

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY- NIGHT- PRE-TITLES

A luxury sedan flies along a dark, rural highway.

TITLE READS: "A highway in Pennsylvania"

INT. CAR (MOVING)- NIGHT

KELLEN, mid-thirties in suit and tie, is driving. Staring straight ahead with tired eyes. He blinks and looks over to the passenger seat.

Riding beside him is CRYSTAL, early forties, in a professional blazer and top. She starts awake and shivers visibly.

KELLEN

You okay?

CRYSTAL

Yes. I think so. Weird. I just had the strangest dream.

WE SEE HER POV moving from Kellen to the dark, unlit road. Almost empty but for passing semis.

KELLEN

What kind of dream? One I should be worried about?

She blinks her eyes, picks up coffee travel cup and sucks at it, but it's empty.

WE SEE the road, again, as a WOMAN IN WHITE steps out into the road and into their headlights.

CRYSTAL

Kellen! Look out!

Kellen sees her and brakes. There is a THUMP of contact.

EXT. ROAD- NIGHT

The car skids aggressively to a stop and Kellen leaps out and dashes to the front. There is no damage visible to the car but the woman, attractive and in her late-thirties, is sprawled out

on the ground.

KELLEN

Hello-- can you hear me? Hello? Talk to me, are you conscious?

Her eyes are slowly blinking but she isn't responsive. With professional experience he checks her vital signs and gestures to Crystal, who is slowly moving towards them from the car.

CRYSTAL

This isn't right. Something is wrong with this.

KELLEN

She's conscious but I'm not getting life signs. Do you have your phone?

He stands and looks around but the road is quiet and dark. Crystal pulls out her Blackberry but there is no reception.

CRYSTAL

I don't have a signal...

WOMAN IN WHITE

(Mumbling)

Can you take me home? I'm okay.

They hear her and kneel down closer.

KELLEN

What? Can you repeat that? Can you hear me? You've been hit in an accident.

CRYSTAL

She looks familiar. Does she have identification? I think she's in the program, Kellen.

KELLEN

What? How?

WOMAN IN WHITE

I'm okay. I'm... sorry about that. Can you... help me get home?

KELLEN

Sure, absolutely. Are you sure you're alright?

WOMAN IN WHITE

Yes...

She sits up and he examines her head and neck. There's no apparent damage but her eyes seem dazed, and distant.

Crystal stares at her with some recognition.

CRYSTAL

Hi. What's your name? I'm Crystal. I recognize you. Do you work for RMI?

WOMAN IN WHITE

Uh... I don't... I don't know. I live just up there. I don't know if I can walk... can you help me?

She gestures up the hill.

CRYSTAL

Should we drive you?

WOMAN IN WHITE

It would be faster to walk... it's right up there...

Crystal looks at Kellen with concern, but he shrugs and reaches down and picks her up and carries her through the roadside grass.

EXT. HILLSIDE- NIGHT

Kellen steps over a cattle fence with the woman and carries her toward a small cluster of buildings. The wind RUSHES LOUDLY through the scene.

Crystal follows slowly and more cautiously.

EXT. CLUSTER OF RURAL BUILDINGS- NIGHT

He carries her forward toward ELECTRIC LIGHTS. LOOKING AROUND, there are no more than a few house shapes in this open country.

KELLEN

Is this it?

She stares at him without changing her expression.

KELLEN

Can you hear me?

He brings her feet down and she stands without difficulty. From around the buildings, A FEW TOWNSFOLK emerge, walking slowly and carrying axes, hammers and rifles.

KELLEN

Hello! We brought this woman here,
home-- she was hit on the road and said
this was her...

CRYSTAL

This isn't right, Kellen. Look at them.

No one appears to be listening, as they slowly close in a circle around them.

KELLEN

(To the Woman in White)

Do you know these people?

She looks at him with a wild fanaticism and grins, then brings a small knife out and slashes at him viciously.

He leaps back defensively.

KELLEN

What the hell are you doing? Crystal,
Code Black!

He backpedals further and pulls a handgun from a holster under his coat as Crystal takes one from the small of her back.

The group tightens in closer with expressions of wicked joy and begin to strike out at them.

Kellen FIRES and Crystal FIRES, too, as it turns into a sudden melee.

She breaks loose, falling forward suddenly, and scrambles up and runs to the side, holding a bleeding arm.

CRYSTAL

Kellen, run!

A strange, disembodied VOICE (DERRICK CADE) is audible, at a very close perspective.

CADE'S VOICE

Take the woman. Slaughter the man.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Kill him! Get her!

The Woman in White stabs again at Kellen from behind and digs her knife in and he CRIES in pain. The group pulls him down, wrestling the gun free.

KELLEN

Crystal, run!!

With a look of desperate horror, she turns and runs. As she flees around one of the structures, WE SEE the buildings are just two dimensional facades, not actual houses.

CRYSTAL

This is a trap. Oh God.

She run over the grass, wildly, and SHOTS SOUND behind her.

CRYSTAL

Oh God, please God...

She crosses herself as she runs forward, stopping as a shape appears from the trees before her. She stares at it in horror.

CADE'S VOICE

Hello, Echo 1.

INT. CAR (MOVING)- NIGHT

Crystal snaps her head awake, shivering. She's back, riding in the car, and she gasps and reaches for Kellen and touches his arm.

He is driving the car, and looks over with a weary grin.

KELLEN

You okay?

CRYSTAL

Yes. I think so. Whoa. I just had the strangest dream.

WE SEE HER POV moving from Kellen to the dark, unlit road. Almost empty but for passing semis.

KELLEN

What kind of dream? One I should be
worried about?

She blinks her eyes, picks up coffee travel cup and sucks at it,
but it's empty.

This is exactly the same as earlier, and it dawns on her as she
LOOKS AT THE ROAD AGAIN. A massive tree stump flashes in the
HEADLIGHTS and CRASHES INTO THE WINDSHIELD.

CRYSTAL

Kellen! Look out!

Kellen sees it and brakes. There is a THUMP and CRASH as the
windshield cracks and the car SQUEALS in braking.

EXT. ROAD- NIGHT

The car skids aggressively to a stop, but this time there is massive
damage and steam gushes from the hood, where a giant tree stump
is resting.

Kellen climbs out of the car, looking around, and the road is
silent and empty.

KELLEN

Crystal, do you have your phone? Call
the office.

She climbs out the other side, dazed. WE SEE her phone, which
has no reception. She looks around in terror.

CRYSTAL

(In a quiet voice)

Kellen. I just foresaw this. It's a
trap.

From the darkness by the road, WE SEE the same figures approaching,
with malevolent grins.

CRYSTAL

Kellen, run! Run, now!

She starts running and he turns and follows her.

EXT. CLUSTER OF RURAL BUILDINGS- NIGHT

They run forward toward ELECTRIC LIGHTS. LOOKING AROUND, there are no more than a few house shapes in this open country-- THIS IS THE SAME, AGAIN, AS EARLIER.

KELLEN

Run to one of those houses!

CRYSTAL

They're just facades-- they're not real...

WE SEE Crystal's face, and hear her voice in close perspective, though her mouth doesn't move.

CRYSTAL'S VOICE

Jennifer, wake up. Wake up, now. Wake up and tell them where we are.

As the figures close, she looks around and Kellen has been grabbed and pulled to the ground.

KELLEN

Code Black, Crystal! Get the hell out of here!

The crowd begins to hack at him savagely with axes and knives as a SHOT SOUNDS.

DERRICK CADE, perhaps midforties, striking and severely disturbed in appearance, approaches calmly from the darkness, holding a hand to stop the others. This time he speaks normally.

DERRICK

Hello, Echo 1.

CRYSTAL'S VOICE

Jenny, wake up right now, damnit!

Crystal lifts her small pistol suddenly to her head.

DERRICK

Stop her! No!

CUT TO BLACK.

A GUNSHOT SOUNDS.

FILM TITLES

INT. SHODDY URBAN APARTMENT- NIGHT

A LOUD, ROWDY, SPANISH GAME SHOW blares on a small TV, and this place is a wreck-- piles of mail, stacks of dishes.

TITLE READS: "An apartment in Mexico City, Mexico"

Sitting upright on the back of a couch and facing out a balcony window is MAJOR WILLIAM RUIZ, mid to late thirties and in exceptional physical shape. He is wearing a white tank top and his shoulders are covered in tattoos, most of a religious nature-- one shoulder having a Star of David, the other an Islamic half moon.

He has an earpiece in, attached to a phone sitting on the couch, and clutches a PLASTIC BOTTLE of prescription lithium.

RUIZ

Yes, Sir. No, no, I am finished here.
There were no survivors. Yes, I'm
packed, Sir, thank you.

He presses a "MUTE" button and lifts a bottle of tequila to his mouth and drinks a long pull.

He presses it again.

RUIZ

Sure. No, I have no problem with
Arcanum. No, nor Department E. I will
download the brief, Sir. Understood.
I'll be there.

He clicks off the phone and takes the earpiece out.

He looks at the bottle of pills and drops it on the floor, WATCHING IT FALL.

He puts an unlit cigarette in his mouth and stands and looks out the window, AT THE CITY.

WE HEAR THE SHOW, louder and rowdier than ever, and he looks at it, blankly, and then walks over.

Calmly, he lifts the TV, pulling out enough cord, and DASHES IT ON THE FLOOR.

RUIZ
Shut up. Please.

INT. BASEMENT CELL

JENNY WALSH, maybe twenty one and fresh from college, wakes with a cry and rises up in her hospital bed with her eyes wide and then falls back, panting.

She is hooked to medical equipment, including registers attached to her head, chest and arms.

TITLE READS: "RMI Arcanum Division, Department E Research Facility in Arlington, Virginia"

THE LIGHT IS DIM, and from the shadows, DR. HELEN HOPKINS, who appeared earlier as the Woman in White, sits forward in a doctor's smock. She has a notebook computer in her lap and her demeanor is entirely different.

She comforts Jenny by putting a towel on her forehead and talking quietly.

HELEN
It's okay, Jenny, shhhh. It's okay. You were having a nightmare.

Jenny looks at Helen with recognition slowly settling back. She is still panting from exertion.

JENNY
Dr. Hopkins... you were... you were in it... she-- the woman in the blazer-- Crystal-- she said wake up, wake up right now...

INT. BASEMENT OBSERVATION ROOM

ON A TV SHOWING A SECURITY CAMERA FEED, WE SEE Helen and Jenny in the cell.

DR. DIRK PATRICK, befuddled young medical wunderkind, is sitting at a pair of computers, barely able to glance at this TV screen and investigate what's before him at the same time. On his medical

smock is a large "RMI" logo.

WE CAN HEAR Jenny and Helen over a TINNY SPEAKER.

HELEN

(Through speaker)

Shhhh. It's okay, we're okay right here, relax. Close your eyes and think about the dream, calmly.

Dr. Patrick leaps up, holding a notepad, and hurries from the observation room.

INT. BASEMENT COMPUTER LAB

At a computer lab, CASSANDRA PRICE, mid twenties with jet dyed hair and slightly goth makeup, is slumped before a computer screen, typing wildly.

WE SEE THE SCREEN, which reads "AVALON PSYCHIC CHAT ROOM" in cheesy, colorful HTML layout.

"Baby-bright-eyes," one of the chatters, sends a message suddenly that POPS on the screen with a DING. Her text reads:

"but how do I know if it's *their* thoughts I'm hearing?"

Cassandra sighs and types back.

WE SEE her name, "Lady Cassie Diva," and her message types up, reading: "you'll know, baby... got 2 go... cya soon..."

She signs out and pushes her chair back and stands, waiting, as Dr. Patrick suddenly storms into the room, surprised to find her here, waiting.

He stops by her with a smirk.

DR. PATRICK

Cassandra... hi. I've got the details... from the new A1.

CASSANDRA

Sure, I know.

DR. PATRICK

Yes... of course you do.

CASSANDRA

Shall we?

She gestures and Dr. Patrick leads on, walking them out the far door.

INT. BASEMENT WAITING ROOM

Dr. Patrick and Cassandra walk into a small, dreary waiting room. A SECRETARY at a desk is typing and looks up.

SECRETARY

Hi Dr. Patrick, let me just tell them you're here.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE

In a well appointed, windowless office two men are reviewing a NEWS PROGRAM on a TV screen. One, LT. COL RASHEED MCDONAN, is an athletic senior officer in his fifties, watching the TV with interest and taking notes on paper.

The other, AGENT CRAIG HOLMGREN, a middle aged, senior CIA man in a conservative suit, is standing and clicking through e-mail on his phone. HE MUTES THE TV and looks at McDonan with one eye.

HOLMGREN

That company doctor is here.

MCDONAN

Wait, un-mute it, would you? Just a second. Roll it back.

The agent sighs, but lifts the remote and REWINDS THE PROGRAM. AS IT PLAYS AGAIN FORWARD, THE SOUND RETURNS.

WE SEE THE PROGRAM, which looks like a cheap documentary. GARY SPEIGLER, a little sleazy and energetic, is the host of the program, directly addressing the camera with enthusiasm.

SPEIGLER

(On TV program)

...that this "RMI corporation," through a highly funded branch they internally call "Arcanum," works tirelessly to hide it's activities: we know for fact. That they have one of

the longest, and shadiest histories of any private corporation of their size: this we know for fact. That they have ties through contracts to the United States military and intelligence services, we know for fact.

McDonan looks at Holmgren with a frown.

The show sweeps over images of medieval paintings of knights and clergy fighting monsters and riding in lavish parade.

SPEIGLER

(V.O., On TV program)

I will show that this European corporation actually has roots in a real, honest-to-goodness witch and demon hunting organization from the Middle Ages. They stalked people who were unusual-- psychics, witches, scientists-- and called them monsters of myth and legend-- and massacred them. Known then as the "Hexenjager," I'll show you how this exclusive noble club once worked for the Roman Catholic Church-- before breaking off, into a supposedly secular, core group of very secretive, wealthy conspirators...

HOLMGREN

(Talking over the program)

So what's the military take on this journalist-- Speigler?

McDonan registers surprise and sighs. HOLMGREN STOPS THE PROGRAM NOW.

HOLMGREN

You didn't know? Jesus, so typical. You guys and your information flow.

MCDONAN

So what's your plan here?

HOLMGREN

Oh, this guy is totally discreditable, so it's... you know. Not a problem there, just a problem where he's

getting his...

His phone BUZZES again, and Holmgren walks over and opens the door, letting Dr. Patrick and Cassandra enter. McDonan quickly turns the TV off.

HOLMGREN

Dr. Patrick, Lt. Price. Come in. What do you have?

He closes the door.

DR. PATRICK

The... uhm, Al. Had another episode...

MCDONAN

The "potential" Al, right, Dr. Patrick?

HOLMGREN

This is that Walsh girl, right? The kid from Arizona?

McDonan nods.

DR. PATRICK

Yes. Potential. I need to wait for... uhm, corporate, but... this is very bad. Two agents. In Pennsylvania returning from scouting a recruit. I think we lost them both.

HOLMGREN

What? Who? Lost them where?

DR. PATRICK

RMI field agents. Code names Oscar 2 and Echo 1. On the... uh, near the highway.

MCDONAN

What?

HOLMGREN

Where? Where did this happen?

DR. PATRICK

We're... well. Dr. Hopkins is with her now... so I don't know. Yet.

He checks his own phone, comparing something there with notes on his pad.

HOLMGREN

I thought there was a direct read off of... what is it? Her whatchamacall it? Dr. Patrick? Can't we see what she's seeing when she's having these dream-- these psychic what do you call it?

DR. PATRICK

Uhm... I'm sorry, Agent Holmgren. I... there really should be someone here from... corporate. I'm a... Division E... you know.

MCDONAN

Specialist.

DR. PATRICK

Yes! A specialist. I think Mr. Beck and Dr. Chen are nearly here, Sir. Sirs. They should really share company information with the military. And the, uhm...

HOLMGREN

(Annoyed)

Agency.

DR. PATRICK

The CIA, yes, Sir.

Holmgren sighs in amusement and goes back to his phone, shaking his head.

While Dr. Patrick and Holmgren are standing and flipping furiously at their devices, McDonan looks at Cassandra and smiles.

MCDONAN

So Lt. Price, what have you seen?

CASSANDRA

Looks like we're going to New Jersey.

Holmgren looks up from his phone suspiciously.

MCDONAN

Who?

CASSANDRA

An RMI Arc team. Me, Dr. Hopkins. Lt. Morgan.

Both men stop with their phones and look up.

Silence.

HOLMGREN

Lt. Morgan is being held in detention pending full investigation. You make your military decisions based on psychics now, Col. McDonan?

MCDONAN

The lady's usually right, Craig. But, no. I'm just making conversation.

WE CLOSE ON Cassandra, who's smirking, her eyes slightly wide, unblinking.

EXT. WOODS CLEARING- DAWN

Three camouflage Humvees arrive aggressively, with SOLDIERS dismounting with gear and weapons.

Major Ruiz, now in fatigues, climbs out of the passenger side of one and looks around in his sunglasses.

RUIZ

I want a base camp right here now, with perimeter defenses. Captain Joyce.

TITLE READS: "The Pine Barrens in southern New Jersey"

CAPTAIN AUDREY JOYCE, mid twenties, in fatigues marked specially (and prominently) with "RMI: Arc" patches, steps up.

JOYCE

Major!

RUIZ

I want to address your team, Audrey.

JOYCE

Yes, Sir.

A large camper arrives, flanked by two black sedans. Ruiz's eyes

go to these vehicles as a team of soldiers, in RMI fatigues with small cameras and earpieces, and carrying assault rifles, races up and assembles by Joyce.

They are: LITA BURNS (female, ballsy jock, mid twenties), HOWARD DAWKINS (male, tough and sober, late twenties), DAVE JODOWSKI (male, a little sluggish and soft, mid twenties), T. NYEMAKYE (male African, stringbean thin, early twenties), and GUY SPARROW (male Australian, mop-headed, late thirties).

Ruiz paces back around, looking past the team to where another man in a suit (AGENT POTTER) gets out of one of the sedans and surveys the scene through sunglasses.

Ruiz takes his own off and looks over the team.

JOYCE

You've all heard of Major Ruiz, US Special Forces and one of the most senior hunters in the service. He is our commander in the field today, bozos-- so look sharp!

They snap to, but for Sparrow, who's got a little grin in place.

RUIZ

I appreciate you speaking out loud for my benefit, Captain. Who do we have here?

JOYCE

1st Lieutenants: Burns and Dawkins.
2nd Lieutenants: Jodowski, Nyemakye and Sparrow.

He walks along the line and looks them over.

RUIZ

Where's Lt. Price?

WE SEE across the camp, where Cassandra, holding her field cap in her hands dreamily, is standing apart and staring at the black sedans.

Joyce steps aside and focuses on her with a stern expression.

As earlier, WE HEAR HER VOICE OVER, in close perspective, but her mouth doesn't move. This is telepathic speech that will be used throughout the film.

JOYCE'S VOICE

(Telepathic)

Quebec 1, get your ass over here right now, damnit, didn't you hear me!?

Cassandra drops her hat, suddenly jerking around, and then picks it up and runs clumsily up to the line. She carries no weapon and has no gear.

JOYCE

Sorry, Major, forgot we had Lieutenant Price along for this one.

RUIZ

It's okay, Captain. She's probably going to be on my headquarters staff.

Cassandra reaches the line and straightens up.

RUIZ

(Good naturedly)

What's the matter, Price, didn't predict this little inspection?

There are suppressed chuckles along the line.

CASSANDRA

Sorry, Major, was having another... you know. Daydream.

She looks suddenly very grim. Ruiz locks eyes with her and she looks terrified and then looks down.

JOYCE

Major, we're all here.

RUIZ

Uh, great, Captain. Team, you know the name of the game here-- basic Department I stuff. Daylight operations, hive search and destroy. For you Department E newbies, this is what Arcanum's been training you for. Dawkins, Sparrow, you know the drill pretty well by now.

DAWKINS

Sir, yes, Sir.

SPARROW

Sure do, Major.

RUIZ

Great. There are a couple of your company's agents that were attacked near here-- we recovered their car this morning and there are large samples of their blood but no bodies. Stay sharp for cross talk from them or the enemy. We believe we might have a capinul here, leading this group.

He taps his head. He is distracted again, as WE SEE, IN THE DISTANCE, Helen walk over and shake hands with Agent Potter by the sedans.

RUIZ

That's all. Captain Joyce, you know the drill. Check everyone's camera and radio and get this running ASAP-- drag the local woods.

Joyce turns and faces the group with a stern face but no words.

Ruiz immediately stalks away from them, towards the sedans.

EXT. CLEARING BY SEDANS- DAY

Agent Potter is talking with Dr. Helen Hopkins as Ruiz approaches.

POTTER

...our assignment is just to keep close tabs on Lt. Morgan, that's all. I'm not here to interfere, but I'd love to see the work, of course, I'm curious as hell and my men here are all cleared.

HELEN

That's fine, Agent, I was briefed.

POTTER

Call me Frank, please.

She turns as Ruiz nears and smiles widely at him. He grins back.

HELEN

William! Oh my lord.

RUIZ

Dr. Hopkins, it's great to see you again.

She steps over and hugs him and he hugs her back.

HELEN

(Quietly, to him)
Call me Helen, Major.

RUIZ

It's so good to see you again.

HELEN

I thought you were on leave for sunsickness.

AGENT POTTER

He's back. Major. Great to have one of the legends along.

Potter and Ruiz shake hands coolly.

RUIZ

Agent Potter. Is Lt. Morgan already here?

He looks at the sedans awkwardly. Potter grimaces and then steps and pounds the roof of the nearest one.

Another CIA AGENT (WILSON, early twenties and buff) opens the door and exits the car, pulling LT. JAMES MORGAN (early thirties, handsome and likeable but extremely cocky) out in handcuffs and leg irons behind him.

MORGAN

Holy shit, what's going on, Billy Ruiz?
Wow, we got a real meeting of the bigtime here, don't we: Agent Frank, Dr. Helen. And... where the fuck are we? We're in the woods.

AGENT POTTER

Lt. Morgan, keep it zipped.

MORGAN

Lieutenant, really?

He turns and WE SEE HIS POV as a pair of SOLDIERS are planting

lamps and running wire at the fringes of the camp site.

RUIZ

I heard you were busted down, Morgan.
Captain Joyce is running the team
today.

MORGAN

Well, you know, RMI sure likes to play
its "civilian army" game. Joyce,
really? Jesus Christ, good luck to
them.

Ruiz winces.

MORGAN

Oh yeah, forgot I was among the
extremely faithful, sorry, Major. Can
I bum a cigarette if I promise not to
take names in vain?

AGENT POTTER

Absolutely not...

But before he finishes Ruiz has shaken one out for Morgan and
lights it.

Morgan smiles gleefully at Potter. WE HEAR HIS VOICE,
telepathically, without his mouth moving, as he stares at the
CIA man.

MORGAN'S VOICE

(Telepathic)

Enjoy this while it lasts, you sack of
shit. This isn't going to end well for
you, I hope you know that.

Potter looks at the others, but no one else appears to have heard.

AGENT POTTER

I'm going to say this where all three
parties can hear and be clear about the
Agency's feelings: you try anything
funny on this little freak vacation,
Morgan, and we're going to ship you to
Pakistan. I am not exaggerating, do you
understand me? RMI and the Special
Forces can lobby all they want, but

we're cooperating with this little exercise only in the interests of national security.

MORGAN'S VOICE

(Telepathic)

Your fly's open, Potter.

Agent Potter reflexively checks his zipper. Then snaps up, annoyed.

AGENT POTTER

You will not communicate with me telepathically, do you understand me?!

Potter extracts and extends a kosh from his coat pocket and Morgan looks surprised, but Dr. Hopkins intercedes.

HELEN

Morgan, please. Help us help you. No Department E behavior without my permission, okay?

He lifts his manacled hands in acceptance.

MORGAN

Sorry, Doc. I'll zip the brain. So why am I here?

HELEN

We need you to work with the new Alpha while the team's in the field. She's very raw, but full of ability, and time's key here. One of our agents might still be alive.

AGENT POTTER

This shouldn't be discussed in the open like this.

HELEN

Okay, agreed. Let's get set up, then. William, I'll see you later.

She reaches over and squeezes his hand and he looks back at her.

Morgan observes them, and Ruiz then looks to him.

MORGAN'S VOICE

(Telepathic)
Glad you're running this circus, Major
Billy. You know I'm many things but I'm
no terrorist.

Ruiz nods and then turns and starts away.

MORGAN'S VOICE
(Telepathic)
Bill.

He stops and turns back. Potter and his Agent are walking Morgan
towards the camper. He alone stares at Ruiz.

MORGAN'S VOICE
(Telepathic)
It's a trap. You know that, I hope.

Ruiz doesn't react and leaves as Morgan frowns.

EXT. WOODS- DAY

The team, led by Captain Joyce, is sweeping expertly through the
thick woods, weapons raised, spread apart.

JOYCE'S VOICE
(Telepathic)
Hotel 2, what you got?

WE SEE BURNS race up to a felled tree and squat, closing her eyes.
WE HEAR THE CHATTER OF HUMAN VOICES, VERY FAINT. She squints.