFFICE - LATE MORNING

Develin stares at the dossier on Max floating above his  
desk. He points a finger and thumb at the picture and makes  
an opening gesture. The picture enlarges to fill the space  
as a small window shows an incoming call from Kelis.

DEVELIN  
Phone. Answer.

KELIS (V.O.)  
The marks' gone off the grid.  
Picked up his trail but lost it.  
He's good.

DEVELIN  
Yes he is. I should have sent you  
first. Anyone who can break into  
our security so completely I should  
have seen as a bigger threat. I  
underestimated him.

KELIS (V.O.)  
Orders?

Develin gestures, closing the file.

DEVELIN  
Return to base. He's ex-military.  
If he's smart, you won't be picking  
up his scent any time soon.

KELIS (V.O.)  
Should I start looking into his  
family and friends?

Develin leans back and puts his hands together.

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN

No. Don't bother. We'll see him  
again sooner or later. I guarantee.

INT. CROCKER'S HOUSE - NOON

Crocker is having an elaborate lunch when his phone RINGS.

CROCKER

MAX! Where are you?

MAX (V.O.)

Safe. I had to go under the radar.

Crocker wipes his mouth with a silk napkin.

CROCKER

What do you mean?

MAX (V.O.)

I must have tripped some sort of  
alarm while I was in their network.  
They came for me.

Crocker leans forward becoming more serious.

CROCKER

Came for you?

MAX (V.O.)

Yeah, at my house. Three guys in  
armor. Pros. Sloppy but pros  
nonetheless. I escaped and had to  
give some guy the slip.

CROCKER

What?

MAX (V.O.)

They're not going to stop. They  
didn't consider us a problem  
before.

CROCKER

What are you going to do?

MAX (V.O.)

I'm going to disappear for a while.  
I forwarded copies of what I found  
to your email, just in case. They  
came for me. They'll come for you.  
I suggest you to get out. Get out  
now. And don't trust McCreedy.

The phone goes DEAD.

INT. RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON

Josie, looking unhappy, sits in a booth with a half full wine glass. Hindu enters and joins her. A WAITER comes over.

HINDU  
Nothing for me.

The waiter moves off. Hindu peers into her puffy red eyes.

JOSIE  
Thanks for coming.

HINDU  
So you found out about the affair.

JOSIE  
I knew but I didn't want to know.

HINDU  
I'm sorry. Cameron has been acting a little weird lately. Everyone's noticed the way those two have been looking at each other.

Josie takes a sip and returns the glass with a trembling hand.

HINDU  
It's not your fault.

JOSIE  
Yes. It is. I knew what kind of man he was before I married him. I thought that if I could make him love me.

Josie breaks down and tears run down her face. Hindu reaches over and pats her hand. She wipes her face with a napkin. A moment passes and she puts her hand on his.

JOSIE  
Do you find me attractive?

Hindu snatches his hand back in horror.

HINDU  
Josie! Cameron is a friend and the head of my department, a.k.a., my boss.

(CONTINUED)

JOSIE

You're right. You're right. I'm sorry. You've been a friend to me ever since I met the two of you.

HINDU

Yeah. I was the cute friend but he was the man.

JOSIE

And I chose him.

Hindu pulls out and tosses some money on the table.

HINDU

Drinks on me. Take my advice. Just talk to him. You two can work this out. I know you can.

Hindu rises and heads for the door. Josie blows her nose and wipes away her tears. She reaches into her purse, only to look up and be startled by Scott standing over her.

JOSIE

OH! You scared me.

SCOTT

I'm sorry. Wait. What a coincidence. Josie?

Josie answers confused.

JOSIE

Yes? Do I know you?

Scott sits down with a huge smile.

SCOTT

I'm Scott Renneth, a colleague of your husbands. We met briefly at the Christmas party.

Josie thinks for a moment.

JOSIE

I'm sorry, I don't remember you.

SCOTT

Probably not. They were making those drinks pretty strong.

JOSIE

(still unsure)

I did have more than a couple. What can I do for you?

SCOTT

I don't know if you've heard and it's really none of my business but I think your husband has been seeing someone behind your back. His lab assistant, Karen.

Josie snatches up another napkin and begins bawling. Scott smiles to himself.

SCOTT

I'm so sorry. Everybody in the lab likes Cameron. Obviously some of us more than others.

JOSIE

I'm sorry. I barely know you.

Josie works to gain her composure.

SCOTT

It's okay. I may work for him but I hate to see any man doing a woman as attractive as you so wrong.

Josie's composure comes together very quickly.

JOSIE

Do you really think I'm attractive?

Scott reaches across and caresses her hand.

SCOTT

I only wish I could have such a beautiful woman on my arm. Cameron should be ashamed of himself. Too bad there isn't a way I could help you teach him a lesson.

An evil smirk comes to Josie's face.

JOSIE

Do you really think I'm beautiful?

Scott just smiles back. Josie gets up quickly.

(CONTINUED)

JOSIE

I have to go the bathroom. I'll be right back. Don't go away.

Josie rushes off.

SCOTT

I won't.

Scott smiles to himself and sees the money that Hindu left behind. Picking it up, he stuffs it in his pocket.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy is sits at her desk looking a chart showing the number of projected flu cases going down while the actual number rising sharply. She presses on her keyboard and a city map with large red spots appears. She GASPS in horror. Amy snatches up her cell device.

AMY

Phone. Dial Hindu.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Hindu is walking down a long hallway when his cell device goes off. He answers it.

HINDU

Amy, can't talk. I'm on my way to a very important meeting. I'll work on rescheduling my vacation--

INTERCUT:

AMY

I'm not calling about that! Remember when you asked me to keep an eye out for flu outbreaks? Well you were right. It's happening.

HINDU

What is it?

AMY

This goes against all protocol but the number of flu cases in your area has spiked. Right now, according to local hospitals, it looks like the height of flu season.

(CONTINUED)

Hindu stops wide-eyed.

HINDU

What do you think's going on?

AMY

Best case, I'd say we have a new strain of non-seasonal flu.

HINDU

Worst case?

AMY

I'd hate to imagine.

HINDU

Obviously whatever this is, it's contagious but is it fatal?

AMY

Not enough data yet. A couple of elderly adults have died but older people and small children sometimes die of complication from the flu.

Hindu resumes his walk.

AMY

Unfortunately, the C.D.C. can't move on a hunch. We need proof.

HINDU

Still, someone needs to find patient zero, the first one to contract this new flu. We have to trace it back to the point of origin. The place that he or she first contracted it.

AMY

There's a lot of data to sort through but I'm working on it.

HINDU

Thanks. Keep me updated.

INT. DEVELIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Develin sits at his desk looking at a dossier on Crocker.

(CONTINUED)

DEVELIN

Phone. Dial Renneth. Sheila.

SHEILA (V.O.)

This is Sheila.

DEVELIN

There's been a problem. I have to accelerate our timetable.

SHEILA (V.O.)

What do you need?

DEVELIN

The Senator's other project. It could become problematic, if they were to suddenly become focused on our work.

Develin closes the dossier.

SHEILA (V.O.)

You mean a cure.

DEVELIN

Yes but never mind that. An opening has presented itself to not only cripple their operation but to implicate one of their own. I need you to take a team from Coulter and steal their research.

SHEILA (V.O.)

Why? Uh...I mean...when?

DEVELIN

Tonight. I'm sending you everything you'll need. In the meantime, I think it's about time that the authorities knew about the good Senator's unauthorized contributions to the cause.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

The darkening silence of the roof is shattered as seven INTRUDERS in all black with masks, goggles, gloves, side arms and backpacks move towards the edge. Intruder 1, a woman, gestures and two of the men open their packs. They let black ropes unfurl over the side, connect climbing hooks to their belts and over the side they go.

## INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

At the top of a window a red light blinks a couple of times then goes out. A strange BUZZING sound is heard through the window and then the glass is removed. Two of the Intruders balance on the window sill.

Intruder 2 pulls up his sleeve to reveal an electronic armband. Moving it over the floor, the armband emits a low BEEPING. Pressing a couple of buttons, the beeping stops. Both men step to the floor and creep across the office. Two by two the rest of the men drop in from the window.

## DOOR

Intruder 2, types on his armband and the office door opens with a CLICK.

## HALLWAY

With precision each man follows the next out of the door. They walk past security cameras without even trying to avoid them. Coming to the door to the lab, Intruder 2 pulls out an ID card for 'Hindu Keresh'. He punches a few digits into the keypad and the door opens. Putting away the ID, he signals everyone forward.

## LARGE LABORATORY

They move in quickly. Intruders 3 and 4 run over to computer terminals and pull cables from the edge of their armbands. They plug the cables into the computers. The computers light up but the screens remain blank. Read outs on the armbands show a series of commands being executed and then download percentages going up.

## ISOLATION UNIT

Intruders 5 and 6 dash to the isolation unit. Intruder 6 types on the keypad while Intruder 5 checks the seals on his mask. When the door opens Intruder 6 pulls a spray can and sprays Intruder 5 carefully. Intruder 5 enters the chamber.

## ENTRY DOOR

Intruder 7 scans the room with his armband, while the Intruder 2 faces the door and watches his armband.

## EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

On the roof, Intruder 1 pulls up her mask. Sheila's face is streaked with grease paint. She looks at her wrist unit and it shows an uneven square with six dots on it. She smiles and pulls down her mask.

## INT. LAB - NIGHT

Intruders 3 and 4 finish and put away their gear.

## ISOLATION UNIT

The isolation unit opens and Intruder 5 exits with a box.

## ENTRY DOOR

Intruder 7 pulls down his sleeve. As the others approach the lab door, Intruder 2 signals for everyone to hold. His armband displays a JANITOR in the hallway outside.

## HALLWAY

A janitor walks through the hallway while the security camera near the ceiling rotates to watch him.

## JANITOR

Geez, sure is cold in here tonight.  
Someone leave a window open or  
something?

He continues down the hall.

## LARGE LABORATORY

Intruder 2 pulls down his sleeve and pulls up his side arm. He thumbs the plasma pistol and a red light goes on.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

On the roof Sheila, still masked, stands with her arms folded as the six figures approach.

SHEILA  
You're late.

INTRUDER 2  
Unforeseen complication.

SHEILA  
Evidence?

He hesitates. Sheila quick-draws her weapon with the red light already on and FIRES. Intruder 2 implodes, leaving sticky goo behind. Putting away her side arm she looks at the others.

SHEILA  
For the cause.

Leaping off the building, she free falls. All the men do the same. They pull handles on their backpacks and transparent gliders pop out. They turn in a tight formation and head out of the city towards the highway.

INT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant is closed. The tables are clean and ready for the next day. A clock on the wall shows almost 2:00am.

INT. EXPENSIVE HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT

A few clothes are scattered about, both a man's and a woman's. A SHOWER is running then stops. Scott exits the bathroom with a towel over his head and around his waist. He walks to the bedroom doors which are slightly open.

BEDROOM DOORS

He peeks in on the figure beneath the covers then closes the doors completely.

## SITTING ROOM

He walks to the desk with a thin plastic sheet on top of it. He waves a hand over it and an image appears. The image says, 'Mission Execute: 00:59:00 seconds' and it counts down. He pours himself a drink, walks to the window and looks out over the city.

## EXT. EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The restaurant EXPLODES, blowing glass, shrapnel and paper all over the street and parked cars. CAR ALARMS go off all down the street and PEOPLE come running.

## INT. EXPENSIVE HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josie stirs from beneath the covers as if waking then turns over and starts SNORING quietly.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

## INT. EXPENSIVE HOTEL BEDROOM - MORNING

Josie stirs awake and alone. Wrapping a sheet around herself, she opens the bedroom doors.

SUPERIMPOSE: "2 Days Ago"

## LIVING ROOM

Scott's belongings are gone. She sits on the couch and turns on the TV. The morning news is on.

## ANCHOR

...more about the restaurant explosion that rocked the downtown area last night later in the broadcast. Breaking news. Although the cost of crude oil has been steadily rising over the past few months, a few minutes ago in a surprising turn of events the price of crude has quadrupled. Analysts and experts have no explanation. Wall Street is at a loss...

(CONTINUED)

JOSIE

I'll tell you why. They're out of oil. They couldn't keep the world supplied forever. Probably saw it coming ages ago.

Josie hears someone OPENING the door to the suite. She jumps up clutching the sheet to herself as a HOUSEKEEPER starts to enter. The housekeeper freezes and is just as surprised to see her.

HOUSEKEEPER

I'm sorry. There isn't supposed to be anyone in here. I'll come back.

The housekeeper quickly retreats, closing the door behind her. Josie turns off the TV and gathers her clothes.

INT. EXPENSIVE HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Josie exits the elevator as the MANAGER approaches her, closely followed by a SECURITY GUARD.

MANAGER

Excuse me miss, can you come with us please?

JOSIE

What's this all about?

The three walk towards the front desk.

MANAGER

Did you just come from the executive suite?

JOSIE

Yes.

MANAGER

And what time did you check in?

JOSIE

Sometime late last night. Why?

They stop at the end of the desk.

MANAGER

You came to the front desk and checked in?

(CONTINUED)

JOSIE

Well no. Scott already had the key.

MANAGER

Scott?

JOSIE

The gentleman I spent the evening with?

MANAGER

And where is he?

Josie, confused, looks around the lobby.

MANAGER

Right. Since this doesn't appear to be your fault, I won't call the police if you'll pay for your stay.

JOSIE

Okay. How much for the night?

MANAGER

That will be ten thousand four hundred and eighty two dollars.

Josie gasps in horror.

JOSIE

Ten thousand four hundred and eighty two dollars!

MANAGER

The executive suite is ten thousand a night plus taxes and fees.

Josie looks at the guard, who doesn't look too happy. She puts on a faux smile and replies.

JOSIE

Visa or MasterCard?

INT. LAB - MORNING

Cameron is not happy as he enters the lab flanked by two SECURITY GUARDS. Tech leap out of the path as they make a bee-line for the containment unit. Scott sees them coming and begins pressing buttons on the keypad. A fuming Cameron stops a few feet from Scott.

(CONTINUED)

CAMERON

I want him out of there. Now!

A moment later the chamber door opens and Hindu exits taking off his helmet.

HINDU

What's going on? I--

Hindu notices the guards and becomes confused.

HINDU

Cameron? Why the guards?

CAMERON

Dr. Keresh, you are to be escorted to the police who are waiting outside to deliver you into federal custody.

HINDU

What! For what? Cameron, what's this all about?

CAMERON

Last night, the lab was breached and our databases were accessed. Copies of all our research and protocols were made. Even some of our culture samples were taken.

HINDU

By whom?

Hindu looks at Scott then back to an even angrier Cameron.

CAMERON

I thought we were friends. How could you do this to me?

Hindu is shocked as reality hits him.

HINDU

What are you talking about? We started this thing together. Why would I steal my own research? What proof do you have?

CAMERON

Scotty, I've granted you access to the security recordings. Bring up last night's files.

Scott goes to a console and pushes buttons.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Last night. Midnight to four AM.  
Bringing it up on the jumbo-tron.

A large screen at the back of the lab lights up. It shows the outside hallway with a time stamp just before 2:00 AM. Seconds pass then Hindu enters the hallway with a large briefcase. Looking around suspiciously, he enters the lab. Time passes and he leaves, the briefcase bulging slightly.

HINDU

THAT'S NOT ME!

CAMERON

The time stamp of the breach matches the time stamp on the tape. And it was your ID and password that were used to access it all.

HINDU

All fake! That's not me!

Some of the techs begin to gather.

CAMERON

Ok. Then where were you last night?

HINDU

Home. Sleeping.

CAMERON

And where was Josie?

Hindu looks surprised.

HINDU

Josie?

CAMERON

Josie. My wife. She didn't come home last night and I heard that you two had lunch yesterday.

Hindu's mouth drops.

HINDU

Wait! It's not what you think.

CAMERON

(to guards)

Escort him from the building.

(to Hindu)

You can explain it to the Feds.

(CONTINUED)

The guards grab Hindu, who struggles for release.

HINDU

Cameron, don't do this. I didn't do this. We're friends.

CAMERON

Friends? Friends my ass.

The guards wrestle the protesting Hindu out. Cameron is about to leave but is stopped by Scott.

SCOTT

Dr. Webber. It'll be difficult to continue the research without Dr. Keresh. What are we going to do?

Cameron address the entire lab.

CAMERON

Consider yourselves on two weeks' vacation while I sort things out.

Techs walk away with mouths agape.

SCOTT

We're shutting down?

CAMERON

Yes. We'll start fresh after I hire a new researcher. Preferably one I can trust. Go home.

SCOTT

Nah, I think I'll stick around. Help get ready for the next guy.

CAMERON

Thanks Scotty. I would really appreciate that.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy goes over a chart with the rate of infection rising and shooting almost vertical. She scans a report and then looks at the virtual map.

AMY

Gotcha!

She reaches into her purse and pulls out her cell device.

(CONTINUED)

AMY  
Phone. Dial Hindu.

She can hear the other end RING but the voicemail picks up.

HINDU (V.O.)  
Hello. This is Dr. Keresh, leave a message and I'll get back to you as soon as I'm able. Thank you and have a nice day.

The voicemail BEEPS.

AMY  
Hindu. This is Amy. This outbreak isn't a natural occurrence. I couldn't find patient zero because there are several patient zeros, but the most likely point of origin seems to be an upscale restaurant in your downtown area that was conveniently blown sky high last night. Call me.

She puts down her cell device and starts typing furiously. Her device RINGS. The number is 'unlisted'. She answers.

AMY  
Who is this and how did you get the number?

HINDU (V.O.)  
Amy it's me!

AMY  
Hindu! Where are you?

HINDU (V.O.)  
In jail. Waiting to be turned over to the feds.

Amy's mouth gapes in shock.

AMY  
Oh God! How? What did you do? I mean what are they accusing you of?

HINDU (V.O.)  
Someone broke into our lab last night using my credentials and stole all our research. They even faked the security feed to make it look like I did it!

(CONTINUED)

Amy snatches up a report from her desk.

AMY

That makes perfect sense! That flu outbreak, it's practically turned into an epidemic overnight and the point of origin was blown up last night. Now they've gotten you out of the way--

HINDU (V.O.)

Because I'd have the best chance of finding a cure. Biological warfare. We're under attack on our own soil!

Amy drops the report.

AMY

I've already forwarded the data and sent out a high alert. Our rapid response teams will be all over this within the hour.

HINDU (V.O.)

I fear that it's already too late. Whoever's doing this planned well in advance and stopped me before I even knew we were in a fight.

AMY

I'll talk to my superiors. Find a way to get you out of there.

HINDU (V.O.)

I doubt it'll be that easy. We're gonna need help. Call Cameron at the lab. He may be an asshole and the reason I'm in here but he's the best genetics researcher I know. Besides this will prove I was setup. Maybe Senator Crocker, who funds our research, can grease some wheels in Washington. Get the w--

The line goes dead.

AMY

Hello? Hello? Hindu! HINDU!

Amy ends the call and stares down at her device. Anger plays across her face. She grabs the phone and dials. She waits for a response.

(CONTINUED)

AMY

Hello. Patch me through to the  
White House, Office of the  
President.

(pause)

Yes, I'll hold.

INT. LARGE LAB - DAY

Scott is at a terminal when his cell device BUZZES. He pulls  
it from his pocket and answers.

SCOTT

This is Scott.

(pause)

Yes, sir. He's here.

(pause)

General order 66. I understand.

(pause)

For the cause.

Cameron approaches and starts typing on a terminal when his  
cell device RINGS. Scott glances at him and walks away.

CAMERON

Senator Crocker. How are you?

INT. SENATOR'S LIMO - DAY

Crocker holds his cell device to his ear with his hand.

CROCKER

Fine, fine. Have you made any  
further progress on that genetic  
markers experiment?

INTERCUT:

CAMERON

No. The retro-virus samples seem to  
remain inert no matter what we do.

CROCKER

What if I could get you a live  
sample of a working virus?

CAMERON

A what? What are you talking about?  
We are months, maybe even years  
away from a breakthrough like that.

(CONTINUED)

CROCKER

Listen to me. Bio-terrorists are about to use a strain of virus based on your research to cause a plague. Do you think your team could you synthesis an antidote from it?

CAMERON

Antidote? Our research was to help map genetic anomalies not cure a plauge. What's going on? What have you got there?

INT. SENATOR'S LIMO - DAY

Through his cell, Crocker hears a silenced gun FIRE, then a cell CLATTERING to the floor and going DEAD. Crocker's cell device slips out of his hand and falls to the seat as shock plays across his face.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

A private jet with ENGINES running sits on the tarmac. A red carpet and FLIGHT CREW greet the Senator's limo. Crocker exits and walks towards the plane. A MARSHALL in a black suit steps out of the plane, freezing Crocker in his tracks. The Marshall speaks loudly over the engines.

MARSHALL

Senator Crocker! Going somewhere?

Crocker is tounge-tied.

CROCKER

V...v...vacation...meeting my wife.

Black SUVs SCREECH out of the hanger as more MARSHALLs in containment suits come running.

MARSHALL

Sorry but I don't think so!

The Marshall pulls out a badge.

MARSHALL

Federal Marshall. Senator John Crocker. You're under arrest on suspicion of treason.

Crocker drops to his knees.

INT. SENATOR'S LIMO - DAY

On the seat, Crocker's cell device starts RINGING.

INT. AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy lets the phone on the other end RING a few times then hangs up. She dials again and waits while it RINGS.

AMY  
Senators' probably halfway to  
Switzerland by now.

Amy hangs up in frustration.

INT/EXT. CAR - EVENING

Two AGENTS in the front with a dozing Hindu handcuffed in the back. There is no traffic on the lonely highway except for a single oncoming car. As the oncoming car approaches, it swerves to block both lanes. The agent driving slams on the brakes and the car comes to a SCREECHING halt.

AGENT 1  
WHAT THE FUCK!

Agent 2 snatches up the radio and gets nothing but STATIC.

AGENT 2  
CONTROL! Control this is transport!

Hindu becomes very alert.

HINDU  
What's going on? What's happening?

AGENT 1  
Stay here!

Both agents pull their guns while exiting the car. There is a short exchange of GUNFIRE, causing Hindu to duck down into the seat. A moment later the car door opens and Max, in fatigues carrying an automatic, looks down at him.

MAX  
Dr. Hindu Keresh. I'm here to help  
you save the world.

Max offers his hand.

INT. BIO LAB - EVENING

Develin's eyes are bloodshot like he hasn't slept. Both he and Yeager watch the images of two slightly different viruses side by side floating above the table. They examine the data scrolling rapidly along the side of each.

DEVELIN

The transmission characteristics have changed. It's mutated.

YEAGER

It's merged with another virus and has become an airborne vector! Do you know how virulent this thing will become? I don't know if we'll be able to contain it?

YEAGER

Contain it? All I want to know is if it still contains the triggers that we built into it.

Yeager stares at the image as the data continues to scroll.

YEAGER

It does appear to have retained most of the trigger sequences but there's no telling what will happen if it mutates again. We may have released it into the wild too soon.

DEVELIN

Don't worry doctor. With our new scanner, we'll be able to create a vaccine for whatever it becomes. When all is said and done the world will be a better place.

INT/EXT. CAR - NIGHT

As Max drives Hindu stares at him with unbelieving eyes.

HINDU

So I was right! Somebody's waging biological warfare against us! But a secret society of our own scientists? Killing off stupid people? You've got to be kidding.

Max hangs his head momentarily.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

It would be too ludicrous to imagine, if it weren't true.

HINDU

To think that they'd have enough resources to pull it off.

MAX

They're probably very well funded by people very high up. They were able to get you railroaded into federal prison pretty easily.

Hindu gives Max a look.

MAX

Fortunately, I was able to call in enough favors to save your life.

HINDU

Save me? You've turned me into a fugitive from federal custody.

Max laughs a bit then turns cold.

MAX

Those guys may have been federal agents but they also worked for the R.W.O. They were members of Galter, a black OPS hit squad. The same people that came for me.

HINDU

How do you know all this? I only pieced this conspiracy together by accident. And even then it was still only a theory. What's the R.W.O.? Who were those guys? How are you mixed up in all this?

Max swallows and comes to a decision.

MAX

My ex-boss started the group. It was supposed to...um...help him get elected. Only after they created the virus, they turned on him and voilà, bio-terrorists bent on taking over the world.

Hindu is angered by the statment.

(CONTINUED)

HINDU

Bio-warfare to win an election? Is he crazy? Who's your boss?

MAX

Ex-boss and that's not important. Just know that he helped me get to you before they could kill you.

Hindu calms a bit.

HINDU

If you were on their side, why did they come for you?

MAX

After we found out what they were really doing, I hacked their network to get proof. The next thing I know they were setting off my burglar alarm. Probably thought I would be easy to put down.

HINDU

Obviously not.

Max glances a Hindu.

MAX

Ex-special forces. Several years of hard core shit that I can't talk about. I took out two of them and escaped. Been fighting off the grid ever since.

HINDU

But why go along with all this in the first place?

Max gets a disgusted look on his face.

MAX

At first I was just being paid to look the other way while he moved money around. Then he started planning on taking out a few greedy incumbents that were well past their prime. I should have stopped him then but I didn't.

Max shakes his head as if to clear it.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

He created the group to create a targetable virus but the virus couldn't be tailored to take out just one person, it had to be a small group. But then the R.W.O. turned on him.

Max pulls off the road and stops the car.

MAX

I have to stop them. The agent that they're using is so powerful that nothing tried has even been remotely effective. Word on the street is that you'd have the best shot at a cure, hence the frame up.

HINDU

That's why I was arrested?

MAX

Yes. Doc, I can't force you but I need your help--

Hindu replies angrily.

HINDU

Help you? I'm already in up to my elbows! Just get me to a lab!

Max glares at Hindu, a bit surprised.

MAX

That's it. No begging, pleading or making promises I can't keep?

HINDU

I have a friend at the C.D.C. who I convinced that this threat was real before I even knew for sure. I've seen how fast this thing can spread first hand. Besides, this R.W.O. group sucker punched me and stole my chance to see her again before I even knew I was in a fight! I was in before we ever met!

MAX

I can't change the past but I can try to right the wrong.

Max pulls out a pistol by the muzzle and offers it to Hindu.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Hope you know how to use one of these.

Hindu takes it, pulls back the slide and releases it with a CLICK. He sights it and then looks back at Max.

HINDU

Not really but I'm a fast learner.

MAX

What about the hippocratic oath?

Hindu's mouth takes on an ugly grimace.

HINDU

I'm a researcher, we don't an oath. And hate being shot at.

Max pulls the car back onto the road.

MAX

The first thing we have to do is meet up with an incoming Special Forces strike team.

HINDU

How'd you get a Special Forces strike team?

MAX

Not me. I think that friend of yours at the C.D.C. called in some favors. Big favors! I heard that the man himself called over and ordered Homeland to investigate the outbreak, on her word alone.

Hindu's grimace disappears like smoke.

HINDU

I...I...uh...Amy called the President?

MAX

Is that her name? Dude. Any woman willing pull strings that hard and that high up, you need to marry!

Max glances at Hindu.

MAX

By the way? What kind of name is Hindu? Isn't that a religeon?

HINDU

Its just a name. Got me beat up a lot in school.

(sigh)

Over ten generations of my family lived here but my parents decided to try to get back to their roots. They didn't want to move or convert so they did the next best thing, named me after the religion.

MAX

Weird.

HINDU

Agreed.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. C.D.C. WAR ROOM - MORNING

Amy is seated at the war room table with CO-WORKERS. The BOSS glares at her across the table.

SUPERIMPOSE: "1 Day Ago"

BOSS

This illness continues to spread despite our best efforts. Has there been any word from your friend?

AMY

None. The feds can't seem to locate him, so they can't release him into our custody to help out. Haven't heard back from the Senator either.

BOSS

What's the status of the epidemic?

Holding a long report, Amy summarizes.

AMY

The number of infected is escalating rapidly. The local ERs are so full that patients are being

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMY (cont'd)  
bypassed to nearby suburbs. The  
public is beginning to panic.

BOSS  
Cure for this thing?

AMY  
None yet but the virus doesn't seem  
to affect people with high IQs,  
doctors, professors.

The boss rubs her temples.

BOSS  
Containment?

AMY  
Road blocks are being setup by the  
National Guard. Media blackouts are  
being worked on but some stuff is  
already on the internet.

BOSS  
Damn. We have to isolate the city  
and suburbs. We don't want a mass  
exodus spreading this thing across  
state lines.

AMY  
Our Emergency Rapid Response teams  
are already in place.

The boss looks up at her surprised.

BOSS  
That's something at least.

EXT. ROADBLOCK - NOON

Razor wire bisects the landscape on both sides of the road.  
A few jeeps and a tank block the road with a line of cars  
and hordes of refugees trying to get past. Several SOLDIERS,  
some in sealed suits, man the roadblock. Josie, looking  
worse for wear, sits in her car, arguing with one soldier.

JOSIE  
But I'm telling you, my husband is  
a doctor. Dr. Cameron Webber.  
Doctor of genetic research. Maybe  
you've heard of him?

(CONTINUED)

SOLDIER

I just told you no one leaves!  
Unless you're a doctor or have  
written authorization from the  
C.D.C., you can't leave the state.

JOSIE

You can't quarantine the whole  
state! We have rights! And I'm  
almost out of gas! No ones selling  
any more! Anywhere! Please!

Just then, her engine sputters and dies. She looks in horror at the gas display that blinks 'empty'. Suddenly, the door to the car behind hers opens and a MAN jumps out carrying a blanket. He sprints for the razor wire. The soldier reaches for his weapon but is slow to draw it.

SOLDIER

HALT! SIR! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

As the man with the blanket approaches the razor wire, both are blown to bits in an EXPLOSION. The soldier turns to Josie in shock. His mouth moves then the words come out.

SOLDIER

Go home. There's nothing for you  
here.

INT. LARGE HANGAR - EVENING

Max and Hindu are escorted into a hanger by a government LIAISON in a suit and a group of army RANGERS.

LIAISON

Gentlemen, the enemy seems to know  
our every move so the President has  
authorized this armored mobile lab  
in order to expedite a cure. Dr.  
Keresh you are our best hope.  
Unfortunately almost everyone else  
with the potential to find a cure  
has been neutralized.

MAX

Killed.

The liaison looks at Max angrily.

LIAISON

Mr. Thomas, if I had my way you'd  
be executed for treason for your

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LIAISON (cont'd)  
involvement in this. Unfortunately  
the President has seen his way  
clear to pardon you since you have  
intimate knowledge of the terrorist  
organization involved.

MAX  
The man is smart enough to know  
that I should continue protecting  
the doc, considering that you  
weren't able to protect the others  
once your guys found out what was  
going on.

Hindu looks at Max who replies painfully.

MAX  
I wasn't sure but the R.W.O.  
planned to kill off any geek smart  
enough to find a cure. Boy friend  
here just confired that it happned.

Hindu swallows hard. The liaison frowns as the group heads  
for an extremely large armor plated semi-tractor trailer  
truck.

LIAISON  
This truck is fully shielded. No  
electronic signals can get in or  
out, making it very hard to track.

The liaison puts his hand to the vehicle and it opens.

INSIDE

The interior is larger than expected and a multitude of  
equipment and devices can be seen through glass cases.

LIAISON  
The lab is equipped with the latest  
in analytical technology.

The liaison points to a large hand-held device.

LIAISON  
This device, code-named Sherlock,  
can detect any harmful agents in an  
area. Instructions are on this.

The liaison hands Hindu a laptop.

(CONTINUED)

## LIAISON

This laptop can interface with the truck's CB radio for short messages while inside. Outside, it has an encrypted satellite internet feed. If and when you find a cure simply email the formula to the C.D.C. and they'll do the rest.

The liaison pulls a rather heavy backpack from a cabinet and hands it Max.

## LIAISON

I don't trust you but someone convinced the President that he should. Don't let him down.

Max opens the pack and peering inside, he is shocked. He looks at Hindu and then back to the liaison.

## LIAISON

The city is practically empty so you can take all the samples you need. Good hunting gentlemen.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. MOBILE LAB - DAY

Hindu watches two test tubes as the liquid in one changes color.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Day Zero"

HINDU

Damn!

Max spins and glares at Hindu surprised.

MAX

Shit just got real if you cursed!

HINDU

They don't realize what they've done! The virus has a potential for exponential accelerated mutation.

MAX

And that's bad?

Hindu puts the test tubes in a metal box and closes the lid.

(CONTINUED)

HINDU

You know how you get a flu shot?

With frowned brows Max nods.

HINDU

Every year doctors are guessing how it will change for the next year. Think of this as a super flu that mutates every few months. The only good thing is that its' retained its programmed triggers. So far.

MAX

So it still only infects stupid people.

Hindu looks at Max oddly.

MAX

I mean people pre-disposed to be below average. So now what?

Hindu opens a box with a vial of white cloudy liquid.

HINDU

I've created a new serum based on samples captured from the enemy and I've been testing it on cultures grown from sample infected tissue.

MAX

Couldn't we just use their serum?

HINDU

The virus' next mutation would have rendered it useless. Mine should work for the next few generations, genetically speaking. It should give me enough breathing room to work on a real cure.

Hindu pops the vial into a small gun-like device.

MAX

What's that for?

HINDU

Inoculation. Can't have you getting sick, now can I?

Max looks at Hindu in surprise.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Untested?

Max rolls up his sleeve. Hindu administers the shot then starts rolling up his own sleeve.

HINDU

Tell me if you start feeling sick.

Max rolls down his sleeve.

MAX

Why? You gonna give me something to counteract this stuff?

HINDU

No. I just don't want you throwing on up my shoes.

MAX

Funny. How much more you got?

Hindu gives himself the shot.

HINDU

Enough to inoculate several more people. I'll transmit the formula if we both don't have a really bad reaction in an hour.

Hindu puts the device aside. While rolling down his sleeve, he walks over to the laptop. The intercom screeches.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

INCOMING!

A loud EXPLOSION can be heard as the lab shakes violently. Both of them look at each other.

MAX

How the fuck did they find us?

HINDU

Google?

Another EXPLOSION rocks the lab almost toppling both men. Max pulls his side arm while Hindu pulls an armored briefcase and starts throwing items into it.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The semi zooms down a deserted expressway littered with abandoned cars, being chased by a few smaller armored vehicles with helmeted MEN bearing hand-held rocket launchers. A few more rockets are FIRED at the semi.

INT/EXT. TRUCK CAB - DAY

The TRUCKER tries to keep the semi under control as its rocked by EXPLOSIONS. He floors it but can't out run his pursuers. Up ahead the expressway forks. The fork leading out of the city is blocked by large machinery. The driver turns the wheel and heads back towards the city.

MOBILE LAB

The door to the secondary compartment opens and the team LEADER barrels in with his weapon at the ready.

LEADER

Don't know how far you got on that cure doc but we got the R.W.O. on our asses. We may have to bail.

HINDU

Already packing.

Max and the leader look at each other but say nothing as another EXPLOSION rocks the lab.

TRUCK CAB

The trucker fights to keep control as the semi zooms down the narrowing highway. Another roadblock forces the truck down an off ramp.

ROAD BLOCK

The pursuing vehicles slow and turn in the middle of the street blocking off any return. One MAN takes off his helmet and his face is red and covered in sores. His eyes are bloodshot and underlined by black circles.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Vehicles litter the road and concrete slabs block any streets large enough for the truck to turn down. The road ahead is blocked by several trucks. In front of the trucks wearing black body armor are dozens of R.W.O. TROOPERS.

TRUCK CAB

The trucker's eyes go wide and he brings the semi to a full stop. Pulling a crucifix, he crosses himself, kisses it then pulls a large weapon from beneath the dash.

INT. MOBILE LAB - DAY

Hindu, Max and the squad leader look at each other oddly.

MAX  
We've stopped.

HINDU  
I'm transmitting the formula before  
anything else happens!

Hindu grabs the laptop as Max grabs his backpack.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

One trooper pulls a very large weapon and fires. The entire front cab goes up in huge fireball, sending the trailer flying back against a building.

EXT. TRAILER - DAY

The door to the mobile lab is kicked out. The rangers pour out of the doorway in various states of injury. The squad leader helps Hindu out, followed by Max with his backpack.

MAX  
Fuckers are persistent.  
(to Hindu)  
Did you--

HINDU  
No. And the laptop is smashed. I  
lost my gun too.

Max, Hindu and the squad leader look down the street past the burning semi cab at the line of troopers.

(CONTINUED)

LEADER

Why aren't they rushing us?

MAX

Yeah. They got us out numbered and out gunned.

HINDU

Max, got any binoculars?

Max hands Hindu a small pair of spyglasses from his backpack. Hindu focuses on the enemy and sees that those not wearing helmets are covered in sores and losing their hair.

HINDU

They're not rushing us because they can't. They've got the flu.

Max snatches the glasses back and takes a look.

MAX

They're all infected! So much for the R.W.O.'s serum.

The squad leader snatches the glasses from Max.

HINDU

The virus must have mutated before the troops could get a new version of the serum. Most of them can barely walk much less run.

MAX

Doesn't matter, they got us boxed in. They can take their time.

LEADER

And three guesses what they want.

Max and the squad leader both look at Hindu.

HINDU

Can we get past them? I have to transmit the formula to the C.D.C. No sense in worrying about side effects at this point.

MAX

But you said the laptop is smashed.

HINDU

I have a copy of the formula on a backup drive in my pocket. I always keep a backup.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Smart.

Max puts on his backpack as the leader looks to his men.

LEADER

SQUAD! We got incoming!

All the rangers look up no matter how hurt.

LEADER

They've got us outnumbered but the virus has them! So anyone mobile is to help escort the package out of here! Everyone else, hold the line! Buy us some time! Any questions!

Guns and ammo quickly changes hands between the rangers. The injured form a ragged line. Six uninjured rangers surround Max and Hindu.

LEADER

Let's go.

Hindu takes a last look at the defending rangers before the group moves off around a barrier. As they move down the street GUNFIRE can be heard in the background.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

The group rounds a corner when one ranger's head EXPLODES.

LEADER

SNIPER! GET DOWN!

Everyone breaks for cover and makes it as a few more rounds PING off objects around them. The leader makes a few hand signals and the rangers start FIRING at various windows. Over the noise and confusion, Hindu notices several blocks away that more troopers are coming and gets Max's attention.

MAX

OH SHIT! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA HERE!

Max taps the squad leader and points down the street. The leader turns and starts firing in that direction as do a couple of his men. Max and Hindu start low running from car to car, leaving the rangers behind.

EXT. BUILDING - DAY

Max and Hindu are jogging down the street when GUNFIRE erupts near them. Ducking into a revolving doorway, the glass SHATTERS as they force their way in.

LOBBY

They dive behind the marble reception desk, landing hard. Max peer around the desk as Hindu looks up.

HINDU  
The lights are on.

MAX  
So?

HINDU  
This building probably has its own generator. If I can get a line out.

MAX  
But how long between transmission and the ugly crew?

HINDU  
You got a hot date?

Max gives Hindu a look then peeps over the desk. Several troopers approach from the street.

HINDU  
How's it looking?

MAX  
We ain't getting out that way.

Max and Hindu crouch walk past the elevators.

CORRIDOR

Turning a corner they run down a long corridor and past a large meeting room. They turn down some more corridors and run even faster towards a large steel door marked 'exit'.

EXIT DOOR

The door is chained but Max manages to remove the lock and chain. He grabs the handle and looks back at Hindu.

MAX

I'm not going to let anything  
happen to you. When I open this  
door we keep our heads down and run  
like hell for the subway.

Hindu nods and gets ready to run. Max opens the door.

ALLEY

Several troopers are in the alley. They are shocked when the door opens but one draws and FIRES wildly.

EXIT DOOR

Hindu falls back as blood spurts from his head. Max slams the door closed. RICHOCHETTES can be heard as Max chains and locks the door. Hindu lays with his eyes closed, blood dripping from his head. Max rushes to his side.

MAX

DOC! DOC! OH FUCK! DOC!

Hindu opens his eyes.

HINDU

OWW!

Max jumps back but then approaches.

MAX

I thought you were dead.

Hindu sits up, grabbing his head.

HINDU

A little lower and that would have  
done more than just part my hair.

Hindu looks at his hands covered in blood.

HINDU

Plate in my head. Saved my life.  
Lucky I got mugged.

Max looks at Hindu strangely and pulls a small first aid kit from his pack. He wraps Hindu's head.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Luckily these buildings don't have many exits that can be opened from the outside. We're relatively safe.

Max helps Hindu to his feet.

HINDU

It won't be long before they start waltzing in the front door.

MAX

They still have to find us. If we make it to one of the upper floors, we may be able to transmit before they find us. I can hold em' off.

HINDU

With what?

Max takes off his pack and from inside he pulls and unfolds a machine gun. Pulling some magazines out, he puts them in his belt. Hindu looks on aghast. Max then pulls a large pistol and extra clips and holds them up.

MAX

Still learning?

HINDU

No.

Handing them over, Max leaves the pack behind.

MAX

Let's go.

They head down the corridor.

INT. DEVELIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Develin's eyes are unusually red and bloodshot. He and Yeager carefully examine two double helix models. One is whole, while the other has many breaks. Develin points and a very complex formula appears with certain symbols and numbers highlighted in red.

DEVELIN

Dammit! Dammit! How could I have missed this?

Yeager looks confused.

(CONTINUED)

YEAGER  
Missed what?

DEVELIN  
Mutation.

YEAGER  
We knew the virus would mutate--

Develin bangs on the desk and gives Yeager an evil look.

DEVELIN  
That's not what I'm talking about!  
I'm talking human mutation.  
Specifically Stanley Crocker.

YEAGER  
But he's dead. Died during the  
experiments.

DEVELIN  
Yes but he had a mutation, a one in  
a million mutation. He was immune  
from the very beginning.

YEAGER  
Yes, I remember. He did seem very  
resistant to infection at first.

DEVELIN  
And we altered the virus to  
compensate for that resistance.

Awareness dawns on Yeager.

YEAGER  
Meaning that we changed the virus  
to circumvent his natural immunity.  
And now that its' airborne--

DEVELIN  
Precisely. Almost anyone can become  
infected, high IQ or not.

Develin rolls up his sleeve. Boils have started to form on  
his arm. Yeager's mouth gapes open.

DEVELIN  
Those were my scans we were just  
looking at.

YEAGER

What are we going to do?

DEVELIN

I can create a serum. I might have to take it for the rest of my life, however long that is, but it won't kill me right away.

YEAGER

I'll start looking for a cure--

DEVELIN

No! There's only one man who may be able to find a cure in time and we're about to kill him right now.

YEAGER

Hindu.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Hindu and Max both bolt up the stairs as fast as they can.

MAX

Fuck! This is like being in a fucking horror movie! These guys should be dead! They're practically zombies!

HINDU

Zombies that can shoot back!

Bullets RICOCHET off the walls around them and plasma SINGES the banisters.

MAX

How the hell did we get into this shit!

EXT. ROOF - DAY

Max and Hindu burst through the door. They turn, close and lock it. Breathing hard, they look around to see no one.

MAX

Man. We're fucked. Low on ammo and those guys are still coming.

(CONTINUED)

HINDU

Maybe I can hide behind the door  
and you shoot them as they come out  
and as they drop the guns and ammo,  
I collect them and give them to  
you.

Max laughs out loud.

MAX

This ain't no fuckin' cartoon!  
They're coming to kill us--

KELIS (O.S.)

Could work but you'd have to be a  
pretty good shot to keep from  
hitting the doc by accident.

Both men spin towards the edge of the roof, with their  
weapons at the ready. Kelis, in a black trench coat, smiles.

MAX

Who the fuck are you?  
(pause)  
Wait. You look familiar.

Kelis opens his hands, palms out.

KELIS

Names' Kelis and I'm here to save  
your asses.

HINDU

You. You're part of this, aren't  
you? One of the bad guys?

KELIS

Good guys. Bad guys. They're just  
labels. Nothing is ever quite as  
cut and dry as that.

MAX

What do you want?

Kelis puts his hands in his pockets.

KELIS

Let's just say that you're needed  
and the dogs refuse to heel.

HINDU

In their current state I doubt  
those goons are doing much  
listening...to anyone.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

How do we know--

The roof door bursts open and troopers rush out. Max shoots a couple while Kelis kills several more with thrown knives to their throats. Kelis turns to Max and Hindu.

KELIS

Listen! New orders came down. You are to be kept alive. The boss needs the doc unharmed.

Kelis looks past the two men.

KELIS

Get down!

Kelis pulls small silver device from his pocket and throws it through the doorway. Max and Hindu both dive for cover. The doorway EXPLODES and a few body parts spray out along with dust and debris.

KELIS

Dr. Hindu. The virus is killing people, especially my people. I didn't sign up for that shit.

Kelis pulls a blank plastic card from his pocket and tosses it to Hindu while Max shouldered his weapon.

KELIS

Data card has all the information regarding the POTUS virus and the bosses' DNA signature. He wants you to come up with a cure for it and him. I suggest that you don't.

HINDU

What? But--

KELIS

Cure the virus if you can, save the boss if you must but if you know what's good for you, you won't.

Hindu looks shocked as he studies the plastic card.

HINDU

I can't do that. I'm a doctor.

Max grabs Hindu by the shoulders.

(CONTINUED)

MAX

Researcher, remember. He's right.  
To save the world you may have to  
kill a man, especially if that  
mans' a monster! Save him and he  
might start this shit all over  
again.

Max takes another look at Kelis and is suddenly struck with  
a sense of recognition.

MAX

You! You were the one tailing me  
after the R.W.O. tried to kill me.

Kelis smiles and turns towards the roof's edge.

KELIS

The zip lines will take you two to  
a building a couple of blocks from  
here. From there you can get to the  
subways and out of the city through  
the tunnels.

Kelis looks back grimly.

KELIS

Hurry doc, save as many as you can.

Kelis leaps from the building. Max and Hindu rush to the  
edge and look over but Kelis is nowhere to be seen. Below  
the edge are two zip lines with harnesses attached. Both men  
look at each other then grab the harnesses.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE - DAY

The White House stands calmly as the fountain sprays water  
into the air.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Several Weeks Later"

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

In the Oval Office, President McCreedy is being hounded by  
REPORTERS. Sheila pushes her way in past SECRET SERVICE.

(CONTINUED)

REPORTER 1

President McCreedy, what are we going to do about the epidemic?

McCreedy sees Sheila and breaks into a cold sweat.

MCCREEDY

The current crisis is still being looked into by the C.D.C. Our armed forces have been mobilized to enforce martial law but since many of our troops have also been stricken with this illness, we will be concentrating on the larger metropolitan areas.

McCreedy points to another reporter.

REPORTER 2

The U.N. has voted to quarantine the U.S. until we can get this plague under control, even though there are a number of outbreaks world-wide. There are rumors of even stronger measures being taken. How do you respond?

MCCREEDY

If and when that happens, the U.S. will be ready and will respond appropriately.

On the desk, a phone RINGS. Except for Sheila and McCreedy, the Secret Service quickly ushers everyone out of the office, including themselves. Once everyone else is gone, McCreedy looks at Sheila and answers it nervously.

MCCREEDY

Hello.

(pause)

Yes.

(pause)

They can't.

(pause)

Billions will die!

(pause)

I know they're already dying. We'll fix it! I swear we'll fix it.

Hello? Hello?

McCreedy hangs up.

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

What did the Russian Premier say?

MCCREEDY

The U.N. has voted to stem the epidemic at its epicenter.

SHEILA

Nuke the U.S.?

MCCREEDY

Yes. That was just a courtesy call.

SHEILA

How long did he say we have?

MCCREEDY

A week. Unless we can verify a cure.

Sheila saunters calmly around the room.

SHEILA

Looks like we bought the election for nothing.

McCreedy appears shocked.

MCCREEDY

Bought the election? I thought my opponent died of the flu.

SHEILA

Same thing. Unfortunately, you are about to be a President with one of the shortest terms in history, if anyone's left to notice.

McCreedy replies with panic in his voice.

MCCREEDY

I thought this couldn't happen! We have a vaccine!

SHEILA

Had a vaccine, not a cure. Once the virus was released things went haywire. It mutated far beyond our capacity to contain, even with the serum. Our stores ran dry quickly.

Sheila comes around the desk and sits down on it.

(CONTINUED)

MCCREEDY

(with worry)

Now we face a plague and possible global nuclear war on top of the loss of oil in the Middle East.

SHEILA

We may find a cure. I've heard that the C.D.C. is making great strides in its research. In the meantime call the U.N. and tell them that we've had a break-through. That should buy us some time.

McCreedy snaps back.

MCCREEDY

I don't see how that will help. Soon we won't have enough gas or oil to even send it to them. We certainly don't produce enough on our own.

SHEILA

Guess the guys with the electric cars win.

MCCREEDY

That's not funny.

SHEILA

I guess not.

MCCREEDY

How can you be so calm?

Sheila stands and faces McCreedy squarely.

SHEILA

Have you ever killed a man? Or even faced death?

McCreedy hesitates.

SHEILA

I thought not.

Sheila heads for the door.

MCCREEDY

What now?

(CONTINUED)

SHEILA

We do the only thing we can do. We wait. You'll be hearing from me in ten days.

McCreedy looks down at his desk and thinks for a moment.

MCCREEDY

Ten days? Wait a minute!

Sheilas' already gone.

INT. DEVELIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheila walks into Develin's office. Over the top of the chair she sees a dark bald head.

SHEILA

Didn't expect to see you.

Kelis spins in the chair to face her.

KELIS

Rule number one, be unexpected.

SHEILA

This isn't a social call?

Kelis rises from the chair.

KELIS

Nah. Now that Develin is out of the way, I'm just cleaning up.

SHEILA

You killed him?

Sheila casually saunters around the office.

KELIS

Didn't have to. After the feds raided this place, virus got em'.

SHEILA

So what is there to clean up?

Leaning against the desk, Kelis never takes his eyes off of her.

KELIS

I took out the council to prevent the next Develin wannabe. Now I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KELIS (cont'd)  
have to take out any other possible wannbes.

Sheila stops pacing and gives him a generous smile.

SHEILA  
That would put me out of a job and I do so hate being unemployed.

KELIS  
Then I guess I'm gonna have to hurt you, only not in a good way this time.

SHEILA  
That's too bad, I rather liked having you around.

Sheila pulls a gun.

SHEILA  
I'm gonna miss you.

Kelis back flips over the desk and is out of sight before Sheila can start firing but she FIRES anyway.

SHEILA  
Sweetie, why don't you come out and give us a kiss?

KELIS  
My next kiss will knock you out.

Kelis FIRES over the desk, forcing Sheila to dive for cover while wildly returning FIRE.

SHEILA  
Can't wait my bald Adonis.

DESK

Kelis blindly FIRES over the desk as Sheila FIRES back. Kelis tosses a book over the desk and she SHOTS it. Kelis throws a couple more books over the desk. One is BLASTED out of the air while the CLICK of an empty pistol precedes the other hitting the floor with a THUMP. Kelis springs up ready to shoot. He steps around the desk cautiously, keeping his weapon ready. He taunts her as he advances.

(CONTINUED)

KELIS

Awww. Did her wittle toy wun out of buwwets.

HIDING SPOT

Sheila reaches under her skirt and pulls out a tiny gun and stuffs it up her sleeve.

SHEILA

Mighty clever, conserving your ammo. How about I surrender and we play male guard and female inmate. You can bring the cuffs this time.

Sheila stands slowly with her hands up and her blouse unbuttoned.

MID-OFFICE

She glides towards Kelis seductively. He keeps his gun on her. She gets to within a foot of him and waits until he glances at her open blouse. She makes a grab for the gun with her left hand. Kelis moves just enough to avoid her grab.

SHEILA

Damn. I must be losing my touch.

KELIS

Nah, I just been practicin' snatching pebbles out of old blind guys' hands.

SHEILA

So now what? You gonna--

Sheila fakes a grab with her right hand but the very small gun is in it. Kelis knocks the gun out her hand, only to have his gun knocked out his hand. She kicks Kelis' gun out of reach and retreats into a fighting stance. He replies in kind.

KELIS

You once told me that with training you wouldn't be able to beat me hand-to-hand.

SHEILA

Trying to intimidate me or just making pillow talk?

(CONTINUED)

Sheila pulls a baton from her back and extends it with a flick of the wrist. Sparks fly off the weapon.

SHEILA

By the way, I'm still waiting on my kiss.

Kelis studies her for a minute then moves in. She fakes a strike with the baton only to kick Kelis in the groin. He goes down on one knee. She follows up with an overhead strike but Kelis blocks it with his forearm. With sparks streaming from the baton, he manages to rise.

SHEILA

Body armor.

KELIS

Only the best for my girl.

Kelis smiles and retreats into a boxing stance.

SHEILA

Unfortunately I've grown bored with our relationship.

Sheila pulls out a second baton and extends it.

KELIS

What? Don't I make you explode in ecstasy anymore?

SHEILA

Honey, lately it seems like we're just going through the motions.

Sheila approaches and swings furiously. Kelis blocks while attempting to strike her as well. Time seems to slow down as both combatants attempt to strike and block but neither hit each other. They break, both breathing hard.

KELIS

Was it good for you?

SHEILA

You've got stamina. I'll give you that. But I'm still waiting on my kiss.

Kelis reaches in his pocket, pulls out a pair of brass knuckles and puts them on.

SHEILA

My...my...my...guess you really are trying to hurt me.

KELIS

When dealing with a woman of questionable morals, always use protection.

Sheila gives him a look that could kill.

SHEILA

Questionable morals? If we were in prison together, I'd make you my bitch! And we'd see whos' morals would be questioned as I rented your ass out for cigarettes!

KELIS

Such language from a lady.

Sheila lunges and strikes him across the temple. Sparks leap and Kelis goes down. Sheila doesn't let up.

SHEILA

I'm no lady remember! I'm a woman of questionable morals!

Kelis quick jabs her in the knee. Sheila screams and as she falls Kelis upper-cuts her hard. She hits the floor like a ton of bricks, BOOM. He stands over her looking down.

KELIS

Had to let you think you were winning to get in close. Didn't become champion without being able to take a few hits.

Kelis drops the brass knuckles with a CLINK and wipes teh blood from his head. He stoops to momentarily, checking her vitals.

KELIS

Damn! Still alive. You're definitely tougher than some of those fools in the joint but you still didn't stand a chance.

Kelis rises and walks over his fallen opponent.

KELIS

By the way, you're right. I think we should start seeing other people.

He pulls a cell device from a pocket and puts it in his ear.

KELIS  
Secure channel one.  
(pause)  
The nest is clear.

Kelis pulls the device and tosses it aside casually.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

McCreedy sits at his desk looking over a report when the phone rings. He looks at it oddly and answers cautiously.

MCCREEDY  
Hello?

MAX (V.O.)  
Hello Mr. President.

MCCREEDY  
Who is this?

MAX (V.O.)  
That's not important. Let's just say that the last man in that office entrusted me with a duty. His last dying wish if you will.

McCreedy pulls a device from his desk and pushes a button.

MAX (V.O.)  
That won't work Mr. President. We've disabled it. You may notice that we waited until you were all alone to call. No Secret Service.

McCreedy stands.

MAX (V.O.)  
Whatever you think you're planning, I wouldn't advise it. We can see you.

McCreedy answers nervously.

MCCREEDY  
What do you want?

MAX (V.O.)  
The same thing you want. We want you to be President.

MCCREEDY

But I'm already President.

MAX (V.O.)

You may hold the office but you didn't earn it. We know all about you having your opponent infected with an advanced version of the virus and your involvement with the R.W.O. and frankly we don't like it. So if you want to live long enough to be sworn in, you'd better listen carefully.

McCreedy runs a hand through his hair and looks at the door.

MCCREEDY

I'm listening?

MAX (V.O.)

You wanted to be President. You've got your shot. Only, you're not going to be the President that you thought you were. You're going to be the President that we want you to be.

MCCREEDY

What do you mean?

MAX (V.O.)

It means that you're going to be the best President that this nation has ever seen. Every decision that you make will be in the best interest of this country, not the lobbyists, not the special interest groups. Everyone. Got it?

MCCREEDY

And what makes you think--

MAX (V.O.)

Shut up and listen! We're keeping very close tabs on you. We have an inside man with orders to make you disappear should we feel that you're not living up to your full potential.

An EXPLOSION is heard through the phone.

(CONTINUED)

MCCREEDY

What was that?

MAX (V.O.)

Two of the new AF-516 Air-Sharks, just leveled the the R.W.O.'s main headquarters. They can't protect you any longer. By the way, your little girlfriend, Sheila, was inside at the time.

McCreedy's eyes go wide.

MAX (V.O.)

You may also want to get some of the new anti-serum that the C.D.C. will start distributing tomorrow. That stuff that the R.W.O. was passing out doesn't work anymore.

McCreedy opens a drawer filled with vials and an injector. He picks up one, examines it then replaces it.

MAX (V.O.)

Now be a good boy and call the U.N. Tell em' that we found a cure and that we will send the formula to anyone who asks for it, free of charge.

(pause)

One more thing.

(pause)

Do a good job. We'll be watching.

The phone goes DEAD and McCreedy turns to the window as he sets the receiver down. The door to the oval office opens and Scott, in a dark suit, enters while removing his sun glasses. McCreedy turns, looking very shaken.

SCOTT

Everything alright sir?

MCCREEDY

Fine. Fine. Just fine.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - DAY

Amongst a CROWD, a bunch of REPORTERS and media PEOPLE mull about on the White House lawn. A large banner bearing the Presidential seal is the backdrop for the stage, heavily guarded by SECRET SERVICE. On stage sits Amy, her boss and a few of her co-workers.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Two Weeks Later"

The crowd cheers as the McCreedy walks up to the podium. He taps the microphone to quiet them.

MCCREEDY

Good afternoon everyone. We are here to honor the hard work, bravery and vigilance of the C.D.C.'s Rapid Response Administrative Team by presenting them with the Presidential Medal of Honor.

The crowd applauds as Amy searches through the crowd.

MCCREEDY

For it was they who first saw the crisis for what it was; an attack on US citizens from terrorists on our own soil. They did what it took...

Amy sees a man from behind that looks familiar and smiles. She appears disappointed when he turns around.

MCCREEDY

...and alert our forces so that they could be mobilized early against the coming threat and thus prevent a higher loss of life than would have been seen otherwise.

STAGE WING

Hindu is escorted to the stage by the liaison. He climbs the stairs and stops at the curtain, right next to a pair of Secret Service. He watches Amy, who looks very sad.

MCCREEDY

Ladies and gentlemen, when I call your name please come up to receive your plaque and medal.

(CONTINUED)

McCreedy pulls up the first plaque as Amy looks to the side of the stage.

MCCREEDY

Amy--

Amy jumps to her feet.

AMY

HINDU!

She runs at the confused President, as the Secret Service attempt to draw their weapons. She dashes past and leaps into Hindu's arms, hugging him tightly.

AMY

I thought I'd never see you again.  
Where have you been?

HINDU

Overseeing the manufacture of the  
cure. It was top secret but I  
promised to take you to lunch?

She kisses him passionately as the agents re-holster their weapons. The crowd claps a bit. Amy and Hindu break the kiss and look at each other deeply. McCreedy is dumbfounded.

AMY

I love you. I've been trying to  
tell you that for such a long time.

HINDU

I love you too. How about after  
lunch we get married?

AMY

You know we could continue just  
being friends.

Hindu looks at her oddly, then they kiss again and the crowd goes wild.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE GATE - DAY

Max watches through the fence and smiles. He turns and puts on a pair of sunglasses. Pulling out a cigarette, he lights it and blows smoke as he goes.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - DAY

A WOMAN, with only one closed eye and her nose visible beneath bandages, lies in bed. An IV drips as a hologram displays her vitals.

SUPERIMPOSE: "Three Weeks Later"

The DOCTOR enters and her eye opens. He takes a pen from his mouth and puts it in his front pocket.

DOCTOR

Good Morning. How are we feeling?  
Don't answer that. Not that you  
really could anyway.

The woman looks at him.

DOCTOR

You're lucky to be alive. Jaw so  
broken we had to wire it shut. The  
skull fracture and concussion made  
installing your new interface  
challenging, to say the least.

He pulls a rolling cart close to the bed. On it is a small device with a few buttons.

DOCTOR

This is the latest in technology  
for non-speaking patients, who  
can't be cured with surgery or a  
good retro-virus. If you're ready.

The woman nods slightly and he presses a few buttons. The woman twitches and her eye goes wide. She relaxes as the device BEEPS softly.

DOCTOR

You should be able to speak through  
the device now. The more you use it  
the more it will become attuned to  
you.

The voice is feminine but slightly mechanical.

WOMAN (V.O.)

H...He...Hello.

DOCTOR

Good. How are you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (V.O.)

Pain. Lots of pain.

DOCTOR

I've got something for that. You need time to heal, to sleep.

The doctor pulls a syringe from his pocket, turns and smiles at her. She looks at him with hate.

DOCTOR

You've been through an awful lot. A pretty young woman like you needs someone to take care of her.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Need both hands for surgery?

DOCTOR

Not really. Machines do most of the work. We surgeons just guide them.

Injecting the I.V., he returns the syringe to his pocket.

DOCTOR

You'll be asleep in no time.

The woman's eye blinks and droops, then her head and then her breathing slows. The doctor SNAPS in front of her face a couple of times. He smiles and licks his lips.

DOCTOR

My patients are mostly old and fat but you're so young and firm.

The doctor pulls the sheet down and starts feeling her breasts, when the woman suddenly and firmly grabs one of his wrists. With the other hand she grabs the pen from his pocket and stabs him through the hand, pinning it to the cart. The doctor SCREAMS.

WOMAN (V.O.)

This time your hand, next time your heart.

The doctor pulls the pen from his hand and clutches his wrist in pain staring at her wildly.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Fix me. Anything else and you die. Understand?

The doctor nods and scrambles quickly out of the room. After he's gone she relaxes.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (V.O.)

The R.W.O., gone. Sheila Renneth,  
dead. I'll need a new identity.

(pause)

Cindy... Cindy Develin. Mrs. Cindy  
Develin. Has a nice ring to it.

(pause)

For the cause.

FADE OUT.