

LUCKY STRIKE

by

John Cable

Film Studies BA (Hons)
Writing for Film and TV Industries

Module
Coordinator:
John Caro

DARKNESS. Nothing.

Fast footsteps, a door is flung open.

Beams of light break through what is now seen as a closed doorway.

Footsteps getting closer, heavier.

CRASH! LYNNESSA, 27, dressed in tactical gear, bursts through the door shoulder first.

She is illuminated by light behind her, dust swirling into the empty room.

Her breathing is heavy, she is being pursued.

She tucks a DATAPAD into her jacket pocket.

She darts across the room and smashes through the boarded up window into the street below.

Two more pairs of heavy footsteps get closer, JEFFREYS, 42, smartly dressed and JONES, 36, smartly dressed, enter the room, guns raised.

JEFFREYS:
(Into his lapel)
Suspect heading South on Maiden
Street!

JONES starts to lower himself out of the window.

JONES:
Take the roof, I'll take the
street!

JEFFREYS backtracks to head to the roof.

LYNNESSA is rushing through the crowd, keeping her head low.

JONES hits the ground hard behind her as she ducks into an alleyway.

JONES:
(Into his lapel)
I've lost visual, I'm heading South
on Maiden Street.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

JEFFREYS is hopping roofs behind LYNNESSA.

JEFFREYS:

Suspect has turned into an alleyway, cut her off from Widepark.

3 EXT. ALLEYWAY. DAY.

3

As LYNNESSA passes vendors she swipes a KEFFIYEH and SUNGLASSES from a parked speeder and disguises herself.

4 EXT. WIDEPARK AVENUE. DAY.

4

LYNNESSA turns into Widepark Avenue, but is moving against the flow of the crowd.

JEFFREYS reaches the end of the rooftops as JONES emerges a few alleys down from LYNNESSA.

JONES raises his blaster pistol.

JONES

STOP!

LYNNESSA turns and starts to run.

JONES takes a shot. It grazes LYNNESSA'S thigh.

The crowd panic and scatter.

JEFFREYS hits the ground in front of LYNNESSA.

His blaster pistol is holds true.

JEFFREYS

LYNNESSA STOP! We can help you!

He takes a shot, it hits LYNNESSA in the shoulder.

LYNNESSA stumbles, throwing her bodyweight into JEFFREYS.

She removes her Keffiyeh, using it to disarm JEFFREYS.

Another shot burns through the Keffiyeh, igniting it and spitting up molten sand.

JEFFREYS falls to the ground as LYNNESSA continues down the now deserted street.

KINNERMAN arrives on a hover bike to block LYNNESSA's path.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

LYNNESSA drops to the ground, kicking up sand into KINNERMAN's face.

KINNERMAN
AGHH!

LYNNESSA uses her momentum to launch herself up and commandeer the hover bike.

KINNERMAN thuds to the ground.

LYNNESSA kicks the hover bike into gear, which kicks a cloud of sand up into JEFFREYS' face, spins it around and heads away from her pursuers.

JEFFREYS
(Spluttering into his
lapel)
COUGH... S... COUGH... She's on a
speeder bike...

JONES has commandeered a hover bike and snaps past JEFFREYS, in pursuit.

LYNNESSA turns onto the highway on-ramp.

JEFFRIES (CONT'D)
...heading north on highway Forty-
Two!

5 EXT. HIGHWAY 42 ON-RAMP. DAY. 5

LYNNESSA checks over her shoulder.

JONES turns the corner behind her as she enters the main highway.

6 EXT. HIGHWAY 42. DAY. 6

The traffic is heavy.

LYNNESSA weaves in and out of hovering cargo freighters and passenger vehicles.

She keys her earpiece.

BEEP

LYNNESSA
Come on, pick up!

BEEP

(CONTINUED)

LYNNESSA
Pick up, damn it!

BEEP

Lynnessa hits the brakes and narrowly misses a passenger car changing lanes.

The rear end lifts and she almost topples forward.

BE... CLICK.

PETERS
(In LYNNESSA's earpiece)
Lynnessa. Do you have it?

LYNNESSA
Yes, I got it. I'm on highway FORTY-
TWO, requesting immediate air lift.

The traffic ahead is slowing.

LYNNESSA takes to the emergency lane, whipping past vehicles.

A vehicle is on fire ahead, blocking the emergency lane and inner three lanes.

LYNNESSA bobs and weaves to the outer lane.

PETERS
Negative. There's too much air
traffic.

LYNNESSA
SHIT!

PETERS
Proceed to evac site Zulu, updating
your HUD now.

LYNNESSA
There better be someone waiting!

LYNNESSA'S optical implant flashes as a way-pointed route highlights her way.

At the same time she punches through a wall of smoke from the burning vehicle, leaving contrails behind the hover bike's exhaust.

This distracts her.

LYNNESSA
UGHH!

(CONTINUED)

JONES crashes down from above.

His hover bike struggles to remain afloat and scuffs the tarmac below.

They are side by side.

LYNNESSA reaches over her shoulder and unsheathes her Katana.

It unfolds, reflecting the sun in a thousand directions before unifying as a single blade.

LYNNESSA swipes exactly where JONES head was.

He anticipated this. He's hit the brakes.

LYNNESSA loses her balance and tips.

LYNNESSA

AGHH!!!

LYNNESSA tumbles violently down the highway.

The hover bike spins out of control. It crosses the central reservation and hits an oncoming cargo freighter, bursting into flames.

LYNNESSA catches her breath and picks herself up.

JONES is joined by JEFFREYS. They stop in front of LYNNESSA.

LYNNESSA doesn't give them a chance to dismount.

She charges in rage.

JONES

It doesn't have to...

LYNNESSA'S fist collides with his face.

He falls backwards, unconscious.

LYNNESSA turns to JEFFREYS. He was quicker to dismount.

They fight hand-to-hand. JEFFREYS uses LYNNESSA's wounds to his advantage.

He has her in a headlock.

JEFFREYS

LYNNESSA. Stop! We want to help you!

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

LYNNESSA grits her teeth. She throws her legs up, curls them in and forces the two of them into a forward roll to free herself.

She keeps hold of JEFFREYS arm, twisting his shoulder out of its socket.

JEFFREYS
AHHHHHHHHH! AH GHAAHHHH!

LYNNESSA stumbles to JEFFREYS hover bike and mounts it.

She speeds off into the distance.

7 INT. UNDERGROUND GARAGE. EVENING. 7

The shutters clutter into action.

LYNNESSA ducks under them and triggers them to close before they have fully raised.

She throws the hover bike into the corner and stumbles to the elevator.

8 INT. ELEVATOR. EVENING. 8

LYNNESSA jabs at the button labelled "FLOOR 277", smearing blood on the console.

She collapses in the corner as the doors close.

9 EXT. ROOFTOP / EVAC POINT ZULU. EVENING. 9

LYNNESSA is in and out of consciousness.
PETERS, 50, dressed practically, is by her side.

PETERS
Lynnessa. LYNNESSA, can you hear me?

...

PETERS
LYNNESSA! Do you have it?

...

PETERS
Where is it?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

LYNNESSA

I...

...

LYNNESSA is loaded into a quadcopter.

REEVE, 25, dressed in scrubs, is placing an IV in LYNNESSA'S arm.

REEVE

She's lost a lot of blood and has several fractures. We need...

...

10 INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION / MEDICAL CENTER. NIGHT.

10

LYNNESSA is in a medical bay.

REEVE checks on her and leaves.

PETERS is sat in the corner.

LYNNESSA wakes up and looks at PETERS.

LYNNESSA

(dazed)

Where am I?

PETERS

Don't worry your safe.

LYNNESSA

(suddenly alert)

The datapad, where is it!?

PETERS

Don't worry, don't worry! The medics found the datapad when they removed your clothing. You've been in and out for three days now.

LYNNESSA

What about the plan?

PETERS

Relax, everything is running smoothly. The president is due to hold a press conference any moment. Everything is how it should be.

(CONTINUED)

PETERS retrieves the datapad from his pocket and clicks it on.

A hologram appears, the title can be read as:

"TECHNICAL SCHEMATICS. BUGATTI-1138 PRESIDENTIAL 'AIR FORCE ONE' ORBITAL CRAFT."

The hologram flickers to life, detailing a unique firing pattern for the emergency exits:

BOOM-SNAP-SNAP-SNAP-KABOOM

PETERS gestures at the wall.

It flickers to life. A local news channel.

AMY SIGHTS, 25, blonde, smartly dressed, is holding a microphone.

SIGHTS

Thanks Tom, this is Amy Sights with WWBC. President DENVERS will be with us soon with his weekly forum. We can only assume he will provide more information about the attack on the Government Archives earlier this week.

SIGHTS reaches to her ear and looks away from the camera.

SIGHTS (CONT'D)

OK Tom, we're going live to Air Force One now with President DENVERS.

PRESEDIDENT DENVERS, 66, greying, age has not treated him well, enters the view on the news report.

PRESIDENT DENVERS

Hello. Earlier this week the Government Archives were attacked by the terrorist group known as CALLYPSO. Government Agents responded within minutes and successfully prevented any archives from being stolen or sabotaged.

BOOM-SNAP-SNAP-SNAP-KABOOM

The sides of the space craft rip open.

PRESIDENT DENVERS is sucked into space.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The feed cuts.

Peters turns to leave. He is wearing an evil smile.

He looks over his shoulder to Lynnessa.

PETERS

Get some rest. You've earned it.