

CODE BLACK

Written by
Matt Thompson

writerlog@gmail.com
(310) 503-1799

FADE IN:

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

BING!

Elevator doors slide open to reveal DR. MELISSA LAMBERT (36) and her husband BILL (45). They're both dressed to impress but her makeup is running and his hair is unkempt. It's been a long night out and about.

They lumber arm in arm down the hall and pass NORA (31) fumbling with a key in her door.

NORA

Hi, guys. Date night?

BILL

It was. Now it's back to the rug-rat.

DR. LAMBERT

Hopefully the babysitter hasn't gotten her too riled up. It's like clockwork -- every other weekend we come home and Sophia's riding a caffeine high.

NORA

Oh god, I probably shouldn't crush your spirit, but...

DR. LAMBERT

What is it?

NORA

The TV's been booming all night. It sounds like she's been running up the walls.

BILL

Fantastic.

Nora finally turns the lock. She smiles at the couple and then disappears into her condo.

Dr. Lambert reaches the door at the far end of the hall. Sure enough, the television is loud enough to bleed through the walls.

DR. LAMBERT

Oh boy.

Dr. Lambert digs through her keys and finds the right one.

BILL
Ready for this?

DR. LAMBERT
Back to reality in three, two,
one...

INT. THE LAMBERTS' CONDO - NIGHT

The door SQUEALS open. Dr. Lambert and Bill enter to find the room dark and the only light shining from the television.

Bill stops. Sniffs the air.

BILL
You smell that?

DR. LAMBERT
Is that gasoline? Teddy, what's--

It's only then that she sees

THE BABYSITTER

laid out on the floor with blood trickling from the bullet lodged in his forehead.

CABOT (O.S.)
Poor boy made an awful ruckus.

CABOT SADLER (37) looms from the shadows and closes the door. He's a wiry figure, all lean muscle. The kind of man who absolutely loves the sound of his own Southern drawl.

He sports a pistol and has it aimed squarely between Dr. Lambert and Bill.

CABOT (CONT'D)
Points to the Misses -- that is gasoline. We'll get to that.

BILL
Who the hell are you? Where's Sophia?

CABOT
Take a seat.

The Lamberts slide onto the couch. Dr. Lambert can't take her eyes off the dead boy.

CABOT (CONT'D)
When he couldn't keep his mouth shut I had to seal it for him.
(MORE)

CABOT (CONT'D)
I apologize -- I know decent help
is so hard to find these days.

DR. LAMBERT
Where is my daughter?

CABOT
Girl did about the only sensible
thing she could -- she took off and
hid in that closet.

IN THE CLOSET

SOPHIA (11) stares out through blinds in the door. Utterly
terrified.

CABOT (CONT'D)
That's the trouble with these high-
priced condos. Ain't nowhere to
run when the bad man's in front of
the door and you're ten stories up.

DR. LAMBERT
If you hurt her I swear to god--

CABOT
Now don't you worry. Do right and
I won't so much as split one of her
ends.

BILL
We have money.

CABOT
This may come as a shock but I
actually have my fill. Do either
of you know who I am?

They both shake their heads.

CABOT (CONT'D)
I expect you know my daddy
nonetheless. His heart is failing
and -- well, let's just say men
such as us can't pop by the ER and
get right in.

(to Dr. Lambert)
Luckily, doctor, it's come to my
attention that you are one of the
premiere heart surgeons in this
country.

Dr. Lambert digs one set of fingers into the cushion. Bill
tightly holds her other hand.

CABOT (CONT'D)

I'll take your silence as agreement. Tomorrow you will generously provide my father a new heart. You will select a suitable donor based on -- well, I believe the word is 'histocompatibility.' And for taking the time to do this, I won't have to execute your pretty little daughter or her papa.

Cabot leans back with a smile stretched wide across his face.

BILL

Fucking hell. Now you listen to me, you twisted--

CABOT

Don't believe I was talking to you. This is between me and the breadwinner.

Dr. Lambert stares at her husband. Looks at the closet. Her eyes dart everywhere, unable to focus...

CABOT (CONT'D)

Truth be told I was hoping for a little less hesitating, but it's all right, Dr. Lambert.

Cabot reaches over and takes her free hand with his left.

CABOT (CONT'D)

I know I'm asking a lot--

Before the final word is out--

Cabot FIRES an entire clip into Bill!

Bill's body spills onto the floor, his eyes wide open, a mass of holes in his chest.

Dr. Lambert jumps. Aghast. Has to struggle to stop herself from vomiting.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Now, ma'am--

Cabot kicks a pair of empty gasoline canisters out from behind the couch. He pulls a lighter from his jacket.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Fingerprints, missing persons...
it's all a fuss that I don't want
to deal with so, as you so astutely
noticed, I've streaked your very
fine walls with gasoline and I'm
about to commit a rather egregious
bit of arson. If you don't want
two flatliners tonight, I suggest
you take your daughter downstairs
to meet a couple of my associates.

Dr. Lambert's eyes burn. She looks at her dead husband, then
at Cabot...

Finally she stands and walks to the closet. She opens the
door to find Sophia.

SOPHIA

Mommy!!

Dr. Lambert scoops Sophia up and holds her tight.

DR. LAMBERT

Keep your eyes closed, Sophia.
Don't open them for anything.

Sophia squeezes them tight as she can. Dr. Lambert walks her
out.

Cabot smirks. He lights a flame and tosses the lighter down
the hall. FIRE catches immediately, swallowing the walls.

He steps out and closes the door with just enough time to see
the inferno sweeping over Bill's body.

INT. CONDO LOBBY - NIGHT

Cabot shepherds Dr. Lambert and Sophia out of the elevator.

CELINE and BRANDT wait for them. She's composed and icy to
her core. He wears an expensive suit and is all class.

CELINE

He's going to be furious that you
did this on your own.

BRANDT

Be careful, boss -- she's feisty
tonight. I'm gonna get all hot and
bothered if she starts breaking out
big words.

CELINE
 (ignores him)
 We could've handled this, Cabot.

CABOT
 Course you could've.

Cabot pushes Dr. Lambert and Sophia forward.

CABOT (CONT'D)
 But contrary to what my dear daddy
 says, I believe you can't lead if
 you're not prepared to do the dirty
 work yourself.

Cabot reaches over and springs the FIRE ALARM. It WAILS and SCREECHES REPEATEDLY.

CABOT (CONT'D)
 Closing time. We ain't gotta go
 home but we can't stay here.

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

Brandt ushers Dr. Lambert and Sophia into the back seat of a luxury car. Cabot and Celine move up front.

The car kicks into gear and pulls away from the condo--

As FLAMES spill out from a top floor window.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Three FIRE TRUCKS tear down the street, ducking and weaving through traffic.

The lead truck swings right -- turning hard enough that the FIREMAN hanging off the side nearly loses his grip -- and then speeds on.

EXT. CONDO - NIGHT

The trucks swerve to a stop. FIREFIGHTERS pour out, including--

GRAHAM HARRIS (43). He's not over the hill but the hill is definitely in sight.

The upper half of the building is engulfed in flame.

Graham weaves through traffic -- a number of trucks, POLICE, dozens of ON-LOOKERS -- and finds the BATTALION CHIEF surrounded by other fire teams.

BATTALION CHIEF

Four alarm protocol. Mullen, take your guys and lay down a spray. Hutchinson, you're going in. Harris -- where the hell is Harris?

GRAHAM

Right here.

Graham ducks in from behind a couple guys. He's not the huge brute a number of them are.

BATTALION CHIEF

You're gonna hook up with Mullen's crew.

GRAHAM

For fuck's sake. All due respect but I'm better on my feet than all these guys. I should be heading in there, not laying spray.

BATTALION CHIEF

Your knees'd give out and you know it--

An EXPLOSION rips out from one of the upper windows. The building quakes.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Help me! Help me!!

Everyone looks up to see--

A woman cornered in her top floor condo. Ducking her head outside -- it's Nora.

NORA

I'm trapped in here! Please do something!

Glances all around. Shit.

FIREFIGHTER

What do we do?

BATTALION CHIEF

Hutchinson's gonna have to work his way up from the lobby.

GRAHAM

It'll take at least an hour to get up there. There's no way she's still breathing when we breach.

Graham eyes the fire engine parked closest to the building. Its ladder is fully extended to sixty feet -- two floors too low to reach Nora's window.

BATTALION CHIEF

What other option we got? Ladders don't go that high and it's not stable enough to--

Graham bolts to the fire engine.

BATTALION CHIEF (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ. Harris!

Graham rips a FIRE AX off the truck and forces himself to the roof. He finds his footing on the ladder and launches himself up--

Finally he's at the top, but he's twenty feet below Nora and another five feet from the building.

GRAHAM

Oh, this is a bad idea...

Graham leaps from the ladder, and as he does he launches the fire ax forward--

SHATTERING the window as his momentum propels him

INSIDE THE BURNING UNIT.

Graham lands and rolls. He struggles to his feet, coughing -- the smoke is thick and heavy.

Graham launches forward and crashes through the door, barreling into the

HALLWAY

which is just as black as the unit--

INT. NORA'S CONDO - NIGHT

Nora fights for breath. She ducks her head out the window and tries to swallow fresh air--

No dice. She coughs madly.

BATTALION CHIEF (O.S.)

(loud speaker)

Stay as low as you can! We're doing everything we can to get to you!

Nora falls to her knees. She works to stay under the smoke, everything in her condo now a death trap--

INT. CONDO STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Graham races up the stairs. He rounds a turn and starts up the next group--

SMASH!!

Graham drops as his foot tears through a weak stair!

He shakes his foot free and regains his balance, then launches around the last turn and up the final set of stairs.

INT. CONDO HALLWAY - NIGHT

Inferno. Graham uses his sleeve to shield himself. There are a number of doors. Which one...?

GRAHAM

Ma'am? Ma'am! Can you hear me?!

Nothing.

His mind works -- okay, if that's the end of the hall, then her room would be...

Graham finds a door and turns the knob. Locked. He kicks at it -- won't give!

He clutches the ax and SWINGS -- once, twice -- finally he tears through enough of the door to reach in and turn the lock--

NORA'S CONDO

Graham bolts in and sees Nora laid out on her back. He rushes over and checks her -- her breathing is shallow and her eyes have trouble focusing on him...

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

I'm getting you out of here.

He gently lifts her--

CRASH!!

Half of the ceiling IMPLODES, blocking off the door!

Graham's eyes dart around -- keep thinking, keep moving--

He sets Nora down and dives his head through the window. Frantically looks for something, anything...

The fire truck is a long, long way down. Too far and too hard for impact.

But there's something else--

A DUMPSTER. Lid open, full of cushy trash bags. It's a tricky jump but a much softer landing.

No time to consider. Graham grabs Nora--

LLLLLLRRRRRRRRRCCCCCHHHHHHHH!

The rest of the ceiling is about to give--

Graham leans Nora out the window, enough to make it an easier jump--

THE CEILING GIVES IN!

Graham spears forward

OUTSIDE

as he and Nora fall -- ten feet, thirty, fifty -- rocketing down until--

SMASH!!

They land hard enough that the dumpster lid closes on top of them.

Cops and firefighters race over. The Battalion Chief rips the lid open--

Graham dives out and pulls Nora from the dumpster.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Oxygen! We need fucking oxygen now!

A PARAMEDIC hurries over with an oxygen mask and fixes it over Nora's face.

BATTALION CHIEF

Had it waiting. You all right?

GRAHAM

Been worse. Hutchinson go in yet?

BATTALION CHIEF

Yeah, he took his team--

Graham grabs his helmet out of the dumpster and slides it back on.

BATTALION CHIEF (CONT'D)
Where the hell are you going?

GRAHAM
Might be more people trapped.
Knees haven't given out yet!

As Graham barrels head first through the lobby doors--

FLASH! FLASH!

The Battalion Chief sees REPORTERS on the other side of the street. TV, print, everyone looking on and using their cameras to record each moment--

INT. ST. AMELIA'S CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A television plays a NEWS BROADCAST. A flaming motif makes it clear that last night's condo fire is the top story.

The anchor talks but AUDREY (28) is too busy at the nurses station to listen. She scoops up a few charts and starts down the hall.

JUSTIN (30) strolls up behind her as she walks.

JUSTIN
Here again? How many shifts is
that this week?

AUDREY
Six. You ever notice how bills
don't just disappear when you're
not working?

He laughs. Too hard. Um...

JUSTIN
Where you off to?

AUDREY
Dr. Lambert came in early -- have
to give her these. Later.

She's off fast enough that he can't follow.

INT. DR. LAMBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

KNOCK-KNOCK. Dr. Lambert turns to the door.

DR. LAMBERT
It's open.

Audrey enters, then stops abruptly when she sees

CELINE

standing over Dr. Lambert. She's in glasses and a business skirt, oozing importance.

AUDREY

Um, hello.

CELINE

Hey there. Sorry -- unscheduled review. I promise not to hover.

AUDREY

Oh. I grabbed those charts for you, doctor.

DR. LAMBERT

Thank you, Audrey.

AUDREY

I peaked -- none of them were as close an HLA match as you wanted.

DR. LAMBERT

None of them?

AUDREY

That's all of the AB-negative adults.

CELINE

Can't you go younger?

DR. LAMBERT

What?

CELINE

S'pose I'm just spit-balling here, but Leukocyte testing is for transplants, right? You could always go younger than eighteen. Works just the same.

AUDREY

I... guess I can check kids too. Give me a bit.

INT. FIRE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Graham runs his head under the shower. Soaks it in. There's a nasty dark bruise where he slammed into the dumpster.

He kills the spray. His eyes find a clock on the other side of the room. It's 4:50 p.m.

GRAHAM

Shit.

Graham rips a towel from the rack and charges out of the stall--

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

MACKENZIE HARRIS (14) shoots baskets by herself. She puts up a shot and misses.

Graham hustles in and grabs the ball.

GRAHAM

Uh-oh, Harris has the ball. He moves down the court... he's got two defenders on him but he launches a shot...

Graham takes a shot. Air ball.

MACKENZIE

And he misses. Just like he missed his daughter's basketball game last night. Just like he missed five o'clock when he was supposed to pick me up. Just like--

GRAHAM

Fine, I get it.

MACKENZIE

More than last time? 'Cause you said it then too.

GRAHAM

Please drop the attitude. Your mom was awfully clear that she didn't want me to see you. It's not my fault that now it's suddenly all day everyday.

MACKENZIE

Whatever.

GRAHAM

There was a four alarm last night. Took all day to clean up and -- I just forgot, all right? It won't happen again.

INT. ST. AMELIA'S CLINIC - PEDIATRIC UNIT - DAY

Audrey tucks a chart under her arm. She turns and spots Sophia sitting on one of the beds. There are only a couple KIDS and Sophia is clearly the healthiest.

AUDREY
Hey you. Your mom didn't say you were here today.

Sophia shies. Scared and confused.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Sophia?

Sophia's eyes are fixed on

BRANDT

sitting next to the door. Still in a fine suit, his face buried in a newspaper. As he flips the page he steals a glance back at Sophia--

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Hey.

Sophia's eyes dart to Audrey. Audrey leans in close like she's got one heck of a secret.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
I know your mom's really strict about what you eat and drink, but... what if I got you a Coke? Would you like that?

Sophia manages to smile.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
That's what I thought. I gotta drop this chart off and then I'll be right back.

INT. DR. LAMBERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Audrey enters. Dr. Lambert stares off into space as Celine pours through the earlier charts.

AUDREY
Dr. Lambert? I think I've found a match. She was in here a year ago with rheumatic fever. HLA's compatible with the subject you talked about.

CELINE
That's great news.

Celine takes the chart. She opens it and sets it in front of Dr. Lambert.

CELINE (CONT'D)
Now you can save someone's life.

Dr. Lambert forces herself to look at the chosen donor's picture--

MACKENZIE smiles widely.

EXT. DEPOT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

EVANS, a high-class thug, keeps a lookout next to a dump truck. His partner BIGBY threads a few wires inside...

BIGBY
Think they got air bags? 'Cause
I'm not sure this thing does.

The ENGINE ROARS as the truck RUMBLES to life.

Evans rips the passenger side door open.

INT. GRAHAM'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Graham is at the wheel and Mackenzie rides shotgun.

GRAHAM
How'd you do last night?

MACKENZIE
Okay. Fourteen points, ten
assists.

GRAHAM
"Okay"? That's fucking great.

Mackenzie raises her eyebrows.

MACKENZIE
We have to work on your swearing,
dude.

GRAHAM
Excuse me? I'm the goddamn--

MACKENZIE
Language.

Graham starts again. Immediately stops himself. Then--

GRAHAM
I'm the grown-up, Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE
Sure ya are.

She mock-punches Graham in the arm. He flinches.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)
What happened?

GRAHAM
Nothing.

MACKENZIE
Mom always said you were an awful liar. Now I'm thinking she was giving you too much credit.

GRAHAM
I might've... jumped out of a window. Not that high.

MACKENZIE
How high is "not that high"?

GRAHAM
Couple stories... few stories...
Maybe a lot of stories.

MACKENZIE
Oh my god.

GRAHAM
Don't worry about it. I'm fine.

MACKENZIE
You gotta be careful... Oh fine,
I'll use the word. Dad. Don't let
this go to your head but you're
kind of all I got left.

GRAHAM
That was almost a nice thing you
just said to me.

Mackenzie smirks -- then her face falls as she sees

AN ONCOMING DUMP TRUCK

moving rapid-fast toward them!

SMASH!!!

The truck takes them at an angle and flips the car over, tossing it like a play thing.

Inside it's a swirling tornado of GLASS and GROANING METAL. AIR BAGS inflate.

The car slides against a guard rail...

And finally comes to a stop.

Graham struggles with his seat belt. He's weak, just awake enough to see--

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Mackenzie... Mackenzie!

She's out with a bloody gash on her forehead.

Graham fights to keep his eyes open--

GRAHAM'S POV

Through the shattered window, the doors of the dump truck open...

Bigby and Evans climb out. They hurry for the wrecked car...

And the world goes BLACK.

INT. ST. AMELIA'S CLINIC - GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

IMAGES flicker in and out as Graham struggles to open his eyes. The crash -- rescuing Nora from the fire -- Mackenzie--

There are HUSHED WHISPERS... the BEEP!BEEP!BEEP! of the heart monitor--

GRAHAM
Mac... Mackenzie...

Audrey leans over him.

AUDREY
Save your strength and try to
relax, okay? You lost some blood--

Graham is out again before she can finish.

INT. MACKENZIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Mackenzie is asleep on the bed, banged all to hell. Dr. Lambert hangs over her. Just staring.

INT. PEDIATRIC WARD - NIGHT

Celine enters to find Brandt in his standard position by the door.

CELINE
We're good to go on the girl.

BRANDT
I was thinking -- what do you say to dinner later? I hear the cafeteria in this place is high-class.

CELINE
If you say another word I will cut you in places that even you won't enjoy.

BRANDT
I'm gonna hold you to that.

CELINE
We have a job to do. Bring 'em in.

Brandt grabs his RADIO.

BRANDT
(into radio)
Boss...

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

Two GUARDS patrol the roof as a HELICOPTER ROARS into view.

ROOF GUARD #1
Are we expecting a MediVac?

ROOF GUARD #2
Nobody told me.

INT. FIRST FLOOR ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bigby, Evans, and a dozen thugs dressed as HOSPITAL CLEANERS barrel through the entrance and start down the hall.

INT. SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Monitors decorate the room showing multiple views of the clinic.

ROOF GUARD #1 (V.O.)
Security One, this is Anders. Is there a MediVac coming in?

JACKSON, the head of security, takes his radio. He hesitates for a beat, then--

JACKSON
Yeah, from Macon. Let 'em pass.

ROOF GUARD #1 (V.O.)
Copy.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

The guards wave the helicopter in. It settles on the pad and then its doors open.

A dress shoe hits the pavement. Cabot, in his finest suit.

FALLON follows. *Hulk smash* might as well apply to him. He eases a wheelchair out of the chopper. In it sits LINCOLN SADLER (63). He's incredibly frail with a breathing mask clutched to his lips.

ROOF GUARD #1
What's with the entourage?

Fallon wheels Lincoln across the pad. The guards look as they pass--

ROOF GUARD #2
Oh god, is that Lincoln Sadl--

BAM!BAM!

Two perfectly placed gunshots drop the guards.

Cabot tucks his pistol into his jacket and follows his father.

CABOT
I believe it was, my good man. I
do believe it was.

INT. SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Jackson eyes the monitors. Each shows a different part of the hospital along with a flashing "REC" light.

He clicks a button on the control panel and the monitors go dark. Jackson grabs a headset and dials the speakerphone...

OPERATOR (V.O.)
County Medic-Alert Center.

JACKSON

Hi, Sheila. This is Jack at St. Amelia's. We're having some power problems here. Nothing we can't handle, but we're gonna be off the grid for awhile. No emergency re-routes, okay?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Always looking for special treatment.

JACKSON

Hey, it's me. You know I give as good as I get.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

It's a slow night anyway. I'll pass the word that you're a no-go.

JACKSON

Thanks, sweetie.

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Audrey scribbles notes. Justin approaches her, oozing unearned confidence.

JUSTIN

Heya. Aren't you supposed to be off?

AUDREY

Yep -- just finishing that car accident. Stolen dump truck blew a light and hit two people. Piece of shit driver fled the scene.

JUSTIN

Oh. Well. I was wondering -- what do you like to do?

Wow. Really?

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

You know. For fun?

AUDREY

I like long walks on the beach.

JUSTIN

Yeah? Amazing! I also--

AUDREY

As long as they're short and
nowhere near water. Good night,
Justin.

INT. GRAHAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Graham sleeps. Slow, steady breaths. Then--

He startles awake. There's someone else sitting in the room.
It's--

NORA

Hi there.

Graham's eyes focus. He tries to get his bearings.

NORA (CONT'D)

Do you remember me?

GRAHAM

You're okay...

NORA

Sorry for going all stalker. I
came out for water and saw you in
here. Figured I should at least
say thanks.

GRAHAM

It was nothing.

NORA

Liar. I'm Nora.

Graham jumps, suddenly remembering.

GRAHAM

I have to find Mackenzie.

NORA

What?

GRAHAM

My daughter. We were in an
accident. She's here somewhere --
have to make sure she's all right.

He rips the IVs out of his arm.

NORA

Oh wow.

Graham sits up -- ooh, that went straight to his swimming head -- and kicks off the bed. Loses his balance--

Nora catches him.

NORA (CONT'D)

I realize you're superhero guy and everything but I don't think you should be walking right now.

He heads through the door.

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Graham stumbles down the hall. Nora follows.

NORA

Do you even know which floor she's on?

He staggers around a turn--

And finds Audrey finishing her rounds.

AUDREY

What are you doing out of bed?

GRAHAM

Where did you take my daughter?

AUDREY

She's upstairs. Dr. Lambert is looking after her.

NORA

Wow, she's actually working after last night?

GRAHAM

Where?

AUDREY

You should calm down -- she's the best surgeon in the state. Five states, even. Your daughter's in good hands.

GRAHAM

I'm not going back to bed until I see her.

AUDREY

Come on, then. I'll take you.

She leads Graham and Nora into

THE ELEVATOR.

Graham leans against the wall. Audrey looks at Nora.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

NORA

He didn't tell me his name. That's rude. So I'm gonna go with him and once he sees his daughter's okay, then he's gonna tell me his name.

AUDREY

I could tell you his name.

NORA

Don't you dare.

INT. INTENSIVE CARE UNIT - NIGHT

Audrey, Nora, and Graham shuffle out of the elevator.

AUDREY

The drugs aren't doing you any favors. Stressing the point -- you look awful and I'd bet a bunch of money you look better than you feel.

NORA

She's not wrong.

GRAHAM

I'm fine. I just need to see her face.

AUDREY

She's in 305.

They turn a corner and nearly crash into

CABOT

pushing Lincoln's wheelchair.

Graham doesn't miss a beat, barreling down the hall towards his daughter's room.

CABOT

Don't mind us. We're only walking.

AUDREY
I'm sorry about that, sir. He's--

DR. LAMBERT (O.S.)
Audrey.

Audrey turns to find Dr. Lambert.

DR. LAMBERT (CONT'D)
I need you to prep OR 3.

NORA
Hey, Dr. L. Glad to see you're--

DR. LAMBERT
Audrey.

AUDREY
But I was just on my way out.

DR. LAMBERT
Now.

Dr. Lambert takes Lincoln's wheelchair and rolls him away, never so much as glancing at Nora.

GRAHAM

continues down the hall, counting off rooms. Most of them are dark and empty save for a few Cleaners. They look out of place but Graham is too focused to notice.

He finds the right room--

GRAHAM
Mackenzie!

Dr. Lambert sees him go in.

MACKENZIE'S ROOM

Graham takes Mackenzie's hand.

GRAHAM
Thank Christ you're okay.

Dr. Lambert hurries in.

DR. LAMBERT
You shouldn't be in here.

GRAHAM
Why is she in ICU? I thought she was stable?

Cabot peers in through the window. So does Nora though she doesn't look nearly as sinister.

DR. LAMBERT

I know this is incredibly hard for you but--

GRAHAM

What's going on?

DR. LAMBERT

There's no easy way to say this. Mackenzie... she's slipped into a coma.

GRAHAM

What?

Dr. Lambert looks at Cabot, then:

DR. LAMBERT

We think there was an internal hemorrhage that might have led to acute brain ischemia. There's a significant amount of damage to her frontal lobe.

GRAHAM

The fuck are you talking about? There's no blunt force trauma anywhere near her head.

Dr. Lambert indicates the nasty gash on Mackenzie's forehead.

DR. LAMBERT

You'll see that's--

GRAHAM

Just a cut, nothing more.

Graham checks Mackenzie's vitals. Dr. Lambert looks at Cabot, *ohmygod*-nervous.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Her pulse is strong -- no bruising around the cranium.

He opens Mackenzie's eyes.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

She's responding to light.

DR. LAMBERT

I understand how hard this is--

GRAHAM

I don't know what school you went to, lady, but my EMT courses are making me feel like the fucking doctor here.

JACKSON

pushes into the room.

JACKSON

Is there a problem?

GRAHAM

Why are you lying to me?

DR. LAMBERT

You have to leave.

Jackson takes Graham's arm.

JACKSON

Come on, sir, I'll buy you a cup of coffee. Let the doctor do her job.

GRAHAM

Tell me what's going on.

JACKSON

She can't save the girl's life with you yelling at her.

Graham gives Jackson a hard once-over, then takes in the space around him:

-- Cabot's glare through the window.

-- The Cleaners standing just outside the door.

-- The sweat on Dr. Lambert's brow.

Graham finally nods and follows Jackson out of the room.

INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

Graham counts off Cleaners as he passes them. Nora follows him.

Cabot motions to a thug at the end of the hall -- Fallon. Graham sees.

NORA

What's going on?

GRAHAM

Stay back, okay?

NORA

She wasn't acting right -- none of 'em were. These guys are up to something. So no, I'm not staying back. You saved my life and I kind of owe it to you to help you back.

Graham and Jackson slide into

THE ELEVATOR.

Graham shakes his head at Nora but she gets in anyway. Fallon follows her.

The doors start to close--

And Cabot slides in at the last second.

CABOT

Lotta big boys in here. Not sure this thing has what it takes.

Graham looks Cabot in the eye--

CRACK!

Cabot drives the butt of his pistol into Graham's face, knocking him cold.

Nora's eyes go wide as she processes what just happened--

Cabot aims the pistol between her eyes.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Sorry, baby doll, but you got in the wrong elevator.

He FIRES.

Nora crumples. Dead.

JACKSON

What the fuck are you doing?! I had this under control!

CABOT

If you hope to ever use that mouth again I would strongly advise shutting it. I pay you quite a bit of money and not a dime of it is for speaking.

JACKSON
No, I'm paid to--

Cabot FIRES again, right into Jackson's thigh. He yelps.

CABOT
And if you question me, or
interrupt me, I'm going to take
some of my investment back out of
you. Do you understand?

Jackson nods.

CABOT (CONT'D)
I'm happy to see that. Now get
back to monitoring calls. We can't
let our good doctor's work be
interrupted.

JACKSON
There won't be any problems. I'll
have them--

CABOT
Did you hear a goddamn thing I just
said?

Cabot digs through Graham's pocket and finds his cell phone.
He SMASHES it.

BING. The doors open. Fallon tosses Graham out.

CABOT (CONT'D)
Where's the morgue?

JACKSON
We're not a big facility. It's not
much of--
(Cabot glares)
End of the hall on the left.

CABOT
Thank you.
(to Fallon)
Put these two on ice then get back
upstairs.

BASEMENT HALLWAY

Fallon lifts Graham off the floor. He manages to drag Nora's
limp form behind him as he heads for the morgue.

Jackson turns the other way, not noticing--

AUDREY

through the door of one of the storage rooms. She looks up but Jackson is already past her.

Audrey peeks her head out and sees Fallon disappear into the morgue. Curious, she starts after him...

INT. MACKENZIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln breathes into his mask, staring at Mackenzie as she sleeps. Cabot enters.

LINCOLN
Is there a problem?

CABOT
Already dealt with.

LINCOLN
You always did insist on getting
your hands dirty.

Cabot can't meet his father's disapproving gaze.

LINCOLN (CONT'D)
So... this is the girl who's going
to save my life. A child.

CABOT
So?

LINCOLN
I'm stealing decades in exchange
for what? A year maybe?

CABOT
Since when is stealing lives a
problem? Remember those poor
fuckers in Detroit? They were
children once. Most of them
probably had kids at the time.
Weigh it all and their lives were
worth what, a couple keys of coke?

LINCOLN
Detroit. The mistakes of an old
man. I could die tonight, Cabot,
and that's what you'd have me
thinking about.

CABOT
The point is you don't weigh it at
all. It doesn't matter.

(MORE)

CABOT (CONT'D)

She's a piece of meat -- nothing more. Just an oven keeping that healthy heart beating until the doctor gives it to you.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

It's very dark. THUNK. Fallon tosses Graham onto a table.

Then -- FLASH. Lights.

There isn't much space. Two tables and a freezer. But on the instrument table Fallon finds a CIRCULAR BONE SAW.

He grins and plugs the cord into an outlet--

WWWWHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!!

Graham's eyes are closed. Still unconscious...

AUDREY

bursts in.

AUDREY

What the hell do you think you're doing?

Fallon kills the saw.

She stops. Sees. Oh shit.

FALLON

Is there anything I could say right now that you'd believe?

Graham's fingers twitch and run across the only thing they can reach... a BED PAN...

Fallon sets the bone saw on the table and pulls a silenced pistol from his belt--

He pulls back on the hammer--

CRACK!!

Graham SMASHES the bed pan against Fallon's head, crashing him to his knees--

Fallon immediately recovers. A single blow isn't gonna put a guy of his size down.

Fallon quickly FIRES a few shots--

The shots ricochet off the bed pan! Graham charges forward, spearing Fallon into the instruments table--

The gun flies away--

Fallon finds the bone saw. WWWWHHHRRRRRRRR!!!! He lunges at Graham -- Graham dodges--

Another lunge -- the blade cuts into Graham's chest!

Graham's stumbles, his chest a bloody mess. Fallon raises the saw, and this one's coming down right on Graham's head--

The saw goes dead.

Fallon's head turns--

Audrey holds the power cord. She tore it from the wall.

FALLON (CONT'D)
Not a good move, bitch.

The blade may not be in motion but it's still a sharp, heavy thing. He raises the saw to bring it down hard--

Audrey turns to find -- the gun! She grabs it, aims right at Fallon's head--

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Empty!

AUDREY
Fuck!

The bone saw comes down--

Audrey just manages to roll out of the way as the teeth rip a chunk out of the floor.

Fallon hunches over to lift the saw back into the air--

And then Audrey takes the power cord and weaves it around Fallon's neck, creating a makeshift noose--

She PULLS. Fallon gasps and fights to break her hold on the cord. Audrey's pulled off the ground, still holding tight as Fallon twists, swinging her about--

She loses her grip! Audrey falls.

Fallon sucks in a huge gulp of air, murder in his eyes. He takes a step toward her--

GRAHAM

grabs the cord. He uses every ounce of muscle to pull --
lifting Fallon off the ground--

Graham swings and Fallon goes over him, forming a complete
arc, and then--

CRACK!!

Fallon's head comes down onto the end of a table, SHATTERING
his neck.

Silence. A long, long bit of silence.

Graham checks his chest wound. Shallow enough.

GRAHAM

Thanks.

AUDREY

Any time.

INT. PEDIATRIC UNIT - NIGHT

Dr. Lambert enters. The room is empty save for sleeping
children. Brandt's chair is vacant.

Her eyes dart. Is this possible? No guards...

Dr. Lambert hurries over to Sophia. She topples an empty
Coke can as she reaches out to shake the girl awake--

CABOT (O.S.)

How much longer, doctor?

Dr. Lambert freezes.

Cabot stands in the doorway.

DR. LAMBERT

They're prepping now. We'll have
the child's heart within the hour.

CABOT

How much longer till it's in my
father?

DR. LAMBERT

I'm gonna give you some advice.
You're on edge -- that's normal.

(MORE)

DR. LAMBERT (CONT'D)

But you've done a decent job of not letting the other patients know something's wrong. Don't let your nerves ruin that.

CABOT

Now that we're all of a sudden best friends, might I also give you some advice? Steady hands, doctor.

Dr. Lambert steals one last look at sleeping Sophia and then leaves.

Cabot glares at Brandt's empty chair.

INT. RESTROOM - NIGHT

Celine SLAMS hard against a stall. Her legs are wrapped around Brandt, her tongue digging into his.

Brandt pushes forward and rams her into the next wall.

Celine squeals, enjoying every moment. Brandt drinks in oxygen.

CELINE

Out of breath already? You always talk such a big game.

BRANDT

And you always wanna play more than once.

She allows herself to grin and kisses him deeply--

BANG-BANG-BANG!

KNOCKING on the stall door. Celine jumps off of Brandt.

CABOT (O.S.)

Hope you're almost done. There's a helluva line out here.

Brandt tugs his pants back into place as Celine loosely buttons her blouse.

Finally Brandt opens the door to find a very disapproving Cabot.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Doc just came by to see her daughter and found her... unattended. I'd advise you not to let it happen again.

Brandt and Celine push out of the stall, avoiding Cabot's gaze.

CABOT (CONT'D)
Your buttons are off.

Celine checks her blouse -- he's right. Each button is a level too high.

INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Graham runs through Fallon's pockets.

GRAHAM
No wallet, no cell phone.

Success -- he finds a clip. He loads it into the pistol and tucks it into his waistband.

Audrey stares at the bodies -- at Fallon, at Nora.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
What's your name?

AUDREY
Audrey.

GRAHAM
I'm Graham.

AUDREY
Did you ever get around to telling her?

He looks at Nora, then can't stand it and turns away.

GRAHAM
What are you doing down here?

AUDREY
I had to get supplies for the OR.
I saw him carrying you -- why exactly was he trying to kill you?
And, you know, me?

GRAHAM
Sister, I got no idea. The doctor's sure as hell lying about my daughter. I gotta find out what's going on.

He starts for the door--

AUDREY
We could wait for help.

GRAHAM
Help's not coming.

She jumps up and follows him.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
No way. You're staying here --
it's safer.

AUDREY
Thanks, Dad, but based on what I
just saw, going anywhere with you
is probably safer than a morgue.

Graham readies the pistol and heads out.

BASEMENT HALLWAY

Graham makes his way down the hall. Audrey follows closely.

He crosses past the back-up FIRE PANEL: a map of the hospital showing all three floors as well as alarms and exits.

He runs his finger across and memorizes the diagram as best he can.

GRAHAM
Right, let's go.

THUNK! Items CRASH in a nearby room. Audrey jumps.

Graham pushes in on the room, gun at the ready. He grasps the door-knob and opens--

Raises the gun--

CRASH!!

More items spill.

JUSTIN

makes a mess of their supplies. He turns to find Graham's gun in his face.

JUSTIN
What the hell!

AUDREY
Justin! Jesus Christ!

JUSTIN

Audrey? Why are you still here?

GRAHAM

Uh, hello. I'm the guy waving a gun in your face. Who the fuck are you?

Audrey reaches out and lowers the gun.

AUDREY

He's a nurse. What're you doing here?

JUSTIN

Dr. Lambert sent me down here for supplies.

AUDREY

Guess she's rushing to operate.

GRAHAM

I gotta stop her.

JUSTIN

Huh?

AUDREY

Some goon just tried to kill us and the doctor's in on it somehow. It's a long story and we don't know most of it.

GRAHAM

Where'd they move Mackenzie to?

JUSTIN

OR 3.

GRAHAM

You got a cell phone?

JUSTIN

I never bring it to work. This is all industrial -- there's never any signal. Who's trying to kill you exactly?

Graham doubles back and re-checks the map.

GRAHAM

Last time you were up there how many cleaners did you see?

(MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Guys in hospital scrubs that you
didn't recognize?

JUSTIN
I'm not sure. Five maybe? Ten?

AUDREY
Well if that's all.

GRAHAM
We can't risk using the elevator.
But... it looks like there's a back
way to the operating rooms.

JUSTIN
There's an access hallway, yeah.

GRAHAM
You're gonna take me there.

JUSTIN
You asking with or without the gun?

GRAHAM
Whatever gets your ass moving, kid.

Justin gulps. Looks at Audrey.

JUSTIN
This isn't the kind of guy you go
for, is it?

AUDREY
Really -- now?!

INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Lincoln is hooked up to a host of machines. He watches his
heart monitor. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Cabot sits with him.

CABOT
The good doctor's about to start.

LINCOLN
I was too sick to appreciate your
deal with the Crowders. That was
smart -- all talk, no bloodshed.
And I didn't give it a second
thought at the time. I'm sorry.

CABOT

Don't talk like that. I'm just hitting my stride -- plenty more good deals are coming.

LINCOLN

We've always had different views of the business. The buyers, where the drugs go. But... I'm proud of you, boy.

Through the window, though neither of them can see, stand...

FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY

...Justin, Graham, and Audrey. Justin leads them down the hall to the stairs. He opens the door -- Graham hesitates.

JUSTIN

What's wrong?

GRAHAM

Gotta figure out a way to get through. If there are ten... I can't handle that many.

JUSTIN

I can.

Graham and Audrey look over Justin's rather doughy form.

GRAHAM

Right.

AUDREY

We have to get the cops here, yeah?
I have an idea.

Audrey runs to the end of the hall and pulls the FIRE ALARM.
The SIREN WAILS.

She hurries back and they start up the stairs.

INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - NIGHT

The ALARM SOUNDS--

Cabot stands. The hell?

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Graham, Audrey, and Justin hurry down the narrow access hallway.

The ALARM STOPS as Justin reaches the door.

JUSTIN
OR's through here.

He takes a step forward but Graham stops him.

GRAHAM
Thanks, kid. But you're staying
here.

JUSTIN
What? No!

AUDREY
You can't do this by yourself.

GRAHAM
I'm the only one with a gun.

JUSTIN
Look, if you're wrong and crazy --
which you totally are -- they're
gonna need help taking you down.

GRAHAM
And if I'm right?

JUSTIN
I'm not gonna let some little girl
get cut on for nothing. Of course
I'm coming.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cabot steps out of the elevator and hurries down the hall.
Steps into

THE MORGUE

and sees the destruction.

Fallon laid out with a broken neck. Nora's limp form.

But no Graham.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Mackenzie is in place, surrounded by a mass of equipment. A
CHEMICAL COOLER waits for her heart.

An ANESTHESIOLOGIST hovers over her as Dr. Lambert enters,
ready for surgery.

A MALE NURSE stands back and observes. As nurses go he's really quite bulky...

ANESTHESIOLOGIST

Are you sure we shouldn't run another EEG? I'm showing almost normal brain activity, doctor.

DR. LAMBERT

There's too much damage. Let's just get this over with.

Dr. Lambert looks at her instruments. Breathes. Conflicted but with little choice. She picks up a scalpel.

DR. LAMBERT (CONT'D)

Maintain O2 ventilation and make sure the pressure stays up. We need to ensure organ perfusion.

She hesitates... then she pushes the scalpel to Mackenzie's chest--

BOOM!

The doors fly open as Graham bursts in with Justin and Audrey.

GRAHAM

Put that fucking thing down!

DR. LAMBERT

I can't. You don't understand--

GRAHAM

I'm getting a pretty clear goddam picture.

The Male Nurse casually reaches inside his scrubs to find his pistol--

But Graham is quicker, pointing the barrel of his gun at the man's face.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You wanna try me? Hand it over -- now.

MALE NURSE

Do you have any idea who my boss is? What he's gonna do to you?

GRAHAM

I know I'm gonna put a hole just
under your right eye if you don't
give me that gun.

The Nurse hands the gun over -- but it's Justin who grabs it.
Grins.

AUDREY

(mutters)
Great.

Graham turns to Dr. Lambert and the Anesthesiologist.

GRAHAM

Both of you -- get the hell away
from my daughter.

They hesitate. Graham points the gun at Dr. Lambert.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Right now!

They jump back.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

(to Justin)
Keep on 'em.

Graham leans over and checks Mackenzie's vitals. Then he
stares at Dr. Lambert.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

What the hell is wrong with you,
lady? Her brain activity is
normal. Why are you doing this?

DR. LAMBERT

I don't have a choice. They--

WHACK!

Dr. Lambert goes down.

But it's Audrey who socked her.

AUDREY

You're supposed to help people.
She's a little girl!

DR. LAMBERT

I'm sorry... I have to do this...

Justin looks at Audrey--

Which the Nurse takes immediate advantage of. He grabs Justin from behind and twists his arm--

Graham can't get a clear shot--

Justin smashes the back of his head into the Nurse, driving him back.

Audrey and the Anesthesiologist move clear of the fight.

The Nurse grabs for Justin's gun -- takes control of the smaller guy's wrist--

Turns the gun on Graham--

The Nurse suddenly LURCHES. He goes very still, stiff as a board. Then he collapses, SPASMING in pain.

DR. LAMBERT

stands above him, wielding a dripping hypodermic needle.

JUSTIN

Did -- did you just kill him?

DR. LAMBERT

Nerve cluster. He'll live but not, you know, well.

Graham has no idea what to think. He finally turns to Mackenzie.

GRAHAM

Get her up.

The Anesthesiologist complies.

AUDREY

(to Dr. Lambert)

Answers. Now. Why are you helping them?

DR. LAMBERT

The guy who's doing this -- last night he murdered my husband. They have my daughter downstairs under constant surveillance. He said if I didn't do this they'd kill her.

JUSTIN

Fuck me.

GRAHAM

What are they after?

DR. LAMBERT
Your daughter's heart. Do you know
who Lincoln Sadler is?

GRAHAM
I've seen the name, yeah.

DR. LAMBERT
Organized crime -- guns, drugs...
basically everything awful goes
through him.

GRAHAM
He's a top ten FBI most wanted
kinda scum-bag. So what?

DR. LAMBERT
He's going into heart failure. To
top it off he's AB-negative and
it's really, really hard to find
him an antigen match.

AUDREY
She's talking about finding donors--

GRAHAM
Thanks, I got it.

DR. LAMBERT
Matches for him are incredibly
rare. Your daughter's the only
one. Out of all our records --
only her.

OPERATING WARD

Bigby walks just outside of Mackenzie's room window. He
spots Graham and Justin wielding their guns.

Bigby steps back and pulls his radio.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cabot hauls ass as Bigby's voice CRACKLES from his radio.

BIGBY (V.O.)
Something's wrong, boss.

CABOT
I got a pretty damn good idea what
it is. I'm heading to security --
make sure you handle it.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Dr. Lambert stares at Graham.

DR. LAMBERT

It was your family or mine.

GRAHAM

You're helping me get Mackenzie out of here.

DR. LAMBERT

And what about my daughter? The second you're gone she's as good as dead.

JUSTIN

Guys, it's really quiet. They're gonna know something's up soon.

GRAHAM

You're right. Can we move her yet?

DR. LAMBERT

She has a couple broken ribs, multiple contusions, a fracture--

GRAHAM

Can -- we -- move -- her?

DR. LAMBERT

I wouldn't advise it but considering the circumstances... why not?

OPERATING WARD

The elevator doors slide open, revealing--

Evans and a Cleaner, locked and loaded with SUBMACHINE GUNS. They march down the hall and meet up with Bigby--

EVANS

You called for help, princess?

OPERATING ROOM

Audrey and the Anesthesiologist prepare Mackenzie for the move.

Mackenzie's eyes flutter... she rouses.

AUDREY

Graham!

He rushes to the bed.

GRAHAM

It's about time you woke up, kiddo.

MACKENZIE

Where am I?

GRAHAM

The hospital. There was an accident, remember?

MACKENZIE

Truck?

GRAHAM

Yeah. Listen -- I need you to trust me right now. We're in trouble and we gotta get out of here.

MACKENZIE

Why?

GRAHAM

Just trust me. Please.

MACKENZIE

Okay.

Graham kisses her on the forehead. He looks at Dr. Lambert.

GRAHAM

She's gonna have to walk. Is there an EpiPen?

JUSTIN

Um...

AUDREY

Adrenaline? That's not a very good idea--

GRAHAM

Of course not. It's an awful fucking idea.

Justin looks through the window and sees Bigby, Evans, and the Cleaner coming...

JUSTIN

They're almost here.

DINK-DINK-DINK-DINK

A SMALL CANNISTER rolls down the hall, resting just outside the Operating Room.

Graham lifts Mackenzie from the bed.

AUDREY

What is--

GRAHAM

Look away! Look away--

FLASH!!

The FLASH BANG EXPLODES outside the door! The light is BLINDING and the blast SHATTERS the glass.

GRAHAM

darts out and fires at the Cleaner. The bullets rip into his chest. As he falls the Cleaner sprays machine gun fire--

The bullets tear through the wall and into the room--

Splitting right through the Anesthesiologist, who collapses.

AUDREY

Oh, fuck!

GRAHAM

Take Mackenzie!

Audrey takes her.

Justin and Graham fire back as Dr. Lambert and Audrey struggle to stay out of the fire zone.

Graham flips Mackenzie's bed. They take cover behind it.

Dr. Lambert tears through drawers and finds an EPIPEN.

Justin fires a few more rounds--

CLICK!

JUSTIN

Shit, I'm out!

Graham covers him as Justin searches the Male Nurse for ammo.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

He's out too!

AUDREY

Graham, we need to get the fuck out
of here!

JUSTIN

The access hallway! I can make it!

Justin crawls out into the smoke-filled hallway...

Graham lays down cover fire--

Dr. Lambert stays as calm as she can, focusing on Mackenzie.

DR. LAMBERT

Lay back, okay?

Mackenzie does. Dr. Lambert rips the cap off the EpiPen --
hesitates--

Then STABS it into the muscle tissue of Mackenzie's arm. Dr.
Lambert holds it in place for a few seconds as gunfire
scatters around her...

Mackenzie finally springs to life--

A BULLET

ricochets on the floor, right where Mackenzie's head was!

MACKENZIE

Why are they shooting at us?! Did
you do this?!

GRAHAM

It's not my fault!

Justin reaches out for the access hallway--

ZING!

He just ducks a shot. Wow, that was close.

MACKENZIE

Oh god.

GRAHAM

Go! Mackenzie, go!

Audrey takes Mackenzie. They stumble to the door. Dr.
Lambert follows them.

Graham fires again to cover the group--

CLICK! He tosses in a new clip.

MACKENZIE

Dad?!

GRAHAM

I'm right behind you!

He trades shots with Bigby and Evans. Justin forces Mackenzie through the service door.

ACCESS HALLWAY

Justin drags Mackenzie under protest. Dr. Lambert and Audrey nervously wait.

MACKENZIE

We've got to help him!

AUDREY

Don't worry. I'm sure your Dad's planning something really reckless and stupid.

MACKENZIE

You, uh -- you guys have met, huh?

OPERATING ROOM

Graham grabs the anesthesia cart, rips off the plastic mask, and props the open tube against the upturned table so that it points up. He opens valves on the tanks bolted to the cart.

Bigby and Evans take their first steps into the room--

Graham fires at the EKG machine--

It EXPLODES, showering sparks, giving him enough cover to duck out of the room--

ACCESS HALLWAY

Graham rushes into the corridor.

GRAHAM

Move!

They bolt as fast as they can, limited by Mackenzie's limp and the way she favors her side.

OPERATING ROOM

Bigby and Evans check the room. They COUGH, anesthesia pouring into their lungs.

Bigby finds--

BIGBY

Back exit.

EVANS

Got it.

Evans grabs the handle. Bigby is ready to charge, submachine gun at the ready.

EVANS (CONT'D)

Clear in one, two...

Evans rips the door open--

ACCESS HALLWAY

Bigby bursts in--

Graham pulls Audrey and Mackenzie into a closet, calling out to the rest--

GRAHAM

Get down! Stay back for cover!

Dr. Lambert pushes Justin into the opposite closet.

Graham fires down the hall but misses.

Bigby lets loose with a BARRAGE of gunfire, forcing Graham to take cover--

JUSTIN

Dude! We gotta get a couple of those!!

Bigby and Evans move down the hall -- cover formation, one shooting while the other advances--

Graham can't match their firepower.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Any ideas?

GRAHAM

I'm working on it, goddammit!

INT. SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Jackson's leg is wrapped in gauze. His eyes are planted in a Costa Rican travel brochure. He lets himself smile...

That smile immediately fades as Cabot bursts in.

JACKSON

Um, the alarm didn't go out on the wire, I swear. All the phone lines come through me so no one knows--

CABOT

The hell with the fire alarm -- it sounds like goddamn *Star Wars* upstairs. Lock it down.

JACKSON

But if we do that they'll--

CABOT

Lock it. The fuck. Down.

Gulp. Jackson hits a few switches.

JACKSON

If you round everyone up they're gonna know I was involved. I won't be able to talk my way out of it.

Cabot tosses the brochure at Jackson's chest.

CABOT

I hear flights to Costa Rica are cheap this time of year.

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Graham rains shots on Bigby and Evans. They keep coming.

GRAHAM

Jesus. Here!

He slides the gun across the floor to Justin for another angle. Justin picks it up and fires as best he can--

Bigby and Evans aim at Justin--

Graham bursts into the hall, charging at them--

MACKENZIE

What are you doing?!

CLICK! Justin's out!

JUSTIN

We're both out!

But Graham is already on the aggressors. He takes out Bigby's leg and smashes his elbow into Evans' jaw.

Finally he comes down on Bigby with a fist and -- CRACK! -- lights out.

MACKENZIE

Wow.

Graham heaves. Takes a few seconds to catch his breath.

GRAHAM

I'm not getting any younger. Fuck.

MACKENZIE

Hey now. Language.

GRAHAM

I'll let that one slide 'cause it means you're okay.

Graham takes the SMG from Justin.

JUSTIN

It's dry, man. Useless.

Graham reveals another clip and slides it in.

AUDREY

Did you just use him as bait?

GRAHAM

Technically I used everyone as bait. He's just a bigger target.

Graham picks up Evans' machine gun and whatever spare clips he can find.

JUSTIN

Yeah, great. "Thanks for the help, Justin. Oh you're so brave, Justin. Way to put yourself in the line of fire, Jus--"

GRAHAM

Here.

He hands Justin an SMG and a spare magazine.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Better?

JUSTIN

Yes!

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Cabot stands. Patient. The only stillness in chaos, as--

Brandt, Celine, and the remaining Cleaners toss NURSES,
DOCTORS, and PATIENTS to the ground.

When they've settled:

CABOT

Mr. Brandt, if you'd be kind enough
to relieve them of their phones.

Brandt and the Cleaners do as they're told.

CABOT (CONT'D)

All y'all are scared -- there's no
shame in that. Feel that tingle in
the base of your spine. If you
listen to it you can have every
expectation of living through
tonight.

Cabot eyes the group. His gaze locks down on a YOUNG DOCTOR.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Develop a back-bone and...

Cabot nods at Brandt. He pulls his pistol and EXECUTES the
Young Doctor at point-blank range.

The hostages SCREAM.

CABOT (CONT'D)

I believe that man could use a
doctor.

(beat)

I'm not gonna lie to you folks --
it would save me a considerable
amount of aggravation if I just
killed y'all right now. But I like
to think of myself as if not a kind
man, at least a measured one.

Two Cleaners haul the Young Doctor out of the room.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Don't make me regret my kindness.

He turns to Brandt.

CABOT (CONT'D)

We haven't heard from Bigby and it's been quiet for too long. Go upstairs and find him.

Brandt nods and takes a step--

CABOT (CONT'D)

In my time I've been accused of loving words too much, so let me be clear about this -- if you hurt the doctor or the girl, I'm gonna have precious few for you.

CELINE

He's never been good with restraint or... holding himself back when the pressure's on.

(winks at Brandt)

I'll go.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OFFICE - NIGHT

Graham leads the others in. Justin locks the doors behind them as Audrey checks the phone.

AUDREY

It's dead.

DR. LAMBERT

Our head of security's with them. All calls go through his switchboard.

GRAHAM

Even emergency numbers?

(Dr. Lambert nods)

So much for the fire department.

AUDREY

Can't we just, I don't know, jump?

Mackenzie looks out the window. It's a long way down to the parking lot.

MACKENZIE

Seems kinda high to me. Thirty feet maybe.

JUSTIN

Our ankles would crack the second we hit.

AUDREY

First of all -- ouch. Second...
okay, so how do we get a message
out?

MACKENZIE

If all of our calls go through that
one guy's office -- why don't we
just go there?

GRAHAM

I always said you were bright.

DR. LAMBERT

What about Sophia?

AUDREY

I saw her earlier -- she's with the
other kids. If this whack-job's
gonna start pointing guns at people
those kids would make a hell of a
target.

JUSTIN

Yeah, everyone knows that kids make
the best hostages.
(they stare at him)
Just saying, guys.

MACKENZIE

I'm not sure that I'm comfortable
around you.

GRAHAM

We'll split into two groups.
Justin, go with the doc. Get her
daughter and the rest of those kids
out of there.

DR. LAMBERT

The kitchen's all locked up. We
can hide them in there.

GRAHAM

All right. I'll go to the security
station and try to call for help.

Nods all around.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Let's move.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

No Cleaners. Graham waves the others through.

GRAHAM

Audrey -- you all right coming with me to keep an eye on Mackenzie?

She nods. Graham looks at Dr. Lambert.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Go get your daughter.

Dr. Lambert starts down the hall with Justin--

AUDREY

Justin. Be careful, okay?

JUSTIN

I'm always careful!

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Graham, Audrey, and Mackenzie slide in.

AUDREY

Whatever happened to no elevator?

GRAHAM

Pretty sure they know something's up at this point.

(to Mackenzie)

How you doing, kiddo?

MACKENZIE

I'm okay. I think.

GRAHAM

I swear nothing's gonna happen to you. Don't worry.

AUDREY

Hey -- what about me? What am I, cannon fodder?

GRAHAM

You either.

The elevator moves.

MACKENZIE

Dad.

GRAHAM

Yeah?

MACKENZIE

I really hope this is one of those promises you keep.

INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cabot waves off two guards. Lincoln watches them go.

LINCOLN

What is it? What's wrong?

CABOT

The girl's father is alive. He took her and the doctor.

LINCOLN

You said he was taken care of.

CABOT

Should've killed him myself. I guess I was just trying to live by your creed of delegating the hard work to someone else.

Cabot stops as Lincoln is overtaken by a coughing fit.

LINCOLN

This whole operation was stupid. I told you that it should've been done privately -- under our control!

CABOT

What a brilliant idea. And when it took too long to find a heart and you ended up dead in some Mexican shithole -- at least we wouldn't have made a ruckus!

Do they really want to fight?

LINCOLN

You and your words. Always with words. We sound nothing alike.

CABOT

(smiles)

I've always found the occasional vulgarity sounds better with a Southern twist.

(beat)

(MORE)

CABOT (CONT'D)
 We control the building. There's
 nowhere for them to go.

INT. ACCESS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Celine finds Bigby and Evans. They're both still
 unconscious.

She lowers a knee and jams it hard into Bigby's throat--

He GASPS awake. Sees Celine. Wha...?

CELINE
 Get him up. We have work to do.

INT. SECURITY STATION - NIGHT

Jackson sits. Probably contemplating all those horrible
 decisions he made in life.

His radio CRACKLES.

CABOT (V.O.)
 Jackson.

JACKSON
 (into radio)
 Yeah?

CABOT (V.O.)
 Celine's checking on my
 infestation. Turn the cameras back
 on so that we might better find the
 rats.

JACKSON
 The cameras are synced to the
 recorders. Everything's
 automatically uploaded online.
 Nothing I can do about it -- if you
 turn them back on the whole world's
 gonna see our faces--

CABOT (V.O.)
 I believe we had a talk about the
 overuse of your mouth. Would you
 like to revisit that discussion?

JACKSON
 No.

CABOT (V.O.)
 I didn't think so. Turn 'em back
 on.

Jackson hits a few buttons. With a mechanical WHIR and a flash of light the cameras click on.

ON SCREEN

Celine, Bigby, and Evans move to an elevator. ANOTHER SCREEN shows Justin and Dr. Lambert hurrying down a hallway.

JACKSON

studies the images. He grabs the radio--

GRAHAM (O.S.)
Looking for me, sunshine?

Graham appears from the darkness, weapon trained on Jackson's head. Audrey and Mackenzie follow.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Guess today's your lucky day.

JACKSON
Audrey, I swear -- I had no choice.
These guys are animals, they--

AUDREY
Cut the shit. We know you're on
the payroll.

MACKENZIE
Plus you're an awful liar, dude.

Jackson fingers a pistol strapped under the desk. He's almost got it...

GRAHAM
Give me an outside line -- right
the hell now.

JACKSON
You realize Cabot's men are on
their way up, don't you? Worse for
you, it's her...

He motions to the screen. Graham glances over, giving Jackson enough time to

PULL THE PISTOL

and train it on Graham--

MACKENZIE
Dad!

Graham bull rushes Jackson. They struggle for the gun -- Graham gets the upper-hand as Jackson claws his face--

The gun FIRES several shots--

Monitors EXPLODE.

Graham slams Jackson against the wall. Jackson drops the pistol--

AUDREY

Shit. Graham!

She points at a monitor. Celine and company are in the elevator, heading down.

Graham slams a button -- "EMERGENCY STOP."

ON SCREEN

Celine grabs Bigby's radio.

CELINE

(into radio)

Cabot. The elevator stopped.

CABOT (V.O.)

Jackson? You'd best not be playing with yourself down there, boy.

JACKSON

grins.

JACKSON

There's an emergency override in all the elevators. She'll be here soon.

GRAHAM

There has to be a second line out of here. Where is it?

JACKSON

It coulda been easy, y'know. You coulda just let your daughter go to sleep and never wake up--

Graham PISTOL WHIPS him. Jackson spits blood.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You think I'm afraid of what you're gonna do for me? Waterboarding is like training wheels for this guy.

(MORE)

JACKSON (CONT'D)
 Whatever you got cooked up is
 nothing compared to him.

GRAHAM
 You're probably right, but...

Graham nails Jackson in the stomach, hard enough to suck all
 the oxygen out.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 You still deserve it, you piece of
 shit.

Graham grabs the radio.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Is Mr. Sadler be available? The
 one who's not all sickly and
 jaundiced.

WAITING ROOM

Cabot raises his radio.

CABOT
 (into radio)
 Would this be the girl's father?

INTERCUT.

GRAHAM
 So you're the one who wants to tear
 up a child because you can't get
 over your daddy issues.

CABOT
 What can I say? I'm a slave to
 family.

GRAHAM
 Would I be out of line if I just
 told you to grow up?

CABOT
 You can tell me whatever you'd
 like. I'll just make sure to
 respond in kind.

GRAHAM
 I'm curious about your old man.
 Jack here said your dad couldn't
 have more than a couple days left.
 (MORE)

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Said he couldn't believe someone who looked like that much of a pussy ran a crime syndicate.

Graham looks at Mackenzie and reels. Clearly isn't comfortable with saying these things.

CABOT

Did he now?

GRAHAM

So my question to you is, are you the same level of pussy as your father? I mean I already know you're weeping like a baby 'cause daddy might die. Mackenzie lost her mom last year and she's pulling through. She's fourteen -- you're pushing forty! Stop being such a fucking infant.

Graham reaches out and takes Mackenzie's arm. She clearly mouths "language."

CABOT

I suppose you have your own way with words. I want you to listen to something very carefully. Are you listening?

GRAHAM

You bet.

CABOT

I'm gonna make sure the little bitch is awake when we rip it out of her.

GRAHAM

lowers the radio. STATIC from the other end.

MACKENZIE

Well. He seems nice.

JACKSON

You just killed us all...

GRAHAM

No, just you. He was gonna kill the rest of us anyway. You though-- well, if you wanna live, guess you gotta help us, huh?

Jackson realizes. Fuck.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

So. How do we get a message out?

JACKSON

It's impossible. We're on our own little island. Phone lines, DSL, it's all down.

Graham looks at the monitor. Celine's elevator has just started moving.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Wait. It's a snowball's shot in Hell during a heat wave, but they rode in here on a chopper that isn't one of ours. Probably has a radio.

GRAHAM

Was that so hard? After you, Jack.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Graham, Jackson, Audrey, and Mackenzie move down the hall. There's a turn coming up. Jackson stops.

GRAHAM

What are you waiting for?

JACKSON

You're the big hero.

GRAHAM

And you're the fuck-rag who helped them. There's no crisis of conscience here -- you're taking the corners.

Jackson rolls his eyes and turns the corner--

BAM!!

A bullet EXPLODES Jackson's face. He drops.

AUDREY

Shit!

Graham risks a look around the corner, sees--

Celine with Bigby and Evans. They have guns, she doesn't.

GRAHAM

Stay back!

Graham dives across the floor and blindly fires. He takes cover in an alcove.

Audrey takes Mackenzie's hand--

AUDREY

C'mon!

Audrey pulls her back and they duck into one of the supply closets.

Graham slides another clip in and risks a glance around his cover--

WHOOSH!

A CURVED BLADE misses his face by a centimeter. In place of guns, Celine uses two ornate blades.

She swipes again -- Graham ducks back into the hallway to avoid the attack--

He raises his gun -- she brings the blade down hard on its barrel--

BAMBAMBAMBAM!!

The shots weave off course -- and TEAR into Bigby's ankle! He drops.

CELINE

Get the girl!

Evans heads for the supply closet as Celine SLASHES Graham's arm and draws blood--

INT. PEDIATRIC UNIT - NIGHT

Justin and Dr. Lambert peer out from behind a wall. The kids are all sleeping.

Brandt paces, standing guard. Bored out of his mind.

JUSTIN

(whispers)

We need a plan.

DR. LAMBERT

Two against one?

JUSTIN

Hold up -- think about who you're talking to. If I say we need a plan, we need a fucking plan.

(thinks)

Step back a bit. I got this.

Brandt yawns...

SQUEEEEEEEAAAAAKKKKKKKK

Just around that wall. Like a sneaker on tile.

Brandt grabs his weapon off the desk and moves to check it out--

Justin's laid out flat on his ass. He tripped.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Oh my god, oh my god, please don't hurt me!

BRANDT

How the fuck did you get out?

JUSTIN

I'm sorry I'm so so sorry I'm claustrophobic and I just couldn't stay in there and the guy turned his head and--

Brandt rips Justin to his feet--

POP-POP-POP.

Silenced gunshots. Justin pulled his gun as Brandt hauled him up!

Brandt looks at the wound -- at Justin -- how did he?... Brandt spills over, dead.

Dr. Lambert turns in from her hiding spot.

DR. LAMBERT

Um. Nice job.

JUSTIN

That was more exciting than the first time I had sex.

Dr. Lambert hurries over and nudges Sophia awake.

SOPHIA

Mommy?

DR. LAMBERT
You're gonna follow me, okay?
Quick and quiet as you can.

Sophia takes her mother's hand.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Graham just ducks one of Celine's attacks--

SUPPLY CLOSET

Ransacked shelves don't offer much cover for Audrey or Mackenzie. They cower as a shadow crosses into the room--

EVANS

spots them and grins his toothiest grin.

He brandishes his weapon and backs Audrey and Mackenzie against the wall.

Mackenzie's hands scavenge for something... anything...

AUDREY
Please don't do this.

Evans aims his SMG squarely between Audrey's eyes--

MACKENZIE

dives in front of the barrel.

MACKENZIE
Your boss needs my heart, right?
That means you can't shoot me,
moron. And you're not getting her
without blowing me apart first.

Evans considers...

And Mackenzie buries an IV NEEDLE straight into his neck!

He collapses, his SMG popping off a few shots. Evans locks panicked eyes with Mackenzie--

AUDREY

drives her foot into his face. Lights out permanently.

AUDREY
Thanks, kiddo--

MACKENZIE

Audrey...

Mackenzie presses her hand tight to her thigh. Blood spills through her fingers. Evans' errant shot.

BASEMENT HALLWAY

Graham wraps his arms around Celine's waist and HEAVES her up, tossing her petite form five feet back--

She comes down hard on Bigby's bullet-ridden ankle, SHATTERING it!

AUDREY (O.S.)

Graham!

Audrey helps Mackenzie out of the supply room.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

We gotta get her help.

Celine eyes Mackenzie's wound. She advances... trails past a large group of pipes...

Graham sees--

He lets loose with a spray of gunfire, piercing the pipe metal.

STEAM showers from the pipes and ENGULFS Celine. She dives back, her face a red singed mess.

Graham scoops Mackenzie into his arms and takes off for the stairs. Audrey follows.

He charges through the stairwell door--

CELINE

simmers behind the blasting steam as Bigby continues to clutch his ankle and whimper.

CELINE

(into radio)

I need more men.

CABOT (V.O.)

I don't know what to tell you -- we ain't got terribly many more men.

CELINE

I need more fucking men!

Bigby wails--

CELINE (CONT'D)
SHUT UP!!

Celine pops a shot right through Bigby's eye-socket, silencing him.

She takes the radio again, calmly as she can:

CELINE (CONT'D)
Please give me more men.

CABOT (V.O.)
Celine... you'd better get back here. It's Brandt.

INT. SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Graham carries Mackenzie and leads Audrey toward a door marked "PHARMACY."

He tries the door. Locked.

AUDREY
Here -- let me try it.

She takes his gun and uses its thin stock to pry open the pharmacy door. It RATTLES as the lock shatters.

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

Graham sets Mackenzie down on a table. Audrey searches through shelves stocked with meds.

GRAHAM
God, baby. I am so sorry.

MACKENZIE
I'm ready for this day to be over with.

Audrey returns with gauze. She hands Mackenzie a bottle.

AUDREY
That's gotta get cleaned. Take a couple of these.

MACKENZIE
Adrenaline and pain killers. This is turning into my kind of party.

Mackenzie downs the pills. Then she sees Graham and Audrey's wide-eyed reaction.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

That was a joke.

INT. PEDIATRIC UNIT - NIGHT

Cabot watches as Celine hovers over Brandt's body. Her face is stone.

CELINE

I had the father pinned downstairs.
Someone else did this.

CABOT

We're down to a couple second-handers. It's about time we exercised our leverage.

CELINE

Execute hostages? No. Not yet.
These fucks we shoot in the face,
not in the back.

CABOT

You know full-well that ain't the smart play.

CELINE

Where's the Cabot Sadler that gets his own hands dirty? The one who sends flayed pieces of Billy Maxwell to his mother every Christmas?

CABOT

My father--

CELINE

Isn't in charge anymore. Is he?

She spins and heads out of the room.

CELINE (CONT'D)

The girl took a bullet to the leg.
They'll need to fix her up.

INT. FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Cabot looks through his father's window and sees Lincoln asleep on the bed. Calm.

Cabot thinks...

There's a small pool of blood on the table where Graham sat Mackenzie. Cabot sees.

CABOT

They patched her up here.

Cabot moves row to row...

Graham manages to keep Mackenzie and Audrey one step ahead, unseen. It's tough for Mackenzie but she keeps up.

They're almost to the door--

ONE OF THE CLEANERS

steps in the way. The Cleaner turns and sees them--

Graham leaps up and uses the stock of his submachine gun to BASH in the Cleaner's head, knocking him to the ground.

Cabot slithers over like a snake on the hunt--

Graham grabs Mackenzie and Audrey and pulls them into

THE BACK OFFICE.

Graham slams the door. Then he turns to find--

Junk. Junk piled high. Most of the hospital's overstock, including a few GAS TANKS.

GRAHAM

Fast as you can -- open all the valves. Keep your mouths covered!

BLAST!

The door-knob is BLOWN off the hinge.

A CLEANER

bursts into the room and charges Graham. Graham tries to defend himself--

WHACK. Graham takes the gun-stock to the face and drops.

Mackenzie and Audrey screw open as many of the tank valves as they can...

Cabot slides in.

CABOT

About time we were reacquainted.
You know that feeling when you're
all excited for Christmas and you
see the presents and you just can't
wait to unwrap 'em, and then
Christmas morning comes and it was
all a bunch of nothing? That's
kinda what this feels like.

GRAHAM

Are you even capable of shutting
up?

Graham kicks hard into Cabot's knee and sends him to the
ground. Graham jumps to his feet and hurries to the girls--

Cabot pushes himself to his feet -- sees their hands working
the valves--

The Cleaners raise their guns--

CABOT

Stop!
(smirks)
You're a lucky fucker, aren't you?
Gas. I guess we're gonna do this
like they did back in the day.
Where's the doctor?

GRAHAM

Think you can beat it outta me?

CABOT

God, I'm looking forward to finding
out.

Cabot and the Cleaners close in on Graham--

They strike in tandem. Graham fights, dodges, does his best
to hold his own, but he's outmanned and they're fast.

Graham's getting wailed on but he finally sneaks in a few
good shots on Cabot--

A Cleaner SPEARS Graham into the wall. Graham manages to
push back--

CRACK

Cabot seizes the moment and kicks out Graham's knee. His
weight buckles and he drops. It doesn't look good--

WHACK!!

A THICK BOOK slams against Cabot's head. He shakes it off as all three attackers look back to see its wielder--

MACKENZIE

Get off my dad you assholes!

Graham bursts forward and manages to stagger both Cleaners.

Cabot spins, recoiling from the barrage of punches Graham levels him with--

CRASH!

Graham drives Cabot back--

Cabot SHATTERS the glass and spills back into the pharmacy.

Beat.

Graham looks at Mackenzie.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Lemme guess. Language?

GRAHAM

As long as you're the one who said it.

PHARMACY

Graham leads Mackenzie and Audrey back through the shelves. They spot Cabot sprawled out and unconscious.

AUDREY

Please tell me he's dead.

Cabot stirs...

A CLEANER

launches up, submachine gun in hand -- aimed squarely at Graham--

Graham spins, sees--

CABOT

No!!

The Cleaner fires--

The bullet travels from the barrel, through the air--

Graham throws Audrey and Mackenzie to the ground--

Cabot rolls behind one of the shelves--

The GAS IGNITES INTO FLAME as the bullet pushes forward--

Finally the bullet IMPACTS, tearing into a shelf right behind Graham's head--

The FLAMES melt the Cleaner's flesh clean off his face. The fire burns through bone.

Cabot is laid out thin as he can, below the flames, as a shelf CRASHES on top of him--

EXT. ST. AMELIA'S CLINIC - NIGHT

FLAMES BURST through second floor windows. A Cleaner's body tumbles through the air and smashes into a car.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kids snap awake as the blast ECHOES through the hospital.

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Hostages panic as the four remaining Cleaners press guns to their faces, trying to maintain order--

CLEANER

Stay down! Down!

INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

Post-Hell. Burnt orange. Thick smoke in the air.

Audrey helps Mackenzie up.

Graham is clearly dazed. Audrey and Mackenzie pull him to his feet.

MACKENZIE

I'm going to end up carrying you,
aren't I?

They limp to the door.

Under one of the collapsed shelves--

Cabot's fingers flex to life.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The children are all up. Sophia is the most wide-eyed and alert. Dr. Lambert slides down next to her.

DR. LAMBERT
It's nothing. Try and get some sleep.

SOPHIA
You're not a very good liar.

DR. LAMBERT
I've heard that once or twice.

SOPHIA
Where's Dad? I was hiding last night... and then...

Sophia's eyes well.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Where's Daddy?

Dr. Lambert freezes. What can she possibly say?

Justin kneels in front of Sophia and takes her hand.

JUSTIN
Hey -- hey. Look at me. See how I'm smiling? Nod your head if you can see.

Sophia finally nods.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
You know about the angels, right?
(Sophia nods)
It's really hard when Moms and Dads become angels. All you want to do is cry and cry. But you know what? We're only safe right now because your Dad is one of the angels, and he's making sure we stay safe. Okay?

Sophia cries harder -- but it's the kind of crying that's a step closer to being okay.

Dr. Lambert looks at Justin. Smiles at him.

KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Help me!

Dr. Lambert and Justin turn. What?

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCKKNOCK!!!

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)
They're out here! Please help me!

Justin stands.

JUSTIN
Stay with her.

He heads for the door as Dr. Lambert takes Sophia's hand.

KNOCKKNOCKKNOCK--

Justin unlocks and opens the door, revealing--

CELINE.

Her hair is a disheveled mess, her clothes torn and dirty.
Celine's voice is all panic.

CELINE
There was an explosion and they've
started killing people please god
you've gotta help me--

Celine keeps her head squarely at Justin's chest level. Dr.
Lambert can't see her face.

Justin steps into the

HALLWAY

and closes the door.

JUSTIN
We didn't hear any gunshots.

CELINE
They weren't using guns, they had
knives -- awful awful knives--

JUSTIN
Did anyone else make it out?

He looks down the hall--

As Celine reveals one of her curved ornate blades.

CELINE
They looked a bit like this.

Justin turns back--

Celine rips the blade across his throat. Blood pours. As
his eyes go wide and he reaches for that wound--

She stabs the blade deep into his chest -- all the way to the hilt.

Celine stares into Justin's eyes as he collapses against the wall and finally dies.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

Graham stumbles onto the helipad with Audrey and Mackenzie right behind. They make for the helicopter.

MACKENZIE

I've played a lot of *GTA*. Pretty sure I can handle this thing.

GRAHAM

Maybe next time, kiddo.

He pulls open the helicopter's door--

And finds a very functional radio. Graham turns a few dials and speaks into the mike:

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Any cops out there ignoring their dispatcher? My name is Graham Harris. I'm at St. Amelia's. It's a hostage situation and there's been a major explosion. I'm not fucking around -- repeat, I am not in any way joking. Please tell me someone's reading this. This is--

COP ON THE RADIO (V.O.)

Uh, yeah, I'm reading you but -- well I'm gonna need you to repeat that.

Audrey and Mackenzie smile -- finally, a reason to hope--

INT. LINCOLN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Cabot slowly enters. Pained. His clothes are singed and his face is black. Lincoln sees.

LINCOLN

What happened? I heard--

CABOT

An explosion. No way we can keep it quiet. Feds are gonna be raining down on us left and right.

Cabot collapses into a chair.

CABOT (CONT'D)
We have to leave.

Lincoln sits up and reveals the power he must have had in stronger days. He towers.

Lincoln stares at his son--

And then SLAPS him, hard across the jaw.

CABOT (CONT'D)
I'm sorry.

Lincoln rips IVs out of his arms. The machine flatlines with a LOUD WAIL--

The door crashes open.

Celine. She throws Dr. Lambert to her knees.

CELINE
Give me five minutes.

She disappears back into the hall.

Cabot stands with new resolve. He has half of the puzzle...

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

Graham drops the radio and squeezes out of the helicopter. Audrey and Mackenzie lean against the doors.

AUDREY
We literally called in the cavalry.
My dad would think this is so cool.
(to Mackenzie)
You were kind of a bad-ass tonight,
girl. Took a bullet and
everything. What's it... god, I
can't believe I'm even asking
this... but what's it feel like?

CELINE (O.S.)
Getting shot? That's easy.

They spin--

Celine is standing on the helipad, a duffel bag hung over her shoulder.

CELINE (CONT'D)
Imagine someone boiling water
inside of you.
(MORE)

CELINE (CONT'D)

And no matter how much it hurts or how much you're desperate for it to stop, it just keeps on fucking boiling.

Graham raises his gun--

CELINE (CONT'D)

You're out, cowboy. Besides -- you'd shoot an unarmed woman?

MACKENZIE

I would...

CELINE

I'm proud of y'all. You're still alive -- go team. In fact I brought you a little gift to celebrate.

Celine tosses the duffel bag. It lands at Audrey's feet.

Audrey hesitates. Looks at Graham and Mackenzie. "What should I do?" Finally she takes the bag and zips it open...

She SHRIEKS and drops the bag. Her hands tremble.

Graham can't help himself. He leans over to look--

CELINE

is on him immediately, reaching his submachine gun and removing it from his hands in one smooth arc.

She CRACKS the heavy weapon against Graham's face. He falls to his knees.

Celine tosses the gun off the side of the building.

Graham stumbles up--

Celine lets loose with a series of incredibly acrobatic kicks. He can't keep up with her.

Audrey and Mackenzie watch, horrified--

GRAHAM

Get her out of here! Go!

Audrey takes Mackenzie's hand--

Celine sees. She spins and levels Graham with a roundhouse kick, knocking him on his ass dangerously close to the roof's edge.

Audrey and Mackenzie hurry back to the stairway door--

Celine pulls one of her curved blades--

And launches it through the air, end over end--

BURYING IT in Audrey's shoulder blade. She spills over, collapsing onto Mackenzie.

Celine starts after the girls. Graham wobbles to his feet and grabs her shoulder--

Celine quickly turns and SPEARS Graham backward--

OVER THE SIDE OF THE ROOF!

Celine's momentum swings her back so she lands safely on the rooftop. She presses after Mackenzie and Audrey.

Graham falls -- it's sixty feet to the pavement--

He manages to catch the second floor ledge!

Graham struggles to haul himself up. The clinic's outer wall has been blown out from the explosion. He slides into

THE PHARMACY.

Graham rolls, staying under the thick smoke. He crawls forward...

HELIPAD

Audrey can't reach the blade lodged in her shoulder.

AUDREY

You have to pull it. Get it out
get it out get it out--

Mackenzie wraps her hands around the hilt and YANKS the blade free. Audrey wails.

CELINE

springs on them. She grabs Mackenzie by the hair and rips her out of the way--

Then stomps a foot hard onto Audrey's neck, choking the life out of her...

MACKENZIE

Get away from her!

Mackenzie launches at Celine and thrusts the blade forward--

Celine catches her wrist. But not before an inch of the blade has slid into Celine's abdomen, drawing blood!

SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Graham hurries out of the pharmacy. He spots the stairwell door and charges toward it.

HELIPAD

Celine throws Mackenzie back. The young girl manages to keep a hold of the blade.

CELINE

You ready to play with the grown-ups, little girl?

Celine reveals her second blade and takes a step--

Mackenzie tosses her blade forward--

And Audrey catches it and immediately slashes the curved edge against Celine's arm!

Celine shrugs off the pain and strikes back. Audrey manages to block it, metal striking metal--

STAIRWELL

Graham hits the third floor and stops. He sees something very familiar on the wall: an encased FIRE AX.

He throws an elbow, shatters the glass, and rips the ax free.

HELIPAD

Celine and Audrey circle each other. Taking a moment to catch their breath.

Celine glances at the duffel bag.

CELINE

Was he your boyfriend? Honeymoon period? Was the sex still--

AUDREY

You bitch!

Audrey lunges forward, exactly as Celine wanted--

In two swift moves Celine slashes into Audrey's forearm, causing Audrey to drop the blade -- then Celine kicks Audrey's leg out from under her, sending Audrey hard to the pavement.

Celine scoops up the fallen blade. Now she has one in each hand.

Audrey backs away, on her hands, but there's only so much roof left.

Celine smiles...

GRAHAM

bursts through the door.

MACKENZIE

Dad!

Celine turns as Graham quickly analyzes the situation. They're too far away for him to make it in time.

Celine turns back to Audrey, ready for the kill...

Graham throws the ax. It skips across pavement like a rock over water, finally resting at Audrey's feet--

Audrey's fingers weave around the handle as Celine raises her blades--

Audrey swings, BURYING the ax in Celine's stomach.

Celine freezes. Stares at the wound in shock. She drops her blades. Then she stumbles back--

Audrey keeps her grip on the hilt. It's all that stops Celine from going over the edge.

Celine locks eyes with her killer, then--

Audrey yanks the blade free.

Celine falls back, crashing sixty feet down and SMASHING hard into the parking lot below.

GRAHAM

runs over and envelopes Mackenzie in his arms before she can look too closely at the duffel bag.

GRAHAM

Don't look. You keep your eyes on me.

(to Audrey)

You all right?

AUDREY

No.

Audrey's hands shake. She drops the ax.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
Justin...

MACKENZIE
Were you guys -- you know?

AUDREY
God no. He was always lying and playing himself up. You couldn't take a thing he said seriously. But... he was my friend.

BZZZZ! They nearly jump as one of the dead guard's radios BOOMS with Cabot's voice.

CABOT (V.O.)
Mr. Harris. Mr. Graham Harris.

Graham wearily scoops the radio up and listens.

CABOT (V.O.)
I hope I have your attention.

WAITING ROOM

Cabot lords over hostages with the four remaining Cleaners.

Mackenzie's file sits open on an end table. All the information Cabot needs is there.

Dr. Lambert is on her knees with Sophia beside her, a Cleaner's muzzle to the back of her neck.

CABOT
(into radio)
How did you think this was gonna go, exactly? You and your friends running haywire through the halls, picking off my men?

INTERCUT Cabot and Graham's group. Audrey leans over to speak:

AUDREY
Don't forget women. Your gal pal with the knife fetish just did a triple-header into the concrete.

CABOT
You sound awful proud of yourself.

GRAHAM

Game's over, asshole. Cops are on their way.

CABOT

Suppose I should take advantage of my generous insurance policy then.

Cabot finds a YOUNG DOCTOR. He holds the radio to the Doctor's lips--

CABOT (CONT'D)

What's your name, son?

YOUNG DOCTOR

I'm -- I'm Dr. Michael Jorg--

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The Young Doctor spills forward, dead before he knew anything hit him.

Hostages SCREAM. All Graham, Audrey, and Mackenzie can do is listen.

CABOT

You might be compelled to say that was a bit of a dick move. Boy was young, probably had a future. So let's see about...

Cabot finds a bed-ridden OLD MAN. He takes the bed and thrusts it down the hall. As its wheels carry it...

...Cabot FIRES another few shots. Now the bed leaves a BLOOD TRAIL as it rolls.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Wooo! You guys having as much fun as I am? I shoulda tried this hours ago.

Mackenzie grabs the radio.

MACKENZIE

Stop it. Just please -- stop it!!

CABOT

Would that be Mackenzie? Why I'm pleased to make your acquaintance, Mackenzie. My name is Cabot.

(beat)

Awfully rude not to answer back.

(MORE)

CABOT (CONT'D)

Graham, I've got plenty more of these bastards to go through, but I've never been keen on blowing my load early. So you've got five minutes -- that's when the next one dies.

Cabot kneels in front of Sophia, but his eyes are on Dr. Lambert when he says:

CABOT (CONT'D)

And it'll be Melissa Lambert's daughter.

GRAHAM

Bullshit. You know if you hurt the girl the doc won't help you.

CABOT

After all the trouble you've given me tonight -- you really think I'm bluffing? Four minutes and forty-five seconds.

HELIPAD

HISSESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS. The radio is dead.

MACKENZIE

Anyone... happen to have a genius plan?

Graham loses it. He launches the radio against the helicopter, SMASHING it.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Guess not.

AUDREY

How long's it gonna take for the cops to get here?

GRAHAM

Average response time is twelve to fifteen minutes.

AUDREY

They're not gonna make it in time.

MACKENZIE

Guys -- this is easy.

Graham and Audrey look at Mackenzie. She's so much smaller than they are.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

I'm going.

AUDREY

What?!

GRAHAM

Like hell you are.

MACKENZIE

You gonna stop me?

Mackenzie starts for the door--

Graham grabs her and rips her back.

GRAHAM

You are not going down there!

MACKENZIE

And what happens when he starts shooting people, huh? You're gonna make me stay up here when everyone starts screaming? Fuck you!

Mackenzie breathes. Forces herself to calm down a bit.

MACKENZIE (CONT'D)

Dad, I love you -- but I'm the only one who can stop this.

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

A Cleaner wheels Lincoln into the room.

Dr. Lambert sees that Lincoln is bundled up, clearly ready for a trip.

DR. LAMBERT

(to Cabot)

We're leaving?

CABOT

Unless you can adequately perform a heart transplant in under ten minutes. I realize you're a surgeon of some renown, but that seems unlikely even for you.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Mackenzie leads Graham and Audrey down the stairs. Smoke from the pharmacy explosion seeps into the stairwell.

Audrey spots the dead Cleaner still laid out in the pharmacy.

AUDREY

You guys... hold up a second.

INT. WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Cabot's eyes are fixed on his watch. Sophia is frozen in her seat.

CABOT

One minute. You excited,
sweetheart?

DR. LAMBERT

You swore to me you'd let her go!

CABOT

I did -- if you cooperated. Is
that how you'd define your actions?
(leans in close)
You know, there's the tiniest bit
of me that hopes she doesn't come
down. Just so I can share all the
pain you've caused me tonight with
your little girl.

TICK-TICK-TICK as the watch counts down--

MACKENZIE

appears in the hall. Then Graham and Audrey.

CABOT (CONT'D)

Alas.

(stands)

You were almost late to the party.

GRAHAM

We're unarmed.

CABOT

You'll forgive me if I don't take
your word. Check him.

Two Cleaners rush over. One grabs Mackenzie and shoves her closer to Cabot. The other pats Graham down.

CLEANER

He's clean.

Graham and Audrey are pushed to the center of the hostages. Graham spots Dr. Lambert.

CABOT
 (to Mackenzie)
 You're brave, baby doll. I'll give
 you that.

Mackenzie's eyes are on Lincoln. He can't meet her gaze.

CABOT (CONT'D)
 That's the man you're gonna save.
 All by yourself. Soon as we're
 done with our little trip.

GRAHAM
 You're not taking her anywhere.

CABOT
 You ain't left me much of a choice,
 have you?

Then--

SIRENS. A ton of them. FLASHING LIGHTS reflecting in the
 windows as EMERGENCY VEHICLES close on the clinic.

CABOT (CONT'D)
 Speak of the fucking devil. Still,
 there might be time for a last-
 minute deal. I don't need all of
 her -- just let me take my little
 piece and the rest is all yours.
 No hard feelings, eh?

LINCOLN
 Cabot! No more games.

Cabot looks at his father. His smile fades.

CABOT
 We're gonna go to the roof and take
 a little ride--

AUDREY
 He was pretty clear the first time.

CLICK.

Audrey has a submachine gun pressed to the back of Cabot's
 head!

It's black and charred -- a pharmacy Cleaner's.

AUDREY (CONT'D)
 You're not taking her anywhere.

The four Cleaners raise their guns. On Graham. On Audrey.
No clear shots.

CABOT

And who are they to you? You ready
to die for the girl? You ready to
get all these people killed? Put
the gun down and this is all over
in two minutes.

OUTSIDE THE CLINIC

an entire fleet of POLICE CARS, FIRE TRUCKS, and AMBULANCES
race in.

AUDREY

strengthens her resolve. Even smiles.

AUDREY

More like forty years to life.

CABOT

All right then. Pressure's on!
How exciting is this?
(to Lincoln)
You ready to really see me work,
daddy?

Lincoln nods...

When all of this happens, it happens really goddamn fast:

Cabot spins. Audrey FIRES but Cabot's head is already clear
of the shot--

Mackenzie reaches into her shirt and reveals one of Celine's
curved blades! She tosses it to Graham--

Who catches it--

And BURIES it into a Cleaner's chest.

Hostages SCREAM and PANIC. The other three Cleaners freeze --
who the hell do they focus on?

Cabot takes control of Audrey's SMG and drives the stock into
her chest. She staggers--

Graham rips the dead Cleaner's SMG free and FIRES on another
Cleaner -- he drops, dead.

Cabot aims the SMG between Audrey's eyes -- Mackenzie sees--

MACKENZIE

Audrey!!

There's no way Graham can get a shot off in time...

DR. LAMBERT

launches forward and crashes into Cabot. They spill to the ground.

Cabot recovers quickly. Grabs the SMG--

--but Graham grabs it too! They fight for control--

Cabot HEAD-BUTTS Graham viciously. Graham staggers back as Cabot raises his SMG for the kill--

CRACK!!

MACKENZIE

drives her foot into Cabot's knee.

Cabot wails and SPRAYS GUNFIRE. Graham tackles Mackenzie for cover as Dr. Lambert does the same with Sophia--

CABOT

This -- fucking -- ends -- now!!

LINCOLN (O.S.)

(weak)

Cabot...

Cabot freezes. Turns around and looks down to find...

Lincoln laid out on the ground, a trail of bullets from stomach to shoulder. The victim of Cabot's wild fire.

Cabot slags. He slowly walks to his father.

THE LAST CLEANER

opens fire on Graham. He dives for cover.

Graham spots Audrey, Sophia, and Dr. Lambert huddled together.

GRAHAM

Get these people outta here! Now!!

The Cleaner fires--

Audrey grabs Sophia and waves the remaining hostages through.

AUDREY

Come on! Go go go go go!!

The hostages bolt through the front doors. Audrey and Sophia follow--

But not Dr. Lambert. She sees as

CABOT

kneels and takes his father's hand.

LINCOLN

Cabot.

CABOT

No. Please.

LINCOLN

We never should have... never should...

The light fades. Cabot watches his father die.

In the space of five seconds Cabot's face goes from confusion to despair to utter fucking rage. He releases his father's hand...

...and sees Graham still taking cover as the Cleaner unloads.

Cabot pulls his pistol and then BULL RUSHES at Graham--

He spears Graham to the ground as the Cleaner holds fire.

MACKENZIE

Dad!

Cabot BASHES the pistol against Graham's face -- once, twice, a third time -- until it's a bloody mess.

He presses the barrel against Graham's head--

And then stops. Sees Mackenzie standing there, horrified.

CABOT

No no no no. You get to live, motherfucker. You get to live for this.

Cabot stands--

And then FIRES a single shot into Graham's shoulder. Blood spills. Graham immediately forces pressure--

Which gives Cabot an opening. He darts over and grabs
MACKENZIE.

She kicks and squirms as he starts down the hall--

WHACK!!

Cabot smacks her head against the wall, knocking Mackenzie
cold.

GRAHAM
Mackenzie!

Cabot disappears down the hall--

Graham tries to sit up but the Cleaner is on him, SMG in
Graham's face--

DR. LAMBERT

spots one of Celine's curved blades. She grabs it and
hurries forward--

And IMPALES it through the Cleaner's back! He crumples.

Graham painfully sits up as Dr. Lambert grabs the Cleaner's
SMG.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
What -- what are you doing?

DR. LAMBERT
He doesn't get to walk away from
this.

Dr. Lambert takes off down the hall.

GRAHAM
He's going for the chopper!

CABOT

holds Mackenzie in the elevator. The doors slide closed--

Just as Dr. Lambert gets to them. She slams the doors in
frustration and then makes for the stairs.

EXT. HELIPAD - NIGHT

Cabot rips open the helicopter's door and tosses Mackenzie
in. She's still unconscious.

He turns and peers over the side of the building. Can't help himself.

AN ARMY OF LAW ENFORCEMENT

waits for him sixty feet below. Police cruisers, fire trucks, etc. A flurry of activity.

CABOT

takes it in, then he starts back to the chopper--

CLICK.

Cabot hears. Freezes.

DR. LAMBERT

stands at the end of the helipad, SMG held tight. Struggling with the weight of the gun.

CABOT

Well. Here we are again -- you, me, and a little girl.

He nods toward Mackenzie. Dr. Lambert can see her through the door window.

CABOT (CONT'D)

That thing has quite a kick. You sure you can hit me and not her?

Cabot grins. He fingers the chopper's door open, a smile on his face, almost daring Dr. Lambert to fire--

DR. LAMBERT

Like you said before... I have steady hands.

Dr. Lambert FIRES. Just a SHORT BURST.

STRAIGHT INTO CABOT'S STOMACH.

He stumbles. Confused -- he pokes at the wound. What just happened...?

Cabot trips into the helicopter. Nearly makes it look like he intended to do so. He closes the door.

WWWWWWWWWWHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!

The chopper's blades ROAR to life.

GRAHAM

pushes through the door. He sees ghostly-pale Cabot working the stick...

The helicopter lifts off--

And immediately JERKS.

CABOT

struggles with the controls. His eyes close, wooziness overtaking him... He collapses onto the stick--

THE HELICOPTER

dives, spinning like a bull pulled by the horns--

GRAHAM

No!

The chopper CRASHES hard into the parking lot, crushing its landing skids and toppling to the side--

It finally stops moving. The helicopter rests at a 3/4 angle, BLADES still spinning and scraping across the asphalt.

GRAHAM

rushes to the edge of the helipad and looks. Emergency personnel are scattered all to hell.

Then he sees--

GASOLINE spilling from the helicopter. Slowly leaking out, trailing toward--

The spinning blades. With each scrape against pavement there's a SHOWER OF SPARKS.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Mackenzie!!

Graham's eyes dance, searching for a miracle. He spots a fire truck close by...

And then a plan hits him. He takes a breath and moves right up to the edge--

DR. LAMBERT

What are you doing?

GRAHAM

Something really stupid.

He looks at her... and then Graham JUMPS, leaping off the roof!

He falls -- twenty feet, forty -- nothing around to break his fall--

Finally Graham reaches

THE PARKING LOT

as

CRACK!!

Graham's ankle SNAPS on impact.

He immediately grabs his ankle, reeling in pain. He rolls over...

And sees the gasoline trail getting closer to the sparks.

Graham uses every ounce of will to climb up, keeping his weight on his good foot...

AUDREY (O.S.)

Graham!

Audrey hurries over and helps Graham balance.

AUDREY (CONT'D)

What the hell did you just do?!

GRAHAM

Mackenzie's still in there. You gotta help me.

AUDREY

You're sure she's--

GRAHAM

Audrey!

AUDREY

What can I do?

Graham limps over to the closest fire truck.

He rips the hose line free and reels it out so that he has several meters to work with.

GRAHAM

Keys will be inside. You're gonna drive.

AUDREY

What?

GRAHAM

There's no time. Just wait for my signal. You'll know when.

Graham drags the hose forward, toward the helicopter... less than two feet between the gas and the sparks now...

Graham YELPS and collapses. That damn ankle.

He pushes forward... the blades WWWWWHHHHRRRRR above him...

Graham crawls forward, nails scraping pavement, fighting for every inch...

Mackenzie is visible through the shattered door.

Finally Graham makes it. He yanks the door open and lifts himself

INTO THE HELICOPTER.

Cabot is hunched over the stick. Mackenzie is sprawled in the back.

Graham shakes Mackenzie awake...

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

Baby. Please, baby, wake up. Just hear me, okay? Mackenzie...

Nothing...

Then Mackenzie's eyes open. Dazed. She takes in her surroundings -- and finally throws her arms around Graham.

MACKENZIE

Dad!

GRAHAM

Thank Christ you're all right.

MACKENZIE

Are we in a helicopter?

GRAHAM

We're getting out of here. Put this around your waist.

He reveals the hose line.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Gotta make a quick exit, Mackenzie--

Graham looks through the other window and sees--

There's only a few inches left between the gasoline and the blades!

GRAHAM (CONT'D)
Double time, girl -- double time.
And make sure you knot it.

Mackenzie takes the hose and wraps it around her waist. She uses the nozzle end to tie a knot.

Graham shakes the rest of the hose, vigorously enough that

AUDREY

sees.

AUDREY
Guess that's the signal.

She rips open the fire truck's door and jumps into the seat. Twists the key as the engine RUMBLES--

GRAHAM

weaves his arm through the hose line. He holds Mackenzie close...

GRAHAM
Hold on tight.

She digs her fingers in--

CABOT

grabs Mackenzie's leg!

CABOT
You're -- not -- going -- any--

Mackenzie furiously kicks--

MACKENZIE
Get the fuck off me!

She drives her foot into Cabot's face--

He releases!

Then--

MACKENZIE

That gonna be one of those promises
you keep?

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

REPORTERS flood the scene. Hostages with little more than
bruises tell tales of their incredible heroism.

Graham lays on a gurney in the back of an ambulance. Audrey
and Mackenzie sit inside. The back doors are open as they
wait to leave.

Mackenzie looks at Graham -- bandaged all to hell. She's
pretty banged up herself.

MACKENZIE

We, um -- do we have health
insurance?

GRAHAM

Let's just say you're getting a
summer job that lasts for the rest
of your life.

Audrey spots Dr. Lambert walking with Sophia.

AUDREY

Hey, doc. How's she holding up?

DR. LAMBERT

Better than he is I imagine.

GRAHAM

I'm doing just fine. Morphine's
kicking in.

Dr. Lambert kneels in front of Sophia and points out the
others.

DR. LAMBERT

This is Graham and Mackenzie, and
they went through a lot of trouble
tonight keeping you safe. You
gonna thank them?

Sophia thinks really hard. Choosing her words carefully.

SOPHIA

I...

Sophia blushes and hides behind her mother.

DR. LAMBERT

Kids, huh? You take care of him,
Mackenzie.

Mackenzie salutes. Dr. Lambert smiles and closes the
ambulance doors.

GRAHAM

(to Mackenzie)

Speaking of kids -- you realize we
gotta talk about your swearing,
right?

MACKENZIE

Huh?

GRAHAM

It was all "fuck this, fuck that"
tonight.

MACKENZIE

I almost died! You almost died!

GRAHAM

I'm just living by the standard you
set -- and you are so grounded.

Mackenzie frowns. Ugh.

MACKENZIE

Man...

The ambulance finally kicks off. It weaves through the
masses of cops, firemen, and reporters.

And just as it disappears into the night...

FADE OUT.

THE END