

THE ALPHA

by

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FADE IN:

INT. AN OBSERVATION ROOM - MORNING

Twenty or so people, some military, sit in a mid-sized conference room. They face a large plexi-glass window that looks out onto a shooting range with two lanes.

A large framed print of the company name and logo, Zentek Research and Development, hangs on the wall.

The room's view is down the length of the lanes, and each lane is completely walled off from the one next to it.

A tall, muscular man in his late 20's dressed in a grey suit strides to the front of the room as two soldiers walk into the shooting range and take up positions at each lane.

GREY SUIT

Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming. Most of you know me already but for those who don't, my name is Sean Ranson, and I've been an advisor on this project since its inception.

The two soldiers in the shooting range watch Ranson through the glass. They both have pistols in their hands.

RANSON

I'd like to begin the demonstration now and let the results speak for themselves. I'll take any questions you have afterwards.

Ranson clicks the button on an intercom next to him and speaks into a microphone to the soldiers in the shooting range.

RANSON (CONT'D)

Proceed.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - SAME

The two soldiers check their pistols, chamber the first round, and take aim down their respective lanes.

The BANG of each shot is muffled through the glass as the soldiers empty their guns at the targets.

INT. AN OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Some of the observers move to see around the soldiers, others watch the monitors that show the far ends of the lanes.

When the soldiers finish, they eject the empty clips and lay the pistols down on a table next to them.

Ranson addresses the crowd.

 RANSON

 As you can see, even at this early stage they are quite effective. To further demonstrate, we'll use more firepower.

He nods to the soldiers through the glass, and they each reach down and open a trunk at their feet containing an assault rifle and a full clip of ammunition.

When the soldiers reach down to open the trunks, we see two young boys approximately eleven years old at the far end of the firing lanes; one in each lane. The boys stand in front of a wall strewn with bullet holes.

Their eyes are glowing white.

The people in the room watch with interest as the soldiers load the rifles and take aim.

Firing in short, controlled bursts, the soldiers soon exhaust their ammunition and stand awaiting further instructions.

They turn towards the glass to see Ranson and the crowd.

 RANSON (CONT'D)

 You can see on the monitors the results. It is really quite amazing what we've--

Ranson is cut short by a YELL from inside the shooting range. He turns to look and sees the soldier on the left SLAM into the plexi-glass with tremendous force, a spider-web crack in the glass spirals from the center of his back.

The people in the room share a collective gasp, and watch the other soldier fumble for a weapon. After grabbing both the pistol and the rifle and finding them both empty, he runs out of view.

He can be heard banging on a door, before it is opened and slammed shut again.

The injured soldier slides down the glass revealing one of the boys standing at the close end of the lane holding the empty pistol but pulling the trigger none the less. His aim follows the man as he slides out of view.

The boy's eyes pulse with white light, and his face is knotted in anger and hate.

For the first time, the images on the monitors displaying the far ends of the lanes are visible and on one of them is the other boy. He is looking right into the camera and rubbing his eyes. The wall behind him is covered in bullet holes.

The other monitor only shows the bullet covered wall.

The boy with the gun looks up from the unconscious man on the floor and through the broken glass to the room's occupants, still wearing his anger.

Ranson grabs a radio from his belt with one hand and hits a button on a remote with another. A screen slides down over the glass.

The people in the room search for a way out, but their panic makes getting through the doorway difficult.

 RANSON (CONT'D)

 Remain calm, everyone. You are perfectly safe in here.

The screen is closed over the window, but it sounds like the boy is destroying the room on the other side. Several mens' shouts are heard as they try to retrieve him.

 RANSON (CONT'D)

 (shouting into radio)

 For Christ's sake, turn him off!

A TECHNICIAN from the other end responds in a near panic.

 TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

 I'm trying, sir! He's not responding!

The room is now empty save for two people, a GENERAL and a young lady by his side, who have remained seated.

The General stands and approaches Ranson. He is older with a limp, and walks with a cane. His assistant, DIANE, is a 20ish beauty with her hair pulled back in a tight pony tail and wearing a dark suit.

 GENERAL

 At this point, I have to say that I'm disappointed.

 RANSON

 General, we've been--

 GENERAL

 They're not much good to me if they don't do as they're told.

Ranson is taken aback by the general's critique. The chaos in the other room lessens.

 RANSON
Caleb needs guidance. He is the stronger of the two.

 GENERAL
Stronger? He's uncontrollable. I'm more interested in Michael. They both have the willingness to kill, but Michael has the discipline to choose his targets.

 RANSON
In my opinion Caleb shows the most promise. Michael is weak.

 GENERAL
Well, given the alternative, he is my choice so far.

The General turns to leave.

 GENERAL (CONT'D)
Keep me informed. Diane, we're leaving.

Diane and the General leave the room and enter a hallway leading to the building's exit.

INT. HALLWAY FROM OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

The General and Diane walk towards the exit.

 GENERAL
When is my appointment at Central Dynamics?

 DIANE
A week from tomorrow.

 GENERAL
Good. At least I'll have *something* positive to present to the committee.

 DIANE
You weren't impressed by today's demonstration at all?

 GENERAL
Anyone can make a big gun, Diane, but it takes skill to aim it.

The two of them reach the end of the hallway and exit through the door.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Two technicians are hastily moving around the room, checking print-outs and flipping switches on a large computer bank.

A window shows what is left of the shooting range. The two boys stand quietly amid the wreckage of the room, bodies strewn around it.

Ranson storms into the room.

 RANSON
What happened?

 TECHNICIAN
We can't turn them off.

 RANSON
Then what stopped him?

 TECHNICIAN
He stopped when everyone in the room
except Michael was dead.

Ranson surveys the shooting range through the window.

 RANSON
I'm going in.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - SAME

Ranson steps into the ruined shooting range. Both boys turn to him as he enters.

The murderous boy, CALEB, cracks a smile and walks over to Ranson beaming.

 CALEB
Did you see?

The other boy, MICHAEL, follows Caleb, but walks like he is in trouble.

Ranson looks at the two boys, then he turns back to the technicians watching through the window.

 RANSON
Unlock the far door.

Ranson turns his attention back to the boys. He reaches into his pocket.

 RANSON (CONT'D)
Michael, go back to your room. You did well today.

Ranson pulls a sheet of stickers from his pocket. They're gold stars, and several are missing.

 RANSON (CONT'D)
I'd like to talk to Caleb alone.

At the sight of the stickers, both boys get excited, the residual glow in their eyes pulses.

Ranson tears one off and hands it to Michael, who takes it and starts towards a door at the end of the room with a big smile.

Caleb watches the stickers intently as they slide back into Ranson's pocket. He grows angry as they disappear.

 CALEB
Didn't you see what I did?

 RANSON
You were not told to kill anyone.

 CALEB
But they attacked me.

 RANSON
That doesn't matter. You have to do what you're told.

 CALEB
Everyone's afraid of me. Why should I do what they say?

Ranson kneels down to the boy's level.

 RANSON
Because you're a soldier, and soldiers do what they're told.

 CALEB
Even you?

 RANSON
Even me. Even Michael.

Caleb turns to see Michael leaving the room. He turns back around to face Ranson and is very angry.

CALEB

I could kill Michael, then I'd be all that's left.

Ranson stands back up looking down at the boy. Caleb takes a step towards him.

CALEB (CONT'D)

I could kill everyone here. Then no one could tell me what to do.

RANSON

Even me?

CALEB

Even you.

Ranson smiles in spite of the threat, then turns and walks back into the control room.

Caleb watches him go, then stares at the two technicians in the control room. They disappear behind a screen that lowers over the glass.

EXT. DESERT - NEW MEXICO - MORNING - 17 YEARS LATER

An unmarked, black helicopter flies over a remote section of the desert towards a mountain range. There are no roads or buildings in sight.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

The helicopter's two occupants, the PILOT and a middle-aged man wearing GLASSES and an expensive suit, sit in silence.

Glasses checks his watch.

As the helicopter crosses the first ridge, a voice comes over the radio.

VOICE (O.S.)

Attention, inbound chopper. You have entered a privately owned 'No Fly' zone. Please submit a code clearance.

The Pilot reaches for a digital signal transmitter mounted in the instrument panel, but Glasses stops him and looks out his side window.

Two gunships, bristling with armament, come into view on either side of the helicopter.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Attention, inbound chopper. You are in a restricted area, and will be escorted out of our air space. Please do not deviate from your escort's flight path.

EXT. DESERT - SAME

The left-side gunship peels off to the left, while the black helicopter continues on its course. The remaining gunship stays with the black helicopter.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Glasses watches the escort fly away, and turns to look at the remaining GUNSHIP PILOT with interest.

The Gunship Pilot sternly points in the direction of the other gunship. When the black helicopter makes no attempt to follow, he says something into his headset, and begins to drop in behind the black helicopter.

Glasses looks for the other gunship, which is now circling around behind them.

INT. GUNSHIP - SAME

Now directly behind the black helicopter, the Gunship Pilot arms his weapons.

GUNSHIP PILOT

(into headset radio)

Control, I am in position to fire.

Awaiting your signal.

He lines up with the black helicopter and starts to acquire a radar lock.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Glasses watches the gunship through the back of the helicopter.

VOICE (O.S.)

Warning, inbound chopper! You are in violation of a controlled airspace and will be fired upon! Leave immediately!

GLASSES

What do you think? Do you believe him?

PILOT
 (nervously)
 Yes, sir. I do.

Glasses smiles, enjoying the Pilot's discomfort.

GLASSES
 So do I. Send the code before he blows
 us to Hell.

The Pilot quickly keys a lengthy string of letters and numbers into the transmitter.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Inbound chopper, your code clearance has
 been approved. Please proceed to the
 landing pad and wait for a security
 escort.

INT. GUNSHIP - SAME

The gunship pilot holds his thumb poised above a red button on his flight stick. Radar tone RINGs in the cockpit.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Negative. Continue your patrol, Two.

GUNSHIP PILOT
 (into headset radio)
 Copy that.

He flips the mic up, and closes the safety on the firing button.

GUNSHIP PILOT (CONT'D)
 Fucking government suits.

EXT. DESERT - SAME

The gunship trailing the black helicopter peels off out of sight. The black helicopter crosses another ridge and approaches the landing pad of a high-tech facility nestled in the corner of a deep valley. There are no identifying signs to be seen.

EXT. HELIPAD - SAME

The helicopter sets down on a landing pad where a group of men await. Several of them are very well armed and dressed in blue SWAT-style uniforms. Each has an earpiece and an assault rifle.

RAY JACKSON (40s, wiry, and nervous) steps out from the crowd, and approaches the chopper as Glasses gets out. Jackson is dressed in a suit, but looks harried. He steps up to Glasses and forces a smile, wiping the sweat from his brow with a handkerchief.

JACKSON

Welcome to the Zentek Research Facility.
We've been expecting you. Was there a
problem on the way in?

GLASSES

No problem.

Jackson extends his hand, and Glasses shakes it firmly.

GLASSES (CONT'D)

The project is not showing the results we
had hoped by this stage. We'd like to
know why.

JACKSON

(no longer smiling)

I assure you, sir, that we are working
through those issues and--

Glasses walks past Jackson towards the security building.
Jackson follows him.

GLASSES

Are the units ready for service?

JACKSON

Well, no, but the issues we are facing
require delicate--

GLASSES

Show me.

They reach the security building and Jackson fumbles for his key card. He slides his card through the card reader and the door unlocks. Jackson opens the door and he, Glasses, and the security team proceed inside.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

It is a large room with banks of monitors on a wall showing scientists and lab technicians hard at work. There are several security team members present.

There is a technician working behind one of the monitors. It appears to be broken.

A large man, JOHN MILLER, stands up from a desk and blocks the way for Glasses. Miller is an aging warrior. Late 40's to early 50's. Barrel-chested and muscular. He is dressed like the rest of the team.

MILLER

May I see some identification?

GLASSES

No, but you can get out of my way. I'm with Mr. Jackson.

Miller glowers at him.

MILLER

I don't care who you're with. Everybody has to show ID.

JACKSON

(to Glasses)

You remember Mr. Miller, the head of security here and--

GLASSES

(still looking at Miller)

Yes, I know who he is. Col. John Miller. Served three tours in Vietnam, Silver Star, Purple Heart. A hero...once.

Glasses looks Miller up and down, sizing him up. Miller is considerably bigger and more powerful, but Glasses just smiles.

GLASSES (CONT'D)

Now a security guard?

Miller waves his hand and four members of his security team descend on Glasses, weapons drawn.

MILLER

ID. Now.

Glasses smiles coyly. He holds open his jacket, allowing Miller to reach inside and pull out an identification badge.

Miller looks at the badge, then hands it back him. Glasses flips it closed and slides it back into his jacket. Miller waves off his team and stands aside.

JACKSON

We're very lucky to have a man of Mr. Miller's considerable experience in charge of security down here.

Glasses never takes his eyes off Miller.

Jackson breaks the uncomfortable silence.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

He was hand picked by one of your consultants.

Miller goes back to sit at his desk.

GLASSES

Yes, he was. He came highly recommended by Mr. Ranson.

Miller's attention SNAPS back to Glasses.

MILLER

Ranson? Sean Ranson?

GLASSES

Mr. Ranson was the lead consultant on this project for many years.

Miller looks to Jackson angrily.

MILLER

I never knew that.

GLASSES

Well, why should you? Your job is security. It was a surprise to me that he recommended you at all considering what happened the last time you lead an operation.

Miller and Glasses share a hard stare. Glasses smiles.

GLASSES (CONT'D)

But, he was sure that you were the only man for this job.

Glasses turns his attention back to Jackson.

GLASSES (CONT'D)

Mr. Jackson? Shall we?

He brushes past Miller with Jackson in tow and proceeds through the security checkpoint and into a long, well lit hallway. The hallway is monitored by security cameras from several corners.

Miller heads to the bank of monitors on the wall and watches Jackson and Glasses proceed down the hall.

They brush past men and women in white lab coats hurrying across the hall from lab to lab. Everyone stops to watch the two men as they pass.

Miller watches them move through the facility, his eyes jumping from screen to screen tracking their progress. They soon arrive at a thick, glass door where two guards are stationed on the other side.

Jackson exchanges words with the guards, and the door slides open. The two men proceed through the doors and enter an identical hallway. After passing through several more security check points, they arrive at a guarded elevator.

There is a brief conversation between Jackson and the two posted guards. One of the guards speaks into a mic on his collar. Miller pushes his earpiece into his ear.

GUARD (O.S.)

Sir, Mr. Jackson and a guest would like admission to the habitat.

MILLER

(into his collar mic)

Let them through, Hicks, and call down to the habitat team to alert them.

GUARD (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

Jackson and Glasses step into the elevator, and the doors close behind them. They are no longer visible on any of the security monitors.

MILLER

This isn't good.

Miller turns around to leave the room.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Crowe?

A younger man at the monitoring console perks up.

CROWE

Yes, sir?

MILLER

I'll be in my office. Call me as soon as Mr. Jackson and his guest return from the habitat.

Miller leaves the security building and disappears into an adjacent office slamming the door behind him.

The remaining security team all look to his door to see if he is coming back out.

Satisfied that he is not, the gossiping begins.

DRAKE

Man, why do the G-men always have to give us such a hard time?

CROWE

They just want to keep us on our toes, make sure we'll challenge people and push back. But what was that guy talking about?

DRAKE

I don't know. I know Miller has been in some rough shit but--

FROST

(casually looking out the window)

I know the story.

All attention turns to Frost. Frost gives it a few beats before he acknowledges that everyone is waiting on him.

FROST (CONT'D)

Miller was a Colonel.

INT. MILLER'S OFFICE - SAME

Miller sits in his office thumbing through paperwork, looking for something.

FROST (V.O.)

He used to lead those missions that we all heard rumors about.

Miller finds a particular file in his desk and flips through it slowly.

FROST (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I heard Miller's team was responsible for assassinations, bombings, coups, you name it.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

The three men sit in a close circle at the security console. Crowe keys the camera for Miller's office and they watch him on the monitor.

DRAKE

Before I was picked for this detail, I thought the guy was an urban legend. I just heard the stories from other guys in my outfit.

FROST

Well, Miller took his team to Laos. One year later, only he came back.

Crowe maneuvers the camera to try to see the file Miller is holding.

FROST (CONT'D)

What I heard, was that he led his whole team straight into an ambush. He was captured alive. He later escaped killing five gooks in the process.

The image on the camera is too blurry, so the men return to their stations around the room.

Frost continues.

FROST (CONT'D)

After that, he requested to be taken out of command. So he was put here for safe keeping. Men like him can't be turned loose in society.

The room falls silent as all the men take in the new information on the man they thought they knew.

CROWE

All right, back to your posts, guys.

Drake, Frost, and a third man, HUDSON, head out the door.

EXT. A DARK STREET - SAME

A boy about thirteen years old is walking down a narrow street. There are cars on the side of the street and buildings along both sides. It's practically an alley.

There is a WHIRRING sound and the boy stops. His attention is drawn up to the sky.

Machine gun fire RIPS up the concrete around him and he dashes for cover to a nearby building. Finding cover, he produces a sub-machine gun from his clothes.

The darkness around him is illuminated slightly by the white glow from his eyes.

There is more WHIRRING accompanied by the appearance of mid-sized turrets sliding on cables above the city. Each turret is armed with dual high-caliber machine guns and they are very mobile.

One of the turrets zeros in on the boy and FIRES.

With inhuman speed and agility, the boy dashes up a flight of stairs into the dilapidated building.

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - SAME

The turret follows his path shooting through the walls. The boy gets to the second story and runs straight for a window. He dives, SMASHING through the glass and through a window on another building next door.

He lands with a roll and comes up in a crouch with his gun up firing. He shoots short bursts in two directions across the room.

There is a red spray from each of his targets and he bolts through a door and down a hallway. Watermelon chunks SPLAT on the floor from his targets.

The boy vaults over a railing shooting down the hallway. Gunfire narrowly misses him chewing up the floor where he just was.

He hits the ground running on the first floor and is out the front door.

EXT. FRONT STREET - SAME

More turrets slide near his position.

The boy pulls a second sub-machine gun from his clothes and leaps high into the air with one in each hand.

On the roofs of the surrounding buildings are tables with watermelons on them positioned near the edges of the buildings. Some of them have white 'X's spray painted on them. They are mixed among the unpainted ones.

Still in the air, the boy spins shooting in practically every direction. His aim is incredible, and each burst of gunfire results in a watermelon in pieces.

The melons with the white 'X's are not spared.

The boy CRASHES onto the hood of a car caving it in and blowing out the windshield.

A car next to it EXPLODES with gunfire from a large gun mounted in the back.

The boy is in the air again shooting, lands, and is off down the street without missing a beat.

As he runs down the street, he fires at targets with pinpoint precision in windows, on roofs, and in cars on either side of him. He spares nothing in his path.

The boy approaches the end of the street. Fire from the turrets SMASHING up the pavement in his wake. At the end of the street there is a large window showing into a room full of chairs.

Ray Jackson and Glasses are standing in the room along with some doctors taking notes.

The boy, bathed in sweat and covered in dust and dirt slows his pace when he sees them. The bullets begin to catch up to him.

Just as the turret fire reaches him, he launches himself in the air again. He fires at both turrets destroying them and lands in a crouch in front of the window.

Alarms go off as the destroyed turrets fall from their mounts. The turrets crash in a pile behind the boy, just as he stands to face the window.

Many more turrets drop from the ceiling, only these have large tanks of liquid attached under them. These turrets dissipate a white gas into the air, and the large room quickly fills with it.

The boy reloads both of his guns and empties them into the glass separating him from the spectators. The glass is bullet proof, but begins to weaken and crack under the constant beating.

He tosses the empty guns to the side and rushes the glass. The city continues to fill with gas and the air is thickening.

The boy SLAMS into the glass with incredible force. The people in the room are unconcerned. Completely enraged, he SMASHES his hands into the glass until they're bloody causing it to weaken further. A primal roar escapes his lungs.

INT. CITY OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME

Ray Jackson and Glasses, flanked by a few doctors and technicians, stand watching the boy's assault on the glass between them.

GLASSES

What is the gas?

JACKSON

A prototype nerve agent. It would kill any normal person in a matter of minutes.

The boy continues to attack the glass, his blows BOOMING in the room. Each punch resonates with impossible force. His eyes blaze with white light.

He is slowly overcome by the still thickening gas, and slows down until he collapses.

Glasses turns to face Jackson.

GLASSES

You have no control over him at all.

JACKSON

Well, there are still the psychological implications of--

GLASSES

We went through this with the Gen 1s.

JACKSON

Yes, but the Gen 2s have improved strength, stamina, and speed over the Gen 1s.

GLASSES

What good is it?

He motions to the unconscious body on the other side of the glass, barely visible through the gas.

GLASSES (CONT'D)

You can't expect me to deploy this as an infiltration unit. He's a lunatic. They all are.

JACKSON

We're still dealing with the consequences of their extended time in the Battle Consciousness active state.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Their minds cannot stay in it for this long without breaking.

GLASSES

So take them out.

JACKSON

We can't.

GLASSES

Why not?

Jackson avoids his eyes.

GLASSES (CONT'D)

This project is a disaster.

With that he leaves the room. Jackson follows him out. The remaining people in the room compare data on some monitors in the room.

The sound of large fans spinning up can be heard. Through the glass, the white smoke starts to drift up.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

On the monitor Crowe sees Jackson and Glasses in the elevator area. He picks up the phone and rings Miller's office. He watches the monitor still viewing Miller's office and sees him grab the phone.

CROWE

They're done.

Miller hangs up the phone and comes out of his office to join Crowe at the console.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - SAME

Glasses continues walking and Jackson follows.

JACKSON

I wouldn't say it's a disaster. We've hit some obstacles, but I believe--

GLASSES

I need more than your belief, Jackson, to explain the delays.

JACKSON

I've shown you the test results, and they show an increase--

GLASSES

They're still far below the specifications we laid out. I can't use psychotics that are that powerful. We need some manner of control.

They proceed through the security checkpoints without further discussion.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Jackson and Glasses pass through the security building on their way to the helipad.

The people in the room watch them as they quietly pass through.

Miller watches through a window as Jackson follows Glasses to his waiting helicopter. He climbs in and the helicopter takes off. Jackson rushes back to the security building and starts down the hall. His arms are full of folders and papers. Miller gets up to intercept him.

Jackson heads through the security building to his own office. Miller follows closely behind.

INT. HALLWAY TO OFFICES - SAME

Miller grabs Jackson's arm, spinning him around. Jackson drops the folders and their contents fan out on the floor. He jerks his arm free and hurriedly starts to collect the papers.

MILLER

What was he doing here?

JACKSON

We're behind schedule. A visit was inevitable.

INSERT - THE PAPERS

Diagrams of a human body and close-ups of the brain with certain areas labelled are visible as Jackson scoops them into a folder. The diagrams are littered with hand-written notes and biological-techno gibberish.

BACK TO SCENE

Miller leans down to help Jackson, but is quickly brushed away.

MILLER

No, Ray. That man knows too much about me. He wasn't here for just a visit. Something's going on.

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

Glasses flies away from the facility as he dials a number on a cell phone. He waits for the other end to pick up.

GLASSES

I suggest we proceed as planned. All the pawns are in their positions.

He hangs up the phone and watches the desert streak by from his window.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING HALLWAY - SAME

Miller and Jackson are still in the hall talking.

JACKSON

This is none of your concern, John. I need to contact Ms. Lynn. Excuse me.

Miller stops him again.

MILLER

I was assigned here because this facility is a high priority, and a breach would be--

Jackson turns around to face Miller.

JACKSON

It is my understanding that you were assigned here as a favor. That a security detail was better than the alternative.

Miller's face hardens.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Yes. I know more about you and your 'assignment' than you realize.

MILLER

I know the people you are dealing with, Ray. We've all heard the rumors that Central Dynamics has a project similar to yours in the works.

JACKSON
Central Dynamics? John, they're five
years behind us.

MILLER
Regardless. You're under pressure to
deliver the finished product, whatever
that is. These people will not accept
excuses.

Jackson starts fumbling in his pockets, nervously.

JACKSON
I'm well aware of the consequences of--

MILLER
I don't think you are.

One of the guards monitoring the security cameras calls out.

GUARD (O.S.)
Mr. Miller, there's a problem.

Miller shoots Jackson a look and heads to the doorway, while
Jackson watches from the hall.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

Miller comes into the room and scans the bank of monitors.
Crowe looks up at him.

MILLER
What is it?

CROWE
Habitat security has not checked in.

MILLER
How late are they?

CROWE
45 seconds.

Crowe moves three of the cameras to look at the habitat
elevator.

CROWE (CONT'D)
(into microphone)
Habitat security, do you copy?

Jackson enters the room.

JACKSON

What is it? What happened?

No one answers him or pays him any attention. Everyone listens to the silence, watching the elevator on the monitors.

A light starts to blink at the top of the elevator, signaling that the car is coming up. The two guards stationed at the elevator turn to look.

Miller looks across the screens and sees three guards patrolling the labs in different areas.

MILLER

(into mic)

Drake, Hudson, Frost. Get down to the habitat elevator now. We have unknown parties ascending and no status on the habitat team.

The three guards can be seen stopping to listen, and then running towards the habitat elevator checking their weapons. The two elevator guards have taken up positions, weapons trained on the elevator door.

The other three guards arrive shortly.

CROWE

(into microphone)

Habitat security, this is building main, do you copy?

He listens intently.

CROWE (CONT'D)

Nothing, sir.

Miller turns to look at Jackson, who slowly walks up to the monitors.

MILLER

I want two teams of four to support the elevator guard on the opposing hallways. I want the elevator entrance flanked and covered completely.

Miller grabs his weapon and a vest of kevlar and puts it on.

MILLER (CONT'D)

I will have a third team in the main hall.

(MORE)

MILLER (CONT'D)

Crowe, you stay here and monitor our movement. This is not an exercise, gentlemen. Move.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

The two teams of men move swiftly through the hallways. As they pass the entrance to the first lab, the last man pulls the door closed and locks it, trapping the inhabitants in the lab. Each subsequent door they pass is closed and locked also.

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - SAME

All of the men in the area of the elevator have their weapons poised and ready. The sound of the car coming up is getting louder.

INT. MAIN/ELEVATOR HALLWAYS INTERSECTION - SAME

The two teams reach an intersection and each proceeds down a different hallway to their right and left. Miller's team holds at the intersection.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

Crowe and Jackson watch the teams take up positions on the monitors.

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - SAME

All the teams are in position, and the elevator car has reached the top of the shaft.

DING!

The doors slide open to reveal an unconscious guard.

MILLER (O.S.)

(over radio)

What do you see, Drake?

Drake slowly approaches the doorway.

DRAKE

(into mic)

Looks like a hab guard. He's unconscious.

Drake moves into the elevator doorway. Several other guards move closer to support. Drake leans down to check the pulse of the man.

DRAKE (CONT'D)

He's alive. Let's get him out of here.

Two other guards move into the car to help with the unconscious habitat guard.

INT. MAIN/ELEVATOR HALLWAYS INTERSECTION - SAME

Miller looks puzzled, then frantically yells into his microphone.

MILLER

Drake! Don't move that man! All teams fall--

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - SAME

As soon as the body is moved, the distinct sound of a metal object rolling in the car is heard. Drake and the others look to the sound in time to see three grenades roll out from under the body. The pins on all are missing. One of the grenades starts spraying out white smoke.

DRAKE

Grenade!

Drake throws himself into the elevator car just as the other two grenades BLAST out the front of the car. Fire and shrapnel engulf the elevator foyer and the guards in the area.

The shock from the blast blows the bottom of the elevator car out. Fire and metal tumble down the length of the shaft. The elevator is a smoking ruin.

INT. MAIN/ELEVATOR HALLWAYS INTERSECTION - SAME

At the sound of the blast, Miller's team starts to race down the hall.

MILLER

No! Go to the level 3 checkpoint! Don't let *anyone* get past you!

The four members of Miller's team turn and leave. Miller slowly proceeds and takes the right hallway.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

Crowe and Jackson watch on the monitor as the blast decimates the elevator area. He can see Miller and his team reacting on another screen. Miller's team leaves the area and he heads down the right hallway.

Crowe slides his chair down the panel, produces a key from his jacket, and unlocks a closed metal box at the far end of the security console. Inside is a black button, which he slams down with his palm.

SERIES - SAME

Huge metal doors slam shut and lock closing all the exits, each security station locks down, each laboratory entrance locks and the guards in each lab flank either side of the door. The people in the labs are obviously concerned.

BACK TO SCENE

MILLER (O.S.)
(over radio)
What do you see, Crowe?

CROWE
Sir, the area is obscured by smoke and debris.

The sound of gunfire RIPS through Crowe's headphones and he looks to the elevator cameras. Muzzle flashes can be seen through the smoke coming out of the elevator doorway. The remaining guards, still dazed and choking on smoke, are systematically cut down by the gunfire.

MILLER (O.S.)
Crowe! Who's firing!?

CROWE
There's an unknown number of gunmen in the elevator, sir!

Miller races down the hallway. He gets about 3/4 of the way to the elevator when the firing stops.

He pauses and listens.

On Crowe's screen, the smoke starts to clear, and he can see the elevator entrance now. It's empty. Jackson stares at the monitors, stupefied.

MILLER (O.S.)
Talk to me, Crowe.

CROWE
The elevator area appears to be clear, sir. There is no sign of the gunmen on any of the cameras.

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - SAME

Miller enters the elevator foyer cautiously, stepping around the bodies and twisted metal of the door frame. He checks each person he comes across for vital signs, and finds none left alive.

Slowly, he makes his way to the elevator entrance. Miller peers into the doorway and can see straight down the shaft to the bottom. There is a small fire and a pile of rubble at the bottom of the shaft.

He surveys the elevator car and sees a large hole cut in the roof of the car. Near the doorway, he finds some spent shell casings. He picks one up and examines it.

MILLER

Crowe, did any of our men get a shot off?

CROWE (O.S.)

Hard to tell, sir.

MILLER

Any sign of the gunmen?

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

Crowe scans his monitors looking for signs of the enemy.

CROWE (O.S.)

No, sir, but they can't be far. I've not seen them on any--

He pauses as he notices that the timecode on two of his screens has stopped counting.

CROWE (CONT'D)

Sir, I've lost two cameras in the main hallway!

INT. ELEVATOR AREA - SAME

Miller takes off towards the same hallway he came through moments ago.

MILLER

(into mic)

Checkpoint team, you have unknown assailants headed your way. The hallway is clear of authorized personnel. Engage at will. I repeat, engage at will.

Miller rounds the corner at the intersection of the right elevator and main hallways and rushes toward the security checkpoint. He heads left at the first intersection and races through a set of smaller hallways.

INT. LEVEL 3 SECURITY CHECKPOINT - SAME

Miller's team has taken up positions at the end of the main hallway, just inside the thick glass door. Two of them are crouching and the other two are standing behind. They're all aiming down the length of the hallway, awaiting the first sign of motion.

INT. HALLWAYS - SAME

Miller runs down the carpeted hallway, past closed office doors. The hushed sound of excited people trapped in their offices can be heard as he passes.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

Crowe and Jackson watch as the security team readies themselves. The only view they have is from a camera looking at the backs of the men through the thick glass security door. The images from the other cameras in that hallway are still frozen.

INT. HALLWAYS - SAME

Miller continues to run towards his men when gunfire ERUPTS in his ear. He drops to a crouch with his back to the wall, scanning the hallway.

MILLER
(into mic)
Crowe! What do you see?!

CROWE (O.S.)
I can't see much, sir, but our men are
under fire.

GUNFIRE perforates the silence.

CROWE (CONT'D) (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No sign of anyone else, sir. Your path
is clear to the main hallway junction.

Miller tears off down the hallway.

INT. LEVEL 3 SECURITY CHECKPOINT - SAME

Almost instantly, one of the standing guards is hit with a burst in the chest.

The three remaining men fire at an unseen target at the end of the hall. They can't track its movement. As the two crouching guards exhaust their ammunition and switch clips, the standing guard continues to lay a suppressing fire.

INT. HALLWAYS / MAIN HALLWAY INTERSECTION - SAME

Miller rounds a corner and is at the intersection of the main hallway. The walls in the intersection are heavily peppered with bullet holes and are continuing to take damage from the guards as they fire down the hall.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

Crowe watches Miller's progress as he nears the gun battle.

CROWE

They're right around the corner, sir.

INT. HALLWAYS / MAIN HALLWAY INTERSECTION - SAME

Miller approaches the intersection, but there is too much firepower coming down the hall for him to enter. He takes up a position along the wall perpendicular to the main hallway.

INT. LEVEL 3 SECURITY CHECKPOINT - SAME

The three men frantically shoot down the hallway. In response, two short bursts of gunfire come from down the hall and hit one of the crouching guards, killing him. In quick succession, two more quick bursts hit and kill the last standing guard.

The lone guard backs into the glass door behind him and lays a continuous stream of bullets at his attacker. He is quickly cut down, splattering the glass behind him in red.

INT. HALLWAYS / MAIN HALLWAY INTERSECTION - SAME

Miller hears the gunfire stop. Wrenching metal alerts him that all is not yet OK. He quickly rounds the corner into the hallway.

The entire hallway is completely destroyed by gunfire. His team lays dead at the far end of the hall amidst a pile of spent bullet casings. The door to the farthest laboratory is torn out of the wall.

Gunfire and screams come from the open doorway.

Miller rushes down the hall as the shooting abruptly stops. He heads into the opened lab and sees the remains of its occupants. There is only silence now.

MILLER
Crowe, any sign of them.

CROWE (O.S.)
No, sir. None at all.

Miller nods. He sees a door swinging off its hinges at the far end of the room and rushes through it.

INT. HALLWAY FROM LAB - SAME

Miller emerges into a hallway that leads in two directions, right and left. Both ways look equally undisturbed.

He takes a few steps to his left, and turns around and looks the other way.

MILLER
Crowe?

CROWE (O.S.)
Still nothing, sir.

MILLER
Dammit. Is Jackson still there?

CROWE (O.S.)
Yes, sir.

MILLER
Jackson, I suggest you make that call to Ms. Lynn. Show her the tapes.

INT. SECURITY BUILDING - SAME

Crowe and Jackson are watching Miller on a monitor.

JACKSON
Is it over?

MILLER (O.S.)
No, Ray. It's far from over. I think it's time you and I talked about what goes on in the habitat.

INT. ZENTEK HQ BOARD ROOM - LATER

A corporate board room complete with a large, expensive wooden table, chairs, and bad art. Six men and one woman sit at the table watching a bank of monitors at the far end.

They watch the security tapes from the incident at the facility. However, they exhibit little or no emotion.

Thanks for taking the time to peruse the site and read a portion of my script. If you have any interest please [contact me](#).

Thank you,
Travis Meacham