

ARAZ

The Storm Of Angels (Pilot episode)

by Zara & Xavierie

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FADE IN

EXT. THE UNION HQ. PARKING LOT. MID-NIGHT

The intensity of the storm is incredible. A boy has taken refuge under a red truck. He appears lost and frightened, he covers his ears at the sound of thunder and says a prayer.

YOUNG BOY

Dearest Loving Jesus. Please bring my mommy back to me. To do the things and say the things that all good mommies should...

His voice is drowned out by the cracks lightening. Car alarms go off, pan camera to main building.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE UNION HQ. RECEPTION.

The entire floor is vacant and on red alert. A part of the roof tumbles to the ground carrying a woman dressed in a black suit with blood oozing out of her forehead. A gold winged brooch is pinned to her face.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNION HQ. LEVEL 4.

Shots are being fired in the midst of all the yelling and screaming. One rebel with a loaded weapon in his hand, throws himself into the cross fires and shouts..

REBEL #1

For amnesty, revolt against the Union's cult!

He shoots.

REBEL #2

For amnesty, revolt Against the Union's cult!

She shoots.

Another MAN backs into a corner; in one swift motion he reloads his gun and fires, the bullet hits his comrade in the chest.

LEVEL 4 OPERATIVE #1

Fuck, Cole ! You shot Rodney.

COLE LEVEL 4 OPERATIVE

(disbelief)

What!

Cole runs to help his friend. He drags the body away from the cross fire. He checks his pulse, Rodney is gone.

COLE LEVEL 4 OPERATIVE

Shit!

(beat)

Who is the enemy? We're all -

A bullet pierces the back of Cole. As he hits the floor, his assailant charges for his weapon, empties its cartridge and walks over him.

On the other side of the room, another pair are engaged in hand to hand combat. The WOMAN kicks her assailant in the stomach, snaps his neck and then takes cover in a broom closet. She latches the door quickly and crouches onto the floor. She is panting.

WOMAN

What's going on?

She remembers the gold winged brooch pinned on her shirt (a unique design of a headset for operatives of the Union) She speaks into the microphone and introduces her self.

Kaija Davidson; Level 4 Operative Of The Union. Married. Mother of a young boy named, Kaj.

KAIJA DAVIDSON

(frazzled)

This is Kaija Davidson; union, Level 4 op. Level 4 has been comprimised...Requesting back up. I repeat. Level 4 has been comprimised, requesting back up ASAP.

There's a knock on the door. Kaija holds her breath. The knock comes in again. Kaija squeezes her eyes shut and hopes for the best. It sounds like whoemever is backing away from the door. Kaija slowly releases a sigh of relief. Then, the door flys open. She is looks up to see a gun pointed at her head.

KAIJA DAVIDSON

Please! Don't kill me! I have a son! His name is Kaj. He turns twelve today. He in the car. He is waiting-

Off the gun shot to her head.

TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. THE CITY OF EROS. U-SURBURBS. MIDNIGHT

Dark clouds loom overcast as the rain presides. A man in white suit and a black collegian top-hat to match, lurks in the shadows.

The subdued sound of the MAN'S heels echo in the alleyway. At some point he stops, and his entire build comes into focus. He is powerfully built, physically and intellectually, however the camera never meets his face, it stops at the collar of his jacket and zooms on the gold winged brooch. He speaks into the microphone.

MYSTERY MAN #1

Are you certain she came this way?

An earnest voice is on the other end.

FEMALE V.O

Certain? I think you'd be better at answering that question.

The mystery man tugs at his left ear lobe. This subsequently activates the built-in frequency scanner he possess. It picks up breathing. We hear the sound. It is very controlled. He listens a little bit longer and can now pinpoint the location of the person he seeks. But, he is hearing something else, someone else, footsteps. He reverts to the shadows.

CUT TO:

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. MIDNIGHT

Another MAN comes into the alleyway. His suit is black, his hat is also a collegian top-hat but it is white, and there is also a gold winged brooch fastened on the collar of his blazer.

Matthaeus Baine- level two field operative of The Union. late-fifties. He is a clinical, focused, no-nonsense kind of guy.

Matthaeus Baine speaks into the microphone.

MATTHAEUS BAINE

Why am I dressed as a circus freak?

A boy is heard over the receiver.

GREGORY V.O

The girl is expecting an old dude in a black suit with a white top hat. You're the old dude, in a black suit, with a white top hat. Quite frankly, I can't think of a better man for the job. Yesterday you didn't look too bad, today you're a day over sixty.

Gregory's guffaw at the remark is met with an exasperated sigh from Matthaeus.

GREGORY V.O
 You missed the joke, didn't you?
 Forgetfulness is expected of
 'senior citizens'.

Gregory bursts out even harder.

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ
 I am not sure who's more pathetic,
 you or you and your jokes?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE UNION HQ. LEVEL 2.COMPUTER LAB. MIDNIGHT

The entire floor is on red alert. There isn't a single soul in sight. The infrastructure is vandalised, the florescent lighting keeps flickering on and off.

At the tech lab, Gregory Thirston is surrounded by a state of the art computer system and... his sandwich. He is chewing so loudly, he almost can't hear the yelling from the intercom.

Gregory Thirston; level two desk operative, 15 yrs old, highly intelligent, somewhat of a goofball and also a really bad-comedian.

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ V.O
 Gregory! Gregory!!

GREGORY
 (equally annoyed)
 What!

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ V.O
 Focus! Who is this girl?

The sandwich will have to wait. He sighs. He straightens his posture and types away on his keyboard. A document; The Union Classifieds, surfaces on the screen. After inputting a few instructions, three images pop up;

WANTED. NAME: EZACH CLINE. UNION DIVISION: LEVEL 1
 OPERATIVE. AGE: 32. HEIGHT: 6'2. EYE COLOUR: BROWN. STATUS:
 TRAITOR. TERMINATE.

WANTED. NAME: ANNE-MARIE CLINE. UNION DIVISION: LEVEL 1
 OPERATIVE. AGE: 30. HEIGHT: 5'8. EYE COLOUR: BROWN. STATUS:
 TRAITOR. TERMINATE.

WANTED. NAME: ARAZ CLINE. UNION DIVISION: NA. AGE: 12.
 HEIGHT: 4'11. STATUS: NA. ARREST.

GREGORY
 Her name is Araz Cline.

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ V.O
 Araz Cline?

GREGORY

Yeah, do you know her?

Matthaeus does. Gregory doesn't wait for an answer, he takes a bite of his sandwich.

CUT TO:

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. MIDNIGHT

The weather only worsens. Matthaeus takes cover under the sign of the vacant restaurant that says 'Jo's Pizzeria'. Matthaeus replays events in his head and suddenly come to terms with his role in this operation...

MATTHAEUS BAINE

(under his breath)

Why does he always have to get children involved?

GREGORY V.O

Who are you calling a child? I have the mind of the physics god-

MATTHAEUS BAINE

What does the Union want with Araz Cline?

BACK TO:

INT. THE UNION HQ. LEVEL 2.COMPUTER LAB. MIDNIGHT

GREGORY

(between mouthfuls)

I get boat loads of money to freak this computer. Asking questions is above my pay grade.

MATTHAEUS BAINE V.O

You get boat loads of money to do your job,

Gregory takes another bite..

MATTHAEUS BAINE V.O

So quit stuffing your face and find out.

He puts the sandwich away, and swallows in one huge gulp.

GREGORY

You're not going to put this in your report, will you?

MATTAHEUS BAINE

(exasperated)

Can you make certain Araz Cline is indeed here.

Right! Gregory dabs a paper towel over the keyboard to clear the crumbs and types away. Several maps surface on the screen, Gregory narrows them down.

GREGORY

There's a 2.02% chance I could be wrong and the suspect could be one block away. But judging from the-

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ V.O

Doesn't she have special psychic powers? Wouldn't she know I was coming?

GREGORY

I was getting to that. She doesn't have psychic powers, she simply has special hearing abilities. She was born with ears that can pick up frequencies as low as seven hertz and as high as 100 kilohertz whenever she pleases. The built-in frequency scanner she possesses can be turned on and off like a switch. However, once activated, it can only be used for so long a time before it takes a toll on her body. She will become weak and will need some time to recharge. During that time her 'powers' if you will, are rendered ineffective. I have reason to believe that this should be happening now and it should be somewhere near you. The bad news! You my friend have approximately, five minutes, forty five seconds and counting before she gets out of her dormant stage and starts using her psychic powers to dodge your behind.

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ V.O

That isn't a lot of time.

GREGORY

Forty three seconds..forty-two, forty- one, forty -

The line goes dead. The computer system shuts down. Gregory is in the dark.

GREGORY

(tries to keep calm)

Ookay. Insert expletive here.

A part of the roof collapses onto the table and misses him by a matter of inches.

GREGORY
 (forced calm)
 And here...

Another part of the roof threatens to fall down. Gregory jumps out of his seat in alarm.

GREGORY
 Holy shit!

He races out of there. After a moment he returns for his sandwich and quietly makes his way back out. The roof collapses. We hear him screaming.

CUT TO:

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. MIDNIGHT

The rain is slowing down.

MATTHAEUS BAINE
 (softly)
 Gregory. Gregory. Gregory can you
 hear me.
 (beat)
 They must have reached level two
 now.

Matthaeus takes a deep breath and is back on the move. He come across some trash cans, and...

MATTHAEUS BAINE
 A dead end.

He pauses...He hears something, whispers or is it the rain? He remains still. There it is again...,

VOICE
 (whispers)
 ..a suit, top hat

He investigates.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. TRASH CAN. MIDNIGHT

Crouched in a fetal position is a distraught little girl. She appears to be debating with herself.

Araz Cline- 11yrs old, daughter of Ezach and Anne-Marie Cline; level one operatives of The Union and coup leaders of The Storm of Angels.

ARAZ
 (under her breath)
 "Wait for grandpa in a white suit
 and black-top hat." Or was it,
 black suit, white top hat-

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ O.S
 Why don't you come out from there?

Stunned into silence, she goes pale.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. MIDNIGHT

Matthaeus hasn't pinpointed Araz's location yet. He thinks simply by opening the lid of every trash can he might improve his chances of locating her. He starts off by doing this quietly..

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ
 I'm sure you've heard this before,
 but.. I am not going to kill you.
 (beat)
 I'm here to help you. So, why don't
 you come out? Araz? I promise I
 won't hurt you.

The olive branch still isn't being reciprocated.

BACK TO:

INT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. TRASH CAN. MIDNIGHT

Araz is shaking as we hear Matthaeus banging his fists on the lids of the trash cans. The sounds get louder as he gets closer. Suddenly, BANG! BANG! She yelps..

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ O.S
 Gotcha!

The lid of the trash can flies open and Araz is forcefully pulled out. She shuts her eyes and kicks and screams with all her might.

ARAZ
 Let go of me! Let go of me you ugly
 toad!!!

Matthaeus takes a hard knock to his shin, then chin, and subsequently loses hold of Araz. Upon feeling this release, Araz's eyes fly open. She makes a run for it. But, she's too slow! Matthaeus has gotten a hold of her leg. Araz closes her eyes, and kicks and screams harder than before.

ARAZ
 Give me back my leg! Give me back
 my leg you ugly toad!!! You fat
 pig!-

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ
 Stop it! stop it! Araz!

ARAZ
 You gangly giraffe! You two-timing
 hyena. You poopy skunk-

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ
 Araz! Stop! It's me damnit!

Araz's free leg, connects to Matthaeus's face. It sends him staggering backwards. Once again, she is free!!! Matthaeus thinks quickly...

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ
 (reeling in agony)
 Wait! wait! Black suit, white top
 hat! I am a friend of your
 mother's!

He has her attention. Araz turns to face him, her eyes shift to the white top hat he waves in the air. Could he be the man she's been waiting for? She considers the possibility.

ARAZ
 Are you Grandpa Jo?

Think fast...

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ
 (fibbing)
 Yeah...I am Grandpa.. Jo.

His lips curve into a tentative smile.

FADE TO BLACK

CUT TO:

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. MIDNIGHT

The rain has officialy stopped. Araz and Matthaeus Baines are still at a stand-still, both sizing the other up. Araz takes a tentative step forward, then another, then another, before she runs to him and pummels him to the ground.

MATTHAEUS BAINÉ
 (the wind knocked out of
 him)
 Are you trying to kill me?

ARAZ
 (quietly)
 Sorry.

Matthaeus sits up. Araz releases her hold on him and creates distance between them. What she's about to say proves difficult. Tears begin to creep into her eyes.

ARAZ

I think they're dead, Grandpa. Dad,
Anna, ...mom. I think...The Union..I
think they killed them.

FLASH BACK

INT. ST. MICHAELS APARTMENT BUILDING. CLINE RES. 81ST FLOOR.
SUNSET

We move through a narrow passageway that opens up to a vast
space, surrounded by glass windows, and divided into a
parlour, a dinning area and an open planned kitchen.

Araz and her younger sibling, Anna, are sitting at the
kitchen counter and having a bowl of cereal. Araz steals a
glance at her mother.

Anne-Marie is looking out the window, watching the rain. She
is wearing a black suit over a white shirt. We see the gold
winged brooch pinned to her jacket pocket. Araz, senses
something is off..

ARAZ

Is everything okay, mom?

Anne-Marie takes her time before turning to face her
daughter.

ANNE-MARIE

(forces a smile)

Everything's okay.

Ignoring that,

ARAZ

Has it got to do with the Union?

ANNE-MARIE

(cautious)

Why do you ask?

ARAZ

I've heard things-

Anna cuts in before Araz can say anything. Her eyes never
leave her cereal bowl.

ANNA

We haven't heard from papa all day
and we've never seen you back this
early from work.

Anne-Marie walks to the girls and embraces them warmly. She
plants a kiss on Anna's head and says,

ANNE-MARIE

Everything is fine.

ANNA

You also gave us cereal for dinner.

ANNE-MARIE

(just realising)

I did, didn't I?

Anne-Marie starts to tickle Anna who can't stop giggling. She stops when she catches Araz's look of uncertainty.

ANNE-MARIE

Everything is fine.

That is enough for Anna who returns her mother's smile. Araz, doesn't believe a word.

CUT TO:

INT. ST MICHAELS APARTMENT BUILDING. CLINE'S RES. 81ST FLOOR. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

The room is a lit. You can hear the soft rumble of thunder and soft showers hitting the ground. There are twin beds on each side of the room. Araz and Anna lay on one, and are bent over a stack of magazines.

Anne-Marie carefully pushes their bedroom door and walks in. She is still in her work uniform and looks disshelved. Araz is about to ask what's wrong, but immediately Anne-Marie's finger goes to her lip to suggest she'd be quiet. We notice the rope around her hands before she goes on and swithes off the light.

The girls watch as their mother makes her way past them, and moves to the glass door. Araz shifts the door open and we follow her out onto the balcony. The rain hits her hard while she rolls out onto the floor what is a rope ladder wrapped around her arm. She fastens one side tightly to the bars of the balcony and throws the remainder outward.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST MICHAELS APARTMENT BUILDING. 81ST FLOOR. NIGHT.

St. Michaels apartment building stands over a thousand feet tall. A curtain of rain beats down from the sky while the wind howls about the building. We zoom in on the rope ladder, dangling in mid-air from a balcony on the 81st floor balcony.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ST MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING. CLINE'S RES. 81ST FLOOR. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Anne-Marie makes her way back into the room. She leaves the glass door open.

Araz puts one ear to the floor. She tugs at her earlobe which in turn activates her super hearing aid. We become mindful of all that she hears which includes the rain and all the sounds in the entire building; a leaking tap, kettles going off, a shower running, people talking, breathing, snoring, various tv programmes etc. Anne-Marie wills herself to dispel the nuisance sounds and focus on what it is she's looking for...

CUT TO:

INT. ST MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING. STAIR CASE. 68TH FLOOR

Two men in Union uniform are making their way up the stairs. They have on expensive black suits, over white shirts, with the golden-winged brooch visible.

UNION OPERATIVE #1

(whispers)

This is taking too long. Can't we use the elevator?

UNION OPERATIVE #2

Not if you want Bocardo to have our heads instead of theirs. We can't risk the cameras.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ST MICHAEL'S APARTMENT BUILDING. CLINE'S RES. 81ST FLOOR. BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Satisfied with her findings, Anne-Marie moves over to her girls bed, the alarm on their faces says everything.

ANNE-MARIE

(whispers)

I need you to simply listen and to not speak. Nod if you understand.

The girls nod.

ANNE-MARIE

(whispers)

The Union is coming after your dad and I. I need the two of you to find the ole pizza hut on 43rd street of Union road. Use the alley to locate the entrance. Ask for grandpa Jo; he wears a white suit and black top hat. Tell him I sent you. He'll know how to help. Got it?

Anne-Marie is too distracted by the sounds her ear's are intercepting to notice that the girl's didn't nod.

ANNE-MARIE

(whispers)

There is ladder I've fastened to the balcony. I'm going to count to three and you're going to run out, climb down the ladder and once you're feet are on the ground, keep running. Don't Look Back, understand?

The girls are tentative to nod.

ANNE-MARIE

(forcing a smile)

Everything we'll be fine.

Neither of them believe her.

ANNE-MARIE

Three!

The door bursts open.

ANNE-MARIE

Go!

The girls leap to their feet. The yells and screams of their mother as she fights off her assailant are in the background. Araz manages to get to the balcony. She's instantly soaked. She climbs over the balcony bar, and with one leg tests the strength of the rope ladder. Satisfied, she begins her plight down the ladder and doesn't look back.

ARAZ O.S

Anna, Hurry!

Anna get's over the balcony bar. She doesn't start climbing down the rope, instead, she looks back at her mother. Anne-Marie is on the floor, holding off a gun to her chest.

ANNA

Mom!

Anne-Marie notices her daughter, paralysed and in shock.

ANNE-MARIE

Get out of here, Anna!

ARAZ O.S

Anna! Anna!

ANNE-MARIE

Go, Anna! Go!

Anne-Marie manages to shove the gun away, it goes off in the process. The bullet ricochets off the wall and smashes into the window. It hits Anna.

CUT TO:

EXT. ST MICHAELS APARTMENT BUILDING. 60TH FLOOR. NIGHT.

The wind has picked up slowly and Araz struggles to stabilise the motion of the rope. She is stunned to see Anna's body fly past her..

ARAZ
(screaming)
Anna!!!! Anna!!! Anna!!!

Thud! Anna's body hits the ground. We catch it motionless on the ground.

From the ground up, Araz appears to be dangling in mid-air.

ARAZ
Anna! Anna!

ANNE-MARIE O.S
Araz! Run! Run!

Araz looks up to see her mother leaning out the window. She is wrenched back by one man while another climbs out and begins his pursuit of her.

Araz races down the ladder as fast as she can. The descent is met with extra difficulties brought on by the wind and rain. As she struggles to maintain the balance between pace and caution, we watch her perpetrator gain ground on her. She starts to panic. At some point she loses her footing and is dangling in mid-air, holding onto the ladder for dear life.

ARAZ
(yelps)
Ahh!

With all her might, she wills her legs back onto the ladder and regains her stability. More confident in her abilities now, Araz picks up the pace. It's not long before she comes to the end of the rope (ladder) with over a hundred feet to go. She looks down and is terrified by the distance, however, when she looks up, she notices that her assailant is very close. They lock eyes and she utters a silent prayer..

ARAZ
Dearest loving Jesus, please help
me make this jump, I'll do the
things and say the things that all
good children should.

She takes a breath, and just when the strange man arrives, Araz makes the jump.

Araz uses her arms to break her fall at what could've been a really awkward landing. Her pursuer is stunned as much as she is that she's still alive. Araz looks around. Anna's body's missing. She then springs to her feet and sprints away, never looking back.

BACK TO THE PRESENT;

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. MIDNIGHT

Araz is close to tears. Matthaeus looks on with pity.

ARAZ

..The guy never stopped chasing me. If it weren't for my hearing and bad weather, I wouldn't have been able to lose him like I did. When I got here, I almost missed the sign. I called your name and banged the door a couple of times but no answered. I couldn't wait outside. The rain was brutal. So I decided to hide out here, by the trash cans, and wait. I couldn't do anything else, not when my body was expericing the fallout out of using my powers.

MATTHAEUS BAINE

I wish I could've been here sooner.

Araz points an acussatory remark in his direction.

ARAZ

Why weren't you? Mom said you'd be here and you'd help us. You could've helped her!

MATTHAEUS BAINE

I'm sorry you feel that way.

Araz picks up the top hat that fell off Matthaeus's head and hands it back to him.

MATTHAEUS BAINE

Thank you.

She watches him place it back on his head. There is something upsetting about it..

ANNE-MARIE V.O

...find grandpa Jo; he wears a white suit and black top hat.

The top-hat is white! All the colour drains from Araz's face. She notices something else; the gold winged brooch pinned to jacket.

ARAZ

I know that brooch. You're with the Union...And you're not grandpa Jo, are you?

Mattheus shrugs, 'you caught me.' Araz trys to make a run for it but is swooped into an intense hold. She unleashes a

loud cry for help.

MATTHAEUS BAINE

You're wasting your-

An electric shock courses through Matthaeus's body and renders him unconscious.

In his white suit and a black top hat, mystery man from earlier offers a reassuring smile to Araz.

Off Araz's uncertainty.

FADE TO BLACK

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. MIDNIGHT

ARAZ

Who are you?

GRANDPA JO

Joseph Rupert Fortier. Everyone calls me Jo. Anne-Marie called me Grandpa Jo.

(beat)

White suit, black top-hat, Grandpa Jo.

Araz acknowledges the introduction then turns to the knocked man on the ground.

GRANDPA JO

(beat)

This here is Matthaeus Baines, a level two operative of The Union, also an old friend.

ARAZ

Is he alive?

GRANDPA JO

I can hear a heart beat. Faint, but a beating heart no less.

ARAZ

You haven't even gone near him.

Grandpa Jo tugs at his ear.

GRANDPA JO

I don't have to.

ARAZ

It's nice to know I'm not the only freak left in the family.

Grandpa Jo tugs at his earlobe. His frequency scanner switches off. A dizzy spell ensues..

GRANDPA JO
I forgot about this part...

For a moment Jo's world feels like it's spinning, he crouches to the ground to steady himself. Araz averts her attention elsewhere, the unconscious man on the ground is a good place to start.

CROSSFADE:

INT. THE UNION HQ. LEVEL 1. THE DOME AKA BOARDROOM. PAST MIDNIGHT

The vacuous, spacious room is encompassed by sound and bullet proofed walls. The picture windows give way to a panoramic view of Eros City at night with the ray of moonshine illuminating the room.

There is an 18th century style boardroom table in the centre of the room. Around it three individuals who hear and see nothing of the going ons outside sit in absolute silence;

Javier Bocardo - director of The Union. A calculating, caustic, unforgiving, egomaniac. He is dressed in a purple suit, with a long overcoat.

Disamis - female, 30yrs, obsequious, earnest, artful. 1st in command of The Union aka one of The Twins. Her twin brother is Ferio. They are both dressed in white suits with the golden winged brooch pinned to their breast pockets.

Ferio - male in early thirties, decisive, methodical, silent man. 2nd in command of The Union aka one of The Twins. His twin sister is Disamis. They are both in white suits with the golden winged brooch pinned to their breast pockets

Bocardo has a disgusted snarl on his face. The twins sit on either side of him with equally subdued emotions. A look is passed between them as they quietly contemplate which one of them should speak first.

DISAMIS
(clears his throat)
If I may speak, Director Javier.

Peering out off the corner of his eye, Javier shoots Disamis the ultimate death stare. It almost compels her to stop.

DISAMIS
(beat)
The good news is, Ezach Cline is dead and we have his wife in custody. We have substantial evidence to suggest that they were the leaders of this coup against
(MORE)

DISAMIS (cont'd)

The Union, one that they're calling
The Storm of Angels. The bad news;
Ezach and Anne-Marie had The
Union's very supporting their
cause. Fifty five top ranked
agents. As of now, we can confirm
that our men, the Union loyalists
make up to two thirds of the death
poll.

JAVIER BOCARDO

A pity... we hired such delicate
creatures.

Disamis's face crumples into a hefty scowl that vanishes as
quickly as it came.

DISAMIS

With all due respect sir, but our
men were blindsighted by this
attack, as were you. Ezach,
Anne-Marie and their lot came into
this building in Union uniform as
Union soldiers and attacked us, all
of us. We were at a disadvantage
because we couldn't know who was
our friend or who was our foe at
the peak of their attack-

JAVIER BOCARDO

(yawns)

I'm bored. What is the point of all
this talk?

Disamis sighs to herself. She knows everything she's said
fell on deaf ears. She does her best to control her disgust
for this man.

DISAMIS

Too much blood is being shed, sir,
and a lot of it is ours. If this
continues, it would be detrimental
to the organization.

JAVIER BOCARDO

What do you suggest we do Disamis?

Disamis notes the patronising manner of his tone, she takes
a breath.

DISAMIS

We raise a white flag.

JAVIER BOCARDO

(snarky)

We concede defeat?

DISAMIS

We save our-

JAVIER BOCARDO

I'd like to hear from, Ferio.

Disamis knows better than to argue. Ferio casts a look at his sister. He isn't sure if he should reiterate her idea or vouch a new one.

JAVIER BOCARDO

(impatient)

Ferio?

FERIO

Uhm..In order to save our men,
we..we simply have to parley with
the enemy.

Javier Bocardo thinks on this while his lips curve into a sinister smile-

JAVIER BOCARDO

"Parley with the enemy."

(sighs)

I must say I'm disappointed. The
two of you have gone soft.

Javier's stare is satanic in the half light. He is challenging, Disamis and Ferio to object. Neither take the bait.

He smiles. Suddenly curious, he asks,

JAVIER BOCARDO

What exactly is the 'fight' of The
Storm of Angels?

Javier wants Ferio to answer..

FERIO

(beat)

"For amnesty, revolt Against The
Union's cult" That is the chant
that's going around.

Javier Bocardo considers this; slowly, then all at all once, he laughs cynically. The Twins (Disamis, Ferio) watch on with varying expressions of queer amusement.

Once again the place goes quiet...

JAVIER BOCARDO

You two can retire for the night.
I'll see you all tomorrow.

DISAMIS

What of the battle? our men?

JAVIER BOCARDO

(dismissive)

Their retirement will only be in death, and if it doesn't happen for some today, be sure to recruit them tomorrow.

Javier waves them off, Disamis is less than pleased with that response. Half-way through the door, they are stopped

JAVIER BOCARDO

(sadistic)

One more thing, Anne-Marie's daughters are missing, make sure she tells you where they are. Ask first, and if that doesn't work, by all means use whatever method will.

Off Javier's expression...

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. PAST MIDNIGHT

Grandpa Jo, however still weak, is feeling much better. Araz is flippantly poking at Matthaeus's body.

ARAZ

I think he is afraid to wake up.

Araz forcefully opens Matthaeus's eye lids and watches them move from side to side.

ARAZ

Definitely afraid.

Grandpa Jo smiles to himself.

ARAZ

(beat)

You mentioned he is an 'old' friend

..

(beat)

Does that mean you work for The Union?

Grandpa Jo, pulls out a gold winged brooch from under his hat.

GRANDPA JO

I retired a few years ago.

ARAZ

(sceptical)

Really? I didn't think that was possible.

(MORE)

ARAZ (cont'd)

(beat)

Dad used to say the only retirement in life was death. He said the same thing about The Union.

Grandpa Jo is not bothered to refute or confirm her musings about The Union's nomenclature.

GRANDPA JO

Your father was a good man, even more than I could have hoped, your mother too.

ARAZ

You're giving them too much credit. Good people don't join The Union; they kill people. Am I wrong? They tried to kill me?

GRANDPA JO

You're very perceptive kid.

(beat)

We better get going.

Grandpa starts moving.

ARAZ

(referring to Matthaeus)

What about him?

He doesn't look back.

GRANDPA JO

He'll be fine.

There is something about that response that she doesn't believe. Giving one last look at Matthaeus, Araz runs to catch up with her grandpa.

As soon as they're in step, grandpa Jo pretends to have just remembered something,

GRANDPA JO

I have to make a phone call..

Before Araz can respond, Jo has shocked her with the same taser he used on Matthaeus. She collapses in his arms.

GRANDPA JO CONT

And I can't have you listening.

He places her nicely on the ground. Then he activates his brooch and speaks into the microphone.

GRANDPA JO

Hey, I have Araz.

FEMALE V.O

Can she hear us?

Jo looks at Araz,

GRANDPA JO

No. What does Bocardo want with her anyway?

FEMALE V.O

He still keeps that bit of information close to his chest.

GRANDPA JO

How's Anne-Marie?

FEMALE V.O

She's tough, a little roughed up, but if it didn't look that way he'd think I'm going soft.

GRANDPA JO

(beat)

I guess it's over now...

FEMALE V.O

I'll keep in touch.

The line goes dead. Jo sighs. He walks back to where he left Matthaeus's body. It's no longer there.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE UNION HQ. PARKING LOT. PAST MIDNIGHT

Ferio walks in behind Disamis who is waiting by the red truck.

FERIO

Who were you talking to?

Startled by the intrusion she turns around,

DISAMIS

Myself.

Ferio is not entirely convinced.

DISAMIS

Should I drive?

He waits for the question to linger before he answers,

FERIO

No. I got it.

Ferio walks to the drivers seat. Disamis releases a small sigh of relief before hopping in herself.

As they drive off, none of them notice the little boy that was under the car the whole time.

FADE OUT

10YR LATER

FADE IN

EXT. THE CITY OF EROS. SUNRISE

The sun is rising over the entire city. We pass through crystal lake waters, clear mountain roads, colour coded botanical gardens, the ever-green central park, and slow down as we come across a gated estate with the top billing 'The Union'.

EXT. THE UNION HQ. MORNING

A red truck pulls up at the gate. The driver puts their window down and inserts a card into the intercom. A couple of seconds later, the card is pushed out and the gates open. As the car moves in, the sprinklers start to off on either side of the lawn.

FEMALE V.O

The Union; A private organization that has a secret window in the city's Government. It was created and heralded by hedge-fund beauracts under the pretence of 'anti-establishment'.

The red truck comes to a halt in the shaded parking area. Out comes a lady in a white power suit, her face is kept away from us. We follow her up the stairs, to the glass door.

FEMALE V.O

These people are bound by a social contract; to abide by and enforce upon principles that protect and benefit a class it could better,.. themselves and their friends. Any threat against this group is punishable by death.

The lady punches the buttons of an electronic combination. On the glass, a green screen pops up and puts the woman's I.D details on display..

"Name: Disamis. Age: 45. Union Rank: Commander...

Place your finger here.."

Disamis place her fingers on the given area. Her prints are scanned, her identity is verified and the door unlocks.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE UNION HQ. RECEPTION.

The place is new and improved. A few people are coursing through the area in the official Union uniform; white shirt, black suit, gold winged brooch. There is a small fountain, by the waiting area, a few pot plants, and nothing on the glass wall except the picturesque view of the surrounding area.

Disamis acknowledges the receptionist with the nod of her head and makes her way to the elevator. Disamis studies her reflection in the shiny doors while she waits for it open. The elevator doors spring open. Disamis walks in.

Off her look as the door closes.

CROSSFADE:

EXT. THE CITY OF EROS. MORNING

The streets are populated with vehicles, the pavements; with people and we come to a pedestrian stop light. A distressed looking lady stands in front of the crowd. She is getting the sounds of everyone and everything at a supernatural wave length..

ARAZ V.O

It's been 10 yrs since the Union killed my parents, Ezach and Anne-Marie Cline, the best parents I could ever ask for. It's been ten years since the Union killed my sister, Anna, the best friend I've ever had. It's been ten years... Up until that point, I'd never known hate, so much hate.

When the light turns green, she speeds off as if her life depended on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. U-SURBURBS. ALLEYWAY. MORNING

It's been years, the place is empty and spotless with the exception of the odd stray cat and stuffed garbage bags laying by the trash cans. Then we see the sign, ' Jo's Pizzeria' It's part home, part restaurant type of building.

From the corner, the girl from earlier charges in. When she gets to the back door of the restaurant she pounds desperately on it.

ARAZ
 (breathless)
 Open up ! Open up! Joouo! Open up!

Araz's pleas are drowned by the jeers from disgruntled drivers, honks from standing vehicles, all of which are intensifying by her super hearing ability. She drops into a defensive crouch and covers her ears

ARAZ
 Granddpaaaa! Open the
 door...Grandpa!

The raucous grows louder. She can't take it anymore, a gentle tug on her ear lobes and the noise disappears. It's like heaven.

Araz releases a sigh of relief. From her pocket, she pulls out her own stop watch.

ARAZ
 56 minutes twenty-two seconds.

She lies flat on her back and takes deep breaths.

GO TO BLACK

BACK TO:

EXT. U-SURBURBS. JO'S PIZZERIA, BACK ALLEY. MORNING

The door opens. Out steps a tall, lean, unshaven silver-haired man dressed in blue overalls. He gives Araz a once over, she's panting on the floor.

He stops his timer.

GRANDPA JO
 62 minutes, 50 seconds. You're
 still too slow-

Araz takes out her timer

ARAZ
 Actually, it's 56 minutes, 22
 seconds. I counted!

GRANDPA JO
 Your training ends ONLY after I
 open this door.

ARAZ
 And you take your awful time to
 open this door. It's been four
 years and according to your watch
 I've only improved by 1 minute!
 You've been failing me on purpose!

Araz heeds the warning. Grandpa Jo steps back into the building...

GRANDPA JO O.S

Put those trash bags in the bins
will yeh and we'll pick this up
again tomorrow.

ARAZ

The Trails are today!

The door shuts. Araz is frustrated. It builds as she walks towards the three black refuse bags, laying next to the garbage bin.

ARAZ

(grumbling)

Sure I'll take out the trash, Jo. I mean it's not as if the bag isn't already sitting out here. It must be illogical somewhere to take out the trash, and then put the trash bag in the trash can. What idiot does that?

She shoves the bags in to the bin. Bang! She slams the lid over the can.

MALE O.S

Nice morning we're having.

ARAZ

(scream)

Ah!

Kaj Davidson- 22yrs, charming, willful, charismatic, surely a lady's man.

KAJ

Didn't mean to scare you?

The guy looks like he just rolled out of bed. His white shirt and black suit are wrinkled. In spite her hostility towards him, Araz can't help but notice how good he looks. There's history there.

ARAZ

What do you want Kaj?

KAJ

I thought I'd just drop by and wish you luck... I heard you were trying out for The Union..

Araz gives him the once-over and slowly makes for the door. Kaj intercepts. They are dangerously close.

KAJ

Do you think that is wise? After all, you are your father's daughter, and your mother's.. a lot of people have not forgotten.

ARAZ

And so they sent you to threaten me?

KAJ

(beat)

We were once friends, it only made sense.

She meets his knowing stare with regret. Then she notices the flashing red light in his breast pocket.

ARAZ

(gestures to shirt)

You should probably take that.

He attends to the contraption, it's her cue to leave. Kaj watches the door shut behind her as she enters the restaurant.

Once certain she's out of hearing range, Kaj pulls out the flashing red golden winged brooch and activates it.

KAJ

What is it Gregory?

GREGORY V.O

Actually, it's Gregor, emphasis on the 'r's

KAJ

Since when?

GREGORY V.O

Since I got the phone numbers of two french girls at Rhino Dean's keg party; Amelie and Brigitte. "Gregor" is the man.

Kaj shakes his head in amusement.

KAJ

So what is it?

GREGORY V.O

The Section Cheif wants progress reports. Did she heed the warning?

KAJ

She heard it.

GREGORY V.O

She still plans on coming?

Kaj looks up and catches Araz peeping through the upstairs window, just as well the curtain quickly.

KAJ

She's coming.

Kaj gets on his way. He is being watched. Behind another curtain, we recognise Grandpa Jo.

GO TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. JOE'S PIZZERIA. RESTAURANT; DINING AREA. MORNING

The area has a rustic feel to it. The floorboards, the tables and chairs are all made of a beautiful mahogany. The great sounds of classic jazz circle the room.

At a table in the corner, a woman is hiding behind a newspaper and sipping a cup of coffee. She lowers the paper ever so slightly in order to watch Grandpa Jo.

Grandpa Jo is moving across the room, replacing the centerpiece of each table with fresh flowers. When he comes to the mystery woman's table, her face is buried in the newspaper. Jo replaces the center piece and is on his way.

INT. JOE'S PIZZERIA. PASSAGE WAY. MORNING

We see black cargo boots make their way down the stairs, along with a black backpack being dragged behind.

INT. JOE'S PIZZERIA. RESTAURANT; DINING AREA. MORNING

At the entrance, Araz come into focus. She looks ready for a mission in her black body suit, sturdy boots, and backpack. The mystery woman in the corner puts down the paper before daring to look at her.

Araz notices the woman. We recognise her, it's Disamis. She nods to herself and reclaims the paper. Araz walks on.

Grandpa Jo is seated by the kitchen counter, scribbling in a notepad. Next to him is the radio and a little book, 'The Language Of Flowers'. Araz walks past, and slings the backpack on the chair.

ARAZ

Doing some light reading to calm the nerves?

Araz moves behind the counter to the open plan kitchen area. Grandpa Jo is just about done writing, he puts down the pen.

ARAZ

(looks in the refrigerator)

We're out of apple juice again?

Slightly baffled at the sight of Araz..Jo stares a little too long.

ARAZ

What?

GRANDPA JO

(sarcastic)

Nice clothes.

ARAZ

She brought them over.

Fully aware of who she is referring to, Jo doesn't hide his scepticism.

GRANDPA JO

She certainly doesn't waste time.

We see Araz pours herself a glass of water.

ARAZ

(blunt)

Don't you think you've wasted enough.

Grandpa Jo is left relatively surprised.

GRANDPA JO

Four years ago you couldn't stand this woman fast forward four years later, you sound less like yourself and more like her.

It's an unfortunate truth, but a truth nonetheless, one Araz doesn't plan on contesting.

GRANDPA JO

I don't trust her.

ARAZ

You don't have to. I follow her rules.

As if she hasn't said anything, Grandpa Jo continues..

GRANDPA JO

(murmurs)

Something isn't right...That boy you were talking to, he's with the Union you know?

ARAZ

I do.

Grandpa Jo raises an eyebrow.

ARAZ

What?

GRANDPA JO
How long has this relationship been
going on?

ARAZ
He's an old friend.

GRANDPA JO
I know all about those.

ARAZ
(accusatorily)
I don't doubt that.

Araz takes a sip of her water.

GRANDPA JO
Old friends, new foes, the
difference streitens in cases like
ours. It becomes more difficult to
tell them apart when you're with
them as opposed to when you're not.

ARAZ
(challenging him)
Then maybe it is me you don't
trust...

Not one to debate whether that is a question or statement,
Jo turns his attention on Disamis. She takes another sip of
coffee and reads the paper, all the while feeling their
eyes on her.

GRANDPA JO
She's a plot twist waiting to
happen, her kind never get you
anywhere.

Jo turns back to face Araz

GRANDPA JO
(firm)
I wouldn't trust her.

Off his questionable glare..

FLASH BACK

FOUR YEARS AGO

INT. JOE'S PIZZERIA. PASSAGE WAY. MORNING

O.S GRANDPA JO
 Araz! Araz!...Araz!

We see the soles of white tennis shoes making their way down the stairs.

ARAZ
 I know, I know! The dishes!

INT. JOE'S PIZZERIA. RESTAURANT; DINING AREA. MORNING

At the entrance of the dining area, Araz only notices her grandpa sitting by the counter. She doesn't see the woman that hides behind him until she makes her way past both of them.

ARAZ
 (defensive)
 Grandpa, I was going to do the dishes before you got back. I just didn't expect you back this earl-
 (beat)
 Hello.

The woman turns around in her chair to face Araz. She acknowledges her with a polite smile. Styled to perfection in a power white suit and not a single strand of hair out of place, Araz deems her a very important person. She assumes the worst.. Health inspector!

DISAMIS
 Good morning. I'm Disamis.

Disamis extends her hand. Araz looks at the hand, then at her grandfather, before extending her own hand for a hand shake that lasts a little bit too long.

ARAZ
 Pleased to meet you, Disamis...
 Give me five minutes.

Araz stuns Disamis by jumping behind the counter, pulling off an apron from the rack and attacking the dishes by the kitchen sink in a desperate attempt to clear the place quickly.

ARAZ
 (back towards Jo & guest)
 Give me five minutes and this place will look like a page out of Home and Decor. It's not usually like this by the way. We normally open at 11. This place is always spit
 (MORE)

ARAZ (cont'd)
 spot before then..also
 during...it's normally clean. We're
 clean people.., Inspector.

"Inspector?" The realisation dawns on Grandpa Jo who sighs and Disamis who can't help but master a small smile.

Grandpa Jo walks behind the counter to the kitchen sink, where he inaugurates a hushed conversation with his granddaughter. They keep thier backs towards Disamis who watches on, perversley amused by the hysteria.

GRANDPA JO

Araz.

ARAZ

Not now grandpa, I'm washing dishes. And just so you know,
 (clenches teeth)
 Normal people go to town and bring back groceries, not the freaking health inspector. We're barely breaking even with this place, and the last thing it needs is another bad review on top of your half ass pizza menu.

GRANPA JO

First of all, my pizza menu is golden. And secondly; Disamis is not a health inspector.

ARAZ

Then, who is she?...She's not your girlfri-

GRANPA JO

(befuddled)

No! Gawd no.

ARAZ

Hey, you can date whoever you want, I'm not judging. I always thought you were a born-again virgin, that's all.

A cheeky smile surfaces on Araz face. She is getting a kick out of watching her grandpa squirm.

GRANPA JO

Araz, she is not my girlfriend.

Araz feigns disbelief. She turns on the faucet and proceeds to give the dishes a quick rinse.

GRANPA JO

(sighs)

When you're done, step outside. We need to talk.

Araz turns off the faucet.

ARAZ

You still haven't told me who she is?

GRANPA JO

An old friend.

ARAZ

The last time you said that...
I was standing over the body of a
guy from The Union.

Araz holds his gaze and begs the question, "Is she with The Union". Grandpa Jo stares at her without comment.

Araz next breath is very controlled. She peels her gaze away from her Grandpa to look at Disamis who is waiting on them. The white suit, disciplined hair,.. golden winged brooch on breast pocket, Araz stomach turns as she notices all this for the first time. We watch the hate build in her stare. When both women lock eyes, Disamis knows that the cat is out of the bag. She's unfazed.

Araz abandons the dishes and walks up to the lady who is sitting up a lot straighter now. It is a good thing that the only thing that is stopping her from clawing Disamis's eyes out is the counter between them.

Grandpa Jo comes up behind Araz and puts his hand on her shoulder in attempt to calm her down. It's shrugged off immediately. He walks around the counter and takes the seat next to Disamis.

ARAZ

(her eyes on Disamis)

Grandpa Jo..normal people.. go to town..and bring back groceries NOT the health inspector. And CERTAINLY NOT the Commander of a mass murdering organization in Eros.

Disamis is slightly impressed by Araz's defiance and intel about who she is.

ARAZ

Yeah, I know who you are. I can't believe I missed it earlier. The Union's Commander's uniform is a big give away. Grandpa had one just like it; the white suit, the gold

(MORE)

ARAZ (cont'd)

brooch the shape of bird wings, and the heart of a fucking savage under it all. Nothing can hide that, not even the stupid top hat he'd like to wear. I like to think Grandpa's past is Grandpa's past, yet, here you are.

(accusatory glance at Jo)

Here she is.

Grandpa Jo is a little too slow to offer any reform. Disamis cuts in.

DISAMIS

You obviously think highly of your grandfather, as you should. If anything, he is a man of his word. And, that is why I'm here.

Off Araz's confused look.

BACK TO THE PRESENT;

INT. JOE'S PIZZERIA. RESTAURANT; DINING AREA. MORNING

Disamis switches off the radio. The sudden quiet amplifies the tension between the three of them.

DISAMIS

It's time we go.

Araz chugs the last of her water,

ARAZ

Yeah.

She walks around the counter and helps herself to her back pack. We notice that the book 'The Language Of Flowers' is missing. Jo rips a page from his notepad, gets up from his seat and hands it over to Araz.

GRANDPA JO

(beat)

Here.

Araz looks at it.

ARAZ

(reads the list)

Arbutus, Striped Carnation, Berrirose, Begonia..? Are these flowers?

GRANDPA JO

(nonchalant)

What does the note say.

Araz sighs and looks at the paper again. We notice that every third word is underlined. Araz takes note of the encryption but is careful not to give anything away.

ARAZ

(bored)

"They are flowers. A rare find.
They would mean a lot to me"

(sighs)

Grandpa, I know you love to add to
your extensive flower collection,
but I won't have time to find any
of these yet alone bring them here.

Disamis snatches the paper from Araz's hands and without looking at it, rips it into pieces.

DISAMIS

(curt)

You are working on my time,
gardening isn't in the schedule.

Grandpa Jo stares at Disamis without comment for sometime.

DISAMIS

Solitude is key, Araz. Distractions
get us nowhere. It is in your best
interests to remember that.

(to Jo)

We have it on file that Joseph
Rupert Fortier went missing over
twenty years ago in the undercover
operation; TSOFF. Unless you're keen
on rewriting history you will not
be coming to visit her and she
won't be coming to see you.

(to Araz)

Your only relation to this man is
purely professional. He kept you
out of the foster care system so
long as you finished school and
worked part-time in his beat up
restaurant.

(to both of them)

Anything further from this truth
will cost us. And our pockets can't
afford another episode of Storm Of
Angels. Have I made myself clear.

Araz nods. Grandpa Jo ponders..

GRANDPA JO

You said 'our pockets'? We've only
been dealing with you. Is there
someone else you'd like to tell us
about?

DISAMIS

(beat)

"My pockets" can't afford another episode of Storm of Angels...It was just a slip of the tongue, that's all.

Grandpa Jo thinks otherwise.

DISAMIS

(to Araz)

I'll wait for you outside.

Araz nods, picks up her bag and waits for Disamis to walk out. Disamis chooses to wait behind the entrance where she can hear them.

Without saying anything, Araz and Jo take a moment to acknowledge what's about to happen. Jo then hugs her awkwardly, patting her shoulder while he whispers.

GRANDPA JO

Don't forget the gardening.

Araz heeds the warning. They part ways.

FLASH BACK

FOUR YEARS AGO

INT. JOE'S PIZZERIA. RESTAURANT; DINING AREA. MORNING

Disamis, Grandpa Jo and Araz are seated by the table in the corner. Jo and Araz are on one side, while Disamis is on the other. Accusatory glances are directed towards the guest.

ARAZ

Are you going to tell us what you want?

DISAMIS

Your grandpa knows.

ARAZ

Then there really isn't a point to you being here, now is there?

An alluring, secret-keeping smile masks Disamis's face. She looks to Jo who doesn't give any sense of 'knowing anything' away, before she turns back to Araz and goes off on a montage. During this time we see Araz go in and out of shock and disgust and Jo's resting face of oblivion remain unchanged.

DISAMIS

Six years ago, I came to your grandfather with a job proposition, one he couldn't refuse, seeing that no one was supposed to know that he was still alive following the Seige of Fives. It was a mission piloted by The Union under the authoritative legislation of the government. Excessive government expenditure is growinng problem with our white collar boys. It became a bigger problem when they don't have the resources to pay it back. So when the annual budget report came in, and 'drastic' cuts needed to be made to keep the country's engine running and running well, someone called the Union. The objective of TSOF was to contaminate the water supplies in Ouas, a little village on the outskirts of the city. Funding an aging population of unskilled manual workers that were sitting on a "gold" mine was becoming problematic. The laws that were protecting the people of Ouas were-

Araz vehemently interrupts.

ARAZ

Hurting the budget report. I get it. The Union is the government's lap dog and killing is their answer to everything. Your lot are sick. You're the real criminals.

DISAMIS

I hope that goes for your mother, father and grandfather too. If it weren't for Jo The Seige Of Fives wouldn't have been a success. He spear-headed the ship even though he was later dubbed a traitor. Somehow, the villagers got word that the so called "scientists" were actually mercernaries of The Union. And, they were responsible for the drought their village had had been facing for the last five years and they were controlling their water systems. Before the press got a hold of the story it had changed enough times that even when they were presented with the truth, they couldn't handle it. No one believed that the Union

(MORE)

DISAMIS (cont'd)
 manufactured a species with special
 human abilities in testtubes that
 enabled them to-

Disturbed by where the conversation is heading forces an
 interruption from Jo.

GRANDPA JO
 You might want to skip to the part
 where you make your point.

Disamis's stare moves from Jo to Araz and then back to Jo
 after spending a considerable amount of time in between.
 That alluring, secret-keeping smile resurfaces.

DISAMIS
 Fine.
 (beat)
 When opportunity met preparation, I
 asked your grandpa to help me take
 down The Union, in turn I'd keep
 quiet about his living situation.
 (off Araz's scoff)
 I have my own greivances with the
 Union-

ARAZ
 (sarcastic)
 I find that hard to believe,
 COMMANDER.

DISAMIS
 Perhaps we want similar things in
 different ways.

ARAZ
 Did the Union teach you that?

GRANDPA JO
 Araz.

Araz takes a deep breath,

GRANDPA JO
 (beat)
 We agreed to help you Disamis.
 Which we did that. And you agreed
 to leave us alone after we helped
 you. That was the deal.

DISAMIS
 That was the deal. Ezach getting
 killed and Anne-Marie getting
 captured while Javier Bocardo still
 walks and The Union still stands
 wasn't part of the deal.

ARAZ
 (to herself)
 My mom...is alive?

GRANDPA JO
 We did what you asked Disamis. We helped-

DISAMIS
 Failing at a task isn't helping, Jo. Succeeding is helping. So you're going to help me like you were supposed to six years ago and we're going to use her to do it.

GRANDPA JO
 No.

DISAMIS
 Now that she knows her mother's alive, I don't think that decision is up to you.

Off Araz's shock.

EXT. THE UNION HQ. LOBBY. EVENING

A number of people in body and prestine suits gather around a small podium in the centre of the room. They do not speak to each other as they wait to be referenced by name and paired up with who'd they'd be competing against during 'The Trials'. We spot Araz in the crowd. A girl behind her trys to make conversation.

Harlow Halliwell; 22 yrs old. Tentative, perceptive, extremely smart.

HARLOW
 Why can't we be like most people who graduate from college to pursue a selfless, penniless career in public service. Instead, we're signing up to be killers.

An attractive looking man sneaks up behind them. He has on a pair of glasses and a lttle black book in his hands.

Reece Brandon; Level 4 operative of The Union. The Trials invigilator.

REECE
 (smiles)
 "Killers," a bold choice of word miss.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

