

Mercury
by
Daniel Chant

(C) Copyright 2005 by Daniel Chant
danielchant@hotmail.com

FADE IN:

A television screen buzzes into life with an electronic hum. Acid glow and white static assaults our senses as channel after channel are cycled through with rapid speed. Countless programs flash in and out of our vision, offering nanosecond sound-bites of pop culture in a deafening cacophony.

The channel HOLDS on an advertisement for some kind of computer, from the looks of the user-group friendly colors and smiling faces of every ethnic origin, its an expensive effort in marketing egoism.

ADVERTISEMENT

(V.O.)

For an exclusively limited time only you can purchase the latest Mercuricom 5000 home computer powered by the revolutionary Mercury 2 for just under one thousand dollars. Whether it's in the home or at the office you won't find computer better able to cope with the busy demands of America's diverse lifestyles, however you choose to live. Mercuricom 5000, it's your life so USE IT. For more information on the Mercuricom 5000 workstation or to place an order please call toll-free on...

Harsh static rings once more for a brief second. Flashes of indescribable programmes appear once more before we settle on a CNN-style NEWS PROGRAM featuring a POLITICAL REPORTER, mid-broadcast, outside the White House.

POLITICAL REPORTER

...and with his words seemingly falling on deaf ears this is the third time in as many weeks that the President has been openly criticized in public, leading to suggestions that this could be his last term in office.

Harsh static sounds and programs flash once more in a kaleidoscopic clutter. We HOLD on a topical news debate program entitled 'AMERICA'S TODAY' where the HOST is discussing Police affairs with COMMISSIONER WAGNER and a POLITICIAN.

POLITICIAN

Quite frankly they are a waste of money, money that the good citizens of this city put in on a daily basis and are demanding that is spent with more care and less ignorance.

WAGNER

I'm afraid that, once again, I have to disagree you. Our city's Police Unit is a revolutionary one, let there be no doubts about that, and be assured that they are anything but a waste.

POLITICIAN

But what evidence to you have to the contrary, Commissioner? The task force, the most expensive of its type in the country, has only been used a handful of times and, of those times, each one has resulted in little more than a bloodbath and expensive lessons in how to ignore the term 'damage limitations.'

HOST

I assume that, Mister Jordan, you're referring to the assault on Garden Square Tower and the failed terrorist attack on the Liberty Gates Museum?

POLITICIAN

Exactly. Complete disasters, both. And neither I, nor the people of this city, is prepared to watch good money go to waste on bad ideas.

WAGNER

If you looked closely into the reports, that are available to the public I hasten to add, you would see that both of the incidents were successful operations devoid of civilian casualties.

POLITICIAN

But what of the collateral damage?

WAGNER

Are you seriously attempting to
tell me that the safety of human
lives are worth less than that
of...

White snow fills the screen instantly, a sting of static,
and then we see a clip of some kind of cheesy low-budget
information channel where a REPORTER is interviewing a
HOMELESS MAN, wearing a billboard that reads 'THE DEATH
MACHINE WILL DEVOUR US ALL!' and who is screaming with all
the power he can muster.

HOMELESS MAN

It's the computers you see, they
know our secrets! Every last one!
They can read our minds! Don't
believe what they tell you, soon
we'll all be nothing more than
batteries to power the machines
of the apocalypse... Batteries!

There is another familiar sting of static but this one is
audibly louder and more visually striking. Then we finally
rest on the end of an advertisement for a sleek, stylish
looking computer company. A SMILING MAN, complete with shit-
eating grin, shakes hands with an unusually ATTRACTIVE
COMPUTER SALESWOMAN before turning to the viewer, a big
grin on his face.

SMILING MAN

And that's why I'll never choose
another company again.

The screen cuts to black with a stylishly impressive
looking logo appearing with the enough fireworks and noise
it's like Moses coming down the mountain. The presentation
is topped off with a hypnotically charming FEMALE VOICE
speaking the companies motto.

FEMALE VOICE

(V.O.)

Mercuricom. We build the future
so you can live in it.

JUMP CUT TO:

1 BLACK SCREEN.

1

TITLE CARD: MERCURY

FADE IN:

2 EXT. CITY - NIGHT 2

A large ESTABLISHING SHOT of the city at night, citizens roaming the streets like ants and roads littering the horizon like a strange grid. Lights punctuate the scene and the city looks almost artificial in its splendor.

We slowly PAN around the city, catching fleeting glimpses of some of its more interesting features; sculptures, fountains and, finally, an enormous illuminated billboard with SENATOR VEXLER, a middle aged man, looking cheerful and vote friendly underneath the saying "The Peoples choice".

CUT TO:

3 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT 3

High tech computers and communications equipment all continue to buzz with activity in this busy hub. The heavy sound of FOOTFALLS are heard marching through unseen corridors, rhythmic and purposeful the footsteps pace, but never, rush.

4 ANGLE ON: MEMBERS OF A SQUAD - 4

From behind we see a team of fully equipped SWAT-like Police Officers march through the corridors before entering a dimly lit but vibrant briefing room.

In unspoken perfection they enter and take their seats, with some standing to the rear.

In the center of the room a MAN looks up at them as they enter. He is a large, stocky black man with closely shorn grey hair and a neatly trimmed moustache. He is CAPTAIN IRONS, and just one look at him tells you he's a guy who doesn't mess around.

IRONS

Okay, listen up because I'm only going to say this once. We've got a full-blown shitstorm on our hands. And you can quote me on that. So, I hope all of you brought your dinner jackets because tonight you're going to meet a Senator.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT 5

A large, vibrantly lit skyscraper stands proud in the night sky. Its logo, MERCURICOM, shiny and metallic like a beacon of futuristic aesthetic.

Suddenly rows and rows of Police cars and media vans all turn up at the same time and begin to set up their, the Police and the media almost racing each other to get their tasks done. The cops do their job, and the media smell blood. It is a very active scene.

CUT TO:

6 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT 6

Staring at Irons, the group listens in silence. As the Captain speaks, a picture of a smart-looking man appears on a digital projection screen; it is LANCE VEXLER, United States Senator and the City's golden boy of the moment.

IRONS

Approximately five hours ago Senator Lance Vexler was taken from his home in Rock Falls and subsequently brought to the Mercuricom Building. Reasons, thus far, are unknown but from what we can attain, the Senator is the only hostage. Intel tells us that he's also on the Board of Governors for MERCURICOM Tech, so we've got a lot of people with fat wallets and even fatter egos pissing their pants as we speak.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT 7

Police choppers shine their beacons of light across the night sky as Officers do their best to push away the hounding media and goggle eyed onlookers as the tension mounts.

CUT TO:

8 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT 8

Back in the confines of the Briefing Room, Irons' face fills with grim determination.

9 CLOSE UP: IRONS - 9

IRONS

Vexler is very important to this city right now.

(MORE)

IRONS(cont'd)

With the upcoming election and several of his proposals being passed by Congress it makes him flavour of the month with the people who sign our paychecks and they want him returned without even a skidmark on his drawers.

The team are listening in the darkened room but they are not all completely visible. The focus is clearly on the captain as he lays it all out for his squad.

IRONS

From what we gather these wannabe terrorists are ex-employees so it makes sense that they know the necessary pass codes and exactly where to go.

CUT TO:

10 EXT. MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT 10

The skyscraper stands menacingly in the foreground as camera crews and Police look upwards towards the higher floors. Some of the Police are furiously speaking into their radios and trying to calm the situation while the media seem to be multiplying like rabbits with every passing second.

CUT TO:

11 INT. BRIEFING ROOM - NIGHT 11

The large, impressive looking MAN at the back of the squad speaks up in a strong, commanding voice. He sounds strong and firm, clearly the leader, but he is not fully visible.

MAN

So, let's get down to business.
What's the plan?

IRONS

So far these cowboys have done little but kick their heels in the dust waiting to negotiate. My team and I will handle that part of the operation, specifically to buy you some time to find them. Move fast and fluid. Two by two formation. When you reach the target we're going to have a team strategically placed who will be ready to pop a gas grenade through a designated window as soon as you give the signal. Then you do your thing.

He looks back at his projector as blueprints and computer layouts of a large building flash up.

IRONS

The Mercuricom building is a one hundred floor piece of art, or so they would have us believe. Within its walls they design computers, microchips; all the kind of funky stuff that keeps your coffee warm when you sleep at night. This is the place where the much publicized Mercury Chip was born. Geeks or not, we are obviously dealing with some very rich hombres so keep the damage to a reasonable minimum because I don't want to have to suck up to this crowd due to some smart-ass playing Charlie Bronson.

The MAN pauses briefly to look at his group, making sure that each one is paying full attention.

IRONS (CONT'D)

Are we clear?

(Pause)

Good. Now go and prove to me why I put my neck on the line for you guys.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. CITY - NIGHT

12

We PAN further and further across a panoramic view of the city, past buildings and structures until the THUNDEROUS ROAR of a Police helicopter breaks the sound of a city at play. The helicopter quickly moves through the city with strange finesse and grace and we begin to zoom towards it.

CUT TO:

13 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - MOVING - NIGHT

13

A large Police carrier is transporting a S.W.A.T. team to their destination. Inside the carrier are several cases of weapons and other electronic equipment. The seats are arranged in a two by three formation.

Firstly we see JOSEPH PARKER, 29 years old. His appearance, besides the typical S.W.A.T. body armour, is one of striking individuality with shades and other trinkets adorning his chest plate like a rack of trophies.

Next to him is GREG YOUNG, a slightly older man, about 32. He has been in the S.W.A.T. for a long time and it shows as his entire outfit is pristine and crease free, it is obvious he is a man who takes great pride in his work.

14 ANGLE ON: RACHELLE GARCIA - 14

She is sitting opposite Joseph and Greg. She has a look of seriousness on her that is only given away by a small smirk. Although years of hard work show through she still hasn't lost it.

She turns to MARC TYNAN; he is black and is covered head to toe in gadgets. His thickset appearance however doesn't hide his extraordinarily gentle eyes. At the moment he is listening hard to an earpiece.

15 ANGLE ON: CHRIS LEYLAND - 15

The youngest of the team at 27 and it shows. He has a small goatee beard and a S.W.A.T. baseball cap turned backwards. His face is covered with eagerness and excitement, he loves this stuff.

To his side is PETER ROWGUN, a tall man with slick hair who is busy tapping into a small laptop computer.

Chris looks over at the cold, calm looking Rowgun as he taps away.

LEYLAND

Let me guess, Rowgun, you're using that thing to tap into the building's computer system?

ROWGUN

Nope.

LEYLAND

Okay then, rerouting the power supply and cutting off the security alarms?

ROWGUN

Nope.

LEYLAND

What the fuck are you doing then?

Rowgun looks up quickly at his younger counterpart.

ROWGUN

Pacman.

Rowgun turns his eyes towards the screen again as the ancient battle between the yellow hero and his ghostly rivals plays out on his laptop screen, leaving Chris to try and figure out whether to laugh or not.

16

ANGLE ON: JOSEPH -

16

Joseph looks over at Rachelle, who is busily checking some of the straps on her gear. He leans over to her, smiling.

JOSEPH

So, Garcia, when are we going to wine, dine and sixty-nine like you promised?

RACHELLE

The same time you finally hit puberty.

JOSEPH

That's harsh. I know I like them feisty but that's cold.

RACHELLE

Like your bed I presume?

JOSEPH

If you're that interested why don't you come and see for yourself?

RACHELLE

Eat me.

JOSEPH

I'd love to.

Rachelle raises her eyebrows at her team-mate.

RACHELLE

Are you always this much of an asshole Joe?

JOSEPH

Only between the hours of a.m. and p.m., baby.

The Helicopter fills with a few relaxed laughs as Garcia gives Parker a friendly punch. He cheekily chuckles to himself.

Then the cabin door slides open to reveal LENAR CLARK, a well-built man in his late thirties. He is also decked out, like his team-mates, in full protective armor. He has a silent "Don't fuck with me" atmosphere surrounding him and he looks over at his team.

JOSEPH
(Sarcastically looking
through his pockets)
Sir. Im afraid I go to school
today. Ive got a not from a mom to
say I shouldn't be doing any over
active gym activities.

LENAR
(Smiling)
Parker, if you had the guts to give
me a note from your Mom Id either
break your legs or let you marry my
sister.

Then the normal light of the Helicopter is changed as the red
bulbs switch on with an accompanying soft siren.

Lenar looks up at the bulb and then back at his team.

LENAR
Okay guys, you know the deal. Let's
do it. I don't need to tell you
again what's at stake if we mess
this up, so lets do this clean, and
by the book.

With that they begin to get ready. Each member takes a
Beretta pistol and clips it onto their belt.

Then they take a Hecklar and Koch MP5K, strapping it over
their shoulder.

Chris takes a SPAS-12 Automatic shotgun from a rack of three
on the wall and then proceeds to load it with shells, nodding
to himself with sheer determination.

Strapping and checking armour, tightening fatigues, loading
and cocking weapons, there isn't anybody that isn't busy
preparing themselves.

Peter packs up the laptop and places it in a small backpack,
which he puts on.

Marc checks his radio and other gadgets while Lenar equips
himself firstly with a long length of thin rope that fits
wrapped around his shoulder then with a small radio.

Rachelle does the same and they tune to the same frequency
band.

LENAR
(Into Microphone)
Testing, Testing. Do you read me?

Rachelle, the other side of the cabin pulls her hand from her
ear and puts her thumb up to Lenar.

Joseph unlocks a small locker and pulls out a long, thin black rope. Opening another locker on the wall he pulls out a harness and accompanying straps. Strapping on the harness and then various tension locks he pulls each one to check their strength before finally hoisting the rope onto his shoulder.

Each member of the squad pulls on a black Balaclava. With each officer now fully equipped. They are ready.

They stand in front of the main door. Lenar walks up to the door and pulls the handle down and to the right causing it to slide open.

A flurry of wind jets in and we see the city again. But our focus remains on the large approaching building. Spotlights are being pointed at it and the various signs of "Mercuricom" are clearly visible throughout the darkness.

JOSEPH

Shit. Why the hell did I get out of my bed this morning?

CUT TO:

17 EXT. AREA SURROUNDING MERCURICOM TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - 17 NIGHT

A cordoned off area by Police tape and barriers with several Officers stopping the onslaught of reporters and inquisitive minds.

Some of the reporters SHOUT OUT, some holding microphones and others who hold tape recorders.

REPORTER 1

Mr. Irons, why is there such a large Police involvement in such a small Terrorist incident?

REPORTER 2

So far we haven't heard anything about demands or requests, but recent rumors place Senator Vexler in the building. Is this true? Is this why your response is on such a scale?

REPORTER 3

Several Political sources informed us that the Senator has been kidnapped from his home. Can you substantiate these rumours?

REPORTER 4

What's going on in there?

18 ANGLE: MIKE IRONS' FACE-

18

An old man, in his late forties, with barely any hair and a grey moustache and beard. His face is worn and tired yet he has a sort of youthful quality about him. His voice is commanding, powerful. He breathes in and then addresses the crowd.

IRONS

Ladies and Gentlemen, if you would please calm down for a second. Calm down please.

The crowd ignites again; more reporters throw questions at the cautions Irons.

REPORTER 1

Do you know who the hostage is?

REPORTER 2

What are you doing to rescue the hostage?

REPORTER 3

Why did they choose the MERCURICOM Building?

An annoyed Irons motions the crowd to calm down once again.

IRONS

Right now I have a job to do. Once all is said and done I will gladly give you the details but for now, if you have any further questions, I would appreciate it if you could direct them to Miss Halesing here. Now if you will excuse me.

Irons signals to his side and MISS HALESING appears. Brandishing a clipboard and wearing expensive designer clothes and spectacles she is clearly not on the Police payroll.

Something Irons notices as he turns.

She is also amazingly good looking, like something from Vogue or Vanity Fair she is expense and beauty personified.

As she approaches the crowd, she first comes up to Irons and shakes his hand. She speaks with a very strict English accent.

MISS HALESING

Good job Irons. First class.

IRONS

Monkeys with typewriters. All of em. Just get them off my back for as long as possible will ya?

MISS HALESING

Don't worry about the bloodhounds. I'll keep them quiet and feed them the usual b.s. Just make sure you and your 'team', get the required result.

IRONS

(Not really caring what she says)

Goodbye, Miss Halesing.

As Irons walks by he glances at a shiny gold metal badge on her jacket.

19 ANGLE: GOLD BADGE-

19

It says "VANESSA HALESING - Directors Assistant - MERCURICOM TECHNOLOGIES".

Irons walks, but he stops and turns back looking at Miss Halesing addressing the crowd, reading from her clipboard.

He turns and looks up at the building, giving us a full shot of the immense structure. Covered with logos and designs it looks very expensive, there is a small courtyard at the entrance with a fountain in the centre. The fountain looks like two Griffins, spewing crystal water into the small pool below.

Irons looks up once again and sees a Helicopter, almost silently now, slowly edging itself near the rooftop.

Irons walks into the back of a Police van. Taking up most of the room is a control centre with radio comm-links, mini screens, voice analysers and other paraphernalia. Placing on a pair of large, chunky earphones he begins to speak into the Microphone.

IRONS

Teams C and D, are you ready?

CUT TO:

20 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

20

Where several Snipers are lined up, all trained on various points.

21 ANGLE: SNIPER'S P.O.V.- 21

As he adjusts his sights slowly and precisely at a window six floors from the top of the Mercuricom Building.

Looking at the other Snipers, who all put their thumbs up, he nods before picking up a small radio.

SNIPER
"C" Team ready.

CUT TO:

22 EXT. ANOTHER SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - NIGHT 22

As before, the rooftop is littered with Snipers. Each checking their weapons.

The COMMANDER looks up to his team and checks.

COMMANDER
Ready?

All the other Snipers nod in response. The Commander speaks into a comm-link attached to his head.

COMMANDER
"D" Team ready.

CUT TO:

23 INT. CONTROL CENTRE VAN - NIGHT 23

An OFFICER runs up to Irons.

OFFICER
Sir, we've established contact and they want to talk to you.

Irons takes a breath and then looks to the Officer.

IRONS
Put them on.

The Officer and another man, the CONTROLLER, flip a few switches to patch through the signal.

They stop and the Controller gives Irons the "Okay" signal. Irons then begins to speak into the Microphone.

IRONS
(Slightly impatient)
This is Captain Irons of the Police Department.

Then comes the response, a deep and chilling VOICE. The Voice is also prone to sudden mood changes as emphasised in the brackets.

VOICE (V.O.)
Hello Captain Irons.

Irons, the Officer and the Controller exchange bemused glances.

IRONS
Is the hostage safe?

VOICE (V.O.)
Oh, you mean the blessed Senator?
He's just fine. In fact he was just
telling me about his family. Here,
have a listen...

We then hear the voice of SENATOR VEXLER.

SENATOR VEXLER (V.O.)
If you touch my family then with
God as my witness I'll....

The sound of a hard and viscous thump can be heard with the sound of Vexler reeling in pain.

VOICE (V.O.)
Now, now Lance. Don't mention God.
You might alienate your atheist
voters.

We hear Vexler trying to regain his breath and spluttering at the same time.

IRONS
Ok. The Senator is still in one
piece, as long as he stays that way
we can get talk. Don't do anything
stupid.

VOICE (V.O.)
Me? Stupid? Kind of a pot calling
the kettle black situation don't
you think?

(Pauses)

Listen and listen good Captain
Irons...

(Disgusted)

...if my demands are not met, you
wont have to worry about picking
the shitcrusts that the good
Senator calls his brains off the
carpet...

(Angry)

(MORE)

VOICE(cont'd)

You'll be able to scrape them off
the street, along with the rest of
his worthless fucking carcass!

Irons looks shocked for a second and then points to the
Controller who nods in understanding.

The Controller then taps a few buttons before pressing a
larger button.

CUT TO:

24 INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - MOVING - NIGHT 24

Inside the helicopter, all present look up at a green light
that has begun to blink on and off.

Lenar looks at the PILOT who turns to face him.

PILOT

We're going down. Are you guys
ready?

LENAR

Always.

25 ANGLE: THE HELICOPTER- 25

It's immense bulk of gently hovering over the:

26 EXT. MERCURICOM BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT 26

Before slowly easing down and settling onto the "H" marker on
the floor.

Lenar steps out followed by Marc. Then Rachelle, Joseph,
Greg, Chris and finally Peter.

Once all are on the roof they begin to run silently,
effortlessly, over to the door protruding from a small
concrete structure.

Once they reach the door Lenar looks back and okays the
Pilot.

The helicopter then begins to move once again, soon it is off
the roof, and then it begins to fly away, trying to distance
itself from the rooftop so the terrorists remain unaware.

Joseph slowly edges himself to the edge of the roof. As he
walks he is strapping himself in with the harness and tension
locks and sets himself up for the long way down.

He reaches the edge and stops, breathes, pulls the cables on
his harness for one last check, breathes again, steps up onto
the small ridge surrounding the building, and breathes again.
Effortless professional at all times.

Then he looks down.

27 ANGLE: JOSEPH'S P.O.V.- 27

Looking down onto the streets below. Lights, people, cars, things, barely decipherable from such a great height.

Joseph turns around, his back facing the night, and he does a cross motion across his chest.

He begins to slowly lower himself over the edge, large black boots against the wall, and he begins to descent, easing more and more rope to get lower and lower.

He is almost walking down the exterior, staying away from glass where he could be seen and keeping to the concrete.

28 ANGLE: LENAR- 28

LENAR

Okay, Parker's over the edge. Let's go in.

They try to open the door but it won't budge.

RACHELLE

They must have locked it from the inside.

Lenar makes a signal and Rachelle and himself step back. Tynan steps to the fore and pulls out a small black spray can and gives it a shake.

He sprays it over the lock mechanism covering the lock in a white substance, Liquid Nitrogen!

Marc steps back and Greg steps up. He uses a small nightstick-like blunt weapon to smash the lock and it shatters into pieces.

The Greg gives the door a kick open and the team, weapons ready, spill into:

29 INT. ROOFTOP BUILDING - NIGHT 29

Heading down a flight of metal steps to a passageway, at the end of which is a door labelled "Main Access to Floors".

As they move, they move in an almost symbiotic fluidity, each person knowing their position, knowing their partner, Greg and Marc, Chris and Peter and finally Lenar and Rachelle.

Each points their gun to small dark corners, laser sights piercing the darkness.

Lenar nods that the area is secure and they move on, opening a door and heading into:

30 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 30

Each pair moves in while the rest wait their turn.

The stairwell is large and spacious with heavy, industrial metal steps leading to a myriad of floors, of which they are at the top.

The group once again checks corners and gaps, nothing. Greg looks over the barrier and down the cavity.

31 ANGLE: GREG'S P.O.V.- 31

The mighty staircase weaving its way down the building, seeming like it goes on forever.

GREG

Looking down here I almost feel
sorry for Parker.

(pause)

Almost.

CUT TO:

32 EXT. SIDE OF MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT 32

Joseph is busy lowering himself down the building. Joseph looks around at the building and stops.

He looks into the window, peering gingerly around the concrete structure.

33 ANGLE: THROUGH THE WINDOW- 33

As Joseph peers in he quickly sees several armed terrorists pacing the room, no sign of Senator Vexler though.

Joseph looks puzzled, his face reads "Where the fuck is he?"

Noticing a terrorist coming his way he immediately ducks back to the safety of the structure.

CUT TO:

34 INT. CONTROL CENTRE VAN - NIGHT 34

Irons is tapping his pen on the small workspace in front of him.

A phone rings loudly, breaking the silence and jolting Irons to attention. He picks up the receiver.

IRONS

(Into phone)

Irons here.

The voice that returns his is that of GRANT WAGNER, the Chief of Police. His voice is that of a man in his early sixties, and he sounds pissed.

GRANT (V.O.)

What the hell do you think you're doing Irons?! You've been on that scene for God knows how long and the Senator still isn't home. Why not?

IRONS

Well Sir, it's not that simple. We have to make sure the hostage comes out in one piece. Its better he comes out on his own two feet than in a body bag don't you think?

GRANT (V.O.)

Don't get fucking smart with me Irons or Ill have your balls behind a desk before you wake up for breakfast tomorrow. I've got the Mayor and all of his bosom buddies crawling up my ass not to mention the Senators wife on the damn phone every five minutes wanting to know what I'm doing to get her husband home.

IRONS

I see your problem, but if you would just listen...

GRANT (V.O.)

(Interrupting)

I am fed up of listening Irons, all I've been doing so far is listening. I've been listening to people telling me how incompetent I am for letting this happen. You make sure Lance comes out of there unscathed or I will personally see to it that you spend the rest of your career scraping dog shit from sidewalks. Is that understood?

IRONS

Yes... sir.

GRANT (V.O.)

Good. Now do your job and do it quick!

And then the line goes dead. Irons slowly places the phone back on the hook and picks up a pencil.

Staring intently at some screens depicting the outside events and news channels he throws the pencil hard at the screen.

IRONS
(Shouting)
Shit!

Irons lets out another heavy breath and turns to the Controller.

CONTROLLER
Sir, the team has arrived at the ninety fourth floor and Parker has located the terrorists.

CUT TO:

35 INT. NINETY FOURTH FLOOR STAIR BAY - NIGHT 35

Lenar, Rachele, Marc, Greg, Chris and Peter are standing outside a door that reads "Ninety Fourth Floor - Executive Level Personnel Only".

Pushing down the lock release mechanism with an accompanying CLANK, Lenar pulls the door open and looks inside.

36 ANGLE: THE CORRIDOR- 36

The long passage is dark and cold, all of the lights have been turned off. In their place, all the security measures are active as we can see red laser beams spreading across the corridor. Lenar turns to the group.

LENAR
Nobody told me about this. Rowgun, what we got?

Peter comes to his side.

PETER
Looks like a laser perimeter system, a pretty high tech one too. We break any one of these little red babies blocking our path...

Peter looks up to the ceiling and points, we can see heavy edged doors with tough, thick glass in the centre.

PETER (CONT'D)
The fire doors will drop down quicker than a hooker at Christmas.

LENAR
Wonderful.

PETER

There's too many beams here to try and mirror the source but I can attempt a bypass from this door terminal. Won't be quick or easy though.

Lenar looks to his side and sees an air vent cover high on the wall. He stops and thinks to himself.

LENAR

What about the air vents?

PETER

That's a negative. Chances are that the reflective surfaces in the vent would cause improper readings and therefore render them untrustworthy.

Lenar stops for the briefest of moments to think, before Rachelle pipes up herself.

RACHELLE

Sir, let me take the air vents. Im the lightest, not to the mention smallest so its makes sense.

LENA

I agree. Stay low and stay quiet. Room 94C should be 100 yards north of here. You'll be our eyes and ears ion there, so when you arrive, Assess the situation and contact me on the radio. Until I hear from you we don't move, is that understood?

RACHELLE

Yes Sir.

LENAR

Any trouble, the authorisation password is "Crisis". Say it and we come down like the dogs of war, security of not. So make sure you mean it when you say it.

(pause)

Rowgun, get started on that bypass.

Rachelle begins to disarm herself, stripping off any large or chunky body armour that might become caught or cause a noise. She places her weapons and armour into a neat pile on the floor.

As she does this Chris and Peter use mini screwdrivers to unscrew the vents grated cover, when the screws are removed they gently lift it away and place it on the ground.

Chris turns to see the laser sensors are right next to him.

ANGLE: CHRIS-

As he looks down the dark space, seeing nothing but barely illuminated doors and red lasers spreading like wire fencing across every opening and passageway.

CHRIS

Shit.

ANGLE: LENAR-

Who is talking to Rachelle. She looks up at the grate. It doesn't look that big, even for her seemingly petit frame.

RACHELLE

Gonna be a pretty tight squeeze in there sir. Makes me wish I chose to turn to diet coke a week earlier.

LENAR

Don't worry. When you make it to the room just stay put, once we've secured the area we'll get you out.

Rachelle nods her understanding, and stretches her necks muscles briefly before glancing at her teammates.

RACHELLE

Looks like I'm leaving you boys to your toys tonight. Have fun.

Rachelle, with the help of Marc begins to hoist herself into the cramped confine of the air vent.

The laser sensors are dangerously close.

The group watches her disappear from sight before regaining their focus and they all back away from the air vent and the laser sensors.

Soon they are back in the stairwell where Peter is busily tapping into his laptop.

LENAR

What have you got?

PETER

Not much. I've disabled most of the security procedures except the lasers. They must be filed under a different directory or they're being re-routed through a different program.

A new batch of code appears onto the small screen.

PETER (CONT'D)

Shit! Whoever did this must have been one smart son of a bitch.

(Pointing to the screen)

All this code is nothing more than a jumbled mess. Each file is basically worthless bar one command. This is seriously big stuff. Would take me days to figure this shit out.

LENAR

We don't have days. What can you do now?

PETER

I could reboot the system and start from scratch but there's no guarantee that that would work. It could restart the entire program and lock us all in.

LENAR

No other option. Do it.

Peter coolly nods and then furiously taps into his computer once again. A voice comes over the radio.

RACHELLE (V.O.)

(Whispering)

Sir? Are you there?

LENAR

I'm here, what do you see?

CUT TO:

37 INT. AIR VENT - NIGHT

37

Inside the small, cramped and shiny air vent Rachelle is led down on her front. To her right is a grate through which light is pouring, casting lined shadows over her face.

RACHELLE

(Still Whispering)

I got visual contact on five, say again, five Terrorists. One by the door, two patrolling the windows, one in the centre and the final one is by the right wall.

LENAR (V.O.)

(Whispering in return)

Can you see Vexler?

RACHELLE
 (Whispering)
 Negative. Senator Vexler is not
 amongst them.

LENAR (V.O.)
 (Whispering)
 Are you sure?

RACHELLE
 (Whispering)
 Positive.
 (Pauses)
 Just a minute, I got him.

38 ANGLE: THROUGH THE VENT-

38

We can see a small office built into the room with glass windows and blinds separating it from the rest of the room. The door to the room is open. Through the door we can see Senator Vexler strapped, or is he sitting, on a chair and standing in front of him is a large man, we can barely see his face, who is dressed in a black trench coat and smart suit. This guy is obviously the guy in charge.

RACHELLE (CONT'D)
 (Whispering)
 He is located in a small adjoining office. There is another Terrorist with him, looks like it could be the head honcho.

LENAR (V.O.)
 (Whispering)
 Weapons?

RACHELLE
 SIG 540's. And from what I can see also a Grenade Launcher. Unmanned at the moment.

CUT TO:

39 INT. NINETY FOURTH FLOOR STAIR BAY - NIGHT

39

Lenar, Greg, Marc and Chris standby listening while Peter still types away.

LENAR
 (Into Radio to Rachelle)
 Understood. Stay put for now.

TYNAN

Sounds to me like these guys are more organised than a bunch of low rent pretend terrorists who want their jobs back. Where the fuck did they get that kinda firepower?

LENAR

That's not for us to worry about right now, we still gotta take these guys out.

The group exchange bewildered glances and Greg lifts his head up slowly, sighing before looking towards Chris, who looks on expectantly.

GREG

Welcome to the shit storm kid.

LENAR

I think it's safe to say that Intel fucked us royally when they estimated the scenario.

Peter gets their attention.

PETER

(Eager)

Sir, I'm almost through the system.

CUT TO:

40 INT. ROOM 94C - NIGHT

40

This room has a several large tables, all surrounded by expensive leather seats. Computers and mini-screens cover the tables, probably used for meetings and talks, the five terrorists are in the main room. One is pouring a drink from a water dispenser while the others mill about, looking out of the windows carefully.

In the room we see the small office that adjoins the room, still inside is Senator Vexler. Towering over him is the leader of the outfit, we cannot see his face yet.

The leader is pointing his finger at Vexler and we can hear him shouting obscenities and other indecipherable words.

We can see a terrorist in the background begin to look into a large black briefcase.

A soft BEEPING is heard in the room and the noise dies down. JERRY, a Terrorist, turns to see the noise coming from a laptop computer on the table. This laptop looks different though, wires lead to nearby phone sockets and assorted disk drives nearby.

It is linked up to several of the larger computers in the room. Jerry runs over to look at the screen that reads "SECURITY SYSTEM 170978 - TAMPER PROOF BREACH".

JERRY

Shit! I think you'd better come and take a look at this!

From the small office steps LUCAS, the large trench coated man. He strides with an obvious vain attitude and his face is strange, no, not strange, scarred. His face seems almost plastic from the re-constructive surgery but within his face burn a pair of dark, mean looking eyes. His voice is deep and chilling, yet always purposeful. This is one man you don't want to fuck with.

LUCAS

(Very Annoyed)

What?!

Jerry jolts when he speaks.

JERRY

The security system, somebody's hacking in and trying to disarm it.

LUCAS

(Impatient)

Where?

Jerry taps some keys and then moves a mouse and clicks at various points. Soon the screen changes to a green coloured blueprint of the building, an outside view. Using another controller he moves the image around. Centring on a portion that is flashing red.

JERRY

That's the terminal they're using.

LUCAS

Where?

JERRY

This floor.

All the Terrorists mutter obscenities.

JERRY

The stairwell, past the main corridor.

(Nervous)

If they manage to break the code the whole building will go down, we'll be sitting ducks!

LUCAS
 (So Goddamn Angry you can
 feel it)
 Then do something about it.

Jerry jolts again, stops for a second to allow his brain time to catch up then begins to type in a nervous flurry. He also starts to sweat and we see tiny droplets forming on his forehead. This is it, this is what it comes down to. He can't screw up.

Then the whole room is plunged into darkness, a few seconds later dull emergency lights kick into action, bathing the room in a cold blue light.

JERRY
 (Shitting himself)
 They've shut it down! Fuck! FUCK!
 We're toast!

Lucas grabs hold of Jerry's jacket collar and yanks him backwards. He grabs a gun from Jerry's shoulder holster and places it against Jerry's head and the poor man almost pisses his pants.

LUCAS
 (So Goddamn Angry you can
 feel it)
 Stop... fucking... whining.

Suddenly for a moment Lucas looks like he can hear something, and glances up at the ceiling above. Where the vent is!

CUT TO:

41 INT. AIR VENT - NIGHT 41

Rachel quickly moves out of the way quickly, breathing heavily as she was almost spotted. That was a close call. Maybe closer than she thinks...

CUT TO:

42 INT. ROOM 94C - NIGHT 42

Lucas pauses for a moment, the gun still digging into Jerry's neck and the man perspires even more from fear. With a brief thoughtful look and a squint of his eyes, he then throws Jerry to the floor he walks to a table and picks up an M79 40mm MGL. Opening the cylinder he pops in grenade canisters. Lucas means business.

Another Terrorist, ALISTAIR, steps forward and puts his arm onto Lucas.

ALISTAIR
 (Curiously Worried)
 What do you think you're doing?

Lucas looks at Alistair with a stare that could freeze hell itself. Alistair cautiously relinquishes his grasp on the jacket.

LUCAS
 (Pissed Off)
 What sort of host would I be if I didn't prepare a little welcoming party for our esteemed guests?

He turns to face the rest, eyes burning like fire.

LUCAS
 Nothing changes. Stay here, and be ready.

The mere sound of his cold voice spreads fear through the Terrorists so they all pick up their weapons, some from tables, others from holsters and suchlike, all of the weapons are SIG 540's.

Lucas pulls open the door, he looks back at Alistair one more time with daggers burning from his eyes.

LUCAS
 Oh, and if you ever touch me like that again. Ill rip your fucking lungs out and use them as party balloons.

With that, he steps out menacingly. As the door closes the Terrorists watch him stride down the corridor.

The door closes with a BANG.

CUT TO:

43 INT. NINETY FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 43

Lucas then turns and places the Grenade Launcher on the floor, he looks at it with disgust. Then, putting his hands into his coats pockets he pulls out some papers, and unfolds them.

44 ANGLE: THE PAPERS- 44

For a brief second we see the papers, they are Technical Drawings for some kind of microchip, in fact, in the top left corner we can just about read "MERCURY CHIP V2.3 - Data Burst Storage - Processor Chipset".

Reaching into his pockets once more he pulls out a ZIPPO LIGHTER, and then, like a true pro, he flips the top off the lighter which begins to flame.

Holding the papers over the lighter they ERUPT into flame, and quickly turn to black ash that floats to the floor.

Lucas SCUFFS the floor where the ash lies and then starts to walk along the corridor and he approaches a left turning.

He walks past the turning.

To his left is Greg, holding his gun to Lucas' head.

Greg motions to Lucas to be quiet by putting his finger over his lips.

GREG
(Whispering)
Shhhhhhh.

While Greg still holds the gun to Lucas, Chris begins to pat him down, searching for any hidden weapons. They find none.

Chris forces Lucas to the floor. He gives him a smart look and Lucas just faintly smiles back at him before Chris begins cuffing him.

CHRIS
What are you smiling for
motherfucker? You aint so tough now
are ya? Huh?

LENAR
(Whispering Into Radio)
Garcia, Parker. Game time.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. SIDE OF MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT

45

Joseph is still hanging from the rope, but this time he has his machine gun in hand, and looks ready to pounce.

Through the window we can see the Terrorists frantically trying to do something but without Lucas, they are clearly lost.

Joseph smiles to himself and then places a small portable gas mask over his mouth and nose.

CUT TO:

46 INT. AIR VENT - NIGHT 46

Rachelle looks into the room through the vent, once again we see the Terrorists but this time we can hear their PANICKED VOICES.

Rachelle smirks before placing a small gas mask over her face.

CUT TO:

47 INT. NINETY FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT 47

Lenar, Marc, Greg and Chris all put on gas masks. Theirs are larger and chunkier than the others we have seen, covering their entire face.

Peter is standing over Lucas with a gun. Lucas just blankly looks ahead into space. He is contemplating something. Peter nods to his teammates.

They nod back and then begin to walk forward, fast, precise.

Lenar and Marc are covering one side of the corridor, Greg and Chris the other.

Soon they reach the door, emblazoned on its expensive exterior is "94C".

Lenar signals, the team move to their positions. Greg poised to burst through.

Lenar then taps his Microphone that beeps as he taps.

CUT TO:

48 INT. CONTROL CENTRE VAN - NIGHT 48

The Controller hears the beeping through a headset.

Irons, seated next to him, hears the beeping too. Removing his headset he steps outside and shouts to an Officer near the building.

IRONS

Now.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. AREA SURROUNDING MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT 49

The Officer, the MORTAR COP, has a Gas Mortar set up at his feet. It's long slender neck pointing to the building. Pulling open a briefcase he takes out a GAS CANISTER.

Marc pulls the trigger causing an unnamed Terrorist to fly into a table, breaking the expensive wood. He continues to fire, wounding the Terrorist but not scoring the kill shot until finally he lets off a burst that sends the man careening onto the floor.

Chris pauses, then turns to see another Terrorist training his gun on Greg, Chris fires. The Terrorist feels the full force of the Spas 12 in his chest and it sends him hurtling backwards in a blur of blood and smashing into an office window, shattering it into pieces.

Lenar sees another Terrorist hiding under a table, the Terrorist suddenly jumps up, gun blazing. Lenar dives to the floor and rolls behind cover. Chris suddenly gets caught on the arm by stray fire and lets out a scream, and Greg yanks the youngest squad member to the floor quickly as the rest of the room becomes a blast of carnage from the gunfire.

The whole squad are behind cover, and the Terrorist continues to fire sporadically as a looming dark shape approaches the window behind him.

55

ANGLE: THE WINDOW-

55

What glass remains shatters once again, Joseph swinging in on the rope.

The Terrorist turns, but before he even has time to think about swinging his gun, he gets a size 10 boot full whack in the face and tumbles backwards. Joe wastes no time and with a flick on the trigger the terrorist is turned into a red firework display.

Joseph lands on the floor and unhooks himself and watches the final Terrorist, Jerry coughing and stumbling into the office where Senator Vexler is!

Jerry holds a gun to Vexler's head who is sweating buckets with fear.

JERRY

Get Away! (coughs) Get Away!

SENATOR VEXLER

(Begging for his life and coughing)

Help me please!

The team move again in unity, gradually approaching Alistair we can see their laser sights trained on his head. He pulls the Senator up in front of him.

JERRY

(The cries of a desperate man)

(MORE)

JERRY(cont'd)

You come any closer and I'll kill
him! I swear I'll fucking kill him!
Get Away! Get Away! I'll do it!
I'll blow his fucking brains...

His screams are silenced by a thwipping sound followed by a meaty thud, as a bullet hits his side temple, showering the wall with blood and brain matter. The Senator drops to his knees terrified.

SENATOR VEXLER

Jesus!!

CUT TO:

56 EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - NIGHT

56

A Sniper looks up from his sights. Though the telescopic lens we can see Room 94C, or more appropriately the Office with Vexler, and it is centred on where Alistair was standing.

SNIPER

(Pleased with himself)
That's what Im talking about.

CUT TO:

57 INT. ROOM 94C - NIGHT

57

The gas has cleared now thanks to Joseph's custom window.

All present remove their gas masks and balaclavas.

Greg steps up to Chris as the new cadet holds his bleeding arm.

GREG

You ok?

CHRIS

Yeah
(winces)
Ill live. Son of a bitch just
grazed me is all.

Lenar approaches Vexler while Greg and Marc go about taking off the air vent cover and pulling Rachelle, who is coughing, from the vent.

Joseph examines the room carefully and checks the bodies. Just incase.

Lenar helps the Senator from the chair gently, Vexler is clearly shaken up.

LENAR

Are you all right Sir?

SENATOR VEXLER

(Shaken Up)

Wha? Oh, yes... apart from having part of another mans cranium adorning part of my Armani shirt... I'm fine. Thank you, Sargeant?

LENAR

Clark, Sir. Lenar Clark.

SENATOR VEXLER

(Still Shaky)

Thank you Sgt. Clark.

Marc steps towards a black briefcase and opens it. Looking inside he swallows hard.

TYNAN

Holy shitting Jahozaphat... sir, you might wanna come and take a look at this

LENAR

What is it?

TYNAN

(Seriously worried)

Only Enough C-4 to send North America one step closer to Elvis.

The team look into the case and see heavy packs of C-4 explosive, all lined up neatly with detonators and wires hooked up. None of the devices are active but is set up and ready to rock.

Joseph whistles and Chris and Rachelle takes a closer look at the case.

JOSEPH

Well shit on me and call me a gimp, those were some pretty hardcore 'geeks' wouldn't you say newbie?

CHRIS

Look at it all...

RACHELLE

Just imagine the kind of damage this stuff could have caused. Were they fucking insane?

All stand in a bemused silence as they gaze upon the explosives for a moment.

The sound of a GUNSHOT echoes through the silent room.

All present look at each other in wonderment, where did it come from?

LENAR
(Realising)
Rowgun!

They stop, frozen with fear. They are wide eyed, stunned.

Suddenly Lenar grabs his gun and runs off with Marc and Rachelle in hot pursuit.

LENAR
(While he begins to run)
The rest of you stay here, keep the
Senator safe and call the chief!

As they run it is clear by the expression on their faces they are expecting the worst. They run out of the room and down to:

CUT TO:

58

INT. NINETY FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - NIGHT

58

Running further down the corridor until they reach the slumped body of Peter, lying against a wall, blood spurting from his chest. Peter lets out a pain filled mumble.

RACHELLE
Oh my god!

PETER
Fuck...
(Coughs Violently)
Caught me by...
(Coughs again, this time
bringing up blood)

Lenar and Joseph exchange glances, both looking sad.

LENAR
Just hang in there Rowgun. Don't
try to talk.

Then he turns to Marc, who looks understandably concerned.

TYNAN
He's been shot in the chest, close
range. Must have gone clean through
his vest. We need to get him to a
hospital asap.

LENAR
Radio the chopper and get him outta
here. If all of you have to carry
him up, then you do it. Understood?

TYNAN

Yeah. What about Vexler?

LENAR

Take him with you. Drag him if you have to.

RACHELLE

That guy was handcuffed, how could he have gotten free?

LENAR

I don't know...

Suddenly they realise a small pinging sound coming from down the corridor. Rachelle and Lenar look up as Marc tends to Rowgun.

As small dots of lights appear above its closed metallic doors, it is now obvious what the sound is. The sound is coming from the lift!

Lenar thinks to himself then he looks at Peter, bleeding helplessly against the wall, then jumps to his feet and runs off in the direction of the stairwell.

Rachelle looks on after him as he speeds away. She looks in shock and then turns to look down at her wounded compatriote. Marc needs no further instructions and he calls for help on the radio.

CUT TO:

59 INT. NINETY FOURTH FLOOR STAIR BAY - NIGHT 59

Sprinting through the bay, Lenar's face is consumed by rage and anger.

60 ANGLE: DOWN THE CAVITY- 60

Lenar paces faster down the steps taking two to three at a time. Down and down he runs, gun in hand.

Soon Lenar reaches an Access Floor with an elevator in the stairwell. The elevator is active and he stands backwards watching the countdown from floor to floor. The lift is still going, and at this rate, Lenar will never catch it!

61 ...65...64...63...62...61... 61

LENAR

Motherfucker!

He grabs a radio and buzzes it into life as he barks into it.

LENAR

Ground team. Suspect is en route
and heading out. Cover all exits. I
repeat. Cover all exits!

He continues to watch it go down and then it suddenly comes
to a stop at floor 55.

LENAR

(to himself)

What the hell are you up to
asshole?

Wasting no time, something comes to him. He looks down the
cavity and sees the ground floor a long, long way off. Then
he looks upwards, and back down.

In one fluid motion he puts his gun strap over his shoulder
then pulls off the rope from his other shoulder (that he
attached earlier) and ties a very secure knot in it to the
railing in front of him. He pulls it. It stays.

Clipping the other end of the long rope to a buckle around
his waist he holds the rope firmly and steps over the rail.
Then sitting on a small ledge by the railing he eases himself
off, slowly feeding the rope through his hands.

He begins to slide faster and faster and faster, almost out
of control but soon the rope runs out and he is left dangling
in the stairwell cavity.

With a grunt he hoists himself up over the rails. He unclips
the rope. Looking at a wall plaque that reads "Floor 57 -
Research and Development Area 3 - Titan Motherboard".

LENAR

Two more to go.

He continues to run down two more sets of steps until he is
outside another door. This time the plaque reads "Floor 55 -
Research and Development Area 1 - Mercury Chipsets".

He kicks open the door and immediately holds his pistol at
the ready.

CUT TO:

62 INT. FLOOR 55 - R&D AREA 1 - NIGHT

62

To his surprise, Lucas is standing by a filing cabinet,
frantically searching through papers. Still holding Peter's
Beretta.

LENAR

(Pissed Off)

Give it up pal.

Lucas slowly turns.

LUCAS
(Pleasantly Surprised)
Ah, you again.

LENAR
(Shouting)
Drop your weapon and get on the
ground.

Lucas says nothing, and just stays still.

LENAR
Don't mess with me asshole. Do it
or I'll put you down.
(Looks at Lucas with
hatred)
Permanently.

Still Lucas says nothing. He looks like he's pondering something.

LENAR
(Losing his temper)
Drop your weapon NOW motherfucker!
You've got no place left to go!

LUCAS
On the contrary. You see, I know
this building like the back of my
hand..
(Disgusted)
So I can go wherever I damn well
please.

Lucas takes a handful of papers and throws them towards Lenar. They rain down and spread apart, causing a huge blanket of paper to block Lenars line of sight.

As the sheets of paper slowly rain down and obscure his aim, Lenar gets off a couple of rounds. Unfortunately Lucas has already taken the initiative and taken off with great speed.

Lenar runs through the fallen paper and bursts through the doorway his quarry ran through. No sooner has he burst through the door but an office chair is SMASHED violently in his face, sending him tumbling to the floor.

Lenar lies on the ground, groaning as blood pours from his nose. He holds his face in pain, Lucas walks up to him and stands next to his body, the huge trench coat staying ominously still.

Lenar tries to lift up his gun, but Lucas kicks his arm hard and it spirals from his fingertips.

Before he can react, Lucas lunges forward and plants his knee on Lenars throat and pushes down hard. As the officer struggles and the blood rushes to his head, Lucas nonchalantly pulls out the beretta and slowly places it in the centre of Lenars temple. His eyes burn with an icy glare.

LUCAS

Give a man a shield and he feels he must act like a knight in shining armour. How amusing. Don't get me wrong I'm touched that you came looking for me, but don't you think you should have stayed with your compadre?

Lucas pushes the gun harder into Lenar's skull. The policeman is turning purple as his larynx is being crushed by Lucas's knee, and he is helpless. Lucas's face is overcome with an infuriated look.

LUCAS

Heroes who fuck with matters that are not of their concern do nothing but dig themselves shallow graves Mr. Clark. You would do good to remember that.

(pause)

And just in case you forget, here's a little reminder for you.

The mean looking terrorist then quickly stands up and plants another boot to the side of Lenars face, sending him down to the floor and out for the count.

Lucas runs off through the door he came, and we hear his FOOTSTEPS pace down the steps.

63	SLOW FADE TO BLACK	63
64	SLOW FADE IN	64
65	INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY	65

We see a cardiograph registering a heartbeat, slow, methodical beatings of a weak heart. We slowly TRACK from the cardiograph until we see more machines, registering blood pressure, temperature, brain activity. Each machine quietly does its job.

MOVING BACK we can now see a DOCTOR standing over a bed, he is looking at the patient and taking notes, carefully jotting down medical procedures and instructions. A NURSE stands by the bed also, injecting the patient with a syringe.

We begin to CIRCLE, past the Nurse and past the Doctor, past all the machines that is keeping a man alive.

Circling further we gradually see the patient, bloody bandages cover his chest, random bruising covers his body and tubes, pipes and cables extend from his body like a mockery of humanity. Closing in on the face we can identify him.

Peter Rowgun.

SCROLLING UPWARDS, we see a long and large glass wall/separator. Behind it stands Lenar. He stands rigid, staring blankly at Peter. He looks at the equipment, at all the technology needed to keep his friend alive. His eyes meet the cardiograph and he stares, watching the heartbeat. His gaze drops to the floor for a moment.

CUT TO:

66

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

66

Inside a large, spacious waiting room sits Rachelle, Joseph, Greg, Marc and Chris. All are dressed in casual clothes. Joseph is looking through a magazine, Marc is fiddling with his watch, Rachelle is staring out of the window, Greg and Chris are looking around the room.

CHRIS

Well at least he's gonna be okay.
That's the main thing right?

GREG

Yeah, if being strapped up like a
fucking mummy and have a hole in
your chest is your definition of
ok.

Rachelle looks upset, and then with a cold glare gives Chris a mean look.

RACHELLE

What the fuck happened back there
Chris?

Chris looks up surprised.

CHRIS

What?

RACHELLE

You handcuffed the son of a bitch
and left him with Peter didn't you?
Yet he managed to break out. Tell
me how that's possible?

Chris looks surprised and lost for words as Rachelle steps into his face. He never expected to get the finger of blame pointed at him, and seems pretty defensive about it.

CHRIS

Hey! I don't know. The guy musta tackled Pete and knocked him down. Maybe he slipped the cuffs over his legs or whatever so that could get his hands to the front...

RACHELLE

Bullshit. If you had done your job we wouldn't be standing here and Pete wouldn't be in that room hooked up to those fucking machines!

JOSEPH

(Interrupting)

Hey. Come on Rach. We're all pretty cut up about this whole situation but...

RACHELLE

So tell me then Joe. If you had handcuffed him, do you think he would have gotten away?! Answer me that!

Joseph says nothing, searching for the right thing to say. Rachelle stares at him intensely and the moment is a tense one.

LENAR

Blame wont be placed at anyones feet Garcia. Not on my squad.

The squad turn around and look to see Lenar standing there. He has a plaster on his nose and is wearing the scars of his fresh battle.

LENAR

You got me?

Rachelle takes a deep breath, before looking up at her superior.

RACHELLE

Yes sir.
(pauses, looks at Chris)
Im... sorry Chris.

Chris smiles softly in recognition of the apology.

CHRIS

Its ok Rach. Im saying the same thing to myself.

Chris looks down at his feet solemnly. Joseph gives him a sympathetic pat on the shoulder that says it all.

As Lenar approaches, Greg looks up at him.

GREG

You look like hammered shit Sarge.

LENAR

I FEEL like hammered shit Greg.

(pause)

I need you guys to switch on Bloodhound mode. If we're gonna catch this guy, we've got some serious digging to do. Now just before that chickenshit jumped me earlier tonight, I caught him rummaging through files on a floor that was marked 'Mercury Chipsets'. I want to know exactly what the hell that means and what that guy was looking for.

JOSEPH

Mercury Chipsets? What the hell does that mean?

There is a moment of pause as most of the team look at each other, none of them knowing what it means. Suddenly Chris speaks up and breaks the brief moment of silence.

CHRIS

I know.

The team all look in his direction. Lenar nods his head in Chris's direction inquisitively.

LENAR

Lets hear it then Leyland.

Chris looks around at his team mates and draws a breath.

CHRIS

Its basically a super microchip. On a superman scale. The Mercury Chipset was designed by Mercuricom Technologies, originally for Military applications. It is used in everything from Stealth bombers to Nuclear weapons.

The group turn to look at Chris. Joseph cranes his head around and arches his eyebrows.

There is a slight pause, and Chris looks at the group sheepishly.

JOSEPH

And... how in the name of blue fuck do you know all this shit?

CHRIS

(Stuttering)

Well...I... I knew a guy that was part of the team that worked on them. Although from what he told me the real brains behind it was a dude called Doctor... Carney. Yeah. That was it. Apparently he was off the chart in terms of technical know-how.

Chris shoots a look at Joseph that is so quick; you could easily miss it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Anyway, my buddy always used to talk about this stuff ALL the time. Couple of cold beers and he'd blab about this kinda stuff for hours. Used to drive me nuts, but you sing a song enough times you learn the words ya know? So I just kinda remembered it all.

RACHELLE

Wheres this guy now?

CHRIS

God knows. Havent seen him in a long time. Company politics he called it, well, that's me putting it politely. He used a few curse words.

LENAR

Ok then. What exactly does this Mercury Chip do?

CHRIS

Something no other chip can do, it never fails. That's why it's so popular with the Military and larger corporations. Naturally the home markets picked up on this and now use it in nearly all home systems. Pentium chips didn't stand a chance against something like this. It's a chip that can actually learn!

GREG

What, like the Terminator?

CHRIS

Not quite, you see, every Mercury chip remembers. Making them individual to their systems.

(MORE)

CHRIS(cont'd)

No two chips are compatible within the same system. It's impossible to pirate. That's why they've proved so damn popular.

They sit for a few seconds, getting a bearing on what has just happened. Chris, sits back, he looks again at Joseph and smiles to himself.

TYNAN

What do you want us to do chief?

LENAR

Ok. I want you to go through Police records and newspapers and try to find anything relating to Vexler, MERCURICOM Technologies, the Mercury Chip and this Doctor Carney. Hopefully we can come up with something.

RACHELLE

But that would take forever.

LENAR

Then you guys had best get started. No one. NO ONE fucks with this team and gets away with it.

CUT TO:

67 INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

67

A well furnished, expensive room. It is fairly bare and devoid of character, giving it a cold feel. Behind a large oak desk sit three men and a woman. PETER BAY, MICHAEL RAIMI, SAM HYAMS and SARAH CAMPBELL. All are in their forties and they sit, like strange gargoyles, staring blankly in front of them. In the centre of the room is an expensive oak chair, upon which sits Senator Vexler, looking slightly distressed. Over him stands SHANE BLACK.

SENATOR VEXLER

Can anyone tell me what the fuck you people plan on doing about what happened?

BLACK

Now now Senator, lets not get ahead of ourselves. Youre not the most powerful man on the planet yet.

SENATOR VEXLER

In case you forgot Ive just been held hostage and had a gun pressed to my head for hours! If he did his job properly then none of this would have happened.

The seated directors look at each other.

BAY

Lucas is no longer in our service Senator. And he hasn't been for some time.

SENATOR VEXLER

What?!

RAIMI

We tried convincing him to keep his distance from the future developments of the project, but unfortunately he was not willing to listen. His 'rogue' actions tonight forced our hand in a most unfortunately public way.

Vexler looks shocked.

SENATOR VEXLER

What kind of a fucking operation are you people running here? Do you realise what could have happened to me tonight?

BLACK

Yes. That's why we took action through other means. You're back safe and sound, so be grateful. And be careful not to bite the hand that feeds Senator, it maybe a long way to the top, but trust me when I say the fall can be a killer.

Vexler looks worried now, more so than ever.

BLACK

(Paces around Vexler)

Don't worry about Lucas, we'll take care of it. You just keep your mind focused on you're end of the deal.

Hyams steps into the conversation.

HYAMS

Until you secure the Presidential election, our time is being wasted. Without you in the White House, we cannot secure the necessary Government funds or backing required to move to the next phase.

SENATOR VEXLER

(Hesitantly)

But I'm doing everything I can for you. I secured you weapons from the Department of Defence, gave you top level information direct from the Pentagon...

BLACK

All of that is pretty irrelevant compared to the importance of the Mercury Project. Your... unfortunate incident brought in some unfortunate details that we now have to clear up.

(He turns and looks at the others)

Carney is understandably vexed by this, and going back to that building was not in the plan.

(Looks back at Vexler)

Let's not forget, the good Doctor is the reason we're here today.

VEXLER

(Worried)

Okay, Okay, I get the message.

(Stops, breathes, thinks)

Just keep that freak Lucas away from me and make sure the Police stay clear ok?

(Nervously realising the consequences)

If they find out what's been going on...

BLACK

As long as that bill goes through and you get into Office, you won't have to worry about a thing. Just keep your mouth shut and do your job. We'll handle the rest.

(looks at Vexler with a cold smile)

And for gods sake smile occasionally will you? After all, youre going to be the next President.

Vexler looks over as we CLOSE IN on Campbell who picks up a nearby phone and inputs a long, tedious code number. An unheard voice picks up on the other end.

CAMPBELL

Initiate Operation Clean Sweep.

The line goes dead and Campbell replaces the receiver. Vexler looks worried, almost frightened of what he thinks might have been set in motion.

Then we see the Office in its entirety, but from a strange angle, from above. The image is grey and fuzzy but we can still hear VOICES talking. We PULL BACK to reveal the image is on a screen. As we move we can see we are in:

68 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 68

A small, dark, cramped room. Blinds are pulled shut and strange screens, recorders and other devices are busy watching other rooms and places. We can see a chair by the screen. We ZOOM IN to see a figure, seated in the chair.

It is Lucas.

CUT TO:

69 INT. MIKE IRONS' OFFICE - DAY 69

The office of a hero. Numerous awards and certificates cover the walls and display cabinets, all hard earned and deserved. Mike Irons sits behind his heavy desk that is littered with photos of his wife and kids. Seated opposite him is Lenar, busily motioning with his hands.

IRONS

Just when you think you can go to bed at night and sleep peacefully somebody has to come along and ring the fucking alarm bells. Some of the details in this case are getting too conspicuous. Take this for instance, we traced the serial numbers of those SIG 540's we retrieved from the terrorists.

LENAR

And?

IRONS

They were originally seized in a raid by the F.B.I. and then passed onto the Department of Defence.

LENAR

You're shitting me.

IRONS

It gets better. The leader, was this guy..

IRONS places a file in front of Lenar that shows spy camera like shots of the culprit to the gun heist. It is Lucas, the mysterious man who shot Lenars squad member.

IRONS

Goes by the name of Lucas Wilson.
Or should I say DOCTOR Lucas
Wilson. Phd, computer wizard, all
round computer boffin come wannabe
criminal. We don't know much else
about this guy other than that.

Lenar eyeballs the photo and...

FLASHCUT TO:

The team arresting Lucas from their first mission to the
Mercuricom building.

CUT BACK TO:

Lenars eyes, wide inrecognition of the man he is looking at.

LENAR

Son of a bitch. That's the guy from
the Mercuricom building. The guy
that put a bullet in one of my men!

IRONS

What?! This guy right here?

LENAR

That ugly son of a bitch right
there.

IRONS

Jesus. Id advice you to watch your
step if you decide to follow
anything up on this guy Lenar. You
could go in way over your head. We
had a few of the guys run this
Lucas's fingerprints, and we came
to a serious dead end. This guys
has been well hidden by people with
power. And people with power are
usually those with which not to
fuck.

LENAR

Never stopped me before. Mind if I
take this?

IRONS

Not at all. But if anyone asks, you
stole it from my office understand?

LENAR

Understood. Thanks chief.

IRONS

It's the least I could do for you
after what went down the other
night...

(Pauses)

How's your team?

LENAR

Coping. These things are part of
the job, and we all knew what we
were getting into when we started.

IRONS

Doesn't make it any easier though
does it?

LENAR

The unit will be fine sir. They've
got their heads buried in work.
I've got them searching the records
for anything to do with Mercuricom,
the Mercury chip and this guy
called Doctor Carney.

IRONS

Carney?

LENAR

Apparently he worked on the Mercury
chip. Designed it in fact. I'm
hoping that he can give me some
information but I think people are
going to be reluctant to tell me
where he is.

IRONS

I'll help you out wherever I can
Lenar, you know that, but there's an
awful lot of politics going on here
that could hang us both. I can
smell it. So keep your noses low.

LENAR

Understood. Is there anything else
sir?

IRONS

As a matter of fact... yeah. A
contact from Mercuricom that I
think you should check up on. A
young lady who goes by the name of
Vanessa Halesing. She's the
Directors Assistant.

LENAR

Vexler?!

IRONS

The one and only. A locker too, so how much you wanna bet that he's been working overtime on occasion? What a tangled web we weave huh?
(pause)

Anyway, we got her address to follow up for the Press conference we were scheduling. You should go see her, see what you can dig up. She seems a little... English to me.

He hands Lenar a small piece of paper with the address written on it. Lenar looks at it. "1222 Templar Blvd."

IRONS

Gotta be some paycheck shes getting from the bigwigs to land a place like that.

Lenar rises from his seat.

IRONS

While you're checking up on Mercuricom, I'll keep following up on what we've got. You never know, we might get lucky. Until then, get your men burrowing through those files. Something's gotta be in there.

(Looks seriously at Lenar)
And keep me informed. I want to see this one through to the end.

Lenars walk out of the office and closes the door behind him.

Irons looks about the room and then swings his chair so he is facing the window. Staring him straight in the face is a billboard, upon which is Senator Lance Vexler grinning a set of shit eating pearly whites, surrounded by happy kids and families.

IRONS

What are you smiling for you smug son of a bitch?

CUT TO:

70

INT. POLICE RECORD STORAGE AND INFORMATION ROOM - DAY

70

The lights are off here but we can see a huge, almost Library like structure filling a mammoth sized room. Filing cabinets, huge storage cupboards, computers and directory checking screens stretch for as far as the eye can see. A large metal door opens with a CLUNK as a large handle clicks into place.

The room is bathed in light as it flows in from the entrance.

Rachelle steps in followed by Joseph, Greg, Marc and Chris. Now they are in basic fatigues, all wearing dark blue trousers, white shirts and heavy duty boots. They look at the room, not quite realising the size.

JOSEPH
This isn't so bad.

Marc throws the light switch, overhead fluorescent lights hum into action. They can see the enormous expanse of the room.

JOSEPH
Okay, I take that back.

Each member of the team walk off in separate directions.

Shortly, the team are no longer in eye or ear shot of each other, all wandering through the dense passageways of information held here.

71 ANGLE: HEAVY DUTY BOOTS- 71

As they walk with defiant steps. We cannot see the wearer. Continuing their journey the unnamed boots arrive at a door. We hear the JANGLE of some keys before the sound of a TURNING KEY followed by the lock CLICKING into position. The boots step into the room and the door is gently closed by our unknown person. Firstly we see a blind being pulled shut over a window before the boots walk over to a small desk and then sit down on a chair.

72 ANGLE: A PLUG- 72

As several leads are plugged into the mains by unseen hands.

73 ANGLE: A TELEPHONE SOCKET- 73

A modem cable is inserted into the empty outlet.

74 ANGLE: A COMPUTER SCREEN- 74

As we hear the sound of switches being CLICKED and then the computer jolts into action, its screen slowly revealing the start process. A few seconds later the system is ready and we see an onscreen arrow move to "ONLINE COMMUNICATIONS" which

is then activated. A window opens up, "ENTER DIALLING CODE". A number is entered.

75 ANGLE: COMPUTER MODEM- 75

The modem turns on and the DIAL TONE can be heard followed by BEEPS and CLICKS. The modem then begins to RING.

As the destination site is reached. The logo of MERCURICOM Technologies appears and then we are presented with another screen. "INPUT PASSWORD", QUICK TYPING can be heard as star symbols fill the box. Another window appears "CONTACT DESTINATION CODE", once again, TYPING is heard and the code is hidden with asterisks. A few seconds later a dialogue window opens and the communications begin under the names ELVIS and GRACELAND.

ELVIS

(Appearing on screen)

It's only a matter of time before they find out.

GRACELAND

(Appearing on screen)

Impossible. Every precaution has been taken to ensure this matter remains top secret.

ELVIS

(Appearing on screen)

Lucas is involved. I think he knows. He could expose the project.

GRACELAND

(Appearing on screen)

It is being taken care of. Operation Cleansweep has been set into action.

ELVIS

(Appearing on screen)

Why wasn't I told about this earlier?

GRACELAND

(Appearing on screen)

We didn't want to compromise your position.

ELVIS

(Appearing on screen)

Is Cleansweep taking care of the others too?

GRACELAND

(Appearing on screen)

All who were present at the tower will be eliminated. Operation Clean Sweep will be successful. It always is.

ELVIS
 (Appearing on screen)
 Vexler?

GRACELAND
 (Appearing on screen)
 Negative. His services are still
 needed at this time.

ELVIS
 (Appearing on screen)
 Who is the first target?

GRACELAND
 (Appearing on screen)
 Halesing. Then the one in the
 hospital.

CUT TO:

77 ANGLE: HEAVY DUTY BOOTS- 77

As they walk out of the room and into the main hall.

CUT TO:

78 INT. 1222 TEMPLAR BLVD. - MAIN BEDROOM - DAY 78

The room is spacious, antique furniture such as cabinets and dressers line the walls. There is a large balcony window at the rear of the room leading to a marble balcony. We can hear NOISES OF PASSION as two people are, to put it bluntly, making love on a large double bed. We can see the two love makers, an unknown man and his lover, one Vanessa Halesing!

They busily and passionately continue their embrace as we PAN across to see the balcony window. Through the expensive silk nets we can make out something, shadows, moving over the edge of the balcony. More and more shadows appear. They look like people, about four of them.

Miss Halesing's cries get LOUDER and LOUDER.

The balcony door begins to silently open. The shadows creep in.

Miss Halesing's SCREAMS OF PLEASURE can still be heard as we see the Senator, then we see behind him...the shadows. Only their not shadows, they are four heavily equipped soldiers. Each in black combat fatigues and wearing flak armour with accompanying masks, we cannot see their faces. All we can see is black goggles over the masks.

They are Operation Clean Sweep and they have no names. They are only known as CS-1, CS-2, CS-3 and CS-4.

Miss Halesing stops her cries as she sees them, she tumbles off of the bed, dragging her sheet with her and looking terrified.

MISS HALESING
(Panicked)
Oh my God!

HALESINGS LOVER
What?! Who the fu...

The unfortunate man is brutally cut off as CS-2 steps up and pulls out, in one fluid silent motion, a Ram-Line Exactor pistol, fitted with a stealth suppresser. With two precise thwipping sounds, he plants two rounds into the top of the poor mans head, sending blood faintly spraying across the sheets.

The man's body slumps forward onto the bed, naked as a baby, and CS-2 finishes the job with two more shots to the heart. Halesing begins to let out a scream.

CS-1 turns to Miss Halesing who is quivering in terror and silences her with a finger to his lip area. Terrified, the woman complies.

CS-2, 3 and 4 begin to search the room. They open draws and cabinets, flinging clothes and possessions onto the floor.. Vanessa watches on terrified.

MISS HALESING
(In tears)
What... what do you people want?

CS-4 looks over to 1 and shakes his head. CS-1 nods and looks back at the beautiful half-naked form crouched in fear against the wall in front of him. Vanessa looks at him with a horrible realisation crossing her face.

MISS HALESING
(In tears)
Oh god... no... please...

CS-1 reaches into a holster on his leg and pulls out his suppressed pistol and points it at Miss Halesing.

MISS HALESING
(In tears)
Please... I beg you...

CS-1 doesn't even flinch as he pulls the trigger. Only a quiet THWIP is heard as the bullet hits her forehead, spreading a small shower of blood on the wall behind. She tumbles to the floor in a dead heap.

CS-1 takes two steps forward and plants a couple more rounds in her just to make sure. It is effortlessly professional.

CUT TO:

79 INT. POLICE RECORD STORAGE AND INFORMATION ROOM - DAY 79

Back in the storage room, Rachelle, Joseph, Greg, Marc and Chris are seated at a table with Lenar standing over them. He is holding a piece of paper with amazement.

TYNAN

I found it amongst some clippings on MERCURICOM Technologies, when this Mercury Chip was just beginning production.

80 ANGLE: THE PIECE OF PAPER- 80

On the piece of paper we can see it is a news article. In bold type the headline reads "NEW CHIP SET TO REVOLUTIONISE MILITARY CAPABILITIES" and under that is some unreadable writing, about the Mercury Chip and its designers, but that isn't what has caught Lenars eye. It is the photo above it. The photo is black and white and there are four people standing by a drawing board. But one side of the photo is torn and we can only see the body of the far right person in a white working overall.

Besides this person's anonymity, we can make out the images of the other three but cannot see them in great detail. Lenar stares intently at the article and then begins to read the names of those in the photo from underneath the picture.

LENAR

Okay. We have a Doctor Cole, a Doctor Pearson, a Doctor..
(Pauses and smiles)
Carney whose face has conveniently decided not to join us...

LENAR

And finally none other than Doctor Wilson. First name... Lucas

GREG

Shit! That's the motherfucker that capped Pete!

81 ANGLE: THE PAPER- 81

We can see the photo clearly now and sure enough, next to the beheaded Doctor Carney is Lucas in white overalls looking less scarred and slightly younger.

LENAR

One and the same. Looks a little prettier at this moment in time though.

TYNAN

So...the son of a bitch used to work for MERCURICOM. Looks like the ex-employee angle was right all along.

Greg steps up and looks at the picture closely. Chris takes note, as he again looks back, bewildered.

CHRIS

Well...at least we have a lead now.

TYNAN

What about this Carney guy?

LENAR

What about him? All we have on him still is just his name... hell, you can hardly see him on that picture.

(Looks around the room)

Our best option right now is to check up on this Doctor Lucas Wilson. We have a full name so we might be able to find something on this son of a bitch.

(Looks at Joseph)

Joe?

Joseph looks up, perplexed.

LENAR

Tomorrow morning, check out this address.

He hands Joseph the address. Joseph stares at the form and raises his eyebrows quizzically.

JOSEPH

(Reading from the form)

Miss Vanessa Halesing, 1222 Templar Boulevard? She had better be good looking if I gotta travel all that way.

GREG

Maybe she looks like yo mamma. We all know shes a peach.

JOSEPH

Fuck you Greg!

Some of the group chuckle mischievously, and even Joseph has a smirk on his face. Joe looks back at his superior, who gives him a serious stare.

LENAR

Keep your eye on the ball on this one Parker. This woman works for MERCURICOM Tech, and also counts being Senator Vexlers personal assistant as a notch on her resume. I want you to see what information you can get out of her about Carney, Lucas; heck, even the Senator.

RACHELLE

You think Vexler's involved?

LENAR

Damn right I do.
(Looks at Joseph)
But don't let Halesing know that.
Just find out what you can.

JOSEPH

No problem.

Joseph walks out of the room humming to himself and the group watch him go.

LENAR

The rest of you, go home. Get some rest. You come back and continue this tomorrow. Its gonna be a long day.

Lenar places the article on the table.

LENAR

See you in the morning.

Lenar strides out of the room.

GREG

Do you think he ever does any real work?

TYNAN

Probably not.

GREG

(Nods)
Thought so.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. POLICE CAR PARK - NIGHT 82

Dusk has begun to fall as Lenar steps out of the double swing doors of the Police station. He walks past several OFFICERS and greets them with a nod or a wave.

He walks past several Police cars lining the car park and then approaches a large black Jeep. Its heavy shape stands out amongst the other cars like a rhino in a mouse hole. Lenar gets in.

CUT TO:

83 INT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT 83

He inserts his keys and then starts the engine running, which ROARS into action. Looking out of the rear window he reverses out of the parking space. He looks out of his window again, carefully examining his surroundings. Still nothing.

Shrugging his shoulders he drives away, out of the car park and onto the road.

BLUES MUSIC blares out from his stereo as he speeds through the city streets.

84 ANGLE: LENAR'S JEEP- 84

As it hastily speeds away.

85 ANGLE: DARK SHADOWS IN THE CAR PARK- 85

Amidst the parked vehicles we can see a wall bathed in blackness, away from any light. We can then hear FOOTSTEPS scrunch on the asphalt and a figure begins to emerge...

Lucas.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - NIGHT 86

Lenar is slowly pulling into the car park, music still playing. He drives round the mass expanse of the parking area trying to find a spot. He finds one, expertly manoeuvres his vehicle into it and shuts down his Jeep.

He steps out of the Jeep and onto the tarmac. He straightens his jacket and looks around at the park. The whole place is almost full to the brim.

CUT TO:

87 INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - NIGHT 87

A large waiting room decked out in blue waiting chairs with wooden frames.

Several people wait reading magazines or talking amongst themselves. The RECEPTIONIST waits behind her desk with an almost artificial smile that reads "I hate you and I think you're scum", besides that she seems like a nice person.

88 ANGLE: LARGE DOUBLE SWING DOORS- 88

That swing open with force as Lenar steps in. All present look up to see the new arrival and then after surveying him for a brief second they continue to glance blankly at their magazines.

CUT TO:

89 INT. LIFT - NIGHT 89

Inside the small cramped space of the lift we can hear DULL LIFT MUZAK playing some horrible rendition of a famous tune. Lenar's face shows his annoyance at listening to the crap tune. For a few moments he looks straight ahead and then he looks quickly at his watch.

Then the lift BEEPS again as it comes to a halt. The doors gently slide open and Lenar walks out into:

CUT TO:

90 INT. INTENSIVE CARE RECEPTION - NIGHT 90

Where he walks to the reception and nods a greeting. The staff obviously know who this man is from the other night, and the receptionist reaches for something on the desk.

The man picks up a Booking In book from the desk and puts it in front of Lenar. Then he hands him a black biro pen to sign with. Lenar picks up the pen and scribbles an indecipherable mark where his signature should be.

Lenar looks up briefly down the hall for a second and something catches his eye. A door gently swinging open, the door to Peters room, and out steps a very LARGE MAN in a Doctors coat.

Lenar looks closer, harder.

The Gay Man can see Lenars attention is on something else. He can sense the tension.

GAY MAN
(Curiously worried)
Are you okay Sir?

Lenar ignores the question and continues to stare intently.

The Large Man is straightening his jacket when he feels someone watching him. Almost in slow motion he turns to face Lenar.

GAY MAN

Sir?

The Large Mans gaze meets Lenar and for a second they stop, each realising the others identity without saying so much as a word.

In an instant the Large Man bounds off down the corridor and runs into the stairwell at the end of the passageway.

LENAR

Shit!

Lenar runs quickly after him and stops at Peters door, which is still open, and looks inside.

91 ANGLE: THE DRIP TUBE- 91

The long and clear plastic tubing that is tunnelling into Peter has something attached to it, a syringe, and the contents of it dripping into the tube.

Lenar looks at Peter and then at the stairwell door. Then he suddenly turns to the Gay Man and barks his orders.

LENAR

Get a fucking Doctor here now!

The Gay Man shudders with fear.

LENAR

(At the top of his voice)

92 NOW! 92

Lenar begins to sprint towards the stairwell, and when he gets there he shoulder barges the door open and runs into the hospital stairwell.

93 ANGLE: THE GAY MAN- 93

Who picks up a phone and frantically tries to dial a number to get a doctor to the scene.

CUT TO:

94 INT. HOSPITAL STAIRWELL - NIGHT 94

Lenar is running down and down the stairs, once again sometimes jumping several in an effort to get down quickly.

95 ANGLE: THE LARGE MAN- 95

As he is frantically trying to open locked doors to a way out at the bottom of the stairwell. Several metal doors line the walls here and each one is locked. He pushes and pulls but the heavy steel doors stay locked.

The Large Man looks up the stairwell and curses to himself as he sees the shape of Lenar approaching fast.

Then he moves to the final door of the passage and tries this one. It opens with a CLICK and without wasting anytime he rushes into wherever it leads.

96 ANGLE: THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRWELL- 96

As Lenar appears in an instant, his face harsh and angry he sees the open door slowly closing and rushes forward again.

CUT TO:

97 INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - NIGHT 97

Where the Large Man is running past the waiting patients and the varied Hospital staff who are all looking at him with curiosity, after all he is still dressed as a Doctor.

98 ANGLE: THE STAIRWELL DOOR- 98

That slams open and Lenar bounds forward with a new release of energy. Seeing the man dead ahead he speeds up. There are a few shrieks as he bounds forward.

LENAR

Out of the way!

The Large Man looks over his shoulder and sees the hulking form of Lenar steadily approaching. He reaches into his white coat and pulls out a Steyr TMP handgun. He turns ready to shoot.

THWACK! Lenar is already on top of him and sends the Large Man flying to the floor with a vicious american football tackle.

The gun flies out of his hand and lands a short distance away.

The waiting people all begin to talk worriedly amongst themselves, that man just hit a Doctor, and we can see the Receptionist begin to tap a number into her phone.

LENAR

(Shouting)

What did you do?

The Large Man stares with glaring hatred and says nothing as Lenar grabs him roughly by the collar and shakes him.

LENAR

(Shouting)

What the fuck did you do?

The Large Man still offers no response. Suddenly he raises his leg and knees Lenar in the back with a thump.

Lenar winces, and the Large Man lands a hard right to the cops face. Lenar rolls off, and the man tries to scramble to his feet.

It is no use though, as Lenar swings his leg around and sweeps the attacker off his feet once again.

Lenar lunges forward and connects with a quick succession of kidney punches before the Large Man brings his heavy fist steaming into Lenars midsection, winding him and this time the man successfully scrambles to his feet.

In a swift movement the Large Man again reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a small serrated knife. A few bystanders shriek and back away.

Lenar climbs to his feet, and just as the attacker takes a swipe, he backs away quickly. He dodges another, as people yell out. In a moment of reflex and inspiration, he grabs a nearby bedpan as the large assailant lunges for the kill.

With a metallic clank the pan blocks the knife. A yellow quickly spills from the pan and covers the mans hand. The Large Man grunts in pain, disgust and frustration. Lenar wastes no time and brings the bedpan up, and slams it across his attackers face, spilling urine across the air and turning the mans face to a bloody mess.

He drops the knife and stumbles back against a nearby gurney, which unfortunately has an injured man on it. The man yells out in pain.

The Large Man holds his mouth as piss trickles down his features. He pulls himself to his feet. Lenar moves in for the kill but is too slow and gets a mouthful of blood spat in his face.

He yells out as the type A blinds him, and this time it is the attacker who takes the initiative. He quickly lands a quick to Lenars groin, sending the cop folding over.

Grabbing Lenar by the jacket, the man runs towards the large glass doors to the exit and throws him towards them as hard as he can.

99

ANGLE: GLASS DOOR -

99

With a huge SMASH of glass the door splinters into a million spider web-like pieces as Lenar tumbles through it and lands on the hard concrete outside.

The Large Man runs to the exit and jumps through the shattered door. He turns instead to make an escape, rather than finish his opponent off. It is a wise choice, as security are approaching fast.

Lenar, bleeding slightly from fresh cuts on him, gets to his feet as soon as he can. Security guards approach him, but he shrugs them off and holds up his badge to show who he is. He then stumbles away, once again in pursuit.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. HOSPITAL CAR PARK - NIGHT 100

As Lenar runs deep into the car park searching for the man he stops suddenly.

He looks to his left and his right, staring hard. There is no sign of the man anywhere.

Just then the silence of the car park is broken by the sound of an engine ROARING into action.

Lenar looks in the direction of the sound and sees the brake lights illuminate on a Black Sedan. The car screeches as it charges backwards in reverse!

Lenar jumps to his right and rolls onto the bonnet of another car and out of the way as the Sedan reverses into the front of it with a loud crunch.

He then gets off the floor and looks up at the Sedan, and importantly, into the drivers window, where the Large Man just gives him a mean looking stare back. The Sedan screeches once more, ready to make its escape.

Lenar looks pissed. Then he looks to his right to see his very own Jeep right next to him. How fortunate for him, and unfortunate for the would-be car assassin.

CUT TO:

101 INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 101

The large man has his foot to the floor as he speeds along the road. His face shows a mixture of aggression and annoyance.

102 ANGLE: THE REAR VIEW MIRROR- 102

In the reflection we can see Lenars Jeep appear in the horizon and speeding its way towards the Sedan.

The Large Man is clearly worried. The jeep is approaching fast.

CUT TO:

103 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 103

Where the Sedan is accelerating faster along the long straight.

Hot on his heels is the Jeep, both vehicles are burning rubber as they speed past other commuters on the road.

The Sedan approaches two cars in front, seemingly blocking his path. He honks his horn and the two cars pay no attention.

The Jeep is approaching steadily. Getting nearer all the time.

CUT TO:

104 INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 104

The Large Man looks over his shoulder and sees the Jeep almost on top of him. He presses his foot down and speeds towards the blocking cars.

CUT TO:

105 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 105

CRASH! He slams into the rear of one sending the car into a bewildered frenzy, wheels spin and the engine smokes as its driver tries desperately to regain control.

No luck as the car spins 190 hard and slides towards the edge of the road, still slowly spinning.

In the opening the Sedan bursts forward onto the straight but sees an intersection approaching.

The Jeep speeds past the spinning car, which has now settled at the edge of the road.

CUT TO:

106 INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 106

The Sedan reaches the intersection and the Large Man grips the hand brake, pulling the stick hard before violently throwing the wheel.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 107

In a SCREECH the wheels turn and almost buckle under the pressure of the turn, leaving behind scorched black rubber marks in their wake as the Sedan instantly spins to the right.

Oncoming traffic HONK further, as the Sedan accelerates down the street, which is steep and lined with shops and pedestrians at either side.

The Jeep is now nearly at the intersection.

CUT TO:

108 INT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT 108

Lenar reaches for the hand brake but then stops and raises his foot from the acceleration pedal. We can hear the engine die down and as this happens he thrusts the wheel hard to his right.

CUT TO:

109 INT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT 109

He slams his foot down, in an instant the engine ROARS its displeasure and again the wheels burn.

CUT TO:

110 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 110

The Jeep takes off to the right, after the Sedan which we can see speeding ahead of Lenar.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 111

The Jeep is heading straight for a motorcycle whose RIDER is just getting off, Lenar turns the wheel left to compensate and the wheels turn.

A little late though as the rear of the Jeep swings out as it turns, the Rider jumps to save himself as the Jeep SMASHES into the motorcycle, sending it crashing to the floor in a pieces.

CUT TO:

112 INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 112

The Sedan is speeding towards the waiting cars and the Large Man is frantically trying to think what to do. He looks at the traffic and then to his left, a large sidewalk.

Slamming the wheel he turns to the left and burns towards the sidewalk.

CUT TO:

113 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 113

The car mounts the pavement knocking over a plastic bin that was in the way, rubbish flies through the air and the Sedan straightens itself out before accelerating fully down the sidewalk.

A jogger, a shopper and a couple jumps out of the way as the Sedan speeds towards them. It knocks over whatever is in its path, signboards, bins, even plastic tables and chairs outside a street diner. Everything is sent flying like a rhino is charging through them.

CUT TO:

114 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT 114

The Jeep mounts the pavement with a bump as the Jeep flies off after the Sedan, crushing the floored remains of whatever the Sedan drove through.

The Sedan runs past the red light and into a flurry of speeding cars, he is side on to the oncoming traffic. He slides briefly before turning and speeding away, but he is accelerating into the traffic, head on!

The cars again HONK as they drive by, the Sedan now gaining speed up a slight hill as more vehicles plough by him, some dangerously close.

The Jeep reaches the lights, still red and sees the Sedan driving up the hill. Lenar turns and skids sharply as he spins to face the hill, in an instant he takes off, quicker than the Sedan.

At the crest of the hill the Sedan mounts the road just as a large van swerves to avoid him. More and more of the oncoming vehicles swerve to dodge the crazed driver who is still speeding along the road.

Lenar has now reached the crest and speeds up straight after the Sedan.

CUT TO:

115 INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 115

The Jeep speeds up and SLAMS into the rear of the Sedan. The bumper dislodges slightly as Lenar again accelerates and SLAMS into the Sedans rear. The bumper dislodges further as Lenar again SLAMS into the Sedan sending the bumper falling to the ground which the Jeep crushes beneath its massive frame.

Lenar then pulls out to the left and begins to come along side the Sedan, straight in front of him is a large Truck HONKING and HONKING a warning.

CUT TO:

116 INT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT 116

Lenar brakes heavily and turns hard just as the Truck burns past, scraping the side of the Jeep.

The Truck passes by quickly and when it has gone Lenar floors the pedal and again comes along side the Sedan. He looks into the black tinted windows to see the shadow of the Large Man.

Lenar slams the wheel and his Jeep crashes into the side of the Sedan with a CRUNCH.

CUT TO:

117 INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 117

The Sedan loses control briefly, swaying left and right as the driver fights to keep control.

Then he sees it. Right in front of him is a gentle right turn but they are going to fast to turn, they are heading straight for a building sight where a mammoth steel frame stands like a skeleton. Lenar thinks for a second and then turns the wheel sharply.

The Jeep SLAMS into the Sedan for the final time and it loses control sending it hurtling towards the metal wire gates that surround the site. It CRASHES through the wire gates and heads straight for the large metal frame.

CUT TO:

118 INT. BLACK SEDAN - MOVING - NIGHT 118

The Large Man fights with the wheel but his efforts are wasted. He looks up silently.

119 ANGLE: THROUGH THE WINDSCREEN 119

We can see a large vertical metal bar right in front of him.

SMASH! The metal bar rips into the Sedans passenger side, tearing the car apart. The window breaks and SMASHES. The front bonnet folds up like a piece of shiny metallic paper as the car comes to a brutal and sudden stop.

The driver crunches into the dashboard, sending blood spurting across the vinyl dash, before the airbag bursts out at high velocity. Its white covering becomes spattered in crimson as the Large Man lets out a yelp.

Then everything goes quiet; everything that is, apart from the screeching horn of the Sedan.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. BUILDING SITE - NIGHT 120

The Jeeps pulls up to a screeching stop. Its door opens and Lenar steps out, a mean look on his face. He reaches into the Jeeps glove compartment.

From inside he pulls out a small Beretta pistol. He unclips the magazine and checks it's loaded. It is.

Then he begins to walk into the building site, towards the smoking wreck of the Sedan, gun at the ready. The crash has dislodged a water main, and a jet of cold clear water sprays down on the area as Lenar gets closer. He doesn't care about that though.

Soon he reaches the Sedan and looks inside. The large man sits in a bloody mess behind the wheel and an airbag. His skin is torn and ripped from the glass and he is bleeding heavily.

Lenar looks him up and down and raise his pistol.

The Large Man opens his eyes, squinting amongst the blood. He opens his lips and mutters something.

LARGE MAN
(Only just managing to
talk)
My... my... my legs.

Lenar looks to the front of the car, or whats left of it. Whatever was previously this mans legs are now one with the engine, a gruesomely unseen meeting of machinery and bone.

LENAR
(Pissed off)
Shut up.

LARGE MAN
(Only just managing to
talk)
Please... god... my legs.

LENAR
(Pissed off)
Shut the fuck up! Who sent you?
(shouting)
Who sent you?!

Then the Large Man begins to violently cough up blood and then begins to hack. We can hear the GARGLE in his throat. He is drowning on his own blood and Lenar doesn't care.

LARGE MAN
(Only just managing to
talk)
You... you're already a... a dead man.
You're already..

121 ANGLE: THE LARGE MAN-

121

The large man hacks up some more and his breathing becomes pretty intense, but then his cough slowly dies away, his eyes cloud over and his body lies motionless.

122 ANGLE: LENAR'S EYES-

122

That stare deeply at the fallen man. His eyes are empty. No emotion.

We see Lenar staring at the lifeless corpse of his attacker. For a few moments everything is still, almost like a photograph before the WAILING of Police sirens can be heard getting louder and louder as they approach the Building site.

Lenar puts his hand in his pocket and pulls out his badge then he holds both his arms up in the air while holding his badge. The old "Don't shoot me, I'm a Cop" pose. We see Lenar bathed in red and blue light and can see several Officers approach him.

CUT TO:

123 INT. GRANT WAGNER'S OFFICE - DAY

123

Inside the office of Grant Wagner, Chief of Police and all round asshole, it is like the reverse of Mike Irons' domain. Instead of commendations and awards for valor, here are just photos of himself with famous people and prominent politicians. It is clear that Grant Wagner, besides being an obnoxious geriatric shit, is a selfish patronizing idiot. Grant sits behind his desk and Irons is opposite, head in his hands.

IRONS

Sir, with all due respect, you cant seriously be thinking about doing this.

GRANT WAGNER

Damn straight I'm going to do it. Your golden boy almost wrecked half a fucking city block, endangered god knows how many civilian lives and killed a suspect.

IRONS

We don't know that...

GRANT WAGNER

(Interrupts)

Don't we? Have you taken a look at the Pathologists report on that guy?

Irons offers no response. Wagner throws a folder at Irons which lands in his lap. Irons picks it up and reluctantly thumbs through the contents.

GRANT WAGNER

We could have had a source of information with that man Irons.

(MORE)

GRANT WAGNER(cont'd)

Instead, we've got another fucking toe tag in the morgue.

Irons reads some of the document and then looks up, an annoyed look on his face. Hes had enough.

IRONS (CONT'D)

This is bullshit.

GRANT WAGNER

Ill tell you whats bullshit Irons. Me having to make excuses for you and the fucking wild bunch. Face it, Sgt Clark has always been a wild card and now he's well and truly screwed the pooch. He overstepped the mark and he's got to pay for it.

IRONS

And what about the fact he apprehended a cop killer? Or did you conveniently forget that little detail?

GRANT WAGNER

Watch your tone Irons.

(pause)

The unfortunate loss of Peter Rowgun has not been lost of me, but that doesn't change the way it is. We are the Police force; not militant vigilantes. There are rules to the game.

IRONS

This isnt a game... sir.

Grant Wagner looks shocked.

GRANT WAGNER

I warned you not to smart mouth me Irons. You are this close to going down with the shit for bricks unit of yours. Lenar Clark will be directing traffic for the rest of his life when I am finished with him... if he's lucky. And if you speak to me like that again you wont even get that pleasure. Got me?

(pause)

Now I want Clark in this office asap. Understood?

IRONS

Sir, with all due respect, if you
wanna find Clark, you can find him
your god damn self.

Irons rises and begins to exit the room. Wagner sits there, stunned at the lack of respect. Irons opens the door and steps out, just before he does though he makes a final comment.

IRONS

And while your looking, I suggest
you pull your head out of your ass.
It might help with your eyesight,
not to mention your fucking
principals.

Irons walks out and SLAMS the door behind him.

CUT TO:

124 EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

124

A quiet graveyard, small and private. This is a sacred area and it shows as the grounds are obviously taken care of well. Above a freshly dug hole is a dark mahogany coffin, suspended on a rail lowering system. Standing around this is Lenar, Rachelle, Chris, Greg, Marc and Joseph, all looking sad and tired. At the head of the grave stands FATHER MALORY, an ageing but kind reverend. For a few moments all is still and calm. Then Lenar steps forward and silently pays his respects.

Then he steps back and the others say their goodbyes in turn, and then watch silently as the coffin is lowered into the ground.

125 SLOW FADE TO BLACK

125

126 SLOW FADE IN

126

127 INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM - DAY

127

A small ovular office strewn with recording equipment and computers all linked to each other by so many wires they seem like veins running between organs. Each computer is bringing up indecipherable information, numbers, letters and diagrams as two men, USER 1 and USER 2 look at the screens while jotting down notes onto a clipboard.

We hear a soft BEEPING.

They turn to a smaller system in the rear of the room. The screen is slowly flashing white and the screen displays "INCOMING PRIORITY MESSAGE".

User 1 calmly walks over to the computer and sits down. Looking briefly at the keyboard he begins to tap a number of keys and the screen changes. "MERCURICOM TECHNOLOGIES - INPUT PERSONAL DATA CODE". The man types in his number in lightning speed. The monitor fades to black in response.

Then the screen brings up a new message. "ENTER USER NAME". User 1 types for a few seconds. Then he presses the enter key and the screen brings up a final message. "USER NAME ACCEPTED. WELCOME GRACELAND." Followed by "PROCEED WITH ONLINE COMMUNICATIONS WITH ELVIS?".

The man types in "YES" and presses enter. The screen changes for the final time to the familiar Internet communications system. Then the screen begins to type up a message. As this conversation continues we ZOOM in on the screen and can only hear the TAPPING of keys.

ELVIS

(On Screen)

There is a problem. My position is becoming increasingly dangerous. I need immediate extraction.

GRACELAND

(On Screen)

Negative. The operation is almost complete, as long as your cover remains intact, we can protect you. Extracting you now would just cause unnecessary complications.

ELVIS

(On Screen)

Wilson is getting closer. I can feel it. He knows where I am and he's biding his time.

GRACELAND

(On Screen)

Lucas is being dealt with. Clean Sweep has located him and is neutralizing any threat he might have caused.

ELVIS

(On Screen)

If Rowgun was any indication of Clean Sweeps abilities Im afraid Im not convinced. It has made the team focused. It will only be a matter of time before they dig deep enough to find me. My position is no longer viable here. Clean Sweep should purge the targets now.

GRACELAND

(On Screen)

Impossible. Clean Sweep will continue as planned and neutralise all threats, then, and only then will you be extracted.

ELVIS

(On Screen)

Are you listening to me? My cover is about to be blown wide open.

GRACELAND

(On Screen)

Your cover is viable for the length of time Clean Sweep requires. We will contact you when the mission is a success.

Then we pull back from the computer screen and see that we are in a different location.

CUT TO:

128 INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY 128

A small darkened office with a lone computer, and by that computer sits a figure who we cannot make out.

CUT TO:

129 EXT. TEMPLAR BOULEVARD - DAY 129

A rich suburb, bathed in golden sunlight the sidewalks glisten with expense as along the roadside we see expensive houses and apartment buildings.

We hear a SCREECH and then zooming around a corner shoots a car, which in complete contrast to its surroundings, couldn't be any cheaper.

CUT TO:

130 EXT. TEMPLAR BOULEVARD - DAY 130

The faint excuse for a car into a nearby parking space and shuts its engine down. From inside, Joseph steps out of the car slowly and puts a pair of sunglasses on. He looks up and we SCROLL up to show the building, 1222 Templar Boulevard and it looks every bit as impressive as it sounds.

JOSEPH

Well shit on me...

Then he continues inside and walks past the large wall outside, past numerous plants and bushes and ornate sculptures.

He walks along a smooth path and reaches the door. He looks to his left to see the caller I.D. machine. He looks down the name list that reads "STEAKLEY", "REDFIELD", "BIRKIN", "KENNEDY" and finally "HALESING".

He presses the caller button and we hear a SCREECHING DOOR BELL.

No answer. He tries again, the bell SCREECHES and he waits.

Still no answer.

Joseph steps back and stares up at the building, shielding his eyes from the glaring sun. He looks at all the windows and sees they are all tightly shut. All but one, a balcony overlooking the garden, the large doors are open wide and expensive curtains are blowing in the gentle breeze.

Joseph looks puzzled. He looks up and down once more. He looks at the door and then looks at the door handle and raising his hand, turns it. It doesn't open.

Then he tries to gently push the door open with both hands. He pushes and pushes without avail as the door stays firmly closed.

He looks around briefly before quickly kicking the door with a THUD. It shakes but stays shut.

JOSEPH

Aw c'mon!

Then he walks slowly down the path and looks for any people. There are none so he turns and sprints towards the door, preparing to shoulder barge it. One, Two, Three and SLAM! He collides with the door. He looks at it but it stays motionless, still closed and locked.

JOSEPH

(almost inaudible
mumbling)

God damn rich bitches with their
bionic doors and fort knox
security. Why cant they just have
normal, easy to break into houses
like everyone else?

Joseph cricks his neck back and moves his shoulders slightly. Then he reaches into his jacket and pulls out a Beretta pistol. He unclips the magazine and checks the bullets before sliding the magazine back into place then he places the gun barrel against the door lock. He looks around again for any people. And he COUGHS trying to cover the gunfire simultaneously as he fires with a BANG, his cough only just audible over the gunshot.

The lock shatters and the door splinters.

Joseph pushes the door gently open.

JOSEPH

Hello? Sorry to disturb you... and
shoot your door... just a friendly
call from your cheerful
neighbourhood law enforcement.

He steps into the building warily.

Inside we see a large corridor extending and to the right a staircase that gently curls round. There are no carpets or paintings or any sign of life. The entire building looks empty.

JOSEPH

What the?!

He approaches a door to his left and pushes it open. Sticking his head around the door he looks in... the whole room is empty. No furniture or anything.

He holds his gun ready and begins to walk slowly and carefully up the stairs. Finger primed on the trigger. He reaches the top of the stairs and he quickly looks around, nothing here either.

Walking towards a door to his right he pushes it open and looks inside. Straight in front of him are the large balcony windows.

Joseph watches the curtains blow for a second before entering the empty apartment.

He spins to his left, gun poised. Nothing.

He spins to his right, gun poised. Nothing.

Then he walks over to the window and steps onto the balcony.

131 ANGLE: JOSEPH'S P.O.V.-

131

As the expensive splendour of Templar Boulevard spreads as far as the eye can see.

Joseph shakes his head.

Then he enters the room again and closes the balcony windows behind him. When he turns round something catches his eye.

It looks like a small hole in the wall.

Then he looks at it closely. It's a hole, a bullet hole.

He traces his finger along the marking and then turns to the window again and then back to the bullet hole.

CUT TO:

132 INT. ROOM - DAY 132

A medium sized room, dark and eerie with only a few rays of light streaming through the boarded up windows. It is strewn with broken pieces of machinery and wooden furniture. A metal cupboard is bolted to the wall and a lone table sits in the corner of the room. On it is a small portable workstation. More and more peripherals sit unused on the table.

We hear a door CREAK and then we hear FOOTSTEPS.

A large figure approaches the table and as it steps into the light we can see it is Lucas. In his hands is a large black briefcase.

He approaches the table and places the briefcase onto it. He CLICKS both locks and opens the briefcase.

133 ANGLE: THE BRIEFCASE- 133

Inside we can see more C-4 plastic explosive with a detonator and charges already set into it, much like earlier.

134 BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! 134

The sound is coming from the portable system. Lucas turns and looks at it, then types in some code and is presented with grainy video footage from security cameras.

He stares at the flicking images.

135 ANGLE: THE COMPUTER SCREEN- 135

We can see the screen is split into four different sections. Section one is a view of a street, section two is a view of a scrap yard, section three is some kind of passage and section four is a path leading to a door.

For a few moments we hold on this view, each image looking like a black and white photograph and then it happens.

On section three we see a dark blob, perhaps a shadow move. Then it moves more and more followed by more shadows. The dark shapes move closer to the lens and we can make them out. Clean Sweep!

136 ANGLE: LUCAS' EYES- 136

As they look seriously pissed off.

Lucas wastes no time and quickly moves to the metal cupboard on the wall. Pulling a key from his pocket he inserts it into a lock and opens the cupboard.

Inside is a rack of weapons, mostly handguns but it is the SPAS-12 automatic shotgun that catches his eye. Prizing it from its holder he quickly opens it up and inserts several cartridges into the barrel. Then he pumps the weapon and it is ready.

In incredible speed he grabs the briefcase, spins and begins to stride towards the door.

He stops. He can hear the faint sounds of Clean Sweep approaching.

He looks at a ragged carpet on the floor with a cold and focused glare.

137 ANGLE: THE DOOR-

137

As it is kicked open. Clean Sweep pour in like the professionals they are, each searching for the target.

The laser sights of their weapons pierce the dark interior of this shabby run down room as Clean Sweep efficiently search every corner. They almost blend into the shadows immediately, but the floorboards creak below them.

They all stop, and scan the small expanse of the area. CS-1 looks down and spots a large square wooden trap door on the floor below.

CS-1

There.

CS-1 signals with his hand and the other members of the team nod in agreement. They step up to the door and open fire, spewing silenced bullets into the wooden floorboards, which splinter and break as they fire.

They stop, and then CS-1 steps up to the trap door slowly and cautiously grabs the steel handle.

With a large creak, the door swings up, and the Clean Sweep operatives look in, pointing their guns.

There is nothing but silence and darkness.

138 ANGLE: THE SECRET PASSAGE-

138

It is dark and all we can make out is a wooden ladder leading from the room.

CS-1 steps onto the ladder and begins to descend, as the others stand in the room waiting to follow.

Searching through them while mumbling to himself he stops and holds up a small silver key. Then he makes his way over the sorting boxes.

He inserts the key into the box that reads "Lenar Clark" and turns it. A gentle CLICK is heard and he opens the box. Inside is a pile of useless letters stacked on top of a large envelope.

Lenar looks confused.

Then he reaches in and picks out the large envelope, forgetting about the others. He looks at it, on the front is "Lenar Clark".

He looks at it for a few moments and then he picks out the rest of his mail and stacks all of it onto the cardboard box. Then he closes his mailbox and picks up the cardboard box. He begins to walk out of the room.

CUT TO:

141 INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY

141

A medium sized office is lined with untidy desks and furniture. Stacked folders and paper litter the desks with waste paper bins overloaded with screwed up pieces of paper. Various photos and awards hang from the walls and there is a large bookshelf in one corner. On a desk sits Chris, hastily typing away on a computer while eating a ham and cheese on rye sandwich while Rachelle reads up on files and Marc searches through more boxes of files. Marc looks up at Chris typing away.

TYNAN

Chris, have you seen the report on last years Wiseman incident?

Chris carries on typing.

TYNAN

(Shouting)

Chris!

Chris jumps in shock.

CHRIS

Hey? What? What?

TYNAN

I said have you seen last years Wiseman report?

CHRIS

No I haven't. What do you want with that?

TYNAN

Just checking up on the whiter than white Senator Vexlers history is all. I never trust a man who has more teeth than an alligator, so there must be some kind of dirt on that guy.

Chris takes a bite of a sandwich, as Rachelle looks on.

CHRIS

(With a mouthful of food)
Right. Ok.

The door opens and in steps Lenar, a CD in his hand. Rachelle looks up at what he's carrying.

RACHELLE

Whats that?

LENAR

Somebody dropped off a little present for me last night in a tidy little envelope. No name, no details, just this disc. I've got a feeling its something to do with this case.

TYNAN

What's on it?

Lenar looks at it more closely.

LENAR

Lets find out.

Chris takes the disc and slides over to his desk, sitting down in his chair.

He presses the Draw open button and the CD draw slides open, then removing the disc from its casing he places it into the machine and presses the Draw close button. Then we can hear the faint sound of the drive checking the CD.

Then the screen fades to black.

LENAR

What's going on?

CHRIS

I don't know.

Chris taps the keyboard furiously but the screen remains black.

CHRIS

Crap. Disc must be faulty or something.

Lenar pauses, trying to think of something.

LENAR

Isn't there something you can do?

CHRIS

Not much. In my experience a shitty ass disc is a shitty ass disc.

LENAR

Fuck.

RACHELLE

Maybe it's a good thing Lenar. After all, we don't even know who gave it to you. It could be someone trying to get us off their backs.

TYNAN

For a decoy it's a pretty crap one. At least they could have gotten one that worked.

Lenar is just about to speak again when a BEEP is heard... coming from the computer. Him and his team look at the screen.

The dark screen now fades into a white, over which is written in large bold capitals "MC-V2.3". This then fades away and so does the white, blending into a more metallic blue over which green details begin to slowly appear. A spinning polygonal model from the looks of it, a model of a microchip. It spins slowly and purposefully as white writing begins to appear on the screen.

At the top it reads "Mercury Chip - Version 2.3 - Data Burst Storage - Processor Chipset". Underneath this in smaller writing is written " Copyright MERCURICOM Technologies Limited". Then from the right side of the screen slides a vertical menu bar. On which are the following options "Data Burst Storage", "Chipset Data", "System Parameters", "Technical Limitations", "System Requirements", "Key Features" and finally "Congressional Approval".

LENAR

What the fuck?!

RACHELLE

Who did you say you got this from?

LENAR

Somebody unknown. Whoever this mysterious benefactor is, it seems like they're on our side.

(pause)

Keep going. There's bound to be something we can use.

The group all stand over the computer as they scroll through the menu screens. All types of technical information of this seemingly new microchip is called forth, and they take in all the info they can.

Chris then clicks on a new screen that reads "Mercury Chip V2.3 - Key Features". At the side of the screen appears another green polygonal image of the chip, but this is of the actual internal parts and one part of the model, near the rear, is flashing red in slow succession. Writing then begins to appear on the screen.

"The current beta version of the Mercury Chip uses not only the main system and parts of the previous Mercury systems but also utilizes MERCURICOM Technologies ground breaking M-2 technology. This technology is an extension of the existing 'system on a chip' range that Mercury provides, but also provides operators and users with approximately One million logic gates per square millimeter. It also uses a unique combination of Digital Frequency Features and a low-K in the metallization. This pairing of systems provides accurate timing closure for complex designs and procedures specifically the Carney contingency. This specially designed system is active and operates within all Mercury V2.3 Chips. This procedure gives MERCURICOM Technologies unlimited access to each individual chip, and, through using the Digital Frequency options, a signal can be delivered to either an individual or group of chips that can render all normal processes ineffective and shut down the whole chip until the corresponding restart signal is delivered to the chip, again using Digital Frequency."

Lenar looks at the writing, trying to understand what it says.

LENAR

I'm not reading this wrong am I?
From what this says it looks like
MERCURICOM Technologies can shut
down any Mercury Chip in use at any
time.

RACHELLE

Look's that way.

CHRIS

Jesus...

LENAR

But those chips are used in nearly all of the military, hell, even the Police systems.

CHRIS

They could shut down anything they wanted, like a missile guidance system, or even they theoretically shut down the entire F.B.I. database if they wanted to.

TYNAN

Fuck. Those chips are everywhere.

CHRIS

Not yet they're not. It says here that that this chip is the new Mercury 2.3, its not in circulation yet.

TYNAN

Then we have to warn someone about this.

RACHELLE

Whose going to believe us Marc? They're bound to be prepared for this. They have to be. There's nothing we can do.

LENAR

Is there anything else on the disc we can use?

CHRIS

Hold on.

Chris taps away on the keyboard for a few seconds. A beat later and Chris looks up.

CHRIS

Shit. Do you want the good news or the bad news?

LENAR

Does it matter?

CHRIS

Well the bad news is that this disc uses code a disintegrating code system.

LENAR

English please.

CHRIS
Basically the disc erase itself
after its been read once.

LENAR
Fantastic. And the good news?

CHRIS
It won't harm your computer at all.

LENAR
(Sarcastically)
I feel better already.

Lenar walks over to the screen and looks at it, back at the
start menu.

Then something catches his eye.

142 ANGLE: THE SCREEN-

142

Namely the menu options. To be precise the one that reads
"CONGRESSIONAL APPROVAL".

LENAR
Give that here a minute.

He reaches forward and takes control of the mouse and then
clicks onto the option.

The screen fades away and in fades a blue background, with
what looks like the Presidential Mark embossed on it. Over
the top writing begins to appear. AS Lenar reads on certain
parts of the document are visible as he watch.

"Of course the implementation of the chip must be the first
and foremost concern."

"With an operative in the Presidential seat, all finance and
approval can be obtained for all military systems to be
upgraded to Mercury V2.3."

"So far public reaction to our candidate, Senator Lance
Vexler, has been strong and enthusiastic."

"For the duration of the election period Dr. Carney will be
relocated to an undercover position due to the several
attempts on his life."

Lenar looks like someone just told him he is a trout.
Completely and utterly stupefied. Marc looks on in shock.

TYNAN
You gotta be kidding me.

LENAR

So that's what Vexler has to do with this. He's their fucking rent boy. They'll get him into office and let him do what he wants as long as he gets those chips in mainstream production.

TYNAN

God damn politicians.

RACHELLE

We gotta think about this Lenar. I mean how deep does it go? We don't know who we can trust anymore.

LENAR

You're right. We are no longer in the frying pan people.

Just then Greg and Joseph hastily stomp into the room, and Joe has a look on his face like he's ready to burst if he doesn't share the information he's holding.

CUT TO:

143

EXT. SENATOR VEXLER'S STATELY HOME

143

A large and splendid mansion like home is surrounded by heavily landscaped gardens, flowers of all descriptions and carefully mown lawns. Various indescribable statues and sculptures line the garden and clearly were chosen not for artistic merit but for the sake of it. Enormous black gates bar the property and outside stand two security guards, GUARD 1 and GUARD 2. They stand patiently, palms crossed at the waist.

GUARD 1

...I tell ya, he's gonna be about as popular as you on prom night.

GUARD 2

That popular huh?

GUARD 1

(Sarcastically)

Oh yeah. That popular.

We hear the sound of an ENGINE as a car approaches.

An unusually shiny black limousine drives up to the gates and stops. Then Guard 1 steps forward to the rear window as it slowly winds down.

Inside is Senator Vexler, wearing a suit that probably cost more than most families earn in a year.

GUARD 1
Good day Sir.

Senator Vexler looks at them with a look of distaste that is soon wiped away by a fake smile.

SENATOR VEXLER
Hello.
(Pauses)
I trust everything is fine. No problems or anything?

GUARD 1
Everything's fine Sir. Nothing but the sounds of nature to keep us company.

SENATOR VEXLER
Good. Good.

Guard 2 walks up to the side of the metal gates, there is a stone pillar and set into it is an electrical code device with a numerical keypad. He taps in some numbers and then presses a larger button.

We hear a CLUNK and then the gates begin to slowly open.

Senator Vexler looks at his surroundings as his limo travels down the gravel road leading to his home.

It pulls to a stop and the Senator steps out, his shiny shoes gleaming expensively. As he reaches his door he straightens his tie, checking he is in pristine and perfect condition. Two more armed guards nod their greeting to him and he returns the favour politely before stepping past them.

As he looks down we hear several almost silent THWIPS, accompanied by the sound of two things tumbling over onto on gravel.

Senator Vexler looks up, just hearing the faint sound.

He turns round and sees Guard 3 and Guard 4 lying on the ground, dead, bullets through the forehead and deader than Michael Jacksons reputation.

SENATOR VEXLER
(Shitting his pants)
Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

He stumbles backwards, his hand clasped over his mouth in shock. He spins his head in all directions, trying to spot his unseen assailant but he cannot see anyone. The tranquil grounds of his stately home remain as calm as they ever were.

In a panic, the Senator stumbles towards the two lifeless forms in front of him, and carefully leans down to one of them.

He looks round again. Everything is where it should be, no sign of anyone or anything.

Cautiously he kneels down, then remembering to keep an eye out, raises his head quickly. His hands reach the dead body of Guard 4 and he frantically reaches into the dead mans jacket. He finds something.

Pulling out his hand he is now holding a small Smith & Wesson .38 Special J-Frame. Then he points the gun, holding it close to his chest like a complete amateur.

Sweat drips down his forehead, he is breathing very slowly, trying to remain calm.

He begins to walk backwards, pointing the gun in all directions.

THUMP! He bumps into someone behind him!

Senator Vexler spins round, about to fire the gun but as he does so it is swatted from his hands.

The tiny gun lands far away from him.

Standing in front of Vexler is a CLEAN SWEEP OPERATIVE!

Vexler tumbles backwards and falls over a corpse. He collapses hard to the gravel.

SENATOR VEXLER

Oh god! Please don't kill me!
Please, I beg you! Don't kill me!

The Clean Sweep Operative just stands, staring at the cowardly Senator through his mask.

SENATOR VEXLER

Oh god. Why did they send you?... Ive
been doing everything they asked...
Look, I have money... what ever
they're paying you... I'll double
it... triple it!

Then the Clean Sweep Operative speaks, muffled by his mask.

144

CLEAN SWEEP OPERATIVE

144

For a glory hog who loves the spotlight, you're a surprisingly difficult man to find Senator...

SENATOR VEXLER

What?!

Then the Clean Sweep Operative reaches up to his mask and pulls it off.

It is Lucas!

LUCAS
...hello again. Senator.

Vexler almost wets himself in fear.

CUT TO:

145 INT. POLICE COMPUTER ROOM

145

A sparse and clean room, almost medically hygienic with dull grey work tops and desks upon which sit the Polices computer systems. The room has very few people in, but of those there are Mike Irons, ROB WINSTON and STAN BOTTIN. Rob and Stan are the stereotypical Police computer nerds, anything on a keyboard and they know it, anything in a skirt and they go weak at the knees. Both are tapping away while Irons looks over them.

ROB WINSTON
Just forget it chief... there's no way we can get in. We've been backwards and forwards with this system for ages and still no luck.

IRONS
I'm terribly sorry you had to stop your Quake deathmatch, whatever the hell that is, to do some real work. But that is what you're doing and real work has results, so get me some.

ROB WINSTON
Like I said. There is no way we can get into the system. There's layer after layer after layer of protective programming.

STAN BOTTIN
Whoever did it doesn't want it to be found man.

Irons shoots him a look annoyance. A man at the edge of his temper.

STAN BOTTIN
(Mumbling to himself)
...I was just saying man.

Then through a door appears a SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Chief. There's a call for you on line three.

Irons looks up at her.

IRONS

Who is it?

SECRETARY

He said his name was Lucas sir.

Irons doesn't hear whatever she says next, instead, he just runs straight past her and grabs a phone by the door.

He looks to the woman.

IRONS

Trace it.

She nods, and taps into a nearby computer.

When he gets the ok, Irons taps the button for Line 3 and then we hear a CLICK as the phone registers the line.

IRONS

Irons here...

CUT TO:

146 INT. CLEAN SWEEP VAN - DAY - MOVING

146

Inside the cramped front compartment of the Clean Sweep Van sits Lucas. Calmly driving with one hand while the other is talking into a mobile phone. In the passenger seat next to him is Senator Vexler, handcuffed and gagged, and also looking damn scared.

LUCAS

Well hello again Captain.

IRONS (V.O.)

(On phone)

What can I do for you Lucas?

LUCAS

It's not so much what you can do for me but more of what I can do for you. These days, history seems to be repeating itself in a most ironic way.

IRONS (V.O.)

(On phone)

What do you mean?

LUCAS

Well, its not everyday that a crazed psychopath with a tendency for terroristic behaviour gets two chances to kill a future president is it?

Vexler lets out a fear filled whimper from beneath his gag.

IRONS (V.O.)

(On phone)

Senator Vexler...

LUCAS

He shoots. He scores! Looks like not all of the taxpayers money is being wasted on your trigger happy division Captain. That's good to know. Gives me a little faith in the much overrated law enforcers of this filthy city.

IRONS (V.O.)

(On phone)

Don't do anything you might regret Lucas.

LUCAS

I did that a loooong time ago Captain. So heres the deal, Im going to go somewhere and do something stupid, and if you love the Senator and much as it sounds like you do, come and stop me.

Lucas throws the phone in the back of the van, and doesn't hang up.

147 ANGLE: OUTSIDE THE VAN-

147

We can see it is pulling up to the MERCURICOM Technologies building.

He looks over to Senator Vexler who is clearly scared out of his wits.

LUCAS

Oh for gods sake man. Stop whimpering. You're supposed to a role model to little children for god's sake.

Vexler yelps in cowardly shock.

LUCAS

Not that it matters. After tonight everyone will know you for the snivelling coward you really are. That's if you live through the night that is.

The Senator lets out another yelp.

CUT TO:

148 INT. POLICE OFFICE - DAY 148

Inside the office, Lenar, Rachelle, Joseph, Chris, Greg and Marc are running round the room, frantically getting things together and suiting up.

GREG

Does anyone else here feel like a friggin' yo-yo?

A couple of the group snigger as they strap on their protective body armor and load themselves up with weapons. Lenaer straps on a couple of heavy duty combat gloves and then looks to his mean looking team.

LENAR

Ready?

His crack squad all nod in unison, they looked primed to kick some ass.

TYNAN

Time to fuck somebody up.

GREG

That's what I'm talking about.

CUT TO:

149 INT. POLICE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY 149

Irons is putting his jacket on while talking to Rob Winston and Stan Bottin.

IRONS

I've got to go now but if you come up with anything, call me on my cellular. Got it.

STAN BOTTIN

Yeah man. I've got you.

IRONS

I'm counting on you guys to come up with something. Don't disappoint me.

Stan Bottin looks out the open door and sees a gang of Officers run past.

STAN BOTTIN
Somebodies going to open a can of
whoop ass big style tonight huh
chief?

Irons looks out the door.

IRONS
And then some. Call me if you get
anything.

Then he runs out of the room and down a corridor.

ROB WINSTON
That man needs to relax a little.

STAN BOTTIN
Fibre. Definitely not getting
enough fibre.

CUT TO:

150 EXT. FRONT AREA OF MERCURICOM TECHNOLOGIES BUILDING - DAY 150

The majestic and familiar frontage of the MERCURICOM building is shining in the gradually dimming sunlight. People walk the streets surrounding it and people generally go about their business. We PAN slowly to the right and on a road running next to the huge tower we see a black van, the Clean Sweep van to be precise.

CUT TO:

151 INT. CLEAN SWEEP BLACK VAN - DAY 151

Lucas is looking out of the window, staring at the MERCURICOM building while Vexler is shuffling in his seat, it looks like he is pathetically trying to escape the handcuffs with no avail.

Lucas looks at him.

LUCAS
Stop fidgeting Senator. You'll make
it worse.

Vexler mumbles something.

Lucas raises his eyebrows and then reaches towards the Senator.

Vexler shivers with fear.

Lucas unties the gag that was wrapped round the Senators mouth.

SENATOR VEXLER

How can it possibly be any worse?!
You're gonna kill me! You're gonna
fucking kill me!

LUCAS

Stop being so dramatic and pull
yourself together. Im not in any
mood to kill you Vexler, otherwise
I would have done it by now.

Lucas looks up quickly and then SLAM! He punches Vexler in
straight in the face. Vexler coughs up a little blood and
wipes some from his nose.

LUCAS

Of course, that doesn't mean I have
to treat you nicely though.

Vexler has now pulled out a handkerchief and is holding it to
his nose. Lucas looks at his watch.

LUCAS

It'll be dark soon.
(Looks up at the sky)
But not soon enough. I have things
I need to do, preparations that
must be done and I can't do them
with a building full of people, now
can I Senator?

SENATOR VEXLER

So what are you gonna do?

Lucas just gives a slight smirk as he looks at the scared to
deathg politician.

CUT TO:

152 INT. MERCURICOM TECHNOLOGIES RECEPTION AREA - DAY 152

Sitting in the spacious reception hall is the RECEPTIONIST
and another ASSISTANT. The waiting room is completely empty
but various people, Designers and casual Workers walk past.
All of them are going about their business.

153 RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! RING! 153

The fire bell launches itself into action, the harsh ringing
echoing through the room.

RECEPTIONIST

Fire?! There can't be!

She runs over to a computer screen and checks it.

154 ANGLE: THE SCREEN-

154

It shows a crude blueprint of the facility with red lights flashing all over it. The warning message "FIRE" is clearly visible in the top right corner.

The Receptionist lunges forward and grabs a microphone. She frantically presses some nearby buttons and then begins to speak into it.

RECEPTIONIST

(Into microphone)

Attention all staff! Please evacuate this building now! I repeat, please evacuate now in an orderly manner! Several internal fires have broken out within the building. Please evacuate these premises immediately!

CUT TO:

155 INT. MERCURICOM TECHNOLOGIES ADMINISTRATION FLOOR - DAY 155

Panic.

Absolutely crazy, blind and selfish panic.

Computers and desks are being knocked over as far as the eye can see as people make a desperate scramble to get out.

One man barges past another man and knocks him over.

People are overloading the lift, more and more passengers get on as people run for their lives. The whole floor is littered with the selfish attitude of "Save me!" and not "Save them!".

People barge down stairwells and past other workers. Right now it is first come, first served.

CUT TO:

156 INT. CLEAN SWEEP BLACK VAN - DAY

156

Inside Lucas is tapping into a small laptop computer. He looks towards the MERCURICOM building.

WHACK! The large entrance doors swing open and a sea of people burst out, frantically running from the building. More and more people pour out like ants from a nest, searching for protection, anywhere away from the main building.

Lucas looks at them all like they are the dogshit hes just found on the bottom of his shoe.

LUCAS

Look at them. Running for their lives from a fire that doesn't exist.

(Looks at the Senator)

You see it's very easy with computers. All you need is a little technology and a lot of imagination to cause a bit of widespread blind panic.

He closes the laptop and then places it next to him.

Turning the keys in the ignition the black van roars into action and Lucas begins to drive forwards.

He turns into the rear car park of the MERCURICOM building. Driving past an abandoned security post and then he drives up to the large rear doors.

Lucas opens the door and steps out.

For a second the Senator is left alone and then the door by him opens.

Lucas reaches in and pulls the Senator out, Vexler lands on the asphalt with a dull THUD and then makes a sound of pain.

Lucas ignores him and reaches into the van even further. We can hear him SHUFFLING about and then he re-emerges. Brandishing a SPAS-12 automatic shotgun in one hand and his laptop and the briefcase in the other.

He looks down at the Senator on the ground.

LUCAS

You'd better get up Senator. We have a lot of work to do.

Lucas turns, and as he does so, the Senator spots something on the ground. He reaches over with his taped hands and puts it in his back pocket, and his abuser looks up at the large Mercuricom skyscraper once more.

CUT TO:

157 INT. BOARDROOM - EARLY NIGHT

157

Inside the expensive boardroom sit the familiar faces of Peter Bay, Michael Raimi, Sam Hyams and Sarah Campbell. They sit with a look of worry on their faces and pacing in front of their expensive table is Shane Black. Clearly, they are worrying about tonight's recent events.

PETER BAY

This isn't good.

MICHAEL RAIMI

I agree. With the Senator once again in a volatile situation it could put things in serious jeopardy. We have to extract Vexler immediately.

SARAH CAMPBELL

But with half the Police on it's way to the scene. We can't sweep this one under the rug no matter how hard we try.

PETER BAY

We all know what Lucas Wilson is capable of. I'd have to say this doesn't look good.

SAM HYAMS

Mr Black, do you have any suggestions as to how we can salvage this situation?

SHANE BLACK

Let me take in a Clean Sweep unit.

SAM HYAMS

You'll go in with them?

SHANE BLACK

That's correct. I think you'll all agree that there are no other options, and with too much riding on this for anything less than a perfect mission, I want to see to it personally that it gets done. That's why, with your consent, I want to take a squad and go in myself.

SARAH CAMPBELL

You want consent... you've got it. But don't fuck this one up Black, or we all get the noose.

Shane Black nods, and then storms out of the room. As he does so we TRACK with him as he walks out of the room and through some doors, then he turns left and furiously paces down a long corridor. At the end of the corridor he turns right and at the end of another corridor there is a set of large metal double doors.

When he reaches these he stops and looks up to his right. On the wall is a keypad.

158 ANGLE: THE KEYPAD- 158

As he types in his code number. The keypad BEEPS in response and we hear the lock mechanism CLICK. Black then pushes the doors open and strides into...

159 INT. CLEAN SWEEP PREPARATION ROOM - EARLY NIGHT 159

This is a small and confined metallic room with lockers lining every wall. Each locker has a flashing red light near the locks.

Shane walks up to a locker, one that is centralised, and puts his hand into his pocket. He pulls out a small keycard and then swipes it through a decoder on the locker, then he grabs the handle and pulls open the locker.

160 ANGLE: THE LOCKER- 160

Hung up inside is a pristine Clean Sweep uniform, heavy-duty boots, mask and a variety of weapons.

CUT TO:

161 INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT 161

Inside the back of a specialised police van sit Lenar, Rachelle, Chris, Joseph, Greg and Marc all dressed in their full combat fatigues. Determination shines through their faces as they stare blankly at each other, without saying a word.

CUT TO:

162 EXT. AREA SURROUNDING MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT 162

In step-by-step professionalism, we see Police officers cordoning off the street from traffic and pedestrians. Pulling tape over roads and placing barriers in organised speed and order.

Police cars and several vans show up, screeching to a halt and soon more and more people pour out of the freshly arrived vehicles to do their jobs. No time is wasted as communications machines and wires are all linked and set up to a myriad of terminals and machines.

CUT TO:

163 INT. MERCURICOM BUILDING FIFTY FIFTH FLOOR - NIGHT 163

On this floor are posters and materials for advertising the products and also several mini offices and computer terminals. The walls are lined with huge windows. We see Lucas stride out of one of the smaller offices and then into the main room.

He looks around and sees a beam of light through the window.
Cautiously Lucas approaches it and looks out.

164 ANGLE: LUCAS' P.O.V.- 164

Where we can see the streets lined with the Police cars and suchlike.

Lucas looks at his watch.

LUCAS
Quicker than I expected. Well done
Captain Irons...

Then, as if he didn't care they were there he just strides out of the room and into another.

CUT TO:

165 EXT. REAR PARKING AREA OF MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT 165

Here, in the shroud of darkness we can see a line of Police cars and officers standing ready for orders. Amidst the horde of officers we see a smart dressed man, EMMERICH, an Afro-American man and a very good detective too. In his hands he holds a small Police waveband radio which he has just finished talking on and he places the receiver back into its holder.

CUT TO:

166 EXT. MERCURICOM BUILDING ROOFTOP - NIGHT 166

Over the top of the mammoth skyscraper we hear a dull sound of HELICOPTER BLADES, then, a helicopter quickly appears in shot and hovers over the rooftop. The helicopter is jet black and there are no signs or insignia visible on it. All the lights inside the machine are turned off and it appears almost like a huge menacing shadow as it slowly and gently lowers itself to the rooftop.

CLANG! The helicopter touches down.

WHOOSH! The large metal door slides open and out pour SEVEN Clean Sweep operatives! Each one in the traditional gear and masks they jump out and rush over to the small housing on the rooftop.

Then as they rush over we see another Clean Sweep member climb out, but he climbs out with such a display of bravado and attitude he seems different from the rest. It can only be Shane Black.

Within seconds he too is running for the direction of the door and as they do so we see the helicopter take off as quietly as it arrived and then slowly fly away.

CUT TO:

167

EXT. AREA SURROUNDING MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT

167

Through the barriers and barrage of Police cars we see the police van park up amongst other law enforcement units.

The back doors swing open and the team step out, locked, cocked and ready to rock. First Marc, then Greg, then Joseph, then Chris, then Rachelle and finally Lenar makes his entrance as only he can, stepping from the van with power and confidence.

Lenar looks to the others.

LENAR

Wait here.

Then he walks round the blue van and into the back. A few seconds pass, and then Lenar reappears, followed by Captain Irons. Both of them walk up to the team.

IRONS

Welcome to the warzone again folks.
This place must be feeling like a
second home right now to you guys?
Everybody ready?

The entire team nods in response.

IRONS

Good... I don't need to read you
the drill again. Go in, get Vexler
and take care of Lucas. He will be
armed and he will be dangerous, so
if need be... shoot to kill.

LENAR

Any word on what he's holed up in
there with? Or how many?

IRONS

No such luck. Sorry people, but
until you get there you're flying
blind.

(addresses the whole
squad)

Be aware, we have reports of severe
fire damage within the building so
be careful in there.

JOSEPH

So now we're firemen too?

IRONS

If you see a fire radio it in and let the real firemen handle it, if Wagner wants brownie points from the Mercuricom Board of Governors then the son of a bitch can damn well get them himself. You're in there to haul out Vexler and that's all. Understood?

Again, the team nods in response.

LENAR

Ok guys. Lets get this sequel moving, and this time, lets make it better than the first!

Without any further words the team begin to walk over near the building, armed to the teeth and Mike Irons steps back into the blue van.

Lenar and the group walk over towards the building for a few seconds and then they stop and look at the huge structure.

JOSEPH

Im really beginning to hate this place.

GREG

I hear that bro

Lenar looks back towards the blue van and puts his thumb up.

168 ANGLE: MIKE IRONS- 168

Who shifts in his seat and puts his thumb up in response.

Lenar and the team hold their weapons in the ready stance.

LENAR

Okay. Let's do it.

169 BOOM! 169

170 ANGLE: THE MERCURICOM BUILDING- 170

As a top floor suddenly erupts in flame as it explodes with almighty force. Glass and other debris shower down onto the ground below.

171 ANGLE: THE SURROUNDING AREA- 171

As Cops and Civilians run and duck from the showering glass which is bouncing everywhere. We can hear SCREAMS and SOUNDS OF PANIC as people run from the clear knife like shreds.

172 ANGLE: THE TEAM-

172

As they all jump to the floor, we can hear a brief mutter of OBSCENITIES as more glass falls onto them. Then...

Silence.

The gigantic echo from the explosion has died down now, and paper has begun to fall down like misshapen snowflakes onto the watching crowd.

Lenar rises, followed by Rachele, then Marc, Chris, Joseph and Greg. They stand puzzled for a second before Lenar looks at his team.

LENAR
Everybody okay?

Everybody nods in response, some more shaken up than others.

LENAR
(Pauses before speaking
into his headset)
Irons. What the fuck was that?

CUT TO:

173 INT. BLUE VAN - NIGHT

173

Irons is in a bewildered panic and he is waving his arms in the air while he barks orders.

IRONS
What floor was that on? What floor
was that explosion on?

His assistant speaks up.

ASSISTANT
Approximately seventy three sir.

Irons looks up at the flames towards the top of the large building before picking up the microphone and speaking into it.

IRONS
You still in one piece down there?

CUT TO:

174 EXT. AREA SURROUNDING MERCURICOM BUILDING - NIGHT

174

Lenar is still holding his headset while the others wait and listen.

LENAR
Yeah.

IRONS (V.O.)

Good.

LENAR

What the fuck was that?

IRONS (V.O.)

From the blast radius and debris I can only guess that it was a very strong concentration of plastic explosive that came from the seventy third floor.

LENAR

The seventy third?

IRONS (V.O.)

Yeah, so watch yourself up there Lenar, looks like this guys packing more heat than before and prepared to use it.

LENAR

Okay. We're going in.

Lenar rolls his head back and then looks at his team.

LENAR

People, we've got one chance at this and we're going to get it right 'cause we're dealing with what could be a grade a dynamite happy nutjob and if we fuck this up now, our asses won't be worth shit. Am I clear?

CHRIS

Crystal.

Lenar looks up at the building for a brief second and smiles to himself.

He doesn't have to say anything more as the team begins their familiar assault, moving in the strange symbiotic fluidity that only they can. Covering and ducking, checking and double-checking. Each member of the team covers another's back, they are for all intents and purposes one singular being, their thoughts and actions guided by each other. They move from their relative safe cover towards the recognisable form of the MERCURICOM Technologies building.

Past the expensive entrance asphalt and past the fountain that no longer spews its water. Then they gather at the entrance to the building, first Lenar, then Rachelle, Chris, Greg, Marc and finally Joseph.

They stop and check the doors hinges and surface for traces of any devices or bombs that might be there, all checking a separate area, along the sleek glass doors and thick metal frames they run their gloved hands along it like long forgotten lovers.

Clear.

Lenar looks at Marc who steps forward and reaches deep into his breast pocket.

He pulls out a small keycard and swipes it through the keycard lock on the door. It BEEPS in response.

Then Marc reaches forward and taps in a number, the small machine BEEPS again and a small green light flashes on.

Marc returns his vision to Lenar and nods firmly.

CUT TO:

175 INT. MERCURICOM BUILDING RECEPTION AREA - NIGHT 175

Lenar returns the look and quickly pushes the door open. As he holds it open each member rushes past, weapons at the ready, once again checking the area for anything dangerous.

There is nothing here.

Lenar pauses for a moment while the rest of the group performs one final sweep. He looks around, staring hard at his surroundings. Then he looks harder, at the reception desk. A few seconds pass and he suddenly begins to move towards the desk.

The team stops and watches him, soon they begin to move near the desk to, almost following him.

Lenar reaches the desk and looks at it.

It is littered with papers and documents, a small microphone and a computer that is linked up to... of course... the security cameras.

Soon the rest of the team stands nearby.

LENAR
Security cameras...

Chris steps up and walks towards the computer system and grabs the keyboard. He begins to tap in a few commands, pausing occasionally to look at what he's doing. A few taps later and the screen changes to bring up a security camera menu, each displaying a choice of floors and areas, including the stairwells.

CHRIS
Take your pick.

Lenar looks at the screen and thinks.

LENAR
Seventy three.

Chris taps a few keys again and a small sub-menu appears. Most of the camera names are in red with the words "Out of Operation" written next to them, most that is except for the "SYSTEM ROOM ONE" and a few other system rooms.

LENAR
Try it.

A brief keyboard entry later and the screen brings up the camera display, a very grainy picture with an accompanying bad frame rate appears, and the team watches patiently.

176 ANGLE: THE COMPUTER SCREEN- 176

Which is displaying the camera view, we can see small fires burning away and debris that is spread throughout the room. Then we can see the form of Lucas suddenly run past. Lenars face has a focused and aggressive look shoot across it.

LENAR
Let's move!

And they take off towards a door that has "BASE FLOOR STAIRWELL" written on it.

177 SLAM! 177

They barge the door open and begin to pour into the stairwell and then proceed to run up the stairs.

178 ANGLE: THE COMPUTER SCREEN- 178

Which still displays the camera from System Room One, the fires blazing as six forms run past... Clean Sweep is here...

CUT TO:

179 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 179

The team, fuelled by adrenaline and revenge are running up the stairs with fury. Their heavy boots audibly connecting with the stairs as they rush up floor after floor after floor. Still checking for bombs and tripwires, still as alert as they ever were.

CUT TO:

180 INT. SYSTEMS ROOM THREE - NIGHT 180

The huge room, covered with smashes out windows and burning debris has computers and desks thrown all over the place, everything here is burnt beyond recognition.

Lucas suddenly runs past, kicking up glass and paper as he does so. He is brandishing his shotgun, ready to fire.

181 CRACK! 181

A noise behind him, he spins and holds his weapon out ready.

Seconds pass... he stays motionless... gun poised...

ANGLE: LUCAS-

His face showing the tension and the fear, sweat is clearly dripping from his forehead.

Everything is silent. The only sound we can hear is that of Lucas breathing.

His eyes dart throughout the room. He is looking in corners, at shadows, at doorways.

He SWALLOWS hard.

182 WHACK! 182

A doorway bursts open with a shattering CRACK! and in pour Clean Sweep, one after another. In what seems like an instant they open fire at Lucas.

Lucas jumps out of the way as their gunfire rips through tables and other items. The room lights up with the barrel flare and we can see Lucas roll behind a nearby table.

183 THWIP! 183

A bullet blasts through the table, right near Lucas' head, causing a small beam of light to spew through.

Lucas spins his head towards the hole and looks through.

184 ANGLE: LUCAS' P.O.V.- 184

We can see three Clean Sweep members standing ready to fire as three more begin to silently edge towards Lucas.

Lucas is panicked. He looks at his shotgun briefly and then up again. His glance catches a nearby door, marked "ACCESS TO STAIRWELL".

In an instant Lucas takes off towards the door.

Clean Sweep notices immediately and opens fire, spewing bullets into the wall behind Lucas as he runs.

The door is edging closer but so are the bullets, which are narrowly missing him.

185 THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! THWIP! 185

Bullets pound into the wall by the door as Lucas runs, bullets tracing his tracks with almost pin point accuracy and destroying all in their path.

186 WHACK! 186

Lucas grimaces as he slams into the door low and hard and spills into the stairwell, bullets pinging against the doorframe above his head.

Back in the room the Clean Sweep team are already moving towards the door with immense speed...

CUT TO:

187 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 187

Lenar and the rest are still pounding up stair after stair to reach floor seventy-three.

CUT TO:

188 INT. SYSTEMS ROOM THREE - NIGHT 188

As one Clean Sweep operative slowly and carefully opens the door to the stairwell. He poises his gun, aiming into every gap, searching for Lucas.

He's not here.

The operative turns back to the rest of his team.

189 CLEAN SWEEP OPERATIVE 189

Hes gone to a different floor.

Shane Black speaks up from beneath his fatigues and armour.

SHANE BLACK

Find him!

The operative nods, and is just about to move into the stairwell when he stops, pauses for a second and listens. Another Clean Sweep member steps toward him.

190 CLEAN SWEEP OPERATIVE #2 190

What is it?

The first motions for him to be quiet.

Silence for another moment. Then we can hear a faint noise, something that we can't quite make out yet.

191 CLEAN SWEEP OPERATIVE 191

We got company, and lots of it. Heading right this way.

SHANE BLACK

Must be that damn police unit.

Looks like we do this the hard way.

(Points to three of the
operatives)

Take care of them.

(Looks at the rest)

The rest of you come with me, we'll
head up the fire escape and cut
Lucas off.

Shane takes off with his team following close by.

The other three stand by the doorframe and reach into their pockets, pulling out small white blocks and attaching them to the door.

One of them shuts the door, locks it and backs away with the second as the last one goes to work.

192 ANGLE: THE WHITE BLOCKS- 192

As a small metal rod is slid into the substance with relative ease. The rods have a small switch at one end, which the operatives switch with a CLICK. A BEEP is heard and then the operatives back away from the door and stand, aiming their weapons towards the same door.

They stand waiting, ready to fire.

CUT TO:

193 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 193

Lenar and the group who are still pacing up the stairs, all are sweating and are puffing with tiredness, all except Lenar who seems totally oblivious to what is going on.

A few floors later they stop at a door clearly marked "SEVENTY THREE - SYSTEMS ROOMS ONE TO SIX".

They stand, in a line leading from the door, and proceed to quickly check their weapons. We can hear the magazines being CLICKED in and out and the noise echoes eerily through the stairway.

Lenar steps up and tries the door handle.

CUT TO:

194 ANGLE: THE WHITE BLOCKS- 194

The door shakes slightly as it is attempted to be opened. The device attached beeps quietly and menacingly.

CUT TO:

195 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 195

The door is locked.

LENAR

Locked. Young get up here. Knock on this door would you?

GREG

It would be a pleasure sir.

Lenar signals Greg to come up to the door and he quickly moves past the rest until he stands by it. From over his shoulder he produces a solid handheld battering ram and prepares to smash it in. He nods to Lenar.

CUT TO:

196 ANGLE: THE WHITE BLOCKS- 196

The device attached to the doorframe may be small... but unbeknownst to the team, it is just about to reveal its true power.

CUT TO:

197 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 197

A beat passes as the team readies to enter. Lenar looks back at the rest of his team. They are cocked, locked and ready to raise hell.

ANGLE: LENAR-

As he takes a deep breath.

198 ANGLE: RACHELLE, MARC, CHRIS AND JOSEPH- 198

Who all prepare themselves to crash the party.

Lenar looks at Greg and nods to go ahead.

Greg swings the powerful looking tool at the doorframe, and it connects with a crunching thump, sending the door flying open...

199 KABOOM!

199

The entire door and its frame erupt into a fiery explosion, catching Greg straight in its wake! We hear Greg SCREAM in pain as he is caught in the blast and the erupting flames. Everybody instinctively jumps out of the way and covers their heads.

Gregs body is thrown violently backwards, and he bounces off the railings before thudding into a wall.

Lenar looks at his fallen comrade for a brief second, but before anybody can move to help him...

200 THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! 200 THWIPP!

Concentrated blasts of suppressed gunfire burst from the doorframe, destroying what is left of it and pinging off the metal railing.

A stray bullet catches Joseph on the arm and he lets out a yell before tumbling backwards onto his ass and out of the line of fire.

Greg lays ever so still and slumped against the stairwell wall, bullets chinging into metal just inches away from him.

Lenar suddenly sits up from the ground and gets his back against the doorframe. He reaches for a small grenade attached to his armour and looks at Marc. He nods his understanding and gets into position.

Lenar pulls the pin.

Spotting a moment of brief respite from the ammo onslaught, he blindly throws the grenade into the room.

The Clean Sweep operatives are reloading their weapons at the speed of sound, when the metallic clunk of the grenade is heard. One of them looks up at it.

And then a thick plume of dark green gas begins to omit from it. Soon it spreads upwards, and blinds the operatives.

201 CLEAN SWEEP OPERATIVE

201

Oh shit.

No sooner have they spotted that, but Lenar and Marc appear from either sides of the doorframe and unleash a vicious burst of gunfire. They are firing blind, but aim isn't the important issue for this maneuver.

As bullets rip into nearby furniture and surroundings, the Clean Sweep men quickly dart behind cover of their own. They are pinned down for this moment.

Joe and Rachelle make their move. Immediately over to Greg. Chris looks in a small state of shock and Rachelle immediately goes into professional mode.

RACHELLE

Come on!!

They both grab Greg by his jacket and drag him over to the safety of cover, whilst Chris looks in a state of shock.

Once there, Lenar and Marc pull back from their firing positions and pop out their spent clips, busily getting new ones.

The blinded return fire from Clean Sweep begins.

TYNAN

I hope these motherfuckers run out of ammo before we do.

Rachelle looks at Joes arm as it shows a dark patch of red from where he was caught. She looks at his eyes.

RACHELLE

You've been hit.

Joe looks at his arm and doesn't seem bothered.

JOE

Ive pissed more blood than this in my time. Its nothing.

Rachelle seems surprised by the look of aggression on Joes face, and then gets a look at Young. He is in a seriously bad way, a mes sin fact, and his face is caked in blood and dark patches of burn.

Rachelle looks up at the team leader with a look in her eyes that tells him everything he needs to know. And the news isn't good.

Lenar focuses himself. Popping in another clip to his automatic machine gun and slotting it into place with a meaty click. He looks to the rest of his team, and they look back in understanding. Lenar looks at Rachelle and points to Greg's messed up body. Somehow he is still breathing.

LENAR

Garcia. Stay with him. Keep him awake. We're not losing another one, got that?

She nods in response, a focused look on her face. The rest of the team prepare themselves for an assault.

The Clean Sweep Operatives stop shooting for a moment and gaze up from behind their respective cover, their goggled vision trying to get a clear view to see if they've hit anything.

There is the remaining fog of gas still looming in the front of the room.

With a click one of the Clean Sweep team pops out another magazine.

One of them steps slowly out from behind his cover. His gun trained on the doorway, ready for anything that comes into his sights.

Water from large, shot to pieces water bottles trickles across the floor, leaving a large puddle on the tiles.

The only sounds that are heard are sparks, the trickle of water and the crunch of plastic and glass as the Clean Sweep soldier stalks forward, his machine gun at the ready.

Unfortunately for him, he has his gun aimed way too high.

From out of the smoky fog ahead, Joseph bursts through in a dive across the tiled floor, his semi-automatic tightly grasped in his hands.

He slides, water splashing everywhere as he uses it to cut a path across the wet floor.

The Clean Sweep man isn't ready as Joe slides right to his feet and points his weapon upwards.

His team-mates see this, but unfortunately for them, their comrade is directly in the line of fire.

Before they can call out, Joe pulls the trigger, and unleashes a volley of hell right up into the enemy, grimacing all the way.

With a rattling firing sound and the thwip of bullets hitting kevlar and flesh, the Clean Sweep man is turned into a dancing display of red paint. He stumbles backwards, his body working more on reflex as the life is blown out of it, and crashes through a glass table.

Joseph wastes no time, and rolls over onto his front, firing towards the others.

They duck down, shielding themselves from the unexpected barrage. And that gives the rest of the team the window they needed.

Lenar turns his head towards his waiting team.

LENAR
(Seriously pissed off)
Now.

They burst into the room in one fluid motion and begin to fire their weapons in short, controlled bursts, blasting their way to cover of their own.

CUT TO:

Rachelle is crouched down beside the slumped body of Greg. She looks at him as his bloody visage slowly opens one of its eyes and returns the look.

CUT TO:

In response, the two waiting Clean Sweep operatives jump out from behind their cover and begin to return fire.

Once again, flare from the barrels illuminates the scene as each person presses their finger hard on the trigger.

Bullet holes tear through more and more of the surroundings, shredding paper and desks, smashing burnt electronics to pieces and shattering the computer monitors.

Lenar is letting off round after round at the targets, his face still covered with determination and revenge.

The Clean Sweep operatives try desperately to fire back but the bullets are barely missing them, they try to rise but can't get off a clean shot.

Lenar ducks behind his cover and begins to reload his machine gun. He barks orders at his men.

LENAR
Parker, Tynan! Keep em busy!
Leyland! Be ready to snuff out any
candles if the opportunity arises.
You got me?!

CHRIS
Yes, sir!

After a pause of breath, Lenar springs up to his feet from his cover and aims his weapon. Not at the defending Clean Sweep guys, but at a large lighting unit above one of their heads.

Lenar fires. Quick, precise, and pinpoint accuracy, proving that all the time in the firing range wasn't for nothing.

With a clanking of metal and sparks bursting forth, the large framed light fitting jiggles in the ammunition blast.

The Clean Sweep man underneath looks up as he sits behind his cover, only to see the lights come down right on top of him!

In a blur of reflexes, the darkly clad assassin bursts from his cover as the lights come crashing down... And Chris spins out from his cover and blasts the man in the chest with his Spas 12.

With an almighty boom and a scream from the fatally wounded man, he is sent hurtling backwards, crashing over a desk and shattering a computer and its accessories in a flurry of death.

CUT TO:

Rachelle looks at her hand as a bloodied Greg grasps it firmly. He trembles, breathing laboured and pain no doubt surging through his every pore.

Rachelle grasps his hand also and looks back at him calmly as more gunfire pours from the room inside.

RACHELLE

It's ok. It's ok.

CUT TO:

The Clean Sweep operative tentatively raises his head from cover and peers over.

202

ANGLE: CLEAN SWEEP OPERATIVES P.O.V.-

202

He can see the police team furiously loading their guns. For a brief moment no one fires.

Chris leans back up against a cabinet and slots more shells into his shotgun. Marc and Joe both take a brief breather, and Lenar himself looks primed for another assault. They are all breathing heavy.

LENAR

(shouting across room)

Its no use. You know you don't stand a chance, and you're outnumbered. Lets just make this all easier and just lay down your weapon and come out with your hands in the air.

A beat. Still no movement. No sound. Chris looks to Marc.

CHRIS

Maybe we got him.

A metallic clunk is heard, followed by a hollow rolling sound. Joe turns his head around his cover for just enough time to see...

A grenade rolling their way.

JOSEPH
Shit! Grenade!

LENAR
Everyone get down!

The team all make a desperate attempt to get out of the way, or find decent cover.

Joseph scrambles to his feet and makes a dash for the nearest smashed window and dives through it. The Clean Sweep man quickly tries a burst of fire, but misses the running officer as he throws himself through the shattered window as...

The grenade goes off.

Marc lunges forward and joins Chris behind a large filing cabinet as the blast hits, and the force of it sends the cabinet AND the two men flying across the room and smashing into the wall.

Lenar gets far enough away, but is blown back through the doorway and crashes into the steel railing with a thud. As he is blown past her, Rachelle can be seen with her hands clasped over her ears.

The operative gets up and makes a run for it into the next room leaving the scene of devastation, as small bits of destroyed office furniture float to the ground.

CUT TO:

Rachelle rushes over to Lenar as he groans.

RACHELLE
Sir are you ok?

Lenar groans and then rises to his feet, the dust of battle still being worn on him.

LENAR
Just... peachy.

He uses the rail to get to his feet again, grimacing at the pain, before unstrapping the top armour he is wearing, which is now adorned with a fair bit of damage and shrapnel. With a groan he slumps the now uselessly uncomfortable garment to the side and picks himself up again.

He takes a deep breath for a moment and looks to Rachelle once more. There is a look in her eyes...

LENAR
Greg?

She says nothing, and just shakes her head slightly and takes a gulp. Lenar looks down to the ground for a moment.

LENAR

Fuck.

No sooner has he had this moment, but he switches back into the zone, pulls out his Beretta and strides back into the room. Rachelle follows him, her pistol also drawn now.

Lenar looks at the damage and the stillness.

The filing cabinet close to them moves, and Rachelle instinctively points her gun at it.

It slides down, revealing Marc and Chris huddled down and looking shocked and dirty but very much alive. Chris holds his hand to his ear.

CHRIS

Jesus! My fucking ears are ringing man!

Marc climbs to his feet, he is grimacing with strain. Lenar looks at them as Tynan steps towards him.

LENAR

You guys ok?

TYNAN

Yeah. Junior over there's got a case of the bell chimes and I think one of my ribs is bust, but we'll live.

(looks at Garcia)

Where's Young?

She takes a deep breath, but Lenar speaks for her.

LENAR

Didn't make it.

Marc rubs his hand through his hair, and you can see hes got things on his mind that he cant express. Lenar looks up.

LENAR

Where's Parker?

Just then a few crashing sounds are heard, and Joe Parker lifts his head up from inside of a nearby office window. He shakes his head, dust flying from his hair.

JOSEPH

Should be god damn height restriction for that kinda ride! Hooo-weeeee!

Static buzzes to life on Lenar belt, and his radio buzzes into life. Lenar looks down at his belt and picks off the small handset.

RADIO (FILLED WITH STATIC)
 What the hell is going on up there
 Clark?

Rachelle steps up to one of the Clean Sweep bodies and checks him over, taking a look at his weapons, outfit, even going so far as to remove the guys mask and take a look at his face.

Lenar takes one more look at his team, presses the button and replies.

LENAR
 We've run into some MAJOR
 resistance up here chief. These
 guys are seriously packing.
 (pause)
 And we've got a man down.

CUT TO

Irons in his control point, looking pissed off.

IRONS
 Fuck!

Irons lowers his head in frustration, before clicking into the radio again.

IRONS
 Have you seen any sign of the
 Senator?

LENAR
 None yet. Ill be in contact as soon
 as we've tagged him. This
 motherfucker better be worth this
 Mike.

IRONS
 My sentiments exactly. You watch
 yourself up there Lenar.

CUT TO:

Lenar standing by an office window overlooking the city, he looks sombre.

LENAR
 Always.

With a last buzz he puts away the radio and turns back to his squad. As he walks towards them he pops in another magazine for his assault weapon.

LENAR

Come on. Lets go hunt down this motherfucker.

CUT TO:

203 INT. BLUE VAN - NIGHT 203

Mike Irons is seated in the mobile operation centre with his head in his hands. He slowly brings his head up and stares at a television screen straight in front of him.

204 ANGLE: ON SCREEN- 204

Where a news broadcast is in progress. On the television, renowned news reporter CHIP HENSLEIGH is busily reporting.

CHIP HENSLEIGH

Good evening and welcome to Late News Live, with me, Chip Hensleigh.

(Pauses)

The world of politics received yet another harsh blow today when it was rumoured that Senator Lance Vexler was kidnapped from his home. This strangely enough is the second time in as many weeks that this has been rumoured to have happened. With the Senators increasing public status and his popularity on the rise, some people have speculated that these incidents are merely bad press generated by...

205 CLICK! 205

Irons turns the television off and lets out an enormous SIGH.

206 RING! RING! 206

A phone next to Irons begins to ring. Irons picks it up.

IRONS

Irons here.

ROB WINSTON (V.O.)

(On phone)

Sir this is Rob Winston from the computer lab.

IRONS

This had better be good Winston because I am having a very bad fucking day right about now.

ROB WINSTON (V.O.)

(On phone)

I think you better see for yourself
sir. We're faxing it over right
this minute.

Irons looks at the fax machine just as... RING! RING! The fax
machine rings and begins to hum into life.

207 ANGLE: THE INCOMING FAX PAPER- 207

We can see the top of the paper, besides reading the phone
number and name of the sender, namely Rob Winston, it also
reads in large bold type "Doctor Jamie R. Carney". After the
name, a large amount of body text begins to emerge and Irons
looks at it as it prints, reading off brief pieces of
information.

IRONS

Jamie R. Carney. Educated at the
J.B. University in Florida... majored
every subject and earned an
honorary scholarship to study at
Mercuricom Technologies...

Then the fax begins to print a photograph of Doctor Carney...
we watch as a hairline emerges followed by a forehead...

208 ANGLE: IRONS' FACE- 208

Staring hard at the picture.

209 ANGLE: A GREY AND GRAINY EYEBALL ON THE FAX- 209

The eye harsh and cold but recognisable.

210 ANGLE: IRONS' FACE- 210

His eyes opening more, mouth beginning to drop slightly.

The fax machine BEEPS, it has finishes receiving the
transmission.

Irons reaches forward and picks up the piece of paper and
looks at it, holding it so that the white back faces us.

IRONS

Oh my God...

Irons drops the piece of fax paper and begins to run out of
the van, as he does so, we follow the piece of paper as it
gently floats to the ground.

It spins and turns, teasing us with brief glimpses of grey
indistinguishable features.

The paper lands on the floor of the van, face down, and we can see a large dark shape. The shape of a head...

CUT TO:

211 INT. SYSTEMS ROOMS FLOOR - NIGHT

211

We can see Lenar, Rachelle, Marc, Chris and Joseph. They are slowly but steadily pacing through another large and totally destroyed systems room. Their heads turn, looking for the escaped operative and their feet CRUNCH on debris below.

A few more steps and Lenar motions them to stop.

Lenar looks to one side and motions to Rachelle, Joseph and Chris.

LENAR
(Whispering)
You three, head to the next room,
see if you can sniff this son of a
bitch out.

Lenar then turns to Marc.

LENAR
(Whispering)
Tynan, you stay with me.

Marc nods.

We watch, as Rachelle, Chris and Joseph leave the room quickly but cautiously.

The room is almost empty now, just Lenar and Marc performing a familiar sweep pattern. We can hear the sound of WIND blowing through the smashed windows.

Then we hear a CRACKLE and the sound of STATIC. Lenar's radio has just jumped into action. He raises it up as Marc surveys the area with his weapon.

Another brief sound of STATIC before we hear a voice, barely, come through the radio. It is that of Mike Irons.

Marc draws nearer, listening in the faint broadcast.

IRONS (V.O.)
(From radio)
Lenar... ar... you ...ere?... ...nar... Come in
Le... ar...

LENAR
(Into radio)
I'm here sir, but youre breaking
up, what is it?

IRONS (V.O.)
 (From radio)
 Lenar... pick up... Lenar... if you are
 listening to this response immediately...

TYNAN
 He can't hear you. Must be
 interference on the signal

IRONS (V.O.)
 (From radio)
 ...you have to listen to me... not safe...
 there... Doctor Carney... up... where will
 you...

TYNAN
 What is he saying?

Lenar pauses and looks thoughtful.

LENAR
 Something about Doctor Carney. Hold
 on, I'll see if I can get a clearer
 signal.

Lenar fiddles with the radio, and sure enough the signal
 becomes clearer and more understandable. But only just.

IRONS (V.O.)
 (From radio)
 ...have to get your men out of there
 immediately. I repeat, get your men
 out of there! Carney is...

212 THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! THWIPP! 212
 THWIPP!

CUT TO:

A Clean Sweep Operative bursts out from a doorway and
 unleashes a flurry of gunfire at Lenar and Marc. Marc dives
 to the floor, but before Lenar can move quick enough a bullet
 catches him in the lower leg and goes all the way through it.
 He lets out a yelp and tumbles to the ground, clutching his
 bloodied leg and letting off a few rounds from his machine
 gun as he falls.

Marc looks up from his place on the floor, as more bullets
 destroy computers and office furniture around them. The
 attacker must be shooting first, and asking questions later.

Lenar clutches his leg and grimaces. His combat trousers are
 beginning to soak red. He looks to his side, and sees his
 fallen semi-automatic. He reaches for it agonisingly, but it's
 fallen a bit too far, and stray gunfire could hit him at any
 moment.

Suddenly there is a respite in the onslaught, as the Clean Sweep man ducks behind his cover again to reload his weapon.

Marc wastes no time, and hops to his feet. He fires at the Clean Sweeps cover, keeping him pinned down, and darts over to his fallen commander. Lenar looks up at him.

LENAR

Get out of here Tynan. Get behind cover!

TYNAN

Sorry chief. No can do.

Marc lets off another short burst of fire.

LENAR

That's an order god dammit!

Tynan quickly lowers one hand down and grabs Lenar by the holster belt on him.

TYNAN

I go; you go. Now shut up and fire sir.

Lenar grimaces as Tynan begins to move backwards and pull him to cover. The Clean Sweep man pops from his cover and begins to fire again, and Marc raises his weapon with his free hand and returns fire.

As bullets twhip, bang and thud in all directions, Lenar holds his hand to his bleeding thigh. Letting out a roar, he reaches down with his free hand, and pulls out his beretta from his side holster. He raises it and fires along with Tynan at the attacker.

They are almost to the safety of cover.

Suddenly, Marcs weapon runs out of ammo.

Before he has time to even think about reloading, a bullet catches him in his weapon arm, and he is jerked to the side through the force, letting out a scream and releasing his hold on Lenar, who falls on his back again with a winding thump.

Marc stumbles back slightly, but in seconds more thwips hit his chest plate with dull thuds. Thanks to their armour, they are not killing shots, but just lots of nasty bruises to be seen the next day.

The shot that catches him in the throat however, is a completely different story.

Tynan tumbles backwards to the floor, reaching towards his now freshly opened throat as red pours from the wound.

Lenar can only look up in horror as his squad member hits the ground hard.

LENAR
Maaaaaaaarc!!!

In anger Lenar spins around and, letting go of his bleeding leg, aims and fires at the Clean Sweep man until his clip is spent.

Unfortunately, none of the shots hit the mark, and soon the room is quiet, apart from the sound of Lenars finger clicking against a useless trigger.

The Clean Sweep man rises from his cover, looking at the carnage ahead of him.

Lenar drops his gun and puts his hand to his leg again. He grimaces in pain, and looks to his black clad attacker.

LENAR
Come on! Come you chickenshit!
Finish the job!

The C-S man angles his head slightly, and then looks to his weapon. Behind Lenar, Marc lets out a gargle and squirms faintly on the floor.

A magazine is popped from the Clean Sweep gun, and he steps from his cover slowly, and begins to walk over to his fallen adversaries.

The figure gets to the broken shape of Lenar and then stops. He looks down at him, and then stomps down onto the bullet wound with his foot. Lenar screams in pain, and the C-S man presses down; grinding his foot into the wound.

He pulls out another magazine from his utility jacket, and then moves to pop it into place.

Amongst his pain, Lenar holds his leg and looks at the C-S mans large walking boot that sits upon it.

He notices something. A combat knife in its holster...

The Clean Sweep assassin pops in the magazine...

Lenar sits up and lunges for the knife...

The C-S assassin reloads the weapon with a hearty ratcheting sound, and looks down at Lenar...

As the cop viciously jams the combat knife into his attackers calf muscle as hard as he can.

There is an almighty scream, and the C-S soldier bends down to his leg on instinct and reflexes.

Lenar grabs the man by the neck and holds him, and as the man lets out an 'urk' sound, Lenar rips the knife out of his leg and jams it into the side of his head, killing him instantly.

213

ANGLE ON: LENAR

213

He pushes the limp body of the Clean Sweep assailant to the floor and it hits the ground with a clatter and a thud.

Letting out a deep breath, Lenar looks over and immediately begins to drag himself towards his fallen comrade.

He reaches Marc, but when he gets there, it isn't good.

LENAR

Oh jesus.

Tynan lays on his back holding his hands to his throat. He has lost a lot of blood, and more continues to flow from the wound. His mouth is also full of blood, as he gargles helplessly. His eyes are glassed over. He looks in a great deal of distress, and is gasping for breaths that just aren't there.

Lenar tries to place his hand on his team mates neck and Marc shoots out a hand. He grabs his chiefs shirt arm and grasps the fabric tightly, bracing himself and fighting a losing battle against his painful fate as best as he can.

Lenar looks at him helplessly, visibly distressed and upset by his friend dying in front of him.

Marc looks at his chief one last time, his eyes getting distant and his breathing suddenly getting more panicked. Lenar looks to his side as Marcs hand then loosens its grip on Lenars shirt, leaving a bloody signature in its wake.

He dies.

Lenar lowers his head as he sits with the body of yet another fallen squad member.

214

INT. SYSTEMS ROOM TWO - NIGHT

214

Inside the room it is the all too familiar sign of destruction and

carnage. What once was a room filled to the brim with high spec

machines is now just a charred and broken shell. Here, we see

Rachelle, Joseph and Chris shielded behind a large cabinet.

At the other end of the room are the remaining Clean Sweep Operatives, led by the indomitable Shane Black.

They are firing their weapons off at such a rate we can hear them run out of ammo and then, in a millisecond, they slam another magazine in and begin to fire again.

JOSEPH

Jesus fucking Christ! Who the fuck are these guys?!

The static buzz of a radio clicks into life. As Joe and Chris continue to return fire, Rachelle ducks behind her cover and grabs her radio.

RACHELLE

Sir! We've been pinned down. We ran right into a fucking ambush on the west side of this floor. I don't know how many people Lucas has brought here, but they're doing a good job of causing us some serious grief.

CUT TO:

Lenar holds his radio in his hand. He looks dejected.

LENAR

Copy that. I'm on my way.

CUT TO:

The team are still in a furious firefight as Rachelle crouches behind cover, hiding from any fatal fire.

As his team continues their assault, the leader of the Clean Sweep Operation, Shane Black himself, hidden by his black uniform, stalks his way around the room to decent cover, and an even better viewpoint. He looks over from his cover with his rifle and tries to get a decent shot at the enemy, but so far his sight is unfocused and obstructed.

Rachelle holds the radio close to her again.

RACHELLE

What about Tynan sir?

CUT TO:

Lenar pauses, and looks to the ceiling a moment.

CUT TO:

The static of the radio buzzes to life again.

LENAR (V.O)

He's down.

Rachelle sits for a moment and says nothing. She taps her head back against the cabinet shes using for cover.

CUT TO:

Lenar stands up slowly from the figure of Tynan, who lies still on the floor.

He lifts the Clean Sweep Operatives assault rifle up and holds it fast in his hands. He takes a deep breath, and looks ready to inflict pain. He turns...

And runs directly into another Clean Sweep man, who storms forward and cracks Lenar in the skull with the butt of his rifle, sending him tumbling back into a table, which shatters as he lands on its brittle frame.

CUT TO:

Meanwhile, in the gunfight, Rachelle still sits against the cabinet. Joe and Chris quickly duck behind their cover to get an update.

JOSEPH

Whats up Garcia? Backup on the way?

Rachelle says nothing as Chris and Joe look on.

JOSEPH

Rachelle?

RACHELLE

Its Marc...

The three of them pause for a moment as gunfire reigns above them. They know what she means.

CHRIS

Shit.

Suddenly, Rachelle cocks her pistol and jumps to her feet. She fires her weapon over the top of the cabinet, BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Joe and Chris follow her lead and all three unleash a furious volley of fire at the enemy. The black suited mystery men stumble around for a second, not expecting such a feral return fire.

A clean sweep operative goes down, his body tumbling back as machine gun fire opens up his head.

Shane Black rises up from his position to aim at the three cops.

215 ANGLE ON: GUN SIGHT 215

The three firing officers come into focus, unaware that they are in the sights of a killer.

Suddenly, Black doesn't fire.

BLACK (TO HIMSELF)

Shit...

Black ducks behind his cover and holds his communication headset.

SHANE BLACK

(Shouting)

Hold your fire! Hold your fire! The doctor is with them! Do NOT hit the doctor!

The Clean Sweep team stops firing for a moment and immediately retreat to cover.

CUT TO:

Lenar gets picked up by the scruff of his jacket and dragged to his feet. The C-S soldier catches him in the gut with a couple of right hands, before cracking Lenar in the jaw, sending blood spraying from his mouth. Lenar tumbles to the ground, and the Clean Sweep man steps up to him slowly.

216 CLEAN SWEEP THUG 216

Motherfucker...

Lenar spits out a mouthful of blood.

217 CLEAN SWEEP THUG 217

Black said we should use the rifles and nothing else, but after seeing what you did to Millar...

The man removes his black mask, revealing the shaved, rough and rugged military style features of someone who looks psychotic.

218 CLEAN SWEEP THUG 218

Im gonna gut you like a fish.

Lenar scrambles to his knees, and the C-S thug lunges forward with his knife. In a quick reflex move he bats the arm away and rises up with his head, crashing into the enemy and sending teeth and blood flying forth.

The man drops the knife and stumbles backward, bumping into a table. He looks at Lenar, who looks winded and exhausted, he then pulls out his pistol.

219 CLEAN SWEEP THUG 219

Fuck this shit.

220 BOOM!! 220

With an almighty boom and a spray of red, the Clean Sweep man is blown backwards and crashes over a table hard, and more importantly... dead.

Lenar scrambles to his feet properly and turns around to look at his saviour.

LENAR

Leyland...?

His saviour steps forward from across the room, his jacket moving fluidly and smoothly as he does so. He reloads the shotgun in his hands and then trains the gun on Lenar, who looks on bemused.

LUCAS

This really isn't your lucky day is it Mr Clark...

CUT TO:

The squad are still firing on the Clean Sweep men, who are ducked behind cover. Shane Black speaks into his comm. Unit once more.

BLACK

Fall back! Into the next room! Go!

His team respond, and begin returning fire on the cops so they can retreat.

CUT TO:

Lucas strides down a battered and broken hallway. Shattered picture frames and wrecked furniture lay in his path, as he forces Lenar to walk forward, shotgun pointed at his back.

Lenar looks REALLY pissed off as he limps forward.

LENAR

What do you want you motherfucker?

LUCAS

Is that anyway to treat the man who just saved your life Officer? Anyway, I would have thought you'd know that by now if you cared to look at the gift I left for you.

Lenar looks down, thoughts racing. He suddenly realizes...

LENAR

It was you who gave me the disc.

LUCAS

Right first time Mr Clark.

LENAR

Why? What has that got to do with anything? And why me?

LUCAS

Someone had to know what that chip is capable of. Someone else had to know the truth... and what theyre planning to do with it.

LENAR

They?

LUCAS

They tried to buy me off. But I chose to get out while I still could. Its something I wish...

LENAR (INTERRUPTING)

I know what those things are capable of Lucas. What are they planning to do with those chips?!

LUCAS

If they succeed, those chips will be in everything Sergeant. EVERYTHING. You wont be able to go anywhere, or do anything, without them knowing about it, or being able to control it. And worse still, not even the government or the military will have overall control over them.

(pause)

These people will have an entire country in the palm of their hands.

LENAR

But they cant... its just not possible...

LUCAS

And what if they've got a president in their pockets Mr Clark? What then? Are you telling me they couldn't get what they wanted if they pull the strings of the most powerful puppet on the earth?!

LENAR
What the hell do you mea... Vexler...
That's why you...

Lucas opens a large door to a trashed board room, and Lenar gasps as Senator Lance Vexler sits, taped to a chair and looking terrified.

LENAR
Holy shit.

Lucas prods Lenar in the back with his shotgun and the cop steps into the room, eyes on the hapless Vexler.

LUCAS
Hello again Lance. Ive brought
along a guest. Remember this man?
That's right. Hes the one that
saved your worthless hide last
time.

Vexler attempts to yell something, but the tape blocking his mouth stops any sound.

LUCAS
Please Sgt. Take a seat.

Lenar begrudgingly sits down, next to the Senator. Luca slooks down at both of them.

LUCAS
The law may frown upon my methods,
but there was no other way to stop
this whole thing happening. They've
killed anyone who had anything to
do with the new chips Lenar. Anyone
who could blow the lid on their
plan. Everyone except me.

Lenar looks on.

LUCAS
Oh they tried. Oh how they tried.
When I wouldn't take their silence
money, they decided I had outlived
any usefulness that I once had.
After all, I had already designed
the chip. What did they need me for
after that?

Lenar looks up, confused.

LENAR
You?

LUCAS

Yes Sgt. I am the one who created the chip; the new technological wonder of the world; and my own personal Frankenstein.

(pause)

LENAR

But I thought that Dr Carney...

Lucas's face turns to wildfire. Just the mention of the name inspires a burning hatred it seems.

LUCAS

Carney was nothing but a leech! My apprentice, milking my success for all it was worth and unknown to me, silently becoming the dagger in my back. Carney is the reason for all of this. The lies. The cover up. The deaths. It was the good doctor who organised this whole thing from the start... and told them where I lived.

Lucas pauses... a lump in his throat. The cold, emotionless man has a look of sadness cross his face, and a tear begins to well up in his eye. He looks into the distance as Lenar looks up inquisitively.

LUCAS

I had a wife. And a two year old daughter. The most beautiful creatures you had ever seen in your life. They... they took them both away from me. They came, to my house, and killed them. They murdered them Lenar! My wife. My two year old child! And they murdered them! Why?! Why?! They didn't know anything. They didn't hurt anyone! And me? They didn't kill me outright you understand. Oh no. They wanted me alive long enough so I could smell the skin cooking whilst I burnt to death with my family.

He angles his face to the Senator, who winces as the charred visage lowers himself closer.

LUCAS

That's why Im so pretty.

(looks back at Lenar)

So you see, I've been to hell Mr Clark. Seen what is has to offer.

(MORE)

LUCAS(cont'd)

And now... Im going to send them all there... personally.

Lenar looks up at Lucas. Lucas softens his eyes as he looks down at his police captive. He looks sorrowful.

LUCAS

Im sorry about your friend.

Lenar looks up, his eyes serious as hell.

LUCAS

The one from before... it was an accident. I don't expect you to believe me, and I wouldn't blame you if you didn't, but I truly didn't mean for that man to get hurt.

Lenar looks confused.

FLASHBACK CUT
TO:

Peter holding the gun to Lucas as he stands with his hands handcuffed in front of him. Suddenly there are the sounds of gunfire. Peter looks around, and then back at Lucas. The gunfire stops. And when Peter turns his head back around, Lucas pounces forward and tackles him.

LUCAS (V.O)

I caught him by surprise. Thought I could knock him over and make a run for it. We struggled.

Peter and Lucas struggle, face to face. Lucas is trying to stop Peter from letting off a shot when...

221

BLAM!

221

Lucas looks shocked. So does Peter.

His gun... it wasn't meant to happen.

Peter drops to the floor and drops his guns. After a brief moment, Lucas bends down to him.

LUCAS (V.O CONT)

I wanted to help him, but I had no time. I couldn't afford to get caught.

Lucas ruffles with Peter jacket and removes a set of keys. He looks at Peter bleeding to death, and places the cops hand over the seeping wound.

LUCAS

Im sorry.

Lucas charges off, and Peter raises a bloody hand after him.

ROWGUN
Co... come... back.

CUT BACK TO:

Lucas looks down at Lenar, the sorrowful look on his face still. Lenar just looks back blankly.

LUCAS
Its something I will always regret.

Lenar pauses, and grimaces, holding his still bleeding leg. Lucas spots this and gets some nearby rags, tearing off a piece and reaches down to Lenars leg. The cop eyes him with suspicion, but lets the scarred man look at his leg.

Nearby, the Senator goes about cutting his taped arms with his hidden piece of glass. He tries to also stay quiet as the glass cuts his fingers, causing them to bleed.

LENAR
...It wasn't you that killed my officer.

Lucas looks up, he looks surprised.

LENAR
It was someone else.

LUCAS
Im... sorry.

Lucas goes back to looking at Lenars leg.

LUCAS
Looks like you were lucky.
Relatively speaking of course.
Bullet passed right through.

LUCAS
Lucky... tell that to my fucking leg

LUCAS
Sit still.

Lucas goes about bandaging up Lenars leg, as the cop looks down in suspicion and pain.

LENAR
Ok. (grimacing) Say that... I do believe you.

Lucas looks up briefly, before wrapping tape around his enemies leg to seal the bandages in place.

LENAR

And this... Dr Carney is the one behind all of this shit. When I get my hands on that son of a bitch hes a dead man.

Lucas looks up in surprise.

LUCAS

What?

LENAR

Hes going to pay for this whole deal. Ive lost good men because of that guy, so Im not gonna stop until he goes down.

Lucas looks at Lenar with a confused look.

LUCAS

Who the hell told you that Dr Carney was...

The Senator lunges forward, his bonds cut, and slams into Lucas whilst he is momentarily distracted, knocking him into Lenar.

All three men tumble to the floor in a heap, and Lenar yells out as his injured leg is put under strain again. Weapons are dropped, and the three men hit the ground with a loud thud.

The Senator scrambles to his feet, ripping the tape from his mouth with a yelp and grabbing a nearby pistol. Lucas grimaces before grabbing his shotgun and climbing to his feet in an instant.

LUCAS

(annoyed)

Vexler!

Lucas makes a step towards the escaping politician, his eyes ablaze with fury and he begins striding after him. Suddenly the Senator spins around...

222

BLAM!

222

Lucas is knocked back by a bullet; fired from the Senators pistol. He stumbles back into a table. Vexler just stares at him; in shock. Lucas stares at him with cold, aggressive eyes, before stopping and putting his hand down to his stomach.

Lenar lifts his head up slowly, and looks on at the moment of calm.

Lucas pulls his hand away. It is soaked in crimson, and he drops the shotgun to the ground in shock.

LUCAS

Fuck.

He stumbles back slightly, knocking into a large desk behind him. He looks up at the Senator again, almost surprised that the man had the balls to shoot him.

Vexler looks back in stunned shock. He obviously has never shot a man before. Then he slowly brings the pistol up once more...

LUCAS

You spineless son of a...

223

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

223

The glass door next to the Senator shatters as bullets pound into it, and he jumps in shock. Lucas looks to the floor, and sees Lenar with a smoking pistol drawn.

The Senator looks back at the cop in panic, before letting off a few shots in his direction. Lenar rolls out of the way, and it gives the weasel-like politician the opportunity to make a bolt for it.

Lucas slumps down to the floor to a sitting position, still holding his pumping bloody wound.

Lenar jumps to his feet and rushes over to his former enemy. Lucas grimaces in pain, his scarred features not able to hide the look of anguish.

LENAR

Now we're even.

Lenar presses Lucas' hand to the wound. As he struggles with the pain, Lucas rummages through his pockets for something desperately.

LUCAS

Jesus fucking Christ.

LENAR

Just shut up and keep pressure on it.

Lucas suddenly jams one of his bloody hands onto Lenars, and thrusts a small, gold cd into it. Lenar looks at him, surprised.

LUCAS

This... this has everything. You want to really catch these bastards Sgt? Everything you need to bring the whole fucking house down is right there.

(MORE)

LUCAS(cont'd)

I was planning to save that little
treat for myself... but it looks
like...

Lucas lets out a yowl of pain. Blood sits around him, and Lenar looks on hopelessly. He puts the disc in one of his combat trouser pockets, and then grabs the Spas 12 from the floor. He looks at Lucas one more time with intensity.

LENAR

Just stay here. Im going to find
the Senator, and then radio for
help.

Lenar jumps to his feet and makes a dash for the door. Lucas smiles slowly and coughs up some blood.

LUCAS (SOFTLY)

I wont wait up.

He puts his hand to his stomach once more, and his head drops slowly.

CUT TO:

The Clean Sweep men are still being pinned down by the cops. Suddenly, one of them, MURPHY, is hit in the shoulder, and drops behind cover.

Rachelle, Chris and Joe, also drop behind their respective covers, reloading their weapons.

JOSEPH

Shit! Im almost out!

The injured Clean Sweep soldier holds his shoulder. He seems pissed off. He pulls a grenade from his utility holster.

MURPHY

Fuck this man. And fuck the doctor!
Im not dying in this piece of shit
building for anybody!

BLACK

Stand down Murphy, that's an order.

MURPHY

Go fuck yourself Black! You aint
paying me enough for this. This
shit is over!

Joseph manages to reload his weapon.

Murphy pulls the pin on the grenade.

As the others continue reloading from their cover, Joe makes a dash for closer quarter cover, dodging bullets as he goes.

Murphy stands up and makes to throw his grenade.

Joe stands up, and his eyes widen as he sees the explosive about to get thrown.

Shane Black stands up and mercilessly puts a bullet through the side of Murphys head!

Murphy folds to the ground, and drops his grenade.

BLACK
Everybody down!

The grenade rolls towards Josephs cover...

224

BOOOOOOOM!!!

224

A loud explosion shatters furniture and destroys the center of the room. Everyone gets behind cover as it lays waste to its surroundings, Joseph, whose cover is closest to the blast, Holds his head won as shrapnel shoots over his head.

JOSEPH
Fuck!!

The explosion dies down, and only the sound of falling debris is heard. Chris and Rachelle both look to each other, checking that are ok. Rachelle tilts her head and lets out a shout.

RACHELLE (SHOUTING)
Joe! You still alive?

From behind his hiding place, Joseph shakes the cobwebs from his head and cleans out one of his ears with his finger.

JOSEPH
Yeah. I think so.

Suddenly a loud stretching creak is heard. The sound of straining metal and structure. Joes eye widen.

JOSEPH (TO HIMSELF)
Oh shit.

The floor in the centre of the room literally loses all of its form and caves in. Furniture and debris all tumble downwards into concrete plughole. The floor continues its crumbling wave until it reaches Joe.

JOSEPH
Oh shit!

Joe attempts to get to his feet as quick as he can, but his weapon strap gets snagged and pulls him back. Rachelle looks over as Joe gives her a helpless look before...

The floor beneath him gives way, and Joe tumbles downwards out of sight, letting out a yelled expletive as he drops.

CHRIS
Jooooooooe!!!!

Rachelle says nothing, but looks on helplessly as the floor crumbles to a stop, leaving a gaping hole in the centre of the room.

One of the Clean Sweep men takes a chance to shoot at the open officers, and jumps from his cover.

And Rachelle puts three bullets into him before he can get a round off.

The man spasms as the rounds hit him, and his finger presses the trigger and lets off a wild volley of gunfire and he dances his last before tumbling downwards with a scream and a crunchy thud.

Shane Black and his last surviving clean sweep man look to each other and prepare to fend off another attack...

CUT TO:

Lenar bursts through the double doors, gun in hand and moving as fast as he can with his injured leg. At the end of the corridor, the Senator desperately tries to unlock the doors in front of him. Lenar looks at him with an aggressive commitment in his eyes.

LENAR (SHOUTING)
Give it up Senator!

The Senator panics, and fires a couple of shots in Lenars direction. Lenars ducks out of the way.

LENAR
Son of a...

As Lenar is covered, the Senator points his gun at the door handles. He fires, blasting off the handle itself.

Lenar makes his move.

Letting out a roar and ignoring the pain coursing through him, Lenar charges at the Senator as the politician begins to open the doors.

Lenar football tackles him, sending the both of them sprawling through the double doors.

CUT TO:

Lenar and the Senator slide into the room through the force of the tackle, and they land right in the path of Shane Black.

Rachelle see's them from a distance, and looks shocked.

RACHELLE

Lenar...

Shane Black and Lenar stare at each other for the briefest of moments before the last Clean Sweep makes a move.

Lenar rolls over and fires his gun, nailing the attacker with some fatal wounds.

The Senator uses this moment to make a dash for it, and runs back through the way he came.

At the same time, Lenar and Black look at the running man.

LENAR

Vexler!

Black uses the moment to his advantage, and viciously kicks Lenars arm, making him drop the gun. Lenar lets out a scream and tumbles sideways.

CUT TO:

Meanwhile, on the other side of the room, Chris and Rachelle watch the action from the foggy haze between them.

CHRIS

I cant get a clear shot!

RACHELLE

Come on!

The two of them make a move across the room slowly, trying to avoid the gaping hole in the middle.

CUT TO:

Black kicks Lenar some more in the gut, before the cop blocks one of the attempted kicks and hits his attacker with a hard punch to the gut that sends Black reeling backwards.

Lenar gets to his feet. He spits out some blood.

LENAR

Is that... all you got asshole?

Lenar throws a punch at the winded Black, who expertly blocks it. He then kicks the crap out of Lenar with some vicious martial arts kicks, sending the big man tumbling to the ground again.

Breathing heavily, Black shakes off his pain and looks down at the bleeding Lenar.

BLACK

Does that answer your question?

Black reaches down to his opponent, when suddenly the ratcheting sound of a pump action shotgun is heard.

In a flash, Black yanks his beaten opponent to his feet and raises a gun to his head.

CHRIS

FREEZE!

Rachelle and Chris both have their weapons trained on the Clean Sweep man, who just stares blankly back at them unflinching. He tightens his grip around Lenars neck, and the cop turns a brighter shade of red.

CHRIS

I said freeze! Release the officer and put the gun down.

Black pushes for a moment, increasing his grip on Lenars throat. Chris and Rachelle look at him with eyes focused on him.

He then lets go of Lenar and pushes him to the floor. Lenar holds his throat and coughs slightly as he fights for breath. Chris and Rachelle now look at the Clean Sweep man, as he holds his weapon to his side in the air.

Lenar looks up at his team. Chris glances down at his leader for the briefest of moments.

CHRIS

Don't worry sir. I got this. Now I wont tell you again pal! Put your weapon on the ground and your arms in the air! NOW!

LENAR

Leyland...

Black tilts his head slightly as he looks at one of the two officers. He lifts his free hand to his head and pulls off his mask, revealing the cold blue eyes and chiselled chin that was previously seen dressed in a suit.

He drops the mask to the floor and nods slightly.

CHRIS

Yeah yeah. Very nice motherfucker. Now get your god damn hands in the..

Suddenly in a moment of fluid and cold, almost mechanical movement, Rachelle suddenly moves her gun towards Chris.

225 BANG!

225

A bullet slams its way into the back of the young cadets head, killing him instantly. Chris drops forward, his lifeless form tumbling to the ground.

Lenar gasps on in shock!

LENAR
Nooooooooooooooooo!!

226 BANG!

226

Rachelle steps over the body and plants another in the corpse just to be sure. She looks up with a cold glare.

ANGLE: RACHELLE
Standing in front of the destroyed and burning room like a self-christened messiah, she holds her pistol firmly in her hand. Stepping over Chris's lifeless form, she looks up at Black, and the Clean Sweep leader trains his weapon on Lenar as she approaches.

RACHELLE
So this is your idea of an efficient operation is it Mr Black?

Black looks up at her unimpressed.

RACHELLE
The whole thing has been one big assfuck from start to finish. Don't forget you almost blew my fucking head off as well.

BLACK
The situation was always under control doctor.

Lenar looks up, he still cant believe what hes seeing. Rachelle looks down at him, then smirks slightly before crouching next to him. She is no longer the person he thought he knew. She is...

CARNEY
Im sorry. I don't think I properly introduced myself. Im doctor Jamie R. Carney. And you are...?

Lenars eyes glaze over as he realises he has been duped. Fuelled by anger and confusion, he pauses a moment before visibly shaking and...

LENAR
Fucking bitch!

Carney moves back as Lenar lunges forward, but Black steps up and kicks him hard in the stomach, sending the big man rolling over.

BLACK
Watch your manners.

LENAR
We trusted you... I trusted you...

CARNEY
I hate to disappoint you but there is no I in We. And, if you don't mind, I'd rather spend my time worrying about my own neck than a bunch of rag tag cowboys with guns and dreams of being in g.i.joe.

LENAR
Bitch...

CARNEY
Uh-uh-uh. Maybe you should start playing the blame game with yourself Lenar.
(pause)
You know, ever since the powers that be pulled to strings to place me amongst your unit for 'my own protection' I was quite happy to play along. At least until they finally pulled me out. But you had to go and fuck things up didn't you? And now look, you've gone and gotten your whole squad killed.
(Relaxes the gun a bit and gives sarcastic sad smile)
Shame on you.

LENAR
Fuck you.

CARNEY
No, Lenar. Fuck you.

Rachelle steps up at points her gun at Lenars head. He just stares back with all the hate in the world. Before she can fire though, Black steps up and pushes her hand away. A shot rings out, and Carney looks up at the man in Black.

CARNEY

What are you doing?

Black just looks up at her with an emotionless glare.

BLACK

Doctor Wilson is still in the building, and the Senator has run off somewhere. I think this man is our best option of finding them both. Once we find the Senator, then you can kill him, but until then...

Lenar looks up at them from the ground and says nothing.

LENAR

Youre not gonna find shit you son of a...

Black gives Lenar another hard kick in the gut, winding the man some more. Lenar coughs up a little blood.

BLACK

Shut the fuck up or I'll change my mind.

Carney raises her head to the ceiling as sighs.

CARNEY

Damn it. Wilson has to be a thorn in my side until the very end. He should have just died when he had the chance, but then, he never could take a hint.

BLACK

(Into radio)

This is CS Leader to chopper one. The doctor in is the house. I repeat, the doctor is in the house. Be ready to extract in fifteen minutes.

A few seconds of HISSING and STATIC before the response comes back.

RESPONSE (V.O.)

(From radio)

Roger that. Over.

As Carney looks down at her former leader in disgust, Black lowers his gun to Lenars face.

BLACK

Get up.

Lenar slowly picks himself up from the floor and rises with grim determination. He looks at Carney with a hateful glare. She merely smiles back at him, before raising the gun to his face.

CARNEY

Come along Lenar, lets go find a politician shall we?

LENAR

Im gonna see you burn you bitch.

Carney lowers her gun to his crotch, and smiles an evil grin.

CARNEY

Ah. Manly defiance till the end.
But I very much doubt that you'll
get your wish. Now move.

A frustrated Lenar turns around and begins to slowly limp along with them. His face still burns that deep uncharted hatred. Lenar knows that he'll get his payback, he is determined to, even if it kills him.

LENAR

They'll be sending reinforcements.
You know that.

CARNEY

Yes. Of course I know that. By that
time though, we'll be long gone..
and you will be quite, quite dead.

Shane forces Lenar to rise as Carney walks by. Carney is reaching into her pockets. She pulls out a small packet of cigarettes and proceeds to pull one out. Reaching into another pocket she pulls out a lighter. Striking the lighter up she lights her cigarette and breathes in long and hard, savouring the moment.

SHANE BLACK

(To Lenar)

You heard her. Move.

Lenar begins to walk out of the room with Shane Black behind him every step of the way.

CUT TO:

In the board room, the shattered remnants of its previous life lay scattered around, and the still form of Lucas sits in the same position he was in before.

On the outside, a chopper passes by, visible in each one of the boardrooms windows and its sound carries through the room itself.

Lucas raises his head. Blood adorns his mouth and he looks close to death, but has a fire in his eyes like no other.

CUT TO:

A dimly lit and light-flickered corridor lays wasted and broken. Lenar stumbles forward, caked in blood, sweat and dust, and looks pissed off. Behind him stands Carney at a safe distance and Shane Black walks down the hallway, kicking open doors and checking rooms as they go.

Lenar looks straight ahead and Carney prods him in the back with her pistol to get him to walk faster.

LENAR

I know about you and Lucas, Carney.

Carney looks slightly surprised, but shrugs it off arrogantly.

CARNEY

Oh that stubborn small minded fuck.
And what is it you know about the
terrorist extraordinaire hmmm?

LENAR

I know what you had done to him. To
his family. I know why he's here,
and deep down... so do you. He didn't
come for the chips did he? He's
come for you doctor.

As Lenar says this, Carney begins to look worried. She looks fearful and upset, and doesn't like what she hearing... because she knows it is right.

CARNEY

Shut up.

Lenar smiles slightly, knowing that she is being riled by his words.

LENAR

And he wont stop until you're dead.

Carney flips out a little a pushes Lenar in the back, he stumbles forward and falls to his knees with a grunt. Carney points the gun at his head, before regaining her composure, and looking to Shane Black, who still stalks from door to door.

CARNEY

I said shut the fuck up!
(to Black)
Any sign of the Senator?

Black shakes his head faintly, he looks like a man on a mission.

BLACK

Not yet. Snivelling little bastard must be here somewhere though.

CARNEY

Well find him quick. The sooner we dig him out, the sooner I can put a bullet in this piece of shit and get out of here.

(to Lenar)

I hate politicians Lenar, I really do. They're supposed to make your life easier but all they end up doing is running away at the most inopportune moments. Its selfish. It truly is.

Black looks at the doctor for a moment before he steps into another room to check.

SHANE BLACK

How do we know Dr Wilson isn't go to kill Vexler the moment he see's him?

CARNEY

If he'd wanted him dead he would've killed him the last time he was here. No. All this time and effort is obviously for a reason.

Black nods his head and disappears into another room, weapon at the ready. Lenar picks himself up and walks onwards.

LENAR

Why all of this doctor huh? Why all this hassle?

CARNEY

Why else Sgt? Money. That beautiful currency that makes the world go round. And I want lots of it.

LENAR

Money?! All of this, all the innocent people dead, because some power hungry bitch wants a shitload of money? I guess it is true. Women are all gold diggers.

CARNEY

(laughing)

No. Just this one.

Lenar pause to think for a moment, as Black appears from a nearby doorway.

LENAR

I don't buy it. There has to be some catch.

CARNEY

No catch Lenar. Just a bank account, large enough to pay off God, when this whole thing gets officially put into action.

Carney looks pleased with herself, like a cat who got the cream. That look is wiped off her face a moment later, as a familiar voice booms out in the hallway, catching everybody's attention.

LUCAS

And what about the backup override codes Jamie?

All three of them look to the doorway at the end of the hall, as Lucas stands there, gun in hand and holding a beaten up Senator as a shield. Blood seeps from his lips, and the Senator trembles in his grip.

Shane Black immediately raises his gun to Lucas, as does Carney. Lucas just smiles at them defiantly.

LUCAS

What are you planning to do with them?

Carney looks at the doctor exasperated.

CARNEY

God damn it. Why wont you just fucking die Lucas?!

Black looks at Carney with a confused glance.

SHANE BLACK

Backup codes? Whats he talking about Doctor?

CARNEY

Who knows? The mans fucking insane, shoot him already!

Lucas tightens his grip on the Senator, who squeals in panic as he is held tighter. He looks at his enemy with a mean smile and a raised pistol, and Lenar stands in between all of them, caught in the middle.

LUCAS

I wouldn't do that. Not if you want to put a bullet in primetimes favourite smile.

SENATOR VEXLER

Oh please god... please god, don't shoot me.

LUCAS

Don't tell me they don't know about the backup codes? When I created the chip with the generous help of my glamorous assistant over there, I added a little, failsafe, shall we say.

Carney is starting to look agitated and frustrated, as Lucas continues to the listening ears of Lenar and Shane Black.

CARNEY

Just shoot him already!

LUCAS

Urgo, when the system is up and running, she could go anywhere in the world she wants... and still gain control over the entire system. All she has to do is activate the code, and it would spread through out the whole system within twenty four hours. Everything in the palm of her murdering hands.

Black never moves his sight from Lucas, but glances briefly over at his 'partner' with a vicious look.

SHANE BLACK

Is this true Carney? because if it is, so help me, Im going to personally burn these fucking codes out of you.

CARNEY

Don't listen to him. He's fucking lying!

LUCAS

Yes. I could indeed be lying. Or I could be telling the truth. You just wont know until that bitch puts her finger on the button.

(pause)

Oh don't look so surprised, youre not the first person she stared in the eyes when she stabbed them in the back.

Carneys eyes glaze over and fill with nothing but panic and hate. She aims her gun.

CARNEY

Fuck this!

227

BLAM!

227

A bullet hits the Senator directly in the leg, and the politician lets out an almighty scream of pain, and he thrashes about wildly.

Lucas stumbles back as the Senator tumbles forward to the ground, and he lets off a few shots at Carney and Black.

Lenar dives to the floor as Carney fires off shot after shot in a panic. Light fittings burst, picture frames shatter and Shane Black ducks behind cover, looking at the doctor shocked.

SHANE BLACK

What do you think youre doing
Carney?!

Carney is oblivious to his words, and pops a clip out to reload.

CARNEY

Something you should have done a
long time ago.

Lenar looks up from the ground, and sees Lucas stumbling backwards. It looks like he has been hit again. Seizing his chance, he bursts to his feet and makes a dash for the doorway.

Seeing this, Black unleashes a volley of gunfire his way, and as bullets pound the walls and floor, Lenar dives through the open doorway, taking down Lucas and saving them both from a lethal dose of lead.

The Senator lays screaming on the floor, holding his bleeding leg. Black steps up and grabs the man by the collar and drags him back. Carney reloads her gun and makes a move to chase her prey, but is stopped by the forceful hand of Shane Black. He looks at her with a cold, mean look in his eyes.

SHANE BLACK

Fuck them doctor, we've got what we
came for. Now Move!

Carney curses to herself and makes a move back down where they came.

CUT TO:

Lenar rushes through a corridor, with a wounded Lucas hunched over his shoulder.

LENAR
Which way to the roof?

Lucas coughs up some more blood and point in a direction.

LUCAS
That... that way...

Lenar goes to move, but Lucas stops him.

LUCAS
Leave me here. Ill only slow you down. Theres no toher way you can catch them if youre dragging me with you.

Lenar pauses, not wanting to agree with his 'colleagues' orders.

LUCAS
Im done for anyway. So just fucking go!

Lenar still doesn't move, and Lucas raises his pistol to his face.

LUCAS
GO!

Lenar grits his teeth, and then makes a break for the stairs. Lucas watches him go, and then drops to his knees, his breathing getting hurried.

Lenar begins his ascent of the last couple of floors as fast as he can.

CUT TO:

Carney bursts from an elevator doorway at the top of the building, the cold air of the night blowing her hair in all directions. As Black appears behind her with the wounded and sobbing Senator, she looks around in panic.

CARNEY
Where is it?! Wheres the fucking chopper?!

Black is just about to get on the radio when a large black helicopter appears from below. Its large spotlight hovering over the villains beneath it.

Carney makes a break for it, rushing as fast as she can.

SHANE BLACK

Carney!

Black moves forward a few steps, but the Senator keels over, crying like a baby in pain.

SENATOR VEXLER

I cant. Its hurts too much.

SHANE BLACK

Get up Senator!

Suddenly...

LENAR

I wouldn't worry about him asshole.

Shane Black looks up and is met with a nose breaking right hook from Lenar, who looks pissed as hell.

LENAR

Id worry about me.

Black tumbles to the ground and drops his weapon. He reaches for it again but Lenar kicks it out of the way.

Lenar steps forward to attack, but Black takes him down with a leg sweep.

CUT TO:

Carney steps onto the rope ladder and takes a look back at the commotion. She sees Lenar and with a look of panic starts a hurried climb upwards.

CUT TO:

Black scrambles to his feet and lumps Lenar in the back as he attempts to get up. He kicks again, sending the cop rolling over once more.

SHANE BLACK

You should have stayed down when you had the chance mr policeman.

Lenars coughs up some more blood.

SHANE BLACK

What is it with you pigs? You just don't get the fucking message.

SLAM! Another kick to the abdomen.

CUT TO:

228

INT. CLEAN SWEEP HELICOPTER - NIGHT

228

Carney finally reaches the inside of the chopper, and signals to the PILOT.

CARNEY

Take off!

PILOT

But what about the Senator and Mr. Black?

CARNEY

Fuck them. They can take care of themselves. Just fucking go!

PILOT

My orders are to retrieve all three of you alive doct...

Carney places a pistol against the pilots head and growls in his ear.

CARNEY

Fuck your orders.

CUT TO

Shane Black continues his assault of Lenar, who just seems to be soaking up the punishment for some reason.

SHANE BLACK

So come on then punk! You got something to say now?! Huh? You got any last words before I end you?

Lenar begins to crawl to his feet, as Black prepares another onslaught.

LENAR

...cant ...talk ...right now.

Black puts Lenar down with another vicious punch. Lenar still gets to his knees again. Black looks on frustrated.

SHANE BLACK

Oh yeah? And why is that?

Suddenly, Lenar rises up and spits a large mouthful of blood directly into Shane Blacks eyes.

SHANE BLACK

Argh!

Black stumbles back, blinded by crimson... and Lenar stalks forward - ready to lay the smack down.

LENAR

Coz momma always told me never to
talk with my mouth full.

Lenar starts laying heavy punches into his black-clad opponent, knocking seven shades of shit out of him. Shane Blacks face is quickly turned to pulp by the granite-like fists of Lenar, and he is dropped by a jaw breaking upper-cut that sends him reeling into a wall.

Lenar spits down at the unconscious Black.

LENAR

That's your right to remain silent
bitch.

He looks over, and spots the Senator crawling to his feet. Lenar takes a few steps over to him, but is cut off by a burst of gunfire from above.

The Senator screams out as bullets pound into the floor beneath him, and Lenar looks up.

CUT TO:

229

INT. CLEAN SWEEP HELICOPTER - NIGHT

229

Carney sits there with an assault rifle in her hands and a mean look on her face. Lenar meets her gaze with a cold glare, and then the doctor raises the rifle again.

CUT TO:

LENAR

Oh shit!

A flurry of gunfire erupts onto the harsh concrete of the roof, and Lenar makes a dash for the closest spot of safety. The edge of the roof!

He runs and jumps off, furiously grabbing for the Helicopters flailing rope ladder! He makes it!

CARNEY

Son of a...

CARNEY aims down, and tries to hit Lenar as he hangs on for dear life. But it is no use, with all the swinging of the ladder, she cant get a decent shot at him.

CUT TO:

The Senator watches on as the whole thing plays out, and then slowly scrambles to his feet. He looks to his only escape, the elevator, and makes a dash for it..

CUT TO:

Carney runs out of ammo, and curses loudly. He removes the clip and shouts at the pilot.

CARNEY

Keep this thing fucking steady will you?

CUT TO:

The Senator reaches the lift, and furiously pressed the buttons. The lift doors begin to open.

ANGLE: CARNEY

Carney clips the new ammo in and ratchets the gun into life. She smiles to herself.

ANGLE: LENAR

Lenar still grips the ladder for dear life, ignoring whatever pain he is going through.

CUT TO:

The lift doors open and the Senator begins to move inside, suddenly he faces drops like he's seen his own death. He stumbles back, and trips over backwards, tumbling onto his ass in fear.

From the dark inside of the elevator strides Lucas! And he brandishes a Clean Sweep assault rifle in his hands!

CUT TO:

Carney raises the rifle again, when suddenly...

PILOT

Someone else is on the roof!

Carney looks up, and her face drops when she sees what is about to happen.

CUT TO:

Lenar seizes his chance, and drops from the rope ladder onto the hard concrete below with a heavy thump. He winces and collapses into a large heap.

Lucas raises the rifle to his eye level, and lets loose hell onto the front of the chopper!

CUT TO:

Bullets riddle the windscreen and inside, catching Carney a couple of times. She screams, and the pilots helmet is also turned to a cracked bloody egg as he is cut to ribbons.

He slumps forward, and his limp body presses onto the control stick.

Carney looks back at Lucas with a look of fear...

Lucas smiles, before dropping to his knees...

The helicopter tilts sharply, bringing its nose down hard...

Carney tries desperately to wrestle with the controls...

But the helicopter continues its headfirst descent into the rooftop...

Lucas breathes out one last time and smiles as he watches the chopper in trouble. He closes his eyes and drops face first to the floor.

Lenar, seeing the chopper going down, runs, jumping and covering his head...

ANGLE: CARNEY-

Watching as the hard concrete rooftop edges closer and closer, her face a painting of fear... she knows that she is about to die...

230 ANGLE: SHANE BLACK 230

As he slowly opens his bloodied eyes to see what is going on.

231 ANGLE: THE ROOFTOP- 231

The helicopter mere inches from colliding...

ANGLE: CARNEY

Carney lets out a bloodcurdling death scream.

232 KABOOOOOOOM! 232

The chopper slams into the roof and EXPLODES in a pyrotechnic shower of metal shards and erupting flames.

ANGLE ON:

Shane Black lets out a scream, but it is cut short quite literally as a helicopter blade spins out and brutally imbeds itself in the wall, taking his head clean off.

CUT TO:

The ground squad of police all look up as the huge explosion bursts from the top of the building. Police and journalists all run for cover as shrapnel and large chunks of building and helicopter come crashing down to earth.

IRONS
Jesus Christ!

As the dust settles, Irons stomps over to his communication van and tries the radio again.

IRONS
Sgt Clark! Do you read me? Are you there, over?

CUT TO:

The burning rooftop. It is a bombsite. And broken machinery and flames are dotted everywhere.

The static of a radio can be heard above the flames, and it comes from a still figure laying on the ground.

He rolls over, and the sound gets clearer.

IRONS (V.O)
Sgt Clark (static) read me (static)
you there? Over.

From his place on the ground, Lenar looks up at the sky. His face is black with dirt, blood and damage, and he takes a deep breath. With a groan, he pulls the radio from his belt and speaks into it.

LENAR
Roger that. Clark here.

CUT TO

IRONS
What the hell just happened up there Sgt? It's a god damn warzone down here!

CUT TO

Lenar raises his head with another groan and looks around at the burning wreckage. He drops his head and smiles to himself.

LENAR
You should see the other guy.
(pause)
The buildings clear, just get some paramedics up here on the double chief. Ive got men down. Over and out.

Lenar buzzes the radio off, and drops his head, exhausted.

CUT TO

Irons replaces the radio and goes into overdrive and begins to bark orders.

IRONS

Ok lets go people! Lets get some help to those guys! I want fire crews and medics on the double! Lets go!

The emergency crews burst into action, and Irons takes one more look at the smoke billowing from the top of the roof.

CUT TO

Lenars radio buzzes into life again. And he raises it to his ear slowly. The voice that crackles through is a surprising one, but one that Lenar is pleased to hear.

JOSEPH (V.O)

Lenar... Chris... Rachelle... can... can anybody here me?

LENAR

Parker?

JOSEPH

Is that you... sir?

Lenar smiles, thankful for the small mercy he has been given.

LENAR

Son, your voice is like a rainbow to me right now.

CUT TO:

Joe lies amongst a huge amount of rubble and carnage from when he fell earlier. His face is bloodied, and he is on his back. He looks a little distressed.

JOSEPH

Well, if you pardon my French. Im feeling like a fuckin shit in the wind.

LENAR

Are you hurt?

Joseph lifts his head up and looks at his leg. Two thin iron bars are sticking up through his leg, and his leg is a mess. Joe lets his head back down and groans.

JOSEPH

You could say that. Legs busted up pretty bad.

(MORE)

JOSEPH(cont'd)

Im not even going to go into the details of the headache Ive got.

CUT TO:

LENAR

Just hang in there Parker. Medics are on their way. Just stay put and stay calm.

JOSEPH

Oh don't worry sir... the staying put thing, Ive pretty much got that nailed.

LENAR

Hang in there Parker. Its all gonna be ok. Over and out.

Lenar takes another breath, and then slowly crawls to his feet. He looks over and sees' the still figure of Lucas laying facedown on the floor, and he stumbles over to him.

Lenar drops to his knees, and puts his hand to his former enemies neck.

Nothing. Lucas is dead.

Lenar drops his head, and takes one last look at the man who saved his life. Lucas's eyes are closed, and even though he is scarred and bloodied, he looks at peace.

In the background a shape moves. Lenar does not notice it. The shape gets to its feet, and begins to move.

It is Senator Vexler! He hobbles as fast as he can to the exit, to make a decent getaway.

Without even looking at the man, Lenar picks up a pistol near the body of Lucas, and turns his body. He aims and...

233

BLAM!

233

The bullet tears through the knee of the Senator. It is the knee of the one decent leg he had left. The Senator screams once more and drops to the ground, howling in pain.

Lenar gets to his feet, and it looks like it takes a mighty effort. With a face of stone, he hobbles over to the floored politician.

Vexler looks up at the hulking shape of vengeance above him, and pleads for his life.

SENATOR VEXLER

Please god. Don't kill me. I didn't mean for any of this I swear. I didn't know... I didnt know!

Lenar cocks the pistol, and the Senator lets out a yelp, terrified.

Lenar pauses, and thinks of something. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the disc that Lucas gave him. He looks back at Vexler. The man is pissing his pants with fear. Lucas looks back at the man below him, pistol still aimed at the Senator.

Senator braces himself for the worst, but still pleads for his life.

The dark shape of Lenar stands over him, and Police Choppers rise up overhead, creating a menacing silhouette of the man.

LENAR

You have the right to remain
silent. If you give up that right,
anything you say can and will be
used against you in a court of law.
You have the right to an attorney.
If you desire an attorney and
cannot afford one, an attorney will
be obtained for you.

As Lenar read the Senator his rights, the Senator stops blubbing and looks shocked.

We pan outwards, away from Lenar and the Senator, and past the police choppers that circle overhead.

The skyscraper still manages to look majestic and gigantic even when burning, and at the front of it, the MERCURICOM logo shines in the lights of the choppers like a huge, defiant shield.

234

ANGLE ON: MERCURICOM BUILDING SIGN

234

FADE OUT