

The Revolutionist

## EP. 4 One for the...

CUT TO:

**EXT:THE SHADE-LEWISHAM-MINING TUNNEL-NIGHTTIME**

CRASH! A robotic fist DRILLS through the darkness. A black man (late 20s) with robotic fists picks up a green mineral. He DROPS it with a pile of more in a CART. He looks a little further down and a young black man is holding a green mineral that is starting to glow and change colour to blue. The miner runs over GRABS the mineral and picks another one SLAMMING the two together. DING!

MINER  
(Relief)  
(Sighs)

The young black man looks embarrassed as well as defeated.

YOUNG BLACK MAN  
My bad cuz, I'm new to dis shit and-

MINER  
(Serious)  
'My bad' ain't gonna run down here. These minerals are dangerous. When you handle em, you need to constantly keep em close to each other. A tiny crystal on its own can let off a tiny spark but you get big chunks like the one you just had and you could blow your own face off! You get?

YOUNG BLACK MAN  
(Apologetic)  
Yeah.

MINER  
(Sighs)  
In small quantities morphylite will change to its surroundings. If it ain't in a chamber it's change is 50/50. Next time, just remember to keep an eye on the colours. If it turns blue it's gonna blow turnin into a gas, red it's gonna melt into a liquid. Also get yourself a gas mask. You're gonna need it if you workin down here long term, trust me.

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Cheers man.

The miner's helmet BEEPS.

MINER

Yeah.

VOICE(O.S.)

You're shift's up.

MINER

Got it.

The miner turns towards an elevator but before walking over he turns back to the young man.

MINER

Remember what I said bout de colours?

YOUNG BLACK MAN

Blue means it's gonna blow up. Red means it's gonna melt.

MINER

Good.

The miner walks to the elevator. As it rises he LOOKS down to hundreds of other miners all with the same kind of robotic implants all doing the same job. A coughing fit causes him to bend over.

MINER

(Coughs)

Shit.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-LEWISHAM-MINES-LOCKERROOM**

The miner steps out of the elevator and walks past multiple other miners who sit on tables all occupying themselves. He heads to a table where two men RECOGNISE him. Both are also black. One has a pair of robotic eyes, the other has four robotic arms.

FOUR ARMS

Don't ever question our friendship again.

(Gets up)

MINER

Uhuh.

ROBOTIC EYES

He's right. We waited an extra 2 hours for you, dat  
coulda been spent bein anywhere but here.

(Gets up)

The three robotically enhanced men walk out of the lockerroom.

**EXT:THE SHADE-LEWISHAM-MINE**

MINER

Thank you for your sacrifice.

FOUR ARMS

Lucius, we know dat you love your ps. But you know dis  
job ain't gon help gain motion. Don't matter how many  
hours you do. Can't lie robbin niggas don't too bad  
compared to de time we wastin here.

LUCIUS

I got kids to feed. I'm looking for another job already.

ROBOTIC EYES

Lu's gonna leave his day ones like dat yeah?

LUCIUS

You chattin like you two ain't gonna follow me like you  
have de last 15 years we been alive?

FOUR ARMS

He gotchu there Ben.

BEN

Fairs. Well whateva as long as you takin our advice. What  
Deadalus is doin is in de Brixton mines is just a vio.

FOUR ARMS

(Shows all four arms.)

FOUR reeeeeall.

BEN

Elijah, just stop.

ELIJAH

Whaaat? That was good.

BEN

I swear down *dis nigga's* de dad out of us lot with the jokes he's makes.

The three men walk off together. Only to have their voices drowned out by the sound of a platform lowering machines down into the mine. The platform lands. The machine has multiple drills.

ELIJAH

Fuck.

Lucius just looks devastated.

CUT TO:

**EXT:THE SHADE-ABANDONED ESTATE-CARPARK-MORNING**

Eli walks in through the half gate.

CUT TO:

Eli stands in front of the bin he dumped the sparring bot into. He PINCHES his nose and RUMMAGES through the trash, he pulls out the BOX.

CUT TO:

Eli stands over the box in the middle of the estate. He looks around at the vast amount of space.

ELI

Yeah dats bait.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-ABANDONED ESTATE-LIVING ROOM**

Eli CROUCHES over the box and presses the button on top.

PISSSH!

Steam is released as the box opens. Eli steps back. The box shoots out a series of components like a futile series of farts.

(BEAT)

They begin to MAGNETISE and connect BUILDING and CONSTRUCTING into a humanoid robot.

ELI

Damn.

Standing before Eli is a 6t robot. The robot does nothing. Eli stares at it confused. He KNOCKS on the head and looks for a button.

ELI

Oh, got it.

Eli PRESSES a button on the back of its neck. The robot awakens. It's face has a polite Chibi/anime-esque display. And it's voice feels very much like an over enthusiastic waiter.

ROBOT

(Politely)

Hello, how would you like to spar in this session?

ELI

Straight to de point, nice. Em I would like to spar in close combat.

ROBOT

(Politely)

What weapons would you like to be used in this session?

ELI

Firearms and fists.

ROBOT

(Politely)

Lastly, what level of difficulty would you like for this sparring session?

ELI

How many levels are there?

ROBOT

(Politely)

0-200.

ELI

How bout, 25. Just to be safe.

ROBOT

Great choice. Initiating combat level 25.

The face of the robot changes to a loading three dots

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

Eli looks at it waiting.

(BEAT)

ELI  
Donny ripped me off. Shit.  
(Sighs)

ROBOT

GRABS Eli's NECK and HURLS him into the living room wall. BOOM!

ELI  
(Coughs)

The fuck!

The robot walks towards him.

ELI(V.O.)  
The fuck was that!?

A.I.(V.O.)  
That is the sparring robot at level 25.

ELI  
Real fuckin helpful! Speed 20%! Pain 50%

Eli

DARTS to the side of the room. BACKFLIPS off the wall and KICKS

ROBOT

CATCHES Eli's foot and FLINGS him through a wall into the kitchen.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-ABANDONED ESTATE-KITCHEN**

Eli SLAMS into a Dishwasher. He gets up and STUMBLES. His POV goes hazy. His hand reaches to the back of his head and returning into frame a bloody palm can be seen.

ELI  
Oh. Shit.

A.I.(V.O.)  
Blunt trauma to the back of the skull.

The robot starts walking towards the hole in the wall. Eli stares.

(BEAT)

Eli runs away.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-ABANDONED ESTATE-HALLWAY**

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Bullets fly past Eli STUMBLES to another room. He hides behind a wall.

ELI(V.O.)

What the fuck is that robot!!

A.I.(V.O.)

That is a military grade sparring android. That particular model was taken off the market shortly after killing too many soldiers in training.

ELI

Why didn't you tell me dat!!

A.I.(V.O.)

Activating the full fit will at least commence the default settings of tending to the injury on your bead.

ELI

Coulda said dat earlier too!  
(Puts on hoodie)

Eli transforms into the black figure. He leaps out of the window, fingers glowing as he sticks to the side of the building.

BLACK FIGURE

Non-lethal Ranged weapons.

The POV shows a list of 35 configurations the robotic arm can transform into. Number 7 is called 'Sonic cannons'.

BLACK FIGURE

Calm, now let's run dat back.

The panel of weapons disappears. The circle on the black figure's visor shrinks. His POV goes X-ray and behind the wall stands the robot about to fire a shot through the very wall he's sticking to.

BANG!

The black figure SWINGS back through the window into the room.

The black figure lifts both arms.

BLACK FIGURE

No. 7

The robotic arms TRANSFORM with three PURPLE rings of energy emitting from them.

BLACK FIGURE

Hehe.

BEEOOOOOM!!!

A sonic BLAST fires SMASHING the robot through two walls into a next door bedroom. The black figure looks at his arms.

BLACK FIGURE

Dats non-lethal. Damn.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-ABANDONED ESTATE-BEDROOM**

As the robot gets up the black figure RUSHES into the Bedroom.

BLACK FIGURE

SLAMS the robot in the TORSO. GRABS the head and UPPERCUTS it. DOOONG!! The robot flies up into the ceiling. Upon coming back down it's hit with HOOK! It's sent into the wall.

BLACK FIGURE

Everything's so much easier with the fit on.

ROBOT

Returns KICKING the figure in the face. KNEEING him in the GUT and then THROWING him into a drawer. It shatters. The figure groans.

BLACK FIGURE

Pain 50%

A.I.

As stated before you are much stronger but can't decrease the pain you feel whilst in the full fit.

BLACK FIGURE

Fuck's sa-

ROBOT



PICKS the figure and JABS him in the FACE, again, and again and again.

The figure starts losing consciousness. But then a memory of the carnage that ensued at Ricochet's replays.

ELI(O.S.)

I gotta get stronger!

BLACK FIGURE

CATCHES an incoming fist. TWISTING the wrist of the robot he YANKS it close giving it a JAB and CROSS. GRABS both arms of the robot leaps, and this time KICKS it with BOTH FEET. BAM!!

The robot BUSTS through three walls out of the building onto the ground outside.

CUT TO:

**EXT:THE SHADE-ABANDONED ESTATE-CAR PARK**

The figure leaps down from three stories and CHARGES at the robot FIST heading straight for its head-

ROBOT

(Politely)

Congratulations, you have completed level 25. Would you like to go again?

The figure lowers his arm, and takes off his hood. Eli flops on his butt.

ELI

(Exhausted)

What's the criteria for passin a level?

A.I.(V.O.)

When the robot calculates that there is a 3% chance of victory or less. This was part of the reason it couldn't be used for soldiers. It rarely went lower than 35% once level 40 was reached.

ELI

(Exhausted)

Nice. Just almost died training. Minor.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-POLICE STATION-ELECTRONICS LAB-DAYTIME**

Inspector Brackley stares at boxes filled with the robotic parts salvaged from the scene. Each box has a sticker with the name of the victim who owned it. The CAMERA PANS to a box with the name ' Timothy' Brackley pulls up his digital wrap sheet. Her POV shows Timothy's mugshot, blood type, age, weight and height. CUT IN to 'weight: 110kg'

Brackley's eyes light up blue. From her POV, the box containing the robotic parts has a figure flashes over it, '15 kg'.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

Gotcha. Al!

A grey haired man SHUFFLES into the room.

AL

Whatchu need?

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

How many robotic implants and mods weren't found at the crime scene?

AL

Just a robotic arm.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

(To herself)

Someone else was there. Either they arrived before we did or more likely, they were there in the arms deal. That's our full fit wearer. Find the arm, find the witness.

(Turns to Al)

Thanks. Hey how's Brendon?

AL

He's just hit year 13, stressin bout uni and other inconsequential shit.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

Do you ever wanna spy on him just to check if he's ok?

AL

(Taps temple)

I could sure, hell every blue moon I do I got telescopic and microscopic vision for Christ's sake. But you can't keep an eye on em 24 7, you gotta let them grow. Is it Hez?

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

It's just he's still gettin used to secondary school. I always worry about his safety you know? What was it like for you when Brendon was in yr 7?

AL

Me and Gracie were worried every time he came home so much as 10 minutes late. When the gang wars were waging, safety was more of a commodity than an assurance. We just taught him the best we could and hoped he'd listen the best he could. The rules that we had when we were kids doesn't always apply in the era ours are in. Times have changed, Hez is a good kid. I'm sure he'll be fine.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

Thanks Al.

Both Brackley and Al's eyes flash blue.  
Speakers in the corners of the room blare.

COMMISSIONER REYLAND(O.S.)

Everyone in the briefing room.

AL

Damn briefings.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

(Smirk)

You just hate them because they rarely ever involve the robotics department.

AL

That's a perfectly good reason to hate it. It's a literal waste of my time.

Brackley and Al walk out of the lab.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-POLICE STATION-BRIEFING ROOM**

All the higher ranking officers sit in different chairs. Commissioner Reyland stands in front with a holographic projection of multiple cases. Inspector sits arms CROSSED, thinking to herself.

COMMISSIONER REYLAND

Alright, I need everyone on their toes for the next couple o weeks. Word on the street has it that things are going through changes, dangerous changes. Plus we have the charity event coming up next month.

Reyland points at the Ricochet's case.

COMMISSIONER REYLAND

Ever since the drug deal at Ricochet's there's been a power vacuum left by Beamer. Someone's gonna try to fill it whether that be Rez, or another up and coming crime boss. Brackley any update?

The inspector LEANS forward.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

There was a piece of evidence stolen from the crime scene before we got there. My best guess is the one witness who can give us a lead is either in possession of it or tried to get rid of it. Find the evidence, we find them.

COMMISSIONER REYLAND

Good start.

The hologram FLASHES and becomes a map that zooms in on West London.

COMMISSIONER REYLAND

Last night a group of low level tech-heads got mercilessly killed. The style doesn't match any M.O. that department has seen so we'll be sending some of our people to see if it's one of ours.

Inspector Brackley's eyes NARROW SLIGHTLY and head TILTS hearing about the new case.

COMMISSIONER REYLAND

Milton, and Qureshi you two are going. That's all for today, for everyone else like I said stay on your toes. Dismissed.

CUT TO:

**EXT:THE SHADE-ELI'S SCHOOL-AFTERNOON**

Eli and Ree walk out of the building. REE starts BOPPIN.

REE

Ooh I'm a mood to flex on niggas today.  
I'll be da first to make a Billi, hidden figures today.  
Psychosis I can't help but murder da beat.  
Lady luck my mistress de way I lured her to me.

Eli COVERS his mouth.

ELI

(Excited)

Ok den! Ree's awake! Casual bars like dat yeah!

REE

(Excited)

De studio's gettin burnt down today!!

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-MUSIC STUDIO-LATER**

Eli sits in the studio with four other guys while Ree stands in the booth RAPPING.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-MUSIC STUDIO-BOOTH**

REE

Woke up as usual on my block it's hella rowdy.  
 Woke up dis morning dreamin of ridin in a Benz not an  
 audi  
 Money longer dan de centuries my people suffered in  
 slavery.  
 I've been fighting so long where's my medal for bravery?  
 Still gonna roll wit metal round my neck.  
 Got too much hardwear on me I'm hi-tech.  
 My bars too hard to dissect.  
 When it comes to my bars all I accept.  
 Is de best.  
 Dats it only A1.  
 Round me gayalem's clothes never stay on.  
 Da rap game like B ball 1 on 1.  
 Only da best stays on.  
 Dats why I'm Boomin in your radio from de whip to de  
 metro on n on n on n on!  
 Yo Apollo run dat back! Yeah, yeah I like dat still. Dat  
 take felt good.

Ree walks out of the booth into the studio. Three of the four guys  
 DAP him up. Eli GRINS and walks up to Ree.

ELI

I will never get how you do dat shit.

REE

(Confident)

Come on. Now how's my painter doin?

ELI

Wait no it ain't-

REE PICKS his tablet it projects in image on the wall. It's a graffiti painting of him.

REE

Dats cold! I look leng, or at least more leng Dan usual!  
Shit Eli!

ELI

Been workin on it for about a month. Thought I'd finish  
so you could use it for your E.P. before you released it.

REE

(Puts arm round Eli)

Dis is why you my nigga! My day one! My Killy! My  
bruddaaaaa! You know what I say we go have some fun, bun  
a zoot to celebrate. Obviously except Eli.

Apollo the producer gets up.

APOLLO

(Confused)

Eli how you make hard shit like dat but act like a neek?  
Like wouldn't smokin increase your creativity n dat?

REE

Chill cuz, when it comes to his mental, Eli just don't  
play. Been like dat from time.

ELI

(Shrugs)

I've thought bout it but my mum would kill me, plus  
before her surgery her lungs wouldn't be able to handle  
that amount smokin.

APOLLO

Nah I hear dat still.

ELI(V.O.)

I also just prefer to only see weird shit in my dreams.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-STUDIO-EVENING**

Ree and Eli walk out of the studio with the other four. Eli's watch pings, he checks his wrist. A notification reads.  
'Email from Mr.RICCI'

ELI

Italian? Huh.

Eli OPENS the message it reads. 'Hey Eli! I'm Mr.Ricci my profile will tell you I'm an artist scout and you and your art are a perfect fit for me and my roster of artists if you're interested, meet me at the Sundrop Restaurant today 8pm. Can't wait to hear from you!'

ELI

(Whispers)

Yes!

BOLO DONNY(O.S.)

Ayy your creps lookin nice bruv!!

Eli looks up to see all the other guys with him holding their hands up and a muscular man wearing a mask, with a pair of laser gauntlets.

ELI

(Whispers)

Fuck.

Ree kisses his teeth. As the man takes a drone from his bag, a pair of creps and a chain. He turns to Eli.

BOLO DONNY

De watch, run dat.

ELI(V.O.)

Can I take him?

A.I.

Not without revealing yourself as a cyborg.

ELI

Dis literally all I go-

The bolo guy cuts an X in the ground right in front of Eli. Everyone flinches, swearing.

APOLLO

Fukin give it to him!!

Eli CHUCKS the watch to the man.

BOLO DONNY

Sorry, you know how it is.

The guy runs off.

REE

Fuck's sake!! FUUUUCK!!!

**INT:THE SHADE-TRAIN-LATER**

Eli stares at a projection on a train window, the news is on.

CUT TO:

A man with an extremely posh accent sits at a NEWSDESK.

POSH ACCENT

Extreme V.A.R.I use and abuse is at its highest. Late teens and young adults. Are being heavily affected by the new wave of augmented and virtual reality. John with the latest on the matter.The following some images may be distressing.John.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SUNNYSIDE-LAB**

The reporter john stands beside multiple models of V.A.R.I headsets.

JOHN

Virtual and Augmented Reality Interface. V.A.R.I. Has changed the way we interact at a fundamental level. From how we attend work to how we play.

CUT TO:

A man wearing a headset sits in his home but on a screen next to him he's on a football field coaching a team.

JOHN(V.O.)

It's also changed how we learn.

CUT TO:

A prestigious school full of white kids and one Asian and one black kid. All their eyes glowing blue SOLVING complex equations and problems.



JOHN(V.O.)

But for many of our young people it's changed how they see life itself. And not for the better.

FADE TO:

**INT:THE SUNNYSIDE-HOSPITAL**

John stands in the waiting room where multiple people are strapped to beds. All ACT plain CRAZY in different ways all HALLUCINATING.

JOHN

Here in London hospital, patients writhe not due to physical pain but something more psychological. Dr.Glacee a renowned mind in the field of biotechnology, neurology, as well as psychology has come up with a theory on the subject.

A man in a lab coat walks into frame.

DR.GLACEE

There is a fast growing prevalence of abuse of V.A.R.I. This system from its genesis was already a double edged sword. Ever since we mastered how to replicate the sensation of dreams in 2132. The human brain's limits have been practically torn off. And so have the constraints that we use to define reality. With a sharp drop in the mental health of our young people. Escapism is a perfect way to wind down. What better escape is there than a dream? The coping mechanism itself isn't wrong. The problem arises when the person is unsatisfied with the realism of their escape. Children will go online and find hackers called Mersers. They can work ways around the settings of V.A.R.I. to manipulate the intensity of sensations in the simulation. Now this is already available upon purchase but Mersers push it beyond the legal limits. This could be as simple as dialling up pleasure or decreasing pain. Or as complex as turning off fundamental emotions like fear and empathy. This inevitably over time destroys the brain in whatever area is tampered with as well as overheating the hardware of interface itself causing irreparable damage. Leaving the patient's mind stuck in between the simulated event and the real world. This is often when the illegal operation goes right. Sometimes hackers can hack into a users account without permission and subject the person to unspeakable horrors. It's changed how we define and punish crime as well.

CUT TO:

A patient strapped to a bed.

DR.GLACEE(V.O.)

This is Laura. She lost boyfriend in a car accident. The experience specifications in her last use of V.A.R.I. was meeting her boyfriend happy and alive

Laura CARESSES the air as if stroking a face.

LAURA  
(Tearful)

Hey baby.

DR.GLACEE(V.O.)

Not everyone is as lucky to be stuck in an infinite loop of this kind.

Another patient ERRATICALLY FLAILS his arms and legs about.

DR.GLACEE(V.O.)

This is Liam. His specs were hacked. We don't know what he's experiencing but from the signals the brain's been letting off from scans it's something similar to being on fire. The figures concerning these cases are rising by the day and we're not even talking about the victims in The Shade.

CUT TO:

**EXT:THE SUNNYSIDE-HOSPITAL**

ZOOM OUT to John standing outside the hospital.

JOHN

Now that we've managed to replicate virtually every sensation and code it into a machine. To say what happens in the virtual world is as real as here and now, is now a truth about reality we need to ponder. Defining what is real or not used to be a hypothetical question for the philosophers. Now, it's a problem we quickly need to find an answer to.

CUT TO:

POSH ACCENT

Thank you John. People's lives are getting changed for the better over at Deadalus Industries. Rita.

CUT TO:

**EXT:THE SHADE-BRIXTON MINES-NIGHTTIME**

Bellington stands with Rita.

RITA

Today I'm at the Deadalus Industries, Brixton mining sector. With CEO and benefactor of the company William Bellington. With some good news for workers everywhere.

ME.BELLINGTON

(Awkwardly)

Eh Yes Rita, we at Deadalus Industries have made a breakthrough recently. A new prototype that integrates the same interface we use for construction machines like for the art competition recently. It will considerably lower the workload on miners down here. It will find morphylite faster and extract it 3 times as fast and safely.

CUT TO:

A machine SCANS then laser cuts through rocks revealing huge deposits of morphylite. ZOOMING OUT more of the prototype goes about doing the same thing.

MR.BELLINGTON

(Awkwardly)

It's going to heavily lower the risk of casualties and accidents in the mines too. This new prototype has proved so effective it's going to be implemented in some of the Lewisham mines as well. All in all a win if I do say so myself.

RITA

Inspirational stuff thank you Mr.Bellington. Back to you Robert.

INVISIBLE CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-RESTAURANT-NIGHTTIME**

Eli stands on the ground floor of a fancy restaurant. He looks around and Mr.Ricci, a skinny man (mid 30s) sitting at a table WAVES at him to come over. Eli walks over and sits.

MR.RICCI

Glad to see you made it!

ELI

I'm thankful for the opportunity.

MR.RICCI

This is an opportunity for the both of us.  
(Gestures only to self)

Eli sits. A waiter arrives at their table.

WAITER

(Politely)

What would you gentlemen be having tonight?

MR.RICCI

I'll have the truffle risotto, Scottadito, with some salmon caviar on the side, oh and a Gin and Dubonnet.

Eli sits hiding his confusion but-

MR.RICCI (CONT'D)

He's new so give him the same thing.

(To Eli)

Trust me you're going to love the salmon caviar. Really good stuff.

Mr.Ricci looks at Eli's outfit.

MR.RICCI

Where did you buy that jacket? It's really cool.

ELI

I just got it at a shop nothin special.

MR.RICCI

Your look is what I'm looking for. I've helped act as an agent for some really great artists. I think you would be a good addition.

ELI

Thanks.

MR.RICCI

Of course we'll need to do some rebranding but that shouldn't be too hard. You are very eloquent and smart considering.

Eli's eye twitches.

ELI

By rebrand do you mean my clothes or?

MR.RICCI

Oh no that part is what helps sell you. No I'm thinking what kind of stuff you paint. We can start off with some commercial stuff and then you can collab with some of my painters, make a gallery together. Really help sell the kid from the Shade vibe.

ELI

What kind of stuff is commercial?

The waiter arrives with their twin meals. Mr.Ricci RUBS his hands together. As the plates are placed down.

MR.RICCI

Oh you know, like paintings about climate change in cities outside the Six Sun cites.

(Munches scottadito)

Erm gender Identity and sexual fluidity. That's always a solid one,

(bites into truffle risotto)

saving an endangered species ohh. Always gets a tear or two out of em. You know alot of animals are still being hunted, its horrible stuff.

(Eats the caviar)

Eli sighs.

MR.RICCI

Are you feeling ok? I can call the-

ELI

No, no I'm fine but I just thought I won the competition because of my art.

MR.RICCI

Yeah you did. Your urban technique is completely new. Nobody has tried what you're doing so well. Plus your style matches it so it's like you are part of the art you know?

ELI

My art is not just my technique, my art is my message. Without that I'm just creating clusterfucks of paint on a flat surface.

MR.RICCI

(Stops eating)

Now Eli. Let's calm down. It may not be what you are passionate about. But there are a lot of people you would be speaking to. Also these people happen to be able to offer you more money than you've probably seen before.

ELI

(Nods to himself)

Can I ask you a question? Why would you ask me to paint about something I don't believe in or care about.

MR.RICCI

Ok Eli I'm going to be a whole one hundred with you. The industry of art doesn't care about what you have to say. They just want you to say what sells. If what you believe in happens to sell congrats but otherwise it's going to be hard to get people to listen. Opportunities like this are once in a lifetime.

ELI

Den I guess de art industry isn't for me.

MR.RICCI

I feel like you're going to look back on this and regret your decision.

ELI

With all due-Nah. I won't.

Mr.Ricci has an inconspicuous tinge of anger in his eyes.

ELI

Again, I'm thankful for de opportunity.  
(Gets up)

Eli walks to the exit of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

**EXT:THE SHADE-WATERLOO UNDERGROUND STATION**

Eli stands at the platform and looks back at buildings below.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SHADE-TRAIN**

Eli stands on the train HOLDING a railing. Frustrated, angry and disappointed.

ELI(V.O.)

"urban technique." Fuck you.

As the tube the train zooms through twists and turns it descends lower and lower. Eli looks out the train window as the brightness decreases and dims, his eyes are caught by something.

CJT TO:

The train window FRAMES three men wearing tech robbing a store. Eli's eyes narrow, anger FLARING along with his nostrils.

CUT TO:

**EXT:THE SHADE-STORE**

The three men wearing tech grab. Mechanic parts from a garage. The first has four robotic arms. The second is covered in Armour with shoulder cannons. The third has rocket boots and a blade in both his robotic hands.

SHOULDER CANNONS

Fuckin hurry bruv!

FOUR ARMS

Relax, who's here to stop us? Nobody! Also we had codenames I'm Strongarm, you're Big Shell and Tony's Rocket. Fuckin use em!

ROCKET

Regardless, we can't be wasting time. Rez don't like complications on jobs.

CLANG!

The three guys TURN towards the noise. The guy with shoulder cannons POWERS UP the guns.

STRONGARM

Stop movin paranoid man!

The guy with rocket boots starts to join in with the LOOTING.

BIG SHELL

Shut up! Someone's here!

CUT TO:

The camera SLOWLY ZOOMS to a dark alley way across the road. Four arms, and rocket boots finally get all the loot and walk out of the garage.

BIG SHELL  
Finally, let's cut.

TINK!

All three men turn their attention to the alley. The CAMERA ZOOMS in further closer SLOWER.

VIIIIIOOM! In the black a purple glowing circle forms.

Storngarm grabs a piece of glass and DASHES it at the circle it Moves to the side. Big Shell, Strongarm and Rocket all freeze still unsure of what's there.

STRONGARM  
Rocket, check it out.

ROCKET  
Why me!?

STRONGARM  
You're the fastest! You can still get away even if you get close.

Rocket looks at Big shell.

BIG SHELL  
Don't look at me!

ROCKET  
Fuck you guys.

Rocket ZIPS into the darkness only to have a hand REACH out of the shadows and GRAB his neck.

ROCKET  
SPIN KICKS and zips back to his comrades.

ROCKET  
Its a fuckin holo.

The darkness, GLITCHES revealing a normally lit alleyway and a black figure with a circle on his visor.



BIG SHELL

FIRES a shot from his cannon. The figure CRANES his neck to the side dodging it.

BLACK FIGURE

Imma say dis once. Put what you stole back. Now.

STRONGARM

EXTENDS his arms to CRUSH the black figure. BOOM! The black figure dodges it in a blur.

BLACK FIGURE

RUSHES at Strongarm but- SMACK!!

ROCKET

KICKS the figure from the side, barely blocking the strike the black figure is flung to the side.

BLACK FIGURE

TUMBLES on the road but lands on his feet. As he looks up two small MISSILES close in. KADOOOM!!

STRONGARM

Big Shelly! Dats how you do it!

The smoke slowly spreads.

BLACK FIGURE

So you man wanna go ICU.

The three freeze. WOOSH!! LEAPING out of the smoke the figure appears.

BLACK FIGURE

Say nothin.

BLACK FIGURE

Lands and HOOKS Big Shell in the side. Big shell flies into Strongarm.

ROCKET

RUNS around the figure in circles then JUMPS to FLY KICK. The figure catches the foot and throws ROCKET. Just like the sparring robot did to Eli while training.

STRONGARM

Shoves Big shell off him. And CHARGES and the figure he swings with a JAB, CROSS, TWO HOOKS and one UPPERCUT.

BLACK FIGURE

DEFLECTS and DODGES each hit. Turning to the side, he GRABS Strongarm but the neck and throws him into ROCKET the two crash into each other.

BIG SHELL

Fuck dis!

BIG SHELL

Fires of MULTIPLE ROCKETS.

BLACK FIGURE  
(V.O.)

No.27

BLACK FIGURE

FIRES of his finger missiles. They COLLIDE into the ROCKETS exploding them before they reach him.

Quickly he then appears beside Big Shell.

BLACK FIGURE(V.O.)

No.7

The sonic cannons form. BIIIOOM. The blast SMASHES the guy out of his suit, he flops into the ground holding his gut he vomits.

ROCKET

Shi-

BLACK FIGURE

Even faster than before grabs ROCKET and just CHUCKS him in the air. He JUMPS up after him, and SLAMS the two rocket boots together with a SONIC CLAP. BIIIOOM! The boots shatter. The figure lands holding ROCKET upside down. He drops him.

STRONGARM

Runs.

BLACK FIGURE

GRABS his shoulder and then PUNCHES each of his four arms. Each punch is infused with a sonic blast. The arms shattered and fall to the ground in pieces. The figure then SLAMS Strongarm in the stomach he drops to his knees. The figure picks the parts that they stole and goes into the garage as the three roll around in pain. The figure leaves walking back down the alley.

BLACK FIGURE

Go home. Before de jakes get here.

STRONGARM

(Groaning)

Who the fuck are you.

BLACK FIGURE

Nobody.

CUT TO:

**INT:THE SAHDE-ELI'S HOUSE-LATER**

Eli walks through the front door. His mother

**INT:THE SHADE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHTTIME**

In a small living room like Eli's, a group of kids sit on a sofa watching a show on a holographic screen. A lightskin woman with an Afro walks into the room.

LIGHTSKIN WOMAN

Guys bedtime.

The kids groan.

LIGHTSKIN WOMAN

You know the drill, off you go.

The kids lethargically get up and walk towards one room that is behind their mother. She looks back towards the living room.

LIGHTSKIN WOMAN

(Softly)

That means you too.

The CAMERA TRACKS to a chair that Lucius is sitting in. He's still distraught. The lightskin woman walks up to him and sits gently in his lap, sits her hand on his chest.

LIGHTSKIN WOMAN

Did you pay the landlord the rent for this month?

LUCIUS

Yeah.

LIGHTSKIN WOMAN

Then why you so sad for?

LUCIUS

I ain't sad-I'm just tired.

LIGHTSKIN WOMAN

You do what you need to do to keep this family afloat I  
do my bit too.

LUCIUS

I know I know, I'm just, tired.

CUT TO:

In the small hallway leading to Lucius and his girl's bedroom we see  
a drawer. The CAMERA DEFOCUSES from them to what's on the drawer. A  
mask.

FADE TO BLACK:

Play 'Mo Money' By J.Cole

Credits