

RUBBLE

Written by

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Management:
Good Fear
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OVER BLACK:

WE HEAR:

- An AIR-WRENCHING EXPLOSION.
- SCREAMS of shock and terror.
- The CRASHING GROAN of a structure collapsing.
- And then SILENCE.

FADE IN:

INT. PARTIALLY COLLAPSED STAIRWELL - DAY...

...or it might be NIGHT, it's hard to tell in this dim space.

TWO EMERGENCY LIGHTS mounted high on a cinder block wall
FLASH ON -

Illuminating a THICK HAZE OF PLASTER DUST in the air.

On the ground below, a pile of loose rock and scree SHIFTS -

Beneath it is a WOMAN, 30's.

Dirt clings to a LARGE GASH on her forehead,

The dirt stains her HOSPITAL GOWN a muddy brown.

She GROANS as she pushes a chunk of drywall off of her.

She sits up -

Shakes her head to clear it, then aborts the movement.

She grimaces.

Raises her hand to her forehead.

Her fingers come away sticky with blood.

She pushes herself to her feet, hugging the wall for balance.

WOMAN

H-hello?

She looks up.

It's the basement landing of a maintenance stairwell - a
classic set of U-STAIRS:

One flight of stairs leads to a landing, then doubles back on itself to climb to another landing, then repeats.

Except, in this case, the repetition is cut short -

Fourteen feet above her, JUST TWO FLIGHTS OF STAIRS ABOVE -

A CRUSH OF DEBRIS BLOCKS THE SHAFT OF THE STAIRCASE, AN IMPROMPTU CEILING OF RUBBLE.

Two debris-speckled flights of stairs, a small landing between them, and the basement floor below the upper stairs.

That's all the space the woman has.

The woman turns -

And SHRIEKS as she notices the body of a MAN, 20's.

Blood leaks from his eyes and nose, and soaks his medical scrubs, where a JAG OF REBAR HAS TORN A HOLE THROUGH HIM.

The man WRACKS A SHUDDERING BREATH - somehow, HE ISN'T DEAD.

The woman moves to help him -

He paws at her, gasping, a half-eaten Snickers bar still clenched in one hand.

MAN

Help! Help me!

WOMAN

It's s'okay. You're gonna be fine.

He clearly isn't.

She reaches for him, but doesn't know where to touch him. The man claws at her, nearly unbalancing her.

He frantically clasps hold of her hospital gown, nearly choking her in his desperation.

MAN

OhgodI'msorrypleaseHELPME!

The woman struggles herself free, tries to reassure him.

WOMAN

It's okay, it's gonna be okay.
Someone will be here soon.

But there's no time.

The man VOMITS UP BLOOD, SO THICK IT'S BLACK.

The woman GAGS - manages not to vomit herself.

The man FADES.

His expression slackens, and he's gone.

The woman PANTS, struggles to get her breath under control.

A long hesitation, then finally, she checks his neck.

But there's no pulse. She SOBS, turns away -

And spots ANOTHER CORPSE -

A BURLY MILITANT MAN in FULL TACTICAL GEAR, laying face down on the ground.

Cautiously, almost reluctantly, she moves to the militant.

Groaning at his weight, she flips him over - AND SHRIEKS.

His FACE IS A JAGGED HOLE.

She scoots back into the corner, away from this new horror.

Darts a quick look around the basement floor.

To her left, the glowing letters of an EXIT SIGN are barely visible through A SMALL GAP under a pile of debris.

She eyes the debris pile -

Sharp edges of drywall, broken pipes and heavy cinder block.

All precariously balanced.

She takes a steadying breath, then lays down on the ground.

Through the gap under the wall of debris, she spots the EXIT DOOR. It hangs partially open, blown off its hinges.

Beyond it lies an exterior staircase that leads back up to ground level.

She exhales fully, flattening herself as much as possible.

With her arms, she drags herself inch by inch into the gap.

It's tight, but she fits.

Left arm, then right arm, then left arm again.

She crawls forward slowly, careful not to bump anything.
She's halfway to the exit doors when the GROUND TREMBLES -
The pile of debris above her GROANS.

She FREEZES.

The debris pile SHIFTS.

She looks to the exit - she won't make it in time.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Fuck!

She moves her legs, pulling herself backwards.

Her left foot SWIPES a dangling pipe as she moves -

The debris above her SHIFTS AGAIN in response.

With her arms, she SHOVES HERSELF BACKWARD -

She gets clear of the debris pile just as it COLLAPSES, fully blocking the exit.

There's no way out.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

No - no, come on.

(yelling)

Somebody! Help me!

She pulls at some pieces of debris -

But there's too much for her to clear.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Dammit! Someone!

She SLAMS HER HAND against the wall.

It THUDS dully, barely registering.

But she does it again, and again, and again.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Can anyone hear me?!

She spots a broken pipe on the ground, grabs it up.

She BANGS the pipe against the wall, still shouting.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Please! I'm in here!

She swings the pipe - CLANG!CLANG!CLANG! -

She SWINGS AGAIN -

Tendons flare in her neck as she STRAINS -

But before she can strike, THE ENTIRE STAIRCASE TREMBLES.

Dust and dirt rain down around her.

This place is clearly unstable.

She FREEZES MID-SWING -

Then lets the broken pipe fall from her limp fingers.

She sinks to the ground, SOBBING, breath hitching.

She closes her eyes, starts inhaling through her nose.

One deep breath.

Then another, then a third.

Finally, she opens her eyes, slightly more composed.

Catches sight of her reflection in a small puddle on the ground - her fingers go to the gash on her forehead.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Shit. Okay - okay, let's see.

She pats down her pockets -

Pulls out a wad of Kleenex and a pen.

She takes some Kleenex and gingerly dabs at the gash on her forehead - the blood is tacky, nearly dry.

She grimaces, tosses the Kleenex aside.

The movement draws her attention to her wrist - and to the MEDICAL ID BRACELET hanging there.

On the bracelet, in professional font, the name JESSICA FINLEY, as well as the words TRINITY MEM--.

The words fade there, scuffed and scraped and illegible.

The woman (now JESSICA), runs her finger over the label.

She MOUTHS the name Jessica Finley to herself, then checks another pocket and pulls out an iPhone.

She swipes her finger over the shattered screen -

It LIGHTS UP, but the cracked image flickers maddeningly.

Through the screen distortion, the phone shows ZERO BARS.

JESSICA

Shit.

She moves around - holding the phone high and low, searching desperately for a signal.

But no luck.

Her search is interrupted by a BURST OF STATIC.

She looks around - that noise didn't come from the phone.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hello?

Another BURST OF STATIC.

It's coming from the burly militant guy.

Jessica puts her phone back in her pocket, eyes him warily.

She DRY HEAVES as she nears the BLOODY JAGGED WRECK where his face used to be.

Another BURST OF STATIC -

From an oversized walkie-talkie on the man's belt.

She grabs it off him - it's a PORTABLE HAM RADIO.

An expensive looking one with multi-band access.

She studies it - finds the button to talk.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Is - is anyone there?

She lets go of the button.

Waits a moment.

Then hits it again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hello - please. Anyone.

Releases the button.

She's about to push it again but is interrupted by another BURST OF STATIC, then the HAM radio SQUAWKS to life.

A GRUFF MALE VOICE rumbles out of the radio.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
(BARELY AUDIBLE)
A man walks west. What does he see?

JESSICA
I - I'm sorry?

Jessica releases the button - there's a long silence.

She presses to talk.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Did you hear me?

Releases the button.

Waits.

Finally, the voice speaks again.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
A man walks west. What does he see?

JESSICA
I don't - I don't know what you're saying.

GRUFF VOICE
A man walks -

JESSICA
--No, I heard you. But I don't know what that means. I just need help. My name is, uh -

She searches around, sees her ID bracelet.

She reads the name off of it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
J-Jessica. Jessica Finley. I-I'm in uh, in a staircase. I'm trapped, and I don't know what's going on.

Jessica releases the button. No response.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Hello - still there?

Releases the button. Still no response. Presses it again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello - please! Tell me
what's going on! Are you guys
police? Was there an attack?

Her breath hitches -

She GULPS FOR AIR, chokes off a SOB, then finally forces a
steadying breath.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Please - just say something.

She releases the button.

Waits for a response.

The silence stretches into an eternity.

Tears drip from her eyes, they streak the dirt on her face.

She smudges the tears away with the palm of her hand, then
studies the HAM radio.

Its prominent LCD screen displays a six-digit frequency
channel, as well as the BATTERY LIFE-BAR, holding strong at
three-quarters full.

Under the screen is a panel of numbered buttons.

Other buttons of indeterminate function dot the surface.

Jessica pushes one of these others, A RED BUTTON just offset
from the main speaker.

An ELECTRONIC VOICE emanates from the HAM.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)
Channel mode.

The LCD SCREEN CHANGES -

It now displays CH 12 instead of the six-digit frequency it
previously showed.

Jessica presses the button again, and the LCD screen shifts
to show FM 107.3 - the ELECTRONIC VOICE speaks again.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
FM Radio.

The RADIO STATION comes up -

A DJ barely audible through a fuzz of static.

RADIO STATION DJ (O.S.)
(BARELY AUDIBLE)
Another great song by the Chili
Peppers - stay tuned to In The Mix
with Rick, on One-Oh-Seven Point
Three KPLA -

The voice cuts off as Jessica pushes the red button again.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)
Frequency mode.

The LCD screen changes once more, back to its original view.

JESSICA
Okay, uh, let's see...

She pushes a NUMBERED BUTTON - the LCD screen LIGHTS UP, the frequency number changing as she types.

She types in six random digits - the display reads 147.680.

She presses the talk button.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Hello - anyone there?

Releases the talk button.

Waits a moment.

Hits it again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Please answer.

But there's no response, just the endless void of static.

Jessica enters another six digits - 028.385.

She holds the talk button.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Anybody out there?

She releases the button and waits a moment.

She's about to enter another number when a BURST OF STATIC, followed by a FEMALE VOICE (OLE SAL) sounds from the HAM.

OLE SAL (O.S.)
Uh, affirmative, unidentified. Ole Sal here, over.

JESSICA
Oh thank god. Please - help me.
You've got to call the police.

OLE SAL (O.S.)
Ten-nine, unidentified - that's a negative copy. Please repeat, over.

JESSICA
I don't know what you're saying! I need help, okay! Send help!

OLE SAL (O.S.)
S'that you messing with me again, Trina? Over.

JESSICA
What? No - please. My name is Jessica. I'm trapped in a stairwell. I need help.

Jessica releases the button.

There's a long pause before Ole Sal speaks again - her voice sounds reedy and far away; the RECEPTION IS FAILING.

OLE SAL (O.S.)
Come in, Trina, you there - over.

Jessica yells into the HAM.

JESSICA
I'm not Trina - I need help!
Please!

OLE SAL (O.S.)
Negative copy, Trina - that's a ten-nine, negative copy. Sorry -

--A BURST OF STATIC drowns out the end of Ole Sal's response.

Ole Sal's gone.

JESSICA
Fuuuuccckkk!

Jessica SCREAMS, kicks a clod of dirt with her foot -

It bounces uselessly off the dead militant.

Jessica watches the dirt spray over the militant's body -

She notices something.

She steps closer, kneels by the militant's sprawled arm.

She carefully turns the arm around - on the inner forearm,
WRITTEN IN SHARPIE: SECURITY - 483.568.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Oh, yes, yes! Okay, uh...

She digs in her pocket for the pen from earlier, then copies
the number onto her own arm.

Also writes SECURITY next to it.

She shoves the pen back in her pocket.

She carefully enters the number into the HAM, double-checking
each digit as she goes.

Finally, she presses the talk button.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Anybody there? Please come in.

She releases the button. Waits.

The security company's regional DISPATCH responds.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Mace Security, Central Dispatch.
Identify yourself, over.

JESSICA

This is Jessica Finley, uh, over.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

(BEAT)

Lady, this is a private frequency,
you need authorization and a
license to access this channel.
Please acknowledge, over.

JESSICA

Please - I need help. I'm trapped.

She releases the button. Waits a moment, then realizes, and
thumps the button again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Over.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

For emergency services, call nine-one-one. Broadcast on this channel again, we'll hafta arrest you.

JESSICA

Okay, yes - do that! Come arrest me - send the police. A lot of police. Anyone that can help me.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Don't push your luck, lady.

JESSICA

Please, - there was an, an earthquake, or maybe an explosion. I don't - I can't remember. I was doing something -

She SHAKES HER HEAD, trying to focus.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

--I woke up, and I'm trapped. I need your help. Over.

Dispatch responds, but STATIC GARBLES THE TRANSMISSION.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

(STATICKY)

Did you...an explosion? Over?

JESSICA

Hello - I can't hear you - hello?

Jessica shifts, moving the HAM radio around.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hello - please come in.

Still no luck.

Reception is terrible.

She eyes the stairs -

Chunks of them are missing, but they're relatively intact.

She cautiously clambers up the first flight to the landing -

The HAM radio is less staticky here.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Are you still there? Over?

DISPATCH (O.S.)
(STATICKY)
Hard to hear... do you copy? Over.

Jessica turns, looks up the upper flight of stairs -

They're blocked halfway up by a mass of rubble.

She cautiously moves up this flight, one step at a time,
until she's standing just below the blockage.

JESSICA
What are you saying? Hello?

She shifts around -

Suddenly, Dispatch comes in loud and clear.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
You still there, lady? Over.

JESSICA
Yes! Yes! Can you hear me?

The rubble around Jessica GROANS -

She eyes it warily, but it holds steady.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Okay, lady, look - you're gonna
hafta get off this frequency.
Something big is happening
downtown.

JESSICA
No wait - there's gotta be someone
that can help. Please.

After AN INTERMINABLE SILENCE, Dispatch responds again.

But he sounds different now - nervous, not dismissive.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
No fucking way. Lady, what did you
say about an explosion?

JESSICA
I think - I think I was in one. I
can't remember. I'm trapped in a
stairwell.

(MORE)

JESSICA (CONT'D)

There's dead people here. I think one might be a doctor - the other guy's in military gear.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Shit. Okay. Don't touch the bodies.

JESSICA

I-I already did, a little.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Damn. Okay, uh, I'm gonna hafta pass you up the ladder. I'm givin' you a frequency - but you didn't get it from me, all right?

JESSICA

(Wiping her eyes)

Uh, yeah okay - uh, one minute.

She grabs the pen from her pocket.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Okay, go ahead.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Four-eight-eight-dot-four-five-oh.

JESSICA

Four-eight-eight-dot-four-five-oh.

She writes the numbers on her arm with the pen as she repeats them - 488.450.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

That's it.

JESSICA

Thank you so much.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Just keep me outta it. Over'n'out.

She barely waits to hear Dispatch sign off before punching in the new numbers, switching the channel over.

She presses the talk button.

JESSICA

Hello - can you hear me?

An assertive FEMALE VOICE (AGENT CELESTE SPARKS, 40's) is quick to reply.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Agent Sparks here, who's this?

JESSICA
Please help. I'm stuck - the stairs
collapsed, I can't get out.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Who is this?

JESSICA
J-Jessica Finley.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
This is an FBI frequency. It's not
for civilian use.

Jessica writes FBI in big bold letters next to the numbers
488.450 on her arm.

JESSICA
I don't know who else to call - I
need help.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Ms. Finley, I won't ask again.

JESSICA
Please - just please listen to me.
I don't remember anything. I don't
know who I am but I'm stuck in a
staircase and I just watched a man
die.

Jessica breaks down in a jerky SOB.

A long silence. Finally:

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Okay, ma'am, calm down. You say you
can't remember anything?

JESSICA
Nothing before I woke up here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
But you remember your name.

JESSICA
No, I - there's a, like a medical
bracelet. It's got my name.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
That's all it says?

JESSICA

T-the rest is scratched off. Just
my name, and then Trinity Mem
something or other.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Trinity? Jesus fuck. Hold on a
minute.

JESSICA

No, please, don't-

But it's too late - there's no response, just static.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

DAMMMMITTT!!

Jessica's scream ECHOES around the space -

But it doesn't fade.

Instead, the echo grows into a BASSO RUMBLE.

The cluttered rubble blocking the stairs above Jessica GROANS
and SHIFTS, then collapses like an avalanche.

Jessica JUMPS BACK just in time, hurrying down the stairs,
around the landing and down the lower flight to the floor.

She DUCKS UNDER the lee of the upper flight of stairs, using
it as cover against the dirt and debris falling from above.

She waits till the rubble settles before re-emerging.

Some debris chunks have shaken loose from the collapsed
ceiling, and speckle the basement floor.

The upper flight of stairs is now completely covered in a
pile of dirt, masonry, and cinder blocks.

It is still accessible, but obviously unstable.

She checks the HAM radio - battery falls to fifty percent.

A BURST OF STATIC, and Agent Sparks returns.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Miss Finley - you still there?

JESSICA

Yes - thankgodyes, I'm here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Okay, Miss Finley - good news is we
know where you are. And we're
working on a plan to get you out.

JESSICA
Yes, yes, okay, good.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
But it's going to be complicated.

JESSICA
That's okay, whatever you need to
do, just get me out.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
No, Miss Finley, it's going to be
complicated because of where you
are. Trinity Memorial Hospital.

Agent Sparks pauses, takes a deep breath.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thirty minutes ago, there was an
explosion there. It collapsed the
whole southwest corner of the
building. All six stories.

JESSICA
Omigod. You mean...

Jessica trails off, her eyes on six-stories of rubble looming
overhead, its own mass keeping it wedged in place above her.

For now, at least.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
You don't remember any of this?

JESSICA
No - nothing before waking up. I
must've hit my head pretty hard.

Her fingers move to the gash in her head - she WINCES as she
touches it.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
The explosion wasn't an accident.
It was a terrorist attack.

Jessica's gaze flashes to the burly militant guy in tactical
gear.

JESSICA

That explains the dead guy in the SWAT suit.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

That his radio?

JESSICA

How'd you know?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

It takes a very expensive - and very illegal - kind of radio to catch federal frequencies.

JESSICA

Great. So I've gotta worry about terrorists now, too.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Probably not as much as the rest of the hospital does. If you're blocked in, they're blocked out.

Jessica SHUDDERS, struggles to keep her breathing even.

JESSICA

Easy for you to say.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Jessica - I need you to think. Do you remember anything else that might help us? Anything at all.

JESSICA

Maybe. There was some grouchy guy on the radio, kept repeating a phrase. Something about a man walking west.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Okay, great start, Jessica. D'you mind if I call you Jessica?

JESSICA

You can call me whatever you want, so long as you send me some help.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Soon. I know you've been through a lot, but I need you to think - what frequency was the terrorist using?

Jessica wipes sweat from her brow as she racks her brain.

JESSICA
I-I'm not sure - everything
happened so fast.

Agent Sparks responds, but FUZZY STATIC obscures her words.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
(STATICKY)
Can you please... hard to hear you.

JESSICA
Agent Sparks? Hello?

Jessica moves about the space, angling the HAM radio around,
trying for better reception.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
C'mon, c'mon, please.

She warily climbs back up the lower flight to the landing.
Thumbs the button to talk.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Please come in. Anybody.

No response. Just more static.

Jessica eyes the upper flight of stairs -

They're covered in rubble, clearly unstable.

Reluctantly, she climbs onto this pile of rubble, waving her
arm around in the air, trying to find a better signal.

She makes her way slowly, but the rubble is treacherous.

A rock TWISTS UNDER HER FOOT.

She slips - dazed by the hard landing.

A FLASH OF MEMORY -

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR/OPERATING ROOM - BEFORE THE BLAST

A broken bit of memory:

In slow motion we see, from Jessica's POV -

-Ceiling panels and lights flashing by overhead.

-Concerned faces in medical masks.

-The heavy equipment of an OPERATING ROOM.

-And just as suddenly, the MEMORY FLASH ENDS.

INT. PARTIALLY COLLAPSED STAIRWELL - NOW

The stairwell is back in shambles.

Jessica blinks, dazed, atop the collapsed pile of rubble.

It takes her a moment to hear the HAM radio SQUAWKING.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Jessica - what's going on in there?
Can you hear me?

She slowly sits up.

Thumbs the talk button.

JESSICA

It's falling apart - stairs are
collapsing. I don't know how much
longer I've got.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Hang on, Jessica. We're working on
getting you out.

JESSICA

I don't wanna die in here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

I'm not gonna let that happen.
We've already got people trying to
find your family.

JESSICA

I don't even know if I have a
family.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

We're gonna find out. But we can't
get inside till we're sure it's
clear. So first we're gonna need to
take these assholes down, alright?
That's why I need the frequency.

JESSICA

It was, uh -

She runs her hands through her hair, thinking.

Not an easy task in her state.

She trails off as she notices her left hand snag in her hair.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

--A ring.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Sorry?

JESSICA

I'm wearing a ring - like a wedding ring. I might be married.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

That's great, Jessica - that's a big help. But the terrorist first.

JESSICA

I don't know - I-I think the radio was on channel twelve.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Okay, good, but that's just a preset. I need the frequency. You'll have to switch over to channel mode - do you know how to change modes?

JESSICA

Yes, yeah I can do that.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Okay, switch to channel mode and go to channel twelve. Then switch back to frequency mode. I need that six-digit number. You understand?

JESSICA

Yeah. Six-digits. Got it. One sec.

Jessica hits the red MODE BUTTON.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)

Channel mode.

She enters the number 12 - the LCD screen displays CH 12.

She reaches for the mode button again, but the LCD screen FLICKERS - then GOES BLANK.

JESSICA

No - nonono, please.

She taps the HAM radio -

The screen FLICKERS, dies again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Come on - don't do this.

Jessica pries at the battery cover -

But her hands SHAKE with adrenaline, making the task harder.

Finally, the battery compartment POPS OPEN.

And THE BATTERY FLIES FREE.

The battery BOUNCES -

Once, then twice, before TUMBLING OFF THE EDGE OF THE STAIRS-

Jessica ROLLS OVER and STRETCHES out her arm -

And JUST BARELY CATCHES THE BATTERY by her fingertips.

She lets out a WHOOSH of breath -

That was too close.

She scoots down to the relative safety of the landing.

Once there, she blows dirt and debris off the contact points in the HAM radio and carefully slots the battery home.

The HAM FLICKERS BACK TO LIFE, still on CH 12.

Jessica hits the red mode button again.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)
FM Radio.

The radio station returns, CLASSIC ROCK barely audible under.

Jessica hits the red mode button once more; the music stops.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Frequency mode.

Jessica pulls a pen from her pocket -

Carefully copies the frequency number onto her arm: 333.250

Next to this number, in bold letters, she writes BAD GUY.

Once she's sure the number is copied correctly, she punches in the FBI frequency, reading each digit twice.

She presses the button to talk.

JESSICA

Sparks?

A long silence.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Agent Sparks, you still there?

Jessica shifts around, getting anxious.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Please answer!

Another long silence. Finally, a BURST OF STATIC.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Jessica, can you hear me?

JESSICA

I thought you were gone.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Sorry about that - it's a bit chaotic out here. You get the frequency?

JESSICA

Yeah. Three-three-three-dot-two-five-oh.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Okay, great work. You should try to rest. I'll check back in a few.

JESSICA

Wait, no - I don't wanna lose you again. My battery's low.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

How much battery life left?

JESSICA

About half.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

All right, that's all right. You got a watch?

JESSICA

Uh...

Jessica looks at the watch on her wrist -

The face is cracked, but mercifully it still works.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Yeah.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Okay, what's your watch say?

JESSICA

Just after ten.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

I need it exactly.

JESSICA

Ten-oh-five, no - ten-oh-six AM.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Ten-oh-six, good, I'm synced to you. Now I want you to set an alarm for five minutes from now, can you do that? For ten-eleven.

JESSICA

Five minutes, okay.

Jessica sets the alarm.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Once that alarm goes off, check back in with me. If I don't answer, check back every five minutes till you reach me. Otherwise, keep your radio off to save battery.

JESSICA

Okay, yeah. I can do that.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Don't worry, Jessica. We'll talk soon, I promise. Now save that battery.

JESSICA

Right, okay.

Jessica hesitates, then twists the knob to turn off the HAM.

The silence is oppressive.

Jessica leans back against the wall.

She closes her eyes -

And we're BACK IN THE MEMORY FLASH.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BEFORE THE BLAST

Jessica blinks as a DOCTOR shines a pen-light in her eyes.

A nearby NURSE preps a syringe full of a dark green fluid.

The nurse steps forward, flicking the syringe, before squirting some fluid out of the tip.

Just as the nurse is about to inject Jessica with it -

--The sudden PLINK!PLINK!PLINK! of dripping water interrupts.

Jessica opens her eyes, ENDING THE MEMORY FLASH.

INT. PARTIALLY COLLAPSED STAIRWELL - NOW

She's back in the aftermath, resting on the landing.

The PLINK!PLINK!PLINK! continues.

Jessica blinks and looks around.

Water drips from a cracked pipe on the wall above her.

She watches, half-hypnotized, as the water plinks out of the cracked pipe.

She reaches out to touch the stream of water when -

--The BLARTBLARTBLART of her watch alarm startles her.

Five minutes are up.

Jessica turns the HAM radio back on, thumbs the button.

JESSICA

Anyone there, over.

A new MALE VOICE (AGENT JOHNSON) speaks.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

Mrs. Finley, right on time.

JESSICA

Who are you?

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

Special Agent Johnson.

JESSICA
Where's Agent Sparks?

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)
Busy. Gives us a few minutes to
chat, just you and me.

Jessica blinks, unsure. Finally, she resets her watch alarm.

JESSICA
Uh, I'll check back. Five minutes.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)
Jessica - hold on, we need to talk.

But Jessica doesn't respond.

She sits back and thinks.

Then checks her forearm - she enters the terrorist's
frequency into the HAM radio, switches the channel over.

Agent Sparks' voice comes through the radio.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
I repeat: It doesn't need to go
down like this. You can talk to me.

The only response is static.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
At least tell us what you want.

Another empty silence.

Jessica reaches out, about to thumb the talk button.

But then the GRUFF VOICE from earlier speaks.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Enough stalling, Agent.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
I just wanna know why you're here,
that's all.

A BURST OF STATIC cuts through the transmission.

JESSICA
Dammit.

Jessica shifts around, looking for clear reception.

She eyes the scattered debris on the upper staircase.

Reluctantly, she crawls up onto this debris pile, mindful of the loose rocks beneath her.

She stays low, wary of falling again.

She shifts her arm around until the RECEPTION RETURNS.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Maybe you could make a good will
gesture. Let a hostage go.

A pregnant silence stretches out. Finally:

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Okay. I can do that.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Good, great.

Another long silence.

Then, the sounds of a HYSTERICAL WOMAN.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Come on, come here. Say hi.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN (O.S.)
Please, don't do this.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Shutup. Come here.

A heavy SMACK - the hysterical woman SHRIEKS.

Jessica's grip tightens on the HAM.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Kneel.
(ANOTHER SMACK)
I said fucking kneel. Speak. Speak!

Another SMACK.

HYSTERICAL WOMAN (O.S.)
No. Please. Somebody help me!

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Don't do this.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Shut the fuck up. You want hostages
gone. Here you go.

KABLAAM - A gunshot echoes over the radio - and can also be faintly heard THROUGH THE PILE OF RUBBLE.

The terrorist isn't far away.

The hysterical woman's screams ABRUPTLY CUT OFF.

Then a heavy THUNK comes through the HAM radio, as something solid hits the floor.

Jessica DRY HEAVES - then VOMITS.

She wipes her mouth, thumbs her talk button.

JESSICA

Fuck you, you psycho!

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Ma'am, don't interrupt. Let us handle it.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Oh, are you gonna handle it, Agent Sparks? Tell me - what's your plan for the second bomb?

The gruff voice LAUGHS.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Good bluff. But I don't think you have another bomb. Or you wouldn't be negotiating right now.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Maybe, maybe not. Guess we'll see.

He LAUGHS again.

Jessica BLINKS, thinking.

She leans out, peers off the edge of the rubble-strewn upper flight of stairs.

The militant lies on the floor below.

JESSICA

Oh, shit.

Jessica thumbs her talk button.

But before she can speak, the stairwell TREMBLES.

A chunk of cinder-block falls out of the rubble above.

It PLUMMETS TOWARDS HER.

She THROWS AN ARM UP to protect herself.

Her hand DEFLECTS THE BLOCK -

But the block SNAPS TWO OF HER FINGERS IN THE PROCESS.

They hang, ALREADY SWOLLEN AND ASKEW, from her hand.

Jessica SHRIEKS, both in pain and terror as the stairs GROAN AND TREMBLE BENEATH HER.

She drops the HAM radio, finally letting go of the talk button - the radio skitters down to the middle landing.

She broadcast the whole ordeal.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Jessica - what's going on. Are you
okay? Come in.

The stairs have settled, still intact.

Jessica holds up her hand - cries at the mangled sight.

She takes a WHOOPING BREATH.

Then a second, struggling not to go into shock.

With her good hand, Jessica grabs hold of her broken fingers.

A third whooping breath - which she holds.

Jessica TUGS ON HER BROKEN FINGERS.

They SQUELCH back into place.

She SHRIEKS - almost passes out.

Breath ragged, she struggles to rip a strip from her gown.

She wraps the strip of cloth around both fingers, splinting them together.

Jessica cranes her neck around -

She spots the HAM radio down on the landing, still squawking.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jessica - you still there?

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Maybe she don't wanna talk to you.

Carefully, inch by inch, Jessica makes her way back down the debris pile to the landing.

She picks up the HAM radio, thumbs the button.

JESSICA

I-I'm here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

What's going on in there?

JESSICA

Fucking sky is falling. Got a broken hand to show for it.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Jesus, Jessica - are you okay?

JESSICA

Peachy fucking keen.

Jessica GROANS as she gets to her feet -

She wavers unsteadily before gaining her balance.

She makes her way down the stairs to the floor below.

She crosses to the militant, studies him a moment.

Finally, she bends over -

With her good arm, she PATS HIM DOWN.

She FREEZES.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She slowly unzips the militant's flak-jacket -

The inside of the jacket is lined with PLASTIC EXPLOSIVES, wires, and homemade shrapnel.

A TIMER COUNTS DOWN FROM 57 MINUTES.

Jessica thumbs the talk button.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Found the bomb.

The gruff voice LAUGHS.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)

Told you so.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
All right - five minutes are up.
Get me? We're done on this channel.

Jessica's about to thumb the button to argue, but notices the FBI frequency written on her forearm.

She punches in the frequency, grimacing as she bends her broken fingers too quickly.

Once on the FBI frequency, Jessica thumbs the button.

JESSICA
Hello?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Right here.

JESSICA
He could be listening.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
We'll hafta hope he's not. You
doing all right?

JESSICA
I'm stuck in a staircase with a
friggin' bomb, you tell me.

Suddenly, good ole boy Agent Johnson interjects.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)
Jessica - hang in there. You're
doing great. Just don't touch the
bomb, okay? It might be unstable.

A long beat, then Jessica hits the button to reply.

JESSICA
Who the fuck is this asshole?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
My partner. Special Agent Johnson.

JESSICA
I don't wanna talk to him.

A long moment, then Sparks replies.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Okay, Jessica, that's okay. We're
all just here to help.

JESSICA

I wanna keep talking to you, okay?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

I'm right here, Jessica.

JESSICA

You really think you can get me out of here?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

I know it. Just hang tight. Got some good news that might make you feel better: we've got a lead on your husband.

Jessica pauses, remembers to breathe.

Twirls the ring on her finger.

JESSICA

I do have a husband.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

According to Facebook, yeah. We're trying to find him now. I just need you to stay strong a little longer.

JESSICA

Okay. Can do.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Glad to hear it. Cuz I need a favor. I need to know what you're seeing. What kind of device is it?

Jessica takes a steadying breath, turns back to the bomb-clad body on the ground before her.

JESSICA

It's his jacket - it's all rigged up. There's a timer and - I dunno, it's like clay or something. And a buncha shiny metal balls.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Plastic explosive and shrapnel. Okay - what's the timer say?

JESSICA

Uh, fifty, fifty-seven minutes. Just under.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Okay, good. That's plenty of time,
all right? Bomb squad's already on
their way.

JESSICA

You said no one could get in till
it was all clear.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

We're working on that. You just
gotta trust me. How's your battery?

JESSICA

Uh, fifty-percent. Maybe just less.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

All right, Jessica - we've gotta
keep saving that battery.

Jessica thumbs the button to talk.

Pauses. Releases it.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You hear me?

Jessica reluctantly presses the button.

JESSICA

Yeah, all right. Five minutes.
You'll be here?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Right here. Five minutes.

Jessica sets her watch alarm.

After a brief hesitation, she twists off the HAM radio.

The PLINK!PLINK!PLINK! of dripping water pervades the space.

Jessica gingerly lowers herself to sit against the wall under
the shelter of the staircase.

She examines her broken fingers.

The hand is swollen, bright purple and red blotches already
spreading under the cloth strip around her fingers.

She palpates the knuckles around the break, GRIMACES.

Slowly, she flexes her fingers.

First, just the two taped together.

Then all of them at once - flex, unflex.

Flex, unflex.

The ceiling GROANS above her -

She warily peers out at it.

A large chunk of drywall hangs precariously, directly above the bomb-strapped militant.

JESSICA

Aw, c'mon!

Another GROAN - the chunk of wall SHIFTS, CRACKING away.

She looks back to the militant - if she doesn't move, it's gonna slam right down on him.

She thinks for a second longer, then makes her choice.

Jessica LUNGES OUT FROM UNDER THE STAIRS -

GRABS THE MILITANT under his arms -

And DRAGS HIM BACK UNDER THE UPPER FLIGHT OF STAIRS.

A split second later, the chunk of wall TEARS LOOSE, and CRASHES TO THE GROUND.

Right where the militant had been.

Jessica COUGHS from the plume of dust and dirt.

She sets the militant down, as gently as possible.

She breathes a sigh of relief when she's clear of him.

She COUGHS again, fans some dust out of the air.

She peeks her head out from under the staircase to look at the damage.

A chunk of drywall from the rubble-ceiling above the upper flight of stairs is completely missing.

A LARGE VENTILATION DUCT lies exposed behind the missing piece of drywall.

Jessica crawls out from under the lee of the upper stairs, slowly makes her way up the lower flight to the landing.

From where she stands, the duct runs through the ceiling just out of reach over her head -

And it looks intact.

Maybe even accessible.

She studies it, traces the length of it with her eyes.

The nearest vent cover is barely visible -

It juts out from the rubble pile on the upper stairs.

She'll have to climb over all the debris to get to it.

Jessica sets the HAM radio down on the landing, then gingerly makes her way back onto the precarious pile.

She stays low again this time - crawling more than walking.

The pile of rubble is so thick on this upper flight of stairs, she can practically touch the ceiling already.

The higher she climbs, the deeper the rubble pile grows, and the closer she gets to the ventilation shaft.

The pile SHIFTS -

But she lets it move under her, riding it instead of being crushed by it.

It settles, and she re-orientes back towards the vent cover.

One slow move at a time, she makes her way to it.

The vent cover is almost fully blocked by debris.

With her good hand, Jessica pulls chunks of cinder block and drywall clear of it.

She pulls a final chunk of masonry out of the way - revealing that the vent cover is already partially smashed open.

She grabs hold of the vent cover and pulls it back -

It bends -

And bends -

And bends -

And finally SNAPS FREE, sending Jessica sprawling backward.

The stairs GROAN beneath her.

She FREEZES - but nothing else happens.

She sets the broken vent cover aside and turns to peer into the open vent shaft.

But the BLARTBLARTBLART of her watch alarm interrupts her.

Another five minutes are up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Shit.

She looks back down the length of the debris pile to the landing, where she left the HAM.

The distance seems to stretch, an eternity between them.

She looks to the open vent, then down to the HAM.

BLARTBLARTBLART

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Okay, okay.

She silences the alarm, then sits down on the rubble pile, facing down towards the landing.

She scoots down the pile on her butt, using her hands and feet to help control the descent.

At the middle landing, she grabs the HAM and flips it on.

Then thumbs the talk button.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Hello - you there?

A BURST OF STATIC, but no response.

Jessica moves the radio around, tries again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Can anybody hear me?

Another BURST OF STATIC, then, FAINTLY:

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

(BARELY AUDIBLE)

Jess... still there? Can...hear me?

JESSICA

Hello? Hello?

She moves around again, but the reception doesn't improve.

She eyes the vent shaft, eager to see where it leads.

She hits the talk button again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I can't hear you. I'll try again in
five minutes. Okay? Five minutes!

She sets her watch alarm, then turns off the HAM.

But this time, she brings the HAM with her as she crawls back up the rubble pile on the upper stairs to the open vent.

She peers in.

INT. VENT SHAFT

It's pitch black inside.

Too dark to see.

Jessica pats her pockets, pulls out her iPhone.

The shattered screen is unusable, but still EMITS A DIM GLOW.

The glow permeates the vent shaft, barely illuminating it.

The shaft is a narrow fit.

Jessica slides onto her chest -

She pushes herself forward with her feet, iPhone and HAM radio held out in front of her as she moves.

She crawls deeper and deeper into the vent.

She rounds a bend.

Just ahead, a VERTICAL SHAFT branches off the main duct.

Jessica pulls herself forward to the vertical shaft.

She uses the extra vertical space to pull herself into a sitting position.

It's more comfortable, but still cramped.

Jessica peers up -

The vertical shaft extends above her for dozens of feet.

Far above, flickers of light dapple the metal.

Her hair FLUTTERS as a gentle breeze wafts over her.

She soaks it in, taking a deep breath of it.

JESSICA

Up it is.

She braces her back to one wall of the vertical shaft, pulls her knees up so her legs are pressed to the opposite wall.

Keeping herself wedged tight against the walls, she slowly clambers up the vent shaft.

It's slow, arduous work.

She PANTS, breath coming in hitches.

Sweat glistens on her skin.

But she continues upward.

She passes one vent cover clogged with rubble and debris.

Keeps climbing.

She's almost to another vent cover.

But the sweat soaks through her clothes, makes her slick.

She SLIPS, but catches herself, and continues climbing.

The second vent is also blocked.

She pauses - looks up.

There's still so far to go.

She pulls one knee up, then the other.

Pushes herself up with her back and repeats.

Until she SLIPS AGAIN.

She throws her hands out to catch herself -

But her broken fingers BUCKLE.

She SHRIEKS in pain, pulls her arm in -

And PLUMMETS DOWN THE SHAFT.

She tries to brace herself, but it's too late.

She CRASHES back into the lower shaft with a HEAVY THUD.

Jessica GROANS and tries to sit up.

But she's too woozy - she slips back to the ground.

Her eyes droop closed.

FLASH -

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BEFORE THE ATTACK

We're back, sometime before the attack.

Jessica is strapped to a rolling hospital bed.

Jessica blinks, clearing her vision as a female doctor flicks off the pen-light she holds.

A nurse looms nearby with a syringe full of green liquid.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN -

And an ANGRY DOCTOR barges in, lab coat flowing behind him.

ANGRY DOCTOR

Stop - it's too soon for that!

The female doctor sighs and turns to him.

FEMALE DOCTOR

Respectfully, Stu - this isn't your
fucking patient.

She signals to the nurse, who steps forward with the syringe -

--JUST AS THE WORLD BEGINS TO TREMBLE.

ANGRY DOCTOR

Jesus, do you feel that? It's -

CUT TO:

INT. VENT SHAFT

--Jessica STARTLES out of her fever dream.

She's still in the vents.

She pushes herself to her hands and knees.

Cranes her neck, looks up the vertical shaft.

She's not getting out that way.

Jessica turns, struggles to reposition herself so that she can flip back the way she came.

But it's tight.

She becomes wedged - doubled over, limbs pinned together.

She struggles to twist, to turn, anything to break free.

But she's only wedging herself in tighter.

Her breath comes heavy and hard.

She forces herself to slow it.

One deep breath in, then another.

Then repeat.

Deep breath in, then out.

Tries to move - still can't. Stuck.

Another breath.

In. Out. Repeat.

She moves again -

Manages to pry an arm loose.

This gives her enough leverage to push herself around, completing a full turn back towards the way she came in.

She crawls back around the bend, towards the opening.

INT. PARTIALLY COLLAPSED STAIRWELL

Finally, she pulls herself free of the vents.

She half-crawls, half-rolls back down to the middle landing.

She places herself under the cracked water pipe, letting the water drip over her.

She catches some in her mouth, laps it up.

BLART!BLART!BLART!

Her watch alarm goes off.

Another five minutes gone by.

Jessica sits up, silences her alarm and then resets it.
She flips the HAM radio on, thumbs the button.

JESSICA
Jessica here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Jessica - thank God. We were
getting worried about you.

JESSICA
I was getting worried about myself.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Wanna talk about it?

JESSICA
Not really. Any news?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
We've learned some more about you -
you're definitely a patient here.
In for a surgery today.

Jessica fingers her medical gown.

JESSICA
I don't remember.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
You've got a husband and a couple
kids. Twin girls. They were born
there at Trinity, four years ago.

Jessica stares at the HAM radio, dazed.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You hear me, Jessica?

Jessica thumbs the talk button.

JESSICA
You're - you're sure? Twin girls? I
don't - I can't remember them.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Jessica, just relax - you'll see
them soon. I promise. We've gotta
clear the building first, then
we're gonna get you outta there.

JESSICA
He's still up there.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Yeah. He's been putting out calls
on different channels, trying to
get in touch with his accomplices.
So far no responses. I'd bet he's
probably alone now. Alone and
scared. Something went wrong.

Under Agent Sparks's voice, a SIREN sounds through the HAM.

A fragment of speech is audible as well -

Agent Johnson's voice, shouting in the background.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)
(BARELY AUDIBLE)
Get Emergency Fire in ASAP.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Just hang tight.

JESSICA
What was that?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
What was what?

JESSICA
Agent Asshole, in the background.
He said something about a fire.

A pregnant pause.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Jessica, you've got nothing to
worry about.

JESSICA
Jesus. How bad?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
The fire department's handling it.

JESSICA
How bad is it?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Not catastrophic. Yet. But pretty
bad. Fire Department says they'll
be able to put it out, but it's
gonna take some time.

JESSICA
I might not have time.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Don't worry. We're not giving up on
you. You shouldn't either.

Jessica eyes the open vent shaft.

JESSICA
What if there was another way in?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
What do you mean?

JESSICA
I found a - like a vent shaft out
of the stairwell. It's too steep
for me to get up, but maybe someone
could climb down.

Suddenly, the gruff voice interrupts, LAUGHING.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Real smart, girl. Now I know how to
get to you.

JESSICA
Oh shit, oh-god-he-heard-me.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Jessica - stay calm. He's trying to
scare you. You gotta stay focused.
Stay focused, stay alive. Repeat.

JESSICA
What?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Stay focused, stay alive. Repeat it
to me.

JESSICA
Stay focused, stay alive.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Good. Keep repeating that - I've
got a plan. But I'm gonna hafta go
dark for a bit.

JESSICA
I don't - what does that mean?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
This frequency's compromised. Gotta
limit our communications.
(MORE)

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
But I'll be monitoring the channel
if you need to get in touch.

JESSICA
No - no, wait. Please.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
You're gonna be fine. Trust me.

Agent Sparks leaves her with the HUM OF AN EMPTY CHANNEL.

Until a BURST OF STATIC, and the GRUFF VOICE RETURNS.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Just you and me now, lady. We
should chat.

JESSICA
Listen, if I did something to you,
I'm sorry, I-I don't remember.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
That's where you got it wrong. It's
not me you needta worry about -
it's Sparks. She's not really FBI.

JESSICA
Says the psycho.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
But she is the reason you're stuck
in that stairway.

Jessica hesitates at this, uncertain.

JESSICA
You're lying.

GRUFF VOICE (O.S.)
Believe what you want, lady, but
don't say I didn't...

The channel fades into STATIC AGAIN as the signal is lost.

Jessica SCREAMS in frustration -

Then breaks down into a choking sob.

Eventually, her tears dry.

Her STOMACH GROANS - she needs food.

She sits up - scoots under the dripping water.

She laps up as much as she can, but it's hardly satisfying.
Her stomach GROANS AGAIN.

JESSICA

Okay. All right. I hear you.

She pats herself down - but not a trace of food on her.

Jessica sighs.

Her eyes wander.

BELOW HER

The impaled man lays on the basement floor.

He's clenching a SNICKERS.

Jessica's stomach GROWLS at the sight of it.

His body is a twisted wreck, covered in blood.

But the Snickers bar is clean.

Tantalizing.

Jessica's mouth waters.

She stands, crosses to the man - reaches out to him.

But instead of taking the Snickers, she merely closes the lids on his wide, unblinking eyes.

She SHAKES HER HEAD, looks away.

And spots the militant, his face a gaping mess.

On his chest -

The BOMB TIMER IS AT 42 MINUTES, and ticking down fast.

Her STOMACH GROANS AGAIN.

But she steps away from the man, and his Snickers bar, instead taking a seat under the lee of the upper stairs, her back to the cinder-block wall.

A BURST OF STATIC comes from the HAM radio, reminding her that it's still turned on.

She reaches out to flick it off.

Then stops.

Instead, she presses the red mode button.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)
Channel mode.

A STRANGE CHITTERING distracts her.

She looks up - A LARGE RAT sits atop the dead militant.

It CHITTERS, eyeing her.

JESSICA
Shoo.

The rat doesn't move.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Go on - get!

She picks up a rock, tosses it at the rat.

The rat SQUEAKS, disappears back under the debris pile.

Jessica waits a moment, but it doesn't reappear.

She hits the red mode button on the HAM once more.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)
FM Radio.

A staticky version of "Break On Through (To The Other Side)"
by The Doors plays over the radio.

Jessica leans back, taking a brief respite in the music.

An almost peaceful moment, save for her surroundings.

The song cuts short, and the DJ comes on.

RADIO STATION DJ
Emergency update on the explosion
downtown - terrorism suspected,
police have asked everyone to stay
clear of the area. As far as we've
heard, no demands or statements
have been made by the terrorists at
this time. We'll update you with
more as it comes in.

A commercial starts to play.

But Jessica is distracted by a flutter of movement in the
corner of her eye.

She turns -

AND ENTERS A FLASH OF MEMORY -

She sees a TERRIBLE FIGURE, A LARGE SILHOUETTE looming in the air above her.

The figure reaches out to her -

And ERUPTS, IN A LARGE RADIANT BLAST.

JESSICA STARTLES AWAKE - sees the BOMB-TIMER is now at 40-MINUTES.

She dozed off.

It was just another dream.

There's no looming figure above her.

Jessica turns - YELPS IN PAIN.

She looks down -

The RAT IS BACK -

AND IT'S GNAWING ON HER SWOLLEN, SPLINTED FINGERS.

Jessica YELLS, SHAKES HER ARM.

The rat FLIES OFF -

It SMACKS THE WALL, and HITS THE GROUND, NECK BROKEN.

JESSICA

Fuck!

She checks her hand -

It's not looking good.

Blood seeps from several bites.

She unwraps her fingers then re-wraps them, covering the wounds.

She tightens the strip of cloth as much as she can stand.

She COUGHS - then COUGHS again.

She looks around -

SMOKE TRICKLES IN THROUGH THE OPEN VENT.

A soft SUSURRUS of music draws her attention back to the HAM.

It's been on this whole time.

Predictably, the battery is now at low.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Dammit.

She hits the red mode button.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S.)

Frequency mode.

Jessica thumbs the talk button.

JESSICA

Hey guys - we got smoke in here.

She releases the button.

Waits.

No response.

The smoke grows thicker above her.

She hits the button again.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

You hear me - it's smoking up good.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

(STATICKY)

Jessica, you there?

JESSICA

Hey - hey, I'm here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Good. Repeat what you said. Over.

JESSICA

There's a lot of smoke. Coming
outta the vent.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Fire department's raining water in,
said she's gonna kick up a lot of
smoke for the next bit. Not much we
can do about it.

JESSICA

Right. Great.

She eyes the vent - makes her decision.

She pushes herself off the ground, clambers up the stairs to the landing, turns back to face the upper stairs.

She crawls onto the pile of debris covering the upper flight of stairs, moves up it towards the vent.

She COUGHS as smoke billows around her.

She reaches the vent cover -

And FREEZES.

A CLANGING, RUSTLING NOISE echoes out of the vent.

Jessica thumbs the talk button on the radio.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Is that you guys?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
(STATICKY)
Didn't copy, Jessica - come again.

JESSICA
Where are you?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
(STATICKY)
Jessica? You're breaking -

--Agent Sparks cuts off as the HAM RADIO DIES.

Jessica SHAKES IT.

She pops open the battery compartment, takes out the battery.

She blows on the terminals, then pops the battery in again.

Still no power.

JESSICA
No, come on. Please.

She COUGHS - the smoke is getting heavier.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You piece of shit, come on!

Jessica bangs the HAM radio against the wall.

Then again.

On the third time, IT SHATTERS, smashing apart.

It's well and truly dead.

The CLANGING NOISE from the vent gets louder.

Something's definitely in there.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Fuck this. Fuck all of this.

Jessica clambers higher up the debris-ridden stairs, so she can reach the ceiling of debris above.

She KICKS AT A BIG CHUNK of cinder-block in the rubble-ceiling, hoping it will roll free and block the open vent.

But it's heavy, barely budes.

Jessica STRAINS -

TENDONS FLARE IN HER NECK -

AND SHE KICKS AGAIN, FULL FORCE.

The chunk TREMBLES, SHIFTS, but doesn't move.

Jessica rears back to kick again -

But a MAN IN MILITARY GEAR BURSTS OUT OF THE VENT.

His shirt is on FIRE -

He ROLLS AROUND, quenching the flame.

But not before getting a good burn on his hands and arms.

Jessica SCREAMS, KICKS THE CHUNK OF DEBRIS AGAIN -

And it SPLINTERS, tearing apart as the WHOLE PILE SHIFTS.

The man TUMBLES BACKWARDS, down the upper flight of stairs.

He LANDS WITH A HEAVY THUD on the landing.

Debris tumbles down from the ceiling, covering most of the vent access.

The smoke chokes down to a trickle, but doesn't fully stop.

Jessica LURCHES DOWN THE DEBRIS PILE.

She makes it to the middle landing just as the man SITS UP.

He's dazed, moving slow.

Jessica SMACKS HIM WITH HER GOOD HAND.

The man falls to the ground, fully unconscious.

Jessica SPITS ON HIM, then plops down, spent.

The upper stairs GROAN, but the rubble finally settles.

Jessica eyes the interloper -

Just older than her, with a graying beard and sallow skin.

This must be the owner of the GRUFF VOICE.

The terrorist.

He's wearing full tactical gear, like the militant below.

Another HAM RADIO hangs from his vest.

Jessica grabs it - flips it on.

Battery's at half.

Good enough.

Jessica checks the frequency -

It's already on the FBI channel.

Agent Sparks squawks through a fuzz of static.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
(STATICKY)
Jessica...hear me...come in.

Jessica shifts, holds her arm up - the transmission clears.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Repeat: Jessica, are you there?

Jessica thumbs the talk button.

JESSICA
He found me.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
What - how?

JESSICA
The vents. I had to knock him out.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
That's okay, Jessica. You did good.
We'll tell the rescue team about
the vent shaft. Strong work.

JESSICA
No. Can't get through. I had to
block the vents - too much smoke.
Fire's in there already.

A long pause.

Agent Sparks finally speaks, less confident.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Don't worry about that. We'll find
another way in. Once we're sure the
other terrorists are dead, we'll
get to you.

JESSICA
Yeah - I know. I know you will.
(BEAT)
I don't - you don't want me to kill
this guy, do you? I dunno if I can -

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
--It's okay, Jessica. Protect
yourself if you need to, but I
doubt it'll come to that.

JESSICA
Right, okay, good.

AGENT SPARKS
Now - I've got some good news, if
you want it.

JESSICA
Give it a try.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Your husband, Nathan Finley, is a
landscaper. We found out where he's
working today. There's already a
team heading out to get him. He's
gonna be here when we get you out.

JESSICA
That's great. But if I don't get
out - I mean, I should have a
message for him, in case, right?
But what do you say to a man you
can't remember?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
I dunno. But just rest. You'll have
plenty of time to figure it out.

The terrorist GROANS, his EYELIDS FLUTTER.

He's waking up.

JESSICA
Shit. The jerkoff's waking up.

AGENT SPARKS
Find a way to restrain him. Don't
let that asshole go.

Jessica's already on it. She sets down the HAM radio -

And KICKS THE TERRORIST IN THE HEAD.

He falls limp again.

She PATS HIM DOWN.

In his pockets, she finds a military-issue KA-BAR FIGHTING
UTILITY KNIFE, and a pack of peanut butter snack crackers.

Nothing else.

JESSICA
Shit.

She looks around, then spots his wrist -

On it, one of those military paracord bracelets, made from
foot after foot of tightly woven nylon cord.

Using the knife, she cuts the paracord bracelet free.

She unwinds the bundle of cord, and quickly loops it around
his wrists, pulling his arms behind him.

She then snakes the cord down through and around his ankles.

She cinches it tight, locking him in an uncomfortable looking
back bend.

She rolls him onto his stomach to check his back pockets.

A handgun peaks out of a holster in his rear waistband.

She pulls it out -

It's a KIMBER .45, a slight, easy to conceal Super Carry
model with a 7-round magazine.

She awkwardly sticks it in her own waistband.

She pats him down further -

Finds HIS WALLET.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Let's find out who you are, you
sonuvabitch.

She flips open the wallet -

Revealing A DOZEN ID CARDS FROM DIFFERENT STATES.

She pulls out one of the ID cards at random.

An Illinois ID - it shows the terrorist's face and the name
FRANK HARMON.

She pulls out another.

California - there's a different photo, and the name reads
FRANK CARANO, but it's the same man.

The terrorist.

She pulls out one more -

A US VETERAN'S ID card, the name reads FRANCIS MASON.

Holographic security seals cover the card - hard to fake.

This man was in the US military at one point.

The HAM radio buzzes with static.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Still there?

JESSICA

Shit.

Jessica reluctantly picks up the radio.

She thumbs the button to talk.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

He's tied up now.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Great work, Jessica. Between you
me, there might even be a medal in
this for you.

Jessica doesn't respond -

She can't stop staring at the military ID card.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You still there?

JESSICA
Yeah, here. That'd be nice, to get something like that.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
You sure you're doing okay?

JESSICA
Just tired. I should go. Keep saving battery life.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Okay, hon. I'm here if ya need me. Check back in five. Should be more progress then.

Jessica switches off the HAM radio.

But she doesn't bother to set a watch alarm.

Instead, she plops onto the ground, wallet still clenched tight in her hand.

She studies the military ID card for a moment longer, running her fingers over it.

She flips through the wallet.

Not much else besides the ID cards and some loose bills.

Jessica studies the terrorist - nothing remarkable about him.

Except for a tattoo on one arm -

An arrowhead-shaped crest super-imposed with the image of a large sword.

The number "2" appears on either side of the sword's blade, and the word "WARLORDS" is embossed below.

Jessica studies this for a moment -

Then wipes her tear-streaked face.

She wearily drags herself under the cracked water pipe.

Water splashes down on her, and she WINCES.

She notices the water drops SIZZLE on the landing -

The water is HOT.

She looks up -

Smoke seeps through the semi-blocked vent shaft.

A dark cloud of it has formed along the ceiling, where some cinder-blocks turn dark and char through as she watches.

She looks back down - the terrorist (now FRANK) lies prone next to her.

Bits of burning ceiling could fall and hit him at any moment.

She hesitates, finally pulls herself to her feet.

JESSICA
C'mon, asshole.

She alternates pushing and rolling Frank across the landing towards the lower flight of stairs.

A FINAL PUSH sends him off the edge, tumbling down the steps to the basement floor.

She rushes down after him -

The GUN TUMBLES FREE from her waistband.

It clatters onto the landing behind her.

She feels it come loose, turns to reach back for it.

But it's too late -

A FLAMING CHUNK OF CEILING FALLS FREE -

And SPLATTERS onto the landing.

The wave of heat off it ruffles Jessica's hair.

She COUGHS at the cloud of dust and smoke kicked up.

That was way too close.

Jessica ducks, turns back to Frank.

She grabs the ropes binding him, drags him across the basement floor and into the lee of the upper stairs, alongside his dead, bomb-clad partner.

It's getting crowded under here.

They reach cover just in time -

The heat of the fire SETS OFF THE HANDGUN on the landing.

POW!POW!

The gun skitters crazily, spewing bullets.

POW!

A bullet SHATTERS the wall.

POW!

Another DINGS OFF the staircase.

POW! POW!

Two bullets skitter off the ground - one HITS THE IMPALED MAN, who flops unknowingly to the side.

Jessica FLINCHES as another bullet BARELY MISSES THE BOMB.

Finally, it's quiet.

That was seven rounds. The Kimber is spent.

She pokes her head out -

POW!

A bullet whizzes by her face -

She miscounted.

THAT was the seventh round.

Jessica ducks back under the stairs, quaking.

She's unharmed, but can't bring herself to move again.

A CRACKLE OF FLAME finally pierces her stupor.

The landing is on fire.

Jsssicca FLINCHES AT THE HEAT COMING OFF IT.

She looks around -

Spots the dripping water pipe on the wall above the flames.

She searches the ground, finds a hefty rock.

Jessica aims, and throws -

But MISSES.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Fuck.

She grabs another rock.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Okay, come on.

She lines up the shot, and throws.

She CLUNKS THE WATER PIPE, breaks a small gouge in it.

Water trickles out faster now.

She looks around - spots some broken rebar on the ground.

Jessica grabs it up.

She STRAINS, TENDONS FLARING -

THEN HUCKS IT, LIKE A THROWING AXE.

It cuts through the air, sailing end over end -

And SMASHES INTO THE CRACKED WATER PIPE, a PERFECT BULLSEYE.

The water pipe BURSTS, RAINS WATER DOWN in a cascade.

The fire SIZZLES.

Jessica COUGHS as the flames STEAM AND SMOKE.

But at least they're dying down.

She looks up to the rubble ceiling - the spray of water has doused the flames there, too.

For now.

Jessica ducks back under the stairs, where she set the HAM.

She picks it up and flicks it on, then thumbs the button.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Anyone there?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Thank Christ. We heard those
gunshots and thought you were -
nevermind. You okay?

JESSICA

Be a helluva lot better if you told me you're close. Fire's burning through the ceiling.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

We've almost got it under control up here - should be able to send people in soon.

JESSICA

I'm gonna be toast soon. Literally.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Hey. None of that poor pitiful me shit. Stay focused, stay alive.

JESSICA

Right.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Say it for me.

JESSICA

Stay focused, stay alive.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Better. Just try to keep yourself distracted.

But Jessica's already distracted -

By the still-flowing stream of water.

Jessica studies the situation -

The rivulets of water stream past and around the larger debris chunks on the landing.

They send searching fingers down the lower flight of stairs, and onto the basement floor.

The ground here is already slick with runoff -

The water creeps ever closer to the bomb-clad terrorist.

The flow is clearly not stopping.

THE BOMB TIMER IS AT 28 MINUTES.

Jessica thumbs the button to talk.

JESSICA

Distract myself. Not a problem.

She doesn't wait for a response, merely flicks off the HAM.

Jessica glances up -

Past the landing, the upper flight of stairs is still dry, and covered in debris.

She lurches up the slick stairs to the landing.

She turns and pulls herself cautiously onto the pile of rubble atop the second flight of stairs.

She positions herself above a few large pieces of debris -

And KICKS THEM LOOSE.

They TUMBLE, CLATTER DOWN ONTO THE LANDING.

She eyeballs the pieces of rubble she's already kicked loose.

Not quite enough.

She positions herself above another large chunk of debris -

AGAIN SHE KICKS IT LOOSE.

But this time she triggers ANOTHER MINI ROCKSLIDE.

She tries to grab hold of something, but she's swept along.

She LANDS HARD ON THE LANDING.

CHUNKS OF DIRT AND RUBBLE THUD OFF OF HER.

She SMACKS HER BROKEN HAND - AND SHRIEKS WITH PAIN.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Fuuuck!

Her breathing is heavy, ragged.

She struggles to calm herself.

Finally, she stands -

She wobbles, then finds her balance.

She wipes sweat from her brow, turns back to the chunks of debris she dropped on the landing.

She drags, kicks, and cajoles these chunks towards the top edge of the lower flight of stairs.

But she doesn't kick them down the stairs.

Instead, she blocks the lip of the stairs with them -
FORMING A SHALLOW DAM on the landing.

The water streaming down to the basement slows to a DRIP.

The leading edge of water stops just shy of the militant.

Jessica sighs with relief.

She doesn't wanna find out what happens when you get an
unstable bomb wet.

Clothes soaked, she clambers back down to the ground, finds a
dry spot under the stairs to sit.

She grabs the HAM radio, flicks it on.

Agent Sparks calls through it.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Dammit, girl, come in. Just let me
know you're alive.

Jessica finally thumbs the talk button.

JESSICA
I'm here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Christ. Almost gave me a heart
attack - you outta battery?

JESSICA
No, I - I just needed a sec.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Next time you need a sec, let me
know first, all right?

JESSICA
Yeah. Copy that.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
How's our time?

Jessica looks at the bomb - 25 MINUTES.

JESSICA
Twenty-five minutes.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Okay - that's okay. Plenty of time.

JESSICA
Yeah - plenty of time.

Jessica's gaze drifts to Frank.

Still unconscious.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
You got a family, Agent Sparks?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Celeste.

JESSICA
Sorry?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Call me Celeste. You don't have to
keep saying Agent Sparks.

JESSICA
All right. Celeste then. But you
didn't answer the question.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Yeah. I have a family.

JESSICA
Any kids?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
A son. Just turned thirteen.

JESSICA
And a husband?

AGENT SPARKS
Yeah, a husband too.

Jessica tries not to glance at the DEAD MAN.

But she fails -

The man lays in a pool of his own blood, a spear of rebar
through his sternum.

He's completely motionless.

JESSICA
I bet you love them, too, huh?
Treat them right.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Yeah, I sure try.

JESSICA

I wish I remembered my family.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Your husband's gonna be here soon,
I'm sure he can help.

JESSICA

What if...

Jessica trails off.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

What, Jessica?

JESSICA

What if I don't love him anymore?
My husband. I don't know what sort
of person he is. I don't know what
sort of person I am - or what I
used to be. It's all confused.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Hey, hey, relax. You don't owe
anybody anything. Right now, you've
just gotta stay focused.

JESSICA

Stay focused, stay alive. Right,
got it.

She notices Frank start to TWITCH and STIR.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I should go. Save some battery.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

All right, but check back in five.
Promise me, Jessica.

Jessica hesitates, then thumbs the button.

JESSICA

Okay, I promise.

She actually sets her watch alarm this time.

Frank GROANS -

He tries to sit up, but manages only to pull the ropes taut.

He BLINKS, LOOKS AROUND.

He spots Jessica.

FRANK
(groggy)
Lady - get me loose.

JESSICA
Don't call me lady.

Frank SQUIRMS, STRUGGLES AGAINST HIS BINDS.

But THEY ONLY PULL TIGHTER.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Stay right there. You're gonna tell
me to how to stop the -

FRANK
--Listen, bitch -

--Jessica HITS HIM IN THE FACE, BLOODYING HIS NOSE.

JESSICA
Don't call me that either. Just
tell me how to shut off the bomb.

FRANK
I can't.

JESSICA
Can't or won't?

FRANK
It's impossible. Try'n stop it,
it'll just blow early.

JESSICA
There must be something I can do.

FRANK
Yeah - help me get it upstairs and
pray there's time enough left to
shut this place down for good.

JESSICA
Fuck you - I'm not bombing the
hospital.

FRANK
(laughs)
Hospital? This place ain't no
hospital, lady.

Jessica pauses, a flicker of half-recognition on her face.

But she holds up her arm -

Shows the medical bracelet with her name on it.

She holds it up, as if to ward him off.

JESSICA

Yes it is. Trinity Memorial. I'm a patient here. Gave birth to my daughters here.

FRANK

(shrugs)

Maybe so. But it ain't *just* a hospital. It's a black site - a secret research center. Hospital's just a cover - and a handy place to nab some unwitting human subjects.

A FLASH -

-JESSICA STRAPPED TO THE MEDICAL BED.

-A DOCTOR SHINING A PEN-LIGHT IN HER EYES.

-A NURSE LOOMING NEARBY WITH A SYRINGE OF GREEN LIQUID.

Jessica SHAKES HER HEAD -

INT. PARTIALLY COLLAPSED STAIRWELL - BASEMENT LEVEL.

--And we're out of the memory flash, and back in the collapsed stairwell.

Frank twists around in his bonds, trying to see the bomb.

JESSICA

Don't even think about it.

FRANK

I've thought about it plenty. This place needs to be shut down. Their work is too dangerous.

JESSICA

Says the murderer.

FRANK

Mercenary. Murderers kill for free. We were paid for this. Quite heftily.

JESSICA

You make me sick.

FRANK

(talking over her)

We were hired because this place needs to be stopped. They create monsters. Cook 'em up in a genetics lab upstairs. Someone on the inside thinks it's getting outta hand. They're right.

JESSICA

Monsters - that's what you're going with? Do I look stupid to you or something?

FRANK

Whaddaya think blew the stairwell, lady? I heard the thing take out my entire fucking unit in under a minute. Noise it made wasn't even human. The ground started moving, shaking. Whatever the hell that thing was, if it gets out into the world - humanity's fucked. And if I've gotta kill some people in order to stop it, so be it.

JESSICA

You're either fucking crazy, or you're...

Jessica trails off, glances over to the other terrorist -

TIMER IS AT 21 MINUTES.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

... or you're fucking stalling. Tell me how to defuse the bomb.

FRANK

I already told you, it's impossible. But it's not too late - please, help me get the bomb up to the lab. We can stop them for good.

JESSICA

There's still people upstairs.

FRANK

Those people deserve a whole lot more'n that for what they've done.

JESSICA

You're sick.

Frank mumbles A MARINE'S PRAYER under his breath.

FRANK
Almighty Father...

JESSICA
You can't be serious.

FRANK
...whose command is over all and
whose love never fails...

Jessica leans back against the wall, tries to ignore him.

But it's impossible.

FRANK (CONT'D)
...make me aware of Thy presence
and obedient to Thy will.

JESSICA
God doesn't want to hear from you,
you fuck.

FRANK
Keep me true to my best self,
guarding me against dishonesty in
purpose and deed...

Jessica GRITS HER TEETH, tries to stay silent.

FRANK (CONT'D)
...and helping me to live so that I
can face my fellow Marines...

JESSICA
--Shutup! Just shutup!

From her seat, Jessica KICKS HIM HARD IN THE STOMACH.

Frank COUGHS, doubles over with a groan.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Fuck you.

Frank LAUGHS, spits out some blood.

FRANK
...my loved ones, and Thee without
shame or fear-

--Jessica KICKS HIM AGAIN -

In the head.

He FALLS UNCONSCIOUS.

JESSICA

Amen.

She catches her breath, calms herself.

She closes her eyes.

One deep breath, then another.

In, then out.

And again.

In, then out.

She doesn't notice Frank furtively open one eye -

He's not actually unconscious.

Jessica continues deep breathing as Frank tugs and works at the ropes binding him.

Jessica's STOMACH GROWLS, interrupting her breathing.

Frank FREEZES.

But Jessica ignores her stomach - her eyes remain closed.

Her deep breathing continues.

Another breath in,

Then out.

Frank struggles to loosen the bonds around his wrists.

Jessica's stomach GROWLS AGAIN.

She shifts around, uncomfortable.

Frank STOPS - FEIGNS UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

Jessica opens her eyes.

She pulls the peanut butter crackers out of her pocket.

She takes out a couple crackers, stuffs them in her mouth -

And SPITS THEM OUT A SECOND LATER, mouth too dry to eat them.

Frank, eyes closed, continues to work his wrists free.

BLARTBLARTBLART

Jessica's watch alarm again -

Five minutes are up.

She flicks on the HAM radio, thumbs the button to talk.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm back.

But the voice that responds is Agent Johnson, not Sparks.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

Jessica - don't hang up.

JESSICA

I thought I made it clear I don't want to talk to you.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

Listen to me - you can't trust her. Celeste. Your life depends on it. She's not who she says she is.

JESSICA

I'm turning off the HAM now.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

Wait, please - you deserve to know the truth. About who you are.

Jessica freezes.

JESSICA

You don't know anything about that.

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)

Yes, I do, I swear. I just -
(sotto, panicked)
I've gotta go, she's coming. Trust Frank - he can help us.

JESSICA

Wait -

Agent Sparks' voice comes tinny and distant through the HAM, clearly speaking to Agent Johnson.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

She back on?

AGENT JOHNSON (O.S.)
Yes ma'am - still refuses to talk
to me.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
All right, all right, move.

A moment later, Agent Sparks' voice comes through again,
stronger and closer sounding.

AGENT SPARKS (CONT'D)
Jessica, can you hear me?

JESSICA
Loud and clear.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Good. How's our time?

Jessica looks at the militant -

BOMB TIMER'S AT 18 MINUTES.

JESSICA
Eighteen minutes.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
All right, that's fine.

JESSICA
It doesn't feel fine down here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Well, you're doing great. That guy
giving you any trouble?

Jessica glances at Frank -

His eyes are still closed.

She can't see that ONE OF HIS WRISTS IS ALMOST FREE.

JESSICA
Unconscious. Can't wait for you to
come take him off my hands.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Looking forward to it.

A moment of silence.

She thumbs the button to talk.

JESSICA

The name Warlords mean anything to you, Celeste?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Not sure - why, what's up?

JESSICA

This guy's tattoo - I think he's ex-military.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Could be. Would explain all their tactical gear.

A SPLASHING SOUND draws Jessica's attention -

The water has overcome the low top of the dam she built.

It rolls over the top of the dam, splashes onto the lower flight of stairs.

Its searching fingers add to the previous puddle - whose leading edge is centimeters away from the BOMB.

JESSICA

Oh, fuck.

Jessica CAUTIOUSLY DRAGS THE MILITANT AWAY FROM THE WATER.

She holds her breath the whole time, careful not to make any sudden movements.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Jessica - what's happening? What's that noise?

JESSICA

It's flooding - it's all flooding. The fire's out, but the water won't stop. Could really use some help down here.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)

Okay, just relax. Bomb squad has some ideas for you in case they don't make it in time.

JESSICA

In case they don't make it? You said they were definitely gonna be here - we had plenty of time. You said that.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
I know - I know I did. But things
changed, Jessica.

JESSICA
Tell me what's going on.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Jessica - I'm sorry. There's
nothing more we can do.

JESSICA
No, you can't just - I'm still down
here. And the hostages. You can't
leave them to die.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
The hostages are all clear. Ten
minutes ago. Looks like we were
right - that guy's the last of the
terrorists. Everyone fled when he
went looking for you.

JESSICA
Then you can come get me! He's
knocked out - please.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Jess, I'm sorry. It's too
dangerous. We can't risk it.

JESSICA
So I'm what - just collateral?
That's bullshit. Celeste, c'mon,
you know that's bullshit.

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Jessica, I'm sorry - it's not up to
me. I wish it were. I really do.

JESSICA
So that's it? You can just leave
and be okay with that?

AGENT SPARKS
I really am sorry, Jessica. Some
small good news for you, though -
your husband's here.

JESSICA
What?

AGENT SPARKS (O.S.)
Your husband, Nathan. I've got him
here for you, Jess. Thought you
might like the chance to say
goodbye. It - it's all I could do.

And then another voice, that of NATHAN FINLEY sounds through
the HAM.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Jess - sweetheart?

Jessica shudders out her breath - doesn't know what to say.

NATHAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Are you there, Jess? Please say
something.

JESSICA
I - I'm here.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Jessica, is that you? I love you,
Jessica - and the twins, they love
you too, okay? You hear me?

JESSICA
Yeah, yeah I do. Tell them I love
them too. Can you do that, Nathan -
tell the **boys** I love them.

NATHAN (O.S.)
Of course I will. I wish - I wish
things could be different.

Jessica's eyes turn cold, distant at his words.

JESSICA
Me too.

She's about to say more when Frank TACKLES HER, completely
free of his bonds.

He slams his forearm into her throat, applying pressure to
slowly choke her out.

She struggles but can't break free.

FRANK
Relax. I ain't getting paid to kill
you. Doesn't mean I won't, but it
means you got a choice - help me,
or I leave you to die.

Jessica gulps at that.

Then slowly nods.

JESSICA
Okay. I'll help you.

Frank studies her a moment - that was too quick.

FRANK
You starting to remember?

JESSICA
No. But now I know they're lying.
Agent Sparks said I had twin girls.
Nathan, whoever he actually is,
didn't correct me when I mentioned
our boys.

Frank grins at this.

FRANK
Nice play. Keep up that paranoia
and we might get outta here alive.

JESSICA
Doesn't mean I believe you about
the monsters.

FRANK
Don't need you to. Just need you to
help me get back upstairs.

They're interrupted by A TERRIBLE TEARING, RENDING SOUND.

THE UPPER FLIGHT OF STAIRS GROANS -

AND COMPLETELY COLLAPSES.

A PUFF OF HAZE AND DUST FILL THE AIR, AS -

JESSICA GETS CRACKED HARD ON THE HEAD.

She PASSES OUT.

FLASH OF MEMORY

INT. OPERATING ROOM - BEFORE THE ATTACK

We're back in the memory -

Jessica is strapped to a rolling hospital bed.

Jessica blinks, clearing her vision as a female doctor flicks off the pen-light in her hand.

A nurse looms nearby with a syringe full of green liquid.

The DOOR BURSTS OPEN -

And an ANGRY DOCTOR barges in, lab coat flowing behind him.

ANGRY DOCTOR
Stop - it's too soon for that!

The female doctor sighs and turns to him.

FEMALE DOCTOR
Respectfully, Stu - this isn't your
fucking patient.

She signals to the nurse, who steps forward with the syringe -

--JUST AS THE WORLD BEGINS TO TREMBLE.

ANGRY DOCTOR
Jesus, do you feel that? It's -
it's her. She's even stronger than
we thought.

He turns to stare at Jessica, incredulous.

He turns back to the other doctor, desperate.

ANGRY DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'm telling you, killing her now is
a mistake. She's the only one to
show any reaction to the gene
therapy - we need more time to
study her abilities, see what she
can do.

FEMALE DOCTOR
Hence the vivisection. Honestly,
Stuart, I never took you for the
sentimental type.

As Jessica listens to them talk, realization begins to blossom on her face.

These voices are familiar.

In fact, these voices belong to Agent Sparks and Agent Johnson - what are they doing playing doctor?

AGENT SPARKS/FEMALE DOCTOR
All right. Go ahead.

She waves to the nurse with the syringe, who steps forward.
AND THE TREMBLE CRESCENDOS INTO A FULL-FLEDGED EARTHQUAKE.
Jessica's EYES DARKEN AS AN IMMENSE POWER GRIPS HOLD OF HER.
Everything in the lab that's not bolted down ERUPTS INTO THE
AIR, a TERRIFYING STORM OF DEBRIS.
Jessica STRAINS, RIPS FREE OF HER BONDS.

AGENT SPARKS/FEMALE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ -

AGENT JOHNSON/ANGRY DOCTOR
Jessica, please, you need to calm -

Jessica turns to the doctors, extending a hand.
THEY SLAM BACK AGAINST THE WALL -
KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS, THEY FALL TO THE FLOOR.
--And Jessica runs out of the lab before anyone can stop her.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Panicked, she sprints down the corridor.

The terrible piercing beams of overhead hospital lights
shock Jessica's eyes after the dim light of the lab.

She stumbles half-blind down the corridor, past staring
doctors and nurses.

She GRABS A CELL-PHONE out of the hand of a woman who was
chatting into it.

Jessica punches in 911 as she runs, darting through the doors
to a staircase.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

She crashes through the doors and finds herself on the fifth
floor of a six-story utility staircase.

-And immediately loses cell phone reception.

She curses - no time to fiddle with the phone.

She slides it into her gown pocket and continues running.

She pounds down the stairs as fast as she can, grabbing the railing tightly at each turn to launch herself around it.

But she FREEZES IN SHOCK AS SHE GETS TO THE SECOND LANDING.

A SKINNY-STRONG NERD (JAMES) in military fatigues fiddles with something out of sight.

A bomb-clad militant (MARK) stares up at them from the basement floor at the bottom of the staircase below.

He spots Jessica.

MARK

Shit. James, look out.

James sees Jessica, startles, almost bobbles what's in his hands but doesn't.

He breathes a sigh of relief.

Mark grabs his HAM, speaks into it.

MARK (CONT'D)

Frank, we got company.

Frank's gruff voice comes through the HAM.

FRANK (O.S.)

I'm nearly to the lab. Take care of it.

Mark pulls out his own HANDGUN, aims it at Jessica. He's still holding down the button on the HAM.

Jessica glares at him - extends a hand.

The WORLD TREMBLES AGAIN - and the STAIRWELL STARTS TO GROAN, A TERRIBLE, MONSTROUS NOISE.

The tremble builds into another quake -

And THE GUN IS RIPPED FROM MARK'S GRASP.

It sails through the air towards Jessica, and she grabs it.

She aims it at Mark - then turns to see James RUSHING HER.

She doesn't flinch.

She just clenches her free hand into a fist - and JAMES SOARS INTO THE AIR, WHERE HE HOVERS OVER THEM.

And we see this is the silhouetted figure from her nightmare, floating above her - it's James.

Mark turns towards the exit to flee.

He's almost to the door when it SWINGS OPEN.

The MAN WITH THE SNICKERS enters through it -

And FREEZES as he sees the tableau before him.

In mid-air, James screams, and tosses what was in his hands.

IT'S THE FIRST BOMB -

WHICH EXPLODES, AND HE DISAPPEARS IN A PUFF OF PINK MIST.

Jessica, shielded from the explosion by her power, IS THROWN FROM THE LANDING -

The explosion rumbles upwards - the flights of stairs above them COLLAPSE DOWN, CREATING A CAP OF RUBBLE.

The GUN SKITTERS LOOSE, TUMBLING ONTO THE UPPER STAIRS -

Rubble TUMBLES DOWN OVERTOP, BURYING THE GUN.

Jessica HITS HER HEAD HARD on the basement floor below -

She BLACKS OUT.

END OF MEMORY

INT. PARTIALLY COLLAPSED STAIRWELL

Jessica's eyes flutter -

She GROANS, looks around -

The entire upper flight of stairs has collapsed under the weight of all the rubble and debris.

The STEADY DRIP of water draws her attention -

The water pipe has pulled completely free of the wall, dumping buckets of water off the landing into the basement.

WATER NOW COVERS THE BASEMENT FLOOR.

The puddle surrounds her, soaks her through.

She SHIVERS.

Above her, a TWISTED HUNK OF RAILING HANGS, somehow still suspended by the anchors on the wrecked wall above.

Jessica COUGHS and looks around.

Frank stands overtop of Mark's corpse, working at something.

JESSICA
How did - What happened?

Frank turns around, sees she's waking up.

FRANK
Good, you're still alive.

Jessica struggles to sit up.

JESSICA
Jesus - it was them. Johnson and Sparks. The experiments are real.

Frank stares at her.

FRANK
You remember.

JESSICA
N-not everything. But some of it, yeah. And you're right. This place needs to be shut down.

He studies her a moment longer, then nods.

FRANK
Good. Welcome to the team.

He reaches out, helps her to her feet.

As he grabs for her, she has ANOTHER FLASH -

INT. PARTIALLY COLLAPSED STAIRWELL - JUST AFTER THE BLAST

Jessica tries to comfort the dying man.

The man claws at her, nearly unbalancing her.

He frantically clasps hold of her hospital gown, nearly choking her in his desperation.

MAN
OhgodI'msorrypleaseHELPME!

Jessica struggles herself free, tries to reassure him.

JESSICA

It's okay, it's gonna be okay.
Someone will be here soon.

But now, SHE SEES IT CLEARLY -

The MAN WAS TERRIFIED OF HER,

In fact, HE TRIED TO CHOKE HER WITH HER GOWN, BUT WAS TOO
WEAK TO DO IT.

The whole time, he was calling for someone else to help save
him from her.

INT. PARTIALLY COLLAPSED STAIRWELL - PRESENT

Jessica comes back to herself.

JESSICA

He was afraid of me. The man was
trying to fight me off.

FRANK

What you say?

Jessica blinks her eyes, thinks twice of telling Frank.

JESSICA

Nothing. Just more memory flashes.
Not important right now.

Frank barely listens, huddled over Mark's corpse again,
intent on what he's doing.

With a SLIGHT TUG, he manages to remove the bomb vest.

The TIMER IS AT 11 MINUTES.

FRANK

All right. We gotta move quick.
Gimme a hand.

Jessica forms a step-up with her hands - Frank vaults off it.

He JUMPS UP, and grabs hold of the dangling railing, the only
remnant of the upper flight of stairs.

He clambers up the railing like it's a ladder.

He stops climbing when he's just below the now-unblocked
entrance to the vent shaft.

He LEANS ACROSS THE GAP -

With A PUSH OFF THE RAILING, Frank LEAPS TO THE VENT SHAFT.
He catches hold of the opening's lip, pulls himself in.
Turns to look back at Jessica.

JESSICA
I don't know if I can jump that
high.

Frank shrugs.

FRANK
Do it or don't, I don't have time
to wait around.

Jessica sees HIS EYES PEER DOWN at her briefly before
disappearing back into the vent.

Fuck -

She's alone again, and still stuck.

And the water keeps getting higher.

Jessica glances around -

Spots the HANGING RAILING, tauntingly out of reach.

She centers herself, focusing -

She STRAINS, muscles cording and veins popping.

THE WORLD BEGINS TO TREMBLE -

AND JESSICA LIFTS OFF THE GROUND -

She rises to the height of the broken railing's bottom rungs
before her POWER SPLUTTERS OUT.

She CRIES OUT as she starts to fall - but manages to grab the
railing just in time.

She starts to climb.

But the metal railing is slick with water -

She SLIPS.

SLIPS AGAIN.

JESSICA
C'mon!

Finally, she GAINS TRACTION.

She pulls herself up, slowly.

Pull with her good arm, find a foothold.

Then repeat.

Pull with her good arm, find a foothold.

Exhausting work.

But she continues up, step by slow step.

She's now about level with the vent opening.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Okay, easy, easy.

She reaches out -

Trying to reach across to the vent opening.

But it's too far.

She SLIPS -

CATCHES HOLD.

But barely.

The RAILING SHAKES -

She looks up -

It's coming unanchored from above.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

C'mon, c'mon.

She JUMPS -

Just as the RAILING BREAKS FREE.

She smacks into the vent opening -

Hard.

Too hard.

She BOUNCES OFF -

Scrambles to catch hold -

And finally snags the lip WITH HER BROKEN HAND.

She SCREAMS as her arm torques -

But she doesn't let go.

PANTING, she hangs there for a moment.

Then, with a strain, she pulls herself up enough to grab on with her other arm too.

With the extra leverage, she's able to pull herself in.

INT. VENT SHAFT

The vent is pitch black.

But her phone is dead, waterlogged.

She pushes forward into the dark.

She moves slowly, feeling her way.

She approaches the bend -

A dull warm glow can just barely be seen around the corner.

Jessica pushes past the corner -

The DUCT WALLS GLOW RED -

Overheated from the flames behind them.

This is the source of the light.

Jessica tries to move forward -

And HISSES AS SHE BURNS HERSELF ON THE METAL.

She peers ahead -

Not far along is the vertical shaft -

Jessica eyes it.

Maybe 50 feet distance, maybe less.

But it seems like miles.

JESSICA

Come on - just - move.

She forces herself into the GLOWING DUCT -

Her HANDS BLISTER AS SHE TOUCHES THE METAL.

Water STEAMS OUT OF HER CLOTHES.

But she pushes forward -

Inch by painful inch.

Tears stain her cheeks as she reaches the vertical shaft.

She looks up.

The vertical shaft remains a dull gray -

The flames must not be as close to the metal here.

Further up the shaft, sunlight beckons.

Silhouetted against it is Frank, still climbing.

He looks down and sees her.

FRANK

I'm impressed - eight minutes left
on the clock. Let's make 'em count.

JESSICA

You talk too fucking much.

She CLIMBS AFTER HIM.

But her clothes are still slick, wet.

She SLIPS -

Starts again.

SLIPS.

She SHOVES HER BACK AGAINST ONE SIDE, LEGS AGAINST THE OTHER.

PUSHES OFF.

Starts to slide, but CATCHES HERSELF WITH HER POWER.

She seems almost surprised -

Clearly still figuring things out.

But now she's moving, buoyed by her new abilities.

She brings up one leg, then the next.

Pauses, scoots her back up.

Repeats.

She looks up -

A dozen feet above, Frank has found an unblocked vent cover, too focused on it to notice her or her powers.

He PUNCHES OUT the grate and rolls through the opening.

She amps up the use of her power once he's gone -

THE WORLD TREMBLES -

And she rides up the vent shaft like it's an elevator.

She reaches the open vent, and crawls through -

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

-- Only to find herself in a familiar hospital corridor.

Frank is nowhere in sight, but she knows her way to the operating room and lab.

She tears off, once again racing through the corridor.

Then slows as she nears the lab, hearing VOICES.

Jessica peers into the lab from the hallway -

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

As Frank approaches Agent Johnson, bomb in hand.

Agent Johnson looks surprised, but not scared.

FRANK

A man walks west. What does he see?

AGENT JOHNSON

The riches of the kingdom laid
before him.

Frank nods - correct response.

AGENT JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Christ, Frank - thought you were
dead for sure.

The two clasp hands.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Jessica is so focused on the duo in the lab, she doesn't hear the footsteps behind her.

But she does feel it when a gun is pressed into the back of her head - she stiffens, frozen.

AGENT SPARKS (O.C.)
No sudden movements.

Jessica raises her hands, complies.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Agent Sparks ushers Jessica into the lab at gunpoint.

Frank and Agent Johnson fall silent.

AGENT SPARKS
Look what I found.

Sparks keeps the gun aimed at Jessica, finger on the trigger.
She raps Jessica in the back of the head with it.

AGENT SPARKS (CONT'D)
Go stand with them.

Jessica doesn't -

Instead, she turns to look at Agent Sparks.

JESSICA
If you're gonna shoot me, I'd
prefer you do it from here. I don't
want you to fuck it up.

AGENT SPARKS
Don't tempt me - you're worth
almost as much dead as alive.

AGENT JOHNSON
(sotto)
Frank - do something to help her.

Agent Sparks turns to look at Frank - she heard them.

AGENT SPARKS
Yes, Frank - make yourself useful
and turn that thing off.

Agent Johnson tenses as Frank moves to comply with Sparks, setting the bomb on the counter-top behind him.

He starts to defuse it, when Johnson interrupts-

AGENT JOHNSON
Frank, what the fuck -

AGENT SPARKS
Shut up, Stu.
(off his look)
You think I didn't know my own
partner was moving behind my back?

Agent Johnson looks from Celeste back to Frank.

FRANK
--Sorry boss, she offered me a
better rate.

AGENT SPARKS
Frank - stop chatting and kill him
already. I've got what I need now.

Agent Sparks eyes Jessica hungrily.

Frank looks back and forth between them, piecing it together.

FRANK
Jesus Christ - Miss Brain Damage is
the monster? You never told me it
was a human.

AGENT SPARKS
Because she's not. Not anymore.

JESSICA
Fuck you, yes I am. I'm just -

AGENT JOHNSON
--She's augmented. Mostly human,
except we modified a few of her
chromosomes. Beautiful really - a
few simple changes yield such an
elegant result.

JESSICA
So... I'm not a human. Not really.

AGENT SPARKS
Stuart, one more word and I'll
shoot you, I swear to -

JESSICA

--Do I actually have a husband?

Agent Sparks pauses, momentarily thrown.

AGENT SPARKS

Jessica, I'm not sure that you-

JESSICA

--Answer the fucking question.

AGENT SPARKS

(thinks carefully)

I don't know. Maybe. We destroy all records any time we get a patient. No paper trail that way.

JESSICA

(nodding calmly)

And the guy on the radio? Nathan?

AGENT SPARKS

A lab tech. I thought - I hoped it might comfort you.

AGENT JOHNSON

You hoped it would keep her complacent, you mean.

AGENT SPARKS

Last warning, Stuart. No more talking.

AGENT JOHNSON

Get stuffed.

AGENT SPARKS

Fine.

Her GUN-HAND FLASHES UP -

Agent Johnson DARTS HIS HAND TOWARDS HIS OWN GUN -

But Sparks SHOTS HIM THROUGH THE HEAD.

Brains and blood splash over everyone.

Sparks turns, aiming the gun at Jessica again.

Jessica SCREAMS.

JESSICA

NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Awful and primal, her SCREAM shreds as her voice breaks.

SHE FOCUSES, STRAINS -

The WORLD TREMBLES -

And the LAB ERUPTS IN A GALE.

LOOSE ITEMS TORNADO AROUND THE SPACE.

Jessica SCREAMS AGAIN, tendons popping as she strains.

And AGENT SPARKS SLAMS INTO THE CEILING -

BEFORE PLUMMETING BACK TO PANCAKE INTO THE GROUND.

Agent Sparks' body is broken, bloody, and bruised -

But she's still alive.

Sparks GROANS, struggling to turn, to aim her gun at Jessica.

But with a gesture of her hand, Jessica flings out her will -

And sends Sparks FLYING OFF THE FLOOR INTO FRANK.

The two PLOW into the specimen fridge.

The refrigerator tips, spilling its contents.

SHATTERED GLASS rains over the ground.

Jessica reaches out again with her power -

She whips the glass shards into a frenzied cloud.

More loose debris and objects join the cloud.

Then she FLICKS her wrist -

And the cloud tears through the laboratory, destroying everything it touches.

The others SHRIEK and duck.

But Jessica isn't aiming for them.

Instead, she targets the specimens and equipment.

Completely destroying the research and backups.

Panting, Jessica finally stops.

She starts to turn away -

As she does, she sees Frank moving, turning over -

FRANK HAS SPARKS' GUN.

Frank FIRES -

-JUST BARELY MISSES HER.

Frank steadies himself, trying to focus his aim on Jessica.

FRANK

You killed my friends, you fucking
bitch.

Frank shoots -

A BULLET GRAZES JESSICA'S TEMPLE -

It knocks her sprawling.

Frank advances on her, gun in hand.

He takes aim, pulls the trigger -

But JESSICA IS ALREADY GONE -

She JUMPS OVER HIM IN A FIT OF KINETIC POWER.

She lands on the ground past him, spins to face him again.

He's still looking around, not sure where she went.

She WHISTLES.

He SPINS AND FIRES IN ONE LITHE MOVE.

But she's faster than him -

Already out of the path of the bullet and dodging back close.

JESSICA

I told you not to call me bitch.

She hits him in the side with another kinetic blast from her
clenched fist, A SUPER-POWERED KIDNEY PUNCH.

IT SENDS HIM FLYING -

Back, OUT OF THE LAB, and down the adjacent corridor.

Jessica SPINS, rushes to the bomb - JUST UNDER TWO MINUTES.

She darts her eyes around, still not sure what to do.

She spots Agent Sparks, groaning on the ground.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Help me stop it.

AGENT SPARKS
(spits blood)
Fuck... you...

And Agent Sparks is already looking past her -
Jessica WHIRLS, sees Frank looming in the door to the lab.
His hand still clutching the gun.
He hefts it, carefully taking aim.
Agent Sparks realizes - her EYES WIDEN.

AGENT SPARKS (CONT'D)
(raspy)
No... don't... shoot.

But Frank isn't listening -
He squeezes the trigger, fire blossoming from the barrel -
And Jessica easily darts out of the way -
LETTING THE BULLET HIT THE BOMB.
The BOMB EXPLODES -
Just as JESSICA FLINGS OUT HER WILL -
Forming a protective sphere around herself with her power,
like some kind of crazy gerbil ball.
Protected from the flames and debris, the force of the blast
shoots Jessica out of the lab -
She FLIES THROUGH THE DOOR AND DOWN THE HALLWAY, CRASHING
THROUGH THE EXTERIOR WALL AT THE END.
She SPINS IN TERRIFYING, DIZZYING CIRCLES THROUGH SPACE.
-AND THE WHOLE WORLD GOES DARK.
Then:

OVER BLACK:

WE HEAR:

PARAMEDIC (O.S.)
Hey, this one's still alive.
Somebody get me a back board stat!

FADE BACK IN:

JESSICA'S POV:

The world starts to come back into blurry view as Jessica blinks her eyes open.

A PENLIGHT SHINES IN HER EYES.

As it clicks off, we see this isn't a memory.

A worried-looking PARAMEDIC holds the pen-light.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
Ma'am, just relax. Do you know
where you are?

END POV.

Jessica looks around -

Finally realizes she's not in the hospital anymore.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

She lays in the middle of a rubble-strewn city street.

It's cordoned off by local police and emergency vehicles.

A giant pit of destroyed cinder block and infrastructure nearby is the only remnant of the former hospital/black site.

PARAMEDIC
Do you know where you are?

Jessica slowly nods.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
You were hurt in the attack. We're
going to load you into an ambulance
and get you across town, all right?

Jessica slowly nods again.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)
Just wait here. I'll be right back.

The paramedic disappears to get a back board -

And Jessica gets woozily to her feet.

She glances around -

Spots a herd of nondescript black SUVs arranged just beyond the emergency vehicles.

GOVERNMENT CARS.

Gang's all here, it appears.

Jessica carefully doesn't react to the sight of them.

Instead, she slowly turns and walks away from the crash.

She looks around, making sure the coast is clear -

Then ducks under some emergency tape.

She fades into the crowd, away from the scene before anyone even notices.

The paramedic returns with his partner, carrying a back board between them.

The lead paramedic stops, stares around in confusion.

Jessica's gone.

INT. ALLEYWAY NEARBY - CONTINUOUS

Jessica stops in an alleyway nearby.

She dusts herself off, takes a deep breath.

After a moment, she closes her eyes and focuses.

She STRAINS -

AND THE WORLD TREMBLES -

AS SHE LAUNCHES INTO THE AIR, A SHOCKWAVE RIPPLING BEHIND.

Finally free.

FADE TO BLACK.