

The Revolutionist

EP. 3 Friends in high places...

INT:THE SHADE-BOOKIE-NIGHTTIME

CUT TO:

Multiple people all gambling in different ways. Digitally people bet all interacting with robots or holograms.

ELI(V.O.)

43 % of people in England gamble at least once lower than that to about 35 to be sure that they're regulars and that's still 19.6 million people.

People of all ages and some even under 18 play. Some people REJOICE more sit with their head in their hands.

ELI(V.O.)

Everyone knows the basic truth of gambling. In the end the house always wins. But deep it. There's this thing called the house's edge. It's the odds the casino has at you losin. Every game in any casino always has a higher chance of winning than you.

The camera TRACKS backwards along rows and rows of slot machines all different games with a person seated at each one.

ELI(V.O.)

The slots got the highest chance which means you ain't gonna win anything with those unless you can hack mid game without being caught.

A person rage quits KICKING a slot machine and is promptly kicked out.

ELI(V.O.)

Machines never malfunction on their own, the longer you play the more you lose. So how do you beat the house? You don't...You beat the other people in it.

Multiple faces all seated around a table. One of a middle aged middle Eastern man, an old white man 2 black guys and Eli.

Everyone's eyes are glued on their CARDS. But Eli's looking at everyone else's.

ELI

Card games played with other people have odds closest to 50-50.

The Middle Eastern puts down his cards. They're two of a pair.

The white man folds.

One of the black guys puts down a three of a kind.

BLACK GUY 1
(Boastful)

Yeah yeah!

BLACK GUY 2

Fucks sake!

All the players turn their attention to Eli.

BLACK GUY 1
Well watchu got?

ELI

Damn.

The black guy smiles. The smile disappears.

ELI

I wanted a full house, guess a flush will have to do.

PING! PING! PING! PING! Eli looks casually at his WATCH as the multiple deposits enter his account. Eli gets up and walks over to a counter.

ELI

Good game.

The counter, a woman (late 20s) at the counter looks at Eli interested.

COUNTER

Four wins in one night. You one lucky kid.

ELI

(Shrugs)

It's minor. Just played my cards right.

(V.O.)

With some help from a personalised A.I.

COUNTER

How much did you steal this time?

Eli TAPS his watch on a SCANNER, it counts up to 9000.

COUNTER

You play often?

ELI

Only when it suits me. Honestly if there was another way to make money I'd do that but-

COUNTER

Nothing hits like quick money right?

Eli

(Pauses)

Yeah, but this money ain't for me.

A compartment in the counter SLIDES out with nine BANDS inside.

ELI

Thanks.

COUNTER

A noble cause payin bills for the family. I would say quit while you're ahead. But something tells me you already know that.

ELI

(Collecting cash)

I would say, don't worry I got it under control, but I'm guessin you've heard that before. But trust me I do. Oh yeah, almost forgot.

Eli PLACES one of the bands on the counter, PASSING it to her. The woman looks at him shocked.

ELI

(Nods to CCTV camera)

Do me a favour, delete my record of arriving here. I know this is the only camera that records customers but I'd prefer if nobody knew I was here.

The lady looks at the money and back at Eli. She casually takes it and HIDES it under her side of the counter.

COUNTER

Understood.

Eli
(Smiles)

Thanks.

Eli walks out.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-ELI'S HOUSE-BEDROOM-LATER

Eli puts the Eight bands in a SHOE BOX and PUSHES it under his bed beside 4 other boxes.

ELI(V.O.)

54,000 in less than three months, it's more than enough to get us a new place but she'd worry about where I got it, I ain't tryna buy her a new heart.

A.I.(V.O.)

Now just repeat this process in more randomly chosen casinos and you'll be completely untraceable.

ELI

Including random events and unforeseen setbacks, how much can I make by the end of the year?

A.I.(V.O.)

Over 100,000.

ELI

I need a better way to hide this. Wait did you say 100,000?

A.I.(V.O.)

Yes.

ELI

Shit, I need to clean this.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-METTLE TESTER-EARLY MORNING

Eli and a sparring robot stand in the ring,

ELI

Level 23

Eli puts his fists up. The robot does the same. Other techwearers stand watching from the side.

BEAT

ELI(V.O.)

Speed 20% Pain 100%.

ELI

In a BLUR closes the distance between him and the robot and UPPERCUTS.

ROBOT

DODGES STEPPING back it lets off THREE JABS

The fist ROCKET towards the CAMERA. But suddenly it slows to slo mo and its saturation increases.

ELI

Keeps his head still until the last second of each punch TILTING his head to the side.

ROBOT

Goes in for a HEAVY LEFT HOOK. Eli GRABS that arm PULLING the Robot off balance.

From the Robot's POV Eli RAISES his fist eyes glimmering purple.

BANG!!! Eli's fist CRUNCHES the head of the machine, the neck has multiple small parts fly off.

The onlooking fighters all give off various surprised reactions.

The robot STUMBLES around the ring GLITCHING from the hit

ELI(V.O.)

(CHUCKLES)

That all you got?

Eli lets off a smirk.

ELI

Level 28.

The robot freezes. Then a new set of armour and machinery is CONFIGURED around it. It bulks up and increases in height. And its neck snaps back into place.

Eli looks up at the machine.

ELI

Come den.

DOOF!! An extendable arm SMACKS Eli in the middle of the FACE.

ELI

Crashes into the ropes of the ring, blood running down his face. Eli nostrils FLARE. He JUMPS back up.

ROBOT

COILS its extendable arms before LAUNCHING them at Eli.

ELI

DUCKS under the first fist.

ELI(V.O.)

Strength 21%

ELI

DEFLECTS the second leaping in the air FLIPPING over the robot's head his body bends backwards and snaps back as a two fisted SLAM descends.

DOOOOM!!!

The robot buckles from the strike.
But reruns with an UPPERCUT.

BAM!

Eli's vision FLASHES white

CUT TO:

The vision of blood splattering out of his chest when he was slashed by the bodyguard in EP 1 replays.

CUT BACK TO:

Eli's eyes burn with determination, incinerating the fear. He lands.

ELI

No.

ELI

DARTS towards the robot but his time moves unpredictably LEAPING randomly left and right back and forth. He then BOLTS right in front of the robot and drops SWEEPING its legs. Everything becomes clear again and time slows down. The robot cascades toward the floor slowly.

ELI(V.O.)

Speed 30!

BABABAMBABBABAAA!!!

Eli JABS six times his fists brown blurs he leaps back and the robot practically EXPLODES as it's parts fly off from each hit.

The robot flops to the floor; the only signs of operation are sparks and electric noises.

Eli looks down at the destroyed robot and back at the other fights who are awestruck.

ELI(V.O.)

I need a new place to train.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-ELI,S NEIGHBOURHOOD-MORNING

Eli walks yawning. He rubs the dry blood over his lips STARING at the crusted blood on his hand, he then TOUCHES his chest.

ELI

(EXHALES)

Pull up the memory of me getting slashed.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-JUNKYARD-NIGHTTIME

The POV of Eli replays. Eli swallows at the sight of his own blood.

ELI

Go further back.

The video rewinds to Louis talking to Beamer.

LOUIS

I know you people aren't very bright so I'll explain what that means. My father is the man who made what you're wearing and using to threaten me.

Eli squints upon hearing Louis' statement.

ELI

His dad? His dad is-

(Realisation)

Go further back to when I was talking to Beamer when we left the club.

The video rewinds further and Eli's POV has him walking and then looking down at Beamer's robotic arm. It has in small print. 'DEADALUS INDUSTRIES'.

ELI

Pull up the top investors and CEOs of Deadalus industries.

The screen shows 18 men.

ELI

Go back to where the rich kid said his surname.

The screen returns to Eli's POV and fast forwards.

LOUIS

(Irritated)

It's Louis Bellington.

ELI(O.S.)

Search Louis Bellington. Speak.

A.I.(V.O.)

Louis Bellington late son and heir to the assets and property of William Bellington. A CEO and benefactor of the company Deadalus Industries. The most powerful technological and bio-technological company in England, arguably the world.

Eli opens the front door, And heads straight for his room.

ELI's MOM(O.S.)

Hello?

Eli pauses.

ELI

(Distracted)

Oh, Hey mom. Sorry, the shift I had was an overnighter.

ELI'S MOM(O.S.)

It's fine, do you want some fried rice?

ELI

Yeah, thanks mom.

Eli sits on his bed. He stares at the photos of the 18 CEOs

ELI(V.O.)

(Worried)

How powerful are these men?

A.I.(V.O.)

Each one of them owns at least 20 billion pounds; they are some of the most financially powerful men on earth.

ELI(V.O.)

(Whisper)

How likely is it that William Bellington wants revenge for his son?

A.I.(V.O.)

Highly likely.

CUT TO:

INT: SUNNYSIDE-MANSION-MORNING

Bellington sits on a sofa. Hand over his mouth thinking. Three other men sit in other chairs around him. They sit in silence. One of them is chubby with a fixed frown on his face, looks like he can't take the silence anymore.

FIXED FROWN

You'll find him. When you do, he will suffer.

BELLINGTON

Suffering isn't enough. I don't even know if it is a HE. I don't know anything, the police are useless at their jobs and the bounty hunters can't be put on a leash.

Another man whose hair is clearly wilting stands up to get a drink.

WILTING HAIR

Who did you hire?

BELLINGTON

All of them. All of the best anyway.

FIXED FROWN

Including The Naturalist?

BELLINGTON

Yes.

WILTING HAIR

Then it's as good as done.

A gruff voice joins the conversation. The voice belongs to an older man (early 60s).

GRUFF VOICE

No it isn't. You don't know who you're dealing with. Someone from Shadyside was able to kill all your handpicked bodyguards. That's not some street thug. That sounds like a highly trained individual. Plus you don't know what Lou-

BELLINGTON

I know, that there's a lot I don't know. But I do know what my son was doing there. He was collecting a product.

GRUFF VOICE

What kind of product.

BELLINGTON

Some Techwear.

The four men all sigh.

WILTING HAIR

Fucking Techies.

FIXED FROWN

My daughter was talking to me about wanting to get a tech implant less than a week ago.

GRUFF VOICE

The criminals from below have always managed to slither into our children's circles for generations, but they know not to hurt them or they'd be forced to deal with us.

WILTING HAIR

Meaning?

Bellington gets up. Looking out of his window, the entire view of all of Sunnyside shines before him and far off a dark hole leading to The Shade.

BELLINGTON

Meaning whoever did this either did so on accident or has been planning this for a very, very long time. They knew who they're dealing with.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-ABANDONED BUILDING-LATER

Red stands in front of 17 young teenagers, a few girls and more boys.

RED

Alright you likkle yutes. You wanna make money, the rules are simple. Rule number 1. My word is law and Rez' word is Gospel. You do as we and your olders say no matter what. Rule Number 2. You follow the process. The process is simple. Tech and fuel gets given to us from partners overseas. We disguise it and transport it to a safe place. Then we give it to you and you distribute it to our customers. And rule number 3. The most important rule. This isn't a game. This is real life, your life. You fuck up or fuck about you don't mess up your grades or get hurt. You die or worse.

One teenager is foolish enough to act cool in front of the other recruits. He has a pair of pricey creps on.

PRICEY CREPS

We get you tryna assert dominance n dat babes but you're beggin it. Like what's worse dan def? Come on.

Red walks up to the kid. Her right arm FLASHES over his hair SNATCHING his head and forces it to COLLIDE with her left fist. BOOF!

Blood SPLATTERS as he FALLS to the ground HOLDING his nose in the embryonic position. Red stands over him.

RED

You asked what's worse than death? Well even though you're a bit busy right now I bet if we increase this pain you feelin by about 7, and ask if you'd rather be dead. You'd choose not being alive over this innit?

As the boy remains WRITHING. One of her subordinates darts round the corner.

SUBORDINATE

Red we got a problem.

RED

I'll be over in a bit.

Red turns her attention to the other recruits.

RED(CONT'D)

If you don't remember anything remember this.

(Nods down)

Pain is worse than death. Right now for you lot it isn't, but do this long enough and it will be. Class dismissed.

Red follows her subordinate to another hall in the abandoned building. Multiple other people HAUL around an ORANGE FEUL in different forms of containment.

RED

What.

SUBORDINATE

Some GMS in west got put in body bags last night.

RED

So? What happens in west ain't our business.

SUBORDINATE

It wasn't someone from their ends. Or anyone else's, everyone's been saying he's not even from here.

RED

Wait, you sayin they're from out de country?

SUBORDINATE

It don't sound like dey from de Shade.

RED

(Sighs)

First Beamer gets laid out and now a random new guy shows up, fucks goin on?

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-ELI'S SCHOOL-NOON

Eli and Ree leave school.

REE

You tryna come by the studio?

ELI

I gotta get groceries for my mum, get some art supplies plus I'm on shift today. You headin there tomorrow?

REE

Course.

ELI

Calm. I'll be there.

REE

(Spuds)

Inna bit bro.

ELI

(Spuds)

Love.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-CORNERSHOP-LATER

Eli stands before the same pawnbroker his sold Beamer's arm to.

PAWNBROKER

I thought I was gonna see you again.

ELI

Can you make a sparrin bot?

PAWNBROKER

Pfft, anyone can make a sparrin bot cuz, what you wanna know is if man can make one accordin to your specifications.

ELI

I need a robot that's as dangerous as a full fit.

The pawnbroker looks Eli up and down.

PAWNBROKER

Dats pricey, you sure you got de ps for dat?

Eli OPENS his bag revealing 10 bands.

ELI

How much.

PAWNBROKER

(Suprised)

Shit den.

The pawnbroker turns around heading to the back of his shop out of sight.

CLANK, CRASH! THUD.

PAWNBROKER (O.S.)

Ow!

The pawnbroker returns with a small box. He looks at the bag. Eli pours out the money on the countertop. The pawnbroker's arms EMBRACE the cash quickly stashing it under.

PAWNBROKER

Find an abandoned area and open it dere. Don't let nobody see dat shit. If you get nicked, as far as you know I don't exist.

ELI

(Nods)

Cheers.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-POLICE STATION-BRACKLEY'S OFFICE-AFTERNOON

Brackley's eyes flicker blue as she sits in her RECLINER CHAIR LEANING back. She STARES at the wall opposite her. Her POV looks like a computer screen and has multiple documents and photos concerning her investigation. She SHOOS with both hands and all the holographic documents SPREAD out.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

There's a piece of evidence missing.

Looking at the photos, there are pics of the multiple people crushed by debris or killed by techwear. Brackley NARROWS her eyes.

DEEP VOICE(V.O.)

People can cap all dey want but their bodies, those, are more honest than a saint.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
I need to check the bodies again.

Brackley gets up heading to leave her office but-

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Through Brackley's POV in the bottom left corner of her screen the time reads. '3:00pm'

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
(Grins)

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-PRIMARY SCHOOL-HALLWAY-AFTERNOON

Inspector Brackley turns a corner arriving at a classroom, she looks through the door window and a cute little black girl with a gap in her front teeth WAVES at Brackley. The inspector WAVES back just as vigorously. And then NODS towards the teacher at the front of the class. The girl turns back to her teacher, smile still on her face.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-CAR-CONTINUOUS

The girl sits in the front seat with Brackley, 'Peng Black Girls' by ENNY(feat. Amia Brave) plays in the background. The mother and daughter raptured in conversation.

BRACKLEY
(Ecstatic)

So he said what!?

RENAE
Mr.Hilton said, 'Renae, it's sometimes not good to tell the truth.' So I said 'my mom always told me to tell the truth.'

BRACKLEY
(Burst out laughing)
You and that mouth. You're gonna get me in trouble.

RENAE
(Cheeky)
I'm just doing what you taught me.

BRACKLEY
(Chuckles)

Uhuh. Yes it's always good to tell the truth. You did good. But don't you think there was a better way to tell Ms.Martin her breath smelled.

RENAE

Yeah.

Brackley turns a corner arriving at a flat.

BRACKLEY

(Thinks to herself)

Next time think about what the truth may do if it may make someone feel bad, just think for a second if there's a nice way to say it. After that, say it anyway.

The hovercar parks.

CUT TO:

THE SHADE-BRACKLEY'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

Brackley opens the door Renae goes inside, CUPPING her hands around her mouth.

RENAE

We're home!!!!

A tall lanky brownskin black man pops his head out the corridor.

BROWNSKIN BLACK MAN

(Mimics trumpet)

My princess and my Queen have finally returned!

Renae JUMPS into her father's arms and he gives her a KISS on the forehead. She runs off.

RENAE (O.S.)

I'm jumping on the holonet.

BROWNSKIN BLACK MAN

Remember only an hour.

Brackley STROLLS up to her husband in the kitchen cooking, they PEAK on the lips.

BROWNSKIN BLACK MAN

How's London's best fed doin?

INSPECTOR BRACKELY

Better now I'm home. You won't believe what Renae said to her teacher today, told Ms Martin her breath stunk.

(Chuckle)

BROWNSKIN BLACK MAN

That's our daughter, she got your mouth.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

And she got your brains.

BROWNSKIN BLACK MAN

(Grins)

Deadly combo. I got the couch out in the bed mode, I'll have dinner ready by 9.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

My king.

(Kisses him hard)

Brackley walks off.

BROWNSKIN BLACK MAN

Your highness, it's advised that you don't taunt and tease the king.

CUT TO:

THE SHADE-BRACKLEY'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-CONTINUOUS

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

(smiles and shakes head)

Duly noted.

Brackley FLOPS onto the SOFABED. She looks at Renae busy PLAYING the holographically projected game, she smiles. She TAPS her implant. Her POV screen SCROLLS through a list of names and stopping on 'Hezekiah'

RING RING RING

HEZEKIAH

(Whisper)

I'm on the way home just went past the east border.

INSPECTOR BRACKELY

No hi for your mother? Also why are you whispering?

HEZEKIAH(O.S.)

It's just I don't want-

KID(O.S.)

(Moans)

Oh daddy!

HEZEKIAH(O.S.)

Shut up Micheal!

INSPECTOR BRACKELY

Eh what was that?

KID(O.S.)

(Mock girl voice)

(Moans)

When are you gonna tell your mumzees bout us?

HEZEKIAH

Nothin bye!

(To kid)

Bro pattern u!-

The call cuts. Brackley shakes head.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

Those boys.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-TRAIN STATION-EVENING

Eli sits hand clasped. Earphones on his head.

ELI(V.O.)

So you're sayin he owns over 300 hundred child companies.

A.I.(V.O.)

And his number of assets both physical and digital are unlikely to be correctly estimated. But any estimation is highly likely to be an underestimation.

ELI(V.O.)

(To himself)

And all his friends are the same.

A.I.(V.O.)

Correct.

ELI(V.O.)

I was talking to myself. I basically pissed off a conglomerate. How many friends does he have in the government?

Eli's POV shows his screen flash up multiple different pictures of Mr. Bellington handshaking and socialising with multiple powerful officials, politicians and ambassadors.

ELI(V.O.)

(Sarcastic)

Nice. So he's also got every fed in The Shade under his thumb. Plus he's got friends overseas.

A.I.(V.O.)

If it helps your emotional state, the nature of how you came into possession of me and the very nature of the suit secures your anonymity.

ELI(V.O.)

That's only going to last for so long they're gonna be police officers and detectives coming after me soon. I need to find out why the son wanted you. I need to find out if Bellington has a weakness so I can protect myself.

A.I.(V.O.)

If that is your goal. The best place to start would be with Bellington's friends.

ELi's POV has photos of Bellington cross reference and the most common element is him with a man who has scruffy brown hair.

ELI(V.O.)

Who's he?

A.I.(V.O.)

A possible route to find a weakness in Bellington. He runs a company that manufactures organic baby underwear.

ELi(V.O.)

The fuck does that have to do with Bellington?

A.I.(V.O.)

A possible indicator of money laundering is if two seemingly unrelated companies that don't benefit from each other still interact. And the business dealings have holes. Thiers has many.

ELI(V.O.)

The nappies are a cover. But that's just one reason we can't just assume-

A.I.(V.O.)

I calculated the profit gained by the company in the last three years, however the production of their product costs over 6 times as much as their highest gross annual profit within that time frame.

ELI(V.O.)

Meaning for the company to keep going the money must come from somewhere else. Wait, when did you do that?

A.I.(V.O.)

In the two nano seconds before you said 'just assume'.

ELI(V.O.)

(Pauses)

Fair enough. How do I get proof?

A.I.(V.O.)

Though the mass public has made information digitised, old businesses still have their documents in physical form on paper. It's likely you could find it in one of their branches.

ELI(V.O.)

For real? Huh. Show me the closest branch to me.

A holographic map appears zooming on a branch in Islington, where a schematic of the building shows the half underground is longer than the half above ground.

ELI

Sellin techwear illegally, check. Breakin and enterin, soon to be checked. But first I gotta find somewhere to hide my new sparring partner.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-ABANDONED ESTATE-LATER

Eli walks through a gate missing a door. Looking at the dilapidated estate. Picks it up and heads to a trash bin, opens them and looks into some but none are right. Finally he opens it, as its gases are released.

ELI
(coughs)

Yep.

Eli CHUCKS the box in. hides it in a trash bin. And walks back to the centre of the estate.

ELI
(exhales)

Aight. Now how do I activate the suit? Speak.

A.I.(V.O.)

However you want it to.

Eli looks at a broken window, his reflection looks back at him.

ELI
Em.

Eli raises his hand next to his headphones. He TAKES them off, he then picks the hood of his hoodie and puts it on. As he does a swarm of small triangles MORPH and CONNECT over his hoodie. Eli looks in the mirror and the black figure that stands in front of him is unrecognisable. As Eli stares at himself we follow his eyes. Looking from the bottom up. The person is bigger, at least 6 ft.6, and wider. In racing motorcycle-like boots, black techwear pants and a black sleeveless hooded puffer jacket. He's completely blacked out except for a green shirt with a purple 'X' on it. With a pair of robotic arms, and on his head a robot-like helmet. It's got a black visor. And as Eli stares himself square in the eyes.

VIIIIOM!

A purple glowing circle forms. A deep voice comes from the visor.

BLACK FIGURE
Woah.

The black figure cranes his head back surprised.

BLACK FIGURE
My voice.

A.I.(V.O.)
This is you.

BLACK FIGURE
Yeah, if I was a menacin lookin 6ft 3 Vigilante.

A.I.(V.O.)

As a personalised Polywear full fit, the design of your suit is based on the combination of your conscious and subconscious mind and how it views itself.

BLACK FIGURE

(Looks at himself)

It feels, good. Really good.

The figure JUMPS.

BOOM!!! A shockwave shatters all the windows in the building as the black robotic man is now over 50 metres in the air. He lands. On the broken glass around him.

BLACK FIGURE

(Awestruck)

I didn't have to even think. No percentages I just-I just jumped. How?

A.I.(V.O.)

When the full fit is activated, you at 100% with all percentages without the suit on, is the equivalent to the full fit at 0%.

BLACK FIGURE

Holy shit. I'm-What am I?

(Looks down)

The figure looks at the piping and grooves that run along his robotic arms. He runs his metal fingers along his arm. Everything is super clear and crisp as if in the highest resolution ever.

BLACK FIGURE

I can feel-everything.

From the figures POV streams of light flow everywhere, some in different directions others converging. He TOUCHES one.

Boy(O.S.)

Yes mum I'll be home by nine.

WOMAN(O.S.)

Don't come back alone be-

BOY(O.S.)

Safe I know. I will.

WOMAN(O.S.)

Ok see you soo-

The figure moves his hand away.

BLACK FIGURE

How is this possible?

A.I.(V.O.)

As you are part machine you can interact with technology on a level 99.3% of people on the planet never will. It's like a new group of senses are now yours. Naturally you'll learn how to use them much like smelling or touching. Every previous normal sensation the human body feels is replicated and can be exaggerated but not diminished whilst the suit is active.

BLACK FIGURE

What are my limitations outside of physical abilities with the percentages?

A.I.(V.O.)

Mostly just your imagination.

BLACK FIGURE

You're saying that as long as I can think of it you can do it.

A.I.(V.O.)

It's best to think of your suit as the combination and culmination of all technology on earth. Whatever device that exists for people to use regardless of industry, this machine can do that and more. It can print a physical photo, can send a text message, compute trajectories of objects, simulate situations. You simply say or think the operation and as long as the information is present the suit will perform it.

BLACK FIGURE

Find mum.

A holographic list of serial numbers for robotic lung implants appear sorting them down to one. That number is put into a search engine that has the username, 'Sade Adenola'. The hospital records of Eli's mum pop up and next to it her postcode is written. That's put into a maps app and a projection from a camera outside her house is shown in front of the figure.

BLACK FIGURE

You said Mr.Bellington is one of the most powerful men on earth. What about me.

A.I.(V.O.)

With your current level of mastery you are in the 10%.
With training you could be in the 0.01%.

The black figure takes off his hood and as he does the suit deactivates an Eli remains. He looks at the broken shards below him, his jaw set. He walks out of the estate. Towards Deadalus Industries.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SUNNYSIDE-MANSION-STUDY-NIGHTTIME

Bellington sits at his desk just waiting.

POPPY(O.S.)

Your call is about to begin.

An organic plane slides together from opposite sides of the wall, where a projection flashes on. The projection shows a man leaning on a desk with brunette hair, a carefree demeanour and a casual suit.

BRUNETTE HAIR

Mr.Bellington, to what do I owe the pleasure?

MR.BELLINGTON

My son was killed in a deal that you were a part of. Let me make it clear that I'm not here for any formalities and niceties. I want to know what tech you sold him and who killed my son.

BRUNETTE HAIR

Well over here in the US of A we usually keep ourselves away from-

Bellington's chilling eyes grow colder.

BRUNETTE HAIR

Firstly, my condolences. He wanted a personalised polywear full fit.

MR.BELLINGTON

How dangerous were his desired specifications.

BRUNETTE HAIR

Powerful enough to destroy an entire city. Or create a new one.

BRUNETTE

(Sighs)

Is it possible for it to be taken and used by someone else.

BRUNETTE HAIR

Well the chances are insanely low-

MR.BELLINGTON

Is there, a possibility.

BRUNETTE HAIR

The only way that could happen was if someone was mortally injured on the verge of death and your late son wasn't closer to the case than the said mystery person. Then the suit would prioritise saving them and bond.

MR.BELLINGTON

So you're saying that there is a Shady kid running around England with some of the most dangerous techwear in the world.

BRUNETTE HAIR

Again I apologise for this horrible event. I know some bounty hunters or assassins that can, nip it in the bud if you will.

MR.BELLINGTON

I'd prefer if you send me the schematics of the full fit your people created.

BRUNETTE HAIR

Of course. I'll send it to you by the end of the week.

Mr.Bellington leans in.

MR.BELLINGTON

I'd prefer it by the end of tomorrow. That's not too much of a bother for you. Is it.

BRUNETTE HAIR

(Runs hand through hair)

Eh yeah yes. I can do that.

MR.BELLINGTON

Wonderful.

BRUNETTE HAIR

Sorry if this is out of place Mr.Bellington. But if you're sure that there is an individual that is using the suit I created. The faster you kill this person the better.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-DEADALUS INDUSTRIES-NIGHTTIME

Eli stands on top of a building looking at the Deadalus industries branch.

MR.BELLINGTON(V.O.)

I would assume so.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SUNNYSIDE-MANSION-STUDY-NIGHTTIME

BRUNETTE HAIR

No Mr.Bellington, the severity of this situation is greater than you know. Depending on who possesses it.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-DEADALUS INDUSTRIES-NIGHTTIME

Eli stands on the roof of a large building. He looks at his watch and it reads, '02.00AM'. He RAISES his hands over his head and he TRANSFORMS into the black figure once more. SLOW ZOOM into the visor.

BRUNETTE HAIR(V.O.)

The level of anonymity that they now have and the power that comes with that, is on par with our own. If not more.

VIIOOM! The purple circle forms. Looking at the back of the black figure the entire cityscape of The Shade can be seen. The upright buildings with their ads and logos and the upside down buildings, the tunnels that snake around the upside down buildings and the dome they all converge on.

The figure walks back out of frame.

(BEAT)

The dark figure BOLTS towards the edge, and LEAPS off. The wind RIPS at his clothing, the fingertips of the robotic arms glow

BLACK FIGURE

Activate EMP.

BWAAAAM!

A wave hits the building with the figure at its centre. THUNK! The black figure lands on the side of the building. Fingers sticking to the window.

BLACK FIGURE

Display weapons inventory.

The figure's POV is filled with a bunch of different figurations for the robotic arm. One is focused on the fingers labelled No.37 'Laser fingertips.'

BLACK FIGURE

(To himself)

Creative. Activate laser fing-

(pause)

Wait, do I even need to say it?

The figure simply looks at his hands still stuck to the window.

VIZ!!

The left index finger fires a beam right through the glass. Putting a hole in the wall at the end of the hall.

BLACK FIGURE

(hisses)

Damn!

The laser finger stops. The intruder inhales then exhales. The laser fires again but much weaker, cutting out a badly shaped hole. The figure moves to the side and slowly with both hands still stuck on the glass slowly pushes the cut out glass onto the floor inside the building. He drops in.

BLACK FIGURE

Breakin n enterin. Check.

The figure looks around the hallway on one end a small drone with a projector like lens on it hovers imageless.

BLACK FIGURE

Nice.

INT:THE SHADE-DEADALUS INDUSTRIES-HALLWAY-NIGHTTIME

BLACK FIGURE

(whispers)

Where's the floor with the files.

The schematic of the building pops up, the hologram zooms below ground to level -36. The figure looks to around to the hallway elevator next to its door it reads '23'

BLACK FIGURE

Long ting.

The figure heads to the elevator but before he presses a button. DING! The figure darts his gaze to the stairs.

The door opens and a woman in a lab coat walks out. Her eyes glued on her holo projection from her implant. The fire escape door remains unopened. PAN up and the figure is upside down sticking to the ceiling Spider-Man style.

BLACK FIGURE

(Sighs)

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-DEADALUS INDUSTRIES-STAIRCASE-NIGHTTIME

The figure races down the staircase. Clearing floors and floors. Finally he stops. He looks at the schematic again and he's just got to -1.

BLACK FIGURE

There has to be a quicker way to do this.

He LEANS over the stair railings that spiral down.

BLACK FIGURE

Fuck it.

Vaulting the railing he falls looking at the schematic floor numbers fly by.

-5 -9 -12 -17 -23 -28.

As 36 approaches. The figure simply leans out his hand and everything slows down. He opens his palm, and GRASPS the railing of

the 36th floor. The force still makes him dangle but he easily lifts himself up and CLIMBS back onto the floor. Looking at the door in front of him he groans. The door has a digital lock on it.

BLACK FIGURE

Of course it's locked.

(To himself)

This machine is only limited to my imagination. Aight.

The Black figures POV switches to x-Ray vision seeing the countless rows of cabinets behind the door.

BLACK FIGURE

How can I crack you open?

The x-Ray POV FLASHES shut and back open. An internet search of the picture taken fails and the page reads. 'No connection'

BLACK FIGURE

(Kisses teeth)

(Pauses)

Wait.

The x-Ray vision shows where the lock links to an alarm. But the walls on either side of the door are just plain old walls.

BLACK FIGURE

Oh.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-DEADALUS INDUSTRIES-FILE ROOM-NIGHTTIME

SMASH! The figure BUSTS into frame through a wall on the left side of the door. He looks back at the destruction impressed with his strength.

BLACK FIGURE

Nice security system.

The figure looks at the countless colossal file cabinets that line the giant room. They run down in rows and rows, each file cabinet 33 drawers tall.

BLACK FIGURE

They need a better filing system too.

DOOM! The figure zooms off in a blur running along the cabinets, leaping onto and off them like pillars, reading the names trying to find one called. 'BabiesFirst'

A black blur rushes past a cabinet then comes back. The figure looms over the cabinet, PULLS it open. The circle on the visor zooms around the visor bouncing off the edges SCANNING, then STOPS.

BLACK FIGURE

HMM.

Of all the papers in the cabinet one stands out. CUT IN to a DOCUMENT labelled 'baby shit'

BLACK FIGURE

(Sarcastic)

Dats not bait.

The black figure opens the document. It's filled with photos of Bellington and the CEO of BabiesFirst conversing with men hauling weapons of all kinds into trucks.

BLACK FIGURE

He owns those. Why not just sell them to the military?

The black character searches through more photos, following the trail they leave. There are photos of another person selling those weapons to someone else. They sell it to four guys who divide the weapons; one group breaks it down into parts used for E.V.A.R.I. Headsets. Two just take the weapons and distribute them to GMs. And the last one puts it in parts used by the NHS for robotic organ implants.

BLACK FIGURE

(realisation)

Mum.

CUT IN to a photo with Mr.Bellington's face.

BLACK FIGURE(CONT'D)(O.S.)

(Anger)

Greedy prick.

The circle on the figures visor FLASHES multiple times.

BLACK FIGURE

The little fuck's been reselling his weapons, for a higher price to everyone who can't afford it.

The figure goes to dig further through the files. But then his head turns freezing.

CREAK!!

CLOP! CLOP! CLOP! CLOP!

MAN(O.S.)

No, not here.

WOMAN(O.S.)

It's fine, nobody comes down here. Nobody is going to see us trust-

The man and woman both turn to see the rubble on the floor from where the wall used to be.

MAN

(worried)

I think someone might be in here.

WOMAN

I mean that is a bit weird, but Victor it'll be fine, literally nobody comes down here.

The black figure melds with the shadows of the file cabinet. Only the circle on the visor glows.

MAN(O.S.)

But-

Kiss.

The black figure's head DROOPS.

BLACK FIGURE

(sighs)

Fuck's sake.

The figure's eye remains fixed on the couple whilst moving between shadows. He steps into another shadow but stops and LOOKS down. A BUTTON. The figure SQUATS PICKING the button. In his POV the entire room switches to infrared. The figure TENSES his middle finger holding the button in the other hand. He FLICKS it PAP!!!! Following the button it ROCKETS with a small sonic boom.

CUT TO:

The couple making out both slowly turn towards the CAMERA. As a small repetitive noise starts to grow in volume.

PING PING PING PING! PING! PING! PING!!! PING!!!

A small hole POPS through the door as the button exits the room. The couple FREAKS OUT and DARTS out of the file room. SLAMMING the door behind them.

BLACK FIGURE
(sigh of relief)

The figure starts heading towards the cabinet that was being investigated when-

BIZZZZZZ.

The figure's purple eye darts and shrinks in size. Through his POV we ZOOM past countless cabinets to a small robotic fly on a wall. A stream of light like the one he saw in the estate surrounds the fly but it's not stretching towards anywhere but its definitely looking straight at us.

(BEAT)

BLACK FIGURE
(Whispers)

Honing weapons.

The bionic bug ZIPS off the wall. The screen showing honing weapons pops up. One says 'No.27 finger rockets'.

BLACK FIGURE

SLAMS his hands FLAT together and the FINGERS SPIN like drill bits. FEEIOWW!!! The fingers fly, evading all the cabinets following the fly until one finally hits on the fly. POP! The robot drops to the ground. The black figure runs as the fingers return back to his hands and looks down at the machine.

BLACK FIGURE
Not so bad security system.

The room flashes RED and WHITE. BEEP!! BEEP!! BEEP!!

The figure starts darting for the exit.

BLACK FIGURE
Damn!!

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-DEADALUS INDUSTRIES-STAIRCASE-CONTINUOUS

The figure LEAPS bounding past at least 6 floors per jump. BOUNCING from railing to railing back up.

INT:THE SHADE-DEADALUS INDUSTRIES-HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

The figure RUSHES back the window with a hole in it and looks down seeing hover cars from all directions heading for the building.

BLACK FIGURE

Shit! Come on think, think!

(Pauses)

Anything I can imagine.

(Realisation)

The figure looks over at the drone that hovers deactivated with not image projected.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-DEADALUS INDUSTRIES-CONTINUOUS

Multiple Hover cars that are with the police and some that are privately owned by daedalus Industries all come to a halt.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-POLICE CAR-CONTINUOUS

The fed in the passenger seat STARES confused and then LEANS out of the window out of frame.

FED(O.S.)

What the-?

On the Deadalus Industries building a projection of cat compilations plays. All the cars go over to this side of the building, perplexed by the video.

CUT TO:

On the opposite side. The black figure opens a window and LEAPS out onto the smaller building behind it. He looks back at the drone that was in the hallway when he entered. It is now projecting the video of the cat compilation. Hovering on his side of the building

projecting it through the windows on the side where the police cars are. The figure runs off leaping off the building and out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-CLAPHAM-POLICE STATION-MAIN OFFICE-LATER

Multiple police officers all sit at their various desks LAUGHING at the cat video. It's already spreading like wildfire among the police force in London. A fed BARGES in with a black teen cuffed in tow.

TEEN

I ain't dun shit!

FED

Shut up!

The officer SHOVES the teen into a chair. He's bleeding from his forehead and lip. Dried tears mark his bruised cheeks.

TEEN

I told you already the guy was right dere! You saw him killin people n you didn't do SHIT!

The fed PUSHES a button on his vest, ZAP!! The boy's body TENSES up.

TEEN

(Teary)

Fuck you!

FED

You'll be detained here until morning unless you have someone to pay your bail. But I'm guessing nobody wants to help a shitstain like you.

(Gets up)

Should've stayed in school, instead of hanging around techies.

(Walks off)

The teen looks around seeing them continue to giggle at their screens. Another police officer looks at the boy, there's sympathy hidden in his green eyes. He looks at the fed walking off.

GREEN EYES

Collins you could at least give him a cell.

Collins

My shift's up.

GREEN EYES
(Sighs)

The man with green eyes gets up and walks towards the teen guiding him to the cells.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-CLAPHAM-POLICE STATION-CELLS-CONTINUOUS

The fed unlocks the cellar, the teen steps in. The fed unlocks the cuffs.

TEEN
(Sarcastic)
Protect and serve yeah.

GREEN EYES
I'm sorry there's nothing I can do.

The fed begins to walk away.

TEEN
I'm sure your mum's proud o you. You let teens get beat up for no reason by your mates and you let actual killers walk fuckin free.
(Sarcastic)
But at least you're sorry. Pussio.

The fed turns around staring the teen in the face.

FED
You sell drugs and weapons.

The teen stares the fed dead on in the eyes.

TEEN
I do what I do cause I got to. Your mates do what dey do cause dey WANT to.

The police's stern eyes waver.

TEEN
But dats your job innit.

The fed walks off.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-CLAPHAM-POLICE STATION-MAIN OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

The confronted fed walks up to Collins.

FED

What was that kid talking about?

The chatter ends and the room goes quiet.

COLLINS

You wouldn't be able to handle it Morley.

MORELY

Don't fuck with me Collins.

COLLINS

(Stands up)

If you weren't such a melt. Then maybe the commissioner would've told you too.

(Relaxes)

But I'll throw you a bone since you're so eager.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-CLAPHAM-ALLEYWAY

In the alleyway flashes of light reflect on a wall and muffled gunshots can be heard. The path to the source of the commotion is obstructed by a corner in the alleyway.

COLLINS(V.O.)

Orders from up top say if we encounter a techie of a particular calibre and with a particular appearance we should leave him alone.

MORLEY(V.O.)

Is the Techwearer using registered hardware?

COLLINS(V.O.)

Jesus Christ Morley. I'm surprised you dont have a fuckin tail! You are such a teacher's pet! You wanna stay in this division? Then do as you're told. We got enough tech heads on the street running around and killing civilians. What's wrong if they're killing each other if anything that's helping us out. If we're told to turn a blind to the clean up of the city, what's the problem!? Besides, from what I saw, there's nothing I could've done to stop that thing.

The CAMERA PANS. Closing in on the cause of the chaos off screen. As it nears closer and closer to turning the corner the music increases in tension and volume. Then silence.

CUT TO BLACK:

EXT:THE SHADE-CLAPHAM-ALLEYWAY

The CAMERA SLOWLY TRACKS to reveal A teary eyed teenage boy with white dyed hair and a robotic arm HYPERVENTILATING behind a trash bin. He CLUTCHES unto a wound in his side HISSING from the pain.

STEP.

The boy FREEZES.

STEP.

The boy's eyes DART to the left slowly TURNING his head.

STEP.

(BEAT)

WHITE DYED HAIR
(SCREAMS)

The boy's robotic arm is YANKED the CAMERA DOLLYS out to reveal two dead bodies that have been impaled by large needles in front of him as he's DRAGGED under the bin and HAULED up by a robotic arm. One Much larger and leaner than his own.

In the reflection of a pair of goggles. The boy WRITHES in pain hanging from his arm.

WHITE DYED HAIR
(CRYING)

Please let me go, I won't say shit!

Another mechanical hand appears CALMLY PICKING the other arm. Holding the boy up in a crucifix position.

WHITE DYED HAIR(CONT'D)

Nobody will know I swear! Just don't kill me!!

A third robotic appendage appears, it has an INCANDESCENT blade at the end of it.

WHITE DYED HAIR

Wait! Please! No no no n!!!-

The boy SCREAMS as the blade slowly descends right on the point where muscle meets machine. CUTTING the robotic arm off. The boy's terrified eyes slowly go dim as his body goes limp. The robotic arm HITS the ground.

CUT TO:

The dead body of the boy is GENTLY carried by the arm and then FLUNG in the air.

FITHINK! FITHINK! FITHINK! FITHINK!

Four incandescent needles SHOOT into the body pinning it to a wall. The two lean robotic arms REACH towards the body but then stop themselves as if marvelling at an art piece not daring to touch it due to its fragility. Following along the arms we stop at the shoulder of someone in a lab coat. The shoulder turns facing us. The CAMERA DOLLIES OUT as the shoulder moves along with the person. As the person leaves the alleyway, multiple bodies pinned to either the ground or wall lay; all with one thing in common...their robotic implants have been ripped out.

CUT TO BLACK:

Play 'Gang Gang' By Cadet

Credits

ENZIKKIO

ENZIKKIO

ENZIKKIO