

UNPOWERED, Ep. Three
'Bullets and Butterflies'

By

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PREVIOUSLY ON UNPOWERED:

AGENT EDDIE ARCHER runs APU, a police unit trying to arrest all criminals with 'special powers'. The two main targets are DARWIN, an extremely fast and merciless vigilante, and the BANKER, a thief who can walk through walls.

Despite a break in the case to find Darwin, Archer is convinced by two Federal Agents to focus on the Banker, who is deemed a more important target.

Melissa, a beautiful journalist, is redirected by her editor to look into an increase in a certain mental illness.

Despite the orders from the Feds, Archer leaks a surveillance photo of Darwin to Melissa.

GUY, one of the Banker's Henchmen, helps the Banker break into a hospital to steal certain records. Due to a tip from the Feds, Archer is able to interrupt their robbery, leading to a shootout and narrow escape.

Darwin also shows up at the hospital, but is waylaid by a cheap costume wearing teen, G-boy, who fights him to a standstill after being revealed as having the power of invulnerability.

Darwin breaks off the confrontation with G-boy in time to follow Guy back to his apartment.

Episode Three:

BLACK SCREEN

The OS sound of loud knocking...

Pause, then more knocking.

GUY (VO)
(sleepily)
Who is it?

VOICE (VO)
Yo, open up! It's Darwin, come to
kill your criminal ass.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT

GUY scrambles out of bed, wiry and tattooed in nothing but boxers. He grabs a gun from under the pillow, aims it at the door.

On the other side of the bed is ROSIE, pregnant and pretty. She stares wide eyed at him, getting to her feet.

Guy waves her back behind him, approaching the door with his gun up.

VOICE (OS)
Today, motherfucker!

He carefully drops the security chain from the door, slides the bolt back.

His finger tightens on the trigger, he jerks the door open-

It's the FREAKERS, four thugs wearing halloween masks and carrying homemade weapons. In the front is FREAK, an large black teen with burn scarring all over his body.

FREAK
Morning, sunshine.

Guy's finger pulls the trigger back, millimeters from blowing Freak's masked head off.

FREAK
Whoa, whoa. Just want to talk.

Guy doesn't look interested in talking.

GUY
Fuck off, before I put a hole in that ugly mask of yours.

Freak snaps his fingers at one of the Freakers, they hand him a backpack. He unzips it, revealing stacks of cash.

FREAK
It's all there. Well, almost.

Guy hesitates, then reaches out and takes it. He steps back, preparing to shut the door.

FREAK
We asked around where you could have gotten that kinda cash.

GUY

So?

Freak looks around, furtive. He peels off his mask. The pink scar tissue crawls up his neck, but barely reaches his face, he looks young.

Freak steps forward, Guy keeps his gun up, but lets him enter the apartment. Freak looks around, then shuts the door between them and his Freakers.

FREAK

They say you work for the Banker.

GUY

Who says?

Freak waves a hand dismissively.

FREAK

'They'. We want an introduction.

Guy pauses, incredulous.

GUY

Are you kidding me?

FREAK

Look, I know we aren't the prettiest crew, but we could help him. We'll do anything he wants.

GUY

Get out of here. He's got no interest in punks like you.

FREAK

Listen, fucker, we brought you your cash back, now you owe us.

Guy's hand once again tightens around his pistol, violence seems imminent.

Before he can reply there's the OS sound of a scuffle from the hallway.

FREAK

What the fuck...

Freak pulls out a bloodstained machete, moves to the door.

Carefully he reaches out, then jerks it open.

The Freakers are in bloody heaps on the floor. DARWIN stands over them, bulletproof vest on his chest, signature skull bandana covering his face.

His eyes are cold as he looks up at Guy.

TITLE CARD: BULLETS AND BUTTERFLIES

EXT. POWER PLANT - CATWALK - DAY

An intricate grid work of metal catwalks wind around the complex machinery of a power plant.

BIG JOE (40s), walks along a catwalk, huge and potbellied in his coveralls.

He swings a GIANT WRENCH against an oversized pipe that runs alongside. It makes a steady WHONK sound every time it hits. After a few moments of this, it makes a distinctly different sound.

Big Joe pauses, then backs up, swinging the wrench on either side. WHONK, WINK, WHONK, WINK.

Reassured the sounds are different, Big Joe turns and yells to OS workers.

BIG JOE
Hey, found it.

Two similarly dressed workers walk down the catwalk, JIMMY and STEVIE. Like Big Joe they're a blend of beer-gut and muscle.

The three of them set to work trying to open the pipe, fist-sized bolts are rusted into place.

All three grunt and moan, pulling on the large wrench.

JIMMY
This aint working.

They sag back, Big Joe whacks the wrench against the pipe in anger.

Big Joe pants for a moment, then reengages the wrench.

BIG JOE
Come on, guys.

He pulls hard, straining with his eyes shut. Finally, the bolt gives, rust and metal shavings fall away as it turns.

Big Joe drops back, panting. He realizes the other two are staring at him, they hadn't been helping with the pipe.

BIG JOE

What?

Stevie silently points down. Big Joe follows the gesture sees the over-sized steel wrench has been heavily bent by the force of his pull.

BIG JOE

Well, goddamn...

INT. POLICE STATION - ARCHER'S OFFICE

A large police board has photos and info on known Powereds within the city.

Below it is a small plastic basketball hoop over a trashcan.

A wadded up ball of paper arcs through the air, swishes into the trashcan.

It's surrounded by other failed attempts.

AGENT ARCHER sits at his desk, rips a fresh page out of a binder of forms, wads it up.

The door opens, a YOUNG OFFICER enters carrying a folder. He takes in the wadded paper on the floor.

Archer calls his attention back.

ARCHER

Yes?

YOUNG OFFICER

Yessir, got the ID back on the fake nurse.

Archer takes the folder, opens it.

On the top of a stack of papers is a mug shot of a thug wearing pink nurse scrubs. Turning the page is another mug shot, same man but different clothes and hairstyle.

Another page is a rap sheet, Archer flips through the papers, impressed by the thickness of the stack.

He turns to his desk, begins entering information into his computer.

Navigating through the police database he clicks 'KNOWN ASSOCIATES'.

Various other mug shots show up, all hard looking men.

Finally he stops, the screen shows Guy's bruised face, holding up a police card for his mugshot.

Archer rifles through the papers on his desk, finds a surveillance photo from the hospital. He holds it up to the screen matching the two photos of Guy.

Archer smiles.

INT. UTILITY VAN - DAY

Archer and his APU team sit on benches in the back of a van as it moves through traffic. They are dressed in civilian clothes, but their cop look is obvious.

ARCHER

Alright, here's what we got: Guy Peters, 35 years old. Criminal history dating back to his fifteenth birthday.

Archer passes around pictures of Guy, his team studies them.

ARCHER

The last couple times he checked in with his PO was from a payphone in this neighborhood. Couple of low rent apartment buildings around, we're hoping to get lucky.

The van pulls to a stop, the agents make a final check of weapons and gear before concealing them.

ARCHER

You've all seen the surveillance footage. The Banker could have left him, but didn't. He's close to the man, and we want him alive and talkative.

The team nods.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The unmarked police van is parked in a empty alley in a crappy neighborhood. The rear doors open and the agents jump out, spreading in two man teams.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT - DAY

Darwin steps over the bodies of the Freakers into the apartment. Guy and Freak step back, weapons up.

DARWIN
Morning, sunshine.

FREAK
You're...you're fucking Darwin...

A tense moment passes, Guy and Freaks' hands shaky on their weapons, Darwin staring them down, knife in hand.

Guy's finger tightens on the trigger...

...Darwin moves
amazingly fast...a blur as he grabs Freak, uses him as a
shield and slams him into Guy before anyone can react...

Guy's gun clatters to the floor, he clutches a knife wound
on his hand.

Freak staggers back, his own machete impaled through his
stomach, Darwin's knife at his throat. He sags to the
floor, Rosie cries out, covering her mouth.

A moment passes, everyone adjusting to the sudden shift in
power. Guy holds his bleeding hand, moves between Darwin
and Rosie.

Freak writhes slowly on the floor, ignored. His eyes are
wide as he stares unbelievably at his killer.

FREAK
...fucking Darwin...

Guy and Darwin stare coldly at each other.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Archer and AGENT JACKSON enter an apartment building.

On the first floor a door has 'LANDLURD' scrawled across it in permanent marker, then crossed out. Below it reads: 'LANDLADY.'

Archer shrugs, then bangs on the door.

A few moments pass, Archer bangs again.

A loud racket comes from inside, the sounds of things crashing around.

A steady stream of expletives comes from the door, getting louder as the resident approaches. Archer and Jackson exchange looks.

Finally, the door is pulled open, a giant black LANDLADY looks through the screen door.

LANDLADY
How can I help you?

Archer takes a moment to register the change in tone.

ARCHER
Ummm, yes, we're looking for a possible resident here.

The Landlady raises her eyebrows.

LANDLADY
Aint nobody here that needs the cops knocking on they door.

Archer looks between him and Jackson, there are no markings to distinguish them as officers.

ARCHER
Well, would you mind looking at a few pictures, maybe he just lives in the area.

The Landlady hesitates, then nods. She cracks her screen door open, accepting pictures from Agent Jackson.

Archer's phone vibrates, he answers.

ARCHER
(into phone)
Yea? alright...we'll be there.

He hangs up, reaches to grab the photos back from the Landlady.

ARCHER

Thank you for your time.

Archer runs for the door, Jackson follows. The Landlady stands confused, then shakes her head.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT BUILDING - GROUND FLOOR

A long hallway leads to the main stairway.

The old-fashioned stairs circle the lobby all the way to the top floor, leaving a central opening.

AGENT RODRIGUEZ stands against a wall in the corner of the lobby.

Archer and Jackson approach, other agents behind them.

Archer approaches Rodriguez, who points to something out in the open under the stair way.

It's a pool of blood.

Archer follows the blood drip upwards, sees the landing it's coming from, three floors up.

He draws his pistol, pulls his badge out from under his shirt. The other agents follow suit.

They move tactically up the stairway.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT - DAY

Darwin and Guy's staring match continues.

Darwin's eyes creep off Guy, looking over his shoulder. He focuses on Rosie, and the PISTOL she's pointing at his head.

DARWIN

Do you know who I am?

Rosie's voice trembles, but the gun doesn't.

ROSIE

Yes.

DARWIN

I could take that gun from you and slit your throat in the space of one of your blinks.

Darwin sidesteps, so he has a direct line to Rosie. Guy mimics the movement, staying between Darwin and Rosie.

DARWIN

(to guy)

Wasn't hard to find your weakness, was it?

GUY

You've come for me. Leave her out of it.

DARWIN

Oh, I haven't come for you, Mr. Peters. I'm only interested in your friends.

Guy's eyes widen...

INT. GUYS APARTMENT BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR

Archer leads his team onto the third floor, gun up. He sees a pile of crumpled bodies outside a doorway, the Freakers.

He moves to the door, tracking footprints in the blood. He steps over the slashed bodies, adjusting his grip on his pistol.

He tries the handle, it's locked.

ARCHER

(whisper)

Stack up!

The team forms a line against the wall, guns in hand, ready for entry. In front of the line, Agent Rodriguez gives Archer a nod.

Archer KICKS the door open, storms the room.

INT. GUYS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The place is trashed, clothes and suitcases strewn on the bed. Hidden panels in the closet are wide open and empty.

No one's there.

Archer stands in the center, his team check the few hiding places.

AGENTS

Clear! Clear!

Archer looks down at the dead body of Freak, his face a grimace. A moth is pinned to Freak's chest.

Archer kicks the corpse in anger.

ARCHER

Shit...

INT. G-BOY'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

A homemade costume hangs on the wall.

Under it sleeps G-BOY, chubby and innocent looking.

The room is layered with typical teenage mess. Comic books scattered amongst dirty clothes.

G-Boy stretches, waking up.

INT. G-BOY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

G-Boy enters the cramped living room, wearing only boxers. NANNA, (65) is asleep on the couch. In front of her the small TV plays the news.

On an end table is a stack of mail. G-Boy scratches his round belly, picking up the mail.

Leafing through it he finds bills, more bills, and finally a letter.

Putting the rest down, G-Boy looks at the letter. The return address reads: "BRITE CITY CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTION".

G-Boy looks at the letter with distaste. He hesitates, fingering the flap of the envelope without opening it.

Finally he appears to come to a decision, not opening the envelope. Instead he crosses the room to a closet, slides out a storage bin.

G-Boy removes the lid, revealing a tight mass of papers and memories. Dozens of letters, some opened, some not, are crammed in shoe boxes. Framed photos of family members are stacked on keepsakes and souvenirs.

He pulls out pictures, an older black male, DARIUS, is in them, accompanied by a woman. Around the man's neck a set of BRASS KNUCKLES hang on a gold chain.

G-Boy somberly caressed the woman's face with a fingertip.

Another picture shows the same male with a few gangster looking guys, some with handguns tucked in waistbands. The man stands in the middle, with arms crossed, brass knuckles visible on his hand.

Digging deeper G-Boy finds a chain, he pulls it out of the box. Hanging from it are the brass knuckles from the photo.

He stares at them somberly.

INSERT FLASHBACK:

INT. G-BOY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - YEARS AGO

The same living room, all the furniture looks brand new.

The same brass knuckles hang from the Darius' neck as he takes a belt to a YOUNG G-BOY. Young G-boy whimpers, bleeding, not protected by any superpower.

END FLASHBACK.

Today's G-Boy drops the knuckles back into the box.

He glances over his shoulder at the TV. The newscaster introduces footage of Darwin fighting G-boy.

G-boy watches as on screen he's tossed around like a rag doll by Darwin.

The footage ends, returning to talking heads.

G-Boy pulls the brass knuckles back out of the box, contemplating them.

INT. BIG JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A run down white-trash house, beer cans and takeout litter the tables and floor. Several dogs and half dressed KIDS run around playing a variety of violent games.

Big Joe sits on the battered couch, drinking a beer and watching TV. Next to him LITTLE JOE (1) tries to hammer a square peg through a round hole on his toy.

Big Joe drains his beer, then crumples it between his finger and thumb without effort. It joins a dozen other similarly crushed cans on the floor.

One of his kids runs by with a squirt gun, spraying it at someone OS. After a moment he runs back the other direction, screaming.

An OLDER KID runs after him, wielding a large crowbar like a battle ax.

Big Joe notices, reaches out and plucks the crowbar from the kid's hands.

BIG JOE
Whoa there...

The kid pouts for a minute, until Big Joe smacks him on butt. He scampers off.

Big Joe looks at the crowbar a moment, then grasps it with two hands and easily bends it ninety degrees.

He stares at it for a moment, impressed.

BIG JOE
Honey...

HONEY OS
(high pitched)
What!?

BIG JOE
Come here.

After a few moments of OS clattering HONEY (40) enters. She looks like an ex prom queen, worn down by years of motherhood and poor living.

Big Joe holds up the crow bar for her to see.

HONEY
What is-

She cuts off mid-sentence, nose wrinkling.

HONEY
Goshdarnit Joe, you said you were gonna change his diaper.

She grabs Little Joe off the couch, holding him at arm's length she leaves the room.

Big Joe looks at the crow bar, shrugging to himself. He drops it to the floor, picks up a remote.

He pushes a button, nothing happens. He pushes it again, wrinkling his brow. Annoyance crosses his face.

Big Joe pushes the button hard, the remote crumples in his hand, broken.

BIG JOE

Goddarn!

He throws it at a wall, the remote tears right through the sheet rock, disappearing.

Big Joe blinks, staring at the hole.

INT. POLICE STATION - ARCHER'S OFFICE

Archer sits at his office chair staring at his police board. In the center is a mugshot of Guy. Archer throws a crumpled up piece of paper, bouncing it off Guy's forehead.

Agent Jackson steps into the office, tapping a knuckle against the open door.

ARCHER

Better be good news...

AGENT JACKSON

No word on Guy yet. But I ran down those addresses the Feds gave you.

ARCHER

Yea?

AGENT JACKSON

They're all medical or research facilities, no obvious connection, 'cept one thing.

ARCHER

Which is...?

AGENT JACKSON

Every time I checked the histories of those facilities, one name kept popping up. General Kelvin.

ARCHER

Who is he?

AGENT JACKSON
 He's some kind of administrative
 science director now, a desk
 jockey.

Archer nods, thinking.

ARCHER
 Alright, I've got some people I can
 call, figure out what this guy's
 deal is. He should know what the
 Banker's looking for... What was
 the name again?

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - LOBBY - DAY

An office directory is posted on a wall, one slot is
 occupied by "GENERAL KELVIN - 312."

AGENT JACKSON (VO)
 General Kelvin.

A manicured fingernail slides over the name, over a few
 other offices and comes to rest on "MEDICAL ARCHIVES - B8"

MELISSA, dressed in a conservative yet sexy suit, taps her
 nail against the plaque.

Scanning the lobby she spots a hallway leading to a row of
 elevators. A metal detector and YOUNG MP stand
 guard. Melissa watches as the MP briefly checks the ID of a
 man entering the hallway before waving him through.

Melissa looks around, eyes a FEMALE SOLDIER entering the
 lobby, carrying a stack of folders.

Melissa strides across the rooms, runs into the Female
 Soldier. Papers spill the the ground.

FEMALE SOLDIER
 Oh, sorry ma'am!

MELISSA
 Quite alright...

Melissa helps pickup the papers, surreptitiously clipping
 the soldier's ID to her blouse.

MELISSA
 You be careful now.

Melissa walks towards the Young MP guarding the hallway,
 adjusting her blouse for maximum effect.

The guard's eyes are caught in her cleavage, barely registering the ID as he waves her through. Melissa rewards him with a smile as she passes.

At the elevator Melissa hits the down arrow. Over her shoulder she sees the Female Soldier patting her pockets as the Young MP detains her.

The elevator opens, Melissa slips in just as the female soldier looks down the hall suspiciously.

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - BASEMENT B12 - DAY

Melissa jimmys the simple lock open using her stolen ID card.

Pushing the door open she's greeted by a mess of filing cabinets and shelved folders.

She raises her eyebrows, less than excited.

INT. MILITARY OFFICE - BASEMENT B12 - LATER

Melissa sits in the back, surrounded by folders. Her jacket's off and shirt sleeves rolled up as she pores over medical records.

Pulling out one sheet she reads the heading: "NEUROLOGICAL TREATMENT PROGRAM May 12, 1998"

Below the heading is a list of names and information.

An OS NOISE from the back makes her jerk her head up. She hastily folds the paper into quarters and slips it into her blouse.

From the next row of shelves the OS sound of footsteps moves closer to her.

Melissa straightens her blouse, nervous as the footsteps approach. She puts on an innocent smile as the figure turns the corner...

...The BANKER stares down the aisle at Melissa. Her fake smile freezes on her face as she realizes who he is.

The Banker scrunches his brow, taking in the situation.

BANKER

Well now, what do we have here?

EXT. ELECTRONICS STORE - EVENING

Security grating is pulled over the closed storefront. Through the window DVD players and ipods are visible.

Big Joe rattles the grating, upset.

BIG JOE

Darnit!

He punches the grating as he turns away, giving up.

He takes two steps, then catches himself, turning. The metal is dented where he punched it.

He cocks his head to the side, considering. He looks over either shoulder, the street is empty.

Big Joe walks to the padlock that secures the grate and rips it out of the wall. The security grating slides open a few inches.

A slow smile steals across Big Joe's face.