

Arc-Angel

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EXT. PILFORD MUSEUM - DAY

Blossoming trees and flowers are everywhere, late summer in a college town. A building of brick and new age architecture sits just off the main downtown road. Climbing the staircase is ARNOLD FENCEWORTH, a sinister six foot plus, broad shoulders, well groomed-- English. He passes a large modern art monstrosity on his way to the fancy glass entryway. Posted above in elegant, silver, punched out font: "Robert J. Pilford Museum".

INT. PILFORD MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

Fenceworth strides through the twinkly glass entryway to the front desk and the middle aged, hippie turned yuppie RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello. Welcome to the Pilford.
Season pass or day pass, sir?

FENCEWORTH

(thick Cockney)
Actshooly, I've come ter ask
abaaaht da wan'ad.

She looks puzzled. He holds up the newspaper classifieds.

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, you'd like to apply for our
security guard position? Right this
way.

As she takes him around the corner, the CURATOR blazes towards the entrance. With an extreme smile, he greets MISS TYLER-WELLS: middle aged, heavy make-up, New York bourgeois.

CURATOR

Miss Tyler-Wells, welcome to the
Pilford. So glad to meet you.

They exchange fake cheek kisses. Tyler-Wells dumps her fur coat onto her edgy, metro-sexual assistant, ARBUL.

TYLER-WELLS

Darling, the pleasure is mine.

CURATOR

I cannot tell you how thrilled we
are that the great, beautiful Nadia
has decided to perform here. Will
Miss Nadia be needing assistance?

TYLER-WELLS

Oh, I'm afraid she won't be here today. Between you and I, she's in one of her moods.

CURATOR

What a shame. Well, let us not delay. I will show you the hall.

They proceed towards the main corridor. Arbul and Fenceworth lock eyes briefly in passing. The SECURITY CHIEF shakes Fenceworth's hand and leads him through an employees only doorway.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY PILFORD - CONTINUOUS

The three pass the latest exhibits and PATRONS.

CURATOR

This fall is going to be very exciting for us. You've no doubt heard we'll be hosting a night with Nobel Prize winning geneticist, Dr. Arjun Van Houten.

TYLER-WELLS

A scientist in an art museum?

CURATOR

We're happy to accommodate both. It's a symbiotic relationship with the college. Rutherford has become such a wonderful institution since they appointed Alfonse Richards president.

TYLER-WELLS

Ah...

She glances at a man standing at a macabre painting inspired by the Spanish Inquisition-- DR. KLEISS, bald, long grey coat, black gloved hands folded behind his back. He returns her look...

CURATOR

In fact it's due to him that we've been able to procure such a coup as Dr. Van Houten. They go way back!

Kleiss, face scarred down the right side with a CHROME EYEBALL in the right socket, points his gaze at the Curator.

CLOSE ON CHROME EYE: a subtle SHUTTER CLICK SOUND is heard.

TYLER-WELLS

(directed towards Kleiss)

Oh! They know each other? How wonderful.

CURATOR

Oh yes! Old friends, sharing a deep passion for science. Our science branch has taken off by leaps and bounds. All due to Richards.

As the three move on, Kleiss shakes his head and snarls. He strokes his chin with his right hand, A MECHANICAL SOUND accompanying each hand movement.

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

The double doors at the back are thrown open. The three of them enter. Tyler-Wells and Arbul walk the main aisle. The concert hall consists of beautiful, old wood artistry with extensive modern features bursting through like "Borg implants".

CURATOR

Well here we are. The Pilford Hall. As you can hear...the acoustics are infallible.

She inspects the stage, curtains wide open showing off the copious backstage area.

CURATOR (CONT'D)

Anything Miss Nadia needs, we will do our very best to provide.

Arbul unrolls an elaborate and large schematic labelled "Herculean: Phase II", on the stage before him...

TYLER-WELLS

Thank you. But I think we'll be just fine.

RUTHERFORD STATE COLLEGE

EXT. HOUSING SECTOR - DAY

Move in day in the dorms: a series of brick buildings spread out facing each other in a happy communal fashion. They swarm with cars, vans, SUV's etc. STUDENTS and FAMILY unload and carry boxes and furniture. Some happy greetings, some tearful good-byes.

EXT. CROMWELL TOWER - SAME TIME

A ten story, narrow brick building. A long slanted staircase, seemingly designed to confuse drunk students, leads up to the front. The building is surrounded by vehicles, bustling STUDENTS and PARENTS. A few stone faced CAMPUS SECURITY OFFICERS direct the flow of traffic.

INT. CROMWELL TOWER - 7TH FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The old grey elevator doors open. Pretty girl-next-door SARAH HARKER, her father JOHN and her knock out best friend RACHEL SHELTON step out into the sunny hallway. They scan doors for #730 as they walk, Sarah swinging her student ID keychain around her fingers.

RACHEL

I'll have clinicals coming out my ears and this whole R.A thing. But that's how I roll. I like a challenge.

JOHN

That does sound like a lot of work.

RACHEL

I'm like a shark. Gotta keep moving. So how are things with you, John? You look like you got some sun.

SARAH

(short and terse)
Stop flirting with Daddy, Rachel.

RACHEL

(volleying right back)
I'm sure he doesn't mind--

SARAH

Here it is! Room 730. Maybe the last dorm room I ever live in, right Raich?

RACHEL

And we're getting morose already...

SARAH

Academic probation will do that. I don't expect you to understand. You haven't gotten below an A-minus since the third grade, right? Isn't

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
that what you tell everyone? Like
every damn day?

RACHEL
(to John)
Is she always this, you know,
pleasant? At home?

SARAH
Well, maybe if I was more shark-
like--

RACHEL
You won't flunk out! Okay? I won't
let you.
(to John)
I'll keep her on the straight and
narrow.

JOHN
I appreciate that, Rachel.

Sarah sighs, puts the key in the door, turns it...

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and her party enter. Confusion sets in. A Persian rug
lays on the floor. The desk is full of personal knickknacks
and the closet full of designer clothes and expensive shoes.
An old style treasure chest sits at the foot of the bed.
Sitting on the bed is LORDIUS ZARCRON; dark hair, stunningly
beautiful. She perks up at their presence.

LORDIUS
(quizzically)
Hi?

SARAH
Uh....Hi.
(checking number again)
You sure it said 730, Rachel?

RACHEL
The key worked, didn't it?

LORDIUS
No, this is 730. Is there a
problem?

RACHEL
Maybe. It's been going around. What
is your name? I'm Rachel by the
way.

LORDIUS
I've seen you. You're an R.A.

RACHEL
Fifth floor. Yeah.

Lordius gets up and approaches them.

LORDIUS
Can't say I was expecting a
roommate.

She hands her room assignment to Rachel and extends her hand
to Sarah.

LORDIUS (CONT'D)
I'm Lordius. Zarcron.

SARAH
Sarah. Harker. Sorry to be barging
in. Good thing you were like,
dressed.

Lordius' eyes drift to John, giving him a subtle look over.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Oh, this is my father.

JOHN
John.

He extends his hand. She takes it in a coquettish fashion.

LORDIUS
Very nice to meet you.

JOHN
Your name is Lordius?

LORDIUS
Lordius Zarcron.

JOHN
Zarcron. Wow. That sounds exotic.
What nationality is that?

LORDIUS
To tell you the truth, I've never
really known for sure. Mom always
said we were from the universe...
Hippies.
(to Sarah)
You alright?

SARAH

Yes. Yes I'm fine. I was just really counting on having a single.

RACHEL

Don't get all fatalist on me already. I'll yell at some people, we'll get this straightened out.

EXT. CROMWELL BUILDING - LATER

The last movers are packing up. Everything has thinned out. John shuts the back hatch to the Cherokee. Rachel puts her arm around Sarah.

SARAH

You know, when you said you were gonna yell at some people, I didn't think you were serious.

RACHEL

(wincing)
Sorry about that--

SARAH

No...I'm sorry. I'm being-- thank you for trying.

RACHEL

It won't be for long. The freshman are gonna start dropping like flies and rooms will open up. I promise.
(off Sarah's unhappy look)
You can come to my room anytime you need. She doesn't seem like she'll be a huge partier anyway.

John approaches his daughter. Rachel hugs him.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'll take good care of her, John.

JOHN

Thank you, Rachel.

She leaves, glancing at him over her shoulder. Sarah is on the verge of tears as he puts his arm around her.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Just do what you can. If it doesn't work out, we'll think of something. I love you. You're a bright girl. You have everything going for you.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

(a beat)

And if this Johnny guy, or any other guy can't see it, don't waste your time. No guy is worth it.

The tears are triggered. She hugs him. He kisses her on her head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Just concentrate on you. The other stuff will work itself out. Okay?

SARAH

Okay. I love you, Daddy.

EXT. LINDLETON BANK - NIGHT

A big brick block, ATM'S visible inside the glass foyer. A security camera scans the stillness of the night. It pans-- ZAP!!, a quick, bright FLASH and the camera is fried. TWO SILHOUETTES approach, one blocky and masculine, the other feminine.

ANGLE ON DOOR: A gloved arm raises into view, movements accompanied by mechanical sounds. A key card is inserted into the ATM card reader. The door opens.

INT. LINDLETON BANK - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Kleiss strides over to the ATMS and inserts another key card. On the display, a strange logo appears: a large "H" with a lightning bolt through it.

KLEISS

The virus will shut down the security system in moments.

The FEMALE FIGURE, hidden in a black hooded cloak, sighs impatiently and taps her foot. She abruptly raises her arm. Kleiss quickly covers his chrome eye and turns away...

KLEISS (CONT'D)

Nein! Nein! Sie werden kurz mein--

A FLASH OF ELECTRICITY lasting a fraction of second, arcs from her hand, lighting the room like a photo strobe. The glass shatters, sounding the alarm for a split second. Then a nearly instantaneous, dazzling array of ELECTRICAL ARCS FRY every light fixture, computer terminal, transformer and camera in sight. Kleiss shakes his head in disapproval.

INT. LINDLETON BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Kleiss and the Female Figure stand before the large, steel vault door. He raises his mechanical hand; his palm splits, both halves of his hand retract and a LASER BARREL extends in it's place.

KLEISS

Cover your eyes, my dear.

He shuts his real eye and points the laser at one of the giant steel hinges. Sparks fly as A BRIGHT RED LASER quickly super heats the metal, melting it. Flashes of red arc welding fill the room...

INT. INSIDE VAULT - CONTINUOUS

The pitch black gives way to a flood of dim light as the vault door falls to the ground with a huge CRANGGG!!! Their silhouettes enter. Jets of coolant shoot from Kleiss' wrist, slowly dimming the laser barrel's red hot glow. He switches on a flashlight. The Female Figure moves directly to the safe deposit boxes lining the wall. Neither pay any mind to the stacks of money. She scans the numbers with her hands, Kleiss following her with the light. She stops. Number 815. Kleiss rams his fist through the box. A quick yank and he comes out with the inside drawer, spilling a good deal of the surrounding structure onto the floor. The Female Figure tosses the drawer onto the viewing table. Inside is a dossier marked "Orzo, Leonid" She opens it.

CLOSE ON DOSSIER CONTENTS: Swiss Bank Account Records in the name of Col. Alfonse Richards.

Kleiss turns around. There is a faint FLASHING BLUE...

INT. LINDLETON BANK ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Lindleton PD OFFICER MAGNUS scans the broken glass in the entryway with his flashlight. The blues from his squad car bounce about behind him. He reaches for his hand mic.

MAGNUS

What's your ETA, Carlson?

CARLSON (IN HAND MIC)

I'm seconds away. You hold tight until I get there.

He hears a noise, unholsters his weapon and proceeds forward, weapon and flashlight out in front. His beam scans the room: the fried electronics, the open vault, continuing to his

right-- She's there, arm raised-- ZAP!!!! Magnus is launched off of his feet by a BLINDING FLASH.

INT. RUTHERFORD - PRES. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Rutherford College President ALFONSE RICHARDS sits in a throne-like desk chair behind a large, dark wood desk. Awards and accommodations cover dark wood book shelves. Photos of Richards posing with famous politicians and luminaries cover the walls. TWO POLICE OFFICERS stand before his desk, one writing in a notepad.

OFFICER1

We'll let you know the second we find something. We lost a guy last night. I assure you, we've got people on this.

OFFICER2

Got any enemies, Dr. Richards?

RICHARDS

Yeah. Got a few hours? I'll list them for you.

The Officers scowl and depart. MS. GREY, his stuffy secretary, enters.

GREY

Dr. Richards, I'm heading out. Is there anything else you need?

RICHARDS

No. Thank you.

GREY

Then I'll see you tomorrow.

RICHARDS

(as she reaches the door)
Oh, could you please re-type my Times essay before you go? It needs to be submitted by Thursday.

Ms. Grey pouts for a second and departs. Richards sits contemplatively for a moment, then picks up the phone...

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah reclines on her bed in her jammies, reading a bulky history textbook by a makeshift clip light rigged to the head of the bed frame. Lordius walks in looking ragged.

LORDIUS
I'm going to crash. Hard.

SARAH
Rough night, last night?

LORDIUS
(coquettish grin)
Yeah. Kinda. Didn't sleep much.

SARAH
(eyes widen)
Oh yeah?...You work fast, huh?

LORDIUS
Are you judging me?

SARAH
What? No. Just. You didn't come home-- Can you believe classes tomorrow? I thought the day might never come.

LORDIUS
I'm just fucking with you, Sarah. I had fun. Judge away.
(beat)
Are you reading for class already?

SARAH
I figured I'd get a headstart.
'Cause I'm crazy.

LORDIUS
Well good for you.

SARAH
Is the light gonna bother you?

LORDIUS
Doubt it. Breakfast, tomorrow?

SARAH
Yeah. Love to.

Lordius smiles and rolls over as Sarah looks at her with some trepidation.

EXT. RUTHERFORD QUAD - DAY

A beautiful morning on the Quad. Cheerful STUDENTS abound, ready for knowledge. A fancy old fashioned clock standing in the middle reads 8:20.

EXT. CONDIKE BLDG - SAME TIME

On a bench outside, charming everyman MARCUS ROTH, sits on the back rest, feet on the seat. He sips a cheap vending machine coffee as he intently reads the newspaper. His roommate/best friend, rebel hearthrob, JOHNNY LITTLETON, stands by.

JOHNNY

Hey. You listening to me?

MARCUS

No, Johnny. I was hoping my not answering you might tip you off.

JOHNNY

What is so damn interesting?

MARCUS

The news. There's actually a whole world outside of yours--

JOHNNY

Okay, buttface. How is the world fucked up any differently from yesterday?

MARCUS

Real life comic book shit is something new.

JOHNNY

What do you mean comic book shit?

MARCUS

Lindleton Bank was robbed two nights ago. Look at this.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER: Headline: "LINDLETON BANK BROKEN BY BRAVURA BANDITS". By-line: "Money untouched, officer dead". THE ACCOMPANYING PHOTO: a ruggedly handsome OFFICER CARLSON, points and stares at a big "H" with a lightning bolt through it, seemingly burned into the ceiling.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

They tagged the ceiling. Calling card style.

JOHNNY

Comic books? How about terrorism? What else does it say?

MARCUS
Terrorism?...Well I guess that is
technically what a super-villain
does.

Sarah and Lordius approach.

JOHNNY
There she is.

Johnny walks up and surprises Sarah with a big hug.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
How've you been?

SARAH
Alright. How are you? Are you in
this class?

JOHNNY
No. I came to say hello. I haven't
seen you all summer. I missed you.

Sarah can't contain her smile or blushing. Marcus winces
slightly. Lordius smirks as something wily stirs in her eyes.

SARAH
Really?

JOHNNY
Of course, silly. Why wouldn't I?
You look good. You seem happy.

SARAH
So do you.

Marcus abruptly jumps up and extends a hand to Lordius.

MARCUS
Hi. Marcus Roth.

LORDIUS
Lordius.

SARAH
Yeah, manners. Lordius Zarcron. My
roommate.

Johnny and Lordius lock eyes. He gently extends his hand. She
gently receives it.

JOHNNY
Hi. Johnny. Littleton.

LORDIUS
Lordius Zarcron.

JOHNNY
Lordius. That's a very...cool name.

MARCUS
(to Sarah)
I thought you were getting a
single.

LORDIUS
Yeah. Computer screw up.

JOHNNY
Yeah. That will happen here.

Johnny and Lordius remain locked in each other's gaze, body language saying everything. Sarah pretends not to notice.

MARCUS
(entering the building)
Well, nice meeting you Lordius.
Sarah and I have to get to class.

JOHNNY
Uh, yeah. I should go too. Sarah,
we'll do dinner or lunch or some
sort of crap this week.

SARAH
Yeah. Definitely.

Lordius has already walked away, cell phone to ear. Johnny watches her go. Sarah watches him watching her go.

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Sarah, arms folded, sits next to Marcus, who's slumped over with his head on the keyboard...

SARAH
She's here only a day and she hooks
up with the first random chode she
sees. And then-- and then! Did you
see the bedroom eyes she was giving
him?!

MARCUS
Well it sounds like you ARE judging
her. You could be hooking up with
random chodes if you wanted to. But
you don't. So be alright with that.
(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 (turning to face her)
 I know where your going here. Shut
 your mind off right now. You're
 gonna get all worked up over
 nothing. Johnny was happy to see
 you. Isn't that a good thing?

Sarah relaxes a bit.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 Why I ever open my mouth--

SARAH
 Oh calm down!

MARCUS
 You calm down!

SARAH
 Fine!

Dreamy, Clooneyesque DR. PERLMAN walks in. The FEMALE STUDENTS perk right up at his presence. He's carrying a stack of newspapers.

PERLMAN
 Good morning. Welcome to
 Journalism.
 (holding up newspapers,
 passing them out)
 This is a newspaper. Remember
 these? Although it's fast becoming
 outmoded by the internet, hence a
 journalism class in a computer lab,
 it is still a wonderfully useful
 source for news consumption in this
 country.

The newspapers make their way to Sarah, then Marcus; who starts thumbing through it with great interest.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)
 Your first assignment is a simple
 one...

His lecture trails on in the background...

MARCUS
 This is today's? There no mention
 of anything.

SARAH
 What do you mean?

MARCUS

The bank robbery, with the "H"?

He hands her the BANK ROBBERY NEWSPAPER.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

No follow up on a tagging, cop
killing bank robber?

EXT. VANDIKE SCI BLDG - DAY

Johnny emerges with dozens of other STUDENTS. Lordius passes by up ahead. He jogs to catch up, watching as she detours towards the Condiike Loading docks.

EXT. CONDIKE LOADING DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Johnny rounds the corner. Several DOCK WORKERS toss packages and mail bags onto carts and push them inside. Arbul hops off the dock. He and Lordius embrace. He slips something in her back pocket, giving a little squeeze in the process, while appearing to either kiss or whisper something in her ear. Most dock workers ignore it, some wolf whistle. Johnny watches with discouragement and walks away. Arbul notices him and nods in his direction. Lordius turns just in time to see him go. She gives Arbul a peck and follows.

INT. RUTHERFORD COMMUTER CAFE - LATER

A small food court-like kitchen overlooks a dining area of round tables populated with busy STUDENTS. Johnny sits with his lunch and a huge text book. Lordius' sexy hips come into frame. He looks up. She's brought coffee.

LORDIUS

So. Were you following me?

JOHNNY

What--No-- Yeah. Sorry. I was just going to say hello. Don't get a restraining order or anything.

LORDIUS

(laughing)

He's just a friend. He's gay.

Relief comes over him. He motions her to sit. She hands him a coffee, he nods obligingly.

LORDIUS (CONT'D)

Somewhat of a wing man so to speak.

JOHNNY

Or a beard. Right. Are you always this direct? That's a little scary.

LORDIUS

I like to cut through the bullshit. Don't be scared. I'm really a big cream puff.

JOHNNY

That's never back fired? You're assuming I was following you because I'm interested.

LORDIUS

Why else would you be following me?

JOHNNY

Maybe to warn you, you got like toilet paper hanging out of your skirt or something.

Her eyes go wide and she quickly checks.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

No, you don't! Don't worry...JK.

LORDIUS

That's good. For both of us. I'd like puke and then die from embarrassment.

JOHNNY

Don't be silly. I've met a lot of nice girls in just that way.

She smiles a radiant smile his way...

LORDIUS

I'd still have to buy you a coffee, mortified or not.

JOHNNY

And I'd still have accept.

Lovey dovey smiles all around...

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah finishes reading the BANK ROBBERY NEWSPAPER and writes a big "H" and a "?" in her notebook. She tosses the newspaper aside and lays back on her bed, rubbing her eyes. She looks at her clock-- 11:30, then to Lordius' empty bed. She rolls

her eyes, then worry sets in. She looks back at Lordius' empty bed for a bit, then picks up her phone...

CLOSE ON: Sarah cycling through her contact list to "Johnny Littleton", then hitting send...

She shuts her eyes, bracing...and quickly hangs up.

SARAH

Don't be that girl. Stop being a psycho.

She shakes it off and goes back to studying, one last worried glance towards Lordius' bed.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - LATER

"1:46" on the CLOCK RADIO. Sarah is wide awake under her covers. She throws them off, get's dressed and locks the door behind her.

EXT. MAINSTREET BY CONDIKE - MOMENTS LATER

Not a soul out besides Sarah as she walks the main drag of Rutherford. WHOOSH! She jumps as the sprinkler system starts for the huge Condiike Building lawn. She collects herself and walks a little further. Sounds of commotion, shouting come from up ahead. She looks down the side street...

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Condiike Loading Dock is ahead, obscured by trees and bushes. There's a LOUD CRY OF PAIN. She walks towards the sound, trying to see. A plain tractor trailer sticks out. The horrible thud of someone being struck comes from the obscured dock. Sarah reaches for her phone. Not there. From across the lawn-- desperate panting, gasping. She turns to see a DOCK WORKER running as fast as he can through the sprinklers and trees in the dim light. He suddenly stops dead in his tracks and stands bolt upright, statue still. His head starts smoking. The grass at Sarah's feet starts to steam. She looks over to the edge of the grass by the dock...

Crouched, hands resting in the grass, is the Cloaked Female Figure. She takes her hands up. The dock worker slumps over in a heap. Sarah is frozen still, the grass still steaming. Her stupor is broken when 20 yards up, the DRIVER is violently tossed out from behind the cab onto the street. He is bloody, bruised, clothes torn. Fenceworth, SILENCED GLOCK out before him, strides coldly up to the Driver, puts the gun to his head...

SARAH
 (involuntary)
 NO! STOP!

Fenceworth stops and peers into the darkness at Sarah's silhouette before him. Her fear burns his image into her memory. He points the Glock at her. She turns and runs as fast as she can-- a THWAP!! ringing past her.

INT. CAMPUS POLICE - MOMENTS LATER

OFFICER DAVIS, early 50's, and OFFICER BROWN, his younger, female clone are on duty. Sarah bursts in the front door, full panic, out of breath. She bangs on the Plexiglas partition at the front desk.

EXT. CONDIKE LOADING DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

A UNIFORMED OFFICER shines a light inside the trailer. There's a big square hole in the middle of stacks of old microscopes, chillers and other lab equipment.

POLICEMAN (O.C.)
 Looks like there was a big screw up
 in the delivery. Whatever it was,
 it wasn't supposed to come here.

UNIFORMED OFFICER
 Where was it going? Do we know?
 (beat, nodding)
 We *don't* know. That's helpful.

Lindleton PD Squad Cars are scattered about. Several UNIFORMED POLICE inspect the area. A PARAMEDIC tends to the Driver in the back of an ambulance. ANOTHER BLOODY DOCK WORKER, strapped to a back board, is loaded into another ambulance. Looking on is Sarah, standing with Officer Davis. She watches as some UNIS and a MEDICAL EXAMINER search the grassy field in vain for the fried Dock Worker. A DETECTIVE approaches.

DETECTIVE
 Officer Davis?

DAVIS
 That's right.

DETECTIVE
 (shaking his hand)
 Thank you for calling this in. If
 you want to just have your people
 (MORE)

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
keep everyone out of the scene,
we'll handle the rest.

DAVIS
I have the witness right here.
Don't you want to get a statement?

DETECTIVE
Thank you. That won't be necessary.
I think we have everything we need.

DAVIS
(beat)
What?

DETECTIVE
Thank you.

Sarah watches the Detective rejoin his OLDER PARTNER, who's presently very angry and making hostile gestures towards another man who seems to be in charge-- FBI AGENT RADCLIFFE, black suit, cold and official. He stares at Sarah with an intensity that could melt right through her head.

DAVIS
This is just not right.
(beat)
I'll give you a lift.

Sarah nods, takes a good last look at Radcliffe and then leaves with Davis.

EXT. RUTHERFORD QUAD - DAY

On a bench by the old fashioned clock, Sarah, Marcus and Rachel sit. Marcus sorts through today's newspaper with great concentration. Sarah holds up the BANK ROBBERY NEWSPAPER for Rachel.

SARAH
I'm about ninety-nine point nine
nine nine percent sure that it was
these guys.

MARCUS
(flipping pages)
What? You gotta be...

SARAH
What?

MARCUS

I found it. Page six. Police
respond to disturbance on
Rutherford Campus.

SARAH

(leaning in to look)
Disturbance?

MARCUS

Look. It's a tiny fucking blurb.
They're treating it like a drunk
and disorderly frat boy.

RACHEL

Why would they do that? Are you
sure you saw what you saw?

MARCUS

I'll tell you why. That weird dude
that you saw? Dollars to donuts
he's a fed.

SARAH

Wait, hold on. Are you telling me I
didn't see what I saw?

RACHEL

No. I'm just saying, it's kinda far
fetched.

(to Marcus)

And don't you start with your
conspiracy crap.

SARAH

We got a dead cop here at the bank.
Electrocution. I saw this person
lean down and touch the grass and
I've never seen grass sizzle until
last night.

MARCUS

That is so insane. You think he
just touched the cop too? That's
how he died?

SARAH

I think it was a she.

MARCUS

(to Rachel)

And let's for sake of argument say
that guy's not a fed. We have a
really sensational story about a

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

bank robbery. A cop dead. No follow up? That's not normal. Something's going on here.

SARAH

No one even took a statement from me. I witnessed a crime. I'm not a cop or anything but I do watch Law and Order and stuff. I think that's standard procedure.

Rachel checks her watch with a disappointed sigh.

RACHEL

I gotta go.
(hugs Sarah)
I'm just glad you're okay.

SARAH

You don't believe me.

She kisses her on the head and takes off.

RACHEL

I believe you saw something. Can we leave it at that?

SARAH

(annoyed)
Fine.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah's on her bed amongst her study materials, feverishly typing away on her laptop. Lordius slips into a skimpy outfit, subtly flaunting it in front of Sarah...

LORDIUS

This is your Saturday night?

SARAH

Looks like it. Wanna get this done.

LORDIUS

You need to be having more fun.

SARAH

I think I had enough last year.

LORDIUS

Yes. So I've heard. You were quite the little partier.

Sarah gives a humoring smile. Lordius puts some items, including an unmarked vial of some homemade medication, in a little overnight bag.

SARAH

I kind of had some excitement the other night...

Lordius turns around as she's putting condoms in the bag and feigns accidentally dropping them.

LORDIUS

(picking up the condoms)
Whoops...sorry.

SARAH

Hot date?

LORDIUS

Yeah. Oh! I haven't told you yet. Your friend Johnny and I are dating. OMG! He did this thing to me the other night? I've never-- I mean wow!-- I'm sorry. He's your friend, that's very rude of me.

Sarah forces a smile as the wind is sucked from her lungs.

SARAH

He didn't mention anything...

LORDIUS

Are you alright? You're like turning white.

SARAH

Yeah...yeah, I'm fine.

LORDIUS

Are you sure? You really don't look good. Did I say something-- You guys didn't have a thing, did you?!

SARAH

No...What did he say?

LORDIUS

Well he didn't mention anything. What's going on?

SARAH

Nothing...I really gotta get cracking. But you guys have fun.

LORDIUS

I'm sure that won't be hard. Call me if you need anything.

As soon as Lordius is out the door, Sarah starts to shake. She tries to collect herself, but the floodgates bust open.

INT. LINDLETON HOSPITAL - DAY

Rachel, ID tagged and hospital scrubs ready, carries a cup of commissary coffee in one hand and a full clipboard in the other. Marcus and Johnny come up behind her carrying take out.

RACHEL

Holy shit. What are you doing here?
(regarding bag)
You didn't! You guys are life savers!

They all stop as a COUPLE OF ORDERLIES wheel a gurney in their general direction. As it gets closer, the woman on the gurney-- Ms. Grey, looks right at them. Her eyes are wide, her hair is frazzled. On her cheek, burned on like a tattoo, is the "H" with lightning bolt through it.

MARCUS

Whoa! Is that...

JOHNNY

It's Richard's secretary.

MARCUS

Did you see what was on her face?

At the nurses desk, President Richards talks with a POLICE OFFICER and A DOCTOR. He looks solemn as he shakes their hands. They part ways. Richards makes eye contact with Johnny as he passes. Richards breaks it and continues on.

EXT. LINDLETON TRIBUNE - DAY

Sarah steps up to the unassuming little office building in the town center. On the door are old tyme stencilled words: "Lindleton Tribune".

INT. LINDLETON TRIBUNE BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

The office is more "The Wire" than "Citizen Kane". A FEW WRITERS type away, talk on phones, thumb through notes, etc. GEOFF MARKUM sits at an unadorned desk. Just a name placard:

"Geoff Markum - Assoc. Writer" sits on it's corner. Sarah, looking tired, approaches him.

SARAH
You're Geoff Markum?

GEOFF
(re: placard)
That's what it says right here.

Sarah holds up her copy of the BANK ROBBERY NEWSPAPER.

SARAH
So you wrote this?

GEOFF
And who are you?

SARAH
Look, I'm considered pretty normal.
Not into drugs. Not prone to
hallucinations. But I...saw
something the other night.

GEOFF
(beat)
Okay. I'm listening.

INT. LINDLETON HOSPITAL ER - LATER

The ORDERLIES finish restraining Ms. Grey to her bed. Rachel comes over to redress her face bandage.

RACHEL
Ma,am? Can you hear me?

GREY
(distraught)
Of course I can. I'm not deaf.

RACHEL
Who did this to you?

Grey, constricted by her bindings, grabs the bottom of Rachel's shirt and pulls her in.

GREY
He won't listen to me! You've got
to make him listen! She said she's
not going away, she won't let him
erase the past!

RACHEL

Who?

GREY

The wizard! She says my boss is a very very very bad man! She's going to destroy him! And everyone in this city! Please! Make him listen!

OFFICER

Hey!

Rachel turns around to see the Police Officers from before.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Don't be talking to her.

Rachel is too shaken to argue.

EXT. LINDLETON TRIBUNE - DAY

Sarah exits the building. Several IMAGE FREEZES accompanied by a SHUTTER SOUND occur as she walks...

I/E. CARR'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

An SLR Camera with telephoto lens comes down revealing AGENT CARR, sleek and cat-like. He watches Sarah, taking notes. He has a quiet and efficient presentation designed to not be noticed.

INT. RUTHERFORD CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Sarah types away on her laptop, taking occasional nibbles from her dinner. Johnny approaches her. She stops chewing when she sees him.

JOHNNY

Hi.

SARAH

(swallowing, then subdued)

Hi, Johnny.

JOHNNY

Hear you had some excitement the other night.

SARAH

Yup.

JOHNNY

Well. I'm glad you're okay.

SARAH

What made you decide it was alright to stop avoiding me?

JOHNNY

I haven't been avoiding you.

SARAH

You haven't?

JOHNNY

Okay, I have.

SARAH

So you DO acknowledge that it's fucked up.

JOHNNY

Listen, I know you're upset, but it's not like...

SARAH

No, Johnny. I can't be upset with you because then I'm being a jealous whore.

(beat)

But c'mon, you can have anyone you want...

Johnny takes a seat.

JOHNNY

It just happened to...happen.

SARAH

Does it ever not just happen to--

JOHNNY

Sarah, come on. I'm not doing it to hurt you. And contrary to what you think about me, I can't have just anyone.

SARAH

Forgive me if I find that very disingenuous.

(beat)

I'm very pissed at you. It just sucks. For now. I know I have no right to be...I'll get over it.

JOHNNY

Fair enough.

(beat)

Just wanted to make sure you're
alright. From the other night.

SARAH

Well, you can read all about it.
I'm writing MY version, the non
blue pill version, on the campus
news site. I talked to Geoff Markum
today at the Tribune and he kinda
confirmed some things.

JOHNNY

Like what?

SARAH

Like an electrical weapon of some
sort?

JOHNNY

(smiling)

Hanging out with Marcus too much.

SARAH

(looking at notes, huffy)

Well, since Officer Magnus reported
the power being out before he got
there and the power company stating
that the condition of the bank's
electrical system seems to indicate
the use of an EMP, I don't know.
Maybe Marcus was on to something.
The guy was fried beyond
recognition with no apparent power
source--

JOHNNY

Alright. Why haven't we heard about
this?

SARAH

Because there IS a fed lurking
about. Marcus will be excited about
that. And he seems to have taken
things over mid-investigation and
shut out the media. Oh!

(looking at notes)

And the President of this very
college seems to be involved.
Apparently it was his property that
was stolen.

JOHNNY

It's weird that you mention him.
You'll never guess who showed up in
the ER today. With a big "H" on her
face.

Sarah's eyes go wide.

SARAH

Okay, I'm listening.

BEGINNING OF POP SONG ACCOMPANIED MONTAGE

EXT. RUTHERFORD STATE COLLEGE - DAWN

The first dew has formed on the grass across campus.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - EARLY MORNING

ALARM BLARES. Sarah turns over and bats at her clock. 6:00
a.m. She gets herself up, noting that Lordius' bed is empty.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

Amidst VARIOUS STUDENTS, Sarah raises her hand. The PROFESSOR
looks pleased.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - EVENING

Sarah reads in bed. She glances over at Lordius, passed out
on her bed in a heap. She switches on her overhead clip light
and nothing happens. She inspects it. The fixture is
BLACKENED and MELTED.

EXT. QUAD - DAY

The trees are shedding their leaves. STUDENTS dress a little
warmer. Sarah walks through, catching Johnny and Lordius
making out under a tree across the way. She rolls her eyes
and looks away, her stomach knotting up. Lordius sees her and
smirks. Sarah looks back in time to see Lordius grab Johnny's
package. Sarah grits her teeth and walks faster, not seeing
Johnny push Lordius' hand away.

INT. PILFORD MUSEUM LOBBY - DAY

Two poster boards announce two upcoming events: "Professor Arjun Van Houten" with a picture of a noble, white bearded man, and "Nadia Forever" with a picture of a Gothic girl passionately playing a violin. Dates and laudatory remarks accompany both...

TWENTY COLLEGE STUDENTS including Sarah pass by, lead by an ART PROFESSOR in a baret.

INT. PILFORD GALLERY - MOMENTS LATER

While the Art Professor speaks, Sarah's attention wanders, a security guard catches her eye. She sneaks in for a closer look and confirms it's Fenceworth. A chill goes up her spine. He doesn't notice her and continues on.

EXT. PILFORD MUSEUM/REAR LOADING DOCKS - MOMENTS LATER

Fenceworth emerges. Two tractor trailers are docked. Road boxes stenciled with, "Nadia: Forever" are being off-loaded and wheeled into the building by BURLY ROADIES. Arbul holds a clipboard and checks things off as they pass.

INT. MARCUS' ROOM - NIGHT

Marcus holds a GHETTOFIED SPY CAM made up of a video IPOD connected by adapters to a small circuit board in a taped up clear case. He and Johnny brief Sarah and hand it to her. A thin black cable leads off the circuit board to a tiny lapel cam. Marcus attaches the lapel cam to an hidden alcove in the collar of his jacket. Johnny rocks back and forth in front of it...

CLOSE ON IPOD SCREEN: Johnny moving towards and away from us.

INT. DENIKE BUILDING FILEROOM - DAY

Agent Radcliffe has a stack of file folders beside him. He opens a drawer: "Current Enrollees - Wi-Wy" and puts the stack in. He opens the next drawer: "Current Enrollees - XYZ". There's hardly any folders in it. He flips through some Asian sounding names. Then a "Zander", then..."Zarcron, Lordius". He snatches it up.

RADCLIFFE

You're a sick one, Vorshtedt.

INT. DENIKE BLDG - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah leaves her academic advisor's office. Up ahead, a door opens. Radcliffe exits with the Lordius file and locks the door behind him. She faces him for a bit then turns her body away as he briskly walks by. She runs to the door he exited. "Enrollment Records: Staff Only" is prominently written on the door. We move in on a TINY LENS in her lapel...

INT. EDITING SUITE - NIGHT

Marcus sits at one of the school's full scale Final Cut Editing Systems. The Ghetto Spy Cam is plugged in to a USB2 port...

ANGLE ON MONITOR: screen grabs of Radcliffe entering the Denike Building Records Room and Fenceworth at the Pilford in full Security Guard Uniform...

Marcus saves them as JPEGs.

INT. LIBRARY - EVENING

The table is cluttered with notes, papers, and fast food. Sarah types on her laptop while Marcus fishes through papers before seizing on one and showing it to her.

INT. CAMPUS - DAY

CLOSE ON COMPUTER MONITOR: The home page for the Rutherford College Point is displayed, set up like CNN.com. Headline: ELECTRICAL CRIMINAL STRIKES LINDLETON. By-line: "Bank robbery, campus crimes linked. Pilford next?"

END OF MONTAGE

INT. COMPUTER LAB - DAY

Dr. Perlman finishes up a lecture.

PERLMAN

Before I let you go, I have to address something.

He brings up the home page of the Rutherford Point on the projector screen. The "Electrical Criminal" headline covers the wall. Marcus and Sarah try in vain to be inconspicuous.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

I don't know if "James Olson" is a part of this class. And by the way, Jimmy Olson was a photographer, not a writer. Is James here? Anyone?... How do you know I have something bad to say? Listen, The Point is not the forum for this. This could get you and me and a lot of people in a lot of trouble.

(beat)

Alright. Get out of here, everyone. See you all Thursday.

As the rest of the CLASS files out, Sarah and Marcus try to slip past.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

The second I put that up, guys. C'mon. You'd make terrible poker players.

SARAH

Are we in trouble?

PERLMAN

Well, this is not exactly what I had in mind when I gave this assignment. What is this?

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - EVENING

At the head of the classroom are Dr. Kleiss and Lordius. He's inspecting her hands, her finger tips black and blue.

KLEISS

These burns are not healing as fast as I'd like. You ARE taking the Meganite? Have you been feeling out of sorts? Hallucin--

LORDIUS

If I were to experience anything unusual, you'd be the first to know. Do not bring it up again. Understood?

KLEISS

Understood.

She touches his face.

LORDIUS

Don't be sore, I appreciate your concern. What I don't appreciate is that I have some of the best mercenaries in the world on my payroll and yet we can't seem to find one bumbling, over the hill FBI man.

KLEISS

He's as wily as ever, my dear. Do not fret. He will be found. But this is not who is troubling me.

Kleiss hands her an Iphone "ELECTRICAL CRIMINAL" headline prominent on the screen...

KLEISS (CONT'D)

The boys suggest holding off on your usual mischief until this blows over.

LORDIUS

My. I underestimated her. Don't worry. Nobody gives two beans about this site. Amish sites get more traffic.

KLEISS

They also suggest we...end this.

LORDIUS

Are you suggesting the killing of students? Cops are one thing but dead or missing students will not go unnoticed. I got this. If she continues to be troublesome, I'll take care of her personally.

INT. COMMUTER CAFE - EVENING

At a small round table amidst the early dinner crowd, Sarah, Marcus and Dr. Perlman have coffee together.

PERLMAN

I can't let you do this as part of the class. You got outside help from Rachel and Johnny. But mainly it's the liability. Okay?

SARAH

Okay.

PERLMAN

And since it looks like I obviously can't stop you guys... I'll tell you what. Before you guys go and do another crazy thing like this, run it by me. Let me read it, off the record. I'll advise you. Does that work?

MARCUS

So you're saying we got skills? As reporters?

PERLMAN

You got ambition. I don't want to be the guy who discourages that. Even if it does give me grey hair.

EXT. MAIN CAMPUS BUILDING - EVENING

A banner for "Lindleton Day" hangs above the entryway. As Sarah and Marcus emerge, OFFICER CARLSON approaches. He carries a newspaper. Marcus angles himself in front of Sarah.

CARLSON

Are you Sarah Harker?

SARAH

Sometimes.

Carlson holds up the familiar BANK ROBBERY newspaper.

CARLSON

Officer Frank Carlson.

He points to the picture-- the cop pointing at the "H"...

CARLSON (CONT'D)

This officer Carlson. Officer Greg Magnus was my partner.

INT. PUB - EVENING

At a booth towards the back of a townie bar, Sarah and Marcus sit across from Carlson. Virgin beverages join printouts of the Radcliffe and Fenceworthy pictures on the table.

CARLSON

(re: Radcliffe)

He had the lead detectives pulled off the case and he hasn't touched any of the leads they were working.

(MORE)

CARLSON (CONT'D)

Maybe he didn't want us finding out he was illegally investigating students.

MARCUS

Illegally?

CARLSON

He doesn't have a warrant for that. They're confidential records. No judge would grant that without damn good reason.

SARAH

So you think a student is doing all of this? You obviously haven't met the kids here.

CARLSON

If I wanted to keep the President close? Watch him, mess with him? I might enroll.

MARCUS

So no one is working the case?

CARLSON

If I wasn't on sick leave I wouldn't be able to get near this.
(re: Fenceworth)
The Pilford, huh? And you're sure this is the same guy from the truck heist?

SARAH

One thousand percent. I'll never forget that face.

(beat)

A student....

CARLSON

Got any ideas?

SARAH

(smirking to herself)

I might.

Marcus shoots her a look. She puts on a serious face and shakes her head "no".

CARLSON

I'll see what I can find out. Keep in touch.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - DAY

Sarah boots up, shuts her eyes, leans back, stretches and yawns, waiting for the Mac tone. It doesn't come. She opens her eyes slowly, concern growing. She shoots forward. On her laptop monitor: "fatal error" and a bunch of coded gibberish. She tries rebooting. Nothing responds. No change.

SARAH

Oh, please, no. Don't do this. Come on.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - NIGHT

All drawers in Sarah's desk are open, desktop disheveled. The contents of her bookbag are dumped all over the bed.

SARAH

(hands to head)

Okay...okay. You're here somewhere.
You little shit.

Lordius enters...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Have you seen my flash drive?

LORDIUS

Uh, no. Wait, what's a flash drive?

SARAH

Uh...memory stick. Little thing?
(gesturing it's size)
For computers? For back up?

LORDIUS

Can't say I have. Looks like you haven't had much luck either, huh?

SARAH

(short, sarcastic)

You're quick.

LORDIUS

(smirking to herself)

Well, I'm sure it will turn up.
Where did you last have it?

Sarah visibly holds back as she checks under her bed. Lordius puts her stuff down and watches...

LORDIUS (CONT'D)

A little tense?

SARAH

Yeah. Nothing gets past you, huh?

LORDIUS

I know a good masseuse. For a little extra, he can REALLY loosen--

SARAH

Lordius, stop. Not now, okay?

LORDIUS

I'm just trying to lighten things up.

SARAH

I don't need lightened right now. My hard drive shit the bed with a half a paper gone that's due tomorrow...and now I...

Sarah stops, her mind off and running...She slowly turns to face Lordius.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You wouldn't know anything about that would you?

Lordius, best poker face, tilts her head slightly...

LORDIUS

Why would I know anything about that?

SARAH

Guy at the MAC store said it was a power surge...Had any problems lately? With power surges?

They lock eyes, studying each other, each betraying nothing.

LORDIUS

Don't take your problems out on me, okay? You know what, Princess Miserable? Happy Friday. Keep sucking the life out of life.

Lordius storms out. Sarah stands seething. She grabs her pillow and screams into it.

INT. CROMWELL BREEZYWAY - SAME TIME

Lordius passes the STUDENTS coming and going, phone to her ear. Her satisfied smirk shifts to her best wounded adolescent grimace.

LORDIUS

(in phone, shaky)

Hi, Rachel? It's Lordius. Are you busy?....I just need to talk to someone.

INT. LUNAS - NIGHT

Rachel, still dressed for work, and Lordius sit in a booth by the window at the local student coffee hangout.

RACHEL

Good choice. Pretty tasty.

LORDIUS

It better be. I'm gonna have fat hips tomorrow.

RACHEL

Oh, stop it! You are gorgeous. You got the hottest guy on campus. What more validation do you need?

LORDIUS

I thought you were all mad at me. You all have to know. If I had known about their history, I would never have...

RACHEL

First of all, the quote unquote history between them is not quite what she thinks it is. They were close friends. One night they hooked up. It didn't go too far. Her choice, and that's fine. She wasn't ready.

LORDIUS

(beat)

She's a virgin?...That's none of my business. I'm sorry.

RACHEL

(beat)

I shouldn't be flapping my gums
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

like this, so please don't flap yours.

LORDIUS

Oh, of course.

RACHEL

They agreed to keep things platonic. Don't get me wrong, Johnny adores her, just not like that. He's glad it worked out the way it did. And she was fine until Johnny started dating someone. I think she had feelings all along. When she realized she couldn't have him it hit her hard. I would hope she'd be past this by now.

LORDIUS

Oh no. Please don't be mad at her.

RACHEL

Oh, I'm not. But you shouldn't base your decisions on her. You gotta do what's right for you. Have any singles opened up?

LORDIUS

I haven't looked. I was hoping to make this work.
(getting teary)
I said some fucked up stuff tonight. I think I really hurt her. It seems like all I ever do.

RACHEL

Well, what did you say?

LORDIUS

I don't even remember. She got so mad at me for no reason, I just started lashing out.

RACHEL

Oh, hon. She'll be fine. I'm sure we've had worse.

LORDIUS

Well...it doesn't stop me from feeling bad.

RACHEL

Well, I've never seen Johnny this smitten. That should feel good.

LORDIUS
 (blushing, beaming)
 Really? I've been with a lot of
 frogs...He's my first prince.

I/E. ADJOINING STREET/CARR'S CAR - NIGHT

Agent Carr's plain vehicle sits on a side street in the dark. He has a perfect view of the comings and goings at Cromwell Towers. On the passenger seat, his laptop displays a SURVEILLANCE PROGRAM with a stationery cell phone GPS signal-- "SHARKER". Next to the laptop are old surveillance photos of a younger Lordius and some photocopied pages from her college file. He's circled her dorm and room number-- 730 Cromwell Tower. A BROWN HAIRED GIRL walks down the stairs. He looks through his camera's telephoto lens, no dice. He checks his watch-- 11:32 p.m. On the laptop screen, "SHARKER" has started to move. He looks up and grabs his camera.

CAMERA POV: Sarah comes down the crooked stairs and crosses the street.

Carr gets his phone...

CARR
 (in phone)
 Carr here. The roommate just
 left....no sign of the target.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Radcliffe, phone to ear, stands by the window with glass in hand. A nearly empty bottle of scotch sits on the table. He looks worn and tense.

RADCLIFFE
 You gotta be kidding.

CARR (IN PHONE)
 I'm telling you, they're never
 together. I think she's on to us.
 Tailing the roommate is a waste of
 time. I'm going to take a run at
 the room. See what I can turn up.

RADCLIFFE
 I don't advise that.

I/E. ADJOINING STREET/CARR'S CAR - SAME TIME

CARR

You're running out of time. What
are you paying me for?

He hangs up and goes to open the door. Glancing passenger side, his eyes widen-- Arbul is standing right there, legs spread in shooting stance, pistol trained right on him. With zero hesitation, Carr drops to his passenger seat as the passenger side window shatters. He throws open the door, swinging it into Arbul, stunning him as his outstretched hands go through the missing glass. Carr grabs Arbul's arms, simultaneously pulling the door shut and the arms into the car and jams his thumb into a pressure point, instantly dislocating the thumb on his gun hand. Arbul cries out, drops the gun and falls to the ground. The drivers side window shatters as Carr is hit by TWO DARTS. He convulses violently, eyes hemorrhaging, then ceases to move. Fenceworth stands by the driver's side door with gun outstretched. He puts it away, gets in and checks Carr's pulse...

ARBUL

That sonofabitch dead?

Fenceworth nods affirmatively.

FENCEWORTH

'ow's yawr'and?

Arbul yanks his thumb. There's a LOUD POP. He yelps, then shoots a little scowl at Fenceworth. Fenceworth fishes through Carr's pockets and produces his car keys.

INT. HISTORY CLASSROOM - DAY

The class has left. Sarah stands at the desk in the same clothes she wore the night before, baseball hat pulled low on her head. A HISTORY PROF. neatens a pile of papers in shiny plastic protectors and puts them in his briefcase.

PROF.

I can't help noticing you reek of
booze, Miss Harker.

SARAH

I have no excuse.

PROF.

You've been a pleasure to have in
class. I hope you're not falling
into bad habits.

She just stands, looking defeated. He closes his briefcase and turns to leave.

PROF. (CONT'D)

Get it to me on Monday. I'll be in my office from eleven to twelve I'll have to dock you a grade. But I must say I was looking forward to reading yours.

SARAH

Thank you, so much. It won't happen again.

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER

Sarah sits by herself, body language screaming, "leave me alone". Marcus approaches.

MARCUS

Hey, sunshine.

She gives him the finger.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Right...Boycotting cell phones?

SARAH

Okay, you're here now. You don't need it. Talk.

MARCUS

Perlman wanted to know if we were all still on for tonight. I told him as far as I know.

(beat)

Sorry about your computer. I squared this weeks assignment with him. I told him it was a joint effort.

SARAH

You didn't have to do that.

MARCUS

I know. But I did. Thought I'd help you out.

SARAH

I didn't ask you to.

MARCUS

(beat)

Why don't you call me when you're not hung over, eh? Have a pleasant fucking lunch.

He storms off, leaving her even more mad at herself.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richards has the "ELECTRICAL HEADLINE" up on his computer monitor.

RICHARDS

(into phone)

Whoever it was, was dead on in the details. I thought you had things under control?! Are you not aware of what's at stake here?!

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME TIME

Radcliffe is on the other end.

RADCLIFFE

(in phone, simmering)

Are you not in charge of that fucking place?! Step out of your ivory tower, asshole. Fix it yourself. I've got far bigger problems right now.

Radcliffe hangs up and nods to a UNIFORMED POLICEMAN. The two walk over to a demolished lamppost with Carr's car wrapped around it. The UNI lifts the police tape and Radcliffe slips under. SEVERAL MORE UNI'S and a FORENSICS TEAM work the scene. In the drivers seat, twisted around the steering block and covered in gore, is the body of Agent Carr. CSI GIRL takes the last of her pictures. Another CSI inspects Carr's body. Radcliffe takes a look inside, searching for the missing gear. He picks up a broken whiskey bottle. CAPTAIN POSKUS approaches.

POSKUS

DUI, Agent Radcliffe.

Radcliffe says nothing; his expression mournful as he stares at Carr's body. Poskus holds up Carr's FBI badge...

POSKUS (CONT'D)

Would you mind telling me what's going on in my district please?

Radcliffe takes the badge, fighting back his emotions. He looks at it quickly and hands it back.

RADCLIFFE
Not one of mine.

Radcliffe starts to walk away...

POSKUS
Not one of yours?!

Radcliffe continues to walk. Poskus calls to a nearby OFFICER.

POSKUS (CONT'D)
Get the governor on the phone!

Out of view, Radcliffe pulls the SIM card out of his cell, snaps it, then he brakes the cell in half. Panic is seeping in as he drops his busted cell in a trash can.

INT. SLATTERY'S - EVENING

The decor is affordable upper scale, a place the college frequents for celebratory functions. At a round table, Sarah, Johnny, Marcus, Rachel and Dr. Perlman are sitting with various states of empty plates before them. Uncomfortable attention is directed at Sarah...

SARAH
I don't know where to go next except him.

JOHNNY
Okay. The police can't pursue this because the feds are involved. The police. What makes you think YOU should pursue this?

SARAH
You mean the fed that's WORKING for Richards?

MARCUS
Johnny, what's your problem? Have you not listened to anything?

JOHNNY
I have Marcus. Have you? If you don't think it's a colossally dumb idea--

Sarah is speechless and visibly hurt.

MARCUS

It's the job of the press to report
this stuff, shithead!

JOHNNY

Douche bag, you're not press!

PERLMAN

Hold on, everyone.

(beat)

Sarah, think seriously about this.
It's a bad idea for many reasons.

SARAH

I guarantee Richards knows who it
is. Everything she's done has been
directed at him. His secretary all
but--

JOHNNY

His secretary in the psycho ward?

SARAH

Admitted by Richards!

JOHNNY

Listen, we all had our fun. But now
we're out of our league. And you're
on academic probation. He has cause
to expel you.

SARAH

(flabbergasted)

What's with the change of heart?

JOHNNY

You have no idea what you're doing!

MARCUS

Dude!

SARAH

Why are you yelling at me?

Johnny backs off.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Do you know something?

JOHNNY

What is that supposed to mean?

SARAH

(getting hot)

It means the minute I found out Radcliffe was investigating a student, one person popped into my head. Funny. I never see her study. I've never seen her even go to class. She sleeps most of the day. And our room is having fucking sentient electrical issues that only affect me. So tell me. You protecting someone?

The table goes quiet. Rachel looks pissed.

RACHEL

You know what, Sarah. If this is another one of your jealous vendettas that you're wasting my time with--

SARAH

Can anyone tell me emphatically I'm wrong?!

Johnny and Sarah glare at each other. He gets up and shakes Pearson's hand.

JOHNNY

Thank you for dinner, Dr. Perlman.

He storms out.

RACHEL

Yeah. Sarah, you're wrong. Emphatically. Dr. Perlman, thank you again.

She takes off.

MARCUS

(hesitant, awkward)

I'm Johnny's ride. I should go too. Sarah, Dr. Perlman. Always a pleasure.

He takes off. Sarah shuts her eyes and sinks in her chair.

PERLMAN

Sarah, don't let anything I've said take away from what you've done. It may be reckless and a little raw, but it IS decent reporting. Have

(MORE)

PERLMAN (CONT'D)
 you considered you may have found
 your niche?

SARAH
 I don't know.

PERLMAN
 I've talked to your professors. I'm
 not the only one whom you've
 impressed this semester.

Sarah forces a smile as she wipes away tears.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)
 Come on. My wife's meeting me for
 dessert. You look like you could
 use some. Come on. I want her to
 meet you.

EXT. MARCUS/JOHNNY'S APT. - NIGHT

All the lights are on in a modest sized apartment house.
 Loudish, muffled music and party sounds blare from inside.
 SIX PEOPLE hang on the front porch and stoop, smoking, having
 a laugh.

INT. MARCUS/JOHNNY'S KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Marcus and Johnny hang out in the doorway. Behind them in the
 stairway, a STONER is trying to tap a keg...

In the living room entry way before them, Lordius is
 listening to a very animated COLLEGE GIRL ramble on. Lordius
 looks Johnny's way, making a "blah blah" motion with her hand
 followed by a smile.

JOHNNY
 And that smile. This will sound
 corny, I don't fucking care. I feel
 like I'm important when she smiles
 at me. You know? Like I'm someone
 who matters.

(looking at Marcus)
 This is not some fling for me,
 okay? I see this going somewhere. I
 hope it goes somewhere. I know you
 and Sarah have gotten close, but
 I'm getting tired of her shit. I
 try to be her friend. I try to be
 understanding. But I'm tired of it.
 I'm tired of her suspicions about
 Lordius. I'm tired of her making

(MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Lordius cry. She has bent over backwards to be accepted. By all of you.

MARCUS

Okay. I get it. But can you honestly say there's no merit to anything Sarah said?

JOHNNY

Are you serious, man?

MARCUS

Okay, forget Sarah. This is coming from me. Your best friend. I'd take a bullet for you. I know you think she's great but everyone has their demons. There is something just off about her.

JOHNNY

Marcus, lay off of Lordius, okay?

MARCUS

I don't trust her and I can't sit back and let her twist you up. Do you really know this girl?

JOHNNY

Do you really know yours? Fuck, man! I'm the one twisted up?!

Johnny walks away.

MARCUS

What the fuck is that supposed to mean? I'm looking out for you, asshole.

INT. MARCUS/JOHNNY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Johnny enters the chaos of the living room, rescuing Lordius from her talkative pal on the way. They wade through the small dance party. Sarah emerges from the front hall, a little tipsy.

SARAH

Can I talk to you?

JOHNNY

Have you been drinking?

SARAH

What? You're throwing a kegger.
Does it matter?

JOHNNY

Go home, Sarah. You're drunk.

SARAH

I'm not drunk!

LORDIUS

Can I talk to her?

SARAH

Please stay out of this. This is
between me and him.

LORDIUS

(taking her arm)
Come on.

Sarah yanks her arm away, but follows her into Marcus' bedroom.

INT. MARCUS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lordius shuts the door after Sarah, cutting the party racket to a muffled rumble. They stand and look each other over, the air thick with suspicion.

LORDIUS

You need to move out.

SARAH

I need to move out?

LORDIUS

Yes. You. Move out. I'm tired of
you.

SARAH

Well, Lord knows living with you is
all ice creams and kittens, but
there's still no rooms open.

LORDIUS

I find that hard to believe.

SARAH

Oh, you're right! I'm totally
making it up! Gotcha! You're hardly
ever there anyway. Wouldn't you
rather move in here with Johnny?

LORDIUS

No.

SARAH

Then what are we really talking about here? Something you're afraid of me seeing?

LORDIUS

I'd rather start bringing him to our room. I think it would be fun for you to see that.

SARAH

I'm sure Johnny would be all for that.

LORDIUS

It wouldn't be too hard to convince him. He loves me. He'll do whatever I want.

Sarah's getting hotter.

LORDIUS (CONT'D)

He wants to please me. You know. The way you'd love to please him.

SARAH

Whatever.

LORDIUS

Whatever. It's so pathetic the way you pout and preen like a diseased peacock whenever he's around.

SARAH

That button is wearing out, Lordius.

LORDIUS

Rachel told me all about you and Johnny. Doesn't it just kill you wondering what might have been had you not been a puritanical bore with him? Your first time could have been SO SPECIAL.

Sarah's jaw drops, face full of hurt, unable to hide it.

LORDIUS (CONT'D)

I'll bring him to our room and you can lay in your bed and imagine it. Listening to our murmurs, our

(MORE)

LORDIUS (CONT'D)

barely contained passion happening a mere ten feet from you. You can pretend that those carnal sounds of his hands, his mouth all over my body are actually happening to you. And then remember that once, they really almost were. And like the prudish, scared little girl you are, you turned him down. And then sulk. In your bed. Alone. Only your own fingers to comfort you.

Without warning even to Sarah, her hand comes up and SLAPS Lordius in the face. She regrets it just as fast.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

Lordius laughs, puts her hand to her face and immediately whips up some tears. She storms out of the room.

INT. MARCUS/JOHNNY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lordius, holding her face and crying, pushes her way through the crowd...

JOHNNY

Lordius? What happened?!

Sarah emerges from Marcus' bedroom.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

What the fuck did you do now?!

She's too keyed up and nervous to speak...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Sarah, I've never hit a girl, but it's looking really fucking appealing right now! Get the fuck out of my face!

His words sock her hard in the gut. Drunk salutations, hoots and hollers and sarcastic comments from PARTY GOERS ring out. She looks around, humiliated. She turns away before anyone can see her cry. Marcus enters in time to see her dart out the door.

EXT. MARCUS/JOHNNY'S FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Sarah stumbles past the SIX HEPCATS smoking on the porch and stoop. More hoots and hollers are thrown her way as she stumbles into the street. Marcus leaps out the front door...

HEPCAT 1
Zup, Mahcus?

MARCUS
Sarah! Hey, Sarah! Stop!

SARAH
Just leave me alone!

MARCUS
Sarah, get back here!

She stops. The Hepcats murmur and giggle...

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(warmer)
Come on. Come back and talk to me.

She ambles back, wiping away tears that keep coming.

HEPCAT 2
Gots some trouble witcho whoamon?

MARCUS
Yeah, can you excuse us?

HEPCAT 3
Hey, homes, you're breakin' up the parteh.

MARCUS
How about I break up your face!?
Get the fuck outta here!

Sarah dumps herself onto the old plush couch sitting on the porch. The Hepcats split, carrying the noise down the street.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(calling after)
Give me a call tomorrow! Hey!
Jones!...Call me.

Marcus sits on the arm of the couch.

SARAH
Are you gonna stab me in the back too?!

MARCUS
Hadn't planned to.

SARAH
Well, she's playing everyone else!
Now my best friend?! I can
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

understand, Johnny. I mean,
beautiful, sexy, perfect Lordius.
How can I compete with that? But,
Rachel?

MARCUS

You need to come back and focus
here. Why are we going after her? I
only ask because for you it does
seem a wee bit personal.

SARAH

(resigned, disbelieving)
What does he see in her?!

As the floodgates open, Marcus moves down next to her on the couch. He puts a consoling arm around her but it makes her cry harder. She buries her face in his shoulder.

MARCUS

Whoa, hey. Come on.

SARAH

AM I crazy? I trust you. Am I way
off to suspect her?

MARCUS

No. But we do kind of need more to
go on before we accuse someone
of...super-villainy. I hope we're
wrong. For Johnny's sake.

SARAH

Johnny is the last person I'd want
to hurt. I really thought things
were changing. He was helping me.
We were spending time together
again. I thought it could be like
it used to be.

Marcus smiles good-naturedly, gently brushing her hair out of her face as if this has become familiar for the two them...

MARCUS

It's complicated, Sarah.

SARAH

He wanted to hit me. Me. I can't
believe I brought that out of him.
I so wish he did hit me. Having him
hate me is so much worse.

MARCUS

Oh come on. He doesn't hate you.

SARAH

Fine. I hate me. Here I am, once again whimpering in your arms. The slightest trouble and I'm floored. A man. A man does this to me. Gloria Steinem would be appalled.

MARCUS

Are we in the same time zone!? I mean, damn! Look at where you were just a few months ago and look at you now. Look at all that you're doing. I'm having a blast with you, Sarah. You're becoming like my hero. I thought I was ballsy. I got nothing on you.

(beat)

You're also just an awesome, awesome person. In ways Lordius will never be. She's got nothing on you.

She looks up at him, closes her eyes and begins to cry again.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Did I say something wrong?

SARAH

No. You said everything right. You always do. You're such a good friend. I'm such a bitch. I'm sorry about lunch earlier.

MARCUS

Yeah, that really sucked.

Both crack up a little...

SARAH

Shut up. I've felt bad about it all day.

She rests her head on his shoulder and closes her eyes.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Thank you for always being there, Marcus.

MARCUS

Ahhh. That's what friends are for.

He gazes at her for a time, sadness and longing in his eyes...

MARCUS (CONT'D)
Some guys just don't know what
they're letting get away.

Sarah starts snoring. Marcus exhales. He gives her a little peck on the top of her head, then rests his head on hers and closes his eyes.

INT. MARCUS' ROOM - MORNING

An obnoxious "TA DA" alarm wakes Sarah. She rubs her bleary eyes and fumbles for her cell phone on the night table-- 10:30. She gathers herself and gets her bearings. She's on Marcus' bed with a comforter laid over her, still wearing her clothes from the previous evening.

INT. MARCUS/JOHNNY'S LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah, coat on, enters the living room. Red and blue Solo Cups are everywhere: the floor, the furniture, in a big pyramid on the coffee table. A FEW CRASHERS are slung about the room. Marcus is asleep in an uncomfortable twist on the too small sofa. She straightens the blanket and recovers him. He starts to snore.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - DAY

Sarah sits at her desk. Repaired laptop, Gatorade and other hangover remedies sit before her. The Mac tone sounds. She breathes a sigh of relief. Her phone rings...

SARAH
(into phone)
This is Sarah.

RADCLIFFE (IN PHONE)
Sarah Harker?

SARAH
(beat)
Who is this?

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

A chain motor rigged above lifts a huge YELLOW MIRROR BALL LEMON out of a wooden crate-- the item stolen from the truck. It's the centerpiece of a huge, NEW AGEY SET full of surreal structures and angles. Miss Tyler-Ross and the Curator are discussing and admiring it all.

Fenceworth is at the back in the Sound Booth. Amidst the moving light console and mixing boards is CARR'S LAPTOP...

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN: the SURVEILLANCE PROGRAM with "SHARKER" signal and an accompanying audio file playing in real time.

He picks up his phone...

FENCEWORTH
(into phone)
Guess'oo jus' phoned yawr roommate.

EXT. CROMWELL BUILDING - DAY

Sarah bounds down the crooked stairs and into a waiting taxi.

I/E. FENCEWORTH MOBILE - SAME TIME

Arbul drives. Fenceworth, laptop in hand, navigates.

FENCEWORTH
Lef' at da next set ov loights.

The Fenceworth Mobile stops at a red light. Arbul and Fenceworth impatiently note that there's no other traffic coming from any direction.

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK - DAY

A small town festival is in progress, lot's of tables and booths for local businesses, KIDS running and playing, balloons and cotton candy. On a bench in the middle of it all is Radcliffe, plain clothes, dark sunglasses and baseball hat pulled way down. A bluetooth is in his ear. He clutches a dossier.

I/E. FENCEWORTH MOBILE - SAME TIME

Fenceworth continues to track a NEW GPS signal-- "UNKNOWN USER". The hubbub of Lindleton Day comes into view.

FENCEWORTH
'Eee's in da nawf side ov da park.
Roight 'eer, we'll flank 'im.

The car pulls into a parking space. Arbul and Fenceworth put in their wireless earpieces.

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK - SAME TIME

Radcliffe's phone rings. Caller ID: Sarah Harker...

RADCLIFFE

Where are you?

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK - ELSEWHERE - SAME TIME

Sarah scans the scene for Radcliffe...

SARAH

I'm at the park, just like you said.

CROSSCUT:

RADCLIFFE

There's a gazebo on the northeast side. A band is playing. Head for the music. Meet me there. Go now.

SARAH

What is this about?

RADCLIFFE

Harker, I have something you want and I'm not getting into it over the phone. Just meet me there.

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK CONCESSION STAND - SAME TIME

Fenceworth sits on a bench, laptop at the ready.

FENCEWORTH

'Eee's 'eading souf east.

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK GAZEBO- SAME TIME

ARBUL

Copy.

About twenty yards ahead of him he sees Sarah making a beeline to the gazebo.

ARBUL (CONT'D)

Hold on...I've got the roommate.

From the opposite direction, Radcliffe cautiously approaches, scanning for threats. Sarah stops by a bench. Arbul hangs

back by the bad PUNK BAND playing in the gazebo. Radcliffe sees Arbul, then his earpiece. He turns abruptly...

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK CONCESSION STAND - SAME TIME

FENCEWORTH
Do yew see 'im?

CROSSCUT:

ARBUL
No.

FENCEWORTH
Wot's yawr locashun?

ARBUL
I'm on the roommate, right by the Gazebo.

FENCEWORTH
(frowning at the screen)
'Eee's bloody movin' away! Yewf been made, yew clod!

ARBUL
Impossible.

Arbul starts scanning frantically.

Radcliffe opens a blue recycle trash can, drops the dossier in it and quickly moves on...

Arbul's eyes catch up with him...

ARBUL (CONT'D)
Hold on....I think I got him.
Heading back north?

FENCEWORTH (IN EAR PIECE)
AAt's 'im! Stay on 'im!

I/E. FENCEWORTH MOBILE - SAME TIME

Fenceworth, laptop still open, hops in his car.

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK - SAME TIME

Radcliffe looks behind. No sign of Arbul. His phone rings--
RESTRICTED NUMBER.

RADCLIFFE
 (into bluetooth)
 Yeah?

LORDIUS (IN PHONE)
 It's been a long time, Agent
 Radcliffe.

RADCLIFFE
 (eyes widen, full of fear)
 Vorshtedt?

LORDIUS (IN PHONE)
 I hear you've been looking for me.
 Lucky you, you're about to find me.
 Ha Ha Ha Ha!

He hangs up and quickly dials again.

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK GAZEBO - SAME TIME

SARAH
 (into phone)
 Radcliffe?

CROSSCUT:

RADCLIFFE
 Listen to me very carefully this is
 very important. In the blue recycle
 trash can nearest the Gazebo,
 you'll find a dossier file. It's
 everything you're looking for. All
 about Project Herculean.

SARAH
 Project Herculean?

RADCLIFFE
 What we did, who's involved. I'm
 sick of carrying it. All of it.
 Give it to the media. Give it to
 the cops. Do what you will with it.
 And Harker?

SARAH
 Yes?

RADCLIFFE
 You were right all along about your
 roommate. Be careful.

He hangs up. Sarah's eyes go wide.

SARAH

Wait a minute! Hello?

She looks around, weight of the world upon her...

EXT. MAIN STREET SIDE OF PARK - SAME TIME

Radcliffe nears the edge of the park, breaking his new phone into many pieces and dropping them, very aware of Arbul behind him...

ARBUL

He's dropped the phone.

Radcliffe takes off into traffic on the crowded street. He launches into a full sprint when he reaches the other side. Arbul fights through the crowd, getting rough with people...

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK - SAME TIME

Sarah opens the recycle bin. She pulls out the dossier, looks around, clutches it and runs.

EXT. BACK ALLEYS/FAR SIDE OF MAIN STREET - SAME TIME

Radcliffe rounds the corner, rears of restaurants, shops and dumpsters all about. He searches his surroundings. The street is ahead. The alley splits into apartment backs to the left and right. He nods and ducks left, disappearing. Arbul is about twenty yards back...

ARBUL

He's gonna come out onto West Ave.
I'll force him out.

Arbul rounds the corner. Backing up VERY fast, right at him, is Radcliffe's car. Arbul high tails it in the other direction, gets about five paces and WHAM!!! He rolls up onto the trunk, body smashing the rear window, then back onto the ground in a bloody heap.

Radcliffe hits the brakes and checks his rearview. He opens the door, leans out-- Arbul lies in a quickly growing pool of blood behind the car-- He shuts his door and looks forward with confusion followed by PANIC! He immediately opens his door and dives out. Just as he hits the ground, A HUGE ARC OF ELECTRICITY SLAMS the car with enough force to launch it up and into the wall. Lordius stands at the end of the alley. Radcliffe gets to his feet, wincing in pain, and hobbles past his popping, fizzling car wreckage. Over his shoulder the out of focus image of Lordius is coming up behind him, INHUMANLY

FAST. She reaches him and yanks him off his feet. His scream trails off...

SMASH CUT BLACK

INT. BARN - NIGHT

Radcliffe winces and begins to open his eyes. A gloved hand reaches in and slaps him about. A very stern Dr. Kleiss stands before Radcliffe, who is strapped into a throne like device with lots of pipes and menacing bits. His head is secured against the head rest and his hands to the arm rests. Each bare foot is secured to make contact with a metal plate built into the floor. Connected to this by thick cables are four consoles, each four feet tall with lot's of buttons and levers. More thick cable connects these to a huge light projector by the door.

RADCLIFFE

How's your arm, Kleiss?

Kleiss looks him over, calmly approaches...WHAM! He backhands him, closed fist, with his mechanical arm.

ARC-ANGEL (O.C.)

It's not very classy to taunt cripples. Even less so when it was you who did the crippling.

In the open doorway, her cloaked womanly shape silhouetted against the night, is LORDIUS AS ARC-ANGEL.

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

And it's just plain callous and inhuman when said incident resulted in the incineration of an eight year old girl.

A big gash has opened on Radcliffe's right cheek.

RADCLIFFE

Is it not callous and inhuman to use an eight year old girl as a human shield?

Kleiss' eyes go wide. This time it's a front handed closed fist. Radcliffe cries out, his left cheek now opened. Arc-Angel starts walking forward...

ARC-ANGEL

Wait...So you incinerate both of them?! What an American solution, Radcliffe!

RADCLIFFE

(breathing heavy)

You're not one to pass judgement! I didn't slaughter an entire village of innocent people!

ARC-ANGEL

Oh, let's get a few things straight. One, I can't take full credit. I had help.

Kleiss smiles.

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

And two, and really pay attention here, a military installation, or village if you wanna lie to yourself, populated with the orchestrators of one of the biggest failures of military science, an experiment resulting in the deaths of 24 unwitting human subjects, WHOSE DEATHS WERE SUBSEQUENTLY COVERED UP!!!

Arc-Angel steps into the light. Her thick black cloak drops away revealing a black suit coat, skirt and heels. We see her face for the first time, eyes surrounded by BLACKENED SKIN augmented with black makeup into sleek looking wings...

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

I'd hardly call such monsters....

She walks into close-up. Her eyes are COMPLETELY WHITE ORBS with a phosphorescent glow to them. The rage in her gaze could melt steel...

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

INNOCENT...

Radcliffe gasps at the sight.

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

Those people had it coming. But really, Radcliffe. Did little Lordius deserve to be incinerated?

Kleiss punches him, breaking his nose.

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

That's enough, Doctor.

(beat)

It's all irrelevant now. You get yours tonight. You failed to stop

(MORE)

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)
 me and your life basically amounted
 to a big ass lie. You can't keep
 the truth hidden. And what I'm
 about to unleash on the public
 would give even a fascist robot
 like you, nightmares.

RADCLIFFE
 How does so much hate come from a
 child, Mena?

Arc-Angel raises her hand. A split second arc ZAPS Radcliffe
 in the throat. He gags as his vocal cords become paralyzed.

ARC-ANGEL
 It's time to shut that dirty whore
 mouth of yours and listen.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah sits at her desk with the contents of the dossier laid
 out in front of her: various documents including a 250 page
 Science Proposal titled, "Solutions to Terrorism: Operation
 Herculean" with a list of authors on the cover. Highlighted
 among those are Dr. Arjun Van Houten, Lt. Col. Alfonse
 Richards and Sgt. Peter Radcliffe...

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

Dr. Kleiss holds an INJECTION GUN full of a clear liquid.

ARC-ANGEL
 Recognize this? Your bosses
 certainly would. Formulation 808.
 Operation Herculean's golden serum?
 You know, super soldiers? Stomp out
 terrorism?

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: Sarah thumbing through internal memorandums and
 scientific research data, pausing on an internal fax from Dr.
 Arik Svenson to Lt. Col Richards declaring that the program
 needs to be terminated--

ARC-ANGEL (V.O.)
 Revolutionize the way the human
 body produces and metabolizes
 energy? Our friend Van Houten
 deemed it perfectly safe for
 humans, and Richards dived right
 (MORE)

ARC-ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 into trials. He'd make General
 before the end of boy bands...

--She scans a list of side effects accompanied by photocopied
 black and white photos of various subjects in varying stages
 of metabolic breakdown--

ARC-ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Why one could go days without
 sleeping. Weeks without eating.
 Feats of strength and endurance the
 likes of which Olympic athletes
 train for years to perform would be
 commonplace. Little side effect,
 though...

--More internal faxes from the Science staff, increasingly
 more severe and desperate in language: "there have been
 fatalities", "subject has succumbed to her injuries", "I
 request a leave from this project effective immediately.",
 Lt. Col Richards- "anyone leaving Operation Herculean will be
 charged with treason"--

ARC-ANGEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Cellular Mitochondria produce WAY
 too much energy. Some subjects even
 displaying an electrical charge.
 I'm telling you this for a couple
 of reasons.

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

ARC-ANGEL
 One, I bet they never told you.
 Why, you didn't need to know.
 Probably didn't even want to, good
 soldier boy like you following
 orders. And two? If you're remotely
 inquisitive, you're wondering what
 you're strapped into. Just an
 elaborate light projector, which
 SHOULD display a nice message for
 the citizenry of Lindleton.
 (leaning in to his mouth)
 What? What's that? Oh! Where's the
 power source? I'm so glad you
 asked!

Kleiss places the injection gun against Radcliffe neck...

KLEISS
 This will hurt.

He pulls the trigger. Radcliffe's body recoils forcibly.

ARC-ANGEL

Welcome to Project Herculean!
 You've just been given a
 concentrated dose of Formulation
 808. Your cells will soon begin
 producing painfully huge amounts of
 energy until the cops come and trip
 those switches, at which point
 they'll become resistors to keep
 you from frying the circuitry of my
 expensive equipment. You're about
 to become the world's first human
 DC power source! It's so exciting!
 I don't even know if it will work!
 I guess that's why I'm so batshit
 crazy fun! Right, Kleiss?

Kleiss barely nods. Arc-Angel leans in and kisses Radcliffe on the mouth. A little static arc SNAPS between them...

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

Oh look at that. It's already
 started to work.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Sarah pries at the lock on Lordius' trunk until it falls, clanging to the floor. She opens it. On top is a box of generic pill vials. She opens one. It's full of homemade capsules of a colorless gelatin, no company logo or FDA codes. Underneath this is a stack of books. She picks up the one on top, Organic Chemistry...

EXT. BARN - SAME TIME

Police cars, fire trucks, ambulances and a bomb squad unit surround the barn. The COPS set up a perimeter keeping all but the BOMB SQUAD out.

INT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

A safety gear clad BOMB SQUAD TEAM: KING, YORK, DAHL, HILL and CAPTAIN TERRY, inspect the consoles with x-ray devices, voltage meters, etc. Terry studies the throne apparatus. Radcliffe's vocal cords are still paralyzed, his face bloody and swollen.

TERRY

Can you hear me, sir? We're gonna get you out of here. Just hang on.

Radcliffe struggles against the straps to shake his head...

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - SAME TIME

A stack of textbooks sits next to Sarah-- Nuclear Engineering, Nuclear Fission, Molecular Biology and Electrical Engineering. Sarah flips through notes and sketches from science lectures in foreign languages. She opens a contact lens case-- two blue contacts stare back up at her. She opens a photo album to a large portrait of A SCIENCE TEAM. She turns the page to a wedding photo of a young happy COUPLE labelled "MR. & MRS. MATHIEU VORSHTEDT"...

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

King stands at the light projector...

KING

This one looks clean sir.

He holds a service panel while York removes it with a screw gun. At one of the consoles, Dahl and Hill have just removed it's service panel. An array of dip switches and fuses sits underneath...

DAHL

Fuse panel, sir. Some sort of switch array.

The panel on the light projector comes away; the same array of fuses and dip switches underneath...

KING

Dip switches. They're programmed to communicate with each other.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah turns the page-- various photos of the Vorshtedts working together in a lab. She turns the page to a photo of Mrs. Vorshtedt joyously holding newborn BABY MENA(LORDIUS) labelled "Mena Vorshtedt 11/12/XX". On the adjoining page is a photo of Mena in little pigtails, smiling as Mr. Vorshtedt gives her a big kiss, labelled "Mena age 2"...

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

The service panels have been removed on all consoles and the light projector.

YORK

It can't be that simple.

TERRY

It's not. We gotta cut them all simultaneously.

(he runs to the doorway)

I need everyone back! Quickly!

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah turns the page to a photo of Mrs. Vorshtedt in a lab lifting a huge amount of weight over her head on a barbell. She looks sickly, deep dark circles around her eyes...

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

King is standing at a console. He counts down to himself-- one, two, three, and makes a hard cutting motion with his hand...

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah looks at a photo of Mr. Vorshtedt, a birthday cake on the table before him with a "33" candle on top. He is sinewy and pale and has lost much of his hair, but he is managing a smile as little Mena gives him a homemade card...

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

York, wire cutters in hand, puts them into the console against the wire he's going to cut. He wipes his brow with his sleeve. Radcliffe's eyes are wide with panic and helplessness...

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah looks at a medical archive photo of Mr. Vorshtedt in a hospital bed, foaming at the mouth, catatonic and resembling a late stage cancer patient...

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

Terry gets into position at the light projector...

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - SAME TIME

Sarah looks at a medical archive photo of Mrs. Vorshtedt in bed...

CLOSE ON PHOTO: Her eyes are completely white and surrounded in black...

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

Each console is now occupied by a Bomb Squad Officer ready with wire cutters. Terry waits at the light projector...

TERRY

On the count of three. Okay? We cut on three. Everyone ready?

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - CONTINUED

Sarah looks at a photo of Mena, age three, in a little black dress looking lost and confused at a funeral. Next to her is YOUNG MISS TYLER-WELLS...

INT. BARN - CONTINUED

TERRY

One....

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - CONTINUED

Sarah holds another funeral photo-- Young Miss Tyler-Wells holding little Mena's hand. Sarah tries to place where she's seen this woman. Sarah picks up the album for a closer look. A SLIP OF PAPER falls out...

INT. BARN - CONTINUED

CLOSE ON: York's feet, standing on a barely concealed trapdoor...

TERRY (O.C.)

Two....

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - CONTINUED

Sarah opens the slip of paper-- a hand drawn ELECTRONIC SCHEMATIC. A power source is at one end, a series of four resistors along the circuit runs, then a switch and capacitor. She eyes it quizzically...

INT. BARN - CONTINUED

TERRY

THREE...

CLICK! echoes out in the silence, broken only by relieved laughter, no one realizing they're slowly sinking six inches into the floor on the trapdoors beneath them all. The switch is triggered-- Radcliffe lets loose a silent scream as he bursts into WILDLY ARCING ELECTRICITY...

The CHARGE exits Radcliffe and travels the right leg into the floor where York has sunk and made contact with a conduction plate. The CHARGE hits the plate, ARCS up through York and back into the cable, repeating the process through Dahl, then Terry and into the LIGHT PROJECTOR. It travels the circuitry, triggering it's functioning, then zips onward along the left leg, zapping through Hill, King, and back into Radcliffe.

Everyone is a rigid, smoking statue. Split second, sickening ELECTRICAL ARCS pop through their flesh. The light projector fires a beam into the prism above it. Colored lights pour out the far end, BURNING A HOLE THROUGH THE ROOF.

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah finishes a detailed list of the contents of the trunk. She takes a last look at the funeral photo and tosses it into the dossier with the electrical schematic and other photos. Everything back, she closes the trunk. Her phone rings. She puts several of Lordius' pills in a plastic bag and answers her phone...

SARAH

(phone)

Hello, Marcus.

MARCUS (IN PHONE)

Are you seeing this?

SARAH

(phone)

Seeing what?

EXT. CROMWELL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah descends the crooked stairs past all the GAWKERS staring at the sky. She starts gawking too; in the sky above is a GIGANTIC LIGHTNING BOLT "H" SYMBOL.

INT. BARN - SAME TIME

The light projector overloads, sparking then exploding spectacularly, taking the beam splitter with it and setting off a chain reaction...

EXT. BARN - CONTINUOUS

The barn EXPLODES, raining debris down everywhere.

EXT. CROMWELL BUILDING - SAME TIME

First, a disappointed wail from EVERYONE as the "H" disappears...then raucous applause and cheers. Sarah sighs.

INT. POSH RESTAURANT - DAY

MAYOR HUNT eats an expensive lunch with TWO OLD RICH WHITE GUYS. There's a commotion up front. Hunt looks up in time to see Miss Tyler-Wells slap the MAITRE'D and charge forward.

TYLER-WELLS

Where is he?! Where's the mayor?!

As she enters the room, a SECRET SERVICE AGENT jumps up and grabs her arm.

TYLER-WELLS (CONT'D)

Get your hands off of me! I'll fuck everything you hold dear! Do you know who I am?!

Hunt springs to his feet...

HUNT

Officer stand down. Ms. Tyler-Wells, what an honor it is to--

TYLER-WELLS

Oh shut it, you simpering fool! Who do you take us for?! The only reason the great Nadia would even sneeze in the direction of the

(MORE)

TYLER-WELLS (CONT'D)

Pilford is to have performed where Arjun Van Houten has spoken.

HUNT

Calm down, Ms. Tyler-Wells. I'm sure there's an explanation for--

TYLER-WELLS

Who do you take me for, you dickless half-wit?! You cancel Van Houten, Nadia walks. And the pay or play contract we signed WILL be honored or I'll BUY the Pilford, have it leveled and build a prison in it's place!

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Richards is on the phone and wearing a despondent look, a bottle of South African booze before him.

HUNT (IN PHONE)

I'm sorry, Al. We straight up can't afford to lose the revenue that Nadia's performance is going to bring in. I'm sure you understand.

RICHARDS

(into phone)

It has nothing to do with you getting dressed down in public?

HUNT (IN PHONE)

Oh, fuck you, Al. You want to play politician some day, you learn where to pick your battles.

"CLICK". Richards slams the receiver down. Sifting through his morning mail, he comes across a large padded envelope with no return address. He feels around for it's contents, tracing a small, rectangular object...

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

In a remote part of the top floor, Sarah and Marcus sit at a table with a slightly haggard Officer Carlson. The contents of the dossier and the items taken from the trunk are laid out before them. Carlson studies the electronic schematic as he scribbles in a note pad. He tears the page out and slides them both to Sarah and Marcus. He has drawn a recreation of the schematic with Radcliffe and cop stick figures in place of the power source, resistors and device...

MARCUS

This is...

SARAH

Are these...

MARCUS

What a fucking asshole.

CARLSON

Listen, things are getting hot around here. They almost wouldn't let me look at the crime scene. What's left of it...

SARAH

(re: Schematic)

Do you want to see what she has in mind for an encore?

CARLSON

It's not that simple. The Mayor is frantic about anything jeopardizing the Van Houten visit.

MARCUS

What the fuck? A giant hologram in the sky isn't alarming to him? Are we waiting for Jaws to eat Alex Kinter?

SARAH

I think we're way past Alex and at *least* at the guy in the pond with the New England accent--

CARLSON

Hey! She's covering her tracks real good. We've found nothing substantial. No smoking gun.

SARAH

(re: the table)

This isn't substantial?

CARLSON

No! If anything, you've got Richards with this, not her! I've already gotten two cops, two good cops suspended for looking into this case against orders! There's no one else I can bring this to! No one else will touch it! The Mayor has beefed up funding for security.

(MORE)

CARLSON (CONT'D)

That's about the best we can hope for.

(beat)

I'm getting far away from here for the next few days. If I were you I'd do the same.

MARCUS

What about your partner?

Carlson reaches across the table and grabs him. Sarah tries to get in between...

CARLSON

Get it through your head, boy! Idealism doesn't save the day! The sooner you learn there's a machine in place that will grind the fuck out of your good intentions, the better off you'll be!

SARAH

Okay. Okay, everyone just--

Carlson drops Marcus back in his chair and storms off. Sarah goes to say something to Marcus but he storms off too.

INT. SARAH'S NEW SINGLE - DAY

Sarah lies on the bed reading from the dossier. Unpacking is not finished, clothes lay in piles on the floor. There's a knock. She opens the door. It's Johnny.

SARAH

Hi.

JOHNNY

Hi.

SARAH

Come in. Thanks for coming.

JOHNNY

(entering, sour)

Finally got your single, huh?

SARAH

(pausing, solemn)

I need you to see something.

INT. SARAH'S NEW SINGLE - MOMENTS LATER

Johnny sits at Sarah's desk, pale and stricken, the Herculean file laid out before him. In a section on failed outcomes, he looks at a photo of Mr. Vorshtedt lying on a table, pre-autopsy, body emaciated...

SARAH

His name is Mathieu Vorshtedt.

He turns the page: a pre-autopsy photo of Mrs. Vorshtedt.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Her name is Ginny Vorshtedt.

They're Mena-- Lordius' parents.

Johnny picks up the funeral photo and runs his finger over Little Mena.

SARAH (CONT'D)

That's her real name. Mena
Vorshtedt.

Sarah moves away and sinks onto her bed.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Their code name for her is Arc-
Angel.

JOHNNY

I don't believe it.

SARAH

You have to believe your eyes,
Johnny.

JOHNNY

Why did you show me this?

SARAH

You had to know. For your own
safety.

JOHNNY

Or revenge?

SARAH

On who? Who wins here?

Johnny begins to shake. Sarah rises to console him. He resists her touch as she puts her arm around him.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I wouldn't wish this on anyone. I'm sorry, Johnny. I truly am.

JOHNNY

How could she have been doing all of this? Right in front of me?

SARAH

This isn't your fault.

Johnny wells up as it starts to sink in.

JOHNNY

Fuck! I saw things. I know I did. I didn't want to believe it. Marcus was trying to tell me. You were trying to tell me. How could anyone expect...I mean, come on. How could I be expected to think this about her?

Sarah hugs him. He stops resisting her and hugs her back.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

I love her, Sarah.

Those words go right through Sarah. Her eyes begin to well up.

SARAH

Believe me. I understand how helpless you feel. In the worst possible way. It's how I feel. Every time I see you.

He looks her right in the eye. Something comes over her and she kisses him full on the mouth, every ounce of pent up longing coming out of her. Johnny pushes her away and bolts to his feet. Sarah does the same.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Johnny, I'm so sorry!

Johnny starts moving to her door.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Please don't go! I didn't have you come over for this! I'm such a selfish fucking bitch!

JOHNNY

Sarah, stop it!

SARAH
I've ruined our friendship!

JOHNNY
You haven't ruined anything. Will you stop?

She throws her hands up, resigned...

SARAH
How?! How can you stop how you feel?! You tell me! Because I've tried! I love you, Johnny! If I could undo whatever I did that changed your mind...

JOHNNY
(sighing)
I can't do this again. We've been over it.

SARAH
I know. You don't love me.

JOHNNY
Not like you want. Doing this over and over again certainly won't change it.

SARAH
What will change it?

JOHNNY
Sarah? I just found out my girlfriend is a super-powered mass murderer. You want to do this--
(beat)
Maybe we shouldn't have tried to be friends so soon. You need time.

SARAH
Wait!

Sarah gets up and goes to him. He puts his hands up.

JOHNNY
Please, Sarah.

He opens the door.

SARAH
I'm sorry. For doing this right now. For everything.

JOHNNY

Stop being sorry. Okay? I'm tired
of hearing it. I'm sorry for
letting this go this far.

He turns to go.

SARAH

Where are you going?

JOHNNY

I don't know yet.
(re: Herculean file)
I know you're just looking out for
me. Thank you.

He leaves. Sarah goes to her bed and collapses.

INT. CROMWELL TOWERS - NIGHT

Johnny waits outside Lordius' door. Lordius opens it and sees
it's him. He looks her in the eye. One of her contacts is
crooked and she looks deranged. She smirks, ever so slightly.

LORDIUS

What is it, Johnny?

INT. RACHEL'S ROOM - CROMWELL TOWERS - SAME TIME

A very tired Rachel is interrupted from studying by a knock
at the door. Sarah is there with a small plastic bag of
Lordius' pills, make-up hiding her tear swollen face.

RACHEL

What did you say to Johnny? What
are you spreading now?

Sarah immediately goes into the red, eyes bugging out of her
head which damn near pops off her body and explodes.

SARAH

...You fucking...Where the...FUCK
DO YOU GET OFF, RACHEL SHELTON!?!?

Rachel is back on her heels, slightly terrified as she pulls
Sarah into her room.

RACHEL

Sarah, it's quiet hour. Please--

SARAH

I'll knock you the fuck on your bony ass right now! I fucking hate you!

RACHEL

Sarah, I'm sorry! Please calm down! Please don't hurt me, holy shit, what did I do?!

SARAH

What did you do?! You can't keep your fat mouth shut!

RACHEL

Okay. Please stop shouting at me and tell me what's wrong.

SARAH

Have you been judging me this whole time, Rachel? I'm not you, okay?! I'm not ashamed that I haven't banged everything with a pulse, so fuck you!

RACHEL

What are you talking about? I admire that about you. I wish I had waited--

SARAH

Yeah, you and your slutty whore friend talk all about it at prayer group! Right?!

(tearing up)

What happened between Johnny and me is none of her fucking business! It's not enough she gets to have him over and over. Now she gets to rub that in my face, too!

RACHEL

I don't understand.

SARAH

You and your new best friend! You and Lordius having a big fat laugh about me?!

Rachel's expression turns grave.

SARAH (CONT'D)

What else have you been telling her? What have YOU been spreading?

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I tell you she's dangerous so you go and side with her!? The pretty new popular girl over your best friend!?

Rachel winces, gazing at her feet. She puts her hands up.

RACHEL

Alright. Alright...

SARAH

What!? Say something!

RACHEL

I don't know what to say. Look...I know how jealous you get.

Sarah's glare burns a hole in her. Rachel starts backing away, bumping awkwardly into her bureau.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You d--do!

Sarah's about to unleash verbal hell but the LOUD BLARING FIRE ALARM interrupts her. Rachel rolls her eyes...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

You gotta be kidding me. Third one this week.

EXT. CROMWELL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Fire engines surround the building, deluging the outside of Lordius' dorm room. Sarah and Rachel stand across the street with the entire RESIDENCY and STAFF in various states of dressed, sober, rowdy and sleepy.

SARAH

Do I need to tell you whose room that is? Dollars to donuts the fire is electrical.

Rachel shakes her head in disbelief and looks at Sarah.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Well, here.

(handing her the pills)

Can you find out what these are?

RACHEL

Where did you get these?

SARAH

Lordius' trunk. She takes them religiously.

RACHEL

What are you doing in her trunk?

SARAH

Rachel, I swear to God! Start having faith in me or we're done!

Sarah starts to walk away. She stops, looks towards the fire and turns back to Rachel.

SARAH (CONT'D)

When did you last talk to Johnny?

RACHEL

Like a half hour ago. Why?

SARAH

Did he say where he was going?

Rachel looks at the fire, then at Sarah. Her expression turns grave as it sinks in...

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - DAWN

A pair of feet stuck into fancy Italian shoes walk briskly along the shiny airport floor. A designer overcoat drapes over the shoulders of this UNIDENTIFIED MAN. He wears a charcoal grey Fedora and drags a large suitcase behind him. A fancy LA STYLE DETECTIVE, walks up to greet him.

LA STYLE

Dr. Van Houten?

We see the friendly, bearded, Jim Broadbent-like face of DR. VAN HOUTEN.

VAN HOUTEN

Yes. Good morning, sir.

EXT. PILFORD MUSEUM - MORNING

Taking up the sidewalk and part of the street, resulting in an army of road cones, is a BROADCAST CONTROL ROOM TRAILER, the logo for an AOL type multimedia giant emblazoned on it. A large satellite uplink sits off to the side. Various other news vans are arriving, antennae reaching towards the sky. NEWS BUNNIES are getting hair and make-up done. There is a CONSIDERABLE POLICE PRESENCE.

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

Captain Poskus has his LIEUTENANTS assembled on site.

POSKUS

Keep your men at their posts and there should not be a problem. Instruct them clearly, anything remotely suspicious, you act, but for God's sake, be discreet. The entire world's eyes are on us. Your men will be working directly with Museum security staff. Chief Security Officer, Henrik Williams will brief you further.

Dr. Kleiss, in a Pilford Security uniform and eyepatch, steps out...

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - MORNING

Sarah is woken by knocking. She opens the door to find Campus Police Officers Davis and Brown.

BROWN

Miss Harker, I need you to put some clothes on and come with me.

INT. DENIKE BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER

Officers Davis and Brown escort Sarah. Coming down the hall, escorted by TWO OTHER CAMPUS POLICE OFFICERS, is Dr. Perlman.

SARAH

Dr. Perlman?

DAVIS

Please keep walking, Miss Harker.

SARAH

Dr. Perlman, what's going on?

DAVIS

Dr. Perlman no longer works here.

SARAH

Wait, what?! Dr. Perlman?!

Perlman stops. The younger of his Two Officers starts getting a little pushy.

DAVIS

Officer, stand down. This isn't
Kent State.

PERLMAN

Sarah, it's okay. It's gonna be
okay. You didn't do anything wrong.
This is my fault.

SARAH

What are you talking about?!

PERLMAN

Sarah, don't say anything, okay?
Keep your mouth shut.

DAVIS

I'm sorry Mitch. I have to have you
off campus. It's nothing personal.

PERLMAN

I understand. Sarah, it's gonna be
okay.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Richards gazes out his window, back straight, arms folded
behind him. RICHARDS' ATTORNEY stands by the desk. Sarah and
Davis enter.

RICHARDS

Thank you Davis. You can go now.

He smiles compassionately at Sarah on the way out. The
Attorney approaches and hands her a document...

ATTORNEY

Sarah Harker, this a cease and
desist order effective immediately.
You are not to speak of or print
anything about my client until
further notice.

He looks to Richards. Richards nods and he leaves the two of
them alone.

SARAH

What are you doing?

Her eyes drift to a plane ticket sitting in plain view on
Richards' briefcase...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Richards faces her, rage in his eyes. He walks slowly to his desk and drops Sarah's missing flash drive right in front of her. She clenches her teeth.

RICHARDS

Who the hell do you think you are?

SARAH

I can explain that. Dr. Perlman has nothing to do with this. You don't have to fire him.

RICHARDS

Who else have you been speaking to about this?

SARAH

This is all me. My doing.

RICHARDS

Okay. You're expelled. You are to be off campus ASAP. Take a day or two to make arrangements. I strongly suggest you do it quietly.

Sarah is struck speechless, her knees getting weak...

SARAH

Why are you doing this? I wasn't after you. I'm after her.

Richards stares at her, cold and emotionless.

RICHARDS

What "her" are you speaking of?

SARAH

The person who sent you that. I'm not the threat. She is. Radcliffe gave me everything. I know all about Herculean, but I don't care about it--

He springs like an animal, pins her against the wall and gets right in her face...

RICHARDS

You're right. She IS the threat. You? I could have you wiped off the face of the earth. You have no idea who you're dealing with. This ends

(MORE)

RICHARDS (CONT'D)
 here. You ever utter a word about
 anything you think you might know,
 it won't just be you who
 disappears. It'll be Marcus Roth,
 Rachel Shelton and Johnny Littleton
 with you. I can and will hurt you.
 Do I make myself clear?

Her face is frozen in shock.

INT. DENIKE BLDG. - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah, still in shock, walks slowly past the SECRETARY'S
 desk. A dapper, frilly woman stands before it, back to us.

SECRETARY
 (into phone)
 Dr. Richards, a Ms. Tyler-Wells is
 here to see you.

Sarah slumps into a wooden bench by the doors...

SECRETARY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
 Very well. You can go right in, Ms.
 Tyler-Wells.

She puts her head in her hands. The sobbing commences...

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Sarah places the last of her books in a box. The rest of her
 stuff is already boxed and ready. She picks up the dossier,
 takes a look at it and drops it in the trash. She considers
 her action for a beat and fishes it out.

INT. CAFETERIA - EVENING

Just the sparse WEEKEND DINNER CROWD and Sarah. She sits by
 herself, trying to eat. Broken...

MARCUS (IN PHONE V.O.)
 Sarah. Marcus again. Stopped by
 your place but you weren't there.
 Johnny's still missing. The police
 aren't helping. At all. We could
 use you. Call me. Or Rachel.
 Please? You're starting to worry
 us.

EXT. CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah holds her cell phone, thumb on "send", ready to call "Daddy". She takes a deep breath and presses it. As it rings, A LINDLETON GAZETTE DISPENSER beside her gets her attention. The front page headline reads: "Nadia Sighted". There's a photo. She moves closer to see it...

CLOSE ON FRONT PAGE PHOTO: Nadia, face covered, is being escorted through PAPARAZZI and AUTOGRAPH SEEKERS by Miss Tyler-Wells...

Sarah's face bursts with recognition...

SARAH

Holy shit!

JOHN (IN PHONE)

Excuse me?

SARAH

Oh hi, daddy.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah comes in, shuts the door and hits the light. She starts right for her dossier-- in it's place, sitting on her desk scowling, is Lordius. Sarah yelps involuntarily.

LORDIUS

A little jumpy are we? Why would that be?

Sarah starts backing towards her door...

LORDIUS (CONT'D)

You've never seen how fast I really am. Try to leave, or scream, and you're gonna find out.

SARAH

What have you done to Johnny?

LORDIUS

What? Nothing. He's as willing a participant in all of this as me. What about "he loves me and will do whatever I want" is not clear?

SARAH

I don't believe you for a second. He's not like you.

LORDIUS
Yeah, you know him so well.

She hops down off of the desk, holding the dossier...

SARAH
I've made copies of that. Sent them
to various places--

LORDIUS
Are you daft? Why would I care if
any of this got out? It's all
coming out tonight, anyway. The
most pathetic thing of all is that
you think anyone cares. I killed
five cops and an FBI agent the
other night. The Mayor rallies his
unbiased media to parade a cover
story and the public is more than
happy to buy it. You have no idea
how alone you are.

SARAH
Guess you'd know a thing or two
about that.

Lordius waits like an animal ready to spring...

LORDIUS
What's that?

SARAH
Being alone. I know everything.
Your past. Your parents. Herculean.
And I know that you're very sick,
and-- UULLKK!!

Sarah is instantly gripped around the throat and lifted off
the ground by Lordius' right arm...

LORDIUS
Do I look sick to you?

Sarah frantically pulls at Lordius' fingers, turning red,
eyes wide, airway completely cut off. Lordius swings her
around and slams her into the wall.

LORDIUS (CONT'D)
I could've killed you so many times
before. But we couldn't afford the
heat. Now it doesn't matter. By the
time they find your body it will
all be over.

(MORE)

LORDIUS (CONT'D)
 (shaking her, growling)
 I WILL enjoy this!

With all her strength, Sarah brings her knee up as hard as she can, slamming Lordius in her solar plexus...

LORDIUS (CONT'D)
 HOOOOUUUUUUHHHHH!!!!

Lordius immediately let's go, clutching her stomach, her legs completely giving out. She falls onto her back, rolling around struggling to exhale. Sarah hits the ground, gasping for air and clutching her throat. Her color starts to return as she lies on her back, head throbbing. Lordius is starting to catch her breath. Sarah gathers her strength, reaches for the door. THWAP!!! ELECTRICITY ARCS from Lordius' hand to the doorknob and Sarah's hand, lighting the room. Sarah cries out and drops to the ground grabbing her singed hand, shaking as the charge passes through her. The doorknob starts to glow and melt. Sarah sidles back against the wall. Terrified.

LORDIUS (CONT'D)
 You, FUCKING BITCH!!

She leaps over, yanks Sarah up by her shirt and RAMS her into the wall. She tries to scream. SLAP!!! Sarah is seeing stars. Lordius holds her hand in front of Sarah's face, ELECTRICAL ARCS dancing between her fingers. Sarah shuts her eyes-- The door bursts open. Marcus, topples to the floor from the weight of the fire extinguisher in his hands, surprising Lordius. She tosses Sarah aside and turns towards Marcus. He hurls the fire extinguisher-- TWHAP!! It EXPLODES in front of her, showering her with foam. She screams in rage. Rachel pulls Sarah to her feet as Lordius dives through the window. Sarah grabs the dossier off the floor...

EXT. SARAH'S DORM - CONTINUOUS

VARIOUS STUDENTS, some drunk, are gathered by the broken glass below the window...

STUDENT 1
 That was the coolest thing I've
 ever seen! That kid's my hero!

Sarah and her sidekicks burst through the door. Lordius is gone. Sarah surprises Marcus with a very heartfelt hug. He returns the sentiment, nearly supporting her weight.

SARAH
 You saved my life. I really thought
 she was going to kill me.

RACHEL
Have a seat so I can look at you.

SARAH
I don't want to sit.

RACHEL
Please stop being difficult!

SARAH
I'm not made of glass!

Rachel surprises HER with a very emotional hug.

RACHEL
I don't know what I'd do if
something happened to you.

She breaks off, holding the PILL BAGGY and welling up.

SARAH
Rachel, I'm okay.

RACHEL
This is Industrial Insulation.
Galvanized Meganite. And some other
metabolic stuff that probably aids
absorption.

(she gives it to Sarah)
As mad as you are at me right now,
it's got nothing on how mad I am at
myself. I'm so sorry.

Sarah hugs her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Please say we're cool.

SARAH
Don't be stupid. Of course we're
cool.

They squeeze and break off. Sarah starts thumbing through the dossier...

SARAH (CONT'D)
We gotta call Carlson. Tell him
she's heading to the Pilford.

MARCUS
She'll never get past security. You
seen it down there? It's like Fort
Knox.

Sarah holds up the funeral photo-- YOUNG ARROWWILL/MENA.

SARAH

I knew I'd seen this woman before.
She's Nadia's manager.

MARCUS

(looking at photo)
Which would make Nadia...Holy
fuck!?

SARAH

Who would think twice about a New
Age artist being fake? Have you
ever actually heard a Yanni song?

RACHEL

What is she planning?

MARCUS

Whatever it is, it's already set up
inside. They've been building that
bitch for...and that harpy bitch
probably has Johnny!

SARAH

We'll talk on the way.

INT. PILFORD HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The hall is filled with SCIENTISTS, MEDIA and IMPORTANTS.
Various PILFORD SECURITY GUARDS, UNIFORMED OFFICERS and PLAIN
CLOTHES DETECTIVES do their best to stay unnoticed around the
hall. SCI MAN, white beard and thin framed glasses, stands at
the podium...

SCI MAN

What you are about to witness
tonight will be a breathtaking leap
into a new world.

I/E. MARCUS' CAR - MAIN STREET

Marcus cringes as he runs a red light. Sarah, on phone, rides
shotgun. Rachel rides in back...

RACHEL

Hey, Bullitt! Can we get there
alive?!

SARAH

He's still not answering.

MARCUS
He's probably drunk.

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Way across the lush field, the MEDIA CIRCUS/PUBLIC BONANZA surrounds the Pilford. Marcus' car pulls up in the foreground...

QUICK CUTS: Galoshes being whooshed onto feet, thick raincoats being wrapped onto bodies, clasps being clasped, zippers zipped. Trunk slamming shut.

EXT. MEDIA PERIMETER AROUND PILFORD - MOMENTS LATER

A POLICE/MEDIA perimeter holds back the rowdy GAGGLE OF TOWNSFOLK AND TOURISTS. A UNI glances to his side. His eyes go wide. He quickly unholsters his weapon and grabs his hand mic as Sarah approaches, hands up, dressed head to toe in RUBBER MONSOON RESCUE GEAR...

SARAH
I need to speak to whoever's in charge.

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

SCI MAN
Ladies and gentleman, distinguished colleagues...the world is about to change, evolve. I present to you, my friend, Dr. Arjun Van Houten.

The room erupts in applause as Dr. Van Houten takes the stage. He theatrically mounts the podium and waves them down.

EXT. PILFORD MEDIA BASE CAMP - SAME TIME

Captain Poskus stands amidst the congestion of news vans and mobile uplinks inside the Media Perimeter. MONSOON RESCUE GEAR clad Rachel and Marcus, have joined Sarah under careful watch by several UNI's.

POSKUS
(into radio)
We have a report of the suspect already being on the premises.
Over.
(to Sarah)
This better not be a hoax.

SARAH
I wish it were.

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

Van Houten has the place wrapped in anticipation...

VAN HOUTEN
Tonight is about new beginnings,
lives healed. Ladies and Gentlemen.
I very proudly present to you, the
first recipient, Malinka Furmhavin.

Van Houten raises his arm towards stage right. The audience is on their feet, barely noticing as his arm slowly drops and the smile slowly leaves his face...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

OFFICER RIDGELY approaches a PILFORD SG guarding the door.

RIDGELY
Hey man. Check your radio--

He turns in time to catch an ELECTRIC DART in the chest from ANOTHER PILFORD SG. He grabs his hand mic as he convulses to the floor, screaming through grinding, cracking teeth...

EXT. PILFORD MEDIA BASE CAMP - SAME TIME

Poskus' face turns grim...

POSKUS
(into radio)
Ridgely? Say again, Ridgely, over.

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

From stage right, a beat up and bloody Richards is flung to the floor. He slides to a stop a few feet from Van Houten. Fenceworth, in British Army fatigues, steps out, assault rifle trained on Van Houten. Gasps and whimpers precede the cacophonous sounds of police pulling sidearms and training them in Fenceworth's direction getting nary a flinch from him. Before a single "freeze" is uttered, the superior numbered Pilford SG's unholster their ELECTRIC DART GUNS on Police and Audience Members. The Police are then disarmed and corralled to one side of the auditorium...

EXT. PILFORD MEDIA BASE CAMP - SAME TIME

A PRODUCER bursts out of a news van.

PRODUCER
Chief! You gotta see this!

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

ARC-ANGEL (O.C.)
Ladies and Gentleman, you're
trapped. Panicking won't help you.

The curtain opens revealing the garishly whimsical NADIA SET, giant Mirror Ball Lemon in the center.

SHE steps out-- bright red lycra/rubber body suit hugging her curves, a red leather mini-skirt showing off her long, sexy legs and black calf-high boots on her feet. Black hair flows over her shoulders, her black eyes made-up into graceful wings. She opens her lids revealing her ghostly white INCANDESCENT eye-balls. A mixture of sexiness and nightmare, Arc-Angel/Lordius emerges before the crowd and a gaping mouthed Van Houten.

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)
Hello, Arjun. How have you been?

A gun cocks-- an overly brave UNI aims his weapon. Arc-Angel instantly flings her arm in his direction. A series of horribly quick and violent arcs span between her hand and the Uni's head. Sparks pop from his body. Smoke rises out of his pores. Garbled high pitched wails through clenched teeth issue forth. She stops and his lifeless body drops, smoking and sizzling, followed by lots of screaming and a SCIENCE WOMAN vomiting...

INT. NEWS VAN - SAME TIME

The preceding continues on the LIVE FEED MONITOR, to the horror of Poskus, the Producer and his STAFF.

POSKUS
That's live?!

Behind them, Sarah slips out of the Van...

INT. PORTABLE BROADCAST TRAILER - SAME TIME

FIVE TECHNICIANS also react in horror as the aftermath plays out on a battery of monitors displaying the camera feeds from

the Pilford. A DIRECTOR stands behind them, bluetooth in ear...

DIRECTOR

They want it shut down. Shut it down now!

A gun cocks-- The Director turns to find a silenced Glock in his face, Miss Tyler-Wells in sleek black on the other end. She motions for him to join the others.

TECH 1

What if we don't? Are you--

She KNEE-CAPS him without a thought. The argument ends.

EXT. PILFORD MEDIA BASE CAMP - SAME TIME

Sarah, Marcus and Rachel make their way to the front entrance. Marcus stops as something on the roof draws his attention-- SEVERAL PILFORD SG'S getting into cover positions with belt fed M60's. Alarm sets in. Sarah yanks him into the entrance just as GUNFIRE rains down. ONLOOKERS outside the barricade gasp and duck. COPS and MEDIA dive for cover wherever it can be found...

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

Kleiss steps out from behind the curtain in a designer lab coat, proudly displaying his chrome eye.

KLEISS

Malinka is sleeping like a baby, my dear.

Arc-Angel kisses him on the cheek and turns to the masses...

ARC-ANGEL

My name is Mena Vorshtedt, Arc-Angel if you're nasty.

(steps to Richards)

Sometimes Lordius Zarcron. I trust you remember her? You twat?!

She boots him in the face.

VAN HOUTEN

Enough! What do you want?!

ARC-ANGEL

Speak again while I am speaking and I'll hit you so hard, I'll fuck up

(MORE)

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

your DNA.

(to audience)

Van Houten is playing dumb. That's fine. I didn't expect confessions here. I don't need them. The truth stands before you. Unlike Malinka, I am Van Houten's dirty secret.

INT. PILFORD MUSEUM LOBBY - SAME TIME

Rachel, Sarah and Marcus take cover behind the Reception Desk, catching their breath. Sarah puts her phone away, shaking her head.

SARAH

I've left three messages. He's not answering.

They look around at each other, checking for consensus, drumming up courage...

RACHEL

We're dressed for it.

MARCUS

Okay. But we stick together. Watch each other's backs.

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

VAN HOUTEN

This is absurd! I wish I could say I headed up such a program, but--

A split second and Arc-Angel is on top of him, tossing him onto the podium, shattering it. Screams and gasps follow...

ARC-ANGEL

I'm living fucking proof you did!!!

Kleiss and a PILFORD SG wheel out the new and improved BATTERY CHAIR MK II...

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

Marcus rounds the corner but quickly doubles back when he sees the SECURITY GUARD in front of the door. He blocks Sarah and Rachel.

MARCUS

Not going in that way.

They turn back, but sounds of approaching footsteps stop them...There's a door behind them.

SARAH

In here.

They open the door to a...

INT. PROP CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Grungy and dusty shelves line the walls, full of lighting equipment, Edison cable, set pieces, swords, etc. At the far end is a ladder going straight up...

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

Kleiss shoves Van Houten into the Battery Chair and straps his head in place. He starts on the wrists while Fenceworth removes his shoes and straps his bare feet on the metal discs.

ARC-ANGEL

Anyone ever seen what someone looks like in complete hyper-metabolic breakdown? I have. I was two. I hope you all haven't eaten because you're about to see it as well.

ABOVE STAGE-- hidden among the bright Parcans and Lekos lighting the stage...Sarah, Marcus and then Rachel emerge in the lighting attic opening, taking in the proceedings...

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The Three have a perfect vantage point of the stage, Arc-Angel prattling on in the background...

RACHEL

Good gracious, what is that?

POV FROM LIGHTING ATTIC: Kleiss locks large, menacing looking pipes in place along the sides and base of the Battery Chair...

Sarah leans forward. She takes out the CARLSON SKETCH, comparing components from Battery Chair Mk I with the Battery Chair Mk II on stage.

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

VAN HOUTEN
(regarding the pipes)
What is that? What are you doing?

ARC-ANGEL
Patience.

She walks over to Richards lying on the ground.

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)
Get up.

Richards leers at her, not moving. She leans down and starts to lift him by his face as little bright pops of LIGHT crackle about her fingers. Richards screams and makes more of an effort...

RICHARDS
Alright!

ARC-ANGEL
Go stand with your friend.

Kleiss produces the injection gun...

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah stares intently at the sketch, then at the stage--

ARC-ANGEL (O.C.)
Ladies and Gentlemen, you're about to witness first hand, Mr. Van Houten's greatest accomplishment...

CLOSE ON THE SKETCH: In an ANIMATION within the sketch, electricity leaves the Radcliffe stick figure, ZAPS through each cop stick figure, turns on the pretty lights and returns to Radcliffe...

SARAH
Okay, Van Houten's the power source...

MARCUS
(over her shoulder)
What...or who are the resistors?

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

Arc-Angel takes out a one buttoned remote and presses it. Cables sprout from the "Lemon" and slowly drop. Kleiss attaches the Lemon cables to various outlets along the Battery Chair.

VAN HOUTEN
They volunteered!

ARC-ANGEL
Volunteers?! Think real hard before you go and disgrace the memories of twenty-four people you murdered!! They had no idea, you vainglorious robo-zealot!!

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

They scan the stage searching for the resistors...

VAN HOUTEN (O.C.)
(from stage)
They believed in the project! Your parents did too! We were trying to do good!...If we were successful...

RACHEL
See those tubes?...

She points towards the pipes that were attached earlier, her finger traces them--

RACHEL (CONT'D)
They come all the way...

--up along the walls to the ceiling below her. They all lean out as far as they can go...

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

Arc-Angel motions to the "Lemon"...

ARC-ANGEL
Above you is a gamma particle actuator. I've boiled the very essence of Formulation 808 down to the particle level. Radiation. Energy. Once the Actuator is activated that radiation will be unleashed and everyone within a 20 mile radius will be..."Herculized".

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah's heart nearly stops...

SARAH
Herculized?

MARCUS
Aww, fuck me...

SARAH
Is there no end to her bitchery?

She starts to crawl out the hole...

SARAH (CONT'D)
Marcus, grab me. Tightly please.

MARCUS
What are you doing?

SARAH
I gotta see. Rachel?...

Rachel jumps in and grabs her arm as Sarah starts to hang out the opening. She goes further and further out, panic visible on her face. She braces her legs against the upper wall of the crawlspace, clasping hands tightly with Marcus and Rachel...

INT. THE CEILING/PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

Sarah emerges, hanging upside-down, observing where the pipes terminate into the moving light array spread out before her. Ten of the moving lights point straight down, "dark". A STICK FIGURE IMAGE OF A COP fades in over each of these--

ARC-ANGEL (O.C.)
Then you will all have a choice.
Die a horrible death or, maybe if
I'm feeling generous, I'll show you
how to control your newfound
powers. A courtesy neither I nor my
parents were afforded. Let's see
your government deny my existence
when I'm turning their weapons on
them. Eh, Richards? Glad you
started this shit now?

--Sarah looks down towards the audience...

Brand new seats have been installed under each "dark" moving light. AN IMAGINARY ARC OF ELECTRICITY spans between them...

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

Kleiss slaps the injection gun in Richard's hand.

RICHARDS
You sick bitch.

He throws the gun down.

ARC-ANGEL
Richards, play along here.

Fenceworth is bringing an unseen person out on stage...

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah is pulled up into the attic. Marcus and Rachel have turned white. Sarah looks where they're looking...

POV FROM LIGHTING ATTIC: Fenceworth tosses a beat up Johnny to the floor.

SARAH
Oh my God.

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

ARC-ANGEL
You have a choice, *Dick*. You can murder your friend, negating all of your efforts to stop me over the past few weeks...

She grabs Johnny by the neck.

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)
Or you can allow this young man, a student from your college, to be killed in front of all these people and murder your precious political ambitions.

JOHNNY
Dr. Richards, you inject him, we all die.

RICHARDS
He's your boyfriend. You won't hurt him.

ARC-ANGEL
Right, boyfriend. What is this
fucking high school? Time's running
out, Dick.

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

MARCUS
We can't just sit here!

He goes to shout out the opening. Sarah tackles him and puts
her hand over his mouth. He pulls her hand away.

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

ARC-ANGEL
(laughing)
Look at you squirm. Is that a moral
dilemma you're having!? Not you!
Last chance!

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus pushes Sarah off. Sarah embraces him tightly...

SARAH
Think it through. Please. I need
you alive. He's gonna inject him. I
know he is.

MARCUS
This is not a good thing!

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

Arc-Angel's hand whips up, fingers ARCING. Johnny's glare
never breaks. He hocks real quick and spits in her face--

RICHARDS
STOP!

Richards picks up the gun. Arc-Angel regards Johnny with
amused pity as she wipes her face...

ARC-ANGEL
Awww...

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Sarah breaks out in relieved laughter, hugging Marcus.

SARAH
See? That was kind of awesome.

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

Van Houten stares at Richards as he approaches him...

RICHARDS
Don't look at me like you're
innocent. You belittle us both.

VAN HOUTEN
I've tried to make amends with the
world for my crimes. Have you?

Richards sticks him, pulls the trigger. Van Houten screams.

RICHARDS
I start now.

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

The floor starts to rumble beneath...

RACHEL
Anyone got any ideas?

SARAH
I find a way to shut down her
machine. You guys go get help.

MARCUS
You can't get in there by yourself.

SARAH
I can't send Rachel off by herself.

RACHEL
No, he's right. You two stick
together. I'll--

Sarah's phone vibrates. She pulls it out and checks it...

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

Van Houten writhes in the chair. Arcs of plasma phase in, attaching themselves to the surrounding truss and up the cables into the Lemon. It explodes in brilliant light. A

holographic lighting bolt "H" rotates around it's surface like the Epcot Globe...

INT. PROP CLOSET - SAME TIME

Sarah jumps from the ladder into Marcus' arms. Her eyes dart back and forth. She lunges at the shelves-- the EDISON CABLE. She grabs a 50' foot length, knocking things over. Marcus rummages through the prop swords and guns...

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

Panic sweeps the audience. High-pitched SQUEALS of expanding super heated metal emit from the lighting rig above. Van Houten's skin takes on a phosphorescent glow. Richards looks away...

INT. PILFORD MUSEUM HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Rachel tears down the hall, muscles on fire. Rounding the corner, she is stopped dead in her tracks, hands waving frantically in front of her--

RACHEL

No! No! Don't shoot!

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

Marcus slinks towards the door with a heavy prop musket in hand, Sarah right behind him holding a prop broadsword with Edison wrapped around it.

SARAH

If I go down, you take this and get in there.

MARCUS

Okay, same here. You ready?

Almost simultaneously, they rush around the corner, covering the twenty feet between the GUARD and them in record time. CRACK! He clubs the Guard across the backs of the knees. Sarah tosses her full weight into him. The Guard tumbles to the ground, banging his head on the way down. He's out cold. She quickly checks his head; no blood. She checks his vitals. He's alive. She sighs with relief. Marcus stares, slack jawed and impressed...

MARCUS (CONT'D)
(as Sarah grabs him)
Holy shit--

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

People avert their eyes from the blinding bright Lemon. Arc-Angel gives a solemn look towards Kleiss and Fenceworth...

ARC-ANGEL
Thank you for this. I will take
good care of you.

KLEISS
I know you will, my dear.

Fenceworth stoically nods. Van Houten goes rigid, every muscle tensing enough to tear in half. The moving lights emit a foreboding HUM and vibrate as they power up. The Lemon, now at full charge, ARCS wildly in every direction. Arc-Angel turns forward-- Her expression goes from elation to rage...

ARC-ANGEL
HARKER!!!!

Under the first moving light, Sarah holds the broadsword over the empty seat. The bare ends of the Edison are spliced to the sword's metal surface. She plunges it into the chair. The moving light fires a giant, bright arc straight down-- TWHAP!!! She's knocked backward...Marcus jams the male end of the Edison into a front stage outlet just as the charge enters the cable, INCINERATING it. He rolls to safety as stage left EXPLODES IN FLAMES, knocking Arc-Angel through the air and igniting the curtains. The moving light explodes, raining sparks down and unleashing a chain reaction. Sparks and debris send everyone ducking and scattering. Emergency lighting kicks in...

Arc-Angel's face twists with rage as the Lemon slowly powers down and Van Houten goes limp...

Sarah notices the lighting rig is giving away. The left side comes completely loose from the ceiling. Police, Guards and Audience scurry and hit the deck as it swings down-- right towards Marcus. Sarah springs into action...

SARAH
MARCUS!!

He turns to face her as she tackles him to the ground. The rigging truss SLAMS so close to where they've landed that her hair gets tussled. She lays on top of him...

SARAH (CONT'D)
 Marcus! Marcus, are you hurt!?

MARCUS
 No. Wow, that was hot. Thank you!

The concern in her eyes fades to something else. A smile forms on her face as if figuring something out. Their mouths close together...

ARC-ANGEL
 HARKER!!! You fucking whore bag,
 BITCH!!!

They get to their feet. Arc-Angel is aiming right at Sarah-- WHAM! The side doors bust open and SWATs carrying riot shields covered in non-conductive insulation pour in and form a wall across the bleachers. A TEAM OF UNI'S pour in through the rear entrance and start to lead the frantic hordes of Scientists, Media and Important to the exits. The Pilford SG's give up without much fight. Sarah and Marcus get right back down to the floor...

Kleiss' Mecha hand grabs Johnny by the neck--

KLEISS
 I can crush your vertebrae in less
 than a second. Cooperate.

They start retreating back stage joined by Fenceworth, providing covering fire...

Marcus watches them go from the seats...

MARCUS
 Dr. Evil just took him.

SARAH
 Shit. What about Van Houten?

MARCUS
 Ehhhh...he's moving. Although it
 could be just death rattles.

Arc-Angel's hair rises upwards then her body starts levitating. Several Police open fire. Their bullets pop like fireworks as they hit a static barrier she's generated. She rises about four feet then SLAMS to the ground, arms flying out in front of her, unleashing a huge, blinding bright bolt of SUPER LIGHTNING, demolishing the back entrance like a wrecking ball. The blast launches Nearby Police and Attendees through the air. Sarah and Marcus watch in disbelief...

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Behind the Lemon, Kleiss backtracks with Johnny as human shield. Fenceworth follows. Kleiss scans the stage left loading door...

CLOSE ON: Kleiss' eyes...

POV FROM KLEISS MECHA EYE: looking at the wall and stage left loading door. A FILTER wipes in revealing the skeletal structures and some surrounding tissue detail of FIVE SWAT on the other side of the wall, moving into position to breach...

KLEISS

Halt.

Fenceworth stops. Kleiss points at the wall.

KLEISS (CONT'D)

I got this. You help Mena.

FENCEWORTH

Roight.

Fenceworth takes off. Kleiss shuffles Johnny and raises his Mecha arm. His hand splits, the laser extends, SCREEEEEE!!!!!! He sweeps the red hot laser across the entire wall, burning right through the concrete. The laser stops, the tip of the barrel still glowing. He smiles...

INT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

A POLICE OFFICER stands, gun raised. THWAP! An quick arc knocks him ten feet into the air and tumbling backward in a mess. Arc-Angel saunters through the flying lead and darts --

ARC-ANGEL

Harker!? Show yourself!

-- dragging Richards along the ground behind her. Bodies hang over seats and line the ground in various states of unconsciousness or death. Thick black smoke starts to drown out the emergency lighting...

Sarah and Marcus sit hunched on the floor between seats.

SARAH

You gotta get him out of that chair.

MARCUS

Me?

She takes his hand and places the BAGGY OF LORDIUS PILLS in it.

SARAH

Please get these to Van Houten.

MARCUS

You think it will work? Wait, where are you going?!

Sarah takes a peek...

Eight Police are surrounding Arc-Angel and moving in, guns blazing. She raises her free hand above her head and one, eight-armed arc simultaneously SLAMS all eight, sending them pirouetting, and careening off chairs--

--one of them flying right over Sarah and Marcus...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

No! She's going to kill you, Sarah!

SARAH

Someone has to try and help Richards. And she might stop killing everyone if she has me. I'm not crazy about it either. Please. Just get those to Van Houten. Please?

MARCUS

(hesitant)

Alright.

They clasp hands as he gives her his wireless headset...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Don't let her see it. I'll come after you.

SARAH

Please do.

She stands up and steps into the aisle...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Lordius!

Marcus watches Arc-Angel walk right up to her...

SARAH (CONT'D)

Alright. I'll go--

Sarah is stunned by a quick jab in the mouth. Her knees buckle and she falls on her ass, Indiana Jones style. Marcus clenches as he watches Arc-Angel yank Sarah to her feet.

He glances to his side. His eyes bug out. Fenceworth is quickly advancing, rifle trained right on him-- Marcus dives into the next row as his former position EXPLODES IN A HAIL OF GUNFIRE. He flattens against the ground, covering his head, breathing frantically and coughing from smoke. He flails for the end of the aisle...

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Johnny grabs Kleiss' arm as he fires up the laser again. Kleiss chokes him out and aims-- CLANG!! A music stand wielded by Carlson slams the laser. It hisses and pops. He frantically paws at it, letting go of Johnny who stumbles forward, into Rachel's arms...

INT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

A rifle cock stops Marcus cold he flips on his back, staring into the barrel of Fenceworth's rifle as he straddles aisles above him...

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Kleiss' laser explodes into FULL BLAST, runoff and sparks pouring out the sides--

INT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

--and SLAMMING Fenceworth like a ton of bricks, launching two spinning halves of him off into the distance...

INT. STAGE - CONTINUOUS

The laser burns out. Kleiss tries desperately to staunch the LIGHT, PLASMA and BLACK SMOKE gushing from his arm. Carlson winds up and decks him, knocking him off stage to the ground below where his body EXPLODES in a mess of red mist, charred meat and machinery.

Marcus climbs on stage and quickly undoes the various restraints as Johnny and Rachel catch Van Houten and gently guide him to the floor.

MARCUS

Dr. Van Houten? Can you hear me?

RACHEL
 (checking vitals)
 He's still here.

Van Houten opens his eyes and darts them around wildly.
 Marcus forces two pills into his mouth.

MARCUS
 You need to swallow these.

He's primitively chewing them, mind elsewhere. Marcus looks up at Johnny then leaps up and bear hugs him. Johnny winces in pain, but hugs him back.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 You have no idea how worried I was!

JOHNNY
 (dazed)
 Me too, pal. Thank you for coming
 after me. I owe YOU one.

Carlson, badge hanging around his neck, stands by. A UNI hands him a magazine. He locks, loads and holsters...

CARLSON
 Thanks for the push, kid--

Marcus bear hugs him.

INT. PORTABLE BROADCAST TRAILER - SAME TIME

The bound and gagged bodies of the Technicians and Director lie on the ground. The legs of Tyler-Wells walk towards the door and exit the trailer.

EXT. PILFORD MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

Clogging streets in every direction around the Pilford and the tree lined field are SEVERAL COUNTIES WORTH OF POLICE PERSONNEL: SWAT TEAMS, BOMB UNITS, STATIES and TWO CHOPPERS. PARAMEDICS and FIREMEN help people out the front entrance and usher the INJURED to a make-shift triage and waiting ambulances across the street. Fire engines douse the FLAMING east side of the building by the courtyard and the field...

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

Police blues blaze through the tree line that cuts the field off from the streets and civilization. Arc-Angel stands

confidently, Sarah in front of her and Richards behind. The CHOPPERS spot them. Two big SPOTLIGHTS pick them out...

EXT. MAIN STREET SIDE OF PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

On the other side of the tree line, OFFICERS scramble to cover the first row of squad cars with non-conductive plastic insulation. A UNI hands Captain Poskus a megaphone...

POSKUS

Mena Vorschedt. There is no where to go! Surrender quietly! You will not be harmed!

(to UNI)

Tell Osborne to get those choppers back. They're sitting ducks there.

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

MARCUS (IN HEADSET)

Sarah? Can you hear me?

SARAH

(hushed)

Yes. Is everyone okay? Are you okay?

MARCUS

Yes. We're fine. Everyone's fine. Everyone's made it out.

EXT. SIDE COURTYARD - SAME TIME

Between the building and the field sits a concrete courtyard with abstract sculptures and a grandiose fountain. Marcus watches from the edge of the grass. Fire engines battle the blaze behind him...

MARCUS

(into the phone)

Listen. That lawn has a sprinkler system.

CROSSCUT:

SARAH

Short her out! Yes! Think it'll work?

MARCUS

Yeah.

(awkward pause)

Why wouldn't it? You and Richards need to be off the grass when we do it.

SARAH

No, I'm insulated.

(rolling eyes)

But he isn't.

MARCUS (IN HEADSET)

Just get off the field. Both of you. We'll take care--

Arc-Angel whacks Sarah upside the head, stunning her, then yanks her hood off. She grabs the headset.

ARC-ANGEL

Who are you talking to?

Rising chopper sounds grab her attention. A BLACK CHOPPER approaches from behind...

INT. BLACK CHOPPER COCKPIT - SAME TIME

Tyler-Wells is at the stick...

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

Arc-Angel smiles and brings her attention back to the headset...

ARC-ANGEL

Marcus? Rachel? You won't know where or when. But it'll be slow. You'll have time to really savor it. As for Sarah, she's still gonna feel it several lives from now.

Arc-Angel crushes the headset.

EXT. SIDE COURTYARD - SAME TIME

Marcus re-dials...

MARCUS

(into phone)

Rachel? She's getting pissed...

INT. PILFORD BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Rachel stands by the sprinkler release valve with Carlson.

RACHEL
(into phone)
Okay, we found it. Just hope my
phone doesn't cut out.

MARCUS (IN PHONE)
Don't!

INT. PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

SARAH
You know, Mena, I don't see how you
killing everyone makes you any
better than him.

Arc-Angel steps to Sarah and punches her in the stomach. She
drops to her knees and doubles over...

ARC-ANGEL
That's for earlier, bitch!

INT. POLICE CHOPPER OVER FIELD - SAME TIME

A SNIPER sits in the doorway, rifle trained ahead...

PILOT (O.C.)
They're not answering. You're free
to engage.

POV THROUGH SNIPER'S SCOPE: The Black Chopper hovers ahead.
We tilt down to find Arc-Angel pointing her arm right at
us...

SNIPER
What is she -- GET US OUT OF HERE!!

An ARC hits him like an anvil...

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - CONTINUOUS

The Sniper cartwheels out the other side of the Chopper as
Arc-Angel connects with several more violently quick arcs--
shredding the steering rudder and sending the Chopper into a
tail-spin, then the propeller, shattering it and sending
shards careening in every direction. The Chopper spirals
helplessly into the tree line and EXPLODES in spectacular
fashion, raining debris out into the street.

She turns to her hostages-- They're gone. 50 yards away, Sarah is rushing a hobbled Richards towards the Courtyard and Marcus. Arc-Angel gnashes her teeth and starts after them at inhuman speed, gaining quickly. She tosses Sarah like a rag doll. Richards falls to the ground, and scrambles to get away. Arc-Angel strides up and stomps on his knee, shattering it. Richards' scream gives way to shock. She stands over him, eyes welling up with rage, arm extended-- Marcus' body collides with her. They both tumble to the ground. Sarah grabs Richards under his arms and starts dragging him. Arc-Angel starts to get up. Marcus boots her in the face and grabs his phone--

MARCUS

Rachel! Now! Now! Now!

-- and picks up Richards ankles...

INT. PILFORD BASEMENT - SAME TIME

Rachel feverishly spins the valve...

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

THE SPRINKLERS UNLEASH. Sarah and Marcus struggle to keep Richards off the ground and head frantically to the courtyard, neither looking back...

EXT. SIDE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

They drop Richards on the pavement and collapse in exhaustion. MANIACAL LAUGHTER rises. Both take a look, horror setting in...

ARC-ANGEL

This was your big plan?! I'm grounded, you fucking half-wits!

Arc-Angel struts through the water holding her hands out by her sides, little arcs electrifying the entire field. Sarah and Marcus quickly drag Richards further away from the grass towards the fountain-- THWAP! --which EXPLODES, shooting hot concrete everywhere. Arc-Angel steps onto the pavement. Steam billows off of her as the water droplets evaporate. Sarah and Marcus collapse where they are, out of breath, nothing left.

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)

I don't think I could make this painful enough.

Sarah and Marcus climb on top of Richards...

Arc-Angel's hair starts to rise, then her body, bits of debris with her...

Marcus covers Sarah's head...

Arc-Angel hangs above, electricity hatefully racing all through her, static field snapping violently...

Sarah clasps Marcus' hand tight...

Arc-Angel reaches full power, opens her eyes -- WHOOSH!!! A LARGE JET OF WATER slams her, knocking her helplessly through the air, screaming in agony as electricity arcs from her hands to her temples. She hits the ground hard...

EXT. COURTYARD BY FIRE ENGINES - SAME TIME

Johnny, hose in hands, leans into the stream. He closes the valve and stumbles forward, wincing. Rachel, out of breath, rushes to his side, catching him.

EXT. SIDE COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

Sarah and Marcus climb off a stunned and humbled Richards...

Arc-Angel, body smoking, hair burnt off of her temples, twitches and shivers uncontrollably as The Four reunite and stand over her. She stares back up at Sarah, a slight hint of irises in her eyes, which then roll back and shut.

Looking around at each other and realizing they're still here, they embrace. Sarah timidly approaches Johnny. She looks him in the eye and extends her hand. He looks at it, then her. She nods. He takes her hand, pulls her in and hugs her.

SWARMS of POLICE close in from all directions. MEDICS whisk The Four away as Police surround Arc-Angel, guns drawn and moving forward cautiously...

I/E. BLACK CHOPPER - OVER LINDLETON - SAME TIME

A tear runs down Tyler-Wells' cheek as the Chopper flies away into the night sky...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT/MCGOOHAN ASYLUM - DAY

An imposing armed SECURITY GUARD waits by a big, walkthrough metal detector. His rifle and sidearm are made of ceramic and plastic.

GUARD

Place ALL metal objects in the tray. Absolutely no metal. This will be strictly enforced.

INT. MCGOOHAN ASYLUM/NON-CONDUCTIVE CELL - MOMENTS LATER

A small 15'x15' visitor area sits before a large transparent wall. Through the wall is a jail cell: one solid structure of a black polymer material, no seams or cracks anywhere, lit by fixtures embedded above in thick Plexiglas. A ground rod sits conspicuously in the corner. Stacks of books and magazines sit on top of clear plastic furniture...

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS cover the walls: "Electrical Terrorist Thwarted by Students", "Arc-Angel Indicted For Pilford Massacre", "Investigation Into Mosselbaai Re-opened", "Congressional Investigation Ordered for College President", "Van Houten Now Ward of State"...

Lying on her side on a frameless bed is Lordius, back to us in a white jumpsuit. The visitor's door opens. Lordius looks, blackened skin surrounding her white eyes. Her face remains blank as she turns away.

LORDIUS

What do you want?

Sarah, longer hair and in summer clothes, stands in the visitor room.

SARAH

I just wanted to talk to you.

She pulls a plastic chair up to the glass. Lordius rises and does the same, sitting face to face.

LORDIUS

More exploitation? Time, Newsweek. And wow! New York Times, too, all running your little trash piece. I hear the word Pulitzer is actually being discussed. Fucking college girl with a Pulitzer. You made out pretty good off of me.

SARAH

It's a bit bigger than you or me. The people responsible needed to answer for it. I didn't do it for any recognition. I think you know me better.

LORDIUS

Do you know how painful it is to watch years of planning amount to nothing? I'm the one in a cell!

SARAH

You went about it the wrong way.

LORDIUS

I did?!

Lordius jumps up and grabs a magazine. Reading from it:

LORDIUS (CONT'D)

Based on his cell regeneration work, Arjun Van Houten has received a full U.N. pardon!

(tossing the magazine)

This is justice?!

SARAH

His mental capacity will never again rise beyond that of a three year old. I don't think he got away with anything. You still have your intellect. I'd say you guys are even.

LORDIUS

Keep being sanctimonious! We're gonna find out if this cell can really hold me--

SARAH

Alright. I'm sorry. I didn't come here to upset you.

LORDIUS

What do you expect? Why would I possibly want to see you?

SARAH

(beat)

Richards was convicted thirty minutes ago by the Grand Jury. All 24 counts. Among them, Mathieu and Ginny Vorshtedt. That's just the

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

U.S. The World Court is talking crimes against humanity. The President will hold a press conference later today praising the verdict.

(beat)

You DID have something to do with this. The only person to come out of your shindig looking worse than you was him.

Lordius looks away, welling up.

LORDIUS

Justice would be his last breath. I wanted him dead.

SARAH

He's going to die in prison along with his legacy. That's worse than death for someone like him. Your parents are getting justice. I wanted to be the one to tell you because I was hoping to see a sign...

Lordius continues to look away, tears streaming down her face.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I don't condone anything you did. I never will. But that doesn't change the fact that you were wronged as well. I'm sorry for what happened to your parents, Mena.

Lordius tenses as if surprised.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry they were taken from you at such a young age. I really am.

Lordius nods, ever so subtly...

SARAH (CONT'D)

I hope someday you can find some peace with what happened. I think you deserve that.

Sarah stands.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 At least now the bloodshed is over.
 (to the door)
 Guard?

As the door opens, Lordius stands...

LORDIUS
 Sarah? I'm gonna get out of here
 someday.

SARAH
 Well, be a good girl. Or I'll be
 waiting.

EXT. MCGOOHAN ASYLUM FOR THE CRIMINALLY INSANE - DAY

Sarah confidently strides down the steps of a cold brick building that's perpetually in the shade. Above the door in old, Gothic font: "McGoohan Asylum for the Criminally Insane". She walks into the sunlight, to Marcus waiting by his car.

MARCUS
 Guess who just got Richard's old
 job?

SARAH
 (lighting up)
 Yes! Perlman! Really?! Sarcus
 strikes again!

MARCUS
 Sarcus? Did you just come up with
 that?

SARAH
 Yeah. It sounds tough.

MARCUS
 It sounds like a disease.

SARAH
 It sounds better than Marah.

MARCUS
 (pulling her close)
 Come 'ere, beautiful.

She puts her arms around his neck and her head against his.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
 Rarker?

SARAH
Okay, Scooby-Doo--

MARCUS
Yeah, it does sound like Scooby-Doo, doesn't it?

Her face lights up...

SARAH
Hoth! Echo base? You ARE my Han Solo, handsome.

MARCUS
Wow! You actually made a Star Wars reference sound sexy!...And that really shouldn't surprise me at all at this point. If anyone could...

She smiles from ear to ear, grabs his face and kisses him. They stand there and make out like they are the only two people in the world.

FADE TO BLACK.