

S E C T I O N E I G H T

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SECOND DRAFT

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AGAINST BLACK -

CLICK!

A DIGITAL READOUT READS "RECORDING"...

"INTERROGATION MILLER. M - DN38416 - 2/02/2088

We now see Miller- our hero- in close on his bruised face, a small trickle of blood from his nose. BAM- Miller gets slam punched in the face.

LANGRAL CONT'D)

Again, what happened in the motel room?

MILLER

The Motel room? Let's see...I was fucking your mom.

BAM- another smash punch to Miller's face.

LANGRAL

You don't like me, do you Miller?

MILLER

I hate everybody. Don't think you're anything special.

LANGRAL

I can't imagine that endears people to you.

MILLER

Are you kidding? People fucking love me....just ask your mom.

BAM- another smash punch to Miller's face. Harder this time. Miller sucks it up.

LANGRAL

Again, what happened in the motel room?

FLASHBACK INT. MOTEL ROOM -NEW YORK CITY-NIGHT.

...MILLER - THRASHES around as a swarthy assassin garottes him with a piano wire. The only thing keeping him alive is one finger between the wire and the jugular.

Another man, MENDEZ, an American, lies bleeding on the floor. Blood begins to spurt at the wire from Miller's neck.

They CRASH into the bathroom - The assassin SLAMS Miller against the tap - water gushes out of the faucet. Miller blindly grabs a hair dryer, flicks the switch and PLUNGES it into the water - the current jumps THROUGH him and BLASTS his assailant right across the room. MILLER collapses - spluttering - both men recover at the same time - Miller sees the Baretta 9mm sitting on the bed - there is a lunge but MILLER, yanking the sheet towards him, is fractionally quicker, Miller catches the gun. BAM!

The assassin drops. Miller's cell phone goes. He looks at the caller ID: MACE.

MILLER (INTO PHONE)

Mace?

MACE (ON PHONE)

Get out - it's a double cross.

MILLER

What the hell is going on?

MACE

They're coming for you now - you got, maybe, two minutes. How's the Colonel?

Miller looks at the dead Mendez.

MILLER

He didn't make it.

MACE

Get the fuck out.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT.

Miller is chained up - his face is bloody. Langral sits opposite him.

LANGRAL

Who was the mystery man on the phone?

MILLER.

His name was Fuck you.

LANGRAL

Really?

MILLER

Yeah, he was Asian.

Langral nods and Miller is suddenly *punched* hard in the face by a large soldier.

LANGRAL

I don't want to hurt you, Miller.

MILLER

That why you're having *him* do it?

LANGRAL

I can have Rupert bludgeon you all day.

MILLER

I'm getting beaten up by a guy called *Rupert*?

Langral nods again, another BLOW. Miller coughs it off.

LANGRAL

So what happened to the Colonel?

FLASHBACK NIGHT. INTERIOR - MOTEL ROOM.

Miller goes to COLONEL MENDEZ, whose breathing is getting fainter. He attempts to staunch the flow of blood - no good.

MILLER

Shit. Come on Frank. Come on.

Mendez, dying, looks to the briefcase chained to his wrist.

MENDEZ

Don't let them get this.

He smiles for the last time at Miller-then stops breathing. Miller looks distraught.

MILLER

Frank? Frank? *Fuck*.

Miller's cell gets a text - he looks at it - MACE: 30 SECONDS. Miller FIRES through the chain with the Baretta, grabs it - he opens the door and is blinded by spotlights as outside a SCORPION CLASS troop transport has landed in the parking lot and troops are disembarking - Special Forces - armed to the teeth.

Miller slams the door and rabbits back through the apartment - The door is BLOWN off it's hinges and the troops, slide in a flash grenade which BLASTS nova white. The troops are right behind it - emerging into the room - they see that the window in the bathroom is open.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Miller HITS the roof sprinting. Behind him, Machine-gun fire ERUPTS out the window.

Miller pitches forward, almost dropping the briefcase - it slides to the edge of the building and *falls off* - Miller lunges at the disappearing chain and catches it by the last link.

Behind him two SCOPRION GUNSHIPS emerge over the roof of the motel - twin 50 caliber cannons trained on him. Miller runs but is cut off by the edges of the roof - He's cornered. Soldiers are closing in. No choice - Miller sprints and makes an insane jump over to the other building - he SMASHES against the glass HARD - it doesn't break and he drops down towards the street - getting caught by a shop tarpaulin lower down. He flops to street level as machine gun fire rips behind him.

The Scorpions close in - pinning one end of the parking lot - MILLER sprints towards the end of the alleyway - Blocked by the other SCORPION. Miller's trapped. He searches around for something, *anything* - then he sees it...A line of Motorcycles.

EXT. PARKING LOT.

Miller blasts out of the side entrance to the carpark on a GyroCycle - a single wheeled gyroscopically levelled motorbike - The scorpions open fire - bullets ERUPT from the cannons - SMASHING the road into jelly. Miller weaves through traffic - getting between two trucks - which absorb much of the impact. Miller drops into a pedestrian alleyway. Too small for the Scorpions.

Millers phone rings -

MILLER

Mace!

MACE

Where the fuck are you?

MILLER

I stopped for a pizza.

MACE

Really?

MILLER

If you were any dumber you'd be a stump. Get me the fuck out of here!

MACE

Okay Jesus - I'm parin you - got me?

Miller looks at the phone: a map of the city - Mace's signal at the centre.

MACE (CONT'D)

I'm in the subway.

Miller emerges out onto a pedestrian concourse - A BARRAGE opens up as one of the Scorpions gets line-of-sight.

Miller guns the Gyrocycle - slingshots into a covered mall through pedestrians - emerging on the other side - the Scorpions closing in - Miller weaves through traffic until he sees the subway sign. The Scorpion gunships - drop their troops on fast-deploy cables - they give chase - Miller blasts down the stairs on the GyroCycle - blasts down the platform. The troops open fire behind him.

The Gyrocycles self-levelling circuitry is shot and, without anything holding the bike up - it jackknifes on it's side and shucks to a halt against a stall. Miller, shakes himself up - Grabs the briefcase and runs. He flips over a turnstile and sprints.

ANGLE ON : Miller's phone

Mace's signal. Below him a subway train is coming in. Mace, at the window - beckoning to Miller: Come on. Come on. Miller jumps a stile and sprints as...

...Special forces soldiers emerge onto the platform all around him - Miller begins to realize that he's not going to make it -the doors begin to close.

He throws the briefcase which SKITTERS along the floor - just passing through the doors as they close.

Miller continues to run but the Special Forces guys are all around him. They get a bead on him - fire - hitting him with a small black bead dot sticker which clings to the skin - They hit a remote - 50,000 volts BLAST into Miller, throwing him through the air. Miller hits the ground. He's fucked. He watches the train disappear.

Someone in leather shoes walks up to Miller on the platform - Miller looks up to reveal LANGRAL.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

MILLER.

And that's when you showed up.

LANGRAL

Like a bad penny.

MILLER

Ha ha. You always were a shithead
Langral. Why were you even there?

LANGRAL

We had the Colonel under surveillance.
He was selling secrets.

MILLER.

That's not what he told me. He told me
he was *returning* them.

LANGRAL

Did he tell you this before or after
you shot him?

MILLER.

Are you bipolar? I was there to help
him - he was my friend - why would I
kill him?

LANGRAL

Well you don't have to take my word
for it.

Langral presses a button on a remote control - on a
monitor screen we see footage from night vision
binoculars - taken through the bathroom window of the
motel - We clearly see Miller shooting Colonel Mendez
in the back of the head. Miller looks at it
incredulously.

MILLER.

This is bullshit - you screwed with
this footage. You're setting me up.

LANGRAL

This is footage from my own
surveillance binoculars - I saw it
with my own eyes.

Miller watches this, struggles to make sense of it.

MILLER.

It's impossible. That's not what
happened.

LANGRAL

There it is... in glorious
Technicolor.

The visual looped video clip of his friend Mendez being
shot clearly effects Miller.

MILLER

Turn it off.

LANGRAL

All I know is that the Colonel was going to be at the motel and then you showed up, killed him and took the case.

MILLER

I told you, Mendez asked me to back him up, He wanted to protect the package.

LANGRAL

The package?

MILLER

The briefcase.

LANGRAL

So where is it?

MILLER

I don't know - and If I did I sure wouldn't tell you.

Miller looks at Langral.

LANGRAL

Who was your backup guy?

MILLER

I have a feeling that not telling you is the only thing keeping him alive.

Rupert throws another blow, smashing into Millers face, as Millers friend KURT SHAW walks in halting the proceedings.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Shaw, good timing. I was just about to crack Langral's head off the floor.

SHAW

That's enough. Take those off will you.

The soldier removes the cuffs. Langral speaks as he leaves.

LANGRAL

Looks like you just ran off a cliff Miller...you just haven't looked down yet.

Shaw waits for the others to leave the room. Rupert, the guard watches.

SHAW

Sorry about that. Are you okay?

He offers Miller a cigarette.

MILLER

No, I'm fucked, Good to see you man.
They're setting me up Kurt. Fucking
Spooks.

SHAW

Hey, I'm a spook.

MILLER

Well you're different.

SHAW

Sorry to hear about the Colonel.

Miller nods. He is bothered about it.

SHAW (CONT'D)

What can I do to help?

MILLER.

Shoot Langral.

SHAW

Anything else?

MILLER

They're framing me for this thing,
Kurt. I didn't do it.

SHAW

I know.

MILLER

It's bullshit.

SHAW

What can I do to help?

Miller thinks for a moment.

MILLER.

You can get that briefcase.

SHAW

Sure - where is it.

MILLER

I don't know - Last I saw, it was on a
train.

FLASHBACK: ON THE TRAIN

A bag lady picks up the case on the train - Mace fights his way down the compartment.

MACE

Hey! Hey, lady - Sorry - that's mine.

BAG LADY

Sorry to disappoint you sonny -

MACE

I don't want to have to take it off you -

BAG LADY

Just try - I'll scream rape.

MACE

You don't even know what's in it.

BAG LADY

No but I know you'll part with a hundred D for it.

Mace looks at her - weighs up the options. He lunges for the case.

BAG LADY (CONT'D)

RAAAPE! RAPE!

People look. Mace desists instantly.

MACE

Okay Jesus - a hundred D.

BAG LADY

Two hundred.

MACE

Five seconds ago it was *one* hundred.

BAG LADY

That was before the rape. Now I'm traumatized.

Mace gives her a dirty look. Hands over the two hundred.

- AT THE NEXT STATION.

The train doors open and Mace, now with the briefcase steps off.

He begins to walk towards the exit but notices that cops are beginning to swarm in - and they are clearly looking for something. Over the radios he can hear "Suspect carrying an aluminum briefcase".

He turns, walking the other way - bringing the briefcase around him (so they can't see it). Ahead of him - the other exit - more cops arrive - looking for something - Mace hides behind a pillar. *Trapped.*

Then he sees it...

...on the opposite side are Storage lockers.

He skirts over to the lockers - nervously puts the case into one. Punches the code into the keypad, breathes a sigh of relief, turns and walks towards the exit. He is distracted by the amount of Cops. Mace nearly at the door, bumps shoulders with a cop - but keeps walking. The cop sees money fall out of Maces pocket - he picks it up.

COP (TO MACE)

Buddy? Hey Buddy.

Mace, paranoid now, doesn't turn around. Keeps walking. Mace runs. The cop - sensing something is wrong, chases.

COP (CONT'D)

Hey! Stop!

Mace sprints out into traffic, glances off a car - a gun slips out of his pocket and FIRES as it hits the ground. A stray bullet hits a cop.

COP (CONT'D)

Gun! He's got a gun.

Mace grabs his weapon - starts running. The cops open fire - Mace is hit and crumples to the ground.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

MILLER

Whatever it is, it's important enough to kill Mendez for.

SHAW

Who was your backup man?

Langral is watching and listening from the next room.

MILLER

You think I'll tell you - you'll go straight to your boss.

Shaw looks down at the table - written discreetly in cigarette ash is a single word : MACE - Shaw sees it but it is not visible on the monitors - Miller subtly wipes the ash away.

SHAW

Well then I guess this conversation is over.

Shaw gets up and leaves.

IN THE NEXT ROOM -

Shaw enters - Langral looks over at him.

LANGRAL

Well?

SHAW

You heard him. He's not giving it up.

Shaw steps out into the corridor - checks he's alone and then gets on this cell phone.

SHAW (CONT'D)

VOICEPRINT ID SHAW, KURT NSA3462 - I need a PolCom trace and tag on a name.
- Search around Cuba, Florida and adjoining states - last name Mace. No first name. My eyes only, understood.

INT- WHITE HOUSE

Langral arrives at the oval office, we see the president JEFF WARNOCK, he is sitting in a chair surrounded by 2 military doctors and a heart monitoring computer.

WARNOCK

Scott - come in. Come in. It's just routine.

Langral steps in - the Doctors check Warnock. Using a portable x-ray they can see into his arm - there is a transmitter there.

DOCTOR

Transmission nominal. Some LDS fluctuation but within tolerances.

DOCTOR2

Got it. Running diagnostics.

On the medical equipment at the far end of the office we can see Warnock's medical condition - Systolic, heart rate, etc.

Warnock is putting on his shirt - the doctors step over to the medical equipment.

WARNOCK

They check this damn thing five times a year.

Warnock and Langral step over to the window - out of earshot.

WARNOCK (CONT'D)

What have you got?

LANGRAL

Not much, he claims he was set up.

WARNOCK

Was he?

LANGRAL

I saw him kill Mendez myself.

WARNOCK

Do you think Miller was the buyer?

LANGRAL

I think he's going to do Thirty years cold.

WARNOCK

Did you get the case back?

LANGRAL

Well we've violated every civil right and he has but he's still not giving anything up.

WARNOCK

Jesus - what a mess.

LANGRAL

What do you want to do sir?... about Miller.

WARNOCK

Tidy it up, he killed Mendez. Bury it - No investigation needed. Put him away. Quietly.

Langral nods - heads towards the door - Warnock moves towards the desk - the secretary enters as Langral leaves. The doctor steps up.

DOCTOR

We're pretty much done here. I just need to see the first lady and the first daughter.

The secretary shifts uncomfortably.

SECRETARY

The first Lady is in the residence but Emilie has had a change of schedule.

WARNOCK

We're having lunch, aren't we?

SECRETARY

Sorry Mr. President, she is on a humanitarian errand.

WARNOCK

Why am I always the last to know what my daughter is doing? I'd swear she does these last minute things just to vex me. Is she even in Washington?

SECRETARY

Er, Not exactly.

CUT TO:

EXT - SPACE.

A space shuttle travels over the curve of the earth - an evolution of NASA's iconic flagship.

INT. SHUTTLE

Modern clean decor - people are seated (as in a private jet)- EMILIE WARNOCK attractive, 29, idealistic. At a respectful distance sit three Secret service G-Men.

There is the sound of the toilet flushing and HOCK - a youthful idealistic Secret Service agent - exits the bathroom sheepishly wiping his mouth with a napkin. He sits down beside KATHRYN, Emilie's affable assistant who is devoted to her.

KATHRYN

It's nothing to be ashamed of.

She hands him a sick bag. Smiles. The other agents snigger amongst themselves. The new guy threw up.

KATHRYN (CONT'D)

You're still the best looking one.

He gives a thin lipped smile.

Through the forward window they see it: *Section Eight* - it is massive. A veritable city in space - vast, dark, forbidding. Hock points at a satellite.

HOCK

You recognize that? The International Space Station.

- OUTSIDE

The shuttle looks tiny - dwarfed to a dot by *Section Eight*. The ISS orbits nearby.

- IN THE COCKPIT

Hock points to the outer hull of the prison - Remote towers with huge cannons turn and track the shuttle.

HOCK

The defence system is automatic and solar assisted - Oxygen-fed, Auto-Lock, Chain-link 100mm Pacifiers made by Miland AeroSpace -

Kathryn looks out the window at the massive weapons trained on them.

KATHRYN (TO HOCK)

Ooh, I hate guns.

The radio crackles to life.

VOICE (OVER RADIO)

Approaching craft - You are entering United States airspace - this is S8 requesting identification code.

The pilot presses the code and transmits.

VOICE (OVER RADIO)

(CONT'D)

Got that LM22 - you are cleared for landing at dock 5. Please maintain your current trajectory.

The guns relax their vigil, turn away. Kathryn breathes a sigh of relief. As they approach the dock they notice four men in large oversized (almost robotic) pressurized suits outside the station, floating and manoeuvring around.

KATHRYN

What's with those guys?

SHUTTLE CREW MAN

Parts of Section Eight are still under construction. Don't worry they are perfectly safe.

KATHRYN

Wow.

The shuttle docks.

INT. SECTION EIGHT CORRIDOR -

A bulkhead door slides up. They are greeted by Section Eight's warden MICHAEL BARNES, there is something odd about him- secretive, defensive.

BARNES

Welcome to Section Eight.

They begin to walk into Section Eight.

A guard hands them some white coats.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Regulations I'm afraid.

They put them on - then Barnes swipes a hand scanner on the panel. The door opens revealing the....

- MAIN CONTAINMENT AREA.

They walk into the main balcony. The place is vast - Row upon row of coffin containers glow eerily with an electrical hum: hundreds of prisoners in a chemically induced sleep - a space age bastille.

KATHRYN

Jesus.

BARNES

That's the typical reaction.

They step into the customs entrance. A sign on the wall reads "You are entering the United States". Behind that is a large framed picture of the American President.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Usually we ask people to swear an oath but in your case I think we can make an exception.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Section Eight is the most secure Supermax facility in the world - only thirty people are required for the day to day running...

EMILIE

...because you put the prisoners to sleep?

BARNES

We call it *stasis*.

EMILIE

And what about prisoner's rights?

BARNES

What about them? This prison contains five hundred of the worlds most dangerous criminals - they waived their right to preferential treatment when they committed their crimes. This is about the only prison in the world with a zero percent average in terms of sexual and physical abuse. Zero breakouts or riots. Apart from the construction costs it's the cheapest prison in the world to run.

EMILIE

That's great but it's not really answering my question. I understand there are problems with this *stasis* - particularly the freezing process. Psychosis, dementia, Paranoid Schizophrenia, aggression amplification due to prefrontal cortex damage...

BARNES

Those were early teething problems. Now prisoners are periodically checked for any signs of abnormal behavior.

EMILIE

Isn't Section Eight's true purpose to procure guinea pigs to test the effects of deep space exploration - who better than prisoners with no rights?

BARNES

I've heard this urban legend...it's nonsense.

EMILIE

Isn't one of the prime sources of funding a deep space exploration company - DSC Industries? Are they just paying out millions of dollars because they're civically minded?

BARNES

Look, Miss Warnock - I'm just an old prison warden. I can't speculate on the motives of corporations. Bottom Line: these men have done some pretty awful things.

Emilie takes this in.

BARNES (CONT'D)

Now, we've prepared an interview room for you. If you'll follow me..The prisoners you have requested to interview are being "thawed", that's what we call it.

EMILIE

How long does it take?

BARNES

Thawing? A couple of minutes.

HOCK

I'll need to have a look at that room.

BARNES

There is a large toughened glass partition so you'll be really quite safe. The first prisoner - Samuel Hydell is coming up - He'll be ready in about five minutes.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Hock and three other secret service agents walk around the room, They split up with two secret service agents stepping into Emilie's partition and the another two secret service in the inmates partition. Emilie composes herself and settles into the eerie room. There is a glass mirror along one wall. We travel *through* the mirror to see Kathryn in the observation room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM.

Kathryn lights up a cigarette, a guard enters.

GUARD1

I'm sorry Miss, there is no smoking in this area.

KATHRYN

Well maybe a big strong soldier like you can tell me where a girl can smoke.

Kathryn stubs out the cigarette and exits with the Guard - but the cigarette falls and drops under the metal grid floor - it falls against a rubber gas pipe, the rubber starts to burn and bubble. The cigarette goes out but the bubble on the pipe pops - releasing gas into the room.

CUT TO:

INT. MILLER'S CELL - EARTH

Langral approaches Miller's cell -

MILLER.

I knew you were coming - I could smell you all the way. I said to myself I have I got shit on my shoes? Or is Langral walking up the corridor?

LANGRAL

I'm here to tell you the good news.

MILLER.

You're finally getting spayed?

LANGRAL

You've been convicted - first degree murder and conspiracy to commit espionage against the United States. That's the setup, you want to hear the punch-line?

Miller isn't sure he wants to hear it.

LANGRAL (CONT'D)

Thirty years stasis. No Parole. Effective immediately.

MILLER.

Wasn't there meant to be some kind of trial? I'm pretty sure there is some constitutional right to a fair hearing.

LANGRAL

You waived that right when you shot Mendez in the head.

Miller looks at Langral - right now he couldn't hate anyone more.

LANGRAL (CONT'D)

You know they say when they're putting
you under that some minds just can't
take it - they just go whacko. Sweet
Dreams.

Langral leaves.

CUT TO:

THAWING ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Close on a button being pressed, Samuel Hydel is waking up. We see the thawing process is hard on him physically. His body convulses, coughing. He opens his bloodshot eyes.

INTERROGATION ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Emilie waits nervously in the room, Hydel is escorted in and sits at the table - icy eyes, a thin wasted appearance - nasty, snakelike. Emilie sits opposite.

Hydell is eyeing Emilie the way a spider eyes something in it's web: hungrily.

EMILIE

Mr Hydel. How are you feeling? Any
disorientation?

HYDELL

I feel great.

EMILIE

If you are suffering from any
pain, This is your chance to say so for
a long time.

HYDELL

I feel like a new born baby. Are you a
nurse, Cutie?

EMILIE

Do you dream when you're under?

HYDELL

I'll dream about you Sweetie. Naked.

Hock coughs uncomfortably - his protective instincts don't like Hydell speaking to Emilie this way. Hydell looks at Hock.

HYDELL (CONT'D)

So you're someone important huh?

EMILIE

I guess. Not *important* exactly.

HYDELL

Then why are *they* here?

He indicates the G-Men.

EMILIE

I sometimes wonder that myself.

HYDELL

Will this help me get out of here?

EMILIE

If you feel you shouldn't be here then you should speak to your lawyer.

HYDELL

My lawyer is dead..I killed him.

Hydel smiles joking at Emilie.

EMILIE

It says in your file you were convicted of multiple rape and murder. Fifty three counts.

HYDELL

Rape suggests they didn't enjoy it. Why don't you try me, sweetie, you and me could have some good clean family fun.

Hock's jaw tightens. He doesn't like this.

HOCK

Hey, don't talk to her like that.

EMILIE

Hock. It's okay.

Hydell turns and looks at Hock. Hydell winks at him.

INT- OBSERVATION ROOM. SECTION EIGHT

The hissing sound as the room continues to fill with gas, as the interview continues.

INT- GUARDS ROOM. SECTION EIGHT

Barnes and the other guards sit in a different room, completely unaware of the tension that is building in the interrogation room.

INTERROGATION ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

HOCK

I've warned you once - don't speak to her like that.

EMILIE

It's okay Hock.

HYDELL

Yeah it's okay Cock - she's a big girl. Give us a little privacy.

Hock is ruffled, leaning over Hydell's shoulder.

HOCK

I'm just saying when you address answers. You should do so in a respectful manner.

HYDELL

You know what I was before I got convicted of rape?

HOCK

Surprise me, shithead.

HYDELL

I was a pickpocket.

Hock looks at Hydell: *What?* Then the penny drops...he looks down his trouser leg - it's pulled up, revealing an *empty* ankle holster. Back to Hydell who lifts the handgun over the table. *Shit.*

Hydell SLAMS Hock's face with the gun. The two other secret service agents grab their guns. Hydell is faster. He BLASTS one secret service agent killing him and shoots past the second agent.. missing him - hitting the window of the observation room. The gas ignites - BOOOM!

The two rooms explode in on each other. The glass partition CRASHES down, with flames, debris and shrapnel scattering around the room.

Through the smoke, Hydell is up...firing bullets into the remaining guards. Emilie crawls along the floor towards the door.

Emilie runs. A *whoop-whoop* fire alarm echoes throughout the building. Hydell appears and shoots Emilie - the bullet glances off her thigh - she rebounds off the wall and punches a door seal - it comes down between herself and Hydell - He arrives at the glass and looks through at her - licking the glass - Fighting the pain, Emilie begins to run. Hydell fires - shattering the window - he gets his arm through reaches for the release button.

EXT. SPACE. LOPD BASE

The LOPD (Low orbit police Department) base is a large space craft with smaller portals, LOPD craft shuttles coming and going - we home in on a window to the....

....LOPD CONTROL ROOM.

There is a *bleep* and the Radio Operator notices his screen - a red flash transmits in -

RADIO TECH

We have a fire alarm on Section 8.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Emilie sprints into the control room - comes face to face with a doctor.

EMILIE

Hide. Hide.

The doctor looks confused - She scrambles behind some desks. The doctor looks at her.

DOCTOR

Take it easy.

CLICK!

The doctor turns to find Hydell pressing the gun into his eye.

HYDELL

Where is she college boy?

DOCTOR

She? I didn't see anybody.

Hydell cocks the weapon. Presses it harder into his eye socket.

HYDELL

Don't lie to me Sweetie - I'll eat
your fucking brain.

DOCTOR

I'm...I'm not lying.

Emilie - terrified - watches from under the table.
Suddenly a wave of confusion comes over Hydell, he looks
around slowly realizing where he is- in space. He
blinks his eyes, stumbling trying to comprehend the
situation he is in. He slowly walks to the window view
looking out into the vast space. Possibly convinced
he's hallucinating, Paranoid and starting to panic.

HYDELL

Where the fuck are we?

Hydell looks out to the prisoner containers - he swings
the gun back to the doctor.

HYDELL (CONT'D)

Open them up, open them all.

DOCTOR

What...I...Now listen...
I don't think I...

BAM! Hydell shoots the gun past the Doctors head -
blowing his ear off - opening up the side of his face.

HYDELL

Don't think Doc.

DOCTOR

Jesus...Okay...Okay.

The doctor complies - pressing buttons.

INT. MAIN CONTAINMENT AREA. SECTION EIGHT.

In sequence, the locks all pop on the sleep chambers -
CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! - like falling dominoes -
the status readouts FLASH on the monitors: ***ALERT :
THAW INITIATED***

The frosted doors begin to open...

...and 500 prisoners begin to wake up.

INT. ARMORY - SECTION EIGHT.

Barnes dispatches Riot shotguns to the prison guards -
looks up to one of the monitors to see all the
containers opening and prisoners getting out.

BARNES

Oh no.

He slots some 12 gauge shells into the shotgun - pumps it.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Hock, regains himself from the debris and PRESSES the button on the transmitter.

- INT. CORRIDOR - PENTAGON- EARTH.

LANGRAL, at a purposeful pace, walks along the corridor as a beep comes from his phone - he looks at it: *Bad News.*

LANGRAL

Christ.

MAIN CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Hydell watches the cannisters open.

HYDELL

Great job Doc.

He shoots the doctor in the ear canal - blowing his brains all over the wall - Emilie involuntarily whimpers as the body hits the floor next to her. Hydell exits.

INT. MAIN CONTAINMENT AREA. SECTION EIGHT.

As the containers open, the area is becoming a nuthouse - Fights amongst inmates are breaking out and a riot is imminent It's *bedlam*. Prisoners desperately push each other out of the way to get to the window, the horrific realization of where they are is overwhelming. An unfortunate prison guard has been caught by inmates and is being savagely beaten. We see some of the inmates are disoriented, some clearly having a nervous breakdown realizing where they are.

In this maelstrom, we introduce ALEX - Early forties, a self-assured presence, insane but not crazy - out of the freezer he looks around, instantly grasping the potential of the situation.

Guards with riot shotguns arrive and begin blasting. Alex spins around and pulls wires from the back of one of the freezers - he LOOPS the wire around the front of the riot shotgun - controlling it in the fight - he spins him towards the other guard who gets blasted.

INT. MILLER'S CELL - EARTH

Miller is slammed to his knees and shackled by guards - getting prepped to be injected. He struggles.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Two guards prep the Gas system for Section 8 - they punch in the codes and prep to pull the lever.

BARNES

Hit the gas. *Hit it.*

Guard 1 turns to hit the Gas lever - he goes to pull down when...Alex appears - he slams Barnes unconscious with the riot shotgun then blasts the other guard.

INT. DOCKING AREA - SECTION EIGHT.

A group of inmates push a Technician into an airlock - he pleads for his life - they blow him out into space.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Emilie ties a tourniquet around her leg - cutting the blood supply. She gets up and begins to run but comes out and runs face to face into: *Hydell*

He lunges at her but she kicks him in the face. He punches her - hard and she hits the floor - he stands over her - undoing his belt. She begins to crawl and he slams her head off the ground. Hydell leans in...

ALEX (OFF CAMERA)

Hey!

This stops Hydell - We reveal: Alex standing behind them - shotgun raised. Hydell stops.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

HYDELL

Putting some manners on this one.

Alex steps up - picks up Emilie.

ALEX

In about an hour these people will be the only thing keeping us alive. Don't fuck with your poker chips.

Hydell looks put out that Alex has ruined his fun. Alex takes Emilie away. Hydell watches them go - a dark look on his face.

Alex brings Emilie into the holding area with the other hostages.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Put men on the door - anyone tries anything - Kill them in front of the others.

There is a sudden *beeping* and a red beacon goes off. Alex and the others head for the control room.

ALEX (CONT'D)

What's going on?

PRISONER

Intruders at the perimeter.

EXT. SECTION EIGHT - SPACE

Outside, the LOPD fighters have arrived and approach Section Eight.

DUKE

S8 - this is the LOPD. Do you copy over?

Silence on the radio. Smoke pours out a vent into space.

PILOT

Some smoke leakage on the starboard hull.

The 100mm Pacifier cannons on the surface of Section Eight sit immobile.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Alex watches as the LOPD sweep over the surface. Hydell brings a technician from the hostage pool in at gunpoint and SLAMS him down against the panel.

HYDELL

Blow their asses out of the sky.

Terrified the technician flips a panel - the readout: AUTO DEFENSE ACTIVATE (ACTIVATE?)

Hydell reaches towards the ACTIVATE button

ALEX

Wait....

HYDELL

Why?

ALEX

Just wait.

Alex gives Hydell the hard eye - Hydell concedes but doesn't like being told what to do.

On the monitors the LOPD ships continue their sweep. Hydell's finger hovers over the "activate" button.

EXT - SECTION EIGHT - SPACE

The pilot sees something coming towards him - he realizes that it is the dead technician thrown into the airlock, his frosted dead face appears in front of the LOPD pilot.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Hydell presses the ACTIVATE key....

All hell breaks loose as the 100mm Pacifiers auto target the LOPD...and open fire.

3000 rounds a minute ERUPT from the remote weapons.

The first LOPD gets VAPORIZED instantly - another one of them IMPACTS off Section Eight itself in a fiery plume knocking off a portion of Section Eight - The guns rotate and auto-lock on the escaping craft.

INT - CONTROL ROOM - LOPD SATELLITE

PILOT (OVER RADIO)

We're taking fire. Repeat, we're taking fire.

EXT - SPACE - ORBITING SECTION EIGHT.

The remaining LOPD craft ducks and weaves as the auto targeting system gets a lock - bullets SHATTERING the glass canopy and the Vacuum rushes in - killing the pilot before his fighter VAPORIZES.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Alex SLAMS Hydell -

ALEX

What the fuck is wrong with you?

Hydell is smirking - Alex slaps the smile off his face.

ALEX (CONT'D)

You think you're in charge here? Think you're running this shit? You are not running this shit. I am.

Alex slams Hydell and walks away - leaving him with a bloody nose - Hydell wipes the blood slowly with his finger and then tastes it as he coldly watches Alex go. There will be trouble between these two.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER - EARTH

Miller lies restrained on a gurney. They have attached a drip into his arm - his blood flows loops through it. They step up and place the hypodermic into the drip - inject it - the dark liquid moves down the clear tube towards his arm. Miller struggles as it comes towards him.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY- EARTH

Langral and Shaw walk purposefully into the Oval office and interrupt a meeting.

LANGRAL

Everybody out.

Everyone looks stunned for a second. Then exits - Shaw shuts the door - Warnock looks at Langral

WARNOCK

Jesus. What's up with you?

LANGRAL

Within the last hour it seems there was a massive infraction at Supermax S8 - A takeover.

WARNOCK

Oh God. Is she...

LANGRAL

According to her telemetry she's fine but the situation is critical - the station has gone into lockdown - nothing in or out. LOPD have lost four ships to the defence system.

WARNOCK

What do we do?

LANGRAL

We can have Special forces out of
Bragg on site within four hours.

Warnock looks lost. Shaw is looking out the window deep
in thought.

SHAW

And say what?

They both look at Shaw. He turns around.

SHAW (CONT'D)

What order do we give?

WARNOCK

What are you saying?

SHAW

Are we talking about saving all the
hostages?...or are we talking about
saving Emilie Warnock?

Warnock looks at Shaw - we know he means 'save Emilie'.

WARNOCK

Jesus. Are you really going to make me
say it?

SHAW

The weapons system on this thing is
designed to repel any direct assault.
Now we can send in the Marines - and
we take our chances: play the odds -
but you know how those things go -
Also, we have no idea of her
whereabouts on board. As soon as we
order a large offensive she's dead.

Warnock doesn't like the sound of this.

SHAW (CONT'D)

....or...we can send in one man with a
specific order - to just get Emilie
out. No one must ever know that such
an order was ever given. It would cost
you four more years.

WARNOCK

How do we do that?

SHAW

We send Miller in.

LANGRAL

Miller!? What, are you nuts? The guys
a convicted murderer.

SHAW

He is our best in-and-out guy - at
least he was when he worked for us -
We know he's up to it.

LANGRAL

It's insane, Sir I recommend...

WARNOCK

Wait, why would he help us?

SHAW

We offer him an incentive. A pardon.
Besides after we get Emilie out- whose
going to believe any story from a
convicted murderer?

Langral thinks this is a terrible idea. Warnock is
already convinced.

WARNOCK

Lets do it.

LANGRAL

This guy murdered a high ranking
Colonel. Not to mentioned being
involved in espionage - I'm damned if
he's getting off scot-free.

SHAW

Then knock time off his sentence -
make it fifteen years. He's being put
into stasis right now so in less than
two minutes by the way this option
will disappear. So it's make up your
minds time.

WARNOCK

Okay. Get her back alive. Do whatever
you have to do. I want you two in
charge.

Langral nods. They turn and get to work. Shaw gets on
the phone

SHAW

This is Shaw - VOICEPRINT ID Shaw, Kurt
NSA3462 - stop the procedure. Now.

INT. MEDICAL CENTER -

The dark liquid is almost at Miller's vein - the doctor is on the phone

DOCTOR

Shit.

He sprints over and catches the needle and yanks it out of Miller's arm. The liquid drops to the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL. EARTH

Miller looks at Langral.

LANGRAL

...and that's the offer.

MILLER.

Fuck you and the guy you rode in on.

Shaw stands behind Langral. He drinks coffee out of a Styrofoam cup.

LANGRAL

So the answers no?

MILLER.

What do you think? You guys frame me for killing my friend and now you want me to help you? Get Rupert there to do it.

LANGRAL

Well, see you in about thirty years.

Langral begins to leave.

SHAW

I think what we're saying is that if you think about it, it might benefit us all.

Shaw turns the Styrofoam cup around. ...Written on it is : MACE IS ON S8.

Miller sees it.

MILLER

Wait.

Langral stops - turns.

MILLER.

I'll do it.

Langral looks mystified.

EXT. NIGHT - LAUNCH PAD.

Miller, Shaw, Langral and some other high-ranking NSA guys board a shuttle - it blasts off.

INT. GOVERNMENT SHUTTLE - SPACE

Miller, Shaw and Langral stand in the hold surrounded by weapons. Miller is gearing up. We see: various weapons laid out on the table. There are two small automatic pistols, a wire gun, a medical de-fib kit, grenades, metal burn spray, radios, an electric dart remote Tazer gun and two pieces of rope.

MILLER

500 prisoners? Are you fucking kidding me?

LANGRAL

Just rapists and murderers - you'll fit right in.

Langral opens up a map of Section 8 on the video screen.

LANGRAL (CONT'D)

So once you get on board, you'll have to locate her and get her to Subsection C Level 5.

MILLER.

Lets say I manage all this - Lets imagine I get in there, find her, get past the 500 psychos, find her - then what. How do we get off the station?

LANGRAL

That's easy - you jump.

MILLER

What?

LANGRAL

On level five at the bottom of the station - you'll find four ORAM suits...

MILLER

ORAM suits?

LANGRAL

Yeah, ORBITAL RECON and MAINTENANCE -
Self sustaining suits - you just need
to get outside, float and we'll pick
you up.

MILLER

And what if we get sucked into Earth's
gravity.

LANGRAL

It won't happen - you're fifty miles
outside the Earth's gravitational pull.

MILLER

But what if it does?

SHAW

Not that it's a problem but these
suits are precisely designed to
withstand a re-entry. They come
equipped with chutes.

MILLER.

How do you know she's not dead
already?

SHAW

She's wearing a telemetry medical
transmitter - all the first family
have them - this tells us that she's
alive. She's got some blood loss but
so far it's not life threatening.

MILLER.

What's with the rope? Kind of short
don't you think?

SHAW

It's explosives Miller, connect the
two ends- nine second charge - used
mainly for opening heavy secure panels
or bulkheads.

MILLER (TO LANGRAL)

How bout shit-heads? Does it work on
them?

INT- SECTION EIGHT- CONTROL ROOM.

Inmates wonder around the control room, one of them
stares out into space, he is obviously confused and
can't comprehend where he is.

INMATE

Where the fuck am I, what are you doing to me?

He starts fighting and pushing his way through other inmates, sweating and obviously paranoid. He looks down to his hand to see he is holding a knife. He looks at it, his hands are covered in blood.

INMATE (CONT'D)

Oh god, what did you do to me. I gotta get out of here.

He starts screaming.

INMATE (CONT'D)

You hear me- I gotta get out of here.

He turns to see Alex standing in front of him. The inmate lunges at Alex, stabbing his hand with the knife. Alex twists the inmates arm around and plunges the knife straight into the inmates chest. He gasps his last few breaths of air. Alex holds him as he dies.

ALEX

It's okay..ssshh, it's okay..you're just going back to sleep...

The inmate struggles, fighting death as he draws his last breath, then Alex drops his body to the ground. The other inmates look at him. Alex looks defiantly back at them- he has proved his status. Alex Looks around at the inmates. He moves to control desk. Above the controls is a computer date/time calender. The year reads 2088. This surprises Alex, he's been asleep for a long time.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Jesus! You?

Points to an inmate.

ALEX (CONT'D)

When were you convicted?

INMATE

2087. Last year.

ALEX

You know what this tech is?

The inmate nods.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Come here.

He looks to his cut hand and turns to another inmate.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Get me someone to stitch this up.

IN THE HOSTAGE POOL - Emilie is picked out of the group and brought up to Alex, (with inmates believing she is a nurse)- she is thrown down beside Alex.

INT- SECTION EIGHT- CONTROL ROOM.

Alex is about to radio to the LOPD, he gestures to Emilie.

ALEX

Just stitch it up.

Emilie nervously brings the needle to his hand. It is obvious she has never done this before. She wretches at the sight of the bloody wound. She threads the needle shakily and begins to stitch.

ALEX (CONT'D)

We have twenty hostages - We want transport out of here and safe passage. If you don't comply we'll start executing people...

Emilie accidentally sticks the needle into Alex's hand.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Ahh fuck.. Just..just leave it

Alex grabs the bandage off her and wraps up his hand.

INT. LOPD BASE -

Miller, Shaw, Langral and their entourage enter the LOPD base. Police everywhere. They are met by DUKE, a gruff Sergeant.

DUKE

Can someone please tell me what the hell is going on?

LANGRAL

We're taking over.

DUKE

And who are you?

Langral takes out his government badge...

LANGRAL

Your fairy fucking godfather.

The badge silences Duke. Langral begins to walk - leading the entourage.

LANGRAL (CONT'D)

Now. What's happening?

DUKE

We lost four of our cruisers and twenty minutes ago this came in...

He indicates a video screen : Alex's face.

ALEX (ON SCREEN)

We have twenty hostages - We want transport out of here and safe passage. If you don't comply we'll start executing people.. Ahh fuck.. Just..just leave it

Alex grabs the bandage off Emilie and wraps up his hand.

INT- CONTROL ROOM - LOPD BASE.

Langral and Miller watch on the monitor.

LANGRAL

Jesus it's her.

ALEX (ON SCREEN)

..one every sixty minutes. As you can see the staff are in good health for the moment. You have one hour before the festivities start.

Emilie walks behind Alex, We can see Emilie is injured.

DUKE

Five minutes ago they requested a negotiator.

MILLER

Freeze it right there.

The image freezes - Miller has noticed something. He steps over to Langral and Shaw.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Let me know when you've noticed it.

LANGRAL

When we want your opinion Miller we'll give it to you.

Shaw nods sympathetically to Miller.

MILLER.

Look...They don't know who they've got.

LANGRAL

How do you figure that, genius?

MILLER.

Well, one, they have her playing Doctor and two. They haven't mentioned they have the President's daughter as a hostage.

They look at the monitor

MILLER

Certainly means getting to her is more possible.

LANGRAL

Okay, but there's a chance we might be able to end this quickly.

SHAW

Why don't we just stick to the plan? I think this is a bad idea - it'll just draw attention to her. Then we're screwed.

LANGRAL

Shaw- you can send your lapdog in if you like. I'm doing what's best for Warnock. Get me the Sergeant.

Miller and Shaw exchange looks - this might be a bad idea.

THE HOSTAGE ENCLOSURE - SECTION EIGHT

The hostages are huddled on the floor - Kathryn looks down at Emilie's bleeding leg.

KATHRYN

The bleeding isn't really stopping.

EMILIE

I'm fine.

We can tell she's in pain.

EXT. SPACE.

The shuttle docks with Section Eight. The hostage negotiator steps out hands raised, Alex approaches as convicts search the shuttle - The Hostage Negotiator looks worried - they find nothing. Alex & Hydell step up.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Things you have asked for are on the way. Is everybody okay?

ALEX

For the time being, sure.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Now I was wondering what you're going to do for us?

ALEX

I imagine you're looking for a hostage.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Now why didn't I think of that?

ALEX

Maybe I should do your job, you seem to suck at it.

HYDELL

Nobody leaves.

The Hostage Negotiator looks at Hydell - realizes he's psycho - refocuses on Alex.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Can I talk to you privately for a second?

Alex steps over. This rankles Hydell who doesn't like being left out.

INSIDE THE LOPD - Shaw looks at Langral.

SHAW

This isn't going to work
(INTO RADIO)
Mil, let's go.

OUTSIDE IN SPACE - Miller, dressed in a space suit - emerges from a panel and begins to crawl along the hull of the ship....towards the station. He is attached to it via a winch wire which is, in turn, connected to the shuttle.

MILLER

This wire ain't helping.

SHAW

Don't cut the wire until your inside - otherwise you could drift off.

IN THE DOCK - SECTION EIGHT....

Alex and the Hostage Negotiator talk - watched by Hydell.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

This thing is contained right now - But you keep blasting people out the airlock, the press gets involved, then all bets are off. Then nobody goes *anywhere*, follow? Now, you seem like a smart guy so I'm gonna let you in on a little secret...

He conspiratorially puts his hand on Alex shoulder. Hydell watches.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

(CONT'D)

They're going to let you out of here. But you really think they're gonna let 500 convicts go? You, maybe five or six of you, can get out of here - it's what we call *breakage* - Do we have an understanding?

ALEX

Why would I give up a hostage?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

You know why they really ask for a hostage don't you? Because it tells them one important thing - *This guy is in charge*. But, hey, maybe you're not the guy who makes decisions around here - maybe I should be talking to *that* guy.

The negotiator indicates Hydell who is watching them venomously.

ALEX

No, I'm the guy you should be talking to.

The negotiator nods.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Then show me you're in charge - give me a hostage.

ALEX
Can I trust you?

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR
You can trust me.

Alex holds eyes with the negotiator

ALEX
One hostage?

IN THE LOPD CONTROL ROOM - Shaw hits the radio.

SHAW
Mil, hold it. This flatfoot might
actually have pulled this off.

Miller has made it to the surface of Section Eight and
crawls along the surface of the prison towards the
hatch. He stops.

MILLER.
Make up your fucking minds.

IN THE SECTION 8 DOCK - The Negotiator shrugs
noncommittally.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR
Yeah, usually one of the wounded...or,
I dunno, maybe a woman. A wounded
woman is always popular. You choose.

ALEX
Okay. Wait here.

INT. LOPD COMPUTER CENTRE - LOPD BASE

SHAW
Gotta admit, he's good. Make it seem
like his choice.

INT. HOSTAGE POOL - SECTION EIGHT.

Alex enters - looks around - sees Emilie Warnock -
Pulls back the jacket covering her leg - notices she's
wounded.

ALEX
Up. Get her up.

KATHRYN
Why?

ALEX
She's leaving.

EMILIE

Why me?

Kathryn and Hock help Emilie to her feet - Kathryn admonishes Emilie to be quiet.

ALEX

Shut up.

KATHRYN

Shhh. You're going home honey.

Emilie has difficulty standing - Hock and Kathryn help her to her feet and walk her out.

OUTSIDE IN SPACE - Miller is holding on -

MILLER.

Any news?

SHAW

Not sure yet - How's your temperature.

Miller looks at his gauge.

INSIDE SECTION EIGHT - A convict is walking along and looks out the window to see...

...A man in a space suit hangs on the outside.

WITNESS CONVICT

Shit!

He runs off to raise the alarm.

INT. AIRLOCK AREA - SECTION EIGHT.

The elevator opens and Hock and Kathryn carry Emilie out.

INT. LOPD COMPUTER CENTRE - LOPD BASE

Langral looks at Shaw with a smug smile.

LANGRAL

Looks like it's working.

INT. THE AIRLOCK - SECTION EIGHT.

They approach the airlock. Hydell is unhappy to be seeing his plaything leaving.

HYDELL

Wait. Why her?

Hydell steps in the way between Emilie and the airlock.

ALEX

Back off Rape-boy. I'm getting real tired of your shit.

HYDELL

Not her. Take another one.

The negotiator looks nervous - he can see Hydell is going to be a problem.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

We're taking her for medical assistance.

HYDELL

Aha, so you want a wounded hostage?

BAM! Hydell SHOOTs Kathryn in the chest.

EMILIE

No?!!!

IN THE LOPD CONTROL ROOM -

SHAW

Woah! What happened - who got shot?

IN THE SECTION 8 DOCK - Kathryn drops to the floor like a stone, convulsing. Emilie, in shock, drops down over her - Kathryn struggles for life.

HYDELL

Problem solved. Everybody wins.

INT. LOPD BASE-CONTROL ROOM.

LANGRAL

Shit.

ON THE SECTION EIGHT DOCK - Kathryn's Blood spurts out on the floor. Emilie checks the wound.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Jesus H. Christ.

Hydell presses the gun into the hostage negotiator's eye socket.

HYDELL

What d'you say fuck-face? You needed a wounded hostage? You got one. You happy now?

Alex slams Hydell against the wall.

ALEX

What the fuck? You think they'll negotiate with cop killers you idiot. You've fucked us. Now how are we supposed to get out of here?

OUTSIDE IN SPACE -

SHAW

Mil, it's gone bad. Get in there.

Miller continues to crawl along the surface of Section Eight.

IN THE DOCK SECTION 8 - PFFT! The wall radio goes - Alex hits it.

WITNESS CONVICT (OVER RADIO)

It's a set-up - there's some guy outside climbing on board from their shuttle.

Alex turns - Looks at the negotiator.

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Listen...I...

BAM! He fires - killing the negotiator. Emilie screams.

IN THE SHUTTLE COCKPIT - The pilot realizes it's gone bad - he hits the "breach" button and the shuttle makes an emergency pull away.

OUTSIDE IN SPACE - Suddenly, Miller is YANKED by the tow line. He FLAILS around looking to see if he can get a foothold - He manages to sever the line but suddenly finds he cannot reach Section 8...it is one foot away from his hand. He flails around trying to reach it - no joy. In fact he is slowly moving away from it.

IN THE DOCK SECTION 8 - Kathryn's breathing shallows and stops - she dies.

ALEX

Bring them back inside.

They pull a hysterical Emilie off Kathryn. They are ushered away.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Do something useful - find this intruder and kill him - Now get the fuck out of my sight.

Hydell slinks away. Alex is left looking at the dead bodies on the floor. Another con stands nearby.

CON

Why don't we just kill that moron.

ALEX

Because he's my brother.

LOPD BASE.

Langral listens to the talkback - the plan's failed.

LANGRAL

Looks like plan B - Lets hope your
show pony performs. Your neck is on
the line.

Shaw looks at Langral flatly.

OUTSIDE IN SPACE - The shuttle is moving away from
Section 8 when the Pacifiers auto-target it. The pilot
barely has a second to register when the ship is hit
and EXPLODES.

AT THE HULL OF SECTION 8 - Miller is floating away when-
the shock-wave from the explosion pushes him towards
the hull - phew - he grabs hold and begins to climb
inside the port.

Inside Miller opens the fuel seal - it's a tight fit -
fuel spews out into space, He crawls up the fuel line -
emerging into an large tank. He takes out a spray and
sprays it against the roof of the tank in a circle -
which begins to corrode and collapses - leaving a hole
big enough for Miller to get in. He pulls himself up -

...He's inside Section 8.

INT. ENTRANCE ROTUNDA - SECTION EIGHT.

Alex walks back through the entrance rotunda - he
suddenly stops: *Something has caught his attention.*

He turns back and looks to...

The photograph of the President on the wall. But that's
not what Alex has seen: Beside the president on the
desk of the oval office is a *framed photograph....*

A college photograph of Emilie Warnock.

Alex eyes widen: *Holy shit!* Alex begins to run towards
the elevators.

INT. ELEVATOR - SECTION EIGHT.

Hock and Emilie stand in the lift - a con behind them has a gun. Hock looks at Emilie: *He's going to try something*. Emilie shakes her head: *No*. The elevator pings at the floor - they step out. Hock suddenly swings around - deflecting the shotgun - it smacks off Emilie's temple, knocking her over - there is a struggle but the big con is stronger - he pushes the barrel of the shotgun down towards Hock's face: *He's going to die* - the barrel meets his eyes. *This is it.*

There is a sudden THWACK, the con is SLAMMED sideways BY Miller - the shotgun BLAST just misses Hock's face. Hock sees two silhouettes fighting in the darkness.

Miller SLAMS the big con. The shotgun slides away - Miller is thrown down. The con gets to the shotgun - he raises it to shoot Miller (who is a sitting duck) - The con notices rope hanging limply around his neck. He laughs and levels the shotgun.

BLAM!

The cons head EXPLODES at the neck - liquefying the head. His body drops spastically to the floor.

Miller stands up - turns.

PHUNGGGG! He is PUNCHED in the face with a fire extinguisher held by Emilie. He drops.

Hock shoulders Emilie and they run for it. Miller sits up and gives chase -

MILLER.

Wait you fuckwits. I'm here to save you.

But they are gone. Miller gives chase.

Hock and Emilie dodge into a panic room - As Miller runs up the door SLAMS shut. Miller rubs his face.

MILLER. (CONT'D)

Ow.

INT. PANIC ROOM -

Hock puts Emilie down. He steps to the door of the panic room -

HOCK

This is a safe room. We'll be okay here. Nothing getting through that.

EMILIE

Oh God - do you think I killed that guy?

HOCK

Don't worry about it - it was him or us.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LOPD BASE.

Langral leans into the mike.

LANGRAL

Miller, have you secured the package?

MILLER.

Not exactly.

LANGRAL

I don't understand. Do you have the package or not?

MILLER.

Your wildcat's locked herself in a safe room - ain't *nothing* getting in there. She's safe. Send in the cavalry. Bitch hit me with a fire extinguisher.

LANGRAL

Miller you listen to me - your job is to secure the package as we discussed. Do your job or I'll hit you with a fucking Sherman tank. You get me?

MILLER

Bite my bag, Langral. I've got other things to do.

LANGRAL

What? What the fuck are you talking about? You get back to work Miller. Miller?

Miller begins to walk away from the panic room. He suddenly becomes aware of people approaching - he melts into the shadows. Alex approaches with other inmates and finds the headless body. They approach the panic room - Alex regards the door: a bloody handprint on the frame.

ALEX

The answer to all our problems is beyond this door. Get one of the security engineers. Actually bring two.

INT. PANIC ROOM. SECTION EIGHT.

Emilie tucks her legs up under her chin.

EMILIE

So what now?

HOCK

Now? We wait. They'll send in the
Marines. It won't be long.

Emilie nods - She permits herself a little cry but
swallows it.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE PANIC ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Two security technicians are brought up to Alex. He
takes out a gun and SHOOTs one in the head. BLAM! The
other nearly shits himself.

ALEX

Hopefully that will spare me the
inevitable "it can't be done"
discussion. I need this door open. How
do we do it?

The technician is still panicking but regains his
composure enough to speak.

TECHNICIAN 1

Well, um...ah...we could try to bypass
the locking mechanism.

Alex just looks at him - the technician gets to work.

INT. PANIC ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Emilie and Hock sit bolt upright at the sound of
something being tampered with at the door.

EMILIE

What is that?

HOCK

They're trying to get it open.

He presses his ear against it - listening.

EMILIE

Can they do that?

Hock steps back - draws his gun and points it into the
panel - FIRES - there is a shower of sparks.

OUTSIDE IN THE CORRIDOR - The technician recoils as the bullet mashes the electronics.

TECHNICIAN

This is going to take a little longer.

Alex cocks the handgun.

ALEX

Let's hope you mean five minutes.

INT. PANIC ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Hock steps back - Notices Emilie is terrified.

HOCK

Don't worry. That'll hold them.

Emilie tries to smile. She's breathing heavily. So is Hock. She looks at him. It's getting harder to breathe.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - LOPD BASE

A doctor looking at Emilie Warnock's telemetry monitor notices something. There is an audible BEEP!

DOCTOR

Woah. We've got an amber flag spike here. Early indications of Hypoxia -

SHAW

Meaning?

DOCTOR

I'm not sure - Got a Co2 buildup in the lungs - Systolic is up. Nitrogen presence in the bloodstream. Yep, definitely early stage Hypoxia - affirmative.

DOCTOR2

Man that's all we need.

LANGRAL

So? What? What does that mean?

DOCTOR

It means they're losing oxygen.

IN THE PANIC ROOM - Hock steps up to the panel he shot through - there is the *hiss* of air escaping.

HOCK

Oh no.

He takes off his jacket and tries to block it. No joy.

EXTERIOR - OUTSIDE THE PANIC ROOM: The technician works the electronic lock as fast as he can. Alex, with the gun, watches.

INSIDE THE PANIC ROOM - Emilie and Hock hear the tech working - their breathing is getting shallower.

INT. TERMINAL - SECTION EIGHT.

Miller logs onto a computer and begins searching for MACE.

LANGRAL (OVER RADIO)

Miller - we need you to go in and get her. Now.

MILLER.

Actually it's kind of inconvenient right now.

Miller is searching through the database for MACE - he finds the location of the chamber where Mace is kept M346 - Miller writes it on his hand in marker.

LANGRAL

She's losing oxygen - She's suffocating.

MILLER

Are you making this up?

SHAW

Mil, It's Kurt - it's for real. At the current rate of Carbon Dioxide buildup she'll be dead in...seven minutes.

MILLER

Well what do you want me to do about it? Those things are designed to be impregnable. I'm not fucking Houdini.

IN THE LOPD CONTROL ROOM - A map is brought up on the screen.

SHAW

Mil...you've got to get to an access hatch on five - there's a way in through the airflow system.

MILLER

Jesus - women. Always with the drama.

He exits.

IN THE CORRIDOR - The drill showers sparks everywhere.

AT THE MAINTENANCE HATCH - Miller kicks the hatch in and climbs into the shaft - begins to climb.

IN THE PANIC ROOM - Air is getting thin now. They are both starting to go into respiratory shock. Hock looks over at Emilie.

HOCK

They'll be through that door in five minutes. Hold on. Breathe shallow. Okay?

But Emilie is becoming groggy. Hock looks concerned.

IN THE MAINTENANCE HATCH - Miller crawls along.

SHAW

...You should see a ladder in front of you - take it -

Miller does so.

SHAW (CONT'D)

And straight ahead - here's where it gets a little tricky -

Miller emerges out into a cavernous shaft that draws the air throughout Section Eight. It is an infinite fall below him - he looks down to see a giant fan spinning rapidly.

SHAW (CONT'D)

You've got to get to the other side.

MILLER.

Should I put on my blue leotard now?

SHAW

What? Why?

MILLER.

Because you missed the bit where I fucking fly!

IN THE LOPD CONTROL ROOM -

SHAW

Miller listen to me - the airflow from the fans will hold you up. Okay? Trust me.

IN THE SHAFT - Miller looks down - he doesn't like it. The fan is lethal looking. He steels himself and leans out -

- he is carried on the air current. Phew. He kicks off and glides towards the hatch carried on a pillow of air.

SHAW (CONT'D)

Now - you've got to get the hatch open.

Miller reaches the hatch - examines the corners - Allen bolts - he takes out his kit and begins to loosen them.

DOCTOR

(watching the readouts)

We've got full blown Hypoxia -
Nitrogen levels approaching critical -
Cardiac arrest in one minute tops.

SHAW

Mil, you've got to hurry it up a bit.
We're getting tight here.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM ON SECTION EIGHT -

The monitors cycle picture - One of the cons looks at it.

CONVICT

What is that?

Hydell turns, looks at the monitor: Miller in the shaft

IN THE PANIC ROOM - Emilie's lips are turning blue.
Hock looks at her, then at the door - one minute, but it might be the minute that makes the difference.

HOCK

We're not going to make it.

Hock draws his gun. Points it at his own head.

HOCK (CONT'D)

But you might. I'm sorry.

He smiles.

EMILIE

No!

Then BLAM! He kills himself. Emilie recoils,

IN THE LOPD BASE -

DOCTOR

Woah - What just happened? Heart rate just went off the charts.

SHAW

Mil, let's go - pressures on Buddy.

IN THE SHAFT -

Miller has three of the four bolts off - he lift his Allen driver to the last one -

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - A terrified technician with Hydell's gun to his head presses some buttons.

IN THE SHAFT - The fan below Miller cuts out. He drops towards it. He flails and catches some wires as the fan SHREDS his boot sole. In the impact he drops the Allen driver and some other items through the fan. He watches it drops away from him. Gone.

IN THE LOPD CONTROL ROOM -

DOCTOR

Blood o2 decline is stable - somehow she's found more oxygen but it'll only buy us another minute or so.

SHAW

Mil? How we doing?

IN THE CONTROL ROOM SECTION 8- The terrified technician presses more buttons...Hydell smiles as he watches Miller on the monitor...

IN THE SHAFT - Miller begins to climb up the wires - back towards the vent. Below him the fan grinds to a standstill....

...then begins to turn the other way.

MILLER.

How does a guy get a break around here?

The wind suction starts to build. Miller begins to climb as fast as he can.

IN THE PANIC ROOM - Emilie is beginning to expire. Her eyes close. She's dying.

IN THE LOPD CONTROL ROOM -

DOCTOR

That's it - Cardiac arrest in three, two, one. We're out of time.

The high pitched wheeeeeee of the heart monitor.

SHAW

Mil. She's flat lined. Get in there.

IN THE SHAFT - Miller struggles to climb as the wires begin to PEEL off the walls with the increasing suction and inch him closer to the spinning fan. He PULLS himself with all his might up to the vent - the last Allen bolt beckons - he grasps it between thumb and forefinger and tries to turn it - blood seeps out with the sheer intensity of his grip. Slowly it gives way. He twists it off. The vent falls away - shredding as it hits the fan. Miller pulls himself up into the vent. Just.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - S8 - Hydell watches Miller get into the vent.

HYDELL

Shit.

He begins to run.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - LOPD -

DOCTOR

Okay - EEG activity declining - brain death in twenty five seconds.

IN THE SHAFT - Miller crawls along the shaft until he comes to an access panel

SHAW

Twenty seconds Mil - then it's all over.

- he begins to pack the explosive rope around the panel. Fires it.

IN THE PANIC ROOM - There is a BOOM and the panel drops to the floor - there is an influx of air. Miller drops down next to Emilie.

MILLER.

I'm in. What now?

DOCTOR2

Okay first let's get the motor going. Open the MediPac. You need to get the defib kit - it's white with a red stripe.

Miller opens it - its a confusing array of equipment - He scrambles through it.

DOCTOR

Fifteen seconds...

MILLER.

The countdown isn't helping fuckface.

He finds them -

DOCTOR2

Place them on the chest..center and
under the right arm.

Miller does so -

DOCTOR

Ten seconds...nine...

DOCTOR2

Make sure your not touching her then
hit the button under your thumb.

Miller fires it. The Defib begins a series of
electrical shocks to force Emilie's heart to pump.

DOCTOR2 (CONT'D)

Bingo got a pulse. Good.

DOCTOR

...seven...six...

MILLER

Then what the fuck is he still
counting for?

DOCTOR2

Not done yet - find the Vidadermic
labelled 20cc's Serotonin
norepinephrine

MILLER

I can't even fucking *spell* that!

He looks through the stuff frantically.

DOCTOR

Four...three...

He finds the Vidadermic - opens it - it a 7 inch needle
with a miniature video camera on top.

MILLER.

What in the SAM ADAMS am I supposed to
do with this?

DOCTOR

Here's where it gets difficult. It's a
neurotransmitter stimulant. You've got
to push the needle through the white
of her eye - into the brain.

MILLER.

Are you fucking kidding me?

DOCTOR2

Move it around until it beeps when it locates the thalamus - it's semi-self guiding - then fire it and pull it as fast as you can.

Grimacing Miller does so - He opens Emilie's eye and pushes the needle with a SQUELCH into the eye white - it goes down four inches....into the brain.

DOCTOR

Two...one...Brain Death.

It beeps.....

DOCTOR2

Fire it.

BAM! Miller PRESSES the needle. Fires the neurotransmitter cocktail into her head.

...Emilie's eyes SLAM open. She BUCKS like a million volts went through her - like a colossal violent epileptic fit.

DOCTOR

Okay, okay! We've got activity.

DOCTOR2

Now get some air in there.

Miller looks at the equipment.

MILLER.

How do I do that?

DOCTOR2

Mouth to mouth doofus.

Miller leans in and administers mouth to mouth. Emilie regains her senses and realizes that a strange man is, effectively, kissing her. She SLAPS him.

MILLER

Jesus, First you hit me with an extinguisher now you slap me. Are you fucking *Bipolar*?

EMILIE

What the hell do you think you're doing?

MILLER.

Saving your ass and *this* is the thanks I get? Listen Darlin, I don't get my jollies making out with dead chicks.

EMILIE

I was dead?

MILLER.

...and I don't mean to be unkind but
so far I preferred you that way.

The sound of the door locks turning - the technician
has got the door open.

MILLER. (CONT'D)

Okay - we need to go. Now.

INT. PANIC ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

The metal door is forced open and the cons storm in -
Alex sees the room is empty. He looks up - the hole in
the roof. Something rolls out and falls at his feet...

...a grenade.

Alex runs. The grenade explodes BLASTING the room. Alex
is blown out the door.

INT THE SHAFTS...Miller is on the move pushing Emilie
along - They emerge at a T-Junction.

SHAW(OVER RADIO)

Left here - fifty feet.

Miller helps Emilie along. Behind them they can hear
voices. He drops another grenade on a timer - flicks
the switch on it "MOTION DETECT - 5 SEC DELAY"

He drops the grenade and they move on.

OUTSIDE THE PANIC ROOM - Alex wakes up in the rubble -
he looks up. Hydell looks down at him - A smug nasty
smile on his face.

HYDELL

Told you.

INT THE SHAFT - The grenade sits on the ground - Cons
giving chase emerge around the corner - a con looks
down to see the grenade - the motion detector Beeps.

IN THE SHAFT - Miller and Emilie sprint down a
corridor. Behind them there is a BOOM!

Miller and Emilie continue on.

SHAW(OVER RADIO)

Okay you're there - should be a panel.

Miller sees it, kicks in the panel and they emerge into...

INT. SMALL CORRIDOR... They run through the space. Emilie's leg is clearly hurting her.

LOPD CONTROL ROOM - The doctor turns away from Emilie's telemetry

DOCTOR

Okay - Systolic Bp is down - she's losing too much blood.

SHAW

Okay Mil - we've got to treat that injury.

INT THE CORRIDOR - Miller looks down at Emilie's leg. It's bleeding badly. Cons come up behind them - Miller opens fire.

MILLER

A little busy right now.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT - Alex enters and grabs the technician.

ALEX

What do you know about communication systems?

IN THE CORRIDOR - Miller and Emilie run along. Miller taking direction from Shaw.

SHAW

Straight ahead should be a T-Junction - You're almost there, Mil, Listen to me, it's vitally important that you go the right way, don't for Christ's sake go down the.....

The transmission dies. Miller reaches for his earpiece.

MILLER.

Kurt? Kurt? Do do what? They cut the transmission.

EMILIE

What? Who did?

MILLER

The fucking elves. Who do you think?

INT THE LOPD CONTROL ROOM -

SHAW
 Mil? Can you hear me?
 (To the radio tech)
 What just happened?

TECHNICIAN 1
 They're blocking transmissions.

SHAW
 Okay - I need you to find me a way
 back in. We're flying blind.

IN THE CORRIDOR SECTION EIGHT - Miller and Emilie look
 down the T-Junction - 2 choices: *no clue which*
direction Behind them they can hear the approach of
 pursuers.

MILLER
 This way.

EMILIE
 Are you sure?

MILLER
 I'm positive.

EMILIE
 You don't *sound* sure.

MILLER
 I'm fucking certain.

EMILIE
 Then why were you upset when you lost
 transmission?

MILLER
 I wasn't upset I was considering.

EMILIE
 Considering? Sounds to me like your
 not sure.

MILLER
 I said I'm fucking SURE!

They run down the hall - through an antechamber - into
 a door beyond which is

...nothing. A dead end with a drop away into darkness:
An abyss.

EMILIE
 I thought you said you were sure.

MILLER
 Now? You're doing the blame thing now?

They turn to go back into the antechamber but can hear their pursuers coming up: *Too Late*. Miller locks the antechamber door:

EMILIE

That thing won't hold them long.

MILLER

Anytime you want to suggest something useful feel free to chip in.

Miller smashes the light -

IN THE HALL - The cons see the light go out through the tiny porthole in the door - they approach it - and begin to kick it in.

IN THE ABYSS - The grapple wire hits the wall. Miller puts Emilie onto it and she begins to cross it. Her leg hurts.

IN THE ANTECHAMBER - The door is kicked in. The cons enter - torches out. Then they see it - a grenade sits on the table. The cons look at it in horror...

...the grenade just sits there: *Nothing happens*.

They hold - one waves his hand in front of it - It doesn't go off. Phew. He looks at the other con.

CONVICT

Lucky.

ANGLE ON THE GRENADES DIGITAL READOUT...

It reads: VOICE SENSOR: ON.

The light flicks from RED to GREEN. The grenade EXPLODES incinerating the room.

IN THE ABYSS - Emilie is halfway across the gap as the wire is TOSSED about by the explosion. She is flipped about like a rag doll - her wounded leg gives away and she drops down - catching the wire. She barely manages to hold on with one hand.

MILLER.

Shit. Stay there, I'm coming.

Miller is on the wire in seconds but Emilie is weak from her wound. Her hand is having trouble holding the wire.

Miller repels towards her - he just reaches her as she drops - He lunges and catches her by one hand.
(Miller's right hand)

She hangs over the abyss. He is holding on by his knees.

MILLER. (CONT'D)
Hold on. I've got you.

But she is slipping, literally, through his fingers.

MILLER
Emilie. I need you to help me. Pull yourself up.

EMILIE
I can't. Don't drop me.

MILLER
I won't but you need to pull yourself up.

Her fingers are sliding through his.

Miller hears the approach of convicts through the damaged back room.

MILLER.
Oh shit.

He un-holsters his handgun - they appear at the door - he fires BAM! BAM! The cons recoil at the door.

Emilie's fingers continue to slip through.

EMILIE
I can't..

But it's obvious that gravity is winning this battle - her fingers start to slip through - four, three, two...

EMILIE (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

...one.

She drops away from him. Miller watches in frozen horror as she drops away to certain death. She disappears into the darkness.

MILLER
No!!

He remains frozen as he realizes she's gone.

Gunfire from the doorway snaps him out of his reverie. He fires back - until the handgun runs empty. They fire again - severing the wire.

Miller drops into the Abyss.

He falls into the darkness for what seems like ages.

Then....

SPLASH!

He hits liquid....and is swept along like a leaf in a torrent until...

He is deposited on a grate.

Beside Emilie. She's okay.

EMILIE

I can't believe you dropped me.

MILLER.

I can't believe you let go.

INT. GALLEY - SECTION EIGHT.

Miller KICKS in a panel - they emerge into a darkened medical area - Miller leans Emilie onto a table and searches for medical supplies.

EMILIE

So who are you?

MILLER

Me? I'm Miller.

EMILIE

And?

MILLER

Um, Capricorn?

EMILIE

I meant what are you *doing* here? Who sent you?

MILLER

Your dad did.

EMILIE

My Dad? Oh my god, he'll be worried sick.

MILLER

I wouldn't worry about it - in my experience nothing really bothers your father.

EMILIE

I'm sorry, what do you mean by that?

MILLER

Listen - I was sent to get you. That's all.

He finds a anaesthetic kit and a layout map of the prison. He begins to unwrap the contents whilst looking at her leg. He uses a backscatter x-ray to look in her leg.

MILLER.

No bullet - went through - lucky.

EMILIE

So what's the plan?

MILLER

What plan?

EMILIE

You must have a plan - to rescue the hostages?

MILLER

What hostages?

EMILIE

You're not here to rescue the hostages?

MILLER

What the fuck are you talking about?

EMILIE

The. Hostages. How are we going to get them? Should I write it in crayon?

MILLER

I don't know about any hostages - I came here to get you. Mission accomplished - and pretty well I would say.

Miller begins prepping the hypodermic.

EMILIE

Are you just thrilled with yourself all day or is it a part-time position?

MILLER

Are you on medication?

EMILIE

I'm not kidding. We can't just leave them.

MILLER

Leave who?

EMILIE
THE HOSTAGES!

MILLER (YELLING)
We're not going back to rescue any
hostages!! We're getting out of here.
After I do one thing. There. That's
the plan.

EMILIE
They'll die if we leave them.

MILLER
Do you always *talk* this much?

EMILIE
Are you always this obnoxious?

Miller suddenly stops - listening.

MILLER
Shhh?

She tenses - listening. Nothing.

EMILIE
(whispers)
Did you hear something?

MILLER.
No I'm just enjoying the silence.

EMILIE
You asshole. I was scared. We are NOT
leaving them.

MILLER
That's really very sweet but the
others are going to have to stay -
there really isn't room for anyone
else. Kind of a VIP deal, get it?

EMILIE
What I get is: You're an selfish
dickh...OW!

THHICCK! Miller jams the needle into her leg. Presses
it.

EMILIE (CONT'D)
What is that?

MILLER
This will freeze all nerves for twenty
four hours. Maybe I could use it on
your mouth.

She grimaces but it takes hold - she nods - the pain subsides.

INT. FOYER SECTION EIGHT.

Alex pulls down the picture of President Warnock from the wall - smashes it - rips out Emilie's picture.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - SECTION EIGHT.

Miller is consulting the map of Section Eight.

MILLER

Okay, see here on the map..

EMILIE

Eh yeah.

MILLER

That's where you need to go. There are suits there, you just put one of them on, jump out and the calvary will come get you.

Emilie is looking confused.

EMILIE

On my own?

MILLER

Sure - you're a big girl.

EMILIE

This is the plan you agreed with my dad?

MILLER

Sure. You'll be fine. Here's an apple. And a gun. Don't talk to strangers. Shoot them.

He gives her an apple. And a gun. Emilie isn't too sure what to make of Miller, and too proud to refuse.

EMILIE

Okay, well... I'm sure I...Where are you going?

MILLER

Oh I gotta do something, which is kind of a solo deal but, look, here's the map - keep to the directions - and I'll follow you later. It's been a real slice. Good luck.

She looks at the map.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You're holding it upside down.

EMILIE

Which way is east?

MILLER

And we're in orbit now It's port and starboard. That's port - no east. You go that way.

Miller gestures the way to go. Emilie walks away uncertainly looking left and right. Miller watches as she goes, she's useless. She goes left. Then comes back and goes right. She looks at him uncertainly.

He gives her a thumbs up.

MILLER (CONT'D)

You're doing great.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Alex grabs the radio - his voice is tannoyed all over Section Eight.

ALEX

Attention - we have a problem. You want to get out of here? Our mealticket is a woman - She's been on the run for fifteen minutes, we need her alive and we need her as soon as possible. They are going to try and leave this station, watch everywhere, block all possible access.

He slaps the photo down on a scanner. Presses a "send" button and Emilie's picture is broadcast on every Monitor.

INT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Miller and Emilie see her face on the monitor.

MILLER

Ah shit.

He summons her back. She tentatively walks back.

MILLER (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Okay, okay. You can tag along, but just...just.. be quiet alright.

Emilie smiles.

MILLER.

We go this way....

Emilie notices it's the opposite direction that he said for her to go.

EMILIE

But.. I thought you said the...

MILLER

Short cut. We're going east.

INT. SMALL DIRTY UTILITY ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

A pair of dirty prison overalls are thrown down. Emilie looks at them distastefully

EMILIE

No.

MILLER

It's all I could find.

EMILIE

They're filthy.

MILLER

Well you can't walk past 500 psychos dressed like a woman.

Miller is mixing up a concoction in a jar - a black sticky mess.

EMILIE

What is that?

MILLER

I think you're a little *Blonde* to be walking around here.

EMILIE

If you think you're putting that gunk in my hair you've got another thing coming Mister.

Miller continues undeterred - adding some black oil.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

So what do I call you.

MILLER

Miller.

EMILIE

Miller?

MILLER

Yep. Or Sir. You choose.

EMILIE

That's it? Miller? Miller what?

MILLER

Just Miller.

EMILIE

What's your first name.

MILLER

Miller.

EMILIE

What's your last name?

MILLER

Miller.

EMILIE

Your name is Miller Miller? Well that's just ridiculous. I don't believe you.

MILLER

Jesus, do you always talk this much?

EMILIE

Why won't you tell me your name?

MILLER

I just did.

EMILIE

No you didn't.

MILLER

Put this in your hair.

Emilie catches a smell of it - it's vile.

EMILIE

Ugh. Not-on-your-life.

Miller steps back, thinking.

HARD CUT TO:

Miller forcibly holds Emilie's head down and haphazardly slaps on the black hair dye while she struggles like a hysterical kid at bathtime. Then, holding her down - he takes out the scissors - snip, snip - cuts off big messy chunks.

Job done. He lets her go - she slaps him. He steps away and wipes his hands. She looks at herself in a dirty mirror.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

You're a Pig.

He throws his dirty towel at her - she dries her hair - Then offers her the stained overalls. She looks at him defiantly - thinks about refusing, but takes them. (the last refusal didn't go so well). She removes her clothes and gets into the overalls.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

Do you always treat women like this?

MILLER

Only when I'm being charming.

Emilie gestures to Miller to look away. Miller stays looking at her smiling.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Oh right sorry.

Miller turns around.

EMILIE

Do you know what my father will do to you?

MILLER

Jesus, not raise taxes again?

Emilie slowly pulls the overalls over her waist.

EMILIE

What's that supposed to mean?

Miller turns around early, she's half dressed. Emilie crumples up.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

Turn around.

Miller turns back.

MILLER

In my experience your father leaves people out to dry - you wanna watch out for that.

EMILIE

My father is a good man.

MILLER

Really? I think he's a dick.

EMILIE

God, you're an infant.

MILLER

Sure, Let me look at you.

She turns towards him - looks like a scruffy mess. He sizes her up: something's missing. He considers it...

MILLER (CONT'D)

Don't move.

...then punches her in the face. She recoils.

EMILIE

ARE YOU CRAZY?

Miller hits her again. She flails at him. He deflects the attack.

MILLER

Woah, woah, woah. *Easy.*

He hits her again, Emilie faints.

MILLER.

Ooops, maybe too much.

CUT TO:

INT. LOPD BASE.

The Doctors are monitoring Emilie.

DOCTOR

What was that?

DOCTOR2

Some kind of sudden rush of blood to her head.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. SMALL DIRTY UTILITY ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

Miller spins her and turns her into the reflection. She has a bruise - widening and reddening.

MILLER

It's purely cosmetic and it might just save your life.

She pulls away from him - angry. Checks the reflection.

EMILIE

That's going to leave a mark.

MILLER

Let's go we haven't much time.

He steps away - Emilie looks scornfully after him.

INT. LOPD- CONTROL ROOM.

Shaw is handed a phone by a technician.

TECHNICIAN

It's them.

Shaw puts the phone to his ear.

ALEX

...and you thought we wouldn't find out. Tsk. Tsk.

SHAW

Don't know what you're talking about.

ALEX

Tell Warnock we have his little girl...If we don't get what we want, Tell your Pres that I've got 500 potential rapists right here waiting to gang-bang his daughter- I'm sure we could make some world record with that.

SHAW

So what do you want?

INT.- LOPD BASE- DOCKING BAY-SPACE.

A shuttle docks with the Presidential insignia - The President steps off walks into the main control room. Shaw and Langral turn around.

WARNOCK

What's happened - Is Emilie okay?

TRACK IN ON LANGRAL...this isn't going to be an easy conversation.

INT. SECTION EIGHT - CONTROL ROOM.

Alex hangs up - looks to Hydell -

ALEX

Find her.

HYDELL

Do I look like your fucking dog?

ALEX

Just find her. Please.

INT. SECTION EIGHT

Miller and Emilie approach a door dressed as convicts.
Miller puts down the map.

MILLER.

Okay - This is general population.
There's going to be a lot of nasty
types in here. Don't draw attention to
yourself okay?

Miller reaches out for the button to open it.

EMILIE

Wait a second.

MILLER

What? what?

EMILIE

What if this doesn't work?

MILLER

Well. Then we're *fucked*.

EMILIE

What? Is this your idea of
encouragement?

MILLER

Oh Jesus, what the *fuck*?

EMILIE

I'm...scared.

MILLER

Well, if it helps you, I'm crapping in my shorts right now.

EMILIE

That wasn't exactly the response I was looking for. Nice visual by the way.

MILLER

Well what can I say? This ain't one of your society functions.

EMILIE

Where do you get these ideas about me?

MILLER

Well you just don't strike me as a girl who'd go *bowling*.

EMILIE

Excuse me? I happen to be *great* at bowling.

MILLER

Really? You *go bowling*?

EMILIE

Every Tuesday. There's a lane at the White House.

MILLER

Oh for Christ's *sake*. See that's exactly what I'm talking about.

EMILIE

That's hardly my fault.

MILLER

Careful, you're beginning to sound like your Dad.

EMILIE

Don't you dare start all that again. Don't think you're going to convince me that my dad is a bad guy. If he did anything bad to you I'm sure you did something to deserve it.

MILLER

I'm totally picturing duct tape over your mouth right now.

She stops - shaking her head, exasperated.

The door opens - ahead of them sounds of mayhem and shouting - They begin to walk - Emilie's hand gravitates towards Miller's - clasps it (as would a small child crossing the road). He yanks it away -

MILLER (CONT'D)

Shit. That will get us killed. Somehow I don't think there's a lot of public displays of affection in here. Keep it together will you?

She withdraws her hand - wide eyed. They continue to walk - rounding the corner they enter....

INT. GENERAL POPULATION AREA - SECTION EIGHT.

It's *bedlam* - convicts run this way and that, some fires are burning and the place looks like the aftermath of a riot. Prisoners devouring food, one of the prison guards has been crucified - his remains hang from the crossover - his face frozen in the horror of a slow death. Emilie stares at it, eyes like saucers - Miller grabs her arm and keeps her moving.

MILLER

Stop looking at it.

EMILIE

What are you looking for?

MILLER

Mace.

EMILIE

Like the spray?

MILLER

Not like the spray.

He walks along the chambers looking for Mace - he comes to the chamber M346 - compares it to the number on his wrist - it's empty.

Miller looks defeated. No sign of Mace.

MILLER.

Shit.

Miller begins to walk around looking for Mace - he searches through the faces of the cons. Emilie follows him. They continue through the population area. They are being eyed by various cons, Emilie is getting anxious, fearing her disguise as a con isn't going to work. You can cut the tension with a knife.

They approach the exit of general population, They're going to make it. Miller takes one last look back at the other end of general population-through the crowds of faces, Miller suddenly sees MACE.

MILLER (SOFTLY)

Mace.

Shit. Now Miller and Emilie have to go back through population.

EMILIE

What are we doing Miller, why are we going back?

MILLER

Follow me.

Miller grabs Emilie by the arm and pulls her back inside. They shuffle through the crowds towards Mace.

Miller arrives and turns to his old friend.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Mace! You son of a bitch.

MACE

You son of a bitch.

MILLER

Great to see you man.

MACE

Great to see you. Who?

He steps up and embraces him.

MILLER

I thought you were dead.

MACE

I thought you were dead. Bread.

Miller halts - looks at Mace: *Something's wrong*. His eyes are glazed, he looks disassociated.

MILLER

C'mon Mace we're getting out of here.

MACE (SHOUTING)

Here beer!

The three of them turn and head back towards the exit. Mace continues to shout drawing unwanted attention to them. Someone steps in front of them - a con with a nasty scar. Other men fall in behind him.

SCAR
Can I help you?

MILLER
Sure, by getting out of the way.

SCAR
No problem.

They go to move.

SCAR (CONT'D)
Just give me the password.

MILLER
Password?

SCAR
Yeah, the password. I like your pretty-boy buddy (Emilie)- does he like to party?

Emilie shifts uncomfortably. Miller senses that this is a problem that won't go away.

SCAR (CONT'D)
You don't know the password then there's a forfeit.

MILLER
Wait. I do know the passwo...

Miller SLAMS his palm without warning into the guys face - SMASHING the bridge of the nose straight into the brain - then pitches the body into the other cons - blocking their route - Miller grabs Emilie and they are running for their lives- momentarily stopping Miller runs back and grabs Mace. They're on the run.

They scramble through the door, as the cons sprint up behind them - one of them gets his hand in the door - but with Miller and Emilie pulling at it, it closes - mashing the bones in the hand. CRRRACK. The fingers remain on this side of the door. Yuck. Miller, Emilie and a stumbling Mace run down a corridor.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Mace?

MACE
Mace.

MILLER
What the hells wrong with you, man?

MACE
The hell. You be. Not to be. Wrong!

Emilie steps up. Miller is utterly confused.

EMILIE

I know what this is - Its dementia.

MILLER

Dementia? What? Like he's off his beans?

EMILIE

It's from the freezing. Some minds just go pop.

Miller looks back at his buddy - No recognition. Nothing really. A sadness crosses his face.

MILLER

Shit. Mace. I should never have involved you.

MACE

I should never have involved you. Blue. Stew. To do or not to do.

He slumps down. Looking at Mace. Emilie takes pity on Miller, seeing his friend like this.

EMILIE

Hey, It's not your fault.

MILLER

No. It's your father's.

EMILIE

What?!

MILLER

He did this.

MACE

He did this! Bliss. Hiss.

MILLER

That mother fucker.

MACE (GLEEFULLY)

That mother-fucker! Mother Fuck...

INT. OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR.

Alex, Hydell and a hunting party arrive - to find one of the guys with no hand.

ALEX

Where?

The con points as best he can - his pinky hanging off at an odd angle. They walk to the door - where the cons are trying to get it open.

ALEX (CONT'D)

How long?

CONVICT

Five minutes.

ALEX

I need you to get me something...

INT SECTION EIGHT- CORRIDOR.

Emilie and Miller are arguing.

EMILIE

What briefcase? - what are you talking about?

MILLER

I'm talking about a frame up that your father organized...

EMILIE

This sounds like paranoid delusions. You're asking a crazy man where he hid a briefcase?

MILLER.

Mace - remember the package - remember the case? Now where is it? Where did you put it?

Mace looks at him for a long while.

MACE

I put it...

Miller looks hopeful.

MACE (CONT'D)

....in my pants.

MILLER

In your pants?

MACE

Yes because Sister Mary said it was bad to take it out in chapel in front of the other children.

Miller looks incredulous.

MILLER.

What?

Miller looks at his friend - he's gone.

EMILIE

It's just neurons firing in the wrong order. It's why I came here.

INT SECTION EIGHT- AT THE DOOR.

There is a metallic clunk from the other side of the door - suddenly a shower of sparks kick off as an OXYACETYLENE TORCH starts to eat through the door. Miller hears the echo in the distance.

MILLER

Oh Shit.

MACE

Shit! Hit. Bit. Tit. *Tits!*

EMILIE

Thank you Mace!

MILLER

Lets go.

Miller grabs Mace.

EMILIE

Why are we bringing him? - He's one of *them*. They won't hurt him.

MILLER

I need him.

EMILIE

For this phantom briefcase? You'll be lucky to get a recipe for mud pies out of this guy.

MILLER

He's coming with us. End of discussion.

INT. CORRIDOR - SECTION EIGHT.

Double timing it - Miller consults the map - looking for the way to the suits.

AT THE DOOR - The torch busts the lock and falls in.

IN THE CORRIDOR - Miller turns as behind them noises from their pursuers can be heard - searching for them. Emilie looks back to Miller.

EMILIE

Come on. come on.

MACE

On. Gone. Porn. Horn!

EMILIE

Mace - shhh.

MACE

Porn Horn! Porny Horny! Por...

EMILIE

Mace - *Shut the fuck up!*

They begin to run down into the engineering level of *Section Eight* - run through the machinery - pulling Mace along. No matter which way they turn more and more psychos block their way. Miller SLAMS a couple of them but the net is tightening - there's just too many of them - swarming around them like cockroaches. Hydell grabs Emilie but she resists - Miller ELBOW-SLAMs Hydell in the face - recoiling him. He grabs Emilie and they run.

They break through into a corridor - Miller shuts a door behind them but it barely slows them - time has run out. They are *fucked*. Miller runs up, stops suddenly:

MILLER

Jesus H. Christ!

MILLERS POV - Outside the window the ISS (International space station) looms large in the window...

...and is heading straight for them. *Fast*.

Miller grabs Emilie and Mace and begins to dash for the nearest bulkhead. The psychos continue their pursuit - grabbing at them.

Mace grabs Miller and throws him through the door as it seals. Trapping him on the other side.

The ISS hits *Section Eight* - A massive fireball blooms.

SECTION 8 COMPUTER (OVER
TANNOY)

Breach! Warning. Breach. Auto sealing bulkheads.

The bulkhead doors begin to auto seal - locking Mace in with the psychos - Miller struggles to open the door but no joy. Mace looks at him through the door-glass, smiling.

MILLER

Mace! Hit the panic button! The panic Button - press it - Mace.

MACE

Button. Mutton.

MILLER

Mace - press - the - button!

SECTION 8 COMPUTER

Panic buttons disable in 5...4...3...

But Mace doesn't press the button. He looks as the oxygen is getting swept out of the section - maybe something of the direness of the situation penetrates his muddled mind - he looks back to Miller and Emilie.

MILLER

Press the button Mace.. Fuck.

EMILIE

Please Mace.

SECTION 8 COMPUTER

2...1...

Mace reaches down and presses the button.

SECTION 8 COMPUTER

(CONT'D)

Panic buttons disabled.

The door doesn't open. Too late.

MACE

I see you, I foresee you, Okay?

Emilie looks at him sadly - his mind is a mess. Miller runs into another room desperately looking for something to smash the door.

MACE (CONT'D)

I see you, I foresee you, Okay?

EMILIE

What?

MACE

I see you, I foresee you, Okay?

Mace puts his hand to the glass - The oxygen runs out. Mace begins to choke - the vacuum of space envelops him and ice begins to form on his skin - Emilie puts her hand against his.

MACE (CONT'D)

I see you...I foresee you okay?

Miller in the other room struggles to find something, *anything*, - to smash the door, but there's nothing.

Miller runs back into the room,

MILLER

Mace! Fuck.. Fuck...

Emilie and Miller watch helplessly as Mace freezes on the spot - his hand still on the glass. Miller places his hand against his frozen friend.

He's gone...

...and so is Miller's last link to the briefcase.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -LOPD

Langral is talking to two agitated technicians.

LANGRAL

What? You're saying that the International Space station *ran into* S8?

TECH

No, I'm saying the opposite. S8 ran into the International space station.

LANGRAL

I thought it was locked in orbit.

TECH 2

It was. Controlled by a Geo-Orbital technician.

LANGRAL

So what? Where is this technician?

TECH

They blew him out an airlock.

TECH 2

Look, Section Eight is basically just a big "fly-by-wire" system - without constant corrections it's essentially falling out of the sky - without this technician nothing is preventing it going off axis.

LANGRAL

What's the bottom line?

TECH

By the current trajectory it'll collide with the Eastern Seaboard in 8 hours.

LANGRAL

Jesus. What's the payload?

TECH

In excess of one hundred and forty megatons. Make Hiroshima look like a kid's firecracker.

Langral's face tightens. Their options are narrowing. Langral gets on the phone.

LANGRAL

Mandy? It's Scott Langral. Get me a secure line onto Jack Fallis at Justice. We've got a big problem.

INT. SECTION EIGHT -

Hydell and his cohorts are taking the hostages out of the pool and lining them up against the wall.

HYDELL

Everybody...In a line.

Alex enters and sees what is going on. He steps up to Hydell -

ALEX

Hey - Hey! What the hell are you doing? I...URK!

Alex looks down to see - BLOOD - spilling out onto his hand. Confused - HYDELL has stabbed him up through the chin, through the roof of his mouth, into the head. Alex looks at his brother - shocked.

HYDELL

I know we're blood but sometimes I just wish you'd shut the fuck up.

Alex blinks - unbelieving.

HYDELL (CONT'D)
Now...there's a new plan.

Alex then drops, dead. The hostages are in shock.
Hydell turns - a new, resolute intensity on his face.
He's in charge now. He turns back to the hostages.

HYDELL (CONT'D)
Now, where we're we?

INT- SECTION EIGHT.

Miller sits breathing heavily. Obviously upset about Mace. He slumps down - it's over.

MILLER
Well then that's it.

EMILIE
I'm sorry.

MILLER
Yeah right. Well don't worry about it sweetheart - I'm sure this will all be a distant memory when you're back at a society function telling them about how you slumped it once.

This stings Emilie.

EMILIE
You know. You have got to be the most incredibly selfish person I have ever met - and considering where we are that's really saying something. So boo-hoo, you're going to jail - big deal - it's not like you did it for rescuing refugees or opposing a dictatorship - these people are going to die here - and you're not prepared to try to do anything except whine about your own deal. Maybe if you worried a little less about yourself and started thinking about other people, things might start going your way.

MILLER
Well look where your sense of altruism got you...and you'll forgive me if I don't take character advice from someone whose daddy gave her own bowling lane in her basement.

EMILIE

Oh wow - that's a Shakespearean comeback. I didn't realize we were arguing from the cheap seats.

MILLER.

Oh and, by the way, who the fuck are you to judge me? Come back to me when you've cured cancer sweetie. You don't know me. You don't know anything about me. I only want what's right - they killed my *friend* okay?...then handed me the rap. I'm sorry it wasn't up to your standards of sainthood. Some of us are just trying to keep our heads above water.

Beat.

EMILIE

Mace told me where the case is.

Miller looks at Emilie.

MILLER

You're lying.

EMILIE

It was the last thing he said.

MILLER.

Bullshit.

EMILIE

Fine.

Miller looks at her

MILLER

Where is it then?

EMILIE

You help me and the hostages get off and I'll tell you where the case is when we're safe.

MILLER

No you're lying - you don't know where the case is.

EMILIE

Fine...believe what you want. I wasn't actually going to tell you but your impassioned "heads above water" crap swung me over.

He looks at her - he wants to believe it so much - and we all know how emotion can overwhelm logic.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

You help me. I help you.

MILLER

I know you mean well, but it's impossible.

EMILIE

I thought this is what you do.

She smiles at Miller. Miller looks at her knowing things don't fit that easy.

MILLER

Listen Darlin - it's impossible - there are hundreds of these guys besides....

Miller turns around but Emilie is gone - on her mission to save the hostages. He rounds the corner to see her through a door - He tries the door handle - locked.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Okay. Emilie? Open the door. Don't be stupid. Open the door.

But she's not listening. She continues to pack up - pumping shells into the Remington. She turns to go.

Suddenly with a burst of static - HYDELL appears on all the monitors.

HYDELL

Well good morning Section Eight.

This halts Emilie. Hydel is standing in the hostage pool.

HYDELL (CONT'D)

Now I know you can hear me. Change of plan sweetie.. (singing) Come back to me-and I want you to join in - if you don't know the words you can whistle along-come back to me...

Hydel then SHOTS one of the hostages in the head. Emilie watching screams.

HYDELL (CONT'D)

Oh right, silly me, didn't tell you the new plan yet, getting ahead of myself. I will shoot a hostage every three seconds until you,.. come back..

Bang! Hydell shoots another hostage.

HYDELL (CONT'D)

Too. Me...

Emilie crumples to the floor crying-. We move in on the monitor.

HYDELL (CONT'D)

One. Two. Buckle my shoe -

BANG BANG! Hydell shoots two more hostages. The other hostages are screaming wildly.

HYDELL (CONT'D)

Three. Four. Execute more.

More gunshots. Emilie panicking tries to use the intercom.

MILLER

Emilie - don't! That's what he wants.

Miller struggles wildly with the door. He starts to smash at it with a fire extinguisher.

HYDELL

Five. Six. No more tricks.

Emilie gets to the intercom.

EMILIE (CRYING)

Stop! Please...please stop. Just stop it. I'll do whatever you want.

HYDELL

Ahhh Hello princess- are you crying? I didn't mean to make you cry. But you've got me very upset.

Bang! He shoots another hostage.

EMILIE

Stop it. Please.

Hydell is looking at the screen.

HYDELL

Okay...okay. Do you want me to come get you. Just tell me where you are?...tell me the truth sweet-pea.

EMILIE

Just stop hurting people.

HYDELL

Okay I'll make a deal with you - you
tell me where you are and I'll stop
hurting your friends.

Miller is trying to get the door open.

MILLER.

Emilie - Don't.

EMILIE

I'm on level three.

Hydell looks at her.

HYDELL

(Whispers)

Thank you.

Then Hydell turns and shoots the rest of the hostages.
Emilie screams as Miller gets the door open. He pulls
the distraught screaming Emilie back.

EMILIE

Noooooo!

The screams are horrifying. Miller grabs Emilie and
pulls her along. As they run the screams of all the
hostages being killed reverberate behind them.

AT THE LOPD DOCKING BAY-SPACE

A shuttle docks and a man, accompanied by two armed
MP's steps off - he carries a SEALED METAL FOLDER
chained to his wrist - it has a digital keypad on it.
They walk purposefully into the LOPD base up to
Langral. Langral types a code into the keypad - the
folder opens revealing a folded piece of paper...

Langral takes it.

INT- SECTION EIGHT.

Miller pushes Emilie into an elevator which runs down
the outside of S8 - She slumps down in the corner.

Hydell's face appears on a monitor in the corner of the
elevator -

HYDELL

Now sweetheart - I'm coming.

Miller smashes it with the butt of the shotgun. Emilie
is nearly hysterical.

EMILIE

It's my fault.

MILLER

No, its not. Stop it.

EMILIE

Then why did he do that?

MILLER

There was *nothing* you could do. No matter what you said or did, he was going to kill them anyway. Not everyone is as honest as you.

She looks at him.

EMILIE

Mace didn't tell me where the case is -

Miller is taken aback - he masks it but we know his hope dies.

MILLER

I know - you're a terrible liar.

He didn't know - he wanted to believe it so much.

EMILIE

I'm sorry. I was afraid you'd leave me.

Miller goes back to reloading the shotgun. He looks muted by the realization that he won't be able to find the case.

INT. LOPD BASE- OFFICE.

Langral storms in - the President has set up a temporary office in the precinct. Warnock stands up -

WARNOCK

Scott - what's going on? Is she okay?

LANGRAL

The prison is out of Orbit - Jeff, it's going to collide with the Eastern seaboard.

WARNOCK

Jesus. Can they stop it?

LANGRAL

No. We have eight hours. We have to authorize an assault.

WARNOCK

But...Emilie's still on the station.

LANGRAL

I know.

WARNOCK

Then you know I can't authorize that.

There is a moment between them - Warnock's resolve as a parent is unshakable - Langral's expression goes icy.

LANGRAL

Well then I'm sorry Jeff.

WARNOCK

Sorry?

LANGRAL

Under section 4 of the 25th amendment, I am temporarily relieving you of your office on the basis that you are unable to place personal concerns above national security.

WARNOCK

You can't do this - you need vice president and cabinet approval.

Langral lifts a letter up. (the letter that was delivered earlier in the metal folder)

LANGRAL

Already signed - I'm sorry.

Warnock looks incredulously at the letter. Lunges at Langral.

WARNOCK

You son of a bitch!

The Master-at-Arms un-clips his holster. This halts Warnock.

WARNOCK (CONT'D)

You order an assault and you'll kill Emilie.

INT. EARTH- LANDING BAY

Three bombs are taken off a transport and carried across the bomb bay.

TACTICAL LIEUTENANT
(V.O.)

The target is at the centre of the station - this is also the most heavily defended part of the station. There are three devices - giving us three shots to get this right.

INT. LOPD BASE

Langral and some generals are briefing on the intention of the attack. Assembled LOPD pilots listen in.

TACTICAL LIEUTENANT

Now LOPD fighters will launch a first run offensive to try to minimize some of the barrage whilst the bomber will get to the surface. The 100mm pacifier cannons can only tilt down to 15 degrees so you'll have to get as close to the hull and fly by visual in order to avoid taking fire. Severing the oxygen feeds on the pacifiers can disrupt the weapons combustive abilities - it's all laid out in your mission folders. Any questions?

Folders are distributed to the men.

INT. LOPD BASE

The LOPD suit up for the assault and get into their fighters which SLINGSHOT down the launch tunnels - towards Section Eight - into battle.

INT. SECTION EIGHT

MILLER

Detour.

Miller grabs Emilie and lifts her up into a tubular roofing system. Emilie leans down and helps Miller up. They walk along the delicate surface.

EMILIE

I don't think this was made to walk on.....

As Emilie say this she walks suddenly breaking the surface, Miller and Emilie fall through the ceiling crashing down into the room below.

They brush themselves off dust and debris clears to reveal:

MILLER

Jesus.

An autopsy room.

Slabs with dozens of dead convicts on them. Some of them have open craniums with the brains revealed.

MILLER (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

EMILIE

It's a surgical test centre.

MILLER

For what?

EMILIE

To test the effects of long term sleep on the human body. These prisoners are guinea pigs.

MILLER

Looks like your hostage friends weren't exactly the innocent victims they seemed.

EMILIE

Where are these suits?

They look around. Their torches fall on the answer at the same time...

..there is only one suit.

EMILIE (CONT'D)

I thought you said there were *four* suits?

Miller looks out the window - a large portion of the side of Section eight has sheared away and is being dragged along by a lone fuel line.

MILLER

Looks like they're over there...and that's not all.

He points towards the looming LOPD armada.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Looks like an attack.

He can see time is getting tight.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I'll be okay. I can get to the other suits.

EMILIE

Fine - lets do it together.

MILLER

It'll be easier without you - Look we haven't really got time for this - I need you to get in.

He gestures to the suit forcefully - she complies.

EMILIE

You're going to go to the other suits right?

MILLER.

(noncommittally)
Sure. Of course.

She's not sure if she believes him.

EMILIE

Is this because I told you about Mace?

MILLER

I'll be right behind you. Don't worry.

She looks at him, unsure - He closes the seals.

EMILIE

Promise me.

MILLER

I promise.

EMILIE.

So what is your first name?

MILLER

I'll tell you on the ground.

She nods childishly - not sure if he's telling the truth or not.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Just land safely Darlin. I'll see you down there.

He gently pushes the dome shut - looking at her through the glass.

Miller punches in the code and presses the "Eject" button.

Miller steps away from the suit which booms down into the airlock. Emilie watches him at the window as she is lowered into the bay - she's concerned.

COMPUTER

8...7...6...5...4...

Miller watches from the window as the suit blasts into space.

Slowly, he sits down (He's not even going to try to get to the suits).

INT. LOPD BASE-

A computer tech stands up as Langral approaches.

TECH

We have a suit launch from Section Eight sir.

Langral is stumped.

LANGRAL

What do you know Shaw, your deadbeat friend did it.

INT. SECTION EIGHT - CORRIDOR.

Miller goes to light a cigarette - suddenly it is blown out...

...by Emilie. Miller is frozen in disbelief.

EMILIE

Is *this* your idea of keeping a promise?

MILLER

What the fuck? Is there something wrong with you? Why didn't you stay in the fucking suit?

EMILIE

You promised you'd go to the other suits.

MILLER

I was fucking being *chivalrous*, you *dimwit*.

EMILIE

There's no more suits?

MILLER

Sure there is - through one hundred feet of fuel.

But she doesn't respond. She remains frozen to the spot.

Click! From behind Emilie steps revealing HYDELL holding a gun.

HYDELL

Well hello you two.

Miller looks at his gun on the table. Out of reach.

HYDELL (CONT'D)

Tut tut. Silly boy.

Miller has no weapon. He stands defenceless. Hydell goes to fire, Miller draws suddenly....

THIICK!

But nothing happens. Hydell is unharmed. He looks about himself - no damage. He laughs and goes to shoot Miller when he notices something on his hand

A little black dot.

He looks puzzled for a moment. Then CONVULSES as the electricity hits him (It's the electrical Tazer used on Miller at the beginning of the movie).

Miller is on him in seconds - FISTS Hydell in the face - Hydell's gun goes off. Miller CRACKS Hydell's nose with his elbow and knees him in the face hard. He drops.

Miller looks around. Emilie drops to her knees.

IN THE LOPD CONTROL ROOM - The telemetry info is going crazy.

DOCTOR

Whoah...Something just happened.

IN SECTION EIGHT. Emilie has a gunshot wound to her shoulder area. She is alive but it looks serious. Miller lifts her and begins to pull her.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SECTION EIGHT.

The LOPD armada approaches Section Eight....

The 100mm pacifier cannons activate - start scanning space for targets...*Here we go.*

EXT. SPACE.

The pilots sees the Pacifiers activate.

DUKE

Okay,...here we go!

The ships enter the range of the pacifiers.

The first wave of LOPD craft cut across the leading edge of the armada to draw the cannon fire as the Pacifiers open up - 3000 rounds a second with 10 foot muzzle-flashes erupt from the surface of *Section Eight*. Ships get vaporized at a crazy rate. It's a slaughter.

INT. SECTION EIGHT

Miller pulls Emilie along. He reaches the fuel line - opens it - it trails off in space.

MILLER

Emilie - I need you to take in as much air as you can and hold it for as long as you can. Do you understand me.

She's a little groggy. She nods.

EXT. SPACE

The battle is in full swing. *Section Eight's* defences spray *thousands* of bullet cartridges out into space as dozens of LOPD craft get battered. LOPD fighters try to draw the fire - lots of them get smashed. The first bomber gets wasted by the pacifiers.

INT. LOPD BASE- CONTROL ROOM.

The tech turns from the monitor.

TECH

One bomber down.

IN SECTION EIGHT -

Miller and Emilie drop into the fuel - they suck in as much breath as they can and then - SPLASH - they are submerged. Swimming along a fuel line trailing through space.

EXT. SECTION EIGHT - CONTINUOUS.

The LOPD fighters to get down to within a couple of meters of the surface of Section Eight,

PILOT

We're under the guns!

They are under the radius of the pacifiers - meaning that piloting becomes a treacherous game as they swerve to avoid outcroppings on the surface as the station lurches around. The second bomber gets SMASHED by a raised tank.

INT. LOPD BASE- CONTROL ROOM.

The tech continues his count.

TECH

Second bomber down. One to go.

This is it. Last chance.

IN SECTION EIGHT - Miller and Emilie emerge into the floating segment of Section Eight. Miller pulls Emilie up.

He looks up - there are three suits here.

EXT. SECTION EIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The last remaining LOPD bomber, flanked by five fighters makes it's last attack run. As they head for the centre - one of the fighters gets vaporized - they continue on - getting down as a second gets annihilated. They begin the run into the centre section of the prison - skirting the surface as the pacifiers try to get a lock.

EXT. SECTION EIGHT.

The tactical ships enter the heavily fortified centre of Section Eight -

PILOT

We're in. Drop the baby.

The ships hit the release - the last surviving nuke drops down to the hull of Section Eight. When it hits - it clamps and magnetically locks - the countdown begins.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Touchdown - Let's go. All units evac.
All units evac.

The remaining LOPD fighters begin their run out of there before Armageddon kicks off.

INT. SECTION EIGHT

Miller straps her suit on first and then his own. They talk through the helmet radios.

MILLER

Are you okay....Just hold on to me and we we'll float out of here and get picked up, Piece of cake,

EMILIE

Are you sure?

MILLER

I'm positive.

They are boomed out by the ejection mechanism to the edge of the station. They look down - on a awesome sight. They are literally looking over the edge of the world.

This is it. There is a momentary look between the two of them. Shuffling their feet to the very edge of the station. On the count of three- THEY JUMP!

Miller and Emilie dive out floating into space. Looking back at Section Eight, their world has become quiet and peaceful.

MILLER (CONT'D)

See, it's okay...

The contrast of sudden silence in the atmosphere as they slowly float has a calming effect on Emilie.

EMILIE (ON HELMET RADIO)

What is your name?

He might as well tell her.

EXT. SPACE.

The remaining LOPD ships gather at a safe distance. The timer counts down....003...002...001

EXT. SPACE

MILLER (ON HELMET RADIO)

It's M...

click.

BOOOOOOOOOOOM!

SECTION EIGHT explodes-UNLEASHED with UNBELIEVABLE force - lighting up the sky.

The EXPLOSION BLASTS them through the atmosphere. Emilie is beginning to pass out from the G-Force and her wound. Miller notices she's knocked unconscious.

MILLER (ON HELMET RADIO)
(CONT'D)

Emilie!!!!

EXT - SKY-STRATOSPHERE.

As Miller struggles to get to Emilie, He is suddenly struck from above by Hydel (in an ORAM suit). Miller is thrown away from Emilie.

The shockwave PROPELS the airborne battle even faster towards the ground. They fight like banshees - spiralling through the clouds at a fantastic speed. Miller notices Emilie is still getting further away.

Emerging through a cloud base they encounter a commercial airliner - people inside point out at the two men fighting as they drop past.

EXT - SKY

Miller manages to separate from Hydel and tries to move over to Emilie - Miller fights to get over to her - He just manages to hit the deploy button filling her chute with air - she shoots upwards.

Hydel catches Miller as the ground rushes towards them. They continue to fight -- Miller entwines both of Hydel's arms in his and SNAPS them upwards - Miller hits his DEPLOY button, his parachute opens -

Hydel flails around spastically trying to hit the DEPLOY button with two snapped arms - and then with his broken stump manages to hit the button - the chute deploys barely thirty feet from the ground. Too late... Hydel CRASHES into the roof of a car, smashing the windscreens- Hydel's dead.

Miller lands on the freeway - watches to see Emilie land in a safe place. Cop cars are already converging on the scene. Miller removes the suit and shoot. He desperately tries running towards Emilie's location but is quickly surrounded by police.

Miller puts up his hands as cops draw their weapons. Miller now exhausted- points to Emilie.

MILLER (CONT'D)

She's over there - she needs medical assistance. Over there.

Miller is handcuffed. He is led away in a cop car.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Emilie - make sure she's okay - just make sure she's okay.

In the car Miller watches as the medical team surround Emilie. He is driven away.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL. DAY - LATER

Emilie slowly awakens - she is in a private hospital bed. She looks around confused. Gets up. At the door outside she sees a couple of FEDERAL AGENTS guarding. She goes back into the room - opens the closet - clothes are hanging there.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

A doctor enters and sees the empty bed - the window out to the fire escape is open. Emilie is gone.

INT. SUBWAY NYC - NIGHT.

Emilie walks along in the subway - looking this way and that - she searches for some clue, some sense of the place. Then she sees:

The lockers.

She walks up to them - a numeric keypad - searches her brain for some clue. Then it strikes her, She punches in the code.

ANGLE ON KEYPAD.

As she recalls Mace's seemingly meaningless dialogue:

We flashback images of Mace saying.

"I see you, I foresee you okay?"

Emilie presses **ICUI4CUOK** into the keypad.

Down the line: A locker opens.

Emilie walks to the locker. Looks in. There is the briefcase.

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Warnock sits at his desk, reading papers - Emilie drops the briefcase on the desk. Warnock looks up

WARNOCK

Emilie, You should be at the hospital

He looks at the briefcase.

EMILIE

There is something we need to do.

INT. PRISON - DAY.

Miller is brought in to the holding cell - he is placed in a chair by a guard,

MILLER

Thanks Charlie.

The guard steps away. Shaw and Langral arrive in and sit.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Hey Cheech and fucking Chong,

SHAW

You okay.

MILLER

How's she doing.

SHAW

So far as I hear she's fine. You did a good job.

LANGRAL

I've good news Miller, They're opening a trial, considering your services rendered to the nation.

MILLER.

Great, so now I get a chance to do what you should have done and prove I'm innocent.

LANGRAL

Miller, I was there when you shot him
I saw it with my own eyes.

MILLER.

I've been thinking about that. I know
you may be an asshole, but not a liar.

Miller describes what happened- Here's what you saw.

We now reveal to the audience what actually happened in the motel room. We see a flashback of the surveillance video - Miller is shooting Mendez with his LEFT hand. Behind him on the wall is a picture -

FLASHBACKS OF MILLER ON SECTION EIGHT - Miller catches Emilie at the abyss by his right hand, Miller lifting Emilie up with his right hand, Miller shooting....with his right hand.

Flashback at the motel, the camera moves to a different perspective, the picture is now on the opposite wall. From a different angle we can see Langral was looking at a reflection of Miller.

Miller is reflected in the bathroom door mirror in the footage.

FLASHBACK TO THE MURDER - One of the hitmen places his gun at the back of the Colonels head - Miller steps up and places his gun at the hitman's temple. The second hitman arrives and the guns all go off at the same time. - in the footage it only looked like Miller shot the Colonel. Miller actually shot the hitman.

MILLER. (CONT'D)

Check the location, the room, you'll find it all fits, Did you even check the bullet in Mendez for Christ's sake. You'll find it won't match my Glock s17.

LANGRAL

Jesus.

MILLER.

You were so sure it was me.. You didn't even do the basics.

SHAW

Miller, I'm sorry to hear about Mace.

MILLER

Yeah - poor bastard.

SHAW

I meant for you.

MILLER

Why me.

SHAW

Well you didn't get what you wanted.

MILLER

Sure I did.

SHAW

I meant the briefcase.

MILLER.

I got the briefcase.

SHAW

You got the briefcase? I thought you...Is this one of your jokes?

MILLER

Trust me the idea of spending a lifetime in prison to cover some bastards ass, doesn't make me wanna crack jokes....It's right here.

SHAW

The case? Is here?

MILLER

Sure. You want to see it?

Shaw nods dumbly.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Charlie - you mind getting that thing in my holding locker?

Charlie the security guard nods - he mentions it to a guard outside the door.

Charlie re-enters with the case. Places it on the table. Shaw reaches up and opens it as Miller watches him. He looks inside.

It's empty.

Shaw looks up at Miller. Miller is looking strangely at him.

SHAW

Where are the papers?

MILLER.

I imagine back safe where they belong.

SHAW

I don't understand.

MILLER.

The Colonel was undercover when he was killed. He wasn't selling secrets - he was *returning* them. They had already been leaked.

SHAW

So?

MILLER.

So.. who ever gave him that case is the mole.

CUT TO:

INT- NYC- ROOM- FLASHBACK.

Colonel Mendez sits opposite a man, we see the briefcase enter frame, the camera pans around to reveal the person giving Mendez the case- It's SHAW.

Shaw looks to Miller.

MILLER

So I'm wondering how **you knew** the combination to that case.

This halts Shaw- he's been caught. Behind him security guards, cops are standing.

SHAW

I'm sorry Miller, I had no choice.

MILLER

When it came to choosing between you and me. I didn't hesitate either.

Langral gets Shaw up.

CUT TO LATER:

EXT. PRISON GATES - SUNSET.

Dusky warm sunlight hits the grim door of the prison. Miller steps out into the carpark. Breathes free air. He looks about -

VOICE (OFF CAMERA)

I know something new about you.

He turns - it's Emilie - her hands behind her back. She reveals she's holding a document - she reads from it.

EMILIE

Amazing what you can find in
government documents. Last name:
Miller - First Name....*Marion*.

MILLER

My dad was a big John Wayne fan.

EMILIE

Well, *Marion*, it seems you're a free
man.

MILLER

I guess I have you to thank for that.

EMILIE

What kind of princess would I be if I
didn't rescue my knight once in a
while, *Marion*.

MILLER

Okay stop that. Miller is just fine.

EMILIE

No, I'm getting used to *Marion*. I
quite like it - makes me see your
feminine side.

He resigns himself - looks at her - she looks great.

MILLER

Well this is awkward. So what do we do
now?

EMILIE

I was wondering that myself.

She leans in seductively. Arches her neck back slightly
- holding eye contact. Miller smiles - this will be
easy. He leans...

EMILIE (CONT'D)

Hold still.

POW! Emilie Southpaws him in the jaw. He recoils.

MILLER

Jesus! What the hell?

EMILIE

I owed you that. I feel we need to
begin this on an equitable basis.

Swallowing blood, he smiles - swallowing his pride -
nods. Fair's fair. They begin to walk away from us.

MILLER

For a second there I thought you were going to kiss me.

EMILIE

Have to wait until you stop bleeding first Marion.

MILLER

Keep it up. See *this* is why I didn't tell you my name.

EMILIE

Do you want a kiss or not?

MILLER

Not if you're going to keep calling me Marion.

EMILIE

Okay. How about 'Sally'. It has a nice ring to it.

MILLER

I'm happy with Miller.

EMILIE

I can't call you that - it sounds like a beverage. Speaking of which I might let you buy me a drink.

MILLER

I don't think your dads going to like us hanging out much.

EMILIE

So?

MILLER

I'm just saying is all.

EMILIE

You can kiss me now.

MILLER

I'm sorry?

EMILIE

Someone's got to make the first move. I'd be all day waiting for you.

MILLER

Don't you want a little foreplay

EMILIE

No-best get it out of the way now. Then we can relax.

MILLER

Yes, Ma'am.

He leans in to Kiss.

CUT TO BLACK.

End Credits.