

RIGGED

Written by

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LOGLINE: Blackmailed by a ruthless arms dealer to create a weapon of mass destruction, an aggrieved chemist must choose between saving the essence of her own identity or risk the destruction of humanity itself.

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INT. SAFE HOUSE OFFICE - DAY

INSERT: a cracked FACE CLOCK displays 5:39. A red minute hand deliberately races up to the "12" and continues.

A dark and musty office with government issue furniture devoid of style. Faded and crumbling acoustic tiles cover the walls and ceiling.

KATE(35), blond-haired and focused, stands over a desk with an open case file opened to a news article.

She rubs a raised bump on her forehead and refocuses, CLUTCHING A PENDANT from her neckless with HER other hand.

INSERT: a HEADLINE reads, "TREASONOUS CHEMIST AT LARGE".

Kate peers at a faded B&W PHOTO of a HAPPY COUPLE. The man poses wearing a U.S. Army service uniform. The dark-haired woman wears a lab coat and a necklace with a DRAGON-SHAPED PENDANT.

Mesmerized, Kate gently touches the photo.

A METAL DOOR OPENS. FBI Agent JOANNE DAWSON (45), enters, all no-nonsense and attitude.

JOANNE

She's ready.

Kate relaxes her gaze at the photo lets go of the pendant. We see that it's the IDENTICAL DRAGON-SHAPED PENDANT from the woman in the photo.

KATE

So am I.

Behind Kate we see THROUGH A PLATE GLASS WINDOW to a darkened room with an OVERHEAD INTERROGATION LAMP that illuminates a drab METAL TABLE.

A woman that appears to be the one from "Happy Couple" photo, SUSAN HORVATH (35), wearing street clothes, sits HANDCUFFED to the table. She sits on the right side of the room as she stares at a metal door on the left. She also wears the SAME DRAGON-SHAPED NECKLACE.

JOANNE (O.S.)

It's now or never if we're gonna'
break her... You know what'll
happen if you don't--

KATE (O.S.)

I said I was ready.

ON KATE

A determined Kate closes the file and grabs it as she leaves Joanne behind to watch.

JOANNE
You've got twenty minutes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kate enters. She sits across from Susan and leans back, leg crossed, as if sharing a latte with a good friend.

A NOTEPAD and PEN lay on the table. Kate glances quickly at the ONE-WAY MIRROR to her right.

KATE
In case it slipped your mind, I'm
Kate.

Susan can't hide her livid disposition.

KATE (CONT'D)
Look, we got off on the wrong foot
earlier. And, I just wanted to say,
I'm very sorry. Sorry that I shot
Eric, I mean.

INT. OFFICE/VIEWING ROOM - DAY

From the opposite side of the mirror, Joanne observes Kate and Susan.

JOANNE
(to herself)
What the hell are you doing, girl?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kate leans in.

KATE
"Occupational hazard" as part of a
SWAT team. I know that won't bring
him back, but I also hope that
you'll eventually find it within
yourself to forgive me.

SUSAN
...Okay...

KATE
Okay?... Good. So where are they?

SUSAN
You're wasting your time, Kate.

KATE
Just follow me on this, okay? If Eric's death means anything to you-- Anything at all--then you already know he'd want you to give up the locations of those canisters.

Susan says nothing.

Kate glances at the clock that shows 5:42.

KATE (CONT'D)
Look, he would have wanted you to do the right thing. Tell me where they are.

SUSAN
I can't. He never told me where he'd hid them.

KATE
C'mon, he *must* have told you.

SUSAN
And I just told you he didn't!
(sarcastic)
Sorry.

KATE
Then in about eighteen minutes, thousands of people will die horrible death. I have to tell you what happens if you breathe in that nerve agent?

SUSAN
Oh, I don't know... Runny nose, frothing at the mouth, muscle cramping and convulsions, asphyxiation. Dizziness and disorientation. Not to mention involuntary vomiting, urination, defeca--

Kate vaults up and leans in to Susan.

KATE
BECAUSE OF YOU!!

Kate notices SUSAN'S NECKLACE, then looks down at her own and touches it.

SUSAN

They have to pay for what they did
to my husband! To my life!

Kate gathers herself as she sits back down.

KATE

All you're worth to anyone now is
what's inside your head. There's
still time to do the right thing.
If you share its molecular
structure, we can use it to save
countless lives before it's too
late.

SUSAN

But you already know it, Agent
Carey. You've known it the whole
time.

KATE

(agitated)

All I know is I woke up today not
knowing who the hell I am.

SUSAN

Eric said he told you what it was.

Kate FREEZES for a moment, and then...

KATE

I-that's not possible! I'm not the
chemist here. You are.

SUSAN

He said he told someone he trusted
with the Feds. Must have been you.

KATE

No! I'm the interrogator asking you
for it. I wouldn't know.

Eyes piercing, Susan leans forward ready to pounce.

SUSAN

Oh, but you do. You don't need me.
You never did.

Drawing ANXIOUS BREATHS, Kate grabs the notepad and pen as
she bites her lip.

KATE
No-no-no-no. Wait...

SUSAN
Yes. Think hard. You remember...

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Hyper-focused on them, Joanne grins.

JOANNE
(to herself)
Son-of-a-bitch. It's working.

Joanne picks up her cellphone speed dials. After one RING, the line picks up:

JOANNE (CONT'D)
She's about to give it up.

GRUFF MALE VOICE (V.O.)
Good. You know what you have to do.

JOANNE
Gladly.

The line disconnects.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
It's about fucking time.

Joanne removes a GLOCK from her holster, loads a fresh magazine and holds it by her side.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Kate -- also hyper-focused -- but on the blank notepad.

KATE
Wait-wait-wait. I think I remember.

SUSAN
That's it. Think, Agent Carey.

Kate grabs the pen and FURIOUSLY SCRAWLS something on the notepad, out of view.

KATE
I think I've almost got it... I just need to ask you something.

SUSAN

What?

Kate looks up at Susan, cocks her head, and then grins.

KATE

What family do poly-ethyl-ene and butane share?

SUSAN

I... uh...

KATE

Okay, how about the nuc-leo-tide ratio of boron and potassium after applying Avogadro's number? Can you tell me that?

SUSAN

I...

KATE

You don't know, do you?
(sotto voce whisper)
I never told you my last name!

INT. VIEWING ROOM - DAY

Kate grabs the notepad, stands and approaches the mirror, Joanne's face now only inches away from the glass.

KATE

Turns out, I remembered all of it on my own.

Kate SLAMS the note pad against the window, displaying a crudely-drawn hand with an extended middle finger.

ON JOANNE: Her grin morphs into an UGLY SCOWL.

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

You can ask me all you want, but you ain't gonna get it!

Kate bellows INSANE LAUGHS O.S.

JOANNE

Fuck. Me.

Kate's O.S. INSANE LAUGHS FLOOD THE ROOM as we

CUT TO BLACK.