2 **INT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL - NIGHT** 2

The hotel was abandoned after a fire licked its way across the polyester carpeting, destroying several rooms as it spooled soot up the walls and ceiling, leaving patterns of permanent shadow.

We follow four armed POLICE OFFICERS using flashlights as they creep down the blackened hall and ready themselves on either side of Room 303.

The biggest of them violently kicks in the door. The other cops pour in behind him, guns thrust before them.

BIG COP
Police! Freeze!

The room is almost devoid of furniture. There is a fold-up table and chair with a phone, a modem, and a Powerbook computer. The only light in the room is the glow of the computer.

Sitting there, her hands still on the keyboard, is TRINITY, a woman in black leather.

BIG COP
Hands behind your head! Now! Do it!

She slowly puts her hands behind her head.

3 **EXT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL - NIGHT** 3

A black sedan with tinted windows glides in through the police cruisers. AGENT SMITH, AGENT BROWN, and AGENT JONES get out of the car.

They wear dark suits and sunglasses even at night. They are also always hardwired; small Secret Service earphones in one ear, the cord coiling back into their shirt collars.

AGENT SMITH
Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT
Oh shit.

AGENT SMITH
Lieutenant, you were given specific orders--

LIEUTENANT
I'm just doing my job. You gimme that Juris-my-dick-tion and you can cram it up your ass.

AGENT SMITH
The orders were for your protection.

The Lieutenant laughs.

LIEUTENANT
I think we can handle one little girl.

Agent Smith nods to Agent Brown as they start toward the hotel.

LIEUTENANT
I sent two units. They're bringing her down now.

AGENT SMITH
No, Lieutenant, your men are already dead.