

RIGGED

Written by

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OVER BLACK.

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

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

More GUNFIRE as two MEN GROAN.

FADE UP TO:

INT. CINDERBLOCK ROOM - NIGHT

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

POV: SUSAN HORVATH (35) from the darkness.

ERIC
C'mon, we need to take cover!

Swat Team Men's FOOTSTEPS from all directions.

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

ERIC
Go. I'll be right behind you.

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

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

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

But no Eric.

SUSAN (O.S.)
ERIC?

Susan reaches the stairwell and looks down to see the lifeless bodies of two DEAD SKINHEADS below, face down and bleeding.

From behind, we hear...

SWAT TEAM MAN (O.S.)
Hey!

Susan steps down the stairwell, but then stumbles forward and screams as GUNFIRE SPRAYS overhead.

She lands face down next to the two Dead Skinheads.

Susan clutches her head as she rolls over on her back.

Her world's an echo chamber.

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

Susan looks up at the top of the stairs to see the SWAT Team Man.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN

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

SWAT TEAM MAN

No. I just saw her run down the--

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

A blurry MYSTERY MAN wearing plain clothes appears at the top of the stairs, then descends to the STW.

The STW throws a duffle bag at the feet of the Mystery Man, who does not move.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN

Problem? You're lucky I found you
first.

The STW takes out a cellphone and speed dials.

SWAT TEAM WOMAN (CONT'D)

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

FADE TO BLACK

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

The screen switches to talking heads discussing chemical weapon proliferation.

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

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

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

Kate's eyes flutter open.

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

DOCTOR
 No change.

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

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

Kate inhales and then frowns.

KATE (CONT'D)
 ...Seaweed...it smells like seaweed
 in here.

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

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

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

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

JOANNE
 We need her back today.

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

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

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

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

The Doctor backs away and leaves.

Joanne and Kate's eyes meet.

JOANNE (CONT'D)
 I'm Joanne Dawson, and this is
 Gunther McGore. We're FBI. Do you
 remember who you are?

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

GUNTHER
 It's still too soon. Perhaps we had
 better--

JOANNE
 No, we can't wait any longer.

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

JOANNE (CONT'D)

This is yours, Agent Carey.

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

Kate stares at it incredulously.

KATE

...Counter-intelligence?

JOANNE

Kate, we know this is a lot to take in, but - at least until last night - you're one of our best interrogators. You may not know what's what, but we're banking on your skills being intact.

KATE

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

Kate nods her head to the TV mounted on the wall behind Joanne and Gunther.

JOANNE

Okay. Does the Aryan People's Brigade mean anything to you?

KATE

I think so... but... chemical weapons?

JOANNE

All of us were working a case to infiltrate the Brigade.

GUNTHER

We located their hideout, raided the premises, only to find that they'd already removed the nerve agent and planted it in several locations in the city.

JOANNE

What's worse is that the one who developed it used to work for CHEM-MED. And unlike all other chemical weapons, we haven't been able to crack its molecular code. It's impervious to mass-spectrometry. You familiar with that, Agent Carey?

KATE

Not really... What makes you think
I can help?

Joanne and Gunther share a glance, and then Joanne reaches
out and gently holds Kate's right hand.

JOANNE

You took part in last night's raid
on the Brigade's HQ, which is how
you got that bump on your head, but
what we need is your help to
interrogate the members who
survived. We think one of them not
only can tell us the locations, but
also how they made it, which would
help us develop an antidote.

KATE

I'm an interrogator? Since when?

JOANNE

Since I recruited you eight years
ago. We'll help you fill in the
gaps. We're hoping that will jog
your memory.

Joanne and Gunther share another look.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

There is one other thing.

Joanne withdraws her hand and from her blazer's inside
pocket, whips out another FBI Lanyard and badge with an ID
photo of Eric Stone, now clean-shaven.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

Do you know him?

KATE

No, should I?

JOANNE

He was part of the operation from
the start, and he died at the
scene. Do you remember that?

KATE

I'm sorry, I don't.

Joanne exhales.

JOANNE

It may mean nothing to you now, but if Eric were still alive, he'd want you to go through with this. You two were a team.

The Doctor enters the room.

DOCTOR

Your boss was very persuasive. I submitted the discharge order, but it could take a little while before it's approved. She's still weak, so please let her get some rest.

JOANNE

Thank you, Doctor.

(to Kate)

We'll have someone take you to the safehouse to interrogate the suspects. That's where Gunther and I'll be waiting.

POV Kate: Joanne and Gunther's images blur out as we...

FADE TO BLACK

INT. SAFE HOUSE OFFICE - LATER THAT DAY

Kate's eyes BOLT open.

The dimly lit room contains government issue chairs and a desk. Kate rises from a beat-up leather couch.

A stained Seth Thomas clock face displays the time as 4:12.

A solid knee-high wall on one side meets half-way with mesh glass windows that look out onto a drab office hallway.

JOANNE (O.S.)

Have a good nap?

Joanne sits at a desk in a corner with her back to Kate.

KATE

My head's still pounding.

Kate looks around the unfamiliar room.

KATE (CONT'D)

How did I...

JOANNE

The doctor said you could experience blackouts. He also said your memories may come back as you work the case.

KATE

Or not come back at all. Why do I have to do this. I don't know if I feel up to it right now.

Joanne wheels around on her swivel chair to face Kate.

JOANNE

Because you're the best we have to handle this in the limited time window. All I need you to remember is what a kick-ass interrogator you are.

Kate looks down at her own body and realizes she's now wearing jeans, a T-shirt and blazer.

Kate notices another TV mounted on a wall in one corner of the room, volume turned low, broadcasting the same news report we heard previously in the hospital room.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(gravely)

You know what it does to you?

KATE

Should I?

JOANNE

In Syria, I saw Assad's chemical nerve agents used first hand. The nervous system shuts down, gastrointestinal tract implodes, but not before the unbearable pain.

FLASH TO:

INT. GLASS CHAMBER - NIGHT

Grainy image of one BEARDED MAN (40), behind a glass wall, choking to death in a sealed glass and metal chamber.