

The Call Up
by
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CARL, early twenties, lean, unshaven and generally disheveled exits a subway station in a non specific American city. He halts on a street corner and looks around.

He spots a top-of-the-range 4x4 BMW with blacked out windows parked across the street, it sounds its horn. CARL walks towards it.

In the car's blacked out windows the city's uniform skyscrapers are reflected. CARL steps into this graphic urban image and the electric window lowers. The DRIVER wears mirrored sunglasses in which CARL is reflected.

DIRECTOR
CARL? DRIVER

CARL
Yeah.

DIRECTOR
Get in. DRIVER

CARL climbs inside and takes in the luxury interior. He allows himself half a smile.

CARL
Is it far?

DIRECTOR
Just a few blocks. DRIVER

CARL
Look, are we going to get paid in cash as... I don't have a bank account at the moment?

DIRECTOR
I don't know. I'm just the driver. DRIVER

Throughout this exchange, the DRIVER gazes fixedly ahead. CARL gives up trying to talk and turns to watch the streets pass by outside the window.

We cut to a wide of the car driving through an empty city business district. A digital billboard says Sat 10th October 11:15 Temp 19c.

The titles come up on screen.

Titles: **The Call Up**

The mirrored skyscrapers are reflected in the car's blacked out windows. A world of anonymity.

The DRIVER pulls up outside a sparkling new office building and hands CARL a swipe card.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Take the lift to the 25th floor.

CARL climbs out and strolls towards the entrance. A huge banner hangs on the front of the building stating that it is available to rent at \$40 a square foot. All the windows are tinted silver so you can't see in.

2 INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING. DAY 2

CARL swipes the card and enters a spacious lobby, at the centre of which is an unmanned reception desk. The midday sun filters through the tinted windows, bathing the place in a soft light. CARL walks over to the lift and calls it.

The lift arrives. CARL steps inside and presses the button for the 25th floor.

3 INT. RECEPTION AREA 25TH FLOOR. DAY 3

He exits the lift. At the end of a corridor is a free standing cutout sign (the type you see in cinemas) depicting some life-size comic strip characters in military attire. In cool, graphic type are written the words The Call Up.

This must be the place. He walks towards the door.

4 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 25TH FLOOR. DAY 4

On the other side is a state-of-the-art full-body laser scanner.

An electronic female voice emanates from the machine.

SEXY VOICE

Please step through and state your name.

CARL looks around.

CARL

Hello?

There is no answer so he hesitantly steps forward. The machine hums as a laser reads his features, from top to toe.

CARL (CONT'D)

Carl.

SEXY VOICE

Welcome, Carl. And thank you for answering The Call Up. Head over to the desk and collect your equipment. Valuables can be placed in the lockers.

CARL

(looking around)

Hello? Anyone here?

There's no answer.

On the desk are eight neat piles of kit. CARL walks over to get a closer look. There's a white T-shirt, combat pants, a shiny white body suit that looks like a piece of armor and an uber cool futuristic white helmet. Each helmet has an online gaming name on the side.

CUT TO:

There's a cardboard sign on the door of a side office marked MEN'S CHANGING ROOM. CARL emerges from it in the combat pants and T-shirt. He starts to put on the body suit back to front, before realizing his mistake. When he finally does manage it, the body armor locks onto him. **Ka-chunk.**

CARL picks up and examines a helmet with his gamer name written on it - Socks.

CARL looks around furtively then opens his rucksack and breaks off a can of beer from a four pack.

CARL (CONT'D)

Hello?

He cracks it open and takes several healthy gulps, then wipes his mouth with his hand.

SEXY VOICE

Please step through and state your name.

This makes CARL jump and quickly hide his beer behind him.

He turns to see SHELLY, early 20's, a sprightly looking tomboy with tattoos, piercings and short hair.

SHELLY

(replying to the machine)

Shelly.

SEXY VOICE

Welcome, Shelly. And thank you for answering The Call Up.

(MORE)

SEXY VOICE (CONT'D)

Head over to the desk and collect your equipment. Valuables can be placed in the lockers.

CARL

Hi. You running things?

SHELLY

(laughs)

No not me.

CARL goes back to drinking his beer, a tremor in his hand.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

It's a bit early for that isn't it?

CARL

Did you know in Russia beer is considered a soft drink? People drink it on the way to work in the morning.

(He does a toasting motion)

This is the nation that beat us into space.

SHELLY looks at the row of helmets and finds one with the name 'Mustang'. She turns to CARL who still has his helmet beside him.

SHELLY

(pointing to his gamer name)

Why Socks?

CARL

It's my cat.

SHELLY

You don't strike me as a cat person.

CARL

I'm not. It was a stray, I was dumb enough to feed it. Now I can't get rid of the thing.

From behind they hear steps approaching.

SEXY VOICE

Please step through and state your name.

ANDRE

Andre.

CARL turns to see ANDRE - black, early 20's, athletic, wears a hoody and has close cropped hair.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
 (friendly broad smile)
 How d'you hear about this?

SHELLY
 Got messaged while playing online.

ANDRE and CARL both nod that this was how they heard.

ADNRE
 How about the ride here, picked up in style.

In contrast to CARL, ANDRE inspects the body suit for just a fraction of a second then puts it on quickly and efficiently.

But when ANDRE puts on his helmet he can't seem to connect the metal strap under his chin so takes it off again. His helmet name reads REAPER101.

5

INT. LOBBY OF OFFICE BUILDING. DAY

5

ADAM, an overweight guy in his late teens. He has long hair tied back in a pony-tail. As he waits for the lift, he is immersed in a shoot-em-up game on his hand-held console.

He's joined by RASHID, middle eastern, around 20, dressed in a barrista outfit. RASHID presses the lift call button several times.

ADAM
 (without looking up)
 Ah, it must be one of those new lifts I've heard about. If you press it three times it goes into hurry mode.
 (before RASHID has a chance to respond to the joke)
 Are you here to try out the game?

RASHID
 Yeah. I didn't know if I was going to make it, but managed to swap shifts.

6

INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 25TH FLOOR. DAY

6

MARKO, Italian American, late - 30's, strides through the scanner. He strikes an imposing figure, very tall with a physique that can only be obtained from a life lived in a gym. He wears a figure - hugging T-shirt that has an image of a muscle man carrying a globe on his back.

He's closely followed by EDWARD, short looks preppy with a v-neck pullover over and a shirt. He's in his late 20's and has a side-parting.

He heads off to the remaining helmets and picks up the one with the name The Colonel.

EDWARD
(pointing to MARKO's
helmet)
I'm guessing you're Atlas.

MARKO
What?.. Oh yeah.
(realizes what shirt he's
wearing)
Yeah that's me. Atlas personal
training. What do you do Colonel?

EDWARD
Lawyer.

MARKO
(rivalrous)
I couldn't do an office job.

Next to collect his helmet is RASHID. He reads the names then comes to RAGHEAD. He groans.

RASHID
(to himself)
Oh, for fuck's sake.
(paces in agitation the
helmet in his hand)
I didn't know they were going to use
our gamer names. Do you know who's
running this show? I want to change
it.

ANDRE
(shakes his head)
No. Haven't seen anyone yet.
(spotting Adam's Gamer
name)
You're Hitman? What *the* hitman?

ADAM
Yeah, that's me.

ANDRE
You're one hell of a player. I played
you once, you destroyed me. You've
been in the leader board for the past
year haven't you.

ADAM smiles coyly.

RASHID
 (Irritated still looking
 around for an organiser)
 They better supply lunch.

SHELLY
 I'm sure they will.

RASHID
 I've got dietary requirements.

There is now just one helmet remaining SLAYER GIRL.

7

INT. ELEVATOR. DAY

7

TAYLOR is checking out her reflection in the mirrored wall. She's hot and knows it, late teens, wears a crop top that shows her mid-rift. She looks like she's made up for a night out.

8

INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 25TH FLOOR. DAY

8

As she enters all the boys look and stare as the laser scans her from tip to toe.

SEXY VOICE
 Please step through and state your name.

TAYLOR
 Eh... it's Lucy.

She spots the remaining helmet and pile of clothes.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 (to SHELLY)
 Do you know where the little girl's changing room is?

SHELLY points down a corridor and TAYLOR goes off to change.

ADAM continues to play on his hand-held console, his fat fingers moving at lightening speed. A close-up of the screen shows an uber soldier jump, dive and roll, shooting all comers.

ADAM
 (mid conversation)
 I play for the same reasons everyone else does. I work really hard at a very taxing, soul destroying job. So when I come home at night I like to give it to the man.

ADAM spots TAYLOR reappear out of the changing room. In her military gear she's even hotter than before. She's pimped her out-fit. Her trousers are that little bit too low and she's tied up her T-shirt again revealing her midriff.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
I always wanted to meet Lara Croft.

TAYLOR approaches and catches RASHID staring at her bare midriff. RASHID quickly looks away.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(mock-serious, changing
the subject)
Yep, I have a 27 KDR.

TAYLOR
What's a KKR?

SHELLY
It's KDR.

TAYLOR looks at her blankly.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(helpfully)
You know, kill death ratio.

TAYLOR is still bemused.

ADAM
The number of kills you get compared
to the number of times you die.
(a beat)
You're not a hardcore gamer are you?

TAYLOR
No, I like to leave the house.

ADAM
You know in South Korea they have
national tournaments, with huge
prizes? The players are superstars. It
won't be long before that happens
here.

TAYLOR
Do they have girlfriends?

Just then, an alarm on the scanner sounds.

SEXY VOICE
Please will the recruits put their
helmets on. The Call Up is about to
begin.

MARKO, ANDRE, EDWARD and ADAM rush to put on their helmets, keen to get started.

A green light starts to flash on the side of CARL's helmet. He puts it on and now the strap mechanically locks into place under his chin with a pneumatic **Ka-chunk**.

There is something a bit sinister about this but CARL is oblivious.

9 INT. OFFICE BUILDING UNDERGROUND CAR PARK. DAY 9

The only vehicle parked up is a top-of-the-range black van with tinted windows. The back doors are open and inside we see banks of computers. Suddenly they come humming into life.

10 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 25TH FLOOR . DAY 10

SHELLY, TAYLOR put on their helmets. Their hearing becomes muffled.

RASHID
(looks around for someone
who is in charge)
Hang on, hang on. I want a another
helmet. Hello, anyone?
(frustrated)
HELLO.

There is no answer. Reluctantly, RASHID puts on his helmet.

The green light on the side of each gamer's helmet becomes constant and a powering up sound can be heard. Their body armor mechanically locks into place. Again there is a pneumatic **Ka-chunk**.

CARL's p.o.v as suddenly the sound becomes crystal clear even though he's wearing a helmet. It must have some amazing speakers.

Not only does CARL hear the other GAMERS' every footstep as if he weren't wearing a helmet, but also the astonishing background noises of a far-off battle.

Simultaneously the visors of all the players start to mechanically lower in front of their faces.

CARL's p.o.v as the visor comes to life – it is in fact a video screen.

Before his eyes, the room is transformed into an eerie yet cool gamer one.

A layer of computer graphics has been created over the real room, changing it dramatically.

Instead of the sparkling new office there is now a war-torn filthy room in which a battle has recently been waged. Walls and windows are riddled with bullet holes. Strip lights hang down from the ceiling. Water drips from burst pipes.

Outside, the skyscrapers are war-damaged with smoke bellowing from them. A Black Hawk helicopter circles. Again the exterior real world is seamlessly combined with this computer-generated one.

A dazed CARL now takes in the other GAMERS. Although he's seen them put their helmets on, the helmets and body armor have been digitally removed so that he can see their faces and uniform of camouflaged trousers, white T-shirts. Stunning. One after another they swear in amazement.

MARKO

Fuck!

CARL

Fuck!

ANDRE

Fuck!

RASHID

Flip.

ADAM is trying to work out the technology behind this.

ADAM

(rhetorical)

This must be why we were scanned. To map our features.

CARL watches as ADAM runs his hands over the shape of his invisible helmet while he mumbles to himself.

MARKO walks to the window and checks out his reflection in the glass. ANDRE and RASHID join him. They all feel their invisible helmets.

TAYLOR is entranced by the black hawk, as if hypnotised by a pocket watch.

At the other end of the room, sitting in the shadows, is a huge black SERGEANT smoking a big fat cigar. No one has spotted him yet. He exhales a mouth full of smoke into the room.

SERGEANT

Recruits.

They turn to look as he makes his way slowly over towards them.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(looks them up and down)

Jesus, is this the best they could get? You're supposed to be the Elite. Elite my ass. I'm the Sergeant. I don't want to know your names - you won't be around for long. You jump when I say jump. You blink when I say blink. You wanna take a shit? I tell you when you can take a shit. Move it! Gear up!

(He turns his back to them
and motions to some
silver flight cases)

Collect your weapons.

SHELLY pauses. She has a gut feeling that something's not right. Although the SERGEANT looks real, his behavior feels prerecorded.

SHELLY raises and closes her visor repeatedly and the SERGEANT vanishes and appears - he's computer generated. Astonished and unable to trust what she's seeing, SHELLY tentatively puts her hand through the SERGEANT's back.

He doesn't react to Shelly's gesture. Instead, he motions again to some silver flight cases.

The others all start to copy her, lifting their visors.

ANDRE

Wow! He was pretty convincing.

ADAM

Thousands of teraflops a second are needed to create something like this.

TAYLOR

What?

ADAM

(as if stating the
obvious)

Teraflop? The equivalent of a trillion calculations per second.

As the SERGEANT patrols around them, CARL has his visor up and is back in the sterile office but can still hear the SERGEANT'S breathing and footsteps as if he were really there.

SERGEANT

Your mission is to clear all the floors of this building and finally defuse the bomb located in the lobby. You will be fighting a formidable foe of international terrorists. The platoon before you never made it. Those of you who do survive will be rewarded handsomely.

CARL pushes down his visor and enters back into the game world.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(pointing to a show of
shiny metal cases)

Recruits, get out your handguns.

RASHID

(nervous laughter)

This is crazy man.

CARL opens a flight case – inside is a handgun and two magazines.

The RECRUITS all take out their guns and magazines. The SERGEANT demonstrates with his own gun.

SERGEANT

Put your spare magazines in your belt like this.

The RECRUITS follow his example.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

A Glock G21, the finest handgun there is. You insert your magazine like this. It takes 19mm parabellum bullets. Pay attention.

ANDRE hasn't waited for the SERGEANT to show him. He's gone ahead and loaded it. Obviously he has done this before. The SERGEANT loads his Glock, the others copy him.

With this the SERGEANT turns and gets into a shooting position. They all replicate his pose. He points at a line of bottles at the far side of the room and shoots.

Bang

A bottle explodes. The noise makes them jump.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(turning to face them)

In your own time.

The RECRUITS all start firing.

ADAM goes first and pulls an uber serious face when firing. The kickback on the gun takes him by surprise. He laughs defensively.

TAYLOR is also startled by the realism, flinching at every shot. Bullets hit everything but the bottles. A cool ANDRE on the other hand hits bottle after bottle. He's an excellent shot.

ANDRE
(turns the gun round in
his hand)
Feels just like the real thing.

Eventually... MARKO gets one.

MARKO
Yeah!

More by luck than skill, they hit the bottles. CARL notices the shells fly out of the side of the hand gun. When he has emptied the gun he looks at the finished magazine. He gazes down at the casings on the floor and lifts his visor. They're gone - they were virtual. Off game the gun is a cool white plastic prop - it has a similar look to the helmet.

SERGEANT
(looks at the gun
affectionately)
Never lets you down.

SHELLY
(to ADAM)
How's this done?

ADAM
(studying the magazine)
The mag must have a chip in it.

The SERGEANT gestures to the table.

SERGEANT
Pay attention, Recruits. On the table
you will see a number of health packs.
If you get shot you pussies will need
one.

SHELLY opens up a small white case with a red cross to reveal a real syringe.

SHELLY
(perturbed)
What the fuck?

SHELLY raises her visor and we see that, in reality, not only is there no needle but there is no liquid inside the syringe.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

Creepy.

SERGEANT

(commanding their
attention)

Before we start there are some rules.

The SERGEANT walks around the room before coming to a halt in front of EDWARD.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(barking to EDWARD)

WHILE ON ACTIVE DUTY THE USE OF
ELECTRONIC EQUIPMENT IS PROHIBITED.

(in his face)

SO IF YOU HAVEN'T PUT YOUR PHONE IN
YOUR LOCKER, DO IT. THAT MEANS NOW!

EDWARD

Must mess with the frequency.

EDWARD, ADAM and CARL take their phones out of their pockets and place them in the lockers. On CARL's phone we see a screen saver image of him and a beautiful girl on a beach somewhere in South - East Asia. He switches it off and the image vanishes. He puts the phone in his backpack along with his beers.

SERGEANT

YOU READY FOR THE CALL UP?

(Not waiting for a reply,
motioning for them to
follow)

MOVE OUT.

The RECRUITS make their way back to the lift area in a rambling, chaotic way.

They see that both lifts have been destroyed. One has had its door blown off while the second is riddled with bullet holes - in the virtual world the only way down is by the stairs.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

(one by one looking them
in the eye)

Remember, all glory comes from daring
to begin.

EDWARD

(translates this phrase
into Latin)

Memor totus palma adveho ex audacia
ingredior.

11

INT. STAIRWELL 25TH/24TH FLOOR. DAY

11

With the SERGEANT leading the way, the RECRUITS head down the first flight of stairs. When the last RECRUIT, TAYLOR, has exited the floor the ceiling collapses behind them and a high voltage mains cable snakes across the entrance, blocking the way back.

They come to the fire door for floor 24. They can't go down any further as below them the roof has fallen in and another snaking cable blocks their path.

The RECRUITS exchange glances, really buzzing at the prospect of the fight to come.

SERGEANT
(whispers)
Ready?

12

INT. 24 FLOOR CORRIDOR . DAY

12

The SERGEANT exits the stairwell. He looks and moves like a professional soldier.

ADAM copies this style but doesn't pull it off, he looks very different to the soldier he plays on his phone as he lumbers along out of breath. ANDRE on the other hand looks just like the real thing. They creep along, following the SERGEANT down a corridor until they come to a large open-plan office.

Across the far side of the room sitting down at a desk playing solitaire is a well-built TERRORIST. His thick arms bear multiple military tattoos. He has close - cropped hair and wears combat trousers, military boots and a simple black T-shirt.

The SERGEANT raises his pistol and shoots.

Bang

He's a crack shot and hits the buff-looking TERRORIST in the head. The ENEMY slumps to the ground. Blood sprays the wall behind.

A close-up of the bullet wound reveals a hideously realistic mess.

-Silence-

Shocked, the RECRUITS are rooted to the spot by this grotesque sight - then in unison they wince and groan.

ADAM laughs defensively It's way too realistic and gory.

ADAM
 (laughing)
 Fuck yeah. Did you see what happened
 to his head?

They continue to stare, they can't quite believe what they are seeing. Apart from TAYLOR who closes her eyes.

SERGEANT
 Only need one shot to the head for a
 kill.

TAYLOR is the most physically shaken. She lifts up her visor so she doesn't have to see the wound.

TAYLOR
 I think I'm going to be sick.

TAYLOR starts to gag.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
 I'm going to be sick.

SHELLY lifts up her visor and takes her by the arm, rushing her to the women's toilet.

ADAM
 (motioning to TAYLOR)
 The first casualty.

EDWARD
 If McDonalds can get sued for having
 coffee that's too hot, imagine the
 potential law suit here.

Alerted by the SERGEANT's gun fire, a TERRORIST comes running out of an office off this main area. The SERGEANT shoots him in the chest. The TERRORIST is knocked back but remains standing.

12 The SERGEANT fires again and this time the TERRORIST 12
 flies back against the wall. He slides down leaving a
 trail of blood.

SERGEANT
 Two shots to the body for a kill.
 Remember it.

A khaki-clad TERRORIST appears at the far doorway. Although reacting in real time to our recruits, there is something automated and mechanical in his movements.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Fire at will.

CARL raises his gun but can't bring himself to shoot.

CARL
(muttering)
You can hear them fucking breathe...

Bang

ANDRE takes the TERRORIST out with a shot to the head... the back of his skull flies across the room. ANDRE has no issues with shooting. He then runs off to find another.

13

INT. TOILET 24TH FLOOR. DAY

13

TAYLOR is throwing up in the toilet. SHELLY passes her some paper towels to clean herself with.

SHELLY
(holding out the paper
towel)
Lucy.

TAYLOR ignores her.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
Lucy.
(shouting)
LUCY.

TAYLOR
(looks up)
Eh?
(takes the paper towels)
My names Taylor.

SHELLY
But I'm sure you said you were...

TAYLOR
I know, I said Lucy. I took Lucy's place. She in the same halls as me, lives across the corridor. She had flu and couldn't make it, so asked if I wanted to go in her place.
(a beat)
It's not what I expected.

SHELLY
You want to stop?

TAYLOR
No, no. With what they're paying us?

Outside the sound of battle rages on.

14

INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 24TH FLOOR. DAY

14

We hear the sound of footsteps approaching. Without our RECRUITS noticing, two more TERRORISTS appear behind them in the doorway.

Even though the TERRORISTS are slightly wooden in their actions, the moves they perform are efficient - when breaking cover they dive and roll dramatically. The RECRUITS all take cover.

ANDRE turns and fires at these two new TERRORISTS, forcing them to retreat back down the corridor.

*Bang*Bang*Bang*

ANDRE

(points to MARKO, RASHID
and CARL)

We need to split up, you three take
that corridor. The rest stick with me.

15

INT. CORRIDOR 24TH FLOOR . DAY

15

The TERRORISTS dive into rooms off the corridor. MARKO leads, running full pelt, followed by RASHID. A jittery CARL follows behind.

Suddenly a door flies open and a TERRORIST jumps out, shooting CARL who is just too slow to avoid him. The surprise of being shot makes him jump.

In the virtual world CARL turns red. He starts laughing. CARL tries to shoot the TERRORIST. But his gun doesn't work.

RASHID and MARKO fire at the enemy, blasting him off his feet. Buzzing they run off to hunt down some more.

Just then SHELLY exits the toilet with TAYLOR.

A red CARL is still trying to fire his gun.

CARL

(to SHELLY)

What happens now?

SHELLY

(thinks for a moment)

Try this.

SHELLY brings out a health pack from her pocket, opens it and takes out the syringe. CARL is uncomfortable by its realism.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 Lift up your visor.

CARL raises it and all he can see is an empty plastic syringe with no needle. He pulls his visor back down.

He squirms as SHELLY plunges it into his skin. CARL flickers red for a moment then goes back to normal.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
 I'm a hospital porter. I clean floors
 and push trollies. So this is a step
 up for me.

CUT TO:

16

INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 24TH FLOOR. DAY

16

ANDRE and EDWARD run off down the corridor at the far end of the main office area in pursuit of the TERRORISTS.

ANDRE has the pose of a real soldier and, with lightning - quick reflexes, takes out two TERRORISTS in rapid succession. He reloads in the blink of an eye. He is in a league above the other RECRUITS.

ANDRE
 (turns to EDWARD and ADAM)
 One of us fires, the other reloads.

They nod, happy to try this out.

ANDRE fires first, letting loose a whole mag - bullets ricochet off the wall around the TERRORIST, keeping him pinned down. Once his gun's empty ANDRE ducks out of the line of fire.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
 (letting the others know
 he's out)
 RELOAD.

Now it's EDWARD's turn to fire off a mag. Bullets smash into an office partition, fragments of glass raining onto the floor.

Faced with this firepower, the TERRORIST retreats. EDWARD and ANDRE pursue him out of the door while ADAM struggles to keep up. We hear the sound of receding footsteps.

Behind them they hear the SERGEANT scream encouragement.

SERGEANT

Keep your fear to yourself but share
your courage with others.

17 INT. LIFT AREA 24TH FLOOR. DAY

17

EDWARD and ANDRE make their way cautiously through the room.

ADAM clumsily follows behind.

A TERRORIST jumps up from behind the reception desk.

Quick as a flash ANDRE shoots. The TERRORIST slumps to the ground, knocking a virtual vase to the floor.

ANDRE walks over to get a good look at the guy.

A pool of blood starts to form under the TERRORIST's lifeless body. A really gruesome bullet-hole can be seen in his left cheek. EDWARD and ADAM join him. They are both pumped on adrenalin.

ADAM

(laughing and enjoying
himself)

Get some! Get some!

The SERGEANT appears beside them.

SERGEANT

CLEAR.

CUT TO:

18 INT. STAIRWELL 24TH FLOOR. DAY

18

The snaking electrical wire goes dead and limp. The way to the next floor is now open.

19 INT. WATERCOOLER AREA 24TH FLOOR. DAY

19

SHELLY, TAYLOR and CARL join the other panting RECRUITS in a kitchen area where there's a water-cooler.

CARL

(pointing to her gaming
name mustang)

You really into cars?

SHELLY

Mustang? It's a horse, a wild horse.
I want to go to a ranch and train as a
cowboy.

(MORE)

SHELLY (CONT'D)

I've been saving up for over a year to pay for it, working double shifts.

CARL

Really? You grew up with horses?

SHELLY

No, never ridden one. It's just something me and my brother always wanted to do since we were kids. Too much daytime TV.

CARL

So what? You can still be a cowboy?

SHELLY

They train you up, and then they point you in the right direction.

We cut to the second group of RECRUITS and their conversation.

ANDRE

It's always important to move into a room quickly before the enemy has time to react. And you need one person to give suppressing fire at all times.

MARKO

So how do you know all of this?

ANDRE

I used to be in the military. Did a tour of Afghanistan. Two of Iraq.

MARKO

What are they supposed to be... the terrorists.

EDWARD

Russian. I think they're supposed to be mercenaries.

RASHID

At least there not Middle Eastern.

ADAM

(out of breath takes a tug
on his inhaler)

This really is a game-changer. It doesn't just raise the bar, it shoots it into space. Other developers are going to shit themselves. This is going to totally dominate the market.

EDWARD
 (pats ADAM on the
 shoulder)
 Yeah and we were the first, man.

The SERGEANT joins the RECRUITS.

SERGEANT
 (loudly)
 Gather round.
 (pointing to a box under a
 table)
 Take a frag each.

Under the table is a box filled with grenades. They
 each take one.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
 Recruits. Follow me.

RASHID
 (sneering)
 Yes sir.

They head towards the stairwell in a disorderly line
 behind the SERGEANT.

20 INT. STAIRWELL 23RD/24TH FLOOR. DAY 20

In giant virtual letters are written the words TRAINING
 LEVEL 2.

The RECRUITS gather at the bottom. MARKO jostles in
 front of EDWARD to position himself next to ANDRE.

The SERGEANT signals for them to go through the door.

21 INT. RECEPTION AREA 23RD FLOOR. DAY 21

With ANDRE leading, the RECRUITS creep into the
 reception room. They peer through the doorway into the
 main room.

22 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 23RD FLOOR. DAY 22

At the far end are two TERRORISTS.

Both are buff, like the ones before, one eats noodles
 from a carton while reading pornography. While the
 other paces around the room, we catch a glimpse of his
 face and see he has a gruesome scar and blind eye. He
 pours himself a shot of vodka from a virtual bottle.

The RECRUITS gather round the doorway. The SERGEANT raises his hand, getting them all to stop and pay attention.

SERGEANT
(intense and whispering to
MARKO)
Ready your grenade.

ANDRE
(to MARKO)
Like this.

ANDRE pulls a pin from his and MARKO copies him.

ANDRE and MARKO hurl their grenades into the main office area. ANDRE has ducked to one side. MARKO takes his cue and also ducks back for cover. The grenades explodes and flying debris blasts out through the door.

TAYLOR hangs out behind, finding this way too full - on. The explosions make her flinch and she tries to put her hands over her ears but of course they rest on the helmet. There is no escape from this audio onslaught. She looks miserable.

After a few seconds ANDRE and MARKO peer into the room. The TERRORISTS are sprawled across the floor with hideous wounds - fragments of metal and glass embedded in their bodies.

ANDRE (CONT'D)
Just like the real thing.

SERGEANT
What are you waiting for? Move it.

The RECRUITS head through the main room picking their way past the corpses until they reach a corridor at the far end. A TERRORIST opens fire from a room at the bottom.

ADAM
He's mine.

ADAM waddles along almost tripping over himself, sweating profusely. He pulls the pin from a grenade and almost drops it before throwing it into the room.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(Laughing)
Fire in the hole!

There is a loud bang. The other RECRUITS applaud him. ADAM peers in to see an upturned conference table. The TERRORIST lies prone and smouldering.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Outstanding!

CUT TO:

22A INT. CORRIDOR 23RD FLOOR. DAY

22A

A sweating ADAM trades shots with a TERRORIST who fires from a doorway halfway down a corridor. The TERRORIST pops his head out and fires. Bullets wiz past ADAM's head.

ADAM takes aim. However just as he pulls the trigger MARKO emerges from the bottom of the corridor and the TERRORIST ducks back into the doorway for cover.

bang

MARKO is accidently hit and turns red.

ADAM
(laughing)
Sorry.

MARKO
(not amused)
Dick.

23

23

The TERRORIST then breaks cover and CARL who is standing beside ADAM instinctively fires hitting the enemy in the chest.

The TERRORIST cries out and drops his gun. CARL slowly walks forward to observe the TERRORIST writhing in pain, staring up with angry, defiant eyes and swearing in an unfamiliar language.

CARL grimaces. He can hardly bring himself to do it. He lifts his visor so that all he sees is the empty office floor.

CARL
(reluctant)
I suppose if I wanna get paid...

He points the gun roughly where he imagines the TERRORIST'S head to be.

BANG. He finishes off the TERRORIST with a second shot. He pulls down his visor to see the gruesome results of his shot - a bloody mutilated face.

He flinches, takes a step back, shakes his head. He's not enjoying this one bit.

CUT TO:

24 INT. STAIRWELL 23RD. DAY 24

This last hostile is taken out and, as before, the snaking and sparking electrical cable that blocks their exit to the next level goes dead and drops to the floor.

25 INT. WATERCOOLER 23RD. DAY 25

Again the RECRUITS again gather by the watercooler where the supplies are to be found.

RASHID has his visor up and is helping himself to a cup of water from the water cooler. He spots the gamer name *Raghead* on his helmet in the reflection of a window and winces.

RASHID
(he looks for the release
catch)
Has anyone seen an organiser? Is that
too much to ask?

ADAM, soaked with sweat, fumbles in his pocket for his inhaler. He takes deep breaths. He lowers his helmet again and spots a folder with the word INTEL graphically stenciled on the front.

He opens the envelope. Inside is a sheet of paper with illustrations of military hand signals. He puts it down on a table and tries some of them out.

ADAM
(to the room)
Hey, look guys.

ADAM copies the hand signals but instead of saying what they really mean, he comes up with a series of comedy interpretations.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(makes a pistol shape)
Loser.
(circles his finger in the
air)
You're loopy.
(forms a circle with his
finger and thumb and puts
it to his eye to signal
sniper)
Cry baby.

EDWARD spots a shotgun leaning against the wall. He grins. Sitting next to it is a belt filled with cartridges. He wanders over and picks it up just as MARKO spots what he's doing and dives in. They both grab hold of the gun at the same time.

EDWARD
(shouting)
Hey! What are you doing?

MARKO
(towering over him tugging
the gun towards him)
I just left it there to pick up later.

EDWARD
No you didn't.

But MARKO isn't budging.

SHELLY
(to both of them)
Come on, behave.

MARKO
(still not letting go,
calmly)
I saw it first.

SHELLY
Tell you what boys. Paper, rock,
scissors yeah?

EDWARD
(Begrudgingly)
OK.

MARKO releases his grip and holds up a hand.

The pair of them clench their fists. EDWARD comes up
with scissors. MARKO, rock.

MARKO snatches the gun and breaks open the barrel.

MARKO
Unlucky.

EDWARD forces a smile even though he's smarting.

MARKO holsters his pistol and loads up his shotgun.

MARKO (CONT'D)
Time to upgrade.

He lets off a couple of rounds, putting smouldering
holes into a wall.

The SERGEANT appears, stiff-backed, in front of them.

SERGEANT
(coughs)
ATTENTION recruits. You have completed
your training. You are now on your
own. You now have body armor.
(MORE)

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

God knows you'll need it. It can
withstand one shot and then it's gone.

Blinking into existence, the RECRUITS now all wear full military body armor. This consists of ballistic plates for the back and front of the torso, but also for the limbs, neck and groin. In addition they all now wear a virtual military helmet and boots. The outfit is not dissimilar to the suit of armor worn by a medieval knight.

MARKO looks at his reflection in the window, having a 'you looking at me' Travis Bickle moment with his shot gun. TAYLOR looks drowned and miserable in hers.

MARKO

(to himself)

Can this get any cooler?

SERGEANT

Your war starts now. You've gotta
clear the whole building. No
dereliction of duty. Deserters will
not be tolerated. Good luck soldiers.

With that he salutes them, turns on his heels and
marches off.

TAYLOR

What? We have to do every floor?
How long is this going to take, I'm
supposed to be meeting some friends at
five. Do you think we'll be finished
by then?

RASHID looks for the release catch to his helmet but
can't seem to find it.

RASHID

Does anybody know how to get this
thing off?

MARKO

(surprised anyone would
want to stop playing the
coolest game in the
world)

Why?

RASHID

Raghead is great name when you're
anonymous and winding people up
online. But I feel like a jerk with
this stuck on my head... where the
hell is everyone? You know what? I
quit.

He makes his way back up the stairs. The other RECRUITS head down to the next level.

26

INT. STAIRWELL FLOOR 22ND. DAY

26

Instead of the stenciled words of training level the words now reads 'The Call Up'.

MARKO

Playtime's over, kids...

MARKO with his shotgun is ready to go and is first through the door. He runs into the reception area and takes out a TERRORIST with a shotgun blast to the head, splattering the wall behind with blood.

ADAM

(laughing)

Save some for the rest of us.

TAYLOR

Do you have to get to the end to get paid?

All the RECRUITS move on down the corridor except CARL, SHELLY and TAYLOR, who hang behind chatting.

CARL

(to SHELLY)

Look are you sure you want to spend all your savings on a cowboy course? This is the 21st Century. You can't just go and find work on a ranch.

Gun fire as the other RECRUITS battle their way through the floor.

CARL sits down in a chair.

CARL (CONT'D)

This ranch gets people jobs? As cowboys?

SHELLY

That's what they say.

CARL

Yeah right... There are no ranches any more.

SHELLY

(defensive)

How do you know?

CARL

It's all industrial farming. Cattle,
it's all industrially farmed in huge
pens.

SHELLY

What, you some kind of expert?

CARL

This 'ranch' is just a holiday camp
for yuppies who make what the course
costs in a day. Keep your money -
don't waste it.

SHELLY

(defensive)

You don't know what you're fucking
talking about.

CARL

You know what it's none of my
business. I was just trying to help
you out.

While they are having this conversation a TERRORIST
creeps up on CARL.

BANG

He's shot and loses his body armor. He casually turns
to see who fired at him.

CARL (CONT'D)

(putting his hands up in a
mock surrender gesture)

Fuck it, I surrender...

BANG

CARL's shot in the chest and the bullet explodes out of
his back. He flies backwards in his chair and rolls on
the floor, screaming in agony.

SHELLY instinctively takes out the TERRORIST with two
shots to the torso.

CARL is writhing in pain on the floor.

CARL (CONT'D)

(gasping finding it hard
to breath)

Help me!

SHELLY is surprised then shocked to see he has an
actual bullet wound. It's hideous, deep and very real.
Blood pours from a hole in his chest, staining his
white T-shirt.

SHELLY
 (lifting up her visor)
 HELP. HE'S HURT, he's...

She looks down at CARL and sees that in reality, with the visor up, there's no wound. She does a double-take, lowering and raising her visor.

SHELLY's confused because CARL seems to be in genuine pain.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
 Look.

She lifts up CARL's visor for him.

CARL sees for himself the wound is virtual but he's still in agony. In the background, a horrified TAYLOR stares on, shaking.

CARL
 (can hardly get the words
 out)
 Something's... gone wrong.

A beat.

SHELLY thinks for a moment then takes out a health pack from her pocket and injects him with the syringe. She pushes the plunger down emptying its contents into CARL.

Moments later CARL's injury miraculously heals, the blood retreating back into the wound. The muscle repairs itself and the skin grows back. Even the clothes mend. The way the wound repairs itself is gruesome, a bullet pushing its way out from under the skin.

SHELLY
 Maybe it's supposed to sting a bit
 for, you know, effect.

CARL
 (stunned, whispering)
 Sting? Felt like I had acid for blood.
 Fuck.

27

INT. CORRIDOR 22ND FLOOR. DAY

27

The lead group are still firing away. ANDRE takes out another TERRORIST like a pro. MARKO, EDWARD and ANDRE chase down another one.

MARKO
 (grinning)
 We've got the rat cornered.

Wearing a serious expression and playing hero, MARKO blasts another enemy off his feet with his shotgun.

ADAM is hanging behind, out of breath. Water drips from a broken pipe in the ceiling; he holds his hand underneath it. In the virtual world water droplets splash on his hand. He cups his hand so it fills up with the water, but when he lifts his visor up his hand is dry.

The barrel of a hand gun slowly emerges from a darkened doorway.

BANG

ADAM loses his body armor.

BANG

He catches a second bullet in the neck. A jet of blood spurts out, spraying the walls around him – in the virtual world it's hit the pulmonary artery. ADAM tries to cry out but instead spits blood.

Oblivious, ANDRE continues to fire like the pro he is, taking out the TERRORIST that shot ADAM.

*BANG*BANG*BANG*

Bullets drill through the TERRORIST who slumps against a wall.

ANDRE looks back and notices that ADAM is wounded.

ANDRE
(getting the others
attention pointing to
ADAM)
Look.
(to ADAM)
You alright, buddy?

28 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 22ND FLOOR. DAY 28

ADAM retreats, staggering backwards a few paces into the main office where CARL, SHELLY and TAYLOR are.

28 He holds his hand to his neck to try and stem the bleeding but the blood just seeps through his fingers. He stares at his blood-covered hands in confusion. Falls to his knees. 28

TAYLOR sees his injury and starts to scream hysterically.

SHELLY
Hold on.

She goes through recovering CARL's pockets and finds his health pack then runs over and injects ADAM in the arm. Again, the wound miraculously heals in front of their eyes - blood evaporating and retreating into the wound.

There's a look of total confusion on ADAM's face.

EDWARD, ANDRE and MARKO have come back into the main room. There is a moment's silence as the RECRUITS try to make sense of things.

MARKO lifts up the visor so he's back in the 'real world'.

MARKO

What the fuck is going on?

They all raise their visors and stare at each other baffled.

CARL is only just now starting to regain his breath.

CARL

There's something wrong with the game.
The pain was something else.

CARL (CONT'D)

(Trying to find the catch
on his helmet)

STOP THE GAME! IT'S FUCKING UP!

ANDRE and MARKO look at each other in disbelief.

MARKO

You for real, man?

CARL

It was brutal.
(trying to get his body
suit off)
The shock, it comes from this fucking
thing.

Gestures to his body suit.

MARKO

You're messing with me, right? You're
getting real shocks?

But from CARL's wide - eyed terror they can see that he's deadly serious. Simultaneously they all try to release their helmets. The vein on CARL's forehead pops out as he strains to remove his.

CARL

(suddenly frantic)
Get this off me.

ANDRE

Calm down. There must be a catch
somewhere.

A minute goes by and they become increasingly more
frantic in their efforts to get rid of the gear. CARL
loses it with his helmet, desperately trying to prise
it loose. His face is red and the metal strap pinches
him painfully.

SHELLY

(loses her temper)

WHERE THE HELL IS EVERYONE! HELLO!

SHELLY hurries over to the lift.

She calls it but nothing happens. She kicks the door in
frustration.

She turns and walks angrily toward the stairwell.

29

INT. STAIRWELL 22ND FLOOR. DAY

29

Looking for an organiser she takes the steps three at a
time.

SHELLY comes up the stairs to be confronted by RASHID
shaking violently on the floor. She rushes over.
RASHID's eyes have rolled back so all that can be seen
are the whites of his eyes.

SHELLY

Hold on, I'll get help.

She continues up the stairs **ZAP**.

At the top she runs into the virtual snaking and
sparking electrical cable, getting a terrific
electrical shock. Her body armor crackles and vibrates -
this is where the shock came from.

She flies backward against a wall and lands on top of
RASHID.

MARKO rounds the stairway to be confronted by a shaking
SHELLY and RASHID. He hears a loud electrical buzz and
pulls down his visor, in the virtual world, he sees the
electrical cord snake inches away from his face. He
freezes and slowly edges back.

30

INT. RECEPTION AREA FLOOR 22ND FLOOR. DAY

30

A terrified TAYLOR observes MARKO dragging an
unconscious SHELLY through the stairway door back into
the office. RASHID staggers behind.

MARKO

Everyone, take off your body suit.
It's fucked.

He puts SHELLY down. All the RECRUITS now have their visors up so it's gone from a full-on war zone to an empty office. They continue to struggle with their kit, looking for the mysterious catch that will set them free. RASHID is trying the hardest but the helmet chokes him every time he tries to pry it off, like a Chinese finger trap. ADAM heads for the stairs.

ADAM

(calling)

HELP, we need some help here.

MARKO and RASHID *sotto*.

RASHID

Don't go up there.

MARKO

Stop.

EDWARD hasn't had a shock yet so is still suspicious.

EDWARD

You're not just messing about right?
You're getting shocks? Real shocks?

RASHID

It's a trap.

CARL

(nods)

The lifts don't work, vests don't come off. There's no one in charge.

ANDRE

(calmly)

Get a grip. Why would someone do that?
There's a simple explanation. Probably just been calibrated wrongly or something. Let's just calm down and wait for whoever's running this show to get here.

EDWARD

I'll represent all of you, we'll sue.
We definitely have a case.

RASHID is slumped against a wall. He takes out a cigarette, lights it and starts to desperately suck away.

RASHID

(seething)

Get paid for testing a game they said.

(MORE)

RASHID (CONT'D)

God I should have known. It's like everything in this country. It's all bate and switch. You come here for the big house and the nice car. Then they get you working three jobs just to survive.

CARL slowly pulls himself together and gets to his feet.

CARL

(to RASHID)

Hey buddy, can I get one of those?

RASHID passes him the packet, CARL takes one. RASHID lights it for him, looks at the flame, thinks for a moment. Then coolly walks over to a glass fire alarm and smashes it.

No alarm sounds.

RASHID throws the cigarette to the ground and stamps it out. He turns his attention back to his helmet but knows it's futile. Then he grabs the chrome fire extinguisher off the wall. He sizes them all up. MARKO is obviously the biggest so he hands it to him.

RASHID

(slapping the helmet with his hand)

I want you to smash this off.

ANDRE

Hold on a minute, I'm sure someone's going to be here any second now. If you do that, they won't pay us.

MARKO

(thinks about it for a moment and ignores ANDRE)

All right.

(turns to RASHID)

Put your head down on the floor.

RASHID lies down, resting his head so it's easy for MARKO to hit.

Then from RASHID's point of view we see MARKO bring the heavy metal extinguisher down with all his considerable might.

CRASH

This leaves a noticeable dent in the helmet and RASHID's stunned, his ears ringing.

MARKO (CONT'D)

You OK?

RASHID
(nods, signals)
Get on with it.

MARKO gets ready to strike again.

EDWARD is standing near the stairwell and is the first to hear the approaching footsteps.

EDWARD
(relieved)
Someone's coming!

SHELLY
(pulls herself up and
staggers up and towards
the door)
DO YOU THINK THIS IS FUNNY?

The others all turn expectantly towards the stairwell door. The footsteps become louder but then strangely no one appears.

Clip, clip, clip, clip. The footsteps come into the room.

SERGEANT
SOLDIER. THERE WILL BE NO COWARDICE IN
ALPHA COMPANY.

The virtual SERGEANT shouts, making them all jump. They all pull down their visors and see the SERGEANT striding into the room.

The SERGEANT moves menacingly, cigar in mouth, over to RASHID and MARKO with purposeful, clipped steps. Then smashes one of his giant fists down on MARKO's jaw. With one punch MARKO's knocked over.

The SERGEANT then turns his attention to RASHID, brutally kicking him in the stomach.

A furious MARKO staggers back up and, without thinking, charges at the SERGEANT but runs straight through the virtual figure. He loses his balance and falls back down to the ground. The SERGEANT boots him in the stomach.

CARL lifts his visor and sees the body armor buzz and vibrate as it gives RASHID and MARKO brutal electric shocks. From CARL's point of view we hear the now-invisible SERGEANT snarl menacingly in his ear.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Desertions will not be tolerated. I
hope that is understood, soldiers.

The SERGEANT then moves off and we hear his footsteps echo as he walks back up the stairwell.

MARKO and RASHID are curled up, recovering from their beating.

CUT TO:

31 INT. STAIRWELL 24TH FLOOR. DAY 31

ADAM stands terrified, just out of reach of the snaking cable, which twists and turns and sparks inches from his face. He takes a tug on his inhaler.

32 INT. RECEPTION AREA NEXT TO STAIRWELL 22ND FLOOR. DAY 32

We move across the other RECRUITS' stunned and anxious faces until finally finishing on CARL. He is at the water cooler drinking cup after cup of water.

ADAM walks back in and presses the elevator button repeatedly.

ADAM
(mumbling to himself)
If you press it three times it goes
into hurry mode.

RASHID and MARKO are still recovering from their beating. TAYLOR, is still trying to force her helmet off. Her bottom lip is trembling, she finally breaks down and starts to cry.

TAYLOR
(hysterical)
Please... please let me go.

ANDRE
It is a trap.

RASHID
No shit Sherlock.

EDWARD
We had to leave our phones upstairs...

SHELLY
(pacing back and forth)
WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT? WHAT THE
FUCK IS GOING ON?

EDWARD
That's what I've been trying to work
out.

RASHID

It's the military. Some sort of psychological test. We're being studied. See how we behave.

ANDRE

It's not the military.

A beat

RASHID

It's the military industrial complex. It's obvious.

ANDRE

Who in the military? How could they get away with this and no one notice?

RASHID

(to ANDRE)

You should know.

ANDRE

What's that supposed to mean?

RASHID

It was great of you to show us how to load our weapons and how to clear rooms.

A beat

MARKO

(to ANDRE)

He's got a point.

ANDRE

You can't be serious.

RASHID

(stands up)

You're their man on the inside. Didn't think it was a good idea to damage our helmets.

ANDRE

I just really need the money. Didn't want them to have a reason not to pay us.

RASHID starts walking towards him.

RASHID

Well we've had enough of your little game.

MARKO

Yeah the game is over, OK.

RASHID gets right up into ANDRE's face. MARKO joins him and most of the others agree that he must be in on it.

ANDRE fronts him back.

ANDRE
(Aggressive)
I don't know anything... You're crowding me.

They stand eye to eye for a moment before ANDRE pushes RASHID violently backwards. SHELLY and EDWARD jump in and break them up.

A furious ANDRE walks off to cool down. The remaining RECRUITS look at him suspiciously as he goes.

33 INT. CORRIDOR 22ND FLOOR. DAY 33

ANDRE storms off down the corridor to the men's toilets.

34 INT. MEN'S TOILETS 22ND FLOOR. DAY 34

Lost in thought, ANDRE makes his way over to the urinal then washes his face in the sink.

35 INT. LIFT AREA 22ND FLOOR. DAY 35

Back in the virtual world, on the opposite side of the floor one of the lifts sparks into life. The door opens and out march four TERRORISTS.

A burly LEADER signals for the others to follow.

They move expertly forward, guns at the ready.

36 INT. MENS TOILET 22ND FLOOR. DAY 36

ANDRE is washing his hands, he's started to cool down. He hears the door open behind him and footsteps enter.

ANDRE
(to whoever has entered)
I don't want any more of your shit.

He looks up into the mirror, confused. There's no one there. His hand shakes as he pulls his visor down. He's back in the virtual world with its filthy toilet, dripping water and smashed tiles and mirrors.

Behind him stand two fierce looking TERRORISTS with guns raised.

*Bang*Bang*

The TERRORISTS fire and ANDRE flies backwards, blood spraying onto the mirror.

He collapses in agony. The TERRORISTS mock him in Russian as they leave. Blood starts to pool beneath him. He's choking, bleeding from his mouth.

37 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 22ND FLOOR. DAY 37

Back in the main room the RECRUITS hear the gun shots.

Instinctively they push down their visors. Now back in the virtual world, they dive for cover/ run for it as the bullets fly - compared to before when it didn't hurt, they are all super cautious now.

The TERRORISTS enter the far side of the room and open fire. EDWARD is blasted in the stomach and flies dramatically backwards over a table, screaming in agony.

TAYLOR is hit and loses her body armor.

TAYLOR
(screaming hysterically)
NO. STOP. NO.

38 INT. STAIRWELL 22ND FLOOR. DAY 38

TAYLOR runs into the stairwell and up to the snaking wire then back down again like a headless chicken.

TAYLOR
Make it stop! Make it stop!

39 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 22ND FLOOR. DAY 39

With unmoving expressions the TERRORISTS continue to attack, doing the occasional cool forward roll as they advance.

MARKO mans-up and, jumping from round a corner, he blasts away with his shotgun, blowing a TERRORIST off his feet. RASHID follows his example and starts to return fire. Between them they take him out.

From his hiding place beneath a desk, CARL fires away at the last TERRORISTS legs. He falls to the ground and CARL finishes him off, this time unloading his whole magazine - he's no longer squeamish.

Silence.

No one moves except SHELLY who runs over to an injured EDWARD. His hands are clutched to his stomach, blood pours through his fingers. SHELLY injects him with her pack. The blood starts to retreat back through his fingers. He lifts them off his stomach - he's healed.

ADAM emerges out of a side room, a shaking hand holding his gun ahead of him.

ADAM
(terrified)
Are there any more?

40 INT. CORRIDOR 22ND FLOOR. DAY 40

We follow ANDRE's virtual blood trail, hand prints on walls, drips on the floor. They lead from the toilet and along the corridor to the main room.

41 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 22ND FLOOR. DAY 41

We catch up with ANDRE as he crawls in agony on his stomach into the room.

ANDRE
(gasping)
Help!

SHELLY runs over and searches her pocket for a health pack. She can't find one.

SHELLY
(shouts)
I need a pack now.

SHELLY runs around asking everyone but no one does. There is only TAYLOR left to ask who is still screaming at the top of the stairwell.

42 INT. STAIRWELL 22ND FLOOR. DAY 42

SHELLY runs up the stairwell, taking the steps three at a time.

SHELLY
Do you have a pack?

TAYLOR is terrified and looks blankly at her.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
DO YOU HAVE A HEALTH PACK?

SHELLY frisks through TAYLOR's pockets, finds one and bounds back down the stairs.

43

INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 22ND FLOOR. DAY

43

The others stand around ANDRE, waiting for SHELLY's return.

Suddenly a piercing sonic scream emanates from ANDRE's helmet. This causes him to thrash around violently - he's having a fit. Foam starts to pour out of his mouth and blood from his ears.

As suddenly as it started, the sonic scream stops and with it his shaking. ANDRE goes totally limp.

Breathless, SHELLY appears with the health pack and takes in their horrified expressions. She runs over and feels ANDRE's pulse.

SHELLY

I... I can't feel a pulse.

They all take in the enormity of this.

MARKO

(looking around the room
to people he imagines are
secretly watching them)

SOMEONE'S JUST HAD A FUCKING HEART
ATTACK. THIS HAS GOT TO STOP. WE NEED
HELP NOW.

EDWARD pulls himself up off the floor.

EDWARD

(gasps as he speaks still
recovering from the
shock)

I'm no doctor but you don't bleed from
the ears if you're having a heart
attack.

ADAM

The helmet gave off some sort of sonic
blast.

RASHID

(trying to pull off his
helmet)

Jesus, it's a fucking death trap.

MARKO

They can't have known this would
happen. It's an accident.

(shouting to the
organizers)

SOMEONE'S DIED. YOU'VE GOT TO PULL THE
PLUG.

Terrified, they exchange glances then clutch their helmets as they realize that their heads are attached to death traps. Things have just gotten a whole lot worse.

ADAM
(panicky)
Oh... God.

MARKO
What?

ADAM
Nothing... it sounds crazy.

MARKO
And this is normal?

A beat.

ADAM
(To SHELLY)
Hey Shelly, how long did it take to get to me with a health pack?

SHELLY
I don't know. I got there almost straight away.

ADAM
And how long for Edward and Carl?

SHELLY
A few seconds.

ADAM
And you didn't get to Andre for at least a minute did you?

SHELLY
What are you saying?

EDWARD
(gets what Adam is saying)
If you don't get a pack in time then you're dead. Like with gaming.

A beat.

SHELLY
Who thinks up something like this? What do they want? What do they want from us?

EDWARD
I don't know. But for now we have to focus on playing the game.

EDWARD pulls down his visor.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(takes his gun out of it's
holster)
We have to stay in this world at all
times.

RASHID
Fuck that, I want to get the hell out
of here.

EDWARD
We need to just stay alive.

MARKO
(motioning to EDWARD)
He's right. Pull your visors down and
keep them down at all times.

MARKO lowers his and ADAM follows suit they are back in
the virtual world.

MARKO (CONT'D)
What part of this don't you get we're
defenceless with this up.

A very Reluctant SHELLY slowly pulls down her visor.
Lastly CARL lowers his.

TAYLOR's lost it and collapses into a ball, crying
uncontrollably with her visor still up.

TAYLOR
I just can't... I can't believe this
is happening. Lucy's the one you want
not me. She's a loser. You have no
idea how popular I am, everyone likes
me. I'm not a gamer, I never even
play, I hate gaming. I want to go
home.

RASHID also has his helmet visor up and is studying his
reflection in the window, desperately looking for a way
to get it off.

Back in the virtual world EDWARD starts to pace back
and forth collecting his thoughts.

EDWARD
(He turns to the other
RECRUITS)
I heard the elevator, before the
attack.

MARKO
(gets what he's saying)
What? You think that's where they came
from?

44 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING IN BUSINESS AREA. DAY 44

We see the outside of the mirrored office. SFX fades up and we hear the sound of crying and banging on a window inside.

To begin with it's barely audible. Then it becomes progressively louder.

45 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 22ND FLOOR. DAY 45

A frenzied TAYLOR bangs on the window.

TAYLOR
Please let me go. You've got the wrong
person.

47 INT. LIFT RECEPTION AREA 22ND FLOOR. DAY 47

The RECRUITS nervously watch the lift.

CARL hasn't had a drink for while and this combined with the stress has started to affect him. He's soaked in sweat and is trying to stop his hands from shaking.

CARL stares longingly at a half - finished virtual bottle of vodka on a table. He puts his hand through it.

SHELLY appears with her visor up holding two cups of water.

SHELLY
(To CARL passing him a
cup)
Drink.

CARL lifts his visor, takes the cup and greedily drinks it. She passes him the second cup, he takes this and downs it as well. He drops the cups to the floor.

CARL
They're not going to let us go. We're
witnesses to murder.

SHELLY
It's a good world and in a good world
good wins out... What I mean is,
however bad the situation, we'll find
a way to get out of here.

CARL
(scoffs)
A good world? Sweet Jesus.

MARKO is the only one still wearing body armor.

MARKO
(Whispering gets their
attention)
Here they come.

They all flinch as the lift comes to life. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen... The RECRUITS brace themselves, taking cover and pointing their shaking weapons at the lift door.

Ping.

The RECRUITS fire away manically. ADAM empties his whole magazine. **Click** he's out of ammo.

SHELLY also blasts away **click**. Now she's out of ammo. Finally all the TERRORISTS lie prone.

The lift doors, close and it starts to descend.

RASHID with his visor up runs forward and presses the lift button. But it doesn't respond. He kicks the door in frustration.

MARKO (CONT'D)
(to EDWARD)
You're right. How long till the next attack?

EDWARD
They're becoming more frequent.

ADAM
I'm out of ammo.

MARKO
I'm almost out.

EDWARD
We've only got one health pack.

A beat

EDWARD (CONT'D)
We're being given no choice...
We have to continue or... we'll run
out of supplies. We're being pushed
forward.

A beat. They take this in.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

We've got to go. We've got to go now.

EDWARD starts to walk towards the stairs but they all ignore him.

MARKO

We should get going.

CARL

Great, one down seven to go.
We're like good little battery chickens.

(Clucks, doing a chicken impression)

MARKO

(throwing his shotgun over his shoulder)

Let's go.

(to all of them)

Trust me I will get you all out of here.

MARKO heads off towards the stairwell.

CARL continues to cluck like a chicken, much to MARKO's annoyance.

MARKO (CONT'D)

Pull yourself together. I don't know what the fuck is going on either but we have to work as a team.

CARL

(mutters)

What, team Death Row?

They start to move, nervously following MARKO. He looks like the natural leader as he still has his full body armor and carries a shotgun. The others look like pensioners in Q-zar.

TAYLOR is just too terrified to bring down her visor.

SHELLY

(whispering, points to her visor)

It's safer.

Eventually after several abortive attempts TAYLOR with hands trembling she manages to bring it down and enter the game.

SHELLY (CONT'D)

(Takes her hand)

Come on.

SHELLY gently coaxes TAYLOR towards the stairwell.
RASHID follows behind, with his visor still up.

48 INT. STAIRWELL 21ST FLOOR.DAY 48

The remaining RECRUITS creep down the stairs in silence.

49 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 24TH FLOOR. DAY 49

MARKO opens the door a crack and peeps inside. He spots two TERRORISTS playing backgammon and smoking.

MARKO
(whispering)
You see them?

EDWARD
(whispering)
Yeah.

MARKO
(whispering)
OK after three. One, two, three...

MARKO and EDWARD open fire at the same time, taking two of them out.

But in so doing they both run out of bullets: BANG, CLICK, CLICK.

RASHID has his visor up and is on a chair sparking his lighter underneath a fire sensor. Nothing happens. He hears the gunshots and pushes his visor back down returning into the game world, jumping off the chair.

TAYLOR, CARL and SHELLY hang back behind the main group.

A TERRORIST comes out of a side room and starts to shoot at them.

CARL fires but because of his mild shakes he misses.

BANG...click.

The TERRORIST walks straight towards him, shooting.

SHELLY
(to TAYLOR)
I'm out. SHOOT HIM, SHOOT HIM.

But TAYLOR just stands there frozen in terror.

CARL has no way of defending himself and instinctively puts his hands up to protect himself.

The TERRORIST fires and the bullet goes straight through his hand and into his chest.

CARL holds his hand up to his face. He can see straight through it. He's dazed and in a state of shock.

TAYLOR starts screaming.

SHELLY grabs the gun off TAYLOR and takes out the TERRORIST with a head shot.

SHELLY applies the last health pack to CARL. The hole in his hand heals before his eyes. The wound now healed he drags himself slowly to his feet.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(to the still hysterical
TAYLOR)
SHUT THE FUCK UP.

50 INT. KITCHEN AREA 21ST FLOOR. DAY

50

Led by MARKO, EDWARD and ADAM claw their way down a corridor toward the kitchen area where the supplies are. They frantically restock on ammunition.

They hear the sound of running footsteps coming down the corridor towards them. Now rearmed, MARKO fires, taking out the TERRORISTS in mid sprint.

MARKO isn't as good as ANDRE was but he's doing OK.

51 INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN OFFICE 22ND FLOOR. DAY

51

The battle is over and the floor is cleared. It's the calm after the storm.

CARL is still recovering from the wound, rubbing the spot in the centre of his hand where the bullet hole was.

MARKO
(handing SHELLY a health
pack)
Look after this.

TAYLOR
(to SHELLY)
I didn't tell my boyfriend where I was going... I didn't tell any of my friends, no one knows where I was going. It was all so last minute. Did you tell anyone? When will your friends start to miss you?

SHELLY
There's people I hang out with but...

TAYLOR
What about family?

SHELLY
I don't have any family...

TAYLOR
No family?

SHELLY
I was brought up in foster care.

TAYLOR
What about your brother? You mentioned
you had a brother?

SHELLY
He's dead.

EDWARD approaches ADAM.

EDWARD
(to ADAM)
Do you still have that Intel?

ADAM
(looks through his
pockets)
Yeah, it's here somewhere.

ADAM passes a sheet of paper to EDWARD. A close-up
shows twenty illustrations of a balaclava - clad
solider doing different hand gestures.

EDWARD
They wouldn't have given us this for
nothing? I think we have to...

MARKO grabs the sheet off EDWARD and starts to copy the
hand signals illustrated on the page.

MARKO
(to everyone in the room)
Listen up everyone. We have to learn
these.

The RECRUITS crawl onto the 20th floor.

MARKO peers through a doorway. He hand signals to the
others that there are three TERRORISTS ahead. They
start to ready their weapons. Seen from TAYLOR's point
of view, the RECRUITS open fire through the doorway.

Eventually the firing dies down and the RECRUITS head off, disappearing into the room.

A terrified TAYLOR remains behind. She reluctantly gets up to follow them but just then a couple of TERRORISTS emerge from another exit. She ducks down again to hide but is now cut off from the others.

Again from TAYLOR'S point of view the TERRORISTS open fire through the doorway at the RECRUITS.

A panic stricken TAYLOR runs back up the stairwell. But one of the TERRORISTS spots her. He peels off from the others and goes after her.

53 INT. RECEPTION 21ST FLOOR. DAY

53

TAYLOR pushes open the stairwell door and scrambles away down the corridor. She stops to catch her breath.

Hearing a door open behind her and approaching footsteps she peers round the corner to look. Spotting the TERRORIST she pulls out her gun but in her panic drops it.

She goes to pick it up but...

She decides to leave the gun and keep running.

The TERRORIST is a machine and continues his relentless pursuit. He never breaks into a run, always walking at the same constant speed.

54 INT. TOILET 21ST FLOOR. DAY

54

TAYLOR runs into the toilet, and hides in one of the cubicles, closing the door, but not locking it. She holds her feet up off the floor, giving the impression that no one is there.

She hears the TERRORIST make his way down the corridor before finally arriving at the toilets. The door opens and footsteps approach.

TAYLOR's terrified, tears roll down her cheeks. The TERRORIST comes to a stop. She holds her breath, shaking uncontrollably. If she makes a sound she's dead.

A beat

Then the footsteps recede, she hears the door close and lets out her breath in relief.

She waits a minute to check she's safe then heads cautiously back out the way she came.

55 INT. CORRIDOR 21ST FLOOR. DAY

55

As TAYLOR gets closer to the stairwell she starts to walk faster before finally breaking into a run.

She rounds the last corner and can see the stairwell door. The TERRORIST steps out, fires.

bang

She flies backwards screaming in agony. The TERRORIST heads downstairs.

Although in extreme pain, TAYLOR manages to clamber to her feet and comes face to face with her reflection in a window. It's a horrifying sight. Her jaw is practically hanging off.

She collapses to the ground in a mixture of shock and pain. She feels her pockets for a health pack but it's not there. The others are all caught up in the chaotic fire fight downstairs, so there is no one to help her.

56 INT. STAIRWELL 21ST FLOOR . DAY

56

From the stairwell we hear TAYLOR'S muffled cries for help before there's the sound of the sonic blast and her rattling body.

57 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING IN BUSINESS AREA. DAY

57

A time lapse shot shows the sun moving through the sky reflected on the mirrored exterior of the building.

58 INT. RECEPTION AREA 21ST FLOOR. DAY

58

LATER. The fight on the floor below has been fought and won. The RECRUITS are gathered round TAYLOR's corpse. This second death has really hit them hard and they all wear thousand - yard stares.

SHELLY

I thought she ran forward. I didn't see where she went.

From CARL's his point of view we see TAYLOR's horribly disfigured face.

CARL

(to everyone)

What did you do? You must have done something?

MARKO

What are you talking about?

CARL

Come on we all deserve this, what did you do?

MARKO

You think this is some kind of punishment..? What did you do?

A beat

CARL

I left her to die.

SHELLY

What are you talking about Carl?

CARL

We were staying in a guesthouse in Cambodia. You know, one of those four dollar a night dives. I went out to get some cigarettes. I was only gone twenty minutes. When I came back the place was on fire. The owner tried to stop me from going in, said everyone had got out safely. But I couldn't see her among the guests outside. I ran in and up to the second floor but the smoke was too thick. You can't do anything in a fire. I couldn't breathe, the owner had said everyone had got out. So... I turned around.

A beat.

MARKO

I haven't done anything.

The others all nod and agree. SHELLY holding CARL's arm and looking him in straight in the eye.

SHELLY

You're not being punished.

57	The RECRUITS head off to the next floor. EDWARD and MARKO walk round a couple of dead virtual TERRORISTS while RASHID walks through them - he's not in the zone as he has his visor up.	57
59	INT. RECEPTION 19TH FLOOR. LATE EVENING MARKO and the rest of the RECRUITS move off down a corridor. RASHID, at the lift, still with his visor up, he tries the buttons.	59
60	MARKO snatches a brief look round the door into another room.	60

Again using hand signals he communicates what's in there. The others nod that they've understood - it's all clear.

59A INT. CAFETERIA. LATE EVENING

59A

MARKO followed by the others moves slowly into a large open plan cafeteria. Striplights run along the ceiling.

Bringing up the rear RASHID stands alone with his visor up. He has his eye on the bigger picture. It's almost dark outside and there is just a hint of light in the sky.

He spots a CLEANER in the opposite building.

RASHID
(rhetorical, hopeful)
It's dark now, they can see in.

He starts banging on the window trying to get the cleaner's attention. He waves frantically and runs back and forth screaming.

In the virtual world this gets the TERRORIST'S attention. Footsteps can be heard approaching, along with raised Russian voices. A head pops into view, visible through a round window in the metal door that leads to the kitchen. The door swings open and TERRORISTS emerge into the cafeteria.

The RECRUITS all dive for cover.

60 EXT. OFFICE BUILDING IN BUSINESS AREA. NIGHT

60

From outside we see RASHID banging desperately on the cafeteria window.

The CLEANER is oblivious to him, and carries on vacuuming.

61 INT. CAFETERIA 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT

61

Because RASHID is not in the 'zone' he's an easy target for a TERRORIST. CARL is hiding under a table. From his point of view we see a TERRORIST blast away at RASHID. In the virtual world the bullets plough through him, leaving bullet holes in the window and splattering it with blood.

MARKO fires, taking out this TERRORIST. RASHID is screaming in agony. SHELLY runs over and injects a health pack. Two huge exit wounds start to heal.

62 INT. BUILDING OPPOSITE. NIGHT

62

The CLEANER in the opposite building is still vacuuming the floor. Behind him we see the RECRUITS battle the TERRORISTS forcing them to retreat into the kitchen. But in the real world, they fire their model weapons and throw their prop grenades. They look absurd.

Again the CLEANER is oblivious.

63 INT. KITCHEN 19TH FLOOR. LATE EVENING.

63

MARKO and EDWARD are the first to enter a large industrial kitchen. A TERRORIST fires and bullets hit the stainless steel walls and cupboards.

They dive behind a stainless steel work surface for cover. They cower as bullets smash into the metal surfaces around them. Plates stacked on a shelf above are blown to pieces, raining crockery down on them.

MARKO slowly pulls himself up off the floor, and crouching, cautiously starts to move forward. His eyes dart left and right, searching the room, giant cooking pots boil away on the industrial cookers, steam obscuring his view. He accidentally brushes against some kitchen utensils, a ladle clatters to a stop.

65 Suddenly a TERRORIST jumps up and fires, taking away MARKO's armor. MARKO immediately returns fire, blowing this fiend of his feet.

65

Silence.

SHELLY
(poking her head round the
doorway)
Is that all of them?

MARKO
Yeah, I think so.

64 EDWARD spots the supplies on top of one of the stainless steel work surfaces.

64

Along with ammo there is a neat pile of kit - protective body armor and helmet. EDWARD is about to take it when MARKO barges him out of the way like he isn't even there and puts his hand through this virtual gear. It vanishes and suddenly MARKO's wearing the helmet and the rest of the kit. Of course he should have it - he's leading.

SHELLY notices a stack of rations. She opens a pack and looks through its contents: an energy bar, can of drink and bread roll.

66

INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN CAFETERIA 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT

66

A few minutes later and the RECRUITS sit around in silence with their visors up eating their rations.

RASHID is still in pain - it takes a good while to overcome a wound. He sees that the cleaner has left the office and throws his rations across the room in frustration.

EDWARD

(talking to Rashid with a mouthful of food)

You've got to keep your visor down at all times, understand?

RASHID

(pointing to where the cleaner was)

I'm not surprised he didn't notice. We don't really look around us much in our everyday lives.

EDWARD

You have to stay in the game.

RASHID

(still caught up in his own train of thought)

We only notice things when they hit us round the head.

Sotto

EDWARD

You're putting us all at risk.

MARKO

(walks over and pushes RASHID'S helmet down)

It's not just about you. Stay in the game.

RASHID

(pushes his visor back up again)

Don't you see? Our best weapon is to think outside of the game.

MARKO

We just need to stay alive.

RASHID

(something occurs to him)

Of course. People only notice something when it hits us round the head.

RASHID looks down at the street below. Although it's a weekend and a city district there is still the occasional pedestrian and a steady flow of traffic.

RASHID (CONT'D)
(frantic)
I'll get people to fucking notice us.

He picks up a chair and throws it against the window. It bounces off and rolls across the room. He picks it up again and with all his might chucks it against the window but it bounces harmlessly off.

EDWARD
It's super - toughened glass.

RASHID then gets behind a large dinning table and pushes it as hard as he can at the window like a battering ram. Giving it his all he picks up speed.

SMASH. Finally a crack appears in the glass. And a grin on RASHID's face. RASHID starts to pull the table back across the room for another run. The other RECRUITS are surprised.

RASHID
When this lands on their heads they'll notice us.

SERGEANT
(suddenly from behind him
he hears screaming)
SOLDIER. THERE WILL BE NO COWARDICE IN
ALPHA COMPANY.

Walking relentlessly towards him comes the SERGEANT, who does a roundhouse kick that sends RASHID flying. He scrambles up, gasping for breath.

Instinctively he staggers away as fast as he can from the approaching SERGEANT.

67 INT. RECEPTION ROOM 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT

67

RASHID runs through the reception room and into the stairwell.

68 INT. STAIRWELL 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT

68

The SERGEANT does a karate kick. The impact sends RASHID flying backwards down the stairs. His leg gets caught between two runners. SNAP. It breaks.

The SERGEANT keeps kicking him.

SERGEANT
 (repeats what he said
 before)
 SOLDIER. THERE WILL BE NO COWARDICE IN
 ALPHA COMPANY.

With that the SERGEANT marches off.

RASHID rolls around in agony, clutching his leg. It's a
 nasty injury - and this time it's real.

One by one the RECRUITS peer into the stairwell.

RASHID
 (in considerable pain)
 FUCK!

SHELLY
 Are you OK?

MARKO
 (hissing)
 Keep it down.

RASHID
 Does it look like I'm OK?

They all lift up their visors to examine the injury.
 SHELLY feels his leg.

RASHID grits his teeth.

RASHID (CONT'D)
 Look, help me up.

SHELLY and CARL take an arm each. RASHID puts some
 pressure on his leg. It's agony. He cries out in pain.

SHELLY and CARL exchange glances. They know this isn't
 good news.

CUT TO:

69

INT. CAFETERIA 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT

69

RASHID sits with his leg up on a chair. His shoe has
 been taken off and his trouser leg has been cut away to
 reveal a nasty injury. The foot is at an angle to the
 leg that it shouldn't be, a bone protruding through the
 skin.

They all stand around taking this in, no one is sure
 what to do. SHELLY holds RASHID's hand trying her best
 to comfort him. RASHID pushes down his visor,
 ironically in the virtual world he is uninjured. He
 pushes his visor up again and his injury reappears.

RASHID
 (points to health pack,
 sticking out from
 SHELLY's pocket)
 I wish that would work on me.

MARKO is pacing back and forth, looking at the lift again.

MARKO
 We've got to get going.

SHELLY
 (to RASHID)
 Put your arm around me.

70

INT. CAFETERIA 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT

70

CARL and SHELLY are carrying RASHID an arm round each of their shoulders.

They start to move at a snail's pace across the room. Each step is agony for RASHID even though he isn't putting any weight on it. It's too much to bear.

RASHID
 (delirious)
 Stop, stop.

He has to rest for a moment. MARKO snatches the occasional glance at the lift. Any minute, more TERRORISTS will be on their way up.

MARKO
 We can't take him with us.

SHELLY with her basic first aid is wrapping a hand towel round his leg. RASHID slips in and out of consciousness.

MARKO (CONT'D)
 We've got to go now.

SHELLY
 We're not going to just leave him.
 Fuck off.

MARKO
 I don't like this either.

CARL watches as SHELLY carries on nursing RASHID, trying to make him as comfortable as possible with the little she has picked up as a hospital porter. He gathers himself.

CARL
(To SHELLY)
I'll stay and look after him.
You go.

She ignores him and carries on nursing RASHID, holding his hand.

CARL (CONT'D)
Died of a drug overdose didn't he?
Your brother.

This gets her attention.

SHELLY
How did you know...?

CARL
Brought up in foster homes, no role models, fell in with the wrong crowd. I bet you we're the one who was always trying to keep him from going off the rails. Always the martyr.

A beat.

CARL (CONT'D)
You're an open book. You're so fucking predictable it's pathetic. For once in your life don't be a fucking martyr... You're not staying... Just go.

CARL pulls SHELLY away from RASHID and tries to push her towards the door.

SHELLY
(pushes him violently back)
Get the fuck off me.

CARL
You're going. I'm going to stay and it's not up for discussion.

RASHID
(opens his eyes)
I don't want either of you to stay. I'll be fine if I hide.
(to SHELLY)
I just have to keep quiet and they won't see me.
(motions to MARKO)
Get me away from these two idiots. Help carry me in there. It's much safer if it's just me.

Points to the kitchen doorway.

RASHID (CONT'D)
(to MARKO)

Now.

MARKO is only too happy to help as he thinks this is the best solution. SHELLY and CARL block MARKO's way, MARKO pushes them out of his path.

MARKO
He's right. If he's quiet.

RASHID
(to SHELLY and CARL)
Don't argue, you haven't got time. You can help me by getting out of here and getting help.

CARL helps MARKO carry RASHID into the kitchen. RASHID whistles to distract himself from the pain.

71 INT. KITCHEN 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT

71

They put him down behind a stainless steel work surface on the far side of the room. With their visors up the kitchen is spotlessly clean and gleaming - no bullet holes, broken plates or steaming pots.

RASHID
(to SHELLY)
I'll be out of sight here. It's safer if there's just me.

SHELLY pushes the health pack into his hand.

MARKO
(snaps)
It's the last one.

RASHID
(pushes the pack away)
It won't help if they find me.

He starts to whistle and ignore them.

RASHID (CONT'D)
(to Shelly)
You still here?
(stoic)
If I promise to miss you, will you go away?

MARKO grabs SHELLY, pulling her away and towards the door.

MARKO
We've got to go.

The others all follow, heads bent in shame.

ADAM
(mumbling to MARKO)
You can't hide from the game, the
game knows where you are.

MARKO
(cutting ADAM off)
Move it.

As they walk off RASHID can be heard whistling in the background.

SHELLY
(on the verge of tears but
fighting them back.)
This can't be happening. How can this
be happening?

72

INT. LIFT AREA 18TH FLOOR. NIGHT

72

The remaining RECRUITS exit the stairway. Straight in front of them stuck to a wall is some more INTEL. EDWARD opens it and pulls out a schematic. MARKO immediately grabs it off him. But can't make head or tail of it.

EDWARD
(looking over his
shoulder)
It's not a floor plan. I don't know
what it is.

Bang

A TERRORIST shoots at MARKO but misses. MARKO chases after him, leaving the others behind.

He's hit and his body armor is gone. Putting himself in the line of fire all the time has its risks. Like the hero from an action film MARKO wears a look of grim determination, he shoots back and gets this TERRORIST then nails another. He continues down the corridor leaving a bloody trail of destruction behind him.

MARKO turns a corner at the end of the corridor and triggers a motion sensor bomb.

BOOOOOOOOM!

A huge explosion. Shock waves rock the place like an earthquake. The RECRUITS are all blown off their feet. Chunks of concrete and shards of glass rain down on them.

Silence

CARL is the first back on his feet.

CARL
(dazed)
What...?

He spots a prone MARKO hyperventilating in terror.
MARKO cranes his neck to see that both of his legs have
been blown clean off by the blast. He's a total bloody
mess.

MARKO
(Screaming hysterically)
HELP ME. HELP ME.

SHELLY
Hold on.

A dazed SHELLY drags herself up and staggers towards
MARKO using the wall to keep herself up.

MARKO
(croaking, barely audible
he's so terrified)
Hurry...

SHELLY reaches MARKO and jabs the needle into his arm,
emptying it's contents.

A beat

MARKO gasping for breath cranes his neck again. His
legs are back.

EDWARD
(sympathetic)
First time?

MARKO nods, he feels up and down his legs to reassure
himself they're there.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(putting his hand on his
shoulder)
Hurts like hell, doesn't it?

SHELLY
(dropping the empty
syringe)
That's the last one.

CARL
What just happened?

ADAM
The floor's mined.

The other RECRUITS scramble back to the stairway door. MARKO slumps against a wall, shaking. He now knows what it feels like to be injured.

EDWARD is studying the INTEL trying to make sense of it.

ADAM (CONT'D)
(ADAM points up at the ceiling)
You're right, it's not a floor plan.

They all look up and see the grating to an air vent in the ceiling is hanging down.

MARKO staggers slowly up - still recovering from the shock of his injury. After a couple of tries, he manages to jump high enough to grab onto the edge of the vent. With the help of CARL and EDWARD who support a foot each, he pulls himself up. He peers down a steel corridor that stretches into the distance.

MARKO
(wide eyed, panicking)
Let me down.

Exhausted from his recent injury he collapses back down to the floor, taking CARL and EDWARD with him.

Thud.

MARKO lies on his back, shaking.

MARKO (CONT'D)
(whispering to the other RECRUITS)
We're going to take it in turns at being point.
(sits up out a photo of a baby from his of wallet)
I'm getting out here for him. I haven't seen him for two years. My bitch of an ex won't let me. It's only fair ... I want to see my son again.

A beat.

EDWARD
The rest of you stay here.

CARL
I'll come with you.

EDWARD traces the journey he has to make with his finger.

EDWARD
 (to Carl)
 Let me scout it out first. Give me a
 leg up.

MARKO and CARL give him a leg up, and with a determination that holds his gut panic in check, EDWARD climbs up into the air vent.

72A INT. AIR VENT 18TH FLOOR. NIGHT 72A

Trembling and adrenalized, EDWARD slowly starts to crawl forward, his eyes straining to penetrate the darkness beyond.

73 INT. LARGE KITCHEN 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT 73

A patrol searches the floor that RASHID is hiding on.

RASHID has his visor up. It's a futile act of defiance. He can't block out the sound of the TERRORISTS walking around the cafeteria. He hears squeaking sound of the kitchen door opening. He pushes down his visor.

Back in the virtual world RASHID glimpses a TERRORIST's feet through table legs of the work surface. A flashlight searches the room. The footsteps come to a stop, the torchlight illuminates around him.

A beat.

The TERRORIST moves off, he hasn't been spotted.

RASHID stares down at his swollen leg - he isn't going anywhere.

74 INT. AIR VENT 18TH FLOOR. NIGHT 74

EDWARD blinks the sweat out of his eyes and continues forward, cautiously clawing his way down the vent. The only illumination is provided from the grills he occasionally crosses. He comes to a junction.

EDWARD
 (remembering the map)
 Left.

Another junction. Through the grills below he can see TERRORISTS moving about.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 Left ... no, right.

Ten feet in front of him is another grill. He pushes it down, and it clatters to the floor below.

74A

INT. EXECUTIVE OFFICE 18TH FLOOR. NIGHT

74A

He pokes his head through the hole and observes the room upside down.

Leaning against a wall is a hand-held bomb detector.

Carefully EDWARD lowers himself feet first into the room. He dangles from the vent edge, before falling the last few feet to the ground.

EDWARD momentarily examines the detector. Then urgently pulls a heavy executive desk across the room, positioning it directly underneath the vent. He jumps up onto this desk and throws the detector up into the opening - it makes a loud clatter as it lands. Quickly he pulls himself up after it.

A door swings opens and a TERRORIST enters. He takes in the desk and the vent opening and pulls out his hand gun.

74B

INT. VENT 18TH FLOOR. NIGHT

74B

EDWARD is crawling along the vent when...

bang

A large bullet hole appears beside him. Frantically redoubles his efforts scrambling forward, throwing the detector ahead of him as he goes.

*bang*bang*bang*

Bullet holes appear just where he was a moment ago. Behind him the TERRORIST is now pulling himself up in pursuit.

EDWARD comes to a junction and turns a corner, just as bullets whack into the metal wall behind him. He's hysterical now, it's amazing how fast someone can crawl when they have to - he turns another corner scraping his back as he goes.

Behind him the TERRORIST is moving fast, it won't be long before he catches up. But the fates are smiling on him and ahead he spots the light from the vent exit.

EDWARD dives, tumbling head first and crashing to the floor below. Winded, he looks up, just as the TERRORIST appears above.

*bang*bang*bang*

The other RECRUITS open fire. Blood rains down on EDWARD.

The dead TERRORIST then falls out of the opening and EDWARD rolls out of the way as he crashes to the floor.

A panting EDWARD picks up the bomb detector.

74C

INT. CORRIDOR 18TH FLOOR. NIGHT

74C

EDWARD leads, making his way slowly down the corridor sweeping the walls and floors for bombs as he goes. The detector starts to hum loudly, EDWARD spots a motion sensor bomb – a black box projecting a narrow beam of light onto the opposite wall. He swallows and carefully climbs over this beam, the other RECRUITS follow.

EDWARD is concentrating on finding the bombs so doesn't notice a TERRORIST take aim. But SHELLY spots him and takes this TERRORIST out before he has a chance to fire.

74D

INT. KITCHEN AREA 18TH FLOOR. NIGHT

74D

The RECRUITS search frantically for armor or health packs, but to no avail. Whereas before MARKO was gung ho, charging forward, now he has no protection and they're out of health packs he's scared out of his wits

MARKO

There must be one...

EDWARD

We need to go.

The lift panel flickers into life. More TERRORISTS are on their way up. The RECRUITS hurry off down to the next floor.

75

INT. CORRIDOR 17TH FLOOR. NIGHT

75

With EDWARD leading, the remaining RECRUITS creep down a corridor with only the occasional flickering neon light for illumination.

MARKO hears something. It sounds like a dog growling.

It is a DOG growling. Straight in front of him is a giant ALSATIAN. It eyes him up, bearing its fangs, drool dripping onto the floor.

The ALSATIAN lunges and bites his arm giving him a brutal shock. MARKO cries out. He circles with this virtual DOG on its hind legs attached to his arm, like a kind of strange waltz.

MARKO manages to lose this dog, sending it crashing against a wall.

Instinctively he runs away but the ALSATIAN bites his leg bringing him crashing to the floor. His gun clatters to the ground out of reach.

A TERRORIST appears at the far end of the corridor, MARKO can't get to his gun. He's a sitting target and they have no health packs left.

EDWARD shoots the ALSATIAN which whimpers and drops dead. Now free of the dog, MARKO reaches and fires his hand gun, taking out the TERRORIST.

76

INT. INDUSTRIAL KITCHEN 19TH FLOOR. NIGHT

76

There's another patrol, the kitchen doors swing open but this time RASHID hears something different as well as the footsteps and Russian voices...

There is the panting and growling of a DOG.

The ALSATIAN goes up and down the kitchen for what seems like for ever before picking up RASHID's scent. RASHID still has his visor up. But when he hears the DOG enter he lowers it just as...

It lunges in for the attack.

The DOG viciously bites him. Growling, snarling, it sinks its teeth into RASHID's arm. He's in agony. There is terror in his eyes as he knows what is about to happen.

Drawn by the noise, a TERRORIST calmly over in and shoots him.

RASHID has been shot in the eye. It's an ugly, terrible wound.

The seconds slowly tick. Without a health pack RASHID can do nothing but wait an agonising minute before the inevitable. The sonic scream starts and his body thrashes around on the floor.

77

INT. KITCHEN AREA 17TH FLOOR. NIGHT

77

As well as the ammunition stacked against the wall, there are five M4 machine guns.

MARKO makes sure he is the first to arrive and grabs the health pack, sighing with relief. He then spots the machine guns. He puts down his shotgun and picks one up.

The others join him.

A frantic energy as they all struggle to work out how to use these new weapons. EDWARD fires off a burst of gun fire into a wall.

MARKO
How'd you do that?

EDWARD
Push this lever forward and it's automatic.

MARKO fires off his **M4** again bullets rake the wall. EDWARD pushes the lever back and proceeds to fire single shots.

An exhausted ADAM leans against a wall for support, gasping on his inhaler.

An impassive MARKO stares menacingly at ADAM.

MARKO
(whispering)
If we're going to get out of here then we've all got to pull our weight. You have to step up. Got it?

A nervous ADAM nods. None of the others notice.

CARL
(to SHELLY)
I'm sorry about what I said earlier...

SHELLY notices that CARL's hands are shaking.

SHELLY
I don't know about you but I'm getting dehydrated. I'll get us some water.

SHELLY walks off out of the room to find the water cooler.

CARL
(rhetorical)
Of course. Lucy no friends. Brother dead, no friends.

Grabs MARKO's arm urgently.

CARL (CONT'D)
(to MARKO)
You're right. We aren't being punished. No one's going to miss us... You mentioned that you haven't seen your wife and kid for a couple of years, right? They have no idea where you are? Don't you see? We're all Lucy no friends.

(MORE)

CARL (CONT'D)

Taylor said she took this girl Lucy's place, right. She was a mistake, she had friends, boyfriend, family. We've been picked because we can disappear and no one will miss us.

MARKO stares at CARL intently.

CARL (CONT'D)

They've planned it all along, they're not going to let us get out of here. We're going to disappear without a fucking trace...

MARKO clenches his jaw.

CARL (CONT'D)

We're fucked...

MARKO charges at CARL and knocks him clean off his feet.

EDWARD tries to get between them but is thrown out of the way by MARKO and goes smashing through a glass partition. MARKO pushes CARL against a wall and starts to throttle him.

SHELLY runs up and kicks MARKO in the shins.

SHELLY

STOP IT.

MARKO lashes out, punching SHELLY - fortunately he hits her helmet. But still the force knocks her to the ground.

ADAM

(shouting)

GUYS LOOK! THE LIFT.

MARKO looks over and sees the lift is open and inviting. He lets go of CARL who falls to the floor.

He starts to walk towards the lift, each step quicker than the last till he's running.

EDWARD gets up from behind the glass partition.

SHELLY

(to the others)

You all right?

CARL nods, rubbing his neck.

87 INT. RECEPTION AREA/ LIFT INTERIOR 16TH FLOOR. NIGHT 87

ADAM is closest and steps into the lift first. The others all follow, ADAM presses the button repeatedly but nothing happens. MARKO pushes him out of the way and tries the button but still nothing.

They all stand there frozen for what seems like an age. Finally a reluctant EDWARD sighs and gets out. He is shortly followed by SHELLY and CARL.

This just leaves ADAM and MARKO. Suddenly the lift panel comes to life and the doors slam shut. The others run back towards the door but it's too late.

88 INT. LIFT INTERIOR. NIGHT 88

Inside MARKO frantically presses the open button, but nothing happens. He tries to get his fingers in between the gap in the doors.

It's futile. The lift gives a shudder then starts to descend.

MARKO and ADAM are wide eyed with hope as the lift descends floor after floor. Maybe, just maybe, it will go all the way down to the lobby...

On the digital panel the numbers clock down. Ten, nine, eight, seven, but then the lift slows and stops on the fifth floor.

ADAM
(whispering)
It was a trick to split us up.

89 INT. LIFT AREA 5TH FLOOR. NIGHT 89

ADAM and MARKO ready their weapons. The doors open and they both cautiously step out.

ADAM
Maybe we should wait a couple of
minutes, see if the others can get
down?

MARKO raises his visor and looks out the window. A street cleaning vehicle is washing down the roads. It's so close he could almost touch it.

The floor is in near total darkness, only the emergency lighting is working. An illuminated watercooler bubbles away in the corner. ADAM takes a drink.

MARKO switches on a torch at the end of his machine gun. A powerful virtual beam cuts through the darkness. He motions for ADAM to do the same.

ADAM switches on his torch and a second beam appears.

Finally MARKO moves slowly off down the corridor.

89A

INT. LARGE OPEN PLAN ROOM 5TH FLOOR. NIGHT

89A

MARKO peers cautiously in. There is a gaping ragged hole in the floor, caused by an earlier explosion, debris is strewn onto the floor below.

MARKO creeps slowly through the doorway and into the room. A sudden movement catches his eye.

Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta

MARKO shoots. A hail of bullets blast through an ENEMY who falls forward through the hole and down into the floor below.

thud

MARKO shines his torch down into the hole illuminating the dead TERRORIST. MARKO slowly starts to claw his way round the edge of the hole.

Ra-ta-ta-ta-ta

A TERRORIST hiding below fires. MARKO is riddled with bullets and falls forward.

Thud

Instead of falling through the hole, MARKO lands on the invisible real floor. The TERRORIST below runs off out of the room and down a corridor.

ADAM raises his visor - it's a virtual hole and the office floor is still there.

ADAM lowers his visor and runs over the hole to MARKO's aid, searching MARKO's pockets and applying the last remaining health pack to his arm.

The wound starts to heal and MARKO slowly gets himself together and clambers unsteadily to his feet.

MARKO is still shaking, terrified now that there are no more health packs. He peers round a corner but he's afraid of going on. He throws up.

He rests his gun against the wall and tries to get his helmet off then stops, hands trembling. He picks up his gun again and turns to ADAM.

MARKO
(motioning for ADAM to go
first)
We're going to take it in turns to go
point. I'll cover you.

ADAM swallows hard and slowly walks down the corridor,
checking the rooms left and right as he goes.

He points his beam in the direction of footsteps at the
end of the corridor and lets off nervous bursts from
his machine gun.

Ra-ta-ta-ta, click. He's out.

He turns to see that MARKO hasn't moved. It must be his
turn now. ADAM switches to his handgun, clumsily
pulling the torch off the front of his machine gun and
holding it in front of him.

MARKO (CONT'D)
If we're going to get out of here
you're going to start pulling your
weight.
(under his breath)
Move it.

MARKO pushes ADAM forward and round the corner, risking
putting him in the line of fire. There is another room
with the floor blown away. There could be any number of
TERRORISTS hiding in the floor below.

ADAM
(whispering)
Get off me.

MARKO
(whispering, crazed)
We've got to get a move on... now.

ADAM
It's your turn.

A beat.

MARKO slowly shakes his head.

ADAM grinning desperately motions up and down with his
clenched fist.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Let paper, rock, scissors decide.

MARKO thinks for a moment then clenches his fist along
with ADAM. ADAM produces paper and MARKO a rock. ADAM
breaks into a smile.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I'll cover you.

MARKO takes a step forward so he's an inch away from ADAM's face and lifts up both his own and ADAM's visor.

MARKO
(hissing)
I get how scissors can beat paper and
I get rock can beat scissors, but
there's no fucking way paper can beat
rock. It's supposed to magically wrap
around rock? Why the hell can't paper
do that to scissors?
(bringing his fist up)
I always choose rock. So when somebody
claims to beat me with their paper I
punch them right in the face and say,
"Oh shit, I'm sorry. I thought paper
would protect you."

With this MARKO punches ADAM in the mouth, sending him flying to the floor.

MARKO pulls ADAM up, then pushes down his visor and throws him forward.

ADAM stumbles but manages to stop himself falling. Furious, he turns to look at MARKO. MARKO is pointing a gun right at him.

Terrified ADAM turns and walks slowly forward.

MARKO (CONT'D)
One, two, three.

As he counts MARKO pokes the back of ADAM's helmet with the muzzle of his gun.

92

INT. KITCHEN 12TH FLOOR. NIGHT

92

EDWARD, SHELLY and CARL are examining a mechanical plastic cuff that rests on the desk.

EDWARD
What do you think this is for?

SHELLY
You take it.

CARL
I'm not putting on anymore shit.

EDWARD
Here goes.

It clicks mechanical into place around his wrist. He presses a button on the bracelet and in the virtual world thermal goggles appear. From his thermal point of view we see a glowing CARL and SHELLY.

93

INT. RECEPTION ROOM 10TH. FLOOR. NIGHT

93

CARL, EDWARD and SHELLY make their way into the main room from the reception area.

A smoke grenade is thrown from a doorway at the opposite end of the room and spins, spewing out its smoke. They all duck and crawl for cover.

There is silence, apart from the spinning whirling can. The room starts to fill with smoke.

They cower in a corner.

BANG

A bullet smashes into the wall just above SHELLY.

EDWARD presses the button on his cuff and the goggles appear.

From EDWARD's thermal point of view we see the TERRORIST through the smoke.

BANG

EDWARD fires.

CARL and SHELLY watch a TERRORIST emerges, staggering through the smoke. He falls forward, dead.

A beat.

EDWARD

Gotcha.

(to the other two)

You stay here.

EDWARD heads off into the smoke, he's the only one that stands a chance.

94

INT. CORRIDOR. 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT

94

Seen through his thermal point of view, EDWARD heads down a smoky corridor. He spots a glowing TERRORIST at the end. He shoots and they collapse to the floor.

- 95 INT. RECEPTION ROOM. 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT 95
- SHELLY hears running footsteps approaching. Out of the thick smoke a TERRORIST appears and shoots her at point blank range before disappearing again.
- SHELLY gets a bullet in the chest and falls to the floor. Blood pools beneath her. Bullets continue to smash into the wall about them.
- CARL is frozen in terror. But slowly he manages to control his fear and runs off into the smoke.
- SHELLY
Don't leave me.
- 96 INT. CORRIDOR 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT 96
- CARL sprints down the corridor and through rooms, tripping and bumping into things as he goes. He swerves in between two virtual TERRORISTS and ducks round a corner. They shoot at him but miss - his lunacy has paid off.
- 97 INT. KITCHEN AREA 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT 97
- CARL makes a suicidal dash and dives, grabbing a health pack from a desk, rolling along the ground with bullets raking the wall behind him.
- He's made it to some cover behind the desk. Now he has to get back to SHELLY.
- 98 INT. RECEPTION ROOM 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT 98
- SHELLY is desperately trying to get her helmet off.
- 99 INT. KITCHEN AREA 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT 99
- CARL looks up from behind the desk, but all he sees is a thick wall of smoke.
- 100 INT. RECEPTION ROOM 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT 100
- On the far side of the floor. From EDWARD's thermal point of view we see him continue to take out the TERRORISTS. Every time he hits a TERRORIST the thermal imaging clearly shows their bloody wounds.
- SHELLY looks desperately up the smoke filled corridor.
- The seconds are ticking. There's no way that CARL will make it back in time... or is there?

Gun shots can be heard. SHELLY's helmet is already starting to power up, she's in abject terror.

Then the thud of approaching footsteps.

CARL dives and jabs the health pack into SHELLY - just in time. Her wounds heal. She lies there in shock taking deep breaths. CARL rolls onto his back and catches his breath.

101 INT. CORRIDOR 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT 101

Meanwhile EDWARD shoots the last TERRORIST. Glowing blood splatters on the wall and pools beneath him. He switches off his thermal goggles.

102 INT. RECEPTION ROOM 10TH FLOOR. NIGHT 102

SHELLY clings to CARL - she realizes how much she owes him.

SHELLY
(looking up to whoever is
doing this)
Stop fucking toying with me... just
get it over with.

SHELLY breaks down and sobs soundlessly, she throws her gun against the wall.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
It's just... I'm going to die before
my life ever got started.
(to CARL)
We've been picked because no one will
miss us. What's the point? Like you
say, we're on death row...

CARL
(trying to be upbeat)
Maybe I was wrong... maybe there is a
chance. The Sergeant at the start he
said something about a prize... a
reward. Do you remember? There
wouldn't be a prize if there weren't
going to be survivors. Could be a
gambling syndicate, betting on who's
going to make it... I don't know
what's going on but there must be a
way out. It's a good world and in a
good world, good wins out.

CARL reaches out, his hand hovers over her.

CARL (CONT'D)

I understand why I'm alone. I deserve it.

(he takes her hand in his)
But you, you're nice, you shouldn't be here. You always think of other people, you looked after Taylor, Adam... you looked after me.

A sweating and exhausted EDWARD appears round the corner.

EDWARD

All clear.

A montage sequence of EDWARD, CARL and SHELLY working there way through several floors.

102A INT. 9TH FLOOR. NIGHT

102A

Focused and determined, they search a floor, room by room. But it's strangely empty.

Then a series of barely audible thuds can be heard. They get progressively louder - EDWARD, CARL, and SHELLY swap puzzled looks.

Rope slowly coils into view outside the windows.

EDWARD is the first to spot a balaclava clad TERRORIST abseil into view outside the office window.

He dives to the ground. The TERRORIST fires off his automatic through the window, bullets raking the wall where he was just standing.

EDWARD fires back, hitting the TERRORIST who goes limp, swinging upside down from his ropes.

102B INT. STAIRWELL. NIGHT

102B

We see the floor numbers painted on the stairwell countdown 9, 8, 7... Our RECRUITS are making steady progress.

102C INT. RECEPTION AREA 8TH FLOOR. NIGHT

102C

EDWARD snatches a glimpse into the main open plan office area. We see a hostage situation. A TERRORIST holds a female office worker as a human shield.

EDWARD

Avoid the hostage. There must be a reason.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)
 (hand signals
 instructions)
 We need to split up.

102D INT. LARGE OPEN PLANE OFFICE 7TH FLOOR. NIGHT 102D

EDWARD runs and takes cover across the room. SHELLY fires into the air, deliberately attracting the TERRORIST's attention. This gives EDWARD a clear shot of the TERRORIST's exposed back.

BANG

The TERRORIST is hit. He spins round, releasing the hostage. EDWARD fires again and the TERRORIST falls to the ground.

Thud

Body armor blinks on to EDWARD - this must be the reward for saving the hostage.

We see a close-up of another floor number and an electrical cable stops sparking.

Montage ends.

103 INT. CORRIDOR 5TH FLOOR. NIGHT 103

MARKO kicks, pushes and generally bullies ADAM forward.

MARKO
 (whispering)
 If you lower your arm or turn around
 I'll shoot you.

ADAM stumbles forward, his torch illuminates a half naked TERRORIST practicing Tai Chi, his torso displaying the scars from previous battles.

ADAM fires but the TERRORIST is fast and dives and rolls hiding behind a desk. A knife glints in his hand.

MARKO continues to shove ADAM forward. Suddenly this knife wielding TERRORIST jumps out and stabs ADAM repeatedly in the stomach.

ADAM's wound is deep and bleeds profusely, his guts are hanging out and he clutches his stomach, falling to the floor in agony.

The TERRORIST then pulls out a gun and starts firing at MARKO who retreats backwards, diving into a side room out of harm's way.

From here MARKO can see ADAM slumped against the opposite wall.

ADAM
(choking)
Help me. Don't let me die.

MARKO peers out of the door but bullets whizz past. He's pinned down by the TERRORIST.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Help me.

MARKO hears a piercing sonic scream. He snatches a glimpse round the corner and sees ADAM's legs shaking uncontrollably.

MARKO retreats to the far corner of the room. Like a frightened animal he curls up, gun pointed at the door.

MARKO
(mumbling to himself)
He would never have made it... No use everyone dying.

Suddenly a TERRORIST bursts in and fires. The bullet misses MARKO's head by a fraction of an inch.

Motivated by sheer terror, MARKO empties a whole mag when one bullet would have sufficed. The TERRORIST is blown off his feet and flies back, spraying the wall behind with blood.

But now MARKO's out of ammo. He discards the machine gun and unholsters his Glock.

More footsteps can be heard.

Another TERRORIST enters. MARKO shoots wildly, emptying the whole magazine. The spent bullet cases fly out of the gun's chamber, spinning in the air before bouncing on the ground. Click. He's runs out again.

The second TERRORIST collapses, dead.

Silence.

Shaking, wide eyed with terror, MARKO cowers in a corner firing his empty gun at the door.

Click, click, click

Time lapse shot as the first light of day appears on the horizon.

105 INT. SIDE OFFICE 5TH FLOOR. NIGHT 105

The sound of footsteps can be heard approaching. MARKO half sits up in terror then slumps down, shaking. He looks at his useless gun. This is the end.

Outside he hears voices...

SHELLY

(V.O)

Adam.

There's a pause as she takes in another death.

MARKO's face lights up, he's saved. He stands and is about to run out but stops. He's had a thought...

MARKO retreats back into the shadows.

106 INT. CORRIDOR 5TH FLOOR. NIGHT 106

SHELLY leans against a wall.

CARL returns with a cup of water.

SHELLY

Poor Adam.

CARL

Please, drink this.

(Pushes it into her hand)

Come on.

(Shouts)

MARKO

EDWARD

He's probably gone ahead.

They head off. Wearing the body armor, EDWARD leads the way. CARL drags an exhausted SHELLY along by the arm.

107 INT. SIDE OFFICE 5TH FLOOR. NIGHT 107

They don't see MARKO hiding behind the door.

From MARKO's perspective we hear SHELLY, EDWARD and CARL make their way down the corridor.

He waits a while then slyly follows. Stopping for a moment to pick up ADAM's gun.

CARL

We're going to make it out of here,
I'm going to come to this ranch with
you.

SHELLY
 (smiles)
 Fuck off. Who said I want you to come?
 I want to meet some hot cowboy.

Fade down.

109 INT. CORRIDOR 4TH FLOOR. NIGHT

109

Fade up.

They peek round a corner and spot a slathering
 ALSATIAN.

SHELLY takes aim and shoots. We hear a yelping DOG.
 They move off down the corridor.

SHELLY
 I'm more of a cat person.

CARL
 (slaps SHELLY on the back)
 Sure.

SHELLY
 You're not leaving Socks, you can
 bring him with us.

MARKO snatches a look round a corner just as SHELLY
 moves out of sight. He creeps after them.

Stopping at the next corner, MARKO slowly peers round
 to see them entering the stairwell.

The sound of gun fire and grenades begins below.

CUT TO:

110 INT. RECEPTION AREA 3RD FLOOR. EARLY MORNING

110

The stairwell door opens a crack and MARKO peeks out.
 It's all clear so he creeps forward and quietly makes
 his way down the corridor. Like a hyena picking over
 the remains of a carcass, he checks all the rooms for
 supplies as he goes.

He edges round a corner just as they disappear round
 the next one.

111 INT. RECEPTION AREA 1ST FLOOR. EARLY MORNING

111

The EDWARD, CARL and SHELLY make their way through the
 floor. We see CARL reflected in the glass of a side -
 office partition. Inside the lights are off, so he
 can't see in.

Bang

CARL is shot in the head by a TERRORIST hiding inside.
SHELLY and EDWARD return fire taking him out.

SHELLY applies a medical pack.

SHELLY
This is the last one.

CARL starts to come round.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
OK?

CARL
(manages half a smile)
I've had worse hangovers.

EDWARD
I'm sure I saw a pack a couple of
rooms back.

112 INT. RECEPTION ROOM 1ST FLOOR. EARLY MORNING

112

Behind them the stairwell door opens a crack. MARKO
creeps out.

He looks left and right into the offices off the
corridor for any supplies. That's when he spots a
health pack in an office off the corridor.

He is just about to grab the pack when it's snatched
away from him by SHELLY who was standing out of view.

MARKO freezes and looks up.

SHELLY
(surprised)
You're alive. Where have you been?

MARKO instinctively grabs the health pack out of
SHELLY's hand.

MARKO
I saw it first.

SHELLY doesn't let go and a tug of war ensues.

SHELLY
What are you doing?
(pushes him)
GET OFF.

She doesn't take any shit. And is about to kick him
when...

BANG

MARKO shoots her. In her shock SHELLY drops the health pack. MARKO picks it up and clutching it tightly backs away.

SHELLY is stunned, she stares at MARKO confused. Then collapses to the floor.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(reaching out for the health pack)
Marko...

Frozen MARKO thinks about what to do.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(pointing to the pack)
Marko... please.

But MARKO moves backwards out of the door.

CARL
(v.o)
Shelly?

SHELLY
(choking, muffled)
Carl, help.

MARKO is in the corridor and kicks the door shut to muffle her cries.

SHELLY (CONT'D)
(feebly)
Carl.

The door handle turns. Then a sonic boom can be heard and a shaking body rattles against the door.

MARKO hears the sound of approaching footsteps. It's CARL.

MARKO starts shooting in the opposite direction pretending that he's in a fire fight.

CARL
Shelly I'm out of... Marko?

MARKO
(smiling)
Carl.

CARL
You're... alive.

BANG, MARKO fires his hand gun down the corridor.

MARKO
Seems that way.

CARL
Seen Shelly?

MARKO shrugs.

MARKO runs back down the corridor in pursuit of the imaginary terrorist.

CARL (CONT'D)
(to SHELLY shouting)
Shelly, Shelly.

MARKO turns the corner and shoots off another round.

Bang

He stops and strains his ears. He hears a door being opened as CARL checks the rooms along the corridor.

He waits for the inevitable.

CARL (CONT'D)
NO!

CUT TO:

113 INT. SIDE ROOM OFF CORRIDOR 1ST FLOOR. EARLY MORNING 113

CARL's got his visor up and is cradling SHELLY's body in his arms.

MARKO feigns shock as he enters. He pushes his visor up.

MARKO
Oh God. Is she?

CARL
(nods)
Yes.

CARL clutches her tighter.

A beat

MARKO
We need to keep going. Clear the floor.

CARL
(shakes him off)
I promised her she'd make it out.

MARKO feels uncomfortable and steps back outside shiftily. He fires off a couple more rounds down the corridor randomly.

MARKO
(urgently from the
corridor)
She would have wanted you to carry on.
For you to make it.

CARL thinks over MARKO's words.

Slowly CARL puts SHELLY's body down. Around her neck is a gold necklace displaying her name. He pulls it off like a dog tag and puts in his pocket. Then pulls down his visor and the virtual war zone appears around him. He gets to his feet and is about to leave when he sees written in SHELLY's virtual blood the word MARKO.

He stops dead, trying to make sense of this.

MARKO comes back in.

MARKO (CONT'D)
(urgently)
Come on...

CARL feels the strap under his chin. The strap that chokes you if you try and take the helmet off.

Suddenly he leaps onto MARKO's back and pulls his helmet back as hard as he can choking him.

MARKO moves round in circles trying to get at him. He throws himself backwards into a wall leaving a dent in the plaster but CARL just won't let go. MARKO is by far the strongest, but as they say it's "not the dog in the fight it's the fight in the dog". And CARL holds on for his life.

MARKO loses hold of the gun and it flies down the corridor. He tries elbowing CARL but his helmet protects him.

MARKO launches himself backwards, landing with his full weight on top of CARL. CARL is winded but still he holds on. They roll around on the floor and slowly MARKO starts to become weaker. With his legs round MARKO's body CARL pulls back the helmet with everything he has.

Eventually MARKO goes limp.

CUT TO:

114 INT. LARGE PLANE OFFICE AREA. EARLY MORNING 114

Cut away to EDWARD with his hands full trading shots with a TERRORIST.

115 INT. SIDE ROOM FIRST FLOOR. EARLY MORNING 115

Later, back in the side room with SHELLY'S corpse. EDWARD is standing looking down at the lifeless SHELLY. CARL is kneeling at her side holding her hand.

EDWARD

(desperate)

I need you man. You have to keep it together. I'll never make it on my own.

CARL nods, leans over and closes her eyes.

116 INT. RECEPTION AREA 1ST FLOOR. EARLY MORNING 116

The floor is finished and they are at the water cooler. Close up of EDWARD who stares at something, transfixed.

EDWARD

Come and look at this.

CARL joins him and we see what has got his attention.

There is a Rocket Propelled Grenade (RPG) and a box of grenades. There are also a couple of health packs. They take one each. EDWARD picks up the RPG, getting a feel for it.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

If we're being given this type of weaponry... then God knows what we're going to face.

CARL nods. He's exhausted, they both are, but they have to push on.

117 INT. STAIRWELL LOBBY. EARLY MORNING 117

At the bottom of the stairs EDWARD holds CARL's shoulder. It's a moment of camaraderie after all they have been through and what is to come.

They nod to each other. No need for words. They are there for one another.

118

INT. STARIWELL LOBBY. DAY

118

They look carefully into the lobby and spot a bomb at the far end. There are around twenty TERRORISTS guarding it.

Some sit on lobby sofas, some stand around smoking and chatting. There are also DOGS.

There are more of the difficult to hit half naked TAI CHI MEN immersed in their meditative exercise routine.

In the centre of the room is a decorative fountain.

A circular reception desk has been turned into a machine gun nest. It looks insurmountable.

EDWARD
(lifting up his visor and
motioning to CARL to do
the same)
The machine gun in the nest. We can
use it.

The machine gun pivots and pans moved by the virtual TERRORIST they can no longer see. When EDWARD and CARL lower their visors they now see a TERRORIST moving the gun back and forth.

CARL
(swallows hard)
OK.

They have one RPG. EDWARD picks it up and puts it over his shoulder, getting into the firing position.

EDWARD
Well here goes.

CARL opens the stairwell door. EDWARD fires. The stairwell behind them is filled with flames.

The RPG flies through the air and hits a concrete post, smashing a chunk out of it - it's well off target.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Shit...
(to CARL)
Missed.
(points)
Hang on I've spotted another RPG.

He points towards a post but there is no RPG there. Suddenly as if by magic one appears. EDWARD sprints for the post.

EDWARD picks up the RPG and rests it over his shoulder, ready for firing. They have now lost the element of surprise and the TERRORISTS grab their weapons, take cover and all open fire in their direction.

Just as EDWARD is about to fire he's hit and falls backwards. This causes the RPG to go up into the roof of the lobby.

Bang. Chunks of the ceiling rain down onto the floor.

CARL drags EDWARD out of the line of fire and back into the stairwell where he applies a health pack. The door becomes riddled with dozens of bullets.

CARL and EDWARD cower behind the wall, planning their next move.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
We could really do with some smoke grenades.

By the pot of an indoor tree a box containing smoke grenades suddenly appears. EDWARD peeks out from behind the door and spots them.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
Hang on I think I spot some.

He dashes out and drags the box back in.

EDWARD and CARL throws smoke grenades into the lobby. Plumes of smoke pour out of them creating a screen between them and the TERRORISTS.

First, out of the smoke DOGS come bounding towards them. Using his M5 EDWARD picks them off one by one.

Next six zig zagging TERRORISTS emerge. EDWARD clips three, CARL gets one and the others retreat. There's silence, the TERRORISTS stop firing.

CARL
(thinks for a moment)
If I could get to that far pillar then
I could throw a grenade into the nest.

EDWARD
That's suicide.

CARL
Do you have any better ideas?

CARL loads up with grenades.

Now it's CARL's moment. He runs for the post and we cut to the TERRORISTS' point of view to see him emerge, zig zagging out of the smoke.

They unleash a hailstorm of bullets.

But just in time CARL makes it to the safety of the post, bullets exploding around him. He winces at the ferocity of the onslaught.

The firing stops and he hears the sound of TERRORIST'S footsteps running towards him.

Meanwhile EDWARD is wearing the thermal imaging goggles. He picks off the approaching TERRORISTS, saving CARL.

CARL holsters his weapon and readies a grenade. He pulls the pin and throws it. It sails through the air but bounces off the side of the reception desk. A small consolation is that a couple of TERRORISTS crouched near by get it.

The machine gun opens up again. Chunks of concrete fly off the pillar.

CARL hurls another grenade. This one goes too far, exploding behind the desk. The post he hides behind is now riddled with bullets.

There's one grenade left. CARL knows it all depends on this. He waits a moment for the machine gun fire to die down then steps out from the other side of the post and, taking his time, he throws the grenade.

The moment the grenade leaves his hands he's riddled by a volley of bullets. He flies backwards and skids, leaving a trail of blood along the marble floor.

But the grenade sails perfectly through the air and into the centre of the reception circle.

Bang

It explodes, taking out all TERRORISTS in the nest.

Blood starts to pool around CARL.

Now's his chance. EDWARD makes a run for CARL, dragging him back behind the pillar where he injects him with the last health pack. EDWARD's pinned down by the remaining TERRORISTS.

Spotting the machine gun at the reception desk, he runs and dives over the counter.

EDWARD staggers up takes hold of the machine gun and fires on the remaining TERRORISTS.

These last kills are riddled with bullets and writhe around on the floor as they are shot to pieces by this high calibre gun. There is a look of ecstasy on EDWARD's face.

Finally there is silence.

Dazed, CARL has recovered enough to stagger to his feet, his gun drawn.

EDWARD walks over to the bomb. He contemplates it for a moment then pushes the button that defuses it.

It's game over. Strangely he then starts jumping for joy.

EDWARD
(ecstatic, looking
astonishingly carefree)
We did it! We made it!

CARL looks around him, how can you be so sure?

CARL staggers over, past a corpse that has fallen into the decorative fountain, turning the water red. EDWARD wants to give him a high five. But CARL just stares at his raised hand.

The catch underneath EDWARD's chin comes away and he removes his helmet. It's as if he took it off himself...

CARL tries to remove his helmet but his catch still won't budge. CARL pushes up his visor – the virtual smoke and battle field disappear and we are back in a sterile office lobby. From across the lobby three burly, smartly dressed GUYS approach, they look like private security types.

CARL points his hand gun and fires but nothing happens.

EDWARD is grinning from ear to ear as he hands his helmet to one of these GUYS as if he was a gent giving his coat to a manservant. Then he's handed a towel and a bottle of mineral water.

As if the game weren't baffling enough, this is too much for CARL.

Two GUARDS walk up to CARL. He continues firing but to no avail, it's just a prop gun. With ease, the HEAVIES tackle him to the ground, and one of them injects him. This time it's with a real syringe.

CARL immediately becomes groggy. His vision blurs and the last thing he hears is EDWARD barking an order.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I want this area cleared up within the hour...

Fade to black

119 INT. BASEMENT CARPARK. MORNING

119

In the underground car park it's all bustle. EDWARD's small private army are loading up equipment and getting ready to leave.

We see the bank of computers in the back of the van from earlier, before its door is slammed shut. The graphic cutouts, the flight cases are all being loaded into another van.

There is a flash top - of - the - range, open top sports car. The type that wouldn't look out of place in a rap video.

EDWARD has showered and shaved and has perfectly arranged hair. He leans back against the car he looks quite the playboy. He wears a simple designer T-shirt and jeans.

He pours himself a glass of champagne then puts the bottle back down on the floor.

He stands opposite CARL.

CARL is cable tied and sits on a chair with a hood over his head. He starts to moan as he comes round.

EDWARD lifts the hood.

EDWARD

Back with us. Sorry to have to do this to you after all you've been through.

(ironic shrug)

I know it's a tough one for you to get your head round but there it is. My father was part of the Military Industrial Complex. Developed it for training. But just didn't see its potential, didn't see the potential in a lot of things. When he passed away and I took over, all it took was a few minor changes.

(smiling as he allows himself a sip of his champagne)

I took a bunch of losers no one will miss. And look at you now. You're a hero. You don't appreciate it yet but today you truly lived. Most people sleepwalk through their lives.

(MORE)

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Fighting side by side with your
brothers in arms is the most intense
experience anyone can have. Some say
it's more powerful than love.

EDWARD crouches down to his eye level. CARL stares
back.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

I've sailed through the Pacific in a
typhoon. I've run with the bulls in
Spain. But nothing compares with this.
(sips his champagne)

He stands up and begins to pace again, reaches down and
picks up the champagne bottle. From CARL's point of
view we see him pour himself another glass. CARL's eyes
follow the bottle back down onto the floor.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

You've got good reason to hate me but
I'm not sorry. There's death coming
for us all. You've lived, we've lived
more than most people ever will. To
have had an experience that intense...
(he has a glazed far away
look)
It was beautiful.

EDWARD puts his hand on CARL's shoulder.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

Did you feel it? It's more than a
friendship, it's a type of sacred
communion.

A beat.

CARL

Why haven't you killed me?

EDWARD

If I was fighting next to a guy I was
going to kill later, well, it wouldn't
feel right.

CARL

But what's going to stop me...

EDWARD

(interrupting him)
Going to the police? Think about it,
if I can organize this, I can easily
make it all disappear. And I'm going
to buy your silence. Call it a prize.

He grins at CARL then takes another sip of champagne.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(yawns, after all - he's
been up all night)
I'm going to give you a considerable
amount of money.
(Returning to the previous
subject)
So, wasn't it fantastic? It was just
incredible.
(Sighs)
But I just can't believe how Marko
behaved. He really almost spoilt it.

CARL
You could've stopped him.

EDWARD
(shrugs)
You have to give a man his free will.

CARL is continuing to look at the bottle of champagne.
He licks his lips, mesmerized.

CARL
(laughing to himself)
It's a good world.
(to EDWARD)
What choice do I have?

EDWARD
Exactly.

A beat.

CARL
Can... I have a glass?

EDWARD is surprised. He shrugs and signals to a
henchman.

EDWARD
Be my guest.

The HENCHMAN gives cable tied CARL a glass. He slowly
pours the champagne into it.

From CARL's point of view we see a close-up of the
champagne glass. The sound of the fizz is amplified,
he's transfixed. Slowly CARL takes a sip, savoring the
taste. His eyes go glassy and he downs it in one.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
So you'll be taken somewhere for a
couple of days...

CARL
(raising his glass)
Can I have another?

EDWARD signals to his HENCHMAN to give CARL a refill.

EDWARD
(Continues his sentence)
...to recuperate, giving me time to
tie up any loose ends.

CARL drains the glass.

CARL
(laughing to himself)
It's a good world.
(to EDWARD)
A prize you say?

EDWARD
A lot of money.

CARL
I suppose I'll learn to live with it.

Offers up his glass again. It's pathetic.

CARL (CONT'D)
(pointing to the body
bags)
It's not as if they were friends of
mine.

EDWARD
So what did it feel like for you? We
were like brothers weren't...

Smiling CARL holds up his glass eagerly. EDWARD shrugs,
deflated at CARL finding drink more interesting than
his musings. Signals to the HENCHMEN to give CARL
another drink.

The HENCHMEN goes to fill the glass.

CARL
Just give me that.

CARL gets to his feet, snatches the bottle and starts
to drink straight from the neck, dropping the glass in
the process. The champagne pours down and off his chin.
He drinks deeply, eventually, coming up for air.

EDWARD
Thirsty are we?

CARL just wants to lose himself in inebriation. He
wears the grin of the fool who doesn't care. He takes
another clumsy swig.

His eyes narrow, then come alive.

WHACK. With all his might he brings down the heavy bottle on the HENCHMAN's head.

The HENCHMAN is out cold. CARL swings at EDWARD, who tries to move out of the way but he's not fast enough, he's clipped and knocked to the ground.

CARL grabs the unconscious HENCHMAN's hand gun from his holster. Then he's off, sprinting for the far side of the car park - zigzagging as he goes.

Behind him another two HENCHMEN fire but miss. CARL gets to the cover of a 4X4. He now smashes the bottle on the ground. With a broken piece of glass he cuts the cable tie.

Meanwhile the other two HENCHMEN have run over to see if EDWARD is OK. He's shaken and clutching at his head.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
(having a tizzy fit)
Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

EDWARD waves them away and after CARL. The first HENCHMAN is still unconscious on the floor. The others both run off to hunt CARL down. We stay with their perspective as they search everywhere, but strangely there is no sign of CARL.

We see the second HENCHMAN's reflection in the windows of the car. He tries to look inside but the windows are blacked out and he can't see a thing.

BANG

The driver's window shatters. The second HENCHMAN takes a bullet in the forehead.

The third HENCHMAN unloads his magazine into the side of the car, hitting CARL in the stomach. CARL scrabbles out of the passenger door and rolls onto the ground.

Now on the floor CARL spots the third HENCHMAN's legs and like before in the office shoots them. This third HENCHMAN falls to the floor in agony. He's an easy target and CARL finishes him off.

This HENCHMAN loses grip of his handgun which flies off along the ground.

EDWARD is without a weapon, so runs forward, grabs the gun then retreats back to relative cover of his car. The death of the second HENCHMAN has really worried him. He desperately tries to rouse the first HENCHMAN knocked out by the bottle.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
WAKE UP.

This HENCHMAN slowly starts come round.

CARL checks to see how many bullets he has left.

CARL

(shouts)

HEY EDWARD, IF THAT IS YOUR REAL NAME?
 PRETENDING TO BE A LAWYER HOW
 APPROPRIATE, THEY MAKE A LIVING OUT OF
 DECEPTION. YOU NEVER WANTED
 CAMARADERIE, YOU WANTED TO BE
 RESPECTED AS THE MAN. YOU HAD IT ALL
 PLANNED DIDN'T YOU? YOU WERE SUPPOSED
 TO BE THE GUY WITH THE ONLY SHOTGUN.

Flashback

120 INT. KITCHEN AREA 22ND FLOOR. DAY 120

A flashback to EDWARD 'finding' the shotgun. MARKO taking the shotgun from EDWARD and playing paper, scissors, stone.

We see a montage of shots of EDWARD finding, ammunition, RPGs - in the virtual world these objects materialise out of thin air.

Back in the present.

121 INT. UNDERGROUND CARPARK. MORNING 121

EDWARD peers over the sports car.

CARL

(voice over)

BUT NOBODY LOOKED UP TO YOU. YOU'RE SO
 PATHETIC THAT YOU COULDN'T EVEN BE THE
 HERO IN YOUR OWN GAME.

Flashback

122 INT. OFFICE MAIN ROOM. NIGHT 122

MARKO throws EDWARD violently against a glass wall.

EDWARD

(annoyed, whispering)

Just get rid of him. Split us up.

123 INT. LIFT. NIGHT 123

CARL, SHELLY and EDWARD get out of the lift. The lift door slam shut with MARKO and ADAM inside.

124

INT. CARPARK. MORNING

124

CARL is crouching behind the SUV for cover, he continues to shout.

CARL
AND BY THE WAY DON'T THINK I BELIEVED
YOU WERE GOING TO LET ME GO. I WAS
GOING TO DISAPPEAR WITH THE OTHERS.
YOU JUST WANTED ANOTHER BIG MAN
MOMENT.

The last HENCHMAN struggles to his feet. EDWARD gives him his gun and points to the SUV. The HENCHMAN nods to EDWARD and walks cautiously towards the vehicle.

EDWARD hides behind his car. From his point of view we see the HENCHMAN walk in the direction of CARL, handgun raised.

But the HENCHMAN bottles it - this is real life. And no job is worth getting killed for. He eyes the exit to the car park. Raising his gun, he decides to make a run for it.

EDWARD
COME BACK NOW!

EDWARD starts to sprint for the door leading back upstairs into the building.

An injured CARL staggers out of the shadows blocking his way.

CARL
(grimacing with pain)
Hello comrade.

He looks at the blood on his hands as he raises his gun.

EDWARD
(edging towards the door)
HELP ME, HELP ME.

EDWARD freezes.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
That's a real gun!

CARL
Isn't that a bitch.

EDWARD turns and runs in the opposite direction for the car park exit.

CARL fires the first bullet and misses, but the second gets him in the back and EDWARD falls forward. CLICK. CARL has run out of bullets.

But EDWARD lies perfectly still, after all the gore that has gone before EDWARD's death is anticlimax. But that's how things are in the real world.

CARL staggers towards the car park exit, dropping the gun along the way. It clatters to the ground.

The car park door has only partially come up so he falls to his knees and crawls underneath.

He staggers to his feet. Outside it's now late morning and bright sunlight is hitting the sidewalk.

CARL takes SHELLY's necklace out of his pocket. As he cradles it in his hand the word "Shelly" is illuminated.

Finally, CARL makes his hand into a fist around the necklace and limps into this bright morning light.

Fade to white.