

RIGGED

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OVER BLACK

The sound of GUNFIRE over the voices of A SWAT TEAM.

KATE (O.S.)
FBI! Stand down!

SMASH CUT:

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

MACHINE GUN TRACER FIRE BURSTS strobe across the darkness.

ERIC (O.S.)
Hey what the fuck. Help us!

MUFFLED FOOTFALLS and MALE SHOUTS heard from all directions.

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm FBI, don't shoot-don't shoot!

KATELYN CAREY(35), wearing SWAT gear, levels her MACHINE GUN with determine military bearing as she reaches the top of a dark stairwell.

KATE
I hear him, but can't see a damned thing.

JOANNE (O.S.)
(from behind)
Go get him. I've got your six.

ERIC
Eric, Where are you?

No answer.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A dark hallway with cinderblock walls. She kicks down the closest door to her, levels her rifle.

KATE
Clear!
(to Joanne)
He's here. I know it. ERIC!!

JOANNE (O.S.)
Okay. Stay frosty and watch for bogeys. I'll take the other end.

Joanne, whose face we still do not see runs down the opposite end of the hallway and kicks down a door, then sees two SKINHEADS run up the stairs. Kate does not see them.

JOANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Carey! Behind you.

Joanne FIRES. The two Skinheads tumble down the stairs, dead.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
You're welcome.

Kate nods, proceeds to kick down the next door and then enters.

INT. CINDERBLOCK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

She scans the room. Spots a U/V flashlight on the floor.

KATE
Clear!
(to self)
Shit, he's gone.

She grabs and pockets the flashlight, then peers out a barred window: chaos of FBI SWAT vans and SWAT MEN circling the building below. Then, from behind her:

ERIC (O.S.)
They're here! Get downstairs!

Kate turns around - but no one is there. Am I crazy? She steps warily out to the

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Another Skinhead enters through a fire door to her left, gun drawn. She FIRES. Kills him.

Kate looks down the opposite end of the hall for Joanne.

KATE
Dawson!?

No answer.

KATE (CONT'D)
This is fucked.

She makes for the top of the stairwell.

The fire door flies open once more. Two SWAT TEAM MEN appear.

A hail of gunfire from behind Kate's left shoulder, KILLING THEM, then:

ERIC/JOANNE (O.S.)

Look out!

A hand shoves her from behind as she tumbles downward, fall broken by the two dead skinheads. Loses consciousness.

JOANNE (O.S.)

Kate!

CUT TO BLACK

INT. AMBULANCE (MOVING) - NIGHT

Kate lies on a stretcher. Her eyes flutter open.

KATE POV: The ambulance shifts to a fro, as if speeding down a highway.

An IV tube is inserted into her left arm which is covered with tattoos.

JOANNE DAWSON(45), African-American with short hair and determined eyes, steps into view looking over her.

JOANNE

Kate, can you see us? Can you hear me?

Kate can't speak at all.

Also hovering over Kate is a male PARAMEDIC (20s) flashing an otoscope at one of her eyes.

PARAMEDIC

Vitals are good. But the fall... We won't know until a head C-T.

JOANNE

There's no time.

KATE

Whaaat...

JOANNE

Kate, baby. You took a nasty fall.

A third observer, GUNTHER MCGORE(50), thick-jawed with a crew cut, enters Kate's POV.

She tries to focus on Joanne and Gunther's faces.

KATE
Where am I? Who are you?

Gunther and Joanne share concerned looks.

JOANNE
Lucky for you those dead Brothers
broke your fall.

KATE
Fell down... What?

JOANNE
Did you find Susan.

KATE
...Who?

Joanne and Gunther share a quick unreadable glance.

JOANNE
I said did you find --

PARAMEDIC
She's still disoriented. Hospital
ETA in twelve minutes.

JOANNE
No.

PARAMEDIC
But --

GUNTHER
It's a matter of national security.

Joanne shows Kate a lanyard displaying an FBI emblem and
Kate's photo ID.

JOANNE
Gunther, tell the driver to take us
to the safe house.

Gunther nods, and then disappears from Kate's POV.

KATE
What's this?

JOANNE
You.

GUNTHER (O.S.)
(to Driver)
Turn this thing around!

FEMALE DRIVER (O.S.)
I can't do that.

Kate hears a handgun CLICK.

GUNTHER (O.S.)
Do it or I'll shoot you and throw
you out that window.

Kate tries to process this.

The ambulance JERKS to a stop and wheels around.

Gunther returns to Kate's view.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)
Any improvement?

Joanne and Kate's eyes meet.

JOANNE
Kate! Do you remember us at all?

Kate shakes her head, then winces.

Joanne leans in close.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
I'm Joanne Dawson, and this is
Gunther McGore. We're FBI counter-
intelligence.

GUNTHER
Damn. We can't risk it in her
condition.

JOANNE
I know her, so yes, we can.

Joanne extends her arm to hold the I.D. up close. Kate stares
at it incredulously.

KATE
Katelyn Carey? Counter-
intelligence?

GUNTHER
A situation came up in New York.

JOANNE
A terrorist threat. By a group of
which you possess specialized
knowledge.