

A HARD STARE

Written by
Lawrence Whitener

Medical depictions, descriptions, and testing are accurate.

WGA-East Reg #I385090
303 Fieldstone Lane
Blacksburg, VA 24060
(c) 540-449-6575
(e) L_WH@aol.com
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by Lawrence Whitener

FADE IN:

CAPTION: *Ménière's Disease is a permanent inner ear disabling vertigo so its sufferer feels upside-down and thrown around.*

FADE CAPTION: *45,000 new cases are reported yearly.*

FADE CAPTION: *No cure exists.*

EXT. NYC LINCOLN TUNNEL EXIT ON ITS NJ SIDE - DAY

A speeding Porsche exits from tunnel's darkness followed by an NYPD unmarked sedan with its siren on and a portable red light *flashing* on top of passenger's side roof.

Two NYPD Cruisers follow both with *sirens* and red lights on.

INT. NYPD UNMARKED CAR FOLLOWING PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS

Two NYPD detectives, both 50s, in suits, are in the lead car.

ALEXANDRA "ALEX" REILLY, Irish African-American female, 30s, fit-for-age, drives. Her partner LOUISE "LOU" PARADISE, 40s, Cajun American Indian female of the Louisiana Houma Nation, is front passenger holding the car's radio-mike in a hand.

Lou *sneezes* explosive. Alex is caught by surprise.

ALEX

Jesus, Lou?! --Get any on me?

LOU

(*Mor mwah, "bite me"*)

Mords moi.

ALEX

Back atcha'. What idiot plans an escape through the Lincoln Tunnel?

LOU

Savant, since dey hack D.O.T.'s computer to freeze all traffic lights leaving tunnel empty.

(*keys mike on*)

Unit two-niner. Suspects exited tunnel proceeding to ...

Lou is thrown against her door as Alex cuts hard to follow the Porsche around a 360° exit ramp.

ALEX

Weeeeeeee-hawken!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF LINCOLN TUNNEL ON NJ SIDE - SAME

Porsche continues east on I-495 chased by NYPD police.

A New Jersey State Police helicopter flies in above them. Its PILOT is an East Indian female, USAF trained.

LOU (FILTERED)
Eye-in-da-sky, you got 'em?

PILOT (FILTERED)
Ten-four. Aviation Bureau Air Unit
One "Calling The Ball." Who's Lead?

EXT. I-495 EXIT RAMPS - MOMENTS LATER

Note: All Cruisers now joining are New Jersey State Police.

Two NJSP Cruisers with lights *flashing* but no sirens block Eastbound lanes. A third NJ Cruiser blocks Eastbound exit.

Westbound traffic across the divider-guardrail is held back by a fourth NJSP Cruiser and its NJSP TROOPER THREE.

NJ MAJOR DUNDEE, Asian, 40s, crew-cut, stands with TWO NJSP TROOPERS, 20s, by the two Eastbound cruisers. All are in full uniforms holding shotguns. Dundee keys his shoulder-radio on.

DUNDEE
Major Dundee, New Jersey State
Police! Road's blocked! Spike-
strips set on both exit ramps!

The Three *rack* their shotguns as one.

INT. LOU'S CAR - SIMULTANEOUS

Lou and Alex look at each other.

LOU
(*Say too fee-nee, "Over"*)
C'est tout fini.

ALEX
Think they woulda' planned better.

Lou again *sneezes* violent. Alex leans away disgusted.

EXT. SPEEDING PORSCHE - MOMENTS LATER

Porsche's removable top flies off and *bounces* behind it.

Porche's PASSENGER, wearing all-white cotton *Kurta Pajama* and an Islamic white-knit *Kufi* cap stands up on his seat.

PILOT (FILTERED)
Stand By! Suspect passenger is
standing up through the roof.

Passenger's cap blows off. He's shaved bald.

INT. LOU'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Alex jerks car to miss Porche's top in the road then head-motions to the *Port Authority's* bus parking-lot beside them.

ALEX
Hijacking a bus to Trenton?

LOU
(*Pah presk, "hardly"*)
Pas presque.
(keys mike on)
Air One, Suspect standing have a
weapon?

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF PORSCHE - SIMULTANEOUS

Passenger reaches behind his seat as Helicopter flies over.

PILOT (FILTERED)
Suspect is reaching forrr --?

Passenger aims a LAW-tube forward over their windshield.

PILOT (FILTERED)
R.P.G.!

EXT. NJ HIGHWAY EXIT RAMP - IMMEDIATELY

TROOPERS ONE and TWO look at Dundee for instructions.

DUNDEE
EXPEDITE!

Troopers One and Two and Dundee run to jump over the cement median guard-rail to its protected Westbound side.

Trooper Three on Westbound side hand-motions frantic for all his stopped CITIZEN DRIVERS to get back in their vehicles.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF GIANT'S STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Helicopter flies over the Stadium. New York Giants are hosting a Home game so parking lot is full.

SPECTATORS inside *cheer* a touchdown.

EXT. N.J. HIGHWAY EXIT RAMP - SIMULTANEOUS

Alex turns hard to follow the Porsche down their same exit ramp followed by the two NYPD-Cruisers.

Dundee and Trooper One jump in Dundee's cruiser as Trooper Two jumps in undamaged cruiser. Both NJSP Cruisers follow Alex and their two NYPD Cruisers down same exit ramp.

DUNDEE (FILTERED)
Release and follow.

Trooper Three waves traffic on, jumps in his Cruiser, and drives across the dirt median to jig onto the exit ramp and follow the Five red-light flashing *siren-wailing* car chase.

INT. LOU'S CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Alex and Lou are thinking when Lou cries out in pain.

LOU
(*Ahh-yoy, "in pain"*)
AYOYE!

ALEX
What? What?!

LOU
My ears? Dey pop?! Like in
aeroplane. Dat really hurt?

ALEX
Man up! What's their next move?

LOU
(keys mike on)
Dispatch, stolen merch I.D.'d?

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)
(female)
Negative. Army spokesperson only
identifies as a blue canister the
size of a small fire extinguisher.

ALEX

What the fuck is the Army doing to our Big Apple now? Ain't we bit off enough?

LOU

Moi brother-in-law is at dat game. He offer ticket but on stake-out.
(Maird, "crap")
Merde, Merde, MERDE!

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)

Open Mike, two-niner.

Lou keys off microphone, curses silent, then re-keys on.

LOU

Dispatch, get Homeland Security to twist Army's arm! Tell dem we are headed to stadium. --Major!
(Tee-rur day-leet/"sniper")
Tireur d'élite on site?

DUNDEE (FILTERED)

Affirmative. Be there in ten. Which entrance?

ALEX

North service road!

LOU

(Shah-tee-gray/"tiger cat")
Chat-tigre on Timex Rooftop!

DUNDEE (FILTERED)

Air Unit One, overwatch sniper to Practice Stadium rooftop then coordinate to Block, That, Road!

PILOT (FILTERED)

Air Unit One diverting to main stadium rally point and landing at Berry's Creek Canal. Confirm.

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)

Army has identified their canister as holding an experimental agent.

ALEX

"Agent?!" *Fucking James Bond crap.*

Lou waves for Alex to shut-up then keys on mike.

LOU
Floo-eed ou Gasz?

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)
Stand By.

Dispatcher keys *off*. Lou *taps* her mike on the dashboard.

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)
Liquid. Odorless and colorless.

Lou throws her mike onto floorboard and yells at it, *Pew-tan Duh Mair*, as a vulgar expletive.

LOU
PUTAIN DE MÈRE!

Alex side-glances at Lou who picks up the mike to key it on.

LOU
Major, Army playing C.Y.A. Dey lose
nerve agent to be W.M.D. at game!

DUNDEE (FILTERED)
Water soluble?

LOU
(keys mike on)
Dispatch, will l'eau, uh, what-er,
disperse its toxin?

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)
Stand By.

ALEX
Holding ponds?

Lou nods animated then looks like she's going to sneeze.

Alex makes a scrunchie-face and leans away from her.

EXT. METLIFE STADIUM - SIMULTANEOUS

Helicopter EAST INDIAN PILOT with her CO-PILOT and EMT, both Caucasian males, lands on pavement between Stadium and *State Fair Meadowlands* parking lot.

NJSP SNIPER in black uniform, Asian female, Army-fit, carrying her longrifle, runs to jump in.

Helicopter takes off. Its rotor's downwash blows TAILGATERS food tables over.

INT. LOU'S CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Alex and Lou speed along in silence. Radio crackles on.

DISPATCHER (FILTERED)
Dispatch to unit two-niner.

Lou fumble-drops her mike, recovers it, then keys on.

LOU
What-er a dispersal agent?

DISPATCHER
Only when in its natural liquid
state. If airborne, no antidote.

ALEX
Fuck the God Damn Army!

LOU
'Ey! I was in l'armée, couyon.
(keys mike on)
Major! Comment ça va?

EXT. GIANT'S PRACTICE STADIUM ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Helicopter hovers just above the slanted rooftop that has
"TIMEX" painted on top in huge letters across it.

Sniper jumps out and runs to edge of the roof taking off her
jacket. She balls it up and rests her rifle-barrel on it then
lies prone aiming. She keys her shoulder mike on.

PILOT (FILTERED)
Sniper in position. Air One
landing. Stadium Security blocked
service road with their trucks.

INT. LOU'S CRUISER - IMMEDIATELY

Lou tilts her head thinking then keys mike.

LOU
Any vehicle-carriers?

PILOT (FILTERED)
One's a flatbed tow-truck?

LOU
Its bed, be it empty?!

PILOT (FILTERED)
Affirmative.

LOU
Air Unit! Have Security drop tow-truck bed so ramp angled to pond. Get dat G.D. car under what-er!

PILOT (FILTERED)
Copy that!

LOU
You understand, Pilot? No, uh --?
(*Tray-ter-mōnh*/"treatment")
Traitement, if you breathe in.

INT. NJSP HELICOPTER NOW ON SERVICE ROAD - SIMULTANEOUS

Pilot flips switches and the rotors *whine* on as she stares at a picture of her family on control-board then looks at her two Crew Members. Co-Pilot and EMT both give her thumbs-up.

PILOT
Get, Out!

Co-Pilot and EMT shake their heads.

PILOT
Not a request. OUT!

Co-Pilot and EMT holding his medical bag jump-exit *grumbling*.

Pilot *keys* mike as she pulls back on Collective to lift off.

PILOT
Oscar Mike!

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF GIANT'S PRACTICE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Service Road now blocked by a variety of commercial trucks with the tow-truck angled at the rear of them.

Tow-truck's flat-bed has its back-edge lowered onto the pavement so its bed is angled up at 45° like a jumping-ramp.

NJSP helicopter tree-top hovers above the nearest pond. Its rotor's downwash creates concentric waves on water's surface.

Porsche, followed by Frank's cruiser with two NYPD cruisers and three NJSP cruisers, all exit onto *North Service Road*.

INT. NJSP HELICOPTER - IMMEDIATELY

Speeding cars reflect in Pilot's helmet-visor. She *keys* mike.

PILOT

Truck ramp's on-deck and angled!

(keys mike *off*)

Not on my watch P.O.S. Porsche.

EXT. PRACTICE STADIUM SERVICE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Porsche drives up on a sidewalk to avoid blocking-vehicles.

SECURITY GUARD, 20s female, Italian dark-skinned, pudgy, in guard's uniform, sees Porsche's maneuver and looks at the tow-truck then runs towards Porsche yelling in a Brooklyn accent.

SECURITY GUARD

Fuhgedaboutit!

Security Guard runs headlong at the Porsche waving her arms.

Porsche swerves but hits Security Guard sending her flying.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF PRACTICE STADIUM ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

Sound of a clock *ticking* somewhere.

Sniper lies prone on TIMEX roof aiming through rifle-scope.

SCOPE INSERT: POV cross-hairs move from Driver to Passenger.

EXT. PROFILE OF PORSCHE - CONTINUOUS

Passenger stands with a second LAW aiming at the tow-truck.

EXT. SNIPER - IMMEDIATELY

TIME LAPSE:

Sniper exhales long, slow, and complete then pulls trigger.

BULLET CAM: Bullet leaves barrel and travels towards Porsche.

Sniper's bullet pierces windshield hitting DRIVER in his heart which explodes with blood spurting everywhere.

TIME LAPSE ENDS.

INT. PORSCHE - MOMENTS LATER

Porsche jerks. Passenger's jostled so *fires* rocket into air. He drops now empty firing-tube and grabs for the steering wheel as a blue metal canister rolls under his feet. He slips on the canister falling face-first into his Driver's blood.

EXT. TIMEX ROOFTOP - SIMULTANEOUS

The mis-fired LAW-rocket is now heading for the Sniper.

SNIPER
INCOMING!

Sniper abandons her rifle to jump off the roof.

The LAW-rocket *explodes* behind her taking out the roof.

EXT. ON THE GROUND NEAR PRACTICE STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

Sniper does a *P.L.F. Roll* as she lands then covers-up fetal.

Pieces of exploded-roof fall all around her.

SIGN INSERT: Part of the Timex tag-line sticks upright in the ground next to Sniper reading "*Keeps On Ticking.*"

EXT. PORSCHE NOW ON TOW TRUCK - SIMULTANEOUS

Porsche flies up the tow-truck's bed and becomes airborne.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Flying Porsche reflects in Pilot's visor coming at her.

PILOT
Jesus Take Over!

Pilot opens the throttle and yanks control-yoke back hard.

EXT. HELICOPTER AND PORSCHE OVER POND ONE - IMMEDIATELY

Helicopter climbs hard as Porsche inverts under it.

Pilot noses over to bounce her copter's skid gear off car's now exposed undercarriage pushing the car straight down.

Porsche lands upside-down in the pond to sink *bubbling*.

EXT. GROUND NEAR PRACTICE STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Sniper stands watching the Porsche sink and arm-pumps once.

SNIPER

One shot, Two kills! --*Seikō*.

EXT. PRACTICE STADIUM HELI-PAD - MOMENTS LATER

Helicopter lands on heli-pad where Co-Pilot waits smiling.

INT. HELICOPTER - SIMULTANEOUS

Pilot exhales hard, *powers-off*, kisses two fingers then pats them on her family's photograph. She removes helmet and her short black hair is glued-down from perspiration. She exits.

EXT. HELICOPTER ON LANDING PAD - CONTINUOUS

Co-Pilot high-fives Pilot then both grab a stretcher out of the back of helicopter and jog to their working EMT with it.

EXT. TRUCKS BLOCKING SERVICE ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Lou's car and their Five trailing police vehicles park.

All Officers exit their Cruisers and go to the helicopter EMT who tends to the Security Guard's broken bone.

EMT

Guard threw herself at them when it looked like they'd miss the ramp.

ALEX

(pats Guard's shoulder)
You're a hero.

SECURITY GUARD

(winces in pain)
Fuhgedaboutit.

Pilot and Co-Pilot arrive carrying helicopter-stretcher.

Lou walks to the *bubbling* pond followed by Alex and Dundee.

EXT. STADIUM POND - CONTINUOUS

Lou collects some flat rocks and skip-throws them across the water's surface. She's good.

ALEX
Faire des ricochets?

No response. Alex watches as Dundee keys shoulder-mike on.

DUNDEE
New Jersey Dispatch, Code 4, threat
neutralized. We need divers and
HAZMAT on-site a-sap, please.

DISPATCH (FILTERED)
Hazardous Materials Unit en route.

ALEX
Fuck chemical weapons.

LOU
(with back to both)
Major, protéger la propriété to
keep us inform, s'il te plaît.

ALEX
That it?

LOU
Chez lui.

ALEX
"His ground?!" We live here, too!

LOU
(ah-trah-peh, *catch*)
Allons-y. We need to hunt down et
attraper who make dis happen.

Alex exits disgusted. Lou shakes Dundee's hand then she follows Alex.

Dundee opens his hand. Lou left her flat rocks in it.

DUNDEE
It's not a job, it's --.

Dundee skips rocks one-by-one across the water. He's good, too.

INT. NYPD HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER SAME DAY

Parallel long tables with arm-chairs face a raised platform with a single long table having the same-type chairs and a lectern. A large marker-board is behind it on the wall.

OFFICERS, both sexes, multi-ethnics, most in suits, some in NYPD uniforms, enter and sit.

Lou and Alex in suits, Sniper and Three-man Helicopter Crew in NJSP uniforms, enter to sit at the end of platform.

NYPD CHIEF OF POLICE, in full uniform, stands at the podium.

Dundee, still in same NJSP uniform, stands beside him.

Room goes pin-drop quiet.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Officers, a disaster of biblical proportions was averted just hours ago through cross-jurisdictional law enforcement cooperation.

Chief of Police turns to shake Dundee's hand.

CHIEF OF POLICE

I turn this briefing over to New Jersey State Police, Major Dundee.

Chief of Police sits. Dundee waits for *clapping* to die down.

DUNDEE

Two of New York's finest were on routine stake-out when they witnessed a burglary in progress and took self-initiative to stave off Armageddon. I give you --.

Dundee turns to Alex and Lou at end of platform.

DUNDEE

Detectives Alex Reilly and Lou Paradise.

Lou and Alex stand. Standing ovation by ALL.

Dundee waits, then motions to sit. ALL do.

DUNDEE

Without New Jersey's eye-in-the-sky, there is no way today's mission could have ended in success.

Dundee turns to the three Helicopter Crew.

DUNDEE (CONT'D)

I give you, the crew of New Jersey's own, Air Unit One.

Pilot, Co-Pilot, and EMT, stand to even louder *ovation*.

Dundee waits, then motions for all to sit. They do.

DUNDEE

We use deadly force only to save lives, but to do it from a thousand yards out on a moving target for a double-kill that saves thousands? Well, I think we'd all agree, that is far above and way beyond.

(turns to Sniper)

Meet New Jersey's newest "most accurate" long-rifle!

Sniper stands. ALL jump up, but Dundee holds out a hand to stop their ovation and All re-sit. Dundee motions Sniper over and pulls out a presentation box. Sniper goes to attention.

DUNDEE

Since 1968, the highest award any of our Officers can receive is -- "Trooper of the Year."

Dundee opens his box and attaches its red ribbon with gold frame pin on Sniper's uniform, then salutes her.

Now ALL stand snapping to attention and salute her as Dundee shakes Sniper's hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER steps in front to take pictures of both as they shake then Photographer exits.

ALL sit. Dundee looks down at the now seated Sniper.

DUNDEE

An exception was made to hand out the medal a little early this year. You'll get your plaque at the end-of-year awards ceremony as normal.

(faces audience)

System can't move that fast.

Stress-release of *laughter* from ALL.

Lou explosive-*sneezes*.

THOSE sitting around her lean away concerned.

DUNDEE (CONT'D)

Since the final arrest occurred in New Jersey, I turn the rest of this briefing over to our state's own Homeland Security Branch.

Dundee sits. NJSP Sergeant JOE HILL, fit, in uniform, stands.

HILL

I'm Sergeant Hill of our counter-
terrorism unit. We are the tactical
element for our Target Hardening
Response and Emergency Activation
Team, or THREAT. Due to our
tactical capabilities, we can be
utilized from air, sea, and land,
for any H.V.T. mission.

Hill hand-motions and all overhead lights dim.

A screen now lowers from its ceiling-track as a building's
picture is projected onto it.

HILL

Our two deadly Perps ...

ALEX

Dead Perps!

Muttering of laughter-agreement throughout room.

HILL

Broke into a top-secret government
lab to steal a prototype chemical
compound.

Screen's picture advances to now-dented same blue canister.

HILL

Meet --Love Potion Number Nine.

ALEX

(lean-whispers to Lou)
God damn male euphemisms.

Lou raises a hand. Hill acknowledges her.

LOU

Why is Chemical Corps making it
here and not in Aberdeen, Maryland?

HILL

Who said it was The Army?

CHIEF OF POLICE

(talks down to table)
Went out over the air.

HILL
God damn it!
(embarrassed)
Sorry. Now everyone knows?

ALEX
Obviously, everyone already did.

LOU
Please answer the question.

HILL
Need to know basis.

ALEX
Pretty sure we "need to know!"

Murmuring of concurrence.

Slide-picture changes to Morgue-Shots of Porsche's Driver and Passenger. They are met with *clapping*.

HILL
Meet the Betesh Brothers. Their name in Persian means "unique."

ALEX
(more-day, dead)
Who now be "uniquely" mordeh.

Clapping of agreement around her as picture now changes to the Brothers Mug-Shots with scattered "Boo's."

HILL
Originally from Syria by way of Canada ...

ALEX
Build a second wall!

Guffawing from ALL. Chief of Police glares. ALL go quiet.

HILL
We were tracking them for weeks hoping they'd lead us to their cell, but lost them two days ago.

ALEX
Took New York's Finest to find 'em!

Cheers. Chief of Police *slams* fist on table. Silence.

HILL

They, are highly organized and well-funded. We can expect more attacks, and soon.

LOU

How soon?
(no response)
Leads?

HILL

The F.B.I. is helping us round up suspects for questioning.

Hill hand-motions to PAUL SIDORSKI, in a black suit, grey around temples, sitting at the end of the front table. He stands and comes to the podium as Hill sits.

SIDORSKI

Special Agent in Charge Sidorski. As you can imagine, we have a lot of suspects, so we need additional interrogators of all backgrounds.

Alex points to Lou. Chief of Police notices and nods.

CHIEF OF POLICE

Detectives Paradise and Reilly are "uniquely" qualified.

SIDORSKI

Paradise? Really? --Welcome aboard.
(to room)
Anyone else?

Entire Audience raise their hands as one.

EXT. A BROOKLYN PROPERTY - LATER THAT DAY

Freshly-painted grey two-story building with no windows is nestled among *Vinegar Hill's* neighborhood of crumbling brick structures. No sign or street number is on it, just a shiny new sliding delivery door next to a metal entrance door.

Alex and Lou park in front then exit their car.

ALEX

What we gonna learn coming back here?

Lou falls against the side of their car like having a high blood-pressure attack. Alex goes to help her concerned.

ALEX

You okay, partner?

Lou opens them wide saying *Troh veet* for "Too fast."

LOU

Stood up trop vite.

(points at building)

One does not simply promenér into a secure government facility to say, Excusez-moi, où est la Biologics?"

ALEX

Inside accomplice?

LOU

Willing or unwilling. You check Employee Roster. I go à là pêche.

Lou makes arm-movements of casting a fishing line and reeling it in. Both go to the building. Lou *knocks* on entrance door.

Alex *pounds* on its corrugated delivery door then looks up.

ALEX

Smile.

SECURITY CAMERA INSERT: Camera above delivery door pivots mechanical *whirring* focusing from Alex to Lou.

LOU

Examinér all video.

ALEX

"Video?!" Everything's digital now, Dickless Tracy.

Lock on inner door *buzzes* then opens. NAJI SAAB, 30s, dark East Indian male wearing a white lab coat with black-frame "nerd" glasses exits. Door self-closes behind him.

SAAB

How may I help you?

ALEX

Investigating your Foxtrot Uniform, sahib.

SAAB

Saaaaab, please. I am sorry. I do not understand?

ALEX

Pretty sure you do.

Lou reads Saab's name and employee badge, "INQUEST LABS."

LOU

"Enquête?" As "In Da Cloud?" Or a
"general inquiry" from Pentagon
officials about toxicants?

SAAB

I am only a humble Project Manager.
What can I do to you?

LOU

Do not you mean, "for" us?

No response. Alex *sucks* her teeth angry.

ALEX

Grant us complete access to your
employee records, Volvo.

SAAB

Name is, Saab. But unlike their
car, my name is from the Arabic
"Sabah" which means "morning".

ALEX

Helluva morning, A-hab.

SAAB

Careful detective, your prejudice
is showing.
(straitens Alex's tie)
And is quite offending, Effendi.

Alex stuffs a Federal Warrant into Saab's hand.

ALEX

Back atcha. So how about showing us
full cooperation?

SAAB

Certainly.

Saab tears-up the warrant and hands pieces back to Alex then
turns to re-enter and pulls out his door reader-card.

Alex kicks the back of Saab's knee causing him to fall on
both as Lou grabs Saab's card and *swipes* the door's Reader.

Door unlocks open.

TWO GUARDS, Caucasian, in black tactical gear with automatic
rifles aimed, step out and threaten Alex and Lou motioning
them to back up with their hands in the air.

Saab stands, straightens his lab coat, then takes his card back from Lou and dusts it off.

SAAB

Good-bye --officers.

Saab exits through open door. Two Guards motion with rifles for Lou and Alex to back up more. They do. Two Guards walk backwards into the open door which *locks* behind them closed.

INT. LOU'S PARKED VEHICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Alex gets in as driver. Lou enters as passenger. B

ALEX

What just happened?

LOU

We fall into énorme caca poule.

ALEX

Chicken shit is right. Let's call for A-team and U-cars.

(*sucks* teeth grinning)

Gonna have ourselves an itty-bitty knock-down drag-em-out block-party.

LOU

(keys radio mike on)

Dispatch, put me through to our Captain, merci beaucoup.

Static, then CAPTAIN BASH comes over their radio.

BASH (FILTERED)

How'd it go?

LOU

Hudson, we have a problem.

EXT. AERIAL OF LOU'S VEHICLE - IMMEDIATELY

Lou *sneezes* so violent their car rocks.

BASH (FILTERED)

Krishna!

EXT. INQUEST LABS BUILDING - LATER SAME DAY

Another typical quiet day in The Bronx except...

NYPD Apprehension Tactical Team, Emergency Service Squad #4, Radio Emergency Patrol, and ESU's Medical Squad trucks now block off both ends of the street. OFFICERS are everywhere.

INT. LOU'S PARKED VEHICLE - SIMULTANEOUS

Lou and Alex sit now drink coffee and watch as audience.

ALEX

Really should see a doctor, a
traiteur, some "ting" partner.

An armored NYPD *Lenco Bear-Cat* drives up the street.

Alex *knocks* on their car's dash smiling.

LOU

Frappe, frappe.

EXT. INQUEST LABS BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Bear-Cat drives to cargo-door as it's bull-horn *barks*.

BEAR-CAT DRIVER (FILTERED)

New York Police Department! We have
a Federal Warrant! Everyone exit
with your hands up!

A series of *explosions* circle the base of the Building.

STANDING OFFICERS dive to the ground covering their heads.

Building *implodes* falling-in on itself to a huge dust cloud.

INT. LOU'S SHAKING VEHICLE - IMMEDIATELY

Rumbling dust cloud flows over their car then eerie silence.

Lou and Alex extend their cup-hands out their windows to simultaneous dump their now dust-covered coffee onto ground.

ALEX

Now there's something you don't see
everyday, Chauncey.

LOU

Dat one way not to comply.

Both exit the car wiping their suits off with handkerchiefs.

EXT. LOU'S PARKED CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Laying down Officers now stand checking for injury. None.

Sidorski parks his Federal unmarked black S.U.V behind them and exits wearing a wind-breaker with "F.B.I." across back.

Lou and Alex blot spilt-coffee off their suits, look at their stained handkerchiefs, then stuff into now empty coffee cups.

SIDORSKI

Where are they?!

LOU

"In Da Cloud."

SIDORSKI

Why didn't you keep me in the loop?!

ALEX

We went through Channels. Thought our Department would inform you?

SIDORSKI

How could you let this happen?!

ALEX

(goes nose-to-nose)

Back, the fuck, up, G-man. Building Implosion is the strategic placing of explosives with exact timing of detonation so that the structure collapses in on itself. All of that takes time and planning.

LOU

With extensive pre-planning so dey destroy all evidence at moment's notice. This not "just happen." Was executed as contingency escape. You need to interrogate "your" Army contacts.

SIDORSKI

(thinks, decides)

Why don't --you?

Lou stares at the rubble then Alex and her high-five.

LOU/ALEX

All, Da, Way.

Dust cloud now overtakes them as they are swallowed up by it.

Lou *sneezes* so fierce she stumbles falling over.

SIDORSKI

Jesus!

ALEX

(*seh-ry-uhz-măhn*)

Dudette --sérieusement?

INT. NYC FEDERAL BUILDING INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

An 8' x 8' bare cinderblock room with a metal table and four metal chairs designed to be claustrophobic.

Alex and Lou sit on one side of table with a file folder.

Door opens and U.S. ARMY COLONEL TANK, West Point's finest, enters. Door is closed by an MP SOLDIER from the outside.

TANK

Reporting as ordered.

LOU

Take a seat, Colonel.

TANK

I'm not staying.

ALEX

Sit!

LOU

(*poor luh moh-mahn*)

Colonel, pour le moment.

Tank sits down ramrod straight.

Lou points up to a corner of the ceiling.

LOU

Your interview is being recorded.

TANK

I have nothing to say.

Alex strikes a fist down on the table. Her *boom* echoes.

ALEX

Stop Acting! Take responsibility
for your actions!

Lou slides a manilla folder across the table at Tank.

LOU
(too, "all")
We know tous.

TANK
Then you know I'll never ...

Lou's sneeze is so powerful and sudden, even she didn't know it was coming. She blows mucus all over Tank's face.

Tank is surprised, feels the mucus on his face, and panics.

TANK
He forced me! There was nothing I could do! I had to let them in or lose everything! My job, our house.
(breaks down crying)
My family.

ALEX
Well, that's certainly one way to go. Good cop, Snot cop.

Lou is embarrassed and hands her new handkerchief to Tank who uses it like a washcloth to clean his face.

LOU
Read him Rights.

ALEX
Fine, but Jesus, Lou. Would you please go see an f'n doctor?

Lou wants to reply, but can't. She swoons then falls out of her chair curling into fetal position on the floor.

Alex and Tank stare down at her. Tank smirks.

TANK
She's fallen and can't get up.

Alex grabs Tank's lapels pulling him to standing *snarling*.

ALEX
Not, One, Word. Got it?

Alex throws Tank in his chair then goes to spasming Lou.

INT. PHYSICIAN'S EXAM ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Lou sits on its exam table with her coat and tie off. DOCTOR, African-American female, 40s, fit, wearing a lab coat, enters carrying Lou's medical file.

DOCTOR

Have you had the flu or a bad head cold recently?

LOU

For two weeks, two weeks ago.

DOCTOR

Ears clogged, lots of sneezing?

LOU

Thought it go away.

DOCTOR

But today you --?
(reads her file)
"Fell over" at work.

She feels Lou's throat glands, grabs an otoscope and uses its ring light to examine her eyes then snaps a disposable funnel on it and examines her ears. She *pops* funnel into a trashcan.

DOCTOR

Have you had feelings of dizziness or disorientation?

LOU

Oui.

DOCTOR

Tinnitus?
(no response so defines)
"Ringing in the ears?"

LOU

Mais oui?

DOCTOR

Lay down on your back with your head hanging off end of exam table.

Lou lays down regular with her head near edge of table.

Doctor goes to end of table and grabs her head.

DOCTOR

Scoot your shoulders up to the edge with your head hanging over.

Lou scoots up wary as Doctor holds her head steady.

DOCTOR

Relax completely.

Lou lets her neck muscles relax.

Doctor twists Lou's head from left to right very fast.

DOCTOR

Now sit up.

Lou recovers from the twisting, tries, but can't get up.

LOU

What da hell?

DOCTOR

Dizzy?

LOU

Duh-uh?

Doctor looks into Lou's eyes, nods, and pushes Lou back flat on exam table. Its paper *scrunches*.

DOCTOR

Vertigo.

LOU

(*Lahsh pah*/"Don't do that")

Lâche pas!

DOCTOR

Nothing I can do for you except recommend Dramamine for its nausea.

LOU

"Not-ting you can do?!" Den why cause attack?!"

DOCTOR

Only way to prove for the insurance company. They're very particular in our diagnosis. I'll write orders for two more tests and referral to an E.N.T. specialist. Also some steroid nasal spray, use often. In the meantime, lay there till you feel better.

LOU

'Ow long?

DOCTOR

Up to four hours.

LOU

"Four Hour?!"

DOCTOR

Maybe more.

Doctor exits as Lou repeats Doctor's last words in shock.

LOU

"Maybe more?"

(hugs herself rocking)

Sacre bleu.

INT. NYPD DETECTIVES BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY

NYPD DETECTIVES, suit jackets hung over the backs of their desk chairs, sit at their desks discussing cases.

Alex, in suit, sits at her desk reading a report.

Lou enters wearing same suit, now wrinkled, and sits.

ALEX

Gone a long time. How'd it go?

LOU

(*fee-nahl-lee-mahn*)

"It go" --finalement. Anyting?

ALEX

Nada.

Lou tilts head, thinks hard, smiles, then nods quoting.

LOU

"Some people, witout possessing genius, have da remarkable power, of stimulating it."

ALEX

Sherlock Holmes, Sherlylocks?

LOU

Da game is afoot, Watson.

Lou stands then gets unsteady. Alex holds her by shoulders.

EXT. US ARMY GARRISON AT FORT HAMILTON - LATER THAT DAY

Located in Brooklyn at the base of the Verrazano Bridge, it is comprised of active duty Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines, Coast Guard, National Guard, and Reserve Components.

Alex and Lou's unmarked car parks at their *Visitor's Center*. Both exit car to enter the building.

Moments later, Alex and Lou exit out the other side now wearing visitor badges then walk across the compound.

INT. FORT HAMILTON MP OFFICES - MOMENTS LATER

Uniformed ARMY M.P. wearing *107th MP Company, 53rd Troop Command* markings, leads Lou and Alex to a locked door.

M.P.

We isolated him in here. Do you have the warrant?

Alex hands a federal warrant to M.P. who reads to self then unlocks the door and opens it.

ALEX

What the fuck?!

The Colonel has hung himself from an overhead water pipe.

Lou rushes in and grabs Colonel's legs holding him up.

Alex flips open a spring-assist knife and jumps up on the interrogation table to cut Tank's hanging double-cord.

Colonel's body collapses on Lou who lays it down on table then begins CPR compressions.

ALEX

When did someone check on him last?

M.P.

I did, when I took his belt and shoelaces.

LOU

I asked, "When?!"

M.P.

(checks wristwatch)
Forty-five.

Alex checks the the Colonel's carotid artery, shakes head.

Lou loosens the Colonel's neck cord which has toggles. She looks at the window blinds. They're missing their lift cord.

LOU

You take laces but not dose?

ALEX

(snaps fingers)
His family!

Lou tries to step back but loses balance and falls back against the wall.

ALEX (CONT'D)

The Colonel said "he" threatened his family. This was the only way the Colonel could save them.

M.P.

Death before dishonor.

LOU

Pretty sure, other way round.

ALEX

(to M.P.)

Secure the scene till our C.S.I. gets here.

M.P.

Ma'am, this is a military institution. We have our own ...

Alex goes nose-to-nose with M.P. breathing like a bull. She is not to be trifled with. M.P. steps back. While still evil-eyeing the M.P., Alex talks to Lou.

ALEX

Terry Pat him.

Lou steps forward then falls back against the wall again.

Alex drops to search all the pockets of Tank's uniform.

LOU

Shoes aussi.

Alex slips off Colonel's shoes to see if heels move. Nope.

LOU

(ree-b \ddot{a} hn, "ribbons")

Battle rubans.

M.P. steps forward. Lou shakes her head ominous wagging a finger. M.P. steps back. Alex examines Colonel's ribbons.

ALEX

Got something, partner.

Alex steps over to Lou pointing to a ribbon and slides the shank of the multicolored service ribbon off its clasp.

Inside clasp's metal body is a very small mini-USB drive.

Alex pulls out a clear Evidence Bag and uses her knife-tip to flip the drive into her bag. She holds the bag up to study its tiny electronic.

ALEX

Do they even make an adapter this small?

Lou and Alex look at the M.P. who goes ramrod straight.

ALEX

Take that as a "yes."

Lou gets a worried look. She goes to sit down in a chair but misses it and lands on the floor on her butt fast-blinking.

Alex spins to M.P. with pointer-finger stabbing as a weapon.

ALEX

Not, One, Word, Mister.

INT. E.N.T. TESTING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Alex, now in street clothes of slacks and a sweater, walks into a small medical exam room. In its center is a medical table with medical tools and goggles hanging at one end.

TESTING TECHNICIAN in lab coat enters behind Alex.

TECHNICIAN

Lay on your back, head at this end.

Lou hesitates then does as instructed. She's uncomfortable.

LOU

What dis test called?

TECHNICIAN

Videonystagmography.

LOU

(*bay-NEESS*, "bless you")
Bénisse.

Lou *sneezes* violent.

TECHNICIAN

Bless you.

LOU

(wipes nose)
What dis do?

TECHNICIAN

Called a V.N.G. This test measures a type of eye movement you can't control called nystagmus.

Technician inserts small tubes into Alex's ears.

LOU

What deese do?

TECHNICIAN

They blow oscillating temperature air streams into your middle ear canal to test eye reactions.

Technician tries to put the goggles on Lou who stops him.

TECHNICIAN

These infrared goggles go to my computer. It is mandatory you keep your eyes wide open at all times.

LOU

Porquoi?

TECHNICIAN

Hopefully to uncover a cause for the vertigo and any inflammation of your vestibular nerve.

ALEX

How long?

TECHNICIAN

Sixty to ninety minutes.

ALEX

Dat long?!

Technician places the goggles over Alex's eyes.

TECHNICIAN

Remember, keep your eyes open or we'll have to start all over.

Technician places a squeeze-bulb in Lou's hand.

TECHNICIAN

Squeeze this, if the test becomes uncomfortable.

Technician leaves the room closing the door.

Lou adjusts her goggles pantomiming Technician's last word.

LOU
"Un-com-for-ta-ble?"

TECHNICIAN (FILTERED)
Ready?

ALEX
Non.

POV: All is black as Alex tries to keep her eyes wide open.
Warm air is blown into Lou's ears. Lou shudders.

TECHNICIAN (FILTERED)
Cold air now.

FANTASY INSERT: Lou spins like a propellor on the table. She is afraid she is going to spin off so pushes her panic bulb. Lou now pushes frantic. No response from Technician. Lou spins faster and faster. She is going to take off any moment.

Lou yanks her goggles off. She looks down at her body. She hasn't changed position.

Technician enters.

TECHNICIAN
We'll have to start over again.

LOU
You have cord?

TECHNICIAN
A what?

LOU
A cord. Extension cord?

Technician exits and re-enters with an orange extension cord.

ALEX
Run under table, hand me both end.

Technician hesitates then does as instructed.

Lou ties the extension cord around her waist tight strapping herself to the table. She hooks both thumbs under the cord.

LOU
Now --I ready.

Technician replaces goggles over Lou's eyes and exits.

Sound of air *hissing* from the tubes into Lou's ears.

Her mouth grimaces as if being tortured. Her fingers tighten around the electrical cord with knuckles going white. Her pursed lips show this will be a very long ninety minutes.

EXT. FORMER INQUEST LABS BUILDING SITE - LATER THAT DAY

Entire block of rubble is cordoned off with "Do Not Cross" yellow-black tape. NYPD OFFICERS stand guard at all four corners shooing away ONLOOKERS.

NYC F.B.I. AGENTS from their Bomb Scene Investigation unit are in full HAZMAT suits looking for clues using rakes, spades, shovels, trowels, and sifter-screens. ONE AGENT finds something, takes a picture of its location, sticks a numbered flag in its ground, puts it in an Evidence Bag, then carries the bag to their Special Agent Bomb Technician (SABT).

Every FBI Field Office has at least one *SABT*. This NYC's name is ALEXANDER APOLLO, 40s, African-American Greek, who wears a disposable Tyvek jumpsuit, shoe covers, and particle mask. He stands at a long white-plastic folding table covered with numbered artifacts. Beside him is a large whiteboard with numbers hand-written in most of its permanent-printed grid lines in relation to where each piece of evidence was found.

Alex and Lou park their unmarked cruiser nearby, exit, and talk to a corner perimeter NYPD COP who points to Apollo.

Alex and Lou walk to Apollo who yells when they are 20' away.

APOLLO

Freeze!

Alex and Lou stop in mid-track. Lou trips. Alex catches her.

One Agent brings Apollo his find. Apollo questions him. One Agent points flattening his hand vertically showing its lay. Apollo pulls a pocket compass hanging around his neck and writes the direction of travel on his clipboard. He takes the tiny fragment and nods to One Agent who returns to his sector. Apollo covers same fragment with a numbered plastic placard on table and transfers the info to a whiteboard grid.

Alex and Lou take a single step forward when Apollo's palm jams at them in the air, *Stop*. Alex and Lou do in mid-track.

Apollo puts down his clipboard and goes to them pulling his respirator down to his neck.

APOLLO

How may I assist you, Detectives?

Alex and Lou look at each other.

LOU
Oh, he good.

ALEX
And good-looking, too.

APOLLO
Detection canines found RDX.

ALEX
Military-grade C-4?

LOU
Explain bang's "buzz" sound.
(to Apollo)
10% polyisobutylene?

APOLLO
With a twist.

Alex and Lou tilt their heads in sync.

APOLLO
Instead of a naturally occurring
organic hydrocarbon, it is ...

LOU
Synthetic?

Apollo nods. Lou *whistles*. Apollo tilts his head like them.

APOLLO
B.D.U. training?

LOU
U.S. Army.

ALEX
And --?

LOU
Natural hydrocarbons form the basis
of crude oil, natural gas, and coal
--naturally.
(to Apollo)
No wonder you all wear full gear.

ALEX
'Cause --?

Lou turns to Alex but gets unsteady so Alex grabs her arm.

Apollo sees.

APOLLO

Aspiration of synthetic leads to pneumonitis, chronic lung dysfunction, cardiac arrhythmias, and central nervous system depression. That's why I can't bring in a mapping helicopter.

ALEX

Why are "synthetic" hydrocarbons a problem?

LOU

Hydrocracking.

APOLLO

Up until now, biomass produced biofuels.

ALEX

Synthetic fuels. Okay, so --?

APOLLO

So up until now, it was very expensive and almost entirely ineffective. The problem with this new one is --a high water cut.

LOU

No demulsification?

APOLLO

Infused.

LOU

Mon Dieu.

ALEX

What? What?!

LOU

Oxygen gas form when two oxygen atoms bond. It one of three key ingredients to create explosion.

APOLLO

A water molecule is formed by two hydrogen and one oxygen atom.

LOU

Remove da one oxygen atom --.

APOLLO

And you're left with hydrogen.

ALEX

(whistles)

A colorless, odorless, tasteless gas that is highly flammable. A perfect airborne delivery system.

APOLLO

Exactly. If you give me your business card, I will keep you in the loop. I have to get back to work now, please.

Lou hands Apollo a business card. They shake hands. He puts his respirator mask back on and goes to his table.

ALEX

If a gas is cooled, can it become a liquid?

LOU

Condensation.

ALEX

(snaps fingers)

Our metal canister!

LOU

Boomalah.

ALEX

Sending nerve agent throughout the atmosphere with no antidote.

Alex and Lou both put their hands on their hips thinking.

Lou sways then falls over. Alex catches her. They think.

ALEX

(mah-lad, *sickness*)

How long do you think we can hide your "malade" from the Brass?

LOU

Until we solve our case.

Alex helps Lou to their car.

Apollo watches them.

INT. LOU'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bedroom of a bachelorette. Bed, nightstand, make-up table.

Lou enters exhausted and kicks off her shoes. She sways then sits on the end of the bed. She gets a worried look then repeatedly *stomps* her feet on the carpeted floor.

LOU
I not on ceiling! Feet on floor!
(grabs edge of mattress)
I not on God Damn "Titanic!"
(moans)
Den why I wobly being slammed
against walls?

Lou hugs herself hard shutting her eyes tight.

LOU
Room not spinning! *I am.*

Lou begins to *cry*.

INT. A DIFFERENT MEDICAL OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Lou, wearing a pants-suit with eyes swollen from lack of sleep, sits in a waiting room. OTHER PATIENTS are reading magazines. Lou is staring straight ahead hugging herself.

ATTENDANT, young, Caucasian, chewing gum and wearing a lab coat too big for her, opens a side door to announce.

ATTENDANT
Paradise?

Lou stands slow like she's a senior citizen, gets her bearings, and follows Attendant through her door.

LOU
I wish.

INT. C.D.P. TESTING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Attendant brings Lou into a room with a tall 3-sided booth. A climbing harness hangs in it's center suspended from ceiling.

ATTENDANT
Take your shoes off. The Specialist
will be right in.

LOU
"Specialist?" I not see Docteur?

ATTENDANT

An E.N.T. Specialist records your findings then forwards them to our Doctor who will read the results sending a report to your Physician.

Attendant exits closing the door. Lou takes off her shoes.

LOU

"Greatest mistake in da treatment of disease is dare are physicians for da body, and physicians for da soul." Deese two should not be separate me tink.

SPECIALIST (O.S.)

Plato.

Lou turns to see SPECIALIST, tall African-American female wearing a lab coat and glasses, standing at another door.

LOU

Mostly.
(points to booth)
What dat?

SPECIALIST

Computerized Dynamic Posturography.

LOU

Bless you.

Specialist moves to the booth's harness with a back rest.

SPECIALIST

Step into this, please.

LOU

You expect me to fall over?

SPECIALIST

There are six sensory tests. Three with your eyes open, three closed. Two stable, three sway referenced.

Specialist helps Lou into the harness then tightens it.

LOU

"Sway reference?"

SPECIALIST

Your two platforms will move up and down, backwards and forwards, while they also tilt in and out.

LOU
Pitch, yaw? What I, f'n astronaut?

SPECIALIST
Their original design was by a NASA
Engineer, yes.

Specialist now tries to insert tubes into Lou's ears similar to the VNG ones. Lou grabs her hand.

LOU
Blowing cold air in me, No!

SPECIALIST
No. Load-cells in the foot-base is fed back to your tilting visual surround. These ear-pieces send in high-pitched auditory sounds. All of these tests are a result of a proprietary distortion algorithm.

Specialist inserts tubes then sits behind her computer array.

LOU
Yeah, and like I speak funny.

SPECIALIST
Eyes straight ahead and follow my verbal instructions, please.

LOU
How long?

SPECIALIST
Twenty minutes.

Lou's foot pads begin *moving* in all directions. She is thrown back and forth in her harness and quotes sarcastic.

LOU
"Any sufficient advance technology is indistinguishable from magic."

SPECIALIST
Arthur C. Clarke. You a sci-fi fan?

The tubes in Lou's ears begin *shrieking*. She grimaces.

LOU
(māint-nānt, "now")
Not maintenant.

INT. DETECTIVES BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY

Organized chaos with multiple *conversations* simultaneous.

Alex sits behind her desk talking on her land-line phone.

Lou enters and sits exhausted at her desk butted-up against Alex's so they face each other. Alex hangs up.

ALEX

How'd it go?

LOU

Ever on "Ride a' Steel?"

ALEX

The tallest and fastest roller coaster east of the Mississippi?

LOU

It hydraulically-launched, too.

ALEX

So you had tons a' fun, huh?

Lou grabs both outside edges of her desk grimacing saying *Ah-vwahr duh lah mee-zair* for "I'm having a hard time."

LOU

Avoir de la misère.

ALEX

Sorry, partner. That was Apollo, he wants to show us something.

Alex stands then goes to help Lou stand. They exit.

INT. THEIR CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Commanding officer is CAPTAIN GURBAKSH "BASH" RAJINDER, a white-skinned Sikh impeccably dressed in a 3-piece suit. He is 6' 3", fit-for-age, with a 1" meticulously trimmed full beard. He wears his NYPD shield up on front of his turban.

He stands arms-folded watching through his wall of glass as Alex and Lou exit. He pushes a button on his desk phone.

BASH

Personnel, please.

EXT. INQUEST LABS CRIME SCENE - LATER THAT DAY

Apollo now has a second whiteboard marked into same grids but this one is for 3D-Mapping using 3-positioning pinpoints of each piece of evidence within its grid.

Alex and Lou park and exit. Lou is now using a 4-point medical cane to help steady herself.

Apollo sees then points to Lou's cane.

APOLLO

To help with your vert ...?

ALEX

Sprain! She sprained her ankle.
What have you got?

Apollo holds up a clear evidence bag beaming.

LOU

Great. An empty evidence bag.

APOLLO

Look again.

Alex and Lou lean forward. Lou leans hard on her cane.

ALEX

What are we looking for?

APOLLO

(tilts bag slightly)
Bottom corner.

Alex and Lou lean-in closer squinting to see a tiny screw glisten in the sunlight. The size that fits in a glass's frame. It is barely visible in the bag's lower corner.

LOU

Set screw?

APOLLO

Know what that means?

Lou and Alex look at each other then back to Apollo.

LOU/ALEX

Manufacturer's marking.

ALEX

How on earth did you find something
that small?

APOLLO

3-D mapping showed a refracted
glint at a certain angle. We swept
its grid-point with a magnet and,
an explosive timer's set screw.

LOU

I not know our Lab had that kind of
technology?

APOLLO

We don't.

ALEX

Who does?

APOLLO

Which country has the most bomb
threats?

Lou and Alex look at each other then back to Apollo.

LOU/ALEX

Israel.

APOLLO

Loaned out of self-interest, then
we used their computers off-site.

LOU

How many set screw manufacturers?

APOLLO

22.

LOU

That doable.

APOLLO

Set screws have different point
types based on the characteristics
required, such as a plain cup,
knurled cup, flat, oval, cone, half
dog, soft tipped, to name a few.

ALEX

Please don't. Bottom line?

APOLLO

Only one manufacturer makes this
specific screw.

Alex and Lou wait, And?

APOLLO
Breitling.

Alex and Lou wait. Apollo answers like they should know.

APOLLO
The Swiss company known for making
superb pilot's watches?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. STADIUM HELICOPTER OVER POND ONE - HOVERING

Pilot glances at her wrist watch. Its watch-face says,
"BREITLING."

RETURN TO.

EXT. APOLLO'S WHITE BOARDS WITH LOU AND ALEX - PRESENT DAY

Alex and Lou look at each other then back to Apollo.

ALEX
O-kay?

LOU
Do you have a lead for us?

APOLLO
Yes.

A bullet *explodes* through Apollo's forehead splashing blood and bone on Lou's face. One second later, the bullet's origin *retort* sounds from faraway.

Lou closes her eyes listening to the *echoing* retort.

Alex overturns Apollo's work-table and drops to defensive position behind it drawing her service weapon.

ALEX
Where?!

Lou, eyes still closed, points. Her finger is aimed at an abandoned building three blocks away.

Alex looks to see a flash of light from its rooftop. She yanks Lou to the ground. Second bullet hits near their feet.

LOU
Tanks.

ALEX

"Tank" Einstein's speed of light.

Alex pulls her hand-held radio and keys it on.

ALEX

Code 20, Shots Fired, Citizen Down,
Inquest Labs Crime Scene! Need
Buss, Tac, and Supervisor! Treat as
Active Shooter, Possible Location
Three Blocks West, Abandoned
Building Rooftop!

Alex keys her radio *off*, quick-peeks over the table, then looks at Lou.

Lou is in fetal position hugging herself with eyes closed.

ALEX

You okay, partner?

LOU

(in French)

N-n-non.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

Lou lies in a hospital bed wearing a patient gown. Her face was cleaned. She is still hugging herself with eyes closed.

A uniformed NYPD COP stands guard outside her door.

Alex and Bash stand beside Lou's bed. Second bed is empty.

BASH

Is there something wrong with you,
Detective?

Lou opens her eyes.

LOU

Other than have a human being's
face explode all over my own?

BASH

Yes.

LOU

No.

Bash glares at Lou then looks at Alex.

ALEX

What?

BASH

(to Lou)

I've ordered a standard medical exam for law enforcement --with emphasis on Part 2, Section d, subsection ii.

(no response, quotes)

"Current or history of Ménière's Syndrome or other chronic diseases of the vestibular system" that affects department fitness.

NEUROSURGEON (O.S.)

That would be my "department."

All look. NEUROSURGEON, Asian female, stands in the doorway wearing an expensive suit. A stethoscope hangs around her neck. A hospital badge is clipped to her handkerchief-pocket.

NEUROSURGEON

You asked to speak with me?

Lou nods. Neurosurgeon enters holding onto the door handle.

NEUROSURGEON

Will you excuse us, please?

Alex exits followed by Bash who points at his own eyes then to Lou. Neurosurgeon smiles-fake at him closing the door.

Lou goes back to hugging herself with eyes closed.

NEUROSURGEON

Is that what you normally do during an attack?

Lou *moans* nodding.

NEUROSURGEON

That is the worst possible thing you can do.

Lou snap-opens her eyes.

Neurosurgeon points to the wall's light switch.

NEUROSURGEON

Stare at its bottom set screw as hard as you can.

Lou squints focusing in on the tiny screw-head.

LOU

Want manufacturer code?

NEUROSURGEON

The Eustachian Tube runs beside the Optic Nerve. That's why your eyes vibrate during an attack. That is also what causes the awful nausea.

Lou relaxes her grip around her stomach.

NEUROSURGEON

Stare at that small screw making it your whole purpose in life for at least fifteen minutes.

Lou leans towards the screw. Her neck cranes forward.

NEUROSURGEON

This will force your eyes to focus thereby reducing their vibrations.

Lou swings her legs out of bed staring at the screw.

Neurosurgeon looks at her wristwatch.

NEUROSURGEON

Is it working?

LOU

Mon Dieu.

Lou stands still staring fixated at her screw.

Neurosurgeon goes to room's standing medical computer, signs in, and begins typing.

LOU

I love being a cop.

NEUROSURGEON

I love being a doctor.

LOU

(still staring at screw)
Don't, don't tell my boss.

NEUROSURGEON

(signs off computer)
Tell him what?

LOU

(still staring at screw)
Thank you.

NEUROSURGEON

Thank, you.

LOU

(still staring)

Forrrrr --?

NEUROSURGEON

For being a cop. My mother suffers
from vertigo.

LOU

That why you specialize in it?

Lou looks at Neurosurgeon, blinks, then smiles.

LOU

What this called?

NEUROSURGEON

"A Hard Stare."

Lou shakes Neurosurgeon's hand who nods then exits.

LOU

How 'bout dat? It work.

EXT. INQUEST LABS CRIME SCENE - NEXT DAY

Alex is talking to the NEW SITE MANAGER, female, dark Indian,
as The Crew continues sifting through evidence.

An NYPD Cruiser pulls up. Lou exits wearing a suit and puts
on sunglasses. Cruiser leaves. Lou walks to Alex.

ALEX

Enjoy your one day off?

LOU

If one like being poked, prodded,
pressured, and puckered --sure.

ALEX

Result?

Lou gives a big thumbs-up smiling at Alex.

ALEX

Haven't seen that in awhile.

LOU

What?

ALEX

A smile.

LOU

Missed it?

ALEX

"Missed" my partner doing it.

Alex reaches out a hand to Site Manager. They shake.

SITE MANAGER

(Pakistani accent)

Pleasure, I'm sure. Shall I
continue?

A bullet-shot *rings* out.

Alex and Lou pull Site Manager down then their weapons.

Across the street, SHOOTER falls off his building rooftop.

Site Manager stands brushing herself off then turns around
and bows with hands together to a rear rooftop.

SITE MANAGER

(*Shu-kir-reeya*)

Shukriya!

Alex and Lou stand looking from Dead Shooter to rear rooftop.

SITE MANAGER

After demise of my predecessor, I
requested a "guardian angel."

EXT. REAR ROOFTOP - IMMEDIATELY

NJSP Sniper and NYPD SPOTTER lie covered by a cement-colored
tarp with scoped-rifle and high-power binoculars, both on low
tripods. They high-five then re-cover themselves with tarp.

EXT. IN FRONT OF INQUEST CRIME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

An NYPD Cruiser parks next to the Dead Shooter. TWO NYPD ROAD
DOGS exit their vehicle with guns drawn aiming. They approach
Dead Shooter then One handcuffs him behind while Two covers.
They high-five then give cut-throat sign to Lou and Alex.

EXT/. INQUEST LABS CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Site Manager stands. Lou and Alex stand holstering weapons.

ALEX

So why'd you call us back?

Site Manager holds up a small clear vial. Something like a tiny piece of chalk is in it.

LOU

What's that?

SITE MANAGER

Bone.

ALEX

Human?

Site Manager nods.

LOU

Demineralization?

SITE MANAGER

Twelve hours to fully dissolve the bone matrix and release its DNA.

ALEX

Someone was inside the building when everything went fubar?

LOU

Alive or already dead?

ALEX

Ten to one it's that second guard not found at the security vault where the canister was stolen.

LOU

No loose ends.

ALEX

Or lips.

Alex and Lou turn to leave. Site Manager says *Ma-af kee-jee-yay* for "Excuse me."

SITE MANAGER

Maaf kijiye.

Alex and Lou turn back.

Site Manager holds up a second clear vial. It appears empty.

ALEX

Air sample?

LOU
Undetonated residue.

Site Manager bows.

ALEX
Even after high-order explosions,
material particles can be found?

SITE MANAGER
Detonation velocity, charge mass,
charge diameter, and the number of
interfaces are responsible for all
these factors most assuredly.

LOU
Gas chromatography-mass
spectrometry?

SITE MANAGER
With infrared spectroscopy and ion
mobility spectrometry.

Lou and Alex wait then shrug, *And?*

SITE MANAGER
Pentaerythritol tetranitrate.

LOU
P.E.T.N. Ratio?

SITE MANAGER
80%.

ALEX
Semtex?

Site Manager shakes her head ominous.

LOU
Sylgard 182?

Site Manager nods ominous.

ALEX
What's that?

LOU
A silicone rubber.
(to Site Manager)
Percentage?

SITE MANAGER
20%.

Lou goes ballistic kicking at the dirt and cursing.

LOU
God Damn Asshole Motherfucker
pieces of Merde!

ALEX
What?! WHAT?! It's just rubber?!

SITE MANAGER
(shakes head)
XTX8003 extrudable explosive.

LOU
Used in W68 and W76 nuclear
warheads!

ALEX
So this has always been a military
inside job?

Lou picks up a handful of dirt and throws it in disgust.

LOU
At highest level!

EXT. US ARMY FORT HAMILTON, BROOKLYN - LATER THAT DAY

Alex and Lou's unmarked car parks at the *Visitor's Center*. They exit car, enter the building then exit out the other side wearing visitor badges. They are escorted by TWO M.P.s. All Four walk across the base grounds.

EXT. FORT HAMILTON HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Small building looks like a house on top of a grassy knoll.

Lou and Alex and Two M.P.s walk up its cement path.

There is a small WW-II memorial cannon on a cement base.

Lou stops and points to it *snapping* her fingers.

LOU
Battle of Brooklyn.

ALEX
I have one of those every morning
driving in to work.

LOU
Chicken coop.

ALEX

Where are you not going?

LOU

French word, caponnière.

BOTH M.P.s

(snap to attention)

"A caponier is a covered passageway or fortified structure built across a ditch to defend a military fort."

ALEX

And you have one?

BOTH M.P.s

Sir, Yes, Sir! --Uh, ma'am.

Lou nods and continues up the path. Alex and MPs follow.

INT. FORT HAMILTON HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

COLONEL JESSE JACKSON, female African-American, 40s, in full uniform with multiple ribbons, medals and badges, sits behind her office desk writing. Paratrooper Wings are on one breast pocket. Plaques and Awards for military service decorate the walls. American flag and the base's yellow and red flag are in stands in opposite corners behind her. Door is closed.

Light *knock* on her door frame. Jackson does not look up.

JACKSON

I can't hear you.

Hard *knuckle-knock* on her door frame.

JACKSON

Still can't hear you!

Pounding on her door frame. Jackson looks up.

JACKSON

Get in here!

M.P.s enter door rapid to stand at attention on both sides.

Lou and Alex bend to peek through the open door, *WTF?*

Jackson stands pulling her jacket down to eliminate wrinkles then motions to the two empty chairs in front of her desk.

Lou and Alex enter the room.

Two M.P.s salute crisp. Jackson returns same. Two M.P.s exit closing the door. Their boots *stomp* to attention outside.

Lou and Alex sit. Jackson sits ramrod. Dead silence.

ALEX

Feels like my last psych-exam.

JACKSON

How can I not help you, Officers?

Alex and Lou tilt their heads at Jackson.

JACKSON

Your investigation techniques already cost me one fine soldier.

LOU

Dirty. One coarse, dirty, soldier.

JACKSON

We'll never know, will we. Anything else?

ALEX

One of the missions of this base is to house ordinance, right?

JACKSON

"Fort Hamilton provides effective and efficient management of government resources to support mission readiness, improve infrastructure, preserve the environment, and enable well-being and safety of service members, civilians, and family members."

ALEX

"Very pretty, Colonel, but can they fight?"

(crickets)

From the movie "Dirty Dozen?"

JACKSON

The M.P.s will escort you back.

LOU

We're not finished, Colonel.

JACKSON

She is.

Jackson pushes a button on her desk's intercom. Two M.P.s open the door and step in at attention. Jackson head-motions.

JACKSON

Escort this detective out.

Alex looks at Lou who nods. Alex leaves escorted by M.P. One. Second M.P. opens his mouth to say something.

JACKSON

Close the hatch then your mouth.

Second M.P. *snaps* his teeth together and exits closing door.

JACKSON

Thirty seconds.

LOU

One of your commands is of the 222 Chemical Company, 53rd Troop?

JACKSON

Done your homework.

LOU

Your fort's museum still houses a munitions dump.

JACKSON

Storage facility. Closed since November, 1970.

LOU

Final Site Inspection Report, Military Munitions, DoD number W912DR06C-0028.

Both stare as poker players. Jackson folds.

JACKSON

And --?

LOU

May I see both facilities?

JACKSON

No. Anything else?

LOU

May I exam the deceased Colonel Tank's office and quarters?

Jackson pushes intercom button. Second M.P. enters.

JACKSON

Escort this detective to her car.
(goes back to writing)
And make sure both leave the base.

M.P. Two holds the door open and hand-motions to Lou who folds her arms.

Jackson looks up to see Lou giving her "a hard stare."

JACKSON

Lose the thousand yard stare.

Lou is having a vertigo attack. The intensity of her stare could be interpreted as a threatening glare.

M.P. Two takes a step towards Lou.

Jackson holds up a flat palm, *Stop*. He does.

JACKSON

I depart at 17:00 hours. You're welcome to spend the night in our brig.

This is a bad one. Lou's eyes narrow, she is concentrating on a mole in the middle of Jackson's forehead.

Jackson is not used to be looked at so long and returns Lou's stare eagle-eyeing into Lou's eyes. Jackson blinks.

JACKSON

M.P., escort this detective to our museum. She has five minutes to look-see. She is not to touch or take anything, including pictures.
(at Lou still to M.P.2)
Do you understand?

M.P. Two salutes. Lou is able to stop her attack and *exhales*.

LOU

Thank you.

Lou stands, moves her shoulders to release the tension of her staring, then exits with M.P. Two who closes the door.

Jackson goes back to her paperwork.

JACKSON

Effective. I'll have to try that.

Jackson opens eyes wide and doesn't blink timing herself with her wristwatch.

INT. LOU AND ALEX'S CRUISER - LATER THAT DAY

Lou and Alex ride in silence. Alex drives.

ALEX

How'd you get the Iron Bottom to change her mind?

LOU

No idea.

ALEX

"No idea?!"

LOU

I was having an attack. A bad one.

ALEX

Ahhh, probably gave her your sneaky-freaky sniper stare.

LOU

"Probably."

They drive in silence.

ALEX

These "attacks" take a lot out of you?

LOU

Ever run a marathon in boots?

ALEX

Seriously, what's it really like?

LOU

No sense of where you are. Upside-down on the ceiling. Slammed back and forth between walls. Titanic seasick with waves of nausea.

ALEX

Is that why you stomp your feet at your desk sometimes?

LOU

Reminds me mentally where I am physically. Mind over matter, but it don't matter, because my mind is receiving multiple crossed signals.

ALEX

Jesus.

LOU

Tried her, too. But the only thing that truly works is "a hard stare."

ALEX

Sorry you're going through this.

LOU

So am I, but --.
(looks out side window)
Everything happens for a reason.

They drive in silence.

ALEX

So what'd you find?

LOU

Nothing. Storage is underground. Which is why we need to go back with a Search Authorization.

ALEX

Well this pissed-off base commander sure ain't gonna give us one.

LOU

Only military judge or magistrate, so our Captain will have to get it.

ALEX

Glad I won't be at that meeting.

No response. Alex glances at Lou who is giving her "a hard stare." Alex *sighs* and goes back to driving.

ALEX

Dirty Harriett.

INT. DETECTIVES BULLPEN - LATER THAT DAY

Lou sits at her desk watching Alex in Bash's office. She is explaining their need animated. Captain has his fingers steepled listening then finger-motions to Lou, *Get in here.*

INT. CAPTAIN BASH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Alex turns around smiling at Lou.

ALEX

She can explain it better, sir.

Bash motions for Lou to sit in the chair across from him.

Lou trips and falls into the chair.

BASH

What is really going on with you?

Lou is having an attack and gives him a hard stare.

BASH

Don't look at me like that!

(no response)

You're my best detective, if something is happening with you I need to know.

Lou's "hard stare" hardens.

BASH

Fine. As long as it doesn't affect your job. Now, why do you need to search this base?

(no response)

I've stood behind your hunches in the past so I'm assuming this is a good one.

Lou is staring so hard she stops blinking.

Bash raises both hands saying in Hindu *Joe-haar-maan-lee* meaning "I surrender."

BASH

Jo haar maan li, you will get your warrant.

Lou blinks.

BASH

You may both leave now.

Lou *sighs* recovering then she and Alex exit closing door.

BASH

You're welcome!

EXT. AERIAL OF HARBOR DEFENSE MUSEUM - NEXT DAY

Only Army museum in NYC located at the foot of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn. Originally a small fort within its larger Fort Hamilton. Its dry ditch was a carefully conceived kill zone. Its caponier was a flank battery designed to protect the rear of the fort.

The museum's small grey stone building houses military artifacts from the Revolutionary War to WW-II.

State and Federal vehicles are parked on its crumbling parking lot near museum's heavy wooden door arched entrance.

NYPD cruisers and their OFFICERS are cordoning off the area.

INT. HARBOR DEFENSE MUSEUM - MOMENTS LATER

All walls, floors, and archways are made of the same red brick. Glass exhibit cases and artifacts make its already small space almost claustrophobic with all these humans.

Lou and Alex in suits with NYPD badges hanging from breast pockets are surrounded by MANY MALES in dark suits. Lou steps forward and *clears* her throat waiting for conversations to end. They do not so Alex yells.

ALEX

Listen Up!

ALL come to respectful silence.

LOU

Thank you all for agreeing to help. Your purpose is to assist the NYPD investigate the U.S. Army's missing nerve gas. We have reason to believe clues to its whereabouts may be hidden in this museum. And as you know, search for contraband in any weapons museum requires a specialized multi-agency approach. Therefore, I now turn this process over to Doctor Maximilian Müller, Curator in Charge of the Department of Arms and Armor at the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art.

MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER, mid-40s, balding, fit-for-age, has the smile and demeanor of a European politician. Former Director of Imperial Armory in Vienna, he has a slight German accent.

MAXIMILIAN

Guten Tag. As the Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Curator in Charge of approximately 14,000 objects, I have consulted, as required, with your Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms.

Maximilian sweeps a well-rehearsed hand towards BRUNO BIANCHI, 40s, Italian-American, overweight, short black greased-down hair, with a mostly-white goatee that looks glued on and out-of-place for his title, who steps forward.

BIANCHI

And Explosives.

MAXIMILIAN

(*Ent-SHOOL-dee-goon*)

Entschuldigung?

BIANCHI

As New York A.T.F. Field Division Special Agent in Charge, I have narrowed our search areas through intelligence. My assistant will pass out your assigned duties.

ATF ASSISTANT, late 20s, professional ass-kisser impeccably dressed as an *M.I.B. Agent* hands out department binders.

BIANCHI

If you find questionable artifacts, Sergeant Taylor of the NYPD's Bomb Squad will mitigate those suspicious devices.

Bianchi points to NYPD SGT TAYLOR, dressed in a heavy tan ABS who looks like an astronaut in a Sumo Suit. His mustached head is dwarfed inside his huge helmet which is sweating profusely from also wearing a HAZMAT yellow suit inside.

Because of his bomb suit's 81 pounds due to heavy rifle plates and internal cooling fan, Sgt Taylor simply waves a low latex-gloved hand with a weary smile. His helmet's outside speaker clicks on. He has a fatigued Brooklyn accent.

SGT TAYLOR (FILTERED)

Yo.

BIANCHI

I now turn you over to the FBI's W.M.D. Directorate, Alice Forensic.

ALICE FORENSIC, Caucasian late-30s, long stringy dirty-brunette hair, has worked her way up the convoluted FBI ladder using words to both protect and promote herself.

FORENSIC

I lead our federal agency for responding to threats from weapons of mass destruction.

No response. She *clears* her throat and continues.

FORENSIC (CONT'D)

I am a certified laboratory examiner in all of the disciplines so when multiple units exploit items, like we will today, I have to make sure we haven't altered their evidence.

(no response, *coughs*)

During your endeavors, members of the New York National Guard's 24th Civil Support Team will support you and mitigate any chemical threats.

Forensic points to a group of SOLDIERS dressed in full yellow HAZMAT suits. Theirs do not have cooling fans and it shows.

Alex leans over to Lou whispering.

ALEX

We have enough bureaucrats here to start our own country.

LOU

You have your 2,338 assignments as well as checking for trap doors or hidden rooms. I and Detective Reilly are available to assist.

The assembly of Officials and Soldiers team up then split up.

Sgt. Taylor leans uncomfortable against a wall. Alex *pats* him on the helmet.

ALEX

Hang in there, Sergeant.

SGT TAYLOR (FILTERED)

(speaker clicks on)

Fogetaboutit.

INT. HARBOR DEFENSE MUSEUM - HOURS LATER

Officials and Soldiers look exhausted. By their forlorn looks, nothing was found.

Sgt. Taylor is sitting in one of two vinyl theater-chairs against the wall near the "Battle of Brooklyn" display. He looks ready to pass out.

Alex, Lou, and now Bash stand with Maximillian discussing.

BASH
(*SHOO-nyuh*, "nothing")
Śūnya?

MAXIMILIAN
(*Niçts*, "nothing")
Nichts.

ALEX
Don't suppose you're referring to
that hyper-local Facebook group?

MAXIMILIAN
Both the Vienna, Virginia project,
and the British Ultravox song imply
emptiness or detachment. So, ya.

ALEX
You're quite literal aren't you?

MAXIMILIAN
"Taking words in their usual or
most basic sense without metaphor
or allegory?" Ya?

BASH
Your point being?

LOU
That we are not looking in the
right places.

MAXIMILIAN
Non-destructive examination limits
our resolve and therefore results.

LOU
Exactly.

ALEX
Okay then, so where would be a
wrong place not to look?

Lou goes to reply but gets a confused look. She grabs for Alex too late and falls on Sgt. Taylor. Domino affect. Taylor falls sideways out of his chair and his heavy strong aramid core helmet hits corner pilaster chipping one of its bricks.

ALL rush to both their aid. Soldiers run to help Sgt. Taylor stand. Officials step towards Lou then stop to discuss their options. Bash and Alex kneel lifting Alex's head.

BASH
What, aren't you telling me?

ALEX

She's okay, Captain. Really.

Bash's glare tells Alex to stop while she's ahead. She does. Bash's stare swings to Lou who is woozy then points.

LOU

L-look.

Bash and Alex follow her pointing to see the chipped brick has swung out slightly from the rest. Bash pushes against still-seated edge of that brick. Other end pops out further.

MAXIMILIAN

(*Ahs tsoom HEN-kuh, "WTF"*)

Was zum henker?

Bash feels under brick then both eyebrows go up. He pushes something and THE side of pilaster bricks open as one to a narrow passage showing stairs leading down into darkness.

FORENSIC

"Bab al-Sirr."

This is the first time we see Maximilian get excited.

MAXIMILIAN

One of the six gates cut through the ancient wall in Aden?!

FORENSIC

Yemen.

ALL look at Forensic.

FORENSIC

Hidden escape route.

MAXIMILIAN

Ya, ya! Dey would have built one!

Maximilian is a little kid again and lost all pretense so tries to enter the passageway as a wanna-be Indiana Jones.

Sgt Taylor's latex-hand lands on Maximilian's shoulder.

SGT TAYLOR (FILTERED)

Stand down, Professor Jones.

Sgt Taylor's other pointer-finger now circles in the air.

Hazmat Soldiers put on their headgear, safety check each other's seals, then line-up behind their LIEUTENANT, 20s.

Lieutenant turns on an all-black stubby tactical torchlight. Its 9,600 lumens light up the entire area.

Maximillian can't help himself and *claps* with his knuckles.

Sgt Taylor takes off his helmet. His hair is glued down with perspiration. His steely eyes stare through the Lieutenant's PVC viewport.

SGT TAYLOR

I can't fit. So take it slow, take it methodical, check for wires.

Lieutenant nods then circles a horizontal palm over his head.

Soldiers each put a gloved-hand on their Soldier's shoulder standing in front of them.

Sgt Taylor addresses Soldiers as their FTO.

SGT TAYLOR

Remember your training, and --?

ALL Military and Law Enforcement present answer as one.

ALL SOLDIERS/LEOS

"Always go home at the end of your shift."

In single file, all the Soldiers follow Lieutenant down into the museum's dark bowels.

Alex and Captain help Lou to sit in one of the chairs.

BASH

The truth.

LOU

Ménière's disease.

BASH

A chronic inner ear disorder causing sudden severe vertigo?!

Bash *curse-mumbles* in Hindu to himself then becomes aware he is being stared at by all. He offers an explanation.

BASH

My Aunty has it.

LOU

Then you know, it's not that uncommon.

BASH
"Then you know" --it can be a
reason for medical discharge.

Bash slow turns his head to Alex who looks straight up.

BASH (CONT'D)
And you knew?

ALEX
Knew what?

BASH
(to Lou)
Report to Physical Training and
Tactics Unit for JST immediately!
(back to Alex)
You're off this case pending
performance review.

Both Lou and Alex go to abject but Bash thumb-stabs (*East Indian hand-gesture*) at them leaving no room for discussion.

EXT. NYPD POLICE ACADEMY, QUEENS - NEXT MORNING

7-story futuristic building of NYPD-Blue glass located at 130-30 28th Avenue, College Point, NY. Here recruits practice the Physical Agility Course with Instructors who prepare them for the actual hiring test. It cost 750-million dollars in 2014.

INT. NYPD POLICE ACADEMY GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Like a 45,000 sq. ft. college gym, it has Testing Stations. Several RECRUITS in gym sweats work with INSTRUCTORS at them.

Lou enters wearing NYPD blue-sweats with a serious look. She goes to stand hand-on-hips in its center overtop the huge "Training Bureau" logo on its highly-polished polyurethane synthetic floor system designed to resemble maple hard-wood.

TWO INSTRUCTORS, salt-and-pepper male/female, look at each other, then point down at the floor in front of them.

Lou jogs to them not looking happy.

INSTRUCTOR ONE
Name?

LOU
Louise Marie Paradise.

Instructor One holds a clipboard and checks off her name.

INSTRUCTOR TWO
Why are you here?

LOU
(*Zhuh ooh-nay pah*)
Je connais pas.

INSTRUCTOR TWO
You don't know?! Well we sure as
hell do.

INSTRUCTOR ONE
Attitude adjustment, detective.

LOU
I'll try.

INSTRUCTOR TWO
Don't try, do, or you won't pass.

INSTRUCTOR ONE
Been three years since you took
these tests, you will be timed.

Instructor Two hands Lou a 14-pound weighted vest she puts on then jogs to the First Station mark and takes a knee in weapon-ready position.

Instructors go to hold either end of a 6' high chain-link padded fence with a safety-mat on its far side. Instructor One *blows* a whistle as Instructor Two starts a stop-watch.

Lou sprints 50' to the fence springing up so one foot hits its center as her hands grip its top and she bellies over it.

Lou jogs to stand in front of 6-steps on either side of a raised wooden platform.

Instructors stand on either side of the platform then nod.

Lou traverses over and down both sides three times then jogs to a padded resistance-machine to test her physical strength.

Instructors note her Stair Climb time and walk over timing.

Lou grunts swinging the heavy horizontal padded arm back and forth. It fights her. She curses under her breath. Lou finishes then jogs to the Pursuit Run Course.

Instructors go to stand at either end of the 600-foot course around a pattern of cones.

Lou takes off hitting cones as she runs by them.

Cones wobble but do not fall over. Lou finishes winded then jogs to the Victim Rescue Station.

Instructors stand at either end of its 35-foot drag.

Lou grabs the arms of a 176 pound mannequin and pulls it across the floor to Instructor Two where she drops its arms then kicks it breathing hard.

LOU
You're welcome!

Lou jogs to the Trigger Pull station and picks up a rubber training firearm to hold it centered in firing position within a 9" metal ring at chest height. She simulates pulling its trigger 16 times never touching the metal ring.

Instructors One and Two arrive watching Lou switch hands and trigger pull 15 more times within the ring.

Instructor Two stops the stopwatch then shows its reading to Instructor One.

INSTRUCTOR ONE
Four minutes, 28 seconds.

INSTRUCTOR TWO
You passed. --Barely.

Lou glares breathing hard then drops the gun and walks away.

INSTRUCTOR ONE
Someone is really pissed off.

INSTRUCTOR TWO
Did you see the way she stared?

Both Instructors shiver then sign Lou's Fitness Report.

INT. ACADEMY GYM WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Lou enters walking past NEW FEMALE RECRUITS dressing and undressing without acknowledging them into a bathroom stall.

FEMALE RECRUIT ONE
That is one intense detective.

FEMALE RECRUIT TWO
Hope she never investigates me.

INT. ACADEMY LOCKER ROOM STALL - MOMENTS LATER

Lou stands in the stall with fists then hits a metal wall as hard as she can. *Bam*. She gets woozy then supports herself with both hands holding onto the sides breathing hard. She holds a hard stare then falls sitting onto the toilet seat. Her lower lip trembles and she begins to cry.

Gentle *tapping* on her stall door.

FEMALE RECRUIT ONE

You okay?

LOU

I'm just so --angry.

FEMALE RECRUIT TWO

We've all been there, honey.
You'll be okay.

Lou shakes her head slow then freezes with a hard stare.

INT. DETECTIVES BULLPEN - NEXT MORNING

Lou enters wearing a dark suit and a solid tie that matches her shirt. She sits at her desk then looks for Alex.

BASH

Paradise!

INT. BASH'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lou enters. There are times you meet a woman whose stern countenance tells you to be on your best behavior. Bash sees this is one of those times so softens his demeanor.

BASH

You passed. --*Barely*.

LOU

Have you seen Alex?

BASH

Not today. I gave her yesterday off since you were occupied. Good job at the armory. They found a clue.

LOU

What did they ...?

Lou's cell ringtone plays the theme song from "COPS." She reads its screen. Other person is not heard

LOU
It's Alex.
(answers)
Where are you?

Lou fixes a hard stare at Bash's shield on his turban.

LOU
I know of it?

Bash takes off his turban to look at his shield.

BASH
What?

Her eyes go to slits then she exits their floor in a hurry.

Bash polishes shield with sleeve then puts turban back on.

BASH
You're welcome!

EXT. AERIAL OF SEDGWICK PLAYGROUND, THE BRONX - THAT NIGHT

Off University Avenue at end of the George Washington Bridge is a park near the NYC Housing Authority Community Center.

An unmarked car parks and Lou exits then walks to the park.

EXT. SEDGEWICK PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Lou stands on the blue rubber squares of its red, white, and green metal Jungle Gym. She rocks nervous from foot to foot as she stands in full sunlight then draws her gun discreet.

From 100' away she hears Alex yell.

ALEX (O.S.)
Over here, Lou!

Lou hides her gun behind her as she walks to Handball Courts.

The white cement double-court is enclosed inside a 12' high black chainlink fence. A smaller 3' high black chainlink fence is in front of it. It is surrounded by tall Oak Trees.

Lou steps inside the smaller court.

ALEX (O.S.)
Lose the gun, Lou!

Lou tosses her gun onto the grass under the tallest Oak Tree.

Alex steps out from behind the court's *Ball Wall* in her suit, now severely wrinkled, with bags under her eyes from lack of sleep and a bruised face. She is hand-cuffed behind.

LOU
Looked better, partner.

ALEX
They need you to bring them something.

LOU
Tell "they" to show their ugly miserable cowardly faces.

Alex leans towards where she stepped out being talked to.

ALEX
They said, "Foxtrot Uniform."

LOU
(*Beck mawn chew*)
Bec mon chu.

Lou takes a sidestep to where she threw her gun.

Alex is *shot* in her foot with a silencer.

LOU
You rear echelon muther fucker!
Face me you evil pile of Merde!

From behind the Ball Wall, Saab steps out holding a smoking automatic aimed at Alex's good foot. He wears a silk suit.

SAAB
"Kiss my ass" in Cajun? How colorfully colloquial.

LOU
Well if it ain't Volvorine. Gris gris on you, fonchok.

Saab shoots Alex in her good foot. Alex falls in pain.

Lou steps forward. Saab swings his aim up at Lou who says, "Bohn, kess-kuh tyu vuh" for, *Alright! What do you want?*

LOU
Bon! Qu'est-ce que tu veux?!

Saab tosses two tourniquets down on Alex who uses them to cinch off blood loss three inches above each ankle.

SAAB

Something was found at The Armory
left by mistake. Bring it to me.

LOU

(in-pore-tăn)

Must be pretty "important" to
kidnap a cop?

SAAB

"In-pore-tăn" enough to kill one.

Saab aims his gun down at Alex's head. Alex holds up both her
hands defensively.

Lou yells "Kay-tuh-kuh too vuh juh fay" for, "What I do?"

LOU

Quoi tu veux je fais?!

Saab's sadistic grin is too sadistic to describe in words.

SAAB

Break into your forensics lab and
bring me evidence bag #26-010-
125496.

LOU

How do you know its Case Number?

Saab smiles evil and *clicks* back his gun's hammer at Alex.

LOU

Get faster, if give me insider's
name! Otherwise --.

Lou taps her wristwatch with Say lant-moh for "Take time."

LOU

C'est lentement.

Saab puts thumb in front of his gun's hammer and releases it.

SAAB

Henderson.

Lou is shocked then asks *Kawn-eh-oo* for "When and where?"

LOU

Hender --?! Bon. Quand et où?

SAAB

You're being watched. We'll let you
know.

Lou points to Alex asking *Toe swan-yell* for "You heal her?"

LOU
To soignes elle?

SAAB
She'll be taken care of.

Lou tilts her head ominous then picks up to holster her gun.

LOU
You hang in there, partner.

ALEX
Oh yeah, havin' a peachy day.

SAAB
Remember Detective, your evidence bags are tamper-proof sealed.

ALEX
And you "remember" Swedish Fish, you kill her and nothing, noth-*ing*, on this planet will stop me from snatching the life from you den spitting on your grave daily.
(*Tuh-kohm-prahn/Understand*)
T'comprends?

TWO TERRORISTS step out from behind the Ball Wall with silenced automatic rifles and yank Alex up to standing.

Lou head-motions to the side of the huge 18-story brick apartment building at 1520 Sedgwick Avenue 528' from them.

LOU
Birthplace of Hip Hop.

SAAB
Where?

LOU
There.

SAAB
What?

LOU
When. August 11, 1973.

SAAB
What are you blathering about?

LOU

The "Merry-Go-Round" technique of
using two turntables.

Two Terrorists question each other in their native tongue
nodding excited. Saab "shushes" them.

SAAB

Your point being?

LOU

That I like rap, boogie, funkstep,
groove. Some include popping,
locking, breakdancing, you know,
street, but I personally ...

Saab becomes angry stomping a foot *Bus!* for "Enough!"

SAAB

Bas!

LOU

(*Kalm-twah*/"calm yourself")
Calme-toi, don't get your kurta in
a bunch.

SAAB

Why are you talking to me like this
(*Say-lee*/"annoying female")
Saali?

LOU

You deaf as well as dumb, yoe-yoe?

Saab points his gun at Alex's head again.

SAAB

Excuse me?

LOU

Nope, don't think I will. Ever!

Lou walks away backwards pointing her finger-gun first at Two
Terrorists then Saab, *Pow--Pow--Pow*, holding her thumb down.

EXT. NYPD CRIME LAB - LATER THAT DAY

Located at 150-14 Jamaica Ave in Queens, it is a dull-looking
five-story all cement building with orange-brownish stains on
its sides caused by steel rebars rusting inside its walls.

In front it has the typical NYC ugly sidewalk shed to protect
pedestrians. Lou enters the building under it.

INT. NYPD CRIME LABORATORY - MOMENTS LATER

One of the many small cramped offices in the building. It is a maze of file cabinets and tiny work surfaces with multiple bookcases, posters and clipboards hanging from its walls. A cacophony of computers *hum* with various size monitors. Room's claustrophobic center is filled with electronic microscopes.

Sitting at one such workstation is HENDERSON HENDERSON, 40s, balding, wearing standard dark blue pants and short-sleeve NYPD-blue knit shirt with logo. He wears a retractable Badge Holder with Carabiner holding his I.D. on a waist belt.

Lou enters and walks up to him. He stands. She pulls his I.D. chain out to full extension to read his name aloud.

LOU

Henderson. Scottish for son of
Hendry. Henderson means, "Dark
Warrior," you know.

Henderson yanks back his I.D. protective. He has worked very hard to hide his Scottish lilt which now comes out.

HENDERSON

Didn't, didn't need to, still
don't.

Lou *clicks* her heels hard throwing up a stiff Nazi salute.

LOU

Volvardius Ignatius von
Blinkerstrom!

Henderson yanks down her hand fast, His accent slips more.

HENDERSON

*There be cameras everywhere ya
dolt.*

(back to regular voice)

And what's with your
salacious slang for a Volvo 460?

Lou does "a hard stare" at him. He buckles as an over-actor.

HENDERSON

Of course, Detective! Let me take
you to the Bullet Recovery Room to
show you what I found!

He exits the office.

Lou follows steadying herself by holding onto file cabinets and worktops. She is having an attack.

INT. BULLET RECOVERY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Small narrow room with a long stainless steel water tank with safety-hooded opening. Its walls have sound-proof panels.

Henderson then Lou enter. He closes door going for an Oscar.

HENDERSON

It's a ghost gun so no serial
number!

Door closes. Lou jacks up Henderson against a wall.

LOU

How long?!

HENDERSON

Do it matter? You be here, too.

Lou releases him then steadies herself with hands on walls.

Henderson puts on safety goggles, holds a lucite hand shield, then steps to tank's six-inch diameter shooting port. Port is surrounded by anti-ricochet Ballistiflex material with two conspicuous bullet-holes in it. He holds out his free hand.

Lou looks at his hand. Henderson wiggles his fingers. Lou unholsters her service weapon and hands it to him.

Henderson puts on sound-suppressors as he waits for tank's lid to be lowered by twin pneumatic actuators. He looks through his hand-held shield and test-fires her gun into its 800 gallons of water. He hands Lou back her gun.

Lou aims at Henderson and threatens saying *Rhian ah paird* for "*Nothing to lose.*"

LOU

Do not move. Rien à perdre.

Lou takes off her jacket and rolls up a shirt sleeve while covering Henderson as she waits for tank's lid to re-open. She reaches down into the water and fishes out her bullet.

LOU

A souvenir for rifling markings?

Lou pockets her bullet as she places her gun's barrel against Henderson's temple. She wipes off her wet arm on his shirt then steps back to roll down her sleeve and put jacket on.

Lou smiles at Henderson who doesn't understand then she *cracks* him in the forehead with her weapon and holsters it.

Henderson is dazed as blood trickles down his cut forehead.

LOU

Oops.

Henderson grabs Lou's throat two-handed. Lou locks her hands and brings both stiff-arms up hard breaking his hold. She spins him to lock-on a rear-naked choke. She pushes her elbows down to squeeze forearms against his Carotid Arteries.

LOU

Nighty-night boy from da hood.

Henderson struggles then his eyes roll back in his head and he passes out.

Lou lets his body dead-fall. She kicks him for good measure.

LOU

(Coo-yawn, "idiot")
Couyon.

Lou finds a red-topped sealed evidence bag of hand-writing with signatures and a bar code. In it is a small metal can.

Henderson stirs *moaning*. Lou holds the bag in his face asking *Kwa-sah* for "What is it?"

LOU

Quoi ça?

HENDERSON

Not supposed to ask questions.

Lou kicks him again then threatens to hit him with gun again.

HENDERSON

Screw you!

Lou shakes the bag. Metal *clatters* inside can. She reasons.

LOU

Set screws?

Lou holsters her weapon then stashes the bag in her coat.

LOU

Why not just give it yourself?

HENDERSON

Lev'rage.

LOU

Works both ways.

Lou *pounds* on the door. It opens and Bash enters pushing a wheeled laundry cart marked "On Site Launder Only." Lou pulls a micro-recorder out of her shirt pocket and hands it to him.

CAPTAIN

Twenty-four hours as a John Doe in isolation. No more.

LOU

Merci.

Lou exits.

Bash motions for Henderson to get in the cart who refuses.

CAPTAIN

In more than 50 villages in my country "Thalaikoothal" is still practiced --*unfortunately*.

(no response, explains)

The ritualistic senicide of an elder when family can no longer afford their care. So if you give me any difficulties, I shall force a glass of mud down your throat causing suffocation most horrible.

Bash pats hamper *Toom-haa-ree ee-chhah* for "Your choice."

CAPTAIN

Tomar ichhe.

Henderson climbs into the hamper reluctantly.

HENDERSON

Not much of a "choice" --Effendi.

Bash slams the earlier face-shield onto Henderson's head knocking him out then covers him with lab coats.

CAPTAIN

Wrong religious belief, Boka. And yeah, you "offend" me.

INT. LOU'S APARTMENT KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT.

Modest one-bedroom in Queens. Furniture is old and well used.

Lou stands at her kitchen counter drinking a cup of coffee.

Knock at her front door. She yells as *Lili Von Shtupp*.

LOU
 Willkommen, Bienvenue, Welcome,
 Come On In!

Earlier Two Terrorists enter dressed and armed same.

Lou takes the Evidence Bag out of a drawer to put on counter.

LOU
 (*Lan-yap*, "something xtra")
 Lagniappe.

The Two Terrorists step closer. First Terrorist aims at Lou's face as Second Terrorist reaches for the Evidence Bag.

Lou *splashes* her scalding coffee into First Terrorist's face as she stabs a folding knife into Second Terrorist's reaching hand pinning it to the countertop.

Two Terrorists react *firing* their silenced automatic rifles.

TWO TERRORISTS
 Aieeeeeee!

Their rounds *explode* cups, glasses, and dishes in open above-the-counter shelves as they fire wildly.

Lou pulls out of drawer a "B&T Station Six-9." A .45 ACP suppressed pistol and *shoots* Second Terrorist in throat who drops his weapon as he grabs at his spurting neck falling to the floor to death-wiggle like a fish in a boat's bottom.

Lou rotates loading tube pulling it back to eject and reload both shells then shoots First Terrorist in his throat who reenacts Luca Brasi's death scene from "The Godfather."

SAAB (O.S.)
 Same weapon used on the United
 Healthcare C.E.O.

Lou manually rotates and pulls gun's bolt to eject/chamber again as she spins dropping to a knee aiming at the voice.

Saab stands inside the front door having closed it holding his same weapon against the temple of Alex whose feet are now wrapped with bloody Ace bandages.

SAAB
 Rather difficult to explain owning
that to your Firing Team, 'eh?

Lou tighten's her aim at Saab.

SAAB

Even if you shoot me, I'll pull my
trigger --and hold it.

Alex stares at Lou who releases her grip's safety then lays
gun on the floor in front of her.

SAAB

Please to kick it over.

Lou slides her gun across the hard-wood floor.

Saab traps it under the sole of his shoe.

SAAB

Now the bag same. --Slowly.

Lou slides Evidence Bag on floor over to Saab.

SAAB

Pick it up.

Alex tries to bend in pain but can't because of feet.

Saab kicks Alex's legs out from under her and she falls
screaming in pain.

Lou comes up to Sprinter's Stance as Saab aims warning.

SAAB

(*Fay-pah, "Don't"*)
Fais pas.

Lou relaxes as Saab keeps his gun trained on her.

SAAB

Hand it up to me, please.

Alex hands Evidence Bag up to Saab then collapses.

Saab examines the Bag's Seal for any tampering.

SAAB

Good girl, Detective. You both may
live through this night.

Saab drops the bag onto Alex still aiming at Lou.

SAAB

Open it.

Alex tears open Evidence Bag. Saab reaches free hand down.
Alex hands up its inside small bag of set screws to Saab who
examines them.

SAAB

You killed my two best operatives.

Saab kicks the B&T Station down the hall into its bedroom.

SAAB

"May" is a versatile modal verb used to indicate --possibility.

Saab aims his gun down at Alex's head who looks at Lou.

LOU

NO!

Alex's head *explodes* in a cloud of crimson blood splatter.

SAAB

(*Suhm-sah-ru*)
Samsāra.

Lou falls to her knees *crying* reaching for Alex. Her eyes go to slits as she gives Saab her most hostile Hard Stare yet.

LOU

(*mowk-shuh*)
Rebirth?! No --mōksha.

SAAB

You'll release my soul from the need for further rebirth?

Lou's lips purse as she threatens *Jee-vun-MOOK-tāh*.

LOU

Jivanmukta.

SAAB

(steps back alarmed)
While still alive?

Saab exits the door backwards holding his set-screw bag.

SAAB

Good --Luck.

Lou crawls on all-fours towards Alex's corpse still staring at her. Lou slips on the blood and face plants. She lies there *crying* then hears *Lah vahn-jahns* for "Vengeance."

ALEX (V.O.)

La vengeance.

Lou looks up into Alex's dead eyes staring at her.

LOU
 (*Ler juuj-mont*)
 Le Jugement.

Lou comes up to her knees then tightens both fists *cracking* all eight knuckles.

LOU
Judgment Day.

Her Hard Stare leaves no doubt her reckoning will be severe.

EXT. 1520 SEDGWICK AVENUE FRONTAGE - LATER THAT NIGHT

Since 1967 this 102-unit 18-story apartment building has been known as a "haven for working class families." Its Sidewalk Shed has colorful graffiti on its outside roof-side.

INT. 1520 SEDGWICK AVENUE SIDE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Ground floor Emergency Fire Door at end of hallway. Its hand push-bar self-retracts in and door opens from the outside.

Through now open door is seen the earlier Hand Ball Court.

A "clank" sound from outside and then the push-bar re-seats.

Lou enters dressed in her Navy-blue NYPD ESU tactical shirt and matching pants with *Paraclete* RAV body armor and tactical helmet with its night-vision gear swung up. Her eyes are painted black. Sturdy *Danner* boots, specialized load-bearing vest of ammunition, radio, a utility pouch, and a knife positioned just off-center on her chest with its handle up.

She has a suppressed *HK MP5* slung over her neck and an *Ithaca 37* shotgun in a two-point sling attached to forend swivel and rear-stock swivel slung across her back with its barrel down.

She has high-retention *Safariland* thigh-holsters on each leg. One has a *Glock 17 Gen 4* 9mm with 15-round magazine and *Holosun SCS* MOS-sight. The other houses her single-fire *B&T Station*. She's loaded for bear and looks like one, too.

She is hand-carrying an *N52 Neodymium* electro-magnet. She sets it on the floor in a corner.

LOU
You find anyting in Property Room.

Lou closes the door making sure its lock seats.

RESIDENT, African-American female, exits her apartment and sees Lou who puts an index finger to her lips, *Shhhh*.

Resident walks backwards wide-eyed inside closing her door.

Nine different door locks are heard being *thrown* inside.

Lou takes out her cell and looks at a map on its screen. She walks down the hall watching it then *clucks* her tongue saying *Fay-doh-doh* for "*Bayou Dance Party*."

LOU

Fais do-do --muthas.

INT. 1ST FLOOR STAIRS, 1520 SEDGEWICK AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Inside the stairwell of the fire exit door to the lobby, its fire-bar retracts into the door. Door opens slightly. Same fire-bar now expands back to normal position.

Lou enters quickly setting earlier electro-magnet on the floor in the corner. Her rifle is slung down across chest. She brings her rifle up to defensive position and hugs the outside wall of the staircase then whispers her training.

LOU

Human eye picks up green color six times better than red in daylight.

Lou aims through her rifle's *EOTech Green Dot* sight and climbs the stairs softly one at a time.

LOU

Stairs are chokepoints. Stay to outside, head on a swivel, situational awareness, collapse your areas.

Lou hugs the outside wall and aims up the stairs quietly moving up to the first landing.

LOU

Hard corner.

Lou leans her rifle 45° so her sight sees around the corner.

LOU

Clear.

Lou side-steps across the landing to hug its outside wall.

LOU

Only seventeen to go --.

INT. 1520 SEDGWICK STAIRCASE - MOMENTS LATER

Lou steps up to a floor's landing and places her boot against the door's bottom. Door's number plate reads "10." She holds her rifle aimed up with one hand as the free one reaches for a thigh pocket Velcro flap.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LOU'S KITCHEN - ONE HOUR BEFORE

Lou has her ESU shirt and pants on. She flicks on a lighter then yanks a thigh pocket flap open. Its Velcro gives that standard loud "rip" sound as it releases. She runs lighter's flame over the flap's Velcro strip heating it. She retests. "Rip." She uses same flame more until flap no longer makes any ripping sound when she opens the pocket. She smiles saying *Bone toor* for "nice trick."

LOU

Bon tour.

RETURN TO.

INT. 10TH FLOOR STAIRCASE AT 1520 SEDGWICK - PRESENT NIGHT

Lou pulls out her cell and quick glances at its screen then smiles whispering *day-FÄHN* for "death" and *Sha* for "dear."

LOU

*Défunt just around da corner chère-
chère.*

She pockets her cell in a thigh pocket silent and proceeds up next flight of stairs aiming in proper police procedure.

INT. 15TH FLOOR STAIRCASE 1520 SEDGWICK - MOMENTS LATER

Lou steps up to a floor's landing and places her boot against the door's bottom. Door's number plate now reads "15." She holds her rifle aimed up with a hand then reaches other hand for same Velcro flap. She checks her cell then repockets. She does not smile only squinting her eyes saying *Troh fah-seel* for "Too easy."

LOU

Trop facile.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. PRACTICE ROOM, U.S. ARMY TRAINING FACILITY - LAST YEAR

Lou is in her exact same tactical uniform working her way through the wood maze "pieing corners" and clearing rooms.

CAPTION: *Fort Dix, New Jersey*

Lou gets to box's end and reaches for the exit door's knob.

Above her she hears the unmistakable "click" of a weapon's Safety being switched to "armed." Lou drops her head then shoulders and looks up.

Her TRAINING OFFICER dressed in all-black is above her hanging over a ledge. He pulls off his two-hole balaclava.

TRAINING OFFICER

360, 720.

Lou nod's her head while squinting her eyes to remember.

RETURN TO.

INT. 15TH FLOOR STAIRCASE 1520 SEDGWICK - PRESENT NIGHT

Lou squints her eyes the same then "quick peeks" around her landing's corner but now looking up. She sees a small "glint" mounted high up near the ceiling in a corner. Glint comes from a radio-camera. She withdraws around her "safe wall" to pull a 7" *GPD Pocket 4* mini-laptop from second "silent" thigh pocket. She opens the laptop's cover so turns on then slides a 3" long "sci-fi looking" USB-stick into the laptop's port.

LOU

Scan --.

Lou watches her screen for sixty seconds then nods.

LOU

Select --.

Lou types into laptop to highlight a WI-FI address on-screen then hits "Enter" button whispering *Ah-tah-kay* for "attack."

LOU

Attaquer.

She peeks around earlier corner to see camera's steady "on" red light now flickers.

Lou runs silent up same camera's flight of stairs around that landing's wall and draws her *B&T Station*. She *cracks* her neck and aims down her gun's rear and front sights.

UNKNOWN TERRORIST ONE with shaven head opens the door looking up at the camera. His automatic gun with suppressor is drawn.

Lou's B&T Station "poofs" a 9mm bullet through his forehead.

Unknown Terrorist One dead-drops his weapon then himself.

Lou sprints across the landing to catch both his body and gun then disappears through his self-closing door.

Corner camera's red light comes back "on" to full strength.

Door reopens and Unknown Terrorist One's hand sticks out with a big "Thumbs Up" then withdraws. Door self-closes.

INT. 15TH FLOOR, 1520 SEDGEWICK - CONTINUOUS

Lou stands inside the closed door holding Unknown Terrorist One's corpse with blood running down his forehead. She pulls him inside a utility closet to lay his body down on its side silent. She pulls his knees with legs up into fetal position. She tilts her head studying him like an artist then puts his scotch-taped thumb into his mouth.

LOU

Make dodo cher bébé.

Lou stands too fast so puts a death-grip on the doorframe.

UNKNOWN TERRORIST TWO also with a shaved head comes running down the hallway.

Lou gives him her worst most dreadful "hard stare" ever.

Unknown Terrorist Two freezes. It is his last "freeze" ever.

Lou's B&T Station "poofs" a 9mm bullet through his forehead.

Lou drags Two's corpse with slung silenced rifle into closet and places it on top of One then sticks Two's thumb in mouth.

LOU

You and toot-toot foutre off.

Lou closes closet door and sticks a small thin length of metal in its lock.

She holsters her B&T Station then brings her rifle up to High Ready and stealths down the hallway scanning 360/720.

LOU

La 'Cajun Queen' arrive pour toi.

TRANSLATION CAPTION: *"The Cajun Queen be coming for you."*

INT. 18TH FLOOR OF SEDGEWICK AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Elevator door *dings* then opens.

UNKNOWN TERRORIST THREE, female with shaved head aims wary.

Nothing. Door remains open.

Unknown Terrorist Three stalks to elevator on high alert. She quick-peeks inside it. Nothing. She brings her automatic rifle sideways up onto her shoulder for dynamic entry and button-hooks inside the elevator dropping to a knee. Nothing.

She scans 360. Oops, too late, now she scans 720.

Elevator's roof hatch is open. Lou aims her B&T Station down.

LOU
Bi-yo T'bee.

Lou's B&T Station "*poofs*" a 9mm bullet through her forehead.

Three collapses in her corner, a surprised look on her face.

The open elevator doors now close as does Lou's hatch.

INT. ROOFTOP OF SEDGEWICK AVE - MOMENTS LATER

TWO NEW TERRORISTS patrol the roof with automatic rifles held in Low Port position. Both are bald and big bad boys.

One of them disappears around a tall electrical box. He does not return.

TERRORIST PARTNER sees and waits then asks "Where are you?"

TERRORIST PARTNER
(*Toom ku-haan ho*)
Tum kahaan ho?

Nothing. Partner brings his weapon to full retention aiming.

Crunching sound behind him on the gravel roof. He spins.

Lou aims her *B&T Station* at him. He knocks it away with his rifle. She brings her own rifle up in short retention. He grabs onto it. She releases it to pull her knife straight up out of its scabbard. Knife is double-edged. Her other hand covers his mouth as her knife is driven straight down into the soft trapezius muscle between his neck and shoulder.

His trapezius holds the weight of shoulders, neck, and head and now cannot contract strongly and constantly for mobility of his arms which drop limp. Lou spins him 180° to *slice* his neck wide open, wipes her knife's blood off on his other shoulder, re-sheaths it, then drops his spasming body.

He stares up at her *gurgle-drowning* in his own blood.

Lou shakes a Cajun profane "T" hand-sign with one hand vertical underneath its other horizontal hand down at him.

His eyes glaze over in silent rage as he bleeds out fully.

Lou re-covers and holsters her *B&T Station* then jogs to the roof's edge while switching slings to bring out her shotgun.

INT. 18TH FLOOR OF SEDGEWICK AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Walls of individual apartments have had large sections cut out to create one huge open "warehouse" space. Lab areas with desktop computers, test-tubes and other chemical equipment, are all around being used by TERRORIST LAB TECHNICIANS.

Cots and self-standing coat-racks line its walls.

Standing in center of the room at a large long fold-out table studying docs is Saab wearing an impeccably tailored *Stuart Hughes Diamond Edition* suit. His head is now shaved bald.

A sticky-bomb lands on the outside of a front window, *Thud*.

Saab looks up then tilts his head at it.

BOOM. Window's glass *implodes* sending dagger-shards flying.

Terrorist Lab Technicians scramble to cover up *screaming*.

Saab flips his table onto its side and ducks behind it.

Three "Nine banger" flash-bang grenades fly through broken window and explode blowing out all the fluorescent lighting.

Lou fast-rope's through the open window with her helmet's *Night Vision* attachment now down. She lands crouched.

Her rifle is slung over one shoulder aimed. She sprays the room until its clip "clicks" empty. She drops her rifle to swing up her shotgun holding the trigger down while rapidly working its slide to *slam fire* all five 5 rounds.

NEW UNKNOWN TERRORISTS recover to charge her *firing* various weapons. Their shaven heads bleed from multiple "paper" cuts.

Lou drops to a knee ejecting her standard clip to load-in an extended 8-round *Defense* police-model clip and *slam fires* it in an over-lapping arc literally creating a wall of shot.

Many New Unknown Terrorists lie writhing on the floor.

Lou's cordite smokes clears. She is gone.

SAAB
(Kah-tee-ah, *kill*)
Qutil!

Those New Unknown Terrorists able to rise now spread out.

SAAB
Qutil! Qutil! Qutil!

Able New Unknown Terrorists tongue-trill their response.

ABLE TERRORISTS
Ley-ley-ley-ley-ley-ley, etc!

INT. 18TH FLOOR SEDGEWICK AVENUE FAR CORNER - IMMEDIATELY

TWO ABLE TERRORISTS perimeter search with weapons held at Low Port.

Lou button-hooks on her knees from around a wall's edge.

Her shotgun blows Two Able Terrorists into four halves.

LOU
Jambalaya!

Lou throws another flash-bang grenade and disappears.

Grenade *blows-out* the fluorescent lights in this section.

INT. 18TH FLOOR SEDGEWICK AVENUE OTHER CORNER - CONTINUOUS

TWO MORE ABLE TERRORISTS search with weapons at Low Port. Both step through a wall's opening spinning with backs to each other to cover their wall's own blind spot.

Two shotgun blasts literally blow their heads off from above.

LOU (O.S.)
Crawfish Étouffée!

Lou's flash-bang grenade *explodes* all fluorescent lights in this section.

INT. 18TH FLOOR SEDGEWICK AVENUE DIFFERENT CORNER - SAME

TWO NEW ABLE TERRORISTS stand back to back with rifles aimed searching their sectors.

A black "hockey puck" bomblet slides across floor to them.

They look down. It has a smiley-face on it saying "*Namaste!*"

Lou's spherical explosive charge *explodes* exponentially blowing out all the floor's remaining lights. Total darkness.

Two New Able Terrorists "nafs" finally achieve "inner peace" but without outer bodies. Only their smoking sandals remain.

INT. 18TH FLOOR SEDGEWICK AVENUE LAST CORNER - IMMEDIATELY

Emergency back-up lights now come *on*. They are few and dim.

FOUR ABLE TERRORISTS left know what's coming so stand Ready.

They are back-to-back at all four-points of the compass.

Lou's *B&T Station* "*poofs*" a 9mm bullet through a forehead.

WEST TERRORIST falls. NORTH, SOUTH, and EAST dive for cover.

Another flash-bang is thrown into their former location. It *explodes* sending floor-papers flying which catch on fire.

EAST TERRORIST hunkers down when he feels an intense pain in one of his Achille's heels and *screams* pulling his knee up to examine it. His heel's tendon is sliced clean through and now gushes blood. His face contorts in complete hate-xenophobia.

EAST TERRORIST
(*Sha-moo-tah-toe, "whore"*)
Sharmouta!

A tiny crossbow bolt sticks in his neck. He pulls it out and examines it. His eyes roll back then his body death-spasms.

A Pickerel Frog with two parallel rows of squarish spots running down its back hops out of the shadows. It makes its unique low *snore-like* call that lasts for two seconds.

SOUTH TERRORIST crawls for cover.

A 12" black and grey markings Pygmy Rattlesnake is thrown on him. Its very tiny rattle produces a faint *buzzing* sound. Snake bites his neck. He grabs it ripping its fangs out of his neck. His blood oozes. He examines its small size then spits on it and throws it across the room.

SOUTH TERRORIST
 (AY-REE FEE-K, "F.U.")
 Ayreh Feek!

The snake's hemotoxic venom begins to destroy his skin and blood cells causing intense agony, swelling, and tissue damage. His suffering is so intense, nothing utters from his stretched-out wide-open contorted mouth.

NORTH TERRORIST wants none of the above so bolts for the nearest wall. He slams his back against it aiming. A puzzled look washes over his face then he dead-falls forward.

A *Bear & Son Gold Rush Bowie Knife* sticks through his wall at head-height. Its 15" razor-sharp *Sandvik* steel blade drips his blood. Blade withdraws back through the wallboard.

From behind the wall Lou is heard accentuating.

LOU (O.S.)
 Gum-bōōōōō --.

INT. 18TH FLOOR OF SEDGEWICK AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Lou's grenade-burning flying papers have now set the entire floor on fire. Overhead sprinklers come *On* monsoon-like.

Saab stands in the middle of the floor, his \$900,000 suit ruined. His head is down with fists at his side.

LOU (O.S.)
 Holy Trinity!

Saab raises his head with eyes burning red. All of his well laid plans have been waylaid. His "hisab ka din" is coming. He grabs two bloody AK-47s off the floor. His wild *spraying* fusillade destroys what little was left standing.

LOU (O.S.)
 Warned you I did if you hurt her.

SAAB
 I did much more than --"hurt her."

Saab drops his rifles and takes off his soaked silk jacket.

LOU (O.S.)
 600 man-hours to sew 480 diamonds
 now worthless, ibn al kalb!

Saab bristles at her Arabic insult he is "The son of a dog." He pulls from behind an 18" jade-encrusted hilt with wootz steel full-tang needle-like reinforced-tip *Peshkabz* knife.

LOU (O.S.)
17th Century Indo-Persian design to
penetrate mail armour.

SAAB
It will penetrate yours.

Saab now brings from behind an exceptionally strong crucible steel blade 14" *Topkapi Dagger* adorned with massive emeralds, diamonds, and gold.

LOU (O.S.)
18th-century Ottoman jambiya.
(whistles)
Musta set you back a few fakkah.

SAAB
(*tah-HAD-dee, "challenge"*)
Tahaddī!

Lou steps out of the shadows. She swings her Night Vision up then removes her helmet and drops it. She pulls off her balaclava. She has a black and red war mask painted over her eyes and nose. She is holding her 14" Bowie knife and 12" chest-dagger, one offensive and the other defensive.

Saab steps forward into an offensive forward-lead hand-stance, both knives straight out for immediate engagement.

Lou slides a foot back into a rear-hand defensive stance for weapon retention and protection.

Both circle with testing thrusts and stabs then retreat to a "reactionary gap" while keeping their torsos bladed, turned sideways, to minimize chest and stomach target areas. Their smaller knife hands are held high to protect their faces.

INTENSE KNIFE FIGHT: Both jab, block, slice, block, using both knives to do each.

They stop winded and soaked. All the fires have now gone out so overhead sprinklers finally turn off.

LOU
(*moo-khun-neth, "gay"*)
Ever hunt gator, mukhannath?

Saab reacts stabs. Lou blocks to slash Saab's lead thigh.

LOU
I mean, here dis prehistoric monster created to do one ting only, kill whatever dey come across. --Kinda like you.

Saab double-jumps forward with both blades out almost catching Lou off guard before she jumps away safe.

LOU

Know how we kill 'em?

No response. Lou leads with her Bowie to block his stab as she slices his cheek with her double-edged dagger.

LOU

Tiny sweet spot in top of dare
skull no bigger den a quarter. Know
what quarter be? 'Cause I be
showin' you none here today.

No response. Lou smiles then her eyes begin to vibrate. She *stomps* a foot to remind herself mentally she is still standing on the floor and not the ceiling. Her hard stare concentrates on the bindi red dot between Saab's eyebrows as both continue to circle each other looking for an advantage.

LOU

Your "third eye" lookin' a little
fatigué, fattu.

SAAB

(Ay-nee fee ay-nak)
Einak fi Einy!

LOU

"My eye in your eye." You don't
believe me? I cannot tell a lie.
(stalls to recover)
You no likee staree?

Saab lunges completely extended out like a fencer.

Lou sidesteps while maintaining full concentration on his bindi. This is her worst attack yet, she must control it.

LOU

Has to shoot dem just right wit' a
bullet or, uuu-eee, it bounce right
off dare skull. How 'bout dat?!

Lou's stare goes to the Dark Side of the Force.

Her freaky-stare is really getting to Saab.

SAAB

Don't you want to know my plan?

LOU
(*Puh am-port*)
Peu importe.

SAAB
"Whatever?!"

LOU
(*Sa nuh fay ryen*)
Ça ne fait rien.

SAAB
"It doesn't matter?!" But --? I
don't --? Why would you not --?

Epiphany. Saab attacks Lou with both knives as a mad-man.

Lou has to concentrate on his bindi with her peripheral vision on his two knives slashing. Talk about multi-tasking.

SAAB
What did you do?!

LOU
I fracture your dream.

SAAB
What?! How? You didn't have time?

LOU
Turning an air duster can upside
down forces its propellant out in
liquid state which vaporizes at -67
degrees to actually freeze metal.
(no response)
Then I sealed your tiny darlings in
a heavy microwave container and
boom, just like dat, my now non-
working nuker nuked 'em.

SAAB
Causing microscopic micro-
fractures.

LOU
Which mean?

SAAB
All our timers will fail.

LOU
Wanna see how dat work?

SAAB
What work?

LOU
"Dat."

SAAB
What?!

LOU
Dat.

SAAB
WHAT?!

This was the opening Lou was working for, Saab's blind anger. Her eyes move from his bindi to open wide non-blinking at his own eyes. And just like the Green Vine Snake, she uses her fixed, intense, forward-facing stare to watch her prey while remaining perfectly motionless judging the moment to strike.

Saab leans-in to her smirking. Lou strikes with double-slashes cutting his wrists making Saab drop his two knives. Before he can recover she simultaneous double-cuts his throat with her two knives. Saab slaps both hands over his open throat. His life-blood oozes out between his dying fingers.

LOU
Dat!

SAAB
(gurgling)
What?

LOU
Dat how I shuts a 'gator mouth.'

Saab's pathetic look begs for her explanation.

LOU
"Gator mouth" is Cajun slang for a person who yells big but has little or no action. Just, like, you.

Lou drops her knives and spins Saab 180° to lock-in a rear naked choke. Saab can't fight any more so Lou switches her neck-hand to an offensive trap by raising it vertical against his cheek then draws her B&T Station to place its barrel pointing straight down onto the top of his skull.

LOU
Only wish I do this thrice.

Lou "poofs" a bullet through his brain. His eyes glaze over.

LOU

Just --like --dat.

Lou lets Saab dead-drop then she staggers back and falls onto her butt. She's woozy, disoriented, and exhausted. Everything she's been through hits her at once. She tears up.

ESU OFFICERS rush in with ballistic shields raised and hand-weapons aimed around them. Their shields double-lights sweep the area revealing Lou's Bayou Armageddon.

ESU LEADER pulls off his two-hole balaclava. It is her old Training Officer.

TRAINING OFFICER

Geez Louise, coulda' left a few for us to train on.

Lou has to *chuckle*. Training Officer offers his hand down.

TRAINING OFFICER

Nice warpaint. Come on, you've done enough damage for one day.

Training Officer pulls Lou to standing too fast. She swoons. He catches her becoming a professional first responder.

TRAINING OFFICER

MEDIC!

Lou tugs on his sleeve. He bends an ear. She whispers *Wa-wa-ron* for "frog" and *seh-rohn* for "venomous snake."

LOU

Ouaouaron et seron.

TRAINING OFFICER

Your pets? Here? Both of them?!

Training Officer's eyes open wide and he raises an arm vertical above his head with an open palm then makes a distinct circular motion. All ESU Officers rush his way.

Colonel Jackson and her Soldiers in yellow HazMats arrive. She spreads her wings and they fly to all four corners.

Sgt. Taylor lumbers in his ABS suit carrying his helmet. He sees Lou and gives her the OK-sign.

Lou sticks her palm out horizontal and rocks it, *So-so*.

FIRST ESU MEDIC arrives. He puts Lou's arm around his neck to help her exit and holds all her weight as her feet drag.

Bash, wearing an NYPD bulletproof vest, steps in to put Lou's free arm around his own neck.

BASH
Let's get you to the hospital.

LOU
Shooting, team?

BASH
They can wait till tomorrow. You need medical attention, and sleep.

LOU
Can't. Can't stop thinkin' ...

BASH
Stretcher! We need a stretcher!

SECOND ESU MEDIC arrives with a gurney. She helps her Male Partner lay then strap Lou onto it secure.

Bash points to Second ESU Medic.

BASH
Stay with her till I get to the hospital, please.

Second ESU Medic tries to protest.

BASH
Do Not Leave Her Alone!
(calms down)
I'll clear it with your Commander.
(bends to Lou)
She's the best god damn detective on the whole god damn force.

LOU
God, damn, right.

Lou passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

CAPTION: *Women make up 21% of the NYPD's uniformed force.*

FADE OUT.