

'Welcome to New Manhattan' Spec Script

By

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Based on 'Mad World'

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INT. ROGERS HOUSEHOLD - UPSTAIRS

The camera pans around the household of the Rogers' family residence inside. From the windows, we can tell it's night-time. Slowly moving around each area, it reveals the decorated, regal aesthetic of the family. state-of-the-art furniture that matches in a cool, color palette (even though it looks like it was all taken straight out of an IKEA).

The moving camera reveals two bedrooms, one with a king size bed and mature furniture colors, the other being more loud and cartoonish in terms of furniture, especially the racing car bed frame and superhero-style comforters. In-between the two is a lit bathroom with a BROWN COAT.

Although the camera moves across the house smoothly, it can be seen that there are SYRINGES loosely hanging out of the coat pocket.

CUT TO:

DOWNSTAIRS

The camera, in SINGLE SHOT, moves around the grand-sized living room, matching the same regal style. A flat screen TV is playing in the background, playing some corny sitcom. A subtle sound of static echoes across the atmosphere.

CUT TO:

DOWNSTAIRS, DINING ROOM

Continuing the single shot, the camera finally makes it way to the DINING ROOM. The Rogers family can be seen eating a nice, luxurious dinner.

TODD ROGERS, 52, wearing a brown polo, loose denim jeans, a rolex, and timberland boots, sits on the far end of the dining table. His head is shaved, and his eyes are baggy, emphasized by his ghostly pale face.

His wife SUZANNE ROGERS, 45, wearing a beige dress cutting off at the upper thigh sits on the opposite far end of the table. She is dolled up with make-up and jewelry complementing her outfit looking like she's about a decade younger than her actual age.

Their son TODD ROGERS JR., 8, wearing a loose cartoon shirt and khaki shorts, sits on the side of the table, perfectly centered from his mom and dad.

The only sound other than the faint echo of the television is the silverware clanging against the plates of food.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
(to JR.)
Make sure you don't waste those
beans.

JR.
Yes sir.

Todd smiles at Jr. He looks over to Suzanne, who's keeping a straight face as she continues to eat. His smile retracts.

Silence.

TODD
(to SUZANNE)
How was work?

SUZANNE
Good.

Silence.

The family continues to eat.

TODD
Y'know, one of the co-workers were
living in the area where that
robbery was happening on the news.

SUZANNE
Yeah?

TODD
Yeah. Crazy, right?

SUZANNE
(low voice)
mhm.

TODD
What?

SUZANNE
(louder, nods her head)
mhm!

JR.
I got a gold sticker on my calendar
week.

SUZANNE

(smiles)

Really? Aw, That's amazing, Jr.!
I'm so proud of you.

Jr grins immensely as he continues to eat. Todd glares at Suzanne for a moment, then smiles back at Jr.

TODD

That's a Rogers right there. Great job, buddy, Keep it up.

Jr, with a mouthful of food, smiles at Todd.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS, JR'S BEDROOM

Todd and Suzanne tuck in Jr into his toy car bed, who's already dozed off. The two slowly walk out of his bedroom, and close the door in the same rhythm.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS, HALLWAY

TODD

(to Suzanne, inside voice)
Hey, are you okay?

SUZANNE

(inside voice)

Is it not obvious enough where you have to ask?

TODD

Well...when you're giving me one-sided responses like that, no. But I don't know if it has to do with me or something at work happened, or-

SUZANNE

You know those mortgage payments are coming up, right? I haven't gotten a single damn update from you, at all.

TODD

Look, I'm working on it, I've just got a lot going through my head right now-

(CONTINUED)

SUZANNE

Is this your fucking mid-life
crisis again?

TODD

What?

SUZANNE

I...come with me.

Suzanne walks toward their bedroom, Todd follows.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS, TODD & SUZANNE'S BEDROOM

Suzanne walks to the nightstand and grabs a POLAROID
PHOTOGRAPH. What's on the photo can't be seen yet. She
walks back to Todd, photo in hand.

SUZANNE

(normal voice, hands photo to
Todd)

I found this again.

Todd grabs the photo. There he sees the contents on the
photo now visible to the screen. It's himself, looking about
3 decades younger. He's surrounded by people of the same
age, including a MAN WITH SWEPT BACK HAIR AND WEARING A
SPORTY POLO.

Names are etched onto each of the people. The man with the
polo Has 'JS' pointed to him.

TODD

(normal voice)

My college ye- wh-where did you get
this, were you looking through my
stuff?

SUZANNE

I was-

Suzanne breaks eye contact from Todd.

SUZANNE (CONT.)

I was just worried about you.
You're stuck on these glory days,
for gods sake. No matter what I've
been doing, you keep moping about
it.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

I..

The photo keeps catching Todd's attention. He walks back to the nightstand, away from Suzanne, placing the photo down for a moment. He turns back to Suzanne.

TODD (CONT.)

I miss those days, okay? My co-workers are fine, but I have no life anymore-

SUZANNE

(cuts off Todd)

What?

TODD

(beat)

I mean, I have a life, with you and Jr. But it's the same pattern every single day. And I can't help but keep missing the friends that I had back in those years.

Suzanne sighs heavily. The silent tension is palpable at this point.

TODD (CONT.)

I miss them, Suzanne. I never hear from them, and, I have no way of finding contact information, all I have is-

SUZANNE

Get the fuck over them, Todd. They're gone. They're gone for good. It's in the past, I've been trying to be nice about it but stop being a pussy and get the fuck over it. What happened to the freelance job?

Todd is silent for a few seconds, his face aghast. Behind his back, his hand is still on the photograph. He sneakily slides it into his back pocket.

TODD

I'm working on it.

SUZANNE

What does that mean? Todd, I need this, we need this, my job alone can't keep this house over us.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

(pause)

Don't worry about it. It'll be fine. At least trust me on this statement for now that it'll be fine. I have a way.

Suzanne sits down on the bed. Her head is in her lap. Todd moves closer to Suzanne, touching her shoulder.

TODD (cont'd)

I think you should get some sleep. I know it's stressful. I told you, I'll take care of it. Get ready to go to bed, and I'll be here in a few minutes. I need to use the bathroom first.

SUZANNE

Okay.

TODD

(walking away from Suzanne)

I love you.

SUZANNE

Yeah.

Lights off. Silence.

CUT TO:

INT. UPSTAIRS, BATHROOM

Todd is looking at the photograph once more. His face makes a grimace the longer he looks at it. He turns to the brown coat. Placing the photo into the pocket, he trades out the syringes simultaneously.

3 syringes. Two empty, cap on. One is filled with a clear liquid, also capped. He takes the cap off the filled syringe, throwing the other two into the trash.

TODD

(to himself, whispering)

Come on, fuck, fuck. I'm not feeling shit.

Todd STABS the needle into his neck, pushing down the liquid into his bloodstream. He takes the syringe and stares at himself in the face, through the reflection of the mirror. His face is tense.

(CONTINUED)

TODD (CONT.)
I need this. I need-

SUDDENLY, Todd's eyes widen open. For a moment, he keels over, his forehead pressing against the sink. He turns his head to see a PURPLE GLOW emanating from his fingertips. He stares at the glowing tips, awestruck.

He shuffles through the cabinet underneath the sink, and finds a light bulb. Grabbing the light bulb, he brings it up to his face. The bulb transitions from its clear, translucent state to a GLOWING, NEON PURPLE, the same as his fingertips.

Silence. Todd places the glowing light bulb on the sink.

TODD (CONT.) (cont'd)
But what does it do-

With the focus on the bulb and Todd in the background, the shot subtly shows Todd impulsively touching his finger and thumb.

The bulb EXPLODES. The explosion causes the bathroom to turn into a BRIGHT PURPLE for a split second, then darkness. The screen stays dark.

CUT TO:

TITLE FADES IN: MAD WORLD.

CUT TO:

EPISODE TITLE: WELCOME TO NEW MANHATTAN

CUT TO:

INT. NEW MANATTAN TECH - GYMNASIUM, DAYTIME

The wide-open gymnasium of New Manhattan Tech School is donned in dark blue, silver, and graphite black, its schools' colors. The bleachers are folded up into the walls.

What fills the usually vacant floor today is a plethora of small tables, each with their own logo and department title.

Policeman, Firefighters, graphic designers, florists, a whole variety of different workers taking up each of their respective stations. Several STUDENTS are standing by the tables

(CONTINUED)

The screen closes in to the NEW MANHATTAN POLICE DEPARTMENT (NMPD) TABLE.

Standing behind the table is OFFICER RYAN ROCK, 30. He's clean cut, black hair gelled back, wearing a white button-up tucked into trimmed brown pants and brown shoes. The NMPD police badge is pinned to his shirt.

Two students stand near the table, filling out clipboards located at the table. Rock incessantly stares at his watch on-and-off, switching between that and giving attention to the students nearby.

The students hand Rock the clipboards, as he takes them in response.

ROCK
(smiles)
Thank you. You'll hear from us soon either via email or phone call. Take care, guys.

The students walk away from the table. JACK SAINT, 48, walks to the table. Other than having a solid tie on, he wears the same outfit as Rock. His hair is also slightly longer, and he has a beard.

Saint stretches his hand out to Rock.

SAINT
(enthusiastically,)
Hey! Sorry that I'm la-

ROCK
Oh, I know a lot about you already, don't worry.

Saint's expression goes from professional to shock, as if he saw an old dead friend.

SAINT
Rock? That you?

ROCK
(smiles)
Good to see you again.

Saint hugs Rock, but Rock remains stiff, only patting Saint on the back.

SAINT
(laughs)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAINT (cont'd)
Holy shit dude. even though we're
on the same force, it's been
forever.

ROCK
Yeah, your private investigations
get you really caught up out of the
office.

SAINT
Yeah, my insomniac days have been
getting longer and longer. Hey, is
that a new cologne.

ROCK
Don't sweet talk me, I still
haven't forgotten that your ass
decided not to show up at 9:30, but
11:30.
(checks watch)
Actually, 11:33. And I didn't even
put cologne on, bruh, I know your
ass can improvise better than that.

Rock turns his head away from Saint

SAINT
(low voice)
Well you still know how to be a
weak-ass bitch.

Rock turns back to Saint, scowling.

CUT TO:

GYMNASIUM - ISAAC AND PETER

ISAAC SAGE, 17, walks through the gym with his friend PETER
PRAEST, 17. They are both wearing the school uniform and
pants. Isaac is wearing a silver polo and black pants,
while Peter is wearing a dark blue polo and black pants.

The pair walk by each of the tables, observing each of them.

PETER
(to Isaac)
So, did you have anything in mind
before getting here?

ISAAC
Oh yeah. Yeah. I saw the...the
graphic designer table and wanted
to check that out.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

That's all you're going for?

Silence between the two.

ISAAC

Oh, um, nah man, I had other things in mind, like the science-related thing.

PETER

What's it called?

ISAAC

It's the, uh. um.

PETER

I never heard of the 'uh. um'

ISAAC

Come on, man

PETER

Why you gotta be so extra?

ISAAC

Wait, what?

PETER

You always do this extra shit, trying to act like you're all prepared for shit beforehand.

ISAAC

Do I really do it all the time

PETER

Yeah, like when we're making plans and you forget and you're like
(mocks Isaac)
'Oh, uh, nah man, I just been busy' like really?

ISAAC

Well shit man, and you're calling my ass extra.

PETER

I have every right to be.

ISAAC

So, so what are you going for here then?

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Well...I saw the list, and I'm digging the Chemists' Circle, but I guess I have to look at the other tables and see what they're offering.

The two observe all the tables around as far as their eyes can see. Isaac then spots Jack Saint by the NMPD Table. With the past history between the two (with Isaac Sage's identity masked by his vigilante alter ego) , Isaac's eyes widen in shock.

CUT TO:

GYMNASIUM - NMPD TABLE

SAINT

Look, I'll make up my tardiness. You want a drink?

ROCK

(scoffs)

I don't care for drinks

SAINT

(scoffs, mocking Rock)

Of course, silly me. Let me open my book of what Rock likes: 3 cubes in his water because 2 wouldn't be cold enough and more than 3 would make it more than watery, which is terrible, I know.

ROCK

I like for you to pick up your slack and get some of these kids to fill out these fucking clipboards we have.

SAINT

Now I finally remember that I don't like seeing your ass

Rock's eyes roll away.

SAINT (CONT.)

(sighs)

I'm fucking with you, I'll make it up for you, man. Obviously. I just gotta...either wait for more kids and you can chill back there or, something.

CUT TO:

ISAAC AND PETER

Isaac begins searching for tables that are far, far away from the NMPD table.

ISAAC

(to Peter)

Hey, why don't we go to that graphic design spot first, they actually have some pretty sweet visuals. Or...

(points opposite of graphic design table)

Isaac points at a table that seems to be hosted by farmers holding pitchforks.

ISAAC (cont'd)

How bout that farmers market? We can learn about vegetation and-

PETER

(cuts off Isaac)

That's not the farmer's market, that's the FWRLP

ISAAC

The..The what

PETER

The Farmers Who Really Love Pitchforks. FWRLP

The screen cuts back to the farmers polishing and subtly licking the pitchforks.

FARMER

We'll get them eventually.

The screen cuts back to Isaac and Peter. Isaac stares, perplexed.

PETER

Oh, there's the Chemists' Circle, right next to that police table.

ISAAC

(inaudibly, to himself)

Fuck. Me.

(CONTINUED)

PETER

Let's go now and just get it over with.

ISAAC

(sighs)

Yeah.

CUT TO:

NMPD TABLE

More students walk away from the NMPD table, as Saint waves them off, holding some signed clipboards.

SAINT

Are you proud of me now?

ROCK

You are proving yourself to be a blessing.

SAINT

My life has been waiting for this moment, for you to say that.

Saint stashes the filled out clipboards underneath the table.

SAINT (CONT.)

Be thankful that we're not getting slow business like those weird pitchfork fuckers.

ROCK

Eh, whatever, I'm feeling a little better now.

SAINT

You say that, but I know you don't mean it.

Saint looks around at the crowd of students. He waves over to a couple of them to come over and they politely decline. He then spots Isaac and Peter walking away from the Chemists' Circle and he waves them over.

SAINT (CONT.)

(to Isaac and Peter)

Hey! Hey, you two!

Isaac notices first but tries to guide Peter into walking away from the table. Peter notices and drags Isaac with him

(CONTINUED)

PETER
Hi, officer.

SAINT
Detective, buddy. Detective Jack
Saint.

Jack shakes Peter's hand enthusiastically, followed by Isaac. Jack tries to be enthusiastic, but Isaac's stiff, anxious body language prevents him from doing so.

SAINT (CONT.)
This here is Officer Ryan Rock.

Rock also shakes the two's hands.

SAINT (CONT.) (cont'd)
We are both a part of the New
Manhattan Police Department. Say,
have you both lived here your whole
life.

PETER
Um, I've been quite a while since I
was 10, but that's not as long as
Isaac, who grew up here his whole
life.

SAINT
(to Isaac)
Well, I didn't catch your name
before Isaac, but nice to meet you.

ISAAC
Likewise.

SAINT
How often do you both follow the
news

ISAAC PETER
Ehhhhh well not as often
as I want to, but yeah

SAINT
Well, I don't know how you two's
schedules are, but say this, how
would you guys like for each of us
to take you on a ride-along?

Isaac's eyes widen. shit.

PETER

For real??

SAINT

For real. How bout I take you and your friend Isaac goes with Stone?

ROCK

Jack are you serious-

SAINT

This'll be great, don't worry about it. Let these two kids be the lucky ones out of a thousand. It'll be a fun adventure.

PETER

I'm down for that, detective Saint.

SAINT

Great!

Isaac lets out a sigh of relief.

ROCK

(to Isaac)

Alright Isaac, let me reintroduce myself then. I'm Officer Ryan Rock of the NMPD. I'll pick you up at the parking lot right after school and-

SAINT

(to Isaac and Peter)

Actually, y'kno what. Why don't you two play a game of who gets to go with me?

ISAAC

No, no, no. No. I'd much rather be interested with Officer Rock's work

SAINT

Oh please, how would you know? Unless you're just trying to imply that you hate me that much

ISAAC

(hesitant)

No...

(CONTINUED)

SAINT

Alright, so flip a coin, play rock paper scissors, I don't care.

ISAAC

Alright, *Peter*, how bout we play one game of rock paper scissors?

PETER

Sure.

Peter and Isaac ready against each other.

ISAAC

Why don't you call out what you're gonna play Peter, it makes the mind games all the more interesting.

PETER

Oh, you don't wanna play that.

ISAAC

I do. I-I do.

PETER

Alright. Watch out, I'm gonna play paper.

The two ready their hands. 'Rock Paper Scissor, shoot!'. Isaac plays out ROCK. Peter plays out ROCK.

ISAAC

Peter what the fuck-

PETER

Damn, you didn't fall for my trick.

ISAAC

Alright, well careful, I might be playing rock again.

Rock Paper Scissor, shoot! Isaac plays out ROCK. Peter plays out SCISSORS.

PETER

Fuck man, I'm no good at reading this reverse psychology

ISAAC

(inaudibly, mouths to himself)
Are you fucking kidding-

SAINT

Well then Isaac, looks like you're coming with me. Well played! Your reward is that you get to leave school early.

PETER

Aw fuck, lucky!

ISAAC

Yay. Wait, how are you gonna get me out of class

SAINT

I'll just say that we're taking you for questioning.

ISAAC

Wait what, don't say that!

ROCK

Saint, don't-

SAINT

(to Rock)

I know, I know, I'm just fucking with the kid. 'Police work', all that flack.

(to Isaac)

Alright Isaac, you got all your stuff

ISAAC

I guess, yeah.

SAINT

Alright, we're heading out then.

Saint grabs Isaac by the shoulder, bringing him in closer. He mouths to him different protocol, like signing a waiver, wearing a bulletproof vest the works. Rock and Peter are left by the NMPD table.

ROCK

(to Peter)

He's an asshole, like always.

CUT TO:

EXT. EARLY AFTERNOON, NEW MANHATTAN ELEMENTARY

Junior sits outside the school in his uniform, dark blue polo and pants. A red Subaru pulls up to the entrance, amongst a line of cars. Jr. gets into the subaru

CUT TO:

INT. RED SUBARU

Todd sits inside the driver seat. He's wearing the BROWN COAT from before. His son walks into the car, sitting in the backseat. Todd's face is now healthy and bright compared to the sickly pale it was before.

TODD

Hey, buddy. How was school?

JR.

Good.

TODD

Awesome, awesome.

JR.

I'm just tired, I wanna take a nap.

TODD

Well hey, dad's gotta make a few trips today, so how about you just relax here in the car?

JR.

I can take off my shoes?

TODD

(chuckles)

Yeah.

Jr. proceeds to take off his shoes.

TODD (cont'd)

But hey, if you make a mess in this car you're walking home alright?

JR.

Yeah yeah, you always say that, dad.

TODD

Heh, well-

(CONTINUED)

An off-screen phone VIBRATION is heard. Todd takes out his phone to see that a reminder to pick Jr. up from school goes off.

He looks through his phone, goes to the reminders app, and TEN REMINDERS is seen, all labeled 'Don't forget to pick up Jr. from school today'. He marks all ten and deletes the reminders.

TODD (CONT.)
Alright, seat belts.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW MANHATTAN ELEMENTARY, NEW MANHATTAN

The Red Subaru drives out of the school driveway, into proceeding city traffic.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - RED SUBARU DRIVING

A montage ensues, showing the Red Subaru driving through the packed city traffic, onto a free roaming highway, and finally to an observatory entrance. The Subaru drives past the entrance sign, labeled 'Elium Enterprises'.

for the sake of backstory, Elium Enterprises has been established as the prime competitor against Sage Foundation at this point. The car driving into here sees this as something critical. This is no small-time homegrown store

CUT TO:

EXT. ELIUM ENTERPRISES ENTRANCE, PARKING LOT

Todd parks the Red Subaru at the far end of the vast parking lot of Elium Enterprises. His view shows the perspective of the vast glass windows showing workers moving about, segmented by white pillar-like architecture.

Todd looks back to see his son asleep in the car. He looks down to his feet for a moment, and looks back at the entrance, making his way in that direction

CUT TO:

INT.ELIUM ENTERPRISES LOBBY

Walking into the lobby, we see once more the vast size of the Elium Enterprises, a very, very big room equipped futuristic-looking dome chairs and smart-board tables, but the negative, open space is offsetted much more despite the future

At the very front is a metal detector and SECURITY GUARDS posted side-by-side. Right after the metal detector is a receptionist desk on the right, opposite from all the furniture mentioned before.

Todd, stopping at the metal detector, is met by the security guard.

SECURITY GUARD

Do you have a badge?

TODD

Um, no, just visiting someone that works here.

The security stares at Todd with zero expression. Like a test. Todd answers back with the same innocent smile he's displayed before.

SECURITY GUARD

Place any belongings that would set off the metal detector, including belts, watches, and shoes.

Todd 'concur's with the provided instruction of the guard. He places his belt and shoes into the metal belt. As he walks through the metal detector. The fingertips display the same subtle purple glow as they did prior. the glowing fingertips GENTLY TOUCH the metal detector.

The metal detector doesn't go off. But there's not a single break in tension. All seems like a normal day.

Todd grabs his belongings, puts his shoes and belt back on, and proceeds to the receptionists' desk.

There, we see the RECEPTIONIST, wearing a poppishly-colored blouse, complemented with patterned ankle-high jeans. Her right hand cradles her head that displays a mighty pout, as the computer screen glares off of her obnoxiously large glasses.

The Receptionist sees Todd walk up. The demeanor prior quickly vanishes, and she smiles her pretty white teeth, making awkwardly ecstatic eye contact.

(CONTINUED)

RECEPTIONIST

Hi there!! How can I help you at
Elium Enterprises today??

TODD

Yes, I need to see your vault.

RECEPTIONIST

Vault?

TODD

Yes. vault. I'm aware that you
have a vault here.

Silence.

RECEPTIONIST

And, I'm sorry, forgive my abrupt
behavior, who might you be?

TODD

I'm Todd.

The receptionists' charismatic stare turns uncomfortable,
for herself more than anyone else around. Everyone's
oblivious.

The receptionist moves her attention to typing on the
computer.

RECEPTIONIST

Last name?

TODD

Rogers.

A CLOSE-UP of Todd's glowing fingertips are seen. His thumb
and the middle finger touch. The middle grows extremely
bright for a split second then retracts back to normal.

SUDDENLY, The metal detector COMBUSTS, SPARKS AND NOISES
filling the once vacant into a disastrous smoky haze. The
receptionist jumps up from her chair.

The security guards stumble out of the smoke, immediately
COLLAPSING while COUGHING hysterically.

A CLOSE-UP shot of the receptionists' aghast expression is
shown.

TODD (O.S.)

(hesitantly)

I'm sorry, but I don't have enough
time for this bullshit.

(CONTINUED)

The sound of a GUN BEING LOADED is heard off-screen. The camera pans out to reveal the gun, armed, being pointed at the receptionist.

TODD (CONT.)

Show me the vault.

(pause)

and the main breaker to this place.

CUT TO:

SAINTS' CAR

Isaac and Saint sit in the letters run-down car. The windows are slightly lowered. The car remains idle, in what seems to be a parking lot, out in the city of New Manhattan.

It's hot. *Really* hot. The sweat is slightly visible on both Isaac and Saint.

Isaac stares out the window, and then back at Saint, tapping his finger like if restless legs syndrome was in his finger.

Saints' attention is immersed into his phone. It can be noticed that he's searching through something.

Then

PHONE GPS

Starting route

SAINT

Finally, fucking shitty signal.

(to Isaac)

Sorry that took so long. Also, sorry for the lack of A.C. Just broke recently

ISAAC

Oh, no, it's fine. I've been through worse.

SAINT

I like that attitude. Hey, what's your full name

ISAAC

Oh, my last name is Sage. No middle na-

SAINT

No shit! *The* Isaac Sage in my ride-along. Small world. Y'kno, I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAINT (cont'd)
was supposed to interrogate you
during the whole arrival of that
vigilante guy.

ISAAC
Wow, what happened with that?

SAINT
(sighs)
Lots of bullshit, honestly. That's
a story for another time

ISAAC
...Well! Well, you have me now, so
why not interrogate me now?

SAINT
Eh, nah. It really doesn't matter
anymore. Bigger cases right now
anyway. You seem like an alright
kid anyway

ISAAC
I appreciate that.

SAINT
Yeah. One sec, let's get going.

Saint revs the engine; the CREAKS of the car's brake can be
heard as he reverses out of the parking spot. The driving
commences.

ISAAC
What's the first spot?

SAINT
A recent development in one of my
cases. You'll get to see how it
all works, and hopefully learn
something life-changing through all
of this.

ISAAC
That's cool.
(lightheartedly)
As long as I get back home by the
evening.

SAINT
Yeah, yeah.
(pause)
So how does it feel? To be running
your own company as the big, young
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAINT (cont'd)
CEO? Must be 'dope', as you kids
say I think.

ISAAC
(chuckles)
I only just started, and they have
me occupying myself with my studies
more often than anything.

SAINT
Well, studies can't be the only
thing you're doing.

Saint glances at Isaac for a moment. The two make eye
contact in that moment. Saint averts his attention back to
the road. Isaac stares out blankly

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE: PHANTOM FIGHT SCENES

a cut of different scenes shows Isaac, in his PHANTOM alter
ego, donned in makeshift hoodie, shock gloves, fitted camo
pants and combat boots, getting into scuffles with different
thugs: Fighting 3 thugs at the same time. Then drop kicking
a thug off a ROOFTOP into a DUMPSTER. and finally slipping
on a railing and stumbling down several flights of stairs

CUT TO:

RETURN TO SCENE

ISAAC
Yeah, I do some boxing cardio.

SAINT
Yeah, you do seem pretty fit.
That's good, especially for kids
your age. Pretty intense cardio

ISAAC
Oh, yeah, yeah. Y'kno, my coach
always says there's being in good
shape, but then there's being in
fighting shape-

SAINT
(cuts off Isaac)
We're here.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC
Al-Alright then.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW MANHATTAN, CRIME SCENE AREA

Isaac and Saint walk out of the car towards an area squared off by yellow CAUTION tape. Surrounded by the scene is multiple officers and investigators. an OFFICER walks up to detective Saint.

OFFICER
Detective, welcome.

SAINT
How's it looking? Same details?

OFFICER
Yeah, but there might be a chance that there may be more to look into other than the usual symptoms of this.

ISAAC
A serial killer?

OFFICER
We have to go now, we just got reports of a third, simultaneous bomb threat. The force is getting pretty divided right now.

SAINT
Understandable, you boys go and do what you're good at, I'll take it from here. Good luck

The officer walks away, breaking eye contact.

OFFICER
Yessir, same to you.

As the officers at the scene drive away off-screen, Saint and Isaac walk to the crime scene, with the leftover forensics team bagging away evidence into ziploc bags. A corpse lies in the middle of the floor. The spot that our duo are walking towards.

SAINT
Alright kid, let's take a look here.

(CONTINUED)

A CLOSE-UP shot of the corpse is seen. it's decrepit, a strange mix of being shriveled up, hair included, but not fully mummified. The eyes are swollen shut, as are the lips swollen inward into a sour-like expression.

SAINT (CONT.)

Extreme dehydration. The attack didn't drag out, but was an instantaneous shock.

ISAAC

What makes you notice that?

SAINT

The limbs, especially fingers and toes are in a more active state. They haven't fully degraded into anything close to relaxed.

ISAAC

Is the blood fresh?

SAINT

Good question. No. Which is a contradiction all on its' own.

ISAAC

It sounds like someone was taking a little too much of those drugs on TV.

SAINT

Yeah, your company would know a lot about that.

Isaac focuses more on the corpse. and THEN, subtly, the body can be seen twitching. Isaac's eyes widen.

ISAAC

Detective, it's twitching.

SAINT

What, the body?

ISAAC

Do you have a knife?

Saint fumbles around in his pockets, finding a small pocket knife. He gestures it to Isaac.

SAINT

Thoughts?

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC
Cut the eyelids.

Saint slowly proceeds with following Isaac's suggestion. He cuts the left eyelid open, revealing a MOVING PUPIL. The movement is erratic, as if the person is terrified. A startled Saint jumps back.

SAINT
No fucking way.

The eyes eventually roll to the back of the corpses head. The twitching stops.

SAINT (CONT.)
...Amazing.
(to Isaac)
Alright, time to report this to
forensics. Nice job.

Isaac nods, a thankful gesture. Saint proceeds to walk away from the body, the camera closes up on the perspective of the body, focusing on Isaac.

CUT TO:

INT. RED SUBARU

Jr., still sleeping, wakes up from his nap. He rubs his eyes in effect to the bright sun beaming on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL BANK

On the small outskirts of New Manhattan is a local, homegrown small bank. It's about the shape of a cube. The Red Subaru parks outside to see the entrance. Out the entrance is Todd, running out with DUFFEL BAGS. He runs past the front windshield of the Subaru.

Opening the trunk, he TOSSES the duffel bags into the empty area. Todd runs back to the driver seat of the car.

JR.
(tired)
Papi, where are we?

TODD
(heavy breathing)
Just need to make a few more stops.

(CONTINUED)

JR.

Papi.

TODD

(starts up car, speeds out of
parking lot)

Yeah?

JR.

I'm hungry.

Todd looks at his son through the rearview mirror.

TODD

(pause)

Now? Can it wait?

JR.

I'm *hungry*.

Todd is silent. The engine is roaring through the background as the car zooms through what appears to be the highway.

TODD

Alright, alright.

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION PARKING LOT

The Red Subaru hastily brakes into the parking lot, directly in front of the entrance to a gas station.

CUT TO:

INT. GAS STATION

A normal-looking gas station, stationed with a TV, playing the New Manhattan Channel 5 news, on the top right corner offsetted from the cash register counter. A CASHIER sits behind the counter watching the TV.

Todd speed-walks in, rushing over the areas. He grabs chips, water, and a pre-cooked burger. He takes it over to the cashier.

CASHIER

How are you doing today?

TODD

Good, good.

(CONTINUED)

Todd takes out his wallet as the cashier scans his items. He opens the opening for his cash to find nothing. He pauses for a moment.

TODD (CONT.)
(inaudible, to himself)
Fucking bitch...

Todd pulls out his debit card.

CASHIER
That'll be 10.98

TODD
Alright. Swipe now?

Todd swipes his card anyway.

CASHIER
Chip.

Todd sighs. He puts the card into the chip slot. 'Approved'. Todd removes the card, and takes the items.

TODD
Have a good one!

CASHIER
You to-

Suddenly, the Cashier's attention is distracted by a BREAKING NEWS alert from the TV. A news reporter pops up on the screen with a camera recording of multiple entrances broken into.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)
Currently developing, a series of
break-ins that have occurred within
the past couple of hours.

CUT TO:

NEWS FOOTAGE: TODD BREAKING INTO BUILDINGS

Footage is revealed of Todd breaking into the entrance, eventually making his way to the main breaker of the building, with the camera suddenly SHUTTING DOWN.

The pattern of this footage loops over and over, showing every building Todd has broken into, from banks, to supermarkets, to big corporations.

(CONTINUED)

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
Police have identified the individual to be the same concurrence throughout the day. He has brought electrical shutdowns to each and all of the buildings he's visited, as well as taking an approximate grand amount of money.

Footage stops at a CLOSE ZOOM of Todd's face.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S., CONT.)
If you see this man, please report him to local authorities.

CUT TO:

RETURN TO SCENE

The cashier connects the face on TV with Todds'. He runs out of the gas station

CUT TO:

RED SUBARU, MOVING

Todd, hastily backing out, drives to the exit-way of the gas station. In his rearview mirror, he can see the gas station trying to sprint to the car.

CASHIER(IN REARVIEW MIRROR)
Hey!!! Hey, get back here!!!

This catches Jr's attention, turning back while his seat belt is still on. The car moves out of the driveway.

JR.
Papi, are you ok?

TODD
Yeah buddy, why?

JR.
That man was chasing us.

TODD
Nah it was nothing, just some senile guy.

JR.
Senile?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Crazy.

Jr. Goes silent. He grabs the burger and chips.

JR.

Thank you papi. I made you something from school.

TODD

Oh, today was arts and crafts?

JR.

Yeah.

TODD

Yeah, just hand it to me later buddy, gotta focus on the road.

Silence.

JR.

...Ok.

CUT TO:

SAINTS' CAR - PARKED

SAINT

Y'kno, you wouldn't do bad as a detective. You've got that keen awareness.

ISAAC

Thanks.

(pause)

So, you're not fazed at all?

SAINT

What do you mean?

ISAAC

You're not shaken up that a corpse was still moving?

SAINT

Well-

Saint is cut off by a sudden off-screen RINGING. He looks at the phone

(CONTINUED)

SAINT (CONT.)

(to Isaac)

One sec, it's my wife

(answers phone, to Aisha
Saint)

Hey baby! Remember I'm on-

AISHA (O.S.)

Hey baby, when you getting home?

SAINT

Probably not until the evening.

But hey, just remember that my
phone-

AISHA (O.S.)

Oh. That's great baby, I've just
been so pent up and horny. I can't
wait for you to play detective and
inspect all over my-

SAINT

(embarrassed, cuts off Aisha)

*Alright, Alright!!! I will call you
later baby bye!*

(hangs up)

Awkward silence fills the air. Isaac is trying to hold in
his laughter

SAINT (CONT.)

(to Isaac)

My...my phone's been stuck on
speaker, so...yeah. Goddammit.

More silence. Isaac breaks out in laughter.

ISAAC

(calms down)

Hey, at least it seems like the
marriage is healthy, as corny as
that shit was.

SAINT

Sounds like you don't have to deal
with the hopeless romantic.

ISAAC

(nods)

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

SAINT

(pause)

But the point I was trying to make before, is that the job is a combination of being desensitized to it all, as well as trying to be desensitized. If I let everything get to me, then I end up losing who I am. You see my point?

Isaac nods

SAINT (cont'd)

This job can be rough sometimes. You lived in New Manhattan your whole life?

ISAAC

Yeah.

SAINT

Well-

SUDDENLY, the phone begins ringing again.

SAINT (CONT.)

Fuck, every time.

(answers phone)

Detective Saint speaking.

ROCK (O.S.)

Saint, this is Ryan. I need your help.

SAINT

What's up?

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

Outside Officer Rock is behind his car on the phone. 3 other police cars are nearby, each with officers in the background, aiming their guns all in one direction, towards the camera.

ROCK

There's been a string of robberies the entire day and the guy who's been doing it is posted up in a bar. He's got hostages.

(CONTINUED)

SAINT (O.S.)
(sarcastic)
Fucking great.
(normal)
Shouldn't you be calling other
units that are accustomed to this
job, like SWAT

ROCK
(sighs)
That's the problem.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - BOMBS, BOMB SQUAD

Bombs posted in different locations are cut in a montage. About 7 bombs. They PULSATE A GLOWING PURPLE. Each bomb is surrounded by a plethora of troops controlling how to defuse the bomb and making sure the situation is evacuated of any civilians.

ROCK (O.S.)
They're all scattered across the city. This guy's got bombs posted all over the place. They're glowing a strange purple. He's probably got the trigger with him.

CUT TO:

RETURN TO SCENE - SAINTS CAR

RYAN (O.S.)
I'm gonna try to defuse this situation. But come over here, the other people here are only cadets, they're guaranteed to make a mistake with a situation this intense.

Silence.

SAINT
...Alright. I'll be there asap, send me your location.

RYAN (O.S.)
10-4.

The phone call ends. Silence between the two

(CONTINUED)

SAINT

(sighs)

Did not think this would happen today. You want me to drop you off?

ISAAC

I'll join you. It sounds like we need whatever help possible.

SAINT

Right.

Saint revs up the car engine.

CUT TO:

RED SUBARU, MOVING

TITLE CARD: 30 MINUTES AGO

Todd is driving across the expressway. He stares blankly as he blinks several times. His expression seems aloof. He looks in the rearview mirror and sees Jr.

TODD

(to JR.)

Hey, buddy?

JR.

Yeah?

TODD

What happened half an hour ago?

JR.

Um..I don't know.

TODD

It's ok. Recall to me the last things you remember. Please?

JR.

Ok. Um. I woke up and we were at...a bank. And you had duffel bags. and then we went to a gas station. and there was a crazy guy trying to chase after us.

TODD

Crazy old guy

(CONTINUED)

JR.
Yeah! And then we've been driving
for some time.

TODD
...I see.

Todd looks at the GPS: '15 minutes away from home'.

JR.
Are you feeling fuzzy again, papi?

TODD
I'll be fine, buddy, don't worry.
It'll be fine.

JR.
Are we almost home? It's been
really long.

TODD
Yeah buddy, almost there.

SUDDENLY, in the distance, is a blurry blockade. Todd slows down, but slowly begins to realize what the blockade is: 3 police cars, lined up side by side. He looks to the left that has the road with oncoming traffic. He can't make a U-turn.

In his thoughts, he looks to the rearview mirror to see his son.

TODD (cont'd)
(to himself)
Too risky.

He looks to the right, seeing a dirt road. Not a legitimate opening, but it might work. Time is running out as he's moving closer to the blockade

TODD (cont'd)
(pause, takes deep breath)
Hold on!

Todd SWERVES TO THE RIGHT, the officers FIRE GUNSHOTS at the vehicle. The SOUND OF BULLETS POUNDING AGAINST THE METAL OF THE SIDE OF THE CAR as he drives onto the dirt road.

Todd accelerates the car faster and faster. The car is not handling the uneven bumpiness of the dirt road very well.

Eventually, Todd sees directions to a bar towards the outskirts of New Manhattan. His only option.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - DAWN

The Red Subaru is parked offside the parking lot. Todd grabs a PACK from the glove compartment, followed by his ammunition and GUNS.

TODD
(to JR.)
I'll be right back. Stay here.

JR.
Will it take long?

TODD
(pause)
I can't say for sure. But stay here, no matter what. I love you.

Jr. nods his head.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW MANHATTAN BAR - DAWN

Patrons of the bar are drinking beers and liquor, with rock music playing in the background. A door SLAMS off-screen, followed by Todd walking into the bar, GUN IN HAND. he FIRES A SHOT INTO THE CEILING. The patrons are terrified

TODD
(yelling)
Nobody fucking move!! Up against walls, all of you!

The bartender pulls out a SHOTGUN, but is SHOT in the stomach immediately. Screams fill the sound so much, it envelopes over the rock music that was playing.

TODD (CONT.)
No one try anything! Against the wall!

CUT TO:

INT. NEW MANHATTAN BAR - DAWN, NOW

INSERT TITLE CARD OVERLAY: NOW

Todd stands in the bar, still having everyone frozen in fear, against the wall that's opposite the bar entrance.

(CONTINUED)

He shuffles through his pocket, to find a CUP OF PILLS. The cup he took from the glove compartment. He stares at the pills, as the camera focuses a CLOSE-UP on the pills.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - CLINIC

The close-up of the pills remains, but now instead of the bar in the background, it is a white clinic.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Now, you have to remember to take
this at least twice a day

Now seen is a YOUNGER TODD, about 35, looking down at the pills. the DOCTOR, 28, stands across from him.

DOCTOR

Todd?

YOUNG TODD

I'm sorry. I'm still a bit
lightheaded.

DOCTOR

Did you hear what I said?

YOUNG TODD

Yes. Twice a day.

DOCTOR

Correct. Now there are days where
you may not feel yourself, or
you're feeling some extreme side
effects like nausea. But you
must continue to take them.

YOUNG TODD

Okay.

(pause)

Will this cure me, doctor?

DOCTOR

(long pause)

...No. This will slow down the
corruption. From what it seems
like, you can't recall events,
locations, or items, but your
recollection of people and their
names stay with clarity.

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG TODD

How long will it slow down for?

DOCTOR

I can't say for sure. I'd give it for another 2 decades, and then you'll start your memories about the people will start degrading too.

YOUNG TODD

(sighs)

I...I don't know what to do with myself.

DOCTOR

Do you have loved ones? friends, family?

YOUNG TODD

The remainder I have, yes.

DOCTOR

This is a long shot, but take this to heart. Spend time with them. I think because you're still remembering them must mean something. The more you spend time with them, the more it could be possible that the memory loss won't spread.

YOUNG TODD

(smiles)

That's reassuring for me. Thank you.

DOCTOR

But remember the medication, even if there are days where you're not feeling yourself. It'll help, trust me. What I recommend doing is setting reminders for all your events. Especially if it's a long trip, make 10 reminders or so to remind yourself where you're at.

CUT TO:

RETURN TO SCENE

A close-up of the pills, back in the bar.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Can I trust you with that?

Todd drops the pills to the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

An OVERVIEW SHOT of the cars surrounding the only entrance to the bar. Saints' Car pulls up to the scene. Saint and Isaac get out of the car.

SAINT
(to Isaac)
Alright, number 1 thing is to stay behind the car at all times, we don't know what will happen.

ISAAC
Any ideas about those bombs?

SAINT
Nope, gotta handle one thing at a time. Stay put.

Saint walks away from Isaac, and approaches the car Ryan Rock is standing next to.

SAINT (cont'd)
Hey. What's the situation?

ROCK
Cadets are making sure all civilians are nowhere near the vicinity. I'm gonna try to negotiate with the culprit now.

Rock steps halfway into his car, coming back out with a MEGAPHONE in hand.

Rock looks at Saint, making eye contact with a nearby BULLETPROOF VEST.

ROCK (cont'd)
(to Saint)
I can't promise anything.

(CONTINUED)

ROCK (THROUGH MEGAPHONE, OR M.P.)
This is Officer Ryan Rock of the
NMPD, we have you surrounded.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR

Todd looks shaken up, at a glance. Bad. He scowls and
walks toward the nearby window.

ROCK (O.S.)
Please come out-

TODD
(screaming)
*Get out of here! Get out of here,
now!*

BACK TO:

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

TODD (FROM THE WINDOW)
*I have people in here, and I have
bombs around the city, get the fuck
out of here!*

ROCK
Look, there's other ways to this.

No response.

ROCK(CONT.)
Who am I speaking with?

Silence.

Inside the bar, Todd begins to have a bad headache. His
TEETH GRIT as he places pressure on the temple of his
forehead.

ROCK(CONT.)(O.S.)
What I have to say is that there's
ways we can handle this without
guns, and you don't have to go out
like this. We can still fix this.
You still have time.

Todd continues to clutch his head.

FLASH WHITE TO:

FLASHBACK -CELEBRATION

A silent montage of a Young Todd cheerfully celebrating with other people around his same youthful age. He can see their faces but nothing else. There's no signification to what the celebration is centered around.

RETURN TO SCENE

The focus is back on Ryan Rock, outside the bar.

ROCK(M.P.)

Give me something that I can call you. Can you give me a name that I can call you by? It doesn't have to be your real name. it's okay.

TODD

T-Tim, it's Tim!

ROCK(M.P.)

Alright, Tim...Tim, I'm gonna move closer.

TODD

Don't!

ROCK(M.P.)

I'm not gonna come in, I'm not. Just wanna talk without this megaphone.

Rock places down the megaphone. A behind-the-camera shot pans out as he walks to the window of the bar.

TODD

If I see you, all these people are dead!

ROCK

We're good. It's okay. Tim, I don't think I ever met you. But listen. How many people are inside with you

TODD

A lot, there's a lot. There's a bunch of them.

ROCK

Do you have any hostages then?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

*(pause, shaky)**I'm not that kind of guy, alright,
I'm not, I took the money and
that's all I wanted, I'm not gonna
hurt them.*

ROCK

Alright. I understand. Can you
let them out?

TODD

*(pause)**Not gonna happen, no, it's not
happening. They're mine now.*

ROCK

You're entering down a very bad
path, alright. If goes any
further, I'll have to charge you
with hostages and we don't want
that.

TODD

*Y-you gotta back up, you gotta back
out.*

ROCK

You know I can't leave, Jack. Just
let them out.

Isaac and Saint can be seen, two separate shots of them,
looking in silence. The tension is palpable.

Cutting to Isaac, he goes into Saint's car, grabbing his
backpack. Back behind the car, kneeling, he takes out his
SHOCK GLOVE: A black padded glove. Stitched on it are some
dome-like shapes surging with a constant kinetic energy.

Back to Todd and Officer Rock.

TODD

*Get back into your car alright, you
have to get back into your car.*

ROCK

I'm backing out. I'm still here,
but I'm backing out.

TODD

Alright...
*(to hostages, waves gun
erratically)**(MORE)*

(CONTINUED)

TODD (cont'd)
*Get out! Get out of here! I'm
letting them go..*

Cut to Isaac: he's about to put his shock glove on. he turns back, observing the bar entrance.

Cut to the bar entrance: The hostages begin running out frantically. Cadets wave over the hostages one by one, getting them out of the zone.

Back to Isaac: He stops. Nodding, he removes the glove from his hand. It's his home, but right now, this isn't his fight. The tension seems slightly more relieved.

Back to Todd and Rock.

ROCK
That's good, Tim.

TODD
Get out! Alright, they're all out.

ROCK
Good, good. I appreciate that.
We're talking now, that's good.
Now Tim. What's it gonna take to
come out, wi-

TODD
*I'm not coming out with my hands
up, it's not happening.*

ROCK
Do you wanna know your options?

TODD
Yeah...ye-yeah.

ROCK
Here's your options, ok. You let
yourself out, gun down, hands up.
I put some handcuffs on you and we
talk about this. Or, myself and
these other officers are gonna come
inside. You know what happens when
we come in, right Tim?

TODD
(shaky)
When you come inside, things are
gonna go bad. I don't want this to
happen to you guys.

ROCK

I don't want this to happen to you either Tim, and I know you don't want this. You're better than this, I can hear it in your voice...am I right, Jack?

Silence. The pain within Todd becomes worse as time goes on. Time is running out. The fingertips still GLOW PURPLE.

TODD

No, no! You're not right! I'm not trying to hurt anybody.

ROCK

I know you're not-

TODD

I will trigger the bombs!

ROCK

I know you're not trying to hurt anybody Jack, I know you're not trying to hurt me either

TODD

I want you to get away

Saint readies his gun. Rock raises his hand up to him.

JACK

(to Saint)

Hold on,

(to Todd)

Jack. Jack, listen. You have family, right?

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE: TODD'S FAMILY

It's the greyish, fuzzy space, but Todd can see the faces of his wife and child. His wife and him are sitting in mid-air. Smiling at each other. He puts a diamond ring on her finger.

Todd is standing by himself. He's handling with something.

TODD'S WIFE (O.S.)

I need th- We need this money to stay afloat, okay? We can't lose control.

Todd is cradling Jr. as an infant. It's as if he was just born.

(CONTINUED)

JR. (O.S.)
I got you something.

RETURN TO SCENE

Todd's sweat is magnifying.

TODD
My family is the only thing that matters alright, I don't you or anyone to do anything to jeopardize that.

ROCK
(pause)
I'm not, as long as you cooperate.
Do you have a wife and kid, Tim?

Silence. The tense expression on everyone's face re-tightens.

ROCK (CONT.)
Come on Tim, keep talking to me.

Cut to a close-up of Todd. His hands are shaken, so clear that it's the least subtle thing right now.

ROCK (O.S., CONT.)
You can keep doing this

Back to Rock.

ROCK (CONT.)
You can get out of this, just keep talking to me.

Silence.

ROCK (CONT.) (cont'd)
Jack, come on man, I don't like silences.

TODD
Don't, don't do this, just don't-back away, back away.

ROCK
I'm backed away man, I'm backed away. But there's a couple of things I got to ask. What's it gonna take for you to come up with your hands up and to let go of that trig-

(CONTINUED)

TODD

*Walk away, walk away from this bar
and nobody will get hurt, no bombs
will go off!*

ROCK

You know I can't do that, Tim

TODD(CONT.)

Alright there's people in here.

ROCK(CONT.)

I thought you sent out all the-

TODD

*Nope, there's plenty of people in
here! There's plenty near the
table, the barkeep, at the corners,
there's plenty!*

ROCK

Tim, if you let them go right now
to where it's just you and I,
this'll look way better for you
alright? Do you understand?

The close-up of Todd shows him nearly sobbing. It's unsure whether it's the pain causing him this, or the road he's taking, or a little of both.

ROCK (O.S.)

There's no need to jeopardize their
lives-

Cut to Rock.

ROCK(CONT.)

Don't bring them into. This is
between you and me. Bring them
back to their families.

Silence.

ROCK(CONT.) (cont'd)

Jack, listen to me-

Jack pushes his index finger and thumb together.

CUT TO:

BOMB

A bomb, surrounded by SWAT members, EXPLODES INTO A NEON PURPLE GAS. The swat police are engulfed by the smoke, not before seeing their clothing evaporate to their muscles, then to their skeletons.

The remaining forces outside look in shock, as the mushroom cloud of neon purple towers up to the height of a skyscraper.

The COMMISSIONER, behind a unit car, looks in terror. A walkie-talkie is held in his hand.

COMMISSIONER

He blew it up...

(raises walkie-talkie, presses button)

All units, he blew up the first bomb! Use all necessary force on him. Wait...

The commissioner checks the walkie. He presses it multiple times. It's broken. The police begin to check all nearby electronics. All have ceased to function.

COMMISSIONER

Fuck, fuck, *fuck!!!!*

(to Officer)

How fast can we drive there?

OFFICER

Even if we bypassed traffic...not fast enough.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BAR

Rock's negotiation continues at the same pace. It's left off where he last was.

ROCK(CONT.)

Jack, you got a family to think about. Some sort of significant other and children

TODD

(clutches head, pause)

I got one kid alright, I got one kid!

(CONTINUED)

ROCK

A boy?

TODD

That's...*That's none of your
goddamn business!*

ROCK

Either way, you got a kid, someone
to go home to. You wanna go home
to that kid, right?

(pause)

Am I right?

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE: TODD AND JR.

The same setting as Todd's previous flashback. The grey is
turning more white, things are becoming harder to see, but
the face is still rough visible enough to interpret.

He helps Jr. up, back onto something.

ROCK (O.S.)

Jack, think about your kid. What's
it gonna take?

Moments of different expressions of the two laughing are
seen, until an eventual FADE TO WHITE.

RETURN TO SCENE

ROCK(CONT.)

For you to get outside and come
talk to me.

Todd grits his teeth, looking up at the ceiling of the bar.

TODD

You gotta...You gotta come in here
with your hands down and talk to me
man to man, and then I'll put my
gun away as well and we can talk
like men.

ROCK

You're gonna put your gun away, and
anything else, If I come in there?

TODD

You come in here, I will put all
hostile weapons away.

Rock looks to Saint, the two stare at each other intensely,
but only for a glance. Rock turns back.

(CONTINUED)

ROCK

Okay, but here's how this is gonna work out. You gotta have some faith in me, okay? I'm putting a lot of trust in you right now. A lot of trust. Here's how this is gonna work. I'm gonna come in, but I'm gonna have my gun holstered, low and ready, not pointing.

TODD

No, no, I can't have that man, I can't have that, just like how you can't have me doing that as well.

ROCK

Tim-

TODD

What would you think if I was doing that?! I'll put my gun down and away if I walk here. My gun's down if you come in here.

ROCK

Alright. You'll do that?

TODD

My gun will be away. It'll be away.

ROCK

(pause)

Alright, I'm coming in. My gun's down and away. Keep in mind Tim, there's other cops around. If something happens to me, something will happen to you. Does that make sense?

TODD

(upset)

I understand, I understand, I understand.

ROCK

My gun's down Tim, I'm coming in through the door.

TODD

I don't see it, I don't see it

(CONTINUED)

ROCK
(points)
It's here.

TODD
(pause)
Alright, I'm putting it away.

Rock moves to the bar door. He peers through the door. No sign of Todd. But he sees the gun laying on the ground.

ROCK
Tim just let me see your hands man,
so I know. I need to see them.

TODD(O.S.)
Alright-

Todd moves in sight of the bar door window.

TODD (CONT.)
It's here.

ROCK
Alright Tim, I'm gonna come in.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR

Rock steps into the bar. Tim has his hands up. The gun is still on the floor.

ROCK
(raises hands)
I got no weapons, look.

Rock gently takes his foot towards the gun on the floor. He eventually plants his foot firmly on the gun.

ROCK(CONT.)
(hands still raised)
Let me take this so we're even.
It's alright.

Rock turns his head down, then to the side in confusion. From a shot of his perspective. It looks like the magazine from the gun is empty.

Off-screen, the sound of A GUN COCKS BACK.

(CONTINUED)

TODD
*Alright, now get down on the
fucking ground.*

ROCK
Tim, listen-

TODD
I don't want you to fucking-

TODD (CONT.)
(screaming)
*I know, I know how fucked up this
is, trust me I know.*

ROCK
Tim, please-

TODD
(hysterical, screaming)
*I-I see you're pointing at, don't
fucking do it! I will pull the
fucking trigger, I will pull right
now.*

ROCK(CONT.)
Just listen-

TODD
Get all the way in here!

ROCK
Alright, alright, alright.

Todd forcefully guides Todd to the back walls of the bar.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT

The sun is setting. Saint, Isaac and the other officers can see through the window that Todd has apprehended Rock. Saint goes for the megaphone

Isaac goes for the shock glove, but then gets a vibration from his smartphone. He checks the phone. A notification saying "BREAKING: BOMB GOES OFF IN NORTHERN DISTRICT, SEVERAL DECEASED". Isaac's eyes widen.

If he tells Saint, there's a chance Todd may hear it, and kill Rock. He looks at the glove once more.

CUT TO:

INT. BAR

TODD

*Your back facing me right now,
don't you fucking turn!*

ROCK

Tim-

TODD

*Back towards me, if any of your
guys come in here, it's gonna end
real bad, in a very bad fucking
way.*

SAINT (O.S., M.P.)

Tim, this is Jack Saint of NMPD,
this is not the way to go

TODD

(to himself, inaudible)

Jack Saint?

(to Rock, not looking)

*I see you standing there, and you
better not make any moves or I
will-*

ROCK

Tim, don't-

TODD

(screaming, to Saint)

*I will execute your partner right
here on site!*

(to Rock, whispering)

*I'm not, I'm not, gonna hurt you,
who I'm...I'm?*

SAINT (M.P)

*I'm not doing anything, trust me
Tim, just listen to me. This is
the wrong way to go, you have an
officer hostage.*

TODD

(screaming)

It's not me okay, it's-

SAINT (M.P)

*This has gone way beyond than what
it has to be-*

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Exactly, we're past the point of no return, ain't we?

SAINT (M.P)

No, no, the way you're doing this, it's just not the way. There's a way past this.

Cut to Isaac: Isaac is shuffling through his backpack. From out the backpack, he pulls out a BLACK POCKET KNIFE. He places the glove down on the concrete floor.

TODD (O.S.)

There's no, don't tell me-

He begins METICULOUSLY PICKING at the bulb-like elements of the shock glove.

TODD (O.S., CONT.)

There's no way-

Back to Saint, Todd, & Rock

TODD (CONT.)

There's no proper fucking way to do this alright, I know how these robberies and crimes go down, I've seen the news about this city, I-I don't know, I..

(inaudible)

I just wanna remember.

SAINT (M.P)

Tim, there is a way...

ROCK

Just listen to us. listen to him-

TODD

No, no, no, one more fucking thing and I'll pull the trigger. Both triggers. I'm pulling it, unless you just let us walk out of here!

SAINT (M.P)

Tim...

TODD

We're gonna walk out slowly, like this never happened-

(CONTINUED)

Cut to Isaac: The meticulous cutting is now more of a rapid cutting. Isaac's face is redder, his face less relaxed. WIRES underneath the glove are now visible as the cutting continues.

Cut to Saint: Saint puts down the Megaphone, and checks the ammunition on his pistol. He loads up. In position, he walks towards the bar door.

On Todd's end, there's been silence.

TODD (cont'd)
(silence, then screaming)
I'm pulling the tri-

SUDDENLY, Saint KICKS OPEN THE DOOR. He quickly raises his gun directly at Todd, but not as fast as the latter.

Yet. Todd doesn't shoot. Instead, he's aghast, as if he saw a person come back from the dead.

FADE WHITE TO:

FLASHBACK - MONTAGE: TODD'S MEMORIES

A silent, montage of Todd's memories in his college youth come flooding back. For this moment, he's remembering everything in that time frame. Partying, studying, falling in and out of love, painting. Then, a memory of when he took that polaroid

RETURN TO SCENE

Without hesitation on Saint's end, he FIRES 3 CONSECUTIVE SHOTS at Todd. The first shot hits Todd in the liver area. Todd stumbles back, crashing into the wall. the second shot COLLIDES into Todd's heart. The 3rd shot is in the abdomen.

Todd falls down to the ground. He observes something off-screen. The camera pans to what catches his attention. The glowing purple on his hand, now covered in blood.

He struggles to bring his fingers together with his thumb. This is his last shot. If he ditches the rest of the charges, he can make one last charge bomb and maybe escape.

A MUFFLED THUD is heard as Saint's boot STOMPS on Todd's bloodied wrist. Todd can still move his fingers. Inch by inch they move closer

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Remarkable.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - DOCTOR'S OFFICE

The doctor, holding folders of papers, shuffles through them one by one. A dull-faced Todd sits across from him

DOCTOR
It's the strangest form of
Alzheimers I've seen in my personal
career.

This appears to brighten up the expression on Todd's face.

DOCTOR (cont'd)
I wasn't trying to sugar coat when
I said reconnect with past friends
and relatives. When you see these
people, your memories seem to come
back again. Sure, they fade away
eventually, give or take several
months, but it's like jump-starting
a car.

RETURN TO SCENE

DOCTOR (O.S.)
You're giving yourself more energy
to keep moving

The fingers grow closer. The glow grows brighter.

Cut to Isaac: Teeth gritted, the cutting has now turned into a stabbing. Isaac STABS the glove like a hammer.

Back to Todd: the fingers get closer

DOCTOR (O.S.) (cont'd)
Find the ones in your past life,
revisit them, catch a drink,
whatever the fuck. Live a bit!

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - TODDS' BEDROOM

SUZANNE

They're gone okay?! You need to
grow the *fuck* up, and move on.
They won't help.

RETURN TO SCENE

Todd moves his fingers closer. There's a sense of struggle to keeping his eyelids open.

Isaac finally BREAKS the bulb of the glove, causing a RADIAL WAVE OF ELECTROSTATIC to disperse, across the several miles of New Manhattan.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - BOMBS

The waves reach each and every one of the bombs. The glowing purple fades away, leaving only the opaque vessels

RETURN TO SCENE

The GLOWING FINGERS fade. No more. The camera moves over to Todd's eyes closed. His body, not moving.'

The scene is silent, only overlaid with an instrumental of "REDBONE 70s Remix" by Childish Gambino.

The EMT comes in to check his pulse. Rock is standing up, looking down at Todd's body along with Saint. The EMT turns to the two, shaking his head side to side.

Removing evidence, Saint comes across the POLAROID Todd had in his coat. He's shocked by the sight of it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT. EVENING

The sun dips lowly in the horizon now. The dark blue overcasts strongly overtake the warm orange gradient of the sunset.

Rock walks out with Saint, his head lowered. The two nod at each other, and go their separate ways.

Sound returns. Isaac approaches Saint, now cradling (and hiding) his BURNT ARM.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC
Saint...what happened?

Silence. No response. Saint walks straight to the car.
Isaac follows.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - TODD'S DEATH

Confirming Todd's death to the police, news reports surface, spreading like wildfire in the ensuing response. Headlines ranged from 'The Terror in New Manhattan Continues' to 'Several dead in one day after bomb attack'.

Investigating the scene at the Bar, police eventually find a frightened Todd JR., still in the car where Todd left him.

EMTs investigate the remains left of those killed by the bomb, as the Commissioner shakes his head in grief.

Two officers arrive to the residence of the Rogers', one of them holding Jr. His wife walks out to the front. Inaudibly, the officers tell her something as she cradles Jr. Her face sours up. She bursts into tears.

CUT TO:

SAINTS CAR - EXPRESSWAY, MOVING

Saint and Isaac sit in the car, as the two continue to drive down the expressway. Their faces are clearly stressed. The only sound is the muffled car riding through the winds on the highway.

The silence finally breaks

SAINT
(to Isaac)
You sure you don't need that arm checked?

ISAAC
You...you shot him. Right?

SAINT
(deep pause)
I knew him.

Silence.

(CONTINUED)

SAINT (cont'd)

Back in college. I met him back then. We were pretty tight. But, when I walked in there, I didn't even recognize him. It wasn't that he looked different. It wasn't that I was 'in the moment'. I...forgot.

ISAAC

That's fucked..

SAINT

Yeah. He had a polaroid of us when we were younger. At this one bar.
(chuckles)
I remember that night when I looked at the picture, because, right after that some frat dude smashed a beer can on his head too hard and slumped to the floor.

Isaac smirks. Then there's silence.

SAINT (cont'd)

I could've helped him. He was alone.

ISAAC

Don't do that to yourself.

SAINT

It's true. From what it looks like, he became another victim to this city. It never hit me before, because I didn't *know* the other victims.

(deep pause)

You feel like you know it all until a shift like this happens.

Isaac looks inward. In the past year of his vigilantism, he never saw the consequences of a man dying. A man that was on that same side of crime, on the edge of madness.

SAINT (cont'd)

You've been here for your whole life, but..Welcome to New Manhattan.

Isaac scowls in response, being told something that he's already aware, something that he's secretly experienced more on a personal level. He stares out the window.

(CONTINUED)

ISAAC
Right.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF ISAAC'S HOUSE

Isaac's house, what seems to be a bizarre cut-out since it has the suburban layout plastered in the middle of the city metropolis of New Manhattan. Saints car pulls up.

SAINT
Have a good night, Isaac.

Isaac gets out of the car.

ISAAC
You too, detective.

Saint is about to roll up the windows.

ISAAC (CONT.)
Oh, and hey-

SAINT
(stops rolling up window)
Yeah?

ISAAC
It was a pleasure, detective.

Saint smirks. He rolls up the window. The car drives, Isaac still standing there. He begins walking back, with the camera panning up to a full moon, between a fitting gap made by two skyscrapers.

The instrumental of "REDBONE" by Childish Gambino kicks off.

CUT TO BLACK

END