

**INT. PRESCOTT STREET CLINIC - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Pitch black. The outside door opens and light shines in. With the rattle of keys, a woman pushes a wheelchair in and stops.

-Click- A flashlight blinds the rats. A few scurry off. We can now see this clinic has been abandoned. Deserted. Flooded at one time by the look of it.

The grimy watermark stops six feet up the puke green tiles.

The door closes. Locks. The woman turns to the wheelchair. And as she spins it around-- we see that the flashlight has been DUCT TAPED TO THE MAN'S HEAD.

The man is mid 30's, a big man, well over six foot. His head is shiny bald, his face slack and drugged. He's drooling.

The woman pushes him down the hallway past half open doors, rotten file cabinets, ruined chairs, stacks of molding, and melting papers.

They stop at the elevator. *This place has power?* The woman punches the button and the elevator doors open. They creak and grind-- but they work.

**IN THE ELEVATOR**

We get a good look at the woman-- from the light bounced off the rusty metals. As the elevator scours it's way down, we see--

NORA SHELDON-- she might be 35, might be 45-- if she cared about her looks, she might even be beautiful. But here-- she isn't.

She's determined and focused and single minded. And impatient.

The bell doesn't ding-- it clunks. Basement level.

**INT. PRESCOTT STREET CLINIC - NURSES STATION - NIGHT**

Pitch black. Elevator doors open. The flashlight bobs and weaves as Nora pushes the wheelchair out.

She pushes the man to the huge horseshoe desk and stops. She walks behind the desk and flips a switch.

A small gas generator comes on. A string of cheap naked bulbs flicker up to about 30 watts. The hallway leading to the rooms takes on a ghastly glow.

NORA  
We're almost there...

The man in the chair rolls his eyes--

**INT. EMPTY CLINIC ROOM - NIGHT**

The room is bare except for a cot, an IV stand and a folding table with a variety of implements on it. Two naked bulbs pulse and flicker above them.

Nora opens the door and pushes the man in. She roughly tears the flashlight from his head and turns it off.

He moans and tries to move-- still drugged.

NORA  
An old community clinic. Abandoned after Hurricane Katrina. This basement was under eighteen feet of water.

She walks to the implements and grabs a pair of needle nose pliers. She turns to the man.

She walks to him and fingers the festering, bloody stump of a broken syringe-- the needle jammed into skin and bone--

NORA  
This might hurt.

**INT. GLEN'S CAR - NIGHT**

*The MAN sits behind the wheel. Nora sits in the seat beside him.*

*Her left hand snakes from the **RED HAND BAG**-- a syringe held like a butcher knife-- thumb on the plunger!*

*He moves-- twists in the seat--*

*She slams the syringe high into his chest-- next to the right shoulder under the collar bone-- depresses the plunger!*

*Glen barks in pain-- Nora lunges up from the seat, both hands on him now-- her feet against the door-- HER WEIGHT PUSHED TO RESTRAIN HIM!*

*He fights her-- his free hand SNAPS THE BARREL off the syringe and blood spurts from the stump of the embedded needle.*

**INT. EMPTY CLINIC ROOM - NIGHT**

Nora uses the pliers to extract the broken needle from his upper shoulder. The shaft of the needle stutters out-- ragged with pieces of flesh--

NORA

It has barbs on it-- so you can't just pull it out.

In quick, nightmare images-- it all comes to us-- rushing and hideous in their implications--

-- Nora helps the man stand.

-- Nora lays him on the cot.

-- she uses heavy scissors to cut the clothes from his body--

-- and she does-- we see the wallet--

-- and the ID card and gold shield badge inside.

NORA

(reading)

Detective Glen Mulvaney-- New Orleans Police Department.

-- she gets his gun and handcuffs--

-- she sits on a rolling stool, like all doctors use-- strips him naked with the scissors--

-- Glen blinks rapidly and tries to move as--

-- Nora rolls over an IV stand with a plastic bag feeding a pair of tubes.

-- she punctures each arm-- feeds the fluid in-- starts the drip--

-- a second IV stand with a second bag-- twin tubes, one for each thigh muscle.

GLEN

What-- why-- ?

NORA

You're coming back, detective, good. Good. One second now--

The final needle into the thigh and she sits back on the stool.

NORA

There. This will hold you. You won't be able to move, but you'll hear everything-- see everything-- feel everything.

GLEN

Why-- are you-- ?

Nora slides over and gets two acupuncture needles from the tray on the side table.

NORA

No, no, detective-- It's my turn to ask the questions.

She slips the first needle into his throat, to the left of his Adams apple.

Glen freezes-- chokes-- gasps in pain--

NORA

I told you you'll feel everything-- that's important, detective.

As she works in the second needle:

NORA

But you won't be able to speak-- or make a sound-- with these in your larynx. There.  
(looks him in the eye)  
Hurts to even think about talking now, doesn't it?

Suddenly-- HIS CELL PHONE rings on the table next to her. She turns and looks at it. Picks it up.

NORA

Oh, it's your partner-- Zack?  
(smiles)

When you play good cop- bad cop,  
which one is he?

Glen turns his watery eyes away from her. She flips  
the phone open and puts it up next to Glen's ear.

The faint, tinny sound--

ZACK (V.O.)

Glen? Glen? Hello!

**EXT. MAIN HOSPITAL - E.R. - NIGHT**

Light rain falls-- a wind blows-- the leading attack  
of a Category 5 Hurricane roaring in from the coast of  
Africa.

ZACK WILLIAMS-- 35+-- harried and world weary-- hustles  
across the lot, and stops, giving his full attention  
to his cell phone.

ZACK

Glen?  
(click buzz)  
Hello?

He looks at the phone. Closes it up, heads for the  
hospital.

ZACK

Damn.

**INT. MAIN HOSPITAL - E.R. LOBBY - NIGHT**

Medical hub-bub. People worried or nervous or just  
plain scared of the storm heading toward them. Waiting  
room crowded.

Zack moves through the main doors. Through the crowds.  
Gets to the front desk. The ORDERLY in charge is  
swamped with paperwork and phone calls.

He flashes his badge--

ZACK

Nurse Burrows?

The ORDERLY nods and punches the buzzer that unlocks the access door fifteen away over. Zack pushes through.

**INT. MAIN HOSPITAL - E.R. - NIGHT**

Doctors, nurses and attendants take care of the urgent patients. Zack walks along the various rooms, peeks in, moves past, steps aside when need be.

A woman moans from here-- a man complains from there-- IV stands and carts and trays hustle by, propelled by personnel in a hurry.

And then-- there she is--

LINDA BURROWS, 30, sexy in her rumpled scrubs, gives an old man an injection in his hip.

ZACK  
Nurse Burrows?

LINDA  
Just a sec--

ZACK  
I'm Detective Williams, I was wondering if you have a moment?

LINDA  
Just a second, please.

The old man rubs his hip, looks at Zack

ZACK  
Parking tickets.

The old man gives him a "who gives a shit" look.

Linda drops the used syringe into the waste bin and walks out of the room.

LINDA  
How can I help you, detective?

ZACK  
Is there someplace we could-- ?

She moves past him and down a side hall--

LINDA  
It'll be quieter down here.

She opens a side door and walks in. Zack follows her in.

**INT. MAIN HOSPITAL - SUPPLY CLOSET - NIGHT**

Linda turns--

LINDA  
Now what's this--

Zack grabs her arm, suddenly-- SNAPS a cuff onto her wrist and backs her into the supply rack. As he does, he kisses her.

And she kisses him back-- lustfully, hungrily-- as he stretches her arm up and cuffs her to the supply rack.

Zack gathers her in his arms and pins her to a wall. His hands cup her ass and lift her up.

She grinds her crotch into his jeans.

LINDA  
You've been thinking about me.

ZACK  
Have I?

She grinds her body a bit more, pressing tighter.

LINDA  
Either that or you're carrying a bigger gun.

They kiss again. She reaches down and unbuckles his pants. Suddenly the door opens and--

A large NURSE starts in, LIGHTS ON--

NURSE  
Oh, SHIT!

Linda laughs-- Zack turns away.

The NURSE reaches past Linda and grabs a box of gloves and backs out.

NURSE  
Sorry about that, guys--  
(then)  
You need to see the TV.

Boom-- light out, door closed. Zack uncuffs her rapidly and they pull themselves together.

LINDA  
I guess it's coming.

ZACK  
I'm glad something is--

Linda turns him around and kisses him again, laughing. They hold on a few seconds.

Then they hustle out of the supply closet.

**INT. MAIN HOSPITAL - E.R. NURSES STATION - NIGHT**

Three nurses and a doctor have gathered around the TV on top of the file cabinets. Linda shows up-- Zack right behind her.

On the TV is a female reporter-- CHRISTINA VARGAS. She stands with her back to the black, dark Gulf-- wind and wet blowing around her.

CHRISTINA  
(off the screen)  
Again, for those of you who have just joined us here, the national weather service has issued a one hundred percent chance that the City of New Orleans will be hit by the category five hurricane Vicki, now sweeping across the southern tip of Florida and roaring across the Gulf of Mexico.

Linda and Zack face each other by the desk.

ZACK  
Here we go again.

CHRISTINA  
(off the screen)  
It is expected the storm will make landfall by tomorrow night. Authorities have issued evacuation plans to all--

Someone MUTES the sound with a remote and Linda and Zack move away from the hub bub--

LINDA

So, I guess I won't be seeing you  
much the next few days--

ZACK

Oh, I don't know-- a little wind,  
a little rain--

She kisses him, and suddenly-- there's a wave of concern  
from each of them. He kisses her again-- but  
differently-- not lust or sex-- something deeper,  
unexpected for them both.

ZACK

Look-- Linda--

His phone rings. She laughs--

LINDA

Right on time--

ZACK

Yeah--  
(answers)  
Captain-- yeah-- I heard. On my  
way.

An ORDERLY rushes past urgently

ORDERLY

Linda!

Linda turns and kisses Zack-- rushes off, not saying a  
word beyond the kiss. Zack watches her go--  
apprehension clouds his face.

**INT. BEST WESTERN MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

Latina hottie CHRISTINA VARGAS buttons her blouse up  
over her breasts and scans her "look" in the mirror.

Other than shirt and bra, she stands butt naked in the  
full length mirror on the bathroom door. She "does"  
her hair with practiced fingers.

CHRISTINA

I tell you not to mess the hair  
and you're always grabbing my  
head--

PAUL MAYNARD gets out of bed on the other side. Now  
that it's over, he's pissed she ignores him.

Or gripes at him.

PAUL  
I like your head.

She ignores him some more. He stands, pulls on his pants. His phone rings and he grabs it.

PAUL  
Is your phone off again?

She ignores him. Paul answers his phone.

PAUL  
Yeah--

Christina turns and shakes her head-- waves a finger and grabs her panties and slacks.

PAUL  
No, I don't know where she is.  
Maybe she's turned her phone off.

Christina slides into the bathroom. Paul stares at the blank wall.

PAUL  
So what do you want from me?  
She's your fucking star, I'm just  
the producer. I don't know where  
she is! You don't like her not  
answering your calls, take it up  
with her!

He rings off and slaps the phone down on the end table. Angry, he dresses.

PAUL  
Fucking bitch...

**EXT. NEW ORLEANS - NIGHT**

Establish. Highways packed out of town. The water on the docks choppy. Men secure boats.

Downtown, a bus trundles past. On the side of the bus, a huge ad for CHANNEL SIX news, KNOL-- and "THE BEAT REPORT" with CHRISTINA VARGAS.

And her picture. Someone has tagged it with a mustache under her nose.

SINGLETON (V.O.)

(over)  
WILLIAMS!

**INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT**

Rookies move bankers boxes filled with paper. Veterans pile work into those boxes that haven't left yet.

Every leave has been canceled, EVERY COP is present and accounted for.

The cluster fuck of chaos tries to stay ahead of the imminent storm.

CAPTAIN ROCKY SINGLETON, 50+, built like a linebacker, bustles into the cop shop.

SINGLETON

Come on, people, box that shit up! We got a cat-5 hurricane roaring down on us and I don't intend to lose a single God damn piece of paper, is that clear?

(helps a rookie with  
a bankers box)

We ain't gonna have no repeat of Katrina, got that?

ROOKIE

Yes sir.

Zack bustles in with a styro of coffee, moves past Singleton and the Rookie.

SINGLETON

No one gets to cut and run, no one gets to pull a no-show, you got that?

ROOKIE

Yes sir-- YES SIR!

Zack goes to his desk. Three boxes are there and half full. Singleton sees Zack and moves toward his desk while blustering to everyone in the room.

SINGLETON

I want the four one one on everyone in my squad--

(MORE)

SINGLETON (CONT'D)

(to Zack--)  
-- you catch my drift on this,  
Detective?

ZACK

Yes sir, Captain--

SINGLETON

So where's your partner?

Zack looks askance at his Captain-- this is a surprise  
to him--

ZACK

You call him?

SINGLETON

I called everybody that wasn't  
dead! Mulvaney signed out an  
unmarked this morning and it's  
still on the street. That means  
he's still on duty. Now, he's  
not out there dodging my calls,  
is he?

Zack pulls his cell phone--

ZACK

He doesn't dodge calls-- I called  
him half an hour ago myself. It  
answered but sounded-- garbled.

SINGLETON

I want "everyone" accounted for.

ZACK

(punches in a speed  
dial)  
He was here for Katrina, he'll be  
here for Vicki.

SINGLETON

I'm gonna' be real put out if  
he's laid up in a motel somewhere--

The phone rings. And rings. Then:

ZACK

(then)  
Glen, this is Zack. You need to  
call in man. Vicki's on her way  
and she's pissed off.

SINGLETON

She ain't the only one...

ZACK

Call the Captain, like right now  
buddy!

He hangs up.

ZACK

He never turns off his phone.  
Maybe it's the battery.

SINGLETON

Maybe he's been abducted by aliens  
who cook their own booze--

Singleton takes Zack's coffee and leans in close so  
only they can hear.

SINGLETON

That unmarked car is Lo-Jacked.  
Find him and bring him in! No  
harm, no foul-- so far.

ZACK

On it--

Zack hustles out.

SINGLETON

Check with his ex-wives and the  
bars on Bourbon Street!

Singleton turns and watches cops carry boxes out of  
the station.

More cops fill boxes. Singleton looks at Glen's desk.  
A 5x7 snapshot-- Glen and Zack at the gun range, both  
of them shooting the finger at the camera.

Singleton shoots the finger back:

SINGLETON

Where are you, Mulvaney?

**INT. GLEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Detective Glen Mulvaney lays staring at the ceiling.  
Big black mold stains spread and hover over him. Some  
of them appear wet.