

HOTEL ARTEMIS

Written and directed
by Drew Pearce

04.08.16.

CAST LIST

JEAN THOMAS

The nurse

WAIKIKI

and

HONOLULU

The bank robbers

NICE

The assassin

ACAPULCO

The arms dealer

and

NIAGARA

The mob boss

ALSO STARRING

SERGEANT MORGAN

The cop

EVEREST

The orderly

ILYA FRANKLIN

The enforcer

and

PAUL PENG

The angriest safe-man in Los Angeles

INT. "LOS ANGELES" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

We open on A SHOT of 1920s Downtown Los Angeles.

PULL BACK to reveal it's a PEELING FRESCO in a once-glamorous but now utterly busted Art Deco hotel suite.

Beneath the mural, a lady (64) sleeps restlessly. Her name is JEAN THOMAS, but everyone calls her

THE NURSE

She's fully-clothed under the covers, snoring gently in a Mojave cardigan and hospital whites. A half-empty glass of rye and some pills lie on the bedside table next to her.

BRING-BRING

An old-fashioned telephone on the side table rings, and the nurse is immediately awake. She leans over to answer, knocking a small PHOTOGRAPH FRAME off in her hurry.

THE NURSE
(answering phone)
How can I help?

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)
Nurse? It's Sherman Atkins.

THE NURSE
Oh, hey honey. Longtime no speak.
You back in town?

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)
*'Fraid so. And I need a couple of
rooms for the night.*

The nurse rises, and examines a WOODEN CLIPBOARD -- which surprisingly illuminates her face with BLUE DIGITAL LIGHT.

THE NURSE
I've got two left. Guess you're in
luck.

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)
*With all due respect, luck is one
commodity I am shit out of tonight.*

THE NURSE
Let's see what we can do about
that. Come on in the back...

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)
Copy that. We're five minutes out.

The nurse hangs up, then replaces the FRAME on her bedside table. She smiles a little sadly as she addresses the photo:

THE NURSE
Namaste, babe.
(then, to the room)
TV.

An incongruous HOLOGRAPHIC 3-D SCREEN flickers to life. STREET WARFARE and NEWS-ANCHOR BULLSHIT fills the dusty room.

ON THE TV SCREEN:

We see the date -- **1:02am, October 4th 2021** -- and FOOTAGE showing riots between armored paramilitary and street gangs.

The ticker reads *"28 DEATHS SO FAR IN THIRD NIGHT OF RIOTS"*.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)
...Governor has warned that if
civil obedience isn't established
by midnight, martial curfew will-

THE NURSE
Mute.
(yawn)
Just another Wednesday.

She stretches and WALKS THROUGH the hologram to a spinning RECORD PLAYER. There, she returns the needle to the start of a record -- something Seventies, Laurel Canyon and upbeat:

"Spirit Of The Letter" by Elyse

The nurse nods, throws down some more pills and a finger of rye. Then she heads into the bathroom with a slight LIMP.

MUSIC SOUNDTRACKS THE NURSE'S MORNING ROUTINE:

INT. "LOS ANGELES" BATHROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

The nurse brushes her teeth, applies eyedrops, humming to the tune. A robe hanging behind the door reads "HOTEL ARTEMIS".

CUT TO:

INT. "LOS ANGELES" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

She picks up an OLD LEATHER DOCTOR'S BAG, bustles into the corridor, putting on her HEADPHONES, still nodding along.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - NIGHT

She grabs TWO KEYS from the hotel room hooks. Each of the hooks bears the name of a 1920s vacation spot:

NICE LOS ANGELES ACAPULCO
HONOLULU NIAGARA

CUT TO:

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

The nurse enters busily. The wall behind her shows another fresco, this time of PERIOD HONOLULU in all its Tiki glory.

The lady hums, plumps the pillows in the bedroom. The linens bear the faded insignia of a stag, and the initials "HA".

CUT TO:

INT. "HONOLULU" BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP of a TOOTHBRUSH being laid out by the sink. Next to them the nurse sets down a big pot of MEDICAL-GRADE PERCOCET.

CUT TO:

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

The nurse places her thumb on a SCANNER by an old wardrobe.

It makes a *SHNIIIK* noise, and the nurse winces as she rubs away the PIN-PRICK OF BLOOD that the ID-ing process requires.

The doors open to reveal a futuristic cornucopia of medical equipment. The nurse picks out a couple of items, then leaves the room, taking her old doctor's bag with her.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR RECEPTION - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Now at one end of a long, ornate-but-crumbling corridor, the nurse waits patiently. Crumpled serenity incarnate.

At the other end of the corridor are two ornate ELEVATOR DOORS.

And between the doors and the nurse -- in stark contrast to the faded deco -- is a cutting-edge METAL GATE.

An arrow indicator above one of the elevators rises slowly.

7, 8, 9, 10... *DING*

Suddenly the gilded doors slam open, the music CUTS OUT and --

CRASH

ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE

HONOLULU
JESUS FUCKING CHRIST HELP ME-

THREE MEN IN ONCE-WHITE HOTEL UNIFORMS fall out the elevator.

SHERMAN ATKINS AKA **WAIKIKI** (39) is focused but messed up, already taking in the room in his bloodied disguise.

WAIKIKI
There she is. See, it's gonna be
okay, it's gonna be okay...

LEVON ATKINS AKA **HONOLULU** (36) is next. His own sharp look is let down by the fact that his dinner jacket is a deep red.

HONOLULU
Lev, it hurts... it hurts weird...

Finally, there's the most aggressive of the three: **PAUL PENG** (35). He has a bleeding head and his eyes are wild.

As the visitors proceed they're SCANNED by a SECURITY ARCH.

WAIKIKI
Hey Peng, gimme a hand here, he's
passed out again-

PAUL PENG
And I've got a fucking BULLET in my
NECK, OKAY SHERMAN?

THE NURSE
Easy, fellas, everyone's gonna get
fixed. Sure you left all your heat
at the door?

PAUL PENG
(gesturing at the arch)
We're DOUBLE-CLEAN, okay?

THE NURSE
Then I just need you to verify your
membership and we'll be off to the
races, medically-speaking...

She indicates the WALL, where a PALM-SCANNING DEVICE sits.

Waikiki quickly SWIPES his WRIST across it.

Bleep.

The nurse looks down at her clipboard, which we now see is actually a TABLET-LIKE HOLO-SCREEN.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
You're peachy. How about the
nogoodnik?

Waikiki scans Honolulu's limp arm, leaving a smear of blood.

Bleep.

The nurse looks a little surprised.

WAIKIKI
(seeing her reaction)
Yeah, I covered his dues. Can you
put me in with my brother?

THE NURSE
Okay, you boys take the double.
He's Honolulu, you're Waikiki.
(then, on a walkie-talkie)
*We've got a Code Red and a possible
Code Grey, and I need a gurney in
the lobby tout damn suite.*
(to Paul Peng)
You're up, Slick.

Paul Peng scans his wrist.

Nothing.

The Nurse scowls, as Paul Peng looks at her incredulously.

PAUL PENG
The thing's covered in blood!

THE NURSE
So clean it off and run it again.

He does as he's told, then swipes it again.

Nothing.

Paul Peng angrily holds up a wrist, where we see a tiny SLIT:

PAUL PENG
I've got the fucking SCAR, haven't I?

THE NURSE
That incision could be from any D.R. in the world-

PAUL PENG
(changing tack)
Okay, okay. What if I pay you now-?

THE NURSE
Against the rules -- I have to run checks. You could be serial, a ped-

PAUL PENG
I'm not, I swear!

THE NURSE
Listen bub, L.A.'s a goddamn temple to hypochondria. There're plenty hospitals out there-

PAUL PENG
Where the cops are looking for us!

THE NURSE
C'est la guerre...

PAUL PENG
YOU'RE SPEAKING FUCKING *FRENCH* NOW?

THE NURSE
See now, raising your voice to me, that's *also* against the rules. It's right there under "don't kill the other patients". Which you'd know if you were a member, because the rules are in the membership pack.

WAIKIKI
I have to get him inside NOW.
(to Paul Peng)
Let us through.

PAUL PENG
(moving in front of the gate, cutting them off)
You think you're getting in WITHOUT me, Sherman?

Waikiki leans in, dark-eyed, and DROPS HIS VOICE:

WAIKIKI

Let us through... or I'll put you
down like a cheap carpet and wipe
my boots on your fucking back.

There's a beat of tension --

THE NURSE

Better listen to him, Slick. 'Cos
even if you get past him, I'll drop
a mountain on you.

PAUL PENG

And what's THAT supposed to mean?

THE NURSE

EVEREST!

A HUGE FIGURE in an ORDERLY'S UNIFORM -- Latino, gang tattoos
-- comes around the corner. This is **EVEREST** (32).

Paul Peng's face falls.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Know why he's called Everest? Yeah,
you get it.

Waikiki sees an opening -- and SLAMS Peng backwards into the
metal fence using his prone brother's body --

-- as The Nurse pulls a LARGE METAL KEY WITH THE ARTEMIS LOGO
out of her cardigan, and lets them in.

Paul Peng regroups, though, and LUNGES for the opening --

-- but Everest matter-of-factly GRABS him by the throat.

EVEREST

Nope.

(to the nurse)

What you want doing with this one?

THE NURSE

Give him a shot then take him for a
ride. I got work to do.

PAUL PENG

I can't go back out there! They're
ripping the city-UGH!

Everest slams a NEEDLE into Paul Peng's CHEST, pushes the
plunger, and the angry criminal INSTANTLY SLUMPS DOWN --

-- then Everest drags him unceremoniously to the elevators.

The Nurse dumps her bag on Honolulu's gurney, starts PUSHING him from the gate towards his suite.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Waikiki is trying to keep up while the Nurse performs running triage on Honolulu -- as an unbroken shot of their journey establishes the geography of this hidden haven:

-- the three FRONT ELEVATORS, which lead to that elaborate security corridor, which once you're through opens into --

-- the PENTHOUSE LEVEL of a dilapidated hotel, now apparently an underground emergency room for the criminally injured --

-- in the center of which is a disused BAR AREA, surrounded by the corridor housing our FIVE PENTHOUSE SUITES.

But back to the business at hand... a bleeding bank robber.

THE NURSE

(urgent)

I'm seeing multiple entry wounds,
an air-conditioned liver, left
clavicle and scapula completely
blown. Anything I miss?

WAIKIKI

I heard the leg break-

THE NURSE

Forget the leg. A leg he can live
without -- a liver not so much. How
about you?

WAIKIKI

(wincing)

The vest stopped a couple of 240s.
Feels like the third one made it
through, chose to stick around.

The nurse nods sympathetically -- then GRABS Waikiki's arm, jabs her finger into the bullet hole. Waikiki SCREAMS.

THE NURSE

Sorry, babe, no time to buy you
flowers. Yeah, there's a bullet in
there. And a whole bunch of bone
fragments. Not yours.

WAIKIKI

The wheelman took a headshot right
next to me.

THE NURSE

Then that'll be the wheelman.

The nurse removes her finger -- and Waikiki YELPS with pain. She pulls an EPI-PEN from her bag, JABS him with it.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Adrenaline and a little morph to keep you going. Though I'm failing to see how a bank job ends up with *this* much human smush.

WAIKIKI

We got caught in the riot... but mostly it was the team. The trouble's always on the inside, y'know?

The nurse PUTS HER HAND in the cavity in Honolulu's leg, WRIGGLES a piece of DEBRIS from inside -- PULLS IT OUT.

THE NURSE

I never had a problem with the inside. It's kind of my sweet spot.

The nurse throws Waikiki a room key, and he opens the door to the Honolulu SUITE. *CLUNK*. The heavy bolts let it swing open.

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse slams a hand on another SENSOR, then winces as the door opens. She pulls medical equipment from cupboards, as at the table, Honolulu begins to come around, terrified:

HONOLULU

Sherm?

WAIKIKI

I'm here. It's good. We're good.

The nurse switches on a LARGE FUTURE-TECH SCANNER. It purrs as she pulls an ultrasound over Honolulu's chest --

THE NURSE

(concerned by his stats)
You know, this guy's tranquility tolerance is through the roof.

(then)
Okay, big brother. You need to hold his hand, let him know you're here for him...

Waikiki takes the hand, as the nurse passes him a DRIP LINE.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
 ...then ram that needle into the
 biggest vein you can find and seal
 it up with this.

She throws him a small bottle of GORILLA GLUE.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
 He's gonna struggle, 'cos the pain
 meds won't kick in before I have to
 play lasertag in that liver. And
 he's gonna need as much of the good
 shit as he can get, especially with
 what's coming up in part two...

She opens the machine, which we see is a **3-D PRINTER**. The
 machine is CROSS-HATCHING something into existence.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
 ...his new shoulder blade.

VOOOM

Suddenly, THE LIGHTS CUT, and the room goes **PITCH BLACK**.

WAIKIKI (O.S.)
 What's going on?

THE NURSE (O.S.)
 (matter-of-fact)
 Grid's out, probably riot control.
 Don't worry, there's a back-up.

WAIKIKI (O.S.)
 With everything that's happening,
 you think this place can hold up?

FZZZZ

The **LIGHTS RETURN**, and we see the nurse again. She looks up
 from her bloody work, but smiles calmly to Waikiki:

THE NURSE (O.S.)
 Sweetheart, me and The Artemis have
 been here 32 years.
 (then)
 This is just another Wednesday.

And with that we SLAM CUT TO FULL-SCREEN TITLE CARD:

HOTEL ARTEMIS

EXT. LOS ANGELES SKYLINE - NIGHT

A DERELICT 1920s DOWNTOWN HOTEL --

-- except for THE PENTHOUSE FLOOR, whose windows are BLACKED OUT and invisible. On the roof, a NEON NAME SIGN glows.

The skyline behind the hotel is full of glass skyscrapers, reflecting searchlights and the fires of unrest --

-- as we hear a distant RADIO REPORT play on a tinny speaker:

RADIO NEWS (O.S.)
...as protests at the reassignment
of law enforcement from the
L.A.P.D. to the private sector...

The camera DROPS to street level --

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- where we see a HIDDEN DOOR open onto a dirty Downtown back alley, and an ambulance accelerate out into the night.

RADIO NEWS (O.S.)
...turned into three nights of gang-
led carnage now ravaging the city.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Everest is at the wheel, looking out for a drop-off spot.

BOOM

Up above -- a distant POLICE CHOPPER explodes, spins high about the skyline, SMASHING into the US Bank skyscraper.

EVEREST
Man, gangbangin'g's gotten way more
ambitious since my day.

Suddenly, the radio is interrupted by his WALKIE-TALKIE:

THE NURSE (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Hey, Tall Boy. Sorry to interrupt
your little daytrip, but riot
control just killed the grid.

EVEREST
Shit, the back-up generator's
older'n you-

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse is busy setting up Honolulu's LIFE SUPPORT SYSTEM.

THE NURSE

And twice as busted. So yeah, I suggest you head on up to the roof ASAP, give it a little love.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)

Can't you do it?

THE NURSE

I've got a handful of fresh thief liver up here, bub. So this ain't a Debate Club.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)

Kinda tetchy tonight -- you need a vacation.

THE NURSE

All I NEED is a larascopic miracle and a glass of Chivas. Now just deliver the outpatient then head up and make sure we stay Christmas-y, will you babe?

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)

(with a sigh)

Yes, nurse.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

She CLICKS OFF -- as Everest slams to a halt.

Then he swings his frame through into the back section --

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- where the back doors of the ambulance BURST OPEN -- to reveal Everest and a woozy Paul Peng.

Everest SLAMS him against the side of the ambulance.

PAUL PENG

WHAT?!

EVEREST

(re: his orderly badge)

See this? This means I got medical prowess.

(MORE)

EVEREST (CONT'D)
But that knowledge goes *both ways*.
So you tell anyone -- an-y-one --
'bout this exit or that entrance or
anything else you saw tonight? I
will hunt you down and un-heal the
SHIT out of you. You feel me?

PAUL PENG
So you're just gonna LEAVE me here?
With a FUCKING BULLET IN MY NECK?

EVEREST
Hey, you want it, I got something
here might help with the pain.

Everest reaches into the ambulance -- pulls out a GLOCK 19.

Paul Peng BLANCHES.

Then Everest digs deeper... pulls out a PACKET OF TWO ADVIL.

EVEREST (CONT'D)
Compliments of the Artemis,
chingada madre.

Everest SLAMS the doors, and guns the ambulance back home --

CUT TO:

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - LATER

-- as high above them, Waikiki stares at his prone brother,
unconscious on the bed. The nurse is cleaning off, job done.

WAIKIKI
How long before I can move him?

THE NURSE
Two weeks.

WAIKIKI
We've got two hours.

THE NURSE
Then you've got an issue. Because
this guy's drug tolerance...?

She pulls up Honolulu's sleeve. There are red raw TRACK MARKS
in the soft skin between each of his fingers.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
 ...let's say it's unusually high.
 (then)
 I need to take a look at you now.

The nurse affixes a NANITE CUFF to Waikiki's arm, examines her clipboard -- as he stares down at his brother ruefully.

WAIKIKI
 He said he'd cleaned up.

THE NURSE
 Well, he didn't. So you're gonna need a really big shot of painkillers to move him. Like, the kind they give baby elephants.

WAIKIKI
 Right...

THE NURSE
 No, I'm serious. Real baby elephants. Since that Middle East Wall went up, teenagers in Beirut're using it to party 'cos they can't get Western smack. I mean, kudos, but who's the first kid that thinks "I wonder if these jumbo trangs would get me high?".

Waikiki thinks, then:

WAIKIKI
 Maybe the one whose dad's a zookeeper.

THE NURSE
 Huh. You're a smart guy.
 (so...)
 How come you wound up back here?

WAIKIKI
 (gesturing to his brother)
 Family reasons. But, you know -- I really *did* get out for a while.
 (then)
 I'm guessing you hear that a lot.

THE NURSE
 Sure. Though I can usually tell who it's not going to stick for.

WAIKIKI
 Oh yeah? And how's that?

The nurse indicates the place around her. The Artemis.

THE NURSE

They don't stop paying their dues.

Waikiki looks down at his wrist -- rubs the INCISION MARK of his membership chip that he never gave up.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

(looking at his x-ray)

Son, you've got more holes than Donut Time. How many bullets've you taken for this guy?

WAIKIKI

I lost count. It seemed apposite.

The nurse shakes her head, starts to stitch him up.

THE NURSE

(faux idly)

I ever tell you about the dog I had?

WAIKIKI

Um... not that I recall.

THE NURSE

He wasn't a good dog. Never house-trained. Played in traffic. Bit my kid, even. But my husband never had the nerve to put him down, so we just lived with all the shit and blood and broken bones for years. I feel bad saying it, but it was kind of a relief when he went.

(then)

See... there comes a point, if a dog's gonna keep playing in traffic, you just gotta let him get on with it. What's gonna happen will happen. And you definitely don't throw yourself in front of the 18-wheeler that's meant for him. It's tough, but-

WAIKIKI

I get it.

THE NURSE

Good.

WAIKIKI

You're more of a cat person.

She chuckles, indicates a machine next to Honolulu's bed.

THE NURSE

Okay, smart guy -- *this* is a life-support. Handsome needs to be on it for the next three hours or his photocopied liver goes into shock, and then his life, see, will cease to be supported. Clue's in the name.

WAIKIKI

So... three hours. Then we're out?

THE NURSE

That's the best I can do.
(patting his shoulder)
You're a sweet kid. Always welcome, whether you want to be here or not.

WAIKIKI

Does *anyone* want to be here?

THE NURSE

Well that's a much bigger question, now, isn't it honey?

The nurse exits, and the door closes behind her.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse pulls her cardigan sleeves back down and rolls out into the hallway, whose LIGHTS still splutter a little.

Behind her, the door closes heavily --

-- and THREE HEAVY INTERNAL BOLTS clunk into place. The hospital might be old, but the security is cutting edge.

The nurse consults her clipboard, looks down at the last two rooms on her rounds: "NICE" and "ACAPULCO" --

THE NURSE

Well, okay-

DOOT-DOOT

-- but then, an alert tone interrupts her routine. The nurse hits a button on the clipboard and --

ON THE SCREEN:

we see a CCTV image labelled "DOOR #1". It's a man in a bloody tracksuit, hair cut thug-short -- **ILYA FRANKLIN** (28).

ILYA (ON CCTV)
(Russian accent)
Where is nurse?

The nurse frowns, but doesn't answer.

ILYA (ON CCTV) (CONT'D)
(Russian accent)
WHERE IS NURSE?

The nurse hits a SPEAKER BUTTON:

THE NURSE
 (calmly)
 Well, that depends who's asking.

ILYA (ON CCTV)
Ilya Franklin. You know my father.

The nurse stops.

She takes a deep breath.

Her tone changes.

THE NURSE
 Yes I do.
 (then)
 How can I help?

ILYA (ON CCTV)
He is badly hurt. I need you to
hold a room.

THE NURSE
 Is he here?

ILYA (ON CCTV)
Soon.

THE NURSE
 Well I'm real sorry, junior, but
 it's first come first serve. That's
 the rules.

ILYA (ON CCTV)
How about new rule -- you hold room
or I burn you down.

THE NURSE

Look, I get it, you're upset -- but you think Daddy's gonna be happy if you torch his investment?

ILYA (ON CCTV)

You think he will be happy if you give away his fucking room?

The nurse pauses.

THE NURSE

Okay, that's a good point. I guess there's some... privileges. For founders.

ILYA (ON CCTV)

Good. I wait here, secure entrance--

THE NURSE

Junior, we're a goddamn SECRET EMERGENCY ROOM. Murderous-looking young men hanging 'round the hidden entrances is kind of a no-no.

Ilya grits his teeth -- comes CLOSE to the CCTV camera:

ILYA (ON CCTV)

Old lady, I give zero fucks about your secret OR your deal with my father. If he dies, I own you AND your hospital... and I will break you both apart. So... I wait here. Then you -- you fix HIM.

(then)

He coming from Bel Air... GPS says 50 minutes. Be ready.

He steps away from the door. The nurse rubs her eyes --

-- then looks up to see a woman fiddling with her DIGITAL WATCH. This is **NICE** (36).

(It's Nice like the city. "Neece".)

She sits on a *chaise long*, in a bloodied evening dress and a SHOULDER CAST. The cigarette in her mouth is ready to light.

THE NURSE

What a dreamboat, huh?

NICE

(heavy french accent)

My TV exploded.

THE NURSE

We're working on it. But if you
wanna kill yourself even quicker
than the .44 that went through your
shoulder, try sparking up that
Gitanes in my hospital.

NICE

(Parisian shrug)
My TV exploded. What else am going
to do?

THE NURSE

Tell me about that shoulder.

NICE

(more vulnerable now)
It... it still hurts.

The nurse sits next to her, and inspects the bullet wound
underneath the cast. She fishes something out of her bag,
applies it to the wound. Nice WINCES audibly.

THE NURSE

Relax. If I had a dollar for every
bullet hole I'd patched up...
(gesturing around her)
...well, I kind of do.
(casually)
You know, you did a good job here.

NICE

(frowning)
I don't know what you mean.

THE NURSE

Sure you do. I mean one inch lower
and you'd have lost the use of the
arm for good. That's precise work.

NICE

Really, I don't-

THE NURSE

Babe, 85% of what I fix is gun-
related. Entrance angles,
projectile tear, muzzle burn...

As the nurse explains, she MIMES shooting her own shoulder.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

We both know you checked YOURSELF
in here.

NICE
 (beat, then)
 I needed somewhere quiet.
 (re: shoulder shot)
 Though it was more difficult to do
 than I expected. Unnatural.

THE NURSE
 No shit. Listen, I don't care how
 you got here -- but you can relax.
 The Artemis is a real fine place to
 hide. Up here, it's like what's out
 there ain't even happening.

NICE
 That's good.
 (then, Parisian again)
 But what about the TV?

THE NURSE
 (really?)
 Well, there's another one in the TV
 room. Down the corridor, you can't
 miss it -- it's the room with a big
 fucking TV in it.

BEEP BEEP

Nice's CHUNKY WATCH sounds an ALARM. She frowns.

NICE
 Excuse me. I have to make a call.

Nice quickly retires to her bedroom, shutting the door behind
 her, leaving the nurse outside.

THE NURSE
 (to the empty corridor)
 My pleasure, I guess.
 (looking at her clipboard)
 Okay. One more to go.

Then the nurse makes her way off down the hallway --

INT. "NICE" SUITE - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

-- as a beautiful French Riviera fresco frames Nice, who
 makes a bee-line to the bathroom mirror of her suite.

She fishes for something in her pocket:

A CONTACT LENS. She puts it in her eye, stares in the mirror.

NICE
Confirm sync. Secure line.

A WALLET on her bedside table HUMS QUIETLY, as one eye FLICKERS -- the lens now transmitting an OCULAR MESSAGE.

NICE (CONT'D)
2am check in, attention D2T:
(then, reporting)
Due to an intelligence breach, the target was surrounded by ten times more security than expected. And they knew I was coming. Unlike your research division will if they EVER fuck me like this again. Still... the procurement of the moment did not go to plan. But I am remedying that situation. I will be in touch when I can confirm, in just under 50 minutes.
(then)
SEND.

There's a long beat as she waits for a reply.

Nice idly looks around her in the room -- cupboards full of medical equipment. She holds up a thumb up to the latch of one, and the DNA LOCK PRICKS her digit -- but nothing opens.

Then, in her POV, we see TEXT flash up:

*"COMPANY INTELLIGENCE WAS UP-TO-DATE.
COMPROMISE IS ASSET'S RESPONSIBILITY."*

NICE (CONT'D)
Typiche.

*"PLEASE NOTE: IN FAILURE TO COMPLETE JOB, THE COMPANY WILL
NOT BE LIABLE FOR ANY MEDICAL, TRAVEL AND LEGAL COSTS."*

NICE (CONT'D)
Enculés bon marché...

SUBTITLE: *Go fuck yourselves.*

Nice PULLS OUT the contact lens, takes a beat to gather her thoughts.

She clicks her WATCH, checks the time. She seems unflustered by what she sees, then goes to her door, tries the lock:

CLUNK. CLUNK. CLUNK. Those heavy, hi-tech bars.

She frowns -- then her eye follows a THICK ELECTRIC CABLE from the door frame, to the ceiling, out into the corridor.

Nice takes her cigarette from behind her ear, puts it in her mouth, exits the room -- and starts following the lead.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

The nurse knocks briskly on the door of THE ACAPULCO SUITE.

It opens to reveal a guy in an Artemis robe, ponytail, bandaged face, sunglasses at night. This is **ACAPULCO** (49).

ACAPULCO

The TV-

THE NURSE

Yeah, I heard. Cops surged the power, some of the screens blew. There's another one in the TV room.

ACAPULCO

You expect me to, like, watch the news with a bunch of *criminals*?

THE NURSE

Kinda comes with the territory, sport. Let's face it, nobody's here for the decor. Can I come in?

He lets her in grumpily, closes the door quickly behind her.

INT. "ACAPULCO" SUITE - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Acapulco sits in-front of a peeling Caribbean mural. We see FEMALE SCRATCH MARKS on his face. He shifts uncomfortably.

THE NURSE

So how're you feeling?

ACAPULCO

Like some whore knifed me in the back.

THE NURSE

Yeah, that probably smarts.

The nurse picks up her clipboard, swings it around -- shows him a MAP OF HIS OWN BODY. Points to a FLOW OF RED MIST --

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Well, you're healing up okay. See this -- that's the blood-tech-

ACAPULCO

I know how fucking nanites work.

THE NURSE

Got it.

(handing him a pill pot)

Take a couple of these every thirty minutes, okay hotshot? They'll take the sting out the robots skinny-dipping in your spinal fluid.

BOOM

There's an explosion outside, and they both JUMP.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Woah. I remember when cops just handed out tickets and ate ice-cream. Now they've got goddamn rocket launchers.

ACAPULCO

(know-all)

That was an RPG. Listen, are you sure I'm safe in this dump? I mean, like, how do I know the people *in* here aren't part of what's going on out there?

THE NURSE

Every patient is checked for gang affiliation. And... well, they couldn't afford the Artemis even if they knew about it.

ACAPULCO

Good. Good. I mean, that is what we pay for. To be away from them.

The nurse looks troubled by this idea for a beat. Like an itch she can't scratch. But then:

THE NURSE

Yeah, that's what you pay for.

That... and discretion.

(indicating his scratches)

She must've been a strong girl. I guess you paid for that too.

The nurse smiles sarcastically, then exits.

Acapulco goes to say something -- then tuts, and returns to reading the yacht catalogue from his Louis Vuitton bag.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

In the corridor, the nurse leans back against the wall for a beat, closes her eyes.

There's a tiny moment of respite, but then -- her walkie-talkie CRACKLES. She opens one eyelid.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
I'm on the roof. Hope you're happy.

THE NURSE
Tell me it's all okay, tall boy.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
It's all okay.

THE NURSE
Now tell me if you're lying.

EXT. ROOF - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Everest stands under the huge ARTEMIS sign, in front of an OPEN FUSE UNIT. It's SMOKING, having seen better days.

EVEREST
I'm lying. This thing's in trouble.

Overhead: **PROTEC HELICOPTERS** circle.

EVEREST (CONT'D)
Hear that? That's some privatized riot control shit right there.

THE NURSE (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
It'll blow over. I've seen it all before. To everything, turn turn turn...

INT. "LOS ANGELES" SUITE - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse enters her bedroom, pours herself a finger of rye. She reconsiders, pours herself another couple too.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO LOCATIONS FOR CONVERSATION

THE NURSE
...there is a season turn turn
turn.

EVEREST
All I know is that curfew's coming
down, and the whole place gonna be
swarming. Might even have to evac.

THE NURSE
Gimme a break.

EVEREST
I know you don't wanna leave-

THE NURSE
'Cos this is the safest hole-up in
Los Angeles. We're not going to-

WOOP-WOOP-WOOP.

Suddenly, the ALARM SYSTEM makes itself known. The nurse
frowns, looks up at the TV screen.

Her eyes WIDEN.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Woah. Babe, check out Door #4. Are
you seeing what I'm seeing?

ON THE NURSE'S TV:

We see a CCTV feed -- a WOMAN crawling up to one of the
hotel's hidden back doors.

She's bloodied and battered --

-- and wearing a COP UNIFORM.

BEAT-UP COP (ONSCREEN)
LET ME IN! PLEASE, PLEASE, IF YOU
CAN HEAR ME LET ME IN...

EVEREST
(dumb-founded)
That... is some security breach.

BEAT-UP COP (ONSCREEN)
I DON'T KNOW... IF IS THIS THE
PLACE? IT'S ME, MORGAN DANIELS! YOU
REMEMBER? MORGAN DANIELS!
(then, shouting)
MRS. THOMAS, PLEASE!

Suddenly, the nurse's face DARKENS. She DROPS to the bed.

THE NURSE
Oh *brother*.

EVEREST
Did she say your NAME?

The nurse reaches out, sinks a long tug of rye. She inhales deeply, like she's coming up for air.

EVEREST (CONT'D)
You KNOW this chota?

THE NURSE
Give me a second.

The nurse whisks her hand over her clipboard, and pulls up a bookmark: **A HACKED L.A.P.D. DATABASE**

She searches, finds the face of the woman outside:

*SERGEANT MORGAN DANIELS. PASADENA PRECINCT.
COMMUNITY LIAISON FOR DTLA.*

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Okay. We have... a problem.

EVEREST
Well, she ain't OUR problem.

THE NURSE
She might be. See, this gal's not
the first hanger-on we picked up
tonight, sweetchunks.
(then)
Take a look at Door #1.

EXT. ROOF - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Everest frowns, brings up a second CCTV image on his
CLIPBOARD: ILYA, smoking a cigarette, on-guard at DOOR #1.

EVEREST
Do I know this guy?

THE NURSE (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
*Nope. But you've sure as shit heard
of his daddy.*
(then)
It's Orian Franklin.

CUT TO:

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

Waikiki stares at his brother, as the helicopter noise outside finally forces him to stir. His pained red eyes OPEN.

HONOLULU

Sherm?

(panicking, wheezing)

Shit, what's wrong with my chest?!

WAIKIKI

Nurse cut it open. Good news is she left a new liver in there.

HONOLULU

Shit, man. My LIVER-

WAIKIKI

Take it easy-

HONOLULU

You take it easy! I lost my LIVER, Sherm! Why's it always ME that takes the goddamn hit, huh?

WAIKIKI

(with a heavy heart)

Lev, I took a hit the day I came in with you on this. Then I took *three more* trying to drag your sloppy ass out of a job I TOLD you was wrong from the get-go. And that crew-

HONOLULU

They were the best I could get.

WAIKIKI

You know why? 'Cos no-one can *trust* you...

To prove his point, Waikiki pulls up the bedsheet -- revealing the TRACK marks on his hands. Honolulu grimaces.

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)

You told me you cleaned up. Said you needed my help for Diane, for the boys, for your future. That's why I'm HERE, Lev. Not to refill your goddamn arm...

HONOLULU

(trying to appease him)

Listen... okay... I messed up. But I'll get clean now, I swear.

(MORE)

HONOLULU (CONT'D)
 I mean, this is the end of the
 tunnel, right? You got us out! And
 you got the take!

Waikiki nods -- taps his BREAST POCKET.

HONOLULU (CONT'D)
 (dropping his voice)
 And did you get any heat in?

WAIKIKI
 No, 'cos I told you -- that's
 against the rules.

HONOLULU
 Come on, man! I asked you to bring
 some... you gotta look after me!

Waikiki dry-washes his face. Then, reluctantly --

-- he pulls out a white paper CREDIT CARD.

WAIKIKI
 This do?

HONOLULU
 (relieved)
 Ah, there he is. Sherman Atkins,
 always the smartest guy in the
 room.

WAIKIKI
 'Cos I'm always in a fucking room
 with you.
 (shaking his head)
 This is the last time, Lev. And the
 last time I say "the last time".
 (getting up)
 I need some coffee.

Waikiki exits, leaving his brother alone. The door SLAMS
 SHUT, and the three bolts SLAM into place.

CUT TO:

INT. "LOS ANGELES" SUITE - NIGHT

ON HER HOLO-SCREENS:

The nurse looks at MORGAN, huddled in one doorway --

-- then back to Ilya, pacing around the building towards her.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
THE Orian Franklin?

THE NURSE
Uh-huh.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
The one blew up a school bus in
Watts to make a point to the Crips?

THE NURSE
Yup.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
The one splashed the Deputy Major
of Beverly Hills last Christmas?

THE NURSE
I mean, he didn't do it himself-

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
The Orian Franklin who FUNDS this
place?

THE NURSE
Yeah.
(then)
Yeah, that's the one.

The nurse clicks through the cameras -- Ilya is checking out
DOOR #2 now. The others will be next...

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
You need to go get that girl.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Serio? No fuckin' way.

THE NURSE
That blatnoy's all over our
building. If he finds her out there-

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
-it ain't NOTHING on what happens
if he finds her in HERE! I mean,
for thirty years you never let a
single person in wasn't a member!
Never broke the rules, and it kept
this place safe that whole time. So
why pick TONIGHT?

The nurse looks at MORGAN THE COP'S eyes. Pleading to camera.

THE NURSE
Thirty-two. It's been thirty-two
years.

Then -- the lights SHORT OUT, and the image disappears.

EXT. ROOF - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

In front of Everest, the FUSE BOX is on fire. Everest
scrambles for a FIRE EXTINGUISHER, coats the fire.

EVEREST
*Maldita sea... they're EMP-ing the
block, blowing all the tech out...*

THE NURSE (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
*Big guy, if we go dark we're DEAD
MEAT. We'll lose Honolulu. And
Niagara's gonna need juice too.*

EVEREST
Okay, there's some stuff I can do --
re-route the G9s, hotwire the grid.
Gimme a little time.

THE NURSE (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
You're a doll.

EVEREST
Yeah I am. Just forget about the
cop, will you?

INT. "LOS ANGELES" SUITE - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse stares long and hard at where the holo-screen used
to be. She picks up the bottle of Rye --

THE NURSE
Forget about the cop, he says.

-- next to the PHOTO from earlier (which we still don't see).

The nurse stares at it, takes a big swig and some pills --

-- then pulls the folded photograph OUT OF ITS FRAME.

Then, the nurse POCKETS both the bottle and the picture.
Finally, she pick up her doctor's bag, her hands shaking --

-- and exits with purpose.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

Nice limps into the what used to be a BILLIARDS ROOM -- all dusty leather and oil paintings. Nowadays, as advertised: there's also a big fucking TV in the corner.

NEWS ANCHOR (OVER FOOTAGE)
...the worst instance of gang warfare in Californian history, due to the combined forces of black and Latino groups, from Avalon Bloods through Big Hazzard to Rollin' 30.

NEWS PUNDIT (OVER FOOTAGE)
Mob rule, Julie. But these animals are about to be put down... by PROFESSIONALS-

Nice's eye follows that CABLE to the window, where it PUNCHES through the wall, and snakes up the metal FIRE EXIT LADDER.

ACAPULCO (O.S.)
 Nice.

She turns to see the guy in an Artemis robe, sunglasses on, watching TV in an armchair.

He smirks lasciviously.

ACAPULCO (CONT'D)
 I said "Nice".

NICE
 It's pronounced "neece".

ACAPULCO
 I was talking about your ass, not your room allocation.

NICE
 Fuck off.

ACAPULCO
 See, even *that* sounds hot with the accent. Say something-WOAH!

BOOM.

There's an explosion outside, and Acapulco visibly JUMPS.

Nice can't help but smirk at his reaction.

ACAPULCO (CONT'D)

You think that shit out there's
funny?

(then)

The Bazalt 500s those ass-hats are
slinging are fierce, and none of
'em can aim for shit.

NICE

Ah. That aftershave. Shiny suit.
Hair gel. You're an arms dealer.

ACAPULCO

There something wrong with that?
You think you don't need ME to do
what YOU do?

NICE

You don't know what I do.

ACAPULCO

You're in here, right? I highly
doubt you're a fucking Au Pair.

(coming towards her)

You know, I've had ENOUGH of taking
it from nasty snatch like you
tonight. You're in MY town, doing
some low-ball job... and you
patronize ME? You're a street taco
and I'm a 20-ounce sirloin. You're
a housemaid with a handgun, but I
OWN THE FUCKING MANSION, get it? So
show me some goddamn RESPECT!

Nice sighs -- indicates the COLLAR of his shirt.

NICE

Your spray tan is running.

ACAPULCO

You stuck-up Eurotrash cu-

CLINK

In the corner, the coffee pot makes a noise as it sits back
on its holder -- and both of them turn to see WAIKIKI.

WAIKIKI

Oh hey. Don't mind me.

ACAPULCO

The fuck do you want, bro?

WAIKIKI

(walking over)

Well, "bro"... since you ask. What I want is a vacation. And to get out of this place. A few less bullet holes would be nice. Some decent scotch. And my ex-wife to remarry, 'cos it wasn't her fault and she's a sweet girl, you know? But right now... right now all I want is a hot cup of coffee.

(turning to Nice, aside)

How're you doing, "Nice"?

He hands Nice a second COFFEE CUP, and she smiles.

NICE

Hello "Waikiki". I thought you were done?

WAIKIKI

Apparently not.

ACAPULCO

Oh, you know each other, huh? You a knight in shiny armor, bro, gonna protect her honor or some shit?

Waikiki and Nice look at each other for a beat -- then both BURST into laughter.

WAIKIKI

Oh, man. If you knew this lady -- knew what she could do to you with just that *coffee mug*? -- you would sit your ass down and keep yourself to yourself. Because I'm a professional -- but this lady is THE BUSINESS.

NICE

À votre bon cœur, Sherman.

WAIKIKI

You got it. Now... this hot cup of coffee's getting cold. And a cold cup of coffee ain't on my list.

(then)

Play nice.

Waikiki nods to Nice, then takes his coffee and exits.

ACAPULCO

Yeah, you run away, bro.

WAIKIKI
 (over his shoulder)
 Believe me, "bro", if I could run
 away, I would've done it already.

Acapulco turns back to Nice, who raises an eyebrow --
 RATTLES her coffee mug at him pseudo-menacingly --

-- then heads out into the corridor with a disdainful tut, as
 Acapulco drops to his seat, WINCING at the pain.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
*...it's official. The curfew has
 begun. As of now, the city of Los
 Angeles is on ProTec lockdown.*

Acapulco pulls out a SMALL METAL BALL -- which he SQUEEZES.
 CLICK. It suddenly transforms into a HOLOGRAPHIC CELLPHONE.

BURBANK AERONAUTIC OPERATOR (ON PHONE)
Good evening, Burbank Aeronautic.

ACAPULCO
 This is Hampton Stone. I need a
 Sikorsky in downtown STAT.

BURBANK AERONAUTIC OPERATOR
 Downtown? Sir-

ACAPULCO
 I KNOW THERE'S A RIOT BUT I'M A
 PLATINUM MEMBER SO DO IT OKAY??

ANGLE ON NICE

Listening in, just outside the door -- and deeply intrigued.

BURBANK AERONAUTIC OPERATOR (O.S.)
*Yes, sir. Sorry... I can have
 something within the hour.*

Nice checks her watch. Her eyes narrow.

NICE
 Cela pourrait fonctionner.

SUBTITLE: *That could work.*

Then she looks at the coffee in her hand -- and SMILES.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

The nurse is jumpy -- takes a swig from her Rye bottle as she paces down the dimly-lit corridor, bag in SHAKING HAND.

Suddenly, Waikiki appears from the TV room.

He sees the nurse and nods -- as she HIDES THE BOTTLE in her cardigan.

THE NURSE

Ah... how's that patient?

WAIKIKI

Alive. Annoying. Standard.

THE NURSE

I meant to say... you might want to let him know that his favorite hobby and a new liver ain't gonna mix well. He'll wanna ease up.

WAIKIKI

I'll tell him. But you know how much he likes playing in traffic.
(then, concerned)
You okay? You're breathing funny.

THE NURSE

Just... I got a touch of asthma.

BOOM

Another explosion rocks the building. Waikiki frowns.

WAIKIKI

You *sure* you're not worried? What if the gangs find us? Or the cops?

THE NURSE

Son, I've got a bonesaw and a recurring coldsore my ex-husband gave me from sleeping with some hairdresser. The only thing worries me is what I'll do to anyone who even TRIES to break into my hospital.

WAIKIKI

Huh. Well... okay then.

He nods respectfully, heads towards the BAR AREA.

The nurse fills her lungs -- takes a last SWIG OF RYE -- puts the bottle down quickly behind an old vase --

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- then quickly enters the MAINTENANCE DOOR, which is it turns out is actually:

A SECRET ELEVATOR

The nurse steps inside the old-fashioned cage, and it SWAYS and BUCKLES queasily -- clearly old and seldom-used.

The nurse punches a button, and the elevator starts moving. She holds out a hand. The shaking has gotten worse.

THE NURSE
(to herself)
Okay, girl. You can do this.

She quickly pulls headphones out of her pocket, presses PLAY.

MUSIC KICKS IN FOR THE WHOLE SEQUENCE:

"California Soul" by Marlena Shaw

The nurse starts nodding her head. Humming intently. We follow the elevator down into --

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- an industrial tunnel. The nurse uses her clipboard to navigate the system that keeps The Artemis secret:

A SERIES OF TUNNELS extending out from the basement of the hotel to different blocks around Downtown.

The nurse is hyperventilating now as she paces onwards, the song BUILDING in her ears.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND EXIT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Then -- we see BACK DOOR #4 up ahead. A gurney, first-aid kit, blankets sit by the entrance, ready for use.

The nurse is sweating, her breathing heavy. Her music is still playing LOUD, as she tries to give herself confidence.

She pulls out a PILL POT, throws some beta-blockers back.

Then, she grits her teeth, and PULLS OPEN THE DOOR to reveal:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ALLEYWAY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A dark alleyway, festering with trash and detritus --

-- with the RED MIST and VIOLENCE of the riot visible in the distance. A Bosch-ian hell creeping closer.

And there, a few feet away in a dark pool of blood --

SERGEANT MORGAN DANIELS (40). Barely conscious.

The nurse pauses --

-- then RIPS out her earphones, and the SONG ENDS ABRUPTLY. The roar of diegetic sound crashes back in.

IN THE NURSE'S POV:

we see the doorway. But she just can't cross the threshold. Can't even make her feet work to take her outside.

THE NURSE

Shit.

(then)

Hey, you! You... hear me?

The cop's eyes open briefly. The Nurse quickly pulls THE PHOTO from her cardigan pocket.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

See... this? Who... is it?

MORGAN

(confused)

I... ugh...

THE NURSE

COME ON. What's... his name?

MORGAN

(squinting)

Beau. It's... Beau.

The nurse almost gasps. She closes her eyes.

It's a name she hasn't heard for a very long time.

BANG BANG

-- out of nowhere, the nurse is BROUGHT BACK by the gunshots. She looks up to see TWO GANG MEMBERS running towards them.

RICARDO
Hey, old lady!

The nurse desperately GRABS the blanket off the gurney next to her in the tunnel --

-- then throws it over Morgan's COP UNIFORM as **TARIQ** (18) and **RICARDO** (16) approach.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
What the fuck going on here?

THE NURSE
This girl... she's hurt.

TARIQ
Sounds like you caught some of that
tear gas shit. They comin' this
way, you gotta-

RICARDO
Woah. Wait up.

Ricardo has seen the DOCTOR'S BAG.

The nurse spots him clock it, leaps for the bag -- but she's TOO LATE. He picks it up and his eyes WIDEN.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
Like a CVS in here.

TARIQ
Give it back to her-

RICARDO
We got a WHOLE lot of niggas
hurtin', son. An' I don't see this
lady helping *them*.

THE NURSE
(trying to stand)
I'm not on... anyone's side.
What'd'you... need?

Ricardo's bravado DROPS for a beat --

RICARDO
Serious?

The nurse nods.

Ricardo suddenly looks like a little kid, as he lifts up his t-shirt -- to reveal a bloodied MESS underneath.

RICARDO (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I, like, got clipped.

THE NURSE
(gesturing for the bag)
May I?
(Ricardo hands it over)
I got... something that'll help.

RICARDO
Th-thanks... they ain't letting
ambulances-

BANG

A shot suddenly TAKES OUT Ricardo's chest, and he slams to the ground. The nurse and Tariq look around --

-- to see **THREE PROTEC RIOT SOLDIERS**, weapons raised.

PROTEC TEAM LEADER
You two! Face down, hands on heads!

Tariq doesn't miss a beat -- and BOLTS down an alley. SHOTS FIRE OUT, but he's gone. The troopers advance on the nurse.

PROTEC TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)
You! I said on the ground NOW!
(checking the body)
Who is this? Did you see them kill her?

THE NURSE
No. I'm just... trying to help-

PROTEC TEAM LEADER
There's a curfew. You're breaking the law.

THE NURSE
I'm a... sixty-four year-old woman!
You think... I'm gonna riot?

PROTEC TEAM LEADER
This don't add up. Get her to the truck.

THE NURSE
No! I've got people to look after!

PROTEC TEAM LEADER
She says one more word, cuff her.
(to the nurse)
(MORE)

PROTEC TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)
You hear that, lady? Time to shut
your fucking mouth-

SMASH

A SHOPPING CART SWIPES THE TROOPERS OUT OF SHOT.

PULL BACK to reveal EVEREST -- swinging the cart like a club.

EVEREST
Show some respect.

The Protec trooper, on the ground, raises his gun, but --

EVEREST (CONT'D)
Nope.

-- Everest upends the cart, SLAMS the front down onto his
helmeted face, twice, really hard. He's not getting up soon.

As the PROTEC TEAM LEADER aims his weapon, Everest FLIPS the
cart -- and CRASHES it on top of him. His head and shoulders
are TRAPPED INSIDE the upside-down cart. Everest ROARS --

-- and PUSHES the cart backwards into the alley wall. The
Team Leader SLAMS against the wall, ricochets forwards --

-- then his face SMASHES into the front inside of the cart's
metal. He drops to the ground, reeling.

Everest casually DROPS THE CART on him, knocking him out.

THE NURSE
E, I'm so-

EVEREST
Inside. Now.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Door #4 closes, and Everest throws Morgan onto a gurney.

The nurse slumps to the floor, still finding it hard to
breathe, as Everest double bolts the door, then checks
through the observation panel that they weren't seen.

EVEREST
Okay... now you say it.

THE NURSE
I'm sorry.

EVEREST
You broke the rules.

THE NURSE
I had my reasons, okay big man?
Please, just help me up-

EVEREST
Looks like you need to sit-

THE NURSE
She's bleeding out. *Help me up.*

A reluctant Everest lifts the nurse, and she holds onto the gurney gingerly -- then starts wheeling it to the elevator.

EVEREST
Wait, we're taking her *inside*?
She's a COP-

THE NURSE
She's a *patient*. With, I'm
guessing, a ruptured spleen, maybe
some bone in the lungs.
Inhalation's real tetchy too.
(then)
Come on.

Everest follows her reluctantly into the BACK-DOOR ELEVATOR --

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- and then he hits the button. Creaky hydraulics kick in.

EVEREST
(tutting)
This thing on its last legs.

There's a beat of silence, then:

EVEREST (CONT'D)
So. You tried to go outside for
her.

The nurse nods.

EVEREST (CONT'D)
How long's it been?

The nurse shrugs.

EVEREST (CONT'D)
'Cos I make it two years.

THE NURSE
Little longer maybe.

EVEREST
And how'd it work out?

The nurse holds up a hand. Still shaking.

THE NURSE
Couldn't even get out the door.
(then)
It's my own fault, you know? I let
it get this far.

EVEREST
(softer now)
So maybe this is a good thing. I
keep telling you-

THE NURSE
I'm old, sweetheart. It's too late
to change. Or too hard.
(then)
I am what I am.

EVEREST
I could help-

THE NURSE
You *do*, babe.
(smiling)
So long as you're around to pick up
the dry cleaning and swing by
Famous Ed's for a handle of Rye,
why'd I ever need to leave?

EVEREST
That *ain't* what I meant.

THE NURSE
I know.

The elevator CRUNCHES to a halt -- as the nurse snaps to,
energized to be back in her haven.

EVEREST
We AIN'T done on this.

THE NURSE
Sure we are.
(then)
Okay, here's the plan. We get her
to my room, fix her up, then get
her straight back out of Dodge.
(MORE)

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Or back into Dodge. Whatever. I
don't even care if she ever wakes
up.

EVEREST
How far out's Niagara?

THE NURSE
About twenty-five minutes.

EVEREST
You can fix her that fast?

THE NURSE
I have to.

EVEREST
This... all this a *big* risk. If
people find out we brought a cop in
that's the end of this place. We'll
never see another patient.

THE NURSE
I know, babe.

EVEREST
And if it's *Niagara* finds out that
we brought a cop in, it's the end
of us too. *Meurto*. No question. Not
even I can stop that happening.

THE NURSE
I *know*, babe.

The nurse studies her clipboard -- a MAP of the building,
where everyone's MEMBER CHIP SIGNALS show their positions.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Look, the chips say everyone's
where they should be. We've got a
window. Let's tango.

Everest hesitates -- then helps her anyway.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse and Everest push the gurney into the corridor, as
suddenly, Morgan REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, and moans loudly.

THE NURSE
(to Everest)
Sedative.

Everest throws the nurse a Tranq pen, and she jabs her patient's neck -- then strokes her forehead soothingly --

-- as ACAPULCO exits the TV room ahead.

EVEREST

Shit.

THE NURSE

Okay, into Honolulu. *Now now now.*

Everest SWINGS the gurney into the Honolulu suite door --

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- and in the darkness, the nurse and Everest wait nervously.

There's a beat -- then we hear Honolulu's DRUGGED-OUT SNORE.

EVEREST

(sotto)

You got lucky.

THE NURSE

Actually, I got a doctorate and a couple of medical degrees.

(holding up clipboard)

Heart-rate says handsome here's unconscious, and heat sensors showed his brother's in the bar.

On the gurney, Morgan's eyes open, truly confused...

MORGAN

Mrs. Thomas?

THE NURSE

Not for a long time.

(smiling)

Hey, Morgan. How's the folks?

Morgan's eyes MELT BACK into unconsciousness, as the pain killers kick in.

The nurse turns, checks on Honolulu's VITALS. Exhales softly.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

At least something's going right tonight. Two more hours and this guy's liver should be fully cooked.

EVEREST

He the least of our problems.

THE NURSE

They're ALL our problems, babe. You
know that. Now, grab the walking
L.S., then do me a favor-
(re: Morgan's chest)
-squeeze down on her arterial
valve, wouldya? She's kind of-

The nurse stares at the cops's face. Triggering a memory.

Then, out of nowhere, she loses her balance.

EVEREST

You okay? You need to rest?

THE NURSE

(shaking it off)
What? No, not at all. What I need
to do is work.

And with that, they EXIT the Honolulu suite, pushing the
gurney and the WALKING LIFE SUPPORT MACHINE with them.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BAR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Waikiki sits at the old bar, drinking his coffee. The place
is themed like an OCEAN LINER, transporting its guests to the
various locations that make up each penthouse suite.

He stares at a FOUNTAIN PEN in his hand; turning it in his
fingers -- creating a sound like a tiny rain stick.

NICE (O.S.)

"Waikiki".

Waikiki looks up to see Nice at the door.

WAIKIKI

"Nice". You choose that name
yourself?

NICE

The nurse. *Évidemment*.

Nice sits down at the bar -- then speculatively puts a HALF-
DRUNK BOTTLE OF RYE between them.

NICE (CONT'D)

I found this in the corridor. I
think that old lady, you know-

She mimes "likes a drink". Then -- Nice checks her watch.

NICE (CONT'D)
I have a little time. You?

Waikiki smiles, empties his coffee cup and passes it to Nice, who fills it with whiskey -- then fills her own cup too.

WAIKIKI
Pleasant surprise, seeing you here.
It's been, what, 3 years?

NICE
That Dark Room in D.C...

WAIKIKI
Baron House.

NICE
What a shithole.

WAIKIKI
You think everywhere's a shithole.

NICE
Not true. Have you been to The
Dressler in Berlin?

WAIKIKI
You know I only work domestic.

NICE
You need to travel more. It's the
most luxurious D.R. you've ever
seen. I mean, the towels-

She lifts her hand, revealing a partially-missing digit.

NICE (CONT'D)
-almost worth losing a finger for.

WAIKIKI
Don't be dramatic. You got a good
half a finger left there. Maybe
even two-thirds.

Nice smiles, as Waikiki nods to the TWENTY SMALL INCISIONS that decorate her wrist.

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)
Been working all over, huh?

NICE

(with a shrug)

Not everyone trusts a woman to do the work, so I have to travel. Take what I can. Even jobs I should not.

WAIKIKI

That's how you wound up here?

Nice exhales tetchily -- then picks up WAIKIKI'S PEN from the bar. She draws on the napkin quickly --

NICE

One mark, six guards. That was the intel. But I get there and then-

She holds up the napkin -- a BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the room with TWENTY markers for assailants, the target etc.

WAIKIKI

That's a three-person job minimum. Why'd you go in alone?

NICE

My fault. I thought if I pull this off, I cash out. Quit the life, do some consultancy, see my kid more-

WAIKIKI

How is she?

NICE

Bigger. Living with her grandmere. Sings all the time, apparently.

(then)

I miss her.

WAIKIKI

Must get lonely out there.

NICE

Sure. But... perhaps better than relying on other people.

WAIKIKI

Oh yeah.

(then)

So wait... did you complete?

Nice looks at him. Thinks about telling him the truth. But her pride, and her plans, mean that she can't. So she lies.

NICE

Of course. And your job?

WAIKIKI

I think, yeah... we got enough. To cash out, I mean.

NICE

(smiling)

Sant , Waikiki. Congratulations.

WAIKIKI

You too, Nice. Wow. Big moment.

They CLINK and DRINK, holding eye contact --

-- as in the background, THE NURSE and EVEREST see their moment, and speed past towards the Los Angeles suite.

CUT TO:

INT. "LOS ANGELES" SUITE - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The door SMASHES open, and they rush Morgan inside. Everest starts up the LIFE SUPPORT, RAMS a feed into Morgan's arm.

The nurse's clipboard BLEEPs, and she looks at DOOR #4. Ilya reaches it -- pistol in hand, oblivious to the cop that was lying there not ten minutes earlier.

The nurse breathes deeply -- they did it.

THE NURSE

Okay, Everest. We've got twenty minutes, tops.

(then)

Microwave scalpel, set to 2 inches please. Chop, chop.

Everest hands the nurse a SMALL MEDICAL WAND. She picks up a piece of paper, HOLDS IT an inch from the wand -- *nothing*.

But as she moves it out to TWO INCHES, the paper IGNITES.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Aaaaand we're off.

As she goes in to OPERATE, a SIREN sounds outside.

ON THE TV SCREEN:

an M1A1 Abrams TANK rolls over the 6th Street Bridge. The ticker reads: "MARTIAL LAW IN FULL EFFECT".

EVEREST

Looks like they bringing in tanks
and shit now.

THE NURSE

(operating)

So drop the blast shields, then get
me some more suction. This kid's
belly's like the goddamn Campbell
Soup factory and I'm real fond of
this Persian rug...

Everest HITS SOME BUTTONS on the nurse's clipboard --

VOOOOM

-- and METAL PLATES slide down behind the windows. He rushes
to the nurse's aid, grabbing the suction catheter as he goes.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD BAR - HOTEL - NIGHT

VOOOOM

Waikiki and Nice's mugs VIBRATE as the metal plates descend.
Nice looks up from DOODLING on her napkin...

WAIKIKI

I guess we're here for the night.

He pours them another. Nice hesitates --

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)

C'mon -- Percocet and bourbon? It's
your favorite.

NICE

L'apéro des champions.

She glances at her watch. Grimaces... then looks up at him.

NICE (CONT'D)

Okay, one more. *Vite.*

WAIKIKI

So... my Mom always said never ask
a lady her age or her score. But
when do you collect?

NICE

Ah... tomorrow. In Michigan.

WAIKIKI

Detroit mafia, huh? So the target was K-Town Triads? Or those Russians... the Tsars? I hear they're taking over L.A. like they did in London.

NICE

(miming a locked mouth)
I cannot say, Sherman. Non-Disclosure Agreement.

WAIKIKI

Oooh -- wet work's so fancy.

NICE

No, just corporate. And increasingly unpleasant.

Nice pulls a slim vintage wallet out her pocket -- opens it to reveal a TINY RECEIVER.

WAIKIKI

See, that thing? *That's* fancy.

NICE

They paid an extra three hundred thousand for me to wear this. To look into the target's eyes while I slit his throat, and record it so they can watch it back later.

(then)

"Take your time" they said. "Enjoy it" they said.

WAIKIKI

Jesus. That *is* unpleasant.

NICE

That's why I need to get out.

FROM OUTSIDE: we hear an AIR-RAID-STYLE SIREN BLARE.

WAIKIKI

Those kids... they're tearing this goddamn city apart.

NICE

But you are safe here, no?

WAIKIKI

Maybe. Or maybe I'm trapped. Depends how you look it.

NICE

So do you have an exit strategy?

Waikiki pulls a GARAGE CLICKER type-device from his pocket.

WAIKIKI

I mean, sure. Nothing fancy. I just stashed a fake-out nearby, set up like it's trashed so nobody gets sticky with it. Soon as I can move Lev, we're there.

NICE

(with admiration)

You think things through. That's the difference between you and me.

WAIKIKI

Getting out's always tougher than getting in, right?

(then, slowly)

Hey, ah, listen... I lost my safe man tonight. And the car fits four people. So, y'know...

NICE

What?

WAIKIKI

I mean, job crossover, that's asking for trouble. But seeing as we're both getting out anyway... there's a place if you want it.

NICE

(genuinely touched)

That's... very kind of you.

WAIKIKI

Um... no big deal. Corner of 5th and Stanford, just in case.

NICE

Merci, Sherman. But I too have a plan. For once.

Nice leans in -- holds his shoulders -- kisses him gently on both cheeks. A tiny beat of something close to romance.

Then -- *BEEP BEEP* -- Nice's WATCH goes off.

NICE (CONT'D)

Merde. I... need a cigarette.

She gets up to leave urgently, heads for the door.

WAIKIKI

(surprised)

You set your alarm to tell you when
you need a smoke? That's so fuckin'
French.

NICE

(turning back for a beat)

Look, I may have to leave before
you. If so... au revoir, Sherman.

WAIKIKI

Um, okay. Sure. See you around.

(then)

Wait. We're out the game. Maybe...
we won't see each other around?

She TAPS her breast pocket, where her heart is.

NICE

That would be a shame.

She plucks the CIGARETTE from behind her ear, and exits.

Waikiki looks after her, truly confused. But then --

-- he feels something in his own breast pocket. Sees that
Nice has put the NAPKIN in there when they embraced.

He opens it up, sees the map of the HIT. Then he flips it
over -- to see **a message written in Nice's handwriting:**

You should travel more...

*Cafe Des Artistes
231 Avenue Souvenirs
Saint-Rémy-de-Provence
FRANCE*

Waikiki frowns to himself. He tucks the napkin back in his
pocket -- then returns to his whiskey.

Maybe things are going to be okay.

CUT TO:

INT. "LOS ANGELES" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

CRUNCH

The nurse puts a final staple into Morgan's BELLY, and then stands back from the table, shattered now.

THE NURSE

What a mess. They stomped on her like they were making Merlot.

EVEREST

She's a cop. In a riot-

THE NURSE

She's community liaison. It's her job to be out there.

EVEREST

Oh. That how she knew about *us*?

THE NURSE

I don't know. Maybe she heard something, put it together...

(hesitant)

I know her from back in the day.

EVEREST

The day *before* this place?

Morgan COUGHS and her eyes open, coming to finally.

THE NURSE

Easy, girl.

MORGAN

You... you helped me?

THE NURSE

Sure. It's kind of what I do.

MORGAN

(squinting)

This place...

THE NURSE

What's that?

MORGAN

Thought it... was a myth.

THE NURSE

Good. 'Cos once we get you back outside, that's exactly what you're gonna think all over again.

Morgan looks around at all the hi-tech equipment, as the nurse FINISHES CLEANING UP around her stitches.

MORGAN

All this... it's for... criminals?

THE NURSE

The ones who can afford it, yeah.

MORGAN

(genuine, fuzzy)

Why?

THE NURSE

(taken aback)

Um, well, there's plenty people out there to patch up the good guys. Someone has to look after the rest.

MORGAN

But... *why*?

The nurse stares at her, like it's a simple question she can't actually answer: why DOES she fix these people?

THE NURSE

It's a long story. Listen, we don't have time to catch up. I'm gonna let these staples take hold, then we'll get you out of here... but you're going to have to be REAL careful. And to be clear: I just fixed the cute gal who ran a lemonade stand and came for sleepovers at my house. I did NOT fix a cop. Because I don't do that. Capish?

MORGAN

I... understand.

(then)

I'm sorry... about everything.

THE NURSE

(cutting her off)

We all were. That's just how it goes. I don't want to go into it-

(then)

I gotta keep running.

The nurse picks up her bag, checks her clipboard, then turns matter-of-factly to Everest.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Niagara's five minutes out -- I need to prep that room. Wait for my cue, then get her out pronto.

EVEREST

Yes, nurse.

Then she sweeps out of the room, closing the door behind her.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse steps into the corridor, fighting something back.

Hyperventilating, like when she goes outside. She shakes her head, puts in her HEADPHONES. Presses PLAY.

HER MUSIC KICKS IN:

"One Way Glass" by Manfred Mann

She STRIDES towards the lobby, focused on HER ROUTINE:

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

First, the nurse grabs the LAST KEY from the hotel room hooks -- the one that reads "Niagara".

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE UP of the hotel suite door. The nurse unlocks it -- and three sets of heavy steel bars shoot back into the frame.

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Then she lets herself into the final suite -- the magnificent fresco behind her is a faded version of a VAST WATERFALL.

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA" BATHROOM - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Then she places a new toothbrush in the holder, next to a fresh pot of Percocet.

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The nurse plumps a pillow, busies herself. But then --

THE NURSE

Shit. C'mon, Jeanie... not now.

She can't help it.

The nurse sits down hard on the bed, like she's just realized that she's incredibly tired.

Then, almost against her own will, she slowly takes the CRUMPLED PHOTOGRAPH out of her pocket.

We finally see it:

The nurse, 35 years ago. She's crouched next to a 10-year-old boy. Their arms are around each other, SHOULDER TO SHOULDER. Smiling in the L.A. dawn.

VOOOOM

Metal blast shields go down around the room's windows, but the nurse barely notices.

She stares at her son a while longer, framed by the backdrop of the huge waterfall behind her.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - HOTEL - NIGHT

KSSSSK

CLOSE UP on Nice, finally taking a DRAG of her cigarette, as she checks her watch impatiently.

Next to her is the PANEL of the FUSE BOX that the CABLES led to -- which has clearly been KICKED OPEN.

And behind her is the FULL DEVASTATION the riots are wreaking on Downtown. Buildings burn. Helicopter searchlights...

ACAPULCO (O.S.)

Oh, GREAT.

Nice turns to see a surly-looking ACAPULCO. She frowns -- and steps in front of the BUST-OPEN ELECTRICAL PANEL.

NICE

You're on my roof.

ACAPULCO

Whatever. I just wanna get out of here.

He holds up his CELL-PHONE -- and we see the HOLOGRAPHIC MAP, with a small HELICOPTER ICON heading across the city to DTLA.

NICE

Your helicopter is early.

ACAPULCO

That's what happens when you've got a platinum card.

(then)

How'd you know about the chopper?

NICE

You're American. You speak too loud.

ACAPULCO

Yeah, yeah. You know, baby girl, if you'd been even a TEENSY bit nicer, I might be offering you a ride out of here right now.

NICE

That's funny. You see, I wasn't going to ask your permission.

(sighing)

The timing is all wrong now anyway.

ACAPULCO

The fuck does that mean?

Nice shrugs, and throws her cigarette off the edge -- then SPOTS SOMETHING BELOW that makes her stop in her tracks.

A CORTEGE of black SUVs parking up down the street.

Nice looks at her watch, and nods appreciatively.

NICE

Bon. At least *someone* is on time.

Acapulco looks down, and they both stare and the procession.

ACAPULCO

What's THIS shit now?

NICE

Voilà... comment il se termine.

SUBTITLE: *This... is how it ends.*

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA SUITE" - HOTEL - NIGHT

BEEP BEEP BEEP

Suddenly, the nurse's clipboard rings an alert. She sits up and looks at the CCTV feed.

ON THE CLIPBOARD SCREEN:

Ilya and SEVERAL HENCHMEN pile in through Door #1, make their way to the central elevators. Carrying an unseen figure...

The nurse stuffs the photograph back into her pocket, picks up her doctor's bag, addressing her WALKIE-TALKIE urgently:

THE NURSE
Niagara's here.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Finally. What we expecting?

THE NURSE
Code Red. Message I've got suggests
there's a lotta blood.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Ain't there always?

THE NURSE
I didn't want to burst their
bubble, make 'em think they weren't
special. They're on the way up...
the moment we check Niagara in, get
that gal out of here, will ya?

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
My pleasure.

THE NURSE
And make sure those staples are
bound and protected -- she's right
on the edge.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Yes nurse.

She clicks off, then stands and looks at herself in the mirror. Game face back on.

Then the nurse picks up her bag, exits the room. Relieved, clearly, to have the life-long distraction of her work.

CUT TO:

INT. "LOS ANGELES" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

Everest looks down at Morgan, who STIRS on the gurney -- and we see that she's wearing a PLASTIC CASE around her torso.

The orderly INJECTS her with something blue.

EVEREST

Time to go.

MORGAN

Go where?

EVEREST

Back to the real world. Gotta get you juiced up on adrenal and a little amp so we can keep your system working-

MORGAN

Wait, how'm I gonna explain *amphetamine...* to my Lieutenant?

EVEREST

The hell do I care? Don't even know why she let you *in* here.

MORGAN

I... I knew her kid. You know what happened to him, right?

EVEREST

(disinterested)

Nope.

MORGAN

She never even mentioned him?

Everest's eyes narrow, and he drops his face down to Morgan's. Speaking with gravity now.

EVEREST

Lady, this place got rules -- and they *all* about secrets. How you got here. How I did. The nurse too. The rules keep the outside world outside. That's how it works.

(then)

(MORE)

EVEREST (CONT'D)
So the question I got is can YOU
keep a secret?

MORGAN
Of course-

EVEREST
You sure, "sergeant"? I mean,
there's a big promotion in the
information you holding now-

MORGAN
I wouldn't do that... to her.

Everest looks at her -- then nods.

EVEREST
Good answer.
(then)
Check out time.

And with that, Everest hoists Morgan onto a WHEELCHAIR.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - HOTEL - NIGHT

Nice and Acapulco both look over the edge of the roof, down
at the BLACK SUVs.

ACAPULCO
That's a hotel entrance, right?
Must be someone important.

NICE
It is.

ACAPULCO
And how would you know?

NICE
Because I only kill important
people.

ACAPULCO
Wait... this guy was your target?
(grinning)
You must be kind of shitty at your
job, sweetheart. I mean, it looks
like he has a LOT of people, maybe
too much for one little skank...

Nice stands up.

NICE

You are right. He had more security than I anticipated. So... I improvised.

(turning to face him)

You see, none of his "people" are members. Just him. Tu comprends?

Acapulco looks alarmed, as what she's saying dawns on him:

ACAPULCO

You put your fucking *target* here-?

NICE

(smiling)

Oui. Tu comprends.

SMASH

Nice suddenly GRABS the back of his hair --

-- KICKS his LEGS out from under him --

-- then SLAMS Acapulco's head down onto the edge of the building, KNOCKING him unconscious.

She stares at him on the ground with some satisfaction. Then Nice stands up -- and turns her attention to THE FUSE BOX.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR RECEPTION - HOTEL - NIGHT

THE NURSE

stands patiently at the elevators, like so many times before. Clipboard, doctor's bag... safe behind her hi-tech cage.

It's where she seems her calmest.

7, 8, 9, 10... *DING*

CRASH

Pandemonium erupts. The gilded doors SLAM OPEN and TWENTY MEN pile out of both elevators.

The Russian mob -- **THE TSARS** -- are in black TRACKSUITS, with ILYA at the front, and a figure hidden in the throng.

THE NURSE
 You know, guys, those elevators say
 6 people maximum. That's
 regulation. You're killing me here.

ILYA
 OPEN THE GATES!

They pour down the corridor through the METAL ARCH. The white
 light scans them -- and an ALARM EXPLODES INTO LIFE.

THE NURSE
 Rules say no weapons.

ILYA
 We leave guns in lobby-

THE NURSE
 -but I'm talking about the cutlery.

ON THE CLIPBOARD SCREEN:

We see the x-ray -- the mobsters are carrying an array of
 knives decorated with Russian prison runes.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
 Pretty.

ILYA
 Those we keep. Traditional.

THE NURSE
 And I told you: *that's against the
 rules.*

ILYA
 Let. Us. In. Or I will KILL you
 RIGHT NOW...

THE NURSE
 You ain't the sharpest katana in
 the dojo, are you pal? If you kill
 me... who's gonna fix *him*?

The guards part to reveal ORIAN FRANKLIN aka **NIAGARA (68)**.

Thick moustache and a pair of spectacles with one eye-glass
 shattered. Balancing on crutches with a cut around his neck.

NIAGARA
 Ilya! Tupoy vlagalishche!
 (then, to the nurse)
 I apologize, Jean.

THE NURSE
 Nobody calls me that anymore.
 (referring to Ilya)
 Hey junior, do your daddy a favor
 and swipe him in.

She indicates the WALL where the PALM SCANNING DEVICE pops out. Niagara gestures to Ilya to help swipe his wrist.

Bleep.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
 Wasn't so hard now, was it?

She pulls out that LARGE METAL KEY, opens the gate, and KICKS OUT a gurney. Niagara's men hoist Niagara onto the stretcher.

As she pulls in the patient, Ilya and gang surge forward --

WOOP-WOOP-WOOP

-- triggering an ALARM around the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Waikiki stares at his napkin, pondering a future that might include this "*Cafe Des Artistes*".

He pulls out his pen, and underlines the address:

231 Avenue Souvenirs

Waikiki smiles -- then, decisively, he twists the pen in various directions, like a tiny safe. It CLICKS OPEN.

Inside are **8 SMALL DIAMONDS**.

Waikiki nods, satisfied. They're all still there...

WOOP-WOOP-WOOP

Suddenly, he's startled out of his reverie by the ALARM. He pockets both napkin and safe-pen, and frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR RECEPTION - HOTEL - NIGHT

The nurse TUTS, shakes her head at the noise:

THE NURSE

Smart move, Charm School. Draw some more attention to us why don't you?

She taps something on her clipboard, and the siren stops.

ILYA

Listen to me-

THE NURSE

You listen to ME. Visiting hours are "never". You and the other Muppet babies need to get the hell out my hospital and go play Eye Spy A Riot for a while.

ILYA

My father needs *protection*.

THE NURSE

And if you'd remembered that sooner he might not be here-

NIAGARA

DOSTATOCHNO!

The nurse jumps as Niagara's bloody hand LANDS HARD on her wrist. He SQUEEZES around it, tightly.

NIAGARA (CONT'D)

This... is my son. You will afford him... some respect.

THE NURSE

Wow. Okay, fine. But he ain't coming in. That's fucking final.

NIAGARA

(to Ilya)

Zhdi zdes'.

SUBTITLE: *Wait here.*

ILYA

No... chto yesli ty ne vernesh'sya?

SUBTITLE: *But... what if you don't come back?*

Niagara looks to his son -- squeezes his hand.

Then he looks up at the nurse and SMILES. But his words, to his son, betray his true intentions.

NIAGARA

To delat' to. Chto vam nravitsya s
nim.

SUBTITLE: *Then it's yours. Do what you like with it.*

Ilya turns to the nurse -- and GRINS.

ILYA

We stay out here, I think.

THE NURSE

Good call. No hard feelings, junior
-- I just don't trust you around
sharp objects.

(indicating the men)

Tell your clowns they can wait by
the elevators, and I'm sorry
there's no crayons.

Ilya turns back to the others, barks some orders in Russian,
and the men sit themselves by the elevators restlessly.

The nurse YANKS her hand out of Niagara's grip -- then
administers a shot of painkiller to his neck.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Hey, "Niagara"? I've got a thirty-
year hangover and a box full of
laser scalpels. Maybe don't take
that tone with me again.

NIAGARA

I am sorry. It has been... a trying
day.

THE NURSE

You and me both, pal.

The nurse grabs the gurney, and she pushes him at full speed
towards the last remaining room in The Artemis --

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The nurse rams the gurney into place, sticks a MORPHINE DRIP
into Niagara's arm, stands back and takes stock:

THE NURSE

Okay, what have we got... suspected
olecranon fractures. Hemothorax in
the chest wall.

(MORE)

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
And the daddy of them all... the
beginnings laryngeal nerve damage.

NIAGARA
Finally getting my money's worth,
Jeanie.

The nurse sets up the HEAVY-DUTY ANAESTHETIC machine.

THE NURSE
I told you, no-one calls me that
anymore. And I fixed you plenty in
the old days. Now keep talking, so
I know when the sleepy juice kicks
in.

NIAGARA
(staring around)
I remember this place from the old
days... when you started... before
you were a *legend*.

THE NURSE
(prepping her equipment)
Stop it, I'm blushing.

NIAGARA
What was this first... a free
clinic?

THE NURSE
For Skid Row users, yeah.

NIAGARA
And then the chefs.

THE NURSE
(smiling)
You remember that, huh? Yeah, there
was a gap in the market, and it
paid for the clinic's methadone.
Chefs like drinking all night, and
hospitals don't like fixing 'em up
next morning. So a saline drip
here, some anti-nauseants there, a
vitamin B shot in the ass...
(then)
One conversation started it, and
suddenly we were a *thing*.

NIAGARA
And then... we came along.

Beat. The nurse inhales deeply.

THE NURSE
Yes you did.

NIAGARA
You managed... amazing things. This place... is your legacy.

THE NURSE
We both know The Artemis ain't mine.

NIAGARA
(getting drowsier)
The families... we were never the owners. Just... investors, Jean.

The nurse turns to him. Her face is harder now:

THE NURSE
Oh yeah? I could've clocked out anytime and you guys would've been totally cool, huh? Wish I'd known.
(then)
And stop calling me that.

Niagara SMILES, a little sadistically, at her annoyance -- as he finally falls unconscious from the injection.

The nurse immediately grabs her WALKIE-TALKIE:

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Big guy? You're good to move. Just stay clear of the Russian State Circus in the lobby.

EVEREST (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
Yes, nurse. Copy that.

Then, the nurse LIGHTS UP a SCALPEL. Looks down at Niagara on the table. Then she sighs -- and APPLIES it to his ribcage.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - HOTEL - NIGHT

Nice works methodically on the ELECTRICAL GENERATOR -- as in the background, Acapulco lies unconscious.

First she removes the cast on her arm -- and SMASHES it open.

Then Nice takes off her watch, pulls a HIDDEN CABLE from inside it, and rewires it into the BATTERY of the cast.

It looks a lot like a homemade bomb.

Without hesitating, Nice finds her CONTACT LENS, puts it in her eye, stares into a PANE OF PLASTIC on the generator.

NICE
Confirm sync. Secure line.

The wallet in her pocket quietly purrs.

NICE (CONT'D)
04.56pst. Update, attention D2T:
(reporting)
I incapacitated the Mark to require medical assistance, then utilized the riot to beat him to a Dark Room where he is an investor. I am now in a position to finish the job. However... I will require a 30% raise in fees due to inconvenience and loss of future insurance. Plus guaranteed coverage of all medical, travel and legal costs. This is a rare window, gentlemen. And I am not fucking around. You have 30 seconds to respond.
(then)
SEND.

Her wallet BLEEPs. Nice waits. She looks at her eyes in the reflection. Bloodshot. *Ugh.*

Then -- in her POV, we see a text flash up:

"EXTENSION OF TERMS CONFIRMED"

Nice takes a moment to acknowledge this minor victory -- then picks up her cast, and sets a countdown on her watch.

She thinks for a beat, then smiles as she chooses a number --

"231"

The street number of the CAFE DES ARTISTES.

BEEP BEEP. As it starts to countdown, so does Nice, out-loud:

NICE (CONT'D)
Deux cent trente... deux cent vint-neuf... cent quatre-vingt-huit...

SUBTITLE: 230... 229... 228...

Then she leaves the watch-bomb behind, and quickly makes her way towards the fire escape, counting down to herself.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Waikiki appears from the bar, carrying his mug. He's inquisitive -- looking around for the source of the alarm.

Then, he passes the ENTRANCE LOBBY -- and sees ILYA and his men, listlessly inhabiting the area just beyond the cage.

ILYA

What the fuck you looking at?
Vtorosortnyy kusok der'ma...

SUBTITLE: *Second-rate piece of shit.*

Waikiki looks at him quizzically.

WAIKIKI

My Russian's a little rusty, but
I'm pretty sure you just said "I
love you." Which is sweet.

(then)

Enjoy your stay, pal.

Waikiki turns and walks away, around the corner -- wondering what's going on out there. He turns ANOTHER corner and --

INT. BACK CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- that's when he sees Everest, loading Morgan's wheelchair into the SECRET ELEVATOR of the Maintenance Room.

There's a moment where both men look at each other.

WAIKIKI

Busy night, huh?

EVEREST

Just... reassigning rooms.

Waikiki looks at the secret elevator, then back to Everest.

WAIKIKI

Uh-huh.

(then)

What was that alarm?

EVEREST

Malfunction, I guess. Cops got the
electrics all messed up.

WAIKIKI

Not the furious Russians at the
gate, then?

(checking out Morgan)

Got caught in the crossfire, huh?

Morgan looks up. Eyes bloodshot. Heart heavy.

MORGAN

Didn't... we all?

Waikiki takes a beat. Looks Morgan up and down, then nods --

WAIKIKI

Yeah. Yeah, I guess we all did.

(then, to them both)

Good luck out there. I hope you get
where you need to go.

EVEREST looks concerned, but pushes past -- and HITS the
button. Waikiki watches them go, smiling warmly.

Then he turns, and walks into the Honolulu suite --

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- where instantly, his face HARDENS. He walks calmly to the
back of the room, methodically BOOT UPS the 3-D printer.

HONOLULU

Sherm? What's up?

WAIKIKI

Don't freak out. But there's a cop
in the building. And the Russian
mob. Heck of a party.

HONOLULU

What the FUCK? You sure-?

WAIKIKI

About the cop? Well, I just met a
lady in the corridor, all messed up
like she'd pissed off a riot,
wearing regularly-polished,
L.A.P.D. issue, Glendale area
Bedford-brand boots.

Waikiki pulls out the PRINTING CARD that we saw early. He slots it into the 3-D printer, and it begins to whir.

HONOLULU

It coulda been a con? Maybe that was her schtick, for a job-?

WAIKIKI

Maybe. But if I was working a con where I'd gone to the trouble of knowing what boots cops wore, I'd sure as *shit* ditch those boots in a Dark Room, just in case someone else like me knew what they meant.

HONOLULU

Not everyone's as smart as you.

WAIKIKI

That's why there's a lot of dead thieves. But not many rich ones.

HONOLULU

Oh, MAN, this is all I need. I'm hurting really bad here.

WAIKIKI

Just another couple of hours-

HONOLULU

No, it's the oxy, Sherm. I'm going cold-

WAIKIKI

Here we go...

HONOLULU

But maybe that's stopping me getting better? A little fix might help... you could ask the nurse-?

WAIKIKI

NO.

(trying to keep his cool)

But... I promise you this. What I *am* going to do is get you home. To Diane and the boys, with your arms full of presents and a smile on your face. Then you're gonna take a vacation somewhere *real* fancy-

(pointing to the wall)

-somewhere like this, where you can go dry out and they can go swim.

(MORE)

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)
 And you're gonna be the big hero,
 and I'm gonna help you be that.
 Okay, Lev? This is what I promise
 you.

DEET DEET

Waikiki rises, removes the card from the 3-D printer. He opens up the cover -- revealing a pristine white shape.

THE BARREL OF A PRINTED HANDGUN.

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)
 One way or another, we're both
 getting out.

CUT TO:

INT. TV ROOM - HOTEL - NIGHT

Nice enters through the TV room window, gingerly looks around. She's still counting down under her breath:

NICE
 Cent vingt-six... cent vingt-
 cinq... cent vingt-quatre...

SUBTITLE: 126... 125... 124...

Nice searches the shelves, looking for anything that might constitute A WEAPON. But there's nothing.

Then -- she spots a COFFEE MUG. Raises an eyebrow.

NICE (CONT'D)
 Bien pensé, Sherman.

SUBTITLE: Good thinking, Sherman.

She picks it up, SMASHES it get a sharp edge. Nice feels it with her finger -- SHARPENS it a little against the wall.

A makeshift KNIFE.

NICE (CONT'D)
 Cent dix... cent neuf... cent
 huit...

SUBTITLE: 110... 109... 108...

CUT TO:

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Everest SLAMS the door of the elevator shut, hits the button.

It SHUDDERS -- and Morgan groans, the bump straining her injuries. But they're on the move now at least.

Everest looks down at the cop, who stares back at him. She looks broken -- and Everest softens a little.

EVEREST

Nearly there. You gonna be okay. I know somewhere safe.

MORGAN

I... appreciate it.

EVEREST

(into walkie-talkie)

Nurse? We travelling. It's looking good.

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse breathes hard with relief.

THE NURSE

(into walkie-talkie)

Thanks, big man. I don't know what I'd do without you.

(pause, then...)

Could you put her on?

Morgan comes on the walkie-talkie, still pained.

MORGAN (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)

Hello?

THE NURSE

Hey, kiddo. I just... I wanted to say goodbye. I kind of forgot before.

MORGAN (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)

It's okay... I understand.

THE NURSE

Also... I'm glad you're doing something good for people. The world needs that. Just...

(MORE)

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
see if you can do it without
getting beat up so much, okay?

MORGAN (ON WALKIE-TALKIE)
I'll try, Mrs. Thomas.

The nurse smiles.

THE NURSE
You always were a cutie.

Behind her -- Niagara starts to stir.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
I gotta go. Get out safe, okay?

The nurse HANGS UP.

Then she turns and PRICKS A FINGER on the DNA lock, as
Niagara wakes up slowly in the background.

NIAGARA
This place... still sucking your
blood, huh?

THE NURSE
Only thing that keeps it ticking.
How're you feeling?

NIAGARA
It... all hurts.

THE NURSE
I had to go in quick. You got
lucky. Need to slow down, man of
your age.

NIAGARA
That... hurts more.

THE NURSE
Seriously, you've got a whole sea
of galoofs out there. How'd someone
get close enough to do *this*?

NIAGARA
(shrug)
There was a girl. With a short
dress. But also... a contract.
(then)
An old man's vanity.

THE NURSE

Hey, I get it, honey. The last time someone flirted with me was 1987.

NIAGARA

And how is that son-of-a-bitch ex-husband of yours?

THE NURSE

You're kidding, right? He's not spoken to me since... everything.

(then)

I heard he's been through two more wives since me. Two. Both nurses.

NIAGARA

What an asshole. You want me to take him out?

THE NURSE

Nah. He lives in Florida. Life took him out enough already.

(then, checking)

Y'know, your blood pressure's pretty high too. Think about Statins. And eat more almonds. And get shot less.

Niagara looks down at his body. All fixed up.

Then he sees the nurse's tired reflection in a mirror.

A wave of real regret passes across his face, as the nurse sets up a GAS AND AIR MASK.

NIAGARA

We should have let you go, Jeanie. But you were too good...

THE NURSE

Drop it, okay-?

NIAGARA

The other investors... they're all dead now. Just me left. As far as I'm concerned-

THE NURSE

No.

She turns around -- all joking aside now.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
 It's *too late*, Orian. I'd *old*. This
 is all I know.

(then)
 You guys built the cage, but I let
 it go up around me. Maybe I even
 wanted it. Now I can't get out even
 if I wanted to.

(then)
 And that... is the end of it.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Nice inhales -- steadying her heart rate -- then exhales.

NICE
 D'accord.
 (then)
 Vignt... Dix-neuf... dix-huit...

She STEPS OUT into the corridor.

Nice creeps silently, passing the ACAPULCO SUITE door,
 whispering the countdown to herself as she goes...

WE HEAR HER COUNTDOWN AS WE CHECK IN WITH EACH RESIDENT:

EXT. ROOF - HOTEL - NIGHT

ACAPULCO groggily WAKES to a bleep from his phone. He looks
 in the generator window -- sees his forehead dry with blood.

He looks out over the edge -- and sees a HELICOPTER flying in
 the direction of The Artemis's LIT SIGN. His pick-up point.

NICE (V.O.)
 Dix-sept... seize...

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

EVEREST impatiently watches the numbers of the elevator
 floors, the arrow moving slowly backwards down to "basement".

NICE (V.O.)
 Quinze... quatorze... treize...

INT. DILAPIDATED 8TH FLOOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

ILYA sits with his bored men at the elevators. He picks at the peeling wallpaper with a menacing, ornate knife.

*NICE (V.O.)
Douze... onze... dix...*

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - NIGHT

WAIKIKI rests the PRINTED GUN in his lap, as he stares up at the picture wall of Hawaii. Then looks over at his brother.

Not long now... till he's free.

*NICE (V.O.)
Neuf... huit... sept...*

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

THE NURSE feels Niagara's forehead, checks his temperature. She nods -- he's stable enough. Things are under control.

*NICE (V.O.)
Six... cinq... quatre...*

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Nice reaches the corner of the corridor at the Niagara suite. She grips the makeshift mug-knife, primed and ready.

*NICE (V.O.)
Trois... deux... une...
(then)
Zéro.*

Nothing happens.

*NICE
Zéro.
(annoyed now)
Laissez-moi en paix...*

SUBTITLE: *Give me a fucking break...*

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOF - HOTEL - NIGHT

Acapulco looks out at the incoming helicopter. He gets up, starts to smooth down that shiny suit -- and GRINS.

BEEEEEP

There's a sound behind him, and he looks around -- to see Nice's cast JAMMED into the generator. But it's too late.

BOOOOOM

The whole generator explodes, throwing Acapulco backwards, taking out one leg of the hotel sign.

Above Acapulco, the lights of the hotel's name instantly go dark, as it crashes down around him. His face drops...

...as in the distance, his helicopter PEELS AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR RECEPTION - HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

The Russians look up alarmed, as the whole hotel shuts down, and everything descends into TOTAL DARKNESS.

CUT TO:

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

The Honolulu suite suddenly darkens around Waikiki -- and the picture of Hawaii on the wall instantly DISAPPEARS.

BEEEEEP. Honolulu flatlines, and Waikiki swings around, gets to his brother's side. Every piece of equipment here is DEAD.

WAIKIKI

Nurse. NURSE!

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - SIMULTANEOUS

The equipment fizzles and pops, as the lights above cut out -- and the nurse and Niagara are plunged into black.

NIAGARA

What... what's happening?

THE NURSE

Don't panic, there's a back-up.

There's a long beat. Nothing happens.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
(into walkie-talkie)
EVEREST! WHERE'S MY BACK-UP?

There's no answer. Just STATIC.

BEEEEEEEEEEEP

Out of nowhere, the nurse's CLIPBOARD is flashing BLUE --

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
(incredulous)
Oh come ON...
(urgent to walkie-talkie)
EVEREST, CODE BLUE IN HONOLULU!
REPEAT, CODE BLUE IN HONOLULU!

She grabs her leather bag, and hauls ass out of the room.

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

RED EMERGENCY LIGHTS spring to apocalyptic life all around the nurse. She scrambles towards the Honolulu Suite.

The door to the Niagara suite slams shut --

-- to reveal Nice behind it.

Unseen, she tries the door. It opens to a gentle pull -- the bolts inside having been disabled by the power outage.

Nice's plan has worked.

CUT TO:

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The nurse RUSHES into the room to see Waikiki desperately trying to resuscitate his brother.

She looks around the suite -- realizes that SOMETHING IS MISSING. The nurse shakes her head in frustration --

THE NURSE
Goddammit.
(then, to Waikiki)
OFF!

The nurse pushes Waikiki aside, CLIMBS up next to Honolulu, starts BEATING on his chest.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Come on, pretty boy. Come on!

The nurse grabs an EPI-PEN, STABS Honolulu in the sternum.
His eyes go wide with adrenaline, and he sits BOLT UPRIGHT.

WAIKIKI
Lev?!

Honolulu turns, and looks in his brother's eyes -- then FOLDS
BACK onto the bed.

His eyes go DEAD.

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)
What's happening?!

The nurse doesn't answer -- but grimly THROWS herself back
into the heart massage.

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

The room is dark and hazard-light-red as a silhouette enters.

NIAGARA
Nurse?

NICE
(quietly)
Confirm sync. Secure line.

There's a WHIR -- as Nice steps forward into the red light.

A FLASHLIGHT goes on, blinding Niagara.

NIAGARA
Ty che, blyad! YOU??

NICE
(climbing on top of him)
Sorry. Detroit needs to see this.

NIAGARA
Please... I can pay you more than
them. I have a family...

Nice brings her finger to her lips, indicates her EYE LENS.

NICE
 (whisper)
*They paid for your death. But don't
 give them your dignity for free.*

Niagara grinds his teeth -- then nods. He understands.

He stares deep into Nice's lens-eye --

-- then SPITS in it.

NIAGARA
 I WOULD SAY I'LL HAUNT YOU SECOND-
 RATE MUDAKS BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO
 LIVE LONG ENOUGH FOR THAT TO-

SLICE! Off-screen, Nice DRAGS the broken cup across his neck.

NICE
 (to Detroit)
 There it is. Your big ending.
 (then)
 SEND.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR RECEPTION - HOTEL - NIGHT

At the elevators, Ilya looks concerned -- straining to hear the shouts, shining a light down the corridor...

ILYA
 Otets! OTETS!

SUBTITLE: *Father! FATHER!*

Ilya looks up through the cage, but all he sees are dark shapes in the background. He SLAMS his foot on the gate --

-- and this time there's no alarm.

Ilya looks at it, realizes that the gate is now de-powered. He turns to his men, and ROARS an order:

ILYA (CONT'D)
 Prinyat' eto vniz... seychas!

SUBTITLE: *Take this down... NOW!*

CUT TO:

INT. "HONOLULU" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

The nurse BANGS on Honolulu's chest, shattered from the effort now. Looking for any sign.

THE NURSE
Come on, buddy. Come on.

But there's nothing. She slows down. Then stops. **He's gone.**

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Goddammit.

The nurse slumps down next to Honolulu, on her back.
Waikiki looks across at his brother in shock and sadness.

WAIKIKI
Is... it over?

THE NURSE
I'm sorry, son. I am. I really
fucking am.

Waikiki drops back onto a chair, as --

BEEEEEEEEEEEEEP

-- the nurse's CLIPBOARD ACTIVATES AGAIN. She looks down at it, and her face falls.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Orian?

WAIKIKI
(looking up)
What?

THE NURSE
He... he was goddamn STABLE... man,
his kid's gonna go nuclear...

WE PUSH IN ON WAIKIKI as it all falls into place.

He takes a deep breath. That pulls out the **WHITE PLASTIC GUN**.

WAIKIKI
Is Orian Franklin here?

THE NURSE
Whoa there, pilgrim! That's against
the rules...

WAIKIKI
So's bringing in a cop. IS ORIAN
FRANKLIN HERE?

THE NURSE
I can't tell you-

WAIKIKI
Shit. That means... *shit*.

He dry-washes his face with one hand -- gun in the other.

THE NURSE
Whatever this is, son, think it
through-

Waikiki raises his head from his hands -- then COCKS the gun,
and SCRAMBLES to the door. The nurse grits her teeth:

THE NURSE (ON WALKIE-TALKIE) (CONT'D)
Okay, Everest, I need you RIGHT
NOW! Things are going to hell in a
handcart full of blood and shit!

But there's still no answer. Just STATIC.

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

Nice climbs down from Niagara's dead body, wiping her hands.

She pulls out the CONTACT LENS, and drops it into the toxic
waste disposal, disgusted by the whole thing.

WAIKIKI (O.S.)
You killed him.

Nice TURNS AROUND -- to see Waikiki, gun raised.

NICE
Sherman, what-?

WAIKIKI
Don't. Don't look at me. Turn back
around.

NICE
What is this? Are you working for
someone?

WAIKIKI

Lev was on a goddamn *life support*
when you pulled the plug.

The reality of the situation hits Nice. Her face crumbles.

NICE

I... I did not *know*-

WAIKIKI

Then you should've thought it
through. But I guess that's the
difference between you and me.

CLICK

He pulls back the hammer on his plastic gun.

NICE

Don't do this.

WAIKIKI

This is all I know. All either of
us knows, right? No-one really gets
out-

RACK FOCUS to Nice's face.

She closes her eyes. Then, in the RED LIGHT -- she feels for
her MAKESHIFT CERAMIC KNIFE.

NICE

Please. I'm better than you. You
said it yourself.

ANGLE ON WAIKIKI, his hand shaking, finger squeezing --

-- as Nice just flicks a wrist --

SHNIIIK

-- and the ceramic LODGES itself in Waikiki's shoulder. IN
the confusion, Nice SPINS WIDE around the bed, and flips back
around with a disarming ROUNDHOUSE KICK --

-- that sends Waikiki flying, as the gun SPINS AWAY.

Waikiki KICKS the wheeled LIFE SUPPORT into Nice's legs, but
she side-steps. The two of them reeling, facing each other --

NICE (CONT'D)

Please... *believe me*... I didn't
want this.

WAIKIKI
(in shock)
Lev's dead, Elodie. I mean -- what
do I do now?

NICE
You... live?

The simple thought hits Waikiki's mind, and he stops --

BANG

-- just as a BULLET hits his ribcage, and EXPLODES through
his shirt, spinning him backwards against the wall.

Nice turns to see --

ACAPULCO

Standing in the doorway, the printed gun in his hand. He
looks down at it, an annoyed professional:

ACAPULCO
Patterned on the Glock 320-Z but
the accuracy's for SHIT. I was
aiming for his head.

Nice LEAPS at him -- but Acapulco lifts the gun again --

BANG

-- and blood sprays from her thigh as she drops to the floor.

ACAPULCO (CONT'D)
See, and THAT was supposed to be a
gut shot. What a piece of crap. I
mean, who sells this stuff?

NICE
Put it down... before I kill you.

ACAPULCO
Shut up, bitch. I've had enough of
your stupid, stuck-up bullshit. YOU
FUCKED UP MY EVENING, you GET that?
I was supposed to be SAFE in here!
That's what I PAID for! So now
you're gonna die like a good girl,
right there on your knees where you
fucking should be.

He steps up to her, HOLDS THE GUN READY --

WAIKIKI

Elodie!

-- as Nice looks up to see Waikiki SPIN the MICROWAVE SCALPEL across the floor and into Nice's hand --

-- and in a split second, she slices it across into Acapulco's foot, and he screams in pain, distracted --

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)

AAAAAAARGH!

Waikiki RISES UP and THROWS himself at Acapulco, and they both reel messily into the medical equipment.

BANG

The gun goes off again, wild, as Acapulco SLAMS Waikiki in the face, busting his nose -- pointing the GUN at his head.

ACAPULCO

Dude, you are SO *whipped*.

Acapulco goes to SHOOT HIM between the eyes --

-- just as Waikiki sees a moment, and GRABS Acapulco's ponytail, JAMS it into the 3-D PRINTER.

He RAMS the credit card into the machine, and hits "PRINT".

ACAPULCO (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK.

ZZZZZT. The laser starts to unrelentingly PRINT A PLASTIC PISTOL into Acapulco's neck.

CRUNCH

And then his body goes limp.

Waikiki and Nice, stunned, stare at what just happened.

THE NURSE (O.S.)

Wow. Does *nobody* read the membership pack? "No killing the other patients". It's right there. Rule #1. I don't know how much clearer I could be.

REVEAL the nurse, mouth agape at the carnage.

Waikiki turns to the nurse -- REALLY woozy now --

THE NURSE (CONT'D)
Well, you were right. The trouble's
always on the inside.

WAIKIKI
I'll... pay... for the damage...

THE NURSE
Um, are you okay, son? You look
like ALL the shades of shit.

Waikiki nods -- lifts his shirt to reveal the BULLETPROOF
VEST he mentioned earlier. Taps it proudly --

WAIKIKI
(in shock)
It's fine... I got this.

THE NURSE
Smart thinking. But what about the
bullet in your waist?

Waikiki looks down --

-- and sees a VAST RED PATCH spreading across his white shirt
above his waistline.

WAIKIKI
Shit.

Then he BLACKS OUT, and SLAMS to the floor.

Nice rushes to his side, the nurse just behind her.

NICE
Please, help him!

THE NURSE
Give me some room...

EVEREST (O.S.)
Nurse? NURSE!

The nurse turns -- to see Everest in the doorway. Sweating,
panting hard.

THE NURSE
Oh thank God. Did you get her out?

Everest looks at the nurse. Then... beams.

EVEREST
Yes, nurse.

THE NURSE
(floods of relief)
Jeez... that is good news.

EVEREST
But this ain't.

He points to her clipboard, and the CCTV CAMERA in the lobby.
We use the image on the SCREEN to MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR RECEPTION - HOTEL - NIGHT

Twenty Russian mobsters SMASH at the security gate, kicking it systematically -- the walls themselves CRUMBLING.

ILYA
I'M COMING FOR YOU, BITCH!

One of the men LIGHTS UP the wallpaper, which catches ALONG THE WALL, INFERNAL in the red the emergency lighting.

CUT TO:

INT. "NIAGARA" SUITE - HOTEL - NIGHT

ON THE CLIPBOARD SCREEN:

We see that angry throng of Tsars, weapons raised.

THE NURSE
That... is a heck of a Code Grey.

EVEREST
Russians gonna tear this place apart. We need to go NOW!

NICE
Can they get through?

THE NURSE
Since someone turned the power off... sure.

Everest GRABS Waikiki, and the nurse helps Nice to her feet -- as they hustle into the corridor --

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- where the sounds of the marauders becomes louder.

Everest LIFTS Waikiki half-onto the nurse, who strains under the bank robber's weight. Everest points down the corridor --

EVEREST

Y'all are going out the back.
Emergency elevator got its own
power.

THE NURSE

What about you?

EVEREST

Three person *maximum* in that broke-
ass thing-

THE NURSE

It can take more-

DOWN THE CORRIDOR

the din of the incoming murderous throng is growing.

EVEREST

Listen, they get down here while we
all in that elevator, they gonna
kill everyone of us. Ducks in a
barrel.

THE NURSE

Then I'll stay. Stop them.

EVEREST

You're a little old lady, you ain't
gonna stop shit.

NICE

Then let me. It is my fault-

THE NURSE

She's right-

EVEREST

NO. French girl's all kinds of
fucked up. It's gotta be me.

(re: Waikiki)

You wanna get the patients out or
not? They ALL our problems.

THE NURSE

That's... that's not what I meant.

EVEREST

(smiling)

I know.

The nurse sighs -- knows he's not going to be argued with -- and that he's doing this for her, not the patients.

So she fishes in her pocket -- puts the DOOR KEY in his hand.

THE NURSE
Hell of a mess to clean up
tomorrow.

EVEREST
(smiling)
Yes, nurse. See you in the morning.

He turns, and runs off down the corridor.

THE NURSE
(shouting after him)
Damn skippy you'll see me in the
morning... *someone's* gonna have to
patch your stubborn ass up! YOU
HEAR ME, EVEREST? WE AIN'T DONE ON
THIS!

EVEREST
(over his shoulder)
SURE WE ARE!

He rounds the corner and then he's gone. The nurse and Nice watch for a beat. Nice frowns -- then turns to the nurse.

NICE
There is a street exit near 6th and
Stanford, yes?

THE NURSE
What? Sure. Gate 3.

NICE
Okay... good.

She lifts Waikiki onto the nurse's shoulder. Nice puts a hand in Waikiki's pocket -- and pulls out that GARAGE OPENER.

NICE (CONT'D)
You need to take him there.
(handing her the clicker)
He has a car, disguised... a burn-
out... this will... undisguise...
ah, I can't think of the English!

THE NURSE
(quietly)
I can't.

NICE
You have to.

THE NURSE
I can't go out there.

NICE
You HAVE to -- the orderly needs
help.
(nodding to Waikiki)
Please... tell him that I did this.

The nurse nods.

NICE (CONT'D)
Merci.

Nice pulls out the printed gun, COCKS the weapon.

Then she runs around the corner -- and into the noise and the
darkness. The nurse shakes her head --

-- then tries to pick up Waikiki on her own.

TOO HEAVY.

THE NURSE
Fucking Wednesdays.

So the nurse reaches into her bag, pulls out a WIDE SYRINGE.
She stares down at her hand. It's starting to wobble again.

The nurse shakes her head -- then STABS Waikiki in the heart.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR RECEPTION - HOTEL - NIGHT

SMASH

The hotel lobby is an INFERNO now, the gate almost broken.

EVEREST (O.S.)
You guys got visitor passes?

Ilya looks up to see Everest, casually fixing up his orderly
outfit. He straightens out his badge...

ILYA
WHERE IS MY FATHER?

EVEREST
(shrugging)
Can't save everyone.

ILYA
I TOLD THE BITCH IF HE DIE I BURN
THIS PLACE TO GROUND.

Everest raises an eyebrow -- then PUNCHES THROUGH a box on the wall beside him, removing a FIRE AXE.

EVEREST
You know what, esé? In hospitals,
we got codes. Tells the other
medical types what's going on,
without scaring the civilians.
"Slow code" means a patient *already*
dead, but we need to make a show of
it, ease the family into that idea.

SMASH

That cage almost entirely compromised now.

ILYA
The FUCK do I care?

EVEREST
'Cos you a Slow Code. You dead, but
the people round you just don't
know it yet.

SMASH

The cage BURSTS open, and the mob surge at Everest -- who SWINGS the axe into a Tsar's neck. He SCREAMS.

EVEREST (CONT'D)
Compliments of the Artemis,
chingada madre.

Everest wipes the axe on his leg -- turns to the rest.

EVEREST (CONT'D)
This next one, it what they call a
Code Red. Here's why.

There's a roar, and TWENTY ASSAILANTS attack Everest -- and our man mountain is TOTALLY CONSUMED by the invading horde --

-- as from around the corner, NICE enters the fray --

BANG BANG

But unseen by either defender, under cover of the fracas --
-- Ilya DUCKS PAST them, and into the Artemis itself.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - HOTEL - NIGHT

Waikiki's eyes finally OPEN -- then he convulses with pain.

WAIKIKI
(remembering)
What happened? My brother...

THE NURSE
We'll talk about it later. Right
now I promised to get you out of
here. Elevator's this way.

The nurse helps him up, now almost able to carry him, as --

BANG BANG

-- shots ring out from the elevator lobby.

WAIKIKI
Wait, where's Elodie?

THE NURSE
Nice decided... to stay.

WAIKIKI
(weakly)
NO. We have to help-

THE NURSE
She's gone... nothing you can do
except get out of here. That's what
she wanted.

She cajoles him around the corner, both staggering --

INT. BACK CORRIDOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

-- and we see the MAINTENANCE DOOR up ahead.

But between them and the door stands a figure. His back is
turned, but that long, ornate knife is unmistakable.

ILYA turns around -- and smiles.

ILYA
 What, you think I not know entry
 and exit of my own building?

He pulls forward the blade, drags it along the wall.

ILYA (CONT'D)
 (to the nurse)
 You. You first.

Waikiki is woozy -- but his eyes COME INTO FOCUS. He STEPS in front of the nurse, between her and Ilya --

-- as quietly, the nurse INDICATES something in her doctor's bag to Waikiki. He nods -- SLIPS his hand inside --

WAIKIKI
 Let... us... through.

ILYA
 I don't think so.

WAIKIKI
 (stepping closer)
 Let us through... or I'll break you
 like a dollar bill... and keep the
 fucking change.

There's a beat --

-- then Ilya LUNGES for Waikiki, who DUCKS and SIDESTEPS, landing hard on the wall -- but spinning around --

-- with a FISTFUL OF FULL SYRINGES. He RAMS THEM into Ilya's back, and uses his other hand to SLAM the plungers down.

Ilya SCREAMS -- as his eyes go wild, and he TURNS -- then just SMIRKS. Barely affected by what's in his system.

Ilya goes to attack -- then suddenly CONVULSES -- and slams to the floor. **DEAD.**

THE NURSE
*That... is the "daddy was a
 zookeeper" shit.*
 (then, to Waikiki)
 Come on.

And with that, the nurse opens the door to the elevator, and the two stumble inside. She pulls the cage closed --

-- then hits the "DOWN" button.

INT. FRONT ELEVATOR - HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse looks down at her hand. Her shakes getting worse. She tries to get pills out of her pocket, but SPILLS them.

Next to her, Waikiki SLUMPS to the floor -- adrenalized, in pain, shaking his head... and putting stuff together.

WAIKIKI

I got a question.

(then)

The back-up life support... in my brother's room. Where'd it go?

The nurse doesn't answer.

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)

It was in with that cop, right?

The nurse shrugs gently.

THE NURSE

I've said it before... you're a smart guy.

WAIKIKI

So... did you know her?

THE NURSE

(nodding)

She was friends. With my son. He died a long time ago but... I..

(breathing heavily)

I'm sorry I couldn't save your brother.

Waikiki focuses for a second. Takes this in.

WAIKIKI

It's alright. He'd been gone a while.

The nurse tries to nod in thanks --

-- but her breathing sounds tighter.

WAIKIKI (CONT'D)

You okay? Your asthma?

THE NURSE

It's not asthma.

(then)

Agoraphobic. Anxiety attack. I... I can't leave this place.

WAIKIKI

You have to...

THE NURSE

Can't. Long story... and it doesn't have... a happy ending. But I'll get you... to the door.

(then)

For her.

DING

The elevator reaches the bottom and the nurse opens the door.

She SWINGS Waikiki onto her shoulder, grabs her bag. It's difficult, but she manages to take a few steps.

INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

The nurse is wheezing, a fresh panic attack beginning -- as she desperately carries Waikiki towards DOOR #3.

WAIKIKI

The car-

THE NURSE

Yeah, she told me. I've got... the bleeper.

They reach the door, and the nurse rests Waikiki against the wall. She opens an OBSERVATION PANEL, sees what's outside:

CARNAGE

A riot in full effect. ProTec in armor, tear gas everywhere, smoking fires, sky flares. Hundreds of people at war.

The nurse rolls back next to Waikiki on the wall.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Okay. You... go.

WAIKIKI

No-

THE NURSE

Kid-

WAIKIKI

NO.

THE NURSE

I can't do it, son. I've tried.

WAIKIKI

Then I'll help you. We'll help each other.

(gesturing at the door)

This is the way out. For both of us. From... just ALL of it.

He painfully laces an arm underneath hers. Shoulder to shoulder. The two huddled together, in the L.A. dawn.

Then -- Waikiki nods to the door. The nurse shakes her head, but still... she takes a deep, deep breath -- and unlocks it.

EXT. ARTEMIS DOOR #3 - NEAR DAWN - CONTINUOUS

BOOM

It swings open, and we see the riot in the near distance - gangs victorious, pushing ProTec out of the area.

IN THE NURSE'S POV

She sees the doorway. But the whole world looks like it's folding in. She's rooted to the spot, hyperventilating.

Waikiki squeezes her hand. *You can do this.*

He points beyond an upside-down ProTec vehicle -- to a blackened, wheelless **BURNT-OUT MUSTANG.**

WAIKIKI

There's the car... it's not far.

THE NURSE

Please-

WAIKIKI

I can't do this without you.

(then)

Getting out's always tougher than getting in.

Waikiki picks her up -- and the nurse does the same for him.

Then they step outside.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NEAR DAWN - CONTINUOUS

The nurse and Waikiki, two incongruous figures, limp through the thick smoke past the detritus of the riot.

WAIKIKI
You're doing good.

The nurse bites her lip, looks up at The Artemis. The top floor GLOWS DEMONICALLY, fire gutting it from the inside.

THE NURSE
(to herself)
Come ON, Jeanie. Come ON.

WAIKIKI
That your name? Jeanie?

THE NURSE
Not... for a while.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
HOLD UP.

Out of the smoke comes an EIGHTEEN-YEAR OLD GANG MEMBER, **ROCCO**, with an SHOTGUN raised in his hands.

ROCCO
What you doing here? You cops?

WAIKIKI
Do we *look* like cops?

Behind him: **THIRTY MORE GANG MEMBERS APPEAR.**

ROCCO
Get their shit.
(to Waikiki)
Talk back to me like that again,
you're dead, and she goes down
next.

Three gang members step forward, push the nurse and Waikiki to the ground. They feel in Waikiki pockets --

-- and FIND THE PEN and THE GARAGE OPENER. They throw them up to Rocco, who examines them.

WAIKIKI
Gimme those back-

ROCCO
Nigga, you REALLY wanna go-?

TARIQ (O.S.)
ROCCO!

Rocco turns -- and TARIQ, the gang member that the nurse helped in the alleyway, pushes forward out of the crowd.

TARIQ (CONT'D)
Let them pass, man. I know her.

ROCCO
You know *her*?

RICARDO
Yeah, she fixes people. She ain't
the problem.
(then, to the nurse)
You ain't the problem. Go on...

Rocco takes a beat -- then nods to the other gang members to
give them their stuff back -- her bag, his clicker...

...but keeps hold of the pen. Examines it admiringly.

ROCCO
Nice. Think I'm gonna keep this.

Waikiki goes to argue -- then he just shakes his head.

WAIKIKI
You do that, kid. I'm done with it
anyway.
(then)
It's heavier than you'd think.

Rocco frowns, waves them past, as Tariq leans into the nurse:

TARIQ
You be careful.

-- and the gang members PART, allowing a confused Waikiki and
the nurse to walk through them.

Unharm'd, and into the smoke towards --

EXT. DOWNTOWN CORNER - NEAR DAWN - CONTINUOUS

THE WRECK OF A CAR, propped up on bricks. The nurse looks at
Waikiki, unconvinced.

Waikiki shrugs -- hits the clicker, and --

-- the wheels FOLD DOWN from inside the car, and we see that
it's just been painted and engineered to look busted.

THE NURSE
Huh. Smart guy-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Not really.

CLICK

From out of nowhere, there's a GUN at Waikiki's head.

PAUL PENG.

Looking even more beat-up than before.

PAUL PENG

(to Waikiki)

You COCKROACH... I *knew* you'd be back if I stuck around long enough.

WAIKIKI

Easy... do what you like to me... just let her take the car...

Paul Peng turns his gun on the nurse.

PAUL PENG

Oh, you mean this one? The old lady who sent me outside to die?

THE NURSE

And I am TRULY sorry about that, Slick. How's the neck?

PAUL PENG

(sarcastic)

Actually, you know what, it's a little fucking sore. But hey, *c'est la ... whatever...*

THE NURSE

C'est la guerre. It's a fancy French way of saying you gotta accept the shit and move on.

PAUL PENG

Oh, you think you can move on, huh? Just drive off into the sunset and leave everything behind now? Well, sorry, that's not how it works...

Paul Peng raises his weapon.

He pulls the trigger.

BANG

A HOLE APPEARS in Paul Peng's forehead, and he drops down.

The nurse swings around, to see NICE.

Balanced on Niagara's old crutch, ProTec-issue gun raised.

NICE

Your accent... needs work.

Nice WOBBLES -- and Waikiki swings around and grabs her.

WAIKIKI

You okay?

(Nice shrugs, in pain)

We'll get you out...

THE NURSE

Wait... did Everest make it?

NICE

I... think so. It got messy... but
he told me to tell you... there'll
be nothing left... tomorrow.

(then)

Said it's time you took a vacation.

The nurse looks up at The Artemis.

The whole top floor is burning now.

The nurse smiles --

-- then takes a deep breath. It's normalized. Deep, even.

Behind her, Waikiki helps Nice into the back seat.

THE NURSE

Where are you guys headed?

WAIKIKI

Detroit, maybe. Hawaii. France. Any
place... just out of HERE.

The nurse looks around her at the chaos.

Seems oddly calm.

THE NURSE

Know what? It's a nice morning. I
think I'll take a walk.

WAIKIKI

What're you talking about??

BOOM

Explosions ring out around them.

The nurse takes out a bundle of medication from her bag, hands them to Waikiki.

THE NURSE

That'll get you both up the coast.
There's a decent Dark Room in
Nevada -- The Apache, it's called.

She pulls off her ARTEMIS TAG, and scribbles a quick note on the back of it, then hands it to Waikiki.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Stop in there, tell them I sent
you... they'll fix you up.

WAIKIKI

Are you kidding me? We got OUT!

THE NURSE

I know. And it feels great.
(with a shrug)
But what am I going to do in
Detroit? Or Hawaii? Or France?

She gestures to the gangs -- carrying their injured.

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

And who else is going to fix *them*?

WAIKIKI

C'mon, I can't leave you here.

THE NURSE

(smiling)
You're a sweet kid. But I'm old.
This is all I know.
(then)
And I'm good with that.

The nurse puts an arm around him, gives him a hug.

Holds him for a few seconds longer than he expects.

Then -- she lets him go.

Waikiki, frustrated, looks at Nice in the back. The sound of distant sirens can be heard...

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

Go.

Waikiki reluctantly swings inside the Mustang --

INT. MUSTANG - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

-- and guns the engine. He looks across to Nice.

WAIKIKI

"Nice".

NICE

"Waikiki".

She manages a smile, and gestures to the road. Waikiki looks back in the rear view mirror once more to see --

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - DAWN - CONTINUOUS**THE NURSE**

who turns to watch Waikiki go, gives them a little wave.

The burnt-out jalopy screeches off, cutting a swathe through the debris, and the nurse smiles sadly:

THE NURSE

Namaste, babe.

She watches for a beat until they're gone.

Then... she reaches into the pocket of her bloody cardigan. Pulls out her headphones, puts them on, presses play:

"Band Of Thieves" by Cher

The nurse looks pleased with the choice, and nods along.

Then, bag in hand, with that same serene quality as when she waited for the elevators at the start --

-- she turns towards the riot.

A small, noble figure against all the destruction.

Her song crescendos, and the nurse steps forward into the night. As the smoke engulfs her, we can just hear her words:

THE NURSE (CONT'D)

How can I help?

SLAM CUT TO CREDITS

THE END