

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 up 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, Aye'm 'ere for me
in'erview.

She looks puzzled...

RECEPTIONIST

Oh, our new 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 before the SECURITY CHIEF shakes Fenceworth's hand and leads him through an employees only doorway.

INT. MAIN HALL PILFORD - CONTINUOUS

The three pass the latest exhibits and PATRONS and some TECHNICIANS installing some sort of frame around the entryway.

CURATOR

(dismissive)

Don't mind them. Just a little security measure our insurance company is requiring of us. Anyway, 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 an art and science museum as of this year. 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, stroking 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 large 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 blueprint labelled "Herculean: Phase II", on the stage before him...

TYLER-WELLS

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

EXT. RUTHERFORD STATE 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. Everywoman sophomore 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

There's that attitude for success.

SARAH

Academic probation will do that.
 You wouldn't know because you
 (mocking voice)
 "haven't gotten below an A-minus
 since the third grade", right?
 (normal)
 Isn't that your customary greeting?

RACHEL

Oh, how I missed this cantankerous
 repartee of ours--

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/MINA'S 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 MINA VORSHTEDT; dark hair, stunningly
 sophisticated and beautiful. She perks up at their presence.

MINA

(quizzically)
 Hi?

SARAH

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

RACHEL
The key worked, didn't it?

MINA
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.

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

RACHEL
Fifth floor. Yeah.

Mina gets up and approaches them. She hands her room
assignment to Rachel and extends her hand to Sarah.

MINA
I'm Mina. Vorshtedt.

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

Mina's 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.

MINA
Very nice to meet you.

JOHN
Your name is Mina?

MINA
Yep. Mina Vorshtedt.

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

MINA
To tell you the truth, I've never
really known for sure. Mom always
(MORE)

MINA (CONT'D)
 said we were from the universe...
 Hippies.
 (to Sarah)
 You alright?

SARAH
 Yes. Yes I'm fine. I just don't
 think there are any rooms left...

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 weren't kidding about the
 yelling at people.

RACHEL
 (wincing)
 Sorry about that--

SARAH
 No...I'm sorry. I've been a pill
 all day. 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.
 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.

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.

(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.

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. 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 split second FLASH OF ELECTRICITY arcs from her hand, lighting the room like a photo strobe. The glass shatters, sounding the alarm-- 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 CRANGGG!!! Their silhouettes enter. Jets of coolant from his wrist slowly dim 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: Lists of names, addresses, bank account records...

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 bouncing 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. A shrine-like museum of awards, accommodations, and photos of Richards posing with famous politicians and luminaries cover every surface of the room.

TWO POLICE OFFICERS stand before his desk, one writing in a notepad.

OFFICER1

We'll let you know the second we find something. They put one of our guys in the hospital. 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 proof my Times
editorial 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/MINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Another bed and desk have been tetrised into the cramped
room. Sarah reclines on her bed in jammies, reading a bulky
history textbook by a clip light clamped to the bed frame.

Mina walks in looking ragged.

MINA
I'm going to crash. Hard.

SARAH
Rough night, last night?

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

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

MINA
Are you judging me?

SARAH
What? No. Just. You didn't come
home-- Can you believe first day of
classes already?

MINA
I'm just fucking with you, Sarah. I
had fun. Judge away.

SARAH
(conciliatory)
Is the light gonna bother you?

MINA
Doubt it. Breakfast, tomorrow?

SARAH
Yeah. Love to.

Mina 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 cheap vending machine coffee as he intently looks at his phone. His bestie; rebel hearthrob, JOHNNY POWERS, stands by.

MARCUS
Dude, check this out.

JOHNNY
What?

MARCUS
Lindleton Bank was robbed two nights ago. Look. I promise you. This is cool.

Johnny climbs up, sits right next to him.

MARCUS (CONT'D)
See? Check it.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: Headline: "LINDLETON BANK BROKEN BY BRAVURA BANDITS". By-line: "Money untouched, officer injured".

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.

JOHNNY
There's an injured cop, dude. It's not cool.

MARCUS
I thought cops and fire fighters hated each other--

JOHNNY
No, that's not a thing.

MARCUS
What do you mean it's not a thing?!
It's totally a thing!

JOHNNY
No, it's a friendly damn rivalry! I
had Sunday dinner with cops at my
uncle's since I could fucking--
give me that.

Johnny snatches his phone...

MARCUS
Don't look at my history!

JOHNNY
Tagged the ceiling? What is this?
This is real?

MARCUS
It's real. Super villain calling
card shit, yeah?

Sarah and Mina approach.

JOHNNY
There she is.

Johnny hops 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.

Mina 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 Mina.

MARCUS
Hi. Marcus Roth.

MINA
Mina.

SARAH
Yeah, my manners. Mina Vorshtedt.
My roommate.

Johnny and Mina lock eyes. Their handshake quickly takes on a sexually charged quality...

JOHNNY
Hi. Johnny. Powers.

LORDIUS
Mina Vorshtedt.

JOHNNY
Vorshtedt. How is that spelled?

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

MINA
Yeah. Computer screw up.

JOHNNY
Yeah. That will happen here.

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

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

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

SARAH
Yeah. Definitely.

Mina has already walked away, text thumbs blazing away.
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 some random chode. And then--
- and then! Did you see the bedroom eyes she was giving him?!

MARCUS
This is you not judging her? And you could be hooking up with random chodes if you wanted to. But you don't. So be alright with that.
(turning to face her)
I know where you're 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,
(MORE)

PERLMAN (CONT'D)
passing them out)
This is a newspaper. Remember
these? Although the internet has
made them all but obsolete, 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 his phone...

MARCUS (CONT'D)
It was on the local Tribune page.
Should still be on the browser.

SARAH
I don't see anything about a bank
robbery...

He takes his phone back...

MARCUS
Oh, no they didn't...

SARAH
What?

MARCUS
It's gone. They took it down.

SARAH
Again, what?

MARCUS

I took a screen grab or two...Or
five.

Sarah stares blankly...

MARCUS (CONT'D)

I was gonna do something with them.
What?

(beat)

I'll text them to you.

SARAH

Thank you.

EXT. VANDIKE SCI BLDG - DAY

Johnny emerges with dozens of other STUDENTS. Mina 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 Mina 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. Mina 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 laptop. Mina's hips shimmy into frame. He looks up. She's brought coffee.

MINA

So. Were you following me?

JOHNNY

Yes. Sorry. I was going to say
hello but then--

MINA

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.

MINA (CONT'D)

He's also good at intel. Told me some things about you.

JOHNNY

Oh, yeah? Such as...

MINA

The important stuff. Film major, 3.8 GPA, wash board abs...

JOHNNY

So he found my Facebook page?

MINA

Okay, fine. I was cyber stalking you.

Johnny turns his laptop to show his Google search of "Mina Vorschtel". Her reaction is...complex...

MINA (CONT'D)

How's that going for you?

JOHNNY

I probably spelled it wrong. But there's a really prominent Swiss lawyer who shares your namesake.

MINA

I hate social media. I haven't taken part in years. I had a Myspace when I was a kid. Not for me.

She leans in...

MINA (CONT'D)

I find these things more exciting face to face, anyway.

JOHNNY

I agree.

She smiles a radiant smile his way...

INT. SARAH/MINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: Computer screen-- a Google search for local bank robberies is yielding a lot of nonsense.

Sarah leans back in her chair and writes a big "H" and a "?" in her notebook before tossing it on the desk. Rubbing her eyes. She looks at her clock-- 11:30, then to Mina's empty bed. She rolls her eyes, then worry sets in. She looks back at Mina's empty bed again, then picks up her phone...

CLOSE ON: Sarah cycling through her contact list to "Johnny Powers", 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 Mina's bed.

INT. SARAH/MINA'S 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, feet on cement, 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, 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, SUPPRESSED 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 THWACK!! 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 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 and Rachel sit watching Marcus sift through today's news on his phone with great concentration.

SARAH

I'm about ninety-nine point nine
nine nine percent sure that it was
your bank robbers.

MARCUS

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

SARAH

What?

MARCUS

I found it. Page six. Police
respond to disturbance on
Rutherford Campus. No details.

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)

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And don't you start with your conspiracy crap.

SARAH

We had an injured cop 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?

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 bank robbery. A cop injured. And it just disappears? 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 The Wire 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/MINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

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

MINA

This is your Saturday night?

SARAH

Looks like it. Wanna get this done.

MINA

You need to be having more fun.

SARAH

I think I had enough last year.

MINA

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

Sarah gives a humoring smile. Mina 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...

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

MINA

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

SARAH

Hot date?

MINA

Yeah. Oh! I haven't told you yet. Your friend Johnny and I are dating. OMG! I mean, the body on that man, he's like a Greek statue! Except for that one part which is not Greek statue at all-- 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...

MINA

Are you alright? You're like turning white.

SARAH

Yeah...yeah, I'm fine.

MINA

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?

MINA

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

SARAH

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

MINA

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

As soon as Mina 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

(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 frazzled. On her cheek, burned on like a tattoo, is the "H" with lightning bolt through it. Marcus casually snaps a pic...

JOHNNY

Whoa! Is that...

MARCUS
It's Richard's secretary.

JOHNNY
Did you see what was on her face?

MARCUS
(putting phone away)
Got a nice pic of it too.

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 Marcus as he passes. Richards breaks it and continues on.

EXT. SMALL TOWN OFFICE BUILDING- DAY

Sarah steps up to the unassuming little office building in the town center. On the door are old tyme stenciled words for the occupying businesses including: "Lindleton Tribune".

INT. LINDLETON TRIBUNE BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

The office is one room with a few desks, unoccupied except for A WRITER surfing the web at one and GEOFF MARKUM at the unadorned desk at the head on the room. 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 screen grabs of the bank robbery.

SARAH
So you wrote this?

GEOFF
It's since been retracted. 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)
 You shouldn't be here.

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
 (distracted)
 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. SMALL TOWN OFFICE BUILDING- 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.

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)

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 know I have no right to be upset with you. 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 anyone I want.

SARAH

Please.

(beat)

Look, I'll get over it. It just sucks right now.

JOHNNY

Fair enough.

(beat)

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

He gets up, her lightbulbs go off...

SARAH

You wanna read about it? I'm slowly piecing a nice picture together here. I saw Geoff Markum today at the Tribune. Writer of the bank robber piece? I eventually charmed some information out of him.

JOHNNY

Like what?

SARAH

Confirmation of an electrical weapon of some sort?

(looking at notes)

Markum said their electrical system had been severely damaged and was still down as of yesterday. I swung by today to see for myself and they're renting a generator. I went inside and asked about it but no one would say anything other than that branch is being shuttered and my account is perfectly safe. I've been researching this and it sounds like an EMP. But I don't know if

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
 that would cause the severe
 electrical burns Officer Magnus
 suffered.

JOHNNY
 Seriously? How is this story not
 bigger? This sounds insane.

SARAH
 Probably because the feds are
 involved. One of them kept going on
 about national security. Said the
 Tribune could face federal charges
 and what not. And Oh!
 (looking at notes)
 This--this is my big get, Markum
 said Officer Carlson told him off
 the record what was stolen. The
 robbers only broke into one safe
 deposit box.
 (dramatic pause)
 Belonging to the President of this
 very academic establishment.

JOHNNY
 No way. 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 MONTAGE

EXT. RUTHERFORD STATE COLLEGE - DAWN

The first dew has formed on the grass across campus.

INT. SARAH/MINA'S ROOM - EARLY MORNING

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

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

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

INT. SARAH/MINA'S ROOM - EVENING

Sarah reads in bed. She glances over at Mina, 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 Mina making out under a tree across the way. She rolls her eyes and looks away, her stomach knotting up.

Mina sees her and smirks. Sarah looks back in time to see Mina grab Johnny's package. Sarah grits her teeth and walks faster, not seeing Johnny push Mina's 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 beret.

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 as she quickly snaps a pic...

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. DENIKE BUILDING FILEROOM - DAY

Agent Radcliffe has a stack of file folders beside him. He opens a drawer: "Current Enrollees - To-Tu" and puts the stack in.

He opens the next drawer: "Current Enrollees - UVW". There's hardly any folders in it.

He flips through some, landing on "Vorshtedt, Mina". He snatches it up.

RADCLIFFE

You're a sick one, Zarcron.

INT. DENIKE BLDG - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah leaves her academic advisor's office. Up ahead, a door opens and Radcliffe exits with the Vorshtedt file and locks the door behind him. She quickly pulls her phone up as if using it to check her make up.

CLOSE ON: Sarah's phone, recording video of Radcliffe with the folder as he briskly walks by.

She runs to the door he exited. "Enrollment Records: Staff Only" is prominently written on the door.

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 a low rent CNN.com. Headline: ELECTRICAL CRIMINAL STRIKES LINDLETON. By-line: "Bank robbery, campus crimes possibly linked."

END OF MONTAGE

INT. SCIENCE CLASSROOM - EVENING

At the head of the classroom are Dr. Kleiss and Mina. 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--

MINA

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.

MINA

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. And Miss Tyler-Wells wanted to inform you that over 80 percent of Richard's old friends have wired substantial dollar amounts into his account to attend the big show. You'll be quite happy with the turnout.

MINA

This is great news.

KLEISS

But there is another matter of concern.

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.

MINA

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.

MINA

Are you suggesting the killing of students? Menial dock workers 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. 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? I don't know how this got past the editors but our school newspaper is not the forum for this.

(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. This is not exactly what I had in mind when I gave this assignment. What is this?

MARCUS

It speaks for itself. What's the problem?

SARAH

We followed protocols, everything we printed has been verified by

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)
multiple sources, much of it we saw
ourselves.

MARCUS
We can show you our work.

PERLMAN
And you don't stand by it enough to
put your names on it?

Perlman checks his watch.

PERLMAN (CONT'D)
I need coffee. You guys have time
for coffee?

INT. COMMUTER CAFE - EVENING

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

SARAH
There's so much more here, we're
just being careful. We need more
corroboration.

MARCUS
We just wanted to get something out
there. Maybe prime the pump a bit.

Perlman sits back, choosing his word carefully...

PERLMAN
I'll start with the bad news first.
I have to take this piece off the
site. I don't think anyone
important has seen it yet but I
don't want to risk it. If the
Gazette was asked to take theirs
down, we'll certainly be next.

SARAH
We're not making this up!

PERLMAN
I know. That's why you're both
getting an A. This is actually some
rather stellar reporting.

SARAH
Then why take it down? Don't we
have a free press in this country?

PERLMAN

(beat)

Your hearts are in the right place here. But you don't understand how much trouble you could get in if you piss off the wrong people.

Both begin to respond, he raises his hand...

PERLMAN (CONT'D)

But I can't stop you from pursuing this and posting elsewhere.

(long sigh)

Can you make a deal with me? Before you guys go ahead and run anything, run it by me. Let me read it. I'll advise you. Does that work?

SARAH

Thank you. I promise we're being careful.

PERLMAN

You have to be very careful here. I mean it. Every "i" needs to be dotted and every "t" crossed.

MARCUS

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

PERLMAN

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

EXT. MAIN CAMPUS BUILDING - LATER

A banner for "Lindleton Day" hangs above the entryway. As Sarah and Marcus emerge, OFFICER CARLSON approaches. Marcus angles himself in front of Sarah, eliciting a side eye from her.

CARLSON

Are you Sarah Harker?

SARAH

Sometimes.

CARLSON

Officer Frank Carlson. Can we talk? Off the record?

INT. PUB - EVENING

At a booth towards the back of a townie bar, Sarah and Marcus sit across from Carlson. Virgin beverages join her laptop displaying snaps of Radcliffe and Fenceworth.

CARLSON

(re: Radcliffe)

He had the lead detectives pulled off the case and he hasn't touched any of the leads they were working. Maybe he didn't want us finding out he was illegally investigating students.

MARCUS

Illegally?

CARLSON

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

SARAH

So you think they're looking for a student doing all of this? They 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 "mandatory" 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/MINA'S 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/MINA'S 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.

Mina enters...

SARAH (CONT'D)
Have you seen my flash drive?

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

SARAH
Uh...memory stick. Really?! You
seriously don't know what a flash
drive is?!

MINA

Alright, don't pop an ovary. I haven't seen it. Looks like you haven't had much luck either, huh?

SARAH

(short, sarcastic)
You're quick.

MINA

(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. Mina puts her stuff down and watches...

MINA (CONT'D)

A little tense?

SARAH

Yeah. Nothing gets past you, huh?

MINA

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

SARAH

Mina, stop. Not now, okay?

MINA

I'm just trying to lighten things up.

SARAH

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

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

You wouldn't know anything about that would you?

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

MINA

Know anything about what?

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.

MINA

Don't take your problems out on me, okay? Happy Friday, Princess Miserable?

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

INT. CROMWELL BREEZYWAY - SAME TIME

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

MINA

(in phone, shaky)
Hi, Rachel? It's Mina. Are you busy?....I just need to talk to someone.

INT. LUNAS - NIGHT

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

RACHEL

Good choice. Pretty tasty.

MINA

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?

MINA

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. Yes, they're close friends. One night they hooked up. It didn't go too far. Her choice, and that's fine. She wasn't ready.

MINA

She's a virgin?
(covers her mouth)
That's none of my business. I'm sorry.

RACHEL

(beat)
I shouldn't be flapping my gums like this, so please don't flap yours.

MINA

Oh, of course.

RACHEL

They both sort of settled back into platonic after that. 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 actively dating. I think she had feelings all along. When she realized she couldn't have him it hit her hard. But it's been almost a year now and she needs to grow up a little.

MINA

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?

MINA

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?

MINA

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.

MINA

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

RACHEL

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

MINA

(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 Mina 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-- teeth cracking, 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 text messages?

SARAH
Okay, you're here now. 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 text me when you're
not hung over, eh? Have a pleasant
fucking lunch.

He storms off, leaving her sinking into gloomy mess.

INT. RICHARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Richards has an open email with screen grabs of the
"ELECTRICAL HEADLINE" up on his computer monitor.

RICHARDS
(into phone)
Whoever it was, got really close! I
thought you had things under
(MORE)

RICHARDS (CONT'D)
 control?! Do I have to remind you
 of how angry our very important,
 very powerful, very dear old
 friends who are going to be with
 both of us if we fuck up this up
 for them?!

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 WOMAN takes
 the last of her pictures. CSI MAN inspects Carr's body.

Radcliffe takes a look inside, searching for the missing
 gear. He picks up a broken whiskey bottle.

Radcliffe starts to walk away...out of view, he drops his
 phone and stomps it until it's in tatters. Panic is seeping
 in as he drops the wreckage 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
 (MORE)

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
police. What makes you think YOU
should pursue this?

SARAH
You mean the fed that's probably
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 the fuck, Johnny? You were all
about this just weeks ago. What's
with the change of heart?

JOHNNY
You have no idea what you're doing!

MARCUS
Dude!

SARAH
Stop yelling at me!

Johnny backs off.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Someone getting in your head,
maybe?

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
Perlman'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 after Johnny.

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 again, it IS decent reporting.
Have you considered you may have
found your niche?

SARAH

Didn't you say there's no future in
journalism?

PERLMAN

I said there's no *money* in
journalism.
(beat)
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 but worn 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, Mina is listening to a very animated COLLEGE GIRL ramble on. Mina 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.

Marcus can barely hide the eye roll, Johnny leans into him...

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Look, this is not some fucking fling for me, okay? I see this going somewhere. I hope it goes somewhere. And I'm getting tired of Sarah's 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 Mina. I'm tired of her making Mina cry. She has bent over backwards to be accepted. By all of you.

MARCUS

Okay. Fine. Look me in the eye and honestly tell me 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. There is something off about Mina. I know you think she's great but everyone has their demons.

JOHNNY

You need to back off of Mina, 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 Mina from her talkative pal on the way. They wade through the small dance party when 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.
Isn't that the point?

JOHNNY

Go home, Sarah. You're drunk.

SARAH

I'm not drunk!

MINA

Can I talk to her?

SARAH

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

MINA

(taking her arm)
Come on.

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

INT. MARCUS' BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mina 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.

MINA

You need to move out.

SARAH

I need to move out?

MINA

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.

MINA

I find that hard to believe.

SARAH

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

MINA

No.

SARAH

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

MINA

I'd rather start bringing him to our room. I think you should see that.

SARAH

I'm sure Johnny would be all for that.

MINA

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

Sarah's getting hotter.

MINA (CONT'D)

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

SARAH

Whatever.

MINA

Whatever. It's so pathetic the way
you pout and preen like a diseased
peacock whenever he's around.
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?
Your first time could have been so
special.

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

MINA (CONT'D)

I'll bring him to our room and you
can lay in your bed and listen to
our murmurs, our barely contained
passion happening mere 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 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
Mina in the face. She regrets it just as fast.

SARAH

I'm sorry.

Mina 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

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

JOHNNY

Mina? 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 don't want to hit a girl.
 Just get out of here.

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)
 Come on. Come back and talk to me.

She ambles back, wiping away the incessant tears.

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)
 Shoot me a text tomorrow! Hey!
 Jones!...thanks for coming.

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

MARCUS
 Come back and focus here. Why are we going after Mina? 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 are wrong. For Johnny's sake.

SARAH

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

Marcus gently moves her hair out of her face...

MARCUS

Sarah...it's complicated.

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

First, Johnny's never hit anyone in his life, he just talks big. Second, he doesn't even remotely 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.

(beat)

You're awesome. Next to you, Mina's like a big pile of piss.

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

MARCUS (CONT'D)

Okay, I was hoping for laughter.

SARAH

No. You're so great, Marcus. 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...

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

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 dressed 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.

INT. SARAH/MINA 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 Lyft.

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. Earbuds in. 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.

Arbul and Fenceworth put in their wireless earpieces.

EXT. LINDLETON CITY PARK - SAME TIME

Radcliffe's phone rings.

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 earbuds)
Yeah?

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

RADCLIFFE
(eyes widen, full of fear)
Zarcron?

MINA (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. Harker, 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 burner 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.

Mina 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 Mina is coming up behind him, INHUMANLY FAST. She reaches him and yanks him off his feet. His scream trails off...

SMASH CUT BLACK

INT. RURAL BARN - NIGHT

Radcliffe winces and begins to open his eyes. A gloved hand appears 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 MINA 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

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're delusional, 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
(MORE)

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)
 DEATHS WERE SUBSEQUENTLY COVERED
 UP!!!

Arc-Angel steps into the light. Her thick black cloak drops away revealing a skin tight red lycra/rubber body suit. 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 PUPIL-LESS 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 Mina Vorshtedt 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 me and your life basically amounted to a big fat 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, Lordius?

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 lying old white mansplaining 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 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.)

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.)

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. RURAL 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 bumble in 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!

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 the lid.

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. RURAL 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. RURAL 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 ZARCRO"...

INT. RURAL 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 Zarcrons working together in a lab.

She turns the page to a photo of Mrs. Zarcron joyously holding newborn BABY LORDIUS(MINA) labelled "Lordius Zarcron 11/12/XX". On the adjoining page is a photo of Lordius in little pigtails, smiling as Mr. Zarcron gives her a big kiss, labelled "Lordius age 2"...

INT. RURAL 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. Zarcron 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. RURAL 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. Zarcron, 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 Lordius gives him a homemade card...

INT. RURAL 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. Zarcron in a hospital bed, foaming at the mouth, catatonic and resembling a late stage cancer patient...

INT. RURAL 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. Zarcron in bed...

CLOSE ON PHOTO: Her eyes are pupil-less white and surrounded in black...

INT. RURAL 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 Lordius, age three, in a little black dress looking lost and confused at a funeral. Next to her is YOUNG MISS TYLER-WELLS...

INT. RURAL BARN - CONTINUED

TERRY

One....

INT. SARAH/LORDIUS ROOM - CONTINUED

Sarah holds another funeral photo-- Young Miss Tyler-Wells holding little Lordius' 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. RURAL 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. RURAL 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 rod piercing his right boot. The CHARGE hits the rod, ARCS up through York, out another rod piercing his left boot 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 Mina's 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. RURAL BARN - SAME TIME

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

EXT. RURAL 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 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 loose 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)

You know what, Al? You got
something other than your massive
ego you'd like to share about how
this incident has anything to do
Van Houten's visit, we're all ears.
Until then, some free advice. You
want to play politician someday,
learn who you shouldn't piss off.

"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 thing.

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. Not to mention someone is very actively buying police right now. It's not surprising we've found nothing substantial.

SARAH

(re: the table)

This isn't substantial?

CARLSON

No! That's a target sign on your back! You're not hearing me! Money

(MORE)

CARLSON (CONT'D)

and power buys you teflon skin and
all these people know it!

(beat)

I've already gotten two cops, two
good cops suspended for looking
into this case against orders. I
don't know who to trust anymore.
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
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. Unpacking is not finished, clothes lay
in piles on the floor. There's a knock.

She opens the door to a sullen Johnny.

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. Zarcron lying on a table, pre-autopsy, body emaciated...

SARAH

His name is Mathieu Zarcron.

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

Her name is Ginny Zarcron.
They're Lordius-- Mina's parents.

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

That's her real name. Lordius
Zarcron.

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 stands up and moves away.

JOHNNY

Are you telling me you don't take a
perverse pleasure out of this?

SARAH

Jesus Christ, Johnny! I wouldn't
wish this on anyone!

JOHNNY

(weaponized)

I love her, Sarah.

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

SARAH

I know. You think I'm living under
a rock? I've been sitting here all
day knowing that showing you this
is going to gut you. But not
showing this endangers your life.

JOHNNY

Stop talking like that about her!

SARAH

No, asshole! Listen to me!

The tears are streaming.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm not under any illusion that you
love me back or ever will and I
don't know how to shut it off right
now. But that's not what this is
about. I swear.

(beat)

I need you to believe me. If you
need to hate me in order to do that-

-

JOHNNY

Just stop.

(beat)

We shouldn't have tried to be
friends so soon. That's my fault.
You need time.

SARAH

I know. I know I do. I'm sorry.

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 need to talk to her.

SARAH
Goddamn it, Johnny--

JOHNNY
Sarah, you just showed me evidence that my girlfriend is a super powered terrorist. Did you really think I wouldn't confront her? I don't believe for a second you wouldn't if you were in my shoes.

SARAH
Okay. All I can do is warn you. I can't fix stupid.

He shakes his head and leaves. Sarah goes to her bed and collapses.

INT. CROMWELL TOWERS - NIGHT

Johnny waits outside Mina's door. Mina 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.

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

RACHEL

Sarah, it's quiet hour. Please--

SARAH

I came here to bury the hatchet but I'll knock you the fuck on your bony ass right now! I fucking hate you!

RACHEL

Sarah, please calm down! Talk to me.

SARAH

Why would I?! 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 chat all about it at prayer group, right?!

(tearing up)

My history, Johnny or otherwise, 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 Mina having a cacklefest about immaculate Sarah?!

Rachel's expression turns grave.

SARAH (CONT'D)

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

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!

The LOUD BLARING FIRE ALARM interrupts everything. 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 Mina's 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
Mina's 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.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
The science world is abuzz with
excitement and speculation about
the latest discovery of renowned
geneticist Dr. Arjun Van Houten.

A designer overcoat drapes over the shoulders of this
UNIDENTIFIED MAN.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
Dr. Van Houten, whose work in
tissue regeneration earned him the
Nobel Prize will be presenting new
findings tonight at The Pilford Art
and Science Museum here in
Lindleton.

He wears a charcoal grey Fedora and drags a large suitcase behind him. A fancy DRIVER holds a placard reading "Dr. Van Houten".

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

VAN HOUTEN
Good morning.

EXT. PILFORD MUSEUM - MORNING

NEWS REPORTER addresses the camera amongst the lovely fall backdrop...

NEWS REPORTER
The presentation is set to go off at eight pm this evening. We will be carrying the live stream, courtesy of Science.com on our webpage. Reporting from The Pilford Museum, I'm Lana Gilroy.

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. He wouldn't let us--

RICHARDS

I'm expelling you. You are to be off campus ASAP. Take a day to make arrangements. I strongly suggest you do it quietly.

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

SARAH

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 right now it's her--

He springs like an animal, pushes 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 what you're messing with. This ends here. You ever utter a word about anything you think you might know, it won't just be you who disappears. 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...

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 near the big screen TV, 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. She vacantly stares at the news on the TV...

CLOSE ON SCREEN: The headline "Nadia Sighted" accompanies b-roll of Nadia, face covered, 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 Mina. Sarah yelps involuntarily.

MINA

A little jumpy are we? Why would that be?

Sarah starts backing towards her door...

MINA (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?

MINA

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.

MINA

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--

MINA

Are you daft? I want this to get 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. But it's so easy to bury the lead. The elite will do anything if you threaten their green god. We got the clueless Mayor to rally his people 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...

MINA

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 Mina's right arm...

MINA

Do I look sick to you?

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

MINA (CONT'D)

I've wanted to kill you so many times since we've met. But we couldn't afford the heat. Now it doesn't matter. By the time they find your body it will all be over.

(shaking her, growling)

I WILL enjoy this!

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

MINA (CONT'D)
HOOOOUUUUUUHHHHH!!!!

Mina immediately let's go, clutching her stomach, moaning horribly, her legs completely giving out.

Sarah hits the ground, gasping for air and clutching her throat. Her color starts to return as she lies on her back, head throbbing. Mina is starting to catch her breath.

Sarah gathers her strength, reaches for the door. THWAP!!! ELECTRICITY ARCS from Mina's hand to the doorknob, lighting the room. Sarah cries out and drops to the ground grabbing her singed hand. The doorknob starts to glow and melt. Sarah sidles back against the wall, terrified.

MINA (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. Mina 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 Mina.

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 pain and rage as electrical pops emanate from her body.

Rachel pulls Sarah to her feet as Mina 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. Mina 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 love you. I'm so sorry.

Sarah hugs her.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Please say we're good.

SARAH

Don't be stupid. Of course we are.

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

SARAH (CONT'D)

She's heading to the Pilford.

Sarah holds up the funeral photo-- YOUNG TYLER-WELLS/MENA.

SARAH (CONT'D)

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

MARCUS

(looking at photo)
Which would make Nadia...Oh, 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

They've been building the Nadia set
for weeks...
(eyes widen)
She has Johnny!

SARAH

We'll talk on the way.

INT. PILFORD HALL - MOMENTS LATER

The hall is filled with SCIENTISTS, MONEY MEN and IMPORTANTS.
Three top end studio cameras are operated by THREE TOP END
CAMERA OPS. A DIRECTOR sitting in the sound booth with a
laptop, switches and deals with the live feed. 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?!

MARCUS

911 still busy?

SARAH

For fucksake! That's gotta be her doing.

Sarah and Marcus look at each other...

SARAH AND MARCUS

Carlson!

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Way across the lush field, Marcus' car pulls up in the foreground...

QUICK CUTS: Rubber galoshes being whooshed onto feet, rubber raincoats being wrapped onto bodies, clasps being clasped, zippers zipped. Trunk slams shut.

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.

EXT. PILFORD MUSEUM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: RACHEL'S IPHONE -- Live feed-- Van Houten at the podium speaking...

MONSOON CLAD Sarah, Marcus and Rachel approach the entrance passed the displays relating to the evening's events, getting quizzical stares from the few INTELLECTUALLY BENT TOWNSFOLK and SMOKERS milling about...

INT. PILFORD MUSEUM LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

As they enter, the hippie/yuppie Receptionist's smile turns to confusion at their appearance.

RECEPTIONIST

Can I help you?

SARAH

You need to call the police. Something bad is about to happen.

OFFICER GEORGE approaches...

OFFICER GEORGE
What seems to be the trouble, Miss?

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. PILFORD MUSEUM LOBBY - SAME TIME

The Curator and a FEW MORE TOWNSFOLK now joins Officer George
and our three heroes.

CURATOR
The world renowned musician?!

SARAH
Name one song of hers! Just one
damn song!

Rachel yanks Sarah's arm...

RACHEL
Oh my god!

ON RACHEL'S IPHONE SCREEN-- the camera works to catch a beat
up and bloody Richards as he is flung to the floor. He slides
to a stop a few feet from Van Houten.

INT. PILFORD HALL - SAME TIME

Fenceworth, in British Army fatigues appears, assault rifle
trained on Van Houten. Gasps and whimpers precede him firing
a warning volley into the air...

INT. PILFORD MUSEUM LOBBY - SAME TIME

...Which is heard on both the phone and IRL.

OFFICER GEORGE

(into radio)

We have shots fired at the Pilford,
over. Unit Four, did you hear that?

A LARGE METAL CLANG startles everyone, yanking their attention to a steel door dropping, cutting off the exhibits...

CURATOR

Why is the security wall dropping?!

After a quick look confirming they're all on the same page, Sarah, Marcus and Rachel high tail it towards the door...

OFFICER GEORGE

Stop!

He gives chase.

With about two feet of space left, Sarah, Marcus and Rachel all dive under...

INT. PILFORD MUSEUM - CONTINUOUS

...and land in the most graceless, panicked jumble possible. The finality of the steel door slamming shut behind them goes well with the "what the hell did we just do?" expressions on all their faces.

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 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/Mina 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 PRIVATE SECURITY for one of the LUMINARIES 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 Private Security's head...

Sparks pop from his body...

Smoke rises out of his pores...

Garbled high pitched wails through grinding teeth issue forth...

She stops and his lifeless body drops, smoking and sizzling, followed by lots of screaming and a SCIENCE WOMAN vomiting...

CLOSE ON: The Director's laptop screen, the cursor moving towards "Terminate Live Feed"...

A gun cocks-- The Director's eyes go wide. He turns to find a silenced Glock in his face, Miss Tyler-Wells in sleek black on the other end.

TYLER-WELLS
Get up.

He does as he's told. She takes his seat.

The Camera Ops, each in some state of cowering watch as she turns and casually KNEE-CAPS the Director without a thought.

She puts on his headset...

TYLER-WELLS (CONT'D)
(into mic)
Back to work, gentlemen.

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 Lordius Zarcron, Arc-Angel if you're nasty.
(steps to Richards)
(MORE)

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)
 Sometimes Mina Vorshtedt. 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, your DNA will
 break.

(to audience)
 Van Houten is playing dumb. That's
 fine. I didn't expect confessions
 here. Nor do I need them. The truth
 stands before you. Unlike Malinka,
 I am Van Houten's dirty secret.

INT. PILFORD MUSEUM - SAME TIME

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 didn't put on these ridiculous
 outfits for nothing.

MARCUS
 Okay. 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 wheels 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.

INT. PROP CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

Grungy and dusty shelves line the walls, full of lighting equipment, Edison cable, set pieces, swords, etc. They make for the far end and 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

Arc-Angel walks over to Richards lying on the ground.

ARC-ANGEL

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!!

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 10
mile radius will be..."Herculized".

INT. LIGHTING ATTIC CRAWL SPACE - CONTINUOUS

She starts to crawl out the hole...

SARAH

Marcus, grab me. Tightly please.

He grabs her around the waist...

MARCUS

What are you doing?

SARAH

I gotta see. Rachel?...

Rachel jumps in and grabs her legs as she starts to hang out the opening...

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"--

ARC-ANGEL (O.C.)

See? All you fat cats here tonight continuing to line your pockets off of the work of a madman, well, your love of profits over decency is bringing about your horrible death. 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, each occupied by a frightened patron, AN IMAGINARY ARC OF ELECTRICITY zaps down on one, into the floor to the next patron and back up, rinse, repeat...

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, *Dicks*. 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, *Dicks*.

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.

SARAH
 Marcus, think! We're all dead if we
 don't stop this and we're the only
 ones who can!

INT. PILFORD HALL - CONTINUOUS

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

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...

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'll 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 as 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 at night...

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 100' 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, igniting the curtains and knocking the power out.

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. Audience members 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-- she and Marcus duck back into the seats, disappearing into the throng of panicked Scientists and Important scurrying to the exits.

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 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.

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)

We've had a breach. So much for Pilford security. You help Lordius.

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 MILITARY MAN stands defiantly. THWAP! An quick arc knocks him ten feet into the air and tumbling backward in a mess. Arc-Angel saunters through...

ARC-ANGEL
Harker!? Show yourself!

Bodies hang over seats and line the ground in various states of unconsciousness or death...

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 rush in and surround Arc-Angel. As they move in, 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...

SARAH
The fire extinguisher at the dorms.
We can short her out.

MARCUS
What about fire sprinklers?

He immediately looks at the fires and answers his own question...

SARAH
I'll go find a fire extinguisher.
Or something. Anything. You get those to Van Houten.

He puts his earbuds in, she does the same. He takes her hand.

MARCUS
Sarah...

She looks at him, leans in and kisses him, for a brief moment everything stops.

She touches his face and then they both crawl in opposite directions.

Marcus watches her until she disappears into the throng.

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 before flailing 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 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.

INT. PILFORD HALL SIDE ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

The "KEEP CLEAR - EMERGENCY" sign is right in front of Sarah. Her heart sinks as she notices the extinguisher that was there is gone.

ARC-ANGEL (O.C.)

Hey.

Sarah turns and takes a hard jab on the chin. Her legs wobble and she drops on her ass, Indiana Jones style. Arc-Angel grabs her by the hood and starts dragging...

INT. STAGE - SAME TIME

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

Me too, pal. Thank you for coming after me. I owe YOU one.

CARLSON

Thanks for the push, kid--

Marcus bear hugs him.

CARLSON (CONT'D)
Okay. Kid we gotta focus.

Marcus composes himself.

RACHEL
Where's Sarah?

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

Police blues blaze through the tree line that cuts the field off from the streets and civilization. Arc-Angel drags Sarah behind her. Sarah is starting to get her bearings when her foot grazes a sprinkler head...

A POLICE CHOPPER spots them. A big SPOTLIGHT picks them out...

POLICE LOUD SPEAKER
Lordius Zarcron. There is no where to go! Surrender quietly! You will not be harmed!

Sarah's text fingers are already busy...

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. His phone goes off, he checks-- lightbulb!...

INT. PILFORD HALLS - SAME TIME

Carlson slams the safety hatch on another empty fire extinguisher cabinet.

CARLSON
She's swiped them all!

Rachel's phone rings, Johnny and Carlson stop searching...

RACHEL
Marcus, we're not--

MARCUS (IN PHONE)
Rachel! The lawn has a sprinkler system! Can you guys--

RACHEL
 Yes, on it!
 (to the others)
 We need to find the lawn sprinkler
 system controls!

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

Sarah's phone vibrates. She slips her hand into her pocket...

MARCUS (IN EARBUDS)
 Sarah, we're going to turn on the
 sprinklers. But you gotta be off
 the grass when we do.

Rising chopper sounds now from a different direction-- 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 Sarah, who
 considers the consequences for a second and then shouts...

SARAH
 (into phone)
 Marcus, don't wait for me! Rubber
 shoes!

As if anticipating it, she braces for the inevitable slap
 from Arc Angel...WHAP!

ARC-ANGEL
 Who are you talking to?!

Arc-Angel steps forward, grabs Sarah's knee, a bright flash
 from her hand and Sarah's leg spasms hard as she cries out in
 pain...

ARC-ANGEL (CONT'D)
 Just in case running was in your
 plan...

The Police Choppers moves closer, the side door sliding
 open...

EXT. SIDE COURTYARD - SAME TIME

Marcus re-dials...

MARCUS
(into phone)
Rachel?

RACHEL (IN PHONE)
We got it! It's remote controlled
but you have to be in range!

MARCUS
How far away?! She's getting mad!

INT. PILFORD HALLWAY - SAME TIME

The three are joined by the Curator, all in full hustle mode...

CURATOR
(looking at his phone)
It's called Sprinkler Buddy!

RACHEL
Marcus, listen, it's controlled by
an app! Download Sprinkler Buddy!

EXT. SIDE COURTYARD - SAME TIME

MARCUS
(into phone)
Are you seriously fucking with me
right now!?--

RACHEL (IN PHONE)
I'm not fucking with you right now!

EXT. PILFORD FIELD - SAME TIME

Arc-Angel menacingly turns towards the Police Chopper...

INT. POLICE CHOPPER OVER FIELD - SAME TIME

A SNIPER sits in the doorway, rifle trained ahead...

PILOT (O.C.)
Whoever it is, 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.

Arc-Angel turns to her hostage-- She's gone.

50 yards away, Sarah is running as hard as anyone on an injured leg has ever run towards the Courtyard and Marcus.

Marcus runs towards her...

Arc-Angel gnashes her teeth and starts after her at inhuman speed, gaining quickly...

She tosses Sarah like a rag doll and strides up, arm extended-- Marcus' body collides with her.

They both tumble to the ground. Arc-Angel starts to get up. Marcus boots her in the face and grabs his phone--

MARCUS

Sarah! Go!

SARAH

Don't wait for me! Start the sprinklers!

MARCUS

It's still downloading!

SARAH

What's fucking downloading?! The water?!

He gets her on her feet and they sprint/hobble/hop...

Arc-Angel rolls over, shaking the stars away, wiping the blood from the cut on her forehead out of her eye...

She sees them running...

She forces herself up, still shaky...

CLOSE ON: MARCUS' PHONE -- the circle next to the water themed font of "Sprinkler Buddy" is 3/4 of the way around, slowly inching...

SARAH (CONT'D)
How much longer?

She looks behind...

Arc-Angel, looking right at her, starts into a trot...

SARAH (CONT'D)
Shit!

Arc-Angel is now in her inhuman stride again, arm out in front, hand ablaze with arcing--

A blinding flash and the courtyard fountain ahead, EXPLODES-- the concussion knocking both Marcus and Sarah to the ground...

Marcus looks at the screen--

CLOSE ON: IPHONE SCREEN -- that last little smidge of circle needs to close--ZAP!

The phone explodes in Marcus' hand...

Arc-Angel stands over them, electricity arcing furiously, face full of rage...

ARC-ANGEL
I don't think I could make this
painful enough!

Sarah and Marcus wrap each other up, bracing for the worst...

Arc-Angel, at full, menacing, evil charge, rises into the air...

CLOSE ON: Johnny's thumb presses the activate icon on his phone...

THE SPRINKLERS UNLEASH...

Arc-Angel's body is pelted with water as she tumbles to the ground, screaming in agony as her body violently shorts out, hair standing on end, arcs popping from her body...

Johnny stands on the concrete...

JOHNNY

Get up!

Sarah and Marcus quickly rise as the entire field becomes electrified under their boots...

They cross the rest of the now steaming field and collapse in a heap on the pavement...

Arc-Angel writhes on the ground as the last horrible SNAPS of electricity arc into the earth, then stillness...

Rachel rushes to check on her teammates as Johnny deactivates the sprinklers...

Carlson approaches Arc-Angel, gun drawn, standing over her smoking body as she twitches and shivers uncontrollably...

Sarah and Marcus share an exhausted look that turns into smiles and then Sarah planting another on him. Rachel watches with a raised brow...

Johnny ambles over as they get to their feet. He gives Sarah an apologetic shoulder squeeze. She responds by embracing him like an old friend, any animosity disappearing for now.

Around them SWARMS of POLICE close in on Arc-Angel from all directions, 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...

PRINTOUTS OF NEWS ITEMS 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(Mina), 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, now a junior, longer hair and in summer clothes, stands before her.

SARAH

I just wanted to talk.

She pulls a plastic chair up to the glass. Lordius rises and does the same, sitting face to face.

LORDIUS

Do you know how painful it is to watch years of planning amount to nothing? Now I'm the one in a cell!

SARAH

Because 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
(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

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 Zarcron. That's just the 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 you and your parents, Lordius.

Lordius tenses as if surprised.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry they were taken from you at such a young age. I'm sorry you're sick. I really am.

Lordius nods, ever so subtly...

SARAH (CONT'D)

And 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 a slightly older, snazzier, Marcus waiting by his car. She smiles from ear to ear, grabs his face and kisses him. They stand there and make out like they're the only two people in the world.

FADE TO BLACK.

