

Use of Deadly Force

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INT. CONDO KITCHEN -- DAY

It's a peaceful Southern California morning. TERESA RAMIREZ could pass for a relaxed housewife in her terry cloth robe as she dips a piece of toast into her coffee cup.

She spins around to grab the coffee pot for a refill and her robe falls open, exposing a uniform, badge and gun holster.

The kitchen door swings wide as RITA RAMIREZ comes bustling into kitchen. Rita's well-worn face looks as warm and delicious as the fragments of breakfast on her apron.

RITA

Better close that up before you drip onto your uniform.

TERESA

Save your lecturing for Jen, Mom.

Teresa grabs a piece of paper from the table and shakes it at her mother.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Have you seen this shit?

RITA

You didn't do much better, and I'd appreciate it if...

Teresa looks towards the closed kitchen door.

TERESA

She's going to get a lot more than that from me if these grades don't improve.

As if on cue, JENNIFER RAMIREZ pops open the swinging kitchen door with a smash of her hand. She is dressed entirely in black.

The only color on this budding teenage miniature copy of Teresa is Jennifer's vibrant blue eyes and a streak of orange in her shiny black hair.

Jennifer saunters up to the table and grabs the remaining toast from her mother's plate. She uses the toast to point at the offending report.

JENNIFER

You've got to sign that, you know.

Teresa jumps up and slams her fist down on the report.

TERESA

There is no way I'm signing this
shit! Six "D"s!

JENNIFER

A "D" is passing.

TERESA

Is that all you want to do in life...
pass?

JENNIFER

Worked for you, didn't it?

Teresa pulls off her robe and tosses it on the chair. She tugs at her tight uniform shirt and straightens her badge.

TERESA

Get your grandmother to sign it, I'm
late.

Teresa storms out of the room. Jennifer sits down and finishes the piece of toast. She takes a sip of her mother's leftover coffee.

JENNIFER

She said "shit" again. You going to
let her get away with that?

Rita takes the cup of coffee away from Jennifer and replaces it with a glass of juice.

RITA

If your grades don't start improving,
you're going be living, eating, and
breathing that word around here.

EXT. MONTERO BAY NUCLEAR GENERATING STATION -- DAY

Teresa sprints towards a door littered with warning signs. Everything about this building says "stay away", but Teresa's focused expression let's us know that this is her destination.

Her beefy partner, MALCOLM strains to keep up but has fallen behind. Teresa looks back at his progress.

TERESA

Gotta lay off those fries, Mal.

It looks like too many french fries is just a fragment of his overeating problem.

MALCOLM
 (puffing)
 No prize for being first.

After a quick swipe of her security card, Teresa effortlessly throws the outer door open.

TERESA
 Being first means you survive.

INT. STAIRWELL OF TSC (TECHNICAL SUPPORT CENTER) -- DAY

Teresa ignores the elevator and takes the steps down three at a time. Malcolm comes through the same door, pauses at the top of the stairs and presses the down button for the elevator.

Malcolm tilts a shoulder mounted radio close to his mouth.

LMALCOLM
 (into the radio)
 Unit seven alpha in the TSC.

He bends over for a second to catch a gasp of air, careful to quickly let go of the microphone key to avoid exposing his breathlessness.

CONTROL (O.S.)
 (from the radio)
 Work order shows the computer room.
 Screaming is escalating. Get down
 there now!

Malcolm looks longingly at the closed elevator door, sighs, and starts down the stairs one at a time, GRUNTING with each step.

MALCOLM
 Three billion to build this shithouse
 and they couldn't get elevators that
 work...

INT. OUTSIDE COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

Teresa is already down the steep stairwell and outside the computer room. She quickly inserts her security card, but the door doesn't budge.

She throws her shoulder into the door, but now her lean figure works against her - something is obstructing the door and it only opens a crack.

Teresa can now hear the SCREAMING.

LIZ (O.S.)

Oh my God!

Teresa retrieves a small bottle from her breast pocket and squirts a stream of liquid through the crack and under the obstruction. With another measured shove, the door slides open enough for Teresa to squeeze into the computer room.

INT. TSC COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

Although the room is dimly lit, it doesn't take Teresa long to evaluate the situation.

A partially clad woman, LIZ is sprawled out on a table while a CO-WORKER performs way beyond his job description. Liz spots Teresa.

LIZ

Oh my God!

CO-WORKER

Yes, yes!

LIZ

No!

Liz pushes her co-worker to the floor and points at Teresa who quickly rummages through a strewn pile of clothes. Teresa holds up a blouse.

Liz removes one hand from covering up her breasts to take it from Teresa.

LIZ (CONT'D)

It's not what it looks like...

Teresa finds what she's looking for. She rips Liz's security badge off the blouse and drops the blouse to the floor. Liz hops off the table and cowers next to her clothes.

Teresa marches over to the co-worker who is trying to get his pants on. She spots her target and reaches for his crotch. The frightened worker instinctively covers his precious parts as Teresa rips another security badge from his belt.

Malcolm finally reaches the room and strains to open the door a little further to grant entry to his massive frame. He surveys the mess.

MALCOLM

This all happen before or after you got here?

Teresa walks over to a wall and removes a sound powered phone from it's plug.

TERESA

Sure, these two model employees were just sitting at their desks until I came in here and demanded they undress and have sex.

MALCOLM

I like it, but next time wait for me.

Teresa has the sound powered phone and badges and leaves the room abruptly.

The two guilty workers are now dressed and waiting obediently in the corner. Malcolm picks up a phone and dials a few numbers.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Got a good one for you Control...

Malcolm walks over to the puddle by the door and picks up the empty bottle.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

...but first get someone down here to clean up a puddle of...

Malcolm smiles as he reads the label.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

Baby oil.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL -- DAY

Teresa stomps into the control room and is greeted by a chorus of fellow security GUARDS.

GUARDS

Oh my God, Teresa, Yes! Yes!

One of the larger guards, SAMMY, can't resist the scowl on Teresa's face.

SAMMY

How about we grab some baby oil and check out those new interns in admin?

Teresa reaches up and snatches his badge from his chest and tosses it on her desk along with the two badges and sound powered phone she collected from the TSC.

TERESA

Might as well add this to the pile...

She looks over at the sound powered phone and types a few keystrokes on a computer keyboard.

TERESA (CONT'D)

... and when I find the tech who left this plugged in, both of you will be regretting that you didn't at least get a good fuck before getting your asses fired.

A weathered veteran, CALVIN, who has been stuffed into a management-like suit ambles over to a fuming Teresa. Calvin lays a comforting hand on Teresa's shoulder.

CALVIN

If you want to launch a formal complaint, let's get the paperwork started...

Calvin picks up Sammy's badge.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

...but who'd you rather have than Sammy watching your back in a pinch?

Teresa jots a few things down on a piece of paper.

TERESA

Just tell him to watch my back...

She tucks the note into her pocket.

TERESA (CONT'D)

...and not my ass.

Teresa grabs the sound powered phone and storms out the door.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING COMPUTER ROOM-- DAY

Teresa has stepped into "geekville". In sharp contrast to the previous room of testosterone powered security guards, these WORKERS appear to be plugged into and communicating only with their computers.

The only sound is the HUM coming from each computer's fan.

TERESA
Employee number 34798, Todd Milton!

Nobody turns around.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Milton!

Still no acknowledgment of Teresa's presence. Teresa walks over to the first computer station and rips the power cord out of the monitor. The screen goes black as a bespectacled COMPUTER PROGRAMMER looks up in shock.

COMPUTER PROGRAMMER
What the...?

TERESA
Todd Milton. Which one?

The programmer squints and points at a fellow geek, TODD MILTON who is in the second row of terminals. Todd leans back and studies Teresa with interest.

Teresa struts up to Todd's workstation and tosses the sound powered phone onto his keyboard.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Got a clue why I'm here, employee
number 34798, Todd Milton?

Todd fakes an inspection of the phone.

TODD
Although, this is an analog device...

Todd turns it over.

TODD (CONT'D)
...my observation of you so far
indicates a low processing speed
which is predictable in lower life
forms like rent-a-cops.

Teresa reaches out for his security badge and rips it off his shirt. She looks closely at it. It's a Mickey Mouse Club card. She tosses it in the trash can.

Teresa points to a patch on her arm and pats her fully equipped gun belt.

TERESA
This shit look like rent-a-cop gear
to you?

She leans in eye level to him and stares into his eyes.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Do I look like a "who gives a fuck"
rent-a-cop to you? Answer me, you
moron! I'll make it easy for you.

She holds up a finger.

TERESA (CONT'D)

One finger for no.

She holds up another finger.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Two fingers for yes.

Todd holds up just his middle finger. She grabs him roughly by the arm and yanks him out of his chair. He pops upright with surprising agility. Teresa starts to drag him out the door.

TERESA (CONT'D)

If you're so smart, let's go see if
you know what "use of deadly force"
means.

As the two head for the door, Todd surprises everyone by smiling and holding up two fingers towards his alarmed co-workers. He's enjoying the ride.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- DAY

This is an office full of people who had their sense of humor surgically removed. The frisky co-workers caught previously in a moment of ecstasy and Todd sit in a waiting area.

They watch Teresa inside a glassed-in office across the room.

TODD

So, what are you two in for?

Liz looks over at her partner in passion.

LIZ

Gross miscalculation. How about
you?

TODD

I think I've been randomly selected
as the dog that she's going to take
her rotten day out on.

INT. JIM HOVEL'S OFFICE DAY

Teresa leans across Jim Hovel's desk and is visibly upset.

TERESA

None of them?

Jim leans back in his chair, providing a safe distance from Teresa's wrath.

JIM

The guy you caught with his pants down is a control room operator. Any idea how much it costs us to train them?

TERESA

What the hell should that matter? He was in a secured area.

JIM

He's got enough clearance to be there.

TERESA

Not doing what he was doing. No one has clearance for that.

Jim smiles.

JIM

Except Cunningham and this order comes right from him. The operator and the geek get a warning.

Teresa looks out at the guilty trio.

TERESA

What about hot lips?

Jim moves close to his desk opens up a file.

JIM

The chick? She's a clerk. Escort her out.

TERESA

The guy gets off? That geek who left the phone plugged in too?

JIM

You'd never have known about the couple in the TSC if he hadn't. Rumor
(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)
is that he wrote half of the test
simulations for the plant.

TERESA
This sucks. Someone could have been
hurt.

JIM
Slipping on some baby oil?

Jim leans back in his chair and puts his hands behind his
head.

JIM (CONT'D)
Lots of jokes going around about the
reason why you had a bottle of baby
oil in your pocket. Want to let me
in on your secret?

Teresa glares at him.

TERESA
We done here?

JIM
Send the boys in here and escort the
chick out of the plant.

TERESA
Alpha security doesn't do escorts,
call a rent-a-cop.

Jim gets up and stands firmly in front of her. He looks her
directly in the eyes.

JIM
Alpha does whatever admin tells them
to do. Escort the chick out of my
plant.

He politely opens the door for her.

JIM (CONT'D)
Like my Daddy always said, "you catch
'em, you clean 'em."

EXT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- DAY

Teresa helps Liz carry her two boxes of personal items towards
the security exit. Liz bites her lip to hold back tears
as Teresa maintains a stone face.

LIZ
I've been here since the first days
of construction.

Teresa keeps her eyes firmly on the exit gate.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Never late a day, always first to
get my work done.

Teresa looks down for a moment to the contents of the box.

TERESA
Your kids?

LIZ
Don't know how I'll support them.
I've worked here twenty years. Who
will hire me at my age?

They've reach the exit. Teresa sets the box she's been
carrying on top of Liz's box. It crushes a plant.

TERESA
Good luck.

LIZ
That's it? You got me fired!

Teresa looks the furious woman directly in the eyes.

TERESA
You got yourself fired.

Teresa turns and heads back towards the security building.
She kicks at an imaginary rock.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL -- DAY

Calvin sits at his desk and flips through a thick personnel
file. Teresa stands on the other side of the desk with her
arms crossed.

CALVIN
It takes more than the top "qual"
scores to make sergeant.

TERESA
I don't foresee growing any balls in
the near future.

CALVIN
I need a budget, not balls.

Calvin gets up from his desk and tries to put a comforting hand on Teresa's arm. It's awkward for both of them.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Admin wants to fill perimeter patrols with rent-a-cops.

TERESA

They're going let those fucking department store dolls carry guns?

Calvin shakes his head.

CALVIN

Minimize the risks, maximize the resources.

TERESA

Maximize the profits, right?

CALVIN

You better take off a few hours early.

TERESA

I don't need any special treatment.

CALVIN

I was thinking about the guys out there.

Calvin gestures at the unruly group of guards outside his office playing catch with what appears to be a coconut.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

They might need their balls someday.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO FOYER -- DAY

Teresa comes home from work and the stress from the day is still on her face as she sorts through the mail. Booming MUSIC comes from down the hallway.

With each sound of the BASS, Teresa's scowl grows a little deeper.

TERESA

Jen!

No change in the music.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Turn it down!

Rita comes in from the kitchen. She wipes her hand on her apron.

RITA
You're home early.

TERESA
My reward for going beyond the call
of duty.

Rita puts an arm around Teresa and beams.

RITA
Good for you! That promotion will
be right around the corner.

Teresa pulls away.

TERESA
Bullshit!

Teresa looks cautiously at her mother, who shakes her head sadly.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Calvin let me go a few hours early
to make up for a shitty job I had to
do.

Teresa tosses the mail back on the foyer table.

TERESA (CONT'D)
On top of that, they laid off two
more security guards and replaced
them with rent-a-cops.

Rita pulls Teresa close again.

RITA
I know how much...

Teresa again pulls away obviously uncomfortable with the affection.

TERESA
How can you think with that noise?

TERESA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Jen!

The music abruptly stops.

RITA
One of the few benefits of getting
old.

Rita taps gently on her hearing aid.

RITA (CONT'D)
I turn the volume down.

Rita unties her apron.

RITA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Dinner, Jen!

Teresa jumps at her mother's booming voice as Jennifer emerges from her room and comes down the hallway towards them.

Dressed in a vampire Halloween costume, Jennifer is a stark contrast to Rita's flowered dress and Teresa's khaki guard uniform.

JENNIFER
What are you doing home now?

TERESA
Happy to see you too, Wolfman.

JENNIFER
Wolfman? Are you blind? I'm Dracula!

Teresa studies her daughter and can't help but notice that only one side of her face is done with makeup. Teresa touches Jennifer's cheek gently.

TERESA
This will be a lot of fun to get off
later.

Teresa reaches for her breast pocket.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Damn!

JENNIFER
You forgot to get the baby oil, right?

Teresa considers this for a moment.

TERESA
I forgot.

EXT. ROOF OF TURBINE BLDG -- AFTERNOON

This is a large expanse of roof broken up by shadows cast from large square metal boxes of various shapes and sizes that are HVAC units. The silence is broken by FAN NOISE as the HVAC units kick on periodically.

The stillness is broken as a dozen HANG GLIDERS land on the roof within seconds of each other.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

Sammy and Malcolm return from their rounds, both LAUGH as they take off their hard hats.

SAMMY

Your turn swing shift rats.

Sammy tosses the metal clipboard to two other GUARDS standing by the lockers. They let the metal clipboard fall. Calvin rushes out of his office.

CALVIN

Change of plans guys.

The two guards leave without acknowledging Calvin, Sammy or Malcolm. The door SLAMS.

SAMMY

Who put the sour grapes on their cereal this morning?

CALVIN

Swing and night shifts are assigned to Protection Services.

MALCOLM

Rent-a-cops?

SAMMY

Two-thirds of our shifts? Are we just supposed to sit around on our asses?

CALVIN

Budget cuts. Security guards from Protection Service make a third of your wages.

SAMMY

With a third of our brains and none of our training!

Sammy throws his hard hat across the room. It bounces about six times.

CALVIN

Cool down!

Sammy pushes hard on the door and leaves with a SLAM. Calvin looks over at Malcolm.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Buy him a beer.

MALCOLM

Don't know if that medication will work this time.

Malcolm slowly lumbers out of the building.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO FOYER -- AFTERNOON

Teresa waits impatiently by the front door as Rita puts a few items into her purse.

TERESA

Jen!

RITA

Can't you leave it at work?

TERESA

She takes hours to get ready!

RITA

You did too at that age. It's not easy for her to be pulled from both directions to grow up.

TERESA

Treating her like a baby doesn't help.

Rita smooths a few imaginary wrinkles from her dress.

RITA

I didn't do such a bad job on you, did I?

Teresa throws up her hands in surrender.

TERESA

There's just no way to win an argument with you, is there?

RITA

Maybe it's time to stop trying.

INT. TURBINE BLDG STAIRWELL -- AFTERNOON

A SECURITY GUARD makes his rounds. He wears the bright green uniform of "Protection Services." He makes a report into the microphone clipped to his shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD

Control, Unit 11, I'm at the 140 foot level in the stairwell, plant north east.

CONTROL

The roof hasn't been walked in a while. Continue up and check it out.

SECURITY GUARD

Roger. Thanks a lot, just 65 more feet straight up.

He starts up the stairwell, but freezes in place and cocks his head to listen.

One hand unfastens the strap over his gun while the other kills the radio. We hear FOOTSTEPS and VOICES speaking in a foreign language.

He slowly backs down and steps out of the stairwell into the turbine building. He slides a can of sand into the doorway to prop open the door and turns on his radio.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

All units, unit 11. This is NOT a drill. Security alert. Security Alert. Turbine building stairwell, plant northeast corner, above the 140 foot level. Repeat. All units, Unit 11. This is NOT a drill. Security alert.

CONTROL

Location again?

SECURITY GUARD

Turbine building stairwell, plant northeast corner, above the 140 foot level. Many boots, foreign language. I'm going to hot mic on channel 3.

He locks his microphone into the talk position and moves into a crouched shooting position against the wall as much as he can.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL -- AFTERNOON

Calvin rushes across the room and comes up behind an operator that sits in the middle of a display of video terminals and control knobs.

CALVIN

Where is he?

CONTROL

Turbine. His mic is open.

The control operator flips a switch. The static sound of the mic comes through the speakers. Calvin grabs the microphone.

CALVIN

Unit 11, this is control. Do not, do not engage. Stand down.

SHOUTING comes through the microphone static. It's hard to tell who is saying what. A GUNSHOT rings out. A GROAN is heard through the microphone before it goes dead.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Get him back!

CONTROL

Unit 11, unit 11, respond!

Nothing.

CALVIN

Try another channel!

The operation turns a dial. This time his herald is softer.

CONTROL

Unit 11, unit 11, respond.

INT. LOCAL COMMUNITY CENTER -- AFTERNOON

This modern community center is the product of a generous tax base created by the nuclear plant seen in the distance through one of the many windows.

The center is decorated for a Halloween party and filled with other JUNIOR HIGH STUDENTS.

Jennifer walks into the room and surveys the crowd. Teresa and Rita follow a few paces behind.

JENNIFER

Damn, none of my friends had to have their parents tag along!

A small group of adults huddle together in the corner.

TERESA

What do you call those over here?

JENNIFER

Somebody else's parents.

TERESA

Look, there's a couple of games over there. I bet I can beat you at that bean bag toss.

JENNIFER

Those are seventh graders playing that kid stuff.

Jennifer looks around and spots a couple of her friends.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Later.

She doesn't even turn back towards her mother and grandmother. Teresa starts to follow.

RITA

Let her go.

The moment of silence is broken by an orchestra of cell phones RINGING and beepers BEEPING. Teresa grabs her cell phone and is first to the draw.

TERESA

(into the phone)
Alpha team, Ramirez.

Teresa turns around and surveys the group in the corner. About half of the adults are also talking into cell phones or pressing their pagers to read the text.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Ten minutes away along with about twenty others.

Teresa slams the cell phone shut.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Get her home.

RITA

Is it a drill?

Teresa shakes her head. Jennifer looks over from her group. Teresa waves at her to come over.

RITA (CONT'D)

Don't go. Lots of others are responding.

TERESA

This is what I am.

RITA

No, it's what you do.

Rita points at Jennifer.

RITA (CONT'D)

That is who you are.

Jennifer approaches her mother and grandmother.

JENNIFER

What's up with the cell phone patrol?

TERESA

Emergency at the plant. No threat to the public, but I want both of you out of here before it gets dark.

JENNIFER

I'm not afraid of the dark. The night is our friend, right?

Teresa starts to hug Jennifer but looks over at Jennifer's friends. Instead she lightly touches Jennifer's arm.

TERESA

We own the night.

Teresa sprints towards the door.

INT. NUCLEAR GENERATING STATION ADMINISTRATION -- AFTERNOON

The foyer of the administration building was built to hold a handful of visitors, but now it's overrun with a menagerie of angry workers who had different Halloween plans.

It's a futile attempt on Jim Hovel's part to try and restore order.

JIM
 (Shouting)
 I need Engineering, Operations, and
 Mechanical to the second floor. I&C
 and Electrical to the third floor.
 Security, go outside the door and
 meet on the patio.

Jim looks down at a clipboard.

JIM (CONT'D)
 Admin to the cafeteria and the
 emergency response Team Leaders meet
 me here in fifteen minutes after
 briefing your teams.

Teresa spots Malcolm and Sammy heading towards the door.
 She makes her way through the crowd to join them.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PATIO -- AFTERNOON

It looks like just a handful of the Alpha team have made it
 outside. Sammy is already smoking a cigarette while Malcolm
 slides up next to Teresa.

MALCOLM
 Hear anything?

TERESA
 Probably just a few protesters that
 got in through the east fence.

Sammy tosses his cigarette and joins Teresa and Malcolm.

SAMMY
 Give me a rifle and a scope and I'll
 show those fucking Jane Fonda types.

Sammy freezes with the approach of Calvin.

CALVIN
 Briefing time.

The small group of Alpha team gathers around Calvin.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 At seventeen thirty-two this afternoon
 we lost contact with a roving guard
 near the turbine building.

SAMMY

A rent-a-cop?

Calvin nods.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Guy is probably in the head! What's all the fuss about?

CALVIN

Gunshots were fired.

SAMMY

That only means that he's in the head with a hole in his foot.

CALVIN

He engaged intruders. I was listening on an open mic.

Calvin looks down at his clipboard.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Seventeen thirty-eight the security access panels at the outer turbine building door and control room were breached.

SAMMY

(under his breath)
Holy shit!

CALVIN

At seventeen forty-five the response assault team left the security building and crossed here...

Calvin points to a rough drawing on the next page.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

...and here. Gunshots were reported and we haven't heard from them. It is assumed that there are snipers on the roof of the turbine building.

TERESA

The TSC?

Calvin shakes his head.

CALVIN

Nobody got there in time.

SAMMY

Fucking rent-a-cops. Did they even try to get there? That's what happens when...

Calvin interrupts.

CALVIN

Don't let politics interfere with doing the job you've trained for.

TERESA

What was their access point?

CALVIN

A few workers coming off shift reported seeing hang gliders on the hill above the plant.

MALCOLM

What the fuck are we doing out here?

CALVIN

Cunningham wants all personnel outside the protected area until there is a plan.

MALCOLM

What are we doing taking orders from Cunningham? Hovel runs the plant.

CALVIN

Cunningham represents Pacific Power who owns this plant. That's who pays the bills around here. If Cunningham wants a plan, we make a plan.

SAMMY

We don't need no fucking plan, let's respond, that's our plan.

CALVIN

Guns, vests, tear gas are all in security.

SAMMY

Along with about a dozen of our guys.

CALVIN

Pinned down. They can't get out and we can't get in.

Sammy turns around to leave. Teresa grabs his arm. Sammy roughly pulls it away.

SAMMY

I'm going home to get some shit.
I'll blow those motherfuckers off
the roof.

TERESA

The firing range.

SAMMY

I don't need to practice, just get
me a rifle.

TERESA

Guns. There's a ton of guns locked
up at the firing range.

Even Calvin perks up with this idea. He tosses his keys to two SECURITY OFFICERS.

CALVIN

Go load up my pickup. Cover it all
with the blanket in the back and
park it right there.

Calvin points to the area next to the patio. The two hustle off.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Okay, let's hear it. Give me some
ideas to work with.

SAMMY

We drive your pickup right through
the gate...

Sammy grabs the clipboard and draws a path.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

...then open fire.

Calvin takes back the clipboard.

CALVIN

Good plan, except the driver would
be dead by here...

Calvin makes a mark on the clipboard.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

...the rest, including you, would be shot by here. Next?

Malcolm is scratching his head. He looks up at the hills.

MALCOLM

Same way.

Calvin looks in that direction.

CALVIN

Hand glide in?

MALCOLM

Same way they did. It'll be dark in another hour.

Calvin likes the idea. He writes it down.

TERESA

Any of you ever done that before?

The group shakes their heads.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Winds gusts up to 35 miles an hour in this canyon. Without training, loaded with gear, and in the dark, we'll end up fried on the top of a transformer.

SAMMY

What's your big idea, drop baby oil on them?

TERESA

Dark. The night is our friend. Wait for dark, shoot the security lights out and move one team in position here...

She marks an area on the map close to the turbine building.

TERESA (CONT'D)

...another team gets to the TSC and scrams the reactor.

SAMMY

Any of you ever done that before?

TERESA

I could get to the TSC with my eyes closed.

SAMMY

I mean shutdown the reactor. You'd have to make it to the TSC with an operator.

TERESA

I can't drag a civilian across that open area.

CALVIN

Don't need to. Admin reports that there's a technician working in the TSC. Poor schmuck doesn't have a clue what's going on topside.

SAMMY

Phone him to scram it!

CALVIN

Phones aren't working anywhere in the plant. They must have taken out the communications panel.

TERESA

Radios only?

CALVIN

No reception down there and it appears that the idiot didn't have a sound powered phone with him.

Sammy looks over at Teresa.

SAMMY

Probably terrified he'd leave it plugged in and get fired over it!

INT. TSC -- AFTERNOON

This is a room with no windows and filled to the brim with computers and terminals. It was not designed for human comfort, although the couple using it earlier in the day didn't seem to mind.

Todd is playing the most intense computer game. There is a CRASH and disappointing TONE.

COMPUTER VOICE

You have three lives left.

Todd starts to madly roll his track ball. He leans in closer. From the other side of the room there is a BEEP. Todd quickly glances at a large computer as it spits out a tape. Another CRASH.

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

You have two...

Todd pauses the game. He walks over to the large computer and removes the tape. He replaces it with a fresh tape and presses a button on the console.

Todd steps back and looks at a small stack of tapes. He leans in close to the big computer and strokes the side of the console.

TODD

(imitating the robotics
computer voice)

You have three tapes left, m'lady.

The computer starts to HUM contently with its new tape as Todd returns to his computer game.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- DAY

Calvin sits across a conference table from Jim and another administrative type, ALLEN CUNNINGHAM. Neither one of them look like they had planned to be there tonight.

Jim studies pages of yellow legal pad notes and drawings.

JIM

This is best you could come up with?

CUNNINGHAM

Scramming the plant means two million dollars a day in lost revenue.

CALVIN

Want to hear the alternative?

Both pencil heads perk up.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

In four or five hours, these protesters will have all four cooling water backup systems disabled. Sensors indicate that they are overriding the first one right now.

Calvin gets up and starts drawing a diagram on a white board.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Then they start venting contaminated water out of the pressure relief valves and proceed to expose the core.

JIM

The rods will drop first.

CALVIN

Unless they disable that system too.

JIM

Anyone with enough knowledge to disable the backup systems would never expose the core.

Cunningham rubs his temples.

CUNNINGHAM

Why not? Look what they've done so far!

JIM

It would be suicide for them. No way to get out in time.

CALVIN

We've got to assume that's their plan.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PATIO -- AFTERNOON

The Alpha team is busy getting rifles and guns from the back of the pickup. Sammy, Malcolm and Teresa have already selected their firearms.

Another Alpha team member, JACKSON comes up to the trio.

JACKSON

This is suicide!

SAMMY

Getting scared, chicken man?

JACKSON

You'd think the feds would be here soon with a SWAT team.

SAMMY

If they've been called. Plant administration likes to keep this shit quiet. Bad press and all.

MALCOLM

We're three hours away from that kind of manpower anyway. You think the Feds like to build their shiny headquarters near nuclear power plants?

Teresa holds her cell phone and stares at it. Malcolm comes over close to her.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

You want to call her, don't you?

TERESA

Situation dictates a communications blackout.

MALCOLM

Fuck it, give her a call.

Teresa shakes her head and tucks the phone back in her pocket.

TERESA

Rules are rules.

She looks out at the horizon.

TERESA (CONT'D)

About thirty minutes until dark. Anybody think this plan will work?

JACKSON

Get in there, get out. Probably only take a second to scram the reactor.

TERESA

I can't figure out why they didn't take over the TSC along with the control room.

MALCOLM

That was probably their plan, but the roving team interrupted that. Now they've got snipers to keep us out.

Malcolm puts his hand on Teresa's shoulder.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

"Us" doesn't have to be you, kiddo.

Malcolm rubs his stomach.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

I guess I'm not designed for snaking across the ground, but at least I don't have a kid expecting me to come home tonight.

TERESA

She knows the deal.

MALCOLM

Did she agree to it?

TERESA

Nobody is better qualified. I was in Recon in the Gulf. The night is my friend. I own the night.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- AFTERNOON

Calvin stands by the door with a hand on the knob. It's obvious that he's anxious to leave.

CALVIN

Time to choose.

Jim and Cunningham look stressed as they study the yellow sheets of papers. Calvin looks purposely at his watch.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Dark in fifteen and my guys are ready.

JIM

What if they don't make it to security?

CALVIN

Doesn't matter. The only reason why we're planning an assault in that direction is to divert the sniper's attention from the lone alpha heading towards the TSC.

JIM

Who'll be a sitting duck if another sniper sees him.

CALVIN

Not this alpha, she's invisible in the dark.

CUNNINGHAM

She? You can't send a fucking female out. The press alone...

CALVIN

This isn't a PR job. I hired Ramirez because she's fast and experienced.

CUNNINGHAM

Experienced? What...she played "hide and go seek" as a kid?

CALVIN

Eight months in the Gulf War doing Recon.

Calvin rubs his jaw.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Running wires to blow up shit.

Cunningham looks concerned.

CUNNINGHAM

Wasn't she the one with that baby oil thing today?

CALVIN

She was real pissed about you firing the chick and keeping the guys.

Calvin cracks a small smile.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Better hope she never finds out your home address.

Calvin makes a "kerboom" gesture with his hands.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PARKING LOT NEXT TO THE PICKUP-- NIGHT

Darkness has fallen quickly, but as the security lights come on, it's actually getting brighter. Teresa looks in the side mirror of a pickup and smears her face with some black goo. Sammy comes up behind her.

SAMMY

Little baby oil will take that off later.

TERESA

Shut the...

Teresa is cut off with a gentle hand from Calvin on her shoulder.

CALVIN
Got two other volunteers.

Teresa turns her attention back to the smear job on her face.

TERESA
Not with my moves you don't.

CALVIN
You don't have to prove anything
here.

Now she's angry.

TERESA
That's what you think this is all
about?

Teresa wipes her greasy hand off on Sammy's sleeve.

TERESA (CONT'D)
You think I'm trying to prove that
I'm as good as these slugs?

Sammy is trying to get the blob off and walks away disgusted.

CALVIN
(softly)
I hired you, remember? Your file.

TERESA
So that's it. You think I carry
around some sort of guilt trip because
two of my guys were too stupid to
come out of the rain.

CALVIN
We carry around lots stuff. Honor,
loyalty, respect...

TERESA
This is a job. That was a job. I
come in each day, I work for eight
hours, you pay me for eight hours.
End of the agreement.

CALVIN
What you've agreed to do goes beyond
pay.

TERESA
Not in my book.

Teresa reaches into the back of pickup and pulls out a handgun.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Let's go do what they pay us for.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PATIO -- NIGHT

Malcolm, Jackson, Sammy and two other members of the alpha team are heavily armed and in a tight circle with Calvin in the middle. Teresa stands to the side checking her handgun.

CALVIN

You all have your mark?

The group looks at the tall security light poles.

SAMMY

I could hit those with my eyes closed.

CALVIN

Eyes open and I want you focused on the turbine building.

SAMMY

Use of deadly force?

CALVIN

Authorized. Knock that bastard off in one shot.

Calvin turns his attention to Teresa.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

With all this going on, you should be able to sneak unnoticed into the TSC.

TERESA

Depends on how many are up there.

Sammy checks the scope on his rifle.

SAMMY

I don't care if there's fifty of them, I'll pop their sweet asses in the air like beer cans.

Calvin looks at the group.

CALVIN

Ready team?

Ever member of the team nods. Calvin looks at his watch.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
On the fifteen. No fuckups.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd sits at the computer terminal playing a game. There is a CRASH and disappointing TONE.

COMPUTER VOICE
You have one life left.

As if on cue, the large computer spits out another tape. Todd jumps up.

TODD
Such a demanding lady!

He strokes the side of the big computer again.

TODD (CONT'D)
(to the computer)
But you know I love it, don't you?

EXT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

Calvin looks at his watch while the team has their rifles aimed at the bright lights. Teresa crouches low and to the left.

CALVIN
Thirteen, Fourteen, Fire!

There is an explosion of GUNFIRE as the team takes out the lights and darkness engulfs the compound. Teresa takes off across the lawn to the left.

TERESA
(whispering)
I own the night.

GUNFIRE erupts from on top of the turbine building, causing Teresa to tuck and roll behind a shrub. The gunfire is answered by another EXPLOSION of firepower from the team.

Teresa takes this opportunity to sprint to the fence surrounding the protected area. She quickly cuts the fence enough for her to slide through.

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

Teresa stands behind the TSC entrance shack out of view of the turbine building to catch her breath. She pulls out her security badge then slowly reaches around the corner and swipes her card.

TERESA

I own the night.

There is another round of GUNFIRE and Teresa yanks her hand back and squats down out of sight. There is a CLICK as the door unlocks.

EXT. SECURITY BUILDING -- NIGHT

The team moves slowly towards the entrance to the security building, but sniper FIRE impedes their progress.

SAMMY

Can you see her?

Malcolm holds out a hand to his face.

MALCOLM

I can hardly see my hand.

SAMMY

How the hell do we know if she made it?

MALCOLM

Stick to the plan. Teresa always delivers.

SAMMY

We could be wasting precious ammo and as far I know she could be back in her car doing her nails.

Malcolm squints at his watch.

MALCOLM

Coming up on fifteen...

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

Another explosion of GUNFIRE and Teresa slips into the unlocked TSC door.

INT. TSC STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Teresa allows the door to CLICK shut behind her. She crouches low on the first step and slowly moves down the stairs, gun out.

INT. OUTSIDE COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa is tight against the wall outside the computer room inside the TSC. The door is slightly ajar. There is CRASH from within the room.

Teresa makes one move that sends her through the door in a crouching position.

Another CRASH and Teresa tucks and rolls under a computer desk. There is disappointing MELODY coming from one of computers.

COMPUTER VOICE

Game over...

TODD

Damn!

Teresa jumps up and into firing position.

TERESA

Freeze! This is not a drill.

TODD

Damn!

Todd throws his arms up. His coke crashes to the ground. He recognizes Teresa and smiles.

TODD (CONT'D)

Hey, if you wanted to see me again so bad, you could have just called.

Todd reaches down to retrieve his coke and Teresa lunges across the room. She roughly pushes Todd back into his chair and keeps the gun pointed at him.

TERESA

This is not a drill!

TODD

How would I know that?

Teresa moves the gun. She takes one hand off the gun and holds up her middle finger.

TERESA

I would think that my actions might give you a hint.

TODD

No different than when you're just pissed off about some stupid phone.

Todd slowly reaches to the right and picks up his sound powered phone. He offers it to Teresa.

TODD (CONT'D)

It's not plugged in, but I heard there were some people making out in the parking lot that you could rough up.

TERESA

Shut the fuck up and listen you moron!

TODD

You should really brush up on your people skills, maybe you could...

TERESA

Shut up! Terrorists have taken control of the plant, I need you to scram the reactor.

Todd jumps up, pushing the gun aside.

TODD

Why didn't you say so? Just run over there and push that big red scram button!

Teresa runs over to a control panel and scans the labels.

TERESA

None of them say "scram"!

TODD

Now who's the moron? You think just anyone can come in here and scram a reactor?

TERESA

This is the TSC! It's purpose is to provide backup emergency control of the plant.

TODD

For a control room operator with lots of experience. Even then it's a tough job. I'm just a computer programmer.

Todd points at a wall of computer systems.

TODD (CONT'D)

You either need to get an operator on the phone or I'll have to write a program to scram the reactor.

TERESA

No phones, but that's what you do, right? You write simulations, right?

TODD

Simulations to test backup systems. Once the backup system responds, my programs end.

TERESA

Then do it.

Todd holds one finger, it's the middle finger.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Do that again moron and you'll lose it.

He slowly brings up his index finger to join his middle finger.

TODD

Peace?

He sits down at a terminal and starts typing. Teresa leans on the edge of his cubicle.

TERESA

Done yet?

He starts to raise the middle finger again, but quickly replaces with his index finger.

TODD

(muttering)
Humans.

TERESA

How much longer?

Todd looks at his watch.

TODD
Three hours and seventeen minutes.

He turns his attention back to the screen.

TERESA
Three hours! We don't have three
hours!

TODD
And seventeen minutes.

TERESA
How the hell do you know that it
will be exactly three hours and
seventeen minutes?

TODD
How the hell would I know?

Now Teresa is stumped. She grabs the sound powered phone.

TERESA
I've got to get a real operator on
this thing.

Todd gets up to follow her to an outlet. She roughly pushes him back into his chair.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Until then, you keep programming,
Moron.

After she turns away, he holds up one finger - this time, the middle finger.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL -- NIGHT

Malcolm, Sammy, and Jackson are inside the security building. Sammy comes out of a walk-in safe carrying a load of assorted weapons.

SAMMY
It's Christmas time!

Sammy kisses one of the assault rifles.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Did you miss me honey?

Jackson takes a few of the weapons off of Sammy's pile.

JACKSON

Did you leave any for us?

SAMMY

This is what happens when I'm deprived of my firepower for more than a few hours.

He sets the pile down on a desk and tosses one to Malcolm.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Load up, then we're after these motherfuckers!

MALCOLM

Those weren't our orders. We were supposed to create a diversion.

JACKSON

Make them think getting here was our objective.

SAMMY

Always was for me. Now I'm going out there and blow those...

MALCOLM

Yeah, yeah...motherwhatevers off the face of the earth. Let's hear the plan.

SAMMY

See that sniper on top of the building?

Malcolm nods.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Gonna blow him away. Next I blow open the door to the turbine building and hopefully take out a couple vegetarians in the process. Next I charge into the control room and with both barrels...

Sammy does a great Rambo impression.

MALCOLM

I get the picture. What would Jackson and I do?

SAMMY
Take pictures for the cover of Spy
and Soldier Magazine?

A radio on one of the desk BUZZES. Malcolm picks it up.

MALCOLM
(into the radio)
Control.

CALVIN (O.S.)
(from the radio)
Position secure?

MALCOLM
Roger and Nightingale is in the nest.

CALVIN (O.S.)
(from the radio)
Maintain position, observe, and
report.

MALCOLM
Roger.

Malcolm sets the radio down. He smiles at Sammy.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
You heard the man.

Sammy starts to load up with various weapons.

SAMMY
I was in the vault. Can't hear a
thing in there.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

Jim, Cunningham, and Calvin crowd around a speaker phone.
There is a slight BEEP, BEEP.

CUNNINGHAM
I thought the phones were down.

CALVIN
Not for them. They control the phone
system.

Cunningham reaches over and presses the speaker button.

CUNNINGHAM
This is Cunningham, Vice-President
of Operations for General Power.

JIM
Jim Hovel, Plant Manager.

TERRORIST (O.S.)
(from the speaker
phone)
We have taken control of your little
power plant.

CALVIN
Who are you?

TERRORIST (V.O.)
Shut up! We talk, you listen.

Jim gives Calvin a warning glance.

TERRORIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)
We have three hundred and seventy-
three of our brothers being held in
Kuwaiti prisons. They will be set
free in twenty-four hours.

CUNNINGHAM
This is a privately owned plant. We
have no...

TERRORIST (O.S.)
Shut up! I talk. You tell your
President that if our brothers are
not across the Iraqi border in twenty-
four hours, we will expose the core
of this plant.

CALVIN
You'll kill all of us!

There is a CLICK on the line. Jim reaches over and grabs
the handset.

JIM
Hello? Hello?

Jim holds the handset up.

JIM (CONT'D)
You idiot! He hung up.

CALVIN
Good. Let him think he's in control.

Jim taps the handset on Calvin's chest.

JIM
He is in control!

CALVIN
Not if we've taken the TSC.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

There is a soft glow in the front room that comes from a small fireplace. Rita is glued to the television while Jennifer types on a computer in the corner.

JENNIFER
Anything?

Rita clicks the controller and switches stations.

RITA
Must not be very serious.

Jennifer types a few things into the computer.

JENNIFER
She'd be home by now if it were nothing.

Rita clicks off the television and comes up behind Jennifer.

RITA
You know your mom...

Rita rubs Jennifer's shoulders.

RITA (CONT'D)
...she's always the last one out.

JENNIFER
I've already heard from Brianna and Stu and nobody else is home either.

Rita stops the rub and pats Jennifer on the arm.

RITA
You should shut it down and get ready for bed.

Jennifer looks up at the clock.

JENNIFER
An hour more? I told Stu that I'd check with a few others and try a few news clipping sites.

RITA

Thirty minutes more, but you didn't
hear that from me.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Teresa plugs in the sound powered phone and dials various
channels.

TERESA

Hello?

She turns to another channel.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Hello...hello, admin?

Todd looks up from his terminal and shakes his head.

TODD

Useless.

Teresa gets up and confronts Todd.

TERESA

Listen you little geek, this isn't a
game where you build up life credits!

She pokes him in the chest.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Some of us have to live in a "black
and white" world and do things by
the book.

TODD

No sound powered phones in admin.
Useless to try.

TERESA

Trying speaking in full sentences
next time.

TODD

Why should I waste a whole sentence,
when a single word communicates the
thought?

TERESA

Asshole.

TODD

That works. One simple word.

TERESA

Don't lecture me on simplicity. I can say one word and my daughter knows it's an emergency.

TODD

For you, it's probably "asshole".

TERESA

Gorgonite.

TODD

Gordon who?

TERESA

Gorgonite, it's from the movie, "Small Soldiers." It's the characters we admire the most - they hide to survive.

TODD

From that one word, your daughter knows exactly what to do? Pretty well-trained. Must be a key to getting along with you.

TERESA

That word let's her know that the message comes directly from me.

TODD

The equivalent of coming straight from God, right?

Teresa ignores him and switches to another channel.

TERESA

What about the security building? Is there a plug in there? I've never seen one.

TODD

Only places with plugs are the reactor, fuel loading, and...

Todd lunges toward her and places a hand over her mouth.

TODD (CONT'D)

(whispering)
...any place where it's too dangerous to use a radio.

Teresa turns the dial one more. Here eyes widen. She nods with Todd still keeping his hand intact. He pulls his hands back.

Todd mouths "THEM?" She nods.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

Jim Hovel rubs his temples while Cunningham paces back and forth. Calvin appears rather calm considering the situation.

CUNNINGHAM

How much longer?

JIM

Local sheriff will be here in thirty minutes. It'll take a few hours more for the feds to get here.

CUNNINGHAM

Then another hour on top of that to organize.

Cunningham looks at Calvin.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

Where's your team?

CALVIN

My guys saw Ramirez enter the TSC. The engineers think that tech can figure out how to scam the plant in a few hours.

CUNNINGHAM

Let's get an operator down there.

CALVIN

The snipers thought we were just trying to get to security.

JIM

Calvin's right. Next time, the snipers are going to figure out what we're up to.

CALVIN

Operator would be worthless anyway.

Cunningham looks over at Jim who nods.

JIM

As soon as the operator started taking control, they'd start draining the cooling systems.

CALVIN

That programmer can write one program that triggers the backup systems faster than any operator could.

CUNNINGHAM

Is that what he's doing?

Calvin nods.

CALVIN

My guys made it to the security building and the tech down there logged into the control system a few minutes ago.

CUNNINGHAM

Send him a message to hurry!

Jim and Calvin just look at each other.

CALVIN

It's just a security log. Can't get into the system.

CUNNINGHAM

Damn computers!

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd reaches over and yanks the sound powered phone from it's plug. Teresa jumps out of her seat.

TERESA

What the hell?

TODD

If you can hear them, they can hear us.

TERESA

I've got to get someone down here who can understand what they are saying.

TODD

Order a good control room operator while you're at it.

TERESA

How about I also ask for a nice bottle of wine and some cheese and crackers? Sure do want to make you comfortable.

TODD

Some female company would be nice too.

TERESA

What the hell do you think I am?

TODD

Female, possibly. Company, never!

TERESA

I thought an operator down here wouldn't help much. They're in control of the backup systems.

TODD

A control room operator would know the shutdown sequences better than I do. When my program starts, the operator could start trying to take control of the backup systems.

Teresa pulls out her cell phone and starts to enter some numbers.

TODD (CONT'D)

Won't work down here.

TERESA

Duh? If I've got to go up top and maybe get my ass shot off...

She finishes entering the numbers and slams the case shut.

TERESA (CONT'D)

...at least I won't be found dead looking like I was fumbling around trying to enter a phone number.

TODD

You should try using the speed dial memory...

Todd looks at her face and decides to drop the idea. Teresa ignores him and heads up the stairs with her cell phone in her hand.

TERESA

Keep on programming or I'll use speed
dial on your face.

Teresa is gone. Todd makes a puckered expression with his
mouth as he concentrates on the computer terminal.

TODD

Might feel good.

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

Teresa comes out of the TSC and ducks behind the building.
She opens up the cell phone.

After a few seconds Teresa SLAMS it shut.

TERESA

(under her breath)
Damn!

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Jennifer is still on the computer, but looks cautiously at
the clock. It's way past the thirty minutes she agreed to.

Jennifer takes another look over at her grandmother who is
fast asleep in her chair.

ON THE COMPUTER:

STU: "You there, Squid breath?"

Jennifer types back:

JEN: "Barely awake, Puke face."

STU: "Mums not home?"

JEN: "No way I'd be chatting if so. Some of us aren't rich
enough to have a computer in their bedroom!"

STU: "LOL"

JEN: "Your dad?"

STU: "Nada. Gotta be something big. Mumsi is going crazy
cuz he hasn't called!"

JEN: "Probably big shots there or something"

STU: "Gotta go, Mumsi storming close by!"

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Teresa holds a PDA (personal digital assistant) while an excited Todd points out a few features.

TODD

Click here and you'll have the latest stock quotes. Click here and you can send email.

TERESA

Can't you get it into your head? I only want to make a simple phone call.

Todd takes the PDA from her.

TODD

Then use your own phone.

TERESA

The battery is just as dead now as it was a few minutes ago.

Todd holds the PDA behind his back.

TODD

Say "please".

TERESA

How about I say, "give me the fucking PDA or I'll handcuff you to the cooling tower."

TODD

I like it in there, a nice mist and lots of open space.

TERESA

The top of the cooling tower?

Todd hands over his PDA to Teresa.

TODD

There are lots of self-help books available for anger management.

TERESA

Shut up!

Teresa pecks away at the PDA.

TODD

Think it's worth another trip topside?

TERESA

Not much choice. You're sure it doesn't work down here?

TODD

This place was designed to take a direct hit. Never built for wireless reception. I doubt if anyone in admin is looking at their email right now, anyway.

TERESA

I know someone who is.

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

Teresa is back on the surface standing on the back side of the TSC shack.

There is the sound of FOOTSTEPS. She moves into a tighter ball and looks closely at the PDA screen and pulls out the stylus.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Jennifer leans in close to the monitor.

JENNIFER

Holy shit!

Rita wakes up startled. She squints at the clock.

RITA

What do you think you're doing still up at this hour? Your mom will fry both of us when she gets home.

JENNIFER

She just sent me an email!

Rita jumps up and stands behind Jennifer.

RITA

Probably just one of your chatting buddies playing a joke.

Rita squints a little harder to read the screen.

RITA (CONT'D)

It's her!

Rita grabs the phone next to the computer and dials some numbers.

RITA (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Forward this call to Jim Hovel's
cell phone!

Jennifer pulls a sheet of paper out of the printer and hands it to Rita.

RITA (CONT'D)
I don't know Jim Hovel's cell phone
number, but I do know that he has
one. If I knew his cell phone number,
I wouldn't need you, would I?

Jennifer GIGGLES.

RITA (CONT'D)
Listen lady, it's not important that
both of us know I'm right, but think
about this; I know there's an
emergency going on at that plant and
I know Jim Hovel's name. They don't
give you much room in that job to be
a hero, so here's one of those moments
where you're going to have to use
your head instead of the company
rule book.

Rita holds up her fingers crossed.

JENNIFER
She's putting you through?

Rita nods.

RITA
Hovel? ...That's not important, just
listen.

Rita holds up the paper that Jennifer printed for her.

RITA (CONT'D)
Teresa Ramirez is in the TSC. She
just sent an email. A sound powered
phone is plugged into where the
terrorists are. She needs an Iraqi
translator and a control room operator
to the TSC.

Rita grabs a pencil and writes down an email address.

RITA (CONT'D)

I'll try to get her to email you,
but she says it's dangerous to remain
topside.

Rita moves the paper close to Jennifer and puts her hand
over the phone's mouthpiece.

RITA (CONT'D)

Send that email address to your Mom.

Rita takes her hand away as Jennifer starts typing.

JENNIFER

Sent.

They both stare at the screen.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Nothing.

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

There is the rustle of footsteps and Teresa looks around
just in time to get the butt of a rifle in the side of her
face. The PDA flies from her hand.

She starts to get up but another blow to the side of her
head sends her to the ground.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa comes to with a GROAN. She is on the floor with her
hands tied up. A tall and imposing man in camouflage, ALI,
strides proudly over to her.

A cigarette is cupped in his hand. It's almost like he isn't
aware that it's there.

ALI

Ahh...our princess awakes.

Teresa struggles against the bindings.

TERESA

Let me go!

Ali leans down and cups her chin in his massive hand. He
tilts her face towards him.

ALI

Who are you? What position do you
hold? What do you know?

TERESA
I know you have illegally taken
possession of this power plant.

Ali throws his head back and LAUGHS.

ALI
Illegally? What laws do we obey?
United Nations'? Allah's? Your's?

She defiantly pulls her chin back.

TERESA
Your act of terrorism violates
international law.

Ali harshly hits her across the mouth.

ALI
Shut up! I talk, you listen.

Teresa rubs her mouth on her sleeve to stop the flow of blood
from the corner of her mouth.

Ali storms off to join the other TERRORISTS on the other
side of the room.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd paces back and forth in front of the computer monitor.
He stops and strokes the side of it.

TODD
(to the computer)
Little faster, sweetheart.

He looks up the stairwell for Teresa. Nothing.

TODD (CONT'D)
Where are you sweetheart?

Todd looks over at the sound powered phone. He walks over
and picks it up.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

Jim Hovel and Cunningham stare at a laptop computer in front
of them. Calvin is on the phone in the corner.

CUNNINGHAM
Are you sure you sent it correctly?

Jim glares at Cunningham.

JIM

I run this whole plant for your stupid company. Don't you trust me enough to be able to send email?

CUNNINGHAM

Maybe the email from her was a hoax.

JIM

Calvin knows her family. They are serious folk.

CUNNINGHAM

Acorn doesn't fall far from tree.

Cunningham looks over at Calvin who appears frustrated with his telephone call.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

Probably not easy to find an Iraqi translator.

JIM

At least the control room operator is ready. Security is planning a diversion.

Calvin slams down the phone.

CALVIN

He's not going anywhere.

Calvin walks over to the two.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Just talked to the feds. No translator, no operator, no us.

Both Jim and Cunningham get to their feet in alarm.

JIM

Feds?

CALVIN

Coming up the hill and officially in charge now. They issued an order at the gate. Take no action.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa struggles against the ropes binding her. She falls over and hits her head harshly on the floor. While laying flat she notices the sound powered phone a few feet away.

Teresa pulls herself upright and at the same time closer to the sound powered phone.

The TERRORISTS are busy at each of the control stations while Ali indicates that he's stepping outside for a smoke.

TERESA
(whispering)
Lights.

One of the terrorist looks up for a moment towards Teresa. She drops her head and MOANS.

TERRORIST
Shut up, you whore! I can't think.

Teresa is silent as she stares at a bank of indicator lights on the wall. The moments pass but she doesn't even blink once. Finally one of the indicator lights FLASHES - twice.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

Jim, Cunningham, and Calvin all stare at the laptop computer. They are startled by the arrival of two Feds, CRANSTON and MACK.

Both are darkly dressed to match their serious demeanor.

MACK
Situation.

Jim and Cunningham get up, but Calvin's eyes stay glued to the screen.

JIM
Jim Hovel, plant manager.

He offers his hand but neither Fed notices it.

JIM (CONT'D)
At seventeen thirty-eight the security access panels...

Cranston holds up a hand to stop him.

CRANSTON
The situation now!

JIM
Got a programmer and security officer in the TSC. Had one email communication with the officer requesting a translator...

Cranston holds up his hand again. Calvin has figured it out.

CALVIN
Assuming you've already been briefed
on all the rest...

Calvin doesn't take his eyes off the laptop screen.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
...current situation, no response to
our email requesting estimated
shutdown time.

MACK
You also lack verification that you're
even communicating with your officer
instead of a kid in his mom's
basement.

Mack's cell phone in his pocket RINGS. He doesn't say a word, just listens then hangs up. Mack nods at Cranston and they turn to leave.

JIM
What?

CRANSTON
The assault team has arrived.

JIM
Assault? You can't launch an assault!
They've got control of over eighty
percent of the backup systems. Within
an hour, they'll...

Cranston glares at Jim.

CRANSTON
They'll be dead.

INT. TURBINE BUILDING -- DAY

Ali comes back into the turbine building after flicking his cigarette at the door. He looks over at the other terrorists busy at work at the control stations.

ALI
Time to turn up the heat.

Ali picks up a phone. He screams into it.

ALI (CONT'D)
My demands have not been met! My
Iraqi brothers rot in Kuwaiti jails!

Teresa inches closer to be able to see what is going on.
Ali SLAMS the phone down. He walks over to Teresa and offers
a cigarette. She nods.

ALI (CONT'D)
All should be free in two hours!

Ali realizes that she cannot take the cigarette. He reaches
around and unties her. Teresa reaches gratefully for the
cigarette.

ALI (CONT'D)
Two hours, seventeen minutes.

Ali goes into a trance.

ALI (CONT'D)
Two hours, seventeen minutes and
fifteen seconds.

He pulls out a cigarette lighter and holds it up to Teresa.
She quickly puts the cigarette in her mouth and takes the
light.

ALI (CONT'D)
Two hours, seventeen minutes and
fifteen seconds longer and my wife
and daughter would be alive today.

Teresa COUGHS from the cigarette.

ALI (CONT'D)
Now they want two more
hours from me.

He roughly takes the cigarette from her mouth and stomps it
out.

ALI (CONT'D)
You don't smoke.

He grabs the ropes to tie her up when there is a CRASH on
the roof. Ali runs towards the door. He shouts at the
terrorists on the way out.

ALI (CONT'D)
Expose it now!

The door shuts with a SLAM.

TERESA
 (whispering)
 I don't smoke and you're not an Iraqi.

She looks up at the indicator lights. It BLINKS TWICE. The terrorists are busy at the controls.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 You in control?

It BLINKS ONCE.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 How much longer?

It BLINKS ONCE.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 PDA?

It BLINKS ONCE.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 Up top. Get it. Gorgonite!

The light panel BLINKS TWICE.

Teresa studies the two terrorists at the control panel. Each one has an automatic weapon leaning against their leg. She gets down low and starts to crawl up behind them.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

Jim and Cunningham pace back and forth in perfect tandem. Calvin still holds the telephone in his hand. Cranston runs into the room.

CRANSTON
 What's the emergency? We're trying to complete final staging for the assault.

CALVIN
 You've got to stop the assault! I just got us two more hours.

CRANSTON
 Can't do it. They'll never let those prisoners go.
 (MORE)

CRANSTON (CONT'D)

We have to deal with this head on.
How long will it take for you to
stop the melt down after we provide
you with access to the control room?

JIM

We can rush in and drop the rods in
seconds. I'll get five control room
operators ready.

CRANSTON

Have them on the patio in five
minutes.

Cranston leaves.

CUNNINGHAM

You said if we drop the rods, it
will take days to get back on line.

Jim and Calvin stare at Cunningham in amazement.

JIM

I'm talking about the best way to
save the plant!

CALVIN

Along with our asses!

CUNNINGHAM

I'm talking about two million dollars
a day in lost revenue.

CALVIN

You've got a better idea?

CUNNINGHAM

Pump enough water back in to cool
the core. Five operators should be
able to get that done.

JIM

Should? What if they're not fast
enough?

CUNNINGHAM

Nuclear power has it's risks.

CALVIN

Have you started evacuating the
public? At least a ten-mile range
must start going.

CUNNINGHAM

No can do. Feds said to do nothing
and that's what we're going to do.

JIM

The public is in danger! NRC
guidelines dictate that we must...

Cunningham SLAMS his fist down.

CUNNINGHAM

Guidelines! Did you hear yourself?
They are "guidelines." We've got
official federal instructions here.
The guys carrying guns say "do
nothing."

JIM

For once, I'd like you to make a
decision based on what is right.

CUNNINGHAM

Doing what's right doesn't make money.
Evacuating the public costs a fortune,
frightens them, and risks our ability
to get future plants approved.

JIM

Right at the time when new plants
are finally getting approved for the
first time in twenty years, right?

CUNNINGHAM

Nuclear power is safer than it's
ever been.

EXT. TSC STAIRWELL DOOR -- NIGHT

The night is pitch black but it doesn't take Todd long to
spot his PDA. He crawls out of the door, reaches out and
snags it.

INT. TSC STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

The PDA is covered in dirt but Todd is able to quickly blow
it off and he touches the on button. There is a soft green
glow from the screen.

TODD

(to the PDA)
Hi, honey. Miss me?

Todd pulls out the stylus and starts punching away.

TODD (CONT'D)
(to the PDA)
Time to hide away, little Gorgonite.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Rita and Jennifer are barely awake, but they are still glued to the screen. The screen comes alive.

COMPUTER VOICE
You've got mail!

Jennifer perks up.

JENNIFER
It's her!

Jennifer quickly clicks with the mouse.

RITA
She okay? What did she say?

Jennifer freezes and stares at the screen.

RITA (CONT'D)
What?

Rita squints to read the email. Jennifer sprints towards her bedroom.

RITA (CONT'D)
Gordon...who?

Rita runs after her.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Jennifer reaches under her bed and pulls out a duffel bag. It's already half full of clothes and toiletries. Rita rushes into the room.

RITA
Who is Gordon?

JENNIFER
Gorgonite. It's Mom's code word,
remember? We've have to run!

RITA
Run? Where? Why do you have a packed
bag?

JENNIFER

Ever since Dad left, she's been afraid
that either he'd come back or send
someone after us.

Jennifer grabs a stuff toy and jams it in.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Gorgonite means we get running.

Rita comes over and hugs Jennifer.

RITA

A lot of burdens for one so young.

JENNIFER

I'm almost fourteen! Mom said that
by my age she was already working.

Rita shakes her head sadly.

RITA

I had you mother's same bad judgment
in picking men.

Jennifer looks at the clock.

JENNIFER

Enough silly girl talk. I need you
to pack a bag, grab a map and meet
me at the car in five!

RITA

Where are we going?

JENNIFER

Over the hills and out of the plant's
line of sight. Each mile we get
further away increases our chances
ten-fold.

Rita shakes her head as she rushes out of the room.

RITA

These two girls can't boil a pot of
water, but they sure can scare the
shit out of me!

INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa creeps close to one of the weapons. She strikes.
With one swift movement she grabs the automatic weapon and

slams it against the terrorist's head, knocking him from his chair.

Teresa points the automatic weapon towards the other terrorist.

TERESA

Away!

She motions for him to move away from the control panel.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Todd!

Teresa moves closer to the sound powered phone.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Todd! Tell them control is secure.

The terrorist who was knocked down MOANS. He comes to with a look of fear in his face. Teresa motions for him to join his partner. Teresa takes a cautious look at the door to the turbine building.

She looks around the room and finds a door. She pulls it open to find a storage closet.

TERESA (CONT'D)

In there!

They both comply. She slams the door shut after them and uses a chair to jam the door. She runs over to the sound powered phone.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Todd! Todd! Todd!

INT. TSC STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Todd taps furiously at the PDA.

TODD

Pick up your email you stupid pencil pushers!

EXT. ROOF OF TURBINE BUILDING -- NIGHT

A helicopter hovers over the turbine building as the fifth federal COMMANDO drops to the roof. As the helicopter starts to pull away, one of the terrorists fires a flare gun at the five commandos.

The bright FLASH of the flare guns blinds the commandos with their night goggles. They double over in pain. One of them pulls up his weapon and blindly gets a SHOT off.

One of the terrorists, ZAYED, returns fire and scores a hit to the commando's leg.

Ali blasts through the roof access door in time to watch another one of the commandos take a shot at Zayed. Ali opens fire and the commandos take cover behind an HVAC unit.

The helicopter spins around and returns fire. Zayed is shot. Ali takes careful aim and fires at it's fuel tank. It retreats.

The commandos are still blinded as they rip off their night goggles. Ali motions for one of the terrorists to go around the other side of the HVAC unit.

As they pounce upon the blinded group, Ali opens fire at close range.

The two commandos left unharmed drop their weapons. Ali savagely grabs one commando and tosses him off the turbine building.

The other terrorist tosses another commando off, leaving three wounded commandos. Ali grabs one, who MOANS.

ALI
I'll keep him for bait.

Ali kicks at remaining two.

ALI (CONT'D)
Toss them back in.

The terrorist complies by pushing the two commandos off the roof. When he's done, he takes over for Ali and drags the wounded commando back towards the door.

The terrorist with the flare gun holds his fist up in victory.

TERRORIST
Billion of dollars in technology,
twenty-five cent flare.

Ali runs to Zayed's side.

ALI
Where?

Zayed moves his hand. There is a growing dark circle of blood in his side.

ZAYED

Just a scratch.

Ali nods and motions for one of the terrorists to help him. They pick up Zayed and the wounded commando, then move towards the roof access door.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

Calvin bursts into the room as Jim and Cunningham pace back and forth. The laptop is closed.

CALVIN

These guys redefine the term SNAFU!

JIM

Casualties?

CALVIN

Four.

JIM

The fifth?

CALVIN

Dragged him inside.

JIM

Control?

Calvin just shakes his head.

CALVIN

All backup systems are disabled. They've started draining the cooling tanks.

JIM

We've got to start evacuating.

CALVIN

The plant or the public?

CUNNINGHAM

Plant force stays to the end to try and salvage our three billion dollar investment.

JIM

I've got about hundred workers here right now! You'd sacrifice them?

CALVIN

Half are non-essentials, Let them go.

Cunningham shakes his head.

CUNNINGHAM

Anybody could be essential. These people knew the deal. This is part of their job.

CALVIN

What about you?

CUNNINGHAM

I'm out on a helicopter if it gets close. I never wanted our company to build this stupid plant.

JIM

You sure didn't mind the bonuses that came from it's two-million dollars of revenue a day!

CALVIN

Shut up about the money! We've got to notify the public. By now we should have evacuated two-hundred thousand people in a twenty-five mile radius.

JIM

No point. Can't get far enough away in time from a full melt down. Evac plans were developed for radioactive steam leaks.

CUNNINGHAM

You're saying the public is not in danger from a leak of radioactive steam?

JIM

Have you even studied for a moment what a melt down is? Don't you look at any of the reports we send up to you?

CUNNINGHAM

My question was, "Is the public in danger from a radioactive steam leak?"

JIM

Technically no. That's not what will kill them from a melt down. It will be a long and slow death from exposure to radiation.

CUNNINGHAM

Then an evacuation is not required. Let's see what the Feds decide.

Jim gets up and SLAMS his fist on the table.

JIM

Did they take any of the terrorists out?

CALVIN

Got one, but at least three more were spotted on the roof. Based on indicators, another two or three more were still in the control room.

Calvin glances at the table and notices the laptop. He immediately opens it up.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Damn!

JIM

It's her?

CALVIN

It's from the geek, Todd. Teresa has been captured in control, but the geek is almost ready to run some simulations.

JIM

Simulations? We need him to shut it down!

CALVIN

That's what simulations do if the backup systems don't take control in time.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa runs over and picks up one of the sound powered phones. She screams into it.

TERESA

Todd! I'm in control! Tell me how to drop the rods!

Teresa listens. Nothing. She grabs the regular phone. She dials a few numbers.

TERESA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Pick up! Pick up!

Nothing. She SLAMS the receiver down.

Teresa races over to the control panel and scans the hundreds of levers, switches, and buttons. She stares at the computer screen.

Teresa jumps when she hears FOOTSTEPS coming from the turbine building door. She grabs the automatic weapon and crouches protectively behind one of the panels.

INT. TSC COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

Todd returns to the TSC from the trek upstairs. He glances over at the sound powered phone. He picks it up and listens. He shakes his head and sets the phone back down.

TODD

(to himself)

All quiet on the western front.

He sits down at a computer screen.

TODD (CONT'D)

Time to write some simulations.
Let's see, I haven't used the old
"terrorists taking over a nuclear
plant" simulation in a long time...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Ali and another terrorist carry a limp Zayed into the control room. They are followed by two more terrorists dragging the MOANING commando into the room.

Ali eyes dart at the control panel and he drops Zayed.

ALI

Report!

The room is quiet as Teresa stays crouched in her hidden position. The two terrorists in the closet POUND on the door. There is muffled SHOUTING.

ALI (CONT'D)

Surrender or I kill your comrade!

Ali turns around and roughly grabs the commando and tosses him into the middle of the room. The commando GROANS.

ALI (CONT'D)

Ten, nine, eight...

Ali pulls out a gun and aims it closely to the commando's head.

ALI (CONT'D)

Seven, six, five, four...

There is a CLINK as Teresa slides the automatic weapon towards the middle of the room. The commando reaches out for it and Ali FIRES at the commando's arm.

The commando SCREAMS and retreats into the fetal position cradling his arm. The pool of blood quickly covers the weapon.

ALI (CONT'D)

His head is next!

Teresa looks over at the other automatic weapon. She raises her empty hands over the panel and slowly rises up.

TERESA

Don't harm him!

Ali smiles. He points his gun at the commando's head.

ALI

You never finish the job!

From behind Ali, Zayed MOANS. Ali puts his gun away and with the help of another terrorist, they pick him up and carry him back across the room.

The other terrorist rushes to the storage door and releases the two trapped terrorists. They return to the control panel.

Ali motions for Teresa to return to her position next to the wall.

They lay Zayed down next to Teresa. Ali rips a first aid kit from the wall and tosses it at her.

ALI (CONT'D)
He dies, you die!

Ali turns in fury towards the terrorist at the control panels.

ALI (CONT'D)
I don't hear no fucking alarms!
Melt this thing down now!

One of the terrorist is brave enough to stand up and confront Ali.

TERRORIST
The core will be exposed in forty
minutes. We have to leave now!

Ali looks over at Zayed. Teresa is working furiously to stem the flow of blood.

TERESA
You can't move him now!

ALI
I don't leave my brother behind.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd leans back comfortably and stares at the computer screen.

TODD
(to the computer)
That's my baby, I knew you could do
it.

He pops up and pats the monitor on the side.

TODD (CONT'D)
Let's see what big mean momma is up
to.

Todd moves over to the sound powered phone and listens.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa bandages Zayed and helps him into a sitting position. Her eyes dart cautiously over at Ali who is working with the other terrorists at the control panel.

She leans into and talks softly to Zayed.

TERESA

Think about it, surrender now and you might avoid being tried as a terrorist under international law.

ZAYED

Ahh...international law. The law that let millions of Jews be slaughtered in the forties.

Zayed tries to sit up straighter, but MOANS from the pain

ZAYED (CONT'D)

The law that allows the PLO now to bomb unarmed settlements?

TERESA

Israeli settlements, right?

ZAYED

It sickens me to even pretend to be an Arab, but this is how the new battles must be fought. Terrorism works.

TERESA

I spent nine months fighting your battles in the Gulf War. Nine months away from my family. Nine months in that stinking desert.

ZAYED

You did not fight my battles! You fought the oil company's battles.

Zayed is able to move forward enough to shake his fist at Teresa.

ZAYED (CONT'D)

Kuwait would not have seen one US soldier had they not been sitting on top of oil fields.

He leans in close to her.

ZAYED (CONT'D)

You were puppets. What a waste of your time!

TERESA

You're wrong! We fought to defend a country invaded by...

ZAYED
 You did not finish the job! You
 never finish the job! Ali will make
 you finish the job!

Teresa looks in alarm back at Ari, but he is immersed in conversation with the terrorists at the controls.

TERESA
 Lay down! You'll start bleeding
 again!

She helps a distressed Zayed back into a reclining position and stares at the sound powered phone that is more exposed now.

Teresa moves the first aid kit closer to the sound powered phone. She looks at Zayed's bandages.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 You'll be okay.

Zayed MOANS.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 You look as strong as this nuclear
 plant.

She turns back to the first aid kit.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 It would take a direct hit or an
 earthquake to take this place down.

She looks up at the indicator lights.

They BLINK twice.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd perks up with this information. He types furiously.

TODD
 (to the computer)
 My favorite simulation! Let's load
 her up.

Todd grabs the PDA and runs up the stairs.

TODD (CONT'D)
 This time those pencil necks better
 be watching!

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

Cranston and Mack storm into the room. They don't look any more humble after their failed assault attempt.

MACK

Situation?

Calvin blasts out of his seat.

CALVIN

Situation? Situation my ass! You guys fucked up the situation!

Cranston puts up a cautionary hand.

CRANSTON

I won't put up with that attitude!
Let's hear our alternatives.

Calvin pushes Cranston's hand aside and pokes him in the chest.

CALVIN

Your alternative is to kiss your ass
good-bye in about thirty minutes!

MACK

We need a copy of the emergency
evacuation plan for the plant, local
enforcement contacts, NRC shutdown...

Calvin turns towards Mack.

CALVIN

Two hundred thousand people? You
plan on getting them all far enough
away in thirty minutes?

CRANSTON

Probably won't be necessary. Looks
like the backup negotiations are
going well.

CALVIN

What negotiations?

MACK

The release of the prisoners from
the Kuwaiti jails. Isn't that what
the Iraqis want?

Mack holds out his cell phone.

MACK (CONT'D)

I should have confirmation in a few minutes. Situation will be resolved peacefully.

CALVIN

Other than your dead assault team?

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa has calmed Zayed and wipes some sweat from his forehead.

TERESA

You still in pain?

ZAYED

What do you care?

He turns away.

ZAYED (CONT'D)

That's right, if I die, you die.

TERESA

We'll all be dead if they don't stop exposing the core.

Zayed shakes his head.

ZAYED

We'll be gone first.

TERESA

How?

Zayed coughs. He MOANS in pain.

ZAYED

Not stupid.

TERESA

Without my help, you'll bleed to death after five steps.

ZAYED

Forest path to shoreline, then powerboat.

TERESA

You can't make it down that path, but I can get you to the shore. First
(MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)

you need to slow the rate of exposure
of the core.

Ali comes up behind her and brutally slaps her as she kneels
over Zayed. She falls onto the hard concrete.

ALI

Nobody leaves!

Teresa struggles to get up. She wipes the blood from her
lip on her shirt sleeve.

TERESA

Why! Why do you want to kill us
all? I have a daughter twenty miles
away. She'll die.

ALI

My daughter died because of you!

TERESA

I'm just a worker in this plant doing
my job.

ALI

You!

Ali pokes her in the chest.

ALI (CONT'D)

You, your country! You pulled the
tail of the Iraqi's. They bombed
Israel. You left, they still bombed.

Ali's head drops for a moment.

ALI (CONT'D)

Bombs that killed our children, our
women, while we helped you defend
your oil in Kuwait!

He looks up. There is pure hate in his eyes.

ALI (CONT'D)

If they think a bunch of Iraqi
terrorists melted down this plant
and killed thousands, they will finish
what they started!

TERESA

You think they'll bomb Iraq because
terrorists killed innocent citizens?

Ali gets up.

ALI
They'll bomb Iraq because terrorists
destroyed a few billion-dollar nuclear
plant. It's all about the money!

INT. TSC STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Todd sprints to the top of the stairs. He pauses at the door and looks longingly back at the soft glow coming from the TSC computer room below.

He pulls out the PDA.

TODD
(whispering to himself)
I'm giving you guys one more chance
to check your damn email!

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

There is a BEEP from the laptop. Calvin, Jim and Cunningham rush over to the screen.

CALVIN
It's the geek!

Calvin squints at the screen.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
What the hell?

Calvin looks over at Cranston and Mack.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Are those helicopters of yours still
around and how much weight can they
carry?

INT. TSC STAIRWELL DOOR -- NIGHT

Todd stares at the PDA. Finally there is a BEEP. He punches a few things onto the screen.

TODD
(to himself)
Time to "rock and roll" baby.

He looks at his watch then tears down the stairs towards the TSC computer room.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Ali runs across the room to answer it.

ALI
(into the phone)
Speak!

Ali smiles for the first time.

ALI (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
We will surrender in thirty minutes
after verification of the freedom of
our brothers. I will slow down the
melt down.

He SLAMS the phone down.

ALI (CONT'D)
They met my demands! Stupid
Americans! Stupid Kuwait!

TERESA
You'll be responsible for the release
three hundred and seventy five of
your enemies.

ALI
Kuwait was close to releasing them
anyway in return for concessions
from Iraq. Now they will die!

TERESA
Wrong! You succeeded in getting
them released.

ALI
The buses will leave the prison in
five minutes heading for the Iraqi
border.

Ali points to one of the terrorists on a cell phone.

ALI (CONT'D)
One of our team members is notifying
our command center cell as we speak.

Ali smiles again.

ALI (CONT'D)

A jet helicopter from Israel will sink a missile into each of those buses in fifteen minutes. They all die!

TERESA

So will all of us if we don't get out of here now!

Ali leans down towards one of the terrorists at the control panel and WHISPERS.

The terrorist points at something on the screen in front of him. Ali nods then turns his attention towards Teresa and Zayed.

ALI

There is a another way out?

TERESA

You'll slow down exposing the core?

Ali starts to smack her but holds his hand back.

TERESA (CONT'D)

The intake tubes go directly to the ocean. Zayed won't have to walk, they are smooth as glass. We can make a sled from those boxes over there.

ALI

Nice try, princess. Those tubes will drown us!

TERESA

You've disabled the backup cooling systems, right? The tubes are empty.

Ali thinks about this. Teresa stares at the indicator lights on the wall. Finally one light BLINKS twice.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Slow down the rate that you're draining the water...

She pulls Zayed up to a standing position.

TERESA (CONT'D)

...give us an hour. Fifteen minutes to cross the turbine building, then
(MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)
make it out the intake tubes. Another
forty-five minutes to get clear of
the plant.

ALI
With the wind blowing east, we'll
live.

Ali turns and goes back to the terrorists at the control
panels. Zayed leans in close to Teresa.

ZAYED
You won nothing. Your daughter is
east of the plant.

TERESA
It's not a matter of winning, it's
surviving. I just bought us more
time.

Ali grabs a gear bag and comes back to take the other side
of Zayed. Teresa looks over at the sound powered phone.

TERESA (CONT'D)
(shouting)
To the turbine building, now!

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd has one hand holding a sound powered phone to his ear
and the other poised above the keyboard. He drops the sound
powered phone and starts typing.

TODD
(to the computer)
That's our cue, let's make it real.

INT. WALKWAY TO TURBINE BUILDING -- NIGHT

As Ali, Zayed, Teresa and the terrorists head towards the
turbine building there is a thunderous ROAR. The metal
walkway is shaking and the group is thrown to the floor.

TERESA
Earthquake!

ALI
You lie!

TERESA
 (shouting)
 This is California! Happens a few
 times each year. This was built on
 a fault!

Teresa tries to stand up, but the metal walkway shakes too much. Teresa points to the control room door.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 Get back in there!

ALI
 No! To the intake tubes!

TERESA
 Tsunami! The quake could have caused
 a tsunami!

They crawl back towards the control room door on hands and knees.

EXT. TOP OF TURBINE BLDG -- NIGHT

Three helicopters hover over the area. One moves away empty as another moves in position. They each carry a suspended net of a bundle of logs.

The helicopter in position releases the logs and there is another thunderous ROAR as the logs strike HVAC units, roof supports, and air vents.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

The control room shakes and as they pour into room from the turbine building.

Books, pictures, and coffee cups fly off of the desks and shelves. One of the terrorists moves back to the control panel and reads the indicators.

TERRORIST
 It says earthquake!

ALI
 It could be a trick! Dump the cooling
 water!

All the terrorists move towards the control panel.

TERRORIST
 No control!
 (MORE)

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

The computer has taken over!
Automated shut down has started!

ALI

Override the fucking computer!

The terrorist works furiously at the panel.

TERRORIST

Nothing responds!

The NOISE and RATTLING has not stopped.

ALI

Back to the intake tubes!

Teresa grabs his arm.

TERESA

Filled with water! If the backup
system engaged, it's sucking water
in at ten times the normal rate.

Ali looks over at a terrorist who nods. Teresa sits down
alongside a wall and locks her arms around her knees.

TERESA (CONT'D)

We're safe in here. This room was
built to survive a direct hit.

The turbine building door bursts open and the control room
is filled with SWAT team members. The terrorists grab their
weapons.

ALI

For Allah!

Ali and the other terrorist open fire. The SWAT team members
are prepared and protected. The SWAT team reduces Ali's
team to pile of cadavers and pools of blood.

The SWAT team checks their prey, but no one notices Teresa
who is still huddled against the wall.

TERESA

You there, moron?

She looks up at the indicator lights. They BLINK twice.

Teresa crawls over to Zayed. He has been shot, but is still
alive.

TERESA (CONT'D)

What was your real name?

ZAYED

(gasping for air)

Ari.

TERESA

Ari, you need to tell me where this command cell is. This must stop!

Zayed looks over at his dead brother.

ZAYED

Terrorism is the only way. It's the only thing they fear.

TERESA

Who fears?

Zayed takes a last gasp of air.

ZAYED

The men with the money.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

An exhausted Teresa sits across from the FBI guys, Cranston and Mack while Calvin sits protectively as her side.

CALVIN

This debriefing is over. My man needs her rest.

Calvin helps Teresa up, but she pulls away.

TERESA

One more thing.

Cranston looks down at a long list on his legal pad.

CRANSTON

It's already going to cost your plant a couple of million dollars to get this stuff done and another million or so a year to replace the rent-a-cops with your alpha team.

TERESA

This one is your problem. The terrorists.

MACK
Iraqi scum. We showed them and turned
those buses back around!

Teresa shakes her head.

TERESA
Israelis.

MACK
Impossible. Their ID was Iraqi and
finger prints...

TERESA
Will confirm that. I'm telling you,
they were Israelis. This isn't over.

Cranston gets up and gathers his papers.

CRANSTON
We've tracked this group for years
and our body count shows we got them
all.

TERESA
You're wrong! They were Israelis.
They pretend to be whoever is the
flavor of the month that would get
our country to bomb!

Calvin leans over towards Teresa.

CALVIN
(whispering)
It's not important that both of us
know we're right.

Teresa looks over at Cranston and shakes her head.

TERESA
Being right is way overrated.

She storms out of the room.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- MORNING

Teresa comes out of the shower in a terry cloth robe. The door opens and Jennifer and Rita tumble in. Teresa runs to Jennifer and hugs her.

TERESA
I am so proud of you!

Rita joins the hug.

JENNIFER

I got the emergency kit and of course,
Grandma.

RITA

We got one smart Gorgonite here.
She navigated while I drove my ass
off.

Rita throws a hand over her mouth. Jennifer pokes at her
grandmother.

JENNIFER

It's been a "cover your ass" kind of
night.

TERESA

Jen!

Teresa looks angry but softens.

TERESA (CONT'D)

The night was your friend. You did
what you had to.

JENNIFER

We owned last night!

Teresa grabs Jennifer back into a big hug. Rita can't resist
and joins them.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- DAY

Calvin, Cunningham, and Jim sit around the conference table
while Teresa stands erect.

CALVIN

I said sit!

Teresa reluctantly takes a seat, but pushes her chair far
away from the edge of the table.

CUNNINGHAM

First of all, the company would like
to express it's gratitude for your
contribution to the resolution of
our the incident.

CALVIN

Show.

CUNNINGHAM

Show what?

CALVIN

The company would like to "show" it's gratitude in the form of a promotion.

TERESA

Sergeant?

CALVIN

A little higher.

TERESA

That would be your job.

CALVIN

Exactly.

Teresa jumps out of her chair.

TERESA

You'd be out of your mind to get rid of Calvin! He's the best damn...

Calvin holds up a hand.

CALVIN

Slow down, girl. I'm getting a little promotion too.

Teresa reconsiders, then drops back into her chair.

TERESA

You'll be installing all the modifications I outlined in my report?

CUNNINGHAM

In time.

Teresa pops up again.

TERESA

Forget it then. I won't be the chief of a dwindling and demoralized team.

CALVIN

Your demands will be met. That's what my new job will be.

Teresa heads for the door.

TERESA
We done then?

Jim opens up a folder.

JIM
One minor detail.

Calvin shakes his head in disgust.

JIM (CONT'D)
You violated a plant policy by telling
your daughter to evacuate.

TERESA
I was justified.

JIM
There was no cause for evacuation.

TERESA
You're saying at no time was the
public in danger?

JIM
Exactly.

TERESA
If you make this a part of my employee
record, then I have no choice but to
protest by providing proof that the
public was in danger.

CALVIN
That will cause an NRC investigation
and under the Freedom of Information
Act...

TERESA
...the public will demand to decide
for themselves if they were in danger
or not.

Cunningham reaches over and takes the folder from Jim.

CUNNINGHAM
File closed.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PATIO -- DAY

Calvin walks Teresa out to her car.

CALVIN

You can take the full week off before your new job starts.

TERESA

Just a few days camping with Jen will be enough. I think she was disappointed that there wasn't a real emergency and I that called them back from the mountains.

CALVIN

You surprised me on that one.

TERESA

That I called Jen?

CALVIN

Situation dictates a communications blackout.

TERESA

Never again will my job come first. I made that mistake twice. Once in the Gulf and again last night.

Teresa sits down on a planter and looks up at Calvin.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Still want me as Security Chief?

CALVIN

Last night the guys in that room made decisions based on every element except saving lives.

TERESA

Pretty strange to consider me as the human input.

Calvin sits down and puts his arm around her.

CALVIN

I always knew there was a heart in there.

TERESA

What gave me away?

CALVIN

The baby oil. After you left the first time last night a message came in for you.

TERESA

Jen?

CALVIN

"Don't forget baby oil, I'll need to get this junk off my face later."

INT. TERESA'S OFFICE -- DAY

Teresa sits behind a desk overloaded with files and paperwork. There is a slight TAP on the doorjamb. Teresa looks up angry, but her face softens when she sees Todd.

He taps on the etching on the door plate.

TODD

"Chief of Security", pretty impressive.

Teresa pushes back and pats her stomach.

TERESA

Not sure if a desk job agrees with me.

Todd spears an empty french fry container with his pen and holds it at eye-level.

TODD

Gotta lay off those fries.

TERESA

No overtime, it's all I can afford, Moron.

TODD

I sure miss you calling me that.

TERESA

You admit you're a moron?

TODD

Humans tend to slander others with that which they fear most.

Teresa cocks her head.

TODD (CONT'D)

Guy calls someone a "Homo", he's got homophobia. Lady calls her kids "lazy" but in reality, she's afraid of being thought of as lazy.

TERESA
I fear nothing!

TODD
A fact I agree with completely
although I do not admire. A little
fear is healthy.

Todd pulls out a newspaper from his backpack.

TODD (CONT'D)
Just came by to see if you noticed
this?

The headline reads, "NATO ORDERS BOMBING OF IRAQ".

TERESA
Retaliation for last week's sinking
of a cruise ship by terrorists.
Light punishment for killing over
two hundred.

TODD
They demanded the release of fifty
more of their Iraqi brothers still
in Kuwaiti prisons.

TERESA
How do you try to stop the government
from bombing a country I fought
against for nine months?

TODD
Any luck trying to find that Israeli
cell?

TERESA
Ari must be the most common Israeli
name in the world...

Teresa leans back and crosses her arms behind her head.

TERESA (CONT'D)
...or it wasn't even his name. I
guess it all evens out in the end.

TODD
Like you hiring back Liz as your
personal assistant?

TERESA
At least I know she can scream if
there's ever an emergency.

TODD

Time to toss out that old "black and white", "cut in stone" thing?

Teresa gets up and looks out a window.

TERESA

Time to survive. I've got a daughter to raise, a nuclear plant to protect, and maybe someday...

She stops and turns back towards Todd.

TERESA (CONT'D)

...a life.

TODD

You hang around me and I'll show you how to earn two or three more credits in the game of life.

TERESA

You're going to teach me how play your stupid computer games?

Todd comes closer. He pauses. A little fear in his face. Teresa gives him a sly grin.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I think you still have a few lives left.

Todd takes the chance and gives her a tender kiss.

TODD

Let the games begin!