

VERGENCE

By E.P. Unum

FADE IN:

INT. SCREENING ROOM - DAY

Lights dim around URASHI, a woman in her early 30s. Lifts her left eye-patch. Her left eye emerald. Right eye brown.

In her hand, a cookie shaped device. She places the cookie on her right temple. Her eyes flutter.

Holographic images flicker about in front of her. Crime scenes. Murder victims. A news headline and subhead reads **"Eighth Victim Found. First known serial killer case in thirty three years"**

**"Police have no leads."**

**"Killer re-enacts infamous Ripper Murders from 1888"**

A man named KELLY, in a business suit sits down behind her. Darkness cloaks his face. He takes a cookie device. Studies it. Presses it to his temple. Holograms comes up for him -

**"Vergence project - is it real?"**

KELLY

Does it hurt? The eye-shine?

URASHI

At first. You with the project?

KELLY

Not yet.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

A man's rough hands attach heart and chest monitors to Urashi's rubber suit. Urashi lies in a sapphire coffin.

URASHI

Can't I bend the rules?

A man's voice -

HERB (O.C.)

If you could, would you?

URASHI

If I'm there -

HERB, a doctor in his early 50s, leans in.

HERB

We can stop right here. Agent  
Urashi. Here. Now. You must not  
have any doubt.

URASHI

No second thoughts. Let's do it.

HERB

No interaction. Avoid mirrors.

URASHI

Yes. Observe, Get DNA samples.  
Nothing more.

HERB

Focus. Relax.

URASHI

Trying.

HERB

Do you want to stop, Amy Urashi?

URASHI

No.

Urashi takes a deep breath. Exhales.

Herb hands her a pair of black goggles. Urashi puts them on.

Herb closes the lid. Fastens it with straps and hooks.  
Computer screens buzz.

Herb reaches to a switch on a machine.

Ready. Watches the heart monitor.

Urashi flat lines.

Like a cobra under a charmer's music, Herb nods three times.  
Flips the switch.

A hum from inside the coffin. A sound of an electric shock.

Urashi's pulse comes back.

Herb nods three times again, trance-like.

Opens the lid. Steam rises.

Beads of sweat pepper Urashi's face and neck. Hair soaked.

Herb takes a pair of tongs. Leans in.

Pushes Urashi's goggles down.

An assistant NURSE (20s) approaches with a small box.

Herb removes Urashi's right eye. Small wires dangle from it. Puts the eye in the box. Nurse scuffles away.

Herb puts the goggles back over Urashi's eyes.

HERB

Can you hear me Amy Urashi?

Looks back to his monitors, machines. His gaze falls on her again -

HERB

Do you hear me?

URASHI

(British accent)

Yes, I can, Doctor Herb.

A pause. She covers her mouth.

URASHI

My voice.

HERB

Give it a minute. It will pass.

SCANNING ROOM - DAY

Infra-red lights kick on. The Nurse's gloved hands fasten wires to the eye which lays upright in a mesh vice. Lasers scan the eye. Reveals a miniature camera in the retina.

Nurse looks at a monitor. An image forms. City street circa late 1880s. A man in a BOWLER HAT, cloaked in the darkness fills the screen. The man steps under a streetlight. The brim of his hat covers half of his face.

No audio. His left hand jerks forward. A straight edged razor slashes. The POV wobbles, falls. A pair of women's feet under a Victorian style dress. It is the woman's POV on the screen.

Bowler Hat towers over her. Raises the bloody razor. Brings it down. The woman's POV looks away.

Bowler Hat mounts her. Turns her head. His right hand forces her head to look at him as he cuts -

The image freezes.

## RECOVERY ROOM - NIGHT

An eye-patched Urashi screams. Jolts up from her bed. Crashes to the floor. A shadow figure, Bowler hat, holds a straight razor. Ready to kill.

Urashi's good eye focuses.

## SCREENING ROOM - DAY

A holographic, flat image of Bowler Hat, ready to strike. His teeth bared like a angry wolf. His left eye, exposed in the street light. Full of rage. The image frozen.

Urashi fixates on the sight in front of her and Herb. She touches her neck.

HERB

I owe you an apology. We have the finest counselors -

Urashi waves him off.

HERB

There's nothing you could have done. All we can do is go back, learn. History cannot be changed.

URASHI

It felt real.

HERB

It was. You were there.

URASHI

The Ripper was never caught. Even this face doesn't match any of the eyewitness sketches.

HERB

It does rule them out. And now we know what he looks like.

URASHI

Centuries ago.

HERB

With luck, we can get a name.

URASHI

A name...

INT. URASHI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Art deco feel. A plastic container filled with needles. JEFF (20s) takes one. Pokes his right ear. Urashi's hand shakes as she drinks a glass of water.

JEFF

Tell them to go stick it.

Jeff closes his eyes. Head sways.

URASHI

Aren't you even listening to me?

JEFF

Listening to Sweet Daddy Ray's blues guitar. Better to hear this than what I been hearing.

Plops himself on a swank couch. Relaxes.

JEFF

You want to catch this clown, catch him. Don't need to trip back into London time to do it.

URASHI

I'd like it when you're not tripping.

JEFF

I'm not the one who got shined. I'm not the one who goes ghosting into three hundred year dead hookers.

URASHI

I'm talking to you Jeff.

JEFF

Talk. Talk. Talk. All I hear about is death. Excuse me while I zone out and kiss the sky.

Puts a green glass straw in his mouth. It self lights. The haze hangs in the air.

JEFF

Peaches. Got any other flavor but peaches for God's sake? I liked raspberry, I can taste that.

Urashi swipes the straw from his mouth.

URASHI

I need you focused, Jeff.

JEFF

I'm 'focused' I was.

URASHI

I can't ask you to stay. But do one favor for me before I go. Please.

JEFF

Treat me like dirt and you want a favor -

URASHI

I know who I'm looking for. I met him. I know him. Tell me that.

JEFF

What are you talking about? This got to do with that Vergence thing?

URASHI

I have to stop him.

JEFF

Who?

URASHI

I can't tell you who. I can tell you to tell me I met him.

JEFF

What the hell. You think my brain is fried. Takes one to know one.

Urashi storms off.

URASHI

There's got to be another way.

JEFF

Another way? Make some sense! You are really hell to live with!

Door slams. Jeff's alone.

JEFF

Love you too.  
(mumbles to himself)  
Nice going, moron.

BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff in bed. Urashi at the edge of it. She's pressed a cookie gizmo to her head.

JEFF

Sorry about before. I'll try to listen. Just half the time, I don't know if I'm coming or going..

Urashi ignores him.

JEFF

Nothing makes sense. At least you can try to tell me what you were talking about.

Holograms of Jack the Ripper fill the room. Victims, headlines.

JEFF

Not again. I don't want to look at that stuff. Look. I just want to know.

URASHI

Know what?

JEFF

You met someone else, just tell me. You said you met someone.

URASHI

There is nobody else.

JEFF

Drop the cookie and come to bed. I want my wife back. Where did she go?

Gets up, looks under the bed.

JEFF

Where is she? Nope, Not under there. Near the window. No. Don't see her.

Comes around to face her. Her mismatched eyes look up.

JEFF

I want to listen. Please, I want to listen. Talk to me. Is there another guy?

URASHI

There is no one else.

Ripper image behind Jeff. He's uncomfortable with the spectre over his shoulder.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - DAY

Herb stands over Urashi, who lies in the coffin contraption.

HERB

This is not a good idea, Urashi.

URASHI

I need to go and see the recent murders. If the jump works for four hundred years, it should work for a week ago.

HERB

In theory. But the program -

URASHI

Put me in.

HERB

No mirrors. No interaction. You cannot change the past.

URASHI

I know the rules.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

A man's shadow looms over his victim. The shadow raises a straight razor and slices down.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Urashi screams as she wakes up. Jeff is gone.

INT. MEDICAL LAB - NIGHT

Herb wakes Urashi up from the dead.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Hundreds of holograms surround Urashi.

Wicked grins of Jack The Ripper and the Shadow Killer, side by side. Same height. Different build.

Blood on the Ripper and Shadow's razors.

INT. SCANNING ROOM - DAY

Lasers examine the cybernetic eye.

INT. URASHI'S APARTMENT - DAY

Secluded. Less furniture. Holograms of both killers float like ghosts beside ashtrays and TV dinners.

Urashi takes a hit off a glass straw. Tired. Burned out.

A knock at the door.

Urashi taps a remote control. Door buzzes.

Kelly lets himself in. Stands in between the two Rippers. A look of concern washes over his twenty-something face.

URASHI

Do I know you?

KELLY

I'm Jacob Kelly. I work with the institute. The Vergence project.

URASHI

Peaches.

KELLY

Excuse me?

URASHI

What do you want?

KELLY

I'm your replacement.

Urashi finds this amusing.

KELLY

What's so funny?

URASHI

I died nine times. Not all of them different, some the same. Over and over and over again.

KELLY

Not supposed to do it more than twice.

URASHI

A killer is out there.

KELLY

And this killer  
(meaning Jack)  
Isn't.

URASHI

You can tell them apart?

KELLY

Can't you?

Taps his head.

KELLY

The hat?

URASHI

What do you want, Jacob Kelly?

KELLY

The holographic files. Maybe there's something you missed.

URASHI

There's nothing I missed. Nothing is there. And I can't stop it.

KELLY

The past really can't be changed, can it? Even I'll go back, try to talk you out of it if you like.

URASHI

You did?

KELLY

Not yet. I don't think it worked much either. Fate is what you make it, Agent Urashi.

URASHI

You do know that you can only jump into the dead, right? When they die, you die.

KELLY

Vergence has improved since you left. Now you can be a witness. In a few years. They just got to work out the kinks.

Reaches in his pocket, puts on a pair of red tinted mirrored glasses.

URASHI

Do I come back?

KELLY

Can't answer that. Only you can.

Kelly gathers up the cookies. Turns off the holograms.

KELLY

Made improvements to these things I see. I've been tempted to check out the older line. Comparison, you know?

(beat)

Going to be okay?

URASHI

Give me time.

Kelly grins. Leaves.

KELLY

Got all the time in the world. Excuse me. I'm just being an optimist. See you around.

Urashi waves goodbye. Kelly gives her a long look of concern.

KELLY

Sure you're going to be okay?

URASHI

I'll be fine.

KELLY

Hopefully we'll work together and crack this case. Peaches.

Kelly leaves. Door closes. Urashi takes a hit off the glass straw.

FADE OUT.