

DANGER ZONE ONE
(Audio Drama)
Episode 01:
"All Fired up! The Hottest Case Yet!"

by
Midnight

EPISODE CHARACTERS:

REENA SAFFRON: A young rookie officer with the Pallad City Police Department. Though suffering from inexperience and youthful naivete, Reena more than makes up for it with her jovial spirit and perpetually positive attitude.

MADISON WYNTER: Reena's experienced partner. Madison's a tough-as-nails cop that would stop at nothing to apprehend a criminal and uphold the law. However, she's notorious for being a loose-cannon, earning her the nicknames "Maniac Madison" and "Ice Queen of the PCPD" from fellow officers.

CHIEF HARDIMAN: Often weary, always overwhelmed, he counts down the days to his retirement. On the police force for thirty-three, Victor Hardiman's seen and heard it all before. The years have taken their toll on the veteran officer, leaving him in a constant weathered and tired state. However, the Chief never neglects his duties or disregards the welfare of his officers, which are always foremost in his mind.

DREZZ VARGO: A madman with an insatiable desire to spread his fires far and wide. An expert at building explosives that bear his "special touch," Drezz lost his hands in one of his own bombings, but has since replaced the missing appendages with cybernetic prosthetics.

LEN FYZER: A small time criminal who recently opened a construction business. Fyzer claims to have gone legit, but anyone hiring Drezz is sure to be crooked.

BENSON TYRONE: Owner of NuGen, a construction company that's recently developed a new type of powersuit. Tyrone hopes that these suits, which he's still in the process of manufacturing, will revolutionize the construction business.

FEMALE DISPATCHER: A young female officer named Sera White who aids PCPD officers from headquarters. She has up-to-the-minute intel and direct access to the extensive PCPD network database.

BACKGROUND EXTRAS:

WOMAN

MAN 1

MAN 2

SCENE 1

EXTERIOR. BUILDING - NIGHT

SOUND: A BUILDING EXPLODING. CONCRETE CRUMBLING. METAL CRASHING DOWN. RUBBLE FALLING.

WOMAN
(panicked)
That building! That building just
exploded!

MAN 1
(panicked)
Was it a bomb?!

MAN 2
(panicked)
Run! The whole building's coming
down!

SOUND: SHOUTS AND YELLS OF FLEEING PEOPLE. THE SOUND OF COLLAPSING DEBRIS FROM THE BUILDING AND ROARING FLAMES.

THE SOUNDS FADE OUT AS WE CHANGE SCENE.

SCENE 2

INTERIOR. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

SOUND: CAR ENGINE. AMBIENT NOISES OF THE CITY OUTSIDE THE MOVING VEHICLE.

REENA
Quiet night.

MADISON
This is Pallad City, rookie. No
such thing as a 'quiet night'.

REENA
Even crime has to slow down on *some*
occasion, right?

MADISON
Don't hold your breath.

SOUND: BEEP. THE CAR'S DISPATCH RADIO. A FEMALE DISPATCHER'S VOICE COMES THROUGH, THE VOICE SHOULD SOUND LIKE IT'S BEING BROADCAST OVER A RADIO.

FEMALE DISPATCHER
Interceptor Zero Three, this is
dispatch. We've just received
report of an explosion on Delta and
Fifth. Please investigate.

MADISON
We're on it.

SOUND: THE ENGINE ROAR OF THE CAR ACCELERATING. POLICE SIRENS WAIL.

SOUND FADES.

SCENE 3

EXTERIOR. BUILDING - NIGHT

SOUND: FLAMES. SOUNDS OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT HOSING THE FIRE. BACKGROUND CHATTER OF PEOPLE IN HORRIFIED AWE. THE SOUND OF A POLICE CAR'S SIREN GETS CLOSER AND CLOSER...

...CAR TIRES SCREECHING TO A STOP ON PAVEMENT. THE SIREN STOPS AND CAR DOORS OPEN.

REENA
Wow, what happened here? The whole
building's been demolished!

MADISON
What a mess. Fire department's got
their hands full with this one.

WOMAN 1
Someone, help! Help!

SOUND: CHATTER OF CONCERNED CITIZENS.

MADISON
What's going on over here?

MAN 1
This guy just collapsed.

WOMAN 2

Maybe he breathed in too much
smoke?

MAN 2

He was standing one moment then hit
the ground the next.

WOMAN 1

Is he dead?

MADISON

He's not dead.

REENA

Hey mister, you okay?

BENSON

(disoriented/weakly)

Y-yeah...what...what happened...

REENA

That's what we want to know. C'mon,
let's get you on your feet. Give
him some room, people.

SOUND: SHUFFLING NOISES. PEOPLE MOVING.

BENSON

Uhhhh...now I remember--*my*
factory!! It's ruined!

MADISON

You owned this building?

BENSON

Yes!

REENA

I'm Reena Saffron, and this is my
partner, Madison Wynter. We're with
the Pallad City Police.

BENSON

The PCPD, am I glad to see you!

MADISON

Are you aware if anyone was still
in the building when this happened?

BENSON

No--no, factory production shut down for the day, not more than a few hours ago. It should've been empty inside.

REENA

(relieved)

Whew! That's good, no one was harmed then!

MADISON

What was your factory manufacturing?

BENSON

My company, NuGen, manufactures heavy exo-loaders. My name's Benson. Benson Tyrone.

REENA

(confused)

Uh, Mr. Tyrone, what exactly are heavy...exo-loaders?

BENSON

They're powersuits used in construction. When worn they augment the wearer's strength to aid in tasks that require heavy lifting.

MADISON

So, basically wearable forklifts.

BENSON

Well, a bit more complex than that. My company is in the construction business ourselves, we have countless contracts around the city, but last year we began producing these exo-loaders to use at our sites. I'd hoped, in time, to start expanding our contracts nationwide but--

MADISON

(suspicious)

So that's *all* you were manufacturing in that building, correct? The Heavy exo-loaders?

BENSON

That's right. You have to find out who did this!

MADISON

What makes you certain someone was responsible? Maybe this was caused by equipment malfunction or the unsafe storage of volatile material. I've seen it before. Have you been keeping up with safety regulations?

BENSON

Absolutely! My factory was up to code on everything.

REENA

Do you know anyone who would've wanted to do this? Maybe someone with a grudge against you?

BENSON

Off the top of my head? I can't think of anyone--but *someone* was definitely behind this, that you can take to the bank!

MADISON

(beat)

So much for a quiet night, huh, rookie?

SOUND: NOISES FADE OUT AS SCENE ENDS.

SCENE 4

INTERIOR. OFFICE

SOUND: DOOR OPENS.

DREZZ

(condescending)

Fancy place you've got here, Fyzer.

FYZER

(nervous)

Just get in here, *quickly!*

DREZZ

(condescending)

And look at this sign, with your big bold letters: Onyx Construction. Nice name.

(sarcastic)

Well, look at you, turned over a new lead and gone legitimate.

Almost anyway.

(Drezz is clearly enjoying this)

But a plush office doesn't suit you. Neither does the construction business.

(amused with himself)

Deconstruction is far more amusing...

FYZER

(anxious)

No one seen you come in, did they?

DREZZ

I was...discreet.

FYZER

(relieved)

Good.

(eager)

You did it, right? The job's done?

DREZZ

Up in smoke, just like you asked.

FYZER

(nervous)

And no one was killed?

DREZZ

I didn't light anyone up, though I can't say I wasn't tempted.

FYZER

I told you, nobody gets killed. I want NuGen out of business, that's all. Remember, Drezz, I'm the one paying you. You torch the places at night, when no one's there, that was our agreement.

DREZZ

How quaint, a criminal with a conscious.

FYZER

If things go south, I just don't want the cops coming down on me for being an accomplice to murder.

DREZZ

Can't stand the heat, can you?

FYZER

Neither can *you*, Drezz. Look at those hands of yours...you play with fire long enough and you're bound to get burned.

DREZZ

(amused)

You say that like it's a bad thing. The fire makes *me* feel *alive*. The day I lost my hands was the greatest day of my life. I had set off my masterwork, my explosive magnum opus, a blistering manifesto of untold carnage and exquisite beauty! Seeing it was like undergoing a rebirth, born from the fiery embrace of a phoenix. Losing a few appendages was a small price to pay.

SOUND: THE CLICKING AND SHIFTING OF SMALL SERVOS AND GEARS IN DREZZ'S FINGERS.

DREZZ (CONT'D)

Besides, these cybernetic hands are so much more...*practical* in my line of work.

FYZER

You're sick, Drezz.

DREZZ

Good thing there are sick people like me out there, huh? Or spinless little worms like you wouldn't have anyone to hire to do their dirty work.

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENING.

DREZZ (CONT'D)

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a firework show to plan. This one will be a real Grand Guignol.

FYZER
 (urgently)
 Remember, no one dies!

DREZZ
 Ashes to ashes, Fyzer. Ashes to
 ashes...

SOUND: THE DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

FYZER
 (under his breath)
 That maniac...what have I gotten
 myself into?

SCENE 5

INTERIOR. POLICE INDOOR SHOOTING RANGE

SOUND: GUN FIRING, EACH SHOT ECHOING WITHIN THE INDOOR FIRING
 RANGE.

REENA
 Uh, why did we come to the firing
 range again?

MADISON
 I told you before, it's where I
 think best. Besides, you could use
 some practice, rookie.

REENA
 (embarrassed)
 Well, that's true I do, but--
 (annoyed)
 --hey, just once, you *could* try
 calling me by my name, you know. My
 name's *not* 'rookie,' it's Reena! R.
 E. E. --

SOUND: COMMUNICATOR BEEP.

MADISON
 Quiet, incoming call.

REENA
 Ugh!

ANOTHER BEEP (SOUND OF MADISON TAPPING BUTTON).

MADISON (CONT'D)

This is Wynter, over.

LIKE BEFORE, IN SCENE 2, THE FEMALE'S DISPATCHER'S VOICE SHOULD SOUND LIKE IT'S BEING BROADCAST OVER A RADIO OR TRANSMITTER.

FEMALE DISPATCHER

We've just received a call regarding a suspicious individual near the Selco District, on the corner of Ventura and Lang. It was reported that he'd been carrying what appeared to be a large package while trying to forcibly enter a building.

MADISON

(interest raised)

What building? Give me the details.

FEMALE DISPATCHER

Records show that it's a warehouse owned by Benson Tyrone of the NuGen Corporation. The warehouse's operation hours are over for the day--no workers should be entering or exiting the facility and we've been unable to contact any of the on-site security personnel.

MADISON

We'll check it out.

FEMALE DISPATCHER

One more thing, we've just received the crime scene report for that NuGen factory explosion last night. They discovered remains of a C-Class explosive, a very intricate one at that. I've checked with the PCPD database, that type of bomb is extremely rare.

MADISON

Thanks for forwarding me the report, Sera. Wynter, out.

SOUND: BEEP AS TRANSMISSION ENDS.

REENA

Wow, so someone *is* deliberately targeting NuGen, just like Tyrone said.

MADISON

And tonight we catch them. Let's roll.

SCENE 6

EXTERIOR. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

SOUND: CITY STREET AT NIGHT. SOUND OF A POLICE CAR PULLING UP, SIRENS WAILING. THE VEHICLE SKIDS TO A STOP, SIRENS GO SILENT. THE CAR'S DOORS OPEN, FOLLOWED BY TWO PAIRS OF FEET EXITING THE VEHICLE.

REENA

You sure this one's the NuGen warehouse?

MADISON

Yeah, so keep your eyes peeled.

REENA

I don't know, it looks pretty peaceful out here.

MADISON

That's the problem. No security in sight...

(pause)

...and check out the surveillance camera, it's been deactivated.

REENA

You think the guy we're looking for's already inside?

MADISON

Count on it. Take a look. The warehouse door--someone's forced it open.

REENA

(nervous)

Guess we're going in then, huh?

(beat)

Uh, maybe we should call in the bomb squad, y'know, just in case...

MADISON
Stow it, rookie. Stay out here if
you're afraid.

SOUND: SQUEAKING OF METAL DOOR BEING PUSHED OPEN. FOOTSTEPS
OF REENA AND MADISON ENTERING THE WAREHOUSE. THE DOOR CLOSES
BEHIND THEM.

REENA
I'm coming, I'm coming!

INTERIOR. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

REENA
(nervous)
Wow, it's kinda creepy inside...and
dark.

SOUND: GUNS BEING PULLED FROM THEIR HOLSTERS.

MADISON
Make sure your weapon's safety is
off.

REENA
I know, I know...
(pause/surprise)
Madison, over there, someone's on
the floor!

SOUND: REENA AND MADISON'S FOOTSTEPS AS THEY RUN OVER.

MADISON
It's a security guard.

REENA (CONT'D)
(worried)
Is he--?

MADISON
No, still got a pulse, he's just
unconscious.

SOUND: FARAWAY NOISE OF METAL CLATTERING ON THE GROUND.

REENA
You heard that?

MADISON
Sounds like it came from that room
over there...

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OF MADISON AND REENA QUICKLY APPROACHING OTHER ROOM.

REENA
It's an office, but no one's here.

SOUND: WE HEAR A CONTINUOUS BEEPING NOISE, LOW, AND IN THE BACKGROUND.

MADISON
(becoming suspicious)
But something *else* is...that
beeping noise...

REENA
Yeah, I hear it too. But where's it
coming from?

MADISON
(pause)
That cabinet...

SOUND: METAL CABINET BEING OPENED. BEEPING IS NOW MORE PROMINENT.

MADISON
Shit!

REENA
What is it?

MADISON
We found our bomb...

SOUND: HANDS CLAPPING TOGETHER IN GENTLE APPLAUSE.

DREZZ
(amused)
Well played, ladies. You've gone
and discovered my little present. A
bit early though, tsk, tsk...

SOUND: MADISON'S GUN BEING RAISED, WEAPON'S HAMMER IS PULLED BACK.

MADISON
Freeze! Hands in the air!

DREZZ
(playful)
All right, all right, you got me.
Not that it'll matter much in three
minutes.

REENA

Three minutes? What'll happen in three minutes?

DREZZ

Boom! This whole place will be turned into cinder. So, what's it gonna to be? Arrest me, or disarm the bomb? Oh, and keep in mind, that's no ordinary C-Class explosive. That baby'll take out the whole city block!

REENA

You're bluffing!

DREZZ

Am I? See that clock over there? Two minutes and forty-six seconds left.

REENA

(nervous)

Madison, what are we gonna do?

MADISON

We still have enough time to disarm the--

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS SHUT. SOUND OF LOCK.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Son of a--! Took my eyes off the bastard for a second.

SOUND: REENA RUNNING TO DOOR. SOUND OF HER TRYING TO OPEN DOOR. IT'S LOCKED. SHE BANGS ON THE DOOR.

REENA

He's locked us in!

DREZZ'S VOICE

(sounds like voice is coming from behind door)

Hate to cut and run, especially on a couple of hot babes--but trust me, you'll be a lot *hotter* in a few minutes. Catch ya later...or not...
(crazed laughter)

DREZZ'S VOICE BECOMES DISTANT...HE'S GONE.

MADISON

Forget him, we need to disarm this
bomb--*now!*

SOUND: SHUFFLING NOISE. SOUND OF METAL BEING WRENCHED FREE.
WHILE THIS IS ALL HAPPENING, WE HEAR THE BEEPING OF THE BOMB.

REENA

(worried)

What are you doing? Won't the bomb
explode if you--

MADISON

I'm just removing this panel from
it...*very* carefully. We need to get
to the wires inside.

From here on, both Reena and Madison are on edge, so their
voices should be tinged with anxiety.

REENA

That's a *lot* of wires!

MADISON

I-I don't know which one to cut.

REENA

Wait! How'd that saying go at the
academy...

MADISON

If you've got something, now'd be a
good time to spit it out!

REENA

(hesitant, giving it some
thought)

It went...no, that wasn't it. Maybe
it was...nah, not that either.

(embarrassed laugh)

Heh, I may have fallen asleep
during the bomb disposal course...

MADISON

(Annoyed)

You never fail to *not* surprise me.
We don't have time for this. I'm
cutting yellow.

REENA

Oh, I remember! Yellow before red,
end up dead...

MADISON
Huh?! All right, we'll go with red.

REENA
Yeah, seems like a good choice.

MADISON
Here it goes. Cutting re--

REENA
Wait a sec! There was something else...

MADISON
We don't have--

REENA
Red before yellow will kill a fellow!

MADISON
(more agitated)
Fine, blue! I'll cut *blue*.

REENA
Blue before white and it'll be a bad night...

MADISON
Ookay...going for white.

REENA
White before blue is always taboo.

MADISON
We're running out of colors here!

REENA
Try orange. Nothing rhymes with orange!

SOUND: THE SNIP OF A WIRE.

MADISON
Did it--orange is cut.

SOUND: THE BEEPING CONTINUES.

REENA
It's still beeping!

MADISON
Dammit, we only have fifteen
seconds left!

REENA
Cut another!

MADISON
Which one?

REENA
All! Cut *all* of them!

SOUND: MORE SNIPS. THE BEEPING STOPS.

MADISON
It-it *actually* worked!

REENA
Phew! That was way too close.

SOUND: CLUNKING OF METAL. MADISON IS PICKING UP THE BOMB.

REENA
(confused)
Now what are you doing with the
bomb?

MADISON
We're bringing it back to the
station for analysis. This isn't
your average, run-of-the-mill bomb.
Maybe after taking this thing apart
we can gather some clues as to who
we're dealing with here.

FADE OUT SOUNDS. MUSIC ROLLS.

SCENE 7

INTERIOR. CHIEF HARDIMAN'S OFFICER - DAY

REENA
(excitedly talking a mile
a minute)
(MORE)

REENA (cont'd)

...and then we were locked in this room in the warehouse and the bomb was live, so we had to disarm it, but cutting the orange wire didn't work, and I was sure it had to be orange, but I didn't remember from the academy because I slept through the course, not that I slept through every course, of course, but then we disabled the bomb but the perp escaped and...

HARDIMAN

(tersely)

I'm *aware*, Officer Saffron--I have the written report right in *front* of me.

REENA

(embarrassed)

Yes, Chief! Sorry, Chief!

HARDIMAN

I also have the crime lab's analysis here.

MADISON

What's the deal?

HARDIMAN

They compared the bomb you brought in last night to one from the NuGen factory bombing two nights ago. I've been on the force for thirty-three years, I've *seen* my share of bombs, but *never* ones like these.

MADISON

If they're that uncommon, it should narrow down our list of suspected bombers, right Chief? I take it not just *anyone* could make one of those, and I highly doubt someone *that* good hasn't already built up a nice criminal record.

HARDIMAN

A few years ago in Nu Metropol there was a series of bombings. Investigators found that each bomb bore a unique "signature," in that they were wired and constructed a certain way.

(MORE)

HARDIMAN (cont'd)

The person responsible was a man named Drezz Vargo. He's got a rap sheet a mile long, so I won't bother you with the details. But the guy's a certified pyromaniac, and damn good at it. Nu Metropol police thought he'd died in one of his own explosions, but they never did find a body.

REENA

But what does he want with NuGen, and how are we going to find him?

HARDIMAN

His NuGen connection's a mystery, but we might have a lead worth pursuing. In both bombs the crime lab found something peculiar...the primer used for these explosives is distinct, mostly used for controlled demolitions. And this particular primer is also extremely outdated.

MADISON

How does that help us?

HARDIMAN

Only one factory in Pallad City manufactured those primers. They shut down six months ago, but we were able to get hold of an old invoice list. Their last shipment of those primers had been sent to Warehouse 7E, located in the Garland Fishing District.

MADISON

Garland--? That whole district's been abandoned for years.

HARDIMAN

Exactly. And that warehouse in question is derelict property. The city still owns it after last year's drug bust.

SOUND: THE DOOR OPENING.

MADISON

C'mon, rookie. We'll look into it.

REENA
(frustrated)
Arrg! I told you, the name's Reena,
not rookie!

MADISON
Yeah, whatever.

SOUND: REENA AND MADISON EXIT THE ROOM. DOOR SHUTS.

SCENE 8

INTERIOR. WAREHOUSE 7E - EVENING

FYZER
I don't like this, Drezz. Why'd you
insist on me meeting you *here*, in
this stink-ridden warehouse? This
whole district should've been
condemned years ago.

DREZZ
(sarcastic)
Aww, sorry the accommodations
aren't up to your standards, Fyzer.
(condescending)
Your fancy office was too stuffy
for me. Besides, I think you need
to get *out* a bit more, breath in
the air...life can be so boring
sitting behind a desk all day.

FYZER
What happened last night? You said
you'd take care of the NuGen
warehouse. It's *still* standing!

DREZZ
I ran into a couple *minor*
complications.

FYZER
(panicked)
The police are on to us, aren't
they?

DREZZ
No need to get hot under the
collar. They'll be dealt with soon
enough.

FYZER

No, now this is getting out of hand. I'll find another way to deal with Tyrone and his company. Our business together is over.

DREZZ

Y'know, Fyzer, something told me you'd say that. But it's too late. When you play in the frying pan, there's only one place left to go. And tonight we're going to put an end to NuGen. Entirely. Starting with Tyrone himself.

FYZER

Dammit, Drezz--I just wanted NuGen's facilities destroyed. Don't you understand, my construction company will be out of business if NuGen produces those heavy exo-loaders. You know what those powersuits will do to the industry? With that tech, Tyrone will get every construction contract across the city--hell, forget the city--*globally!* No one will want to deal with companies that don't have exo-loaders. They'll revolutionize the business and I'll be left in the dust!

DREZZ

(sarcastic)

Sad story, Fyzer. Got a smoke?

FYZER

You brainless fool! This business was my way to go legit--and now it's being trampled on!

DREZZ

Sounds like you wanted to be legit in the *wrong* business.

NEARBY

REENA

(voice somewhat low--but
not too low)

Did you hear that?

MADISON

(whispering)

Keep your voice down, they'll hear us! And keep your head down too!

REENA

(whispering)

Oops! Gotcha!

MADISON

(whispering)

So, NuGen was being targeted by a rival construction company and Drezz was just the hired hand.

REENA

(whispering)

But who's that guy with him?

MADISON

(whispering)

I recognize his face from the PCPD criminal database. Name's Len Fyzer. Has a lengthy record of shady business dealings, forgeries, and fraud. Your typical second-rate scam artist. Guess he didn't stay clean for long after his last trip to prison.

NEARBY

DREZZ

A little heat comes down and look at you, Fyzer. You're terrified. Your problem is you're not motivated enough. Well, have I got just the *spark* of inspiration you need.

FYZER

I want no part of this, you maniac. I made a big mistake hiring you!

MADISON

Freeze!

REENA

You're busted!

FYZER

D-don't shoot! My hands are up!

MADISON
Get on the floor!

FYZER
All right, all right! I'm down,
don't shoot!

MADISON
You too, Drezz.

DREZZ
Well done, ladies. You found me.
But hey, you followed the trail,
and you know what they say, where's
there's smoke, there's fire...
(sinister)
...and where there's *fire*...there's
me!

REENA
Madison, he's reaching for
something in his jacket!

MADISON
Put it down, or I'll put *you* down!

SOUND: PRESS OF A BUTTON. A UNIQUE BEEP SOUND.

MADISON
Shit--it's a detonator!

SOUND: GUN FIRES. BULLET RICOCHETS OFF METAL.

DREZZ
(running, he calls back to
the officers)
You had your shot, cop--and you
missed! Two minutes 'til this place
goes up in flames!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS OF DREZZ RUNNING. METAL CLANGING UNDER FEET
AS HE MAKES IT TO A CATWALK.

REENA
Drezz's heading for that catwalk!

MADISON
(annoyed)
I can see that! Get Fyzer out of
here, I'll handle Drezz.

REENA

But you just heard what he said! In
two minutes--

SOUND: MADISON'S FOOTSTEPS, SHE RUNS UP THE CATWALK.

MADISON

(yelling back to Reena)
Move it! There's no time to argue!

REENA

(relenting)
Okay, okay!

SOUND: MADISON RUNNING ON THE METAL CATWALK (CLANGING NOISE).
WE ALSO HEAR DREZZ'S FOOTSTEPS IN THE DISTANCE.

MADISON

Hold it, Drezz!

SOUND: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

DREZZ

My, my, aren't *you* the persistent
one? But you should've escaped when
you had the chance. Now tonight's
menu will have roast pig on it.

MADISON

You're cornered, scumbag. It's
over.

DREZZ

(amused)

Might be worth mentioning, there's
over a dozen bombs set to go off
any second, one after the other. By
themselves they won't do much, but
the chain reaction should make for
quite a sight. It'll certainly
bring *this* place crashing down.

MADISON

Unless you want to be caught in the
explosions yourself, I'd suggest
deactivating them and turning
yourself in--now.

DREZZ

Why would I do that? I'm only
getting warmed up, the real fun
hasn't even begun yet!

SOUND: An explosion.

DREZZ (CONT'D)
Now we're talking! Isn't it
beautiful?

SOUND: Another explosion, the falling and crashing of metal.

MADISON
Look out!

DREZZ
Wha--?

SOUND: Crashing metal.

DREZZ (CONT'D)
(screams as he's crushed by falling
metal.)

SOUND: Metal smashing down on Drezz. Another explosion
follows.

MADISON
Drezz! Dammit!

SOUND: Yet another explosion. More collapsing metal and
concrete debris. Crumbling plaster.

MADISON
(pained cry as debris falls on her)

SOUND: More explosions. Sound of sweeping fire.

REENA
(calling from a distance)
Madison!

MADISON
(coughing)
Stay back...too dangerous, the
fire...smokes...getting...thicker..
.

REENA
(voice closer/nervous)
What happened?

MADISON
(coughing)
Leg's pinned...trapped under a
metal beam...c-can't budge it...

REENA
Don't worry, I'm here!

SOUND: Reena trying to pull metal beam off Madison's leg.

REENA (CONT'D)
(straining)
Here, I'll try lifting it off.
(continuing to struggle)
Uggghh!

MADISON
(coughing)
What happened...to Fyzer?
(coughing)
Don't tell me you...let him go to
help...me?

REENA (CONT'D)
(struggling to lift beam)
He's handcuffed inside the car.

SOUND: Reena pushes the metal beam off Madison's leg and it
crashes to the ground.

REENA (CONT'D)
Got it, you're free! C'mon, let me
help you, we've got to get outta
here! Can you walk?

MADISON
(weakly)
I'll manage.

SOUND: Shuffling of feet. More explosions. The rumbling sound
of the warehouse coming down. A larger climatic explosion--
the entire building goes up in flame.

EXTERIOR. WAREHOUSE 7E - CONTINUOUS

Footsteps against concrete, Madison and Reena make it
outside.

We still hear the flames of the building and more rubble
continuing to collapse.

REENA
(breathing heavy)
Whew! Just made it. That was a
close one. But where's Drezz?

MADISON
 (breathing heavy)
 Part of the ceiling caved in on
 him. No way he could've survived
 it.

SOUND OF FIRE AND BACKGROUND NOISE FADES OUT. MUSIC ROLLS.

INTERIOR. CHIEF HARDIMAN'S OFFICER - DAY

HARDIMAN
 Good work you two. Fyzer confessed
 to everything and gave us a sworn
 statement about his role in the
 NuGen bombings.

REENA
 (excited)
 Case closed, right Chief?

MADISON
 Hold it, what about Drezz? Did they
 find the body?

HARDIMAN
 (solemnly)
 The crime scene's a mess, it could
 take days before we dig through it
 all, but...as of yet, we haven't
 found any remains.

REENA
 (concerned)
 Madison, you don't think he
 could've...

MADISON
 (grim)
 I...don't know. It didn't look like
 anyone was walking out of there.

HARDIMAN
 If he somehow *did* survive, rest
 assured we'll find him.

SOUND: Grumbling stomach noise.

HARDIMAN (CONT'D)
 (surprised)
 What the devil was that noise?

REENA

(embarrassed)

Heh, heh...it was my stomach,
Chief.

(excited)

Say, Madison, wanna grab some food?
There's a great barbecue place on
Revco and First, they've got this
new flame-grilled--

MADISON

(disgusted)

Yuck, anything *but* barbecue! I've
had enough smoke in my lungs for
one week. I'll just settle for a
nice salad.

FADE OUT. MUSIC ROLLS.

THE END