

Tommi Gunn:

Datastorm

Promo Blurp: To stop Tyler Dynamics from unleashing the Datastorm virus on the world, Tommi and Tylyn initiate a desperate assault on their corporate headquarters!

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Tylyn's hovercar speeds toward the sprawling Tyler Dynamics headquarters.

Her hovercar glides into a private garage, where four jumpsuited guards stand at ease around her.

"Hey, fellas! How's it going?" she asks.

"Just fine, Miss Lee. Good to have you back," answers one.

"Good to be back," she says.

She hops out of her hovercar. We see that she's wearing a waist belt pack large enough to accommodate some of her fusion bombs, which is slung around behind her. She's wearing skintight, black leather short-shorts, a low-cut black half-top, and a loose-fitting, long-sleeved half-jacket. Glossy, close-fitting "stripper" boots rise to mid-thigh.

"We've got the containment apparatus prepped and ready," he continues. "Want me to slap it on the target?"

"Negative," she says. "She's harmless. I'll be escorting her to Tyler personally."

Tylyn opens her trunk.

"You're the boss," he says.

"You can go ahead and signal Tyler," she says. "Tell him..."

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The trunk is now wide open, and we get a look at the curled-up, bound and gagged Anna Jeffries, tears streaming down her cheeks.

"...I've got the goods."

<CREDITS>

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Anna stands facing the open trunk, as Tylyn removes the cuffs. Her gag is gone.

"Please," says Anna, a forlorn look on her face. "you've got to stop this. The world is in great danger -"

"Save it," says Tylyn. "You've been crying about that for hours now. Just shut up and come with me."

Tylyn ushers Anna along, standing close beside her and gripping the back of her upper arm.

"I've got it from here, guys. See ya later."

"Okay, Miss Lee. If you need us, just open a channel."

Roderick Tyler sits behind his desk, smiling as he receives a message.

"Mister Tyler," comes the voice on his intercom system. "Miss Lee has arrived. She's got company."

"*Splendid!* Please, show them in."

The doors to his expansive office slide open, and in walks Tylyn, tugging Anna along behind her.

"Roderick! I trust you've been well."

"As well as can be expected. I see that you've brought me a gift."

Tylyn pushes Anna before her, to stand facing Roderick. She has a defiant pout on her lips.

"I present to you one Anna Jeffries, the mastermind of your grandest scheme. Compliments of one Tommi Gunn."

"Miss Jeffries!" Tyler crows. "It's *delightful* to have you back in the fold. I hope you enjoyed your little excursion to the outside, because I promise that it's the last you'll ever have."

"You may have me, Tyler. But I can't - I *won't* - complete the Datastorm project! It would ruin the world!"

Tyler caresses her cheek; she has her head turned and pulled back in disgust.

"Not entirely true, my dear," he says. "It wouldn't ruin the *whole* world, just *most* of it. The part that matters to me would remain more or less intact.

"As for your cooperation, well...let's just say that should that not come voluntarily, it won't be altogether difficult to convince you to assist me. You've been acquainted with my human resource advisors before."

"Torturers is more like it," she says.

Tyler continues to gloat.

"No need to resort to pejoratives, Miss Jeffries," he says. "You must admit that you've brought this duress upon yourself."

"Have I? I was trying to prevent a global calamity! No right-minded person could blame me for that!"

"Perhaps. But I make no claim to being right-minded."

Tylyn pulls Anna along behind her, as Tyler watches.

"Tylyn, please escort Miss Jeffries back to the research division, if you please. She's had a few days off, but now it's back to work she goes."

"Right away, Roderick.

"Come on, Anna. I'm sure your computer's still warm."

"No -!" she protests.

Tylyn and Anna walk down the hallway.

Anna whispers, "How'd I do?"

"You almost had me fooled," answers Tylyn. "Tyler certainly won't have a clue."

They're approaching a guard station, before a section of hallway reading, "**RESTRICTED AREA: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY**". A pair of guards flank the corridor, and a third sits at a retinal scanning station.

"Hi, guys!" Tylyn says as they approach. "I've got a delivery for R&D."

"Yeah, we got word from central a few minutes ago."

Tylyn and Anna stop in front of the retinal scanner.

"Can't we just skip the check?" says Tylyn. "I mean, I've got her right here."

"Yeah, well, you know the drill," says the guard. "It's protocol. Step right up, please."

Tylyn puts her eyes in the goggles, and the monitor reads, "**CONFIRMED**".

"You're clear," says the guard. "Jeffries, you're next."

Anna puts her eyes in the goggles.

"Okay," says the guard, "initiating scan...."

Closeup on Anna's eyes in the goggles, with some sensory data in the borders. Rather than seeing veins and capillaries, we see imprinted circuitry. A message in the lower portion of the screen reads, "**AUTHORIZATION FAILURE - IDENTIFICATION CHECK FAILED**".

Tylyn appears perplexed as Anna leans back.

"I don't understand. Is the station malfunctioning?"

"Possibly. Miss Jeffries, would you step back for a -"

Guard One receives a right hook from Tylyn (**CHOK!**).

Guard Two takes a chop across the back of the neck from Anna (**BRAK!**).

Tylyn applies her stun touch to the back of Guard Three's neck, making him drop the weapon he's drawing (**BZZZZT!!!**).

"Aaak—" he says.

Tylyn has procured one of the guard rifles for herself, and pitches another to Anna, who grabs it sure-handedly. Tylyn is turning her attention to the guard's computer station.

"How long until they're onto us?" asks Anna.

"After I reset the system, we should have enough time to make it to the lab. After that, it depends on how long your friend Jason can block the security network."

Tylyn and Anna are hustling down the hallway through the checkpoint.

"At least we got this far. Looks like your idea worked," offers Tylyn.

"I wasn't sure it would, but it's nice to be right."

Flashback-type panel showing the Matt's lab; he's watching the tank as Tommi floats within it. Some plasma-like stuff is oozing down over her, as Tylyn, Jason, and Anna watch.

"It's not like my outward appearance really matters, although I prefer the look I had. For purposes of our subterfuge, it was easy - but expensive - for Matt to re-shape my exterior."

Tommi's hair, face, and body begin to change.

"And since we wanted them to welcome me with open arms..."

Tommi-as-Anna, her hair floating a bit in the fluid, looks down at Anna and winks.

Anna looks up at Tommi and smiles.

"...the choice of disguises was easy."

We're back in the present, as Tommi and Tylyn enter an elevator.

"Well, let's hustle ass down to the lab and do our thing," says Tylyn. "We need to contact home base."

"Working on it," says Tommi, holding a small communicator with a screen. "Matt, this is Tommi. We're in. Are you reading us?"

Back at the lab, Anna and Matt are to either side of Jason, who sits at a computer station. Tommi-as-Anna is visible on the screen.

"We've got you," says Matt. "What's your status?"

"Okay so far," she says. "We had to take out the guard station, so our time is limited. Jason, stay on their security web and hold them off as long as possible."

"Already on it," he says. "I've redirected the cameras and sensors in your sector, but it'll only last a few minutes. Make sure you take care of business fast."

The elevator doors slide open, and Tommi and Tylyn stand ready. No one is in the hallway.

"The coast is clear," says Tommi. "How far?"

"Just a little farther," she says. "If they haven't been clued in just yet, we should make it."

They stand to either side of a pair of double doors. A digital banner above them reads "**SECURE AREA - ACCESS RESTRICTED**". Tylyn is tapping a keypad beside the entrance.

"Okay, I'm punching in my entry code. Stand by...."

"I'm not going anywhere, trust me."

The doors slide open (**FWISSSH**), revealing the lab; it's a crowded mixture of terminals, cables, and high-tech gadgetry.

"Voila," says Tylyn.

They've entered, and Tylyn presses a button to close the doors. Tommi has stopped before a terminal, and holds up her communicator; it's a flip-phone-like item, with a small inset screen and speaker.

"I've secured the door," says Tylyn. "It's blast proof, so that should buy us some time."

"Matt, we've made it to Anna's lab," says Tommi. "We're ready to proceed."

"Excellent," he replies. "I'll turn you over to her."

Back at the lab, Anna looks intently into the monitor as she speaks.

"That terminal you're in front of - it contains a hunter/killer virus of my design that will seek out the files that are related to Datastorm, including my hidden notes. It's also designed to locate the off-site storage facilities and eliminate the files from them as well."

"How do I execute it?" asks Tommi.

Anna's face is visible in Tommi's comm as she taps away at the keyboard. The screen has a small collection of icons located to the sides.

"Punch in my personal access code, '9943ABR5,' then select the icon labelled 'UTILITIES'. There should be a sub-icon within it called 'SEEKER'."

"I see it. What now?"

Tommi continues to work.

"Activate it, and tell me what it says."

Tommi replies, "It's just put up a random security code, '88YTR54E.' Now it wants a response string."

"That's fine. Reply by typing '49HG65Q1.' When it asks you to confirm, press the ENTER key."

Anna, and Matt are smiling. Jason appears disturbed as he monitors his station.

"Okay...done. Is that it?" says Tommi.

"Yes!" says Anna. "That should eliminate all traces of the information in no time."

"Don't break out the champagne just yet, guys," says Jason. "We've got trouble -"

Back in the lab, the face on Tommi's communicator has changed to that of Roderick Tyler. He is *not* amused.

"What kind of trouble?" asks Tommi. "Jasn! Jason, are you -"

"If you're referring to whomever you were conversing with, you'll find them temporarily unavailable, Miss Jeffries - or should I say, Miss Gunn."

Tylyn steps back from the door as a large indentation appears in it (**WHUMP!**) Tommi turns; Tyler's face is still visible.

"Oh, hell...." says Tylyn.

Tyler continues, "I would never have guessed that you were in disguise until we intercepted your transmission, and I salute your ingenuity. I may be too late to have prevented you from deleting the Datastorm files - *my* Datastorm files - but I assure you that I'm more than capable of making you pay *dearly* for it!"

The door blows inward to either side (**KRASH!!!**), the result of a blow from a juggernaut-like droid. It stands about eight feet in height, looking like a Terminator except broader across the shoulders and hips.

"Oh, hell -" says Tylyn.

"Tylyn, look out!!!" yells Tommi.

Tyler adds, "For some odd reason, the sector is temporarily closed off to my main security force. But I have a playmate that will keep you occupied."

Back at the lab, Anna, Matt, and Jason look on from the view of a corner security camera.

"Good Lord! It's huge!" says Matt.

"Will more security arrive?" asks Anna.

"Not for a while," says Jason. "I've got the section reprogrammed for lockdown. But if they take too long with that thing - or it gets them - then it's all over."

The droid flings Tylyn up against a storage bank, shattering the glass front (**CHEESH!!!**) and slamming her into the controls beyond. Blood flies from her upper arm. Her rifle clatters to the ground.

"Uuuunh!" says Tylyn.

"Tylyn!" yells Tommi.

Tommi dodges a downward blow from it that wrecks the terminal beside her (**KRASH!!!**)

"Whooops-" says Tommi.

Tommi unloads a burst of energy into its chest (*VRAPPP!!!*), but nothing happens.

"Okay, you piece of shit, take this -

"Uh oh."

She spins away from it, but it snags one of her arms.

"Hell!" she says.

It flings her across the room, and she lands back-first against a pair of computer banks (*THWAMM!!!*).

"Oooooof!!!" she exclaims.

The droid is looming over her, ready to deliver a crushing blow, as she struggles to regain her senses. Overhead, Tylyn can be seen leaping.

"Ooooh.... " murmurs Tommi.

Tylyn lands on its back, wrapping her legs around its torso, and putting her "energy hand" on the back of its neck. The arm that hit the banks has a gaping opening in it, revealing her cybernetic armature underneath.

"Okay, you sonovabitch -

"TAKE THIS!!!"

The droid rears back, its arms flailing, as she unleashes her energy (**ZZZZRACK!!!**)

"**SKREEEEEE!!!**" it squeals.

Tommi rolls aside as it begins to topple.

"Oh, *shit* -"

WHAM!!! It lands with a thud on the ground,

Tylyn helps Tommi to stand. Tommi is looking at Tylyn's arm.

"Good timing. Thanks a lot," she says.

"Don't mention it," answers Tylyn. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah, I should be. What about you?"

Tylyn looks down at her arm.

"I'll be fine. I'm like you -- not much of the original parts left."

"I figured you were pretty cybered. How much?"

"Close to 90 percent."

Their attention is drawn to the comm unit that Tommi was using earlier, lying atop some debris.

"It has it's advantages, eh?"

"I'll say - hm?"

"How very quaint. A cyborg mutual appreciation society."

Tylyn is holding up the comm in her energy hand. She has a wry smile on her face.

"Is now a bad time to hand in my resignation?" she asks.

"I might once have appreciated your sense of humor, Miss Lee. But considering that you've just been party to ruining the most important operation on Tyler Dynamics' agenda, I find amusement difficult."

She's still talking to him.

Tyler inquires, "Why? Why betray me, and sign your own death warrant in the process? I thought you were smarter than that."

"Roderick...I'm no saint, but I draw the line at killing millions of people. I didn't sell my soul to you, I just rented it."

Tommi is picking up a rifle as Tylyn talks.

"It's one thing to engage in corporate intrigue and skirmishes. The rules of that game are known, and accepted. The mass slaughter of innocents is a wholly separate matter.

"If you don't know the difference, then I can't help you."

Tylyn vaporizes the comm unit with her energy hand as Tommi hands her a rifle.

"Miss Lee, I -"

"Save it. I may not make it out of here, but either way I'll know I did the right thing.

"Goodbye."

"I think I hear something," says Tommi. "Let me check."

Tommi and Tylyn look out either side of the smashed door.

About thirty yards down one way, a pile of guards stand ready with weapons.

Ditto the other way.

They pull back into the room. Tylyn digs into her pouch.

"Hell. I guess this is it," says Tommi.

"Not necessarily," she says. "I've got an angle. Hang on."

Tylyn primes two of her fusion bombs (**SQUEEP! SQUEEP!**)

She throws them out into the hallway, one each direction.

The guards see them coming and run.

"Yaaaaah!!! *Get out, get out* -"

Tylyn yanks Tommi through the room.

"We've got ten seconds! Move!"

"Move *where?!?*" asks Tommi.

Tylyn types an access code into a panel on the wall, and a small hatch opens.

"Emergency escape hatch. All sections with critical personnel have them."

"I see...."

Tylyn fits into it rather snugly with Tommi.

"Hang on...."

FWOOSH!!! The tube shoots up with them inside.

BUH-WHAMMMMM!!! A huge explosion destroys the room, filling it with blinding white light.

Still pressed into the tube, Tommi asks,

"Where does this let out?"

"You'll see."

The tube opens up on the roof of the building. In the foreground is an unattended hoverbike.

"Wow!" says Tommi.

"The tubes are designed for fast extraction," Tylyn says. "In an invasive scenario, the assigned bodyguard escorts the employee to the roof and takes her to safety."

They've hopped onto the hoverbike and are flying off, Tommi clinging to Tylyn.

"You realize this isn't over," Tommi says. "Tyler's got a shit list, and we're on top now."

"Yeah, I don't doubt that," she answers. "But knowing why makes me feel good."

In Tyler's office, he watches them fly away through the glass of his office window.

On his face; he is NOT a happy man.

Back at the lab, the gang's re-assembled. Tylyn, minus the jacket, is looking down at her arm. Matt is waving a forked device over the area that was wounded. Tommi still looks like Anna, and is dressed as she was when they invaded the HQ.

"Good as new," he says.

"Thanks," she answers.

"Not a problem. Tissue knitters are so handy."

Tommi speaks to Tylyn, with Anna looking on.

"What's the plan?"

"Well, obviously we need to lay low. Tyler's got contacts everywhere, so we'll have to stay hidden for a while."

Tylyn and Anna have crowded in on Matt, who is suprised, but doesn't seem to mind.

"Well, you're welcome to stay here for as long as you'd like. Right, Matt?" asks Tommi.

"Oh! Well, of course. We've plenty of room and -"

"Don't worry," says Tylyn. "We won't need a lot of room. Not for what we've got in mind."

Tommi's pulling Jason with her as the girls peel Matt's lab smock off.

"Looks like they've got things well in hand. C'mon, Jason."

"Where are we going?"

"Your place. I want to get you well in hand."

A transitional shot of Jason's building would be a good idea here.

Tommi has Jason pinned to his bed, and is kissing him.

"Mmmmm...." she moans.

Jason sits up a little, holding her back gently.

"W-wait a second, Tommi. There's something I want to tell you."

"What's that?"

She's rolled to lie beside him, propped on one elbow.

"Tommi...when you first got me into this, I wasn't looking forward to it. I mean, we'd been through this kind of thing before, and it almost got me killed. Hell, this latest thing might *still* get me killed.

"But what I want you to know is that I don't care."

"Come again?"

Jason continues to speak.

"Well, I mean, you've just been the greatest thing that's happened to me. *Ever*. You may have shaken my life up, but you've more than made it up to me.

"I...I really like you, Tommi. I don't want this...us...to stop."

She's smiling.

"Jason, that's very sweet. But I hope you realize that I've got other special friends like you. Matt, for one."

"Yeah. I know. And I don't mind that, just as long as we can keep at least this much going.

"Am I making sense?"

He's sitting upright now, and she's straddling his lap, her arms curled around his neck.

"Perfect sense. You're not possessive, and I like that. In fact, I like everything about you.

"Y'know, I just realized that I haven't changed back to my old body yet. Do you want me to go do that?"

"Um...well, not right away. I mean, Anna's beautiful, too, and I thought we could...."

She's down over him, closing in for a kiss.

"Well..."

"I suppose so," she says.

From outside his apartment, we seem them silhouetted.

"Cool!" he remarks.

THE END