

BLACK WOLF

An original screenplay

by

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FADE IN:

INT. MILITARY BASE - TURNER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

HOWLING SIRENS. Pulsating emergency lights. The Union Jack and the Old Glory drape on poles towering on either side of the seat occupied by COLONEL TURNER (60s).

He stabs buttons on a desk phone - dailing, panicky.

MECHANICAL CREAKS creep in from outside the office. **BANG...** his locked door jerks. He watches the door, overcome with fear, expectant.

BLAM... the door **FLIES** open. Shatters. Colonel Turner rises off his seat.

ANNA HARPER (20s) stands at the door, her face's innocence hides behind gut-churning rage.

Metal... electrical wires... bioluminous lights... grip to her skin - an exo-skeleton, "PYROMANIAC". Turner bores his eyes into hers - tense.

TURNER

This isn't something that can't
be talked about, Harper.

She aims her hands towards him, in quick succession, **BANG-BANG-BANG...** darts bullets into his head from her wrist units. He falls dead. She scans the room, imperious.

INT. SF COMMAND CENTER - DIRECTORATE - NIGHT

OFFICERS observe live closed circuit feed; a rebel assault on a military base; **GUNFIRE, EXPLOSIONS** and **FLAMES** - all round chaos.

SPECIALIST JACQUILYN HARPER (30s) stands before DIRECTOR MAKENNA (50s, heavysset, balding). Jacqui has a disposition that emotes "no games".

MAKENNA

There isn't a better person than
yourself to determine protocol.
Just keep in mind; you don't
simply tear apart a build worth
some countries' budgets.

JACQUI

Over 70 funerals, and it's only been a couple of minutes so far. They've been times when I cared how much it cost to build the suit... now isn't one of them.

MAKENNA

In that case, you might want to consider option B.

INT. MILITARY BASE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Emergency lights and **ALARMS**. BLOODY MASSACRED SOLDIERS taint the floor.

Anna marches through. A GROUP OF CONVENTIONAL SOLDIERS pour in ahead of her, lined up sideways, shields forward. Anna stops, studies them. Unusual calmness.

DR. HEIDI MUELLER (50s) emerges from behind the shields. She is athletic and bold. Her hands go up in submission as she strides towards Anna.

HEIDI

(Heavy,
accented)

HEIDI

Anna, I'm ordering you to listen! I didn't design the suit for--

Anna ignores, aims her wrist units at Heidi.

HEIDI (CONT'D)

You wouldn't.

A montage of horror and shock fills Heidi's face.

CLICKS, BEEPS, CREAKS... Anna's wrist units **TRANSFORM**. Heidi stares into CYLINDRICAL BLOW-TORCHES.

ANNA

Is that a dare?

HEIDI

(Beseeching)

It's a plea.

ANNA

Try again.

WHOOSH... the **RUMBLING OF GALE** as a short **BURST** of **FLAMES** swirl towards Heidi. They blind her, send her stumbling, screaming in agony.

It all happens at once - The soldiers **OPEN FIRE**, stunned and muddled.

The bullets hit Anna but ricochet off her skin like she's made of durable rubber. She responds to the shots with a **SPRAY OF MICRO-BULLETS**. The soldiers retreat. Too slow.

The soldiers are sprayed. One by one, they fall to their deaths.

A badly burnt Heidi gives Anna a beseeching look. Anna stares back, the look of pure evil.

HEIDI

You've made your point. Put me out of my misery.

ANNA

Let death catch up with you at its own time. I don't make the call, I influence it.

She walks away.

INT. SF COMMAND CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Fluorescent tubes **FLICKER**. Jacqui gets dressed at a leisurely pace. She wears a bodysuit fitted with smart body armor and lines like a computer board.

She searches a spots bag and picks out infrared contact lenses. She puts them in her eyes and pins a circular microchip in a cartridge stamped on her tongue.

The contact lenses glow, such as some lines on her suit. She is in her AI form - AN ADVANCED ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE SEMI-MACHINE, AIX.

EXT. SF COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

TEN SPECIALIST OFFICERS stand like statues before AIX Jacqui. She holds a shotgun pasted with flame prints, skull bones and in chipped letters, the text "BOOM!!!"

AIX JACQUI

A sharp discharge of electricity should shot her power supply. That's priority number one. Otherwise, get your downers ready. My plea to all of you--

(Pauses for effect)

--keep her alive... for my sake.

She wears headset fitted with a mic. Clicks a button, dialing.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

Specialist Harper to dispatch; all units clear the nest. Operation Black Wolf hunt is a go.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

EXODUS. No soldier looks back. They jump over debris and DEAD REBELS, swerve around flames and dodge crumbling masonry. The huge flames bathe the base in an orange glow.

A bus **ROARS** in. Soldiers scatter to give way. The driver remains indifferent, darting through the masses.

The bus comes to a **SCREECHING HALT.** The doors open, AIX Jacqui's SF **HURTLE** out. She follows.

AIX Jacqui advances towards the building. Her officers take cover behind debris. She clicks the button on her headset.

AIX JACQUI

(Into mouthpiece)

Roll in only on my call. Repeat, ONLY ON MY CALL.

INT. MILITARY BASE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

AIX Jacqui marches through the hallway, head held high. She pauses, listening to the silence. Tense. She puts her finger on the trigger, sensing a presence. Waits.

Anna walks into the hallway from ahead of AIX Jacqui. AIX Jacqui studies Anna, inscrutable.

ANNA

Took you long enough.

Anna stops moving. They watch each other, intense.

AIX JACQUI

You were obviously expecting me.
Beats me why you didn't consider
running.

Anna laughs, Unshaken.

ANNA

I thought I wouldn't be the only
one looking forward to a family
reunion.

AIX JACQUI

My sister is obviously dead. Not
even her revenant can do what
you've been doing. You're just a
flawed copy of her facade... a
programming blunder.

Anna grimaces, transfixed.

ANNA

I'm the programming blunder?
Really, Jacqui? What do you
think that makes you? At least
nobody calls my shots. I'm not
just another video game
character following code to
wherever it leads.

AIX JACQUI

It takes no code to see you need to be put in an asylum. And it certainly takes nothing more than common sense to see the need to tear you apart.

ANNA

So typical of you, Jacqui... trying to destroy the one good thing you ever did.

AIX JACQUI

There's no good in you, but a good lash should fix you right up. I got you into this to make a difference, not for you become some sort of a mechanical psychopath.

ANNA

I'm not a psychopath. Show me any other way to independence and I'll take this suit off right away.

Anna awaits a reaction. It doesn't come.

ANNA (CONT'D)

What happened to our dream? Our patriotism?

Silence. AIX Jacqui considers.

AIX JACQUI

All the tech on you, yet you're still rock-brain stupid. I'll get the chip out of you and take you a madhouse. At least it's a shot at restoring my sister.

Fires fills Anna's eyes - blistering fury.

ANNA

I dare you to stand in my way.
I'll shoot your brain to a pulp.
I'm going to make sure I squeeze
the last breath from your lungs
before setting your mutilated
body on fire.

AIX JACQUI

Coming from you, that statement
should hurt... and it actually
does. But I'd rather die of
emotional and physical torture
than let you hurt others and
yourself.

ANNA

(Smirking)

Then so be it.

BANG... Anna drills a bullet into AIX Jacqui's shoulder.
AIX Jacqui grunts and drops her shotgun, in agony.

The gleaming bullet sticks onto the material of her suit,
failed to lance. AIX Jacqui pulls it out, studies it.
Flings it away.

AIX JACQUI

You're too far gone, aren't you?

ANNA

Hmm... Let's see.

Anna releases a **SWARM OF STEEL**. AIX Jacqui takes a series
of backflips like a pro gymnast, dodging micro-bullets.

Anna holds fire. With unflinching accuracy, she shoots a
mini-missile. **BLAM...** it impales through AIX Jacqui's suit.
Sends her fumbling her backflips. She crashes down.

Anna ceases fire. Approaches AIX Jacqui, imperious.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Give me your ears, Jacqui,
before I take them literally.

(Considering)

That would be kinda gross. Why the hell did I say that?

(Beat)

Look, I don't wanna hurt you, for our parents' sake. But I'm begging you to stay out of my way.

AIX JACQUI

I can't live to watch you kill people... not even for independence.

Anna considers.

ANNA

I don't expect you to take part in my freedom fight... just like I don't expect you to rival me.

(Beat)

I'll soon set you free, and the whole country will be thankful for my sacrifice.

AIX JACQUI

You've become so delusional, I can't believe you're same Anna I grew up with.

ANNA

Whatever. I have a date with your Lieutenant governor. Let's see how she likes metal in her flesh.

With rattlesnake reflexes, AIX Jacqui chucks a MARBLE that magnetically sticks to Anna's exoskeleton. **LIGHTNING! BUZZ-BUZZ-BUZZ...** Anna convulses as a current bolts through her. She falls - comatose.

AIX Jacqui watches, cautious. With a gasp, Anna's eyes shoot open. She stands. Her exoskeleton's power flickers - malfunctioning. AIX Jacqui picks her shotgun, aims.

AIX JACQUI

On your knees!

ANNA

If you were gonna kill me, you'd
have done it seconds ago.

AIX Jacqui hesitates. In a flash, the exoskeleton power is restored. Anna **LURCHES** - superhumanly. **WHAM!** She knocks AIX Jacqui down. The gun goes sliding. Anna kneels over her.

She puts her hand behind AIX Jacqui's neck and **POUNDS** her face. **ONE, TWO, THREE...** AIX Jacqui takes them all. No response.

Reason returns. Regret seizes Anna. She scans AIX Jacqui's undamaged face.

ANNA

Omg...

She lays her down slowly.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Jacqui, I'm--

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG!!! AIX Jacqui's specialist officers fire at Anna. She takes the shots, scurries away.

AIX JACQUI

Hold your fire!

The officers cease fire, surround AIX Jacqui to investigate. Anna is gone.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

Let her go... she's done enough
for one night.

One of the officers, BRUCE (30s, athletic, striking), pulls AIX Jacqui to her feet.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

I lose to my little sister and
you ignore my orders, all in a
matter of minutes... I've hit a
new low.

BRUCE

Gunfire is enough of an order
for us. Well, me in particular.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

EMS teeming like ants at base. Stretchers are pushed into ambulances, fire engines douse flames (or at least they try), military generals observe and salute the surviving casualties - a post-apocalyptic vista. NO TV REPORTERS.

INT. SF COMMAND CENTER - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

AIX Jacqui clicks and removes the computer board from her tongue. Her lenses and suit lose their light. SHE RETURNS TO HUMAN FORM. She is unharmed from her last fight.

She unclips the bodysuit, slips her hands out of it. A knock reverberates before she undresses.

JACQUI

Uh-huh?

FEMALE (O.S)

Specialist Harper... It's Laura.

JACQUI

Come on in, Laura.

The door **CREAKS** open. Laura (18, red-haired, optimistic-looking) enters, dressed in a lab coat.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

How are the nightshifts treating
you, ginger?

LAURA

A lot crazier than I prepared
for.

JACQUI

Well, if you can't survive
internship - in the lab, for
that matter - you should be
considering marrying a dying
tycoon.

Laura laughs, nervous... almost as if she fears Jacqui.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

What brings you here?

LAURA

Oh, I came to check if you're available to see Doctor Hutchins...

(Beat,
realize)

...and myself.

JACQUI

Sure. The night is still young. Just gonna get out of this, real quick...

She pulls to remove her suit.

LAURA

Actually, you might want to keep that on.

JACQUI

(Rolls eyes)

Another one of your physical tests.

EXT. FOREST - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A lonely road impales the woods like a katana. A faint flush of light becomes blinding headlights as a rusty van roars through.

The van slows, takes a turn onto a dirt road.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT

Alone in the world, the van rolls on. A few miles in, a sign of masonry appears ahead. It is:

EXT. ABANDONED ASYLUM - NIGHT

Moonlight. The van slows to a halt. A mesh wire gate stands in its way. ANDREW (20s, handsome, scruffy) steps out of the van, pushes the gates open, returns to the car and drives in.

The van approaches a drab two-story structure spanning across the entire compound. Rusty metal, shattered glass, chipped paint and moss taint the building... abandoned.

INT. SF COMMAND CENTER - TEST CENTER - NIGHT

Sweat droplets cascade down Jacqui's face as she **DASHES** on a treadmill.

An LCD display of her nervous system's anatomy is under the keen eyes of DOCTOR HUTCHINS (60's, lanky) and Laura.

A red circle pulsates on the anatomy's chest, increasing the pace of the pulses.

DOCTOR HUTCHINS

(Joking)

You just won't stop 'til you drop dead.

Jacqui slows her run to a stop. Gasping hard.

JACQUI

Not much to worry about when you almost run on oil.

She grabs a towel, wipes the sweat off her porcelain skin.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

How did I do?

DOCTOR HUTCHINS

You have a shockingly high pain threshold. For that and other reasons, I'm not going to rely on the collected data but on your personal testimony.

JACQUI

I feel great. Can jump right into world war three.

LAURA

(To Jacqui)

Only after I perform an analysis of your microchip.

DOCTOR HUTCHINS

(To Laura)

It's over here.

Laura approaches Jacqui, grabs her hand. Without notice, she pricks a needle into the tip of her index finger, draws blood. Jacqui winces in pain.

JACQUI

Next time, gimme a heads-up. And it would be better if had my chip on.

LAURA

We don't want that now, do we? If bullets won't cut, I doubt my needle will.

JACQUI

Whatever, I feel naked as a human. A vulnerable little worm wiggling in the grass.

Laura hands the blood sample to Doctor Hutchins, he studies it under a microscope.

Laura finds the microchip on a countertop, feeds it into a reader, wires it to the workstation. She runs her fingers on the keyboard.

A beat.

LAURA

(To Jacqui)

Your data has been compiled.

Jacqui moves closer, gazes at the monitor.

It reads;

```
public float curHealth; public float maxHealth; void  
Start () { curHealth=63f; maxHealth =100f; }
```

Jacqui peruses, confused.

JACQUI

And what am I looking at?

Laura laughs.

LAURA

This is like the simplest line
of code.

JACQUI

Not for someone computer dumb.

LAURA

(Joking)

That's an under-description.

She giggles alone, nervous.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Max Health is self-explanatory.
You can't go past hundred...
it's set in iron.

(Beat)

Current health simply represents
how physically well you are. 63%
is pretty good for someone who
just fought a mini-war.
Especially considering your
opponent.

JACQUI

Yeah, right... just let me know
when I'm moments from death.

LAURA

That's unlikely to happen
anytime soon. Just get some
rest, exercise, eat well...
it'll be back to 100 in no time.

JACQUI

I lost you on 'get some rest'...
your job is obviously done, I
have my own to get back in the
morning.

She walks out of the room.

LAURA

Goodnight, Ms. Harper.

JACQUI

(Walking away)

My name's Jacqui!

INT. ABANDONED ASYLUM - OPEN WARD - DAY

A ward of old beds. A carpet of dust lays upon broken furniture and caving floors. The ceilings are stained with water marks.

Anna sits at the edge of a metal bed, Andrew is across on another bed. Her exoskeleton lays disassembled on a stretcher.

ANDREW

How are you feeling?

ANNA

Battered.

She holds her head as if she has a headache.

ANDREW

A pill should put you right into form.

The door opens. DOCTOR ATKINSON (a robust 50s, meticulousness oozing all over him) walks in.

ATKINSON

You're a lot rasher than I ever imagined, Anna.

ANNA

I'll take all that. But at least I came out with my life and a good rebel reputation.

Atkinson stands before the stretcher, studies the exoskeleton.

ATKINSON

How bad was the damage?

ANNA

To me or the suit?

ATKINSON

Both.

ANNA

I gave her ass a good kicking.
She didn't do much damage except
to the main power supply.

ATKINSON

I told you a back-up would come
in handy.

An awkward silence. Andrew studies Anna.

ANDREW

How'd it end with Jacqui?

ANNA

With her back on the floor while
I'm getting shot at.

Andrew considers.

ANDREW

And you're happy about it?

ANNA

As long as their elite weapon
bows to me, I can't be happier.

ATKINSON

It's a revolution, dear Anna.
The tech they've given her is
all pretty but lacks durability.
Where they left out is where we
started.

Andrew glares at Atkinson.

ANDREW

Do you realize it's her sister
we're talking about?

Atkinson swallows his response.

ANNA

Jacqui is... different now.

ANDREW

No, Anna, you're both different.

Anna switches to passive aggression.

ANNA

What the hell are you saying?

Andrew does not cave.

ANDREW

Your whole life, you couldn't even clap a mosquito but killed over 80 people in one night.

ANNA

I'm doing what I have to. We've suffered enough. And if the only way to get them out of here is by buying them tickets to hell, fine by me.

ANDREW

(Shaking his head)

I'm not a fan of how you're going on about it.

Anna considers. Studies him.

ANNA

Fine. Why don't you lead us, then?

ANDREW

I don't have the power to do that.

ANNA

Then pipe down and do as I say.

ANDREW

(Mocking)

Yes, ma'am.

Anna ignores.

ANNA

(To Atkinson)

Can you guys fix it?

ATKINSON

Otherwise, I wouldn't still be here.

ANNA

Good. We have an urgent mission that'll leave a bullet mark on world history.

(To Andrew)

You're in, darling, aren't you?

ANDREW

(Feigning)

Of course.

INT. SF COMMAND CENTER - MAKENNA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacqui, in civilian wear, sits idly on the visitor's chair - waiting alone. The door opens, Makenna walks in. She stands in acknowledgement.

MAKENNA

(Offering his hand)

Specialist Harper.

They shake hands.

JACQUI

Good morning, Director.

MAKENNA

Ya, I've seen worse.

They take their seats.

MAKENNA (CONT'D)

I wouldn't assume you already have your report ready.

JACQUI

No, sir. Should be ready after the holidays.

MAKENNA

Sure. No hurry. I mean, we all saw and heard what happened.

Jacqui nods, stares at him. An awkward pause. He is missing something.

JACQUI

Sir, about my leave...

MAKENNA

Oh, I'll ensure the approval doesn't go past today.

JACQUI

Thank you, sir. I think I need the break now more than ever.

(Beat)

This operation is major kick to the shin. I don't know how much more I can take.

MAKENNA

Hmm, I wish it only cracked shinbones.

(Beat)

If you ever need any sort of support, just say. There isn't a distress call from this mission we'll ignore.

JACQUI

(Meek)

I'll take my chances first.

INT. ABANDONED ASYLUM - WORKSHOP - DAY

The hall is bustling with action, grinders **BUZZING** like angry hornets, **SPARKS** from welding machines and **POUNDING** metal.

ANDREW

Where's Anna?

ATKINSON

She just took a sleep shot. She needs all the shuteye she can get.

Atkinson moves away.

ANDREW

Wait, Doctor.

Atkinson stops, gazes. Wondering.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Can you please not make her do this?

Atkinson considers, laughs, moves closer.

ATKINSON

Why are you so against such a harmless cause?

ANDREW

You have got to be kidding me. A harmless cause never has anything to do with taking people's lives.

ATKINSON

For your information, those are the bad guys that she's shooting at.

ANDREW

I don't give a cow's ass. And how about her spitting all over her sister's name?

(Beat)

You've got kids, doc, how would it make you feel if they chased each other with knives?

Atkinson considers. A sigh.

ATKINSON

You know what, Andrew... this whole Libra scale hangs in your hands. Anna's intentions are good but--

ANDREW

How about yours, huh?

ATKINSON

My what?

ANDREW

(Stern)

Spill your intentions before I make you spill your guts.

Atkinson considers, struggles. Thinks more.

ATKINSON

Out of all multi-million dollar local firms, M3 remained an oasis. That simply shows how they are taking bread off our shelves. They gave our designs to the Germans and designed AIX. What do you think that means?

ANDREW

I have no idea what you're talking about.

ATKINSON

They took everything from us! All our investments... our hard work... our security... they took it all.

(Beat)

All we have left is Pyromaniac.
Our only shot at engraving on
the world's robotics. Think, if
our exoskeleton can make her
single-handedly bring
independence, we'll have the
Chinese... the Russians... the
Arabs knocking at our door.

ANDREW

The negative effects are written
in fireworks. Can't you see what
it's doing to her?

ATKINSON

Suit or no suit, that's the real
Anna you're getting.

ANDREW

You have no idea who Anna really
is so I'd appreciate if you
stopped making stupid
assumptions.

ATKINSON

She's a grown woman. Let her
make her own choices.

ANDREW

Don't make me tell you one more
time to stop throwing dirt on
her. I know her actions are your
responsibility.

ATKINSON

I'm not denying the
responsibility. But I'm not the
one shooting soldiers.

SLAM! Andrew's hand claps Atkinson's throat. He throws him
to the floor and POUNDS him square on the lip. Atkinson has
shock and terror written all over.

ANDREW

ARE YOU FREAKING INSANE? WHO THE HELL IS MAKING THE DECISIONS FOR HER? I'M NOT AN IDIOT... WE BOTH KNOW YOU DID SOMETHING TO HER!

Andrew grabs his shirt, **NOSE-BREAKER! EYE-BLACKER!**

The WORKMEN gang up and pull Andrew off Atkinson, he struggles to lose their grip.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Get up, punk, and answer me!

Atkinson stares hard at Andrew - a bloody grin of evil. He wipes blood off his lip.

Andrew calms.

WORKMAN

Are you alright, Doctor?

ANDREW

(Roughing
himself out
their hold)

This is a waste of my time.

He leaves. Nervous silence pervades.

EXT. STREET - UNDERPASS - DAY

Nary a car in sight. Deep potholes on the road.

Andrew, a lonely figure, graffities the text "Black Wolves 'til Independence" on the wall.

A military SUV appears from distance. A **RUMBLING** fills the air as it nears Andrew. He notices, grabs a new can and sprays - ignoring.

The SUV stops paces from him, TWO MILITARY POLICE OFFICERS step out. Approach him.

MPO#1

Hey!

Andrew faces up to them - fearless.

ANDREW

I know it could be better. There is just a serious lack of bright colors.

MPO#1

Color should be the least of your concerns now.

INT. SF COMMAND CENTER - JACQUI'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacqui, in her SF suit, studies a photograph of her younger self and Anna (both in civilian). Her disposition is blank. A knock **BANGS** on the door. She lays the photo in a drawer.

JACQUI

Come in.

The MPOs from the underpass walk in, salute her.

MPO#1

Good afternoon, ma'am. I think we found somebody you might wanna have a look at.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

CLING-CLING! A Prison Guard knocks the bars.

PRISON GUARD

Andrew Maine... you're up.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Andrew sits across Jacqui. They exchange intense stares.

JACQUI

You're the last person I expected to find in here.

ANDREW

I'm happy to be a pleasant surprise.

JACQUI

I didn't say that.

Andrew laughs. Jacqui bores her eyes into his, deadpan.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

The earlier we start the Q's and A's, the better. I don't wanna spend the day and night in box.

ANDREW

Then I'm glad I caught your attention early enough.

Jacqui smiles, blasé.

JACQUI

Isn't what you guys are all about? Attention seeking...

ANDREW

Sometimes we do it for good. In this case, I was willing to sell my freedom just to help you.

Jacqui goes quiet, pensive.

JACQUI

Let's go straight to the point... what happened to her?

ANDREW

All I know is M3 fixed her up. Basically improved your clone and put some sort of a firewall. It's nearly impossible to track her... even for me.

JACQUI

What are they up to?

ANDREW

They are using her as an advertising too. But there's a bug in her system, and I'm sure of that.

JACQUI

A bug isn't something you can see physically.

ANDREW

It just takes a bit of common sense. She plans a massacre for the PM's inauguration. That's enough of a virus scan to me.

Jacqui freezes, grabs a pad and scribbles.

JACQUI

You do realize my deal here is to potentially kill your girlfriend?

ANDREW

Any patriot would report such. Moreover, you're the wiser sister so...

JACQUI

Couldn't you talk her out of it?

ANDREW

If I did, I wouldn't be here asking you for help.

JACQUI

No worries. I'll find and reboot her.

Andrew laughs, incredulous.

ANDREW

If I were you, I'd be more concerned about the run-in. She's not trigger shy anymore and hell isn't something that scares her.

Jacqui smirks, proud.

JACQUI

I've literally moonwalked on minefields, danced with cobras and cuddled grizzlies. A walking hairdryer doesn't scare me.

(Beat)

Tell me how I can find her.

Andrew pauses. Thinks.

ANDREW

(Scheming)

I don't know. But consider
paying Atkinson a visit.

EXT. ATKINSON'S RANCH - DAY

A sea of bone-dry cornstalks. A scarecrow with fabrics torn to shreds is the closest thing to a physical being on the land.

The roar of Jacqui's SF bus resonates as it drives towards the drab three-story structure. The bus stops, Jacqui steps out, armed and in AIX FORM. Her team of ten follows.

AIX JACQUI

The plan is simple; shoot
anything that brings a fight to
you, except Anna.

Bruce clears his throat, protesting.

BRUCE

Permission to speak.

AIX JACQUI

Granted.

BRUCE

I suggest we surround the
perimeter and order her exit.
Less potential for casualties.

AIX Jacqui considers.

AIX JACQUI

Negative. That'll give them time
to fight back.

AIX Jacqui loads her shotgun.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

Follow my lead.

They climb onto a verandah, under the balcony. Cobwebs dangle on decaying walls and ceilings. She studies the door, her Officers line up tactically on either side of it.

Her hand slows towards the knob, careful. She turns it and pushes the door open.

AIX Jacqui ushers her team in.

INT. ATKINSON'S RANCH - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Atkinson runs his fingers on the keyboard, gazing onto lines of code on the monitor, oblivious of the door opening carefully behind him. AIX Jacqui peeks in, ready to enter.

Atkinson pauses. Listens.

He shuts down his monitor, gazes onto the black screen. AIX Jacqui's reflection appear on the screen ... bio-luminous eyes and suit. She's closing in. Her officers back her up.

ATKINSON

Ms. Harper... a pleasant surprise.

He spins his seat around, smiles at her.

AIX JACQUI

(Aiming her
shotgun)

Hands up, old man.

He hesitates. Complies.

ATKINSON

Not a good way to treat an old pal.

AIX JACQUI

You and I aren't friends.

(Beat)

Why don't you bring Anna out to meet her guests, doctor?

He stares at her. Silence.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

Growing up, there was a rule to shake hands with each and every guest. I'm sure she remembers that.

ATKINSON

Yes, Ms. Harper. Unfortunately, you're speaking a foreign language.

AIX JACQUI

Am I supposed to believe that?

ATKINSON

Wisely so.

AIX Jacqui laughs, questioning.

AIX JACQUI

Lying is a waste of time...
Instead, save yourself from the repercussions of high treason and theft by servant.

ATKINSON

(Standing)

Ms. Harper, this is a waste of precious time--

An **EARSPLITTING BANG!** AIX Jacqui fires into his shoulder, he slips back on the chair, **HOWLING** in pain. His shirt soaks in red.

AIX JACQUI

Don't you dare move!

She keeps her gun pointed at him, he raises his hand 'stop'.

ATKINSON

Two daughters... upstairs...
don't let them see this.

GIRL (O.S)

Daddy!

Aix Jacqui turns, locates KIMBERLY (13) frozen on the staircase, overcome with fear. The younger daughter, KIRA (10) climbs down, freezes behind Kimberly.

BRUCE

(To the girls)

Stay back!

In unison, Kimberly and Kira begin to sob.

KIMBERLY

You shot him?

AIX Jacqui watches the girls, clueless. She switches her gaze between ailing Atkinson and his mourning daughters.

AIX JACQUI

He'll be alright.

(Beat)

Is there anybody up there with you?

The girls shake their heads.

AIX JACQUI

We'll take care of him, alright?

(To Bruce)

Take him in.

Bruce shrugs to the standby officers. They aid him handle Atkinson. AIX Jacqui takes careful strides towards the girls, they back off.

Aix Jacqui stops moving. They mirror.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

(To Kimberly)

What's your name?

Kimberly hesitates. Sobs more.

KIMBERLY

Kimberly.

AIX JACQUI

(To Kira)

And you, sweetie?

KIRA

Kira.

(Beat)

Why are you hurting him?

AIX JACQUI

He won't get hurt anymore. He'll be so much safer in the hospital.

KIMBERLY

What about us?

AIX JACQUI

You're coming with me as well.

INT. ABANDONED ASYLUM - WORKSHOP - DAY

OVER TWENTY REBELS stand before Anna. The atmosphere is tense, silent. Anna fidgets with a penknife - deep in thought. She chucks it away, irritated.

ANNA

All I'm told is that they have Andrew and the doctor. It's only a matter of time before they make one or both of them shit us out.

(Beat)

We're camping in the woods, 'til we figure out a way of retrieving them.

Mumbles, protests.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Trust in me. I'll deliver... and it'll be a lot sooner than you imagine.

EXT. FOREST HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Rain. The sound of cheers as it plummets onto the trees. A lonely pick-up drones on, cutting through the dark.

INT. FOREST HIGHWAY - PICK-UP - NIGHT

Digital clock shows 9:30. Jacqui adjusts the push button radio, stabbing at the buttons. Nothing good - bits of commercials amid showering sounds.

With one eye on the road, she finds a CB radio, dials.

BRUCE

(Filtered)

Specialist Bruce Holloway, go ahead.

JACQUI

Bruce, it's Jacqui. I need you to make sure Kim and Kira are moved to foster care. It's a bit too early for them to live in a cage.

BRUCE

Will do.

JACQUI

Please take care of my team. Stay away from anything you can't handle.

BRUCE

I'll try to remember that.

She cuts the call.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Less rain. Rustic settlement. Blackout. Blinding headlights as Jacqui's pick-up truck roars through.

INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

The clock reads 11:15. Jacqui steers the truck onto a driveway. Stops. Still idling, the headlights beam onto the window of a two-story house. She stays, nervous.

The curtain on the window whizzes to the side. A silhouette peeps out. She honks - calling.

The front door opens, a man stands there with a flashlight battling the headlights. His name JOHN HARPER (60s, heavyset build, tired).

EXT. HARPER HOUSE - NIGHT

Jacqui steps out the car, overwhelmed with emotions. John gazes at her as if he has seen the ET.

JACQUI

Surprise...

Words have abandoned John. Jacqui grins, approaches him.

WOMAN (O.S)

Is there a problem, John?

JOHN

It's... Jacquilyn.

He pulls her into an embrace, tries not sob, fails.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(Questioning)

Jacquilyn...

JACQUI

Yes, dad.

JOHN

And Anna?

Jacqui doesn't get the time to respond. KATIE HARPER (50s) scurries towards the hugging pair, awestricken.

KATIE

Jacquilyn!

John releases her, Katie throws her into her own embrace.

JACQUI

Mom.

JOHN

You should have called or written. I mean, given us enough time to freshen the place up a bit.

Katie releases her.

JACQUI

I didn't know what to say.

KATIE

You should have tried 'I'm coming home.'?"

JOHN

Honey, where's your sister?

JACQUI

She's not coming.

KATIE

(Joking)

Please start with the excuse already.

JACQUI

Come on, I just got here. There's a lot I need to fix before I can even sit down to study your adorable faces.

(Beat)

By the way, I brought a power generator to entertain our neighbors.

JOHN

There's a strict rule against alternative power during curfew.

JACQUI

Curfew? Not with me.

INT. HARPER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Candlelight immerses the room in an orange glow. The generator is buzzing. Still in uniform, Jacqui lays her finger on the MCB. Ready to turn on.

JOHN

(Joking)

Now should be a good time to grab the CO2 cups.

JACQUI

Still don't trust my electrical prowess?

JOHN

I'd expect it the same as when you 'fixed' my power adapters.

JACQUI

Let's see how it goes today.

She flicks the switch. Light. A struggling refrigerator buzzes. John lauds.

JOHN

Looks like Anna has competition.

He studies her SF uniform, locks on the 'Specialist Jacquilyn Harper' nametag.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Honey, that's SF.

JACQUI

Surprise number two.

His expression is blank. A long pause.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

I'm instead seeing disappointment and something else I can't figure out.

JOHN

Any father, including myself,
would be proud. It's just rotten
to feel left out.

JACQUI

The truth isn't something I can
split between the two of you.
Allow me to shower while mom
whips something up.

EXT. FOREST - REBEL BASE - NIGHT

Flickers of lightning and thunder. Barely raining. Bonfires
and tents are scattered on the clearance. Anna's Rebels,
armed and attentive, surround her.

ANNA

I hate to admit we are running
on a flimsy bridge... and it
could all go crumbling in an
instant. But if we fall, we fall
with the Black Wolf pride.

She scans the Rebels, smirks.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Lucky for us all, that's not an
option for me.

She reflects, smiles.

I did not have computerboards
and wires shoved inside my flesh
to simply go down as a
statistic. I have a pledge to my
country and I'll sure snatch
fish from a bear's mouth to
achieve it.

Silence. **LIGHTNING** claps. The skies open. Anna looks up.
All inspired and emotional.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We're gonna spend a night in the
rain for our children's sake...
for every patriot's sake... for
freedom. 31st January - the Prime
minister's inauguration - is the
day we settle this.

Silence. No agreement. No protests. She studies the Rebels.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Every day we run, we fuel their
hunger to kill each one of us.
And if it's our deaths they
want, they'll have them in
exchange for freedom.

CHANTS, CHEERS - everyone agrees. Anna shrugs, attention
returns to her.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Pyromaniac is all patched up.
Your alpha is ready for battle.
Go back to every sector, every
Black Wolf sub-base and let them
know... as of the 31st of
January, we are a free country--

(Pause)

--or a dead generation that
sought to make a difference.

INT. HARPER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dinner time - plates of rice and beans. John and Katie
watch Jacqui like a prized possession.

JACQUI

(In mid-
speech)

We all thought it'd be
revolutionary to incorporate
robotics with the military. But
you both might have guessed, the
test build escaped and is now
calling herself a militant. She
has a sorcerer's feet but I came
across her several times and
managed to briefly shut her
down.

Perfect silence. John stares, incredulous.

JOHN

You fought a real life cyborg?

JACQUI

Exactly.

A tense beat.

KATIE

Sweet mother of God.

JACQUI

But I'm a soldier of honor now.
Such threats are just another
day at the office.

KATIE

Goddamnit, I don't care,
whatever they've promoted you
to! I want you as far from it as
possible!

JACQUI

Only I and my team can stop this
threat. The longer we
procrastinate, the more likely
that bullets will be forced into
civilians.

JOHN

I'd like to hear your sister's
take on this.

Jacqui struggles. Plots. Lightbulb moment.

JACQUI

I haven't spoken to her about
it.

(Beat)

I just need your blessing. As
soon as I stop this holocaust, I
can retire... get married...
have kids of my own. I'm over 30
for earth's sake.

No response. A pair of unsatisfied parents.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

It's overwhelming. And it's eating me up way more than you imagine. Let's reschedule.

INT. JACQUI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A modest room. Jacqui sits at the edge of her bed, studying pictures in an album. A photo of herself and Anna as pre-teens covered in paint brings a smile to her face.

She flips more pages. Closes the album. Lays in bed, reminiscing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Katie is coiled up on the couch, clasping a cup of coffee. Jacqui enters.

KATIE

Not the time I expected you to rise, soldier-girl.

JACQUI

(Joking)

You should expect worse, for as long as I know I'm your responsibility.

A quick scan.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

Where's the old man?

KATIE

Call him that in his presence.

(Beat)

As usual... the doctor is in the 'radio hospital'.

(Beat)

Breakfast is a quarter mile run, dear.

JACQUI

At least after a couple of
minutes. I'm not that hungry.

She sits. Katie stares at her, aiming a question. A long
awkward pause.

KATIE

Why'd they choose you?

JACQUI

Hmm?

KATIE

Why is it you hunting the robot?

JACQUI

It's a cyborg.

KATIE

Whatever.

Jacqui goes silent. Nervous.

JACQUI

Mom, listen to me and do not say
a word until I tell you to.

KATIE

Right.

JACQUI

The cyborg used to be a normal
girl. A friend of mine. Their
experiments corrupted her. I
believe I can get through to
her, and if that fails, I have
the power to stop her.

Katie considers. She studies Jacqui.

KATIE

I have no idea what to say. Just
look me in the eye and tell me
you're ready for this.

JACQUI

I'm ready. More than ready.
Happy?

KATIE

I doubt I'll ever be until you
come back home.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

A confined junk-filled room. Piles of radio parts and other electronics. John solders on a computerboard. Jacqui walks in.

JACQUI

Dad, do you have a minute?

JOHN

Would I ever not?

He smiles, she's solemn. He pulls a towering metal chair for her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

JACQUI

No, thanks. I need to talk to
you and mom... now.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Grave and nervous. Perfect silence as Jacqui addresses John and Katie.

JACQUI

(In mid-
speech)

AIX allows me to do things a
normal soldier wouldn't be able
to do. For one, I can be shot a
couple thousand times before I'd
need to see a doctor... or a
mechanical engineer.

JOHN

That doesn't sound half as bad.

JACQUI

Actually, that's the good bit.
There are two sides to it.

(Pause)

I don't do things for myself. I
think of you guys and Anna.

(Beat)

Retiring as AIX gets me a
retirement package worth 14.7
million US Dollars, which is
like 13.4 million pounds, and I
did everything in power to be
the one in line for that.

Pause. John and Katie watch, lost, awed.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

While I trained for it, I heard
there was a test build... they
offered double the pay. And my
foolishness played into part.

(Pause)

I nominated Anna.

KATIE

What's that supposed to mean?

JACQUI

Anna agreed. The test build
worked. But she wasn't
interested in the money anymore.
She has a hunger for freedom.

(Pause)

Every murder, every act of
sabotage on the radio... that's
Anna.

Jacqui studies their deadpan faces, nervous.

KATIE

So, she isn't working abroad?

A long pause.

JACQUI

No.

Katie considers, overwhelmed with emotion.

KATIE

Where's my daughter?

JACQUI

Nobody knows, mom.

JOHN

(Unbelieving)

No.

Katie begins to weep.

JACQUI

Mom, please don't cry.

KATIE

What did you do to her?

JACQUI

I can't ever explain how much I regret. She didn't even want it in the first place. I shoved it right into her face... told her we'd fight for freedom.

(Pause)

She believed me.

Jacqui joins her in tears. John is frozen on the seat.

JOHN

And yet you chose to keep quiet about it.

JACQUI

What was I supposed to say? I turned my sister into a death bot? If this was easy on anybody, at least she'd have called you or visited.

A moment of tears. Jacqui calms. Katie wipes tears from her bloodshot eyes, unrelenting.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

The military will dance at her funeral. But I protest, knowing if I hunt her myself, nobody can hurt her. But she isn't doing me or herself any favors by persisting with her freedom bullcrap.

JOHN

I'm pressing charges against the bastards.

JACQUI

You can't. She signed as a legal adult and I approved.

KATIE

You said you encountered her a couple of times.

JACQUI

I'm sure you heard the assault on sector 5 last week. That was her. She shot me in my shoulder and twice in my leg.

KATIE

Oh, my God.

(Pause)

John, do something.

JACQUI

There's nothing either of you can do. I'll find Anna... we'll fake her death... we'll run her out of the country or whatever takes the heat off. I love her, mom, and I'll prove to you.

EXT. FOREST - REBEL BASE - DAY

Quiet. Peaceful. Wisps of smoke, drenched logs, caved tents - the downpour has shown who is boss.

The Rebels idle as if at a funeral. Anna sits on a spilt oil drum, scanning her rebels.

REBEL#1

(Handing Anna
an old
cellphone)

Careful with it. It's a collectable.

Anna laughs.

ANNA

For garbage collectors?

She receives the phone, wanders into the woods. Distance chats from the base and bird songs cancel out perfect silence. Anna dials.

INT. HARPER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

John peruses through a newspaper, Katie drowns deep in thought. **RING-RING-RING...** the phone on the wall rings.

Katie walks up to the phone, answers.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

Harper house, Mrs. Harper speaking.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Anna's face lights up.

ANNA

(Into phone)

Ms. Anna Harper calling.

INT. HARPER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Katie stammers, transfixed. She scans the room, holds the phone to mouthpiece level.

KATIE

(Sotto Voce)

Anna?

(Listens)

Honey, where are you?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Anna thinks. Struggles.

ANNA

Mom, listen, have you heard from Jacqui?

INT. HARPER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Pause. Katie plans her response.

KATIE

No.

(Listens)

We'd like nothing more than having you visit. When exactly?

(Listens)

Military operations take long, dear. I mean, you know your father's condition. He's okay today, tomorrow he might not wake up.

(Listens)

I understand, sweetie, but he needs you now. I'm sure your commanding officer will understand.

(Listens)

Perfect. He'll be pleased.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Anna smiles, blissful.

ANNA

I can't wait. Love you, mom.

(Listens)

You too.

She hangs up. Reflects. Unsure.

INT. HARPER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Katie sits, shifts near John.

KATIE

(Sotto voce)

It was Anna. She's coming.

JOHN

Is that good?

KATIE

Depends on how we handle it.
This isn't a federal case, it's
a family feud.

EXT. FOREST - REBEL BASE

Anna returns to base, meets Rebel#1, returns the phone.

ANNA

Now's a good time to burn it.

REBEL#1

And ruin good analogue
technology?

ANNA

Unless you want to ruin our new
home in the woods. It could be
wiretapped for all we know.

REBEL#1

Isn't it too late then?

ANNA

Nah... We're moving anyway. I
just don't want any calls
returned.

INT. JACQUI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

With her knees on the floor and elbows on the bed, Jacqui
bows her head.

JACQUI

(Praying)

Hail Mary, full of grace. The Lord is with you. You are blessed among women, and blessed is the fruit of your womb, Jesus. Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for my sins--

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK! She opens her eyes.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

It's open.

While she gets on her feet, Katie enters.

KATIE

I thought you'd be in bed by now.

JACQUI

No, I found Anna's diary from 10 years ago. I swear I was reading a stillborn bestselling memoir.

KATIE

Still could be.

They sit. Silence.

KATIE (CONT'D)

It's every parent's horror to assign a big problem to their children... and they don't come much bigger than this.

JACQUI

I know. And it's a horror show for me too. Every stupid thing I've ever done is for her sake. I fought, lied and bribed to get her into that suit. I wanted the wealth to remain in the family.

(Pause)

Come to think of it; all of this is my fault. But I don't deserve to be on my own sister's hit list.

KATIE

Don't beat yourself up about it.

JACQUI

I don't have to. She's physically and emotionally doing that for me. And this whole thing is killing me in more ways than one.

KATIE

You have my love and support, Jacquilyn. If I can ever help, I don't see why I won't.

(Beat)

Get some sleep. Another day, another box of headaches.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

John lays on the couch, waiting. Katie walks in.

KATIE

Anna's not showing, honey. Waiting is a waste of time.

John reads his wristwatch.

JOHN

30 minutes, max.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Rain plummets **LOUDLY** onto the window. Katie lays awake. Wrapped in a blanket. A book she gazes upon keeps her oblivious of someone standing at the entrance.

It's Anna, IN A MILITARY JACKET. Bottle of wine in her hands.

ANNA

I was almost giving up on
finding a host in here.

Katie gazes like she has seen a phantom.

KATIE

Anna?

She scurries out of bed. Excited as they embrace -
blissful.

KATIE (CONT'D)

I'm trying not to cry.

ANNA

No need to try.

(Beat)

I'm happy to see you too.

They hold on. Silence.

KATIE

You're a woman now.

ANNA

More like a big girl. I'm still
really young at heart. For one,
I still want you to make me
breakfast and wash my hair.

They separate. Watch each other.

KATIE

I'll look into that.

ANNA

I've been staring at a fire in
the chimney for a quarter of an
hour now. It's like a feisty
hula girl when you look hard
enough.

(Beat)

How is dad doing?

KATIE

He's alright. Probably started your hula girl. I stayed in to flip a couple pages after he went out to the garage.

ANNA

It seems I picked a wrong day to bring wine. It's freezing out there.

KATIE

It won't rain forever.

ANNA

Snow season, remember?

She receives the wine, skims the label.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, sweetie.

She places the bottle on a dresser.

A KNOCK. Katie's eyes pop open - startled.

JACQUI (O.S)

Mom, you're up?

Katie freezes, locks eyes with Anna. No answer.

ANNA

(Nervous)

Who's that?

ANOTHER KNOCK.

JACQUI (O.S)

Wake up, old bones. It's almost 10.

Anna steps back, confined.

KATIE

Anna, I called you here to settle things with your sister--

ANNA

I thought I could trust you.

A FINAL KNOCK. The door opens. Jacqui steps in. **BAM...** her eyes meet Anna's.

JACQUI

Mom, what is she doing here?

KATIE

She's here to bury the shells.

ANNA

(To Katie)

No. I'm here because you have the tongue of a freaking snake.

KATIE

Please calm down, Anna.

JACQUI

Don't ask her to calm down. She should be on her knees instead of throwing cusses.

ANNA

Stay out this, Jacqui!

JACQUI

Stay out what? Your disrespect of my mother?

ANNA

However the living hell you view it! I have no time to waste on either on you!

JACQUI

Throw one more word about mom, I'll teach you to put a lid on your trashcan!

ANNA

(Daring)

What are you gonna do? Huh?

Katie reaches her hand towards Anna's shoulder.

KATIE

Anna, honey--

ANNA

Don't touch me!

She blocks the hand. The strength that comes with rage sends Katie stumbling to her dresser. **CRASH!** Cosmetics spill.

Regret seizes Anna.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Mom, I'm sorry.

Jacqui watches Katie. She cannot believe this.

JACQUI

Did you just do that? DID YOU
JUST FREAKING DO THAT?

ANNA

FUCK OFF, JACQUI!

LIGHTNING... Jacqui gives Anna a satanic backhand. Anna doubles over, holds her chin. Her mouth bleeds.

KATIE

(Standing up)

Please don't hit her.

Anna breathes fire.

ANNA

I'll kill you!

JACQUI

Let's see you try.

Anna charges, pushes and pins Jacqui against the closed door. **SMACK...** a blows square on Jacqui's kisser. Jacqui replies.

Katie weeps.

KATIE

Jacqui, you have to stop this!

Anna **SWINGS**. Jacqui **BLOCKS, THUMPS** her fist onto Anna's cheek born. Anna staggers.

Katie manages to hold Jacqui's hand - restraining. Anna springs back up. Lands a **JAW-CRUSHER**.

Jacqui slips her hand out Katie's hold, blocks a blow from Anna and lands a **STINGING HAYMAKER**. Anna steps back, dazed.

Katie scampers out of the room, tears flowing.

KATIE (O.S)

John! John!

Jacqui and Anna circle each other.

JACQUI

Why are you making me do this to you?

(Pause)

You're hurting me, Anna.

ANNA

Good to know.

Anna charges. **SWINGS, MISSES**. Jacqui's **BLOWS** are accurate. She obviously better trained.

Anna loses her bearings. Jacqui clasps her throat. Pins her against the wall.

JACQUI

What's wrong with you?

Anna smirks, blood on her teeth.

ANNA

Independence will look so much better written in your blood.

A bolt of rage thunders through Jacqui.

JACQUI

I've eaten enough of your shit.

Jacqui **STRIKES**. Anna grunts in agony. Jacqui throws her to the floor and **POUNDS HER FACE;**

ONE...

JACQUI (CONT'D)

I risk my life to save yours.

TWO...

JACQUI (CONT'D)

My head explodes trying to get you safety and you thank me by being a little bitch.

THREE...

JACQUI (CONT'D)

You've made mom cry enough.

FOUR...

JACQUI (CONT'D)

For every soldier you've killed...

FIVE...

JACQUI (CONT'D)

For Andrew and Atkinson rotting in prison because of you.

Jacqui calms, relieved. Anna's strength is on zero. She only mumbles some words, smirks.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

Sleep, Anna, you're safe now.

Jacqui lays her down.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

Mom! Get me a phone!

No response.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

Mom!

She stands to leave... reconsiders... leaves anyway.

Anna reaches into her jacket, pulls out a pistol.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacqui darts down the stairs. Stabs the buttons on the wall phone. **BLAM!** The door flies open. Jacqui checks. It is John and Katie scurrying in.

JOHN

WHERE IS SHE?

Anna appears, descending the steps. Battered, casual.

ANNA

Step away from the phone.

Jacqui freezes, phone in hand. John and Katie watch Anna descend with her pistol aimed at Jacqui.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Don't try me, Jacqui... STEP
AWAY FROM THE PHONE!

Katie sobs.

KATIE

Jacqui, please, listen to her.

JOHN

(To Anna)

Anna... darling...

Anna stands on the ground floor, gives John a lengthy look - remorseful. She looks back at Jacqui.

ANNA

I swear I'll feed you a bullet
if you make that call.

John waves Anna to put the gun down.

JOHN

(Gasping)

Anna... Anna...

John's breath gets harder. His eyes roll back. He tumbles backwards - it's a heart attack. Katie tries to catch him, fails.

KATIE

No!

She kneels. Cries. She lightly taps his cheek to wake him up. Nothing.

KATIE (CONT'D)

He'll be dead if we don't do something right now!

Jacqui dials.

ANNA

Jacqui, I'm warning you!

JACQUI

Kill me like you're about to do to dad!

Anna lowers the gun. Looks around clueless.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

(Into phone)

Specialist Jacquilyn Harper requesting SF field EMS. I have a man down. Possible cardiac arrest. Trace code 555 for coordinates.

ANNA

Mom! I'm sorry... I have to go.

KATIE

No, Anna.

JACQUI

Let her go! She has done enough.

Completely ignoring Anna, Jacqui hurries to John - investigating.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

(To Katie)

SF EMS is lightning fast. They won't queue him.

BANG! The front door shuts. Anna is gone.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

John lays in bed, comatose. Jacqui and Katie look down at him, gloomy.

JACQUI

Those guys have brought soldiers from the afterlife, plus dad is a toughie. He'll wake.

KATIE

He's been in worse. It's a shame I can't say the same about what caused it.

A long pause.

JACQUI

We're literally children from hell, aren't we?

Katie swallows her response, avoids eye contact.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

I've always been afraid of something like this, but I didn't think staying away was adding coals to the flame.

(Pause)

I'll be leaving tomorrow.

Katie studies her, deadpan.

KATIE

What are you gonna do to her?

JACQUI

Anna has left me no choice.

Katie gasps, shocked.

KATIE

Are you gonna...

JACQUI

No. I'd rather see my loathing
sister behind bars than lay
wreaths on her headstone.

Katie combs her fingers through her hair, almost breaking
down.

KATIE

She's safer there, isn't she?

JACQUI

I believe it's the only place we
can say that about.

Katie considers. An awkward moment silence.

KATIE

Jacquilyn... isn't her fight for
freedom something you can alter
positively?

Jacqui stares, weighs her response.

JACQUI

Some stones are better left
unturned.

Silence.

KATIE

You think so?

JACQUI

Mom, a cyberwar is just a few
international injustices away.
But what's to worry about when
you have a joint US-British
colony to fight for you.

(Beat)

We don't stand a chance on our
own.

KATIE

So, to a degree, stopping your
sister will secure your job,
should the war start today?

Jacqui considers, defeated.

JACQUI

Yes.

INT. SECRET SERVICE HQ - GOLDMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A very grand room. MARY-ANN GOLDMAN (40s), an elegantly
dressed grave woman sits at the table. She is the Secret
service director. Jacqui, dressed in her SF gear, takes a
sits across her.

GOLDMAN

I got a carbon copy of your
latest Black Wolf report. It
makes me want to offer you every
bit of help I can afford.

JACQUI

That's why I'm here. And the
plot thickens with the massacre
scare.

GOLDMAN

What do you propose?

JACQUI

I want the inauguration called
off.

Goldman considers, skeptical.

GOLDMAN

That's how to lose power as a
government - when you start
bending to rebels.

JACQUI

The crowd is my concern, not the
event.

GOLDMAN

Specialist, it'll only be a waiting game, if we halt the ceremony. They'll wait until we can gather and then strike. My suggestion is to eliminate the threat once and for all.

(Beat)

We should be thinking of tightening our security and making sure they don't slip out of our hands.

EXT. CITY - METROPOLIS - GLOOMY DAY

Snow - like confetti from the heavens. Emptiness. Shattered glass, corroding metal, and seared cars.

SIRENS HOWLING. A convoy **DARTS** through the street - TWO MOTORCYCLE COPS lead an SUV. An armored truck follows and is trialed by another SUV and a final PAIR OF MOTORCYCLE COPS.

Above them, A DRONE buzzes, tracking their movement.

BANG-BANG! The leading Motorcycle cops take non-lethal shots. They are both thrown off their bikes. The rest of the convoy comes to a **SCREECHING HALT**.

A long nervous pause. The fallen Motorcycle cops, return to their feet, scoping the street with their weapons aimed. Nothing.

MOTORCYCLE COP#1

Take cover!

Too late. **KRRRRRRRRRR!** A rain of bullets comes from the skies and then silence.

The vehicles are undamaged. The Motorcycle cops remain on their feet, returning fire to the empty skies.

The drone aims at the leading Motorcycle cops again. **KRRRRR!** A demonic downpour of micro-bullets. Stray micro-bullets spark as they ricochet off the asphalt. Destruction. The two cops are dead in a matter of nanoseconds.

INT. SF COMMAND CENTER - JACQUI'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacqui sits idly, a coffee mug in her hand. The radio on her table buzzes.

DISPATCHER (O.S)

Spider web is under automatic gunfire, 9 o'clock of Bluebird City. Unknown number of suspects. Requesting immediate back-up.

Jacqui almost chokes on her coffee. She wears her headset, turns it on.

JACQUI

Requesting immediately delivery of AIX.

She scurries out of her seat.

BRUCE (O.S)

(Filtered)

Mobile unit minutes away from pirate attack. Permission to proceed.

JACQUI

Granted. Back anti-riot and possibly SWAT too. We'll meet on my call.

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

A HOARD OF BLACK WOLF REBELS appear, blocking the road as they face off with the idling vehicles. They wear black masks, each with a jaw print of a grotesque beast.

The sky goes orange - a deluge of Molotov.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

An intense looking TRUCK DRIVER (50s), pulls a corded CB radio. His CO-DRIVER (50s) looks on, nervous.

TRUCK DRIVER

(Into CB)

Buzz shock, prepare shield.

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

The motorcycle cops peel away from the convoy ... dart towards the REBELS. They open fire.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

TRUCK DRIVER

(Into CB)

Rhino, give me space and cover... I'm turning around.

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

BANG... BANG... BANG... The Rebels return fire at the Motorcycle cops, throwing them off the mechanical beasts. They both die.

The SUV's headlights go on. Tires **SCREECH. HEAVE** forward. Molotov **CRASH** on the windshield. No damage.

The other SUV **SPRINGS** from behind the truck, the passengers shoot at the Rebels. They kill some, miss some.

The armored truck **SCREECHES, SKIDS** before **SPEEDING** backwards ... forcing a U-turn which **SLANTS** it, one side of wheels all in the air.

INT. ARMoured TRUCK - CANOPY - SAME TIME - DAY

PRISONERS tied to chains dangling from the roof wobble and almost spill, but for the chains holding them. One of the prisoners is Andrew.

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

The truck completes the turn, speeds on.

The leading SUV **CUTS THROUGH** the Rebels, knocking most of them to their deaths.

It doesn't get far past. **BOOM!!!** A SUICIDE BOMBER minces himself, sending the car twirling before it lands on its head. On fire.

The other SUV stops in proximity, exchanging fire with the Rebels. Molotov overwhelms, the SUV catches fire. The PASSENGERS jump ship, take cover behind the burning vehicle as they scan for an alternative.

KRRRR... KRRRRR... From the drone hovering above them.
Dead.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

The Truck Driver and his Co-Driver remain in nervous silence, quickly glancing into the side mirrors every now and then.

Someone - or something - blocks the road. It's a silhouette of a human being. The Truck Driver **PUNCHES** the horn.

CO-DRIVER

Run it over.

TRUCK DRIVER

No shit. It could blow us to bits for all we know.

CO-DRIVER

Fuck, we're bulletproof.

TRUCK DRIVER

Does that look like a bullet to you?

They advance, the figure on the road doesn't move. It is a human. Nothing over twenty meters, he **FLOORS** the brake. The truck idles. Silence. He rolls down the window.

TRUCK DRIVER

Get the fuck out of the way, you retarded piece of shit!

The figure looks up. It's Anna. She smirks.

The Truck Driver and his Co-Driver exchange stares.

Anna **LURCHES** like a mechanical prey mantis and sticks clean on the windshield. The Truck Driver and His Co-Driver jump in fear.

She studies them. **SMASH!** A punch clean through the bulletproof windshield sends shards like sugar pouring on them.

ANNA

I should get the fuck out the way? How about you get the fuck out of my country?

She aims one arm at the Truck Driver, ready to fire from her wrist unit. The co-driver watches the technology on her with awe and fear. His eyes lock on a fresh print; "Pyromaniac II".

ANNA (CONT'D)

If I were either of you, I'd start running right about now.

They remain frozen. She starts a small blue flame. **WHEEZING** like a tire puncture.

CO-DRIVER

I have a wife and an epileptic kid. I need this job.

ANNA

We wouldn't wanna give them a funeral now, would we?

He shakes his head. Anna wipes off the grin, gives them both a look of pure evil.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Run.

The doors fly open, the Truck Driver and his Co-driver **SCAMPER**. Anna enters through the windshield cavity. She scans the overwhelming controls.

DISPATCHER (O.S)

(Filtered)

Spider web, please update.

Anna grabs the CB radio.

ANNA

(Into CB)

Uh... Spider web isn't available right now. Please leave a message and I might deliver if I'll run into him again.

The dispatcher goes dead silent. Anna gears into drive, the truck jumps. She **SLAMS** the brake, struggling to control it.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Holy macaroni.

She tries again, gets some momentum going. She gives the side mirror a fleeting look. A hi-tech motorbike **MISSILES** towards her.

The motorbike **SHOOTS** past the truck and drifts to a stop in the truck's path. The rider is AIX Jacqui.

The needle on the truck's speedometer keeps rising. AIX Jacqui heaves her bike out of the way - scampering. The truck **FLIES** past.

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

The truck is ahead of AIX Jacqui's bike. The bike **WHIZZES** forward again, past the truck and leads it. AIX Jacqui pushes a button on the handle. **CLING-CLING-CLING...** a bunch of silver coins offload from her bike.

AIX Jacqui **SPEEDS UP**.

As the truck runs over the coins... **BOOOOOOOM!!!** A ball of fire sends the truck **FLYING** a couple of feet off the ground. It **WIGGLES** and **BOUNCES**, losing control. Anna regains control. Drives on, oblivious of another batch of coins.

BOOOOOOOOOM!!! The truck jumps again.

INT. ARMOURED TRUCK - CANOPY - SAME TIME - DAY

Prisoners are in disarray. They are thrown back and forth.

EXT. METROPOLIS - DAY

The truck survives the flames. It roars on.

INT. ARMORED TRUCK - DAY

Anna battles the steering wheel. **HEADS UP!** AIX Jacqui is in her way again, guns pointed straight at the truck.

BANG! BANG! AIX Jacqui hits something but it isn't Anna. Fear overwhelms Anna.

ANNA

Oh, shit!

She **SLAMS** the breaks again. The truck goes snaking on the icy road. It drifts sideways and then then tips. **BLAM!!!** It falls on its driver's side.

Calmness. AIX Jacqui's bike **HUMS** idle. She removes her helmet, stays on the bike - watching the fallen truck.

A tense moment of silence.

AIX Jacqui steps off the bike. She investigates the truck, climbs to passenger's side. She grips onto the door and pulls it out cleanly. She peeps in. **WHOOOOOSH! A FLAME** comes **SWIRLING** at her.

AIX Jacqui staggers, trips and falls back to the asphalt. Anna climbs out. Stands over her.

AIX Jacqui reaches for a hi-tech pistol on her thigh strap. With a punch, AIX Jacqui drops it.

Anna grabs it and pushes the muzzle up against AIX Jacqui's forehead. AIX Jacqui doesn't react. Anna gives the gun a study.

ANNA (CONT'D)

This is a TEMITE... Let's hope
it works on you.

In a matter of seconds. The truck **SHRIEKS**. There's a gas leak. Anna looks. The gun is snatched.

AIX Jacqui springs up, aims. Lightning quick reflexes, Anna backhands the gun, it goes sliding on the road.

TAKA-TAKA-TAKA... she shoots at AIX Jacqui from her wrist units. AIX Jacqui is hit but undamaged, she grabs Anna by the wrist and pulls her into a **BLOW**.

Anna doubles over. **SLAM...** a roundhouse kick sends her twisting in midair before she falls.

AIX JACQUI

(Into
mouthpiece)

Potential bust. Let's converge
immediately.

BRUCE (O.S)

(Filtered)

Rodger that.

Anna stands, arrogant.

ANNA

Potential busted for jaw you,
yes.

AIX JACQUI

I have time to play. Show me
what you've got, soldier--

In quick succession; Anna strikes. Jacqui catches the punch. Anna **SCREAMS** as AIX Jacqui sends **A BUZZING BOLT OF ELECTRICITY** through her. Jacqui lets her fall to the ground.

Anna reaches onto her bootstrap, grabs a knife and PANGS it into AIX Jacqui's leg. She springs up. AIX Jacqui charges, swings. Anna blocks, sinking her knife right into the inside of AIX Jacqui's wrist.

AIX Jacqui clutches the opening, it bleeds. Anna punches AIX Jacqui square on the nose. She staggers, Anna blows a **PUFF OF FLAMES**, engulfs her. Her skin is immune, her suit begins to flake. The flame dies, with a final blow, AIX Jacqui crumbles. Stays down, gasping for air.

Anna hurries to the back of the truck, drills bullets onto the locks on the canopy doors. She opens.

ANNA

Hope you had a fun ride.

The spilt Prisoners watch her, shook.

ANDREW

You freaking psycho. Isn't Earth
good enough for you to live on?

ANNA

You owe me... big time.

She **HURDLES** in, grabs the chain tied around Andrew's wrist and pulls it apart with ease.

PRISONER#1

You're not gonna leave us, are you?

ANNA

Depends on how long you're willing to wait.

(Beat)

Come on, Andrew.

She helps Andrew out. Andrew locates AIX Jacqui laying down - in agony.

ANDREW

Is that Jacqui?

ANNA

It doesn't matter. You know where to go.

ANDREW

Is she--

ANNA

Andrew, beat it... By the way, did I miss Atkinson?

ANDREW

Nah, he's still chained to a bed.

ANNA

You sold me out me out, you son of a bitch. Run before I throw back in the trailer.

ANDREW

I sold Atkinson out, not you. And yeah, I missed and love you too.

He grabs her hand and kisses her. Runs off.

Anna walks back to AIX Jacqui.

BRUCE (O.S)

(Filtered)

*Target acquired. Ready to launch
TEMITE at your call.*

AIX JACQUI

About freaking time.

Anna pauses. Senses danger. She scans the street. Nothing.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

Get on your knees, Anna. There's
nowhere to run.

AIX Jacqui gets on her feet, highhanded.

A rumbling fills the air. Her SF team's bus emerges from behind and drives on. Parks right behind her. Anna faces off with Jacqui and a bus of Ten Specialist Officers.

A long stalemate. Silence.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

I'm placing you under military
arrest for domestic terrorism.
Get on your knees!

A long pause. Anna smirks.

ANNA

I'd rather die.

AIX JACQUI

ONE!

Anna aims her wrist weapons at Aix Jacqui.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

TWO!

A FLAME STARTS on Anna wrist unit.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

THREE!

Pause.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

NOW!

BANG! A dart lodges into Anna's shoulder. She **SCREAMS** in agony. Falls to her knees. Her suit buzzes on and off - malfunctioning.

AIX Jacqui holds her hand up; "halt."

Anna pulls out the dart. Chucks it away.

ANNA

Can't you arrest me in a less painful way?

AIX JACQUI

(Into
mouthpiece)

Prepare a blackout shot.

ANNA

Please don't.

AIX Jacqui shrugs. Her team, including Bruce, exit the bus, surrounds Anna. Anna finally looks nervous.

She points her wrist unit to her head.

AIX JACQUI

(Pleading)

Don't! You'll kill both of our parents if you do that.

Tears fill Anna's eyes. Helpless.

A scanner dangling off Bruce's belt beeps on a crescendo like a speed camera.

BRUCE

Threat detected! Above or below!
Take cover.

KRRRR-KRRRRR-KRRRRR... before anyone can even spot the drone. The gleaming **RAIN OF METAL POURS** upon seven of the Specialist Officers. AIX Jacqui remains standing. The shots stop.

Three of her ten Officers duck on the side of the bus, still exposed to aerial threats.

AIX Jacqui scans the casualties, spots Bruce gouching in agony. Fear fills her. She hurries to his aid.

Anna falls, comatose from the dart.

AIX JACQUI

(Into
mouthpiece)

Cancel that code 8 request. We
need immediate back-up and EMS.
REPEAT, IMMEDIATE BACK-UP AND
EMS! MULTIPLE OFFICERS DOWN!

A van speeds onto the street, AIX Jacqui studies it.

AIX JACQUI (CONT'D)

(To surviving
SF)

Get down!

The Passengers in the van open fire. Jacqui drags Bruce away.

The van stops, doors open. FOUR MASKED REBELS exchange fire with the Officers. Andrew steps out the van, spots Anna laying inertly. Fury overtakes him. He pulls out a pistol and joins in the firing at the outnumbered officers.

SIRENS HOWL from a distance.

ANDREW

(To: masked
rebels)

Cover me!

The Masked Rebels increase the heat of the assault. Andrew sneaks under the barrage of bullets. Drags Anna away. AIX Jacqui watches helplessly as she holds Bruce up on her lap.

ANDREW

(Dragging Anna
past the
masked rebels)

Let's run!

Still firing, the rebels back off. **SCREECH** away in reverse. A sneak shot from a surviving officer shatters the windshield and kills the passenger. They escape anyway.

INT. MILITARY CAMP HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Open ward. Lots of beds and patients. Machines beeping, chatter and patients grunting in pain.

Jacqui sits on a stool - bedside. Bruce lays awake, battered and bruised. Jacqui fidgets with his hand.

JACQUI

I had a meeting with the director. Apparently, Anna isn't my concern anymore.

BRUCE

We couldn't get any closer. You and your sister are mysteries.

Jacqui considers.

JACQUI

I thought my life was enough of a nightmare already. If only she sat her ass down for a second to listen...

BRUCE

Don't pull out your hair, Jacqui. I haven't seen bravado like yours in a human being. I mean, who tackles the whole army aside to keep the mission to themselves? Nobody can survive half of what you've been through.

JACQUI

It's all for nothing if they mince her to bits in the end.

Bruce considers.

BRUCE

You know... I kind of want her to succeed. She kinda is a hero in my book. No matter what happens to her in the end.

JACQUI

You're obviously dazed... her drone just lodged three bullets into your ribcage.

BRUCE

I paid the price of standing in the way of independence. Something she's been warning you against.

A long pause. Jacqui considers.

JACQUI

I've heard that 'independence' word so many times at the wrong moments I'm beginning to hate it.

(Pause)

I can't let them kill her. All she's done is my fault anyway--

BRUCE

Jacqui... step off the coals. Pick a side and stick to it.

A long beat. Jacqui drowns in thought.

JACQUI

I believe I have.

Bruce smiles.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

You should get some rest.

BRUCE

And let you leave? No way.

JACQUI

Shush... you need it.

She gets off her sit and kisses him lightly. She stares, flicks his hair back - admiring. His face lights up.

A woman speaks amid showers through a radio in the hands of a WOUNDED SOLDIERS. The woman on the radio is LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR CAMPBELL.

Bruce listens to the subtle message.

BRUCE

Hey... can you turn that up?

The Wounded Soldiers hands the radio over to Jacqui, she turns up the volume.

L.G CAMPBELL

(Filtered, in
mid-speech)

--acts which not only make this country a danger to live in, but an unconducive work environment for our brothers and sisters in arms.

(Pause)

We've lost nearly half a thousand lives--

EXT. FOREST - REBEL BASE - NIGHT

The rebels surround bonfires. Anna sits on a log, gazing into the flame as the radio plays;

L.G CAMPBELL

--at the hands of these terrorist and we, as a military, are doing all that we can to curb this before it gets out of hand. We urge you, our peace-loving citizens, to remain indoors and pray the peace of God be with us through this trying period.

(Pause)

*God bless the Queen, God bless
America and God bless the Isle
of Man.*

No reaction. The base falls into an abyss of silence.

JACQUI (V.O)

*The burns on AIX were deep. Two
weeks minimum to fix. But she
won't wait that long. Until
then, I'll do everything in my
natural power to keep her alive.
Anna isn't dying... not on my
watch.*

Silence. The rebels exchange looks. Anna holds her head as if she has a headache, Andrew looks on.

ANDREW

You alright?

ANNA

There's a million other things
I'd rather be shot with than the
TEMITE.

ANDREW

I'd be sympathetic if I knew
what on earth the 'TEMITE' is.

ANNA

Temporary Electro-Magnetic
Interference Trance Elevator.
The spine-tingling chill of ice
stops a mechanical heart in a
matter of seconds.

A long pause. She stands.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(Announcing)

Listen up!

Pause. They gather around.

ANNA (CONT'D)

We've escaped enough! We've lost enough of our freedom fighters and yet we're still called monsters. That's about to change. To hell with the inauguration. Today is the day the world changes for good.

She scans the group.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Set your priorities straight right now. Will you bleed for the safety of your people? Will you die for your people? Will you kill for your people?

(Pause)

If you stand with the Black Wolves, you didn't say no to any of those questions. Brace yourselves, we go at dawn... on the day it rains blood.

INT. MILITARY CAMP HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Bruce lays peacefully, Jacqui leans on the bed - sleeping seated of the stool. The ward is drenched in silence.

EXT. STATE HOUSE - DAWN

The sun is barely out. There's a blackout. Only State House gleams in the darkness, its lights blinding. A carpet of snow blankets the roofs and the front lawn.

The architectural masterpiece rises center of a paradise-esque compound surrounded by a metal bar fence. A grand staircase stares straight at the gate.

EXT. CAPITAL CITY - STREETS - DAWN

THE MOTHER OF ALL MOBS. The entire group of masked Black Wolves, armed with Assault rifles, charge through the streets. Cheering like a downpour. Andrew leads.

INT. MILITARY CAMP HOSPITAL - SAME TIME - DAWN

Jacqui awakes. Checks the time on a wristwatch. It says "4:33". She studies a blinking red light on the watch, apprehensive.

She searches herself. Wears the headset. Clicks the button. Listens. Bruce awakens.

JACQUI

Shit!

Jacqui stands to leave in a hurry, oblivious of Bruce.

BRUCE

Where you going?

JACQUI

It's a private call. Code Red
Dawn.

Bruce tries to sit up - it hurts.

BRUCE

Look what she did now.

EXT. CAPITAL CITY - STREETS - DAY

The rebels have state house in sight. Behind all of them, Anna follows at a casual pace. She is not armed - she's a freaking mechanical beast herself in her pyro-exoskeleton.

INT. STATE HOUSE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

A siren is howling. Men and women in suits scamper for safety. SECRET SERVICE OFFICERS maintain their aplomb as they gear up and man their posts.

A mountain of roiling muscle descends down the stairs. His name is JAMES BLAKE (40s, bald), the state house security coordinator. He wears full military gear and armor.

He clicks the button on his headset.

JAMES

(Into headset)

Archers in position?

EXT. STATE HOUSE - ROOFTOP - DAY

Cold and hazy, snow plummets relentlessly. SNIPERS aim their rifles at the approaching crowd. In the b.g, security officers lay javelin launchers onto their shoulders, aiming.

SNIPER#1

Affirmative, locked and loaded.

JAMES (O.S)

(Filtered)

Alright archers, make me a human salad. Show our guests how we play around here.

BOOM! A deafening sound of the sniper rifle shot reverberates through the air. It's the first of many. **BOOM... BOOM... BOOM...** chaos within the rebels as they take fire.

TAKA-TAKA-TAKA-TAKA-TAKA... the rebels return fire.

A Security officer locks his javelin launcher onto the crowd, his finger barely touches the trigger. He looks up, gazes into the face of death - an armed drone stares right down at him.

SECURITY OFFICER#1

Heads up!

KRRR... KRRR... KRRRRRRRRR... the drone showers him with bullets. Another officer with a javelin, locks on to it. **CLICK... WOOSH...** he fires. The javelin leaves a beautiful trail of smoke. **BOOOOM!!!** Blows the little fucker into smithereens.

While shiny shards rain from the fireball, he feeds the launcher again. Locks onto the ground. **CLICK... WOOOSH...** the javelin flies at the rebels at blistering pace, crashes into the ground and blows flesh to bits.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Anna's watches, her fury is unusually calm. **SCREAMS** fill the air as her black wolves are roasted and butchered. Her walk turns into a trot... then a sprint... she **DARTS** through the rebels... mechanically fast.

She shoots out of the crowd, approaching the closed state house gate. Bullets and javelins fly her way both from ahead and behind but she ignores.

Above her, a pair of drones buzz by - heading towards state house.

Anna nears the gate. Secret Service officers shoot at her from the grand staircase. She **LEAPS** like a frog from the pits of hell and clears the gate.

She aims her wrist units at the Secret Service Officers on the staircase. Some of their bullets deflect off her the metal on her skin, MOST OF THEM BOUNCES OFF HER SKIN - straight shots, some miss her...

Above her, the two drones exchange fire with the rooftop officers.

KRRRRRRRRRR... her spray of micro-bullets sends some of the Secret Service to their deaths. The light-footed ones hide behind pillars. Her wrist unit transforms... **BANG!** Whatever it is she has just shot knocks half the pillar off.

She climbs the grand staircase. **BANG! BANG! BANG!** Her heavy metal bullets send the rest of the officers to the afterlife.

She stands before the shut French doors, scans them.

The biggest flame she's blown yet engulfs the door. A dark puff of smoke rises as embers crumble down. She walks right through them.

INT. STATE HOUSE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

There's an officer on every corner shooting at her. SHE TAKES THE BULLETS, only grunting when they hit. THE BULLETS ARE BLUNT TO HER HARDENED SKIN AND FLESH.

She **SHOWERS** the shooters with micro-bullets. They keep coming. She blows flame at them. The wooden staircase only smokes. The bells set off. The ceilings shower.

Her attackers cease. Anna pants, exhausted. There's an unusual calmness, only the sound of distant shots break in.

Anna listens, scanning the room - tense. **THUP... THUP!** Two silenced shots hit her shoulder, she staggers - hurt.

She scans, spots James on the stairs, taking cover behind pillars.

KRRRRRRRR... she returns fire, hits the pillar and the wall. A cloud of dust blankets him like a swarm of bees and then... silence.

James fans the dust with his hand, slowly it clears. In an instant, A PHANTOM; a silhouette turns into Anna. Standing right in front of him. He lifts his weapon to fire. With

lightning quick reflexes, she backhands the gun, sending it propelling to the ground floor.

She raises her wrist units to his face. Gasp - a bolt of fear thunders through him.

CLICK-CLICK-CLICK... her bullets are out. Without delay, she grabs him by his bulletproof vest and chucks him towards the ground floor. **THUD!**

She climbs down the stairs.

James pushes himself off the ground, struggles on the wet surface. The instant he stands... **BLAM!** A punch straight to his face. Her strength is immense. He **HEAVES** backwards, rolls.

Anna grabs him by the vest again.

ANNA

Where is she?

He unsheathes a penknife and sinks it into the side of her neck. She lets him go. He pulls out the knife, stands. Ready for a fist fight.

She studies him. Steady. He holds the knife up as he taunts her.

He lurches, aiming to sink the knife into her shoulder. She **BLOCKS. THUMPS** him a **GUT-BUSTER**. He coughs. Her hand stays pushing into his gut... **SLING!** A stake distends from her wrist unit, impales his stomach.

He kneels - his mouth right in position for her to **CRASH** her knee against it. He spits blood, falls like a ragdoll.

She grabs his vest yet again. Studies his face.

ANNA

You know my bullets are just an alternative? So, you can tell me where she is and I'll leave you here to bleed to your death or you can suffer hell twice.

James struggles, smirks.

JAMES

Like a match in the shower, genius?

Anna claps his throat. Squeezes. Killer in her eyes. He stares in them beseechingly, she squeezes harder - mechanical. Life leaves him. His lifeless body falls.

EXT. STREET - STATE HOUSE - DAY

The gate keeps the surviving rebels at bay. A holocaust... the road is tainted with bloody casualties and more still taking lethal shots. Andrew takes cover behind a statue.

ANDREW

ABORT! ABORT!

A nearby rebel (female) glares at him.

FEMALE REBEL

Anna's in there!

ANDREW

She should be the least of your concerns. She'll make it out. Wish I could say the same about us.

FEMALE REBEL

You're out of your freaking mind, fraidy-cat! Go! Run... like she didn't save your ass from prison!

The Special Forces bus rumbles through the street. It **MOWS** through the rebels blocking the road.

INT. SPECIAL FORCES BUS - DAY

Jacqui, in her SF gear, and a NEW TEAM OF SPECIAL FORCES hang on draping supports.

JACQUI

(Into
mouthpiece)

Box command, this is SF.
Requesting immediate clearance
to enter.

RADIO VOICE (O.S)

(Filtered)

Denied. Nothing comes in. Risk level over the roof.

INT. STATE HOUSE - HALLWAYS - DAY

Anna runs forward, stops, surveys, returns - lost. Secret Service Officers emerge of every corner, take a flame bath.

EXT. STATE HOUSE - DAY

The Special Forces bus roars on a crescendo as it nears the gate. **BLAM!** It runs clean through the gate. The gates flies towards the grand staircase as the bus comes to a **SCREECHING HALT.**

The rebels pour in, still getting shots from the rooftop.

INT. STATE HOUSE - CENTRAL MILITARY COMMAND - DAY

A vast space. Grand table. EIGHT MEN AND WOMEN, the military elite (generals), watch the massive screen where the attack plays live.

BANG! The massive metal door to the room draws their attention. Silence. **BANG AGAIN!** More silence. **ONE MORE BANG!** And more silence.

Though it seems unbreakable, they pull out pistols and aim towards it. Silence. Tense.

A MECHANICAL CREAK, the door **THROBS** twice. The weapons in the hands of the generals tremble. Silence again. A long nervous pause.

BANG! The sound of an oil barrel. The door **CREAKS** and then falls clean off the hinges and locks.

BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG-BANG! They fire at nothing. A lanky old man holds his hand up. The shots stop.

ANNA (O.S)

Can I come in now?

They tense.

CLING-CLING-CLING... a grenade rolls in. The generals scamper, take cover. Anna walks in.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Relax... the pin stayed.

(Beat)

Can you believe I don't plan on killing any of you?

Silence.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Unless you wanna play hide and seek. Losers get cooked.

She laughs alone.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Seriously, I'm not gonna kill you. It's only a chat with you guys I want.

No response.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Oh, well... I have enough firepower for all of you.

One by one they pop up, hands up in submission.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Now we're getting somewhere.

(Beat)

Now, I'm looking for one Lieutenant Governor Campbell.

INT. STATE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Two Secret Service Officers sneak towards the Central Military Command door. They stop by the door. Only the wall stands between them and Anna.

On the opposite side, Jacqui **HURRIES** forward. She's armed with her custom shotgun.

The officers spot her. She quickly pulls out and displays her ID. She crouches on the other side of the door.

One of the officers peers in, aiming his weapon at Anna's head. Jacqui tenses.

INT. CENTRAL MILITARY COMMAND - DAY

Anna scans the generals. Their eyes shoot past her, gazing at the weapon pointing at her head. Anna is oblivious.

ANNA

(In mid-speech)

--I wish to thank you for lending us your unique brand of protection. It's been an agonizing half-a-decade to watch and live through. I'm sure there are other countries upon which you can foist your protection, but ours is no longer one of them.

BANG!!! The generals shudder. **ANOTHER BANG!**

INT. STATE HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The two Secret Service officers fall to their deaths. Jacqui's shotgun still smoking.

She walks into:

INT. CENTRAL MILITARY COMMAND - DAY

The generals and Anna watch her as if they've seen a ghost. No regret is written on her face.

JACQUI

Anna, shut up and listen.

She reaches into her pocket, grabs her ID and a map. Hands them to Anna.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

Kill only those that threaten you.

ANNA

The whole army, in this case?

Jacqui remains deadpan. Anna smiles at her, scans the map. Leaves.

The questioning gazes of the generals send Jacqui into thought. She avoids eye contact.

Anna turns up again.

ANNA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Jacqui.

She salutes. Jacqui salutes back.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Silence, as if in a deserted building. Anna charges through. She finds a T-corner. Scans the map. Makes her choice. Proceeds.

She comes to a metal door with a computer console - like an ATM. She inserts Jacqui's ID card. The computer displays a loading screen. "ACCEPTED." It shows Jacqui's details, including an ID photo. "KEY IN PASSWORD."

Anna struggles, looks around. Flips the map. There are nine boxes made of dots corresponding to each number of the numpad, 1 - 9. In each box, a random dot is shaded - an easy cypher.

She keys in the numbers on the computer console's numpad in correspondence with the dots on the back of the map.

INT. STATE HOUSE - PANIC ROOM - DAY

A large stately room of metal and florescent lighting. A comfy couch gives the room a living room feel. A large wall screen hangs atop an ocean of keys and knobs. A TECHNICIAN listens through headset as he runs his fingers on the keys, gazing on a map beaming through the screen.

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR CAMPBELL, (40s) deadpan disposition, sits on the couch. Tense, deep in thought. TWO LARGE BODY GUARDS stand behind her. FOUR SECRET SERVICE OFFICERS man every corner.

The technician turns.

TECHNICIAN

We've just received a case of
mutiny.

L.G CAMPBELL

Oh, my God.

The large steel door **HOWLS** as it **SLIDES** to the side. In lightning quick reflexes, pistols aim the door. Tense.

Silence.

SECRET SERVICE OFFICER#1

Identify yourself!

Silence.

ANNA (O.S)

My name's Anna. Can I like...
talk to the Governor?

Silence, the Officers exchange looks. Wondering.

SECRET SERVICE OFFICER#1

Show yourself, Anna.

ANNA (O.S)

I'll have you know, I hate being
shot at. And something tells me
there is more than one gun aimed
my way.

Anna laughs. A long pause.

ANNA (O.S)

Look... I'm a weapon myself,
alright. So, if we want the
place to end up a pile of
rubble, I can organize that.

L.G CAMPBELL

Let her in.

The officers hesitate.

ANNA (O.S)

(To herself)

My work here is done. Initiate
self-destruct sequence. Security
override code; 00102381018.
Passcode; Blackout. Code name;
Black Virus. Verbal signature;
Annabelle Harper.

AUTOMATED VOICE (O.S)

*Warning... this step cannot be
undone. Do you wish to proceed?*

L.G CAMPBELL

Let her in!

Guns fall to the ground. The Officers and the bodyguards
are in submission.

Anna nervously enters.

ANNA

Lieutenant governor...

L.G Campbell stands, nervous.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(Blissful)

It's honestly a serious honor to
meet you.

All emotion on L.G Campbell's face disappears. Her deadpan
disposition wanes Anna. Anna steps back.

L.G CAMPBELL

What can I do you for, Anna?

ANNA

I don't know... leave?

L.G CAMPBELL

You know... they told me an
insurgent was on a rampage - one
that has outsmarted and
outfought both defense forces.

(Pause)

And then they told me it was an
innocent little girl...
yourself...

L.G Campbell grins, proud.

L.G CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

"What sort of sorcery or work of ET is this?" I thought. But in the end, I applauded you... for being brave enough to tap into the immense power of a woman.

(Pause)

Now, finish what you started.
Make the castles crumble.

Anna considers.

ANNA

I'm not a monster. It's only a part of me... and it can be avoided with compliance.

L.G Campbell smiles at her.

L.G CAMPBELL

That little part of you sure has brought you far. But do you even understand what you're bringing upon your people?

Anna considers. She avoids eye contact. A long pause.

L.G CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Independence has its perks and lows. And it can get pretty low at times.

ANNA

I'd rather suffer my own problems that have someone make them for me. We'll take our chances.

Silence. Another long pause.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(Emotional)

We were once a financial powerhouse and what did you do? You started making weapons.

(Beat)

Take a stroll... children are calling trenches home. They call your trash their dinner. And what's worse... curfew kills our slightest glimmer of hope. If you're gonna shit on us, at least let someone tell us.

She scans the room. Everyone is attentive, almost remorseful. She stares at the technician's control board.

ANNA (CONT'D)

(To L.G
Campbell)

Come on... entertain our listeners.

L.G Campbell complies. She walks over to the control board. The technician **SCAMPERS** out of the seat. Casually, L.G Campbell takes a seat, wears headset.

The technician clicks buttons, adjusts the mic and shrugs.

L.G CAMPBELL

(Confirming)

It's on?

He nods. L.G Campbell shoots Anna a blank look. She clears her throat.

L.G CAMPBELL

(Into
mouthpiece)

This is a public call. To all units, wings and divisions; this is Lieutenant Governor Evelyn Campbell. I request your utmost attention--

EXT. STATE HOUSE - DAY

While the two drones blow right out of the sky like fireworks;

L.G CAMPBELL (V.O)

--I order an immediate
ceasefire--

The largest holocaust yet. Rebels' guts and brains are spilt on the road. A rebel holds up a dead comrade, wailing.

L.G CAMPBELL (V.O)

--Let no gunshot be heard... no life be lost in arms--

EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY

A GROUP OF CONVENTIONAL SOLDIERS gather around a radio. Listening.

L.G CAMPBELL (V.O)

--Let it be written... to all provinces, cities of the United Kingdom, states of the US and countries of the world... That I, Evelyn Campbell, acting Commander-In-Chief of the armed forces and Lieutenant Governor of the Isle of Man, step down from my position at will.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

Civilians swarm a media stand. All ears to a small 2-band radio.

L.G CAMPBELL (V.O)

My last order as acting CIC... tools down, all troops withdraw from your camps and bases. This place is no longer safe for work.

(Beat)

God bless the Queen, God bless America... God bless the Isle of Man.

INT. PANIC ROOM - DAY

Silence. So tense a needle could be heard drop. L.G Campbell stays in her seat. Jacqui enters.

L.G CAMPBELL

(To Anna)

I've kept my part of the deal...
get rid of the iron. Go live
your life.

Anna considers, turns to gaze into Jacqui's eyes.

JACQUI

You did it.

Anna watches, breaks down.

ANNA

Jacqui, I'm sorry... for
everything. Not just because
you've helped me, but I've
actually been putting my brain
to use.

JACQUI

Come here.

Jacqui pulls her into an embrace. Anna sobs on her
shoulder.

ANNA

You didn't deserve any of the
things I did to you. God, I'm
such an idiot.

JACQUI

You achieved what we always
wanted. I regret not helping you
earlier.

Anna cries on, Jacqui fights against joining in tears. She
fails.

L.G Campbell scans her security team.

L.G CAMPBELL

A crazy day at work, huh? Your
wives and kids deserve to hear
all about it.

(Salutes)

It's been an honor to serve with
you.

They all salute back. Leave. She follows. Stops at Anna and Jacqui. Considers. Proceeds.

Anna and Jacqui separate, stare at each other.

Anna clicks the microchip on her tongue (like done earlier by Jacqui). The lights on the exoskeleton die. The metal falls right off her body.

She glances into Jacqui's eyes, blissful. She grins. Her body goes limp. As she crumbles, Jacqui snatches at her hand. Misses. Anna falls on her side.

Jacqui knees, petrified.

JACQUI

Anna!

She holds her up, leaning Anna on her thigh.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

Anna, talk to me!

She lightly taps her cheek to wake her. Anna's eyes open, lazy.

ANNA

(Barely
audible)

Jacqui...

Tears fill Jacqui's eyes. She swallows hard.

JACQUI

Somebody help me!

She studies Anna. The bullet marks have left reddish prints on her skin. They only get redder.

ANNA

This must be how it feels to get
shot.

Anna smiles. Jacqui locks her fingers with Anna's. Trembling in fear.

JACQUI

Tell me what to do, Anna. You're
the smart one.

ANNA

No, Jacqui... I'm not. I've
never been.

(Pause)

Jacqui...

(Pause)

I'm sorry.

JACQUI

Stop it. Don't make an end where
there isn't!

Anna smiles, hopeless.

ANNA

You have no idea how much I
respect you...

Jacqui can't even look at her. She mourns.

JACQUI

I live my life to be your rock!
Your shield! Don't leave me
here.

(Pause)

What will I tell mom?

A long moment of silence.

ANNA

Tell her we did it.

JACQUI

No...

Anna locks eyes with Jacqui. Life slowly returns to her.

ANNA

It hurts... but I won't die.
Pray for me, Jacqui. I'll live.

Jacqui nods nervously. Good idea. She shuts her eyes.

JACQUI

(Stuttering)

My Father, if it is your will,
let this cup pass from me--

Her eyes pop open, she stares Anna in the eye.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

Don't close your eyes.

Anna smiles.

ANNA

I'll be fine.

(Pause)

Take me home.

EXT. STATE HOUSE - GRAND STAIRCASE - DAY

Wind howls. Ice lays on the steps. Jacqui carries Anna out. Anna's hands and head swing low. A pair of fighter jets **WHISTLE** past.

Jacqui lays Anna down. Tired. Anna lays like in deep sleep.

JACQUI

You're so much heavier than you
look.

The sound of EMS sirens **HOWL** from a distance, Jacqui grins. Frenzied. She stares at Anna's lifeless body.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

You hear that? You're gonna
live. You're gonna be president.

INT. WEDDING RECEPTION - NIGHT

Parked with elegantly dressed guests, the hall is plunged in silence.

JACQUI (O.S)

--And she lives. Just like I
promised her.

Jacqui, clad in an opulent wedding gown, stands above the congregation. A montage of happiness and despair on her face. A long pause.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

Annabelle Harper... my sister...
my pearl... my constellation in
a sea of darkness. You mean
everything to me, I love you
more than anything.

Overcome with emotion, she still smiles.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

You're a hero. Not just to me,
but to every little girl that'll
ever hear your name.

(Pause)

A true patriot... a sister in
arms and blood... you've given
my life a whole new meaning.

(Pause)

I'm happy your book is out. At
least now we can jump into your
mind and see the crazy places
your bravery is from. I salute
you, soldier. You had an
impossible dream and achieved
it.

Jacqui finally cries.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

I promised you'd live and you
promised the same. And you do
live--

(Pause for
effect)

--but only in our hearts and
memories.

Perfect silence.

JACQUI (CONT'D)

She knew the shots would eventually kill her, but she took them anyway. She gave herself up... for her country. And if anyone should threaten the same people that she laid down for, they'll have me to deal with.

Tears on the faces of guests. Andrew wears a deadpan face. He wipes a tear from his eye and the initiates a shower of applause.

John holds Katie onto his chest as she wails.

KATIE

She was supposed to be here...

JOHN

It's alright, darling.

Bruce holds Jacqui's hand and smiles at her. She's smiles back at him amid the tears.

A collage of photographs sits atop a carefully decorated table - flames on candles dancing, fresh flowers and tributes.

One of the pictures depicts Anna in her conventional military uniform. Wide grin, blissful, proud. Other photos show her better days with Jacqui as Privates.

FADE OUT.

THE END