

019760

VERTICAL RUN

by

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adapted from the novel

by

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**PETERS ENTERTAINMENT
WARNER BROTHERS**

**SECOND DRAFT - POLISH
1ST MAY 1996**

FADE IN

MAIN TITLES OVER

A SILVER LIMO turns into a well-lit DRIVEWAY beneath a sign that reads: LOCKYEAR TECHNOLOGIES.

EXT. LOCKYEAR TECHNOLOGIES - NIGHT

An enthusiastic 55-year old fire-plug in an expensive suit gets out of the limo - this is BERNIE LEVY.

He looks round at the surroundings: technical buildings and warehouses are scattered through well landscaped grounds. The whole facility feels new and well-designed.

BERNIE

Looks great, right?

DAVID ELLIOT gets out - mid-40's, strong, intelligent face, been round the block, not necessarily on the best roads. He has a cell-phone stuck to his ear.

DAVID

Phoebe? Send the tickets to the house. And call Hertz and confirm the Explorer has four-wheel drive.
(to Bernie)

Buildings are spiffy, but they paid top dollar for them, and the construction loan still hasn't been cleared.

Bernie's leg jiggles with impatience.

BERNIE

Yeah, but big picture - this is gonna make us rich.

DAVID

(into phone)

Call Jack, tell him I'll be home late.

(hangs up)

You're already rich, Bernie.

BERNIE

(grins)

Hey - too much is never enough.

DAVID

It is if we're talking asking price, and these guys are pushing it.

INT. OFFICE - LOCKYEAR BIOTECHNOLOGIES - NIGHT

MORT HIGHGRAVE, a suave 50 year old in a Glen Plaid double-breast, ushers them into his office.

HIGHGRAVE

Mr Levy, Mr Elliot, it's a pleasure. I'm Mort Highgrave.

He waves them into the seating area with a salesman's smile. Bernie hits the chesterfield like a depth charge.

HIGHGRAVE

Ludo Kronstadt speaks highly of you.

David grips his hand. Big smile right back at him.

DAVID

So he should, Mort. We're being asked to put a lot of money in his pocket.

HIGHGRAVE

Coffees?

Time transition: Highgrave's office - later.

David takes notes as Highgrave talks.

HIGHGRAVE

You want to surf the Big Kahuna, far as investing in leading edge industries, biotech is where it's at. And biotech means Lockyear. We have the computers, the facilities and, most of all, the vision thing.

(coughs)

Excuse me.

(into intercom)

Mandy? Can we get those coffees?

BERNIE

(whispers)

Did he say "vision thing"?

DAVID

He's winding up for the pitch.

TIME TRANSITION: HIGHGRAVE'S OFFICE - LATER.

Bernie and David now sit across a table from Highgrave. COFFEE has been provided.

CONT'D

CONTINUED: '

HIGHGRAVE

We've taken research out of the
petri dish, into virtual space.
(flashes that smile)
That means no more beagles on two
packs a day.

DAVID

Bang goes another captive market.
(sips his coffee)
I keep telling Bernie he should
get out of tobacco stocks.

BERNIE

David's my professional grinch.

Everyone smiles and goes for the coffee. Highgrave makes
a face and looks at his cup.

HIGHGRAVE

Sugar --

DAVID

That'll be mine.

They exchange. David puts his cup down without drinking.

DAVID (V.O.)

Hope their year end projections
are better than their coffee.

EXT. LOCKYEAR BIOTECHNOLOGIES - NIGHT

Highgrave leads them down a floodlit walkway. He turns.

HIGHGRAVE

Sorry?

David's unphased at being overheard - who knows, maybe
he meant it - Highgrave certainly looks a little put out.

DAVID

The "vision thing", Mort. It's a
nice phrase, but we're not buying
nice phrases. Let's get concrete.

HIGHGRAVE

Read the magazines: 17 months ago
we used computer models to get a
jump on the Hong Kong flu.

Highgrave points to a low building ahead of them.

CONTINUE

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HIGHGRAVE

We developed a synthetic cure for the worst new influenza strain in a decade. In that small building. You know what that meant--

BERNIE

(big smile)

Stock price tripled in a week. That's concrete.

DAVID

That's great. It's also history.

They look at him. The party-pooper at the smilefest.

DAVID

Our money's not nostalgic. All it cares about is present assets and future performance.

EXT. LOCKYEAR BIOTECHNOLOGIES - NIGHT - LATER

Highgrave walks Bernie and David back to their limo.

DAVID

How many acres do you have?

Highgrave points to a PARKING SPOT with his NAME on it.

HIGHGRAVE

Me? Personally, just this spot. Far as the facility goes, I don't know, about 45 or so, I guess.

DAVID

45.3. But the zoning permit on 17 acres is up for review next year.

HIGHGRAVE

Mr Levy. These are just little nuts and bolts. Big picture - you know everything is sound --

DAVID

Mort. I used to be an engineer. It's the little nuts and bolts that keep everything together.

Ends the meeting with a handshake and a pat on the arm.

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DAVID

We'll be talking.

BERNIE (V.O.)

This isn't about how many towel racks they have in the washrooms.

INT. BERNIE'S LIMOUSINE - NIGHT

Bernie and David sit in the back of a Limo as it pulls out of the LOCKYEAR GATES. Bernie grins like a kid who enjoyed the show - both now have phones stuck to their ears. Bernie's on hold.

DAVID

Move the Jaffa meeting to Monday.
(to Bernie)
Maybe they just got lucky with the Hong Kong Flu.

BERNIE

Maybe shmaybe - do you know what the mark up is on pharmaceuticals?

DAVID

Do you know what the odds are on winning the lottery twice?

BERNIE

It wasn't luck.
(into phone)
Ludo! We're leaving the lab. Mort made an excellent presentation - David Elliot's here -

He winks at David as he switches into GERMAN.

BERNIE

Ja. Ja, aber - Nein Ludo: das werde ich nie vergessen: "Der tutz und schutz waffen schaukeln".
(laughs)
OK. "Schutz und tutz--Schutz und tutz". I'm sold. It's a winner.
'wiedersehen.
(hangs up)
Gotta give this guy an answer by Monday, or I swear he's gonna invade Poland.

INT/ EXT - LIMO/DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The limo pulls up outside a substantial VICTORIAN.

DAVID

Can't do it that fast. I need more than a day to run the figures again.

BERNIE

So. Today's Thursday.

David looks up at the house. The lights are on. Beat.

DAVID

I'm taking Jack climbing this weekend, Bernie.

Bernie's leg stops jiggling. No smile. No shrug. Just the bottom line.

BERNIE

You do a great job as a single dad, Davy. But weekends happen all the time, and Jack'll understand. This deal only happens once.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David opens the door and stands in the doorway. The house is pulsing to the skanking beat of the MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES. The volume cranks down abruptly.

YOUNG MAN'S VOICE (JACK V.O.)

Dad?

JACK

Hey, Jack.

(beat)

We need to talk.

The door closes behind him.

We PULL away from the house - see the Limo drive away - keep pulling back until we see all the lights of SAN FRANCISCO reflected in the inky black waters of the BAY.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE UP TO BRIGHT SUNLIGHT- We are in -

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - STAIRS - DAY

SUPER: 7.10 AM PACIFIC TIME.

David yawns his way down the stairs, dressed in a grey T-shirt and navy sweatpants, carrying running shoes. His nose crinkles. Smelling something. Walks into -

INT. KITCHEN - DAY - CONTINUING

JACK ELLIOT is at the stove, frying bacon, chomping Oreos. Somewhere beneath the ass-backwards gimme-cap, the ear-ring and the "CHECK YOUR HEAD" T-shirt, he's a 17 year old version of David.

David turns his cap forward as he slides past.

DAVID

Hey.

(nods at the bacon)

Stuff'll kill you.

Jack grunts and reverses his hat back again, on autopilot: this is routine. Without looking at David he slides him the milk and pops another Oreo.

David reaches down a jar of Granola and some bran. Jack stretches past him to snag a jumbo bottle of Ketchup.

Not much eye contact and no talk as they move round each other making breakfasts with a co-ordination that, if not quite companionable, is at least well drilled.

David makes tea. Jack stashes a Pepsi in his BOOK-BAG.

David mixes yoghurt, bran and granola. Jack slides egg and bacon into an English Muffin and squirts in ketchup.

He bites in and nods at David, finally meeting his eyes.

JACK

Gotta run. Eight o'clock test.

DAVID

About the weekend.

JACK

(looks away)

No biggie.

(shoulders the bag)

Later.

David watches Jack go. On the point of saying something else. We hear the front door SLAM as we HARD CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

David RUNNING through the rain-slick streets. He runs with grit and a long stride, like someone who's good at it, but doesn't necessarily love it.

The incline increases gradually. Morning rush hour has barely begun. AN ELECTRIC BLUE DUMPSTER juts into the street. He pours on the speed as he races for it.

He reaches the dumpster, slaps it and checks the split-time on his watch. Scowls. Not so good this morning.

He turns a corner: the street climbs STRAIGHT UP like a bullet. He digs in and starts the long slog to the top.

He pushes through the pain barrier and keeps running. Mind over matter. But the top isn't getting any closer.

Behind him we hear the CLANG CLANG of a CABLE CAR. He stops. Defeated by the hill. Coughing his guts out. He flags the car down. The CONDUCTOR grins.

CABLE CAR CONDUCTOR

Hey. This is a first.

DAVID

Think I'm getting a cold.

CABLE CAR CONDUCTOR

Welcome to flu season.

David bends to re-tie his shoe-lace.

In the background, we pass a GREY CAR with two men in suits (OSCAR and RANSOME) sitting in it.

OSCAR gets out and looks down the hill - waiting for something. Looks round - David is on the far side of the cable car, bent over his shoe - NOT VISIBLE.

Oscar looks at his watch. Shrugs at Ransome.

CABLE CAR CONDUCTOR (V.O.)

This is your stop, ain't it?

David sits up. The BUSINESS DISTRICT is spread out beneath them. He jumps off and sets off downhill.

DAVID

Thanks, Mac.

CABLE CAR CONDUCTOR

Have a nice day.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

It's early enough for the streets to be deserted as David jogs into the lobby of the TRANS-AMERICA BUILDING.

As he disappears inside we PAN UP to reveal the vertical immensity of the building above.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

David steps inside the elevator and hits 45. We hear HIGH HEELS running across the MARBLE FLOOR.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Hey! Hold the doors --

MARGE FLEISCHL runs into view. As she sees Dave she slides to a hockey stop: she's a smart looking 30 year-old with smoky eyes and a feisty tilt to her chin.

MARGE

Oh.

DAVID

Marge.

This is an awkward moment. Her jaw hardens.

PING. Another elevator arrives. Her voice takes an edge at odds with the smile fixed across her face.

MARGE

I'll take that one. I know you're a busy guy.

DAVID

Marge, wait --

She disappears into the next car. He steps out after her. Too late. Doors have closed.

INT. SENTEREX LOBBY - DAY

SUPER: 7.59 AM PACIFIC TIME.

David exits the elevator into a marble hallway. A SECURITY GUARD (JONATHAN) sits at a reception desk. He toasts David with a SODA CUP.

DAVID

Hey Jonathan.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

Corner office with a spectacular view all the way to the sea. It's minimally decorated, but there's enough wood in here to give the place a warm atmosphere.

His desk has framed PHOTOGRAPHS on it: Jack at various ages, Jack and David ROCK CLIMBING together. A family group with a woman we recognize as his dead WIFE.

In a SERIES OF SHOTS we see his morning routine:

He turns on a COFFEE MAKER, opens a door to a PRIVATE BATHROOM and a WALK IN CLOSET. Starts undressing.

In the SHOWER. He's in good shape but he's picked up some dings on the way.

Out of the shower. As he dries, he walks back into the office and pours himself that cup of coffee. Inhales the steam. Happy caffeine addict smile.

Hits REPLAY on the ANSWERPHONE as he dresses:

ANSWERPHONE MESSAGES (FILTER V.O.)

This is a message for Mr. Elliot to confirm his dental appointment with Dr Helms Wednesday at 8.30.

(beep)

David? Harry Halliwell's calling to arrange tennis for the weekend.

Dave chooses a grey suit and a pale blue shirt. Knots a paisley tie. He stirs a spoon of SUGAR into his coffee.

ANSWERPHONE MESSAGES (FILTER V.O.)

David Elliot? Shit. This is Mort Highgrave. You have to call -

CLICK. Someone CUTS OFF the answerphone. David turns, cup STALLED an inch from his mouth.

BERNIE (BERNIE V.O.)

Mr. Ransome?

DAVID

Bernie?

BERNIE (V.O.)

Oh Jesus --

David steps out of the bathroom

DAVID

--who's Mr. Ransome?

CONTINU

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Bernie stands in the middle of the room tugging something out of his pocket. It's a GUN. He points it at David - eyes wide in PANIC.

BERNIE

Stay back!

DAVID

(stops dead)

Whoa - easy there!

BERNIE

(backs off)

Stay back -

DAVID

Bernie-

BERNIE

Stay back!

DAVID

Bernie. You don't need a gun -

BERNIE

Always need a gun, Davy --

(panicked laugh)

Schutz und tutz, Schutz und tutz --

DAVID

What is this--?

BERNIE

Get back!

(shocked as David)

I'm sorry -

DAVID

Not as sorry as me if you pull that trigger. Put it down.

BERNIE

Always the joke, Davy. Always with the wisenheimer spritz--

He shrugs. The gun WAVERS. David has one chance --

He FLINGS the HOT COFFEE into Bernie's face.

Before he can scream David steps in, left hand sweeping the gun away, as he SMACKS the heel of his right hand up into Bernie's chin.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (2)

Bernie poleaxes back like a sack of lard - David dives on him, and rips the gun from his limp fingers. He looks disbelievingly at the gun, at Bernie. Angry now.

DAVID

Bernie. What the fuck are you on?

He drops the gun in his pocket. Shakily feels for the pulse on Bernie's neck. Looks at his hand. TREMBLING.

EXT. SENTEREX HALLWAY - DAY

David comes out of his office and heads for the Lobby.

DAVID

Jonathan!

No reply. He walks round the curve in the hallway to find TWO MEN IN SUITS standing in the lobby. No Jonathan. The SUITS turn to him with big open smiles.

It's the two men from the GREY CAR.

David doesn't know this - but he can sense there's something WRONG here; the suits are right, but the faces don't fit, and they have bulges under their coats.

Jonathan's CUP is on its side, dripping onto the floor.

The older and tougher of the two amps up the smile even further. We will come to know him as RANSOME. The other's hand slides inside his briefcase and stays there.

Ransome's voice has a rough Appalachian edge, but everything else about him is smooth and wholly clinical - and unnervingly polite.

RANSOME

Good morning.

David hides his trembling hand by sliding it into the coat pocket with the gun in it.

DAVID

'morning.

RANSOME

We're here to see Mr Elliot?

David swallows. Dry mouth. Thinking fast.

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CONTINUED:

DAVID

Well... David's usually in early,
but I haven't seen him yet.
(pastes on a grin)
I'm Pete Ashby.

RANSOME

Pleased to meet you Mr Ashley...

DAVID

Ashby. Pete Ashby. I'm VP of
Engineering.

RANSOME

Excuse me. Mr Ashby then. Don't
worry. We'll wait.

Awkward silence. They don't move to the seating area.

DAVID

Can I help, Mr...?

RANSOME

Ransome.

David's antennae go up - Ransome?

RANSOME

And this is Mr Oscar. We're here
for the audit report.

Accountants? Sure. Even the IRS doesn't look this ~~mean~~.

DAVID

Let me get you some coffee. I've
got some brewing back there.

RANSOME

No thanks Mr Ashey.

DAVID

Ashby.

RANSOME

Sorry. I'm terrible with names.

Right. Everyone smiles but no-one's buying.

DAVID

I better be getting back to work,
I'm sure David will be in soon.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED: (2)

RANSOME

Certainly. Don't let us keep you.

David slowly turns his back on them. Walks back up the hall. Sweat beads on his forehead. Behind him Ransome clears his throat.

RANSOME

Oh. Mr Elliot. One more thing --

DAVID

(turns with a smile)

Yes --?

NO. He said ELLIOT.

Realization flashes across David's face. Ransome nods at Oscar. Oscar pulls a SILENCED AUTOMATIC from his briefcase as Ransome goes for a SHOULDER HOLSTER.

Time goes SLOW for David, like he's stuck in glue. He TUGS at the gun in his coat. It SNARLS in the lining.

BLAM. David nearly blows a toe off as his tugging fires a bullet through the lining of his coat.

Oscar's gun swings to bear --

BLAM BLAM. David yanks his pocket up and fires. Muzzle flash IGNITES his coat. Flames lick up his side --

OSCAR

Mary mother of God --

Blood blossoms across Oscar's shirt and he pitches back onto the marble. Ransome fires off a burst as he jackknives back into the safety of the lobby.

David JUMPS for an ALCOVE in the wall. The space is full of KEROX MACHINE. Silenced bullets rip into the sheetrock around him as he crashes on top of the copier.

The machine kicks into life beneath him. Nobody moves.

Ransome tiger-crawls forward, weapon shouldered, angled out into the hall, protected by the angle of the wall.

David BURNS his hand badly patting out the flames round the hole in his coat pocket.

The magnesium-bright COPY-LIGHT shuttles back and forth, throwing weird shadows and highlights on his face as he begins to SHAKE with the ADRENALINE COME-DOWN.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED: (3)

Ransome pulls a BONE-MIKE from his pocket, turns it on. His voice is calm, clipped and TOTAL. NATIONAL.

RANSOME

This is Zulu. Oscar is down. I have incoming. Repeat, I have incoming.

(pause)

Negative on the Medic, Oscar is KIA. Negative on sealing the premises: let's keep this private. Get up here now.

DAVID

Hey. Ransome!

Ransome calmly ignores him.

RANSOME

I want all phone lines out of the building closed down -

DAVID

What the hell's going on here!

RANSOME

- Target is as photographed, wearing grey business suit, blue shirt and paisley tie --

David hits the STOP button on the Copier. Ransome PAUSES to check out the sound change like a dog on point.

RANSOME

-- and he is armed and dangerous.

DAVID

This is a mistake!

Dave sees the LED's on the elevators coming up. Reinforcements on the way.

DAVID

No-one has a reason to kill me!

Ransome finally registers David. He pulls the ear-phone out and switches the RADIO to VOX (speaker),

RANSOME

Try and stay calm Mr Elliot. This will be over soon.

CONT.

CONTINUED: (4)

David's leaning on a FIRE ALARM BOX. He smashes the glass and pulls the lever. ALARM BELLS rip the silence.

RANSOME

Nice try. But we'll just call it in as a false alarm.

The LED's on the elevators STOP, then count DOWN to the first floor. Ransome turns and sees them.

YANKEE (FILTER V.O.)

Elevators are programmed to return to the ground. It'll take a while for a manual reset. Over.

RANSOME

Use the stairwells.

DAVID

What do you want?

RANSOME

Toss the gun, back out, assume the position, put your head down. You won't feel a thing.

The alarm bells STOP. David squirms out of his coat. Takes a deep breath and THROWS it out into the hall.

It is SHREDDED by silenced bullets, followed by a barely perceptible CLINK as the mag runs out.

DAVID

I'm keeping the gun.

RANSOME

I can understand that.

Ransome's good nature's already getting pretty unnerving.

He eases the magazine out of his gun. David hears the SNICK -- he launches himself into the hallway.

On Ransome. Suckered. Off balance, on his side. He rolls back, struggling to reload.

David closes fast. Ransome chambers a round. David's right leg swings back. Gun-barrel swings up-

David's foot scythes into Ransome's chin in a wild PLACE KICK. He crashes backwards, KO'd.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (5)

David pins him. Pulls back his eyelid. All white, lights out. Searches him. No wallet.

He scoops up the guns and heads for the receptionists desk. There's a tiny SPRAY of BLOOD across it.

David looks behind the desk. A MAN-SIZED DUFFLE BAG is stuffed behind a screen. Goodbye Jonathan.

David picks up the phone and dials 911. The line gives a BUSY tone. He hits REDIAL.

Burst of STATIC on RANSOME'S RADIO - still set to VOX.

MAN'S VOICE (YANKEE)

We're in the stairs on 28. The men need to take three. Is that acceptable -- Zulu? Do you copy?

David hangs up the phone and runs back to Oscar. He rips off his radio rig and sticks it in his ear.

DAVID

(mimics Ransome)

Affirmative.

He STAMPS Ransome's radio into fragments. Dumps the ICE from the soda cup into his HANDKERCHIEF and winds it round his burned hand.

Ransome is beginning to stir. David RUNS.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

He slides cautiously into the stairwell. Checks the landings above and below.

SUPER: 8.17 PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

Empty. Starts running UPWARDS. Pounds past six floors - Opens the door on the seventh landing.

INT. LAWYERS OFFICE LOBBY - DAY

Early birds are beginning to drift into the lobby. David hurries past them. Brass letters on the wall read FLEMING RUCK AND HALLIWELL - LAW OFFICES.

He heads down a side hallway towards a CORNER OFFICE office. Door reads HARRY HALLIWELL.

INT. HARRY HALLIWELL'S OFFICE -DAY

David enters the room and closes the door behind him.

Two feet propped on the glass desk. Their owner is hidden behind the Financial Times. The paper drops revealing a smiling man the same age as David, only sleeker and heavier: this is HARRY HALLIWELL.

DAVID

Harry --

HARRY

Hey slugger. You look like shit. Maybe we shouldn't have played the extra set on Saturday --

DAVID

You're not going to believe this --

HARRY

Don't have to Davy: I'm your lawyer.

DAVID

Bernie Levy just tried to kill me.

HARRY

(grins)
Cheaper than firing you --

DAVID

There were two gunmen --

Harry peers into the CUT GLASS COFFEE DECANTER at his elbow, not taking any of this seriously.

HARRY

Gunmen? Wow! How d'you get away?

DAVID

Dumb luck and adrenaline..

HARRY

Seem to have emptied this. Damn.

DAVID

Harry.

He slides the GUN onto the table. Harry looks like the guy who discovered the turd in the punch-bowl.

HARRY

You're serious --

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CONTINUED:

DAVID

(sits)
I just killed a man on the forty
fifth floor. Maybe two.

HARRY

David. My God --

DAVID

I'm in trouble, H. I need help.

Harry becomes that big ticket corporate lawyer right in front of our eyes. Gives him a reassuring smile.

HARRY

Well you came to the right place.
(stands decisively)
I'll go call Security --

David exhales in relief as Harry walks past. He catches a FLASH OF MOVEMENT reflected in the glass desktop. On reflex he ROLLS out of the chair.

WOOD SPLINTERS as Harry SMASHES the COFFEE DECANTER into the chair where David's head used to be.

David scrambles against the wall. Nonplussed.

DAVID

Harry! What the hell --?

Harry backs away, face distorted with RAGE and TERROR.

HARRY

You're a dead man, Elliot. A dead man!

DAVID

Harry...

Harry turns and runs. David stares at the shards of cut glass embedded in the smashed wood of the chair back.

INT. SENTEREX HALLWAY - DAY

Ransome drags Oscar's body behind the Reception desk and lays it out of sight next to the duffel bag full of Jonathan. He has a major bruise where David kicked him.

Two men in suits (YANKEE and ROMEO) step into the lobby in room clearance formation, covering each other.

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CONTINUED:

(All of Ransome's team look anonymous. The only tell is their earpieces. Apart from that they're any guy in in any crowd, so everyone seems like a potential gunman)

YANKEE is a tough looking 40 year old with been-there, seen-it, killed-'em-anyway eyes: he HANDSIGNALS Romeo.

RANSOME

Cut the Kabuki. He's long gone.
Give me a radio.

Ransome checks his wrist: he has TWO WATCHES on one hand: one set to local time and a RED WATCH with a digital readout: PHASE 1: 2.31.

RANSOME

This is Zulu: I want full phone security.

INTERCUT WITH INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

David OVERHEARS the following as he runs down the stairs.

RADIO (CHARLIE/FILTER V.O.)

Not a problem. He already tried 911 two times from the Senterex lobby. Calls were blocked. Now the comms team has a voice recognition filter in place, so as of five minutes ago, 911 is his worst option.

RANSOME

Good. Team status?

CHARLIE (FILTER V.O.)

All building exits fully covered. Ambushes set in stairwells on 35.

ON DAVID. Looks at the floor marker. 38. Looks over the rail. 3 floors down, someone has removed a light-bulb, because the landing is DARK.

He backs up quietly and slips into the 38th Floor.

INT. 38TH FLOOR - DAY

No ritzy corporate decor here. This is a UTILITY FLOOR.

The adrenaline's wearing off. He's HYPERVENTILATING. Finds a door marked AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

CONTINUE

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He tries it. LOCKED. He pulls a CREDIT CARD THRU the lock.

INT. ENGINEER'S ROOM - DAY

Battered lockers along one wall, opposite a CAGE containing POWER TOOLS and ENGINEERING SUPPLIES. A door opens on a small inner room full of clean equipment.

David hears a KEY in the DOOR.

MAN'S VOICE (ENGINEER)
--says the dog's depressed and
wants to take him to a pet shrink

Two BUILDING ENGINEERS enter and head for the lockers. Dave backtracks fast into the inner room.

ENGINEER 2
Pet shrink? You're shitting me!

ENGINEER 1
What can I tell ya? I married a
fruit-loop.

They start changing into overalls. David slips into the shadows. Muffles a fit of COUGHING.

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernie's taste runs heavily into the solid wood of Biedermayer: honeyed wood, a desk you could hide a Panzer in and a wall-full of color-matched leather books.

Bernie is stretched out on a couch. Ransome sits by him with a field-medical kit, tending his eye.

Ransome slides into Bernie's desk and hits a key on the PC - VIDEOLINK: We can see both sides of this call through VIDEOCONFERENCING.

RANSOME
We missed him.

INT. CONTROL'S - DAY

Different city. Tall windows give us a view of a lake-side downtown with snow capped mountains beyond.

CONTL

CONTINUED:

A thickset man with cold, nervy eyes slumps into his desk. This is LUDO KRONSTADT. He speaks very precise English with a hint of German in it.

KRONSTADT

Christ. Do we have a situation?

RANSOME

We're in control. He's stuck in here. It's only a matter of time.

Kronstadt pulls a RED WATCH that's the TWIN of Ransome's out of the desk drawer and looks at it: PHASE 1: 2.24.

KRONSTADT

Time's our enemy. You cannot afford to drop this ball. No-one can afford it.

RANSOME

Copy that.

KRONSTADT

I'm paying for surgical. This does not sound surgical.

RANSOME

He must have changed his route to work. Then Mr Levy here decided he should take care of his own mess - Mr Levy is no good with a gun. Unlike Mr Elliot.

KRONSTADT

What do you mean?

RANSOME

How'd he learn to handle himself?

Kronstadt punches some keys on his computer.

KRONSTADT

He did military service in his 20's.

RANSOME

You should have told me.

KRONSTADT

At your price, that shouldn't have been relevant.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (2)

RANSOME
Everything's relevant. What kind
of service?

INT. ENGINEER'S ROOM - DAY

The engineers have changed and are heading for the door,
walking RIGHT PAST David's hiding place.

ENGINEER 1
Trust me, the mutt can already
lick its own balls: gonna take
more'n a shrink to cheer it up --

David SNEEZES.

ENGINEER 1
- Gesundheit.

ENGINEER 2
(puzzled)
Gerwhat?

The door closes behind them. David emerges, listens for
a beat, then kicks in the lockers doors in. Finds
COVERALLS, a TOOLBELT, and a pair of SUNGLASSES.

Puts them on. Looks in the mirror. Too obvious. He
pops the dark lenses out and puts the frames on like
regular glasses. Slicks his hair into a GEEK'S PARTING.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ransome reads off his screen. WE SEE a photo of a
YOUNGER DAVID in UNIFORM and a US NAVY letterhead.

RANSOME
ROTC wonderboy does his time as
an engineer in the Seabees. Four
years difference, we could have
been brothers-in-arms.

INTERCUT: VIDEOLINK with CONTROL'S OFFICE - DUSK.

KRONSTADT
Is that a problem for you?

RANSOME
Negative.

CONTI

CONTINUED:

Kronstadt hangs up. Sees a FLASHING LIGHT above a MONITOR on the bank beside his desk.

GRAINY CLOSE CIRCUIT TV SCREEN IMAGE: A WHITE COATED SCIENTIST looms into the lens.

SCIENTIST (FILTER V.O.)

If you want to come down, we're gonna try it again.

KRONSTADT

Do it! You don't have time to wait for my say so on everything.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

David eases upwards, quietly. Suddenly halts.

Sees someone's feet coming quietly down the steps above him. Nowhere to hide. He opens landing door and slips inside.

INT. SENTEREX LOBBY - 45TH FLOOR - DAY

Talk about the wrong door. He's back where he started - but it's not that that stops him in his tracks:

The office looks like nothing happened.

No bullet holes - the Xerox machine's been replaced - no bodies - in fact life looks back to normal - a new security guard on the desk - the mail-boy's delivering mail - secretaries are gathered at the coffee machine.

BERNIE'S DOOR OPENS and RANSOME backs out.

Ransome's going to see him unless he moves fast.

PING. An elevator arrives. He ducks his head and walks fast towards it - making like he's reading the clipboard. Nods at the new security guard as he passes.

As he steps into the elevator he collides with a FEMALE EXEC getting out - she double-takes. Can't put the face with the engineer's coveralls

FEMALE EXEC

David--?

The doors close just in time. He slumps against the elevator wall.

INT. SENTEREX LOBBY - 45TH FLOOR - DAY

SUPER: 9.14 PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

Ransome and Yankee walk past the FEMALE EXEC and step into the next elevator.

CHARLIE (FILTER V.O.)
Zulu. We got a problem.

INT. RANSOME'S ELEVATOR - DAY

Ransome and Yankee enter. The elevator heads down.

CHARLIE (FILTER V.O.)
We just took Oscar out of the
body-bag for processing.

INT. DAVID'S ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator stops. David's immediately on guard. The doors slide open and an elderly secretary with an armful of files gets in and hits the 4th FLOOR button.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)
So?

CHARLIE (FILTER V.O.)
His radio's missing. Elliot's
heard every word we've said.

DAVID
(hears this)
Shit!

ELDERLY SECRETARY
Excuse me?

David thinks fast. Points to the radio earpiece.

DAVID
Sports news. Last night's game.

SECRETARY
Love those Giants, huh?

David's SWEATING. Gives her a sick looking smile. The elevator stops. She gets out.

HARD CUT BACK TO:

INT. ELEVATOR (RANSOME'S) - DAY

Ransome rolls his eyes at Yankee.

RANSOME

Copy that, Charlie.

(all business)

Mr Elliot. I've just seen your service record. Explains a lot.

INTERCUT: INT. ELEVATOR - DAY.

On David - what fresh bull is this?

DAVID

Hell's this got to do with my service record?

RANSOME

Explains where you got the moves.

DAVID

What moves? I was an Engineer. I did my time blowing up bridges. I didn't like guns then, and I sure as hell don't like them now.

INT. ELEVATOR (DAVID'S) - DAY

The elevator hits the ground floor. Doors slide open. David hangs back. Thumb on the DOOR OPEN button as he checks out the Lobby. Seems empty.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

I know you're having a bad day, but I need you to focus on one thing. You aren't getting out of the building.

About to step out when he spots a REFLECTION in the SHINY MARBLE of the wall opposite - a man (ROMEO) with an EARPIECE standing guard on the bank of elevators.

David shrinks back looks the other way. Two more men with EARPIECES beside the REVOLVING DOOR to the street.

ROMEO begins to walk slowly towards the open Elevator door. David sees the movement in the reflection. Stabs the DOOR CLOSE button.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

Once people leave for the night
we'll do a grid-search with dogs
and heat sensors and find you.

David pulls the gun, ready to blast Romeo if the doors
don't close - they're on an agonizing delay.

Romeo's nearly up on him -

PING. The next door elevator arrives. Romeo STOPS and
turns. RANSOME and YANKEE get out.

RANSOME

Wake up. I'd been Elliot, you'd
be modelling toe- tags.

ROMEO

(snaps to)

Sir.

David's doors finally shut as he sees Ransome walks
past, close enough to touch. Ransome keys his radio.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

Come midnight, this will be over.

David exhales, leans back against the door. Guttled.
Stashes the gun as he gets his breath back.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

SUPER: 10.07 PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

Ransome and Yankee cross the street and enter the back
of a large PANEL TRUCK.

INT. ELEVATOR (DAVID'S) - DAY

The elevator doors open. A YOUNG EXECUTIVE with a
MOBILE PHONE stitched to her ear gets in with David.

INT. PANEL TRUCK - DAY

The INTERIOR looks like a BATTLEFIELD COMMAND CENTER.

RANSOME

How are we doing?

CHARLIE's wrangling a computer map of the building.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
Double checked the plans. Every
exit is covered, far as I can see.

RANSOME
Outstanding. Now triple check.

INT. OFFICE HALLWAY - DAY

The elevator door opens and the YOUNG EXECUTIVE exits.
Beat. David steps out and slots in behind her.

YOUNG EXECUTIVE
My battery's low. Call me in my
office - I'm nearly there.

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

David waves his clipboard at the receptionist and sniffs.

DAVID
Y'all getting fumes down here?

RECEPTIONIST
Fumes?

DAVID
I'll have to check back there.

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE PASSAGE - CONTINUING

David pauses as the Exec comes out of an office and goes
into a door marked "WOMEN'S ROOM" across the hall.

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE OFFICE - CONTINUING

David looks in and scans the room. The MOBILE PHONE
sits in a CHARGER on a file cabinet. He scoops up a
copy of the HERALD and palms the phone into it.

There's a bottle of ADVIL on the blotter. He grabs it -
then he's outside and walking down the passage almost
before we register what he's done.

INT. EXECUTIVE SUITE RECEPTION AREA - DAY

He smiles at the Receptionist.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

DAVID

You got the master key?

She opens a drawer and searches through the mess inside.

A FAX MACHINE behind her snicks into life. David watches in horror as HIS FACE comes out of the printer on a hazy copy of his BUILDING I.D. CARD.

Below his photo are the words ALL BUILDING PERSONNEL - WARNING - DO NOT APPROACH - CALL EXT.744 IF SEEN.

The receptionist finds the key. As she turns David puts his CLIPBOARD down over the Fax just in time.

RECEPTIONIST

Here you go.

DAVID

Thanks.

He picks up his clipboard - and the FAX beneath it.

INT. JANITOR'S ROOM - DAY

David is alone in the Janitor's room. He shakes the ADVIL bottle - SILENT - opens it - nothing but cotton wool. He tosses it in frustration.

He flips open the SF HERALD: Picks an article at random: "TOOTHLESS GREEN INITIATIVES LIKELY TO FAIL". He finds the paper's number. Dials on the mobile.

MAN'S VOICE (FILTER V.O.)

Herald?

DAVID

I'm only saying this once. This is the Ecological Direct Action Group. There's a sky-scraper at 1098 Spring Street. In twelve minutes there won't be. We've planted an explosive device.

The line crackles. The phone flashes BATTERY LOW.

INT. PANEL TRUCK - DAY

Yankee rips open the rear door and leans in, flustered.

CONTI

CONTINUED:

YANKEE

They're evacing the building.
Bomb threat.

Ransome takes in the new information without blinking.

RANSOME

There's no bomber. It's Elliot.
Double teams on all exits, now.

INT. MEN'S REST-ROOM -DAY

SUPER: 10.22 PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

David stands in a stall, gun in one hand, cell-phone in the other. He dials a number. We hear JACK's VOICE

JACK (FILTER V.O.)

Hi this is Jack.

DAVID

(relieved)

It's me --

JACK (FILTER V.O.)

If that's Ricky or Loosh, my dad flaked again, so count me in for Saturday. Anyone else, do it at the bleep.

DAVID

Jack. I'm in trouble here. At work. Something's -- I'm --
(this is hard)
I need your help. Some people are -

Someone KICKS the door of the rest-room. David aims the gun at the door.

MAN'S VOICE

Hey! We got a bomb threat.
Everyone has to get out

David lowers the gun. Goes back to the phone.

DAVID

I want you to know one thing --

BEEPING from the phone. He looks at the display: DEAD BATTERY. He throws it against the wall in frustration.

INT. COMMAND TRUCK - DAY

Ransome sticks his head into the truck from outside. Yankee and six other men are in the final stages of CHANGING into SAN FRANCISCO POLICE UNIFORMS.

RANSOME

Good job. Now get out there, blend in and stay alert.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Ransome and Yankee stand outside the command truck, watching the FAKE COPS walking towards the building, out of which people are beginning to stream.

RANSOME

This is going to take forever if we don't give them a bomb to find.

(points backwards)

See what you can do.

Yankee looks round. There's an NOVELTY STORE behind them with a window full of dozens of SNAKE SPRINGS exploding out of a JACK IN A BOX. He grins.

INT. STAIRWELL -DAY

MAYHEM. Office workers STREAM down the steps. David pushes into the flow and is swept down.

MAN'S VOICE

... hear about David Elliot?

Two SUITS push past. Recognition flashes in his eyes.

SUIT 1

Went psycho and punched out Bernie!

SUIT 2

Yeah well, I know his wife died and all, but me, I never really liked the guy.

SUIT 1

Like his job though. Right?

SUIT 2

And his fucking secretary...

David looks away as he shuffles down the steps.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

There's a bottleneck as people jam up the exit doors.

Yankee and his team stand quietly at the doors, scrutinizing each evacuee. More of Ransome's squad are blocking off the elevator lobby. David sees all this.

He has no choice but go with the flow. He ducks his head and lets himself be swept on to the exit. 30 feet-20-15. He pulls the gun, folding the PAPER over it.

10 feet to go - then a VOICE shouts over the crowd.

MAN'S VOICE

That's him! There! Over there!

David's head whips round searching for the voice. He STOPS DEAD - like he's taken a dagger in the heart.

HIS POV: JACK is banging on the glass and pointing at him. YANKEE stands at his side talking into his radio.

RANSOME'S MEN push in against the flow of evacuees as David rips back through the crowd like a maniac, oblivious to the howls of outrage behind him.

More of RANSOME'S MEN are in the elevator lobby. Only one way to run. He barges back into the STAIRWELL.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

The steps are packed tight. Only way he can move is to CLIMB UPWARDS on the OUTSIDE of the RAILINGS. He swarms up three flights with the speed of desperation.

A GUNMAN peers down from above. David vaults inside the rails, crashes through the crowd, into an access door.

INT. HALLWAY - 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Sprinting down the empty hallway - trying locked doors as he goes.

Turns a corner into PANELLED DOORS with a brass plate reading: THE ST. ANDREWS - A PRIVATE DINING CLUB.

INT. PRIVATE RESTAURANT SUITE - 3RD FLOOR - DAY

David crashes into the upscale dining area - white linen, repro Chippendale, wood panelling and a BUFFET table laid out in the middle of the room -

CONTINU:

CONTINUED:

·ROMEO is caught off guard - scarfing bacon from the heated serving dish - as surprised to see David as David is horrified to see him. He's in a POLICE UNIFORM.

DAVID

(relaxes)

Thank god. Officer -

Romeo blurs into action - one hand keys his radio as the other sweeps down to his HOLSTER.

ROMEO

I got him!--

David wises up real fast - this is no cop - keeps right on coming as Romeo goes for the gun - DIVES over the table - takes out the ICE SCULPTURE and TACKLES him.

They both SLAM back - Romeo's head BOUNCES off the heavy metal serving dish as they demolish the table behind him and go down in an avalanche of food and serving dishes.

David pulls his gun and sticks it in his eye. Romeo shifts groggily. David grabs a jug of iced juice and throws it in his face.

DAVID

Who are you?

ROMEO

Sh--don't shoot, man.

DAVID

You a cop?

ROMEO

(yeah right)

I'm just a guy.

DAVID

You the Government?

ROMEO

I look like a fucking postal worker?

DAVID

Why are you after me?

ROMEO

Fuck knows-

Romeo's radio beeps. David rips it off and pockets it.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID
Why are you after me!

ROMEO
Man, I don't fucking know! You're
just a job.

DAVID
A what?

ROMEO
A job.

David drags him to his feet. Cold rage, a micron from
capping the guy. Hisses -

DAVID
I'm not just a job. I'm a man,
I've got a kid, I have a life --
(off the silence)
Why are you doing this?

ROMEO
'cos they pay me. S'what I do.
Think the Fedex guy knows what's
in every package he delivers?

RANSOME (V.O.)
Elliot!

The doors fly open and RANSOME steps in - gun
levelled - David swings Romeo in front as a SHIELD -
gun in his ear - backs up against the kitchen doors.

DAVID
Drop the gun!

Ransome keeps walking slowly towards him. Not a word.

DAVID
What have you done to my boy?

Ransome keeps on coming. David swings the gun at him -
Ransome slips behind a pillar with one smooth move.

DAVID
You don't drop the gun and tell
me what you've done to my son,
I'll shoot this guy!

ROMEO
Guy's right out on the screaming
edge here, Zulu.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED: (3)

RANSOME

He won't grease you in cold
blood. Not the type.

Ransome steps out, eyes steady over the gunsight. Say
what you like, he's no coward.

RANSOME

I am the type.

He FIRES. WHUMP WHUMP WHUMP. Three rounds smash into
Romeo - David drops him as he rolls back on the floor -
through the METAL SWING DOORS into the KITCHEN.

Ransome sprints for the doors -

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

David scrambles to his feet and smashes the BOLT across
the doors - LOCKING THEM.

NINE ROUNDS spang into the metal checker-plate - raising
blisters as Ransome empties the rest of his clip.

David runs past steel countertops looking for the EXIT.
He peers through a glass panel in the door.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

He's on the move!

FIGURES moving slowly at the end of the hallway.

He backtracks fast. There's a DUMB WAITER set into the
wall. He presses OPEN. Steel doors slide apart. No
way he can fit in the small space inside.

Out in the hallway WE HEAR the sound of DOORS OPENING as
someone does a room-to-room search. GETTING CLOSER.

His hands fly over the control panel of the dumb waiter.
Finds a small HOLE in the door surround. He presses a
button, sending the elevator down. The door snaps shut.

He pulls an ICEPICK out of a rack of steels and jams it
in the hole, activating the door SAFETY OVERRIDE. The
doors open. He slides into the narrow LIFT SHAFT.

INT. DUMB WAITER SHAFT - DAY

He winces at the pain of his burns. Reaches out the
door and yanks out the icepick.

CONT

CONTINUED:

The doors snap shut on the burned hand. He chokes off a yell of pain. His face goes white as he drags it free. He hangs in the darkness for a couple of beats, steeling himself for the ordeal ahead. Then starts to climb.

This is no macho one-handed climb; this is a guy using fear, feet, a good left hand and a right arm as a friction-brake to scramble his way out of trouble.

Seven agonizing floors up he slips with exhaustion. He jams his leg across the shaft and stops himself. Leg shaking with fatigue as he levers open a hatch.

INT. SERVICE LANDING - 10TH FLOOR - DAY

He tumbles out of the hatch into a stairwell landing and checks his surroundings. He's a mess - covered with OIL, GREASE and FILTH from the lift shaft cables.

He looks over the railings. 10 floors down he sees POLICE beginning to walk up.

He removes his SHOES and SOCKS, then puts them back on with the socks over the shoes to muffle his footsteps.

INT. PRIVATE RESTAURANT SUITE - 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Ransome gives up trying to break down the kitchen doors. Turns to look at Romeo.

RANSOME

Hey, Romeo. You dead over there?

(no reply)

Lot of help you turned out to be.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A line of COPS are searching the garage. There's a sudden BEEPING. POLICEMAN #1 freezes - a BLACK BAG sits on the trunk of the car next door to him.

POLICEMAN 1

Oh shit.

INT. STAIRWELL-29TH FLOOR - DAY

You can add SWEAT to the oil, grease and filth. David stops running and opens a door marked 29TH FLOOR.

7.
1
INT. INTERDYNE SYSTEMS OFFICES - 29TH FLOOR

David jogs through an empty lobby like he's going. Stops at a door marked 1108.

INT. INTERDYNE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

A computer room in the grand old style with banks of whirring peripherals and panelled for access to the cabling.

He closes the door. Reaches in his pocket a handful of CHANGE. He selects three of them on top of the LEVER-ACTION DOOR.

He goes to a desk marked MARGE FLEISCH. photos and a vase of flowers fight the

Ransome's radio crackles alive in his ear:

RANSOME (FILTER 1)
This is Zulu. I need a body
and a clean-up.

YANKEE
You tagged him?

RANSOME
Negative. The bag is for Ross.

CHARLIE
Son of a --

RANSOME
Don't get angry, soldier. Get
Elliot. Guy's a stone-killer.
And since he's got a radio, I'm
issuing a code change.

David opens rummages through a desk drawer. Sockets COTTON WOOL BALLS, SCOTCH TAPE and a tube of MOISTURIZER. He drops to the floor and lifts a panel.

INT. INTERDYNE COMPUTER ROOM - SUBFLOOR - DAY

He worms down into the multicolored coils of cable and lowers the floor panel. He smears MOISTURIZER on his burned hand, and improvises a dressing with the cotton wool and the scotch tape.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)
On my mark we will go to Delta
Niner. 1-2-3 - Mark.

CONTINU

CONTINUED:

Silence. We hear the snap of a LIGHTER as Ransome fires up a cigarette, takes a deep draw and a long exhale. As he talks we see David STRAP UP his hand.

RANSOME

Mr Elliot. I have one more thing to say, now the troops are off the air.

(deep drag)

Sorry 'bout dirtying your rep just then, but it keeps them on their toes, and that's where I need 'em. Now, it's truce time. I'm going to contact my boss and recommend a negotiation. So keep your ears on.

David finishes his First Aid, leans back, rests the gun on his chest and screws his eyes shut - trying to think.

INT. KRONSTADT'S LABORATORY - NIGHT

Kronstadt stands in a pool of light staring out at a busy research laboratory. His phone shrills.

He checks the RED WATCH before picking up.

KRONSTADT

What the hell's going on?

INTERCUT WITH: RANSOME in the Command Truck.

RANSOME

We're working on it. He still ain't going anywhere.

KRONSTADT

(angry)

Yes well, less advertising and more product please. You need to kill Elliot as much as I do.

He hangs up and walks into the LABORATORY. He crosses to a window and looks in on

INT. ISOLATION ROOM - DAY

A MAN in an ISOLATION BUBBLE: STRAPPED to a HOSPITAL BED - Face turned away from the camera as he strains against the restraints.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

AN ARMORED BOMB SQUAD OFFICER moves gingerly towards the device, with a VIDEO CAMERA. The bag's still BEEPING.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - DAY

The BOMB SQUAD COMMANDER watches his man on a monitor.

The Armored Man KNEELS slowly, nose-to-nose with the device. Pulls out a PENLIGHT. Gets CLOSER.

ARMORED MAN (FILTER V.O.)
Shit. The beeping stopped --

BOMB SQUAD COMMANDER
Get the hell out of there!

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Armored Man turns - too slow -

SNAP! The case blows: DOZENS OF BRIGHT COLORED SPRINGS AND BALLS CASCADE EVERYWHERE, bouncing around the garage.

Sound of a cheap LAUGHING BOX cackling inside the bag.
The Armored Man: sprawled on the floor. Unamused.

ARMORED MAN
Oh. Har-di-har-har-har.

BOMB SQUAD COMMANDER (FILTER V.O.)
Where's your sense of humor, Mack?

ARMORED MAN
All down the back of my shorts.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

The Bomb Squad Commander turns to his team.

BOMB SQUAD COMMANDER
Let 'em back in.

ANGLE on a Uniformed Cop snapping the Police DO NOT CROSS tape and waving people back into the building.

INT. INTERDYNE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

David lies beneath the floor. Something digs into him - he pulls it out - the AFTER SUN MOISTURIZER.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

HIGHGRAVE (V.O.)

You want to surf the Big Kahuna...

FLASHBACK. INT. LOCKYEAR BIOTECHNOLOGIES - DAY

Highgrave is pitching to David and Bernie.

HIGHGRAVE

..Biotech is where it's at. And
biotech means Lockyear.

END FLASHBACK - HARD CUT TO

ANGLE on the DOORHANDLE to the Computer Room. It TURNS.
The PENNIES DROP into the sub-floor grating.

David snaps out of the FLASHBACK and thumbs the safety
in the same moment.

The door opens and MARGE enters. All he sees are legs as
she swivels into her chair and picks up the phone.

MARGE

Hey Ros. Sorry. We had a bomb
threat. Can you believe it? I
know. I'm going to be jumpy all
day. So what's the prob?

Behind her, David eases the floor panel aside and pulls
himself up and out.

MARGE

Sounds like a network protocol
thang - let me check it out.

She hangs up and walks towards the computers. Her jaw
drops as she sees him.

DAVID

Marge. It's OK. It's me -

MARGE

What the --?

DAVID

David. It's David -

MARGE

David?

He LOCKS the door. She's beginning to look worried.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Did you ever tell anyone about us?

MARGE

David. Don't hurt me.

He moves slow like he's calming a frightened animal. Her eyes flick to her desk. She starts to edge towards it.

DAVID

Does anyone know about us?

MARGE

There is no us.

DAVID

You know what I mean. Back in March.

She looks at her desk again. Closer. She keeps edging across. We can read her eyes - keep him talking.

MARGE

March? Right. St. Paddy's Day. Office party. You were charming, I wore green. You said it brought out the color of my eyes. We went on a date. I wore green again, we had dinner, and we slept together. It was nice.

(off his look)

Did I miss something?

DAVID

No.

She's about three big steps from her desk.

MARGE

Sure I did. Sorry. You didn't call but you sent me a plant. A real big expensive looking one.

(beat)

I hope this isn't about the plant. It died.

DAVID

So nobody knows we had an affair?

She makes the last two steps in one fast jump and claws a small black canister out of her bag. Aims it at him

CON.L.I

CONTINUED: (2)

MARGE

(finally angry)

We didn't have an affair. We had drinks, dinner, and a fuck. You should get out more.

DAVID

What's that?

MARGE

Mace. You move, I'll hose you.

DAVID

You don't need that --

She slides the FAX WARNING with his picture on it from under her blotter. Holds it up.

MARGE

Until you explain this, you bet I do.

DAVID

(sags into a chair)

Ever have a bad day at the office?

EXT. OFFICE - DAY

Bernie and Ransome stand together looking through a glass partition at JACK sitting at a table inside the office. Bernie sports the mother of all BLACK-EYES.

RANSOME

Far as the boy's concerned, we're the Bureau of Veterans Affairs.

(off his look)

Kids love a nice big government conspiracy.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jack's head snaps up as Bernie enters, arms widening as he comes round the table, like everyone's favorite uncle.

BERNIE

Jack, my boy --

JACK

What's going on?

Bernie takes him by the shoulders.

CONTINU

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

It's all going to be alright.

JACK

What's happened to Dad, Bernie?

Bernie pulls up a chair next to Jack.

BERNIE

David's been under a lot of stress since your mother died. He's been so busy --

JACK

He's always busy. Even before --

BERNIE

Did you know he's been seeing a psychiatrist?

JACK

Dad with a shrink? No way.

BERNIE

He's had a breakdown. He attacked me this morning. Then he took ~~ax~~.

JACK

Jesus --

BERNIE

(shrugs)

A bruise I can live with. What I can't live with is the idea of David harming himself. He's like a son to me, Jack.

JACK

(beat)

What's this got to do with the Veteran's Bureau?

Bernie's eyes flicker towards the two-way mirror.

BERNIE

They know what it is that's been giving your Dad these delusions--

JACK

Delusions? Now he has delusions?

The door opens and Ransome walks in with a big smile and three styrofoam cups.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (2)

RANSOME

John Ransome, Bureau of Veteran's
Affairs. I think we should talk.

INT. INTERDYNE COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

Marge has relaxed enough to sit, but she's still holding
the Mace in her lap. She looks up and shakes her head.

MARGE

I'm supposed to believe this, huh?

DAVID

Call my assistant, Phoebe
Burridge, ext. 4412. Say you're
my Dentist, rescheduling
tomorrow's appointment. See what
happens.

MARGE

(beat)

I think I'm somewhere I really
don't want to be, David.

(dials)

Hi. This is Mr Elliott's
Dentist. We need to change his
appointment - I see. Thanks.

She hangs up. Slowly hands David his card back.

MARGE

You're out of town. Family
emergency.

David scribbles a number down and hands it to her.

DAVID

This is my brother's number. If
there was a family emergency he'd
be back in Indiana too. Say
you're calling from my attorney's
office - Harry Halliwell - and
you need to speak to him about a
revocable trust I set up.

JACK (FILTER V.O.)

Dad?

David snaps to like he's been gutpunched.

MARGE

What is it?

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

DAVID
Just call my brother.

INTERCUT with JACK. He's sitting in the back of a Town Car. Ransome sits looking sympathetic in the front seat.

JACK (FILTER V.O.)
Dad? Are you there? It's me. Jack.

He stumbles to the other end of the room and listens.

JACK (FILTER V.O.)
Dad. Listen to me. Agent Ransome told me everything. When you were in the Navy, they gave you drugs as an experiment. They didn't know what would happen long term. Now they do.
(he wipes a tear away)

Dad, you're hallucinating - seeing people coming after you with guns and knives. You start trying to get them before they get you.

DAVID
Jack, it's all lies -

JACK
I saw Bernie's face, Dad. You messed him up bad.
(beat)
Let Agent Ransome help. He's your friend. Let him make you better. Dad. Please. Just come back.

DAVID
Jack --

Ransome kills the radio. David's talking to static.

END INTERCUT.

David looks murderous.

MARGE
What happened?

DAVID
Doesn't matter. What did he say?

CONT.

CONTINUED:

MARGE

You're on a business trip to Tokyo. You won't be back for a month.

David holds up the FAX WARNING -

DAVID

Family emergency? Gone to Tokyo? Turned into a psycho? Which do you want to believe Marge?

MARGE

I don't know --

DAVID

But you do know something's not adding up here.

He puts the gun down between them.

DAVID

I need some help, Marge.

MARGE

David. Let me go talk to the police for you --

He picks up the gun again. She flinches back.

MARGE

Wait!

DAVID

(holds out the gun)
Take it. TAKE IT!

He closes her hand on the butt.

MARGE

You're scaring me. I don't want any part of this --

David steps across the gap between them. Lifts the gun until the muzzle pokes into his chest.

DAVID

If you don't help, I'm going to die in here, so why not pull the trigger and make it quick.

MARGE

Be serious --

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID

I don't have time to negotiate -

He clicks the SAFETY CATCH OFF. STAREDOWN.

DAVID

- I need to close this fast.
Safety's off.

MARGE

I get it. No bullets, right?

He snatches the gun back. Points it towards her.

MARGE

No!

He pulls the trigger. The bullet whistles past her and shreds into STACKED REAMS of PAPER. She turns to look. He spins her back round to face him, slaps the gun into her hand and steps back into the barrel.

DAVID

No games, Marge. This is my life.

MARGE

There's nothing I can do --

DAVID

First you have to watch in the hallway while I go to the men's room and clean up.

(beat)

Then I need something like a Dictaphone and some Tylenol.

MARGE

Use the ladies.

DAVID

What?

She steps back. Puts the gun carefully on the table.

MARGE

The only women on this floor are in this department. They're all in a meeting now. It'll be safer.

INT. ROOF LEVEL STAIRWELL - DAY

A gunman (BRAVO) steps into the stairwell from the roof. A second gunman (DELTA) is standing across a CARGO DUFFEL, looking at a map of the building.

BRAVO

Not on the roof. What's in there?

He nods to a door marked TANK ROOM.

DELTA

Elevator gear and water tanks.

INT. INTERDYNE LADIES ROOM - DAY

David's cleaned up and got out of his coveralls. He's in his shirtsleeves, hair is slicked into a new parting.

Double knock on the door. He lets Marge in. She hands him a padded envelope and a MIDOL PILL BOTTLE.

He slides the GUN into the envelope and places it on a CLIPBOARD. He hands her a DICTAPHONE.

Pops two pills and drinks from the faucet. Wipes his face. Still looks hot.

DAVID

Time to go and see Bernie.

MARGE

Why don't you just stay hidden here 'til I do this?

DAVID

Because it may not work, and if it doesn't, getting to Bernie's my best bet for finding out what's going on and stopping it.

He pulls her close. She looks off to the side. Not meeting his eyes. Uncomfortable with the proximity.

DAVID

If this does work, they'll never connect you to me, but in case they do, you have to know why your doing this: You're doing it because I have a gun, because I know where you live - because I swore if you didn't I'd find you and hurt you. Hurt you bad. Right?

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

She looks at him: you already did, pal. David suddenly doesn't want to let go.

DAVID

Marge. I --

MARGE

(shakes loose)

Not a word.

She turns and goes back into her office. He picks up the clip board and walks in the opposite direction.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

He slips into the stairwell. Sweating. There's no-one on the landing above or below. He moves cautiously up, hugging the wall, scarcely breathing.

Pulls up short. Heard something. We hear it again - a light COUGH being muffled a couple of floors up. David backtracks and slips in a landing door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

He walks along the hallway of a busy CPA'S office, keeping his head down.

One of the secretaries has a BRANDY GLASS full of MATCHBOXES on her desk. He checks no-one is looking at him, and PALMS a handful of them.

A WOMAN steps out of an office, colliding into him. The envelope with the gun goes flying --

DAVID

Sorry.

The gun stops against the feet of a man in a SUIT. David looks up. The man has his back to him. David sees the WIRE coming out of his ear. His hand slides inside his shirt and closes over the handle of the GUN.

The man turns slowly. Face blank. He looks down at the envelope. At David.

MAN IN SUIT

You drop this?

DAVID

Yes.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

The man picks up the envelope. Looks at David. His face shiny with sweat.

MAN IN SUIT

Heavy. Glad it didn't land on my foot-- what you got in there?

Dave grabs the envelope. Looks around. It's a crowded office.

The man looks puzzled, maybe even suspicious. His hand slips inside his jacket. David slides his hand into the envelope and grips the gun. He speaks cold and low.

DAVID

Do this in here, a lot of people are going to get hurt.

MAN IN SUIT

Sorry?

(smiles)

Oh. Haven't got this turned up.

He pulls a HEARING AID clear of his jacket and clips it on his pocket. He's not a gunman, he's DEAF.

David exhales. Takes his finger off the trigger.

DAVID

(shakily)

Paperweight. It's a paperweight.

INT. JANITOR'S CLOSET - DAY

David lets himself in, leans against the door. He nearly shot that guy - maybe he is getting paranoid. Sees his face in a mirror - sweaty, trembling.

DAVID

Get a fucking grip.

He checks out the shelves. Sticks a roll of TAPE in his pocket and picks up a couple of jugs of CLEANING SOLVENT. Cracks the door and checks the coast is clear.

INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

Kronstadt walks up to a scientist who is monitoring an array of VITAL SIGNS MONITORS.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

KRONSTADT

Any change?

SCIENTIST

Oh yeah. He's getting worse.

The figure on the bed turns. It's HIGHGRAVE. Red-rimmed eyes, face gray and clammy with sweat.

He doesn't look slick any more. He looks SICK. His voice screeches out of a monitor speaker.

HIGHGRAVE (FILTER V.O.)

What about my family? You said you'd look out for my family --

KRONSTADT

(into microphone)

Mort. Don't worry. They're being taken care of.

HIGHGRAVE (FILTER V.O.)

I want to see --

Kronstadt twists the volume and loses the voice. All we can see is Highgrave mouthing silently behind the glass

KRONSTADT

Let me know when something changes.

INT STAIRWELL - DAY

David puts the solvent jugs down in the corner. He TAPES the MATCHES to each one, then continues on upwards.

He comes to a landing door with a large sign: CONSTRUCTION - HARD HAT AREA. There is a major DRAFT blowing out from under the door, flapping the poster.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

Zulu calling Hotel.

INT. TOP OF SOUTH EAST STAIRWELL -DAY

HOTEL stands guard on a roof door.

HOTEL

I'm in position. Top of South East Stairwell. Over.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

I want you on the ground, now.
Bravo, that gives you the roof.
Need full coverage. Over.

INT. TANK ROOM - DAY

Two story space full of MACHINERY and WATER TANKS. The HEAD GEAR for the ELEVATOR SYSTEM dominates everything. DELTA and BRAVO are finishing up a search.

BRAVO

That's a can do, Zulu. Over.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

Watch your backs gentlemen.

DELTA

How can we watch our backs when we're watching the stairwell?

BRAVO

We can't. But I know someone who can.

He pulls the curved rectangle of a CLAYMORE MINE from the cargo bag.

BRAVO

Mr Claymore.

DELTA

(big grin)

You've got to like Mr C.

BRAVO

Mr C has balls of steel.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAY

Ransome walks into the building, a lone figure marching against the tide of lunch-time workers on the way out. He holds the door to let someone out. It's MARGE.

MARGE

Thank you.

RANSOME

Pleasure, ma'am.

INT. CONSTRUCTION FLOOR - DAY

The space is being gutted for a major rebuild. The DRAFT comes from a couple of unglazed WINDOW OPENINGS.

Construction workers are all over the space, hard at work. David passes a PLAN TABLE - maps to the building. He rolls the plans tight and sticks them under his arm.

He's halfway across the floor when there's a SHOUT behind him. An ARCHITECT is at the map table.

ARCHITECT

Hey! Who took my plans?

David ducks through a doorway. It looks clear --

BAM. He smashes to a stop. HE's walked into a big sheet of PLATE GLASS.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER 1

Hey douche! Look where you're going!

Two construction workers STAGGER to keep hold of the SUCKER HANDLES that they're lifting the glass with.

David heads for the door marked SOUTH STAIRWELL.

The architect appears at the end of the passage. YANKEE steps out at his side.

ARCHITECT

There he is! He stole my plans!

YANKEE

Stay back sir. I've got it.

Dave runs for the door. Yankee speaks into his radio.

YANKEE

He's entering south stairwell --

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

HOTEL is running down the stairs.

HOTEL

What floor?

YANKEE (FILTER V.O.)

That's a three-fiver.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Hotel checks the door he's passing. Big sign: 35.

BOOM - the door flies open, sending him FLYING back, almost over the guard rail. David careens out and HALTS.

BEAT as they look at each other. HOTEL clutches at the guardrail for support and tries to aim at David.

David - on instinct - JABS the end of the plan-roll into his throat. Hotel grabs at them. David steps in, and hacks Hotel's feet inwards as he pushes on the plans.

Hotel TEETER-TOTTERS over the rail - ribbon of paper rips off in his hands as he PLUMMETS down the stairwell.

Dave sprints upwards. Yankee bursts into the stairwell beneath him - gets to the rail in time to see Hotel SPLAT the concrete on the basement floor.

INT. 38TH FLOOR - DAY

David runs into an OPEN PLAN OFFICE - weaves through the maze of desk dividers, looking for a way out.

Yankee appears behind him. STEPS BACK into the stairwell and pulls his gun, out of sight of the workers.

YANKEE'S POV over the gunsight as he centers on DAVE's back. Dave is running past a desk with a BARNEY TOY perched on the divider.

Yankee's fires. As he does --

SMASH. David goes flying over the MAILCART, sending the OFFICE BOY sprawling in a cascade of envelopes --

WHUMP - The bullet punches through the space he was in - Barney gets his in an explosion of foam and purple plush.

David accelerates to his feet and four-wheel-drives straight over the Office Boy. He runs in a crouch until he hits the bank of ELEVATORS.

PING! Elevator arrives right on cue. Relief flashes across his face. The door slides open.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

David!

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUING ACTION - DAY

SUIT 2 - the co-worker who'd like David's secretary - stands inside the elevator. Jaw dropped. Mind racing.

David leaps in and hits the "CLOSE DOORS" button.

DAVID

Get out, Andy.

SUIT 2

But I --

David grabs him by the collar and HURLS him through the closing doors. Suit 2 takes out a couple of Ficus plants on his way into the wall.

The doors close. The elevator moves off. David waits until the 12th floor and then presses the EMERGENCY STOP

INT. 38TH FLOOR - DAY

Yankee jogs around the office space looking for David. Gun hidden. Finally slumps onto a vacant office chair, spinning round in frustration. Keys his radio.

YANKEE

I blew it. He stole some plans from the construction floor.

INT. GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Ransome stands amid the lunch-time outflow of office workers, scanning the crowd.

RANSOME

Course he did. He's an engineer.

YANKEE (FILTER V.O.)

Also need a clean up at foot of South stairwell. Out.

Ransome waves one of his men to him.

RANSOME

He's got plans, he's looking for a rat-hole. Make sure there's no way he can crawl out. Get on it.

INT. TANK ROOM - DAY

Bravo sets a series of TRIP WIRES to three CLAYMORES in the alleys formed by the water tanks. Grins at Delta.

BRAVO

Anyone comes from behind's gonna be Swiss cheese. Got a smoke?

INT/ COMMAND TRUCK - DAY

Shrill beep as the SAT PHONE rings. Ransome slides a soundproof door across so the other men can't hear him.

RANSOME

Yep.

INTERCUT WITH: INT. CONTROL'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Kronstadt sits with an unlit cigarette in his mouth.

KRONSTADT

I feel we must activate Longstop.

RANSOME

What about letting the authorities in on this?

Kronstadt tosses the cigarette. Speaks with a dead precision - selling himself as much as Ransome.

KRONSTADT

This is a very litigious and unforgiving country. I'm sure our shareholders'd rather we handled this.

RANSOME

We could make Elliot aware?

KRONSTADT

I don't think we can count on him being a good sport about this.

Ransome rubs the bruises on his face.

KRONSTADT

How soon can you implement Longstop?

CONT'D

CONTINUED:

RANSOME

Just a matter of prepping the
materiel and transporting it.
(looks at his watch)

About the time we enter Phase 2.

Kronstadt fires up a fresh cigarette. Decision made.

KRONSTADT

Then activate. It's the only
responsible thing to do.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

David's using a PENNY to laboriously unscrew the CEILING
TRAP DOOR. He finishes the last screw. Opens the trap
He lifts himself up to the roof.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

Eight elevators screech up and down the dark shaft, like
random pistons in a giant combustion engine.

David pulls himself out onto the roof of the elevator)

He's in the center of the shaft. The service LADDER
goes up the sidewall. To get to it he'll have to jump
across the roofs of two elevators as they come level.

He times his first jump. Leaps across the gap and
sprawls on the roof. The elevator continues up. Then it
stops on 42. When it restarts it drops.

He crouches getting his breath back. Through a crack in
the roof he can look into the elevator:

BIRD'S EYE POV: a woman leans against the wall,
scratching numbers on a LOTTO QUICK-PICK TICKET. No win

She drops it in disgust and leaves the car at the next
floor. Dave stares at the ticket:

FLASHBACK: INT. LIMO -NIGHT

David looks at Bernie.

DAVID

Maybe they just got lucky with
the Hong Kong Flu.

CONT.

CONTINUED:

BERNIE

Maybe shmaybe - do you know what
the mark up is on pharmaceuticals?

DAVID

Do you know what the odds are on
winning the lottery twice?

SHRIEKING NOISE bounces David out of the flashback.

The elevator powers towards the very top of the shaft.
like an express train - he'll be SQUASHED unless he can
make another jump. He looks down -

Not a cab in sight - just yawning blackness. He looks
up - HEADGEAR coming at him like a hammer. HE JUMPS.

Arcs out across the shaft and crashes into the access
ladder, grasping with both hands. He hangs there,
bruised and winded by the impact.

INT. TANK ROOM - DAY

David lowers himself out of the hatch and drops softly
onto the floor. He remains still, listening. No noise.

He's got the shakes badly - like his fever's peaking.

He stands - and then crouches again - nose wrinkled. He
sniffs the air. He's got wind of something.

INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE TANKROOM - DAY

Bravo and Delta crouch at the top of the stairs, looking
down, SMOKING. The tank room door's OPEN behind them.

Suddenly the room belches a KNOCKING and GURGLING noise.

DELTA

'hell's that?

Bravo checks his watch. He grins.

TIME SUPER: 12.51 PM. PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

BRAVO

That's a building full of tight
bladders using the can on their
way to lunch.

INT TANK ROOM - DAY

David moves slowly along the alleys between the tanks.

A trip wire connected to a CLAYMORE stretches in front of him, unseen. He drops to his knees to peer under the tanks. Nothing. As he raises himself he STOPS.

His neck is in contact with the tripwire. Very gently he feels along the wire. Finds the CLAYMORE.

His eyes swivel sideways - read the depressing message printed on the front - THIS SIDE TOWARDS ENEMY.

He grimaces - trying to remember how these things work. His fingers fumble for the SAFETY- just a HOLE, no pin. The thing's armed.

Without moving his neck he snakes his belt off. He bends the hasp part of the buckle out at right angles - sticks it in the hole. The mine is now SAFE.

He frees his neck and stands. Unclips the free end of the wire and REPOSITIONS it across an opening at right angles to him. He kneels to gently REARM the mine.

The moment his hands are occupied he gets a SNEEZING ATTACK. Big fluey SNEEZE echoes round the room.

INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE TANKROOM - DAY

Bravo and Delta hear the sneeze.

DELTA

That wasn't the tanks. How'd you set the wires?

BRAVO

All parallel with this wall. Watch yourself.

INT. TANK ROOM - DAY

They move into the room silently, communicating with handsignals they quarter the space, guns at the ready.

They cut the space down to one last alley where David must be. Starsky and Hutch against the walls, count off a silent three and jump into the opening - no David.

DELTA

?

CONT.

CONTINUED:

Bravo points at a ladder on the side of the tank.

ANGLE on the tank top. DAVID spreadeagled in the dust, ears straining to find the whereabouts of the two gunmen.

Delta climbs the ladder and fans a full clip across the top of the tank. Nothing could live through that.

ANGLE on the tank top. NO ONE THERE.

INT. WATER TANK - DAY

Dave hangs from the underside of the trap-door INSIDE the tank in the 3 feet of airspace above the water.

INT TANK ROOM - DAY

Delta drops his weapon to Bravo, who throws him up a reload. He empties another clip across the tank tops.

A round RICOCHETS off the HANDLE on the trap-door, turning it to LOCKED.

He looks over the top. Empty. He shrugs at BRAVO.

DELTA

Nada.

INT. WATER TANK - DAY

Dave can't get the trap open again.

DAVID

Perfect.

He has to hang on with his good hand and pound on the lever with his bandaged one. It hurts. He stops.

The water is RISING. He swims frantically around the tank. No way out. And the air space is going fast.

He swims back to the trap and wrenches at it. It doesn't move a micron.

Nothing. And only an inch of air left. It's not happening. He HAMMERS on the steel roof.

Tears of frustration in his eyes as he closes his fist and punches the metal.

CONTI

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Stupid --

The water rises the LAST INCH. He's a dead man.

He pulls the gun points it at the trap. Pulls the trigger. NOTHING.

He hangs in the water, legs bicycling, arms flailing.

He reverses the gun and bangs at the lever. This thing's NEVER going to move.

INT. STAIRWELL OUTSIDE TANKROOM - DAY

Bravo and Delta hear the metallic banging.

BRAVO

He's in the tank! Go go go!

They sprint back into the room. Down the wrong alley.

ANGLE on Bravo's leg scything through the trip wire. PING of the trigger. Realization in their eyes.

INT. WATER TANK - DAY

David flailing in the dark water.

INT. TANK ROOM - DAY

The Claymore BLOWS.

INT. WATER TANK - DAY

The darkness is split by a THOUSAND POINTS OF LIGHT as the BALLBEARINGS punch through the wall. Light SHAFTS through the water.

Bravo and Delta's bodies are OUTLINED by the holes like a ROADRUNNER CARTOON.

ON DAVE: trying to compute what he's seeing.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Yankee and a team of three stand in the elevator, alongside a BUSINESSWOMAN, all LOOKING UP.

CONTI

CONTINUED:

BUSINESSWOMAN

Hell was that?

YANKEE

(maitre d's smile)

Construction on the 35th floor,
ma'am. Nothing to worry about.

BUSINESSWOMAN

Honey. Start my day with a bomb-
threat, I worry about everything.

INT. TANK ROOM - DAY

Water pours out of the holes and onto the subfloor -
which is angled into an EMERGENCY DRAIN.

INT. WATER TANK - DAY

Dave treading water close to the roof where an AIRSPACE
opens as the water drains. He hangs there, gasping.

He starts hammering on the lever. Now the water's not
resisting he can really put some power into it.

There's a sharp metallic CREAK, and the lever moves. He
punches the hatch open.

INT. TANK ROOM - DAY

He flops onto the roof like a netted fish. Slides over
the edge and drops to the floor.

He tries not to look at Bravo and Delta's bodies as he
steps past them and out into the stairwell. Sound of
feet running up from below.

He picks up their GEAR DUFFEL, has a fast look - we see
CLAYMORES and AMMUNITION. Heads back into the Tank
room, LOCKING the door from the inside.

INT. TANK ROOM - DAY

Yankee and his team break down the door. His team stand
horrorstruck in front of the grisly mural.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

David is seven floors down on the ladder, beginning to shake with cold as he uses a KNIFE to cut a TRAP DOOR in a section of AIR CONDITIONING DUCTING. He crawls in.

INT. DUCTING - DAY

The only light comes from the flashlight gripped in David's teeth. It judders with his shivering. Wet clothes ain't helping that fever.

He slides DOWN an angle of duct and checks the map. Makes another turn and another DOWN DUCT.

He turns a corner, checks the plan, and looks down through a GRILLE.

DAVE'S POV: A pile of SENTEREX headed notepaper stacked next to a COPIER.

DAVID

We're home.

INT. SENTEREX COPIER ROOM - DAY

The grille hits the floor. The cargo duffel hits the grille. David drops silently down astride it.

He's damp and filthy, and right now the Creature from the Black Lagoon wouldn't ask him on a date.

He checks the hallway. Lunchtime hush on the office.

INT. SENTEREX. BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

David slides inside. No-one there. He LOCKS the door behind him and crosses the polo-field of carpet. He drops into the chair and spins round.

A CREDENZA the size of the Reichstag sits behind the desk. David pours himself a CUP OF COFFEE from the sleek COFFEE MACHINE on top of it. Takes a healthy drink, placing the cup on a brass coaster on the desk.

There's a thick file on the deskpad. He reads the tab: LOCKYEAR ACQUISITION. As he lifts it, two VHS TAPES fall out - labels read: LOCKYEAR SECURITY - 9.17.96.

He looks at the DESK CLOCK on Bernie's desk - 9.18.96. He pops the case.

CONT'D

CONTINUED:

He takes the tape to a MONITOR and slides it in the VCR. HE picks up a REMOTE and presses PLAY and MUTE.

As the images start he creeps the sound up to a whisper. He watches from point blank range.

ON VIDEOTAPE WE SEE: SECURITY CAMERA POV of the previous day's meeting. Highgrave is shaking hands with Bernie.

HIGHGRAVE

Mr Levy, Mr Elliot. I'm Mort Highgrave. It's a pleasure.

Something clicks behind David's eyes. He MUTES the TV, picks up the phone and punches some numbers.

VOICE MAIL VOICE

Welcome to Senterex Voice-Mail.
If you know your extension --

He shuttles through his messages to get the one he wants

ANSWERPHONE MESSAGES (FILTER V.O.)

David Elliot? Shit. This is Mort Highgrave. You have to call me back as soon as you get this. It's a matter of life and d-

In Bernie's office a DOOR CATCH SNICKS OPEN. Dave hangs up, KILLS the TV and steps back into the shadows.

A section of bookcase swings back and Bernie backs into the room. This is a HIDDEN DOOR into the SENTEREX BOARDROOM. Bernie is talking to a teary eyed secretary

BERNIE

Phoebe, I understand. David was like a son to me.

As they stand in the doorway, the RADIO in David's ear clicks on. He claps his hand over it.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

Mr Elliot. I'm still trying to contact my boss and work something out. Do you copy?

David HEARS HIS OWN VOICE.

DAVID (FILTER V.O.)

Forget it Ransome. I don't need your deal.

EXT. DUMPSTER AT CORNER OF PIER AND MAIN - DAY

Marge stands by the BLUE DUMPSTER playing her DICTAPHONE into the RADIO David left with her.

DAVID (FILTER V.O.)
I'm not in the building. I'm out. You don't believe me, check the dumpster at Pier and Main. The blue one. I'll leave your radio. Sayonara, sucker.

She tosses the radio into the trash and gets in the car.

INT. SENTEREX. BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

David's still listening with his eyes on Bernie.

CHARLIE (FILTER V.O.)
Could be true, Zulu. That signal's mighty weak --

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)
What do you mean?

CHARLIE (FILTER V.O.)
Radio's got a two mile radius. Shouldn't be weak if he's in the building. He's out.

Ransome's voice suddenly sounds as lifeless as Bernie's.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)
Then we're all dead men.
(beat)
Victor. Check the dumpster.

David doesn't like the way that sounded one bit. Bernie steps into the room with a wave backwards.

BERNIE
I know. I just hope they get him before he harms himself.

The door closes. Bernie drops his game face and crosses to his desk. Dave steps out of the shadows with the gun

DAVID
You move, Bernie, I shoot you.

Bernie turns. Scuttles back. Falls into his chair. Scoots back until it bangs against the credenza.

CONTINUED:

BERNIE
Don't touch me!

DAVID
Get a grip, Bernie.

BERNIE
Don't --

DAVID
(hisses)
Get a grip!

BERNIE
Sure. A grip. OK.

He tries to control himself. Swallows. Dry. Takes a swig of coffee. We hear the cup rattle on his teeth.

DAVID
Hands on the desk, don't move,
answer my questions.

BERNIE
OK, OK. So you want to talk, we
talk. You want coffee, Davy?

DAVID
That's my coffee you're drinking,
Bernie.

BERNIE
(face blanks)
Your coffee?

DAVID
Helped myself. Relax - catching
my cold's the least of your
problems. Or maybe you think
it's the Hong Kong flu?

Bernie's hand stops shaking. Doesn't look frightened any more. Just tired, maybe even relieved. Looks at David with the saddest smile you ever saw.

BERNIE
Always a joke with you, David.
Only this time it's a double joke.

DAVID
Yeah?

Bernie giggles, hysteria mounting on a slow burn.

CURT:

CONTINUED: (2)

BERNIE

Yeah. One, there never was a Hong Kong flu, and two - you've been drinking my coffee.

DAVID

I'm not laughing, Bern.

BERNIE

No. It's wonderful. You drink MY coffee. Now I drink yours.

DAVID

I don't get it.

BERNIE

Schutz and tutz. "Der schutz and tutz waffen schaukeln". Turnabout is fair play!

DAVID

Turnabout what?

BERNIE

(laughing wildly)

Only God could come up with such a joke.

With surprising speed he LIFTS a chair and HURLS it through the window. Glass SMITHEREENS like a snow storm. All the hysteria and sadness wipes from his face. Suddenly looks happy as a child.

BERNIE

Hear that Davy? That's not the wind. That's God. Laughing his ass off.

He takes a final sip of coffee and, still holding the cup, STEPS INTO SPACE.

DAVID

Bernie! --

He runs to the window - just in time to see Bernie EXPLODE all over the sidewalk 45 storeys down. He sags in the windowframe, disbelieving --

DAVID

Bernie.

INT. COMMAND TRUCK - DAY

Ransome is staring at the wall, suddenly a hundred year older. Charlie raps agitatedly on the glass partition.

CHARLIE

Levy just swan dived from the
45th floor.

Ransome nods, like he's anesthetized. Yankee's voice crackles through on the radio.

VICTOR (FILTER V.O.)

Zulu? We found the radio at Pier
and Broad. Fucker's gone Elvis.

He turns back to the Satellite phone. He dials like each number hurts.

RANSOME

The situation has gone critical.
We may have outbreak.

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

A METAL COFFIN is wheeled into the Lab.

A Technician lifts the lid and starts pouring LIQUID into it from TWO GALLON BROWN GLASS BOTTLES.

We see Highgrave in the HOT ROOM: Eyes closed, breath coming in short rattles, pallor like death warmed over

Kronstadt stands stock still - phone held to his ear. Face white as the coats milling around him.

Liquid SPLASHES onto the floor. Jolts him out of it.

KRONSTADT

Watch that!

ANGLE ON THE FLOOR: The rubber floor tile FIZZES and SMOLDERS as the liquid eats through it. ACID.

Kronstadt looks at Highgrave. The acid. The coffin.

KRONSTADT

Double the dose.

TECHNICIAN

He's already had more than --

KRONSTADT

Do it!

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The room is swarming with police and forensic personnel. DO NOT CROSS tape flaps across the broken window panel. A PATROLMAN taps a forensic man on the arm

PATROLMAN 1

I got to take a piss.

The forensic man points to Bernie's washroom.

INT. BERNIE'S WASHROOM - DAY

The Patrolman turns on the light. Kicks the door closed and turns to admire himself in the mirror.

DAVID is hiding behind the door.

PATROLMAN 1

Hey --!

He turns - straight into David's fist, which is moving fast enough to put his lights straight out.

EXT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

David eases out of the bathroom dressed in the Cop's UNIFORM. Everyone is gathered at the window looking down. He slips silently across the room and disappears through the private entrance into the boardroom.

INT. BOARDROOM - DAY

He looks at the KEYS in his hand "52".

He crosses to the window. Looks down at the emergency vehicles spread across the front of the building. They all have their NUMBERS on their roofs. He spots car 52.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - DAY

TIME SUPER: 2.23 pm. PACIFIC STANDARD TIME

David's hand is on his holster as he steps out of the building. Behind the Cop's shades, his eyes search the crowd. He walks confidently towards the patrol cars.

Suddenly there's a man in a suit with an EARPIECE in front of him. YANKEE. He's talking on his radio.

CONTINUED:

YANKEE

Well what do we do?

He looks up and catches David looking at him. Nowhere for to hide. Has Yankee recognized him?

David points to the DO NOT CROSS LINE.

DAVID

Got a problem reading, sir?

YANKEE

Sorry--?

David straight-fingers him in the chest.

DAVID

You will be if you don't get behind that tape right now.

David spins him towards the crowd.

DAVID

Move it.

Yankee heads for the tape. When he turns, David's gone.

EXT. STREET - DAY

David walks past a DWP truck festooned with GEAR parked by Car 52. A helicopter chatters overhead.

He looks up. Looks at the number on the roof. Looks across at the DWP truck. He lifts a spool of BLACK TAPE from the equipment hanging off the rear.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

David drives slowly along the EMBARCADERO, checking out his rear-view. He pulls into an alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

David uses the black tape to change the 52 into an 88. He throws the tape in the back and starts the motor.

EXT. BAY BRIDGE - DAY

David crosses the Bay, window down, breathing clean air.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAY

David drives past a SHERIFF'S vehicle sitting in a speed trap on the side of the road. The Sheriff looks hard at him. David waves a salute. The Sheriff tips his hat.

EXT. LOCKYEAR LABORATORIES - DAY

Dave eases the patrol car in through the LOCKYEAR GATES. A DUMP-TRUCK thunders out of the compound. He parks.

There's a lot of activity around the BIOTECH LAB BUILDING. BULLDOZERS push debris into a large BONFIRE. He walks towards the building like he's in a dream.

EXT. BIOTECH LABORATORY - DAY

There's a CRASH as a BULLDOZER smashes in the end wall. Dave steps back in shock. The lab is being DEMOLISHED. The BULLDOZER DRIVER sees him and waves him off.

BULLDOZER DRIVER

Hey Mack! Get out of there.
This place is coming down!

Dave steps back and SLAMS INTO a SECURITY GUARD.

LOCKYEAR SECURITY MAN

Can I help you officer?

DAVID

I'm looking for a Mort Highgrave.

LOCKYEAR SECURITY MAN

Well he ain't in here.

DAVID

This was his lab.

LOCKYEAR SECURITY MAN

No tech staff been in today.
Probably catch him at home.

DAVID

Can you get me his address?

The SECURITY GUARD talks into his WALKIE-TALKIE.

LOCKYEAR SECURITY MAN

Ed. I got SFPD here wanting an address on a Mort Highgrave. You wanna look that up for me?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

LOCKYEAR SECURITY MAN

Nope. No Mort Highgrave on the staff.

DAVID

Bullshit. That's fu-

(gets a grip)

Lock. I met him here yesterday.

He had a parking spot right there.

ANGLE on Highgrave's parking slot. The cement bumper which used to have HIGHGRAVE'S name on it is BLANK.

The Security guard looks at David's stunned face. At his SHOES. Suspicion glints in his eyes.

LOCKYEAR SECURITY MAN

Can I see some ID, Officer?

But David is already sprinting for the exit.

EXT. CORNER OF PIER AND BROAD - DAY

TIME SUPER: 3.45 PM. PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

Ransome stands beside the DUMPSTER. Victor holds the garbage smeared radio that Marge dumped.

VICTOR

He played us.

RANSOME

Someone did.

(looks round)

Smile.

He points to SECURITY CAMERAS mounted on the back wall of the SHINBONE PRODUCTIONS building.

RANSOME

We're on Candid Camera.

HARD CUT TO:

BLACK AND WHITE SECURITY CAMERA VIDEO fast-forwards: MARGE drives up to the dumpster and throw the radio in.

RANSOME (O.S.)

Stop it there.

The frame FREEZES.

INT. SHINBONE PRODUCTIONS - CONTINUING

Ransome and Yankee stand in front of a MONITOR as a SECURITY GUARD jockeys the shuttle button. They wear real looking BADGES and FEDERAL MARSHALL RAID JACKETS.

RANSOME

One, who is she? Two, where does she live? Three, why didn't we know about her?

He points to the LICENSE PLATE on the vehicle.

RANSOME

One and two we can get from the plate.

YANKEE

Three?

RANSOME

Take care of one and two, and we'll ask her.

EXT. ROADSIDE PAY-PHONE - DAY

David's doing his best to look like a cop on lunch-break.

DAVID

I need a number and an address on a Mort Highgrave - 8804 Duncan Ranch Road. Thanks.

He dials the number. Gets the "NUMBER UNOBTAINABLE" message. Gets back in the car.

EXT. MARGE'S APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Marge is in a robe, pouring bath oil into the running water. There's a KNOCK on her door.

INT. MARGE'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

As she walks towards the door it BURSTS OPEN. Ransome flies in and shoves her to the ground. Yankee's team swarm in and search the apartment.

MARGE

What the --

Ransome gags her with his hand. Wood splinters in the bedroom. Yankee reappears in the door.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

YANKEE

Clear.

Ransome turns to Marge. Holsters his weapon and pulls a business card.

RANSOME

Apologies Ma'am. You do know a Mr Elliot, don't you?

EXT. DUNCAN RANCH ROAD - DAY

TIME SUPER: 5:36 pm. PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

David turns into a street marked "DUNCAN RANCH ROAD" and crawls along the gently wooded strip of suburbia, reading house-numbers off the white picket fences.

He hits the brakes. A BURLY GUY stands in the road with a dog on a leash like he's in a dream. He registers Dave and steps apologetically out of the way.

The number reads 8804. Where there should be a house is nothing but A BURNED WOOD SKELETON. FIRE DEPT. TAPE flaps across the driveway. David closes his eyes.

DAVID

Oh no.

INT. MARGE'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - DAY

Marge sits opposite Ransome, untouched cup of tea in front of her. A FISH FLAG floats outside the window.

RANSOME

And that's all you can tell us?

(off her nod)

Did he assault you in other ways?
Sexually?

MARGE

No.

RANSOME

(unmoved)

Yeah. We're going to need a swab.

He turns and beckons to a man with a MEDICAL BAG.

MARGE

A swab!

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

Ransome nods. The Medic produces a large spatula and a swab. Marge's eyes go wide.

RANSOME

Open real wide, Miss Fleischl.

(winks)

Your mouth. All we need is a small throat culture.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Dave sits staring at the burned out shell of Highgrave's house. There's a tap on his window. His head jerks up and he reaches for the gun.

It's the burly guy. He smiles apologetically.

DAVID

What happened?

BURLY GUY

Last night. Place went up like a box of fatwood. Had a toddler too. Sweet little boy, always laughing and stuff. Sometimes life bites, you know?

DAVID

Ain't that the truth.

INT. KRONSTADT'S LABORATORY. - NIGHT

ANGLE on the HOT ROOM WINDOW: Highgrave body stretched out on the bed. Mouth open. Not breathing, monitors are all FLATLINED. The Metal COFFIN sits on the floor.

Kronstadt sits in front of the window staring in, WALLET open in his lap. Pictures of three blond toddlers smile up at a face that looks too drawn ever to smile again.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

We pulled a blank. She's clean.

Kronstadt turns off the monitors one by one, and then the Hot Room lights. Only then does he answer. Exhausted.

KRONSTADT

If you do not have him by midnight, I will have to call the Government and have them help us.

CONTI

CONTINUED:

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MARGE'S APARTMENT. FRONT PORCH - DAY

Ransome watching the sun begin to set. He speaks on his mobile phone. Yankee sits in the Grey Car.

RANSOME

Talked to your shareholders, huh?

KRONSTADT

(closes the wallet)

No. My grandchildren. They'd like a life. You have until midnight.

END INTERCUT.

Ransome stretches. Tired. Looks at Yankee.

RANSOME

Get the son.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL BACK ALLEY - DAY

It's beginning to get dark. David pulls into an alley behind a block of residential back yards.

He spots the FISH FLAG hanging off Marge's balcony. He stops the car a couple of houses along, behind a garage.

EXT. BACKYARDS - DAY

Dave moves through the backyard, gun held low against his leg. He sneaks up the steps to Marge's balcony. Peers in the window. No movement. He tries the door.

INT. MARGE'S APARTMENT. KITCHEN - DAY

He slides into the kitchen, gun shouldered.

INT. MARGE'S APARTMENT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Evening sun shafts in the front windows. The only sound is a TAP DRIPPING. David moves through the room.

He spots RANSOME'S CARD on the floor. Sees the broken chain on the front door. Heads for the bedroom.

INT. MARGE'S APARTMENT. BEDROOM - DAY

He sees the closet door hanging off its hinges. Follows that dripping noise towards the bathroom. As he gets closer there's a SQUISHING NOISE. He looks down.

The CARPET is SOAKED with water from the bathroom.

DAVID

Oh God.

He kicks open the bathroom door. Fearing the worst.

INT. MARGE'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM - DAY

The shower curtains are closed. He rips them open. The bath is EMPTY and dry.

Back into the bedroom. There's a knocking behind him. He turns: Marge is sitting out on a SCREENED BALCONY.

EXT. SCREENED BALCONY - DAY

She's in jeans and sweatshirt, laptop propped on a table. When she speaks she's unnervingly cal.

MARGE

Doesn't anyone use doorbells any more?

DAVID

What happened?

MARGE

Mr Ransome. Kicked in my door. Broke the chain. Threw me on the floor. Asked a lot of questions.

DAVID

What questions?

MARGE

Where were you? Why did I help you? How did we meet? Did you kiss me?

DAVID

Did I kiss you?

MARGE

And had we fucked within the last 24 hours?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DAVID

What?

MARGE

I said their presence proved you'd fucked me pretty substantially, but, no, there hadn't been any actual penetration. They didn't have a sense of humor. They swabbed me -

DAVID

Swabbed?

MARGE

Just my throat. Although they did have a little joke about that.

She stands and heads back into the apartment.

MARGE

Which was a mistake, because that's about when I stopped being plain terrified and started getting angry. Then I noticed I'd left the bath running, and that really pissed me off.

DAVID

Marge. I'm sorry.

MARGE

Yeah well, they left. I had the bath anyway. Then you came.

DAVID

What else?

She SLAPS him hard. You can hear his fillings rattle. She goes into the kitchen and SLAMS the door.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

David follows her. She's in front of the window looking out at a sky that's now dark. Speaks without turning.

MARGE

Enough with the fucking questions David. All they did was ask me questions, over and over and over!

CONTIN

CONTINUED:

She turns on the faucet, puts her face in the cold water, holds it there for a beat. David hands her a dishcloth. She dries her face.

MARGE

Think they're the government?

DAVID

I don't think so.

MARGE

See, I'm wondering how realistic their promise to kill me if I talk to the police about this is?

David edges up to the window and looks out. No grey car.

MARGE

Gone. But they left a message in case you called: They're holding your son in Bernie Levy's office until midnight.

David's face goes hard. He looks away for a long beat.

HIS POV through the door, across the apartment to the screen-glow from her LAPTOP.

DAVID

Is there such a thing as an on-line German dictionary?

MARGE

What?

DAVID

I need to translate something Bernie kept repeating. "schutz und tutz waffen schaukeln". Could be to do with biotech. Can you get on line and try it for me?

MARGE

(irritated)

David, you're really shit out of favors here--

DAVID

Marge, I'm shit out of everything That's why I'm asking.

INT. COMMAND TRUCK - DAY

Yankee pushes JACK into the truck. Jack looks real scared, though he's putting a good face on it.

JACK

No way you guys wok for the
Veterans Bureau--

Yankee gets in Jack's face. It's been a long day.

YANKEE

Well Jack, you're just smart as a
fuckin' whip, ain'tcha?

RANSOME

Hey! Secure that shit!

YANKEE

(snaps to)

'sir.

JACK

Who are you?

Ransome looks up. Face on the icy edge of exhaustion.

RANSOME

We're just working joes trying to
do a simple job under real
difficult circumstances.

JACK

I won't help you hurt my Dad.

Ransome just looks at him.

INT. MARGE'S APARTMENT. BATHROOM- DAY

David's going through the medicine cabinet. Finds a
bottle of SLEEPING PILLS. Pockets them.

DAVID

Any more of those Midol?

MARGE (V.O.)

No. But I got something here.

EXT. SCREEN BALCONY - DAY

Marge sits at her laptop. David stands in the window,
towelling his face dry, cup of coffee in his hand.

CONTINER

CONTINUED:

MARGE

Pulled up something from a history faculty in Munich. Shame it doesn't make sense -

DAVID

Tell me.

MARGE

Bismarck Era Germany, 1890's. The Krups Armaments fortune was built on the scam of selling armor plate to country A that country B's cannon couldn't penetrate. Then they sold a more powerful cannon to country B that could penetrate the plate. Then -

DAVID

They sold a stronger plate to Country A. Then a bigger cannon to B - and so on?

MARGE

Spoken like a capitalist. This was "der Schutz and tutz waffen schaukeln", AKA the "insurance and reinsurance weapons see-saw: doesn't have much to do with swabs and pharmaceuticals.

David's staring at his cup.

FLASHBACK: BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bernie gingerly puts down the coffee cup and gives David the saddest smile.

BERNIE

There never was a Hong kong flu.

END FLASHBACK.

You can almost hear the pieces click into place behind David's eyes.

MARGE

What?

David snaps into movement. 0 to 60 in a heartbeat.

DAVID

Get your car keys. We're leaving.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

MARGE

We --?

Dave scoops his shirt and gun from the bed.

DAVID

Bring the computer. MOVE!

INT. MARGE'S CAR - NIGHT

David's driving at speed. Marge is jammed against the passenger door, computer-bag clenched in her lap, looking at him like he's a crazy man.

DAVID

I know what this is about. Take notes.

MARGE

David. I think you lost the fucking script here--

DAVID

Take notes. It's important.

She fumbles a pad and pen from the bag.

DAVID

I'm not crazy. This matters. Lockyear cured something called the Hong Kong Flu. Bernie was sure they could do it again with other diseases. Wouldn't tell me why, but he was convinced. Then later he told me there was no Hong Kong flu. Didn't make sense then. Does now.

MARGE

Not to me.

DAVID

Krups did it with arms and armor. Lockyear are doing it with biotech: create the disease, then market the cure. Get 'em coming and going.

MARGE

They invented the Hong Kong Flu so they could sell the cure?

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DAVID

Stock price tripled in a week.

They sit in silence. She feels the inside of her mouth.

MARGE

They were looking for a disease.

He locks away. She suddenly SHUDDERS and scrambles into the back seat and winds down the windows.

MARGE

Fuck! What have you got, David?

DAVID

Don't know. I thought I had the flu. Now it's passed.

MARGE

Let me out.

DAVID

I think the reason they didn't kill you was they didn't find what they were looking for on the swab. And going on what they said, long as we don't kiss or fuck, I think you're OK.

ON MARGE - shirtsleeve stretched over her mouth like a mask. Unconvinced.

MARGE

"I think" is not good enough.
Let me out of the car!

DAVID

I've got to get in the building.
I'm dead in there if I don't have someone watching my back.

MARGE

(explodes)

I'm not going in that building!
You're nuts! One, I know jack-
shit about guns and two - and
this is a biggie - I'm not going
to die for you!

DAVID

I don't need you in the building,
and you don't need a gun.

INT. SENTEREX HALLWAY - NIGHT

Yankee drags Jack along the hallway without much ceremony. Jack's CAP falls off. He tries to pick it up. Yankee TUGS him away and keeps walking.

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Yankee pushes Jack in. Ransome sits on Bernie's chair, watching the tape of David at the Lockyear Lab.

He points to the bookcase. Yankee slams Jack against the bookcase and ties him to a pillar.

He freezes the video on a flickering STILL FRAME CLOSE-UP of DAVID'S FACE. Speaks without turning.

RANSOME

Jack. I'm sorry 'bout this. But we have a job to do.

He waves in the AMBUSH TEAM: BUZZARD, FOXTROT, MIKE, VICTOR, INDIA, SIERRA, JULIET and KILO.

INT. BAYSIDE HILTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Off a large sign reading CHECK IN. Dave and Marge sign in at the Reception Desk. Dave has a jacket pulled over the POLICE UNIFORM.

DAVID

The room has a modem socket?

CONCIERGE

All the business suites are computer ready, sir.

Dave scoops the keys and walks with her to the elevator.

DAVID

All you have to do is write up everything I told you about Lockyear and what's happening. If I haven't called you by midnight, you know what to do.

MARGE

Post it all over the Web.

DAVID

Every Newspaper, Newsgroup and Agency you can think of.

(more)

CONTIN.

CONTINUED:

DAVID (cont'd)

This way I don't walk in there
naked, like they're expecting.
This way I walk in there with
something to bargain with.

MARGE

Think it's enough?

DAVID

I'm a hell of a deal-maker.

Her elevator arrives.

MARGE

You better be.

He pushes her in. Pauses in the door.

DAVID

For what it's worth: about us. I
fucked up.

MARGE

Yep. You did.

DAVID

Another time.

MARGE

Another life.
(cuts him off)
Not a word.

The doors close.

DAVID

Thanks.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - NIGHT

TIME SUPER: 9.37 pm. PACIFIC STANDARD TIME.

David drives past the exterior of the building.
Everything looks deserted enough for the time of night.

He sees YANKEE on guard behind the SECURITY DESK. He
doesn't look happy about that. Then his attention
switches to the other side of the street pulled by a

FLASH OF LIGHT as someone opens the rear door of the
Command Truck.

CONTINU

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE emerges, fitting the radio earpiece into his ear and slips into an ALLEY behind the truck, hands heading for his fly.

David guns the motor and turns the corner of the block.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Charlie relieves himself behind a dumpster. Face blissed out with relief.

CLICK. David sticks a gun in the back of his neck and rips the bone-mike out of his ear.

DAVID

Where's my son?

CHARLIE

(stonefaces)

Forget it.

He jams the gun down into the guy's groin.

DAVID

I'm not screwing around.

Charlie looks real tired of the way things are going.

CHARLIE

They don't pay me enough for this. He's in Levy's office.

DAVID

Not in the truck?

CHARLIE

No. You want to --

David cracks him in the back of the head with the gun.

DAVID

Not a bit.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marge types fast on her laptop. Pauses to down a micro-bottle of CHIVAS. Thank God for mini-bars. She looks out the window as she grimaces the liquor down.

HER POV: the TRANSAMERICA BUILDING floodlit. Only a couple of blocks away.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - NIGHT

David emerges from the alley, in POLICE UNIFORM, carrying the gear duffle. From now on his movement forward is as straight and unwavering as a missile.

He pulls level with the truck. Gun held against his leg. Pumps three silenced rounds into the GAS TANK as he passes without breaking stride.

INT. COMMAND TRUCK - NIGHT

A gunman - QUEBEC - looks up from his console, pulls his earphones off his ear with a puzzled look.

QUEBEC

Hear something?

EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - NIGHT

David is half way to the door of the building. The GASOLINE is trickling down the incline behind him.

He checks its progress out of the corner of his eye. He slides a ROAD FLARE from his pocket -

He STRIKES the flare against a MAILBOX and drops into the gutter without looking down.

Crosses the sidewalk and pushes through the glass doors like they don't exist.

INT. TRANSAMERICA LOBBY - NIGHT

YANKEE is at the SECURITY DESK dressed as a Security guard. A GUN sits on the shelf in front of him.

YANKEE

Yankee to Charlie. Are you there?

His eyes flick up, registering the police uniform.

YANKEE

Just a minute, Officer.

DAVID

Sorry --

ANGLE: On the curb. Gasoline hits the flare. IGNITION. Flame streaks back towards the Command Truck --

CONT.

CONTINUED:

DAVID

-- I don't have the time.

BOOM. The Truck blows in a giant FIREBALL. Yankee jerks back, in shock. David doesn't flinch. Stands like a rock, SILHOUETTED by the FLAMES.

Yankee refocuses. David's gun aimed right at his eye.

Yankee looks down at the hidden gun. David scissors over the desk and sweeps it aside without losing aim. His free hand grabs Yankee in a choke hold.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ransome runs to the window and looks down at the INFERNO that used to be his Command Truck.

RANSOME

(looks at Jack)

Daddy's home.

(to Kilo)

Let's go get him.

Jack flops a big wad of spit at Ransome as he passes.

JACK

I hope you die cold and lonely,
you yellow hillbilly piece of
shit.

Ransome stops and looks round at him. Wipes the spittle off his sleeve. Unphased as ever.

RANSOME

Gag him.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Two of Ransome's (X-RAY and GOLF) men stare at the outdoor surveillance screens showing the flaming truck.

On a table in the middle of the room are a line of 20 DEMOLITION CHARGES, sitting in satchels, waiting to go.

One of them sees at the LOBBY SCREEN.

GOLF

Oh Jesus - where's Yankee?

CONTIN

CONTINUED:

The door FLIES OPEN. Yankee flies through the door, hands cuffed with cable-ties. He faceplants with a hefty smack. David covers the others in one fast move.

DAVID

I don't have to kill anyone --

X-RAY goes for his gun. David cartwheels him back over the console with three rounds in the throat. The gun swings back to Golf.

DAVID

--but it's definitely an option.

Golf gulps and reaches for the ceiling. Yankee looks up from where his face is shmushed into the floor tile.

YANKEE

Good choice son. Mr Elliot is kinda pissed.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

We're in the elevator on the way down.

David hooks into a radio.

DAVID

Ransome.

Intercut with

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Ransome and Kilo are heading down. Kilo looks at him.

RANSOME

Mr Elliot.

DAVID

What have I got?

RANSOME

I'd say you got a bad hand.

DAVID

(to Golf)

Stop the elevators.

GOLF

Er, I don't know how --

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

YANKEE
(rolls his eyes)

Son.

Golf gulps again, nods, and hits a button.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The car stops. Between floors. Ransome looks at Kilo.

RANSOME

Impressive.

(into radio)

Still got a bad hand, Mr. E,
'cause whatever you show me, I
got the Jack.

DAVID

Touch him, I kill you. I want to
speak to Kronstadt.

(off the silence)

You work for Kronstadt, right?

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

We work for anyone who can afford
us. We're businessmen, guns for
hire - just like you. Except we
get to go home when this is over.

DAVID

What do you think I've got?

RANSOME

No "think". You got it.

Kilo has opened the escape hatch in the roof.

KILO

Take us five, maybe ten to get
out of here.

RANSOME

Yankee? Activate Longstop in
ten. Out.

Yankee's eyes flick to the table: David's eyes follow
his gaze: he pulls a slab of SEMTEX out of the satchels
containing the DEMOLITION CHARGES.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

DAVID

This Longstop?
 (off his nod)
 He's going to drop the building
 just to get me?

YANKEE

At least.

GOLF

What about the guys upstairs?

YANKEE

Sayonara.

GOLF

Shit.

David jabs the gun into Yankees neck.

DAVID

I think we should share this with
 the rest of the crowd, don't you?

Yankee swallows. Beat. Speaks into the radio.

YANKEE

This is Yankee. Zulu is going to
 blow the building. Without an
 Evac.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Mike is crouched in an ambush on a darkened landing.
 Taking this in. He lowers his gun and keys his radio.

MIKE

Gonna fry my ass? Screw you
 Zulu. This is Mike checking out.

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The ambush team look at one another. Their radio is on
 SPEAKER. Jack hears all this.

VICTOR

I say Mike's got a good point.

They look a lot less military as they absorb this.

CONT.

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

Zulu. What in hell's going on?
'cause we're out of here if this
is straight.

Intercut with

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Kilo and Ransome are standing on the roof of the car.
Kilo is cranking open a set of doors.

RANSOME

Negative. Stand to and listen
up. No-one leaves his post.

MIKE

Screw you Zulu. Color this
soldier gone.

VICTOR (FILTER V.O.)

Me too.

RANSOME

Stand to! Let Elliot out of this
building and we all die. There
isn't a hole in the world you can
crawl in to dodge this bullet.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

He's forcing Marge's sleeping pills down Yankee's
throat. Yankee swallows. Golf is already half asleep.

He picks up their guns - two machine pistols and an
M16 - and heads for the door.

DAVID

Tell them why.

He heads cautiously into the stairwell. Pulls a pair of
Marge's TUBESOCKS over his shoes and begins to run
silently upstairs.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Ransome pauses. Makes his decision.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

RANSOME

Mr Elliot has acquired a bug. A highly mutagenic, tri-phased bug.

INTERCUT - HOT ROOM - NIGHT

The lid slides off the coffin. A ROBOT ARM clamps round Highgrave's body. Lifting it off the soiled sheets.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Mike is running down the stairs, three at a time.

MIKE

Try that in English.

RANSOME

The bug has 3 phases, like a caterpillar becoming a pupa which becomes a butterfly. Phase 1 lasts 24 hours and is harmless. The bug settles in the bloodstream and starts a family, splitting every 45 minutes.

Intercut with

David is sprinting UPHILL on a lower section of the same steps. We see him register Ransome's speech as he runs.

RANSOME

By the end of the day you're carrying a bug population of 4 billion plus, but the nearest you get to a symptom is a mild cold. How is that cough, Mr Elliot?

Mike hurtles round a turn into the stairs and stops dead - face to face with David. David knocks his gun out of the way and jabs his own into Mike's throat.

INTERCUT - HOT ROOM - NIGHT

The ROBOT ARM lifts the body over the coffin. Highgrave's arm slumps out - hand splashing into the ACID - red bubbles seethe around it.

CONT.

CONTINUED:

BACK TO STAIRWELL -

David rips Mike's mask off and pulls out his radio mike.

MIKE

Don't touch me. You got AIDS or something man!

David holds out the pill bottle.

DAVID

Finish the bottle.

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

Phase 2 lasts 72 hours. The caterpillar becomes a pupa, and the pupa has attitude.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - NIGHT

Kilo has wedged the doors open. Ransome pulls up and out of them.

RANSOME

The virus moves from the blood into other organs. Now it's infectious, but only through bodily fluids. Anyone the carrier kisses, bites, fucks, pisses on, or shares a glass with gets a dose.

INTERCUT - HOT ROOM - NIGHT

Highgrave sinks into the acid in a SEETHING RED FOAM.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Mike shakes his head emphatically.

MIKE

I ain't putting these in my mouth.

DAVID

It's not a debate.

David pistolwhips him behind the ear. Lights out.

CONTIN

CONTINUED:

RANSOME (FILTER V.O.)

Elliot has been in Phase 2 for
the last 3 hours.

INTERCUT - HOT ROOM - NIGHT

The Robot Arm slides the lid back over the foaming red
slurry that now fills the coffin.

DAVID

You've got the wrong man,
Ransome. I don't feel ill at all.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR - NIGHT

Ransome and Kilo jog at speed through an empty office
space, looking for the door to the stairwell.

RANSOME

Sure. Your cold has stabilized
and you feel frisky as a buck.
The virus wants a nice healthy
host. Phase 3's a different
story. The pupa turns into a
butterfly, and like the
butterfly, the bug goes airborne.

INTERCUT - HOT ROOM - NIGHT

The Robot Arm SPRAYS liquid on the bed in a fine mist.

RANSOME

You spread infection just by
breathing. 6 million spores
every time you exhale.

A door on the landing below him kicks open. David
throws himself back against the wall as a burst of
automatic chunks masonry around him.

Two gunmen (FOXTROT and ECHO) burst into the stairs and
chase after him.

RANSOME

Breath out 50 times, the USA's a
ghost town.

They pound the steps in a deadly uphill sprint. David
looks at the floor number he's passing. 31. He grits
and digs in. They're gaining on him.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

David fires backwards as he goes. They hug the wall and keep right on running. His magazine clicks out. He drops the gun and keeps on running.

Echo steps on the gun and goes flying as hardened steel and concrete slip apart. He bodyslams the steps.

Foxtrot hurdles him and keeps right on coming.

Dave makes it to 34. Looks like he's going to have a coronary. He slews round a corner and finds the BLEACH BOTTLES he stashed earlier. He strikes the matches taped to the necks and throws it.

RANSOME

1000 breaths unleash enough bugs
to kill every living soul on the
planet

BOOM. Foxtrot runs into a pocket inferno. As he crashes through, David pulls another gun from the duffel bag and drops him.

Echo is a floor below. Hugging the wall, nursing cracked ribs. David fires up the second bottle and lobs it down and across the stairwell.

BOOM. Echo leaps away from the wall, right into a burst from David's gun.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marge is logging on to her INTERNET CONNECTION. She's prepping the document. In the ATTACHMENTS field she types: LOCKYEAR DOCUMENT. In the COPIES TO: field she is pulling up every newsgroup on the net.

In SEND WHEN? box she hits WHEN: enters 12.00 am.

She pushes back and looks out the window. Transamerica building's still there. She cracks another mini-bottle. Fingers drum the window-sill.

ANGLE on the UN-DRUNK mini bottle hitting the trash-can.

INT. SOUTH STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Kilo turns to Ransome.

KILO

I can't raise Echo or Foxtrot.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

RANSOME

Great. It's not like we don't know where he's going.

INT. CONSTRUCTION FLOOR - NIGHT

David slips into the darkened construction floor. Talks softly into his microphone.

DAVID

What are the final symptoms?

INT. GYM FLOOR - NIGHT

Ransome and Kilo are heading for the other stairwell.

RANSOME

After 24 hours of spewing death, you start hit a final phase that makes Ebola look like a mild attack of gas.

INTERCUT WITH INT. CONSTRUCTION FLOOR - NIGHT

David is on his knees next to the GLASS PANELS stacked against the walls. He hangs the gym bag from one of the SUCTION HANDLES and starts pulling equipment out.

RANSOME

Every hour you live, you'll wish you were dead. Then in one final spasm you will void yourself from pancreas to brain-stem, and your last wish is answered.

INTERCUT - HOT ROOM - NIGHT

The Robot Arm glides to the centre of the bed. Extends a finger. Tiny electric SPARK -

- big WHOMP as the BED IGNITES. SCREEN full of FLAME.

RANSOME

30 days later this is a very quiet planet. I told you, Mr Elliot. This wasn't personal.

David IMPROVISES A HARNESS from doubled COAXIAL CABLE and strings it to a SUCTION HANDLE.

CONTIN

CONTINUED:

He slings the gun around his shoulders, picks up two more suction handles and heads for the window.

VICTOR (FILTER V.O.)

We can't fight a fucking virus!

RANSOME

At ease, son. The bug is delicate. Until it goes airborne, it needs a warm bloodstream --

Ransome and Kilo enter the other stairwell.

VICTOR (FILTER V.O.)

That's fine and dandy, but it don't sound like a cure.

RANSOME

We're the cure. Cool off Mr Elliot before Phase 3 and we break the cycle and kill the bug.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Marge hurries towards the Transamerica building, She has a HOOD and a scarf pulled up round her face. A FIRE TRUCK thunders past, siren wailing.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ransome comes across the two bodies taken out by the bottle bombs. Kilo checks a pulse. Shakes his head.

RANSOME

What floor are you on?

Ransome sticks his head out over the railings and looks up. Victor looks over the railing three floors up.

VICTOR

Here. He hasn't passed me.

The two teams meet up outside the door to the Construction floor. It's partly ajar.

INT. CONSTRUCTION FLOOR - NIGHT

Lights and laser sights rake across the room as Ransome and his team quarter the empty space at speed.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

RANSOME

Where is he?

EXT. BUILDING FACADE - NIGHT

David is on the GLASS FACADE of the building, like a FLY. He's using the suction pads to inch upwards.

It's a laborious process, as every time he pulls up on his handholds he has to hang by one hand as he pulls the third suction cup up to meet them as a safety tether.

A pad pulls loose with a sucking noise and he falls - -
-- 3 feet. The safety harness HOLDS. He twists and clatters against the glass.

He swings back round and re-attaches the hand cup. Takes a beat to breathe, then resumes the climb.

He comes to the CORNER of the building. Reaches round the angle. This is going to be a tough one.

INT. CONSTRUCTION FLOOR - NIGHT

Victor lights a Camel. Ransome watches the SMOKE eddy - there's a DRAFT. He traces it to the boarded window.

Kicks the board out. Wind whips in. He clicks the safety off his weapon and looks out, to the LEFT.

EXT. BUILDING FACADE - NIGHT

David is STRADDLING the CORNER to the right, trying to climb round the angle.

INT. CONSTRUCTION FLOOR - NIGHT

Ransome turns to the right.

EXT. BUILDING FACADE - NIGHT

David's foot slips round the corner, just in time.

INT. CONSTRUCTION FLOOR - NIGHT

Ransome points at Victor.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

RANSOME

Shitcan the smoke and check the exterior of the building.

VICTOR

The windows don't open.

RANSOME

So get outside.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Ransome and Kilo jog up the stairs.

KILO

He's gotta know we're waiting -

RANSOME

Yeah. But I just gave him reason to be suicidal.

EXT. TRANSAMERICA BUILDING - NIGHT

Fire-trucks and Police cars are dealing with the blazing command truck. Marge watches from the shadows.

She sees VICTOR run across the street, carrying a long gun in a drag bag.

EXT. BUILDING FACADE- NIGHT

David is dripping sweat as he climbs. He has to wipe his hands on his jacket to avoid slipping off the handles. He looks up.

INT. LOBBY - ADJOINING BUILDING - NIGHT

Marge slips into the lobby. No Victor. She sees the body of a SECURITY GUARD lying on the floor. Blood on his temple. Still breathing but she can't shift him.

The ELEVATOR LIGHTS are counting UP. Don't stop until the top floor.

She looks round. Through the glass facade she sees David on the face of the Transamerica Building.

MARGE

Oh shit.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED:

She slips the REVOLVER from the GUARD'S holster and heads for the elevators.

EXT. BUILDING FACADE- NIGHT

Dave is pretty much at the end of his tether. One level above him we see the TARPAULIN SHEET blocking off the window Bernie dove through. He pulls painfully upwards.

INT. ELEVATOR - ADJOINING BUILDING - NIGHT

Marge watches the numbers count upwards. Holds the gun in a two handed grip. It's shaking.

EXT. ROOF TOP - ADJOINING BUILDING - NIGHT

Victor jogs onto the rooftop of a building across from the TRANSAMERICA building. He lies down, flips out the bipod legs of his weapon and squints through the SIGHTS.

CROSS-HAIR POV as he rakes across the white glass pyramid. Stops on the tarped window. Pulls across and finds David.

VICTOR

Oh yeah. There we go.
(into radio)

Got him. Fucker thinks he's Spiderman.

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ransome sits at the desk, on the VIDEOLINK to KRONSTADT- Kronstadt looks even older, now the Brandy's kicked in.

RANSOME

Stay on the line. I think you're about to get some good news,
(into radio)

Take him down.

EXT. ROOF TOP - ADJOINING BUILDING - NIGHT

Victor clicks the select switch to FULL AUTO.

CONTY

CONTINUED:

VICTOR

This is a fire mission advise.
Target on 45th floor, expect
incoming, south face windows.
Duck and cover. Will fire in five.

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

INDIA, SIERRA, and JULIET find cover. KILO nods at
Jack. He's EXPOSED where he's tied.

KILO

What about him?

RANSOME

No time. Sorry 'bout that.

INT. STAIRWELL - ADJOINING BUILDING - NIGHT

Marge pushes open the door to the roof, gun ready. Her
POV: EMPTY ROOF.

EXT. ROOF TOP - ADJOINING BUILDING - NIGHT

Victor is 180 degrees behind her - shielded by the stair-
access structure. His finger tightens on the trigger.

VICTOR

G'night Spidey.

EXT. BUILDING FACADE - NIGHT

The first bullet SHATTERS the glass to one side of
David. His head whips round in time to see the burst
stitch towards him in a crazed web of breaking glass --

--suddenly there's no window for the suction cups to
grip on. Just powdered glass. He starts to fall --

The burst straddles him. The IMPACT of the rounds PUNCH
into the back of the KEVLAR VEST and throw him FORWARD --

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

David is HAMMERED in through the smithereening window in
a blizzard of glass.

He smashes into the conference table and hangs there.

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ransome emerges from cover and looks at Jack. He hasn't been hit.

RANSOME

It's over.

(into VIDEOLINK)

Mr. Kronstadt. We have containment -

EXT. ROOF TOP - ADJOINING BUILDING - NIGHT

Victor checks the window through his sight - SEES David struggling to his feet by the table.

VICTOR

Gotta be kidding.

He jacks out his clip and reaches for a reload.

MARGE (V.O.)

Freeze!

He spins round.

Marge stands braced in the 50 feet across the roof, gun aimed right at him.

VICTOR

Fuck off.

Marge is taking no chances. She squeezes the trigger.

Nothing.

She fumbles for a SAFETY CATCH. There it is - clicks it.

WRONG CATCH. The MAGAZINE drops out of the gun butt and clatters down the steel steps, spilling brass rounds like confetti.

On Marge. REALLY disappointed.

VICTOR

Fucking amateur.

He whips his gun round and fires - she just has time to dive sideways and scrambles behind the roof access structure - grazed and bloody but SAFE.

He snaps back to look into the boardroom - David has moved out of his line of vision.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED:

He rolls onto his feet and jog-trots towards the roof access structure.

VICTOR

So babe. Whaddaya do for an encore?

Marge stands there. On the edge of the building. Backed against a wall behind her and to her right, nothing but down to her left.

MARGE

Whatever you want.

Victor leers. You don't want to know what's going on in his mind. He steps in. Strokes her cheek with the gun barrel.

MISTAKE. In one fluid movement she steps towards him and brings up her right hand - full of MACE CANISTER -

HOSES him right in the eyes. He screams - hands flying to his face. She PUNCHES him with all her strength -

He staggers - parapet catches in the back of his knees -

VICTOR

Help!

She steps in and WHACKS him.

MARGE

I don't think so.

He cartwheels over the edge. Long way down. No swan dive but he does a Bernie all over the sidewalk below.

INT. BOARDROOM - NIGHT

David leans against the wall by the door - gasping for breath. Pulls two machine pistols from the bag. Checks the M16 on his back.

Looks round. Two doors. The hidden one into Bernie's office and one into the passage. He opens the passage door - SCREECH of badly oiled hinges.

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ransome's head whips round to the door to the passage.

CONTINU

CONTINUED:

RANSOME

Keeps right ticking, doesn't he.

All the ambushers turn to the door when BEHIND THEM --

The HIDDEN BOOK-CASE DOOR flies open.

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)

What's happening--?

David SLIDES IN like he's stealing home - -before the ambush team can turn he's up on one knee and firing with both hands.

SIERRA goes down and the rest dive for cover. Ransome somersaults over Bernie's desk and crashes into the credenza - firing as he goes -

- bullet GRAZES David. Nicking his temple and taking the top off his ear - his head whips round with the glancing blow - BLOOD SPRAYS across JACK'S FACE .

David covers the room. JULIET edges round a bookcase on the edge of David's field of vision.

JACK

Dad!

David swings and sends Juliet sprawling back with a short burst.

Silence as everyone crouches in cover. David drops the emptied guns, unslings the M16, steps in front of Jack, weapon shouldered, covering the room in fast swings.

All you can hear is breathing and distant sirens.

DAVID

You OK?

Jack's beginning to shake with shock and adrenaline come-down. Face sprayed with his father's blood.

JACK

Dad --

DAVID

Keep it together. We're going home.

RANSOME

No way, Elliot. We all move on my count of three, you're dead.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (2)

DAVID
Start counting. You're the one
I'll kill first.

RANSOME
Fine. Try it. One-

DAVID
Of course the rest of you know
now he knows that, he's not going
to stand when he gets to three.

RANSOME
I lead from the front Elliot.

DAVID
Tell that to Oscar. The rest of
you guys want to be his patsy,
stand up. I don't give a fuck
who I kill first.

Silence the gunmen look questions at one another.

JACK
(whispers)
This isn't going to work, Dad.

DAVID
(under his breath)
Long as they're talking, not
shooting, it's working.
(to Ransome)
Call your boss: tell him I know
what schutz and tutz means.

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)
Let me see him --

Ransome reaches up and spins the COMPUTER MONITOR to
face David: KRONSTADT stares out of the VIDEOLINK.

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)
What kind of deal? You for the
boy? He walks you stay?

DAVID
Something like that.

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)
Maybe we could--

RANSOME
The kid's dead.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED: (3)

DAVID

You don't have to kill him.

RANSOME

Look at him. On his face? In his mouth? In his eyes? Your blood. You killed him. Not me.

On David. Second time we've seen him look like he's taken a dagger to the heart.

DAVID

But I don't feel--

KRONSTADT

Show him the tape.

Ransome picks the TV REMOTE from the floor.

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)

You have the bug, Mr Elliot. I can show you where you got it --

On the CREDENZA TV the surveillance tape fast-forwards.

RANSOME

Highgrave has it. Lab accident. His cup is the ball. Keep your eye on it.

FAST FORWARD to the point where they all laugh and pick up their cups to toast. We see Highgrave grimace as he finds the SUGAR in the cup he's drinking. We see him and David exchange cups.

RANSOME

His cup. Your mouth. Score two for the bug.

KRONSTADT

Mort Highgrave died this afternoon.

DAVID

And you killed his family last night. Right?

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)

Containment. It was - necessary.

RANSOME

Now you both have the disease.

CONTINU

CONTINUED: (4)

On David. Believing. Half turns to Jack --

I'm sorry -- DAVID

Bullshit! JACK

I- DAVID

Them, Dad. JACK
They're bullshit. You
don't have the disease. Not from
that cup --

Jack. DAVID
Bernie drank from my cup,
and he killed himself because of
it. I think they know what
they're talking about --

But -- JACK

I drank from Highgrave's cup. DAVID

Yeah. JACK
BUT HE DIDN'T.

What? DAVID

Run the tape. JACK

No movement. Jack's voice crackles with frustration.

You drank from his cup, sure, but JACK
you drank it before he'd taken a
drink. You didn't pick up
anything. You don't have it.
You never had it!

That's a-- RANSOME

Run the fucking tape! JACK

CONTINUED

CONTINUED: (5)

Ransome spools the tape back: as he plays it, double speed we see that Jack is right - from the moment the cups are brought in, Highgrave doesn't touch his own cup

DAVID

Oh Jesus..... Ransome?

RANSOME

Control? He's right.

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)

After Highgrave drank from your cup - you must have drunk from it then --

DAVID

(shakes his head)

Uh uh. The coffee sucked. Look.

Ransome FAST FORWARDS beyond where they exchange cups - we see David, Bernie and Highgrave leave the room - without finishing their coffee.

David never drinks from the infected cup.

On the VIDEOLINK: Kronstadt - fumbling - losing it.

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)

But Highgrave said you'd shared a cup. The tape showed it --

DAVID

You panicked.

KRONSTADT

I..but I acted...I had to take..

DAVID

You didn't check! People are dead, asshole, Bernie's dead because you didn't check the facts!

RANSOME

You're still not getting out of here.

DAVID

Sure I am. I got a little Schutz and tutz action of my own.

KRONSTADT

What do you mean?

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (6)

RANSOME

Control. Hear those sirens? I need you to clarify the mission objective, right here, right now.

KRONSTADT

What do you mean?

DAVID

I mean we don't walk out of here, the world finds out all about you and what you've done.

The SIRENS are right outside the building.

RANSOME

Control. I need orders now.

Silence in the room. Kronstadt swigs his brandy like it's poison. Looks up. Decision made.

KRONSTADT

Kill them.

DAVID

That's not a rational decision!

KRONSTADT

They're still infected.

DAVID

I don't have your goddamn bug!

KRONSTADT (FILTER V.O.)

Knowledge is the the most powerful virus of all.

DAVID

Ransome! That doesn't make sense!

RANSOME

Long as his money's green, I don't care.

David backs right into Jack, squashing him into the wall.

DAVID

Wait. We got to talk! I'm dropping my weapon.

(whispers)

Breathe in and hold it.

The M16 clatters to the floor. On JACK: disbelief.

CONTINUE

CONTINUED: (7)

JACK
Dad!

DAVID
He's wrong!

RANSOME
I don't care.

The ambushers stand. Laser sights converge on David's chest. He stands blocking their shot on Jack.

DAVID
But he's wrong!

Ransome pulls himself painfully to his feet.

RANSOME
Read my lips: I-DON'T-CARE.

DAVID
Read this -

He opens his shirt. We read: THIS SIDE TOWARDS ENEMY.
He has a CLAYMORE taped to the front of the kevlar ve.

KILO
Oh shi --

David flings his arms wide, pulling the trip-wire trigger.

His chest EXPLODES OUTWARDS in a hail of ballbearings. Everything and everyone in front of him is SHREDDED.

The BACKBLAST slams him back into Jack. The panelling behind Jack splinters in. Breath pounded out of them.

The smoke clears. Father and son hang together.

David staggers half a pace forward and drops to one knee. Gagging for a breath that won't come.

His face is black and his hair is singed and smoking. His clothes are shredded and he's pretty mashed up. Turns his face to Jack. Finds that breath.

DAVID
Still there?

CON

CONTINUED: (8)

JACK
(Nods. Dazed)
Winded -- ribs bust --I think --

DAVID
Good boy.

David slumps forward onto his knees. Jack grabs him.

JACK
Dad.

DAVID
Going home time --
(Jack pulls him up)
--definitely been spending too
much time at the office.

They walk out of the room without looking back.

INT. SENTEREX HALLWAY - NIGHT

They hobble towards the elevators, keeping each other upright. Pass Jack's CAP on the floor.

Jack presses the call button for the elevator.

David steps back. Bends painfully, picks it up the CAP and hands it to Jack. Jack puts it on - peak forward.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

They slide down the wall and sit propped against each other, watching the floors count down to the ground.

David looks at his son. Beat. Reaches over and swivels the cap ass-backwards.

Not a big thing.

But it makes them both grin.

The elevator hits the Ground Floor. As they step out --

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)
Hold it right there!

INT LOBBY - NIGHT

SWAT TEAM OFFICERS SWING THEIR GUNS TO BEAR ON THEM.

MARGE (V.O.)

It's OK! Don't shoot!

Marge breaks through the police and runs towards them.
Jack looks at David. David throws his arm round him .

DAVID

Jack. There's someone I want you
to meet...

FADE OUT.