

WRONGFUL TERMINATION

written by
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FADE IN:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - MAIN GATE - NIGHT

JERRY, (30s) wearing a SECURITY GUARD uniform, pilots an electric GOLF CART up to the chain-link perimeter. He shines his flashlight along the fence line, sees nothing strange.

The cart motors past a WAREHOUSE. He surveils the area, repeats this ritual every twenty yards, until...

Jerry stops the cart in front of the CORPORATE BUILDING. The sign over the front entrance reads: POLY VAC.

INT. POLY VAC - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The hallway's dark. Jerry walks through the SERVICE ENTRANCE, shuts the door behind him. He notices a door that's slightly AJAR. A nearby sign reads: RESTRICTED AREA.

Jerry pulls his pistol, grips the Glock tight. He inches towards the open door. The click-click of someone typing gets louder and louder. Jerry takes a breath, enters...

SECURITY

A modest base of operations. Someone sits with their back to the open door. He wears the same uniform as Jerry, types away at a computer terminal.

The guy's surrounded by a bank of FLATSCREENS streaming split-screen footage from the security cams in and around Poly Vac.

Jerry stands in the doorway. The typing stops. He recognizes the profile, lowers his weapon. The chair pivots...

GRIFFIN, (30's) a week's worth of stubble and horn-rimmed glasses frame his ARROGANT smirk, leans back in his "throne", showing off his thin and wiry torso.

GRIFFIN

You should've been back here ten minutes ago. Smoking spliffs in the parking lot again, Jerry?

JERRY

You're not allowed on company property anymore, Griffin. I have to call this in.

GRIFFIN

Don't worry. I killed the cameras
so we could talk in private.

Jerry looks at the monitors, notices static-filled split-screens amongst the feeds. Griffin grins.

JERRY

I have nothing to say to you.

His fingertips graze the trigger of the lowered gun. Griffin notices, his eyes narrow.

GRIFFIN

You don't look so good. Maybe you
should take the night off. Go visit
Twenty-Nine Crescent Lane and
surprise your girlfriend that your
loving wife doesn't know about.

JERRY

Screw you, asshole.

Griffin pulls out his smartphone, scrolls through many pics of Jerry kissing a woman in a hot tub. Jerry sighs, looks down at his WEDDING BAND. Griffin chuckles.

GRIFFIN

Did you know that children of
divorce are ten times more likely
to commit suicide? How old's your
boy again? Six? Or seven? I forget.

JERRY

What do you want from me?

GRIFFIN

Simple. Take a sick day and forget
you ever saw me tonight. If you
keep my secret, I'll keep yours.

Jerry ponders his dilemma, then holsters his weapon. Griffin speed-types. Strings of alphanumeric code fill the screen.

JERRY

What is that? A virus?

GRIFFIN

Yeah. Something like that.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Muted sunlight seeps through a tiny window that's been painted shut. Frost gathers on the glass pane.

SUPER: NEXT WEDNESDAY

Below the wooden sill, a cast iron radiator clatters. Steam escapes from the old school valve. The sound of hissing steam mingles with the SIZZLE of bacon in a frying pan.

MARCUS, (20s) wearing fluffy pink slippers and a red apron, presides over the old school oven. He lights the relic of a gas burner with a match. Butter melts in the pan.

MARCUS
(yells)
Naomi? You ready?

BATHROOM

NAOMI, (20's) stares down at something. Her slick pantsuit and silk blouse don't match her adorkable dimpled pixie face or tomboy haircut.

She stares down at the POSITIVE result of a HOME PREGNANCY test in her trembling hand.

MARCUS (O.S.)
(yells)
Come on. You don't want to be late
for your interview.

Naomi sighs, pockets the test stick.

BEDROOM

It's got a woman's touch, even though there's barely enough room to walk between the bureau and the bed. The bathroom door opens. Naomi steps into the small room.

She stares at herself in a mirror. Her gaze wanders...

There are pictures tucked into the mirror's frame. Some are of a smiling Naomi and Marcus. The rest are of her in military gear with other soldiers in a desert setting.

Naomi stares at the images from happier times.

INT. MARCUS'S CAR - DAY

Marcus pounds the dashboard of his sub-compact while he merges with traffic. Naomi shivers in the passenger seat.

MARCUS
I'll fix the heater this weekend.

NAOMI
You're working both days.

MARCUS
Right, I forgot. Quiz time.

NAOMI
I don't need another quiz.

Marcus clears his throat. He puts on a voice, sounds like a white collar corporate type...

MARCUS
So Miss Kepnes, how did you hear about this job?

Naomi plays the part of the perky interviewee. Her posture straightens and voice brightens...

NAOMI
My Aunt Tess works in your HR department. She reached out to me.

MARCUS
What do you know about our company?

NAOMI
Poly Vac manufactures customized high-impact packaging for surgical instruments. Allowing them to be airdropped anywhere in the world. Helping doctors without access to hospitals perform common surgeries in remote areas.

MARCUS
And what gives you an edge over other candidates to become the new CSO of Poly Vac?

NAOMI
Poly Vac has a long history of hiring ex-military personnel like myself starting a new life in the private sector.

MARCUS

How much actual combat experience
do you ha--

NAOMI

(annoyed)

They're not going to ask me that.

MARCUS

They might. You gotta be ready for
anything these guys throw at you.

NAOMI

I am ready. Next question.

MARCUS

Miss Kepnes, you did spend most of
your tour of duty behind a computer
monitor, corr--

NAOMI

Yes, that is technically correct,
but I assure you my basic training
has prepared me for any challenge I
may face at your company.

MARCUS

So, can you see yourself working
for Poly Vac in say, five years?

NAOMI

Absolutely.

MARCUS

Do you see yourself settling down
with a hot guy in five years?

NAOMI

Maybe.

MARCUS

I see. And what about kids?

Naomi shakes her head NO, then glares at Marcus.

MARCUS

What? They might ask you that.

NAOMI

I don't want to bring a kid into
this sick world, Marcus.

MARCUS

Fine. But maybe in five years
you'll feel differently about it.

NAOMI

No, I won't.

MARCUS

How do you know?

NAOMI

Because every day someone flips out
and shoots up a school or runs over
a bunch of people for some bullshit
beliefs. And that's only going to
get worse in the next five years.
End of discussion.

MARCUS

OK, I get it. But try to stay
positive today. Companies don't
like to hire cold-blooded cynics.

NAOMI

Please don't talk about the cold.

Naomi hits the dash. The heater kicks in. The couple sigh in relief. The blower dies. They sigh again.

EXT. POLY VAC - PERIMETER GATE - DAY

Dense forest surrounds the industrial complex.

Marcus pulls his car onto the soft shoulder across the street from the perimeter. Naomi stares at the high fence.

INT. MARCUS'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS

Are you sure you don't want me to
drive you up to the office?

NAOMI

No, I need to stretch my legs.

MARCUS

Call me when you're done and I'll
come get you.

NAOMI

You don't have to do that. I can
hitch a ride home with Aunt Tess.

MARCUS

But I want to. You said they're probably gonna decide who gets the job today. So, win or lose. I want to be here for you. OK?

Naomi nods yes. The couple kiss. She exits the car.

EXT. POLY VAC - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Naomi admires the dense forest. She approaches the oversized glass double doors.

She stares at the large tummy of ABIGAIL, a very PREGNANT woman. The plump lady drops a folder. Naomi stoops fast, retrieves the pile of paperwork for her.

ABIGAIL

Thanks.

NAOMI

You're welcome. When are you due?

ABIGAIL

In two weeks I'll be a mommy.

NAOMI

Good luck with that.

Abigail smiles. Naomi looks down at her flat tummy, then watches the pregnant woman enter the sleek building.

Alone now, Naomi pulls out the pregnancy test stick, then stuffs it in a TRASH CAN. Something catches Naomi's eye...

A piece of fresh MASKING TAPE stuck to the lower corner of the huge glass door. There's also a white glob of CAULK.

Naomi touches the aberrant glob. It's a bit TACKY. She rubs her fingertips together, ponders the anomaly.

INT. POLY VAC - LOBBY - DAY

It's a postmodern open space that's been tastefully decorated by some overpaid consulting firm.

A young RECEPTIONIST greets Naomi with a rehearsed smile...

RECEPTIONIST

Welcome to Poly Vac. Name?

NAOMI

Naomi Kepnes. I'm h--

RECEPTIONIST

Cell phone, please. Visitors aren't allowed to carry mobile devices.

Naomi hands over her phone, watches the girl place the cell in a LOCKED DRAWER. The key's on a lanyard around her neck.

RECEPTIONIST

Right this way, Miss Kepnes.

The Receptionist hands Naomi a Visitor's badge, then escorts her past the entrance with the replacement window.

NAOMI

What happened to the glass?

RECEPTIONIST

They renovated the entire foyer last week.

NAOMI

But only replaced one window?

RECEPTIONIST

I wouldn't know. I was out sick that day. Follow me, please.

Naomi makes a mental note of the obvious LIE.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Old school rows of cubicles have been replaced with "four-packs" of employees sharing a rectangle. Their desktops sit in each corner with a community table in the center.

Naomi follows the Receptionist through the area.

RECEPTIONIST

Are you familiar with Agile Scrum?

NAOMI

Is that a social network?

RECEPTIONIST

It's an open floor plan that increases employee interactions.

NAOMI

OK, but what if you need privacy?

The Receptionist puts on a smile, like Naomi just asked her why the sky is blue.

RECEPTIONIST

We have several privacy pods throughout the department.

HUMAN RESOURCES

Naomi stands outside a closed office door. She straightens her pantsuit, looks at the employees typing away in their anti-privacy work spaces.

TESS (O.S.)

Are you lost, ma'am?

The voice snaps Naomi back to reality. TESS, (40s) wears a red and green sweater with PUPPIES on it, smiles at Naomi.

TESS

Bring it in here. Little JJ missed you at his birthday party.

Naomi gives Aunt Tess a big hug.

TESS

Did you see the pics? I posted them on Facebook.

Before Naomi can answer, Tess pulls out her cell. The screen saver's a tri-color CORGI wearing a BIRTHDAY HAT and HORN-RIMMED GLASSES made out of construction paper.

NAOMI

Awww. JJ's beyond cute. Marcus and I would love to have a dog.

TESS

If you want anything bigger than a tea cup poodle, you two better move out of that shoebox first. Come on.

NAOMI

Sorry we missed the party. Marcus worked a double.

TESS

That boy's been carrying you for over a year. It's about time you got a job before he dumps your sorry ass, young lady. So don't mess this up. You hear me, Naomi? I said do yo--

NAOMI

Yes, I hear you. I got this. Can I ask you something?

TESS

Make it quick.

NAOMI

Did someone break the glass door?

TESS

The guy you're here to replace. And you didn't hear that from me. OK?

NAOMI

OK. So, what does my competition look like?

CONFERENCE ROOM

It's a rectangular open space with one big table.

Sitting at said table: SEVEN tough-as-nails SOLDIERS. Muscles bulge under their designer suits. Twelve hundred pounds of prime U.S. Armed Forces BEEFCAKE.

The door opens, Naomi walks into the room. The soldiers turn, size up tiny Naomi in a New York Minute. She smiles at them.

NAOMI

Good luck with your interviews.

The guys ignore the well wishes, turn away. Naomi starts to close the door behind her. Someone pushes it back open, walks right past Naomi like she's invisible...

CEO HART, (50s) designer suit crowned with a full head of product-laden silver hair, admires the battle-tested SOLDIERS seated at his table...

CEO HART

How was your flight, gentlemen?

SOLDIERS

Fine, Sir. Great flight. First class all the way.

Naomi clears her throat. The CEO stops smiling. She squeezes past him, excuses herself and takes a seat on the opposite side of the table from the men.

CEO HART

Great. Since we're all here, let's get started. By the end of the day, one of you BOYS will be our new Chief Security Officer.

Naomi frowns at the word "BOYS".

CEO HART

That role covers a lot of ground. The CSO is not only responsible for employee safety, but coordinating our cyber-defense as well. After your interviews with all the department heads, I will make the final decision. Good luck.

The CEO smiles through a brief round of applause, then makes a hasty exit.

The soldiers sit at ease, gossip amongst themselves. They have a BIG LAUGH over something. Naomi sits alone, eavesdrops on the guys. One JARHEAD with a fresh buzz cut notices her...

JARHEAD

(Southern fried accent)
Can I help you, little lady?

All the soldiers glare at Naomi.

JARHEAD

Didn't your mama teach you not to spy on people?

NAOMI

No. That's why I'm good at my job.

JARHEAD

Yeah, but they don't give out Medals of Honor for being a spy or playing with computers, honey.

The door opens. Tess stands in the threshold.

TESS

Miss Kepnes, you're up.

HUMAN RESOURCES

Tess and Naomi talk as they walk towards PRODUCT DESIGN...

TESS

Product Design. They're a pretty weird bunch.

NAOMI

Define weird.

TESS

Most of them used to work for Google. They kinda speak their own language, wear a lot of hoodies.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Naomi waits alone at the community table in the center of one of the Agile Scrum "four-pack" work stations.

In each corner of the partitioned rectangle...

A scruffy millennial in a HOODIE sits. Some hoods up, others down. They all have varying degrees of well-manicured facial hair and tablets in their laps. The team stares at Naomi.

MAN BUN looks down at the iPad in his lap. He regards Naomi, pitches forward in his ergonomic chair...

MAN BUN

If you were an animal in a zoo, what kind would you be?

Naomi wasn't ready for that one.

NAOMI

I would be... A honey bee, so I could fly aw--

MAN BUN

That's not an animal that resides in a zoo, like a giraffe.

NAOMI

(thinks fast)

OK, let's see. I got one. A--

HOODIE UP

Do you know how many tennis balls fit into a Prius?

NAOMI

No. I don't.

HOODIE DOWN

So, how would you figure it out?

NAOMI

Is this part of the interview?

MAN BUN

This is the interview, Miss Kepnes. We're evaluating your critical thinking skills.

LONG BEARD

Critical thinking. It's critical.

NAOMI

Can we go back to the zoo?

MAN BUN

How would you solve the problem?

Restless Leg Syndrome kicks in for Naomi. Her eyes dart between the guys. She exhales, puts on her game face...

NAOMI

Well, I would find out how many tennis balls fit into a cubic foot, then multiply that number by the volume of the Prius' interior?

The guys all look at each other for a while, then finally nod approval. Naomi exhales in relief.

MAN BUN

Any questions for us?

NAOMI

Why the man bun? Is it some cultural appropriation thing?

MAN BUN

No. My wife thinks it's hot. It's either this or let her watch all the Jared Leto movies she wants.

NAOMI

Tough call. For what it's worth, I think you made the right choice.

MAN BUN

I think you'll make a much better CSO than the last guy. You seem a lot more... stable.

His choice of words piques Naomi's curiosity.

MARKETING

Naomi sits in front of a wide desk.

The interviewer's appearance is meticulously crafted, right down to the hair product he's happily droning on about...

MARKETING DOUCHE

You should only use sulfate and paraben-free follicle rejuvenators that're sustainably produced on your hair. Do you have any questions for me?

NAOMI

Did you know my predecessor? Can you tell me why he was let go?

The douche's mood sours. He runs his hand through his product-sculpted hair, then shakes his head NO.

QUALITY CONTROL

More questions fired at Naomi from a NEAT FREAK sitting behind her depressingly organized desk...

NEAT FREAK

What are you looking for in a new position? What type of work environment do you prefer?

Naomi opens her mouth t-

NEAT FREAK

And what would your first sixty days in this role be like? What kind of management style do you utilize with subordinates?

NAOMI

I'd start by asking co-workers about my predecessor's mistakes. What can you tell me about him?

NEAT FREAK

Sorry, I can't help you.

WAREHOUSE

An old school dank space with a low ceiling and no windows.

Harsh florescent lights expose cracks in the concrete floor, nothing like the postmodern front that Poly Vac puts on.

Someone from the inside pulls open the vertically-sliding double doors of a FREIGHT ELEVATOR... It's Jerry.

He steps out, yawns. Naomi quickly follows him out of the rickety elevator.

Jerry escorts her down the narrow shelf-lined corridor. An overhead florescent tube blinks. He passes an intersection.

NAOMI

So what was your previous boss li--

JERRY

Follow me and keep your mouth shut.
Down to the right is the loading
dock and our trash compactor. It's
strong enough to pulverize plastic.

Naomi catches a glimpse of the caged machine and the huge stainless steel HYDRAULIC PISTON it uses to crush anything.

PACKAGING

Jerry leads Naomi past an ASSEMBLY LINE of shrink-wrapped plastic trays filled with surgical instruments.

JERRY

Poly Vac is a 120,000 square foot
facility that uses a key card
security system at all points of
entry and between departments.
Please stay behind the yellow line.

Beyond the yellow line... An automatic shrink-wrap machine VACUUM-SEALS tray after tray, then deposits them into neat stacks before they enter a much bigger apparatus.

MANUFACTURING

Jerry swipes his ID badge, opens the door and ushers Naomi into a much brighter wing of the warehouse.

EMPLOYEES monitor a half dozen hulking machines as they whir and hiss through automated cycles.

Each unit has a four foot long metal syringe-shaped cylinder that pistons in and out of what looks like a big microwave.

Unseen hydraulics HISS. Rubber hoses gyrate as the pressure surging through them wildly fluctuates.

Jerry points to a thick pipe descending from the ceiling that splits and connects to all the machines. There's a RED-SPOKED WHEEL attached to the MAIN VALVE...

JERRY

All the injection cylinders are gas powered. If there's a gas leak, the main shut off valve is here.

He taps the thick glass of the viewing window. Inside the microwave-looking chamber, the blunt tip of the cylinder enters the cavity. Naomi watches the mechanical penetration.

JERRY

It takes five-hundred tons of clamping force to make sterilizable thermoform plastic and bullet resistant molded shapes for armored vehicles. It's very hot stuff.

The cylinder retracts, plunges again. Jerry enjoys watching the industrial intercourse, much to Naomi's dismay.

NAOMI

Can we go now? I think I've seen enough, Jerry.

JERRY

Wait, this is my favorite part.

A thick grey goo shoots out of the cylinder's tip, coating the entire cavity. Jerry laughs. Naomi sighs.

SECURITY

Jerry leads Naomi into the snug office filled with screens.

NAOMI

Cozy. What do you use for surveillance data storage?

JERRY

We've got a Black Box that's hardwired into the complex's concrete infrastructure.

Jerry points to a thick insulated cable that's bolted to the wall and disappears up into ceiling.

PLENUM

It's a dark crawlspace between a dropped ceiling and the actual ceiling where air circulates through the building.

There's an ACCESS HATCH that leads up into the...

INFRASTRUCTURE

Clamped and bolted to the concrete sidewall: The beefy long cable runs down the dark shaft towards a soft WHITE GLOW.

Tinny distant voices echo down the corridor. Two of them, a man and a woman converse. The glow intensifies the closer the cable gets to an intersection. The voices are louder here...

INFRASTRUCTURE - SURVEILLANCE HUB

It's Naomi and Jerry talking! Around the corner, the cable connects to a BLACK BOX about the size of a loaf of bread with blinking lights on it.

Someone's opened the box's CONTROL PANEL and attached a wiring harness to the device's onboard power supply.

That same person watches a security camera feed of Jerry and Naomi on one of the half dozen hastily set up flatscreens.

NAOMI (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
 Aren't you gonna ask me questions
 like the other department heads?

JERRY (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
 Nope. Don't give a shit.

SECURITY

Naomi pivots, faces Jerry...

NAOMI
 Well then, I've got one for you.
 Tell me what was your last boss
 like. Everyone else stonewalled me.

JERRY
 (sarcastic)
 He was a saint. And much taller
 than you. Follow me, ma'am.

WAREHOUSE - STORAGE CAGE

Jerry grabs the KEY FOB off his utility belt. He unlocks the narrow cage door leading into darkness. Naomi's behind him.

The FLICK of a switch. An overhead light blooms, revealing...

Hundreds of POLISHED STEEL surgical instruments stored in transparent cases. Each flawless shine twinkles under the florescent haze lighting up Naomi's wide eyes.

JERRY

We store the prototypes here used to make the molds. This piece is my personal favorite.

Jerry pulls out a case big enough to hold a guitar, slides it open, shows Naomi the four foot tall pair of SCISSORS! He pulls the freakish shears out of the case.

JERRY

Coroners use these to decapitate large animal specimens. You can cut the head off a Silverback gorilla with these babies.

Jerry snaps the huge blades shut.

JERRY

Just between us, if my old boss were here right now instead of you, I'd cut the prick's head clean off.

NAOMI

I see. You two didn't get along?

JERRY

I don't like know-it-all military washouts like you and him coming in here and poaching my promotion.

NAOMI

Your promotion?

TESS (V.O.)

(filtered through radio)
Jerry, bring Naomi to CEO Hart's office immediately.

NAOMI

(to herself)
Aunt Tess to the rescue.

JERRY
(into radio)
It'll be my pleasure.
(to Naomi)
After you. Ma'am.

He gestures to the exit, smirks. Naomi scoffs at Jerry.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

The entire area's a nest of wires, laptops and power supplies only its mad architect could navigate...

Griffin watches split-screen feeds from dozens of security cameras on his monitors. He focuses on an image of the CEO in his office talking into his smartphone...

CEO HART (V.O.)
(filtered through speaker)
I've got one interview left, the woman. I'll be in the air in an hour. Don't worry about Lang. Trust me, I've got him under control.

GRIFFIN
(talks to screen)
Don't bet on it, old man.

He finishes assembling an assault rifle, pops a fresh clip of ammo into the magazine well. On the floor, there's a DUFFEL BAG full of GUNS and GRENADES!

CEO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CEO Hart sits down at his posh desk. The silver-haired shark clears his throat, keys an INTERCOM...

CEO HART
Send her in.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin extracts a laptop out of the nest of electronics, then starts speed-typing. He listens to the interview.

CEO HART (V.O.)
(filtered through speaker)
Let's cut to the chase, Miss Kepnes. Tell me why you are the right candidate for the job.

NAOMI (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
 I learn from my mistakes and rise
 up to the next challenge, whatever
 it may be. I feel confident that I
 can step into this role and excel
 where my predecessor failed.

GRIFFIN
 You couldn't fill my shoes on your
 best day, Corporal Cupcake.

CEO HART (V.O.)
 And if your predecessor were here,
 what advice would you give him?

NAOMI (V.O.)
 Take responsibility for your
 mistakes and poor job performance,
 it will help you grow.

GRIFFIN
 I perform just fine, sweetheart.

CEO HART (V.O.)
 If he had a fraction of your
 character, you wouldn't be here
 right now. Griffin's a dishonest
 man with no sense of loyalty.

GRIFFIN
 You're the one with no LOYALTY!!!

On laptop screen: Strings of code scroll past at lightning
 speed. The inverted alphanumeric chains reflect off Griffin's
 sweat-speckled glasses.

The code stops scrolling. At the end of the line, there's a
 filename: *goodnitepoly.exe Execute? Y/N*

Griffin stabs the Y key with his fingertip. The screen goes
 dark. A wild-eyed Griffin stares at the BLACK MIRROR.

CEO OFFICE

CEO Hart leans forward in his chair, puts on a weathered
 rehearsed smile for a hopeful Naomi...

CEO HART
 I like you.

NAOMI
 Thank you, Sir.

CEO HART
But I'm not going to hire you.

NAOMI
I assure you I can meet any--

CEO HART
I need someone with more combat experience. Someone that when you look at them, you wouldn't dream of pulling a gun on them. And let's be honest, that's not you. Is it?

CEO laughs away the sexist comment. His words pulverize the hope in Naomi's eyes.

CEO HART
Maybe after we hire a new CSO, we could bring you on as a night guard or something. We'll keep your resume on file, Miss Kepnes.

Naomi sighs in defeat. CEO Hart looks down at his phone, doesn't like what he sees on the touchscreen.

NAOMI
Thank you for your time. I'll see myself out.

PRODUCT DESIGN

The Design Team sits at the community table with iPads in their laps. Man Bun looks up at the team...

MAN BUN
Is your Wi-Fi down?

DESIGN TEAM
Yes.

SECURITY

Jerry leans back in his chair in front of the monitors. They all go black. He tips backwards, catches himself.

JERRY
(to himself)
What the hell just happened?

He checks his cell phone, no service. Next, the radio. Jerry scans all the frequencies, nothing but static.

JERRY
Why isn't the battery back-up
kicking in?

Jerry stands, tries the door. It's locked.

JERRY
Come on.

He kicks the locked door, pulls on the handle, but it doesn't budge an inch.

Jerry tries to pry open the door with the edge of a FIRE EXTINGUISHER. He grunts and pushes as hard as he can...

No luck. He puts down the extinguisher. Jerry catches his breath, pulls out his gun and aims at the lock.

Jerry pulls the trigger. The bullet ricochets off the metal, spider-webs one of the dead monitors. He ducks and covers.

Until a KNOCK at the door spooks Jerry.

EXT. POLY VAC - PERIMETER GATE - DAY

The automated chain-link barrier leading to the street rolls shut, cuts off Poly Vac from the rest of the world.

MAIN ENTRANCE

Heavy duty metal shutters descend over the glass double doors and the foyer.

Employees trapped inside watch daylight dwindle as shutters roll down and cover each and every window.

INT. LOBBY - DAY

Naomi and the snooty Receptionist watch the steel shutters descend, sealing them in the building.

NAOMI
Call 9-1-1. Now.

The Receptionist checks her SMARTPHONE for a signal: It's still got three bars. The line's ringing. A guy answers, but before he can finish a word, the line goes dead.

RECEPTIONIST
 Hello? You there? Hello?
 (to Naomi)
 The line went dead.

The Receptionist opens the LOCKED DRAWER. She and Naomi rifle through all the phones. None of them have service.

SECURITY

Jerry presses his ear against the thick door...

JERRY
 Speak up, I can't hear you.

MALE VOICE
 (muffled through door)
 It's Jenkins.

JERRY
 Hey, I'm stuck in here and the card
 reader's dead.

MALE VOICE
 Then shoot the lock.

JERRY
 Bullets bounce right off it.

MALE VOICE
 That's because you don't have armor-
 piercing rounds, like I do. How's
 the wife, Jerry?

JERRY
 Griffin?

Bullets rip through the door. A round skewers Jerry's leg. He dives for cover under the desk. Above him, all the LED's shatter, rain shards down onto the floor.

Jerry huddles under the desk, until there's a break in the gunfire. He hops up on the desktop, pushes aside the drywall ceiling tile, hoists himself up to safety.

A smirking Griffin kicks open what's left of the door, enters the room. He loads a fresh clip. Griffin scans the area, sees Jerry's bloody fingerprints all over the ceiling.

A red LAND LINE phone rings. Griffin checks his watch.

GRIFFIN
 (to himself)
 Right on time.

He pulls out a tiny speaker-shaped VOICE MODULATOR, answers the phone and talks through the device...

 GRIFFIN
 (sounds like Jerry)
 This is Interim Security Chief,
 Jerry Weston. Figured you'd be
 calling me right about now.

 POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
 This is County Dispatch. I've got
 an emergency shutdown at your
 location. Challenge code, please.

 GRIFFIN
 Flotilla. Sapphire. Bravo. Lima.

 POLICE OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Code confirmed. Do you need any
 further assistance?

 GRIFFIN
 No, got a false alarm here. I'm
 running a diagnostic and forgot to
 disable the containment protocols.
 Thanks for calling, we're all fine.

Griffin hangs up the phone, then shoots it to pieces.

He kneels down, types a code into the Lock Box. He pulls open the door. There's a half-dozen GLOCK handguns and a stack of full clips in the reinforced strong box.

Griffin extracts a GRENADE out of his utility belt, pulls the ring out of the pin and sets the explosive in the box.

WAREHOUSE - LOADING DOCK

Several LABORERS and two ARMED GUARDS try to pry open the metal shutters over both docking bays.

Behind them, Griffin strides into view!

He's clad in full tactical BODY ARMOR. Goggles and a balaclava obscure his face.

Griffin rack-slides his fully automatic ASSAULT RIFLE with GRENADE LAUNCHER attachment!

The employees turn and face him. The guards draw their sidearms. Griffin shoots them both dead.

The laborers panic, start to scatter.

 GRIFFIN
 Everyone! Down on the floor!

Griffin shoots the ceiling. The employees submit, hands in the air. They huddle around each other. Griffin drops a dozen ZIP-CUFFS on the floor, kicks them towards the hostages.

 GRIFFIN
 Hands behind your back. Do as
 you're told and you won't be hurt.

STORAGE CAGE

Exactly like the one Jerry showed Naomi, but empty. Griffin corrals his zip-tied HOSTAGES into the tight space.

One guy lunges at Griffin! He smashes the butt of his rifle against the idiot's jaw. The guy falls to the ground.

Griffin shoots him in the head. The rest of the employees beg and plead for their lives.

 GRIFFIN
 Behave yourselves and you won't be
 harmed. I'm not here for you. Do we
 have an understanding?

He points the rifle at his hostages. They all nod yes.

MANUFACTURING

The automated plastic-rendering stations are dormant. A few EMPLOYEES pound on the code-locked door.

Behind them, a tile of the DROP CEILING slides open. Griffin descends into the work area, assault rifle in hand.

 GRIFFIN
 Everyone step away from the door!
 Tie yourselves to the machines!

He throws a pile of zip-ties at their feet. The frightened staff just look at him.

Griffin shoots one poor guy in the chest. He falls dead, the rest of them recoil in shock. The staff zip-tie each other.

HUMAN RESOURCES

ABIGAIL leans back in her chair, takes a deep breath. She places her hand on her tummy. Tess approaches her...

TESS
Are you alright?

ABIGAIL
I think so.

TESS
Did you hear gunfire?

CEO'S OFFICE

CEO Hart paces, wrings his hands. The smartphone chimes, a push notification appears on screen.

He checks the incoming message: *It's Judgement Day, old man. Time to pay for your sins. With every penny you got.*

A file attachment speed-loads PDFs of Poly Vac documents. The color drains from Hart's face. He loosens his tie.

CEO HART
Griffin.

The overhead SPRINKLERS activate, soak the CEO. He uses his briefcase like an umbrella.

CEO HART
Help! Someone help me!

Naomi opens the door, her fancy hairdo completely undone.

NAOMI
What's going on? Is this a test?

CEO HART
We have to leave the building now,
Miss Kepnes! It's been compromised.

NAOMI
By whom?

A noise above them. Something moves in the ceiling. Naomi peers into the dark and wet RECEPTION AREA.

CEO'S RECEPTION AREA

Naomi steps into the foyer from the office.

Something in the corridor moves. Naomi squints, can't make out anything concrete. It's hard to hear over the sprinklers.

NAOMI
Hello? Who's there?

A drop ceiling tile hits the floor, crumbles. The CEO stays behind Naomi, uses her like a human shield.

From above, an intense blue-white LED beam shines down on the carpet. A leg swings down into view. Naomi grabs it.

A silhouetted figure with his back to Naomi lands on the floor. She wipes wet hair out of her eyes.

Just in time to see the droplets of water glinting down the barrel of a GLOCK pistol turning towards her!

Naomi wrist-locks and disarms the mystery man. The gun splish-splashes across the carpet. He kicks her in the gut. She counters with an ankle twist. The man yelps in pain.

JERRY
Stop. It's me, Jer--

She kicks him in the ribs, winds up for another pu--

JERRY
STOP! PLEASE!

NAOMI
Why are you pointing a gun at me,
you little creep?!?

JERRY
Because I thought you were him.

NAOMI
Who?

JERRY
Griffin, my old boss. He's back.

CEO Hart panics, checks his watch.

CEO HART
Are you sure it's him?

JERRY
Yeah, it's definitely him. And he's
very well armed and pissed off.

NAOMI
Where's the nearest exit?

JERRY

Doesn't matter. This place is locked up tight and Griffin Lang's got the only key.

NAOMI

How do you know all this?

JERRY

I saw it on the monitors. He's shut it all down, even the card readers. Gimme a hand. Please?

Jerry extends his hand. Naomi helps the wounded guard get to his feet. He hobbles on his good foot.

NAOMI

What happened to your leg?

JERRY

Griffin shot me.

Naomi takes Jerry's LED. She kneels, inspects the wound.

NAOMI

It's a through and through, you'll be fine.

JERRY

Gee, thanks. Are you my boss now?

NAOMI

No, I didn't get the job.

JERRY

Good.

(to CEO)

Sir, I recommend we wait in the lobby until the authorities arrive.

LOBBY

It's dry here and the lights are on. Scared employees mill about. Jarhead and the other SOLDIERS stay close to the CEO.

A soaked Naomi continues bandaging Jerry's leg. She eyeballs the group of guys. CEO Hart tries his cell in vain.

NAOMI

(to CEO Hart)

Sir, can you tell me anything about Griffin Lang that might help?

He ponders the request, then shakes his head no and holds onto his BRIEFCASE tight. Jarhead watches him close. Naomi sighs, then faces Jerry.

NAOMI

And what about you? You worked with him, what can you tell me about Griffin Lang's background?

JERRY

He's another ex-military jerk-off, just like you. We need to move--

Naomi knots the bandage tight. Jerry winces.

NAOMI

Until we know who we're dealing with, we're not going anywhere.

JERRY

Says who? You're not the boss of me, you don't even work here.

Tess approaches the bickering pair, clears her throat.

TESS

Griffin's file is in my office.

NAOMI

(to Jarhead)

Why don't you and your pals come with me?

JARHEAD

No, thanks. We'll stay here with the CEO while you play detective, ma'am.

Naomi glares at them, then looks over at Jerry.

TESS' OFFICE

It's dark in here. Someone kicks a drop ceiling tile onto the floor, shines an LED down into the empty room...

JERRY (O.S.)

All clear.

Naomi drops down into view. She looks up...

NAOMI

Aunt Tess, you're next.

TESS

You sure? I don't know.

Naomi nods, then claps her hands. Tess jumps down, lands clumsily in her arms. Naomi looks up at Jerry.

NAOMI

Come on, Jerry. I'll catch you.

JERRY

I don't need your help. I'll get down on my own.

NAOMI

No, you won't. Not on that leg.

JERRY

Go help your aunt, I'm good. I'll just wait up here.

NAOMI

Fine, then give me your gun.

JERRY

No way, not hap--

Naomi yanks Jerry down by his good ankle. The exact same grab she used on him outside the CEO's office. Jerry lands in her waiting arms, their faces are just inches apart.

JERRY

You can let go now. Or I'll have to file sexual harassment complaint with your aunt.

NAOMI

My pleasure.

They both push away from each other. Jerry hobbles over to the desk, leans against it and glares at Tess.

JERRY

And you should've just given me the key. You're a liability.

Tess unlocks a filing cabinet, thumbs through folders.

TESS

No way I'm giving you my key, I have a very complex filing sys--
What the? It's gone. It's not here.

NAOMI

What?

TESS
Griffin's personnel file, it's
missing. It was here yesterday.

NAOMI
(to Tess)
Does anyone else have a copy of
your key?

Tess nods yes.

HUMAN RESOURCES

Naomi, Jerry and Tess confront CEO Hart. Jarhead and the
soldiers keep a tight perimeter around him.

JERRY
Sir, I need you to open that
briefcase for me, please.

CEO HART
What? I most certainly will not.

NAOMI
We're cut off from the outside
world and if you have information
about Griffin Lang that can help
us, you're gonna open that case
right now.

CEO HART
This is outrageous. You have no
right to invade my privacy.

JARHEAD
Step off, ma'am.

NAOMI
No, you step off.

TESS
Don't you get fresh with my niece.

NAOMI
(to CEO Hart)
Sir, I don't have the right to make
you open that case. But you should
do it for your employees. Look at
them, they're terrified.

CEO Hart takes in all those scared faces staring right back
at him. He sighs, opens the case and hands Naomi a thick
folder. Jarhead sneaks a peek inside the case.

Naomi opens the folder. Tess and Jerry read along with her.

JERRY

Holy shit. He's won medals I haven't even heard of.

NAOMI

Special Forces. Counter Terrorism. Demolitions. Cyber Defense. This guy's a hero.

JERRY

Right up to his dishonorable discharge two weeks before he started working here.

TESS

That's odd. His personal records are redacted. No parents listed.

NAOMI

(to CEO Hart)

Why would you hire someone that was dishonorably discharged?

All eyes on CEO Hart.

CEO HART

Griffin's a very troubled young man that I tried my best to help. As a favor to an old friend. But he's out of control and needs to be stopped before he kills us all.

NAOMI

We're gonna need more guns.

JERRY

There's a lock box full of them in what's left of Security.

NAOMI

(to Jarhead)

How about some back up?

JARHEAD

We'll hunker down here, wait for the real cops.

Jarhead mock-salutes her. Naomi sighs.

HALLWAY

Naomi strides down the corridor. Jerry hobbles after her.

JERRY
Hey! What about me?

NAOMI
What about you?

JERRY
I can help y-- I mean, we can help each other.

NAOMI
And why should I trust you?

JERRY
Because I want to stop Lang even more than you do.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin eats potato chips, watches Naomi confront Jerry on a monitor...

NAOMI (V.O.)
(filtered through speaker)
If there's something you're holding back, you better tell me right now.

GRIFFIN
(sarcastic to screen)
Go on, tell her the truth, Jerry. I'm sure she'll understand.

JERRY (V.O.)
(filtered through speaker)
I've already told you everything.

HALLWAY

Naomi pulls down the red and white lever on a FIRE ALARM, but nothing happens. She sighs, glares at Jerry...

NAOMI
I don't need a Medal of Honor to know that you're holding out on me. What's your connection to Lang?

JERRY

OK, you got me. We used to smoke
spliffs in the parking lot. There,
happy now?

Naomi looks over his shoulder. There's chunks of shrapnel on
the floor. Jerry turns, sees the carnage near Security.

SECURITY

Naomi and Jerry creep into view. The coast is clear. Jerry
holsters his Glock.

Amongst the rubble, Naomi finds a handy LEATHERMAN MULTI-TOOL
and a MINI-LED FLASHLIGHT. She notices the padlock's open.

NAOMI

It's unlocked.

JERRY

We just got it installed. I forgot
to lock it. What's the big deal?

NAOMI

Wait, it could be a trap.

Jerry scoffs, opens the lid. A LIVE GRENADE tumbles out of
the Lock Box! The strike lever falls free from the explosive.

JERRY

Grenade!

He dives to safety, but it's too late for Naomi! The grenade
DETONATES, engulfs her in the blast!

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin watches the EXPLOSION on screen.

The aftermath of the blast obscures his view. The camera feed
turns to STATIC, then goes dead.

Griffin jumps up out of his chair, hoots and hollers. The bag
of chips goes flying. He doesn't notice.

GRIFFIN

You're fired, snowflake.

He laughs at his own joke.

On another split-screen: The CEO gathers worried employees in
the LOBBY.

Griffin glares at his ex-boss, tightens the straps on his state-of-the-art lightweight BODY ARMOR. He hums a happy tune, walks down the dark vent shaft.

The screen that Griffin watched the blast on twists with static, then flickers back to life...

The video of the explosion plays in HIGH-SPEED REVERSE, as if someone's reviewing the footage on a player.

Even though no one's in the room, but us...

SECURITY - FLASHBACK

The live grenade tumbles out of the Lock Box, then rolls to a stop at Naomi's feet.

JERRY

Grenade!

Jerry dives into the safety of the corridor, but there's not enough time for Naomi to join him. She thinks fast.

Naomi drops the grenade in the Lock Box. She shoves the box against the concrete wall under the desk.

The grenade DETONATES!

The Lock Box's door flies open, blow-torches the cement wall with concussive flames, like a rocket launching. While the other three sides of the security box contain the blast.

Naomi sails across the room, hits the floor hard.

END FLASHBACK.

Plumes of dust start to settle. Jerry stands in the smoking remains of the threshold.

JERRY

(coughs)

Hey! You alive? Naomi?

Naomi extracts herself from the rubble. She favors her left arm, it's peppered with fresh wounds.

JERRY

Are you alright?

NAOMI

No. You almost got me killed!

JERRY

I'm sorry.

NAOMI

What were you thinking?!?

JERRY

I don't know. Nothing.

NAOMI

Bullshit!

JERRY

I was thinking about, the last time
I saw Griffin before today.

NAOMI

What about it?

JERRY

I should've known he'd go nuts. I
should've said something.

NAOMI

Unless you're psychic, there's no
way you could've known about this.

Jerry looks away from Naomi. He wants to come clean.

JERRY

Where are you hurt?

NAOMI

Everywhere.

Jerry crouches, performs a cursory medical exam on Naomi as they talk...

JERRY

Nothing's broken. How do you feel?

NAOMI

Five kinds of dumb for letting you
open that box.

JERRY

Did any of the guns survive the
blast?

Naomi picks up the bloated carcass of the Lock Box. She turns it upside down, chunks of smoking metal shrapnel fall out.

NAOMI

We got some working parts, just not enough to piece anything together.

JERRY

(sarcastic)

Hooray for our side.

LOBBY

The imprisoned staff's in mid-panic after that blast. Tess and CEO Hart appeal to the crowd...

TESS

(yells in vain)

Everyone please remain in the lobby until emergency services arrive.

CEO HART

Stay calm, don't panic. Our Security Team will be here soon.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

You shouldn't make promises to your employees that you can't keep.

Jarhead and the soldiers part, exposing CEO Hart. His eyes go wide with recognition...

CEO HART

Griffin.

Sounds of unseen GUNFIRE freezes Tess in place. Dozens of employees scream. A wave of people run towards her.

The CEO pulls the young Receptionist out from under her desk against her will, hides there himself.

RECEPTIONIST

Asshole.

More shots. A chunk of drywall from the ceiling hits the floor in front of the mass of running humanity.

Behind them stands Griffin, assault rifle in hand. He's clad in full body armor, but no face mask this time. The large duffel bag's strapped to his back.

GRIFFIN

Face down on the floor! Hands behind your head! NOW!!!

Most of the employees comply, but not the soldiers.

A BEAN COUNTER from Financing helps a group try to lift the shutters over the front entrance. They grunt and strain...

But the barrier doesn't budge.

Griffin opens fire, shoots over their heads.

GRIFFIN

No one's allowed to leave unless I
say so! NO ONE!!!

The rest of the panicked staffers comply, including the slick MARKETING DOUCHE that interviewed Naomi. They all back away from the shutters, drop to the floor.

Griffin loads a fresh clip into the rifle...

GRIFFIN

CEO Hart! Show yourself. Have you
ever wondered, Sir, if you actually
have a beating heart in that old
chest of yours? Well, I think it's
time we open it up and find out!
So, come on out and face your
punishment like a man. For once!

No response.

GRIFFIN

Hmmm, if I were a lying coward,
where would I be hiding? I wonder.

Griffin turns, levels the rifle at the Receptionist. She points to her desk. He places his index finger over his lips.

The Receptionist backs away. Griffin kicks over the desk, exposes the CEO. He pulls his old boss up. CEO Hart huddles behind Jarhead and the SIX soldiers.

CEO HART

(to Jarhead)
Keep him away from me.

JARHEAD

I don't take orders from you.

GRIFFIN

He takes his orders from me.

Griffin tosses his assault rifle to Jarhead. He catches the weapon, aims it at CEO Hart. Griffin opens the duffel.

All but one of the soldiers grab weapons, key cards and walkie-talkies. The odd man out looks confused...

ODD MAN OUT
What's going on here?

JARHEAD
It's a party, you're not invited.

Jarhead shoots the unsuspecting soldier dead. Staffers scream, run for cover. The armed soldiers corral them.

SECURITY

Naomi ponders something, until she and Jerry hear distant gunfire and screaming...

JERRY
That's gotta be Lang.

NAOMI
I don't get it, why did Lang
destroy the control room?

JERRY
So no one else can use it to
surveil his movements.

NAOMI
But then he can't watch us, it
doesn't make any sense.

JERRY
Unless he's already watching us
from somewhere else.

NAOMI
He would need an independent power
source. Something he can directly
tap into that can't be overridden.

Jerry points at the insulated thick cable that's clamped to the wall and disappears up into the ceiling.

JERRY
You mean, like a Black Box?

PLENUM

A monofilament TRIP WIRE shines in the darkness. It's strung over multiple tiles, connected to a clay-looking white square of PLASTIQUE EXPLOSIVES on the wall!

NAOMI (O.S.)
 (muffled through ceiling)
 Yeah, exactly like a Black Box.

JERRY (O.S.)
 (muffled through ceiling)
 I can't make that climb.

NAOMI (V.O.)
 (muffled through ceiling)
 Do you think you can handle giving
 me a boost?

SECURITY

Jerry sighs, then takes a knee. He interlaces his palms together close to the ground, takes a few deep breaths.

NAOMI
 Ready?

JERRY
 No. Do it.

Naomi plants a foot on Jerry's palm. He gives her a leg up, steadies himself. Blood seeps through his bandaged ankle.

She holds the shining mini-LED in her mouth, then slowly pushes a section of the drop ceiling up just a crack...

PLENUM - CONTINUOUS

The flimsy tile grazes the wire! But maintains its connection to the explosives.

Naomi peers wide-eyed into the shaft, lifts the ceiling just enough to slide her middle and index finger along the edge.

She aims the narrow beam into the darkness, runs her fingers all around the rectangle's perimeter.

Naomi pivots in Jerry's shaky palms. He grunts below, his grip slips. Naomi almost drops the LED.

She descends a few inches, then pops right back up, but higher this time. The trip wire stretches to its limit!

NAOMI
 (light in mouth)
 Steady.

Jerry resets his stance. Fresh blood pools at his feet.

JERRY
I got you.

NAOMI
Are you sure?

JERRY
No.

Naomi resumes her search of the lifted tile. Her index and middle fingers rub along the unseen edge.

NAOMI
Almost done.

JERRY
(groans)
Hurry up.

She puts away the mini-LED, exhales a cleansing breath. Her fingertips are an inch away from the--

NAOMI
Wait. I found something. Very thin.

Naomi pinches the wire against the tile's edge.

JERRY
Can you cut it?

NAOMI
Maybe.

She gingerly reaches down into her pants pocket, extracts the Leatherman multi-tool. It's a high class Swiss Army Knife with locking vice grips.

Naomi opens the mini-scissors, slides the shears upwards through the tiny crack. She holds her breath...

NAOMI
Three. Two. One.

Jerry closes his eyes. Naomi too. She cuts the wire. The monofilament line falls free. Trap disarmed.

NAOMI
Got it.

Naomi pushes the tile out of the way. She climbs up into the roomy vent shaft, notices the C-4.

NAOMI
Holy shit, he rigged the ceiling
with C-4. If that went off--

JERRY
We'd both be dead.

NAOMI
Think I'll hold onto this.

Naomi pulls the detonator wire out, pockets the explosive.

The distant sounds of gunfire echo down the shaft. Naomi lies on her belly next to the opening, extends her arms down...

NAOMI
That's Lang. I'm coming down.

JERRY
No, you go. It's about time I stood
up to Griffin.

NAOMI
You don't stand a chance alone.

JERRY
Go find his stash, then come and
save my sorry ass.

Jerry looks up to Naomi. There's something in her eyes that wasn't there before... RESPECT.

More gunfire echoes through the vent shaft.

Naomi nods yes, extends her hand down from the ceiling. Jerry reaches up. They shake hands.

NAOMI
I'll see you soon.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Jarhead and the armed soldiers corral the hostages. Griffin smirks at CEO Hart.

CEO HART
Griffin, please. This is madness.

GRIFFIN
No, it isn't. Not yet.

CEO HART

Let everyone go. I'll stay behind
and be your hostage.

Griffin drives the rifle butt into the CEO's spine, knocks
him to the floor and lords over his old boss...

GRIFFIN

Hand over the case.

CEO HART

What for? There's nothing in there
of value.

GRIFFIN

Except the flash drive for your off-
shore accounts that the Board of
Directors doesn't know about.

Jarhead takes the briefcase from CEO Hart. He hands the case
to Griffin.

JARHEAD

The money better be there, Lang.

GRIFFIN

Relax, you'll get paid in full.
He's got hundreds of millions
stashed away all over the globe.

Jarhead and the soldiers like the sound of that. Griffin
opens the case, grabs the thumb drive.

CEO HART

I'm not giving you the password,
you're just gonna have to kill me.

GRIFFIN

No, you're going to live long
enough to regret what you've done.

He plugs it into a LAPTOP. The mobile device powers up. A
decryption program boots. TWO HOURS to crack the accounts.

GRIFFIN

Everyone, man your posts. There's
still one security guard missing.

JARHEAD

(to soldiers)
Move out.

Far behind and above Griffin: A drop ceiling tile shifts,
then disappears upwards. The departing soldiers don't notice.

Jerry peers down, watches the chaos. He doesn't have a clear shot on Griffin. Too many hostages around him. Jerry drops down into the office. No one sees him.

INFRASTRUCTURE

Naomi climbs up from the PLENUM through an ACCESS HATCH. She scans every inch of the ground with the mini-LED light.

No trip wires in sight.

Naomi keeps an eye on the bolted cable along the wall that leads to the Black Box and Griffin's lair.

She shines the light on a RAT. The vermin gnaws on an empty bag of potato chips. Same brand Griffin ate earlier.

NAOMI
(to rat)
Where'd you get that?

Naomi steps over a large VENT GRATE, closes on the rat. It stops nibbling, eyeballs the approaching human.

NAOMI
C'mon, show me.

The Rat retreats virtually on cue, as if somehow the vermin understood Naomi. She grins, moves to pursue.

An unseen TURBINE churns to life, spools up to a high-pitched DRONE in seconds. The rat double-times down the shaft.

High-speed forced air shoots up into the shaft, blasts Naomi like she's in a WIND TUNNEL! She stumbles backwards, right onto the Vent Grate!

Naomi falls through the thin cover! She drops the mini-LED, catches the edge with her hands. Naomi looks down the shaft, the metal grate falls into the dark exhaust port.

Just a few feet below Naomi, the grate ricochets off spinning BLADES. The turbine shreds the metal with ease.

In the smooth metallic shaft, Naomi tries in vain to get traction with her feet. She starts to lose her grip!

The turbine powers down, stops blowing air on Naomi.

Naomi uses her upper body strength, hoists herself up towards safety. Almost there. The familiar churning starts again.

NAOMI
Not fair. So not fair!

The turbine powers up again. This time the blades move in the opposite direction -- SUCKING AIR DOWN!

A bunch of crumpled greasy snack wrappers smack Naomi in the face, much to her dismay.

NAOMI
(spits out wrapper)
Really?

She hangs on to the shaft's edge for dear life with just ONE HAND! Her feet dangle inches above the spinning blades.

The beam of the fallen mini-LED shines on Naomi. She grits her teeth, digs deep and grabs onto the edge with both hands.

Naomi grunts, lifts herself inch by grueling inch against the savage wind until she rolls free from the turbine.

She lies on her back, catches her breath.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Griffin looks at the tablet. Eighty minutes until the hack is complete. CEO Hart stares at the countdown.

CEO HART
I'll give you half of it to call this off. I won't notify the authorities for two hours, just take the money and leave now.

GRIFFIN
I'll take what I want from you, when I want. You don't negotiate with me.

Griffin's gaze falls on Tess, her eyes frozen wide in fear.

GRIFFIN
I hate that stupid dog sweater, take it off.

TESS
But I'm not wearing any--

GRIFFIN
I said take it off!

Tess pulls the sweater over her head, exposing her bra. He snaps his fingers in her face. Tears well up in her eyes, she hands over the sweater.

Griffin drops the tacky sweater at CEO Hart's feet...

GRIFFIN

Put it on.

CEO Hart starts to take off his designer suit jacket. Griffin kicks him again and again. Tess looks away.

GRIFFIN

No! No! No! I want it over your
Brooks Brothers shit suit.

The CEO pulls the tight novelty sweater over his head, slowly unrolls it over his five figure suit.

Pistol in hand, Jerry sneaks closer to the action. He peeks out from behind a desk, sees Tess, but still has no clear shot on Griffin or the soldier.

Tess makes eye contact with Jerry. He holds his index finger over his lips.

Griffin notices her looking past him. He pivots, sees no one, then quickly sneaks up to where Jerry's hiding. He rounds the corner, aims his assault rifle...

At no one. He notices drops of FRESH BLOOD on the carpet.

Griffin points his rifle at Tess. He presses the barrel against her forehead. She weeps.

GRIFFIN

(yells)

I know you're here, Jerry. Give
yourself up and I won't shoot this
nice lady in the head.

TESS

Please, don't kill me.

GRIFFIN

Jerry we both know you don't have
the stones to shoot me. So, be a
good boy and come on out.

Tess clasps her hands in prayer, closes her eyes and mumbles to herself. Griffin's finger grazes the trigger.

GRIFFIN

Five. Four. Three. Two.

TESS
Don't shoot! PLEASE!

GRIFFIN
ONE!

JERRY (O.S.)
Stop! I'm coming out.

Jerry stands up from behind a desk. He holds the gun by the muzzle, puts his hands up high.

GRIFFIN
Slowly place the gun on the floor
and kick it over to me.

Jerry complies. The Glock slides across the carpet, stops near Griffin's tactical boot. Griffin lowers the rifle. Tess sighs in relief, collapses on the floor.

The soldier aims his machine gun at Jerry.

JERRY
(to Tess)
Are you alright?

Tess nods yes. Jerry takes off his button down shirt, gives it to her. She takes the clothing, manages a weak smile...

TESS
Thank you.

She covers herself, much to Griffin's dismay. He glares at Jerry, then the beige carpeted booth.

GRIFFIN
Hey! Google Head! Tell me about
that beige thingy.

Man Bun clears his throat, straightens his hoodie...

MAN BUN
Well, the privacy pod is part of
Agile Scrum standards, which
maximizes the opportunity for
meaningful employee interactions.

GRIFFIN
(chuckles)
Did they teach you that on your
first day at Google School?

He shoots up the Agile desks with his assault rifle, then aims at a flustered Man Bun.

JERRY
Leave him alone, Griffin.

GRIFFIN
Then YOU show me how it works.

JERRY
How what works?

GRIFFIN
The PRIVACY POD!!! Get in it!!!

The soldier pushes Jerry into the pod.

GRIFFIN
I think you should call your wife
and tell her what a bad boy you've
been. And say goodbye to your kids.

JERRY
I can't do that.

GRIFFIN
Can't or won't?

JERRY
None of the phones are working.

GRIFFIN
(snaps his fingers)
Oh, right. My bad. Here, use mine.

Griffin pulls out an old school BURNER CELL. He enters a code, then a legit DIAL TONE hums on the cheap speaker. Jerry stares at the working phone.

CEO Hart grabs for the phone. Griffin pulls it way at the last second, then elbows the CEO to the ground.

GRIFFIN
Behave yourself, or I'll be forced
to have a change of heart about
your life span.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

An armed soldier watches the flatscreens. Camera feeds in Product Design show Griffin taunting Jerry.

Behind the soldier, footsteps echo closer. A small beam of light flickers on a wall. Naomi peeks around the corner.

Through the nest of wires, she makes out the soldier and notices he's heavily armed. Naomi sneaks up on him.

On flatscreen: Griffin offers the cell to Jerry...

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
 C'mon, Jerry. Don't you want to
 talk to your family before you
 fucking die?

 SOLDIER
 (laughs, drinks a Coke)
 You're crazy, Lang.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 Put the call on speaker and don't
 try anything cute.

Naomi slides a power cord over the soldier's head, pulls tight. He chokes and struggles. The beefy guy rises. Naomi hangs on tight. Her legs dangle in midair.

The soldier backs into the wall, slams Naomi against the concrete again and again. She holds on tight, twists the cord with one hand and kidney-punches the soldier with the other.

He staggers forward, grabs his machine gun. The soldier fires wild, gasps for air. Bullets ricochet off the shaft. His eyes are bloodshot, his face red. He convulses, drops the gun.

Naomi releases him, picks up the machine gun. She aims at him, pulls the trigger. Nothing happens! She looks down at a blinking RED LIGHT on the pistol grip.

 NAOMI
 Shit.

The soldier charges Naomi. She sidesteps the attack, puts him in a WRIST LOCK and presses his palm against the grip. The red light turns GREEN. She blows a hole through his back.

The dead soldier crumples in a heap. Naomi exhales in relief.

She catches her breath, marvels at the complexity of the hub's set up. Naomi follows the stack of power supplies to the BLACK BOX!

 NAOMI
 (to herself)
 There you are. And where is your
 power supply?

Right above Naomi's head: There's a WARNING SIGN attached to a thick metal pipe. It's for the GAS MAIN. Tucked behind that is a big brick of C-4 that's wired to a blinking DETONATOR!

NAOMI

Fuck me.

Naomi opens the laptop, looks at strings of the algorithm's code streaming down the screen. She types fast, but an ACCESS DENIED dialogue box pops up on every attempt. Naomi sighs.

NAOMI

Come on.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Jerry makes the call. He looks at all the MOTIVATIONAL QUOTES posted in the pod as the ring tone chimes...

*Either you run the day, or the day runs you.
 Dreams don't work, unless you do.
 Are you procrastinating or innovating?
 Push yourself. No one is going to do it for you.*

Someone picks up on the other end...

JERRY'S WIFE (V.O.)

(filtered through speaker)

Hello?

JERRY

(into phone)

Hi honey.

JERRY'S WIFE (V.O.)

Hey you, I almost didn't pick up.
 Your caller ID's blocked.

JERRY

I'm using someone else's phone,
 honey. Mine's not working.

JERRY'S WIFE (V.O.)

Don't forget, you're picking up
 Paul tonight after hockey practice.

JERRY

I won't forget. I promise.

JERRY'S WIFE (V.O.)

Is everything OK? You sound tense.

JERRY

It's been a very long day and I really wanted to hear your voice.

JERRY'S WIFE (V.O.)

What's going on, Jerry? Talk to me.

GRIFFIN

(whispers to Jerry)

Tell her about your girlfriend in the hot tub. Or I'll kill your wife and little boy too.

Jerry covers the phone with his palm. Tears well up in his eyes. He takes a breath, uncovers the cell...

JERRY

I've been cheating on you, for months. I'm sorry, honey.

JERRY'S WIFE (V.O.)

What? Is this a joke?

JERRY

I wish it was. But it's not.

JERRY'S WIFE (V.O.)

Why? Why would you do this to us?

JERRY

Because I'm an idiot.

Jerry's wife cries into the phone.

JERRY

I wanted to tell you face to face, but that's not an option anymore.

JERRY'S WIFE (V.O.)

I don't understand.

JERRY

Tell Paulie I love h--

Griffin takes the burner cell away from Jerry, hangs up the call and pockets the phone.

GRIFFIN

Touching. I almost bought it.

(to CEO Hart)

What about you, old man? Did you find his confession compelling?

CEO Hart looks away from Griffin.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Another ACCESS DENIED. Naomi tries again, but every time she tries to circumvent the code, she's shut out.

She sees Jarhead and the soldiers on screen. They're guarding hostages in Manufacturing and the Warehouse.

JERRY (V.O.)
(filtered through speaker)
Please, don't kill me. I didn't say
anything about that night. I kept
my end of the deal!

Naomi curses her luck, watches Jerry beg. She sees the mostly empty DUFFEL BAG on the floor, checks its contents:

Duct tape. Wiring. Detonators. And one measly pistol. It's not a smart gun. Naomi pulls out the clip, it's empty.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
(filtered through speaker)
I know you did, but you shouldn't
have allowed yourself to be
blackmailed so easily by a
disgruntled ex-employee.

There's ONE BULLET in the breech. Naomi sighs. She tucks the pistol into her waist.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
You gave me access to the company,
so your wife wouldn't find out what
a pathetic lying hypocritical loser
you are!

NAOMI
Hang on, Jerry. I'm coming.

Naomi leaves. Which is why she doesn't see something very important on the camera feeds. MARCUS at the Main Gate!

On split-screen: Marcus hollers into the public INTERCOM...

MARCUS (V.O.)
(filtered through speaker)
Hello? Can anyone hear me?

Marcus sighs. He pulls out his cell phone, dials and listens to Naomi's voicemail message again.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Jerry looks away from the accusatory glares of the hostages.

JERRY

(appeals to crowd)

I had no idea he was going to do this. I swear! I figured he was just gonna download some virus onto the company's database.

GRIFFIN

I'm sorry, Jerry, but I'm afraid that I'm gonna have to let you go.

SECURITY

Naomi jumps down from the ceiling into the Control Room, gun in hand. The blown out Lock Box sits at her feet.

MARCUS (V.O.)

(filtered through phone)

Naomi, I can't get through to you or your Aunt Tess. If you don't call me back in five minutes, I swear I'm coming in there after you, girl. Call me.

PRODUCT DESIGN

CEO Hart watches Jerry beg for his life. Griffin's index finger hovers over the rifle's trigger.

JERRY

C'mon. We used to share spliffs in the parking lot. Remember?

GRIFFIN

Goodbye, Jerry. It's time to pay for your sins.

Jerry braces for the bullet.

HALLWAY

Naomi runs down the corridor. The hostages scream, the sound's much closer now.

She passes a PORTABLE DEFIBRILLATOR KIT on the wall. There's a code-key locked door with a window dead ahead. An armed soldier stands on the other side, his back to Naomi.

NAOMI
 (under her breath)
 Gimme a break.

Naomi retreats, grabs the Defib Kit. She opens the kit, pulls out the paddles. Naomi yanks the wire out of one of them, then strips it old school with her teeth.

She adheres one exposed end to the working paddle with a big glob of Defib gel. Naomi crawls up to the door, slides the other end right into the ID card reader. It's a perfect fit.

Naomi charges the battery. The high-pitched HUM of full power fills the room. She knocks on the glass. The soldier turns, sees Naomi. She smiles, waves hello.

The goon pulls out his key card. As he slides it through the reader on his side, she discharges the paddles he can't see!

A shower of sparks SHORT-CIRCUITS the lock, electrocutes the unsuspecting soldier. The force of the blast throws Naomi on her back. The lock disengages. The secured door creaks open.

Naomi groans, comes around, a little crispier than before. She checks the goon's weapon. It's another smart gun. She takes it and his key card, runs down the narrow corridor.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Griffin aims at Jerry, then lowers his weapon and grabs the CEO by the scruff of his puppy sweater. He pushes him down to the floor.

GRIFFIN
 On your knees, old man! Next to
 him! Now! Move!

Griffin kicks CEO Hart in the gut again and again.

MAN BUN
 Stop it. He needs a doctor.

GRIFFIN
 Wrong, Google Head. You do.

Griffin shoots Man Bun in the chest! The hoodie-clad employee falls forward, crumples in a heap. Tess screams. Jerry checks Man Bun's pulse, shakes his head no. He glares at Griffin.

TESS
 (to Griffin)
 Why? He did nothing to you.

GRIFFIN

Because your dear old boss is
keeping company secrets from you.

(to CEO Hart)

Tell them what you've done or I'll
make you watch me kill everyone in
the building, one by one!

CAFETERIA

Naomi swipes the stolen key card through the reader. She
opens the door, scans the public eating area until she
locates the VENDING MACHINE.

Naomi smashes the glass with the butt of the stolen gun. She
grabs a bag of GUMMI BEARS.

HALLWAY

Naomi returns to the electrocuted soldier, opens up his palm
and exposes his thumb and fingerprints.

She rips open the bag of GUMMI BEARS. Several colorful candy
critters hit the floor near the dead soldier's hand. She
presses one of the bears hard against his index fingertip.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Griffin circles behind Jerry and CEO Hart. Both them on their
knees, hands behind their heads.

JERRY

Killing everyone solves nothing. Do
you think he cares about us? He's a
CEO, all he cares about is himself.
And if you kill him, you'll become
the monster that he already is.

GRIFFIN

I've done nothing compared to him!
He's falsified airdrops all over
the world and pocketed hundreds of
millions while tens of thousands
died without proper medical care.
People with AIDS that needed those
kits died because of him!!!

CEO HART

Lies! You have no proof.

GRIFFIN

You covered your tracks before I could extract the data from the mainframe. But I can still bankrupt your off-shore accounts and ruin your career. Which is the only thing you ever cared about!

CEO HART

Kill me and you'll be just another nut job with a gun. You'll be forgotten the next time someone runs over a bunch of protestors.

GRIFFIN

So be it.

Griffin shakes with RAGE, aims his rifle at CEO Hart.

NAOMI (O.S.)

Pull that trigger and you're a dead man, Griffin Lang.

Naomi aims the stolen pistol at Griffin. Jerry looks over his shoulder, sees Naomi. He exhales in relief.

Griffin chuckles and golf-claps. The soldier aims his assault rifle at Naomi.

GRIFFIN

(to soldier)

Lower your weapon. I got this.

(to hostages)

Did you hear that everyone? You've been saved by your new CSO! Give her a big round of applause, folks! It's her first and most likely last day on the job!

No one claps.

NAOMI

I didn't get the job.

GRIFFIN

After seeing your resume, I can't say I'm surprised.

NAOMI

Lower your weapon, or I'll shoot.

GRIFFIN

Wait, is that my broke ass gun? The one I left behind?

Naomi covers the gun's empty magazine well. Griffin laughs.

GRIFFIN

It is! I knew it. You found that in my duffel bag, didn't you?

NAOMI

Yeah. So what?

GRIFFIN

That pistol doesn't work, honey. It's got no firing pin. And the rest are smart guns you can't use, so give up while you can.

NAOMI

You're bluffing.

GRIFFIN

See for yourself, sweetheart. Check the barrel. Your Aunt Tess won't mind living a few seconds longer.

(to Tess)

Will you? Hmmm? Am I right?

He pokes her chest with the assault rifle's muzzle. Aunt Tess shakes her head no, chokes back tears.

NAOMI

Leave her alone.

Naomi closes the gap on her target.

Griffin grins at her...

GRIFFIN

And even if that gun worked, I don't think you'd shoot me, Miss Cyber Network Defender. That's right. I pulled your service record and had myself a good laugh. Did you really think your under-qualified ass could replace me?

Naomi squeezes the trigger. The lone bullet erupts from the chamber! Griffin's head snaps back!

She snips Jerry's zip-ties with the Leatherman. The bullet GRAZED Griffin's temple. He wipes blood off his forehead.

GRIFFIN

Fucking bitch shot me! With a gun that doesn't fucking work!

NAOMI

It does now, sweetheart.

Naomi flips a desk, takes cover. Griffin and the soldier open fire, bullets rip through the desktop.

Round after round splinters every piece of trendy postmodern office furniture around Naomi. The hostages take cover.

Their clips run dry. Griffin and the soldier reload.

Naomi rises. She holds the pistol taken from the electrocuted soldier. GUMMI BEARS are taped to the grip! The LED glows GREEN. She fires at will, blows open the soldier's chest.

Griffin takes cover, launches an RPG! The rocket flies over desktop after desktop right at Naomi!

She dives behind another privacy pod. The streaking RPG hits its target, blows up the pod and flips over a bunch of desks!

TESS

Naomi!

Tess looks at what's left of the pod. She hangs her head, starts to cry.

TESS

Naomi. Baby girl, I'm so sorry.

GRIFFIN

Don't cry, you'll see her soon.

JERRY

Leave her alone. You always thought you were better than me, well put away the gun and prove it.

Griffin scoffs at his old co-worker. He pulls two slender FILET KNIVES out of sheaths.

Each one has a six-inch long stainless steel SCALPEL BLADE with a CURVED HOOK on the end!

GRIFFIN

Like them? I liberated them from our prototype department. They're used for filleting cattle like you.

He brandishes the fiendish blades. One with an overhand grip, the other underhanded, poised to stab at Jerry's heart.

Griffin charges, both blades coming in high and low. Jerry blocks the downward strike. He takes a slash across the forearm from the other knife. Jerry winces in pain.

A deep slash of exposed torso filets Jerry's gut. Blood stains the ripped shirt fast. Jerry stumbles backwards onto the floor. Griffin moves in for the kill...

Until Naomi FLYING-LEAPS onto Griffin's back! She wraps her limbs around him, holds on tight. He spins around, pulls his pistol and fires blind into the ceiling.

Naomi punches his bloody forehead hard, right in the fresh gunshot wound. Griffin howls in pain, drops the gun. He POWER-ELBOWS Naomi in the solar plexus again and again.

The blows knock the wind out of Naomi. Griffin peels her off his back, throws her to the ground. He pulls out his gun.

Griffin squeezes the trigger. Just as Tess steps into the line of fire! She takes the bullet for her niece, falls limp.

Jerry takes a clip from the dead soldier, reloads the Gummi Bear Glock. He opens fire. A bullet rips through Griffin's shoulder. He shakes off unconsciousness, staggers away.

Leaving behind his LAPTOP that's hacking into all of CEO Hart's off-shore bank accounts!

Jerry groans, cradles his bleeding gut and stumbles to his knees. He drops the gun, slumps over.

Some employees come out of hiding, aid the wounded. Others pray under their desks, including a frightened Abigail. She's breathing pretty hard.

Long Beard shakes Naomi. She comes around...

NAOMI

Aunt Tess?

Naomi pushes Long Beard away, looks around until she sees her aunt. Tess is barely alive. Naomi crawls over to her, holds her aunt's hand tight.

TESS

You're OK. I'm so glad.

NAOMI

Don't talk, I'll get help.

TESS

I wanted to turn all the bad decisions I made into something good for you, I'm so sorry.

NAOMI

It's OK. Don't talk. Save your--

TESS

Will you take JJ for me? I don't want him to die in a kill shelter.

NAOMI

He won't.

TESS

He's my little boy. Promise me.

NAOMI

I'll take care of your little boy for as long as I live. I promise.

Tess smiles, rests her head on Naomi's stomach and exhales her last breath. Her body goes limp in Naomi's arms. She cries, holds Tess close.

A group of staffers surround someone lying on the ground who's still alive. That groan sounds familiar...

NAOMI

Jerry?

The employees part as Naomi gets closer. It's Jerry. He's in real bad shape, but still breathing.

Jerry holds his guts together, sits on the floor with his back against a desk. He's lost a lot of blood.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

The wide-eyed body of the first soldier that Naomi killed lies on the floor.

His shoulder already bandaged, Griffin rips open a SUTURE KIT. He unwinds the spool, then pushes the sharp point through his forehead. Griffin stitches up the wound.

He makes a mistake, peels away some loose flesh.

GRIFFIN

(to the corpse)

Fucking bitch ruined everything.
Now, she's got my fucking money!

PRODUCT DESIGN

Wounded employees litter the floor. Including Abigail, the very pregnant woman. Naomi notices her breathing's labored, gives her a bottle of water.

NAOMI

Are you hit?

ABIGAIL

No. I think I'll be alright, it's just a lot of stress on the baby. She's not due for a few weeks.

NAOMI

Try to relax. OK?

Abigail nods and smiles, rubs her belly.

NAOMI

Have you picked out a name yet?

ABIGAIL

Not yet.

Naomi switches her focus to a nearby Jerry. She pours rubbing alcohol on his gut. He winces. She applies pressure on the wound with a clean T-shirt.

JERRY

I'm sorry about your aunt.

NAOMI

Sorry I was late. But it took a while to find a vending machine.

JERRY

But the Gummi Bear gun was cool.

The bag of candy crinkles in Naomi's shirt pocket. They share a smile, until Jerry coughs and grimaces. The shirt's soaked in blood. Naomi can't stop the bleeding.

The hoodie-clad Long Beard arrives. He hands Naomi a fresh FIRST AID KIT.

NAOMI

Thanks. Where's your boss? The nice guy with the man bun.

LONG BEARD

He didn't make it.

NAOMI

I'm sorry.

Long Beard sighs, then leaves. Naomi slowly peels away the bloody T-shirt, cleans Jerry's wound with fresh gauze.

JERRY

So, did you hear my confession?

NAOMI

Part of it. Think your wife will take you back?

JERRY

I doubt it. Do you got someone special out there?

NAOMI

Yeah, I do.

EXT. POLY VAC - MAIN GATE - DAY

Marcus pounds on the high fence, yells in vain. A big brown DELIVERY TRUCK pulls up next to him.

The UPS GUY steps out, speaks into the Intercom. No response. He pushes the buzzer again and again.

MARCUS

No one's answering.

UPS GUY

(talks to intercom)

Hello? Where are you guys? Come on.

While the impatient guy waits for a reply, Marcus hops on the back of the big box truck, hoists himself up to the roof.

He takes off his jacket. Marcus lays the old coat over the sharp BARBED WIRE coils atop the chain-link fence.

Standing on the truck's roof, Marcus shivers. He sees the distant Corporate Office. The UPS Guy notices Marcus...

UPS GUY

Hey! Get off my truck!

Marcus crawls over his leather jacket, then starts to repel down into Poly Vac property.

MARCUS

Sorry.

PRODUCT DESIGN

Thick white tape secures the bandages over Jerry's gut. Naomi inspects her work, satisfied.

JERRY

That's a good field dressing.

NAOMI

You know, she might take you back, if you ask her really nicely.

JERRY

I doubt it. Would you take me back?

NAOMI

But I don't have a kid with you. That makes a big difference.

Jerry smiles a little, nods in agreement.

JERRY

Yeah, it does.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

On a screen: Jarhead guards hostages in Manufacturing. Behind him, the fire engine red GAS MAIN SHUT OFF VALVE.

JARHEAD (V.O.)

(filtered through speaker)

Where's my fucking money, Lang? My account's still ten million light.

GRIFFIN

(into radio)

You'll get your money. Just make sure no one turns off the gas main and maintain radio silence. Out.

On a different monitor: A soldier guards the bound hostages stuck in the Storage Cage. Griffin switches channels...

GRIFFIN

(into radio)

I'm on my way to you. Get the hostages ready to move.

STORAGE CAGE

A dozen Zip-tied HOSTAGES huddle close together in the cramped chain-link rectangle.

A fully-armored Griffin strides up to the door. The soldier steps inside the cage. The hostages stand up.

GRIFFIN

Everyone, we're going for a walk.

HOSTAGE

Where are you taking us? Are you letting us go?

GRIFFIN

No. It's trash day. And you're all gonna pitch in.

Griffin smirks at his clueless hostages. The soldier brings up the rear, keeps the captives single file.

EXT. POLY VAC - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Marcus stares at the shuttered double doors. He pulls out his cell phone, tries Naomi again.

INT. POLY VAC - PRODUCT DESIGN - DAY

The muted sound of a PHONE RINGING fills the room. The chime jingles a few times before anyone reacts. Staffers shush others, listen hard.

Employees check their mobile devices, shake their heads no at each other. Other folks pick up land lines, no dial tones.

Naomi realizes something very important...

NAOMI

That's my ring tone. Marcus.

She looks around, spots the Receptionist that confiscated her phone when she arrived this morning.

NAOMI

(to Receptionist)

Excuse me! That's my phone ringing.

Naomi springs to her feet.

RECEPTIONIST

Here, take these. It's the red key.

The Receptionist pulls the LANYARD over her head, hands the KEY RING to Naomi.

LOBBY

The unseen phone rings and rings in the locked drawer near what's left of the Receptionist's desk.

Naomi runs into view, lanyard in hand. She hops over rubble, slides the red key into lock.

A dozen anxious staffers now surround Naomi, including the Receptionist, Long Beard and CEO Hart. The Caller ID reads: BLOCKED. She answers the phone...

NAOMI

Hello?

All eyes on Naomi. She listens to the silence...

RECEPTIONIST

(whispers)

Hang up and call 9-1-1.

HOODIE DOWN

(whispers back)

No. Tell them to call 9-1-1.

CEO HART

Give me that phone!

The CEO reaches for the cell. Naomi pulls away from him.

An ergonomic office chair in mid-flight smashes through the etched glass Poly Vac sign hanging on the wall!

The steel seat halves the high-priced signage, then tumbles to the floor. Glass letters shatter.

The ruckus upstages the mob violence. Everyone stops freaking out, looks around until they see who threw that chair.

Standing apart from the crowd, Jerry holds the bloody bandage over his slashed gut. He glares at the crowd...

JERRY

Everyone shut up! Let her talk!

Jerry winces in pain, manages to stay on his feet. Everyone stares at him, with fear and uncertainty in their eyes.

But not Naomi. She looks at Jerry, mouths the words THANK YOU, then speaks into her phone...

NAOMI

Who's there? Can you hear me?

A FaceTime request chimes. Naomi accepts. Griffin's twisted smirks fills the touchscreen.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
 You have something of mine that I
 want back. Give me the laptop and
 I'll let the rest of you live.

 NAOMI
 How about I smash it to pieces and
 we call it a day? If you even come
 near us, I'll crush the laptop. So
 don't even think about trying to
 come down here.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 No, I don't have to. Because you're
 going to bring it to me.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin points the phone's cam at the flatscreens. He lingers on a particular camera feed... That shows a dozen HOSTAGES standing in the TRASH COMPACTOR!

LOBBY

Naomi looks at the zip-tied captives on screen. They're packed like sardines in the industrial strength crusher. A soldier armed with an assault rifle guards the hostages.

 NAOMI
 (into phone)
 Let those people go. They didn't do
 anything to you.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 I'll gladly spare their lives in
 exchange for my laptop.

TRASH COMPACTOR

In the HOPPER, bound employees stand shoulder to shoulder. Unseen hydraulics hiss and clunk to life. Everyone screams.

The compression chamber activates, starts to vertically descend on the hostages! They crouch down, panic.

LOBBY

Naomi fixates on all those screaming faces. Just a few more feet and the hostages will be pulverized.

NAOMI
 (into phone)
 Wait! Stop! Turn it off!

On touchscreen: The compactor stops, then vertically retracts up into the chamber. The hostages stand, catch their breath.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
 You made the right choice. Just to keep you honest, let's say be there in three minutes or they die.

NAOMI
 I'll be there.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 By the way, the key card you stole doesn't work anymore, sweetheart.

NAOMI
 Then I need more time.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 Sure, but it'll cost you a hostage for every ten seconds you're late.

Griffin ends the call. The touchscreen goes dark. Naomi's blurred reflection stares back at her in the BLACK MIRROR.

Until a COUNTDOWN begins on screen 3:00... 2:59...

LONG BEARD
 It's gone. Someone took the tablet.

JERRY
 What? Who would take it?

NAOMI
 I know who.

CEO Hart holds onto his briefcase, watches Naomi stride towards him.

NAOMI
 Give me that tablet now.

CEO HART
 What tablet?

NAOMI
I don't have time for this.

CEO HART
And I don't know what you're--

Naomi punches CEO Hart in the face. She takes the briefcase away from the stunned man. Employees clap approval. Jerry claps the loudest of all.

JERRY
Wait, you'll need this. And take my key for the compactor's control box. Just in case.

A hobbling Jerry holds out the modified DEFIB KIT Naomi used earlier. She takes the key ring and kit from Jerry.

NAOMI
Thanks.

JERRY
I'd go with you, but I'd only slow you down. Good luck.

Naomi and Jerry share a smile. Her expression turns serious.

NAOMI
If I don't make it, I want you to tell my boyfriend Marcus that I love him and that he's the best thing that ever happened to me. Will you do that for me, Jerry?

Jerry nods yes.

HALLWAY

Naomi sprints down the corridor. She checks her phone. The Countdown reads 2:08... 2:07. The cell chimes. Naomi answers.

NAOMI
Don't you have anyone else to call?

GRIFFIN (V.O.)
(filtered through phone)
Why did Jerry give you that kit?

NAOMI
It's a gift. Jealous?

Naomi ends the call.

WAREHOUSE

Naomi double times it, eyeballs the card reader on the door dead ahead. She huffs and puffs to a stop, opens the kit.

She adheres the exposed wire to the working paddle with the Defib gel, slides the other end into the ID card reader.

Naomi charges the battery. The high-pitched HUM of full power fills the room. Naomi discharges the paddles.

The current SHORT-CIRCUITS the card reader. The stripped wire connecting the paddle and lock INCINERATES!

The blast of sparks throws Naomi on her back. The secured door creaks open. Naomi sits up. She smiles at her handy work and stops smiling when she checks her phone. 1:23... 1:22...

TRASH COMPACTOR

Behind the cage door, zip-tied hostages huddle. The armed soldier stands above them. Naomi arrives, 0:13 seconds left.

SOLDIER

Drop your weapon. Kick it to me.

The soldier aims his assault rifle at Naomi. She pulls out her Gummi Bear Glock, kicks it over to the goon.

NAOMI

Release the hostages.

SOLDIER

Tablet first. Hand it over.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin watches the exchange on screen.

GRIFFIN

(into radio)

After she gives you the tablet...

TRASH COMPACTOR

Naomi eyeballs the goon. As the soldier listens to an ear bud attached to his radio...

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

(filtered through ear bud)

Kill her. And the hostages too.

NAOMI

I brought the laptop. Raise the hopper and release the hostages.

SOLDIER

Give it to me now. Or I push the button and crush them all.

Naomi stands near a concrete column. She offers CEO Hart's closed suitcase to the soldier.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Check it before you shoot her.

SOLDIER

Set it on the floor. Step away.

Naomi complies. The soldier kneels opens the suitcase, keeps his rifle trained on Naomi the whole time.

On laptop screen: A long chain of algorithms ends with a dialogue box -- *Transactions Ready. Final Authorization Sequence needed to transfer funds. \$500,000,000!!!*

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Excellent. Kill them all, then bring the tablet to me.

The moment the soldier looks down at the laptop, Naomi steps behind the column. The soldier opens fire, pockmarks the concrete all around Naomi.

The soldier activates the compactor, leaves through a SERVICE EXIT with the tablet. The door's open!

Naomi has to choose: The tablet or the hostages. The light next to the crusher's Control Box turns RED.

The hydraulic piston above them hisses to life. All the hostages look up at the bone-crushing metal.

The vertical compressor shudders, descends. Some huddle, others try and hold back the crusher in vain.

Inch by bone-pulverizing inch, the compressor slowly forces all the captives to their knees. Just a few more seconds.

Naomi tries a key in the Control Box lock, doesn't fit. The next one's too big, but the one after that slides right in!

With a turn of the key, the control light turns GREEN. The piston hisses. The metal bar stops inches above the hostages.

HOSTAGES

The black button! Push it! Hurry!

Naomi presses the black button above the key. The crusher retracts upwards, hostages stand and help each other up.

Everyone exhales in relief. Naomi tries to open the cage door, but it won't budge.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin speed-types on his tablet. Long alphanumeric strings cascade down the screen.

HOSTAGES (V.O.)

(filtered through speaker)

The gate won't open. Hey! Help!

The code stops streaming. A red dialogue box blinks on the display: MANUAL OVERRIDE ENGAGED.

TRASH COMPACTOR

The Control Box light turns RED on its own! Hydraulics churn and pistons hiss.

Naomi turns the key, but the light stays red.

The crusher lowers towards the hostages. She pushes the white and red EMERGENCY STOP button several times. No effect.

Naomi panics, tries to pry the cage door open. Until her muscles give out. She gets an idea, pats down her shirt.

In her palm, sits the small chunk of C-4 she salvaged from the tripwire trap earlier.

Naomi wedges the explosive against the piston descending into the industrial cylinder. She jabs a needle-like detonator into the C-4, yells at the hostages...

NAOMI

Fire in the hole! Get in the far corner! Cover your ears!

The hostages follow her instructions, brace for impact.

The cylinder's inches away from the C-4. Naomi takes cover behind the concrete column, blocks her ears.

C-4 EXPLODES. The force of the blast disables the piston, sends columns of flames up into an EXHAUST VENT.

SERVICE EXIT

The same EXHAUST VENT that runs along this corridor. The soldier, laptop in hand, whistles as he walks.

A vacuum of air rushes past. Above him, the metal of the exhaust vent swells. Behind the soldier, fire shoots out of an exhaust port, ignites the corridor.

The next exhaust port bellows flames much closer to the soldier. He turns and runs from the blast. More and more flames consume the narrow passage.

The soldier drops his rifle, hugs the laptop to his chest and runs for his life. The exit's dead ahead. He smiles, until a fireball shot incinerates him and the laptop!

SURVEILLANCE HUB

On the flatscreen, Griffin watches his big pay day go up in smoke. His eyes fixate on the burning computer.

GRIFFIN

My money!!!

TRASH COMPACTOR

Blast debris settles. Naomi coughs, comes out of hiding. She strains to open the cage door, reaches down to the hostages.

NAOMI

Give me your hand. One at a time.

Naomi hoists up the first two victims fast. The others wait to be rescued. They start to help each other to safety.

NAOMI

Go to Product Design for help.

She looks down what's left of the SERVICE EXIT, sees the burning soldier and laptop.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin smashes a flatscreen with his fists. Until something he sees catches his attention.

On screen: Marcus pounds the metal shutter over the Service Entrance door, stamps his feet to stay warm. He looks up directly at the camera...

MARCUS (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
 Hello? Can anyone hear me?

Griffin keys a code into his radio, speaks into the mic...

GRIFFIN
 Sir, this is private property.

MARCUS (V.O.)
 Wait. I'm here to pick someone up.

GRIFFIN
 (into radio)
 And who would that be?

MARCUS (V.O.)
 Naomi Kepnes.

Griffin lets go of the mic button, talks to himself...

GRIFFIN
 (grins)
 My day just got a whole lot better.

EXT. POLY VAC - SERVICE ENTRANCE - DAY

Marcus sighs, pulls out his cell. No service.

MARCUS
 C'mon, phone. You were just working
 outside the gate.

Behind him, the metal shutters over the Service Entrance door slowly rise. Marcus tries dialing 9-1-1. Nothing happens.

The shutters stop. The door opens. Marcus exhales in relief at the sight of a guy dressed in a security guard uniform. He doesn't notice the body armor under the Poly Vac parka.

Griffin stands in the open doorway, glares at Marcus.

MARCUS
 Boy, am I happy to see you.

GRIFFIN
 Well then, come on in and we'll get
 you taken care of, Mister Kepnes.

INT. POLY VAC - SERVICE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Griffin invites Marcus into the building with a wave of his hand and a big smile...

MARCUS

We're not married. Not yet,
hopefully soon though.

Marcus crosses the threshold, steps inside. Griffin types a long string of numbers into his Burner Cell as he hums Ode to Joy. The exterior shutters descend, seal the exit.

MARCUS

Your forehead's bleeding.

GRIFFIN

Don't worry. It's just a scratch.

MARCUS

Are you sure? What happened?

GRIFFIN

Your cunt of a girlfriend shot me.

Griffin pulls out a handgun, points it at Marcus.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Bound and gagged to the chair with duct tape, Marcus watches the flatscreens as Naomi treats Jerry.

Griffin stands in front of him, blocks the screens.

GRIFFIN

Before I met you, I was saying to
myself: Fuck the money and just
blow everyone up and be done with
this miserable shithole. Fuck it!

He points up at the blinking bomb next to the Gas Main. The deadly realization hits Marcus, his eyes bulge.

GRIFFIN

Your girlfriend's been a real pain
in my ass, Marcus, and that's why
I'm gonna torment her and then
frame her for everything.

Something on the flatscreens grabs his attention.

LOBBY

Naomi holds the CEO's FLASH DRIVE up high, right in front of a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA. Her cell rings. She answers.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
Is that what I think it is?

 NAOMI
Before I handed over the laptop, I pulled out the flash drive. I propose a trade. Our lives for the prick's stolen money. You get paid and we walk. Do we have a deal?

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
Hmmm, I'll think about it.

Griffin ends the call. All eyes on Naomi.

Until her phone chimes. She checks the caller ID: It's Marcus! Naomi beams a thousand Watt smile.

 NAOMI
 (into the phone)
Marcus? Is that you? Are you there?
Can you hear me?

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin stands over the chair-bound Marcus, holds the cell up to his captive's bloody face...

 GRIFFIN
Don't get cute. Or I'll end you right in front of her for kicks.

 MARCUS
 (into phone)
Naomi.

 NAOMI (V.O.)
 (filtered through phone)
Thought I'd lost you.

 MARCUS
I'm right here talking to you. I came back, just like I said I would. I'm sorry, babe.

NAOMI (V.O.)

I need you to hang up and call 9-1-1. Tell them that Poly Vac's been taken over by ex-CSO Griffin Lang. He's isolated the complex and killed several hostages. Did you get all that? Marcus?

LOBBY

No reply. The call ends. Everyone's on pins and needles.

NAOMI

Marcus? Hello?
(to Jerry)
He's gone.

JERRY

Is he calling 9-1-1?

A push notification chimes. Marcus wants to FaceTime. Naomi exhales in relief, accepts the request.

On touchscreen: A low frame rate image pixelates, then starts to come into focus. It's very dark, like Griffin's hub...

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

(through FaceTime)
I'm sorry. Marcus can't take your call at this time.

A bound and gagged Marcus looks at the camera. That sliver of hope Naomi had just got snuffed out.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin smirks at the camera.

NAOMI (V.O.)

(filtered through phone)
Marcus. Let him go. Please. He's not part of this.

GRIFFIN

I tried to tell him that he was trespassing, but he wouldn't listen to me. Must be true love.

NAOMI (V.O.)

Please don't hurt him. I'll do anything you want.

GRIFFIN
I'll spare his life, if you kill
CEO Hart.

LOBBY

Naomi can't believe what she just heard. The entire crowd
stares at her, including the CEO.

 NAOMI
Come here and kill him yourself.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
 (filtered through speaker)
If you do it, Marcus lives. I'll
let him go and he can leave with
the rest of you after you give me
the old man's flash drive.

 NAOMI
I don't believe you.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
But you do believe that I'm capable
of killing your boyfriend. You saw
what I did to your aunt. No wait,
you didn't. You didn't see her
sacrifice herself for you. She wept
like an blubbering old bitch.

Naomi looks at the scalpel in the open kit.

 NAOMI
Fuck you, Lang. I won't do it.

 GRIFFIN
Then Marcus will die. I'll shoot
him right here on Face Time.

 NAOMI
If you hurt him, I swear I'll hunt
you down and kill you.

 GRIFFIN (V.O.)
You've seen the explosives I've
attached to the gas main. Do the
math, sweetheart. I detonate the
bomb and we all go up! Now what's
it gonna be? You have to choose.

Panic spreads through the crowd. Naomi pulls out a fresh
scalpel from the kit. She glares at the CEO. He tries to run,
but a mob of employees stop him.

Naomi puts the blade to Hart's throat. The CEO whimpers.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Good girl. Now give him a permanent smile. Come on, we both know he's scum. Just do it.

LONG BEARD

Do it. He's a total douchebag.

Other employees nod in agreement. Kill the prick.

The surgical blade hovers just millimeters above Hart's exposed jugular. Naomi ponders her dilemma.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Kill him. And you'll be a hero.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Marcus shakes his head no, watches Naomi on screen.

Griffin watches her suffer with glee in his eyes. Until she steps back from the CEO, lowers the scalpel...

NAOMI (V.O.)

(filtered through speaker)

No. I wouldn't. I'd be just another cold-blooded murderer, like you. I can't do it.

GRIFFIN

Too bad. Marcus seems like a real stand up guy. He broke in here just to find you.

Griffin aims a pistol at Marcus.

LOBBY

Naomi stares at the tiny screen. Marcus struggles with all his might in vain. Griffin cocks the pistol's hammer.

NAOMI

Please, don't do it. Take me! Kill me! Let him go, I'm beggi--

On screen: Griffin shoots Marcus twice in the chest! His bound body slumps forward in the chair.

Naomi clenches her fist over the phone. Tears well up in her eyes. She screams at the touchscreen.

NAOMI

NO!!! MARCUS!!! You bastard! I'll
fucking kill you!

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

(filtered through speaker)

Now that I have your undivided
attention, you'll do as you're told
and bring the flash drive to me in
Packaging. Or I detonate the bomb.

Griffin hangs up on Naomi.

SURVEILLANCE HUB

Griffin watches Naomi mourn on screen, turns his attention to
another monitor showing Jarhead in Manufacturing.

GRIFFIN

(into radio)

The girl's heading your way with
the old man's flash drive. Do not
let her turn off the gas main. Kill
her and we split five-hundred
million dollars fifty-fifty.

JARHEAD (V.O.)

(filtered through radio)

Consider it done.

Griffin finishes splicing together footage using editing
software on his iPad. The DOCTORED CONTENT shows Naomi
shooting up Product Design, killing hostages.

He speed-types on his tablet, logs into Jerry's Facebook
account and uploads a video.

The post reads... *Being held hostage at work by crazy woman
that interviewed for a job. Please share and pray for us.*

The video shows Naomi turning the key, appearing to crush the
hostages in the compactor.

Griffin dials three digits on his burner cell. He holds a
speaker-shaped VOICE MODULATOR over the phone...

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

(filtered through phone)

Nine-one-one. Please state the
nature of your emergency.

GRIFFIN

(sounds like Jerry)

A crazy woman's shooting everyone
in the building! Please help us!
She's got a bomb and she's gonna
blow us all up!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Calm down, sir. What's your name?

GRIFFIN

My name's Jerry Weston, I'm a
Security Guard here at Poly Vac.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

Can you describe the shooter?

GRIFFIN

Her name's Naomi Kepnes. She
interviewed here for a job today
and when she didn't get it, she
just snapped.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (V.O.)

First responders are en route,
Jerry, please stay on the 1--

GRIFFIN

(whispers into phone)

She's found me! Oh my god. She's
got a grenade!

Griffin ends the call, proud of his performance. He picks up
the chair, slaps Marcus across the face. Marcus wakes!

GRIFFIN

Hurts like hell, doesn't it?

He unbuttons Marcus' shirt, reveals the BODY ARMOR Griffin
wore earlier. Two mushroomed bullets are lodged in the high
impact composite plastic.

Griffin unstraps the protective layer.

GRIFFIN

Hate to be an Indian Giver, but I'm
afraid I'm gonna need that back.

LOBBY

Jerry watches Naomi pocket CEO Hart's flash drive.

JERRY

Is he bluffing about the bomb?

NAOMI

He's got enough C-4 attached to the gas main to level the building.

JERRY

There's an emergency shut off in Manufacturing. Will closing that valve keep us alive?

NAOMI

I don't know, but it's worth a try.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A fleet of police cruisers, ambulances and fire trucks race down the road, lights flashing and sirens blaring.

Traffic yields, pulls over to the shoulder.

INT. POLY VAC - FREIGHT ELEVATOR - DAY

Naomi hot-wires the open control box, sparks fly. The rickety machine lumbers to life, descends.

She pulls the red Emergency Shut Off lever. The elevator stops between floors. Naomi forces open the double doors.

MANUFACTURING

Jarhead stands guard over the zip-tied hostages bound to the injection moulding machines.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

(filtered through ear bud)

She stopped the elevator between floors. I lost her.

Jarhead scans the area. Behind him amongst the massive heavy machinery, something hits the floor.

JARHEAD

(into radio)

I've got her.

Machine gun in hand, he searches the area. Jarhead rounds a corner. He looks up at the CATWALK, sees no one.

Jarhead listens hard, then grins. He pulls the pin on a FLASH GRENADE, tosses it high.

The small explosive lands near Naomi. Her eyes go wide, she vaults out from behind an injection moulding machine. The grenade detonates, fills the room with white light and smoke.

It's hard to make her out. Jarhead opens fire, hits Naomi but she stays on her feet and disappears in the fading mist.

JARHEAD

You killed my friends.

Smoke clears. Jarhead lays down a wide swath of gunfire. The glass observation chamber that houses the primary injection moulding unit shatters.

JARHEAD

I'm gonna gut you like a doe.

Jarhead reloads, hunts for Naomi.

Behind him, one of the machines activates. Jarhead pivots, sprints to the source of the noise. No one's there. He sees spots of FRESH BLOOD on the floor, grins.

JARHEAD

You're mine, Jane McClane.

Another machine powers up, then a third and a fourth. The wall of industrial noise distracts Jarhead. He doesn't see Naomi hiding underneath an injection chamber!

Jarhead sweeps the area with his gun. He follows a trail of blood droplets on the floor, reaches a crossroads.

From behind at ground level, a heavy mechanical articulated arm swings out from under a machine, sweeps Jarhead's ankle.

He lands on his back. Naomi crawls out into view. She wields the stainless steel robotic limb like a baseball bat, clobbers his rifle. The weapon slides across concrete.

Naomi swings overhand. Jarhead blocks with his forearm, punches her in the kidney with his other fist. She drops the arm, stumbles back towards the shot up injection chamber.

Behind her, the microwave-shaped baking chamber radiates heat. Jarhead spits out blood, roundhouse-kicks Naomi.

The blow sends Naomi sprawling against the machine. Jarhead chokes her with both hands, lifts Naomi off her feet.

Both beyond the yellow safety line and poised next to the super hot chamber. Naomi's boot soles sizzle. She flails, can't break his grip. She pounds a green button.

The machine restarts the cycle. Naomi gasps for air, kicks Jarhead in the chest. He stumbles forward. His knuckles start to sizzle, as well as Naomi's back. They both scream in pain.

He drops her. Naomi rolls to her feet. The silk pantsuit smokes. She throws a punch, stuns Jarhead. Naomi pushes him into the open chamber. The piston hisses to life.

Jarhead's eyes go wide in fright. The phallic cylinder slams into his mouth, impales his face and retracts. The metal tip spurts thick grey glop onto what's left of his head.

Naomi looks away in disgust, the hostages too. She releases them. A chubby bearded male ENGINEER stops Naomi.

NAOMI

Go to the Lobby. Wait for help.

ENGINEER

Wait. Griffin made his body armor here. There's some leftover pieces you could use.

Naomi locates the thick red pipe with the EMERGENCY RELEASE VALVE, shuts off the Gas Main. She grabs Jarhead's machine gun, pulls out the bag of GUMMI BEARS.

NAOMI

Show me.

EXT. POLY VAC - MAIN GATE - DAY

The fourteen-inch circular blade of a STREET SAW buzz-cuts its way through a thick PAD LOCK.

The saw's held by a FIREFIGHTER wearing a helmet and face shield. Behind him, a dozen law enforcement vehicles.

INT. POLY VAC - WAREHOUSE - STORAGE CAGE - DAY

The same one Jerry showed Naomi this morning. She unlocks the door with his key fob, admires...

Hundreds of POLISHED STEEL surgical instruments stored in transparent cases. Plenty of lethal weapons in here.

Naomi goes right for the guitar-shaped case holding the four foot tall pair of gorilla-decapitating SCISSORS.

PRODUCT DESIGN

The Receptionist oversees the triage for the wounded. Several injured employees lie on the floor.

The distant sound of bleating SIRENS fills the room. All the hostages look at each other, sigh in relief.

WAREHOUSE - PACKAGING

A body armor-clad Griffin checks his watch, sighs at a bound Marcus. He's cocooned up to his neck in thick clear plastic!

Marcus squirms against a stack of boxes near the automated machine. The robotic arms are poised to vacuum-seal his head.

Griffin and Marcus hear the sirens, then footsteps.

GRIFFIN

Come out where I can see you or
I'll blow us all to Kingdom Come.

He grips a blinking REMOTE DETONATOR in his left hand. Naomi steps out of the dark, sees a wrapped Marcus behind Griffin!

NAOMI

Marcus, you're alive. How?

Griffin thumps the body armor over his chest, smirks at her.

GRIFFIN

I have to admit, it was fun
watching you mourn the death of
your beloved. You're late. What
took you so long?

Naomi walks towards Griffin... She's bruised, beaten, shot and armed to the teeth with sharp surgical instruments.

Curved blades, long scalpels and hooked forceps! There's something shield-like strapped to her back.

NAOMI

I had to put on some jewelry.

GRIFFIN

That's a good look for you. Flash
drive first. Or Marcus suffocates
to death before your very eyes.

Naomi tosses the flash drive to Griffin. He catches the drive, presses a red button on the shrink wrapper. The robotic arms click and buzz to life.

The articulated limbs seal Marcus' head tight in seconds. He gasps for air that never comes.

NAOMI

Marcus!

Naomi aims Jarhead's machine gun rigged with Gummi Bears at Griffin, opens fire. Bullets ping off Griffin's armor.

Griffin aims his machine gun at Naomi. She grabs the PLASTIC SHIELD off her back. He opens fire. Naomi turtles behind the makeshift shield. The polycarbonate absorbs the bullets.

Naomi shoots blind under the shield, empties her only clip. A round hits Griffin's shin, but his leg armor protects him.

GRIFFIN

Why so hostile? We just met.

NAOMI

I know enough to swipe left, honey.

She throws a scalpel. The surgical blade lodges deep in Griffin's forearm. He growls in pain, pulls out the blade.

Naomi retrieves the guitar-shaped case, grabs the shears and runs for her suffocating lover.

A wide-eyed Marcus screams into the thick plastic.

NAOMI

Hold on. I got you.

Because Griffin's right behind Naomi! He puts her in a choke hold, throws her to the ground. She drops the shears.

LOBBY

A group of hostages led by the Receptionist pound on the metal shutters, yell for help.

FIREFIGHTER (V.O.)

(filtered through door)

Stand clear. We're cutting through.

PACKAGING

Griffin chokes the life out of Naomi from behind. She stomps on his foot hard, then elbows him in the gut.

He releases her. She falls to the ground, coughs. The sounds of an approaching HELICOPTER distract Griffin.

POLICE OFFICER (V.O.)
(through loudspeaker)
This is the police. Release the
hostages and give yourself up, Miss
Kepnes. You can't escape.

Naomi doesn't like the sound of that. Griffin grins, pulls out the two long FILET KNIVES. Naomi wields two foot-long SURGICAL SAWS!

They charge each other, clash in a flurry of blade strikes, feints and parries that would make Jason Bourne blush.

He cuts her forearm. She slashes his right thigh. He disarms her with a vicious PARRY. She puts him in a tendon-stretching WRIST LOCK. He drops the weapons, SWEEP-KICKS Naomi.

Marcus huffs in vain, his eyes roll back. He starts to pass out under the plastic. Naomi lands on her back, watches Marcus suffocate. Griffin pulls out the remote detonator...

GRIFFIN
Time's up. You have to choose. Save
your man or stop the bomb. What's
it gonna be, soldier!?!?

His finger hovers over the red button. Naomi dives across the floor, recovers the shears and runs to Marcus.

Griffin detonates the bomb. The foundation SHAKES!

SURVEILLANCE HUB

The beeping C-4 charge EXPLODES! The blast incinerates the hideout. A massive FIREBALL rockets through the vent shaft!

PRODUCT DESIGN

The building rumbles. The high-pitched WHOOSH of oxygen being sucked out of the air fills the office.

Columns of flames rain down onto the hostages from all the vent grates in the ceiling. Everyone takes cover.

EXT. POLY VAC - DAY

Plumes of smoke and fire erupt SKY HIGH from over a dozen exhaust vents all over the roof of the complex!

The Police HELICOPTER banks away from the massive blasts.

INT. WAREHOUSE - PACKAGING - CONTINUOUS

Debris pelts Naomi as she slices through the shrink wrap suffocating Marcus. He stops breathing. She cuts him loose.

Marcus slumps to the floor. Naomi lays him flat, pulls open his shirt and administers CPR. He coughs, gasps for air.

Griffin looks up at the rumbling ceiling, his fists clenched.

GRIFFIN

What happened? The whole fucking building should be destroyed!

NAOMI

It would be, if the gas main were still on.

GRIFFIN

I won't let them take me alive.

NAOMI

I was kinda hoping you'd say that.

He pulls a pistol. She brandishes the shears. They run at each other. Griffin opens fire, misses wide. Another round ricochets off the shears!

Naomi lunges at Griffin. The shears cut through Griffin's wrist, severs his shooting hand in one clean slice! He screams, drops to his knees and clutches his bloody stump.

Griffin collapses, whimpers in pain.

Marcus winces at the grizzly sight. A bloody and beaten Naomi kneels at his side. The injured couple hold each other.

MARCUS

So, how was your day?

NAOMI

Worst job interview ever.

Griffin charges at the couple, SHEARS open wide!

Naomi pushes Marcus out of the way. Griffin clumsily rushes her, filets her shirt. She gut-kicks him. He drops the shears right into her hands. Griffin screams, lunges for her.

Naomi BEHEADS him with the shears! His convulsing torso falls lifeless to the ground. Naomi exhales in relief, then drops the bloody shears and falls into an embrace with Marcus.

NAOMI

You OK?

MARCUS

Yeah. You saved me. You're amazing.
Is your Aunt Tess OK?

Naomi shakes her head NO.

MARCUS

I'm so sorry, babe.

NAOMI

Actually, there was something I
wanted to ask you.

MARCUS

What's that?

NAOMI

Do you like the name, Tess?

MARCUS

I do.

NAOMI

Good. Because I'd like it to be the
name of our daughter.

Naomi touches her belly. Marcus smiles wide.

MARCUS

Are we gonna have a baby?

Tears of JOY fill Naomi's eyes. She nods yes. They hug and
kiss like there's no tomorrow, until...

MARCUS

Naomi Kepnes, will you marry me?

NAOMI

Yes, I will. And our little girl
should have a dog too. Little JJ's
coming home with us.

EXT. POLY VAC - MAIN ENTRANCE - DAY

Hostages exit from a hole carved into the shutters with a
nearby ACETYLENE TORCH. First responders tend to the wounded.

Naomi and Marcus step out into sunlight. Several grateful
survivors wave to Naomi. An EMT examines her.

Jerry sits up in a stretcher. Naomi hugs him tight.

NAOMI

This is my fiance, Marcus.

JERRY

Fiance? Well, congratulations. It's nice to meet you, Marcus.

MARCUS

Likewise, man. Thanks for looking out for my girl in there.

The two men shake hands.

JERRY

You got that backwards, she had my back. So, when's the big day?

MARCUS

We don't know yet.

NAOMI

Soon. Very soon.

JERRY

Did I mention how much I love attending weddings?

NAOMI

(sighs)

Fine. You're invited. Happy now?

Jerry nods yes, then recognizes a young BOY (10) standing next to a CRYING WOMAN. His jaw goes slack.

BOY

Daddy.

The kid hugs his father. The woman dries her eyes, slowly approaches Jerry. He tears up, reaches out to her, but she pulls her hand away.

JERRY

I know I don't deserve it.

JERRY'S WIFE

No, you sure don't.

JERRY

But I hope you can think about giving me another chance, because I love you b--

JERRY'S WIFE

Shut up, Jerry.

He smiles at his wife. She smiles back. Naomi and Marcus enjoy the family reunion.

The Media swarms around the bandaged CEO, their mobile recording devices thrust in his face...

MEDIA

Sir, is it true the shooter's your illegitimate son that you fired to keep quiet?

CEO HART

That's preposterous!

MEDIA

Leaked documents also implicate you in a five hundred million dollar global embezzlement scandal. Care to comment?

CEO HART

Griffin was a deeply disturbed young man I urged to seek help when he reached out to me. But thanks to the courage of our brand new CSO, Naomi Kepnes...

He pulls Naomi close for a photo opportunity. She hesitates, then the media orbits around her. Flashes pop.

CEO HART

We're all safe and sound. I know it won't make up for all the trauma, but she can expect a big bonus in her next paycheck for her heroism.

MEDIA

What do you say to that, Naomi?

All eyes on Naomi. She punches CEO Hart in the face!

NAOMI

I quit.

The CEO shies away from the media frenzy.

Marcus stands next to Naomi, beaming with tons of pride. They kiss. The media begs Naomi for a quote as we:

FADE TO BLACK.