

USE OF DEADLY FORCE

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EXT. US EMBASSY, ZAGREB, CROATIA - AFTERNOON

The US Embassy in Croatia is a huge modern building. The beautiful sunset reflects on the glass windows. TERESA MANKILLER stands next to her German Shepard dog, WILMA, who stares adoringly at her master.

Teresa's uniform logo says "GLOBAL SECURITY," but she's all muscle and ex-military and not a typical "rent-a-cop." Her thick jet-black hair and warm skin makes her look like a fearless, Native American warrior.

Teresa unclips Wilma from her leash and points to a flower bed.

TERESA
Seek, seek, seek.

The dog darts in and out of bushes, sniffing, searching, sniffing, searching. When Wilma finishes, the dog returns to Teresa's side and sits. Teresa hands her a treat.

A Marine, SGT. JASON FULTON (30s) joins them.

JASON
Anything?

Teresa shakes her head.

TERESA
What exactly did the chatter report say?

Jason looks at his iPad.

JASON
Keywords of CIA, embassy, field, fence, and of course, McFarland.

TERESA
General McFarland.

Jason points at an empty field.

JASON
Yup, the big guy is coming at 0-seven hundred tomorrow, and they plan on landing his Osprey right there.

TERESA
We cleared the whole building - even the fifth floor...your spook central.

Jason looks around, alarmed. Teresa pats him on the shoulder.

TERESA (CONT'D)
No big secret. Even Wikipedia says
that it is the regional office of
the CIA and NSA.

JASON
I realize, Miss...

He glances down at the iPad. Teresa sticks out her fist for a bump.

TERESA
Teresa Mankiller. Global Security.

He reaches for it but then glances down at Wilma and pulls back.

JASON
You sure that's not her name?
Mankiller?

TERESA
My dad's great-aunt was Wilma
Mankiller, the first female chief
of the Cherokee Nation. I gave her
the name Wilma...

She pets Wilma affectionally and scratches behind her ears.

TERESA (CONT'D)
...and hereditary gave me my
Mankiller surname.

Teresa looks over at the field.

TERESA (CONT'D)
That's a lot to clear.

Again, he looks at the iPad.

JASON
You're being transferred back to
the states tomorrow?

Teresa nods.

TERESA
Nuclear power plant.

JASON
No more blowing things up?

Teresa cocks her head, and Wilma does the same. He taps on the iPad.

JASON (CONT'D)
Your file. Kaboom, boom for two
tours. It will take decades to
rebuild what you blew up.

Teresa nods.

TERESA
Figured I was on life number eight,
so I became a dog handler.

JASON
She's the dog in your file?

Teresa pets Wilma with long strokes down her back.

TERESA
After Afghanistan was over, Global
made me an offer I couldn't refuse.
Looking for bombs instead of
setting them.

Teresa makes a high SQUEAKY voice when talking to her dog.

TERESA (CONT'D)
What do you say, Wilma? We ready
for a walk in the park?

Wilma pulls at her lease, and her tail wags her whole body. She raises her head and sniffs.

TERESA (CONT'D)
See that bird on the fence at the
far side of the field?

JASON
The raven?

Teresa nods.

TERESA
Wilma can smell the last worm it
ate and the dirt that the worm had
before it met its fate.

Teresa unclips her.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Seek, seek, seek.

Wilma runs into the field with her head bobbing up and down, gathering the scent in the air and then on the ground. She is running a pattern from left to right.

After a few moments, Wilma sits in the middle of the field.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Shit. You need to get a bomb squad down here and some robots, mine-clearing equipment. Better re-route your general.

Jason shakes his head as he runs toward the field.

JASON
We use this field for target practice. Your dog probably found some spent ammo.

Teresa looks at Wilma, then gets on her tippy toes to look over the bushes. Teresa points out at the field, close to where Wilma sits. Jason doesn't appear to be listening.

TERESA
If I were going to blow up the general, I'd put mines - there and there where the Osprey will probably land.

Then she looks back at Jason who runs along the fence for a better view.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Get back here!

Teresa goes toward the fence, waving her hands.

TERESA (CONT'D)
No! Stay! Stay! Stay!

She looks at Wilma and then realizes her mistake.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Out! Out! Out!

Jason steps away from the fence toward Wilma, and an EXPLOSION turns the sunset on the horizon into one fiery ball of fire. Teresa is thrown to the ground and struggles to get up.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Out! Out! Out! Wilma Out!

Title: **Five Years Later**

INT. CONDO KITCHEN -- DAY

It's a peaceful Southern California morning. Teresa opens the refrigerator and pulls out three eggs, all in one hand. One egg slips and falls on the floor, cracking.

The kitchen door swings wide as RITA MANKILLER (60s) comes bustling into the kitchen. Rita's well-worn face looks as warm and delicious as the fragments of cookies on her apron. Teresa turns around and shouts.

TERESA

Stay!

Rita carefully steps around the broken egg and takes the other two from Teresa.

RITA

You're going to get eggs all over your uniform.

Teresa looks over at a tray of cookies on the kitchen table.

TERESA

Cookies for breakfast, Mom?

Teresa grabs a piece of paper from the table and shows it to her mother.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Have you seen this report card?

Rita cracks the eggs into a skillet and HUMS.

TERESA (CONT'D)

She spends all her time on social media, texting, or emailing her friends. Why doesn't she listen to me?

Rita comes over and gently pats her daughter's shoulder. Teresa looks toward the closed kitchen door as Rita returns to the stove and scrambles the eggs.

RITA

She's not a puppy anymore...

As if on cue, JENNIFER MANKILLER (13) opens the swinging kitchen door with a smash of her hand. She is dressed entirely in black.

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

Jennifer saunters up to the table and grabs a cookie from the tray. She uses it to point to the report card.

JENNIFER

You've got to sign that, you know.

Teresa tosses the report card back toward her daughter.

TERESA

There is no way I'm signing this.
Six "D"s? What is this shit?

JENNIFER

A "D" is passing.

TERESA

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

JENNIFER

Worked for you, didn't it? Got you
into the military.

Teresa gets up, tugs at her tight uniform shirt, and straightens her badge.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Then, when there were no more wars
to fight, you traveled around the
world with your favorite child
while we just sat here and waited.

TERESA

Wilma was a working dog.

Jennifer continues her attack, pointing the cookie at her mother.

JENNIFER

Then you decided to come home and
fight us instead.

Teresa throws the report card on the table. She pauses and sniffs. She reaches for a cookie; we can tell she wants one but shakes her head.

TERESA

Get your grandmother to sign this
shit.

Teresa storms out of the room. Jennifer sits down and grabs another cookie.

JENNIFER

She said "shit" twice, Grandma. Are you going to let her get away with that?

Rita takes the cookie from Jennifer and replaces it with some scrambled eggs.

RITA

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

She strokes her granddaughter's hair affectionally and then pats her head.

EXT. GLOBAL SECURITY, PARKING LOT - DAY

Global Security is a modern office building, all glass and concrete. After finding a parking place, Teresa gets out of her SUV.

Instead of going into the huge office building, she heads around to the side toward a small shed, and fenced-in dog runs. There is a sign that says, "Global Security Working Dogs."

Most of the dogs are sleeping. One dog stands on her hind legs, sniffing and searching. As Teresa nears the cage, Wilma starts whining.

TERESA

I hear you, baby girl.

As we get nearer, we see the dog's milky white eyes. She is blind, but she drops down and starts circling the cage. Teresa switches to a high SQUEAKY voice.

TERESA (CONT'D)

You ready to look for some bombs today?

Wilma YELPS her approval and increases her speed in the tight circles.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Me too.

Her cell phone PINGS. She glances at it and shakes her head.

TERESA (CONT'D)
But we gotta go talk to the big guy
first.

Teresa enters a code into the keypad on the cage, puts Wilma on a leash, and walks toward the shack.

INT. GLOBAL SECURITY, WORKING DOG OFFICE - DAY

FRANK OWENS (60s) sits at a desk in a cramped office with two other steel desks. He waves Teresa and Wilma over to him.

Wilma comes around and greets him with a paw on his knee, and he scratches her head affectionately.

FRANK
I've tried changing after shave,
deodorants, and toothpaste, and she
still finds me.

TERESA
Her smelling is about a hundred-
thousand times better than ours. I
think it got even better, after the
explosion.

Wilma returns to Teresa, who gives her long strokes along her back.

TERESA (CONT'D)
She healed a lot faster than me.

FRANK
But it is time for her to retire.

Teresa sits upright, and Wilma does the same.

TERESA
Don't give me that blind dog shit.
We found more targets during our
annual certification trials than
any of those pussy cats you call
dogs.

Frank shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

FRANK
Yup, you still hold the record. But
it is the nuke plant. They pulled
their contract this morning. All of
Global is out.

TERESA
Seriously? Everyone?

Frank nods and scratches his chin.

FRANK
Been on the phone all morning,
scrambling to get everyone placed.
I will need two more assistants to
help manage all these new
contracts, but I got everyone a new
gig.

He looks guiltily at Wilma.

TERESA
Everyone except the blind dog.

FRANK
Good news, Montero Bay wants to
hire you.

TERESA
Me?

FRANK
Yup, you're qualified to join their
elite security force, which is
rather short-handed. They've gone
over your clearance file and want
to keep you.

TERESA
They don't even know me. I don't
think one person from the nuke
security team has even gotten close
to us.

FRANK
You are not the most inviting thing
to come up to. Neither of you.

Frank looks at Wilma, then back at Teresa in her perfect-fitting uniform.

TERESA
But Wilma and I clear acres of
ground daily and over a dozen
buildings. Who is going to do that?

Frank rubs his head. He has a military-type haircut.

FRANK

They have some new electronic sniffing devices, and unfortunately, you've never found explosives at the plant during the past five years.

TERESA

You mean, fortunately, right? That doesn't mean that the threat doesn't exist. All it takes is some heavy fog or a few bottles of perfume, and those sniffer things give out a false alarm.

Frank nods. Wilma gets restless, matching Teresa's anxiety. The dog WHINES.

TERESA (CONT'D)

What about Wilma?

Frank stays quiet, then looks down at his shoes.

TERESA (CONT'D)

No, no, no.

FRANK

You know the drill. Wilma is trained to use deadly force. She's a huge liability. What if she ripped the arm off of some toddler? You were in the military. These dogs are not conditioned to domestic lives without months and months of retraining.

TERESA

I'll pay for it.

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

Already called the school. They won't take...

Teresa drops her head.

TERESA

A blind dog.

FRANK

This is a good job at the nuke plant. You work with a partner and pretty much patrol and respond.

TERESA

I don't work well with...humans.

Frank pushes back from the desk, nods in agreement and smiles.

FRANK

I found a few other places that might consider a working dog sniffer team like you two, but they are thousands of miles away.

TERESA

I promised Jen that we wouldn't move again. She starts high school next year.

FRANK

And you support your mom. You got to think of that. Plus, that kid will probably want to go to college...great schools around here.

Frank scribbles something on a piece of paper.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Calvin Porter, head of security. He's expecting you to start tomorrow.

TERESA

So that's it? What happens to Wilma?

FRANK

She belongs to Global. I'm working on that. They decide how she's retired.

TERESA

You mean terminated, right? That is not going to happen.

FRANK

Don't even think about it. It would be a felony to steal her. Think about your kid...

He gets up to comfort her, but he's not well-trained for that. He takes a look at Teresa's face and turns toward a file cabinet, and opens it.

Teresa strokes Wilma with long comforting strokes as tears fall down her face. Wilma whines then puts her paws on Teresa's lap and licks the tears.

Frank keeps up his charade of looking for something in the file cabinet to avoid eye contact.

FRANK (CONT'D)

These are working dogs. They aren't pets. But I promise -- we won't do anything without telling you. In the meantime, you can come here every day and visit her after work.

Frank turns back around as Teresa wipes the tears away with anger. Frank hands her a tissue box.

TERESA

Ridiculous. I've never cried on the job. Never. This kind of shit gets us killed.

Frank walks around her and taps her arm softly.

FRANK

Hey, take the day off. Take Wilma to the beach and then drop her off before five.

Teresa and Wilma turn toward the door.

TERESA

What about me? Doesn't Global worry that I'm a liability after being trained to use deadly force?

Frank shakes his head as Teresa leaves.

FRANK

(to himself)
Maybe they should.

EXT. BEACH - AFTERNOON

Teresa has changed into running clothes and jogs along the beach with Wilma at her side. Both are trim and fit and pass one jogger after another.

Finally exhausted, Teresa collapses onto the sand. She looks out at the sun dropping down closer to the water.

TERESA

Green flash soon. Sunset today at five twenty-three, baby girl. Yup, we own the night. Let anyone try something in the dark, and we're all over them. You don't need those eyes to see, and I only need you.

Tears start coming down Teresa's face. Wilma licks them.

TERESA (CONT'D)

You have no idea, do you, baby girl? You saved both our lives, and now...

This makes Wilma lick faster.

TERESA (CONT'D)

If I don't scrap up enough money, you'll get killed by a stupid rule.

Teresa begins to SOB.

TERESA (CONT'D)

You're the best partner I've ever had. My only partner.

Wilma wags her tail harder, and her whole body twists.

TERESA (CONT'D)

The last time I tried to work with a human...

Teresa makes a kaboom gesture.

TERESA (CONT'D)

All blown up.

She wraps her arms around Wilma using the dog's coat to dry her eyes.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Okay, pity session over. Humans. They are just animals on two legs instead of four. How hard can it be to get along with them?

Wilma wriggles out of the embrace and starts tongue bath of Teresa again.

TERESA (CONT'D)

I'm going to make a lot of money at that nuke plant, play their games, and make my way up the ladder.

(MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)
I'm going to find a way to buy you
from Global.

Teresa gets up and stretches.

TERESA (CONT'D)
We can do this, right, baby girl?
Nobody is going to kill you on my
watch.

Wilma's whole body moves with the force of her wagging tail.

Title: **Two months later**

EXT. MONTERO BAY NUCLEAR GENERATING STATION -- DAY

Now Teresa's uniform says "MBNGS SECURITY," as she sprints toward a door littered with warning signs. Everything about this building says, "stay away," but Teresa's focused expression shows us that this is her destination.

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

TERESA
Gotta lay off those fries, Mal.

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

MALCOLM
No prize for being first.

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

TERESA
Being first means saving lives.

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

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

Malcolm tilts a shoulder-mounted radio close to his mouth.

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

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

CONTROL
(from the radio)
Sound-powered phone is plugged in
at the TSC computer room. Screaming
is escalating. Get down there now!

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

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

INT. OUTSIDE COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

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

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

Teresa can now hear the SCREAMING.

LIZ
(O.S.)
Oh my God!

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

INT. TSC COMPUTER ROOM -- DAY

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

A partially clad woman, LIZ (30s) and a CO-WORKER are sprawled out on a table having sex, when Liz spots Teresa.

LIZ
Oh my God!

CO-WORKER

Yes, yes!

LIZ

No!

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

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

LIZ (CONT'D)

It's not what it looks like...

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

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

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

MALCOLM

This all happened before or after
you got here?

Teresa walks to the wall and unplugs the portable sound-powered phone.

TERESA

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

MALCOLM

I like it, but next time wait for
me.

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

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

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 (into the phone)
 Got a good one for you, Control...

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

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 ...but first get someone down here
 to clean up a puddle of...

Malcolm smiles as he reads the label.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
 Baby oil.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL -- DAY

Teresa stomps into the security control room and is greeted by a chorus of fellow security GUARDS. It looks more like a football locker room, than the command center of the nuke plant's elite force.

GUARDS
 Oh my God, Teresa, Yes! Yes!

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

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

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

TERESA
 Heard of "Me too," Sammy?

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
 When I find the tech thought this
 would be a funny prank to play on
 me, you're both getting fired.

A weathered veteran, CALVIN (50s,) who has been stuffed into a management-like suit, ambles over to a fuming Teresa. Calvin lays a comforting hand on Teresa's shoulder.

CALVIN
 If you want to launch a formal
 complaint, let's fill out that form
 together...

Calvin picks up Sammy's badge.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
 ...but who'd you rather have than
 Sammy watching your back in a
 pinch?

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

TERESA
 Not sure he knows that my back is
 above my belt...

She tucks the note into her pocket. Teresa grabs the sound-
 powered phone.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 We were set up. Someone has been
 watching those two sneak in there
 every day and decided to broadcast
 it.

CALVIN
 What are you going to do?

TERESA
 I will find out who signed out this
 phone and teach him that this is
 how accidents happen. If they don't
 follow the rules, people die.

INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING COMPUTER ROOM-- DAY

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

The only sound is the soft HUM coming from each computer's
 fan and the AC unit.

TERESA
 Employee number 34798, Todd Milton.

Nobody turns around.

TERESA (CONT'D)
 Milton.

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

COMPUTER PROGRAMMER
What the...?

TERESA
Todd Milton. Which one?

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

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
Got a clue why I'm here, employee number 34798, Todd Milton? The person who checked out this equipment last?

Todd fakes an inspection of the phone.

TODD
Analog communication device, similar to a conventional telephone, but runs on battery and their own closed circuit with hundreds of plugs throughout the plant. Used for emergency communication only, especially if power is unavailable and in areas where using the use of radios and/or cell phones could set off sensitive electronic devices.

Todd makes a kaboom gesture.

TODD (CONT'D)
The circuit is always live, thus, a user begins speaking or screaming in ecstasy rather than dialing another station to activate the device.

Todd then turns his attention to Teresa. He looks up and down at her and a little around the side.

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

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

She sees his badge clipped to his belt. As she reaches that area, Todd shows a little fear. She roughly grabs the badge and then points to a patch on her arm and pats her fully equipped gun belt.

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

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

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

She holds up a finger.

TERESA (CONT'D)
One finger for no.

She holds up another finger.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Two fingers for yes.

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
If you're so smart, let's see if
you know what "use of deadly force"
means.

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

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- DAY

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

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

TODD

So, what are you two in for?

Liz looks over at her partner in passion.

LIZ

Gross miscalculation. How about you?

TODD

I'm her bitch dog today.

INT. JIM HOVEL'S OFFICE DAY

Teresa leans across JIM HOVEL (50s) who sits behind a large desk. Based on the large size of the office and stacks of paperwork, this must be the top guy - or plant manager. If you weren't sure, the sign on the door says "Hovel - Plant Manager."

TERESA

NRC 389.7. Sound-powered phones are to be used for emergency communications only. Landlines are required whenever cell phones might...

Jim holds up his hand to stop her.

JIM

Rumor is that the geek wrote half of the test simulations for the plant. He also maintains our servers which must be updated manually because...

She holds up her hand.

TERESA

Computer systems must be "off the grid" to prevent hackers. But accidents happen because rules are broken.

JIM
Like slipping on baby oil?

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

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

Teresa glares at him.

TERESA
We done here?

JIM
Send the guys in here for their scolding and escort the chick out of the plant. She's fired.

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

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

JIM
Alpha does whatever the plant manager tells them to do. Look that up in your rule book.

He politely opens the door for her.

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

EXT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- DAY

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

Teresa looks down for a moment at the contents of the box, where a photo frame sits at the top.

TERESA
Your dog?

Liz nods.

LIZ
She's all I have. I'd give up my
life for her.

Teresa stares at the photograph and gently strokes the edges.

TERESA
I have...I had...a dog.

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
Good luck.

LIZ
That's it? You got me fired.

Teresa looks the furious woman directly in the eyes.

TERESA
You got yourself fired. You broke
the rules.

Liz drops her head and looks like a beat dog. Teresa pauses and pulls out a small notebook. She scribbles a couple of names.

TERESA (CONT'D)
File an online application on this
website. Put down my name as a
reference. I'll slow down the
incident report so nothing shows in
your records for a few weeks. By
then, you'll be Global Security's
best employee, right?

Liz reaches out to thank her with a touch to Teresa's arm, but Teresa pulls back. She heads back toward the security building.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL -- DAY

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

TERESA
I'm the most qualified person on
the force. I took this job because
Frank said I'd get promoted as soon
as I took a few tests.

CALVIN

It takes more than the top "qual" scores to make sergeant. You've only been here for a few months, and the guys in there have worked for years.

TERESA

Guys? Is that it?

CALVIN

Cut that gender crap. This isn't the nineties.

Calvin shakes his head, but looks around.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know this whole plant only has a handful of women working here...

TERESA

Yeah, I know. Most come from the nuclear Navy.

CALVIN

Only ten years that women have been on subs. It will take years for them to trickle into the private sector.

TERESA

It was that way with the dogs. Only ninety-eight percent of military dog handlers are female.

Calvin looks down at his feet.

CALVIN

Sorry about your dog. I was against them replacing you and your mutt with sniffers. If I had the balls...I would have fought harder for you both. What was his name?

TERESA

Wilma. I need this promotion. I need the money to keep them from killing her.

CALVIN

And I need a better budget.

Calvin looks toward the ceiling.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Admin wants to fill perimeter
patrols with rent-a-cops. First,
they get rid of sniffer dog teams,
next, it will be us...Alpha.

Teresa jumps up and confronts him.

TERESA
I could lose this job?

Calvin nods but keeps staring at the ceiling.

TERESA (CONT'D)
They're going to let those fucking
department store dolls carry guns?

CALVIN
We've got to be careful...follow
the rules.

TERESA
Rules. Like only firing people that
don't make the plant lots of money.

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

CALVIN
I know you're disappointed. Hey,
why not take the afternoon off -
clear your head? My buddy, Frank,
says your dog cries for you all
day.

She pulls her arm back.

TERESA
Wilma and I don't need any special
treatment.

CALVIN
I was thinking about the guys out
there.

Calvin gestures at the unruly group of guards outside his
office, playing catch with a coconut.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
They might need their balls
someday.

INT. GLOBAL SECURITY, WORKING DOG OFFICE -- DAY

Teresa walks into the office with Wilma on the leash.

TERESA

You wanted to see me? Did you hear if they accepted my proposal to train her myself and make payments to buy out her contract?

Frank gets up and shakes his head.

FRANK

Wilma won't eat her monthly pills. We put them in hamburger meat and the dogs have to eat them if they want to stay here.

TERESA

Yup, I would dig them out of the hamburger each month and hand-feed them to her.

Frank gets a plate out of the mini-fridge.

FRANK

Well...do your magic, or she'll have to be...

TERESA

Grogu in the house?

He leans in close to Teresa.

FRANK

(whispering)
Third drawer in Keith's desk. I put in some fresh test material yesterday.

TERESA

You know dogs can hear four times better than us?

Frank shakes his head.

FRANK

I don't know much about dogs, I took this job because it meant that I could work behind a desk after the knees gave out.

TERESA
But she only understands her K9
commands in English or German.

Frank shrugs.

FRANK
German? A German Shepard?

TERESA
Not many criminals or terrorists
know German.

Teresa unclips Wilma.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Seek, seek, seek. Voran, voran,
voran.

With her nose down, Wilma starts sniffing and searching the room. Teresa digs the pills out of the hamburger. She unwraps a chewy granola bar and buries the drugs in the bar.

FRANK
She's vegan?

TERESA
The enemy would try to poison our
dogs with hamburger meat. They are
trained in the military not to eat
it. You've been around these silly
city dogs too long.

Wilma sits with her nose resting on the drawer handle of one of the desks. Teresa opens the drawer and carefully sets the stuffed Grogu on the desk.

TERESA (CONT'D)
That's my good girl.

Teresa hands Wilma the chewy granola bar, and Wilma makes a few chews and gobbles it down.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Show mouth. Show mouth. Teeth.

Wilma opens her mouth, then bares her teeth, and Frank gives Teresa a thumbs up.

TERESA (CONT'D)
We okay here?

Frank nods as Teresa takes Wilma out the door.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO FOYER -- DAY

Teresa comes home from being with Wilma, and the joy is still on her face as she sorts through the mail. Booming MUSIC comes from down the hallway.

With each sound of the BASS, Teresa's smile disappears.

TERESA

Jen, down.

No change in the music.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Jen, down.

Rita comes in from the kitchen.

RITA

She's not a dog. You should try speaking in complete sentences.

Rita pats her daughter on the top of her head. Teresa catches the joke and LAUGHS.

RITA (CONT'D)

You're home early and in a decent mood.

TERESA

My reward for going beyond the call of duty. So I got to spend some extra time with Wilma today.

Rita puts an arm around Teresa and beams.

RITA

Good for you. You need that. And that promotion will be right around the corner, and you'll be able to afford to bring Wilma home. Wouldn't mind a third kid around the house.

Rita starts to pull her into a hug, but Teresa pulls away.

TERESA

Calvin let me go a few hours early to make up for a shitty escort-out job I had to do.

Teresa tosses the mail back on the foyer table.

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

Rita pulls Teresa close again.

RITA
 I know how much...

Teresa again pulls away, obviously uncomfortable with the affection.

TERESA
 How can you think with that noise?

TERESA (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Jen! Out!

The music abruptly stops.

RITA
 One of the few benefits of getting
 old.

Rita taps gently on her hearing aid.

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

Rita unties her apron.

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

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

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

JENNIFER
 What are you doing home now?

TERESA
 Happy to see you too, Wolfman.

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

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

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

Teresa reaches for her breast pocket.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Damn. The baby oil.

JENNIFER
You forgot to get the baby oil,
right?

Teresa considers this for a moment.

TERESA
Yup, I forgot.

EXT. ROOF OF TURBINE BLDG -- AFTERNOON

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

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

INT. SECURITY BUILDING -- AFTERNOON

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

SAMMY
Your turn swing shift rats.

Sammy tosses the metal clipboard to two other GUARDS standing by the lockers. They are wearing different uniforms than Sammy and Malcolm. Neither one catches the metal clipboard as it falls to the ground. Calvin rushes out of his office.

CALVIN
Change of plans, guys.

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Swing and night shifts are assigned
to Protection Services.

MALCOLM
Rent-a-cops?

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

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

SAMMY
With a third of our brains and none
of our training. Do they even know
how a nuke plant makes power?

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

CALVIN
Cool down.

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Buy him a beer.

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

Malcolm slowly lumbers out of the building.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO FOYER -- AFTERNOON

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

TERESA
Jen. Out.

RITA
Can't you leave it at work?

TERESA
She takes hours to get ready.

RITA

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

TERESA

Treating her like a baby doesn't help.

Rita smooths a few imaginary wrinkles from her dress.

RITA

I didn't do such a lousy job on you, did I? And I practically raised both of you at the same time.

Teresa throws up her hands in surrender.

TERESA

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

RITA

Maybe it's time to stop trying.

INT. TURBINE BLDG STAIRWELL -- AFTERNOON

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

SECURITY GUARD

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

CONTROL

(from the radio)
The roof hasn't been walked in a while. Continue up and check it out.

SECURITY GUARD

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

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

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

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

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)
All units, unit 11. This is NOT a drill. Security alert. Security Alert. Turbine building stairwell, plant northeast corner, above the 140-foot level. Repeat. All units, Unit 11. This is NOT a drill. Security alert.

CONTROL
(V.O.)
Location again?

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

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

INT. SECURITY CONTROL -- AFTERNOON

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

CALVIN
Where is he?

CONTROL
(V.O.)
Turbine. His mic is open.

The CONTROL ROOM OPERATOR flips a switch. The static sound of the mic comes through the speakers. Calvin grabs the microphone.

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

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Get him back.

CONTROL
(V.O.)
Unit 11, unit 11, respond.

Nothing.

CALVIN
Try another channel.

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

CONTROL
(V.O.)
Unit 11, unit 11, respond.

INT. LOCAL COMMUNITY CENTER -- AFTERNOON

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

The center is decorated for a Halloween party and filled with other MIDDLE SCHOOL STUDENTS. Jennifer walks into the room and surveys the crowd. Teresa and Rita follow a few paces behind.

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

A small group of adults huddle together in the corner.

TERESA
What do you call those over here?

JENNIFER
Somebody else's parents.

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

JENNIFER
Those are seventh-graders playing that kid stuff. I'm an eighth grader.

Jennifer looks around and spots a couple of her friends.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Later.

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

RITA

Let her go.

The moment of silence is broken by a few cell phones RINGING and PINGING. Teresa grabs her cell phone and is first to the draw.

TERESA

(into the phone)

Alpha team, Mankiller.

Teresa turns around and surveys the group in the corner. About half of the adults are also talking on cell phones or reading their texts.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Ten minutes away along, with about a dozen others in this room that are responders at the plant.

Teresa jams the cell phone into her back pocket.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Get her home.

RITA

Is it a drill?

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

RITA (CONT'D)

Don't go. Lots of others are responding.

TERESA

This is what I am.

RITA

No, it's what you do.

Rita points at Jennifer.

RITA (CONT'D)

That is who you are.

Jennifer approaches her mother and grandmother.

JENNIFER

What's up with the cell phone patrol?

TERESA

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

JENNIFER

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

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

TERESA

Yup, we vampires own the night.

Teresa sprints toward the door.

INT. NUCLEAR GENERATING STATION ADMINISTRATION -- AFTERNOON

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

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

JIM

(Shouting)

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

Jim looks down at a clipboard.

JIM (CONT'D)

Admin to the cafeteria and the emergency response Team Leaders, meet me here in fifteen minutes after briefing your teams.

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

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PATIO -- AFTERNOON

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

MALCOLM
Hear anything?

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

Sammy tosses his cigarette and joins Teresa and Malcolm.

SAMMY
Give me a rifle and a scope and
I'll show those fucking tree-
hugging bark-eaters.

TERESA
What makes you think it is Eco-
terrorism?

Sammy shows her a picture on his cell phone.

SAMMY
Last month's protest out front.
Look at them. Idiots. Look at their
t-shirts. That big sun and "no
nukes." It would take solar panels
covering all of Los Angeles to
match the output from this baby.
Yah, they are probably named Ocean,
Maya, and Barley.

TERESA
Text me that picture.

SAMMY
Those protestors make me sick.
Three times last month they tried
to climb over the fences. Don't
they read those "deadly force"
signs?

Teresa shakes her head.

TERESA
Makes no sense. With climate
change, these power plants are a
long-term solution. Soon, they'll
be converted for fusion. Some think
that fusion could save the planet.

SAMMY
Try explaining that to Barley.
Picture sent.

Sammy freezes at the approach of Calvin.

CALVIN
Briefing time.

The small group of the Alpha team gathers around Calvin.

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

SAMMY
A rent-a-cop?

Calvin nods.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Guy is probably in the head. What's
all the fuss about?

CALVIN
Gunshots were fired.

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

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

Calvin looks down at his clipboard.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Seventeen-thirty-eight the security
access panels at the outer turbine
building door and control room were
breached.

SAMMY
(under his breath)
Holy shit.

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

Calvin points to a rough drawing on the next page.

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

TERESA
The control room?

Calvin shakes his head.

CALVIN
Nobody got there in time.

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

Calvin interrupts.

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

TERESA
What was their access point?

CALVIN
A few workers coming off shift
reported seeing hang gliders on the
hill above the plant. They landed
on the top of the turbine building
and then breeched the control
building.

MALCOLM
What the fuck are we doing out
here?

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

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

CALVIN

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

SAMMY

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

CALVIN

Guns, vests, tear gas are all in the security building.

SAMMY

Along with about a dozen of our guys.

CALVIN

Pinned down. They can't get out because of the snipers and we can't get in.

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

SAMMY

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

TERESA

The firing range.

SAMMY

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

TERESA

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

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

CALVIN

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

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)
Okay, let's hear it. Give me some ideas to work with.

SAMMY
We drive your pickup right through the gate into the secured area.

Sammy grabs the clipboard and draws a path.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
...then open fire.

Calvin takes back the clipboard.

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

Calvin makes a mark on the clipboard.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
...the rest, including you, would be shot by here. That turbine building is a perfect crow's nest. Next?

Sammy looks up at the hills.

SAMMY
Same way. Go up the cliff and hand glide into the secure area, but on the other side of the reactor buildings.

Calvin looks in that direction.

CALVIN
Hand glide in?

SAMMY
Same way they did. It'll be dark in another hour and they won't see us.

Calvin likes the idea. He writes it down.

TERESA
One problem, have any of us ever done that before?

The group shakes their heads.

TERESA (CONT'D)

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

SAMMY

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

TERESA

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

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

TERESA (CONT'D)

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

SAMMY

Any of you ever done that before?

TERESA

I could get to the TSC with my eyes closed. Wilma taught me that.

SAMMY

Wilma?

TERESA

My dog. After she lost her sight, she taught me that you don't need to always see where you're going.

SAMMY

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

TERESA

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

CALVIN

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

SAMMY

Phone him to scram it.

CALVIN

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

TERESA

Radios? Cell phone? Email?

CALVIN

No reception down there. It is designed that way to protect the servers from hackers.

INT. TSC COMPUTER ROOM -- AFTERNOON

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

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

COMPUTER VOICE

You have three lives left.

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

COMPUTER VOICE (CONT'D)

You have two...

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

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

TODD

(imitating the robotics
computer voice)

You have three thumbs left, m'lady.
I hope you're still hungry.

The computer starts to HUM contently reading the new thumb drive as Todd returns to his computer game.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- DAY

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

Cunningham and Jim Hovel studies pages of yellow legal pad notes and drawings.

CUNNINGHAM

This is the best you could come up with? Scrambling the plant means two million dollars a day in lost revenue.

CALVIN

Want to hear the alternative?

Both pencil-heads perk up.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

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

Calvin gets up and starts drawing a diagram on a whiteboard.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

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

JIM

The rods will drop first.

CALVIN

Unless they disable that system too.

JIM

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

Cunningham rubs his temples.

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

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

CALVIN

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

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PATIO -- AFTERNOON

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

Another Alpha team member, JACKSON (30s), comes up to the trio.

JACKSON

This is suicide.

SAMMY

Getting scared, chicken man?

JACKSON

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

SAMMY

If they've even been called.

TERESA

They have to be. The Atomic Energy Act requires it.

SAMMY

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

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

MALCOLM

You want to call her, don't you?

TERESA

Situation dictates a communications blackout.

MALCOLM

Fuck it, give her a call.

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

TERESA

Rules are rules. I don't break the rules.

She looks out at the horizon.

TERESA (CONT'D)

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

JACKSON

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

TERESA

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

MALCOLM

Bark eaters aren't that smart. That was probably their plan, but the roving team interrupted that. Now they've got snipers to keep us out.

Malcolm puts his hand on Teresa's shoulder.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

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

Malcolm rubs his stomach.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)

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

TERESA

Nobody is better qualified than me. I was in Afghanistan. Hot as hell during the day, so Wilma and I knew the night was our friend.

She looks at her cell phone.

TERESA (CONT'D)

But I want to text her so badly...

She looks at the others, then shakes her head.

MALCOLM

Not a guy in this room is going to report you.

TERESA

No, I'm not going to get fired because I broke a rule. When it comes down to what matters...my kid is like me. She knows the deal.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- AFTERNOON

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

CALVIN

Time to choose.

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Dark in fifteen, and my guys are ready.

JIM

What if they don't make it to the security building?

CALVIN

The only reason why we're planning an assault in that direction is to divert the sniper's attention from the lone alpha heading toward the TSC.

JIM

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

CALVIN

Not this Alpha, she's invisible in the dark. She used to clear buildings and roads in Afghanistan with her dog.

CUNNINGHAM

She? You can't send a fucking female out there.

CALVIN

I hired Mankiller because she's fast and experienced.

CUNNINGHAM

Experienced? What...she played
"hide and go seek" with a dog?

CALVIN

Two years clearing buildings and
roads for Marines with her dog and
eight years before that --- an
expert in explosives.

Calvin rubs his jaw.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Running wires to blow up shit.

Jim looks concerned.

JIM

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

CALVIN

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

Calvin cracks a small smile.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Better hope she never finds out
your home address.

Calvin makes a "kaboom" gesture with his hands.

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

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

SAMMY

Little baby oil will take that off
later.

TERESA

Shut the...

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

CALVIN

Got two other volunteers.

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

TERESA
Not with my moves, you don't.

CALVIN
You don't have to prove anything
here.

Now she's angry.

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

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

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

Sammy tries to get the blob off his sleeve and walks away
disgusted.

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

TERESA
So that's it. You think I carry
around some sort of guilt trip
because a Marine walked into a
mined field and blew himself up.

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

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

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

TERESA
Not in my book.

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
Let's go do what they pay us for.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PATIO -- NIGHT

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

CALVIN
You all have your mark?

The group looks at the tall security light poles.

SAMMY
I could hit those with my eyes closed.

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

SAMMY
Use of deadly force?

CALVIN
Authorized. Knock that bastard off in one shot.

Calvin turns his attention to Teresa.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
With all this going on, you should be able to sneak unnoticed into the TSC.

TERESA
Depends on how many are up there.

Sammy checks the scope on his rifle.

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

Calvin looks at the group.

CALVIN
Ready team?

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

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

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

COMPUTER VOICE
You have one life left.

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

TODD
Such a demanding lady.

He strokes the side of the big computer again.

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

EXT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

CALVIN
Thirteen, Fourteen, Fire.

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

TERESA
(whispering)
I own the night. Seek, seek, seek.

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

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

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

TERESA
I own the night.

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

EXT. SECURITY BUILDING -- NIGHT

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

SAMMY
Can you see her?

Malcolm holds out a hand to his face.

MALCOLM
I can hardly see my hand.

SAMMY
How the hell do we know if she made it?

MALCOLM
Stick to the plan. Teresa always delivers.

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

Malcolm squints at his watch.

MALCOLM
Coming up on fifteen...

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

INT. TSC STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

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

INT. OUTSIDE COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

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

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

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

COMPUTER VOICE

Game over...

TODD

Damn.

Teresa jumps up and into firing position.

TERESA

Freeze! This is not a drill.

TODD

Damn.

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

TODD (CONT'D)

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

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

TERESA

This is not a drill.

TODD

How would I know that?

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

TERESA

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

TODD

No different than when you're just pissed off about some stupid sound-powered phone prank.

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

TODD (CONT'D)

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

TERESA

Shut the fuck up and listen, you moron.

TODD

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

TERESA

Shut up. Eco-terrorists have taken control of the plant, I need you to scram the reactor.

Todd jumps up, pushing the gun aside.

TODD

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

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

TERESA

None of them say "scram."

TODD

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

TERESA

This is the TSC. Its purpose is to protect the servers, but It can also provide backup emergency control of the plant.

TODD

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

Todd points at a wall of computer systems.

TODD (CONT'D)

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

TERESA

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

TODD

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

TERESA

Then do it.

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

TERESA (CONT'D)

Do that again, moron and you'll lose it.

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

TODD

Peace?

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

TERESA

Done yet?

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

TODD

(muttering)

Humans.

TERESA

How much longer?

Todd looks at his watch.

TODD
Three hours and seventeen minutes.

He turns his attention back to the screen.

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

TODD
And seventeen minutes.

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

TODD
How the hell would I know how long it will take me?

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

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

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

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

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

INT. SECURITY CONTROL -- NIGHT

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

SAMMY
It's Christmas time.

Sammy kisses one of the assault rifles.

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

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

JACKSON

Did you leave any for us?

SAMMY

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

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

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Load up, then we're after these motherfuckers.

MALCOLM

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

JACKSON

Make them think getting here was our objective.

SAMMY

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

MALCOLM

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

SAMMY

See that sniper on top of the building?

Malcolm nods.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

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

Sammy does a great Rambo impression.

MALCOLM

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

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

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

MALCOLM
(into the radio)
Control.

CALVIN
(from the radio)
Position secure?

MALCOLM
Roger and Nightingale is in the
nest.

CALVIN
Maintain position, observe, and
report.

MALCOLM
Roger.

Malcolm sets the radio down. He smiles at Sammy.

MALCOLM (CONT'D)
You heard the man.

Sammy starts to load up with various weapons.

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

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

CUNNINGHAM
I thought the phones were down.

CALVIN
Not for them. They control the
phone system. They can flip them
back on whenever they want to talk
to us.

Cunningham reaches over and presses the speaker button.

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

JIM
Jim Hovel, Plant Manager.

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

CALVIN
Who are you?

TERRORIST
Shut up. We talk, you listen.

Jim gives Calvin a warning glance.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)
There are ninety-two nuclear power
plants in the United States. You
will take them offline within two
hours.

CUNNINGHAM
Nuclear plants are privately owned.
We'd have to coordinate with dozens
of other owners.

TERRORIST
Shut up. I talk. You tell the other
money-grabbing capitalists like you
that if all nuclear power plants
are not offline in two hours we
will expose the core of this plant
to show the danger of nuclear power
to the world.

CALVIN
You'll kill all of us.

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

JIM
Hello? Hello?

Jim holds the handset up.

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

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

Jim taps the handset on Calvin's chest.

JIM
He is in control.

CALVIN
Not if Teresa has taken the TSC.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

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

RITA
Anything about the plant on the
Internet?

Jennifer shakes her head.

RITA (CONT'D)
Keep looking. Can't be very
serious, if it's not on the news.
Probably a drill.

Rita clicks the controller and switches stations.

JENNIFER
But she'd be home by now...or at
least called me.

Jennifer grabs her cell phone. She scrolls up and down.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Even when I've really pissed her
off...

Jennifer types a few things into the computer.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Brianna and Stu say their parents
aren't home either. I'll find out
if they've got a text.

Rita clicks off the television and comes up behind Jennifer.

RITA
You know your mom...

Rita rubs Jennifer's shoulders.

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

Rita stops the rub and pats Jennifer on the arm.

RITA (CONT'D)
You should shut it down and get
ready for bed.

Jennifer looks up at the clock.

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

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

Rita ambles toward her bedroom, flips off the lights, and
leaves Jennifer alone in the dark.

JENNIFER
(to herself)
Even when she was deep shit in
Afghanistan, she'd text me
goodnight...every night.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

TERESA
Hello?

She turns to another channel.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Hello...hello, admin?

Todd looks up from his terminal and shakes his head.

TODD
Useless.

Teresa gets up and confronts Todd.

TERESA

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

She pokes him in the chest.

TERESA (CONT'D)

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

TODD

No sound-powered phones plugged in. Useless to try. They are only used by techs and if you remember, they have to be checked out. Security Control only monitors the channel when someone puts in a request on the work order. My guess is that nobody is on a work order right now.

TERESA

That was much better than just saying "useless." Trying speaking in full sentences next time.

TODD

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

TERESA

Asshole.

TODD

That works. One simple word.

TERESA

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

TODD

For you, it's probably "asshole".

TERESA

Out.

TODD

Out?

TERESA

Second most common dog handler command. First is Stay.

TODD

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

TERESA

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

TODD

The equivalent of coming straight from God, right?

Teresa ignores him and switches to another channel.

TERESA

What about the admin building? Are there plugs in there?

TODD

Yes, but only in their server room. They probably don't even know it's there and the phone would not be plugged in...for good reason. They wouldn't want us listening to their...

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

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

Todd mouths "THEM?" She nods.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

CUNNINGHAM

How much longer?

JIM

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

CUNNINGHAM

Then another hour on top of that to organize.

Cunningham looks at Calvin.

CUNNINGHAM (CONT'D)

Where's your Alpha team?

CALVIN

My guys saw Mankiller enter the TSC. The engineers here in admin think that computer geek can figure out how to scramble the plant in a few hours.

CUNNINGHAM

Let's get an operator down there.

CALVIN

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

JIM

Calvin's right. Next time, the snipers are going to figure out what we're up to and shoot the operator and take over the TSC.

CALVIN

Operator would be worthless anyway.

Cunningham looks over at Jim who nods.

JIM

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

CALVIN

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

CUNNINGHAM

Is that what he's doing?

Calvin nods.

CALVIN

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

CUNNINGHAM

Send him a message to hurry.

Jim and Calvin just look at each other.

CALVIN

It's just a security log that tracks what he is doing on the system. They can't talk to him or his computer.

CUNNINGHAM

Damn computers.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

TERESA

What the hell?

TODD

If you can hear them, they can hear us.

She nods.

TERESA

They were speaking German.

She brings out her cell phone.

TODD

No Internet. Google translate won't work. How did you know it was German?

TERESA

K9 dogs are trained in English and German. I recognized some of the command words I know.

She taps on her iPhone screen again.

TODD
You're a slow learner. No
Internet...

She shakes her head.

TERESA
The picture I got earlier. The
protestors.

She shows it to Todd.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Look at their hair.

TODD
Neat, clean.

TERESA
They are skin-heads wearing peace,
mother earth, and no-nuke t-shirts.

TODD
We're not dealing with Eco-
terrorists? Skin heads?

She shakes her head.

TERESA
They have been staging protests
last month to watch our routine,
learn the layout of the plant. I
thought it was odd that bark-eaters
were able to make that glide off
that cliff in those winds. These
are high-trained ex-military.

TODD
Germany is attacking the United
States?

She shakes her head.

TERESA
No logic in that, but I'm going to
find out. If I can get a German-
speaking control room operator down
here when your program starts, the
operator could start trying to take
control of the backup systems and
understand what the terrorist are
saying to each other.

TODD
 German-speaking control room
 operator? What the fuck? How about
 you also ask for a nice bottle of
 wine and some cheese and crackers?

Teresa starts to enter some numbers into the phone app on her cell phone.

TODD (CONT'D)
 That won't work down here either.

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

She finishes entering the numbers taps the screen off.

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

TODD
 You should try storing numbers
 more. Click on the little "i" icon
 ...

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

TERESA
 Keep on programming or I'll make an
 icon on your face.

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

TODD
 Might feel good.

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

Teresa comes out of the TSC and ducks behind the building. She hears some VOICES. She clicks to activate the cell phone screen. She swipes it up, left, right, down.

After a few seconds Teresa shakes it.

TERESA
 (under her breath)
 Damn.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

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

Jennifer looks toward her grandmother's room and hears a small SNORE.

CHAT TEXTS ON THE COMPUTER:

STU: "You there, Squid breath?"

JEN: "Barely awake, Puke face."

STU: "Mums not home?"

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

STU: "LOL"

JEN: "Your dad?"

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

JEN: "Probably big shots there or something"

STU: "Gotta go, Mumsi storm close by."

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Teresa turns over a clear glass cell phone while an excited Todd points out a few features.

TODD

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

He takes it back sets it down on the desk and places a cup of coffee on top of it.

TERESA

I get it - it is clear.

TODD

Exactly. Nobody notices that you have your cell phone just sitting there, listening, recording, videotaping. It looks like a coaster until...

He swipes up, and the icons appear.

TERESA

Can't you get it into your head? I only want to send an email without somebody hearing me. Before I could even try to make that call, I heard voices nearby. I'm going to need to email instead of calling or texting.

Todd takes the glass cell phone from her.

TODD

Then use your own old iPhone.

TERESA

The battery is just as dead now as it was a few minutes ago and I don't have the charger cable with me.

Todd holds the glass cell phone behind his back.

TODD

Say "please".

TERESA

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

TODD

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

TERESA

The top of the cooling tower?

Todd hands over his phone to Teresa.

TODD

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

Teresa pecks away at the phone, typing very fast.

TODD (CONT'D)

Is what you're sending worth another trip topside?

TERESA

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

TODD

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

TERESA

I know someone who is.

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

There is the sound of FOOTSTEPS. She moves into a tighter ball and looks closely at the phone screen and taps on the screen.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

Jennifer leans in close to the monitor.

JENNIFER

Holy shit!

The snoring stops and Rita comes stumbling from her room. She squints at the clock.

RITA

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

JENNIFER

She just sent me an email from someone called Todd.

Rita jumps up and stands behind Jennifer.

RITA

Probably just one of your chatting buddies playing a joke.

Rita squints a little harder to read the screen.

RITA (CONT'D)

It's her. "Out" is the only word in the subject.

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

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

Jennifer types into the computer quickly and then hits the printer icon.

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

Jennifer gives her a thumbs up.

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

Rita holds up her fingers crossed.

JENNIFER
 She's putting you through?

Rita nods.

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

Rita holds up the paper that Jennifer printed for her.

RITA (CONT'D)
 Teresa Mankiller is in the TSC. She
 just sent us an email. Sound-
 powered phone, channel seven. Need
 a German translator and/or a
 control room operator to the TSC.
 And she ends with the sentence;
 para-military-not eco channel four -
 listen, say nothing.

Rita grabs a pencil and writes down an email address.

RITA (CONT'D)
I'll try to get her to email you,
but she says it's dangerous to
remain topside.

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

RITA (CONT'D)
Send that email address to your
Mom.

Rita takes her hand away as Jennifer starts typing.

JENNIFER
Sent.

They both stare at the screen.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Nothing.

EXT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

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

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

TODD
(to the computer)
Little faster, sweetheart.

He looks up the stairwell for Teresa. Nothing.

TODD (CONT'D)
Where are you sweetheart?

Todd looks over at the sound-powered phone. He walks over and plugs it in.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa comes to with a GROAN. She is on the floor with her hands tied up. A beefy guy with a shaved head, OTTO, strides proudly over to her.

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

OTTO
Ahh...our little Indian Princess awakes.

Teresa struggles against the bindings.

TERESA
Let me go.

Otto leans down and cups her chin in his massive hand. He tilts her face toward him.

OTTO
Who are you? What do you know? Why were you hiding?

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

Otto throws his head back and LAUGHS.

OTTO
Illegally? What laws do you think we obey? United States? We don't recognize this government. We work for planet earth. We want to protect the our mother earth.

She defiantly pulls her chin back.

TERESA
An eco-terrorist that smokes and is German...

Otto harshly hits her across the mouth.

OTTO
What do call yourself? Native American. Indigenous People? We are more American than you. We built this country and we'll build it again from the ground up. We'll make it better.

Teresa rubs her mouth on her sleeve to stop the flow of blood from the corner of her mouth. Otto storms off to join the other TERRORISTS on the other side of the room.

Teresa leans toward the sound-powered phone and whispers.

TERESA
Nazi bastards. Sons of Liberty.
Switch to channel four.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

CUNNINGHAM
Are you sure you sent it correctly?

Jim glares at Cunningham.

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

CUNNINGHAM
Maybe the email from her was a
hoax.

JIM
Calvin knows her family. They are
serious folk.

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

CUNNINGHAM
Probably not easy to find an German
translator?

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

CUNNINGHAM
What did she mean about sound-
powered phone and channel four?

JIM

It means that she and the computer geek are listening to the terrorists speaking German to each other on channel seven and if we want to talk to her and the geek, we use channel four.

Cunningham reaches for the landline phone.

CUNNINGHAM

Let me have that phone.

JIM

No can do. There are no circuits in this office. We need to move this meeting into the server room.

Calvin slams down the phone.

CALVIN

Nobody is going anywhere.

Calvin walks over to the two.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Just talked to the feds. They say stop everything. Stay where we are. Take no action.

Both Jim and Cunningham get to their feet in alarm.

JIM

Feds?

CALVIN

Driving up the hill and officially in charge now. They issued an order at the gate. Take no action. Wait for instructions.

INT. TURBINE BUILDING CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

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

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

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

TERESA
 (whispering)
 Lights. Two fingers for yes.

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

TERRORIST
 Shut up, you stupid squaw. I can't think.

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

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

Both are darkly dressed to match their serious demeanor.

MACK
 Situation.

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

JIM
 Jim Hovel, plant manager.

CUNNINGHAM
 I represent the utility company and the owner of this plant.

Both offer their hands but neither Fed notices it.

JIM
 At seventeen-fifteen...

Cranston holds up his hand to cut Jim off.

CRANSTON
 Mack wants the current situation, not a novel about your fuck up.

Calvin stands up and points to the map.

CALVIN

I'm the head of security. We have a few security officers in the security building here...and a programmer and security officer pinned down in the TSC. They are listening to the terrorists through a sound-powered phone. Our only communicaton with them is via external emails.

Calvin points to another map.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

We are here...in the admin building, outside of the secure area. We have live communication with the programmer available on the sound-powered phones on channel four...

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)

...and we will be able to listen in on the terrorists on channel seven.

MACK

But you lack verification that you're even communicating with your security officer and this...programmer...via email?

CRANSTON

You could be communicating to a kid in his mom's basement.

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

JIM

What?

CRANSTON

The assault team has arrived.

CALVIN

Assault? You can't launch an assault. I have men out there.

JIM

The terrorists have taken over the control room next to the turbine building and have direct access to over eighty percent of the backup systems. Within an hour, they'll...

Cranston glares at Jim.

CRANSTON

They'll be dead.

JIM

So will everyone and everything in a ten-mile radius.

INT. TURBINE BUILDING CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

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

OTTO

Time to turn up the heat.

Otto picks up a phone. He screams into it.

OTTO (CONT'D)

My demands have not been met. Not one of these planet-killing nuclear plants is offline yet.

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

OTTO (CONT'D)

Once they take down the nuclear plants, it will crash the system. The whole grid will be down in two hours. Six months with no power and this country will be destroyed.

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

OTTO (CONT'D)

Six months.

Otto goes into a trance.

OTTO (CONT'D)
Six months and everyone will have
lost everything. Food, water, along
with everything they love.

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

OTTO (CONT'D)
I spent six months in prison for
following the orders of my
president. I lost my job, my wife,
my daughter. Everything I loved.

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

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

TERESA
I used to. When I was a Marine. You
served and you were a military dog
handler like me.

OTTO
How do you know that?

TERESA
You've been calling out K9 commands
to these guys at the terminal in
German. Sitz, platz, bleib, hier,
gib laut, voraus, aus, nein.

OTTO
Afghanistan. I miss Clyde every
day.

TERESA
He didn't make it home?

Otto shakes his head.

TERESA (CONT'D)
My Wilma is out there now, probably
looking for me. She's wearing her
combat vest that is the same color
as my track suit. My daughter
always says out, out, out to her.
Frank always says...

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

OTTO
Expose it now.

The door shuts with a SLAM.

TERESA
(whispering)
Did you hear that? Call Frank and
tell him that.

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

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

It BLINKS ONCE.

TERESA (CONT'D)
How much longer?

It BLINKS ONCE.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Glass phone?

It BLINKS ONCE.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Up top. Get it. Out.

The light panel BLINKS TWICE.

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

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

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

CALVIN

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

CRANSTON

Can't do it. We have to deal with this head on. How long will it take for you to stop the melt down after we provide you with access to the control room?

JIM

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

CRANSTON

Have them on the patio in five minutes.

Cranston leaves.

CUNNINGHAM

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

Jim and Calvin stare at Cunningham in amazement.

JIM

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

CALVIN

Along with our asses.

CUNNINGHAM

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

CALVIN

You've got a better idea?

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

Should? What if they're not fast enough?

CUNNINGHAM

Nuclear power has it's risks.

CALVIN

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

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

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

Cunningham SLAMS his fist down.

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

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

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

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

CUNNINGHAM

Nuclear power is safer than it's ever been.

Calvin starts to gather a few things.

JIM

Where are you going?

CALVIN

I'm going down to the server room to talk to that programmer and Teresa on the sound-powered phone. I'll call your cell phone, Jim, if there is any news.

EXT. TSC STAIRWELL DOOR -- NIGHT

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

INT. TSC STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

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

TODD
(to the cell phone)
Hi, honey. Miss me?

Todd pulls out the stylus and starts punching away.

TODD (CONT'D)
(to the cell phone)
Time to tell the baby soldier to
get out, out, out and find this
Wilma and Frank. Why in the world
does she need a track suit?

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- NIGHT

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

Jennifer perks up.

JENNIFER
It's her.

Jennifer quickly clicks with the mouse.

RITA
She okay? What did she say?

Jennifer freezes and stares at the screen.

RITA (CONT'D)
What?

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

RITA (CONT'D)
Wilma...Frank...combat vest? Why
the out, out, out?

Rita runs after her.

INT. JENNIFER'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

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

RITA

What is with the outs?

JENNIFER

Out, out, out. It's Mom's code word, remember? We've have to run.

RITA

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

JENNIFER

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

Jennifer grabs a stuff toy and jams it in.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Out, out, out --- means we get running.

Rita comes over and hugs Jennifer.

RITA

A lot of burdens for one so young.

JENNIFER

I'm almost fourteen. Mom said that by my age she was already working on the reservation at the health clinic.

Rita shakes her head sadly.

RITA

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

Jennifer looks at the clock.

JENNIFER

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

RITA
Where are we going?

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

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

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

INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

Teresa creeps close to one of the weapons. She strikes. With one swift movement she grabs the automatic weapon and slams it against the terrorist's head, knocking him from his chair.

Teresa points the automatic weapon toward the other terrorist.

TERESA
Away.

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
Todd!

Teresa moves closer to the sound-powered phone.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Todd. Tell them control is secure.

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

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
In there.

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
Todd! Todd! Todd!

INT. TSC STAIRWELL -- NIGHT

Todd taps furiously at the cell phone.

TODD
Pick up your email you stupid
pencil pushers.

EXT. ROOF OF TURBINE BUILDING -- NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

OTTO
I'll keep him for bait.

Otto kicks at remaining two.

OTTO (CONT'D)
Toss them back in.

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

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

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

Otto runs to Clem's side.

OTTO
Where?

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

CLEM
Just a scratch.

Otto nods and motions for one of the terrorists to help him. They pick up Clem and the wounded commando, then move toward the roof access door.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

CALVIN
These guys redefine the term SNAFU!

JIM
Casualties?

CALVIN
Four.

JIM
The fifth?

CALVIN
Dragged him inside.

JIM
Control?

Calvin just shakes his head.

CALVIN

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

JIM

We've got to start evacuating.

CALVIN

The plant or the public?

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

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

CALVIN

Half are non-essentials, Let them
go.

Cunningham shakes his head.

CUNNINGHAM

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

CALVIN

What about you?

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

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

CALVIN

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

JIM

No point. Can't get far enough away
in time from a full melt down.

(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)

Evac plans were developed for radioactive steam leaks.

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

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

CUNNINGHAM

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

JIM

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

CUNNINGHAM

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

Jim gets up and SLAMS his fist on the table.

JIM

Did they take any of the terrorists out?

CALVIN

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

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

CALVIN (CONT'D)

Damn. You guys are not monitoring this?

JIM

It's her?

CALVIN

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

JIM

Simulations? We need him to shut it down.

CALVIN

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

JIM

Get that operator and a few of your guys into the security building now.

CALVIN

That's what I'm staging right now. I'm just waiting for one more team member to get in place.

JIM

What is special about this guy?

CALVIN

Girl. She's a girl and she can find Teresa better than anyone out there.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

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

TERESA

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

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

TERESA (CONT'D)

(into the phone)

Pick up. Pick up.

Nothing. She SLAMS the receiver down.

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

Teresa jumps when she hears FOOTSTEPS coming from the turbine building door.

INT. TSC COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

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

TODD
(to himself)
All quiet on the western front.

He sits down at a computer screen.

TODD (CONT'D)
Five minutes left on the upload and
then let's see what they do.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

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

Otto eyes dart at the control panel and he drops Clem.

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

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

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

Otto motions for Teresa to return to her position next to the wall. They lay Clem down next to Teresa. Otto rips a first aid kit from the wall and tosses it at her.

OTTO
He dies, you die.

Otto turns in fury toward the terrorist at the control panels.

OTTO (CONT'D)
I don't hear no fucking alarms.
Melt this fucker down now.

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

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

Otto looks over at Clem. Teresa is working furiously to stem the flow of blood.

TERESA
You can't move him, he'll die.

OTTO
Nobody gets left behind.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd leans back comfortably and stares at the computer screen.

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

He pops up and pats the monitor on the side.

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

Todd moves over to the sound-powered phone and listens.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM -- NIGHT

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

She leans into and talks softly to Clem.

TERESA
Think about it, surrender now and
you might avoid being tried as a
terrorist or for treason.

CLEM

Ahh...treason. I certainly heard that word a lot in court before going to jail on the command of my president.

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

CLEM (CONT'D)

What about you? How can you be loyal and serve a government that puts fake presidents in office? And this country? There used to be millions of Indigenous people before the famous American Genocide.

TERESA

You're Native American?

CLEM

Seminole. Grew up in Florida, then in the Navy and afterwards, I worked at the power plant there.

TERESA

We're the silent minority. Not many benefits but at least they are not using us for target practice anymore or offering bounties for our dead bodies.

CLEM

You think it is better now because of that?

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

CLEM (CONT'D)

The Sons of Liberty will make them pay.

He leans in close to her.

CLEM (CONT'D)

We will own this country, again. We will make it great for everyone.

TERESA

(whispering)
You're wrong. Guys like Otto are no different than the puppet masters that run the country now...

Teresa looks in at Otto, but he is immersed in conversation with the terrorists at the controls.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Lay down. You'll start bleeding
again.

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

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

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

Clem MOANS.

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

She turns back to the first aid kit.

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

She looks up at the indicator lights.

They BLINK twice.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd perks up with this information. He types furiously.

TODD
(to the computer)
Earthquake. My favorite simulation.
I'll pick that option.

Todd grabs the cell phone and runs up the stairs.

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

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

MACK
Situation?

Calvin blasts out of his seat.

CALVIN
Situation? Situation my ass. You
guys fucked up the situation.

Cranston puts up a cautionary hand.

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

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

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

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

Calvin turns toward Mack.

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

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

CALVIN
What negotiations?

MACK
Shut down of the other ninety one
power plants.

Mack holds out his cell phone.

MACK (CONT'D)
I should have confirmation in a few
minutes. Situation will be resolved
peacefully.

CALVIN
 Wait. That first email said Sons of
 Liberty. What happens to the grid
 if those plants are shut down?

Mack speaks into his cell phone.

MACK
 Get me the locations of all the
 cell leaders of the Sons of
 Liberty. Find them now!

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

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

TERESA
 You still in pain?

CLEM
 What do you care?

He turns away.

CLEM (CONT'D)
 That's right, if I die, you die.

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

Clem shakes his head.

CLEM
 We'll be gone first.

TERESA
 How?

Clem coughs. He MOANS in pain.

CLEM
 Not stupid.

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

CLEM
 Forest path to shoreline, then
 powerboat.

TERESA

You can't make it down that path,
but I can get you to the shore.
First you need to slow the rate of
exposure of the core.

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

OTTO

Nobody leaves.

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

TERESA

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

OTTO

I lost my wife and daughter because
they locked me up. Now, people will
feel that same loss. They will lose
everything.

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd pats his computer and speaks into the sound-powered
phone.

TODD

(to himself)
Everybody ready to rock and roll?

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

There is a BEEP from the laptop. Both Calvin and Jim's cell
phones also BEEP.

CALVIN

It's the server room. They are
monitoring the sound-powered
phones.

Calvin squints at the screen.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Calvin looks over at Cranston and Mack.

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

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

Todd listens to the sound-powered phone. He punches a few things onto the screen.

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

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

The landline phone RINGS. Otto runs across the room to answer it.

OTTO
(into the phone)
Speak!

Otto smiles for the first time.

OTTO (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
We will surrender in thirty minutes
after verification the shutdowns. I
will slow down the melt down.

He SLAMS the phone down.

OTTO (CONT'D)
They met my demands. The country
will be ours!

TERESA
Shutting down those plants and then
the grid will mean fires, floods,
plagues, starvation, massive
deaths.

OTTO
They took everything from me and
now I take it back.

TERESA
Wrong. People will die. So will all
of us if we don't get out of here
now.

Otto leans down toward one of the terrorists at the control panel and WHISPERS.

The terrorist points at something on the screen in front of him. Otto nods then turns his attention toward Teresa and Clem.

OTTO
There is a another way out?

TERESA
You'll slow down exposing the core?

Otto starts to smack her but holds his hand back.

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

OTTO
Nice try, Indian princess. Those tubes will drown us.

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

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
Slow down the rate that you're draining the water...

She pulls Clem up to a standing position.

TERESA (CONT'D)
...give us an hour. Fifteen minutes to cross the turbine building, then make it out through the intake tubes. Another forty-five minutes to get clear of the plant.

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

Otto turns and goes back to the terrorists at the control panels. Clem leans in close to Teresa.

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

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

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

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

INT. TSC -- NIGHT

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

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

EXT. TOP OF TURBINE BLDG -- NIGHT

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

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

INT. WALKWAY TO TURBINE BUILDING -- NIGHT

As Otto, Clem, Teresa and the terrorists head toward the
 turbine building there is a thunderous ROAR. The metal
 walkway is shaking and the group is thrown to the floor.

TERESA
 Earthquake!

OTTO
 You lie.

TERESA
 (shouting)
 This is California.
 (MORE)

TERESA (CONT'D)
Happens a few times each year. This
was built on a fault.

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
Get back in there.

OTTO
No. To the intake tubes.

TERESA
Tsunami. The quake could have
caused a tsunami. We'll drown.

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

Wilma, wearing a combat vest nudges Teresa. Teresa puts her
arms around her and pulls out a knife and small gun from the
vest.

TERESA (CONT'D)
Out, out, out.

Wilma licks Teresa's face and returns the way she came.

EXT. TOP OF TURBINE BLDG -- NIGHT

The barrels roll off of the turbine building and onto the
roof of the control building with a ROAR.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

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

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

TERRORIST
It says earthquake!

OTTO
It could be a trick. Dump the
cooling water.

All the terrorists move toward the control panel.

TERRORIST

No control. The computer has taken over. Automated shut down has started.

OTTO

Override the fucking computer.

The terrorist works furiously at the panel.

TERRORIST

Nothing responds.

The NOISE and RATTLING has not stopped.

OTTO

Back to the intake tubes.

Teresa grabs his arm.

TERESA

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

Otto looks over at a terrorist who nods. Teresa crawls under the control panel.

TERESA (CONT'D)

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

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

OTTO

Sons of Liberty! Take them down. Make America...

OTTO and the other terrorist open fire, but so does Teresa from the side. She shoots each one in the knees and arms and they drop to the floor.

The SWAT team checks their prey, but no one notices Teresa who is still under the control panel near the sound-powered phone.

TERESA

You there, moron?

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

Teresa crawls over to Clem. He has lost a lot of blood, but is still alive.

TERESA (CONT'D)
What was your real name? Your clan?

CLEM
(gasping for air)
Panther. BlackNight. Clem
BlackNight.

TERESA
I am the Wolf clan. I am Mankiller.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- NIGHT

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

CALVIN
This debriefing is over. My man
needs her rest. Both of them.

Calvin helps Teresa up, but she pulls away.

TERESA
One more thing.

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

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

TERESA
This one is your problem. The
terrorists. The grid. The Sons of
Liberty.

MACK
We arrested hundreds of them
tonight. They were armed and ready
to take over grid stations
nationwide.

Teresa shakes her head.

TERESA

They won't stop. They'll do this again and again. If we had the dog patrols, they would have smelled the hand gliders on the cliff. They would have alerted.

MACK

Dogs? But they didn't have explosives. But even if someone tries to bring explosives into the plant, the new electronic sniffers will catch that.

TERESA

The dogs can be trained to alert to almost anything. But the sniffers go down if someone is wearing too much perfume or there is a heavy fog.

Cranston gets up and gathers his papers.

CRANSTON

We've tracked this Sons of Liberty group for years and we got them.

TERESA

You're wrong. There will be more and more of them each year. America makes them. Hate breeds them.

Calvin leans over toward Teresa.

CALVIN

(whispering)

It's not important that both of us know we're right.

Teresa looks over at Cranston and shakes her head. She pets Wilma and gets up.

TERESA

I guess, being right is way overrated.

INT. TERESA'S CONDO -- MORNING

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

TERESA
I am so proud of you.

Rita joins the hug.

JENNIFER
I got the emergency kit and of course, Grandma.

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

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

JENNIFER
It was a "cover your ass" kind of night.

TERESA
Jen.

Teresa looks angry but softens.

TERESA (CONT'D)
The night was your friend. You did what you had to.

JENNIFER
We owned last night. I got out, out, out.

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

TERESA
(softly)
Stay, stay.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES -- DAY

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

CALVIN
I said sit.

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

CUNNINGHAM

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

CALVIN

Show.

CUNNINGHAM

Show what?

CALVIN

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

TERESA

Sergeant?

CALVIN

A little higher.

TERESA

That would be your job.

CALVIN

Exactly.

Teresa jumps out of her chair.

TERESA

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

Calvin holds up a hand.

CALVIN

Down, girl. I'm getting a little promotion too.

Teresa reconsiders, then drops back into her chair.

TERESA

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

CUNNINGHAM

In time.

Teresa pops up again.

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

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

Teresa heads for the door.

TERESA
We done then?

Jim opens up a folder.

JIM
One minor detail.

Calvin shakes his head in disgust.

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

TERESA
I was justified.

JIM
There was no cause for evacuation.

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

JIM
Exactly. That is the official
record. For national security, the
events of last night are top
secret, classified.

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

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

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

Cunningham reaches over and takes the folder from Jim.

CUNNINGHAM
File closed.

EXT. ADMINISTRATION PATIO -- DAY

Calvin walks Teresa out to her car.

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

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

CALVIN
You surprised me on that one.

TERESA
That I called Jen?

CALVIN
Situation dictates a communications
blackout.

TERESA
Never again will my job come first.

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

TERESA (CONT'D)
Still want me as Security Chief?

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

TERESA
Pretty strange to consider me as
the human input.

Calvin sits down and hands her another envelope.

CALVIN
I always knew there was a heart in there.

TERESA
What gave me away?

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

TERESA
Jen?

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

He laughs.

CALVIN (CONT'D)
You never defended yourself when they teased you about that baby oil.

TERESA
They didn't have "need to know."

CALVIN
That's why you're the right person for this job.

Teresa looks at the envelope.

TERESA
What's this?

CALVIN
A little bonus for you that everyone agreed upon. We'll see you in a week.

Title: One Week Later

INT. TERESA'S OFFICE -- DAY

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

He taps on the etching on the door plate.

TODD
"Mankiller - Chief of Security",
pretty impressive...in so many
ways.

Wilma stands up, moves toward Todd and makes a tiny GROWL.
Teresa pats her on the head.

TERESA
Okay, baby girl. Sit.

Both Todd and Wilma sit down. Todd moves his chair over next
to the wall, far away from Wilma and puts the other chair
between them.

TODD
Wilma?

Teresa nods.

TODD (CONT'D)
Pretty brilliant message you said
into that sound-powered phone. The
track suit meant that your friend
Frank should bring some smelly
running clothes of yours and have
Wilma track you?

TERESA
Yup, and we always keep her combat
vest armed.

Todd peeks around to look at Wilma.

TERESA (CONT'D)
She's not wearing it. She not in
any danger.

Teresa winks at Todd.

TODD
Weren't you worried they would
shoot her?

Teresa shakes her head.

TERESA
The lead terrorist used to be a dog
handler. He would have never
allowed it.

Teresa scratches behind Wilma's ears.

TERESA (CONT'D)

We're a breed that loves these dogs like children and protect them with our lives. I would have never sent Wilma into danger alone.

TODD

And I saw Liz outside. And Wilma is also our newest member of the security force?

Teresa shakes her head.

TERESA

No, she's mine. A little bonus from Global Security the management of the power plant.

TODD

So all I have to do to be your friend is get used to being ordered around like a dog and bring a pound of hamburger in here every day?

TERESA

She's vegan.

Teresa leans back and crosses her arms behind her head.

TODD

And Liz?

TERESA

I have no idea what she eats, but I know she can scream if there's ever an emergency.

TODD

I've started learning those dog commands in German. Sitz, platz and the most important one, bleib.

TERESA

Bleib...stay.

She reaches down and strokes Wilma.

TERESA (CONT'D)

Stay, girl. You can stay forever.

TODD

Will I'll ever hear that one? Stay?

TERESA
If you're a good boy. That's all
anyone wants...

She gets up and pats him on the head.

TERESA (CONT'D)
...is to be safe and stay.

FADE OUT: