

RIGGED

Written by

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"I am proud of the fact that I have never invented
weapons that kill."

-Thomas A. Edison

OVER BLACK.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT, GUNFIRE as the muffled voices of SWAT TEAM MEN in an adjacent space SHOUT:

SWAT TEAM MAN (O.S.)
FBI, Stand down!

More GUNFIRE as two MEN GROAN.

FADE UP TO:

INT. CINDERBLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

The visage of ERIC STONE (35), as MACHINE GUN TRACER FIRE BURSTS strobe across his week-old beard and rust-hued hair.

POV: SUSAN HORVATH (35) from the darkness.

ERIC
C'mon, we need to take cover!

Swat Team Men's FOOTSTEPS from all directions.

SUSAN (O.S.)
What's happening? WHAT-DID-YOU-DO?

ERIC
Go. I'll be right behind you.

Susan approaches the top of a dark stairwell interrupted only by more FLASHES.

ERIC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
They're here! Go downstairs before--

Another FLASH and a HAIL OF GUNFIRE as Susan turns back to the mayhem.

But no Eric.

SUSAN (O.S.)
ERIC?

Susan reaches the stairwell and sees lifeless bodies of two DEAD SKINHEADS below on the landing, face down and bleeding.

From behind, we hear...

SWAT TEAM MAN (O.S.)
Hey!

Susan starts down the stairwell, but stumbles forward and SCREAMS as GUNFIRE SPRAYS overhead.

Susan lands face down next to the two Dead Skinheads.

Clutching her face, Susan rolls over onto her back.

Her world's an echo chamber.

Through Susan's blurry haze, a dark and faceless SWAT TEAM WOMAN(STW) appears, towering over her.

Susan sees a blurry SWAT Team Man at the top of the stairs.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN

No one alive down here! Clear out
the upper level!

SWAT TEAM MAN

No. I just saw her run down the--

The STW fires at the SWAT Team Man, who tumbles down the stairs dead next to the Skinheads.

Susan sees a blurry MYSTERY MAN wearing plain clothes run down the stairs to the STW.

The STW throws a duffle bag at the Mystery Man's shoes.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN

Problem? You should thank me I
found you first.

The STW takes out a cellphone and speed dials.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN (CONT'D)

I have her... but she's not okay.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The face of a sleeping KATELYN CAREY (35), her blond hair partially obscuring her bandaged forehead.

She stirs, yet her eyes remain shut. Nostrils flare as she inhales.

Kate lies in a hospital bed wearing a gown, the CHATTER of a TV NEWS REPORTER floods the room.

TV NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
 ...here at City Hall where the Mayor is meeting with Homeland Security officials to discuss New York City's most recent terror threat by the Aryan People's Brigade, a domestic terrorist group that is threatening to release a deadly nerve agent in four Manhattan locations unless certain members of the group are released from prison before six p.m. this evening.

The News Reporter stands, mic in hand, speaking to the camera, a City Hall building in the background.

TV NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
 All police, firefighters and local hospitals are on high alert. This is Brie Parker reporting, Channel Seven News.

The screen switches to talking heads discussing chemical weapon proliferation.

A mechanical WRRRR sounds as Kate's top half of her body rises to a sitting position.

Two gloved hands peel off the bandage to show a nasty bruise on her right temple.

JOANNE (O.S.)
 How is she, doctor? We need her up and running.

Kate's eyes flutter open.

Hovering over Kate, is a gray-haired DOCTOR (50s), flashing an otoscope at one of her eyes.

DOCTOR
 No change.

KATE
 ...What... where am I?

Standing behind him are JOANNE DAWSON (45), African-American, with short hair and determined eyes, along with GUNTHER MCGORE (50), thick-jawed and willowy haired.

Kate inhales and crinkles her nose.

KATE (CONT'D)
It smells like...

Kate tries to focus on Joanne and Gunther's images.

KATE (CONT'D)
...Who are you?

Kate sees a window covered with Venetian blinds, natural light streaming through.

Her eyes follow a flimsy IV tube inserted into her left arm which is adorned with tattoos. She then eyes the tube up to a plastic bag of clear liquid that hangs from a metal stand.

JOANNE
We need her back today.

DOCTOR
She's still disoriented from the fall. You need to go easy.

GUNTHER
It's... a matter of national security.

DOCTOR
She's still weak and needs to rest. At this point I can't sign the discharge order.

Gunther and Joanne stare down the Doctor, who steps back.

JOANNE
We need to speak to the patient-- alone. Now, if you don't mind.

DOCTOR
Very well.

The Doctor backs away and leaves.

Joanne and Kate's eyes meet.

JOANNE
Kate... Kate! Do you remember us?

KATE
...No... no, I don't...

Kate looks up to see Joanne and Gunther share a concerned glance between them.

JOANNE

I'm Joanne Dawson, and this is
Gunther McGore. We're FBI.

GUNTHER

Perhaps he's right. I may be too
soon. Perhaps we had better--

JOANNE

No. This can't wait.

Joanne pulls out from her inside blazer pocket an FBI lanyard
displaying an FBI emblem and Kate's photo ID.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

This is yours, Agent Carey.

Joanne extends her arm to hold the I-D up close.

Kate stares at it incredulously.

KATE

...C-counter-intelligence?

JOANNE

Kate, we know this is a lot to take
in, but... we need you back on your
feet, now.

KATE

You still haven't told me why I'm
here or why my head hurts.

JOANNE

I'm sorry Kate.
(to Gunther)
Hold her down.

Gunther grabs her arms while Joanne reaches inside her pants
pocket to reveal a syringe which she injects into Kate's arm.

KATE

What are you doing to me? I...

Joanne and Gunther's images blur out as we...

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SAFE HOUSE OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Kate's eyes BOLT open.