

Hoods, Swords & Capes

Pilot: Who are you?

By

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SOUNDS OF A TRIPOD BEING ADJUSTED --

DARK HOOD

I came here a while back --

JESSICA

Did you?

DARK HOOD

Yes, with my family. Toronto was a beautiful place back then. It seemed to me wondrous how those humongous piles of glass and concrete could align so perfectly with the gifts of nature.

JESSICA

(Scoffs)

That's poetic.

FADE IN:

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - UNKNOWN TIME

The focus is adjusted and reveals the **DARK HOOD**.

He is sat on a chair in a somber library. The man has black clothes on with a ski mask and a large hood over his head.

DARK HOOD

Well Jessica, life used to be poetic before (pause) you know.

A voice from behind, **JESSICA's** voice --

JESSICA

The incident.

DARK HOOD

An incident is what you call an unexpected and unpleasant event. Unpleasant would be more than an understatement. Unexpected (pause). Not to all of us.

JESSICA

What do mean by that?

DARK HOOD

I am not sure. You know it's true what they say. Ignorance is bliss. There used to be a time when I carelessly walked these streets and could only notice the smartness of the architecture, the rich diversity of the people (pause) the breeze by the bay. But now I see different patterns from (pause) the coldness of a cadaver, the lightless look in the eyes of an abused person or (pause) the cracked skull of a dead infant to the selfishness and greediness of men.

The dark hood clears his throat.

JESSICA

Are you ok?

DARK HOOD

Maybe I'm losing it. Maybe what's made me into this freak show is messing me up. But I'm still here and I'm ready to say my side of the story.

JESSICA

Alright. Then, let's start from the beginning.

3 MONTHS EARLIER --

INT. KISLON'S APARTMENT - DAY

DISTANT SIRENS AND CONSTRUCTION NOISES --

KISLON's eyes open wide.

He is of African descent, in his 20s. With no shirt on, he looks bony and unhealthy with burn scars on his right shoulder. Sweaty, he breathes heavily.

He sits up on his bed, grimaces and contorts his neck.

His apartment is dusty and dirty. The living room is crowded with unfinished paintings. The windows encrusted in the brick walls are all covered with closed blinds --

Kislon grimaces again and rubs his right shoulder.

On the nightstand by his bed, there is a flacon that he grabs. He looks inside and sees a single red pill.

KISLON

Damn it!

He swallows it up.

Kislon heads for the fridge and opens it up --

Nothing but a molded banana.

KISLON

Of course.

EXT. BUILDING TOP/DOWNTOWN TORONTO - DAY

Kislon gets out on the rooftop of a 4-storey-building. It's early in the morning. He sees a clear sunny sky over downtown Toronto. Many buildings are under construction. He distinguishes the edge of the CN tower being rebuilt.

He takes a huge breath. He STARTS RUNNING -- faster and faster towards the edge of the building.

He jumps freely over an alley and lands on the neighbor three-story-building-rooftop. He rolls to the ground, gets up and does parkour through obstacles ahead of him. He climbs a fence and jumps over a vent. Ahead, he sees the fire escape on the side of a higher building.

KISLON

I can do this.

He soon reaches the edge of the second rooftop and jumps in the air. He gets a grip on the railing that suddenly BREAKS. He free falls --

Two **HANDYMEN** unload a large fridge from a cargo truck in the alley. Nearby, an **OLD HOMELESS WOMAN** searches a dumpster.

Kislon lands on his backside, on a cargo truck and then to the ground startling the three people in the alley.

HANDYMAN 1

What the hell?

The handyman pose the fridge on the ground. The homeless woman looks at Kislou, inert. They all approach --

HANDYMAN 2

Dude must have fallen from the fire escape.

HANDYMAN 1

Is he dead?

HANDYMAN 2

Well, he's not moving much.

The homeless woman touches Kislou who suddenly sits up and SCREAMS -- startling the others.

HANDYMAN 1

Wow!

Kislou gets up, holding his right shoulder.

HANDYMAN 2

Dude, are you ok?

HANDYMAN 1

We should call 911.

KISLON

NO, no. Don't call anybody.

Kislou hurryingly walks away.

HANDYMAN 2

(Touches Kislou on the shoulder)

Are you sure?

Kislou pushes the handyman away.

KISLON

Don't touch me.

HANDYMAN 2

(Angrily)

Hey asshole, I'm just trying to help.

HANDYMAN 1

Leave him alone.

Kislon exits the alley under the eyes of the others.

HOMELESS WOMAN

This town is filled with psychos.

EXT./INT. SHINJI'S HOUSE - DAY

A modern lake house, a duplex with a pool --

On the lake dock, **SHINJI**, in a kimono stands with a katana.

Shinji is in his 30s, athletic-built, of Japanese descent.

He gets in combat stance and slices through the air in a series of precise attack moves.

NATALIA

HONEY?

Shinji looks towards the house terrace and sees **NATALIA**.

She is her 30s, is in pajamas and holds a BABY.

NATALIA

BREAKFAST!

SHINJI

COMING.

Natalia enters the house into --

A grand, luxurious kitchen and dining room with a view of the lake and pool. Opposite to the French doors, there is a TV encrusted in the wall and an arched entrance to a spacious living room.

NATALIA

BRUCE, COME DOWN!

She approaches a round table in the center of the room with a copious meal and 3 plates on it.

Next to the table a baby chair -- She sits the baby in its chair. She sits by it, picks a plate of mashed food from the table and plastic spoon. She feeds the baby.

Shinji enters empty-handed.

SHINJI

Hey Beautiful!

Natalia looks at Shinji and smiles.

NATALIA
Which one of us?

SHINJI
Both.

NATALIA
Good answer.

Shinji kisses Natalia on the mouth and kisses the baby on the forehead. Shinji sits and helps himself to the food.

SHINJI
Did you sleep well?

NATALIA
We both did, which was sort of a miracle, considering her recent 2-AM episodes. Yesterday, she slept like an angel and, I, like a slot on Ambien. I didn't even hear you come home.

SHINJI
I noticed that. I came around one. Interestingly, you were --

(scoffs)
-- drooling on your tablet.

NATALIA
No, I wasn't.

SHINJI
It was like waterfalls. Whoever made those things waterproof --

They both laugh.

SHINJI (CONT'D)
And by the way such a turn on.

NATALIA
(Chuckles)
Stop it. (Pause) BRUCE? (Pause)

(Serious tone)
She's taking advantage of you.

SHINJI

I don't see it like that.

NATALIA

You're the only one she forces to work this late.

SHINJI

Not true. There is Rodney from tech support, the security guys, Bob -

NATALIA

That's not the point. BRUCE?

SHINJI

We are securing a very important deal with the government.

NATALIA

We as in you and her?

SHINJI

Absolutely. You have to consider the bigger picture. She's preparing me for succession on the long run.

NATALIA

Do you seriously think she's going to share any of that with you? The woman will live a 100 years more and hold on to captainship of the boat until it sinks or she drowns.

SHINJI

Can we switch the subject, please?

Natalia frowns and there is a short silence.

NATALIA

BRUCE, I SWEAR TO GOD --

BRUCE NAKAMURA comes through the arched entrance.

He is 14 years old, skinny and short for his age. He is Asian-Caucasian-mixed. He has black eyeglasses.

BRUCE

I'm here. Relax Mom. Hi Dad!

SHINJI

Well, hello Stevie Wonder.

BRUCE

Very funny.

Bruce sits and takes some food. His parents stare at him and glance at each other.

SHINJI

Take off the shades.

BRUCE

I don't want to.

SHINJI

(Sternly)

Now!

Bruce removes the eyeglasses. He has a black eye. Natalia gasps. Shinji frowns.

NATALIA

Oh my god!

BRUCE

It's nothing.

SHINJI

Who did this to you?

BRUCE

I fell in the stairs.

SHINJI

Don't bullshit me!

NATALIA

(Angrily at Shinji)

Language!

SHINJI

WHO did this to you?

BRUCE

I told you. I fell in the stairs.

SHINJI

Being a wimp isn't enough. Now, you gonna be a liar?

NATALIA

Shinji?

SHINJI

(Angrily)

What? Are we doing this again? Will we have to yet again get him in another overtly expensive school just because he can't swing back?

NATALIA

(Sternly)

I don't care how angry you are. We don't talk to each other like this.

There is a short silence. Shinji looks at his son.

SHINJI

Give me a name.

BRUCE

No.

SHINJI

Bruce, give me his f-- (Pause) his name.

BRUCE

I don't want to talk about it anymore.

Bruce gets up and hurryingly walks toward the living room.

SHINJI

Where do you think you're going?
DON'T YOU DARE --

Bruce runs up the stairs. Shinji sighs and shakes his head.

NATALIA

You shouldn't talk to him like this. He's hurting.

SHINJI

I know. I'm sorry. It's just (pause) frustrating. You know I was poor when I was younger. I went to the worst public schools where the bullies were mostly gang bangers. But, I never took crap from anyone. Seeing him like this makes me feel like I failed him somehow. Spoiled him. I should have taught him --

NATALIA

How to fight? That'd be useful to knock down a few assholes.

SHINJI

What happened to Language?

NATALIA

But, what would be more useful is to teach him how to get up after he is knocked down. And to show him that no matter what, he can rely on family, our family, even if nothing else makes sense.

Shinji sighs.

SHINJI

What would I do without you?

Natalia gives the hint of a smile.

SHINJI (CONT'D)

Ok, I'll talk to him later when he's calmer.

NATALIA

Ok.

Shinji takes a bite. He looks at the TV.

SHINJI

TURN ON TV.

The TV lights up --

BOTTOM-SCREEN-BANNER

TNN News - SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF
THE ASTEROID SHOWER.

Filmed from the ground, images show multiple asteroids falling on Toronto Downtown. People run in chaos and scream.

JESSICA (VOICE ONLY)

-- Footage from the catastrophe. Tomorrow will be the second anniversary of the asteroid shower that brought chaos and tragedy in the streets of Toronto. The city is slowly rebuilding itself --

Shinji stares at the TV. Natalia still feeds the baby.

SHINJI
2 years already!

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sat on the center of his couch, **KEVIN MICHAELS** watches the same footage of the asteroids' shower on TV.

Kevin is Caucasian, in his 20s, clean cut.

Images on TV show a bed of flowers and candles by a building in ruins as emotional people stand around and mourn.

JESSICA (VOICE ONLY)
-- As its citizens still remember,
most certainly with much emotion,
all they lost that night. --

Kevin points a remote at the TV and turns it off. He sighs, looks at his left hand -- It's a prosthetic hand.

He looks at his left leg -- He is an amputee and has no left foot. There is a prosthetic foot on the soil. He puts on the foot prosthetic with some difficulty.

He HEARS a door open and close. He sees **MEGAN SHEPPARD** enter the room.

She is in her 20s, has a nurse uniform on with blood stains, a handbag on a shoulder and a roll of keys in her hand. She has baggy eyes and messy hair.

Megan lets her bag fall on the soil and throws her keys on the coffee table. Kevin sits back.

MEGAN
Hey.

KEVIN
Hey.

Megan lets herself fall in the couch, lays back and puts her legs on Kevin's lap. Kevin looks her in the eyes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Bad day?

Megan nods.

MEGAN

There was a shooting. The Chinese mob and some Nigerian thugs were involved. It was near a basketball court where a bunch of teenagers were playing.

KEVIN

Oh no. This city has lost its soul.

MEGAN

There was also this couple who kept on yelling because they'd been waiting for too long.

KEVIN

It was too crowded?

MEGAN

The ER is always too crowded these days. Their kid, Ashley was her name, she had abdominal pain.

KEVIN

Food poisoning?

MEGAN

That's what the doc said without even examining her. So we sent them home with a few pills. Meanwhile, mutilated bodies kept on coming through the ER from the shooting. There was so much blood.

KEVIN

What happened to Ashley?

MEGAN

(With teary eyes)

They came back a few hours later. She died in her sleep and we still don't know why.

KEVIN

I'm sorry Meg.

MEGAN

Like you said, just a bad day.
(Pause) I'm glad I get a few days off to go to Mary's wedding.

Megan sighs and wipes her tears.

KEVIN

You've deserved some rest.

MEGAN

I kinda wish you'd come with me.

KEVIN

I do too but I have to work.

MEGAN

(Scoffs)

That's just an excuse to avoid mom.

Kevin smiles.

MEGAN (CONT'D)

I don't understand how you're so committed at a job that you hate.

KEVIN

You know it's hard to find a well-paid steady job these days. And, with all the debts we have. Mostly medical --

MEGAN

Did the insurance company say anything new by the way?

KEVIN

No, nothing. They keep stalling.

MEGAN

Bunch of assholes.

KEVIN

I don't think they'll answer to the claim anytime soon. So I have to keep this job to keep us afloat.

MEGAN

(With a smile)

Not really, with my salary, we could be debt free in 60 years.

KEVIN

I wish I could do more, you know? Provide a better life for us. You deserve so much better than --

KEVIN (CONT'D)
 (Looking at his left hand)
 -- All of this.

MEGAN
 (Frowns)
 Don't say that. You're giving me
 more than I could ever hope for.
 I'm happy with you.

KEVIN
 Promised?

Megan nods and leans toward Kevin. They kiss. She puts her head on Kevin's shoulder and closes her eyes.

MEGAN
 When are going to work?

KEVIN
 1PM.

MEGAN
 So you won't even be able to
 accompany me to the bus station.

(Softly)
 That sucks.

INT. THE NIGERIANS' SHOP/BUILDING - DAY

The living room of an apartment -- **BIGGY** and **BASS** are on a couch. They watch a soccer game on a TV fixed on a wall.

They are of African descent, in their 20s, with hip-hop urban clothing, Big-J is particularly short and skinny. Bass has a very deep voice. They seem on edge.

On TV, an attacker misses a long shot.

BASS
 OH COME ON --

BIGGY
 Overpriced son of a bitch!

BASS
 That's 15 million loonies worth of
 bullshit.

BIGGY
 Loonies, really, Bass?

BASS

What?

BIGGY

It's 2020. Nobody uses the word
loony anymore grandpa Bass.

BASS

Well, excuse me for having a
diversified vocabulary.

BIGGY

Saying that sort of crap kills your
street cred.

BASS

Yeah, whatever Biggy.

BIGGY

Anyway, why do they keep bringing
those tired-ass 40-something
players in the MLS?

BASS

I know right. It's looking more and
more like a damn retirement home.

The 2 men HEAR a door opening - They look through a short
hallway beyond the TV and see the main door. There is also a
door on the left that opens.

SIMON GAZINI walks out of a bedroom.

He is black, tall and athletic-built, in his early 30s,
multiple African masks tattooed on his shirtless upper body.
He is smoking and has a gun in his sweatpants by the crouch.

Simon approaches the couch and Bass notices through the ajar
bedroom door, 2 young women asleep in the sheets of a bed.

SIMON

Who's winning?

BASS

Clearly, you are.

Simon chuckles and looks at the TV.

BIGGY

It's null-null as in zero talent on
the field.

Simon shakes his head.

SIMON

I don't know why you guys bother.
Soccer is only relevant once every
four years.

A vibration -- Simon pulls a cellphone from a pocket.

PHONE SCREEN

TECH SUPPORT - 20M ASAP

Simon nods and smiles.

SIMON

Biggy, give me black mollies.

Biggy gets up and opens a compartment under the couch seat.
It contains a big stack of bottles and bags of pills. Biggy
takes a small transparent flacon of black pills.

Biggy tosses the flacon to Simon who catches the bottle.

BIGGY

Who do you think that is?

BASS

I bet it's that parkour nigga.

SIMON

Probably.

Simon walks through the hallway.

There is an entrance to a small kitchen on his right.

Simon sees **CHEF** cook bacon in the kitchen.

Chef is a chubby bearded black man in his early 30s.

SIMON

YO Chef? Make me some eggs!

CHEF

How do you want them? Plain?
Savory? Coddled, boiled, scrambled,
basted, shirred or poached?

Simon frowns.

SIMON

How about an omelette?

CHEF

Which type? French? Indian?
Chinese? Baghala? Frittata?
Hangtown fry?

SIMON

(Interrupting Chef)
The -- The French one!

CHEF

OH, I only know scrambled eggs.

Chef laughs.

SIMON

Screw you Chef!

THREE KNOCKS ON THE MAIN DOOR --

Simon walks to the main door and looks through the whole.

Simon opens the main door. There stands Kislou in a hallway.
He shivers and holds his right shoulder.

SIMON

(With a smile)

MY MAN! It's been a while since we
saw you here. We thought you broke
your neck with one of your crazy-
ass stunts over the roofs of the
neighborhood.

KISLON

I've just been busy. I need some
pills. The same dose.

Kislou hands a roll of 50-dollar bills to Simon. The latter
takes and counts the money.

SIMON

Of course! How's that shoulder?

KISLON

It's killing me.

SIMON

I know a guy who got hit by one of
them rocks from the sky right in
his manhood. From what he told me,
it feels like his nuts are dipped
in boiling oil, constantly.

Simon finishes counting.

SIMON (CONT'D)
He can't get it up anymore.

KISLON
Well, that's tragic.

SIMON
Most people say it was random. I don't believe so. This event created new opportunities and challenged us. If it wasn't for it I wouldn't be the business man I am today. And I would not be able to help you. The asteroids were a sign from god, meant to show us all we really are and all we can be.

KISLON
Where are you going with this, Simon?

SIMON
I'm only making conversation. I forgot that you're one from the new generation. Cares only for the goods, disregards the service.

KISLON
I'm just really in pain.

Simon nods.

SIMON
Ok.

Simon gives the flacon to Kislon who hurryingly takes it and swallows a pill.

SIMON
Now slow down. This shit is much stronger than the ones I used to give you. More than two is guaranteed OD. I wouldn't want to lose one of my best customers. Or as I call it a VIN. (Pause) Very Invaluable Nigga. I made it up. We'll always get you what you need here. Fuel for the parkour, right?

Kislon sighs, nods and puts the flacon in a pocket.

KISLON

Thank you!

SIMON

Anytime man. The shop thanks you
for your purchase.

Kislon walks away. Simon closes the door.

Kislon walks down a stairway. He sits on the last stair. He takes a breath and, head down, closes his eyes for a moment.

INT. SHIINJI'S HOUSE - DAY

Shinji in a black suit walks through a hallway.

There is a staircase ahead, railing on his right as one can distinguish the living room downstairs. There are 3 doors on his left. The second one has a poster of a slayed dragon with the caption 'ABANDON ALL HOPE YE WHO ENTER HERE'.

He stops by the door with the poster, HEARS metal music and knocks --

SHINJI

Bruce? (Pause) Bruce?

Shinji opens the door and looks around --

The teenager's bedroom is messy with clothes on the undone bed and on the floor. The walls are covered with manga posters, mostly samurai-themed. The music comes from A TV with a gaming system on a stand --

Shinji walks towards the TV. He pushes a button on the back of the TV that turns it off. He looks around and starts picking up clothes from the floor.

A VIBRATION --

Shinji pulls a cellphone from a pocket and sees on the screen that **DARYL THOUSAND** is calling --

Shinji takes the call.

SHINJI

Daryl, how are you?

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)
(Anxious voice)
Shinji, I think I'm in danger.

SHINJI
(Frowning)
Danger? Why?

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)
I'm not even sure. It's
complicated. I looked up a few
files I shouldn't have and now --
This is way too big. Shit, what
have I gotten myself into?

SHINJI
What happened?

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)
It is Nakamura Corp. What they're
building, it's insane. More
horrific than anything we could
ever imagine.

SHINJI
What are they building? What are
you talking about?

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)
I mean. What happened to the time
when what we were doing was driven
by strong convictions, integrity.

SHINJI
Daryl, you're not making any sense.

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)
Ok, ok. I'm going to tell you
something but you have to promise
me to keep it to yourself. You
can't trust anyone, especially not
the boss.

There is a short silence --

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)
Shinji, are you there?

SHINJI
Yes, yes I am.

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

You have to promise me --

SHINJI

Ok I do. I give you my word. I'll keep it to myself.

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

Ok (Pause) it's a geotechnical weapon.

SHINJI

(Surprised)

What? Are you sure?

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

I can prove it. They use Project Eden as a cover.

SHINJI

The self-sustaining farm system? How is that possible? I've been to the test fields --

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

Those are fireworks to distract everybody from what is happening on the ground or underground in this case. (Pause) Look, I'm not making this up. I collected a few files that I could show you.

SHINJI

How did you get those files?

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

I (Pause) I know this hacker. He's a genius --

SHINJI

(Upset)

Are you crazy? You used a third party to steal information from a military corporation?

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

I know how this sounds --

SHINJI

Idiotic is how it sounds.

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

I needed to know man. Wouldn't you want to know?

Shinji frowns and seems pensive.

DARYL (VOICE ONLY, CONT'D)

Shinji, you know me. I might be the last person to look up to when it comes to ethics or morality. But this (Pause), you have to see this. This would change the world as we know it. (Pause) I don't know what to do. You're the only one I could trust with this. You're my friend.

After a short silence --

SHINJI

Alright.

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

Good, I'll send you the files.

SHINJI

No, don't send them. That'd leave a trail. Come home tonight. I'll text you.

DARYL (VOICE ONLY)

OK. Thank you!

Daryl hangs up. Shinji seems puzzled.

INT. AVALON CALL CENTER - DAY

A busy call center with long rows of cubicles --

Kevin looks pensively through the grand window at the other end of the room with a view on Toronto's bay. He is in front of a desk on which there is a computer, an IP phone, a football bubblehead, an actual football, paper files and a photo frame of him and Megan. He has a headset on.

The IP phone rings --

A notification window with Ronald-Brick-Client-Information appears on the computer. Kevin looks at it and pushes a button on the phone --

KEVIN

Welcome to Avalon! My name is Kevin Michaels. How can I help you?

MALE VOICE

(Upset)

Oh finally, a damn human being. I've been tossed from a damn robot to another for an hour. --

KEVIN

Sorry about that! Could you please give me --

MALE VOICE

(Angrily)

I'm not giving you a damn thing. I pay my damn bills regularly --

KEVIN

Sir?

MALE VOICE

You people have some nerve cutting my freaking line today of all days. Nobody can reach me on my phone. Do you have any idea how much money you retards made me lose?

KEVIN

Sorry to hear that!

MALE VOICE

Oh sorry, is that so? You'll be even sorrier after I drag all of you retards to court. You pussies owe me a thousand dollars --

KEVIN

Sir?

MALE VOICE

(Getting louder)

By the way, nationwide service? That's false advertising. I lose service all the time. I'm sure I would not even get a damn bar if I was standing with a parabolic antenna in the middle of the freaking Rogers Centre.

KEVIN

Sir?

MALE VOICE

(Getting louder)

WHAT?

KEVIN

I can't service you if you don't
dial down you tone.

MALE VOICE

SCREW YOU MORON!

Kevin pushes a button on the IP phone -- FLAT LINE.

GEORGIA

KEVIN MICHAELS?

Kevin sighs --

KEVIN

Damn it!

Kevin looks over his cubicle. He sees **GEORGIA**; sat at a grand desk at the end of the room she looks back at him.

Georgia is in her 40s, has a suit on. A computer, an IP phone, paper files are on her desk. There is another office chair in front of her desk. She has a headset on.

She gestures him to come to her desk. Kevin gets up. He walks with a limp past a few cubicles under glances of other employees. He reaches Georgia's desk. She stares at him and sits back.

GEORGIA

Sit.

Kevin sits and seems uncomfortable as there is a short silence.

GEORGIA

What did I tell the last time?

KEVIN

That dude was a Grade-one A-hole.

GEORGIA

(Sternly)

What did I tell you last time?

KEVIN

Never hang up on a customer.

GEORGIA

You never ever hang up on a customer no matter what happens --

KEVIN

He insulted me.

GEORGIA

Even if he takes a metaphorical major dump on your pride, you listen and you solve the problem. Did you solve the problem?

KEVIN

I did not but --

GEORGIA

There is no but, Kevin and you know it. This is the job. This is what you get in customer service. This stinks and it sucks. You have to accept it. Most of the people we get are angry people who want to complain because some engineer was hangover and fell asleep on his computer at the other end of the town. It's not fair that we have to take all this crap but that's what we're paid for.

KEVIN

I get it.

GEORGIA

No, you don't Kevin. You don't. This is the seventh time this month. And (Pause) I have to let you go.

KEVIN

(Anxiously)

What? No, no, no. Please --

GEORGIA

I have to ensure some discipline on this floor. I can't let people act based on their sensitivity.

KEVIN

I know, I know. I'll call him back,
apologize and solve the problem --

GEORGIA

It's too late for that --

Kevin leans toward Georgia.

KEVIN

(Distress in his voice)

No. Come on, Georgia, look at me!

(Showing his prosthetic hand)

Career options are very limited for
me these days. I need this job. The
insurance company, they won't give
a cent because they're claiming
that my behavior was reckless.

(Shakes his head)

I went in this building to save
people for Christ sake. I don't --

Georgia frowns. Kevin sits back.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

That night, my boys and I had a few
drinks, watched the blue jays game.
I was going back to my girl. She'd
once again complain that I came
home too late. We'd probably argue
about it for an hour. I'd sleep on
the couch but she'd join me on that
sofa a few minutes later because
that's what we do. We can't seem to
stay mad at each other for too
long. (Pause) But that never
happened. The asteroid shower
started. A rock fell right into a
Greek restaurant. I never noticed
that place before. I had never been
there. I could hear the voices
crying for help so distinctly, even
with all the explosions. (Pause) I
run into that place. Next thing I
know the whole building collapsed
on us. (Pause) I passed out. Woke
up days later without --

Georgia sighs and there is a short silence --

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I don't know why I'm talking about this. (Pause) I'll clear my desk.

Kevin gets up --

GEORGIA

Michaels?

KEVIN

Yes?

GEORGIA

Go back to work.

KEVIN

(Relieved)

Really? Thank you Georgia.

GEORGIA

This is your last chance.

KEVIN

I will not disappoint you.

Georgia nods. Kevin heads back to his cubicle under the compassionate eyes of Georgia.

INT. THE NIGERIANS' SHOP/BUILDING - DAY

Kislon is sat on the last stair of a stair way, head down, eyes closed. Bruce enters the room. He has a backpack. He sees Kislon, stares for a second and frowns. He heads up --

Kislon grabs his forearm.

Bruce pushes Kislon's hand away --

BRUCE

Let go of me!

Kislon looks at Bruce.

KISLON

I thought I told you not to come back here. Why do you even hang out with those criminals?

BRUCE

What I do here is none of your
business dude.

KISLON

They are dangerous.

BRUCE

Well, so am I.

KISLON

(Scoffs)

Please.

(Serious tone)

The only reason they let you near
them is because of all the family
money you throw at their feet. Do
you know why everyone calls them
the Nigerians? Hm? It's because
everything about them feels like a
scam. They are fake.

BRUCE

(With anger)

So what are you doing here? What
makes you think you're in a
position to lecture me? The daily
dose of morphine you use to run
away from your past in Cote-
d'Ivoire I guess.

Kislon frowns --

BRUCE (CONT'D)

What? You thought I didn't know?
It's all out there you know. I just
googled you Kislon and I saw it. I
know what you did (Pause). Just
mind your own business.

Bruce walks up, leaving Kislon speechless.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Junkie.

EXT/INT. NAKAMURA CORPORATION SKYSCRAPER - DAY

A glass skyscraper at the center of downtown Toronto on a bright sunny day --

NAKAMURA CORPORATION is readable on the imposing façade. At the center of the front-entrance-terrace, there is a fountain with the sculpture of an artificial vertebral disc. The streets are busy with people.

The top floor of the building -- Through the window of her spacious office, **KOYUKI NAKAMURA** looks down on the town bursting with activity, noticeably the CN tower reconstruction.

Koyuki is a middle-aged woman of Japanese descent in a white suit. On the walls of her office, there are diverse blueprints of weapons, military aircrafts and ships. On her desk there are a grand computer, a phone and an artificial vertebral disc in a small glass enclosure.

Koyuki HEARS a door open. She turns around and sees Shinji enter the office.

SHINJI

You wanted to see me, Madam Nakamura?

KOYUKI

(With a smile)

You know, you can call me mom when it's just the two of us.

They approach each other and hug.

SHINJI

How are you?

KOYUKI

I'm good, son. What about you?

Koyuki sits on the desk and Shinji stands close to her.

SHINJI

I'm a bit tired but I'll be ok.

KOYUKI

You work harder than anybody else in this company. (Scoffs) Probably even myself. (Pause) I'm grateful and very proud.

SHINJI

Thank you.

KOYUKI

What about the kids?

SHINJI

Good as well.

KOYUKI

(With a smile)

Wonderful. We should all get together this weekend. A friend of mine opened a restaurant on Avenue des Champs-Élysées. It's wondrous.

SHINJI

I'll check with Natalia.

KOYUKI

Natalia hm --

(Stops smiling)

I'll take that as a No then.

SHINJI

Come on mom --

KOYUKI

We both know your wife doesn't like me very much. If it was only up to her, I wouldn't even be allowed to video-chat with my grandkids --

SHINJI

You're exaggerating.

KOYUKI

I personally think it's cultural. European individualism has a way of travestyng the sense of family.

SHINJI

Is that why you called me? To question my wife's sense of family?

KOYUKI

Of course not. (Pause) Did you see Daryl Thousand today?

Shinji shakes his head.

KOYUKI (CONT'D)

Did he call or text you recently?

SHINJI

I've been busy. Haven't seen him in a while. Why? What is going on?

KOYUKI

I have been informed of a potential security breach on our servers.

SHINJI

What does that have to do with Daryl? He barely knows how to use a computer.

Koyuki picks up a paper file on her desk. She gives it to Shinji who grabs it.

SHINJI

What is it?

KOYUKI

Take a look.

Shinji opens the file and frowns as he sees a summary of bank transactions, hundreds of thousands.

SHINJI

What the hell! You've been investigating him?

KOYUKI

He wasn't the only one. The information we deal with in this company affects the security of millions of people. So, we need to keep a close eye on our employees.

SHINJI

Did you investigate me as well?

Koyuki looks Shinji in the eyes.

KOYUKI

Of course not. (Pause) The point is Daryl received considerable amounts of money recently. Coincidentally, he didn't show up to work today and doesn't answer or return our calls.

SHINJI

Like you said coincidentally.

KOYUKI

Look Shinji --

Koyuki puts a hand on Shinj's shoulder.

KOYUKI (CONT'D)

I know it's your friend and I don't mean to accuse him of anything but this raises a doubt. And, I just need to be sure of his loyalty.

SHINJI

I understand that.

KOYUKI

Good. (Smiles) Do you know what that hideous sculpture in front of the building is?

SHINJI

(Frowns)

It's a vertebral disc.

KOYUKI

It is more than that.

(Looking at the disc on her desk)

My father started as a simple arms dealer. Yet, he made the unconventional choice to invest in numerous medical projects. He helped to build this artificial vertebral disc and sold the technology for a dollar.

SHINJI

I know the story mom.

KOYUKI

I know you do. My father believed firmly that no matter the cost, the wellbeing of people should always be first. I too believe in that. I believe that the weapons we build are not meant to destroy but to protect. They are meant to diffuse evil intentions.

Koyuki gets up and walks toward the window.

KOYUKI (CONT'D)

Yet, they are not enough. That's why we also invest in people. That's why we are here. This city was in ruins 2 years ago, bankrupt and the crime rate was sky high before we came here. Now look at what we've accomplished. Look at how things are picking up.

SHINJI

It is remarkable but there's still a lot more that needs to be done.

Koyuki looks at her son.

KOYUKI

Absolutely and this is why we can't tolerate any type of unethical behavior in our ranks.

Shinji nods.

SHINJI

I'll let you know the second Daryl tries to contact me.

Koyuki smiles.

KOYUKI

Thank you. That'll be all.

Shinji nods and heads for the door. He opens it --

KOYUKI (CONT'D)

And please, talk to Natalia about us getting together this weekend.

SHINJI

(Looking back)

I will.

KOYUKI

(With a smile)

Wonderful.

Shinji walks out. Koyuki's smile turns into a frown.

EXT./INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT/BUILDING - DAY

With a roll of keys in his right hand. Kevin unlocks the door to a building. He enters the lobby. The door closes after him. He approaches mail boxes on the wall. He opens the box for apartment 2.

A single envelope -- He picks it up and closes the mail box.

He sees that the mail is from GREEN GARDENS INSURANCE --

KEVIN

The insurance company.

Kevin stares at the letter for a second and opens it.

He mumbles as he reads the letter and his eyes stop on a specific phrase -- YOUR REQUEST FOR THE RE-EXAMINATION OF YOUR CLAIM HAS BEEN DENIED.

KEVIN

Denied.

He crumples the letter.

The living room of Kevin's apartment is quiet. There is a note on the coffee table.

Some nearby NOISE, A DOOR OPENING -- STEPS --

Kevin enters the living room.

KEVIN

What a shitty day!

He sits on the couch. He notices the note on the table, picks it up and READS --

MEGAN (V.O.)

Assuming you had as usual an awful day at work, I packed the fridge with Ice Cream and beer. There is also some Chicken Alfredo since you like it so much. I'll call you when I arrive. Love you.

Kevin sighs. He gets up, walks past the couch. Ahead of him there is an open door to a small kitchen.

He enters the kitchen and opens the fridge.

INT. KISLON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nothing but a molded banana in the open fridge --

KISLON

Right, that's what I forgot.

Kislon frowns as he stares at it.

KISLON (CONT'D)

I'm not that hungry.

Kislon HEARS a knock on the door.

KISLON

IT'S OPEN.

The door opens. Kislon closes the fridge.

COLIN BURROWS enters --

He is in his late 20s, short hair and full beard, wearing skinny jeans, a shirt and a tie.

KISLON

Hey Colin, when did you come back?

Colin grimaces as he looks around. He notices the paintings crowding the place.

COLIN

Kislon, what the hell? I leave town for only a month and you go back to the Neolithic.

KISLON

Is that where you came from? Because you look like a caveman with that beard. (Scoffs) A gay caveman.

Colin looks Kislon in the eyes and squints his.

COLIN

You're high.

Colin shakes his head and approaches the couch, moving aside a few paintings on his way.

Colin picks up an unfinished painting with multiple stains on it and frowns as he examines it --

KISLON

I gave up on this one --

COLIN

Obviously. (Pause) You could at least finish a painting once in a while. Your section in my gallery has been an empty wall for God knows how long.

KISLON

I have a section in your art gallery?

COLIN

I know you don't believe me when I say it but people love your craft. It sells like Rubik cubes in the 80s or condoms on Valentine Day.

KISLON

(Sarcastically)

Rubik cubes and condoms. I must have range.

COLIN

You do. But just you're sadly very underproductive.

KISLON

Well, I haven't felt inspired in a while.

Colin drops the painting on the ground --

COLIN

(Seems upset)

Man, I thought you were done with the Morphine.

There is a silence as Colin sits on the couch and stares at Kislon. The latter lightly shakes his shoulders.

COLIN

Why don't you go see a doctor like normal people do?

KISLON

You know I can't stand hospitals.

COLIN

You'll have to get passed that. I know you're PTSD-ing or whatever on all that happened and I understand that it's hard. But man, the shower was 2 years ago. The civil war in your country even further away in the past. You need to let go of all those things and make some changes. Because if you keep dealing with Simon and the other sleazebags he works with, I'll soon have an obituary to write.

KISLON

(Forces a smile)

I'm (Pause) I'm ok Colin.

COLIN

No, you're not but it's your life. No one can stand in your way if you choose to trample it.

KISLON

I appreciate your concern.

COLIN

Yeah, whatever. Give me a beer?

KISLON

There's nothing left in the fridge.

Colin shakes his head.

COLIN

That's it. Strike 3, we're going out.

KISLON

(Grimaces)

When were strike 1 and 2?

COLIN

You'll know soon enough. Come on, get dressed. We're going to a club.

KISLON

That is absolutely not happening. Every time we go to a club, a bar or even a park --

KISLON (CONT'D)

-- less than an hour in and you abandon me and leave with some random hottie. Oh and hottie is a term I use loosely in your case.

Colin gets up.

COLIN

What are you talking about? I'm a man of fine taste. And, I'm not giving you a choice because this --

Colin shows the mess surrounding him with his hands --

COLIN (CONT'D)

This is unhealthy. This is not living. We're going to Havoc. They're doing an open mic.

Kislon shakes his head.

KISLON

No matter what you'll say I shall not budge.

INT. HAVOC CLUB - NIGHT

A rock band PLAYS noisily on an elevated stage. The dance floor is crowded under the lights shows.

Kislon, still wearing a black hoodie, traverses the crowd. He looks around with a confused look on his face. He reaches a bar counter busy as well. A BARMAN services the counter --

Many people are ordering at the same time. Kislon tries to catch the barman's attention --

KISLON

Excuse me? EXCUSE ME? COULD I --

The barman is distracted by female clients at the other end of the counter.

Kislon looks around --

Kislon notices 50 feet away Colin by the club's main entrance in company of a woman -- Colin is heading out.

KISLON (CONT'D)

COLIN?

Colin leaves. Kislon advances towards the exit. A TALL MAN passes through and bumps into KISLON's right shoulder.

TALL MAN

(Glances at Kislon)

Watch out bro.

Kislon grimaces and holds his right shoulder.

An empty male restroom with a doorless entry --

Still holding his right shoulder, Kislon storms into the restroom --

KISLON

You watch out shithead.

Kislon enters an open toilet cubicle and locks it.

The rock song outside ENDS as Kislon pulls from an inside pocket of his hoodie a flacon of black pills.

Kislon stares at the flacon for a moment in his hand. He frowns as he HEARS in his head --

BRUCE (V.O.)

I know what you did (Pause) Junkie.

COLIN (V.O.)

I'll soon have an obituary to write.

THE SOUND OF THE PIANO --

Kislon takes a pill out. He HEARS the voice of **ANGIE** --

ANGIE

(Singing)

Pick it up, pick it all up and start again. --

Kislon freezes --

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

You've got a second chance, you could go home. Escape it all. It's just irrelevant. --

Kislon looks up --

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

It's just medicine. It's just
medicine. --

Kislon puts the flacon and pill in the pockets of his hoodie. He walks out of the cubicle --

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

You could still be, what you want
to, what you said you were, when I
met you.

He exits the toilets. He crosses a hallway that leads to the dance floor.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

You've got a warm heart, you've got
a beautiful brain. But it's
disintegrating --

Kislon sees across the room, on stage, Angie playing the piano.

She is a beautiful Latina in her early 20s. Her long black hair cover half of her face.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

From all the medicine. From all the
medicine. From all the medicine.

Kislon traverses the crowd, keeping his eyes on Angie. Most people don't pay attention to what is happening on stage.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

Medicine.

Kislon gets a few close to the stage and gazes at Angie.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

You could still be, what you want
to be, what you said you were, when
you met me. You could still be --

Kislon smiles.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

(Singing)

What you want to. What you said you
were, when I met you. When you met
me. When I met you.

(Vocalizing)

Ooooo Oooooh. Ooooo Oooooh!

Angie closes her performance by a few piano notes.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Thank you!

Kislon claps energetically. Not many other people in the room clap their hands. Angie notices Kislon and smiles at him. She leaves the stage --

SIMON

That's some fine piece of ass.

Kislon looks over his shoulder and sees Simon sipping a beer.

SIMON (CONT'D)

You know it's true what they say
about Latinas. They're the
freakiest of them all.

KISLON

Simon, what are you doing here?

SIMON (CONT'D)

(Grimaces)

What do you mean what am I doing
here? Can't a brother have a few
drinks and enjoy a night of fine
musical artistry?

KISLON

Music. Right.

Simon scoffs and walks away.

Kislon looks at the stage -- Another band takes place. His eyes search the surroundings.

EXT./INT. SHINJI'S HOUSE FAÇADE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The facade of Shinji's lake house -- A coupé is parked in front of the garage door.

A luxurious sedan arrives on the driveway and parks behind the coupé. Shinji is the driver. The sedan stops and Shinji gets out of it with a briefcase in hands. He locks the car. He sees through the window, Natalia, Bruce and Daryl, all sat in the living room, all LAUGHING.

Daryl is in his late 30s, clean cut.

Shinji enters through the main door --

SHINJI

Hello everyone.

NATALIA

Hey you.

BRUCE

Hi Dad.

Natalia walks up to Shinji. Shinji and Bruce exchange a look.

DARYL

I was telling them about that one time in Dubai.

SHINJI

Oh boy! I thought we agreed to carry this one to our graves.

Natalia kisses Shinji.

SHINJI

The baby?

NATALIA

Sleeping like an angel.

SHINJI

(Whispering)

Maybe we can get some quality time later.

NATALIA

(Whispering)

After you talk to your son.

SHINJI

I will.

(To Daryl)

Daryl, let's go to my office.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sat on the side of a queen bed, Kevin holds a cellphone up to his hear. He is only wearing boxers. His prosthetics hand and leg are on a nightstand next to him.

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY)

(Tiredness in the voice)

I'm exhausted. Did you water the plants?

KEVIN

Yes I did.

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY)

You're my hero, my knight in shining armor.

KEVIN

Minus the cape.

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY)

You'd look good with a cape.

KEVIN

(Scoffs)

I would if it was medieval times.

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY, CONT'D)

You know how old things always end up coming back into fashion. Capes will make a comeback someday.

Kevin stares at the full moon above the buildings through the open blinds of a window --

KEVIN

Full moon tonight.

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY)

Oh yeah! I didn't even notice.

(Pause) I guess we get so wrapped up in our daily routines that we --

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY, CONT'D)
Even forget to look up. How many
nights of shooting stars and
wishful thinking did we miss?

KEVIN
Probably a lot. (Pause) I'm not a
fan of things falling from the sky
anyway.

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY)
I hear you. It'd be awesome though
if life was as simple as shouting
wishes at shooting stars.

KEVIN
What would you wish for?

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY)
A better salary.

KEVIN
(Scoffs)
Obviously.

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY)
No (Pause) I'd just want you to get
everything you ever wish for.

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN
Sometimes, I wish I'd wake up to a
different world. A world where I
could play football again. A world
with (Pause) less animosity so that
you'd never come home with blood on
your scrubs. With less angry people
at the other end of the line. A
world with --

(Looks at his left forearm)
-- A little more hope.

MEGAN (VOICE ONLY)
(Sighs)
I like it so much when you get all
philosophical.

EXT. HAVOC CLUB/DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Angie walks out of the noisy club through the back exit. She has a handbag. The door closes after her. She walks through a deserted dark alley. She looks at the dark surroundings with worried eyes, breathes and advances fast. She passes by a large recycle bin.

A man surges from the shadows behind the bin. It's Simon. With a blitz attack, in her back, he tackles her down. She SCREAMS as the man weighs on her back and restrains her --

ANGIE

HELP!

Simon puts a gun to her head.

SIMON

SHUT UP or I'll blow your head up.

ANGIE

(Emotionally)

Please, please, let me go.

SIMON

We're just gonna have some fun.

Angie cries. Simon chuckles.

KISLON

SIMON?

Simon startled, looks back and sees a male with a hoodie a few feet away. He puts one knee on Angie's back and points the gun at the other man.

KISLON (CONT'D)

Simon, it's me.

Simon distinguishes Kislon's face.

SIMON

Get the hell out of here!

Kislon advances slowly toward Simon and Angie --

KISLON

Simon, let her go.

SIMON

Did you not hear me?

KISLON

I did loud and clear but I can't
let you do this.

SIMON

Nigga, you want to get shot? You
stop right where you are or I swear
I'll blow your brains out.

Kislon freezes.

SIMON (CONT'D)

Good. Now you walk away and forget
any of this ever happened.

KISLON

I can't do that.

SIMON

Of course you can.

Angie looks at Kislon.

ANGIE

Help me!

SIMON

(Looking at Angie)

Shut up bitch!

(Looking at Kislon)

Man (Pause) I'm sure that you're
smart enough to realize that
another step forward means that
you'll be either a dead man or a
man in eternal pain.

Kislon looks puzzled at the ground, then at Angie. The
latter looks in Kislon's eyes.

ANGIE

It's you.

Simon points the gun at Angie's head.

SIMON

(Angrily)

I told you to shut --

Kislon runs towards Simon. Simon points the gun at Kislon.
Angie abruptly moves and attempts to fight Simon off.

Simon is disturbed but fires at Kislun who is two feet away. Kislun jumps on Simon who loses the gun. The 2 men both roll to the ground. Simon is on his back. Kislun gets on top of Simon and PUNCHES him in the face -- Once, twice, three times and he stops. Angie slowly gets back up.

Simon's head is covered in his own blood.

SIMON

You're dead, nigga.

Kislun PUNCHES Simon in the face once more and the thug loses consciousness. Kislun gets up.

ANGIE

You saved me. I don't know how --

KISLON

You should leave.

Kislun picks up the gun and stares hatefully at Simon.

Angie looks at Kislun's angry face --

ANGIE

What will you do with that gun?

KISLON

(Looking sternly at Angie)

Leave Now.

ANGIE

I'm calling the police.

Angie takes her handbag, searches through it and pulls out a cellphone. Kislun points the gun at Angie.

KISLON

Put the phone down.

There is a look of terror in Angie's eyes as she lets the phone fall to the ground --

KISLON

Now leave.

ANGIE

You're out of your mind.

She runs away under the eyes of Kislun.

Kislon sees a hole in his hoodie, on the belly. He puts a hand under his hoodie. It comes out covered in blood.

KISLON

That's just fantastic.

Kislon points the gun at Simon.

INT. SHINJI'S HOUSE OFFICE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A large office -- Daryl types on a laptop that is on the central desk. Shinji, standing next to him, observes the laptop screen. Behind them, there is a grand window that gives a view of the city. Hanged on the walls, a dozen of swords: katanas, Chinese sabres, Kampilan, Talwar --

DARYL

He re-encrypted the files but I have the codes. (Pause) What's with all the swords by the way?

SHINJI

They're just decorative.

DARYL

Sure, but I've never understood your obsession for them. Working for a military corporation, you sure as hell would have a large diversity of powerful killing machines to obsess over.

SHINJI

It's not about the power of the tool. It's actually about the simplicity.

DARYL

Simplicity?

SHINJI

Yeah, we live in a day and age where the weapons we built are getting more and more complicated. We barely control them.

DARYL

So it's about control then?

SHINJI

Self-control and the control of your immediate environment. Unlike other weapons that are thrown or dispatch so much destruction that they overdo their purpose, swords are an extension of the swordsman. As precise and harmful or harmless as he chooses them to be.

DARYL

(Still typing)

I never pictured you as the poetic type.

SHINJI

Do you know what you're doing?

DARYL

There.

Shinji opens wide his eyes. He sees on the screen the blueprints of an underground facility titled ARGUS.

SHINJI

Oh my God! It is real.

(Frowns)

Project Argus. (Pause) A few years back a scientist proposed to my mother the construction of an underground weapon that could disturb tectonic plates from a distance. She told me she turned down the project. How could she? It's illegal.

DARYL

Yeah I think she's way past minding the law at this point. Look --

Daryl opens a file on the laptop's desktop. It's a satellite map of farming fields.

DARYL (CONT'D)

My (Pause) friend stole this from the Geotechnical Centre. That's the farming fields --

Daryl zooms out on the map. Daryl sees color-marked zones around the fields distant by at least 10 kilometers from the fields. Daryl points at the color-marked zones.

DARYL (CONT'D)

These zones represent minor seismic disturbances.

Daryl clicks on one color-marked zone. 5 seismic readings appear with peaks at regular intervals

DARYL (CONT'D)

Their Richter magnitudes are not high enough to be investigated but look at how regular the intervals between the peaks are.

SHINJI

(Looking at Daryl)

Test runs.

DARYL

There is worse. I looked into all major seismic events during the past 2 years and found this --

Daryl opens another file on the laptop. A seismic reading with regular high peaks --

DARYL (CONT'D)

3 months ago, Antalaha in Madagascar.

SHINJI

The same intervals.

DARYL

The same signature and --

Daryl opens a picture file on the laptop --

A press article titled ANTALAHA TSUNAMI TAKES 300 LIVES with a picture of a devastated coastal town.

SHINJI

(Seems horrified)

I have a contact at the Mounted Police --

They HEAR something BREAK, Natalia SCREAM --

Startled, they look at the exit door, a hallway that leads to the living room --

SHINJI
NATALIA?

MASKED MAN 1
(From the living room)
Get on the ground!

They HEAR GLASS SHATTERING, WINDOW BREAKING --

A bullet HITS Daryl in the head. Shinji sees his friend fall and catches him. Shinji falls under the weight of Daryl.

SHINJI
(Seems horrified)
Daryl?

NATALIA
(From the living room)
Please don't hurt us --

MASKED MAN 1
(From the living room)
Shut up! On your knees.

Shinji pushes away his friend's body. He crawls and grabs a Katana from the wall. He exits the office, gets on his feet and crosses the hallway in a hurry. He enters the living room and --

MASKED MAN 1
Don't move.

He sees on his left, by the arched entrance to the kitchen, a **MASKED MAN** holding an automatic rifle with a silencer pointed at Natalia and Bruce, both on their knees, seeming terrified.

The masked man is tall, athletic built, in an all-black tactical uniform.

MASKED MAN 2
Give me the sword.

Shinji looks to his right and sees by the main door a **SECOND MASKED MAN** holding a gun with a silencer pointed in his direction.

The second masked man is shorter, athletic built, with the same uniform.

Shinji hands the Katana to the 2nd masked man who takes it.

A **THIRD MASKED MAN** enters.

He has the same outfit as the other home invaders and holds in his hand a rifle with a scope and a silencer.

MASKED MAN 3
Target is down.

MASKED MAN 2
Get the package.

The 3rd masked man heads for the office.

SHINJI
Who are you people?

Shinji looks at the second masked man.

SHINJI (CONT'D)
You're military. Aren't you?

MASKED MAN 2
Follow our instructions and no harm
will be done to you.

SHINJI
I don't believe you. You killed
Daryl.

NATALIA
Daryl is dead?

SHINJI
(Angrily)
Those animals shot him in the head.

Natalia cries.

The third masked man comes back into the living room holding the laptop and his rifle. Shinji and the 2 other masked men look at him as he stands next to the 2nd masked man

MASKED MAN 3
What now?

Natalia frowns. She sees Bruce slowly reach for something in the pocket of his pants -- A switchblade.

MASKED MAN 2
Contingency plan.

MASKED MAN 1
(Approaching Bruce)
Alright.

Bruce suddenly jumps on the first masked man and stabs him in the belly two times. The others in the room are startled.

MASKED MAN 2
Shit.

The second and third masked man point their weapons at Bruce. Shinji jumps on them and they all fall to the ground.

The first masked man punches Bruce in the face and points his weapon at the kid. Natalia steps in between them.

NATALIA
NO!

The first masked man fires --

Shinji picks up his sword, lifts his arms and is about to stab the second masked man.

The first masked man fires again in Shinji's back. The latter falls to the ground.

MASKED MAN 2
Shit.

The 3rd masked man gets up. He advances toward the first masked man that has a hand on his belly.

MASKED MAN 1
The damn kid stabbed me.

The 3rd masked man looks at Natalia and Bruce, both on the ground, laying in the own blood.

MASKED MAN 3
(Anxiously)
That was not the mission.

The 2nd masked man gets up.

MASKED MAN 1
Collateral happens.

The 2nd masked man looks at the inert body of Shinji.

MASKED MAN 3

(Anxiously)

The mission was to bring them in
alive.

He takes two steps towards the other masked men.

MASKED MAN 1

What's done is done Murphy.

MASKED MAN 3

(Anxiously)

Command will not be happy.

MASKED MAN 2

(Angrily at masked man 3)

And whose fault is that? If you had
intercepted the target before he
came here none of this would have
happened. (Pause) Let's clean this
shit up.

The first masked man sees Shinji suddenly rise up with a
look of rage in the eyes, behind the 2nd masked man. The
Katana is Shinji's right hand --

MASKED MAN 1

BEHIND YOU!

Shinji stabs the 2nd masked man in the heart. The others
startled masked men aim at Shinji. The latter uses the 2nd
masked man as a shield and forces him to advance.

MASKED MAN 3

Son of a bitch.

Shinji pushes the 2nd masked man that falls on the first
masked man. Shinji simultaneously pulls his sword out of the
body. The 3rd masked man fires and hits Shinji in the left
shoulder. Shinji doesn't slow down and instantly slices the
3rd masked man on the flank.

The 3rd masked man SCREAMS and falls on his knees. Shinji
stabs him in the neck.

MASKED MAN 1

I'll kill you.

Holding his weapon with a single hand, the first masked man
pushes on the side the 2nd masked man's body.

The first masked man tries to point his gun at Shinji. The latter cuts off the forearm holding the rifle.

The first masked man SCREAMS and backs away --

MASKED MAN 1

My arm. You asshole.

There is panic in the masked man's eyes as he stares at Shinji who hatefully looks back at him.

SHINJI

You killed them.

The first masked man dizzily heads for the kitchen. Shinji follows him.

Shinji bleeds a lot. He passes by the body of his wife and son. He sees them, laying there, eyes opened. He falls on his knees and tears fall down his face. Shinji cries. Meanwhile, the first masked man walks through the kitchen and gets out of the house.

Shinji HEARS someone GRUNT -- He looks at the 2nd masked man, slightly moving. Shinji stops crying, stabs the man in the head. Shinji SCREAMS with all his strength.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

The sight of the first masked man is hazy as he walks on the shore. He sees the dock a few feet ahead. He HEARS --

SHINJI

Who sent you?

The masked man looks back and sees Shinji walking 10 feet behind him.

MASKED MAN 1

No. Leave me alone.

The masked man walks dizzily but hurryingly to the dock.

MASKED MAN 1 (CONT'D)

This wasn't supposed to happen.

SHINJI

WHO SENT YOU?

The masked man turns around and takes steps back as Shinji advances on the dock. --

MASKED MAN 1

Look, man, you weren't the target.
We didn't mean for this to happen.

SHINJI

You killed my friend. You killed my

(Sheds a tear)

Wife. (Pause) YOU KILLED MY SON.

MASKED MAN 1

(Anxiously)

The kid attacked me for Christ
sake. WHAT WAS I SUPPOSED TO DO?

The masked man almost steps into the void as he reaches the edge of the dock. He looks behind, at his feet and at Shinji's angry face. Shinji reaches the masked man, grabs him by the shirt and puts the sword on his throat.

SHINJI

I will cut you limb by limb until
you tell me what I need to know.

MASKED MAN 1

It was your mother.

SHINJI

(Frowning)

What? (Pause) LIAR!

The masked man slowly reaches for the back of his pants with his only hand left. He grabs a small knife in a horizontal sheath attached to his belt.

MASKED MAN 1

I swear on my life.

Shinji seems puzzled.

SHINJI

No she wouldn't --

The masked man stabs Shinji in the belly. Shinji reactively cuts the man's throat. The two men fall in the water.

Shinji sinks in the water, followed by a trail of his own blood. He sees the masked man body go to the surface and float away.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin is soundly asleep in his bed. One can see the moonlight through the window. A star starts shining brighter and BRIGHTER. The spotlight grows fast and becomes a burst of BLINDING ENERGY that flies into the bedroom, slightly shakes the window blinds and strikes Kevin.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Kislon walks through a dark deserted alley with a hand on his belly. He sweats heavily.

His sight is hazy as he looks at the hand on his belly. A lot of blood -- Kislon falls on his knees.

KISLON

Damn it! Why didn't you walk away?

Kislon looks up and notices a spotlight growing rapidly big in the sky.

KISLON

What the hell?

The spotlight becomes a BURST OF BLINDING ENERGY that flies into him.

EXT. LAKE SHORE - NIGHT

Shinji sinks into the lake.

A BLINDING light from above surges into the water.

INT. SHINJI'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The gory spectacle of the corpses laying in blood --

One can HEAR a baby's cry coming from upstairs.

EXT. DOWNTOWN TORONTO - DAY

SOMEONE PLAYING PIANO NOTES FROM *'Where is my mind? - Pixies'* --

The sun rises up over the skyscrapers of the active town.

ANGIE (V.O.)
 (Singing with piano)
 With your feet in the air and your
 head on the ground --

INT. NAKAMURA CORPORATION SKYSCRAPER - DAY

The imposing façade of the Nakamura skyscraper --

ANGIE (V.O., CONT'D)
 (Singing with piano)
 Try this trick and spin it --

The top floor of the building, Koyuki's office --

Koyuki is sat at her desk, a cellphone to her ear. Her facial expression is extremely grave. There is an undistinguishable voice talking on the phone.

ANGIE (V.O., CONT'D)
 (Singing with piano)
 Your head will collapse 'cause
 there's nothing in it and you'll
 ask yourself --

Koyuki sheds a tear.

ANGIE (V.O., CONT'D)
 (Singing with piano)
 Where is my mind? Where is my mind?
 Where is my mind? --

EXT. ALLEY BY HAVOC CLUB - DAY

The homeless woman passes by the back entrance to Havoc. She walks up to a nearby open bin.

ANGIE (V.O., CONT'D)
 (Singing with piano)
 I was swimming in the Carribean --

She opens the bin and NOTICES Simon's body among the garbage. Startled, she takes a step back. She freezes for a moment.

ANGIE (V.O., CONT'D)
 (Singing with piano)
 Animals were hiding behind the
 rock. --

She slowly approaches the bin--

ANGIE (V.O., CONT'D)
 (Singing with piano)
 Except the little fish, but they
 told me, he swears; tryin' to talk
 to me koi koy --

Simon wakes up with a start and SCREAMS. Startled again, the homeless woman runs away.

ANGIE (V.O., CONT'D)
 (Singing with piano)
 Where is my mind? Where is my mind?

Looking disgruntled, Simon looks at the surroundings.

ANGIE (V.O., CONT'D)
 (Singing with piano)
 Where is my mind?

EXT./INT. ALLEY BY HAVOC CLUB - DAY

A 4-story-brick-building with a Chinese restaurant at the ground floor --

Through one of the first floor, one can see Angie sat on a bed, PLAYING A PIANO placed on a stand.

ANGIE
 (Singing with piano)
 Way out in the water, see it
 swimming!

Angie continues playing inside the small and poorly furnished studio apartment.

SOMEONE HEAVILY KNOCKS ON HER DOOR --

Startled, Angie stops playing and looks at the door.

MALE VOICE
 (Behind the door)
 ANGIE?

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kevin's eyes open. He sees the ceiling, sits up and YAWNS. He grabs with his right hand the prosthetic hand on his nightstand. He looks at his left forearm. His LEFT HAND IS THERE --

KEVIN
 (Surprised)
 WH -- WHAT --

He lets the prosthetic hand fall to the ground. He stares at his left hand, the back and the palm. He touches his left hand with the right hand and holds them together.

KEVIN
 (Puzzled)
 How -- How is that possible?

He looks at his feet, still under the bed sheets.

With his right hand, he approaches his feet and abruptly removes the bed sheet revealing his LEFT LEG IS THERE as well.

Kevin frowns, looking closely at his new hand. He sighs, smiles with watery eyes.

Kevin laughs emotionally. The prosthetic hand on the ground trembles and levitates an inch above the soil.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - UNKNOWN TIME

The dark hood sat on a chair in a somber library --

DARK HOOD
 Rocks and lights falling from the sky. That's how it all started. A touch of God to some of us, a curse to others, a cosmic catastrophe to many, an opportunity to play with the odds of life for a few selected ones.

JESSICA

It's an interesting story. But
there's one thing you haven't told
me yet.

DARK HOOD

What is it Jessica?

JESSICA

Your name. Who are you?

DARK HOOD

I am (Pause) Nobody.

FADE OUT