FADE IN:

SCENE 1.

A vein pulses rhythmically to the heart’s beat. Blood cells caught within a raging torrent of serum twist, collide and jostle each other in their mindless race to be oxygenated.

Glass-like nanobot machines, brimming with tools skitter and wiggle by, others anchored by barbs to the vein’s wall industrially drill, snip, inject, and dissolve obstructions.

VOICE OVER (O.S.)
2015. Biotechnology is common, especially nanotechnology which is used extensively in the medical field. Bioethics related to the technology is highly regulated, but, nonetheless, because of the large amount of money that can be made, some unscrupulous companies abuse their trust - one such company is NanoByte.

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

BRANDO POWER, a tall man of fifty with well-cropped hair mixed evenly between brown and grey. A man used to power, is uncharacteristically for him, pacing up and down - agitated.

DARREN WEST, a tall and thin man stands before Brando. His large head, covered with short, brown hair contrasts somewhat oddly with a weak, small chin.

BRANDO
Listen here Darren; I want that prick Jason Maroon dead. I don't like being blackmailed. You hear me, not at all. I like clarity; cause and effect. I like neat and orderly.

Brando stops pacing and stands before Darren.

BRANDO (CONT’D)
Hurting me hurts a lot of people... and that prick can ruin us... I want him dead, OK. I want you to arrange an accident, you understand me.
DARREN
What did he do boss?

BRANDO
I met up with Sergie, you know Sergie don’t you?

DARREN
I don’t recall...

BRANDO
He’s head of the local Russian Mafia. We’re trying to get a deal going. That prick Jason happened to be shooting close by and I guess he put two and two together, and recorded us...

SECRETARY
...Excuse me Mr Power.

BRANDO
WHAT!
(loudly)
Get the fuck out of here you moron...

SECRETARY
Runs out sobbing.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is sparsely furnished. A table holds a radio, few magazines, and a reading lamp. A chair faces a divan. Music emanates from the radio. The room is dimly lit.

ZOE FELDMAN is sitting, reading a book. She is in her mid twenties and of medium height, with high cheekbones and pale blue eyes. She is discreetly dressed, her clothes of excellent cut and material.

A knock on the door startles her. She rises to answer the door.

Darren West, stands on the threshold and stares at her, an appraising look on his face.

ZOE
Don’t you ever keep decent hours.
(She smiles grimly and backs into the room)
This had better be good.
Darren steps inside, pulls the door shut behind him. He follows Zoe as she walks towards the divan.

DARREN
I have a rather delicate job for you. It's important and very lucrative.

ZOE
Standard rates?
(Zoe sits down.)

Darren stops momentary before her.

DARREN
It's for NanoByte and they're willing to pay extra.

ZOE
Ah huh! Am I to kill this person?

Darren walks around to Zoe’s side and strokes her hair. She pulls away from him. He shrugs, and walks back to sit before her. He pulls out an envelope from his pocket and extracts a photograph and throws both onto the table. Zoe picks up the photograph and examines it.

DARREN
That's what I admire the most about you Zoe - so forthright.
Anyhow, it's all in the brief.
(Stands)
I'll see myself out.
(Walks toward the door and pauses)
Oh! I forgot to mention, it must be done today.
(Closes the door behind him.)

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO MONITOR ROOM - DAY

JASON MAROON a large, thick set man, is slumped in a chair. Fingers drum against the side of his head, a worried man, stares into infinity.

Jason’s mobile phone rings. He walks over to the control room door, whilst looking at the phone’s screen. Opening the door he enters.

JASON
(into phone)
Yes.
EXT. CANTEEN - DAY

ZOE
(into phone)
Jason Maroon?

INTERCUT:

JASON
Yes, and you are?

ZOE
That’s not important.

JASON
I see.

ZOE
Meet me downstairs at the canteen, I’ll be wearing a blue dress. Bring the data cube from yesterdays shoot. You know the one I mean.

JASON
You have the money?

ZOE
Yes, yes...
(hangs up)

Jason hangs up and goes to a bottom draw. He stares down at a gun, gulps, takes gun and places in his pocket.

He steps over to a stack of data cubes, rummaging, he selects a data cube. He opens a second draw and picks up a flask of whisky. He takes a swig and places the flask in his back pocket and enters the monitor room.

JASON
Look guys, let’s have an early lunch.
(Taps his watch)
Okay, let’s all get back here at 2.
(Jason walks out without a backward glance.)

CUT TO:

EXT. CANTEEN - DAY.

Zoe is seated. She looks around, making sure no one is watching, and from her bag takes out an automatic injection pen and places it on the seat next to her.
She looks up and spots Jason entering the canteen area. Smiling, she follows his progress.

JASON (CONT’D)
Are you waiting for me?

ZOE
I am.

JASON
What now.

ZOE
First, take your hands out of your pockets so I can see them. Second, sit down. (He sits down opposite her.)

JASON
Sooo...
(Hand gestures.)
You have my money?

ZOE
You have the data cube?

JASON
I repeat, do you have my money?

ZOE
No I don’t. The situation is a little bit more serious than money, I’m afraid.

JASON
What does that mean?
(Looking worried)

With speed Zoe picks up the injection pen, leans forward and injects Jason in the upper arm.

JASON (CONT’D)
(Surprised.)
What the fuck was that!
(Rubbing his upper arm.)

ZOE
I’ve infected you with nanobots.

Jason stands up and pulls out his gun. His face red with rage.

JASON
WHAT! You put machines in my body?
ZOE
If you want to save your life I suggest you put that gun away and SIT DOWN.
(Jason sits down.)
Now...the nanobots have been programed to manufacture a neural toxin. On release of those toxins, you will, I must say, die in a very painful manner.

JASON
How long do I have?

ZOE
(Looks at her watch.)
A little less than twenty minutes. Now Jason...
I have the antidote and in exchange for that antidote all you have to do is give me the data cube.

Jason looks long and hard into Zoe’s eyes.

JASON
What’s to stop me from killing you and taking it.

ZOE
(Shrugs.)
Now, I may have it on me or not.
(Taps her watch.)
Times running out, do you want to take that chance?

JASON
I guess I have no choice.
(Hands over the cube.)

Zoe accepts the data cube and hands Jason an injection device.

ZOE
Enjoy.

JASON
Fuck you.

Zoe collects her gear, stands up and walks off. Before turning the corner she pauses and turns her head to look at Jason.

ZOE
By the way Jason, I lied, there is no antidote.
(She disappears around the corner.)
At first Jason is stunned, but soon recovers his composure and makes a decision. He takes out his phone and dials.

JASON  
(Mutters into phone.)
Come on, come on will ya. Answer the bloody phone.

INT. WDO7 STUDIO - DAY.

DAVE STEWART a skinny young man is sitting at his desk, feet up and his hands behind his head. He almost falls off in his attempt to answer the phone.

DAVE  
(Into phone.)
Jason, what’s going on mate?

INTERCUT:

JASON  
(Into phone.)
Look I haven’t much time, so just listen, OK... That data cube I asked you to hold for me, well I want you to broadcast it. It’s a big scoop for you Buddy, don’t let me down.
(Hangs up.)

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY.

Zoe sits in her car dialing.

ZOE  
(into phone.)
...It’s taken care of.

INT. OFFICE - DAY.

Brando stands before his holovision watching a program. The sound is quite low.

BRANDO  
(Into phone.)
Good, good Zoe, but just to be sure can you upload the cube’s content to me.

INTERCUT:
Zoe takes out the data cube and places it in the phone’s reader. She looks at the screen and is puzzled.

BRANDO (CONT’D)
What the fuck is this! Its all crap.

Zoe retries, but once again there is only static.

ZOE
I don’t understand?

Jason rounds the corner, a gun in his hand. He winches with pain-staggers. Zoe looks up and on spotting Jason pulls her gun out and begins to shoot at him. Jason attempt to weave, but is shot. He returns fire and manages to shoot Zoe in the head. Zoe slumps over the steering wheel.

Jason staggers to the car and reaches in to pick up the phone.

Brando is still on the phone, and hears the sound of shooting.

BRANDO
Zoe, Zoe, what’s going on?

JASON
(Into phone.)
Your finished arsehole.
(Falls to the ground.)

INT. OFFICE - DAY.

Brando turns around and drops the phone. He notices a news bulletin on the holovision showing himself and Sergie sitting in a cafe talking.

ANNOUNCER
We interrupt our current schedule to bring you this breaking news. A short time ago we at channel WDO7 received this footage from the well known holovision producer Jason Maroon. The footage shows Brando Power CEO of NanoByte conferring with the head of the local Mafia boss, Sergie...
A look of disbelief shows on Brando’s face. His eyes became fearful.

BRANDO (O.S.)

Oh, Shit.

FADE TO BLACK:

[THE END]