

Neon Sights or (How Black Holes Took My Heart)

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EXT. PACIFIC CITY STREETS - NIGHT

During a late night under the bright rays of neon street lights, an asian man is seen lurching over a brick wall, puking his guts out.

This is DAVIES FUNG, at thirty-five, he is a big-boned middle age asian man with less hair than others. A light patch of scruff covers the underbelly of his neck. He has a gray waistcoat with matching pants on, as well as a slightly stained white shirt.

Davies takes his waistcoat off as he begins fanning himself with his palm under the sweltering summer night. He continues to lurch forward to expel a painful vomit as a powerful (yet soothing) hand slaps his back.

Davies looks up at the taller figure besides him. This is LEE EURALIE. He's thirty years old with a face of a stone wall laced with a pair of tender eyes.

Despite the heat, Lee still adamantly has his beige trench coat on. Even though he thinks he looks suave with his coat on through the neon lights of the city, most would admit it gives off the same feeling when you encounter a flasher around a street corner.

Lee is seen to be a bit more sober than Davies, but it's clear he's a little bit inebriated too.

DAVIES

AHHHHHHHHHH...ugh.

LEE

There, you got it. Let it ALL out!

DAVIES

God DAMN it!

Lee continues slapping Davies's back as he keeps gagging on to the brick wall, which Lee promptly spins around and leans against.

He looks up and catches a glimpse of the blimp grazing the clouds above. Lee squints at the letters littered across a banner hanging by the side of the zeppelin.

WRITTEN ON THE BANNER:

WELCOME TO PACIFIC CITY - THE GEM OF THE FAR COAST!

BACK TO LEE:

The blimp disappears into a mass of towering luminous skyscrapers and a few rows of giant billboards. Some displaying hologram advertisements, others airing twenty four-seven commercials.

These spectral digital projections cover the skylines. Taking the form of massive floating coke bottles and dancing mascots do less to advertise, but instead they create a foreboding sensation that encapsulates a claustrophobic nature.

LEE

This damn city. It always feel
so...big.

Davies coughs out one last time before he wipes his lips and leans side by side next to Lee on the wall.

DAVIES

Big? BIG? Is that all you have to say about this place? This city is amazing! You got your booming business, the shining ads above us, the girls the fun and...

LEE

Enough drinks to make someone puke out an entire nights worth of bar-hopping?

DAVIES

Sure but...opportunities. Thats what it is. Thats what this city has the most of. Like golden opportunities you can just pluck from trees. Almost as easy as how I got that new revolver last week! It's called a Van Bur .45, my very own straight shootin solid packin revolver!

LEE

Sure, drunk cowboy Sung catching outlaws in the wild, wild lands of
THE GREAT BIG CITY!

They laugh maniacally together as Davies's voice begins wobbling on with a chuckle.

DAVIES

I can't believe you left ALL this glory to move to the country! It's honestly just plain old stupid, man!

LEE

Hey I might not have been the happiest with Maxine, but the time afterwards where I just painted for days on end. Those were divine.

DAVIES

Sure sure, whatever you say. It's not like you would have ever gotten a gallery opening out there though!

LEE

Yeah but...It was way more quiet. It was almost...perfect.

DAVIES

Whatever. Plus it makes me more than happy that the lack of "artistic opportunities" out there forced you back into the city, and a homely return into my grasp!

Davies unfurls Lee's hair and they playfully push each other around for a bit. Davies steps back and nearly slips on his own vomit on the ground. They both laugh out loud from that.

DAVIES

Let's do something! Screw the office! Screw Lou! I haven't seen you in ages~ We're gonna walk these drinks off and be the champions of fun! The holy warriors of the night!

LEE

More like the holy DRUNK-ASSES of the night!

They both laugh maniacally as Davies nearly breaks out tears of joy.

DAVIES

C'mon, I have one more stop. One more place. The best drinks and the most fun you will ever have in this city!

LEE

Better than the free tea your
dad's restaurant use to give me
everyday?

Davies chuckles awkwardly as he guides Lee to a stop in front
of a bouncer dressed all in black.

DAVIES

Here, right here. Just a few more
drinks. You'll like it.

LEE

What, where?

Lee looks up at the giant glowing sign of "A Night to
Remember". A full strip club that even has a hologram of a
dancing girl next to the front door.

LEE

Really?

DAVIES

Yes.

The bouncer ushers them inside and they follow through the dark
doors.

INT. A NIGHT TO REMEMBER - NIGHT

Lee enters the strip club to see both real and hologram girls
serving drinks and dancing on both the stage and the floor
space.

A stripper immediately takes hold of Davie's arm. Another lady
takes hold of Davies. Being another hologram, the body of the
second stripper pulses with pixels.

DAVIES

Hey Lee, I think I think I'm gonna
go for a second. Just for a quick
bit, I'll be back.

LEE

Davies! No, c'mon man don't just
leave me here! Where are you...

STRIPPER 2

C'mon baby, spread that lap for me
will ya?

Before Lee can even get a response, he sighs as Davies is
escorted away to a backroom by the two strippers. One real and
one digital.

Lee looks around, uninterested at the ladies in sight, he resorts to the bar.

LEE

I'll have something to take my
mind off all the lights, please.

Lee coughs a bit into his hand, seeing a small drop of very, very red blood on his palm. He wipes it away on the fringe of his coat.

Lee looks around the bar around him to see THE BUTLER, a tall man wearing a tuxedo and bowler hat, he looks older than sixty-five with a thin white mustache lined above his lips. The Butler nods at Lee, and he nods back.

The bartender quickly works to summon the drink as Lee looks to his left, and sees:

BELLE, a beautiful asian lady whose twenty two years old, with her hair up in a bun sitting on the far side of the bar. Her painted nails are chipped and spotted and she bangs her head up and down the bar counter before she sits back up, wit her back straight.

Lee glances over at her.

LEE

Hey.

BELLE

Hey yourself.

LEE

So I mean I'm new to the city, but I'm guessing this isn't the most popular spot for a lady to get a drink?

Belle chuckles.

BELLE

Yeah, you can say that again. I just...I don't know. It's not like the holo-strippers are helping me clear my mind up.

LEE

So if the strippers aren't helping, and my friend just ditched me...I guess that I'm the only one available to talk to?

BELLE

Ha! Yeah right, like anyone from this city would like to listen to me pour my baggage on their lap.

A beat.

LEE

What if I told you I'm not from
this city.

Belle stops and takes a sip of her drink. A straight glass
filled with bourbon.

BELLE

Ok...sure. Where do I even start.

LEE

Just tell me about your day, and
I'll tell you about mine.

BELLE

I guess I got fired by my mom and
I caught my husband fucking
another guy too.

LEE

Oh wow...I mean hey at least
your...

BELLE

Like I mean c'mon why the hell did
my mom have to do that? I've
worked my ass off for her the past
few years, and I've got NOTHING
FROM IT. NOTHING. Not a bonus, not
even decent pay. Certainly not my
mom's approval. Why the- why would
you fire your own daughter? What
is wrong with her? I've worked so
hard for her, and WHAT?! Is that
how it is? She just let me go now?
That absolutely, psychotic piece
of AHHHHHH...

She smashes her fist against the table before her head slowly
rises back up from the counter. Belle gets off the stool where
she's sitting and moves closer to the one besides Lee.

BELLE

And you wanna know a secret?

LEE

What?

BELLE

The fabric for the clothes from
Basilisk? I don't even know where
the fuck it comes from! I think my
mom produces it herself or
something. It's freaky.

Belle sighs and asks for the bartender to give her another drink. She quickly chugs it down as well. Lee stares in amazement.

BELLE (CONT'D)

I mean if my husband is fucking a guy, then what does that make me? Does that make me gay, or does that mean I've just been having sex with a gay guy for 6 years? Oh my god.

LEE

Whoa, whoa there. First, slow down on the drink, and if you don't feel anything about the girls behind you, then you're probably not gay.

BELLE

I mean he was caught in the act WITH DON! I've had dinner with Don almost once a month, and I guess he's just CASUALLY had sex with my husband a few times. Don such a...he's so straight! He acts straight, he talks straight, he walks straight, but I guess he also likes taking it up the back! Blows my damn mind!

LEE

People are people. Sometimes we have to sting to feel good.

BELLE

What...what the hell does that even mean? I mean this place is the one place he most likely won't walk into in this whole damn city! Sometimes our heart scar for the betterment of others.

They both sip their drinks slowly as they chuckle.

BELLE (CONT'D)

So I've said my share, but you still owe me a few tales to astonish! So how was your day?

LEE

I mean it was nothing much...

BELLE

C'mon! Nothing exciting? Is that it? Is that REALLY it?

LEE

I...I guess I came into the city today. That was exciting, I haven't been here since I was a kid. I...I'm here to do this showcase of some of my work but its's been delayed for the foreseeable future. Plus the manager, Mr.Stanley, wants to loop me into this sketchy contract that binds my work to their gallery forever! So here I am getting drunk in a strip club. I could say I had a decent day. All I want to do is...all I want to is go back to my little porch facing the rolling country hills, and paint some darling portraits.

Belle sighs and giggles a little before staring back at Lee.

BELLE

I'm sorry...it's just. Ha! Look at us, looking for a drink in a city with a million bars. Yet at the end of a long and shitty day, this is the place we end up getting wasted at.

LEE

Now does that make us weird, or the city weird?

Belle laughs again, clearly intrigued and seduced by Lee's jokes.

BELLE

Sorry what...what was your name again?

LEE

I'm Lee.

BELLE

Nice to meet you Lee, I'm Belle. So did anything else happen to you today?

EXT. FRATERNITY SQUARE - NIGHT

Lee and Belle are strolling through Fraternity Square.

They've been walking together for a while, and Belle appears to be sobering up amongst their banter. Belle stumbles for a second as Lee quickly helps her up.

Lee looks back and witnesses an odd sight. A group of dark coated men in round sunglasses are sharing a cigarette amongst each other. The Butler Lee saw at the bar is amongst their comradery. Lee continues to walk along with Belle.

It's late, and many of the crowds and tourist around a massive fountain have dispersed.

The fountain is on a magnificent scale, more grandiose than the imagery that the Trevi fountain or the carnivals of Rio could ever display. A total glass and copper monstrosity that twists like a band of copper, only to spew a gentle stream of water above.

Lee looks up to see the Neon lights, glowing all through the night.

Lee and Belle stroll over to sit at the side of the fountain.

LEE

Hey which way is your place again?

BELLE

Never mind, its kinda far and we walked the wrong way.

LEE

Oh, so do you want to turn around and...

BELLE

Can I...can I just stay the night at your place instead?

LEE

Sure, I live over on Repold Road. Apartment 131. It's just a few blocks away.

BELLE

(Laughing)

WAIT...REPOLD?! You're kidding, right?

LEE

I mean is there something else going on there besides the cripplingly lonely streets?

BELLE

Yeah...yeah oh my god I still remember it so well. There was this outbreak that happened there a few years back.

(MORE)

BELLE (CONT'D)

Some kind of flu completely shut down the area. All of Repold Road was under quarantine for months and...and at the end of it all everyone was gone. Repold became a ghost town.

LEE

I didn't know that. Should I be worried about it?

BELLE

No, no of course not. Look I'm sorry. I shouldn't have told you that, now I've made your place sound horrible! It's...

LEE

Fine. You got nothing to worry about. I used to live there as a kid with my aunt and uncle, but I'll admit that I got out of there as soon as I got the chance to.

BELLE

Oh boy, I don't even know if there are enough numbers in the universe to tell you how many times I used to run away from home!

They share another awkward chuckle together as Belle shimmies her seat position a few inches closer to Lee. The pair sit a bit closer besides each other on the edge fountain.

After a few moments, Belle slowly and steadily rests her head on Lee's shoulders. They share a moment of comforting silence amongst each other to gather their thoughts.

LEE

You know I drew something once. It was a vision of this city. A nostalgic slip of the mind that occurred to me one day in quiet little Dawnelm.

BELLE

Tell me more.

BELLE

When I was little, I always remember when my aunt took me on the ferry rides off the city coast. It was night time so everything lit up at once. ZAP! ads, the big clothing commercials, the blimp's spotlight. It was the like the whole city was performing a show for me. Something straight out of an adolescent acid trip. I look back at that memory and this city and...it scares me to be honest. It absolutely terrifies me. So much love yet so much loss. It's so easy to be lost in the quicksand of this...metropolis. Yet, it's so fucking beautiful, and at the end of the day that's what the city will be. What it always will be. Like the thorns of a rose. A corrupted beauty that stings as much as it nurtures

BELLE

But this city is just loud enough to filter out all the trash talk you want. I think that qualifies it as a stunning place.

Another awkward, giggle echoes out as Belle and Lee both sit back up and they lock eyes with each other. The loss themselves in each other's steely gaze.

BELLE

Hey where did you say you were from again? Out in the country?

LEE

I live a little bit outside this town called Dawnelm. It's a quiet spot. It's nice.

BELLE

The thing is Pacific City isn't a pretty place, and you definitely didn't come here just for the free ride and your own little art show.

Lee opens his eyes as Belle stare at them intently.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Why did you come here?

LEE

I think the worse thing I could have down after my divorce was lock myself up and paint pictures of holograms.

BELLE

Well, I don't want to say you made the mistake of coming here but...the thing is everyone in this city is pretty lonely.

LEE

We have each other. We're not alone right now.

Suddenly everything goes dark as a massive blackout occurs.

Neon lights flicker out of existence as people can be heard screaming in panic from all directions. The only light left is from the moon, slightly obscured by the shadow of some skyscrapers.

BELLE

Your place? Now?

LEE

Let's go.

Belle and Lee walk deeper into the darkness together.

INT. LEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A single light gets brighter and brighter in the dark as Lee can be seen cranking a lantern on his couch.

Belle is seen sleeping on Lee's shoulder, shrouded in a blanket with him.

The lanterns faint illumination reveals more of Lee's apartment. Along with an old TV in front of Lee, a stray mattress for a bed sits on the ground and a kitchen with an island that is situated besides the front door.

A broken hole in Lee's window can be seen blowing a slight but cold air into the apartment.

Lee clutches the lantern tightly and takes out his little gray device.

LEE

Cole? Cole? Are you there Cole?

No response. Lee tries to tap on the screen of the device a few times to no result. He looks over at the broken window and feels a light draft that flows through his hair. It's cold.

He decides to stand up and go cover up the window using his armchair.

Lee uses his effort to push the armchair as quietly as possible, trying his hardest to not wake up Belle as he glances over to check on her.

As Lee effortfully tries inching it closer and closer to the hole to cover it up, he sees something down below.

It is less of something than it is someone. Lee squints his eyes as his line of sight is suddenly crossed by a man walking along Repold Road down below.

The man has a dark coat, a black brimmed bowler hat and round sunglasses that look like your staring into the night. As Lee focuses his vision, he realizes it was one of the men he saw smoking with The Butler earlier.

Lee's face twist in concern and confusion. So far, the man down below might be the only person he has seen walking down this road . The dark coated man stops in front of a corner and looks suspiciously around before disappearing into an alleyway.

Lee takes a deep breath and inches the chair forward a little bit more. Then he puts on a shirt and tip toes out of the apartment in an attempt to follow the man below.

EXT. REPOLD ROAD - NIGHT

Clutching tightly onto the hand crank lantern, Lee follows the coated man's path to find an open storm cellar sitting by the side of a building.

He descends down the dark stairs. where he finds an open rock tunnel that continues going down, without an end in sight.

As Lee grabs onto the opening of the tunnel. Suddenly, he moves his hand back and sees a cut in the center of his palm, caused by a rock Lee gripped too hard onto.

Lee ventures deeper into the tunnel.

INT. LARGE CAVE CHAMBER - NIGHT

As lee continues to travel down the tunnel, he emerges through with dirt smears on his face and a slightly tattered shirt from his journey. He brushes the dust off him before looking up and around where he is.

It's a large room with rock walls and four corners. One half of the room is illuminated by spotlights on the ground pointed to one wall, while the other half is sunken in darkness and shadows.

On the illuminated wall a painting called, "Neon Reflection" is seen to be hanging on the rocky wall. It's a visage of Pacific City not too different from the version seen in reality, yet warped by painted hues that swirl and spin in ungodly angles.

LEE

What...no, no, NO! WHAT...HOW IS
THIS HERE?

Lee staggers back in shock, in an absolute lost for words as he crashes down on the ground, as if he is before the presence of a holy entity. Or a ghost from the past.

LEE

No...this...impossible.
Im...Im....I...

As Lee approaches it, he sees that it's precisely the version he left at home, in Dawnelm.

As Lee tries to reach his hand over to the surface of the painting, not one but three of the dark coated men appear and surround him. They step closer to the light as they seemed to have faces that are not old, but blank.

As Lee will eventually find out, these men are known as the INTERPRETER HIGH COMMAND. They are a trio of dark coated men with wrinkling pale skin, and all three look exactly like one another. They are TRIO LEADER 1, 2 and 3.

TRIO LEADER 1

Lee Euralie, we come to you with a
very special invitation.

TRIO LEADER 2

An invitation passed on from our
lord above, Vorkanon.

TRIO LEADER 3

Offered to you through us, the
high command of the master's
Interpreters.

LEE

What the hell is this?

One of the trio leaders reaches into his coat and takes out a rolled up sheet of paper that slightly glows. He hands it to Lee. Lee's expression of confusion suddenly goes blank as he unrolls it.

LEE

The contract?...What's going
onnnnnn-

Lee's mannerism and speech suddenly slows to a halt as he shuts up.

TRIO LEADER 1

Reconsider Stanley's offer. The
machinations of reality are yours
to defy, Lee Euralie.

TRIO LEADER 2

Awaken and free yourself from the
truth.

TRIO LEADER 3

Paint and open your eyes. Let us
see your vision of the city
beyond. Unlock the power of the
impossible!

Snickering, the trio moves back into the shadows as if the
darkness's depth were endless.

Lee turns around and stares at the mural. He rubs his fingers
over it.

Almost like the strangest spur of inspiration, Lee's face
squeeze into a pinch as if something cosmic is transmitting
into his mind.

He doesn't appear to be resisting it but he is actually
struggling to even comprehend his current sensation. Then Lee's
face returns to a still, neutral state of normalcy as a shape
flashes across his eye.

Something old but with great power that is simply asleep. Lee
suddenly paints the pattern for "city" on "Neon Reflection."

LEE

City.

SUPER: City

INT. LEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lee wakes up in the couch as his eyes burst open and the sun
sprays rays across his face. CLINK! The hand-crank lantern
tumbles from his hands as it rolls on the floor.

He looks around his chest and feet for dirt marks or even the
smallest pebble, to no result. He looks at his palm, no cut.

LEE

Nothing.

BOOM! Suddenly, Lee hears an explosion in the distance. He goes over to his window. As he closes in, his jaw drops in horror.

The city is in flames. Riots blaze across the city as some areas are seen to be out of power, looters run wild, and anarchy is afoot.

Lee shakes Belle awake as he turns on the TV. The power is back. The tv flickers on to the face of a news anchor.

LEE

Belle. BELLE! Wake up!

BELLE

(Groggily)

Wha...what's going on?

LEE

You have to see this.

On Screen:

A news anchor appears on the screen. She is a tall brunette who looks organized and mild-mannered with her well-pressed suit. She clears her throat and looks down at her notes before announcing the news.

NEWS ANCHOR

Breaking news! Since last night's blackout that took power away from all of Pacific City, riots have sporadically spread around major commercial destinations around the city. Looters have stolen, set aflame and destroyed a ton of city property as...wait sorry.

A scrawny glasses-bearing boy with a mic and headphone set up rushes over and can be seen whispering to the News Anchor on screen.

NEWS ANCHOR

Sorry folks, we have recently received some new information regarding the situation at hand. A group known as "The Interpreters" have just claimed responsibility for causing the blackouts last night. Rioters are chanting the phrase "defy, awaken and free yourself."

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Which is noted as the Interpreters dogma. This may mean that the current riots might be linked to them. The group cites that the dogma is one of there doctrines and authorities say that they may be a new emerging religious organization that has...

BACK TO LEE:

Lee turns off the TV as Belle sits in shock.

BELLE

Theres...something about this that isn't strange but...familiar.

She looks down and realizes she's squeezing Lee's hand.

BELLE

What...what now?

LEE

We'll be okay. We'll be ...we'll be alright. Just hang tight with me for bit okay?

BELLE

Okay.

LEE

Are you sure you're okay, though? You drank a lot last night.

BELLE

A hangover is just a hangover. Nothing last forever.

LEE

The thing is Fraternity Square is literally burning right now ,and there is nothing you can tell me to let you refuse letting me walk you home.

Belle smiles as she takes Lee's hand and gets up.

BELLE

Fine. Lead the way Prince Charming.

CUT TO:

EXT. PACIFIC CITY STREETS - DAY

As Lee and Belle exit the building, a melting lamppost curves downwards and crashes on the ground in front of Belle and Lee's toes. Nearly crashing down upon them.

Lee extends his elbow and Belle wraps her arms around it.

LEE

Just hang on and follow me okay?
And whatever you do, please don't
let go.

BELLE

For now and only now, your word is
my will.

Venturing deeper, Lee and Belle are introduced to a chaotic scene of the city set on fire.

Along with a mass of looters, men with torches are seen running back and forth as a gang of rioters are setting every car they see to explode.

Lee tries to shield Belle from the flaming cars with his coat. Belle covers her face with a handkerchief from her pocket, it faintly glows when it reaches her hand.

Suddenly, Lee and Belle are cornered by three thugs wearing masks as well as torn red and black bandannas wrapped around their arms. One thug pulls out a knife and points it at the duo.

Belle clutches tightly on the glowing handkerchief, as if she's squeezing out a drop of her sweaty palms on the fabric. Yet, her clenching fist calms as with a degree of subtly, she slowly unrolls it.

MASKED THUG 1

Wallets, Now!

Lee stands in front of Belle in defenses. His hand shudders as he reaches for his coat, but he just balls his fists up instead.

The third thug is seen sweating and breathing intensely, he seems to be a bit shorter than the other two.

MASKED THUG 2

Did you hear him? Wallets now!

As Lee prepares to take his wallet out of his coat, Belle steps in front of him and stares down at the three thugs.

BELLE

No, just go away. Leave us alone
and go home.

The third thug suddenly takes out a pistol from inside his hoodie and points it at the couple. Belle can be seen unrolling the handkerchief with increasing speed, as if she's preparing to strike.

MASKED THUG 3

Wallets. Right NOW.

As Belle steps back from the gun, she suddenly fully unfurls the handkerchief, and shoves it into the faces of the thugs.

A bright light emanates around everyone as once Lee closes his eyes, a strange gray rippling effect phases through everything around him.

BELLE

Limbo.

Blood splatters on Belle's face and Lee's coat.

Lee slowly and steadily opens his eyes as he sees no wallet-snatching thugs in front of him. Instead, all he sees is a small crater where they once stood.

As Lee and Belle here loud thumps for footsteps, they turn around to face an armored police officer who has emerged from around the corner with an automatic rifle in hand.

The officer's armor is blue with white stripes. It's big and bulky and makes a mechanical whirring sound with every step and movement. An oversized helmet sits between two shoulder pads.

The officer looks and around at with a tap of her helmet scans the area as well. She stares at the crater on the ground before turning her gaze back at the duo.

THE OFFICER

Are you two...alright?

LEE

Yeah...We're fine thank you.

THE OFFICER

Well, I got a report of some mugging activity along this street. Have either of you seen or heard anything?

BELLE

Nope, not even the drop of a hairpin.

THE OFFICER

Well, I honestly find that hard to believe but I have way too much shit to deal with today compared to you two.

The officer looks up as she sees a flying car hood in the air followed by a few smaller explosions.

THE OFFICER

You two should leave this area immediately. I suggest taking the right and heading to the bus station. Please report any suspicious to your devices and we'll respond with action.

LEE

Of course officer. Thanks a lot.

The couple inch away from the scene as Lee nods at the officer as he passes by him. As they approach a corner, they turn left.

EXT. BELFRY AVENUE - DAY

Belle and Lee enter into a quiet and peaceful street away from the city center, where the riots are occurring.

They pass by a gold-rimmed sign labeled "Belfry Avenue."

It's a beautiful avenue with blooming trees and friendly neighbors.

They approach the front of Belle's building and stop besides the bellmen's post. They stand amongst each other's breath for a moment. A pause followed by a short giggle from Belle.

LEE

I...I don't think I can understand...oh my god what happened? What was that? What was any of that? Where did...where did those thugs go? Where did...

As Lee continues to ramble on, Belle looks down at her hands. A spark of realization reaches her mind as she sees that the glowing handkerchief is still wrapped around her hand. She quickly stuffs it in her pocket.

She takes a deep breath and sighs. Then, Belle approaches Lee and embraces him. Absorbing him tightly into her grasp.

BELLE

I...I don't know what happened Lee. I don't think we'll ever know, but just....

LEE

Are you kidding me? What about that flash of light? The little smoldering crater on the ground? What was that? There was just this rippling effect and this way of energy that doused across my body that was...cold. Like my skin was coated in ice and it was all pulled away from me in one swipe and I was...and I was...brought back to reality.

BELLE

Look Lee. Whatever it was it could have been anything. It could have been a grenade, a good samaritan or even a damn...handkerchief. The important thing is that whatever it was that saved us, it's a miracle from above. It gave us a second chance at life and...I've realized that you might be the best think that have happened to me in a while.

Lee embraces Belle even tighter as he buries his face into her hair.

BELLE

Maybe we can be each other's second chance.

LEE

Okay. What do you want me to do now?

BELLE

Just have breakfast with me?

Lee suddenly turns around to face the Bellmen's coughing behind him, in an attempt to lure in his attention.

BELLMAN

Ms.Sung? Mr....Mr.Euralie? I have something for you. Someone dropped it off here a few minutes ago.

LEE

How do you? Just how- You know what, whatever. What is it?

The bellman reaches into his pocket and hands Lee a thin white business card.

Lee sees a black and red shield-shape crest on one side of the card. He flips it over to find a message on the other side-

WRITTEN ON THE CARD:

"Let us see your vision of the city beyond."

Lee rubs a finger over a symbol under the printed message. It has a circular shape with a black dot in its center, with two black lines jutting out below it.

As his fingers follow the form of the shape, it glows faintly.

LEE (O.S.)

See...

BACK TO LEE:

As his face twists in confusion, his pupils suddenly burst with light as he suddenly sees himself back in-

INT. LARGE CAVE CHAMBER - DAY

Lee staggers back as he finds himself in the cave under Repold again. He looks ahead and sees a burning canvas where "Neon Reflection" was.

He can hear screams and individuals on fire as corpses wave in the air as if they were animated.

A frame that is absolutely consumed by flames. Squinting his eyes he can make out the same symbol on the card hovering over the surface of the painting.

As it burns with fire, it can be seen glowing unlike anyway flame that Lee has seen before like a burning wire of her iron.

Suddenly Lee here's an echoing boom around him. A voice echoes around him like a vibrating aura.

VOICE IN THE DARK (O.S.)

SEE...

Lee trips backwards from the force of the voice. Pushed back by the strength of a thousand men, he is forced closer and closer to the confines of closing dimensions as he feels the walls around him force in and squash him.

The two squeezed walls of reality eject Lee from its grasp. They force his body into multiple channels as the entire timeline of his identity is spread out before him.

His body is pushed farther and farther into a starry black space as it becomes more and more ethereal.

His hands try to reach out to his past and future selves but they simply slither past his grasp.

The cosmic patchwork that surrounded Lee suddenly begins spiraling into one thin stream of light, and feeling his arms again, it is where he regains the materialism of his whole self.

He falls onto a flat surface as he opens his eyes and finds himself back on-

EXT. BELFRY AVENUE - DAY

Lee rubs his eyes and quickly collects himself on his feet. He looks up and around, realizing he never left Belle's side.

BELLE

Lee? LEE? Are you okay? LEE?

LEE

I'm...I'm fine. Thanks but... I really really have to go, Belle. I...I'll be back.

Before Belle can do anything, Lee runs away faster than his legs have ever taken him .

EXT. OUTSIDE THE STORM CELLAR - DAY

Lee enters Repold and immediately turns the same corner that he imagined himself doing so the night before.

He once again sees the open doors of the storm cellar.

LEE

No...

Lee peers down the cellar and sees the rock tunnel again. He looks around him and ventures downwards.

INT. LARGE CAVE CHAMBER - DAY

Lee can be heard walking down the rock tunnel as he grunts and mumbles underground.

He passes through the curtains once again into the sizable rock-walled room. The room is lit up this time as if the darkness has all faded away. Shimmers of light seep from the side.

Lee turns to face the wall where "Neon Reflection" stood.

LEE (O.S.)

Oh my god.

Lee grips his dropping jaw as he sees the completed version of "Neon-Reflection."

Yet, it is different from the original neon paradise that shined in the night sky as it was initially depicted.

Now, the painting resembles much of the chaotic scene of the city outside. Everything is screaming and on fire.

Rubbing his fingers against the painting, he feels the (very) dry paint over the canvas.

It takes him a moment but Lee catches something else too.

They're presented on the wall, Distinct circular and irregular patterns that make up much of the painted environment, these symbols glow faintly.

Lee suddenly falls into a trance as he traces over and stares at the patterns.

SUPER: Burn, Power, City, Chaos

LEE

No what is this, I don't get it I
DON'T GET IT! THESE TH...THINGS!
WHAT ARE THEY?!

Lee grabs a rock from the ground and just as he is about to throw it at the painting, he stares deeply into the painted city. Falling into another trance, his eyes gloss over and nearly cross.

LEE

The greatest engine of
knowledge ,crafted by the hands of
the first titans in Mount Othrys.
They're final weapon of the mind.
The all mighty blade of Helios and
Coeus, the sword forged by words.
The ancient pattern of the WORLD
LONG LOST! THE COMPASS OF THE
NEURAL WEB. THE ANCIENT TONGUE OF
VORKANON'S MIND. THE...

Still mumbling, dropping the rock in his hands, Lee falls backwards as his body begins twitching erratically and his head violently swings around. Yet, his eyes are unmoving, still locked onto the image lain on the canvas's painted surface.

As Lee stops mumbling, a steady drip of drool leaks from the side of his lips. His suddenly bloodshot eyes fill with a light yet moist, layer of tears.

He can see that it's glowing as there is a slight shine in his eye. Lee stands up with a bit of effort. Taking one step at a time, Lee approaches the canvas.

Lee reaches for the corners of the canvas, and tugs the painting out of the frame. Ripping it out completely as it floats into his hands.

EXT. LEE'S APARTMENT- DAY

Landing a foot on each step within the of a steady pattern, Lee ascends the stairs of his apartment with the patience of a turtle.

LEE

God damn broken elevator...

As Lee climbs up the last flight of stairs to the steps of his apartment, he stops and stares at The Butler standing by his door.

Lee squints his eyes in confusion, but his expression isn't one of shock. It is as if he has expected to see him again.

The Butler nods at him. As Lee's unmoving gaze suddenly sees him in-

INT. LEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

We see Lee sitting in the armchair that's covering over his broken apartment window.

He peers over behind him and hover his hands over a leaking light draft.

MR.STANLEY

Here, drink.

This is MR.STANLEY, twenty years young and wearing the apex predator of suits, he has a tightly trimmed beard that ends with a twirl and combed back black hair.

Despite his friendly appearance before Lee, a mysterious aura surrounds the darker face of his identity. He's the guy you should be worried about receiving a drink from.

Mr.Stanley hands Lee a full glass of bourbon, Lee quickly chugs it down and winces as it burns his palette.

MR.STANLEY

Slow down on that.

LEE

Why should I, I need it. Go away, get out of my apartment.

MR.STANLEY

The city heard your cries! You wanted to burn with love and it burned with you.

LEE

What? What the hell does that even mean? You aren't a gallery manager are you? Who are you? Who really are you?

MR.STANLEY

I'm just a guy who wants to look out for this city. The Interpreters wish to do the same.

A beat.

MR.STANLEY (CONT'D)

I wonder how much you really liked living alone in Dawnelm. All day long...painting pictures of girls made from holograms...

LEE

I left Dawnelm cause it made me miserable! I'm here now...and...it was a mistake, okay? I don't even know...I don't even understand any of this...anything...

MR.STANLEY

So what? You can't understand the Titan Runes? You're just going to give up on the city? The gallery? Because you're confused?

Lee gets up and puts down the glass on the ground.

He turns to face Mr.Stanley as Lee begins roaming around the room.

LEE

Titan...Titan what?

MR.STANLEY

The greatest engine of knowledge ,crafted by the hands of the first titans in Mount Othrys. The ancient pattern of the word long lost. The ancient tongue of Vorkanon's mind. You know exactly what it is. You said it yourself moments ago downstairs...It's the language that built the cosmos beyond. The pattern that can bend reality on to its knees.

LEE

I don't get these...these symbols.
I don't even want to understand
them! All I want to do is paint
and-

MR.STANLEY

Be with Belle?

LEE

She...

MR.STANLEY

Do you know who her family is?
She's Belle Sung. The Sung's who
own the Basilisk brand.

LEE

What? What does that have to do
with anything?

MR.STANLEY

There is a language that exist
beyond time and space. A language
that controls reality.

LEE

I...I've seen things. Symbols that
I can feel pulsing with potential.

MR.STANLEY

"The Titan Runes". The lingua-
franca of the cosmic realms beyond
time and space.

Mr. Stanley stares out at the window beyond. His eyes locked on
to the distant flames.

MR.STANLEY

These patterns only function with
a special key The Sung Family
possess. The runes can only be
printed on a fabric produced by
their bloodline.

LEE

Stop. None of this is true and
none of this had to happen to me.
It is my life, and-

Mr. Stanley begins trust out into a small laugh that he tries
to contain but lets out as Lee just stares in a frozen
position, the fear of the situation slowly striking him from
within.

MR.STANLEY

Unfortunately, the Sung family has cut off our access to the fabric long ago. A cosmic feud from a millennia ago. Luckily, you are a one of kind miracle. You can know a lot more than five runes before your mind explodes.

LEE

So what? I don't care about some shapes on a painting! Just leave me alone! GO! AWAY!

MR.STANLEY

Here, take out your copy of "Neon Reflection". The new one.

Lee's eyes sharpen with concern, and twiddles his thumbs a bit before he rapidly reaches into his coat, and takes out the second version of "Neon-Reflection".

He rolls it out onto the island in his kitchen. The fabric glows as Lee hovers his hands over it, feeling an aura of energy emanating from the painting. His fingers go around some of the now identifiable runes on the painting. He nods in some form of recognition, as if he now understands these eldritch symbols.

LEE

This city, this painted city. The whole thing is littered with Titan Runes, isn't it?

MR.STANLEY

A wise man once told me that you can't ever really see the universe. It will always be something beyond the naked eye.

LEE (Hysterically)

What? What does that even mean? You didn't even answer my question! So then...what about these runes what did they do? What can they do?

MR.STANLEY

Why don't you try them out yourself?

Flipping the painting over on its bare side, Mr.Stanley takes out a black pen from his coat and he begins making an outline of three Titan Runes. He hands the pen to Lee.

MR.STANLEY (CONT'D)

Will you please try tracing these?

Staring at the pen in Stanley's hand reaching out to him, Lee hesitates for a moment before taking it as he starts tracing over the patterns.

Lee backs away once he finishes. Suddenly, all three patterns flow and pulse on the surface of the fabric as they curve and bend into one rune. Lee shield his eyes as a small flash of light burst from it before it dissipates.

Moving his arm to see what has happened, Lee looks over at the three runes just the way they were, dormant outlines sitting on the fabric.

LEE

So what? What happened? What now?

MR.STANLEY

Check your bank account.

Lee takes out his little gray device from his pocket.

LEE

Cole, how much is in my bank account?

COLE (V.O.)

Hello, Mr.Euralie. An additional two million credits have been recently added onto your account. Totaling to the amount of two million, five hundred and sixty-seven thousand and four hundred and twenty credits.

Lee turns off the device and slips it back into his coat. He looks over at Mr.Stanley smiling back at him.

MR.STANLEY

That's only a percent of what you can do. Your true potential is...awesome.

A beat.

LEE

I don't want this, ok? I don't care about this mad power complex...something isn't right about this. Just leave me alone.

MR.STANLEY

No, I'm never the guy who will force you. I'm only the guy who offers you the two choices.

Suddenly, someone knocks on the door.

BELLE (O.S.)
Lee? Lee is that you? Are you
there?

Mr. Stanley grips on to Lee's wrist before he can get the door.

MR. STANLEY
Have some patience now.

Mr. Stanley takes out a manila envelope from his jacket and places it on the kitchen counter. In a quick glimpse, Belle can be seen on the other side of the door.

BELLE (O.S.)
Hello? Lee? LEE? I...I don't know
if you're in there or not. I don't
know what's going on with the
city, it's like everything is
always so different. I just...I
don't know how I feel about
anything. You know what, I don't
even know how you really feel
about me! An insane little rich
girl running over to this guy's
apartment but...I know how I feel
about you. I really like you Lee.
Theres something I feel being with
you, this sense of sanctuary from
my life. You're like something
carved from my world, my heart.
Theres that thing that is just so
foreign with you thats
relatable...this thing where I
feel like I'm filled with the
opportunities that I'm nowhere
close to reaching.

On the other side of the door, Belle can be seen leaning deeper into it's wooden surfce. With one ear pressed deeply on the mahogany next to the door knob.

BELLE (CONT'D)
Theres just something about you.
This one thing that I feel so
connected with and...I think it's
what makes me love you. The world
is just a terrifying place, Lee.

A beat, Belle lets out an exhale as she taps her fingers against the tiled ground in front of the door.

BELLE (CONT'D)
A terrifying place where we can
protect each other.

Belle sighs and sinks closer to the ground as she doesn't hear Lee's response. A pocket of defeat sags her face.

LEE (O.S.)
I...I need you too. I just need
someone...something...

Mr. Stanley extracts the Janus Gallery contract form the envelope in front of Lee and places the black pen next to it.

MR. STANLEY
You can keep the pen, but if you
do, you can't keep the girl.

BELLE (O.S.)
I need you right now.

MR. STANLEY
It's your choice Lee. Sign the
contract or you can leave it all
to live a wasted life with Belle.
It's your choice.

LEE
Why can't I have both?

MR. STANLEY
Many times have the universe has
ebb and flowed based on this
choice. This power of yours is an
opportunity like no other. I'm
warning you, do not waste it.

LEE
Look, I don't care. I'm not doing
this stupid rune shit. I can just
go find another gallery to
showcase me.

MR. STANLEY
You can stop the city from
burning. Forever.

He picks up the pen and hands it to Lee.

MR. STANLEY (CONT'D)
Whatever gallery you're going to
find is going to destroy you. Time
has told me your story, Lee. A
life with Belle will force you to
sacrifice your dignity, your
reputation. You will be a
charlatan as the city burns around
you.

Lee looks at Mr.Stanley, then at the door. He knows what to do.

LEE

Whatever life it is, it'll always
be better than a life without
love.

BELLE (O.S.)

Lee? Lee? Are you still there?
Should I wait for you or...

LEE

Hang on Belle, it's ok. I'm coming
soon. I'm here for you.

As Lee is about to grip on to the door handle, Mr.Stanley
laughs behind Lee.

MR.STANLEY

So good luck to you, Lee Euralie.
You absolute fool. You're path of
regret reaches far and wide, as
your legacy will be splintered to
dust. You have squandered all that
you can do and possesses! The
knowledge...the universe...THE
COSMOS BEYOND!The city will burn
and roar in flames beyond your
tiny fucking comprehension! War,
riot and chaos and ANARCHY! POWER
lost all because a divorced,
lonely idiot with no family wants
to hook up with some rich...

Lee releases a deep breath as he turns and swings a fist across
Mr.Stanley's face. A bass smashes across the smoothly shaved
man's smooth cheeks.

Mr.Stanley hits his head against the kitchen counter as his
bloodied head falls on the ground.

A torrent of red blood begins to seep from the back of
Mr.Stanley's head. His eyes unmoving. As dead as the last
sardine you ate.

Lee begins to hyperventilate. His hands twitch and his eyes
dart as a sweat drop lands on the back of his thumb.

Dragging Mr.Stanley's body across the apartment, Lee pushes the
armchair aside and tosses his body out the broken window.

Splat! Lee doesn't directly look down but around the
surrounding street instead. No one around besides flaming
trashcans.

BELLE (O.S.)
 Okay, Lee, what's going on? Are
 you okay?

Lee approaches "Neon-Reflection" on the counter. He rubs his hands over the painting, and several runes activate on their own will as they begin to glow under his touch.

Lee's gaze turns blank as Belle's voice drones out in the background.

FADE TO BLACK

#Act 2

INT. A STORAGE CLOSET IN THE DARK - DAY

A light ruffling can be heard in the pitch-black darkness. No one can be seen, but someone can be heard. Lee can be heard humming the tune to a slow but familiar song in the background.

LEE
 (Singing)
*It's alright and it's coming
 along/
 We gotta get right back to where
 we started from/
 Love is good, love can be strong/
 We gotta get right back to where
 started from-*

Lee stops singing as a louder scuttle in the dark can be heard around Lee.

LEE
 Where the hell...there it is.

Lee reaches into his coat and takes out the second version of "Neon-Reflection". It has long series of outlines made out of Titan Runes strewn on the back of it.

Three familiar shapes glow in the dark. A faint glow that surrounds the center of the room only revealing the surface of his chest.

LEE
 Gold.

Lee is not seen but heard in the dark.

Another symbol is strewn on the fabric.

LEE
 Fortune.

Lee traces over both patterns with a black pen from his jacket, and he smiles.

As Lee finishes tracing over the first two symbols, the glow gets even brighter, and both symbols combine into one.

LEE

Wealth.

Lee takes out his little gray device.

LEE

Cole, how much is in my bank account?

COLE

Well sir, I'll say the amount is enough to pay for your student debts five times over.

Lee turns off the device and slips it back into his coat.

LEE

Screw you Lee.

Lee takes a deep breath as he rolls it up and gently slides the painting back up his sleeve.

He drops the black pen on the ground without noticing.

ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Uh...sir? Sir? You need to check which piece to keep and get rid of today. Can you please come out? Please?

Lee pulls a string, and a lightbulb flickers on in the small back closet.

Surrounded by janitorial equipment and squished between two shelves of paintings, Lee fixes his suit.

Lee wears a red velvet suit with a gold chain around his neck, luxurious red and gold sunglasses, as well as his hair, combed back into a deviously smooth slide.

Lee is seen to be growing a small mustache, showing the shift of time.

He sighs and turns the doorknob behind him.

INT. LEE'S GALLERY - DAY

SUPER: A YEAR LATER

The door knob turns as Lee burst out into the gallery space.

The assistant stands besides the door, watching along as Lee strolls right past him.

ASSISTANT

Oh my god! Sir! Mr.Euralie! You were inside there forever! You...uh...you have to choose...

LEE

What? CHOOSE WHAT?

ASSISTANT

You have to choose which piece to display.

LEE

Oh...okay.

Lee's eyes twitch as he stares at one of his new portraits. Suddenly, his eyebrows point downwards like a spear.

Instead of the profound and quiet nature of his previous paintings. Many of Lee's new artwork are extremely sexualized and explicit paintings.

The painting includes many obscene images of sexual organs. Pairs of breast, drawn tufts of body hair and flaccid images of penises situated besides unlikely objects.

Lee looks at two paintings. One features nothing else but a pair of breast, one of the nipples has a single hair on it.

The other is a tail-wagging golden retriever, sitting besides a purple dildo on a patch of grass.

LEE

That one, and that one.

Lee points at the two paintings he was looking at.

He looks down at his signature on the bottom of the dog and the dildo.

ON THE CANVAS:

"L.Euralie".

Back To Lee:

LEE
Why are all of these dog shit?

ASSISTANT
Excuse me sir?

LEE
You know what, let me get rid of
this one myself.

ASSISTANT
Ok sir, but we can get someone
else to do that. You still have to
look into that shipment of fabric
from Mrs.Sung.

LEE
I'll deal with them myself, later.
Don't worry about it. Go chug some
chill juice.

Lee picks up the painting of the dog and the dildo off the
wall. He begins to turn around and walk away.

ASSISTANT
Sir...Sir? Where are you going? We
still have more work to do!

LEE
You do, not me.

EXT. OUTSIDE LEE'S GALLERY - DAY

As Lee strolls out of the gallery with the painting, he turns
around and looks at the gallery's name-

WRITTEN IN BOLD LETTERS: "Euralie Collections"

BAACK TO LEE:

Lee turns into a corner and enters into an area surrounded by
dumpsters on all four sides.

He tosses the painting on the ground and begins stomping on it
ferociously.

Lee's feet can be seen landing on every corner and edge that he
painted.

LEE
STUPID FUCKING TRASH! SCREW YOU
LEE! YOU SCREWED IT ALL UP AND NOW
YOU MAKE DOG SHIT ART!
(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)
 DOG SHIT COMMERCIAL BULL-CRAP! YOU
 MAKE SHIT FOR BRANDS LEE! IT'S A
 FRAUD TO ART. A TRAVESTY OF
 HISTORY, A MEMENTO OF GARBAGE.
 FOOD FOR THE...

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
 We're gonna need to see some I.D.,
 sir.

As Lee turns around behind him, he sees two armored police officers emerge with automatic rifle in hand.

The officer's armor is blue with white stripes. It's big and bulky and makes a mechanical whirring sound as they point at Lee. Similar to ones he has encounter with Belle before.

POLICE OFFICER 1
 Sir? SIR? Please show us your I.D.
 now.

Lee wiggles out the loose bit of frame from his shoe.

POLICE OFFICER 2
 I.D. NOW!

Lee slowly takes out the little gray device from his coat.

LEE
 Cole can you show me my I.D.?
 Cole? COLE?

Lee stares at the grey device's screen as he sees one message-
 WRITTEN IN BOLD LETTERS: Low battery

BACK TO LEE:

He presses his coat around pretending to be searching for his I.D.

LEE
 Aw man, my...well Cole died here
 and I don't think I have my ACTUAL
 I.D with me here...

POLICE OFFICER 1
 This is fucking ridiculous, let's
 just...

LEE
 Screw off and shoot some
 Interpreters instead?

Police Officer 2 jabs the butt of his rifle straight across Lee's jaw. Lee falls back on the ground with a stream of blood dripping from his lips.

POLICE OFFICER 2
Shut up, you're coming with us.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Lee sits in the middle of a jail cell, on a bench between TWO BALD GUYS.

Lee sighs as he looks through the cell's glass door, and sees one guard standing across from the entrance.

Lee smiles at the guard who is expressionless under a beady-eyed helmet. Another police officer approaches the guard near the the glass door.

POLICE OFFICER
Hey, forty-two! Twelve is calling you! He wants to meet about the sector report. Something with the Interpreter camp in The East.

GUARD
Sure, sure. Those god damn cult nuts just love giving us more work, don't they?

They laugh out together as the guard departs the cell's radius. The police officer then sits down on the seat where the guard was sitting. He stares blankly at the computer terminal in front of him before looking down at his wristwatch.

POLICE OFFICER
Yeah, no, it's my caffeine break.

As the police officer leaves the cell unguarded, Lee looks outside and around, with no one guarding him and his other two compatriots.

LEE
Screw this, I've had enough. You guys want to get out?

The two bald men turn and stare at Lee. They stare at each other first before smirking together.

BALD MAN 1
Good luck.

Both men start laughing at Lee.

Lee smirks back and pulls out something from his coat.

He takes out a small corner of a ripped off canvas. It has a single building in a starry backdrop painted on it.

It's a piece of "Neon Reflection". Lee flips it over, preparing to paint something on the corner's bare back.

Lee scrapes his index finger against the Interpreter's card with the "see" rune labeled on it. Lee winces in pain while the paper cuts through, leaving a thin red mark on the tip of his finger.

Using the little bit of blood on his finger, he begins drawing a symbol on the piece of canvas using a corner of the same card he cut himself with. It glows after Lee finishes drawing it.

Just as Lee finishes drawing the pattern, he looks at it then looks up and sees another guard has taken the previous one's post. Lee's wide smile turns into a jagged grin.

Lee stands up with the piece of canvas paper in hand. He approaches the cell's glass door.

LEE
Officer! Officer!

Just as the police officer returns to his post with a hot cup of coffee in hand, Lee begins knocking on the glass door of the cell.

POLICE OFFICER
Sit down and shut up!

LEE
I...I think somethings wrong...

POLICE OFFICER
God DAMN it, I said it ONCE already!

LEE
You should really take a look at this...

The police officer angrily takes a slurp of his hot Coffee and squeezes his lips in a tense manner. He looks around his surroundings, before he stands up from his seat and approaches the glass cell door himself.

Lee pushes the piece of "Neon Reflection" he drew against the cell's glass surface.

It's the rune for "forget". It glows on the fabric as the officer stares at it.

SUPER: Forget

The officer enters a trance. A thin seep of blood leaks out and begins dripping down from under his helmet.

LEE

There seems to be a bit of a mistake. You've seemed to have forgotten to open this door.

Without saying a word, the police officer enters his key card into a terminal besides the cell. The glass door slides open.

Lee strolls out, leaving the two bald men in the cell in shock.

The officer stands by the cell, frozen in place as blood slowly drips from the bottom of his helmet.

The Officer tries to press a button to open the front panel of his helmet. When he does so, he is seen to be gasping for air as he is choking on his own blood. His red, bleeding face reveals the damage "forget" has caused to his mind and body.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNG STUDIOS - DAY

Topiary lined walls and bright sounds surround a space the size of a warehouse with a high ceiling and futuristic lights.

He enters into ample floor space, with a thousand sketch tables around the area, and a large windowed office in the backside of the floor.

Lee passes by a huge sign that says "Sung Studios" hanging on one of the far walls.

Lee stops at a desk where a young receptionist sits, a triangular name plaque labeled "Jean" is situated on the corner of the desk's surface.

JEAN

Well, well, hello Mr.Euralie.
How goes it on this very fine day?

LEE

Well, good afternoon Jean. How are you today?

JEAN

Well, better now that I'm looking at YOU.

Lee chuckles rather awkwardly.

LEE

Would you happen to know if she's
in her office right now?

JEAN

Yes, but she is busy at the
moment.

Jean then elevates herself from her office chair, leaning
closer into Lee's ear from a sensual distance.

JEAN

But for you? She's DEFINITELY
free.

Jean winks at Lee.

LEE

Thanks. You're the best.

JEAN

I'm only a goddess because of you,
sweetie!

Lee moves through the thousand sketch tables, some empty and
some not.

He swiftly moves through them, objectively walking towards the
glass office in the back blacked out by curtains.

Lee pushes through the door and enters into a big office with a
desk and chair.

Loud punk rock music bounces around the room as he enters. It
can be seen that both Belle and Lee are unfazed by the music's
volume.

Lee looks to the left and sees Belle slouching over a sketch
table as she works on her newest clothing design. She wears
thick-rimmed glasses on her face.

Lee approaches Belle and hugs her from behind. Taking off her
glasses, she smiles and buries herself in his embrace.

LEE

Hey.

Belle kisses Lee on the cheek, she reaches out and with a
simple flick, turns down the music's volume using her own
little gray device.

BELLE

Hey yourself.

LEE

Do you have a charger for this
around here?

Lee takes out the small gray device from his jacket.

BELLE

Yeah, the pad's on the desk.

Lee strolls over to Belle's desk and leaves the device on a pad. It whirs on with a beep.

Lee walks back and stands besides Belle's sketch table.

COLE (V.O.)

Charging. Currently at one percent.

LEE

Hey, Davies also wants to have dinner with us next week at the new place on Fern Avenue. Are you free next Thursday night?

BELLE

Probably, I'm not dealing with Steve's lawyers anymore so I SHOULD be free. Ugh! That god damn...

Belle takes a deep breath, slowly releasing it as she eases herself. Lee steps over to massage her shoulders. Her body relaxes as she groans in ecstasy.

BELLE

Sorry...sorry. He's gone. He's gone. He doesn't matter anymore.

Belle swivels around in her chair to face Lee.

BELLE

How's the set up for the Friday exhibition?

LEE

Eh, it's ok. Nothing much.

BELLE

No news? Nothing exciting?

LEE

Nope. Nothing.

Belle takes off her glasses and turns to face Lee.

BELLE

REALLY? NO news? Nothing? Your shows happening on Friday! This is where the most drama happens!

Lee shrugs. Belle grumbles in the air. He leans into Belle's ear.

LEE
(Whispering)
Sorry.

Lee follows his whisper with a kiss on Belle's cheek.

BELLE
Fine, FINE! Fine...I have
something to show you.

Belle moves her arm aside on the sketch table and reveals the new dress design she's been working on. Looking down on sketch sheet Lee can see the dress's name-

WRITTEN ON THE SKETCH:

"Neon Reflection" - A Dress of Metropolitan Vision.

BACK TO LEE:

The dress it self resembles much of Lee's original design on the painting. Featuring patterns based on packed street corners, neon ads, glowing giant blimps and towering skyscrapers. The same one Lee saw with his aunt as a kid.

Lee responds with a smile for Belle's sake. which he quickly drops when she looks away. It's a stark reminder of something Lee wanted to move past.

LEE
It's...It's absolutely amazing.
I'm in a total lost for words...

BELLE
Based on the visionary work by Lee
Euralie. A image of Pacific City's
neon nature seen by no other!

LEE
Thank you. How can I even top that
now? I didn't bring you anything!

BELLE
Then how ever are you going to win
my love today?

LEE
Okay, maybe I did bring you a
little something.

Lee takes out a bottle of champagne hidden inside the depths of his velvet coat.

BELLE

Oh my god.

LEE

Now how does a mid-afternoon picnic at Pavilion park sound?

CUT TO:

EXT. PAVILION PARK - DAY

Darkness. Nothing within sight and sound.

VOICE IN THE DARK

You can stop the city burning,
forever.

A burst of light as the sun seeps into the clear. Lee is lying down on the grass, looking up at the sky. His eyes squint in confusion as he reaches for a feeling in the back of his head. Something moist and damp

As he moves his palms in front of his eyes, to find his fingers coated in blood. Suddenly, the grass around him folds in on itself, leaving a gaping hole on the ground that slowly sinks Lee deeper into the depths of nothing.

MR. STANLEY (O.S.)

You will be a charlatan as it all
burns down.

Lee's eyes burst open and he turns to face Belle beside him.

BELLE

(Softly)

Lee? Lee? You awake?

LEE

Yeah...yeah. Just dozed off...

Lee rubs his eyes and wets his chapped lips, just as Belle shoves a cheese and cracker into Lee's mouth. She hands him a glass of champagne as well. They clink glasses and smile at each other as they both take a sip.

Lee begins reclining back into the grass, followed by Belle with an outstretched palm across his chest. They share each other's warmth intimately as if they were sharing a pulse together.

Belle looks up, and smiles at the chirping bird above and the children playing around them. It's as if the critters danced around her like Snow White.

BELLE

You okay?

Lee nods as he pulls in Belle deeper into his grasp. Belle looks down into Lee's coat. She notices a slight glimmer that catches her eye.

Belle squints her eyes toward's the object inside Lee's coat. It's a glowing piece of canvas paper. The piece of "Neon Reflection" that Lee carries around with him.

Through stealth, Belle subtly guides her hand closer towards the object in his coat. It glows brighter and brighter as her fingers are an inch away from it -

LEE

Hey, do you remember my old apartment on Repold?

Lee flips over, his whole body crushing any attempt Belle could make to reach for the rolled-up object in his coat.

LEE (CONT'D)

I had that hand-crank lantern...the one I used in the blackout, remember? Do I still have it lying around somewhere?

Belle sighs, but playfully wiggles Lee's nose as well.

BELLE

First off, no I have no clue where that lantern is. Second, Lee that apartment looked like it came straight from the apocalypse! Sitting on empty Repold with that BROKEN window. To be honest it was always a -

LEE

A disaster? Yeah I know, that was an issue. I don't know. There was just this strange...energy to the place.

BELLE

Thats why you moved out, and I'm glad you did.

A beat. A leaf glides down and land on Belle's face.

BELLE

Lee, do you remember the first day of the riots?

Lee takes a deep breath and his eyes phase into a state of shock for a second before he answers Belle.

LEE

Of course. I remembered how we almost got mugged that day and those thugs...

BELLE

No Lee...remember when I came running back to your apartment that day? I said my say and you-

LEE

Opened the front door and there it was. Our first kiss. Then we had dinner together. Beef Stroganoff. I had to use a match to work the stove that night. Then we just talked after dinner. We drank and talked and talked and-

BELLE

No...it's...from even before then...

Belle gets up and sits crossed leg on the grass. Lee follows suite. She directs her stern eyes toward's Lee.

BELLE

Do you remember running away from the front of my apartment Lee? Right after you got that message, it seemed like you almost fainted for a moment before you ran away. Then I came rushing to YOUR apartment and when you opened the door you were...you were like in a daze. Sweating and panting, in a state of absolute panic. I...honestly I was scared, Lee. What happened?

Lee sighs and takes Belle's hands, cupping them between his own. He pushes away her hair from her eyes.

LEE

That day was...that day was hard, Belle. The moment you knocked was when Mr.Stanley let me go. I lost everything in those seconds. My will to keep painting, the reason why I came to this city. Gone. Until I met you.

BELLE

This may be a bit of a stretch but
I think that as long as we have
each other, we'll be okay.

Lee's passionate kiss with Belle is interrupted when he takes
out the small gray device from his coat.

LEE

Cole, send a message to my
assistant telling him I'm off for
the rest of the day. Plus send the
same one message to Jean as well.
Tell her the Belle is...a little
under the weather.

BELLE

LEE! What is wrong with you? We
still have work to do.

LEE

I think this is too beautiful of
an afternoon to give up for work.
Don't you agree.

Lee drags Belle down to the ground and they playfully roll
around on the grass

LEE (CONT'D)

We aren't gonna work for the rest
of the day.

With the gray device still in hand. Lee awakens Cole.

LEE

Cole, play me a tune to fall in
love with.

MUSIC CUE:

"How Deep is Your Life" by (Bee Gees)

Lee takes Belle's hand and they begin dancing around the park.
They twirl between the trees and the rambunctious children.

START MONTAGE:

Lee and Belle keep dancing and laughing as they pass through
various sites and landmarks in Pacific City.

It's not a swirl of colors as the beat of their steps warp and
bend the cosmopolitan environment around them.

The couple grace around and move through the streets as everything around them becomes a stream of rainbow ribbons that follow them around they're movement.

It's a majestic dance that shows grace from not only flesh and bone but steel and girder, the things that make a city.

They waltz through Fraternity Square, disco past the street where "A Night To Remember" sits and tango through several store-lined streets and malls.

END MUSIC CUE.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. PACIFIC CITY STREETS - DAY

Lee and Belle are seen to be laughing together as they stroll down a street. Belle has one arm wrapped around lee's elbow, and the other is lined with a series of shopping bags across her forearm.

Belle accidentally drops of one of the shopping bags, and Lee quickly scurries to gather her items before they tumble across the ground.

LEE

Hey, honestly sweetie I've had a fantastic day with you today.

BELLE

I have no other words to describe the day beside it being "absolutely perf-

Belle suddenly freezes in her speech as her line of sight can be seen to be locked onto a figure leaning against a wall next to the couple. It's one of the dark coated men of The Interpreter High Command.

A man from the strange noir trio that has confronted Lee in the past, in the cave under Repold Road, tempting him with lures of power since his arrival to the city.

LEE

Belle...

Lee matches Belle's line of sight. His eyes widen to a state of shock and fear as he freezes for a moment, without the knowledge or the power needed to confront his past at that moment.

As the figure tips his hat to the couple.

Lee notices that the man isn't tipping his hat to him, but to the direction of Belle instead, who is still frozen on the ground with her dropped belongings. He looks down at the kneeling Belle.

TRIO LEADER 1

Hello Ms. Sung. Say hi to your partner for me, will you?

Lee helps Belle up on to her feet and quickly ushers her into his red convertible parked nearby.

LEE

Hey...let's just go okay. Have you picked everything up yet? Let's go. Now.

INT. RED CONVERTIBLE - DAY

Initially taking slow steps into the car, Lee and Belle toss the shopping bags into the back seat before slamming the door shut.

They sigh and both Lee and Belle look over to see if the man is still there. Lee looks back at Belle, realizing her strangely aggregated reaction to seeing the dark-coated man as well.

The wave of tension drops when they don't see a hair of him around. They drive silently for a while. Passing neon signs and streetlights.

LEE

Belle, do you...do you know who that is?

BELLE

No I don't think...who are you talking about?

Belle turns in her seat to face Lee with stern eyes.

LEE

Nothing. Never mind.

Lee simply just shakes his head, as he lets a solemn sigh escape between his lips.

BELLE

(Whispering)
Awaken, truth, freedom.

As this awkward and mysterious feeling floats around the couple, Lee steps down on the gas as the convertible zooms away.

EXT. OPEN PACIFIC CITY ROAD - SUNSET

As the sun sets in the distance, a red convertible with its top down zooms down a nearly empty road that spans miles and miles.

Lee turns his glance to face Belle beside him, but then the vision of the city center can be seen in full view.

Buildings are in flames as far-out riots can still be heard.

He looks up at those buildings to the left, rooftops are missing, things are in flames, and a roaring chant can be heard in the distance. Something brewing in the city's inferno.

Lee squints his eyes and puts on sunglasses from the cupholder. He focuses on the sunset in the horizon sinking into the shimmering coastal waters.

He turns on the radio as the voice of a news announcer crackle to life.

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Riots continue to blaze through the city center as the group known as "The Interpreters" continue to rallying individuals to riot against Pacific City, in favor of creating their own land where they are free to "rule, create and destroy." The police force has strengthened their arms against the threat as they...

Lee quickly shuts off the radio.

Belle looks over at him and sighs as she sees the worry on his face.

BELLE

Hey, hey, it's okay. It's just you and me now. All we need is each other, right?

LEE

Why does the city still burn, Belle? Why?

Belle falls silent as she slinks back into her seat. The wave of awkwardness between them from when they encountered the dark-coated man returns.

LEE

Look I'm...I'm sorry. I shouldn't be bothering or even troubling you with all these hypotheticals and the crap about this city. I'm sorry. Really.

A beat, followed by a sigh.

LEE (CONT'D)

What's your all time favorite dish in the city?

BELLE

How do you not know this? I know you love a good seafood tagliatelle.

LEE

Okay, let me jog my memory is it the...

BELLE

Don't waste your breath. It's the veal steak from Rubico's.

LEE

Sorry, should've known.

A beat.

LEE

Hey, Cole. Wheres the nearest Rubico's?

COLE

Yes, sir, the nearest Rubico's would be...just around the corner.

Lee drifts around the corner, and sure enough, they swerve right in front of the entrance to Rubico's. Belle laughs and hugs Lee, she enjoys it before her expression goes nervous.

Belle looks over at two of the pseudo-military police guards outside the entrance, in full armored gear as well as bearing powerful rifles. Rain begins pattering down from the ripped clouds above.

BELLE

Let's hurry inside.

Lee nods as he parks the car by the restaurant.

INT. RUBICO'S - NIGHT

Lee and Belle enter the chandelier-filled ceiling of Rubico's.

The manager appears from the back and rushes over to attend to Lee.

The manager guides them through the mass of tables to the booth and sits them down.

MANAGER

Would either of you like anything to drink today?

LEE

I think we're actually ready to order too. We'll start with a bottle of the best to celebrate forever, I'll have the seafood tagliatelle, and Ms.Sung would like the...veal steak! Is that right, Belle?

BELLE

A hundred and one percent.

MANAGER

Coming right up, Mr.Euralie.

The manager scurries off to handle the order.

BELLE

So tell me about how the shows coming along!

Lee's smile drops as he starts playing with his fork on the table.

LEE

It's fine just usual gallery stuff...we don't need to talk about work, do we? I just want to spend this time with you right now! What's making this so hard?

BELLE

Okay, sorry. I'm just excited about it, I guess.

A waiter comes by the table and pours both of them a glass of a deep red wine.

BELLE

I just wanted to remind you about how far you've come. It's incredible, and you should know that you've grown so much over the past year...I'm just so proud of you.

LEE

None of it would have been possible without you, m'lady.

Their wine glasses clink.

LEE

I can't wait to show you the work! It's going to be so exciting!

Belle's smile turns upside down.

BELLE

(Squeamishly whispering)
It's been a whole year and it's not like you've actually said shit about anything.

LEE

What? I...

The waiter then quickly comes around with Belle and Lee's food.

THE WAITER

Okay, one seafood tagliatelle and one veal steak.

The waiter places the veal steak in front of Lee, and the tagliatelle in front of Belle.

The waiter walks away before Lee or Belle can amend the mistake.

Lee doesn't touch the veal, he continues to play with his fork by the plate.

Without hesitation, Belle suddenly stabs her fork into the tagliatelle and starts slurping up the pasta.

LEE

What are you doing?

BELLE

(Slurping)
Eating my meal.

LEE

Yeah, but I got the tagliatelle, and you got the veal.

BELLE

Well, I'm sorry, I guess I didn't want to bother you with swapping the dishes. I think.

LEE

What's that supposed to mean? Just...look just give me back the tagliatelle and let's just eat.

After a monumental pause, Belle then lifts her plate up and grabs the veal on Lee's side. Swapping the two dishes.

Belle takes the first bite of the veal as Lee continues to play with his fork.

BELLE

What's wrong?

LEE

What?

BELLE

(Angrily)

Tell me what's wrong!

LEE

Nothing.

BELLE

You haven't talked about work for months, it's clear that you're thinking about something else and you can't even touch your plate right now! What's going on?

LEE

Things have just been...challenging. Hard, tough...you know what? never mind that! Lets just have dinner! No work talk.

BELLE

I'm your GIRLFRIEND, Lee. I'm not your parents. Your not a teenager anymore and I'm not your high school counselour!

LEE

I never had a counselor when I went to high...

BELLE

God damn it! That's, not the point! The point is that you can talk to me and not be afraid to do so! You can trust me!

LEE

Look, I get it and I'm sorry but...

BELLE

But what? WHAT? What can you possibly still be in denial about?

A beat, Belle grips on to the table cloth as the slightly stained fabric flows towards her clenched knuckles.

BELLE (CONT'D)

So please. Please share with me more about your day.

Lee drops the fork he's playing with. He stares very directly at Belle with unwavering eyes.

LEE

Do you want to leave the city with me?

BELLE

Why the hell is that your response to what I just asked you?

LEE

Do you?

Belle releases a deep sigh under her breath.

BELLE

When and how long?

LEE

Now and forever.

BELLE

Just stop drinking and shut up.

LEE

I'm serious.

Belle stops eating her steak. She drops her fork on the table cloth and stares sternly at Lee, leaned back with her arms crossed.

LEE

No, really. Look I know you have a lot on your plate here, but I...this place isn't getting better. The people are greedy, and the streets still smell like piss. I just think we should reconsider something a bit more peaceful.

BELLE

And what? Get a little farm in the country with a few rolling hills and green fields?

LEE

That sounds perfect.

BELLE

How could you even say that, Lee? We have so much here. God damn it Lee, We're happy here! Unless your not. Unless there's just something, just one thing thats unaligned in our life TOGETHER.

A beat.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Lee...let me see the painting in your coat. What is that?

LEE

No...no Belle, not right now. You can't-

BELLE

What? Can't figure out that it's a piece of Sung Fabric? You think I've grown up with my lineage and can't tell when a piece of fabric glows when it's near my blood? DID. YOU. REALLY. THINK. That I was that damn stupid? I know Lee. I know exactly what it is and I've always known. This doesn't mean that I like this world. It's a dangerous game, Lee. Don't mess with these symbols, they always come with a cost.

After a moment's wait, Lee sighs and hands Belle the rolled-up painting from his coat. She flips it over, and a tear barrels down from her eye.

BELLE (CONT'D)

GOD DAMN IT. GOD. DAMN. SYMBOLS!
 I...I can't deal with this Lee. I
 can't deal with being involved in
 this world of deceit and lies. I
 can't be tied to a whole language
 with the power to massacre our
 world. This language these...Titan
 Runes. It's just a system of
 corruption, a tool for liars.
 I...these runes have helped my
 family rise to power but it's
 crushed and destroyed everyone I
 love. I can't let it destroy you
 Lee but I guess...I guess I can't
 just walk away from the shadows
 that make up my family.

LEE

Look I'm sorry Belle. Please just
 give me-

BELLE

I'm not done yet.

Lee immediately shuts up and sinks back into his seat. Belle scans the runes Lee have strewn on the back of the fabric, before flipping it over and observing a piece of Lee's painted city.

BELLE

This city. This city isn't pretty.
 It's gross, terrifying. Horrible.
 A pool of corrupted people with
 black hearts. This city...this
 city is an absolutely horrific
 vision.

A beat. She looks up at Lee, placing the piece of canvas on a space in the table in front of her.

BELLE (CONT'D)

I just didn't know you were part
 of that vision. So tell me. What
 have you done with these symbols?

Lee's head is as low as it gets. It sinks below his neck in a shameful matter. It is only after a few moments that he lifts his eyes to match Belle. Two clashing spirits of pain.

LEE

I...I used the patterns to
 manipulate reality a bit and
 well...I used the symbols to get
 myself a bit of cash. Getting my
 self in to the higher echelon. To
 change things for us-

BELLE

How could you?

LEE

Look I'm sorry but I didn't do it for selfish reasons! I did it for-

BELLE

HOW. THE. FUCK. COULD. YOU?
It's damn selfish, and more stupid then you realize! You have this cosmic language that can change reality and all you do is make your BANK ACCOUNT BIGGER? ARE YOU KIDDING ME? ALL THAT DAMN POTENTIAL IN YOU, WASTED! AND DON'T DO SHIT LIKE THAT FOR MY SAKE! JUST DON'T! You don't have the god damned right.

LEE

I didn't make things worse for us! I gave us the life we needed to survive in this city! To live the life WE wanted to live!

BELLE

I told you DON'T BLAME ME! You can...you can do so much good with your power, your knowledge of these runes but you...oh my god, Lee. You are literally as empty as the inside of a balloon!

A beat, Lee, and Belle look around to find a majority of diners around them are staring at the couple.

BELLE (CONT'D)

It's been rough Lee. You haven't talked about anything between us. Instead of me I see you watching the city burn through the night. I know you still think about The Interpreters all the time. The Janus Gallery contract...

They both fall silent.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Listen, I know you got arrested today. Your assistant called me after he saw the cop car drive away from the gallery.

LEE

I'm sorry.

BELLE

I wanted to know how the hell you got out, but I think I can make a guess now. What did you do bribe the guards?

LEE

No, I just used a small...

BELLE

You think I don't know what "forget" does? It removes a chunk of a person's brain. It's literal lobotomy. Don't trust these runes Lee...they cause more pain and harm than any human has ever experienced before. It's a price that's too high to pay Lee, and you've already paid it.

LEE

I'm sorry I...you know the Interpreters, don't you? The trio?

BELLE

I...I lost my dad to them, Lee. To the runes and all of it. Everything. My mother has held so much hate for all it and the fact that she still produces that damned fabric that she...she's never had the time to really love me.

LEE

Why didn't you TELL ME? You call me a liar but your just being a hypocrite!

BELLE

I didn't care about that because I love you, Lee! I have always loved you. I didn't want to live in that world anymore, YOU were my escape. YOU were all I needed. I never mentioned the fact you obviously killed Mr.Stanley because...isn't that how you move on from the past? To stay silent and march on?

LEE

I'm...sorry. I didn't know that. I...

BELLE

I what? Didn't know you were a murderer?

Lee falls silent as Belle sips her wine.

BELLE (CONT'D)

Maybe it was a mistake. I don't know.

LEE

Maybe I was just Steve's replacement after all.

BELLE

No, please don't say that.

LEE

But what if I was. What if?

Lee and Belle fall silent as they stare at their food. No appetite left in sight amongst the two of them.

BELLE

You're a selfish prick, Lee Euralie.

LEE

I didn't ever think you cared. That the whole city burns in the distance while we...just do what huh? Live a lie? That's not what I came to this place to do.

Belle sighs, and so does Lee. He reaches across the table and holds her hand. Their fingers cross each other's palm.

LEE

Or we can just forget all of this. Leave the city. Free from the lies, free from the truth. Just please. Please give me another chance. We'll live our best life together.

A small smile stretches across the corner of Belle's lips before she quickly recalls it. A sword returning into its sheath.

BELLE

I owe this city so much Lee. It's something more than you can ever imagine. I've worked too hard to build my brand to let it go now. Something I can't let go.

LEE

You have me! I'm here for you! Always! This city...us, our life is each other!

LEE

Love is just one thing amongst a
million that make up my life.
Maybe you just don't get that.

LEE

Maybe I don't.

Lee turns around and walks away from the table.

Belle sits there silently as her face drops.

Lee walks out and exits the restaurant.

EXT. PACIFIC CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Rain patters across Lee's face as he walks under a series of streetlights.

He takes his ceramic cigarette out of his coat, it glows blue as he purses it between his lips and blows a cloud into the air.

He coughs into his hand as he feels a spit land on his palm. When he opens it, he sees small splashes of black goo. Lee wipes it on his pants.

His velvet jacket is soaked, he keeps walking and smoking, coughing along until he reaches an area under a canopy.

Lee leans back against a brick wall and sighs. He closes his eyes, and suddenly turns around to punch the wall.

Someone taps his shoulder and turns around to face The Butler. Lee nearly smacks him across the jaw, but The Butler simply catches his arm.

THE BUTLER

A few...interested parties have
invited you to join them tonight.

The Butler ushers Lee to turn into a corner, which he does so. As he enters, he sees the INTERPRETER HIGH COMMAND enter from the shadows. One step at a time.

Trying to turn around and escape, The Butler blocks off Lee's exit.

The Butler restrains Lee's arms from behind, as he struggles.

One of the trio leaders reaches into Lee's coat and takes out the second version of "Neon-Reflection."

Unrolling it, they examine it deeply before the trio look at each other, nodding in confidence.

TRIO LEADER 1

It is time for you to understand what's at stake, Lee. We have felt the universe bend and weave as you use the Titan Runes.

TRIO LEADER 2

For a greedy, greedy purpose.

TRIO LEADER 3

As you know, one person cannot know more than five runes. You, on the other hand face a much different scenario.

TRIO LEADER 1

You can access, unlock and control a mastery of reality.

TRIO LEADER 2

You have suffered enough, and have learned that the toll for love is much higher than the one for...“impossible power”.

TRIO LEADER 3

A life of pain, misery, and insecurity. Would you really enjoy that, Lee?

TRIO LEADER 1

The falsehoods of a life of love?

TRIO LEADER 2

The atrocious nature of a life with Belle SUNG?

TRIO LEADER 3

Your mind has expanded with the use of the fabric. You are ready.

TRIO LEADER 1

It is time to act Lee.

TRIO LEADER 2

The city requires your baptism.

TRIO LEADER 3

Now, Lee Euralie, are you ready to join us?

Lee crouches on the ground in a way of defeat. He knows he has lost now

LEE
 (With an established yet
 broken tone)
 What must I do?

One of the trio leaders takes out the plain manila envelope from his coat, rips it open and hands the very same contract Mr. Stanley had to Lee.

Trio leader 1 hands Lee his black pen.

TRIO LEADER 1
 I believe you may have dropped
 this.

TRIO LEADER 2
 Poor little Lee...had to go
 through all that when he just
 wanted to show some art!

Lee picks up the pen and stares at it, recognizing it.

He looks down at the contract and signs it without a second glance. Lee stands up and faces the trio.

LEE
 What now?

All three trio leaders smile as they take off their hats and glasses.

Revealing blank pupil-less white eyes.

TRIO LEADER 3
 Why don't you just go to the
 opening of your new gallery, Lee?

TRIO LEADER 1
 Are you ready to start a whole new
 era?

The trio leaders cackle into the air as their voices carry into the shadows of the neon landscape. Their noir outlines dominate a gigantic form across the wall.

EXT. JANUS GALLERY - NIGHT

The gallery can be seen to be situated on a hill north of the city. Great marble pillars line the front. It resembles a roman pantheon of enormous scale.

Through the car window, The Butler is seen driving a white limo up the dirt road to the front of the gallery. A mob of people can be seen loitering around the entrance, in heated anticipation of the first steps of the individuals treasured in the limo.

Lee walks straight through the flash of paparazzi as he is seen getting out of a limo in a full tuxedo. After a surprising pause, Belle slowly follows him, they don't say a single word to each other as they keep their distance.

INT. JANUS GALLERY - NIGHT

As Lee enters the grand spotlight of the gallery, he is dazzled by its glory. He stands as still as a dry sponge as he absorbs the glitz and glamor. It's all for him. He is at his apex.

Suddenly, Lee notices the crowd that gathered around the entrance is beginning to slowly wither away and dissipate from the main floorspace.

With his dancing eyes he sees Belle shifting to the back of the gallery, but what Lee recognizes is immediately lost in the crowd following her into a back area.

Lee looks around and realizes much of the crowd near the entrance had dispersed. He is left alone, with no co-workers, no friends and no lovers.

Lee decides to follow the masses, and explore that curious thing in the back of the gallery.

Lee watches as the crowd shifts past all the work he has done over the year. They walk past more painted tits and dildos as Lee realizes how much time he's wasted.

Without a single soul recognizing him, Lee watches all sorts of photographers and individuals aiming cameras at the "miracle piece" in the back of the gallery.

As Lee turns and faces the back wall of the gallery, his jaw drops, and his face turns stone cold.

It's a version of the painting "Neon Reflection" that Lee discovered underground Repold Road.

However, this version depicts a war zone where Pacific City stands and a roaring that flame that burns across the composed horizon. No lamp post in the landscape stands straight into the sky, with some bent or completely snapped off.

Not a single person is visibly painted in the illustrated city, all there is are burning streets and seared black and red banners strewn across the city. Skyscrapers are ruined with broken windows and gardens covered in flames.

A wall is erected right in the center of the city, splitting into a zone of chaos and into another sector of the city that is less damaged, but still affected by the eternal blaze around.

It's far more chaotic version of the painting, and it's clear that nobody has ever anything like it before. Everyone's silent eyes are locked on to the art, a swarm of photographers is flashing devices over the framed canvas.

Even though Lee spots the various and randomly painted Titan Runes, he's able to point out one very significant one.

LEE

Burn.

Lee steps back, almost tripping over a photographer. Lee frantically looks around in desperation for an exit back to his shelter in love.

LEE

Belle? Belle? BELLE?

Lee tries to look around and call out to Belle. No response.

He widely pushes the gallery's crowd around in search for Belle. The crazed artist in a tuxedo looking for love in his own gallery.

Lee perks his ears up and begins hearing a song-

CUE: "Great Balls of Fire" by Jerry Lee Lewis.

Lee looks over and sees a stage where a cover band, dressed in matching pink velvet tuxedos, play their instruments energetically as they tap on keyboards or smack their drums with dancing eyes.

LEAD VOCALIST

*You shake my nerves and you rattle
my brain
Too much love drives a man insane
You broke my will
But what a thrill
Goodness gracious, great balls of
fire!*

BACK TO LEE:

Lee turns away from the band as the lead vocalists bops his back and forth as he crashes his fingertips against the piano keys.

Suddenly, a pair of hands grip tightly on Lee's shoulder. He feels a heavy breath against his neck that moves closer to his ear.

THE BUTLER

Isn't it better to have loved and
lost than to never have loved at
all?

Lee turns and finds The Butler holding on to him, guiding him to a back door, an exit.

Lee drops onto the floor in defeat. The Butler holds him up and back on his feet, even dusting off his legs.

The Butler and Lee exit the gallery together. As Lee's frenzied eyes continue to lock onto "Neon Reflection" as he enters through the doors. The painting disappears before Lee's view as the backdoor close.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Lee is suddenly tossed into a black van, where he once again faces the trio leader of the Interpreters.

Benches are attached to both walls of the van, with each of the trio sitting in various spots around said benches.

One of the trio leaders takes out a rolled up scroll from his coat, it glows faintly. It's one of Sung's fabric.

The trio leader unrolls the scroll in front of Lee.

LEE

The Sung fabric, where did you get
this? What the hell..

Three patterns are traced, but not drawn, onto the scroll.

LEE

Destroy, burn, city. What...what
is this?

Another trio leader hands Lee a red pen, he refuses.

LEE

I have one already. What do you
want from me? What is this?

As Lee takes the black pen out of his coat, the three trio leaders laugh.

TRIO LEADER 1

What we want from you? No, you're
performing the will of Vorkanon
now.

TRIO LEADER 2

The gears have always been in motion. Now thanks to you, Lee they are activated. Vorkanon just asks one friendly thing from you.

TRIO LEADER 3

Please draw the traced patterns on the scroll.

LEE

No...I... I know these. These are some of the most destructive patterns I've ever encountered. I don't touch these ones. I'll...never use them! For nobody, for nothing, NEVER!

A beat. Lee sighs as his hands grips around his head. Beads start dripping down from his face as he begins to curl in panic, and absolute fear. Then a spark of courage lights aflame.

Lee then strongly strongly crawls out of his fetal states and stands strongly.

LEE

I...you guys have given me all this power but...no, I can't let you three do this. You guys have stripped away everything from me! "Neon-Reflection" was a utopia. Sure it was utopia I painted but it was something none the less! Something amazing that...I don't know by you, or me or what but now it's ruined...a dream crushed into smithereens. Pieces-

The trio leaders laugh widely after Lee's statement.

TRIO LEADER 1

Now, now, Lee. you wouldn't want to breach our contract. Would you?

Trio Leader 2 takes out the contract Lee signed from his coat and shoves it in Lee's face.

TRIO LEADER 2

Remember?

Suddenly, Lee looks behind him through the van's back windows and sees The Janus Gallery burst into a fireball of ember, and the rest of the city follows as a chain of explosions light up the sky. A perfect view from a hill overlooking the town.

Lee looks down and sees that the patterns on the glowing scroll are traced and filled out with smooth marks from a pen.

Lee sees the red pen in his hand and drops it.

LEE

No...NO! BELLE! NOOOOOO!

A stream of tears trickles down Lee's face as he looks out at the burning city from the van's back window.

The van drives away into the darkness of then night, farther away from the light Lee has clung onto for so long.

EXT. PACIFIC CITY STREETS - DAY

Lee exits his building in Repold Road, revealing that it's the only one left standing around him.

He walks by what barely left the grey walls that used to line the streets and enters into the open area of the destroyed city.

SUPER: YEARS LATER

Lee stops in his tracks during his walk. His eyes widen only slightly as he looks over at the destroyed city around him. Once filled with a crowd that will guide him to glory with open arms.

He sighs, then taking out a flask from his dark coat. He chugs a massive gulp and lets out an oddly high pitched burp.

He looks much like a member of the Interpreter High Command, with the exception for the trio's pale skin. Which is not included in Lee's new appearance.

Lee has a wrinkled complexion and a growing beard that serves as a mark of his age. As Lee fumbles through his coat, he drops all of his belongings within the contents of his pocket.

Besides both a red and a black pen, Lee reaches down and picks up his sunglasses case. He opens up the case and takes out a pair of dark and round sunglasses which he places over his eyes.

He passes through Fraternity Square, empty and burned to smithereens. He takes out his ceramic cigarette, puffing into the air after every pause.

An explosion echoes across the distance. Lee looks up and sees smoking churning from the Eastern Camp. With a twist of his heel, He changes direction and begins walking towards the site of the blast.

He passes by an electronic store with one TV barely working, playing a recent news report.

ON SCREEN:

A news anchor flickers to life from a small white slither of static on the screen. The same news anchor seen before on the screen in Lee's apartment.

She has the same tall brunette mannerism as before. Although she looks rather scattered, with unfurled hair and an ironed shirt along with her suit. She clears her throat in an ugly echo before announcing the news.

NEWS ANCHOR

Today marks the...today officially marks the first anniversary since the Demolition of Pacific City. It has been a difficult time for many of us, as we continue to strive and survive against the powers of The Interpreters. A moment of silence for the ones who fell, on that tragic, tragic day...

The News Anchor solemnly dips his head down.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERPRETERS EASTERN CAMP - DAY

Lee walks through a large metal gate pulled open by two young recruits. Just teenagers wearing black and red bandanas around their foreheads, with the hope that a piece of fabric can make them part of something bigger.

They subtly bow their head down toward's Lee's direction.

RECRUIT 1

Welcome back, Master Interpreter.

RECRUIT 2

The high command would like to see you in the command center.

Lee walks past a series of old, rusty and worn-down piece of police armor, hanging from a rack like trophies.

Lee looks up at the giant wall he's walking by. He can see a peek of New Pacific City, a collective of a few surviving buildings on the other side of the wall. Yet, most importantly, he sees a hole has been blasted through it.

It's still on fire as cement splinters and steel rods jut out and scatter around the blast zone like barnacles strewn to the side of pier. Ash and smoke fill the area in an encapsulating radius that reacts like thrones in a bush of roses.

Units and groups of Interpreters and Interpreter recruits are seen around the area, trying to put out the fire and repair the damage.

Some bear armor and some bear weapons. Stolen police rifles and spiked bats. One or two other Master Interpreters are seen wearing the same dark coat as Lee. They each greet him with a nod as well.

Reaching in a smilier fashion, Lee salutes recruits around him as he enters into a giant green tent, resembling a longer building like some sort of great Nordic hall.

INT. INTERPRETERS EASTERN COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Lee enters into the bustling command center.

It's a long hallway with consoles and radio stations lining the left and right walls of the tent.

What looks like a hundred different individuals in red and black fill the area, complaining about things or scrunched over a station, deep at work. Tracking the Interpreter population across the city.

Lee sighs and raises his head a little over the busy, bustling Interpreters to see the curtains in the far end of the command center.

He ventures down the hallway and through the curtains in the back.

Lee walks into a small room with a cement floor and three chairs.

Each of the Trio Leaders sits on one of the three chairs in a circular formation. They smile upon Lee's entrance.

LEE

Greetings, high command. Praise
Vorkanon.

TRIO LEADERS

Praise Vorkanon! Good morning,
Master Interpreter Lee.

TRIO LEADER 1

We require a bit of
your...expertise today.

TRIO LEADER 2

As you've noticed, a small
"discharge" occurred on the East
barricade.

TRIO LEADER 3

Thankfully you are not to worry.
The wall is easily repairable and
we have sustained little damage.

TRIO LEADER 1

We quickly caught the perpetrator,
who we promptly attempted to
interrogate.

LEE

So? What happened?

TRIO LEADER 2

Not a single word has slipped from
her lips regarding any information
we can use.

TRIO LEADER 3

It's quite a troubling matter, you
see.

TRIO LEADER 1

Yet, I believe we have one last
solution left.

TRIO LEADER 2

Which we can complete now with
you being here, much thanks for
that.

LEE

Who is it?

TRIO LEADER 3

Bring her in.

Trio leader 2 rings a bell from his coat, and two recruits drag
in a young lady with a scar across her face, her head shaved.

She is bound with a flurry of chains around her reinforced by a
lock.

She snarls at the presence of the trio.

She then turns over at Lee, and her eyes widen as she turns her
head, and looks away from him. Lee recognizes her. It's Jean,
Belle's receptionist.

LEE
No...no, Jean...I'm...

He kneels down and tries to communicate with her, before Trio Leader 2 extends his cane to block Lee's path.

TRIO LEADER 1
Now it is merely a small task we
ask of you.

Trio leader 3 takes out the second version of "Neon Reflection" from his coat.

Lee's eyes widen into a leer of horror.

Lee takes the painting from Trio Leader 3 and staring sternly at it, discovers the Titan Runes for "truth," "extract," and "forget."

SUPER: Truth, Extract, Forget

LEE
No.

TRIO LEADER 2
Yes.

LEE
No...no way. I've done enough for
you people, controlling recruits,
getting rid of cops, covering
up... I'm done.

TRIO LEADER 3
This is nothing compared to the
demolition. You have nothing left
to lose!

TRIO LEADER
All you have left to do is GAIN!

LEE
No. No more patterns. No more
controlling.

TRIO LEADER 1
You see Lee. This isn't a favor
you're doing for us.

TRIO LEADER 2
It's a task, Lee.

TRIO LEADER 3
One that our master Vorkanon
demands.

LEE

No, No, NO! I can't do this. This is wrong. All of this was so wrong.

TRIO LEADER 1

Remember your contract, Lee.

Trio leader 2 takes out the contract from his coat and hands it to Lee.

TRIO LEADER 2

Now Lee...would you please...

Lee's expression suddenly turns blank, as if he were in a trance.

TRIO LEADER 3

Would you please just shut up, and trace over these three patterns for us?

Lee down at the scroll and finds the three patterns already traced in black pen. Glowing from the fabric's properties. Suddenly, Lee hears a scream followed by a message spoken into his mind.

JEAN (O.S.)

I wish I never batted an eye at you, I wish BELLE never cared about you! I wish she wasn't always trying to rescue-

With the message cut off, Lee looks up at Jean and covers his mouth as he sees her.

The girl's body is twitching on the ground. Her eyes are bloodshot as tears of blood leak out. Blood is seen to be flowing out of her mouth, ears, and nose as well.

She begins vomiting a torrent of black goo.

Jean's body jerks upwards before she crashes on to the ground.

Lee goes over to the body and tries to feel for a pulse. He can't find one.

Lee sighs and places his fingers on her eyelids, closing them.

TRIO LEADER 1

Thank you, Master Interpreter Lee, I believe we have some of the...information we require.

TRIO LEADER 2

We will reconvene to discuss this with you as well as the Master Interpreters. This matter may involve your past...The Sung family.

LEE

What? Is this about Belle? Are the Sung's alive?

TRIO LEADER 3

The Sung's may have developed a resistance of some kind. It does not concern you. Just maggots to squash under our boots.

TRIO LEADER 1

Note that your words of disobedience will be remembered by The High Command.

TRIO LEADER 2

For now, we have another task for you.

TRIO LEADER 3

Bring a few recruits to gather materials in the city to repair the eastern barricade.

Trio leader 3 tosses Lee a pair of keys and takes the rolled copy of "Neon Reflection" from him as well.

TRIO LEADER 1

Take the pick up truck outside.

TRIO LEADER 2

Now leave us. Praise Vorkanon.

Lee gulps down his guilt and wipes his single tear away. He turns and prepares to walk away.

TRIO LEADER 3

Don't you think you're forgetting something, Lee?

LEE

Praise...praise Vorkanon.

TRIO LEADER 1

Praise Vorkanon, Master Interpreter Lee.

Lee walks through the curtains and out of the command center.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Lee strolls over to a pickup truck outside. He fumbles around with the keys for a bit before he opens up the truck door.

Lee points at eight different recruits walking around and ushers them to come to him.

LEE

We're going to the city center and picking up materials to fix up the barricade. Get as much you can, and we go in and out quick! Clear?

THE EIGHT RECRUITS

Yes, sir!

The eight recruits fill into the back of the pickup truck as Lee enters the driver's seat.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - DAY

Lee enters the truck and sighs.

Lee places his flask in the cupholder and takes out his ceramic cigarette.

As Lee purses the cigarette between his lips, he exhales a cloud that fills the driver seat. He coughs once but holds in the second one.

Lee takes out a letter from his coat-

WRITTEN:

-To Belle

BACK TO LEE:

A tear lands on a corner of it as Lee sniffles for a second before wiping his eyes. He puts it back in his coat.

Suddenly, Lee hears a whirring sound.

The whirring gets exponentially louder and louder.

He looks up and out the front window and sees a mortar shell several feet above him.

EXT. GAPPING HOLE IN THE GROUND - DAY

He immediately tumbles out of the truck as it explodes behind him.

Lee keeps tumbling and tumbling until he nearly falls down a hole created by the blast.

Lee grips onto an exposed steel rod on the side of the hole. Temporarily saving his soul.

Lee looks behind at the remains of the truck which is now just a flaming pile of metal.

What remains the eight recruits that are left alive are running as far away as they can or on fire.

Lee smells something in the air and realizes his coat is in flames. He wiggles out of its sleeves as he watches it fall down the hole below.

As Lee looks around, he sees more and more mortar shells raining from above and around the camp. Explosions all around him.

Lee tries to get up and out of the hole, but he cries out in pain. He looks down at his bloodied leg.

LEE

HELP! Someone! SOMEBODY! HELP!

He looks up and sees the three members of The High Command filing into an armored jeep and driving away. Staring at Lee on the ground as they escape.

Before Lee can attempt to save himself, another explosion knocks Lee off the steel rod he was gripping on to.

Lee tumbles down deep into the hole. Descending into darkness in a moment's notice.

INT. SEWER - DAY

SPLASH! Lee crashes down into the waters of the sewer canal below.

Lee lies in the murky green water, facedown and motionless.

His leg is seen bleeding excessively, and it begins dyeing the water red.

As Lee is slowly surrounded and consumed by raw maroon water around him, he gets up screaming.

Lee slowly tries to stand up while crying in pain. He is once again alone, this time in crisis, with no one left around him to save him.

He paddles over to the ledge on the side of the canal, which he climbs up and lies down on. He turns his eyes to the moist ceiling above.

The trickle of water droplets land on his scorched cheeks. He turns his face over as a pearl of water bounces off his cheek.

Lee grips onto the wall, and painfully, he stands back up.

Tilting his head up as he hears the marching feet of the armored police, he perks his ear up to catch their chatter above.

POLICE (O.S.)
Search the perimeter! Make sure no
one escapes!

POLICE (O.S.)
Some of The Interpreters may have
escaped to the sewers, sir.

POLICE (O.S.)
FIND THEM! FIND THEM ALL!

As he grips onto the sewer walls. Lee continues to move down the dark tunnel. Deeper into a journey into the unknown.

Lee shuffles through as he sees a thin light at the end that seems to be getting bigger and bigger as he shifts closer and closer to it.

He enters through the light at the end, to find a massive underground pit of rubble. He looks around and notices the broken marble tiles and gold rubble. Something familiar to his eyes.

Lee squints his eyes to find the painting of the pair of tits and one nipple hair on the ground, along with others. It's the ruins of the Janus Gallery. Buried underground. He takes a greater glance of his surroundings

He notices a black smear attached to a web of wrapped black lines that reach far across the walls, all leading to one spot more buried in the rubble.

Lee looks up and around, in shock of his surroundings. In absolute disbelief that his past has literally caught up with him.

He staggers back and looks around for where the trail of the black smear begins. He starts following it to its point of origin.

Lee moves closer and closer, and as he turns the corner around the last standing gold pillar of the gallery, he finds something that makes his eyes whole face drop.

Sitting on the ground between two large pieces of rubble, sits the original "Neon Reflection." Well, the third version he saw during the Janus Gallery opening.

There it lies on a makeshift altar formed by the rubble, as if it has some holy aura that protects it forever.

The black smears originate from the patterns and skyscrapers across the canvas. It warps and reacts like a pulsing organism, as if the painting itself has reached out past the frame into reality.

Lee kneels down to observe the painting, he skims his fingers around the Titan Runes he can identify. Yet, he feels something damp touch his knees as he lowers them to the ground.

He immediately bounces back, before getting closer to the damp spot drawn by pure curiosity. Lee glides his fingers on the spot. It's as if the black smear has melted into a liquid form, as it begins flowing towards Lee.

Just like a snake, the black smear slinks down and begins to gather and coil around Lee. It begins forming a black pool around Lee, and before he reacts, he starts sinking rapidly into the pool as it drowns him.

With an arm reached up in the air in hopes of rescue, the black pool completely consumes him before he can cry for help.

Then within the grasps of a second, Lee is gone.

INT. DARKNESS - MOMENTS LATER

Lee is falling through a vertical tunnel of swirling noir forces. Unknown and unseen by what Lee can comprehend. He moves spastically, unable to control his descent.

His pupils begins dilating as he falls, a cascade of colors slice past his face.

AS Lee fall begins slowing down, he floats down into a flower of black tentacles that begin wrapping around him as he descends.

INT. WHITE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lee crashes down onto the grounds of a white room. Suddenly, his face begins whirling into a million directions.

As he feels his face, a new swirling and future-less visage. A blank canvas of human expression. He tries to scream but not a sound is heard from where his mouth was.

Lee then crashes through the walls of the white room, and he is once again left floating in the darkness.

VORKANON (O.S.)

You have wasted everything!

Lee feels a force shove him deeper downwards where he is once again tugged by the flower of black tentacles, as he crashes into-

INT. LARGE CAVE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Lee feels a force slap him across his face. Yet after a moment, his face restores to normalcy as he looks up, and sees some version of himself painting in front of him.

This version of Lee shifts back and forth in time and space, like a living time lapse.

This time-lapse Lee is painting the second version of "Neon Reflection". Exactly where it stood, framed on a canvas hanging on a cave wall under Repold Road. Lee can see the subtle glow of the Sung fabric as well.

It's a scene from the past materialized into some form of reality.

VORKANON (O.S.)

You have squandered your abilities! Wasted too much of not only YOUR time but mine as well!

LEE

Who...who are you?

VORKANON (O.S.)

Lee Euralie, your a fucking god! A god wearing a leash, but a god none the less. You've absolutely-UGH!-wasted so much time sitting on your ass!

Lee tries to grab and reach for the time-lapse Lee, his hand passes through his ethereal form. The time-lapse Lee's head turns one hundred and eight degrees and locks eyes with Lee.

LEE

Who...what is this...

VORKANON (O.S.)

It's the Lee that could actually do shit! Compared to your lazy self.

The time-lapse Lee steps backwards for a second, and phases into nothingness.

Someone grabs Lee's hair from behind and drags him back as the violent figure lowers himself to reveal his guise. A man in a suit with a white orb-like shell for a face.

VORKANON (O.S.)

The clock ticked by, and I've waited too long. It's time for you to take a break from this world, this REALITY.

LEE

No, please! Give me another chance! Let me learn to control this! I've never even understood it!

VORKANON (O.S.)

You've never NEEDED to understand it! It's just needed time to understand you!

LEE

What...are the runes alive?

VORKANON (O.S.)

WHAT? No...no...they're adaptive! They learn from its master and vice versa. But you wouldn't get it...you've never been good with it...

VORKANON (CONT'D) (O.S.)

The thing is Lee, you have never been in control. You've always just been the scribe replicating words, when you can be crafting your own!

LEE

I'm a painter god damn it! I have my imagination, my creativity, my will! You can't take that away from me!

VORKANON (O.S.)

Oh no, your will is mine.

Suddenly, the same black goo from the rubble squirms around Lee, eventually entering his nostril, mouth and ears.

His body begins filling up with the goo as his arms jerk around and try to claw at his throat, as if he were drowning.

From Lee's vision becomes more and more blurred as he sees one Titan Rune in his line of sight. "Hypnotize", "control and "self."

LEE

Hypno...hypnotize...control..self.

..

VORKANON (O.S.)

Oh yes, a final "trick uo my sleeve", I learned that phrase from you humans.

Lee's world goes dark as he sees a black force consume him as well as his surroundings.

INT. SEWER - DAY

In a wet, dark pool in the rubble, Lee's chest shoots up from the ground.

The black goo tears down from of Lee's eyes as his sight restores.

As the black flows away, his eyes can be seen transforming into white, pupil-less orbs. He coughs a bit as a dribble of black leaks out from the corner of his lips as well.

VORKANON/LEE

I am in control of everything now...this power is mine!

He smiles more full than he ever has before.

VORKANON/LEE (CONT'D)

This is my body now.

Vorkanon stretches Lee's arms and flexes his fingers. He tries to reach for his toes but fails to get his fingertips far past his knees.

VORKANON/LEE

Trim down on the calories! You really have to exercise a bit more, Lee.

Vorkanon stands up with a bit of effort. He groans as he rises up with Lee's injured leg.

Lee can be heard screaming in the back ground. His scream echoes as it fades away. Vorkanon simply just dusts himself off.

VORKANON/LEE

Now, now, quiet the hell down Lee.
You aren't even visible on the
cosmic spectrum right now. Now
step one is to contact my
Interpreters...done. Step two,
find that frisky little symbol in
your mind...done! Now to open my
doorway to your minding make
"Vorkanon Land" a thing? Lets get
that going!

Vorkanon bends down and rips out what he can of the third "Neon Reflection" from the canvas on the ground.

Vorkanon flips over the painting on its bare back, and he draws the symbol for heal on it. Vorkanon winces in Lee's body as his wounds can be seen closing up.

VORKANON/LEE

Goodbye Mr.Euralie.

Vorkanon picks up a steel rod upon his exit out of the sewers. He smiles as he walks away from the golden rubble.

INT. INTERPRETERS NORTHERN CAMP - DAY

Entering through a flap into a massive tent, the three leaders of The Interpreter High Command can be seen to be discussing something with other Interpreters.

They stand around a blue table with a holographic display of the city, pointing out areas of attack and defense as everyone bicker and clash with words.

Suddenly, Trio Leader 1 slowly takes off his dark round glasses and looks upwards, ignoring the debate.

His white eyes are seen to quickly flash black for a second before he smiles and looks back at everyone.

TRIO LEADER 1

The master has the painter! THE
MASTER HAS THE PAINTER!

Suddenly, the other two trio leaders take off their glasses as well and look upwards. Suddenly, their eyes swirl black and white. The symbol for deity burns it self on the foreheads of the three trio leaders.

They then look back at each other, smiling.

INTERPRETER

What...whats going on High
Command?

TRIO LEADER 2

The great master needs our help!

TRIO LEADER 3

Finally, FINALLY! YES! He wants to
open the doorway!

Trio leader 3 points at two Interpreters.

TRIO LEADER 1

Bring us the final roll of the
Sung Fabric.

The two Interpreters nod and leave to complete their task. All three of the trio begin laughing. With a burning rune still smoking on their foreheads.

TRIO LEADER 2

Let us hunt down the painter!

EXT. NEW PACIFIC CITY STREETS - DAY

Vorkanon wobbles out of the sewer pipe opening under a bridge ,and into an alley way.

He looks up and sees mag-lev trains zooming by the tracks above him.

Vorkanon smiles as he enters into a street. It's exactly as Pacific City was before The Interpreters took over.

It's a neon paradise of a thousand urban faces. Vorkanon sees troves of people everywhere, crossing roads and chatting about the weather. Lee's physical self has returned to civilization.

He sees a blue, holographic street map display nearby and hobbles over to it.

Vorkanon stares at the Street Map and sees that he is somewhere near the outskirts of the old city.

Hearing a whirring sound above, his head immediately shoots upwards as he looks onwards at a blimp flying by with one banner that reads-

WRITTEN ON THE BANNER:

WELCOME TO THE NEW PACIFIC CITY - THE SHARD OF RESISTANCE!

BACK TO LEE:

Suddenly, Vorkanon looks down and sees Lee's reflection across the street map's glass control display, before he bashes his own head into the display.

Vorkanon pulls Lee's head back and howls in pain.

VORKANON/LEE
AHHHHH! WHAT THE FUCK!

Suddenly, Lee's right arm swings the steel rod across his own face.

Vorkanon falls to the ground in Lee's body with a bloodied and broken face. Definitely a broken nose.

LEE
This is my body, you fucking
monster!

Vorkanon tries to stand up before Lee punches his own face, where he is once again thrown back down to the ground. His cheeks scrape against the puddled sidewalk.

People walking by Vorkanon begin to panic and run away as the passerby's around him start to disperse. Everyone's avoiding the main man beating himself up.

With his soaked palms, Vorkanon angrily grips onto a lamppost and bashes Lee's head against it.

VORKANON/LEE
You are not going anywhere.

Lee begins continually punching his own face with his two fists, back and forth in a continuous pattern.

LEE
I am at my god damn limit with
you!

A hook and a jab.

LEE
Tired of these symbols!

Another hook, Lee strikes a punch that makes his own jaw shake.

LEE
Tired of these lies! These
commands! TIRED OF CONTROL!

Lee's own fist slams against the bottom of his skull.

LEE
GET OUT OF MY BODY!

Vorkanon falls back into the ground as he struggles to stagger back up.

Vorkanon looks at Lee's broken leg.

VORKANON/LEE
Men like you don't get to be free.

He grabs a rock and smashes against the destroyed leg. Both Vorkanon and Lee can be heard crying out in pain.

Before Lee can swing another punch at himself, Vorkanon grabs his wrist with his other hand.

Using the wrist he has control of again, Vorkanon grabs a piece of glass beside him and with full force, stabs it down into Lees' leg.

VORKANON/LEE
You don't get the chance to change reality and paint pictures of tits instead!

As Vorkanon see Lee's twitching left hand as it seems like it's about to get up, and he bites down on it using the full power of his jaw. Vorkanon and Lee wince in pain.

LEE
Oh no, thats where you're wrong. I get to do whatever the hell I want!

Suddenly, Lee continues to go on another punching frenzy, starting with a right handed knuckle sandwich.

LEE (CONT'D)
Because-

A punch straight across his own jaw.

LEE (CONT'D)
That's-

A jab bangs against his own forehead.

LEE (CONT'D)
What-

Another punch across his nose makes it feel as loose as a dangling, adolescent tooth

LEE (CONT'D)

Makes me-

An uppercut that slams right against the bottom of his own skull.

LEE (CONT'D)

HUMAN!

Lee shudders, the bruises on his face accompany a bloody, broken nose almost swaying like a pendulum.

LEE

Your just another liar...

Left hook, right hook. In a non-stop back and forth pattern.

Vorkanon feels for a loose brick in the wall behind him and grabs one.

LEE (CONT'D)

Like everybody else in this city
trying to scam me out of MY LIFE!

Vorkanon smashes against Lee's right hand using the very same brick. In his own voice, Lee screams in pain.

Lee then pulls his head forward before slamming it back onto the wall behind him.

LEE

Vor...Vorkanon? You there?

No response.

LEE

Vor...

VORKANON/LEE

You should really shut up now.

Vorkanon sees the TVs in the electronics store across the street from him and smiles.

Staggering with a broken leg, Vorkanon musters all the strength he can from Lee's body and charges across the street. Ready to run headfirst into the screens.

BOOM! all of a sudden, a concussive force blast in the form a gray rippling wave smashes across Vorkanon and Lee.

Lee's body flies back as he smashes into a lamppost.

Vorkanon and Lee begin slouching down against the post as Lee sinks deeper into the dripping pool of his own blood. They both struggle to get up.

TRIO LEADER 1

The master! He is in the shell of
the painter!

Lee looks over to where the voice came from and sees the three members of the Interpreter High Command running towards him from around an alleyway.

VORKANON/LEE

My Interpreters! Protect me as I
open my door!

Using Lee's body, Vorkanon once again takes out "Neon Reflection" and flips it onto its bareback, and he begins slowly carving out the rune for "deity doorway."

SUPER: Deity Doorway

As Vorkanon takes his slow strokes, the sky turns a red and purple hue, as the clouds above swirl into a void-like vortex.

VORKANON/LEE

Yes...YES! ALMOST there! Just one
more...

Just before Vorkanon can finish, time suddenly freezes. The High Command stop mid-step. Their lifted heels are absolutely frozen. Someone pressed pause on reality.

INT. LIMBO - CONTINUOUS

Lee/Vorkanon looks around and notices a rippling gray, translucent bubble in the radius of the area around him. Similar to the blast that hit him years ago when he was almost mugged in the city.

Lee reaches out and tries to past his hand through it, only to find it to be an impenetrable solid contract that is cold to the touch.

Within the bubble, Lee notices a figure approaching him.

VORKANON/LEE

No...NO! Get me out of here before
that horrid asian witch...

Suddenly, Vorkanon halts his speech as he feels a hand reach out and grip against Lee's throat, unable to speak.

The hand reaches out from a shimmering, reflective surface in the air.

It is followed by an arm, then a body as Belle's face slowly emerges out of thin air, followed by the rest of herself. She is seen to be wearing a beautifully designed dress. Lee's eyes drop. He recognizes it.

It's the dress Belle designed based on one of Lee's paintings. "Neon Reflection." It even has the strange replication of Pacific City that Lee designed onto it, recreated in the seams of the dress. It's littered with the same Titan Runes as well.

BELLE

Awaken.

WRITTEN: Awaken

Belle traces over the pattern using the paintbrush, and it glows brightly.

BELLE

Freedom.

WRITTEN: Freedom

Once again, she traces over the pattern using the paintbrush, it shimmers like a candle under the moonlight.

BELLE

Truth.

Written: Truth

As all three traced patterns shift in the dress's glowing fabric, they change and transform before becoming one symbol.

VORKANON/LEE

WAIT! NO! NO! DON'T DO THIS TO ME!
NO, NOT AGAIN! I'M VERY FAR FROM
DONE! I'LL BE OUT OF LIMBO AND IN
YOUR REALITY IN LITERALLY A
MOMENTS...

BELLE

Awaken, and free yourself from the
truth.

Suddenly, Lee's head jerks back and forth. His entire body begins twitching aggressively as well.

His eyes begin to illuminate as a bright light shoot out from his irises.

A subtle black goo bleeds out from his nose, mouth, and ears.

Lee begins vomiting a black liquid all over the place before his head jerks back violently.

His eyes twitch in a trance like state, before they groggily open back up, and Lee stares straight ahead. Locking eyes with Belle in front of him, she lowers herself to Lee's level.

Davies steps out from the rippling gray field wearing a light trench coat. A quarter of his hair is grey. A burn scar can be seen slathered across his left eye. All the party he had seemed to be sapped out of him.

DAVIES

Is it done? Is he "exorcised" or something? Is Vorkanon gone?

BELLE

Not entirely, he's out of Lee but his presence is still attempting to invade our reality.

LEE

Da...Davies? BELLE? What...whats going on? Where the hell did you guys come from?

Belle bends down and stretches out a part of her dress, revealing another rune. It's the Titan Rune for heal.

BELLE

Heal.

Lee's body glows faintly as it stretches out to repair itself.

His hand flexes as his broken bones mend themselves, and the missing tissue on his leg instantaneously reappear and stitch up his wounds back together.

Assisting him with an outreached arm, Davies helps Lee up.

LEE

Thanks...

Belle slaps Lee's cheeks so hard that his jaw vibrates from the shock, leaving the flesh surface red.

DAVIES

Is the area clear?

Belle simply nods again.

BELLE

Okay, listen up.
(MORE)

BELLE (CONT'D)

You have so much to catch up on,
but we're running out of time.
We're in Limbo. It's a pocket
dimension only accessible to those
with knowledge of the Titan Runes.

LEE

What? How come I've never seen
this before? Heard of this? How
long have you known about this?

DAVIES

Long enough, it's one of Belle's
family secrets. That's how she
survived the demolition of the
city. A fold between time and
space. A pocket of a frozen moment
lodged in the crevasses of the
cosmos. A safe haven to escape to.

BELLE

Me and Davies first discovered
Vorkanon's full plan when we first
entered Limbo. We could see
everything, like windows to the
world. We tried to recruit a few
to our cause. It...

Belle lets out a labored breath.

DAVIES

The Belle's receptionist, your old
assistant. All lost trying to slow
down the Interpreters. A...a
sacrifice to fix the city YOU
burned down.

LEE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean for any
of this to happen. Truly.

BELLE

You've haven't made the best
choices since you came to this
city. The first bad decision you
made is that you fell in love with
me. You broke my heart, Lee.

DAVIES

Look, you've been given a lot of
chances to make a lot of different
choices, Lee.

(MORE)

DAVIES (CONT'D)

You've chosen poorly every single time, and that has costed everyone around you too much. We have suffered. And...I hate to say this but it's all because of you.

BELLE

Open your eyes, Lee. The world has been scorched because of you.

DAVIES

The embers that will destroy the world are only getting bigger and brighter. Vorkanon is coming soon, and once our pocket to Limbo in this world closes...

BELLE

Vorkanon's true form is going to squish all the life out of earth. Make it into his own domain. A world that can fulfill his weird-ass cosmic desires.

DAVIES

I think it's safe to say that it's the end of the world.

LEE

So...What now? What can I do? What can WE do? To fix this!

DAVIES

I think it would be far from safe for you to do anything else, or to sign any contracts at least.

BELLE

This time all you have to do is listen to us. We have a 'strong' suggestion for what you should do next.

DAVIES

A final proposal, you could say. Look Lee, Belle and I have decided it would be best for you to leave the city, you're too vulnerable and powerful of a target for Vorkanon to strike. We can't risk that. We can't have any more risk either.

BELLE

You can come with us Lee, leave with us to be in Limbo forever. You'll be safe with both us. No Vorkanon, no Interpreters and certainly, no hypnotize runes.

DAVIES

It's almost heaven. Trust me, man.

Davies cracks a small smile out, like that refreshing drink you crack open after a long day of work.

LEE

What? Living in a giant cold gray water bubble stuck in time? Till when? FOREVER? Is that what you guys really want?

BELLE

It's what we need.

DAVIES

Forget this world.

BELLE

Maybe this way we can really restart. Just the way you wanted to.

Lee sits on the ground with his head down low. A moment of contemplation before he proudly stands up with his chest in the air.

LEE

No.

BELLE

No?

LEE

No. I can fix this. If not I can at least try to it's the one thing that I might be able to restore. The one right choice I could make.

BELLE

Please Lee, we've been planning this for ages. This is the safest option. Please.

LEE

It's the SAFEST option but not the best one.

(MORE)

LEE (CONT'D)

You didn't account for me. Not my abilities. Not for what I can do now. I can use the runes...make a new one, maybe change something about the city.

Lee extends his hand out, past the rippling bubble of Limbo.

LEE

Believe me. It'll be something for the better.

Belle rushes over to embrace Lee. She kisses him.

BELLE

Please...leave with me. Don't do this. Don't. Let. Me. Go. Not again.

LEE

One day, we'll have that farm in the rolling hills. I'll meet you back there. I promise. I'll make you a nice veal steak just like the one from Rubico's. Belle Sung, I will never, ever let you go.

Belle chuckles. She promptly lets Lee go from her grasp.

DAVIES

Good luck. Hey, if you make it, drinks at "A Night To Remember"?

Lee giggles and nods at both of them as he steps through the bubble, into the maelstrom of the neon city outside.

EXT. NEW PACIFIC CITY STREETS- CONTINUOUS

Thunder crackles and swirl in the air above. He's right back to where he left off before time froze.

Lee opens his eyes and the rippling gray bubble is gone. He looks over to his side and sees the Interpreter trio shouting in the air. Dashing towards him like the maniacs they are.

He tries to unfurl the rolled up third version of "Neon Reflection" that Vorkanon took from the underground rubble.

Suddenly, a cane bashes across his face. It knocks loose a tooth from between Lee's lips.

The Interpreters High Command trio surround Lee.

TRIO LEADER 1

You don't think you were really done yet, were you? Vorkanon soon approaches the earth and heaven bellow in his favor!

Lee punches one of the leaders across the jaw.

TRIO LEADER 2

You still have a contract to fulfill!

One of the defending Trio Leaders takes out the contract and shoves it towards Lee's face.

LEE

Hypnotize. Hyp..hypno...no. No more of this.

As powerful as the symbol's glow is, the Titan Rune has no effect on him. After years of mental control from the contract, Lee kicks it away and it blows away in the wind.

The trio leader counter Lee's punch and they begin to continuously beat him using their canes.

TRIO LEADER 3

Thanks to your efforts, we have a doorway to open and a deity to summon.

One of the trio leaders manage to choke hold Lee from behind and restrain him.

Another trio leader snatches the 3rd version of "Neon Reflection" from Lee and takes out second version of the painting instead. He puts both of them together and slowly begins tracing a rune using a fine calligraphy brush.

TRIO LEADER 1

Merge.

SUPER: Merge

Both versions of "Neon Reflection" merge and combine into one massive sheet of fabric with Pacific City painted on it. Yet, it's unlike any version of the painting seen before.

The new painting of Pacific City is totally animated, as it moves with a pulse. It swirls and warps like fresh paint, as flames can be seen moving in the painted background.

This version of the painting looks as tranquil as the first version of "Neon Reflection".

It's serene with a strangely awkward bleakness to it. Its a fourth version of "Neon Reflection". Yet, it doesn't just feel alive, it is alive.

The trio leader holding the painting flips it over on its bare back. He once again slowly starts a stroke of a new pattern.

TRIO LEADER 2
Deity doorway.

SUPER: Doorway

The magenta-hued clouds begin swirling over the fountain as the sky opens up, and a gapping void begins revealing itself.

Strange black tendrils seep from the sky as what seems to look like a small black hole is emerging from the doorway in the clouds. The strange black tendrils have a similar nature to the black liquid Lee was trapped in.

TRIO LEADER 3
Yes! Finally! We welcome you
master Vorkanon as your fire may
baptize the...

Suddenly, the painting trio leader falls forward as blood gushes from the back of his head. A red hollow dot emerges in the center of his forehead.

Lee looks to his right and sees Davies holding a smoking revolver in hand. The .45 Van Buren he boasted to Lee about years ago. Pointed at where the ranting trio leader stood.

TRIO LEADER 1
No...brother!

TRIO LEADER 2
YOU DARE HARM ONE OF OUR OWN!

DAVIES
You dare try to destroy MY CITY?

Davies quickly sends two bullets between the two remaining leader's eyes as they fall backwards on to the wet and stained ground.

LEE
Thanks a lot, but please you
really have to go back!

The tendrils begin crashing down from above. Straight through the streets with a spray of concrete and gravel.

DAVIES

You okay man?

LEE

I'll be fine. YOU, on the other hand, really have to get out of here. Go back to Limbo, somewhere safe.

DAVIES

I'll be fine. Please tell me you have some way to stop this. All of it. This...destruction. we must reverse it.

LEE

I have something, it might be able to save us all. You have to know that I'll make the right choice this time, for once.

Lee reaches into his pocket and takes out his letter to Belle. He looks down at it and hands it to Davies.

LEE

Give this to her, will you? A favor for a friend?

DAVIES

I...no you're doing that yourself. I'm not leaving her without you. You promised we'll get a drink together.

LEE

Drinks at "A Night To Remember." Where the drinks are better than the dancers.

They laugh together for a moment, then after a moment Davies decides to take the letter from Lee.

Lee traces over the symbol for "travel" on the back of the newly formed forth version of "Neon Reflection".

SUPER: Travel

As if piece by piece, Davies suddenly begins to shimmer and fade away into the ether above. Lee salutes Lee upon his departure.

LEE

Just take care of Belle for me. Go as far away as you can and protect her. Keep her safe.

DAVIES
No...no...no..NO...NO..LE-

Davies disappears into a thousand different particles.

Lee looks up at the broken sky above.

He looks down at "Neon Reflection" in his hands. He rubs his hands over the swirling paint.

He begins outlining three patterns. Lee steps back for a second to look at his work.

Three significantly apparent Titan Runes glow brightly on the fabric.

SUPER: Unity, Reality, Begin Again

As Lee slouches down and begins tracing over the three runes again, they begin transforming and changing into one pattern.

Finally, the hieroglyphics stop shifting and become one stable rune that radiates a powerful bang of light.

LEE
Reset reality.

Suddenly, the tendrils from above swirl backwards and warp out of existence. Buildings and everything around Lee begins folding in on itself.

A voiceover of Lee's letter to Belle begins:

LEE (V.O.)
I know there isn't much I can say
to heal the wounds I've opened for
you. I'm sorry about that, I
really am.

The world around Lee begins turning into a giant whirlpool as the buildings bend down and around like a spiral of copper wire.

LEE (V.O.)
But I've had to make a lot of
choices since I've arrived to the
city.

The entire world twist into a circular braided ring constantly rotating and spinning in motion. It begins folding in on itself. It steadily becomes a massive, rapidly spinning möbius strip.

LEE (V.O.)
 Some good, and others were
 terrible. Some have changed the
 world. Some have led
 me to loose people. People I love.

Everything suddenly flows downwards in a strange waterfall
 vortex ,and Lee finds himself falling through a cascade of
 colors.

LEE (V.O.)
 Well, if there is one last choice
 I can make is for you to go as far
 away from here as you can.
 Runaway, run all the way to
 someplace beautiful, somewhere
 peaceful. No neon lights, no
 blimps, no noise. Somewhere quiet.

Lee's eyes dilate past the scope of his eyes as a bright white
 light begins warping around him, surrounding him like a velvet
 blanket. A strange cocoon of heavenly energies.

LEE (V.O.)
 I'll see you there one day. Much
 Love, Lee. To Belle.

From a farther distance, Lee crashes into the center of a
 warping water-like gray bubble that bends and squeeze with
 cosmic power, similar to Belle's limbo dimension. Lee closes
 his eyes as a tear drips across his cheek.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FARM - DAY

A piece of raw veal can be seen flying up in the air and
 violently crashing down into a pile of salt on a kitchen
 counter. The process repeats itself as a pair of hands are seen
 juggling the meat.

START MONTAGE:

A pair of hands can be seen furiously preparing a steak. They
 cuts out portions of fat with a flurry of slices.

Marinating, chopping up herbs and oiling up a pan. A hand turns
 a stove-top knob up as the flame under the pan roar with a
 powerful sizzle.

The steak is finally seen crash landing into the puddle of hot
 oil sitting in the center of the pan. Several bubbles of
 smoking hot oil settle to a halt as it sits to cool on the
 scorched-iron surface.

END MONTAGE

A drop of hot oil from the pan flies through the air and lands on the arm preparing the food.

LEE

Ow!

Lee staggers back, beating the burning spot of oil on his arm with a towel.

His age is seen to be older, with balding grey hair and wrinkles all over his body. His face still has that stoic expression from those distant years long ago.

He is seen to be in a relatively big kitchen, in a relatively big house. The Butler can be seen sitting in the dining room table behind the kitchen, he looks the same, and he is tentatively playing chess with himself.

Suddenly, Lee hears a banging on the screen-covered front door.

Lee approaches the door, and twist it open as he wraps his hand around the knob.

BELLE (O.S.)

Sorry, ugh...I left my key upstairs. Sorry.

Lee kisses her forehead. Just like Lee, she has aged a bit and her hair is much shorter, although she has little wrinkles on her face.

LEE

All good, just finished making dinner! Your favorite.

BELLE

A veal steak with a hint of oregano? Just like Rubico's?

LEE

So much so that you have to make a reservation just to have a tiny taste of it!

Belle laughs and kisses Lee on the lips.

LEE

Do you still have some groceries outside?

BELLE

Yeah, there are a few bags on the porch.

EXT. THE FARM PORCH - DAY

Lee steps through the door and screen to the front porch of the farm.

BELLE (O.S.)
(Yelling)
Thanks honey!

He looks out at the horizon. The farm is seen to be in a vast green bean field with rolling hills in the distant horizon.

Before picking up the bags of groceries by the steps, he looks over at his painting sitting on an easel on the fair side of the porch, where it's covered over by a cloth.

He strolls over and rubs his hand over it as he feels the canvas's surface through the cloth.

He rips the cloth away. Lee looks at the painting. He is seen closing his eyes as he takes a deep breath, inhaling the air around him.

Davies rushes out the door. He seems to be older as well now, with not only white hair, but he has a cane to assist a limping leg as well. The burn mark he previously bore has grown in size now and can be seen to have consumed his eye now as well.

Yet he is still seen wearing a smile wider than the fields beyond.

DAVIES
Hey! Your steak is burning or something! It smells like Pacific City in there!

LEE
(Chuckling)
I'm coming, I'm coming.

Lee looks at the painting one last time, before grabbing the groceries and walking into the house, closing the door behind him.

A quick spin reveals the painting sitting on the porch. It's a portrait of a girl in a blue dress. Yet something is off.

Instead of facial features, the painted girl's face is not human. It's a pattern of some kind.

More than just a pattern, it's a Titan Rune.

The Titan Rune for "Deity".

SUPER: Deity

The rune's circular center faintly glows. A thin stream of black liquid drips from a corner of the symbol.

THE END

