

# **CRITICAL**

Written by  
Michael Donald

FADE IN:

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - DAY

Grey light. Holes in the roof. Rusted MACHINERY crouches in the gloom. Pools of oil slicked water reflect the flashing red and blue lights from a parked AMBULANCE.

An aluminum briefcase sits on a trestle table. Behind it MORALES SANTIAGO, (30s) Suave but deadly. Like a snake in a suit. Flanked by two hard looking men RAOUL and ALMOS (30s).

Across from him three wired GANGBANGERS. Morales addresses the one to his right. A Gang symbol BRANDED into his neck.

MORALES

Drug dealer, pimp. Served five for  
stabbing a man in the face with a  
broken bottle over a woman...

Morales turns to the man in the middle. Missing an ear LOBE.

MORALES

Sex trafficking. Three years for  
statutory rape.

LOBE

She said she was older.

Morales focuses on the remaining man who sports a NEEDLE through an unattractive and previously broken nose.

MORALES

Charged with setting fire to a  
homeless family.

NEEDLES

Enough with the resumes...who the  
fuck are you?

Morales pops the briefcase. Bundles of hundred dollar bills.

MORALES

That's who I am.

The three men eye the money. BRAND grunts.

BRAND

What's with the freaking ambulance?

Morales closes the briefcase. Fixes the men with a smile.

MORALES

Do any of you know what a Trojan  
Horse is?

Lobe grins. Proud of his assumed intellect.

LOBE

The Greeks built a wooden horse.  
Filled it with soldiers and shit.  
The fuck that gotta do with us?

Morales smiles. A shark with a dental plan.

MORALES

You're the shit.

Raoul and Almos pull guns. Start SHOOTING! The GANGBANGERS jerk with the impact. Scream in surprise and pain as...

EXT. TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - HOUSTON, TEXAS - ESTABLISHING

A HELICOPTER sweeps towards the center. CUREPHARM PHARMACEUTICALS logo emblazoned across its fuselage.

SUPER: *TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - HOUSTON, TEXAS.*

Largest medical center on the planet. Fifteen HOSPITALS in an area the size of a small city including...

EXT. WHEEDON HEIGHTS HOSPITAL - DAY

The HELICOPTER lands on the roof of the futuristic building. Tinted glass blocks and steel. Purpled by the setting sun.

EXT. ROOF - HELICOPTER PAD - SAME

ORDERLIES load cartons of a drug: *ZEETAX* into a service elevator.

INT. RECEPTION - SAME

A soaring atrium above six slices of glass desk in a HI-TEC pie. A sign: HAND IN ALL CELLS - NO EXCEPTIONS!

HOSPIS glide past, drug delivering robot nurses. Imagine R2-D2 on a diet. A touchscreen for a face. PLASTIC skin emitting colored light. GREEN for available, RED for busy.

A HOSPI shifts from green to red. Heads into a HOSPIVATOR. A small elevator big enough for two robots. One per floor.

An old man, Mr. DUDMAN (70s) presses buttons on what looks like a large vending machine. Confused. Breath rasping,

A FRESH-FACED NURSE (20s), blond curls breaking loose, sees him struggling. Slides the man's card into a slot.

FRESH-FACED NURSE

Just slide your patient card into here...and your credit card in here...

A display blinks into life. The legend flashes DISPENSING -- a box of medicine drops out onto a tray.

OLD MAN DUDMAN

Christ. What happened to people?

An OLD LADY enters the reception, drops her stick. A Hospi glides towards her.

FRESH-FACED NURSE

Hospi. Assist.

The Hospi extends a telescopic grab arm. Picks up the stick. Provides a support. Assists her towards the reception desk. An ORDERLY wheels a sophisticated CHAIR into reception.

ORDERLY

Mr. Dudman?

The old man nods. The orderly helps him into the chair. Mechanisms HUM. It straightens into a bed. The orderly speaks to a Hospi that whirs towards him -- ready to serve.

ORDERLY

Hospi. Geriatrics Neeman Ward.

The Hospi moves to the end of the bed. Telescopic BARS on a centre spin hub extend. Lock into sockets on each side. CLUNK. The Hospi pulls the bed off down the corridor.

The Fresh-Faced nurse comes over to the receptionist's desk. Addresses the RECEPTIONIST, (40s) feisty, territorial.

FRESH-FACED NURSE

Benzylmorphine still on back order?

RECEPTIONIST

Yup, same goes for Phenethylamine, Betacetylmethadol and Desomorphine. And they're just the ones I can pronounce.

FRESH-FACED NURSE

Jeez. What's gonna happen when we run out of drugs?

RECEPTIONIST

We won't. Every time there's a shortage they just jack the price.

FRESH-FACED NURSE

A big yeha for capitalism huh. Catch you later.

She passes a WALL SIZED display split into patient and doctor information. Local NEWS runs in a separate screen below.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
 Curepharm Pharmeceutical's stock advanced after they won a contract to supply their cancer drug Zeetax to Wheedon Heights Hospital said to be worth two hundred and fifty million dollars. Circle Pharmaceuticals, the preferred bidder dropped out when a computer virus shut down their manufacturing plant.

ON SCREEN

Workers pass a sign: CIRCLE PHARMACEUTICALS. The picture cuts away to a REPORTER interviewing the well fed face of Lyle Henchel CEO of Curepharm Pharmaceuticals.

INT. TYLER CONDO - LIVING ROOM - DAY

And now we're looking at a TV screen in a living room.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
 Some people say that the high cost of your new cancer drug Zeetax, marginalizes the poor.

HENCHEL (FILTERED)  
 We spent millions of dollars developing Zeetax. And that money has to come back to us so we can continue to develop the drugs that save peoples lives.

HANDS search in a drawer.

On a SIDEBBOARD some photos. A breaking ground ceremony at Wheedon hospital. An award plaque: ARCHITECT of the year.

A FAMILY photo. A couple at a KRAV MAGA martial arts meet. They both hold certificates. She's got the biggest smile.

More interestingly: A framed 2008 TIME LIFE cover. A MAN wearing camos stands in front of a military bridge spanning a river. Armed SOLDIERS alongside him.

The HEADLINE: "AFGHANISTAN - BRIDGING THE PEACE."

MATT TYLER (30s), the man in the picture, a handsome, weathered face. Brow crinkled with irritation. Eyes that have seen things you wouldn't want to know.

MATT  
 Where the hell is it?

BETH TYLER, (30s), heavily pregnant. Headstrong. Watches him.

BETH

In the chocolate box.

Matt opens a colorful tin chocolate box. Inside a couple of FLEX-PENS, Insulin injectors. He takes one and goes over to her. Keeps his annoyance in check.

MATT

In the chocolate box, of course.  
Where else would a diabetic keep  
their insulin?

BETH

It's ironic.

Matt relaxes. Gives her a loving kiss. Touches her bump. His CELL rings. Ruins the moment. He looks at the screen. Frowns.

MATT

I've gotta get this.  
(picking up)  
Hi. (Listens) Can't someone  
else...I see. Okay, I'm on my way.

BETH

I thought we agreed?

Matt looks at her. Torn.

MATT

I know. It's just they had some  
Japanese big wigs come over and  
they want me to do the tour guide  
shit.

BETH

And no one talks shit the way you  
do huh?

MATT

Ouch. You heard me try to get out  
of it. They donated a load of  
Hospi's to Wheedon on a trial and I  
guess we owe them.

BETH

And me? Don't they owe me for the  
years you gave them while you were  
designing and building the damn  
hospital.

MATT

That's not fair.

BETH

Life isn't fair. When you were in  
Afghanistan...

Matt sighs. This is a cycle he's been caught in before.

MATT  
Not that again.

Beth wells up.

BETH  
Yes that again. Because it's  
happening again.

Matt's cell starts to ring again. Matt looks at it but doesn't answer.

MATT  
I'll be back as soon as I can.

He gives her a conciliatory kiss. She looks at him.

BETH  
You promised.  
(beat)  
Have you got your card?

He pulls out a POSTCARD from his pocket. It's a beautiful vista of a blue sky over desert. He puts it away.

MATT  
Look. I do this and then it's you,  
me and the baby. Okay?

And then he's gone. Beth sags into the couch. Desolate.

EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT CONSTRUCTION SITE

An EMPTY open top dump truck pulls up behind the main building. Trucks sit nearby loaded with excavated earth.

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - SAME

Matt comes in through the sliding GLASS DOORS heads to...

RECEPTION DESK

Places his CELL on the desk. The receptionist smiles at him. Hands him a PAGER. Her smile switches off as she turns her attention back to Detectives FRANKS and JOHAAN (30s). Hard faced. World weary. Having trouble making their case.

FRANKS  
A load of Desomorphine just hit the  
streets. We need him to check if  
they're from here.

Johaans mouth churns GUM.

RECEPTIONIST  
That's highly unlikely.

Johaam takes out his GUM. Sticks it on the gleaming glass in front of her. She swallows. Grabs the phone. Stabs buttons.

Matt walks past the elevators to the FIRE EXIT. Looks over at the receptionist. The door unlocks. Matt exits. She knows his ritual. Franks watches. The receptionist puts the phone down.

RECEPTIONIST  
I've paged Mr. Schumann.

Franks nods towards the Fire Exit. Matt jogs up the stairs.

FRANKS  
What's with him?

RECEPTIONIST  
He doesn't like elevators. Gets panic attacks.

INT. MATT'S CONDO - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Beth goes to inject herself with the FLEX-PEN. A spasm of pain shoots through her. The pen falls to the floor.

BETH  
Oh God, not now.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

Matt heads down the corridor. An ELECTRIC WHEELCHAIR swerves round him. A.J CORTEZ, (20s) clean shaven, skinny, with a shirt like a Jackson Pollack picture, skids to a halt.

MATT  
Whoa, easy there Cortez.

Cortez slips on a baseball cap - TECH MAINTENANCE on it.

CORTEZ  
Sorry Matt. Still fine tuning the circuits.

He sticks a FLYER on a NOTICEBOARD. *"DOCTOR DRIP FEED", Children's entertainer - TOMORROW! 3PM in the playroom!*

A PICTURE of Cortez in a Doctor's outfit. A liquorice string attached to a lollipop acting as a stethoscope. The Fresh Faced nurse passes. Smiles at Cortez. A twinkle in her eye.

FRESH-FACED NURSE  
Hey Drip-feed, my kids are looking forwards to the show.

Cortez smiles. Enamoured with her.

CORTEZ  
We aim to please.

They watch her go. Puppets on a string. Matt turns to him.

MATT

I thought they gave you a Segway?

CORTEZ

I get more respect in the chair.  
Goes down well with the ladies too.

He strums his lip. Does a weird mash up of Professor Hawking.

CORTEZ

(vibrato)

*Can you get me a cappuccino miss, I  
can't reach the machine...*

Matt grins despite the dubious taste. Shakes his head.

MATT

You're one sick puppy Cortez.

CORTEZ

Hey, I'm in a hospital what d'you  
expect. Anyway's, I gotta go fix a  
Hospi with a faulty gyro. It's  
acting like a trash can on a DUI.

He zooms off in the wheelchair. Matt shakes his head, smiles.

INT. BETH'S SUV - TRAVELLING

Beth struggles to control the vehicle. Doubled up with pain. Contractions getting more frequent. She cuts in front of a truck. It's horn BLARES. The SUV swerves off the freeway.

INT. CORRIDOR - THIRD FLOOR - SAME

The glass walls of the corridor become a display which follows Matt as he walks. An animated Hospi glides through a schematic of Wheedon Heights Hospital.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The New Hospi 3000 is a state of  
the art drug delivery and patient  
assistance system with in built  
superbug defense capability.

Flashes of robotic activity: A HOSPI sprays a cloud of gas into a room -- emits UV light.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The super tough armored HOSPI 4000  
saves lives in situations too  
hazardous for humans to survive.

The aggressive looking Hospi 4000 moves through smoke filled corridors blasting FOAM. Thermal imaging cameras locate smoke victims and deliver breathing equipment.

Another one shields a CHILD in a BLIZZARD. Emits RADIANT heat. A HERO robot. The infomercial fades. Leaves clear glass.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Two AMBULANCES howl through the night. Lights flashing.

INT. CORRIDOR - THIRD FLOOR - SAME

Matt passes two WORKMEN fixing a FIRE EXIT window into place. One HEAVY SET with a GOLD STUD the other WHIP THIN.

He joins MR. TOMIYAKI an ebullient, smartly dressed oriental with a beaming smile. Two Japanese BUSINESS MEN stand next to him. Everybody bows.

TOMIYAKI  
Thank you for coming.

MATT  
My pleasure.

They head off down the corridor.

TOMIYAKI  
They ask me how is Hospilatte?

Matt forces a smile.

MATT  
He's around here somewhere.  
Probably still delivering latte's.

Tomiyaki laughs. Matt waves them forwards with an arm.

EXT. WHEEDON HEIGHTS HOSPITAL

An ambulance races through the campus. Heads towards E.R as...

Beth's SUV speeds through the HOSPITAL gates towards a T-Junction.

INT BETH'S SUV - TRAVELLING

Beth is suddenly wracked by pain. She looks down. At the seat. It's soaking wet.

She looks up to see the...

AMBULANCE! Swerves to avoid a collision. SPINS! Careens off a steel post displaying signs to E.R. The hood crumples.

BLAM! The drivers airbag inflates. She slams into it. Slumps forward. The HORN blares.

EXT. E.R ENTRANCE - WHEEDON HEIGHTS HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The ambulance brakes to a halt outside. The back doors burst open. Raoul and Almos jump out, now dressed as PARAMEDICS.

Three more MEN dressed as PARAMEDICS exit the ambulance and head to the back -- unload three stretchers containing the wounded Gangbangers. Strapped down. Sedated.

They jog towards E.R followed by medics pushing another gurney with Beth onboard into...

INT. E.R - WHEEDON HEIGHTS HOSPITAL - MOVING - NIGHT

A posse of people surround them as they hurtle up the ramp into the hospital. INTERNS, TECHS, NURSES. DOCTOR HUGHES (30s), calm, focused, jogs alongside the speeding gurneys.

DR. HUGHES

What've we got?

A NURSE reads an EMS delivery sheet off her iPad, JOAN COLTRANE, (30s) Irish and unflappable.

NURSE COLTRANE

Multiple GSW to the abdomen and chest, typed and cross-matched for three units whole. OR One is on standby, surgeons on call...

She turns to Beth on the other gurney.

NURSE COLTRANE

Beth Tyler. MVA, right frontal contusion and a nasty laceration. No loss of consciousness, diabetic. She's also in active labor, dilated to 9...this baby's ready to launch.

DR. HUGHES

Beth Tyler, Matt's wife?

NURSE COLTRANE

Yes. He's in the hospital. We've paged him...

Beth looks up at her. Reacts to Matt's name. Disorientated.

BETH

I haven't had my insulin shot...

Nurse Coltrane's taps her iPad. Hits an ICON: HOSPI #404. Types in a prescription. Executes.

NURSE COLTRANE

A Hospi will bring it to you.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - CRYOGENICS LAB - SAME

Matt and the Japanese businessmen stand outside the lab. Matt glances at his watch. Edgy.

MATT

At Wheedon we have one of the most advanced cryogenics facilities in the world. Its ventilation system is totally isolated from the hospital supply. Zero chance of any superbugs getting to the patients.

The businessmen smile nervously. Matt goes over to an ALCOVE containing a FIRE ALARM call point, HYDRANT and HOSE REEL. Alongside it a control panel marked: ISOLATE - FIRE - PURGE.

MATT

Isolation of any area can be carried out manually or activated automatically by bio sensors.

He goes over to a HOSPIVATOR. Presses the call button.

MATT

The Hospivators are blast and fire proof. And uniquely they serve as an escape route to the roof. In emergency mode they'll pull three Gees, same as the space shuttle during lift off. It'll get you to the roof in six seconds.

BING. The doors slide open. Two HOSPI's glide out. The businessmen smile. Chatter animatedly.

MATT

And these guys you already know.

Matt's PAGER beeps. He looks at it. His face falls.

INT. E.R TRAUMA ROOM - SAME

Nurse Coltrane indicates the other GANGBANGERS.

NURSE COLTRANE

Two more, some blood loss...

Hughes pulls up the eyelid of the man on the gurney, frowns.

DR. HUGHES

Get a tox screen, let's see what his party drug of choice is.

Before he gets an answer, one of two sets of doors burst open and more people swarm in. EMS MEDICS, nurses with I.V'S. Beth starts to scream. BLOOD pooling on the gurney.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - FIRE EXIT - SAME

Matt runs to the Fire Exit door. Takes a credit card from his wallet. Slides it into the gap at the top of the door bypasses the alarm switch. Another ritual. Slips through.

INT. STAIRS - SAME

Matt races down the stairs two at a time. Reaches the  
GROUND FLOOR

Runs towards E.R putting on a MASK. Bursts through the doors in time to see...

INT. E.R TRAUMA ROOM

His NEWBORN SON! Glistening with amniotic fluid. Screaming at the top of his lungs. Beth sees Matt. Relief in her eyes. Matt takes her hand. The baby's wrapped in a blanket. Given to Beth to hold.

MATT

I'm sorry hon...

Beth forces a smile.

BETH

We have a son and you owe me a load  
of Oreos and some quality time.

The baby closes a tiny hand around his finger. Raoul, Almos and the other PARAMEDICS reach under gurneys. Morales comes in dressed as a SECURITY GUARD. Dr. Hughes looks at him.

DR. HUGHES

What are you doing in here? Okay,  
everybody not needed clear the  
room.

(to Matt)

I'm sorry, you too.

The room goes quiet. Dr. Hughes turns round. Looks at four Paramedics pointing VERESK SR-2Ms at him.

MORALES

We're taking over the hospital.  
Get her up to Maternity. Stabilize  
these men.

Raoul and Almos manhandle Matt out of the room at gunpoint. He whirls round. Slams a fist into Raoul. Mushrooms his nose. Follows it with a roundhouse kick to Almos. A rib cracks.

The other paramedics come at him -- guns raised. He's clubbed to the ground. Almos kicks him in the ribs. Raoul hits him on the side of the head with his gun butt. They drag him out.

Unnoticed. Something falls from his pocket. Beth screams. Lashes out...rakes her nails across one of the GUNMEN'S face. TOMAS(30s) Muscular. He yelps.

Smacks her away. Speaks with a heavy Afrikaans accent.

TOMAS  
You mad bitch!

MORALES  
Enough. Get her up to maternity.

Morales turns to the fifth Paramedic. ZAC CROW (20s), sharp faced. The TECH member of the team. Crow pulls out an iPad from a pouch over his shoulder. Fingers dance on the screen.

CROW  
Full isolation in thirty seconds.

ON SCREEN

A schematic of the ground floor. Areas bleed from GREEN to RED as they're locked down.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Alarms sound. Red lights flash at the Hospital GATES.

ENTRANCE GATES lock shut.

ARMORED glass doors to corridors SLIDE SHUT and LOCK.

HEAVY STEEL SHUTTERS seal off the BASEMENT parking level.

Automated instructions issue calmly from the P.A System.

P.A (FILTER)  
"The hospital has been isolated for your own protection, remain in your designated areas and await instructions -- this is not a drill."

The whole operation has taken under a minute.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Franks and Johaan flank Hospital Administrator JOEL SCHUMANN (50s), not a happy bunny.

Soft lights flicker as the elevator plunges down. A Hospi robot travels with them. The elevator halts. The doors open.

Johaam sticks his gum on the back of the Hospi's head as it whirs past him. Franks shoots him a look. Johaan shrugs.

JOHAAN  
Freakin' R2-D2s creep me out.

The doors close. The elevator continues down.

SCHUMANN  
Nothing but Hospis and robot  
stackers at vault level.

FRANKS  
Who else has access?

SCHUMANN  
Just me and the head tech.

The elevator halts, doors slide open and we're in the...

INT. ANTEROOM AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - NIGHT

A vast steel door covers one whole wall. Schumann places his finger on a sensor -- looks into a biometric scanner. Hydraulic RAMS force the huge steel door up into the ceiling.

INT. AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - NIGHT

A cathedral congregated by ROBOTS. Tiers of steel storage racks. Schumann points at hatched yellow tracks on the floor.

SCHUMANN  
Keep clear of the hatched areas.

A STACKER HOSPI whirs past. A box of Insulin FLEX-PENS, clamped in its grab arm. The label on the box: BETH TYLER.

SCHUMANN  
Some of them can be short sighted.

The Hospi continues to a SMALL service elevator racked out with MESHED STEEL SHELVES. Doors slide open, it deposits the Flex-Pens inside. The elevator hums up into the shaft.

FRANKS  
Where are the class "A"?

SCHUMANN  
It's highly unlikely they're from here...

FRANKS  
So we keep hearing.

He leads them to a tier of drug CARTONS. Ten meters high.

SCHUMANN  
These walls are reinforced concrete. Two meters thick and lined with a hundred mill of Chrome Vanadium steel. Even if they got past the biometrics they'd need to know the pass code which changes hourly...

He trails off as Johaan and Franks pull out their guns and level them at him. The color drains from his face.

FRANKS

We're gonna need you to fill a prescription.

EXT. WHEEDON HEIGHTS - GROUND LEVEL LOADING BAY - SAME

A white TRUCK pulls in. A red logo in the shape of a gas cylinder on the side. "*International Medical Gas Supplies.*"

PABLO, (30s) POCKMARKED face, yellow teeth, jumps down from the cab. Activates a hydraulic tailgate. Pulls out a trolley. Loads CYLINDERS of gas from the racks inside.

INT. CAFITERIA - SAME

Two GUNMEN dump Matt onto the floor. The room is full of staff and visitors. Dr. Hughes, The Fresh Faced Nurse, Cortez and Nurse Coltrane are also there.

A row of framed PICTURES line one wall. Hospital management. Chairman of the board. The Japanese businessmen Matt gave the tour to. And MATT himself. Nurse Coltrane comes over.

Matt wrenches off his mask. Uses it to wipe some blood off. Tries to get to his feet. Wobbles.

NURSE COLTRANE

Take it easy. You could have concussion.

Matt stands up.

MATT

Beth...?

NURSE COLTRANE

They took her to maternity. The baby's doing fine. He's getting some oxygen but he'll be okay.

MATT

What about her insulin?

NURSE COLTRANE

The Hospi's taking it up to her.

Matt nods. Still worried. Looks round the cafeteria. Concerned and frightened faces, some security guards.

Nurse Coltrane cleans the dried blood from his face. Checks his eyes. Hold up two fingers.

NURSE COLTRANE

How many fingers?

Matt smiles.

MATT  
Enough to tell them where to go.

Cortez comes over.

CORTEZ  
You okay man?

MATT  
Yeah. I see those guys again  
they're dead.

CORTEZ  
Let's not forget they have the big  
scary guns.

MATT  
For now.

CORTEZ  
What do you think they want?

MATT  
I don't know.

INT. RECEPTION - SAME

A Hospi whirs up to the DRUG DISPENSING machine. #404 on its back. Laser scans a screen. The name BETH TYLER appears. A steel DRAWER slides out. Aligns below the drug dispenser.

Two INSULIN FLEX-PENS drop into the Hospi's drawer. It Retracts. Heads for the Hospivator at the far corner of the reception area. The doors slide open and it goes in.

INT. GERIATRICS - NEEMAN WARD - NIGHT

Old Man Dudman watches an EXTREME SPORTS SHOW on the...

TV SCREEN

TITLE: *LAKE VOULIAGMENI, GREECE - CLIFF DIVING WORLD SERIES*

A cliff diver twists and turns for twenty-seven meters before plunging into the foaming surface of the lake below.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Gary Hunt setting a new world  
record there with a back three  
summersault four twist pike as he  
hits the aerated water at nearly  
sixty-miles an hour...

The old man snorts. Sucks oxygen through his mask.

OLD MAN DUDMAN  
Aerated water, what next? Water  
wings? Bunch of pussies.

INT. HOSPIVATOR - SAME

Hospi #404 - passes the SECOND FLOOR...

INT. BASEMENT PARKING LEVEL - SAME

A stationary AMBULANCE. The back door crashes open. Twelve shaven headed GUNMEN. Eastern Bloc DNA in full tactical gear jump down. They carry Russian VERESK SR-2Ms.

Head into the SERVICE ELEVATOR.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

SECURITY GUARDS battle against a hail of fire from MORALES'S GUNMEN. A guard returns fire. And is swiftly targeted.

Bullets rip through him. Slam him against the armored glass. He slides to the floor, leaves a trail of blood behind.

The remaining guards are shredded by the fire power.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFITERIA - NIGHT

The P.A system hums. Morales's voice crackles out from the speaker.

MORALES (FILTER)  
This hospital is now under our  
control, stay where you are and you  
will not be harmed. Interfere and  
you will face the consequences.

The P.A Clicks off. A man in a CHEF'S hat, slams a chair into the doors watched by his kitchen staff. Matt looks at him.

MATT  
Give it up buddy, it's not going to  
happen.

CHEF  
Yeah? And how would you know?

MATT  
Trust me. It's ballistic glass. T8  
level protection, so unless you've  
got a rifle with armor piercing  
bullets in your pants I'd let it  
go.

CHEF  
Wiseass.

The Chef puts the chair down.

INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDORS

A SERIES OF SHOTS

GUNMEN round up stray STAFF and VISITORS. Isolate them behind the armored glass of the wards.

ELEVATORS are terminated at reception. PASSENGERS taken at gunpoint to the cafeteria.

ADMIN WORKERS taken from desks. Herded through FIRE EXITS.

CORRIDORS. Armed GUNMEN patrol.

EXT. ELEVATOR - FOURTH FLOOR - SAME

The elevator opens. Reveals Gold Stud and Whip Thin from the third floor window job and Pablo from the GAS TRUCK and SIX of the shaven headed GUNMEN.

One of them, THIAGO (30s) a giant with tattooed arms the size of tree trunks, carries a small aluminium EQUIPMENT CASE. Pablo wheels a CART stacked with GAS CYLINDERS.

INT. HOSPITAL - SECOND FLOOR - CONTROL CENTER

Several GUNMEN stand with Thiago and Morales. A wall of screens. Six floors of the hospital as a schematic. Each level on an individual screen.

Moving HOSPI ROBOT ICONS converge on a maintenance mezzanine between the 5th and 6th FLOOR. Others shutdown where they stand. Their icons FADE to BLACK.

INT. HOSPIVATOR - FOURTH FLOOR - SAME

Hospi #404 reaches the FOURTH FLOOR. The car halts. A soothing voice from a concealed speaker:

ANNOUNCER (FILTER)  
This car will be returning to  
basement level. Please vacate the  
car at this floor.

The doors open. The Hospi glides out. Shuts down. On the screen a legend flashes. ENTERING STAND-BY MODE.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - CONTROL CENTER

A screen displays colored bar graphs of the various WI-FI and WALKIE-TALKIE frequencies active in the hospital. Crow shuts them down. Hands a stack of SECURITY PASSES to Morales's MEN.

They head out into the hospital.

EXT. OXYGEN SUPPLY ROOM

Pablo swipes the security lock. The door BEEPS as it unlocks. Then RELOCKS! Pablo sighs. Looks through the glass inspection window. A terrified TECHNICIAN stares back at him.

PABLO

Open up. I'm not gonna hurt you.  
Just need to swap out these  
cylinders.

Pablo silently cocks a Glock behind his back. The technician shakes his head. Stammers with fear.

TECHNICIAN

N,n,no, I heard shots. I'm waiting  
for security.

He holds up his Walkie-talkie.

TECHNICIAN

I c,c,called them.

Pablo takes a deep breath. Gets on his Walkie.

PABLO

Boss.

MORALES

Yes?

PABLO

The gas technician wants clearance  
from security before he'll let me  
in.

INTERCUT

MORALES

Don't you have your pass. The one  
with the trigger?

PABLO

He's locked it from the inside.

MORALES

Okay. I'll handle it.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - CAFETERIA - SAME

Morales and two GUNMEN enter the room. It's noisy. Morales pulls out his GLOCK 19. BANG! Shoots out a ceiling light. Silence.

Matt keeps behind some visitors. Hides his face.

MORALES

That's better. Now you can hear what I have to say, because it's really important. I need two volunteers. Security guards.

Three guards look at each other. Nobody moves.

MORALES

Come on, where's your work ethic?

BANG! He shoots one of the guards in the shoulder.

MORALES

Does that make it easier?

The two remaining guards move to the front.

MORALES

Thank you. Why does everything have to be spelled out?

He exits. Gunmen force the security guards out at gunpoint.

INT. OXYGEN SUPPLY ROOM - SAME

Screens of video flowcharts show gas routing. A knock on the door. The terrified gas technician peers through the glass.

EXT. OXYGEN SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morales holds his gun to the side of a security guard's head.

MORALES

Okay Mr. Gasman, is this the clearance you're looking for.

BANG! Blood sprays over the glass. The technicians eyes widen with terror.

MORALES

Is that clear enough?

The other guard is pushed against the glass. Gun to his head.

MORALES

Or do you need more clarity?

The gas technician frantically unlocks the door.

INT. SUB BASEMENT - AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - NIGHT

Administrator Schumann, face drenched with cold sweat stands over the touchscreen next to the vault service elevator. Johaan keeps his gun trained on him. Pupils like pin pricks.

SCHUMANN

It's done.

His eyes flick to a small RED BUTTON beneath the screen.

JOHAAN

Don't...

Schumann hits the red button. Alarms BLARE. Johaan fires twice. Schumann crumples to the floor as the...

VAULT DOOR

Slams down. Seals them in. Franks keys his Walkie-talkie.

FRANKS

We got a problem. The vault just locked and only Schumann and the Hospital tech have the code.

INT. HOSPITAL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Morales doesn't look that worried.

MORALES (FILTER)

Well then get it from Schumann.

Franks glares at Johaan who pops a pill and shrugs.

INTERCUT

FRANKS

That's not an option.

MORALES (FILTER)

(realizing)

You idiots. I'll get Crow onto it.  
What about the drugs?

Franks looks at a workflow readout on the touchscreen.

FRANKS

Computer says an hour.  
(a beat, then)  
What if Crow can't get the code?

Morales thinks about that. There's a long pause. Franks sweats. And then...

MORALES

Well then it's going to get very uncomfortable down there.

INT. SUB BASEMENT - AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - SAME

Franks looks over at Johaan, anger in his eyes. He pulls out a tatty L.A DODGERS baseball cap. Puts it on. Johaan smirks.

JOHAAN

Really. That the look you're going with?

FRANKS

Fluorescent lights give me a head  
ache. But then you've already given  
us one haven't you?

Johaam dumps Schumann's body against a tier of drugs. Picks  
up a random bottle of pills. Chugs one.

FRANKS

What are you doing?

Johaam churns the pills around. Swallows.

JOHAAN

Whoaa. Got a real edge to them.

Franks stares at Johaan. Shakes his head. Looks at the Vault  
control panel. A Time Lock. Counting down from one hour.

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

Many more people now crowd the area. ARMED GUARDS patrol the  
corridor outside. Matt nods at Cortez's iPad.

MATT

Can you access the control systems?

Cortez taps the iPad screen. SYSTEM LOCKED flashes up.

CORTEZ

I'll need time to work around that.

Matt unconsciously munches on an Oreo. Cortez looks at him.

MATT

I get a helluva sweet tooth when  
I'm stressed.

CORTEZ

Lucky we're in a cafeteria.

MATT

My wife just had a baby and if she  
doesn't get her insulin, she'll go  
into shock, and could die. I'm not  
sitting here eating biscuits until  
someone decides to rescue us.

CORTEZ

My aunt once gave my uncle a  
cinnamon bagel when he forgot his  
insulin.

(off Matt's look)

For real. Do you have a plan?

Matt looks over at a FIRE EXIT sign.

MATT

C'mon.

Matt and Cortez slip around the counter and head into the...

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Deserted. Matt snatches a Cinnamon bun from a basket of pastries. He rummages in his pockets. Looking for his WALLET.

MATT

Damn. I must've dropped it.

He smashes the glass EMERGENCY DOOR RELEASE. An ALARM sounds.

CORTEZ

Good plan. They'll never notice that.

They exit through the dual ISOLATION sliding doors.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

An ALARM ICON winks on a schematic of the GROUND FLOOR.

CROW

We gotta breach. First floor.

Morales turns to Thiago.

MORALES

Go check it.

Thiago nods, picks up his gun and heads out.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - MATERNITY WARD - NIGHT

The pressure door to the ward HISSES open. TOMAS comes in. Scans the room. Glares at Beth. Her nail marks still livid on his cheek. Takes up a position at one end of the ward.

Beth. Pale. Sweating. Clutches her baby. NURSE BLEACHER, (40s) a seasoned vet. Gently takes the baby. Heads to an INCUBATOR. Places the baby inside. Checks the OXYGEN feed. Comes back to Beth.

BETH

I'm not feeling so good.

NURSE BLEACHER

Your blood glucose levels are rising. Without the insulin...  
(a beat, then)  
Since they automated the drugs dispensary we don't keep local supplies.

BETH

Why would you? It's not normal practice for armed men to take over a hospital and shut everything down.

NURSE BLEACHER

Seems your husband put up quite a fight.

BETH

Yeah. That's what he's good at.  
(off her look)  
He did a tour in Afghanistan. Been having some problems adjusting to civilian life.

Nurse Bleacher nods.

NURSE BLEACHER

He seems like a good man to have in a tight spot.

BETH

I don't think he'd see it that way.

NURSE BLEACHER

Oh.

BETH

He gets panic attacks in confined spaces. He's had some help. It's just...you know.

NURSE BLEACHER

We see a lot of it in here. But you have your baby now. He'll have something to focus on.

Beth suddenly looks very frightened.

BETH

Do you think he's okay? They beat him pretty bad.

NURSE BLEACHER

They locked everybody in the cafeteria. He'll be with them. You have to relax, concentrate on slowing your breathing down. The faster you breath the more you'll oxygenate your blood.

BETH

I thought that was a good thing?

NURSE BLEACHER

Not if you haven't had your  
insulin. Too much oxygen can be a  
killer.

INT. OXYGEN SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT

Pablo connects flexible pipes from the GAS CYLINDERS on his  
cart to the OXYGEN POINT VALVE BOX that feeds the hospital  
with oxygen. Wires a REMOTE RADIO RECEIVER into the unit.

Uses electrical tape to secure some wires. Opens the  
aluminium equipment case we saw with Thiago. Goes to work.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - STAIRWELL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

On a CCTV patch in they listen and watch Morales in the  
Control Room on Cortez's iPad. The sound breaks up...they  
hear a snatch of Morales.

MORALES (O.C.)

...once Code Red's complete.  
they'll find exactly what we want  
them to...

Static drowns out the rest of the conversation. Matt points  
to the schematic on Crows screen.

MATT

The drugs vault service elevator...

CORTEZ

The Zeetax shipment alone is worth  
quarter of a billion dollars.  
What's with the Code Red?

MATT

That's the fire emergency code.

CORTEZ

That doesn't make sense.

MATT

That vault's tighter than the  
Federal reserve, no way he's  
getting in.

CORTEZ

He's got two thousand hostages.  
He'll find someone to let him in...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Cortez's FACE stares out from Crow's iPad.

CROW (O.C.)

A.J Cortez, Chief Technician.

He scans his resume.

CROW

He's not as dumb as he looks.  
Graduated from M.I.T with a BA in  
computer science and robotics. Oh  
cool, he's also a Children's  
entertainer.

Morales looks at him.

MORALES

I'm sure you'll have lots to talk  
about.

(into Walkie talkie)

Pablo. How long?

INT. OXYGEN SUPPLY ROOM

Pablo finishes tightening a connection.

PABLO

I'm hooked into the gas system now.  
You'll have control through your  
remote.

INTERCUT

MORALES

How are we doing on Code Red?

PABLO

Good to go.

MORALES

Okay. We're going to have to use  
the service elevator to get it down  
there.

News to Pablo.

PABLO

Really?

MORALES

Problem?

PABLO

Gonna need a smooth ride, those  
binary chemicals can get a little  
frisky.

INT. STAIRWELL - FIRST FLOOR - SAME

The CCTV video feed on Cortez's display cuts out.

CORTEZ

They're shutting down the feeds.

MATT

Can you put the CCTV on a loop?  
Place is a security glasshouse.

Cortez looks offended. His fingers fly across the iPad.

CORTEZ

A loop? You been watching too much  
cable.

ON IPAD SCREEN: Two freeze frames of Matt and Cortez are computer mapped. Blended into the background of the CCTV display. Flash frames of both of them in various parts of the hospital. Computer airbrushed into the background like magic.

UNDER THIS:

CORTEZ (O.C.)

I'll map an earlier grab of us from  
the CCTV. Clone the pixels and  
program the security software to  
paint us into the background. CGI  
on the fly.

RESUME MATT

MATT

Impressive. All that and puns as  
well.

CORTEZ

I am the real deal.

Matt thinks hard.

MATT

They can't take a hospital this  
size off the map. Why aren't the  
Police doing anything?

CORTEZ

If they think there's an infection  
in the hospital they're not going  
to risk letting it out into a city  
of two million people.

They think about this. Heavy FOOTSTEPS approach from above.

MATT

C'mon.

They charge down the steps. Hear more FOOTSTEPS...

Headed up towards them. They PIVOT round and race back up.  
Reach the FIRE EXIT just ahead of Thiago. Dart into the...

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Look for somewhere to hide.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Crow flicks through the CCTV feeds. One of them is blank.

CROW

The fire exit camera outside the kitchen is down.

MORALES

Thiago should be there by now.

INT. STAIRWELL - FIRST FLOOR - SAME

Thiago comes to a halt outside the KITCHEN FIRE EXIT. Uses his PASS. Activates the doors. Heads into the...

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Scoops a Danish pastry from a basket as he passes. Munches on it as he moves over to the door leading to the cafeteria.

THIAGO'S VIEW THROUGH PORTHOLE GLASS

CAFETERIA

Staff and visitors stand or sit around the tables.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Thiago moves around the kitchen, heads towards a LARGE stainless steel storage cabinet. Yanks it open...EMPTY. Moves towards a walk in FREEZER. An alarm BEEPS...

THIAGO

On high alert. Finger TIGHT on the trigger. Looks for the source of the sound. His eye catches the...

FREEZER TEMPERATURE GAUGE

The digits flick from -62f back down to -63f... The beeper dies. His Walkie-talkie squawks.

CROW (FILTER)

You eating your way through that kitchen?

Thiago bolts down the last of the Danish. Mumbles.

THIAGO

Still checking.

CROW (FILTER)  
FYI someone's knocked out the  
camera covering the fire exit  
outside the kitchen...stay sharp.

Thiago tenses one massive arm around his gun.

THIAGO  
Like a razor.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

Morales studies CCTV of the entrance. A couple of PATROL  
CARS and a HAZCHEM TRUCK sit outside the gates.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

A SOUND from inside the FREEZER. Thiago wrenches open the  
freezer door. A BODY smashes into him. Knocks him to the  
floor. His finger hits the trigger.

The body explodes as a thousand rounds a minute pour into it.  
Blood and flesh spray the walls. SILENCE. Smoke drifts  
through the kitchen. Women in the cafeteria SCREAM.

Thiago grips the smoking machine gun. Half a cow spread  
across the walls. Swats at the blood and meat splattered over  
his clothes. Makes it worse.

THIAGO  
Mierda!

Freezing vapor drifts past carcasses on hooks. Thiago slams  
the freezer door. Heads out through the Fire Exit. Locks it.

INT. FREEZER - SAME

Cortez and Matt drop to the floor. Spit out the ICE-CUBES  
they've been chewing to hide their steaming breath. Hands  
numb from the cold. Cortez studies his torn shirt cuff.

CORTEZ  
Damn. That was my favorite shirt.

MATT  
That guy was ready to blow.

CORTEZ  
He sure was. Let's bounce, I'm  
freezing my nuts off here.

Cortez goes over to the safety release handle. Pushes it.  
Nothing happens. Matt's eyes BLAZE with sudden anger and  
fear. He smashes the door with his foot. It pops open.

CORTEZ  
That'll work.

Matt breathes deeply. Pulls his desert vista out. Looks at it. Cortez sees, but doesn't react. Matt goes over to the fire exit. Locked. They look through the cafeteria door.

CORTEZ'S VIEW THROUGH PORTHOLE GLASS

Raoul and Almos herd more hospital staff into the Cafeteria. Raoul guards the entrance. Almos heads towards the kitchen.

CORTEZ

Get down.

They drop to the floor. Matt locks the door. The KITCHEN door handle moves.

INT. CAFETERIA - SAME

Almos peers through the porthole glass. Reacts to the mess. Nurse Coltrane moves up to the gunmen. Dr. Hughes joins her.

ALMOS

Looks like a slaughterhouse.

NURSE COLTRANE

What are you going to do with us?

RAOUL

You have food, water and restrooms, that's all you need to know.

NURSE COLTRANE

What about the patients? Without proper attention they're going to die.

RAOUL

That depends on how much time we waste talking to you rather than doing what we came for.

DR. HUGHES

And what is that exactly?

RAOUL

Oh, so now we got a committee meeting. Why don't you just make a note of this...

BANG! He slugs Dr. Hughes in the head with his gun butt. The Doctor slides to the floor, a gash to the head. Nurse Coltrane uses a napkin to mop the blood. Eyes burning.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Cortez and Matt come out from behind the chiller cabinet. Go over to a FOOD ELEVATOR. Steel doors and an inset glass viewing slot. Just enough room for an adult. Trays of food.

Matt stares at it. His hands shake.

CORTEZ  
You okay man?

Matt pulls out his desert vista postcard. Looks at it.

CORTEZ  
Maybe we can get out another way.

Matt forces down his panic. Unloads the trays. Makes space.

MATT  
I'm fine. I can use it to get to  
Maternity. Once I'm there you can  
call it back.

CORTEZ  
How do I contact you?

Matt pulls out his PAGER. Cortez nods. Matt Squeezes into the  
elevator. Space to crouch. Cortez slips him a bag of peanuts.

CORTEZ  
Enjoy your flight.

They share a look. No words necessary. Cortez closes the  
doors. Hits the button. The elevator disappears.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Crow's patched into the hospital control system.

MORALES  
Shut down the power.

Crow's fingers scuttle across the iPad.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - SAME

The lights go out. Babies start to WAIL. Tomas starts  
shouting for quiet. Nurse Bleacher goes up to him.

NURSE BLEACHER  
Please. Stop shouting you're  
terrifying them.

Tomas glares at her. BAM! Slaps her across the face. She  
stares him in the eye. Not backing down.

NURSE BLEACHER  
When they hunt you down and kill  
you. I'll be the first to spit on  
your grave.

Tomas takes a step back from the ferocity and sheer guts of  
this woman. He's seen nothing like it in his country.

TOMAS

Get back to your job.

He turns and walks away. Nurse Bleacher looks at her hand. It's shaking. She grips it with her other one to still it. Moves down the rows of babies and mothers. Passes Beth.

BETH

Thank you.

NURSE BLEACHER

Arrogant dickhead. Are you okay?

BETH

I've felt better.

NURSE BLEACHER

(worried)

Why aren't the emergency lights coming on?

INT. FOOD ELEVATOR - SAME

Cramped. Noisy. Dark. Faint glow from the back of the control panel. Flashes of light as it moves past each floor.

The power dies. PITCH BLACK.

Matt pulls the pager out of his pocket. Hit's the backlight. A sheen of sweat on his face in the green glow. Steel walls. Mechanical groans. Distant VOICES echo down the shaft.

Matts breath rasps in his throat. Claustrophobic. Panic setting in. Tries to change position, muscles cramp. Struggles to get his postcard out. Can't reach it.

BANG! BANG! Slams his fist against the cold steel. Entombed.

FLASHBACK

Matt now in CAMOS. Still entombed but enough light leaks through BULLET HOLES to show us the situation. He's trapped inside some kind of overturned military vehicle.

Something drips onto his face. He wipes at it. His hand comes away covered in BLOOD. A FACE...hangs upside down. DEAD. Half a BODY on the metal underside of a HATCHWAY. Torn flesh.

And finally as he tries to move something quivers under his feet. His eyes look down. He's standing in what's left of someone's chest cavity! He throws back his head and SCREAMS!

As we SLAM BACK TO --

INT. FOOD ELEVATOR - PRESENT

The pager vibrates. Text flashes up on the screen.  
Illuminates Matt's terrified face.

PAGER TEXT

*Emergency power is coming on."*

The steel tomb fills with red light. SHAPES move outside.  
Matt forces the two halves of the elevator hatch open. Falls  
out. Hits the floor. Rubs cramped muscles.

Something hums towards him through the dark. HOSPIVATOR  
doors open. SILHOUETTED by the glow...A HOSPI. The  
Hospivator doors close. Matt calls out an instruction.

MATT

Hospi. Service lights.

White light flickers from dozens of Hospi's. Illuminates a  
plastic and steel army. We're in...

INT. MEZZANINE - HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL

A SUB-FLOOR between levels FOUR and FIVE where Hospis are  
recharged, maintained and stored.

At the back. ARMORED. FLAMEPROOF HOSPI 4000's with FOAM  
delivery systems. Thermal imaging, and heavy grippers.

Workbenches on one side. Mechanical parts and CIRCUIT BOARDS  
litter the surfaces. In the corner of the room a HOSPI stands  
motionless. A construction helmet taped to its head.

MATT

Hospilatte.

Matt touches his faded name on the helmet. Splattered with  
bits of cement and paint -- patched up with duct tape. He  
plugs in a lead. Connects the Hospi to a power outlet.

A muted hum as the charging circuits start. He goes over to  
the other Hospis. Hits a button on the CHEST PLATE of one. A  
dispensing tray slides out. EMPTY. He goes through them all.

No INSULIN.

OFF MATT starting to get really worried.

EXT. HOSPITAL SECURITY GATE - NIGHT

Reporter MAISY GREY (20s) tough as hell. Doing an interview  
with the ORDERLY we saw earlier helping Old Man Dudman.

MAISY GREY

Your shift ended just before the  
hospital shut down. Can you tell us  
how long this could last?

ORDERLY

Once they've isolated the infection  
we'll be allowed back in.

MAISY GREY

Could it just be a false alarm?

ORDERLY

It's a brand new building.  
Sometimes the electronics sensors  
are just too sensitive.

MAISY GREY

Thank you.

She turns to camera. Touches her earpiece -- news coming in

MAISY GREY

We've just heard that the building  
is now running on emergency power  
and that all communications in and  
out of the hospital have been cut.  
It makes you wonder. What's really  
going on in there?

(beat)

I'm Maisy Grey for KPRC news.

INT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Matt hits the button on a puck shaped metal disc - an LED  
winks. He turns it off. Puts it back on the workbench.

He checks a charge meter on the back of the Hospilatte. Taps  
a recessed button on the front of the HOSPI's chestplate.  
A small TRAY grinds open.

ANGLE ON TRAY

Some brittle sachets of sugar, a couple of milk pods, some  
Oreo cookies in cellophane. Wooden stirrers and...a REMOTE  
ACCESS PASS. Matt's I.D. picture and name on it.

Matt scoops up the cookies. Munches on them. Goes over to the  
exit door off the service level. Moves his pass towards the  
SENSOR PLATE. The door opens. Relief floods his face.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - RECEPTION AREA

The Whip-Thin gunman guards the desk. HOSPIVATOR DOORS slide  
open. Matt slips out. Takes cover behind the DRUGS DISPENSER.  
Thin Gunman looks up at the elevator noise. Sees nothing.

Matt peers round the side of the dispenser. Looks over at the  
entrance out of the hospital. Too exposed. Matt slips down  
the corridor.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

Matt watches the Gunmen load drugs onto wooden pallets in front of the FIRE EXIT window. He turns and heads back the way he came. Towards the CRYOGENICS LAB.

Rounds a corner. Almost bumps into Gold Stud! Takes cover behind a trolley of GAS CYLINDERS. Gold Stud heads down the corridor, past cryogenics. Matt heads towards the LAB.

CLICK! He slips in. Gold Stud reacts to the sound. Turns back towards the lab. Crushes something underfoot. Looks down at...A COOKIE.

He looks through the ARMORED INSPECTION WINDOW. Flicks the safety off his gun. Swipes into the...

INT. CRYOGENICS LAB - SAME

ULTRAVIOLET light. Sterile. Eerie. A steel rack of thirty or so STORAGE PODS containing deadly viruses. Fed by 250 KG of LIQUID NITROGEN in a LARGE aluminum tank on a wheeled base.

Racks of BIOLOGICAL SUITS tremble in the negative airflow. Gold Stud moves slowly round the lab. Nervous.

VIEW THROUGH A BIOLOGICAL MASK

The distorted shape of Gold Stud, smears past. A biological suit moves. Gold Stud whirls round...

FIRES! Bad move. Bullets pepper the suits. A bullet hits one of the PODS. FREEZING GAS. BLASTS across the room.

Clouds of VAPOR. Gold Stud can't see anything.

GOLD STUD

Last chance.

A SHAPE moves towards him in the mist. GOLD STUD Staggeres. Eyes BLOODSHOT. Claws at his throat. Gasps for air.

Gun falling from nerveless fingers. Knees giving way.

He clutches at the punctured VIRUS POD.

GOLD STUD'S VIEWPOINT

Blurred letters ripple.

EHF "EBOLA HEMORRHAGIC FEVER." The last thing he'll ever see.

DEAD before he hits the floor. A figure walks through the mist with ponderous steps. Wears a BIOLOGICAL SUIT.

MATT'S FACE stares through the helmet faceplate.

Bends down and picks up the dropped gun. Unclips a WALKIE TALKIE from Gold Stud's belt. Snags his security pass.

Hits the PURGE button. Neutralizing GAS BLASTS from vents in the ceiling. VAST FANS roar. Void the contagion. Suck everything up that isn't tied down. PAPER. Loose DEBRIS.

An UNHOLY VORTEX.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

A RED area pulses on the schematic of the THIRD FLOOR Cryogenics Lab. A PURGE IN PROGRESS warning. Crow sees.

CROW

Something's tripped the purge system in Cryogenics.

WHIP-THIN GUNMAN (FILTER)

I'm on my way.

INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The lab door opens. Matt comes out. Struggles out of the heavy suit. Rips the helmet off. Breathes fresh air as...

The Whip-thin Gunman appears. Unleashes a hail of BULLETS. Shreds the wall beside Matt who dives behind the OXYGEN CYLINDERS. Bullets ricochet off the trolley.

Whip-thin reloads as...

Matt shoulders a CYLINDER -- SPRINTS towards him.

WHIP-THIN

Slaps another MAG in. Raises the gun as...

Matt RAMS the CYLINDER into his HEAD! Melons his SKULL. Races to the...

HOSPIVATOR

As Almos and Raoul reach the end of the corridor. Matt dives in. Bullets slam into the BLAST-PROOF doors as they close.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A FREEZE FRAME gradually appears as software unscrambles Matt's face from the corridor shoot out.

CROW

Somebody's messing with the security software. Looked like he was fighting with the invisible man. I had to decrypt the picture to get anything.

MORALES  
Find out who he is.

INT. CORRIDOR - CRYOGENICS - NIGHT

Morales, Raoul and Almos at the scene of the shoot-out.  
Raoul looks through the inspection window. Grimaces.

Morales looks down at the crumpled biological suit on the  
corridor floor. Cold fury in his eyes. Mind churning.

MORALES  
Who are you?

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Morales walks in flanked by Raoul, Almos and Thiago. Women  
sob. The men try to hold it together, but everyone's pretty  
wired. Nurse Coltrane bandages the injured security guard.

MORALES  
I fully intended to be finished my  
business by now, but there have  
been...personnel issues.

He holds up a print-out of Cortez.

MORALES  
I need you to tell me where this  
man is. Now I'm sure you all  
remember what happened last time I  
asked for help?

He looks around at the worried faces. Pulls out his gun.  
Levels it at the Fresh-Faced Nurse's head.

MORALES  
I'm not a plastic surgeon, but I  
doubt this will be fixable.

He cocks his gun. Aims at her face. The Chef speaks up.

CHEF  
He went into the kitchen.

Morales nods. He looks at Thiago. Who drops his eyes. A low  
mechanical HUM comes from the kitchen.

MORALES  
Go!

The men run towards the kitchen door. It's locked. Thiago  
Slams his shoulder into the door. It opens a fraction. JAMS.  
He FIRES on full auto at the door. Tears it apart.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Bullets DESTROY the drinks chiller blocking the door. Thiago smashes his way through. Looks around. Nothing. Morales steps over the mess. Opens the freezer door goes into the...

FREEZER

Something crunches underfoot. An OREO cookie. He walks deeper into the freezer. Looks at some carcasses. Frost disturbed.

A piece of brightly colored shirt cuff hangs limply from a meat hook. He steps back into the...

KITCHEN

Goes over to Thiago. Grinds his Glock into his forehead.

MORALES

Tell me, how could you miss two live bodies in a freezer full of dead meat?

THIAGO

There was no one, I...

BLAM! Morales smacks him across the face. Thiago grunts, soaks it up. Morales puts his arm around the big man's shoulders -- wears the smile of a close friend now.

MORALES

Thiago, Thiago. What are we going to do with you?

Morales heads back into the...

CAFETERIA

Goes over to the Chef. Rams his gun into the terrified man's ear. Shows him a printout of the CCTV freeze frame of Matt.

MORALES

Who is he?

The Chef pales. Sweat runs off him.

CHEF

I don't know who he is. He's just some wiseass. I only started working here yesterday.

MORALES

And today you could be stopping for the rest of your life. Think harder.

CHEF

Wait! I heard him talking, his wife just gave him a son.

Morales nods, mind calculating. He whirls round, strides to the exit. Gunmen race to keep up.

MORALES

(to Almos)

Go back to the Control room. Tell Crow to set up the video link.

Thiago moves towards the door. Revealing Matt's face on the row of HOSPITAL staff pictures behind him.

INT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - NIGHT

A muted HUM. PING! Cortez falls out of the food elevator.

CORTEZ

Remind me never to travel coach.

He looks at Gold-Stud's Walkie-talkie, machine gun and pass on the work top. Sees the beat up Hospilatte.

CORTEZ

Wow. You fired up the prototype. This the one they named Hospilatte because you used it to bring the workers coffee?

MATT

Yeah. Japanese tecs used it to road test their systems. Found my remote pass in it's supply tray.

Cortez goes over to the battered Hospi.

CORTEZ

This could be useful to us. It doesn't have an I.D. so it won't show up on the system. It'll need a remote access pass. The latest Hospis have one built in.

He loops a laminated SECURITY PASS around its chestplate. Goes over to a drawer under a work-top. Pulls out some goggles. Throws a pair to Matt.

CORTEZ

Chromatic, auto density and infra red night vision.

(off Matt's look)

They cut the power again I want to be ready. We need to prepare a welcome party. I am after all a children's entertainer.

MATT

Don't remind me. I have to listen to your puns.

CORTEZ

I may be Atilla The Pun to you, but to a lot of kids out there I am...drum roll...Dr Drip-Feed.

MATT

If they've shut down the Hospi's how can we use them?

Cortez opens the back flap of a HOSPI. Peers inside.

CORTEZ

Sometimes to amuse the kids I like to get them to dance. To do that I needed a Trojan.

MATT

That's all Greek to me.

CORTEZ

It's a piece of code, an electronic back gate. Same way you use your credit card to sneak through the fire exits, I can do the same with their software.

MATT

That's good. We need all the troops we can get.

CORTEZ

You designed a hospital that's perfect for keeping germs out and they're using it to keep people in.

The irony's not lost on Matt.

MATT

Morales and his men are the germs, we just need to purge them.

Matt goes over to a metal cabinet, pulls out a couple of pairs of old Walkie-talkies.

MATT

Site comms. Old VHF band, they won't be monitoring these. One of them has a faulty battery. I forget which.

Cortez looks at the Hospis standing with their open trays.

CORTEZ

No insulin?

Matt shakes his head. Cortez checks his iPad.

CORTEZ

Those on an assignment would have powered down where they were. The rest would come back here.

MATT

So where is it?

CORTEZ

I tried to get into the drugs inventory but they've taken it offline.

MATT

This baby was meant to be a new start for Beth and me.

CORTEZ

Rough patch?

MATT

Yeah. She miscarried while I was out in Afghanistan. Then she had to cope with the way I was when I came back. I worked all the hours just to keep myself from thinking. It was hard on her.

CORTEZ

It must have been tough adjusting to civilian life.

MATT

I'm still dealing with it.

CORTEZ

Building this place couldn't have been easy either. It's a monster.

MATT

Yeah. She never complained. Used to bring me hot salt beef sandwiches when we were putting in the pilings and I was freezing my nuts off.

CORTEZ

But now she wants you home.

MATT

If I hadn't come in today...

(a pause, then.)

You ever think about having kids?

Cortez pats a Hospi.

CORTEZ

Naa, These are my children. Don't get me wrong, I love kids. That's why I do the shows. I'm just kind of...

MATT

Irresponsible?

CORTEZ

More of a free spirit. Don't like to be tied down. I guess having a kid was a game changer for you.

MATT

Best day of my life.

CORTEZ

And then some douchebag ruins it by taking over your sand box.

MATT

Pretty much.

CORTEZ

Then it's time we kicked sand in his face.

He goes over to a Hospi. Types on the screen that serves as its face. Information flicks onto the display.

CORTEZ

Database is back online.

Matt looks at Cortez. Something's wrong.

MATT

What?

CORTEZ

Could mean they're trying to find out who you are. Let's slow them down.

Dates and times flash past as he hacks and sorts data. Fingers moving like a concert pianist.

CORTEZ

Gonna encrypt the file headers and put a firewall around the backup. Should hold them up while I do a search...here we go.

An inventory record flicks up on the Hospi: BETH TYLER.

CORTEZ

Bingo! Fourth floor, Hospi #404.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

A drab white building. Functional. A Patrol car slithers to a halt. Officer LONNY SHARP (30s), exits the car, jams his cap on -- trots up the stone steps.

INT. CHIEF OF POLICE - OFFICE

Chief of Police WHIT GIBSON (50s), a fleshy neck and broken veins sips his coffee. Looks up at Lonnie's eager face.

GIBSON

Well?

LONNY

Wheedon Heights has more computing power than NASA and a dedicated cryogenics lab to study the world's deadliest pathogens...

GIBSON

Ya lost me at pathogens...

LONNY

Virus, bacterium, prion, fungus...

GIBSON

Germs?

LONNY

Yup. Anyway, the whole point of the facility is to protect patients from germs, isolate them if necessary.

GIBSON

And?

LONNY

So why doesn't anybody suit up and let us know what's going on...why no communication. It's like someone is controlling the hospital.

GIBSON

I heard they have a zero tolerance policy on cell phones. The systems in there, the robots and shit are too sensitive to radio frequencies. It's like going through airport security when you go in. They just use pagers.

LONNY

Still. Something's not right.

GIBSON

You think it's terrorists?

LONNY

It's the only thing that makes any sense.

GIBSON

I think you've been watching too many boxed sets. Wheedon's only been open a few weeks. Could be a teething problem, after all it's just a great big technical baby.

An OFFICER puts his head round the door.

OFFICER

Got a Skype call from Wheedon Heights. Wants you.

Gibson follows Lonny and the officer, through into the...

INT. POLICE CONTROL ROOM - SAME

A selection of worn desks -- video monitors on one wall, computers manned by five OFFICERS. A jovial woman, MYLEEN JOY (30s), works communications.

Looks at Lonny, smiles, some history there.

MYLEEN

Lonny.

Myleen hands Gibson a headset. He puts it on.

MYLEEN

Ready?

Gibson nods. Morales's face fills the screen.

MORALES

My name is Santiago Morales and I'm in charge of Wheedon Heights.

Lonny casually sucks a thumb. Gibson shoots him a look.

GIBSON

What do you want?

MORALES

A bit of peace and quiet. If I see so much as a police badge within half a mile of the hospital I'll shut off the oxygen supply to geriatrics.

Morales stares straight into the camera.

MORALES

How long can you hold your breath?  
A minute, two, maybe less if you're  
old and ill...

GIBSON

I'm gonna need some time to  
organize that...

Morales gives a tight smile. His eyes dead.

MORALES

You've got fifteen minutes. After  
that you'll be dealing with the  
consequences.

The screen goes blank.

INT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - SAME

HOSPIS. Ranked like soldiers in five rows, six to a row.

CORTEZ

Hospi. Bed Delivery...

Thirty Hospis shoot telescopic steel rods out of their sides  
in perfect synchronization.

CORTEZ

Default.

The rods slide back in.

CORTEZ

Now let's work on your people  
skills.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - SAME

The HOSPIVATOR doors open. Matt steps out. A sheen of sweat  
on his face. Glad to be unconfined. The bodies of the  
SECURITY GUARDS still where they've fallen.

MATT

Never stood a chance.

He goes over to the guards, scoops up their passes. Goes over  
to a stationary Hospi. Reads the label on the back # 404.  
Presses the TRAY BUTTON -- the draw opens. Inside are...

Two FLEX-PENS loaded with INSULIN. He adds a SECURITY PASS,  
the CINNAMON BAGEL and a VHF Walkie-talkie. PING! An ELEVATOR  
arrives. Matt freezes. Voices from inside the elevator.

RAOUL (O.C.)

Fifth floor dummy.

The door closes. The elevator moves off. Matt works the VHF transmitter.

MATT

I need to get Hospi #404 up to maternity. Before Morales and his men get there.

INT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - SAME

Cortez scoops up a Walkie-talkie.

CORTEZ

You got it. Those Hospivators pull three G in emergency mode.

INT. TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - POLICE CONTROL ROOM - SAME

ON SCREEN

A newspaper headline "*CARTEL BOSS AND FAMILY SLAIN*".

MYLEEN

Seems Chico didn't want to let junior into the family business. Thought he was too unstable

A picture of a burnt out house in a jungle compound.

MYLEEN

Killed fifty people including his Father, along with his second wife's children. He ain't too popular in his own country.

GIBSON

You wanna say something Lonny?

INT. OXYGEN SUPPLY ROOM - SAME

Pablo has the equipment case open. LIQUID FILLED flasks set into FOAM connected by clear tubing. Solenoids and pressure pumps wired through an LED TIMER linked to a Lithium BATTERY.

LONNY (V.O.)

Hitchcock said if a bomb explodes everyone is surprised...but if you know there's a bomb...you're terrified.

Pablo flicks a switch. The LED screen illuminates. A word BLINKS on the display INITIALIZING.

INT. TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - POLICE CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Myleen taps the newspaper headline on the screen.

MYLEEN

Morales wants us to know exactly who he is and what he's capable of.

LONNY

He knows we won't order a full scale attack with that number of hostages. He's stalling for time.

GIBSON

We're gonna have to handle this on our own.

INT. ELEVATOR - ON MORALES - SAME

Morales rides the elevator with Thiago and Raoul. The lift halts at the Fifth Floor. Morales and his men get out.

Pass Hospi #404...which whirs behind them. Unnoticed above the cries of the babies from MATERNITY.

INT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - SAME

Cortez watches a screen.

HOSPI #404 - CAMERA VIEW

Following Morales' men into the Maternity ward.

INT. HOSPIVATOR - SAME

Matt rides up. Stares at the calming vista on his postcard.

MATT

(into Walkie-talkie)  
How are you doing?

INTERCUT

CORTEZ

We're in.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - GERIATRICS WARDS - SAME

Gunmen #1 and #2, keep watch.

BING. A HOSPIVATOR arrives. The door slides open. A Hospi whirs out. Heads towards the men. They smile, bemused. It keeps coming. Gunman #1 points his gun at it. Fires.

The Hospi starts to weave around. They both fire at it, laughing as they blow it apart. It's the last thing they do as...

Matt steps out from inside the HOSPIVATOR where he's been hiding. BLAM. BLAM. He guns them down.

MATT

Next time pick on someone your own size.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - MATERNITY - SAME

Morales picks up his Walkie-talkie.

MORALES

What's going on down there.

Just static on the line. Then, Matt's voice.

MATT (FILTER)

Sorry to crash the party, but I'm afraid your men had to leave early.

Morales stares in disbelief at the Walkie-talkie. Turns to Thiago and Raoul.

MORALES

Who is this?

MATT

Visiting time's over Morales.

INT. CORRIDOR - FOURTH FLOOR - SAME

Gun drawn, Pablo heads towards the geriatrics ward. Until he sees...a hand holding a GUN appear round the corner at the end of the corridor. A GUNMAN moves out as...

PABLO

OPENS FIRE. Sends a hail of bullets towards his attacker. Realizes too late it's Gunman #1's CORPSE!...

Strapped to the front of a Hospi. The body jerks as the bullets slam into it.

PABLO

What the fu...

He never gets to finish, as...

MATT

Steps into the corridor. Lays down a devastating burst of fire -- takes Pablo down.

INT. TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - POLICE CONTROL ROOM

Lonny puts things together. Myleen studies technical data.

LONNY

Wheedon's drug vault holds around half a billion dollars worth of drugs at anytime. And that was before the Zeetax contract.

GIBSON

Who has the access codes?

MYLEEN

The Hospital Administrator Joel Schumann and the head of technical maintenance.

MYLEEN

Schumann was called in on a security matter. When he didn't come home his wife tried to ring the hospital but by then all the communications were down.

LONNY

They must have used him to gain access to the vault.

They look grim at that thought.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - MATERNITY - SAME

Morales reacts to the muted sound of gunfire from the floor below. Keys his Walkie-talkie.

MORALES

Pablo?

Silence. Then.

MATT (FILTER)

You know what they say. If you want a job done well.

BETH

Hears the unmistakable sound of Matt's voice. Allows herself the smallest of smiles.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - MATERNITY - SAME

Morales grips his Walkie-talkie like it's Matt's neck.

MORALES

What do you want?

INTERCUT

MATT

I want you out of my hospital.

Morales seethes, but from his voice you wouldn't know it.

MORALES  
And you are?

MATT  
A concerned citizen.

MORALES  
And why would a "*concerned citizen*"  
risk his life to protect a  
hospital?

MATT  
Just something to do until the  
police arrive.

Morales turns to Raoul and Thiago. Close to losing his cool.

MORALES  
Check the floors below, find him!

They run towards the FIRE EXIT.

MORALES  
(into Walkie-talkie)  
Don't hold your breath waiting for  
the police.

This gives Matt pause. He puts out a feeler.

MATT  
I know what you're planning and  
it's not going to work.

Morales shows the slightest sign of worry.

MORALES  
I find that...surprising.

MATT  
Oh I'm full of surprises.

MORALES  
Really, well let me see if I can  
surprise you.  
(Into Walkie-talkie)  
Crow?

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Crow picks up his Walkie-talkie.

CROW  
Boss?

MORALES  
Cut the oxygen to geriatrics.

Crow punches up views of the campus. A few visitors and staff still wait by the main gates, but the patrol cars, Hazchem Truck and police officers have gone.

CROW

But they've pulled back...

MORALES

(cold)

Just do it.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - SAME

Matt is devastated. ALARM buzzers sound. Warning lights flash in the nurses station outside Geriatrics - Neeman Ward.

INT. GERIATRICS - NEEMAN WARD - SAME

QUICK CUTS

An OLD WOMAN, fights for breath, chest wheezing.

A PATIENT, with a heavily bandaged chest struggles to breath.

OLD MAN DUDMAN Presses his call button, smashes it against the wall when he gets no response.

OLD MAN DUDMAN

Piece of shit.

He starts to cough uncontrollably, gasps for breath. Matt uses his security pass -- races in, grabs a spare respirator and oxygen-cylinder. Goes over to him, straps the mask on.

MATT

Breath shallow, build up to it,  
you'll be fine.

OLD MAN DUDMAN

Thanks son, you a Doctor?

MATT

Just for today.

The old man looks confused. Matt trots out into the...

CORRIDOR

Comes to a halt, paralysed with indecision. Desperate to get to Beth, but unable to ignore the crisis unfolding.

MATT

Dammit!

He races along the corridor. Uses the VHF transmitter.

MATT

Morales just cut the oxygen to geriatrics. They're dying.

NURSES on the other side of the isolation glass struggle to help the patients breath. Limited oxygen to go round. Matt runs down the corridor. SWIPES his pass into the...

INT. OXYGEN SUPPLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Racks of GAS CYLINDERS feed pipes connected to an OXYGEN POINT VALVE BOX. Matt opens the box. Sees a battery powered RADIO RECEIVER wired into the control system.

Another PIPE has been plumbed into the box from the TROLLEY of cylinders Pablo brought in. Matt traces the pipe back. It leads to another cylinder: CARBON MONOXIDE. He hits the VHF.

MATT

There's an auxiliary feed from another cylinder linked to a remote...it's Carbon Monoxide!

INTERCUT

CORTEZ

This is a demonstration of what he can do...he pumps that shit into the ventilation system we're all dead.

MATT

My son's on oxygen...

CORTEZ

Look at the side of the diverter box, you'll see some grooves where the valve guides run...

Matt touches them with his finger.

MATT

Got them...

CORTEZ

You need to operate the valve manually, put the oxygen back on, and block both of the divert valves with something, anything...

Matt manually slides the OXYGEN actuator pin back over...there's a HISS as the gas starts to flow. He looks around for something to lock the valves in place.

He picks up the roll of ELECTRICAL TAPE. Tapes around the DIVERTER BOX, locking the valve actuation pins in place.

MATT

Okay.

CORTEZ

Now disconnect it.

Matt rips out the wireless receiver. Slips it in his pocket.

CORTEZ

Now get the hell outta there. You got visitors and they ain't bringing no flowers. I'm holding a Hospivator.

Matt sprints out into the...

CORRIDOR

The alarms stop. NURSES hook patients back onto oxygen lines.

Thiago and Raoul BURST through the FIRE EXIT. Matt races down the corridor as they OPEN FIRE.

Bullets hammer the glass behind him -- crazing it. The doors slide open as he hurls himself into the...

HOSPIVATOR

Bullets slam into the blast proof doors. Matt heads down. Pulls his vista from his pocket. Tries to calm himself. Steel walls seemingly closing in on him. He hits THREE.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR

Matt runs past a sign: OPERATING THEATERS.

STAIRWELL

Thiago and Raoul halt outside the THIRD FLOOR fire exit.

RAOUL

Go check the second floor.

Thiago races down the stairs two at a time.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Matt swipes into...

OPERATING THEATER ONE - CONTINUOUS

His captured Walkie-talkie squawks.

MORALES (FILTER)

How's the air quality where you are Mr. Concerned citizen?

Matt grabs the receiver from his belt. Lowers the volume.

MATT

You made your point, what do you want?

As he talks Matt walks around the theater with purpose.

Angles an OVERHEAD OPERATING LIGHT

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - MATERNITY WARD - SAME

Morales trails his hand over the INCUBATORS as if he was touching their sleeping faces. Chilling. A man confident of winning this game of cat and mouse.

He pulls a TRANSMITTER out from his pocket -- a matching design to the receiver Matt took from the Oxygen Supply room.

INTERCUT

MORALES

I could have cut the oxygen to maternity.

(Matt freezes)

I'm not a monster, it's just sometimes you have to do the wrong thing to send the right message.

Matt flicks some SWITCHES, Operates a foot SWITCH, pumps hum.

MATT

You really think they'll let you live if you start killing the patients?

Matt studies a heavy STEEL TRAY of operating instruments, SCALPELS, CRANIAL SAW, CHEST CLAMPS, OSCILLATING BONE SAWS.

MORALES

I can kill everybody in the hospital with one press of a button.

(He toys with the transmitter)

And if I choose to do that as a result of your actions how do you think the world will judge you?

Matt moves a WHEELED GURNEY across the floor. Gives a small smile. For once he has the advantage.

MATT

That's not going to happen.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

RAOUL moves down the corridor. Heads towards OPERATING THEATER ONE. Hears a WHINE from inside. He swipes into...

INT. THIRD FLOOR - OPERATING THEATER ONE - SAME

A CRANIAL SAW spins slowly to a halt on the operating table. Sensing a trap Raoul reaches for the light switch. The operating table lamp BLAZES on. Dazzles him.

Raoul FIRES BLIND. Sprays the theater. Bottles of liquids. EXPLODE. He stops firing. Squints against the light. Something moves past. A blur and then...

THUD. A SCALPEL in his shoulder. He rips it out. Looks for the source of the attack. But before he can focus. WHAM.

A GURNEY. Slams into his gut. He staggers, manages to stay upright until...

A heavy steel TRAY smashes into the back of his head. Drives him to his knees. GUN falling to the floor. But he's strong.

Gets a hold of an ARM. Slams Matt into a tray of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS. Scatters them. Pins Matt with a hand to the throat. Choking him. Matt scrabbles for purchase.

Drives a foot into Raoul's SHIN. And again. Then snaps an elbow out mashing Raoul's nose AGAIN. Blood fountains. Raoul releases him. Staggers back. Matt grabs for some RIB SHEARS.

SLAMS them into Raoul's ARM. Raoul keeps coming. Lands a haymaker to Matt's jaw. Matt goes down. Raoul kicks him. Sends him sliding across the floor.

Matt hauls himself upright. Raoul comes at him. Knocks him back onto the operating TABLE. Crushes his neck with a forearm. Matt struggles to breath.

Raoul reaches for the CRANIAL SAW...switches it on. Moves it towards Matt's NECK. CLOSER. Inches away, then the...

CORD pulls out of the socket. The SAW jerks towards Matt -- HACKS into his chest -- carves a gash -- blood spurts out as...

Matt grabs behind him and...

Jams a MASK against Raoul's FACE. Gas HISSES. Raoul struggles. Gas swamps him. Eyes roll up as he loses consciousness. Matt lets him drop. Heaves himself up.

Strips off his top. Looks at his wound. Deep but not life threatening. We get a good look at his battle hardened body for the first time. A patchwork of scars from a past life.

He moves round the theatre. Finding supplies. Cleans the wound with saline. Uses closure strips and a self adhesive patch.

He picks up a SCRUBS top from a shelf. Changes into it.

Goes over to a stationary Hospi. Its blank screen glows softly. He picks up the VHF handset. Checks the Hospi's number.

MATT

I need control of Hospi #48 with a video link to the others.

CORTEZ (O.S.)

Wait one...

Cortez taps a Hospi screen. Picks up the VHF transmitter.

CORTEZ

You're in.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - SAME

Matt switches between camera views from the Hospi's around the building. A high-tec reconnaissance squad.

VIEW THROUGH THEATER HOSPI SCREEN

He flicks through the floors. THIRD FLOOR: MEN stack drugs next to the FIRE EXIT WINDOW. On the FIFTH FLOOR: Morales walks alongside the row of incubators.

Matt switches to a wide view of the maternity ward. Sees BETH. She clutches the baby close. Tries to control her fear.

MATT

(into walkie-talkie)

Shut the vault stackers down.

ON HOSPI SCREEN

A schematic of the Hospi's around the building. Winking icons on different levels. Reduced to one area. VAULT DISPENSARY. A POWER DOWN icon winks on the touch screen.

INT - AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - SAME

The stacking robots power down.

JOHAAN

What is this, a freakin' tea break?

Franks gets on the Walkie-talkie.

FRANKS

Boss, we got a problem.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - MATERNITY

Morales snatches up a Walkie-talkie.

MORALES  
You're nothing but problems. What  
is it?

INT. AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - SAME

Franks goes over to one of the stacker robots. Pushes it.  
Nothing changes.

FRANKS  
(into Walkie-talkie)  
The stacker robots.

Johaann goes over to a robot STACKER. Kicks it.

JOHAAN  
Dumb piece of shit!

One of the Stacker's steel arms pivots up -- smacks him in  
the junk. He falls to the floor. Clutches himself. In agony.

INT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - SAME

Cortez grins.

ON SCREEN VIEW FROM STACKER HOSPIS CAMERA

Johaann writhes on the floor.

CORTEZ  
Never pick on the little guy.

INT. E.R TRAUMA ROOM - SAME

An ARMED GUARD checks the room. Sees something on the floor.  
Scoops it up. A WALLET. Flips it open. MATT'S PHOTO I.D.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - MATERNITY - SAME

Morales takes in this new development.

FRANKS  
(from walkie-talkie)  
It's like someone just switched  
them off.

Morales smiles coldly. He knows who's behind it.

MORALES  
Concerned citizen.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - SAME

Matt controls Hospi #404 from the TOUCHSCREEN of a stationary  
Hospi. Waits till Morales is turned away before moving the  
Hospi alongside Beth. She's in a bad way.

Beth looks at the Hospi. Text scrolls across the screen.

ON SCREEN

HOSPI TEXT

Beth...it's Matt...get to a  
hospivator. Go up to the Mezzanine  
floor. Everything you need is in  
the Hospi's tray.

The TRAY in the Hospi CHEST-PLATE slides open. Inside: Two  
loaded INSULIN FLEX-PENS, a VHF Walkie-talkie, security pass  
and the Cinnamon Bun. She slowly sits up. Looks around.

Reaches into the tray. Takes the contents out. Looks at the  
pass, bites into the bun. Puts the pass round her neck.  
Reaches for the Flex-Pen. It slips from her fingers.

Clatters to the floor.

Tomas looks over. Beth closes her eyes. Tomas walks towards  
the bed. Comes up to the Hospi. Looks at it. Puzzled.

ANGLE ON FLOOR

His BOOT an inch from crushing the Flex-Pen.

TOMAS

Can't work out what's changed. Shrugs. Moves back to his  
post. Beth struggles to reach down and pick the Flex-Pen up.  
Finally scoops it up when Tomas turns away.

Presses it against her stomach. The pen clicks. The needle  
shoots in -- then retracts. INSULIN floods in. Her face  
visibly relaxes as her blood sugar starts to stabilize. At  
the end of the ward. Morales's Walkie-talkie squawks.

CROW (FILTER)

Boss. You need to see this.

MORALES

Okay, I'm coming down.  
Tomas, stay alert.

TOMAS

Yes boss.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR

Matt creeps along the corridor. BING! An elevator arrives.  
He crouches behind a Hospi. Morales and Almos exit the  
Elevator. Head into the...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

RAOUL. Slumped on a chair. A rough bandage round his injured  
shoulder. A black eye. A swelling on his head. He's laughing.

MORALES

The hell's he laughing at?

CROW

Nitrous Oxide.

(off Morales's look)

Laughing gas.

He waves Matt's WALLET in his hand.

CROW

One of the men found this in E.R.

He must have dropped it in the

fight.

Crow flicks up a PICTURE of Tyler on his screen. Details of his resume. Military experience, engineering projects.

CROW

Matt Tyler. He designed and built

this hospital. Did a tour out in

Afghanistan, bit of a hero, made

front cover of Time magazine.

ON SCREEN

A picture of four SKYCRANE SIKORSKY helicopters. A temporary steel bridge dangling beneath them, Matt rides it in. You can almost hear "*Ride of the Valkyries*".

MORALES

(remembering)

That's why he said "my" hospital.

No wonder he knows his way

around...he designed it.

Crow flicks up a PATIENT ADMISSION SHEET. A picture of BETH.

CROW

Somebody shut me out of the

database, I had to do a work

around.

INT. TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - POLICE CONTROL ROOM

Same picture. Different screen. Myleen pulls up data.

MYLEEN

His wife gave birth to a son two

hours ago. He hasn't checked out.

Lonny leans in. Face breaking into a beaming smile.

LONNY

Hell, that's Matt.

MYLEEN

You know him?

LONNY

We did a tour in Afghanistan together. He was an engineer. When his tour ended he went into construction, he designed and built Wheedon Heights.

MYLEEN

Wow. That's some over achiever. And you became a high flyer in law enforcement.

Lonny smiles.

LONNY

Suits me. Not as many folk shooting at me in this job, and I still get to carry a gun.

Myleen looks at the screen.

MYLEEN

Says here he had a medical discharge.

LONNY

ATC he was in took a direct hit. Flipped it onto it's back. He was trapped inside for three days...with the bodies of his friends.

MYLEEN

Jesus.

LONNY

Yeah. He's post traumatic with severe claustrophobia.

MYLEEN

That's a tough break. If he's in that hospital we need to speak to him.

LONNY

If I know Matt he'll be thinking the same thing.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR - MATERNITY - SAME

Tomas looks around. Mothers, babies, nurses, all look away. He shoulders his SR-2M. Looks at the news on the TV.

ON SCREEN

Maisy Grey does an interview at the SECURITY GATES.

MAISY GREY

So Wheedon Heights, is designed to  
virtually run itself?

HOSPITAL SPOKESMAN

Yes, with the robot assistants and  
the level of automation in the  
system it can pretty much function  
on autopilot.

MAISY GREY

Wow, impressive. I guess we just  
have to hope that the robots know  
what they're doing right now.

HOSPITAL SPOKESMAN

I'm sure they do.

MAISY GREY

Okay, one last question.  
There's a rumor that the designer  
of the hospital was in the building  
when it shut down...

While Tomas watches the T.V. Nurse Bleacher casually moves  
along the line of beds, appears to comfort the frightened  
mothers and babies -- but what she's also doing is...

Switching off the PATIENT'S DETAILS on the LCD panels set  
into the bottom of the beds.

HOSPITAL SPOKESMAN

I can't comment on that...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Morales looks at the patient admission record on the screen.

MORALES

(into walkie-talkie)  
Tomas? Find Beth Tyler.

INT. MATERNITY WARD - SAME

Tomas looks down the ward at the mothers and babies.

TOMAS

Beth Tyler, da...

Tomas walks along past the ends of the beds in the ward. Beth  
watches him. Hearing her name in an Afrikaans accent can only  
be bad news. Tomas looks at the LCD displays. All blank.

TOMAS

(into Walkie-talkie)  
There are no names. All blank.

Morales thinks. Looks at a printout of Beth's EMS sheet. A picture of her FACE on admission.

MORALES

She's in there.

(into Walkie-talkie)

I'm coming up, do not let any of them out of your sight.

TOMAS

No problems boss, I keep my eyeeyyaaaaaaa!!!

Beth rams her used INSULIN INJECTOR into Tomas's EYE! He screams, drops his gun. She grabs her baby from the incubator. Runs for her life. Swipes through the doors.

INT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - SAME

Cortez watches HOSPI VIDEO feeds on a LAPTOP.

A SERIES OF HOSPI POV's

Beth races down the corridor. Gets into a Hospivator.

TOMAS

Staggeres out of the Maternity Ward. Clutches his bloody eye. Pissed. While...

MORALES

And Gunmen #3 and #4 exit an ELEVATOR on the FOURTH floor.

CORTEZ

Working out the angles. Not liking them. The VHF receiver crackles.

MATT (FILTER)

You getting this?

INTERCUT

Cortez snatches up the Walkie-talkie.

CORTEZ

Copy that.

MATT

We need to get to her before they do.

Cortez races to the HOSPIVATOR.

CORTEZ

I'm on my way.

INT. HOSPIVATOR - SAME

Beth travels down. Clutches her BABY, tight. It struggles, its foot flails free -- hits a button. The Hospivator comes to a halt. The doors open. She's on the FOURTH FLOOR.

The WRONG floor.

INT. MEZZANINE - CORRIDOR - SAME

Cortez guns his pimped WHEELCHAIR towards a Fire Exit. Glances at the Hospi CAMERA FEEDS on his iPad. Punches one up.

ON SCREEN

Beth heads down the RIGHT HAND SIDE corridor as...

ANOTHER VIEW

Morales and his Gunmen are on a collision course from the LEFT hand corridor while Cortez...

EXT. MEZZANINE - FIRE EXIT

Rockets down the stairs at speed. An insane stunt. Looks like he's been practising in his down time.

CORTEZ

Not good. Not good. Not good.

BANG. BANG. BANG.

The wheels of the chair slam onto the steps. Bone jarring progress down two floors and through the Fire Exit into...

INT. FOURTH FLOOR CORRIDOR - SAME

Blasting down the corridor as...

MORALES

And his Gunmen head towards the right hand corner. Seconds away from where...

BETH

Runs towards the left turn on the same corridor while...

CORTEZ

Wheelchair motor way past its comfort zone. Skids to a halt in front of Morales and his men. Blocks them from turning right.

His arm flails, gums flap spasmodically, spittle drools from the corner of his mouth. Eyes twitch like he's been tasered.

MORALES  
Why isn't he isolated?

Cortez fixes him with one flickering eye. Drawls at him.

CORTEZ  
I haaad a stroke...Doctors said I  
shoullld get mooo exerrrrcise...

Morales turns to his men.

MORALES  
Put him with the others.

BETH

Hears the voices -- recognizes Morales. Frantically looks for somewhere to hide. Sees a STORAGE CUPBOARD.

CORTEZ

CORTEZ  
Maybe I sheee you later...

He waves a hand, spins his wheelchair around, heads back down the corridor as...

MORALES: Notices Cortez's distinctive torn shirt cuff.

MORALES'S MEMORY FLASH

A torn shirt cuff on a meat hook inside the kitchen FREEZER.

BACK TO SCENE

MORALES  
Stop him!

But Cortez is hauling ass. Bullets whip past him as he swerves from side to side -- smashes into the sides of the corridor as Morales's men lay down a torrent of fire.

BANG! A shot shreds a TIRE on one side of the chair. Cortez throws himself to the other side -- stabilizes it. Throws himself clear as...

The wheelchair. DISINTEGRATES. He sprints down the corridor. Dives into a...

HOSPIVATOR

Bullets hammer into the steel doors as they close.

HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Cortez tumbles out. Grabs the VHF transmitter.

CORTEZ

Beth got out on the wrong floor,  
Morales made me, and the welcome  
carpet is looking pretty damn  
threadbare.

INTERCUT

MATT

Where's Beth?

CORTEZ

I don't know, she took off.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Morales scoops an iPad off the floor amongst the wreckage of  
Cortez's WHEELCHAIR. Hands it to one of his men.

MORALES

Take that to Crow.

The man nods. Jogs off down the corridor. Morales listens.  
Hears a SOUND. A BABY crying. It's near. He smiles.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - OTHER CORRIDOR - SAME

Matt runs along the corridor desperately looking for Beth and  
the baby. He hears the sound of a baby crying. It's coming  
from his VHF Walkie talkie! Morale's voice comes on.

MORALES (FILTER)

(through Walkie-talkie)

Oh dear, looks like the babysitter  
has let you down again.

MATT

You lay one finger...

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Beth and the baby are being held by Raoul and Almos. Morales  
is on the other end of the VHF walkie talkie Matt gave her.

MORALES

Are you trying to threaten me? When  
I have all the men and the guns.

There's a pause as he relishes the moment.

INTERCUT

MATT

You'll never have enough if you  
hurt her...

MORALES

Your wife saved us some time by making a run for it. I'll let you know how she's doing.

(beat)

Tyler?

He looks at the walkie-talkie. The battery is dead. He throws it onto the ground. Turns to Crow.

MORALES

Did you get the code?

Crow shows him Cortez's iPad. Numerals and letters stream across the screen. The display FREEZES.

CROW

That's good for an hour.

MORALES

Get it to Franks.

(to Almos and Raoul)

Take Tyler's wife and his brat down to the vault.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

Matt slides to the ground. Bleeding. Exhausted. Devastated by the knowledge that Beth and his son are in Morales's hands.

INT. TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - POLICE CONTROL ROOM

An OFFICER rushes in clutching an old, bulky, WALKIE TALKIE.

OFFICER

We got a call from a radio ham. He's been monitoring somebody on the old V.H.F frequency. He didn't pay much attention to it, but then they started talking about men and guns...

LONNY

Does he know where the signal's coming from?

OFFICER

He's got some fancy shit software that lets him triangulate the coordinates.

Lonny looks at him.

OFFICER

Wheedon Heights.

INT. HOSPIVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The Elevator hums upwards. Matt has his eyes screwed shut. Jaw clenched. Shaking in the confines of the small elevator. He uses the VHF Walkie-talkie.

MATT

Cortez, I'm coming in hot, they got  
Beth and my son. They're headed  
your way.

INT. HOSPIVATOR - SAME

Matt pulls out the Glock he used as a decoy on the dead gunman. Checks it as the Hospivator arrives at the...

INT. MEZZANINE - HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL

Morales and his MEN burst out of the Elevator FIRING! More GUNMEN appear through the FIRE EXIT. Target Matt as he races towards the HOSPI MAINTENANCE Door.

He returns fire. Barrel rolls towards the door and through as it HISSES open. Lands on the...

INT. MEZZANINE - HOSPI MAINTENANCE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Floor as the door closes behind him. Bullets slam into it.

CORTEZ

Noisy neighbors.  
(at his wound)  
You injured?

MATT

No, just a little cosmetic work.

CORTEZ

Okay. I guess this is the last  
shoot-out at the OK corral.

Matt fixes Cortez with a steely look.

MATT

They're my wife and son...you don't  
have to do this.

CORTEZ

Hell man, if they trash this  
hospital I'm out of a job. I don't  
know about you, but I like my job.

Matt smiles at his bravado.

MATT

Okay. Let's see how well you  
brought up your children.

EXT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Morales's MEN pour a blizzard of lead at the steel door. It buckles. The GUNMEN start to kick it in.

INT. HOSPI MAINTENANCE LEVEL - SAME

Light visible through holes in the buckled steel door. Matt hands Cortez a SR-2M Veresk submachine gun.

MATT

You used one of these before?

Cortez hefts the gun.

CORTEZ

Veresk SR-2M, Russian, twenty-one millimeter rounds, nine hundred rounds per minute on full auto, effective range one hundred meters.

Matt nods, impressed. But not buying it.

MATT

You might wanna...

He reaches over and flicks the safety off.

CORTEZ

It's always off in COD.

MATT

You learnt how to shoot from a video game?

CORTEZ

Oh I'm sorry, I must have missed today's gun training tweet. Put your goggles on.

MATT

Aim low, you're bound to hit something.

The door EXPLODES. Morales and his men pour in. They wear ENVGs. (Enhanced Night Vision Goggles) LASER sights puncture the dark. Gunmen strafe the room with lead.

VIEW THROUGH MATT AND CORTEZ'S NIGHT VISION GOGGLES.

CORTEZ

Hospi. Retinal scan.

The Hospis blast lasers into the GUNMEN's goggles which intensify the light. Blind and in a world of pain as...

BANG. BANG. BANG

Cortez and Matt make every shot count. Morales's men tumble to the ground. More gunmen swarm into the room.

CORTEZ

Hospis. One-eighty. Bed move!

Telescopic steel rods shoot out from the Hospis as they advance in formation. Smash legs, arms, hips -- it's carnage. And in all of this...

Cortez and Matt pour fire into the dazed and half blind gunmen. They pull back. Taking their wounded with them. Morales slips away in the confusion.

MATT

Hospis. Line up! Retinal scan!

Hospis form a wall across the room. Target the surviving gunmen -- dazzling them. Matt and Cortez dive into the...

HOSPIVATOR

Matt's VHF squawks.

LONNY (FILTER)

Lonny Sharp for Matt Tyler...

Matt fumbles for the receiver.

MATT

Sharpy?

LONNY

Got time for a sit-rep buddy?

MATT

Morales and his men have control of the hospital...maybe twelve or fifteen heavily armed gunmen. They got Beth and my son.

LONNY

You okay?

MATT

For now. But if I don't come out of this well you promise me you'll make him pay.

INTERCUT

LONNY

You got it buddy. What are they after?

MATT

Looks like the drugs vault. But something else is going down.

The Hospivator stops at the FOURTH FLOOR.

MATT  
Gotta go Sharpy. Monitor this  
frequency...

LONNY  
Understood...good luck.

Matt and Cortez slip out of the Hospivator. Head through a  
FIRE EXIT. Creep down the stairs to the...

THIRD FLOOR

Look through the Fire Exit window.

MATT'S VIEW THROUGH FIRE EXIT DOOR WINDOW

Two GUNMEN load drug cartons from the Vault Service Elevator  
onto a CART. Others are already loaded on PALLETS.

The MEN listen to their Walkie-talkies. Getting instructions  
to provide back-up. They race towards the ELEVATOR. Get into  
it. As the doors close...

Matt and Cortez head through the FIRE EXIT. Into the...

CORRIDOR

Matt looks out of the fire exit window the WORKMEN fitted.  
Sees the PARKING LOT construction and TRUCKS parked below.

CORTEZ  
Morales's tech will get the pass  
code from my computer. It means  
they can access the vault.

Matt looks at the stacked pallets full of drugs. Walks round  
them, searching for something.

MATT  
There are millions of dollars worth  
of class "A" substitutes right  
here, so why does he need access to  
the vault?

Matt studies the LOCKS on the window. The KEYS still in them.

MATT  
Morales' men fitted this window.

He slams his GLOCK against the keys, snaps them off.

CORTEZ  
Health and safety will be pissed.

Matt looks at the pallets loaded with drugs, thinking.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Crow has Cortez's iPad with the code number displayed. Morales and two armed gunmen stand next to him.

CROW  
Franks has the code.

MORALES  
Okay. Tell the men to start loading.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - SAME

The remaining Gunmen stand next to a dozen fully loaded carts packed with drugs. Raoul is on his knees looking at the window locks -- running a finger along them. Almos looks on.

RAOUL  
We're gonna need a cutter.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

The battered Hospilatte whirs along the corridor towards the Cafeteria. The corridor is now deserted. No guards. A remote ACCESS CARD dangles around its neck. It reaches the doors of the Cafeteria -- they hiss open.

The Hospi hums in. Heads towards Dr. Hughes. A MESSAGE on its screen. "USE WALKIE TALKIE." Its TRAY slides open. Dr. Hughes picks up the VHF Walkie-talkie.

DR. HUGHES  
(Picks up Walkie talkie)  
Hello?

INT. STAIRWELL - SAME

Matt snatches up the Walkie.

MATT  
Dr. Hughes?

INTERCUT

DR. HUGHES  
Matt?

MATT  
Yes. Everybody okay?

DR. HUGHES  
Pretty much. Morales wounded one of the security guards.

MATT

He killed another one to access the gas room. He'd hooked a carbon monoxide cylinder into the hospital air supply. Guess he planned to use that as his exit strategy.

DR. HUGHES

Jesus! He'd kill two thousand people, for what?

MATT

Can't just be the drugs. I need you to take everybody down to the basement. Use the fire exit. Once you're down there. Keep them out of sight and away from the entrance. I'm gonna get you out.

DR. HUGHES

Anything else I can do to help?

Matt thinks about this.

MATT

Where did you put the wounded men?

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - ISOLATION WARD

A gunman stands guard outside the room containing the injured Gangbangers. A Hospi glides up to him, halts. The Gunman looks at it suspiciously. Points his gun at it.

GUNMAN

Back off.

The Hospi remains motionless. Then. WHAM! An integral SYRINGE shoots into the guards THIGH. FSSST! The contents discharge. He collapses to the floor.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Out of sight round the corner at the end of the corridor Matt and Cortez control it from another Hospi screen.

MATT

Feeding time at the zoo.

The Hospi moves nearer the doors of the Isolation Ward. Triggers the doors. It heads into...

INT. ISOLATION WARD

The injured Gangbangers sit up in bed. Flesh-wounds Bandaged. Dazed from the medication. As ugly and dangerous as ever. The SCREEN on the Hospi blinks to attract their attention.

NEEDLES

The fuck? You reading this shit?

ON HOSPI SCREEN

HOSPI TEXT

**WHAT? PARTY!**

**WHERE! 3rd FLOOR!**

**WHEN? NOW!**

**GUEST SPEAKER: SANTIAGO MORALES**

**DRESS? CASUAL! BRING A GUN :)**

The Hospi spins round. Slung on its back a HOLDALL containing Three SR-2M's.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

Matt and Cortez. Matt pulls out the VHF.

MATT

(into VHF)

You there Sharpy?

INTERCUT

LONNY

Roger that.

MATT

You still buddies with the quartermaster up at Ellington Field?

LONNY

Zeke? Sure.

MATT

I've got a load of people headed for the basement. I need you to clear a path.

LONNY

Morales sees anyone near the hospital he's gonna start killing people.

MATT

Trust me. No one's going near the hospital.

INT. TEXAS MEDICAL CENTER - POLICE CONTROL ROOM

Lonny studies a schematic on the screen. Something technical. Looks like some kind of weapon. Lonny's on the phone.

LONNY  
What ya got?  
(listens, nods)  
That's the ticket. How soon can you  
get it here? Outstanding.

INT. BASEMENT PARKING LEVEL

The staff and visitors creep down the stairs into the parking lot. AMBULANCES sit alongside some UTILITY vehicles.

BASEMENT ENTRANCE

GUNMEN #5 and #6 guard STEEL SHUTTERS across the entrance. Gunman #5 plays a game on his Cellphone.

GUNMEN  
I have big score.

The other guard grunts.

WHUMP!

The shutters explode. Take the GUNMEN out. Collateral. On a pile of RUBBLE - a dusty CELL makes a squawk as the screen displays their epitaph - GAME OVER.

Dr. Hughes and Nurse Coltrane lead Staff and visitors out into the...

EXT. WHEEDON HEIGHTS - PARKING LOT - SAME

OFFICERS guide them to safety.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Morales watches as Crow plays back CCTV footage from outside the entrance to the underground parking lot. A FIM-92 STINGER MISSILE explodes against the steel shutters.

CROW  
They just fired a freakin' missile  
into the basement!

Morales thinks about this. Time to leave town.

MORALES  
(into Walkie-talkie)  
Tomas, as soon as Franks has the  
vault open get in there and set the  
timer.

Crow checks something on the iPad. Bad news.

CROW  
I just pinged the gas supply room  
receiver. I'm not getting anything  
back...

MORALES

Get a replacement down there.

Off Crow's look. They don't have a replacement. This is a serious kink in Morale's plan.

MORALES

(into Walkie-talkie)

Listen up. Everybody stop what they're doing and work their way down from the top of the building. Find Tyler. I want him alive.

Morales pauses. Speak deliberately. Knows Matt's listening.

MORALES

And let me know when his wife and child are in the vault.

He looks over at Crow.

MORALES

Once they're in position I want them on every screen in the hospital.

Crow starts to make it happen. Routing T.V Screens and monitors through the control panel.

INT - AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - SAME

Franks inputs numbers into the vaults CONTROL PANEL.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

Cortez and Matt have been monitoring Morales' Walkie-talkies. Putting it all together.

CORTEZ

Schumann must have let them into the vault. Then locked them in.

Matt hefts a Machine gun. Checks its mag. Cortez looks.

CORTEZ

What are you doing?

MATT

I going to the vault...

Cortez shakes his head.

CORTEZ

That's suicide. Morales knows you're monitoring his transmissions. It's a trap.

Matt knows he's right.

MATT

I can't just leave them.

CORTEZ

Once she's in the vault we can protect her.

Matt nods.

MATT

Then we kill that son of a bitch.

INT. VAULT - SAME

Franks punches the final number into the DOOR CONTROL panel.

ON SCREEN

**"DISARMED - DOOR OPENING"**

The steel door slides up into the ceiling. Johaan stretches.

JOHAAN

At last. Even a toy shop can get boring after a while.

He pops another pill from a bottle. Tomas comes into the vault. A rough eye patch covers his damaged eye. He opens the SERVICE ELEVATOR. The equipment case sits inside.

Tomas looks at Johaan. Doesn't like him, and is big enough to show it.

TOMAS

You the prick that shot the man with the code?

JOHAAN

What's it to you?

Tomas's huge hand shoots out -- clamps Johaan's neck in a vice like grip. Squeezes. Johaan's eyes start to roll up in his head.

TOMAS

You need to be a team player, yes?

He releases Johaan who slumps to the floor -- struggles to breath. He gives Tomas a murderous look -- reaches for his gun. Franks puts a restraining hand on his arm.

FRANKS

Get out of here. Go.

Johaun hauls himself up. Points his gun at a Stacker Hospi. BLAM. Shoots it in the screen. Sparks and smoke pop out.

JOHAAN  
How'd you like them apples.

He swaggers out of the vault, downs another random pill.

ANGLE ON VAULT ENTRANCE

Gunmen drag a terrified Beth and her baby into the vault. Tomas glares at her through his one good eye.

TOMAS  
Tape her to the chair over there.

They place a metal chair under a CCTV CAMERA. DUCT TAPE her legs to the chair. She clings to the baby.

BETH  
What are you doing?

Beth looks over at the device in the service elevator. Realizes.

BETH  
My baby, take my baby. For God's sake, don't do this!

The men use duct tape to fix the baby into her arms, a grotesque Madonna and Child. Tomas taps in a code on the device. An LED display flashes "ARMED."

TOMAS  
(into Walkie-talkie)  
We have Code Red.

MORALES  
(over speaker)  
Activate it.

Tomas presses a button. The TIMER counts down from 15 Minutes. He shoots the CONTROL PANEL below the Service elevator. Destroys it. The elevator's not going anywhere.

Tomas hits the vault door activator. Heads out of the room. The HEAVY VAULT DOOR closes after him.

EXT. VAULT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Beth's screams MUFFLED behind the IMPREGNABLE STEEL.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

GUNMEN prowl the corridors searching for Matt.

A GUNMAN wheels an OXYACETYLENE rig to the FIRE EXIT window.

MORALES heads up in an ELEVATOR.

GUNMEN work their way through the floor levels. Checking.

A HELICOPTER heads towards Wheedon Heights. The CUREPHARM PHARMACEUTICALS logo on the side.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

MORALES accompanied by Thiago and Tomas. Smiles grimly as he keys his Walkie-talkie.

MORALES  
Mr Tyler. I know you can hear me.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR

Matt snatches up his Walkie.

MATT  
I'll be right with you.

INTERCUT

MORALES  
I wouldn't advise that. Have you seen the news lately?

Matt looks up as the glass media walls fill with Beth's terrified face. The baby taped into her arms. Behind her the countdown continues. Matt stares in horror.

MORALES  
It's a real cliffhanger.

MATT  
Let her go, and I won't kill you.

Morales gives a cold smile.

MORALES  
Enjoy the show.

END INTERCUT

Matt blanches. Turns to Cortez.

MATT  
Can you open the vault?

CORTEZ  
It's on a time lock.

Matt thinks desperately.

MATT  
The service elevator...

CORTEZ  
Override's in the control room.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

The indicator flicks through floors. Moving up. Morales selects a different frequency. Keys his Walkie-talkie.

MORALES

We're headed to the roof. How long?

INT. HELICOPTER - SAME

CEO Henschel from the earlier NEWS BULLETIN, looks over at the pilot. The pilot holds up five fingers.

HENCHEL

Five minutes. Any problems?

INTERCUT

MORALES

A little local issue, but it's going away.

HENCHEL

Be ready to leave the moment we touch down.

EXT. HELICOPTER - SAME

The HELICOPTER swoops down across the CITY. Wheedon Heights in the distance.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME

Crow shuts down the systems. Disconnects his iPad from the control desk.

CROW

I'm outta' here.

He slings a rucksack over his shoulder. Turns to leave.

MATT

At the door. Glock in hand.

MATT

Got a hot date?

Crow swallows. Matt comes closer.

MATT

I'm sorry, we haven't been formally introduced.

BAM! He smashes him in the face with his gun. Crow staggers backwards -- bounces off a chair. Crashes to the floor.

CROW  
...the fuck.

Crow wipes blood from his mouth. Tries to stand up. Feels in his mouth. Checks a tooth.

CROW  
You are so dead.

BLAM! Matt shoots him in the leg. He howls.

CROW  
Jesus!

MATT  
What's Morales doing in the vault?

Crow clutches his leg. Blood seeps through his fingers.

CROW  
I'm just the I.T. guy, Morales  
calls the shots.

Matt cocks his gun. Crow goes pale.

MATT  
Not these shots.

CROW  
I swear...

MATT  
You turned off the oxygen supply to  
a ward full of old, sick and  
helpless people...just following  
orders? I don't see a gun to your  
head...oh wait.

He rams his gun into Crow's face.

MATT  
There it is. I'm not even going to  
count, that's so cliched. But in  
the next few seconds I'm going to  
shoot you in the head.

Crow's done.

CROW  
I'm bleeding to death here.

MATT  
You're in a hospital, you'll be  
fine. Why's he put a bomb in the  
vault?

CROW  
It's not a bomb. It's an  
incendiary device.

MATT  
He's destroying the drugs. Why?

Cortez nods. Works it out.

CORTEZ  
Curepharm is the preferred  
supplier.  
(off Matt)  
If he takes that amount of drugs  
out of the system their share price  
will go through the roof.

MATT  
(to Crow)  
So you messed with Circle  
pharmaceuticals' system to ensure  
Curepharm won the Zeetax contract.

CORTEZ  
By the time the cops get here it'll  
just look like a drugs heist that  
went wrong.

Matt thinks. Levels his gun at Crow.

MATT  
Get the service elevator out of the  
vault. Now!

Crow taps some keys. NETWORK DOWN flashes on the screen.

CROW  
They've destroyed the control  
system.

Matt gets an idea. Turns back to Crow.

MATT  
Stay here.

BLAM! He cold-cocks him with his gun butt. Crow slumps to the  
floor. Cortez snatches up his iPad. They head out into the...

CORRIDOR

Race past the media screens, all showing the same picture.  
Beth and his son in the vault the countdown continuing. The  
image burns into Matt's brain.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - CRYOGENICS LAB - CONTINUOUS

Cortez and Matt ease past Gold Stud's corpse. Cortez puts his  
hand over his mouth. Looks like he's holding his breath.

CORTEZ

I swear his eyes follow me round  
the room. Well one of them does.  
You're sure this shit isn't  
contagious?

MATT

It's transmitted via bodily fluids,  
so unless you plan to go on a date?

Cortez shrugs. They put PROTECTIVE GLOVES on. Head over to  
the LARGE cannister of LIQUID NITROGEN. Disconnect the pipes  
feeding the PODS. Close the OUTLET VALVE on the side.

Remove the coupling from the CYLINDER. Manhandle it on its  
wheeled frame out into the...

CORRIDOR

Wheel it along. BING. GUNMEN #7 and #8 step out of the  
ELEVATOR. Guns levelled. Matt raises his hands.

MATT

Take it easy.

Gunman #8 waves his machine gun at Matt.

GUNMAN #8

Keep your hands up.

MATT

Did you see what happened to your  
friend? It's called Ebola.  
Hemorrhagic fever. There is no  
cure, ninety percent of people that  
are infected die...

The Gunmen share a nervous glance.

MATT

You'll hemorrhage blood. From your  
eyes, your nose and your  
mouth...from everywhere...

Matt has their undivided attention. He taps the side of the  
cannister. The Gunmen jump.

MATT

One stray shot and you'll be dead  
before you reach the end of the  
corridor.

He produces his GLOCK from where it was resting on a strut  
beside the cannister. Presses it against the METAL.

MATT

Morales is going to kill my wife  
and child. Do you think I care  
what happens to me?

The Gunmen race for the FIRE EXIT and down the stairs.

MATT

We've got five minutes.

CORTEZ

Jesus you scared the shit out of  
me.

MATT

I may have exaggerated.

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - SERVICE ELEVATOR - SAME

The HELICOPTER swoops down towards the roof. Morales, Thiago  
and Tomas wait behind the ELEVATOR HOUSING.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - SAME

Matt and Cortez stand opposite the DRUGS DELIVERY SERVICE  
ELEVATOR. A HOSPI motionless next to it.

Matt shoots the control panel beneath the elevator. Forces  
the doors open. Darkness stretches down to the VAULT.

CORTEZ

Now what?

Matt swivels the CANNISTER so the OUTLET PIPE is angled into  
the shaft. He looks up at a SCREEN. Beth and the baby. The  
TIMER: FIVE MINUTES left and counting.

MATT

She's too near the elevator.

Cortez thinks fast.

CORTEZ

The Hospis. I can get them to move  
her and activate their heaters.

He goes over to the stationary Hospis. Opens a HATCH in its  
CHEST PLATE. Flicks an override switch.

Information streams across the Hospis' touchscreen. Displays  
video feeds from the vault.

INT. VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Beth mute with fear. Unable to move. Transfixed by the count  
down on the device. When...

The STACKER HOSPIS start to move. Four of them. Two either side. Slide their STEEL ARMS under her CHAIR. Move Beth and the baby to the far side of the VAULT.

They place her gently down behind a RACK of CARTONS. Form a protective wall around her. HEAT PADS activate on their CHEST PLATES.

BETH

Matt? Is that you?

INT. GROUND FLOOR - SAME

Cortez studies CCTV of the roof on the iPad. The helicopter coming into land. Morales, Thiago and Tomas waiting.

CORTEZ

So that's how he's leaving.

Matts eyes flick from the Hospi screen and Cortez's iPad.

MATT

This elevator goes to the roof.

Matt formulates a plan.

INT. GROUND FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

Matt stares at Beth and the baby on the media wall in the corridor. Sees her mouth move. Form the words...*"I love you."*

MATT

Hang on baby.  
(to Cortez)  
Let's do it.

They open the VALVE. LIQUID NITROGEN gushes out.

WE GO WITH IT...

INT. SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

A freezing waterfall. Tumbling through the void. Frosting the sides of the shaft as it pours down. Expanding into gas as it heats up. While below it...

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - SAME

A rain of LIQUID NITROGEN showers the DEVICE.

The temperature plunges.

The timer...SPEEDS UP!

The countdown hurtles towards ZERO!

INT. GROUND FLOOR - CORRIDOR

Matt stares at the SCREEN in disbelief.

MATT  
What's happening?

Cortez gets what's happening. It's not good.

CORTEZ  
Superconductivity. The colder it gets the less resistance and the faster the electrons flow...it's like overclocking a computer.

Matt can only watch helplessly.

SECONDS from Zero. BANG! The BATTERY CRYSTALLIZES. Metal case, and containers of INCENDIARY liquids crackle, as they freeze.

The counter stops. The display dies. The FLASKS of INCENDIARY LIQUIDS crumble into icy crystals.

Matt and Cortez breath a collective sigh of relief. Then there's a SOUND. Like a monster taking a breath...a BIG ONE.

They slam the metal doors of the ELEVATOR shut. Hit the ground. GAS frosts the metal and armored glass as it explodes UPWARDS through the shaft. Expanding to fill the confined space.

SMASH CUTS through the HOSPITAL FLOORS as...

The expanding plume of super chilled NITROGEN GAS blasts up the ELEVATOR shaft. Coats the shaft with FROST at sub-zero temperatures as it screams upwards.

Through six floors at an ever increasing speed -- crazing and buckling the ELEVATOR DOORS as it hurtles past towards the...

ROOF!

EXT. HELICOPTER PAD - SAME

A vortex of freezing GAS blasts out of the SERVICE ELEVATOR.

ENGULFS the Helicopter which...CRYSTALLIZES! Along with Henchel and the pilot as it plummets to the ROOF.

SHATTERS! Into a million fragments!

MORALES

Stares at the remains of his exit strategy.

INT. FIRST FLOOR - SAME

Matt and Cortez pick themselves up. Matt stares...

ON VIDEO SCREENS

As through the swirling VAPOR: The DRUG VAULT door slides up.

CORTEZ

The emergency safety release.

(off Matts' look)

The Nitrogen depleted the oxygen inside the vault. The system overrode the time lock and opened the door. Health and safety.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

Raoul and Almos prowl the corridor. SR-2M's levelled. On high alert. They round a corner and face -- the Gangbangers.

RAOUL

Shit.

ALMOS

Just take it easy, you'll get your money. Let's just be cool about this.

Needle gives a shit eating grin.

NEEDLE

Oh I'm cool. We're cool aren't we guys?

He turns to Brand and Lobe. Their eyes lock. The SR-2Ms ROAR!

THIRD FLOOR - FIRE EXIT - WINDOW - SAME

Morales and his men exit the Elevator. Johaan and Franks are already there.

MORALES

Johaam, go find some Hospis. Shut them down. Permanently.

JOHAAN

You got it.

ANGLE ON ELEVATOR

Johaam presses the call button. Stands there. Tripping. Eyes mesmerized by the flashing light from the floor indicator.

MORALES

Watches him like a snake. Turns to Franks.

MORALES  
If he comes back, kill him.

FRANKS  
Pleasure.

He pauses. Picks his words carefully.

FRANKS  
Do we have a problem?

Morales brushes a stray piece of metal shard from his jacket.

MORALES  
Tyler is my problem.

He looks at the feed from the vault. The frozen incendiary device. The Vault door open. Vapor drifting across the room.

MORALES  
He'll come for his wife and child.  
I'd like you to be there. Make sure  
you get the receiver. Do whatever  
it takes.

Franks weighs this up. Women and babies are way off what passes for his moral compass.

FRANKS  
That's a big responsibility.

MORALES  
Ten million dollars. Think you can  
handle it?

Franks shrugs. Adjusts his moral compass.

FRANKS  
I'm a responsible adult.

He hefts his SM-2R. Heads for the FIRE EXIT.

FIRE EXIT STAIRWELL - SAME

Cortez and Matt head down. Cock their guns.

CORTEZ  
You've destroyed his exit strategy,  
he's not gonna be happy.

MATT  
I want him angry. Angry people  
don't think straight.

Cortez shoots a look at the rage in Matt's eyes. Worried.

INT. AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - ANTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cortez checks out Crows iPad. Scans control systems.

CORTEZ

We got the motherload. I need to stay outside the vault, gonna lose the signal in there.

MATT

You see anybody coming you get back in here. This isn't a computer game. You don't get infinite lives in the real world.

Matt heads into the...

INT. AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - NIGHT

An ICE PALACE -- racks and boxes coated with FROST. Globules of liquid nitrogen dart and slither around the floor. Vapor hangs in the air.

MATT

Beth?

A BABY cries. Matt grips his Glock. Rounds the shelving. Sees...

Beth and his son. Surrounded by the Hospis that have protected them. A stack of ZEETAX drugs cartons ripped open by the force of the nitrogen blast. The boxes EMPTY!

But before he can process this...FRANKS rises up from behind them. Gun levelled at Beth.

FRANKS

Put the gun down. Slowly.

Matt lowers his gun. Puts it on the floor.

FRANKS

The receiver. Hand it over.

Matt smiles.

MATT

Need a lever now your little bird has flown...into the ground.

FRANKS

I have enough levers.

He points his gun at Beth and the baby.

MATT

Okay. Take it easy. Let's not get nervous.

He reaches slowly into his pocket. Pulls out the receiver by its antenna. Holds it up in the air. DROPS IT!

It hits the floor. Smashes into pieces.

MATT

Oops.

FRANKS

That was stupid.

MATT

Maybe. But there's no way I'm having the deaths of thousands of people on my conscience.

Franks looks confused.

FRANKS

What are you talking about?

MATT

He really confides in you guys doesn't he. That receiver would have allowed him to pump carbon monoxide into the air supply. So while he's escaping the emergency services are picking up the pieces.

Franks thinks this through.

FRANKS

Well that's not going to happen now.

Matt nods at Beth.

MATT

At least let me take the tape off.

Franks nods. Keeps his gun levelled at him. Matt carefully strips the duct tape from Beth and the baby. Matt hugs and kisses her. Strokes his son's face.

BETH

You came back.

Matt smiles.

MATT

I said I'd never leave you again.

FRANKS

I'm sorry.

He cocks his gun. Beth looks at Matt. Her eyes pleading with him.

BETH

No.

Matt holds her tight.

MATT

It's me he wants. If it means you  
and our child can live...

EXT. AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - ANTEROOM - SAME

Cortez outside the vault. Terrified. Watches a CCTV feed on Crows iPad of the drama unfolding. Accesses the ELEVATOR control circuits.

Shuts down Elevators, seals FIRE EXITS. Roadblocks Morales's approaching GUNMEN. Triggers the VAULT locking system.

INT. AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - SAME

The DOOR slams down. CLUNK. Franks whirls round. Gun levelled. Stabs at the vault CONTROL PANEL. Nothing happens.

FRANKS

Open it.

MATT

I can't.

Franks points the gun at Beth and the baby.

FRANKS

I'm sure you know a man who can.

MATT

Listen to me. I don't know what he promised you, but Morales doesn't care about you, or the drugs.

FRANKS

Yeah right. I watched them being loaded into the elevator.

MATT

Of course you did. He needs to make it look like a robbery.

He raises his hands. Moves over to the pile of Zeetax cartons. Holds up an empty packet.

MATT

The Zeetax drugs were worth quarter of a billion dollars...but they never existed.

Off Franks. Trying to work it out.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Johaán, high as a kite wanders down the corridor. A Hospi stands motionless in front of a HOSPIVATOR. Johaán fires a couple of shots at it. Ventilates it.

JOHAAN  
Howdy little fellah, whatcha doing  
all on your lonesome?

BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. He pumps another three shots into it.

INT. AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - ANTEROOM - SAME

Cortez looks at CCTV on the iPad. A picture of Johaán shooting the Hospi. Executing one of his children.

CORTEZ  
You are so going down.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

BLAM. BLAM. Johaán puts two bullets through the shattered Hospi's chest plate. Points his gun right at the screen.

JOHAAN  
...allow me to assist you to  
Valhalla or wherever the fuck tin  
men go to die.

A word briefly fades up on the Hospi's cracked screen.

HOSPI TEXT  
ASSIST...

And with its last volt of power, the battered Hospi clamps its rubberized grab arm gently round Johaán's WRIST. BING! The HOSPIVATOR doors slide open. The Hospi lurches forwards.

JOHAAN  
What the...

Pulls Johaán into the EMPTY shaft. Four floors down. WHUMP!

INT. AUTOMATED DISPENSARY VAULT - SAME

Franks turns over the empty packets between his fingers.

MATT  
With the vault torched no one would  
ever know.

FRANKS  
You're lying.

MATT

A two hundred and fifty million dollar insurance bonus on top of the share price hike. Leaving you and your men behind for the cops.

Franks is starting to believe him.

MATT

C'mon, you're a career mercenary. You become an accessory to two thousand deaths you'll never see blue sky again.

(beat)

He's made fools of you all. Especially you.

Frank vents his rage out on Matt. Takes a swing at him with his gun. Matt ducks. Snaps a fist into Frank's ribs. Franks drops his gun. Recovers.

Goes into a crouch, swings a leg. Matt dodges. They circle. Respect each others skills.

FRANKS

Not bad for basic training.

MATT

That's not basic. That's Joe's.

FRANKS

The fuck's Joe's?

MATT

My Krav Maga teacher.

Franks circles. Looks for a way in.

FRANKS

Krav Maga's for tourists.

He lunges at Matt. A glancing blow to the chin. Knocks him back into a rack stacked with drug cartons. Boxes rain down -- contents spilling.

Franks closes in. Pummels him with three fast fist slams into the gut. Matt gets in a blow to the side of Frank's head.

Catches him off balance. Kicks against the side of his KNEE. Franks buckles. Hauls himself upright. Chops a fist into Matt's neck. Beth watches. Powerless.

Matt reels back. Slams into a pile of BOXES. Eyes losing focus. Franks closes in. Scoops up his dropped gun. Cocks it.

FRANKS

Games over.

He shudders. Eyes roll up in his head. He keels over. Slams onto the floor. Beth stands behind him. A SYRINGE in her hand. The baby held tight.

BETH

If there's one thing I can do well,  
it's give an injection.

She helps Matt up.

MATT

Is he dead?

BETH

For a while. Ketamine.

Matt scoops up his VHF Walkie talkie. Presses it.

MATT

You wanna open the door Gameboy?

The VAULT DOOR rumbles open. Cortez comes in. Looks at Franks. Matt nods at the iPad.

MATT

What you doing?

CORTEZ

Buying time. Shutting the elevators  
down. They'll try to use the fire  
exits. Except I've locked them.

MATT

That'll be awkward.

CORTEZ

I hope so.

Suddenly GUNMAN #9 appears in the doorway -- trains his gun on them. Looks at Franks slumped on the floor. Waves his gun.

GUNMAN #9

Out.

Cortez surreptitiously fingers his iPad. A STACKER HOSPI whirs. Reaches for something on the FLOOR. Gunman #9 looks towards it.

GUNMAN #9

What's it doing?

Cortez shrugs.

CORTEZ

They got a helluva work ethic.

The Hospi reverses towards Gunman #9. Spins round. BANG. Franks' GUN in its GRAB-ARM. Gunman #9 drops to the floor.

CORTEZ

The pad is mightier than the sword.

Matt goes over to the dead gunman. Picks up his gun.

MATT

Morales is expecting Franks. Let's not disappoint him.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

ON CORTEZ

He wears Franks' Dodgers cap and jacket. Matt, Beth and her baby, ride alongside. Matt doesn't take his eyes off Beth and the baby. Conquers his fear by shutting it out with love.

MATT

We'll only have a few seconds.

He stows a Glock in his belt.

MATT

(to Beth)

Once we get to the third floor stay behind us. They're expecting to see me first, I'll be in front of Cortez...

He pulls the puck shaped homing beacon from his pocket. Switches it on. The LED flashes. Matt looks at Beth. His expression changes. Face a mask of resolve.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - FIRE EXIT WINDOW - SAME

Morales looks at the drugs cartons stacked on the pallets by the window. Listens to the bad news about the locks over the Walkie-talkie. He's not happy. Thiago and Tomas stand guard.

MORALES

(into Walkie talkie)

Find Crow.

THIAGO

What's happening?

MORALES

Tyler's tech guy shut down the elevators and locked the fire exits.

Thiago looks at a moving ELEVATOR INDICATOR.

THIAGO

So why's that one moving?

Morales thinks about this.

EXT. THIRD FLOOR - CORRIDOR - SAME

The elevator opens. Matt steps out. All clear. Cortez and Beth follow. They head down the corridor towards the CORNER.

MATT  
(to Beth)  
Stay here until it's safe.

Beth kisses him like it's the last time. He kisses the baby.

BETH  
How will I know when that is?

MATT  
I'll be kissing you.

Matt puts his hands up. They head around the...

CORNER

Pass the FIRE STATION alcove. And there's Morales. He leans against the Fire Exit window, like he doesn't have a care in the world. Matt and Cortez level their guns at Morales.

KERCHING!

The sound of guns being cocked. Thiago and Tomas appear from behind them. Tomas holds a struggling Beth. Hand clamped over her mouth. She bites his hand. He slaps her. There's a moment when Matt thinks about killing him.

MORALES  
Tomas! Get their guns.

Tomas and Thiago take their weapons. Morales gloats.

MORALES  
You don't look as good as you did on the cover of Time magazine. Was it photo-shopped?

MATT  
You'll need more than photo-shop when I'm finished with you.

Morales runs the cold steel of his Glock across Beth's cheek.

MORALES  
Really? Perhaps you'd like to tell your little technical friend to release the elevators. Now! You know how I feel about women and children.

Matt looks at Cortez. He has no choice. Cortez works the iPad. Flicks a look to Matt as he speaks.

CORTEZ

They should be here soon.

MORALES

Good.

MATT

How exactly do you plan on getting away?

Thiago and Tomas pay careful attention.

MORALES

I still have two thousand ways out of here. Give me the receiver. Now!

BING! An ELEVATOR arrives in the corridor. Half a dozen GUNMEN jog down towards them. Align with Morales. SR-2Ms levelled. It doesn't look good. Matt addresses the Gunmen.

MATT

Do they know you were planning to leave them behind?

Morales smiles reassuringly at the men.

MORALES

They were always coming with me.

MATT

Really? Because before we put your plans on ice it didn't look like that helicopter was gonna be big enough.

The men share looks. A moment of unease. Which is when...

Two HOSPI 4000s swoop past Matt and Cortez. HOSPILATTE trailing behind.

MATT

Hospi. Cleanse!

An acrid cloud of HYDROGEN PEROXIDE blasts out from the HOSPIS -- drives Morales and his GUNMEN back. Gas envelops them. Choking. Disorientated. Blinded. They retreat.

The Hospi 4000s aren't cute. Ballistic glass screens and vanadium steel ARMOR designed to withstand a serious attack.

Matt sweeps Beth and the baby into the Fire Station ALCOVE. Snatches an SR-2M from where they're strapped onto the backs of each of the 4000s. Morales and his men recover fast.

BRRRRRRRRRUPPPPP! The roar of EIGHT SR-2Ms. The heavy duty 4000s shrug the bullets off as...

MATT AND CORTEZ

Return fire.

THE GUNMEN...

Take casualties. Still disabled by the GAS.

A PAUSE. Fresh magazines are slammed in.

Matt looks across at Beth and the baby hugging the wall in the FIRE STATION alcove. Locks eyes with her and the baby. Gives Cortez a wry smile.

MATT

Time to cool things down.

The Gunmen ready their weapons. Morales levels his Glock at the Hospis -- nods to his men, who advance.

MATT

Hospis. Extinguish.

HIGH PRESSURE Carbon Dioxide blasts out from the Hospis. The GUNMEN reel back in the FREEZING gas. Blinded. FROSTBITTEN.

CORTEZ

Fires round the Hospi -- sends a hail of bullets towards the GUNMEN -- wings Thiago in the arm, a bullet plucks at Morales's sleeve. TWO Gunmen go down as...

MATT

Stands up. Empties a full magazine into the remaining four GUNMEN, kills them. Face a mask. A primal warrior.

Dives back behind the Hospis.

MORALES, THIAGO and TOMAS

In a A FOG OF GAS -- visibility nonexistent as...

MATT

Hurls himself across the floor towards the...

FIRE ALCOVE. Slams his gun butt into the GLASS BOX. Hits the FIRE button.

SIREN'S BLARE. HALON GAS. Blasts from OVERHEAD vents.

MORALES

Fires wildly in their direction -- Cortez takes a bullet in the ARM. It's not serious but there's lots of blood.

CORTEZ  
Jeez that hurts!

MATT

Snatches RESPIRATORS from a flip down COMPARTMENT in the back of the Hospi 4000s. Throws them to Cortez and Beth. Hits the ISOLATION and PURGE buttons in the Fire Station alcove.

VENTS slam open. Fans ROAR. Pumps HOWL. A TORNADO of screaming wind as the atmosphere is purged.

Beth hangs onto to the FIRE HYDRANT. Holds a mask over her baby's mouth. Hugs the INFANT close as the air rips past.

Morales, Tomas and Thiago drop to the ground. Gasp for air. Eyes glassy. Blood starved of oxygen.

And then it's over -- the sirens die -- the pressure stabilizes. The men pick themselves up. Morales snarls.

Levels his gun as...

BLAM!

Two hundred pounds of WATER pressure slams him to the ground. Tosses him like a rag doll against the FIRE EXIT window.

MATT

Hangs onto the FIRE HOSE attached to the HYDRANT.

THIAGO

Tries to take a step. Lifts one foot off the floor. Is swept off his feet as the water BLASTS into him.

TOMAS

Thrashes around in the water.

MATT

Battles the powerful hose until -- BANG!

MORALES

Gets off a lucky shot, smashes the hydrant coupling. The water BLASTS straight up. Bounces off the ceiling. Water on the ground -- two foot high and rising.

Morales, Tomas and Thiago are back on their feet, wading determinedly towards them -- guns levelled.

Matt aims at the OXY-ACETYLENE rig against the wall. FIRES his SR-2M. BRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUPPPPPPT! Blows the valves off the ends of the CYLINDERS -- topples the cart.

WHOOSH. The GAS CYLINDERS torpedo towards Morales, Thiago and Tomas.

MISS THEM! Sweep past through the water.

MORALES

What you gonna do now?

Matt, Cortez and Beth grip the GRAB HANDLES on the backs of the Hospi 4000s as...

The GAS CYLINDERS smash through the...

THIRD FLOOR WINDOW.

Morales, Thiago and Tomas are hit by a TSUNAMI as tons of water seek the path of least resistance. Suck them through the shattered glass.

EXT. HOSPITAL - CAR LOT

The men tumble towards the ground. Falling through the air.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME

Water CASCADES through the window. The force draws the Hospi 4000s towards the gaping hole.

HOSPILATTE

Jammed in the ALCOVE by the water pressure.

BETH

Losing her grip on the hydrant. The BABY crying.

BETH

I can't hold on!

MATT

Stretches his hand out towards her.

MATT

Take my hand!

She reaches out.

MISSES!

MATT

Clamps a hand around her wrist. Cortez hurls himself towards Matt's Hospi as his is dragged through the window. The water pressure INCREASES.

They FIGHT to keep the 4000 from being torn away. MOTORS WHINE as it battles against the raging torrent. But the water's too strong.

Matt struggles to stay upright. The puck shaped HOMING BEACON falls from his pocket. Is sucked through the window.

THE HOSPI 4000

Caught in the maelstrom. Seconds from oblivion. Slides between the two center window supports.

MATT  
Hospi. Bed delivery!

Steel arms telescope out from each of the Hospis sides -- slam into the window frames on either side and are...

SNAPPED OFF!

EXT. HOSPITAL - THIRD FLOOR - FALLING

The HOSPI 4000 spins through the air -- Cortez, Matt, Beth and the baby, tumble through space. Gripping each other's hands as...

THE HOSPI:

SMASHES into the ground below.

BETH

Loses her grip on the BABY! Which spins through the air.

BETH  
My baby!

MATT'S VIEW

Blue sky whirling above him. Into which comes...his BABY! He throws an arm out. Cradles the screaming bundle into his chest. As they plunge down to the...

DUMP TRUCK

Full of water from the drained THIRD FLOOR floor. Aerated by the OXYGEN and ACETYLENE CYLINDERS venting into the water.

TRUCK BED

Three faces and a baby burst out of the FOAM. Tread water.

CORTEZ  
Helluva birthing pool.

Matt hugs Beth and his baby. Glad to be alive. Until...

MORALES!

Bursts out from under the water -- hand clenched around his Glock. Mad as hell -- locks eyes with Matt, face twisted with rage as he levels the gun.

KABLAM!

A drugs PALLET smashes down. Obliterates him.

ANGLE ON THIRD FLOOR

THE HOSPITAL

On the edge of the window frame -- both telescopic grippers extended -- like a metal Jesus overlooking Rio de Janeiro.

TRUCK BED

A yellow safety helmet bobs to the surface. Matt's name on it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Patrol cars and Ambulances scream through the ENTRANCE. Myleen and Lonny race out of one of the cars.

TRUCK BED

Matt lifts Beth up to the edge. OFFICERS help Beth, Cortez and the baby out. Lonny pulls Matt over the edge.

LONNY

What happened to Morales?

Matt looks at the drugs pallet floating in the TRUCK BED.

MATT

He OD'd.

LONNY

How's the baby?

Beth cuddles her baby. Hugs Matt. The baby gurgles.

BETH

He's beautiful.

MATT

Thanks Sharpy.

LONNY

You keep flying like that you'd better join the air force.

BETH

Don't worry, I'm clipping his wings.

LONNY  
Catch ya later flyboy.

Beth hands Matt a soggy postcard. The blue sky vista he used to calm his claustrophobia. Matt looks at it. Screws it up.

MATT  
I've had enough blue skies.

Paramedics wrap them in space blankets. Cortez has his arm bandaged by the Fresh-Faced Nurse. He fishes.

CORTEZ  
So. Your husband coming to the show?

She smiles at his clumsy moves.

FRESH-FACED NURSE  
Smooth. I'm divorced, so it's just me and the kids.

A pause as Cortez digests this.

CORTEZ  
That's great. I love kids.

FRESH-FACED NURSE  
Awesome, I can always use a babysitter.

CORTEZ  
Babysitter?

EXT. WHEEDON HEIGHTS HOSPITAL - DAWN

Matt and Beth walk towards his truck. Morning light silvering the roiling clouds above the hospital. Patrol cars, Fire Trucks and Ambulances litter the parking lot.

BETH  
I admit it. I had some doubts about the Hospis.

MATT  
And now?

BETH  
Hospilatte saved our lives.

MATT  
He was just trying to get to the homing beacon.

BETH  
I prefer to think he was guided by some higher force.

MATT

You could ask "him". Once he's  
dried off. They're pretty tough.

Beth kisses him. Years of tension and stress melting away.

BETH

You're pretty tough yourself.

He looks deep into her eyes. Searching for a better future.

MATT

I don't have to be.

And as the baby gurgles happily we go...HIGH AND WIDE over  
the Hospital as the sun comes up and the day shift streams  
in.

FADE OUT.