

The Revolutionist

The Witness

EXT: LONDON-THE SHADE-JUNKYARD-NIGHTTIME

POV you're on the ground, lasers and bullets jet around you, shattering windows melting metal and concrete. People with weaponised mechanic or biomechanic appendages kill each other. SLICING each other into pieces, vaporising or otherwise. At the centre of the carnage a black blur dodges blasts and kills multiple assailants.

You get up lifting your left arm and from your palm a cannon FORMS, trying to TRACK the black blur. You charge up your shot. KADOOM! An explosion to the right of you goes off your world spins and you land on your stomach.

YOU
(Groan)

A teenager in a red jacket turns to you and raises his arm. It TRANSFORMS revealing an ak 47.

RANDOM TEEN(O.S.)
Beamer dis ain't worth it we gotta cut now!
(SCREAMS)

Beamer fires at you but you ROLL out of the way and BLAST!!! Half of his body disappears and is replaced with a smouldering hole.

RANDOM TEEN(O.S.)
FUCK!!

You get PICKED up from behind and start getting dragged away from the onslaught.

YOU
Get the fuck off me!! Nicholaaaaasss!!!

NICHOLAS(O.S.)
Your dad hired me to keep you alive!! Fuck the suit!!

BOOM!! A laser blast hits a building above you and begins to CRUMBLE. Nicholas, a young man in a silver and green suit turns to you wide eyed.

NICHOLAS

RUN!!!

You SCRAMBLE to your feet but as you look back up at the descending building you know it's too late. You turn back to the blur now stationary, it's a person wearing a black robotic suit with a visor covering their face. They stare, you charge one last shot at the black figure BOOM!!!!

FADE TO WHITE:

WOOOO!! WOOP! WOOP! Flashes of light white and blue fill the screen then slowly dim and focus, ZOOMING OUT a host of hovering police cars and a crowd of people, surround a now rubble covered and sectioned off junkyard.

A black lady with a soft face, box braids and one dangling braid dyed blue, STRUTS out of her hover car. A policeman in an exosuit walks over to her. The two walk through the holographic yellow tape.

POLICEMAN

Inspector Brackley.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

(NODS)

Greenwood. You had fun tonight.

GREENWOOD

(FLUSTERED)

What-what makes you say that?

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

No reason. So what happened?

GREENWOOD

Can't tell what happened, the forensic team is still searching for bodies. There were a lot of Techwearers, no survivors. My best guess, more beef over turf.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

Have the vultures already swarmed and had their fill?

GREENWOOD

It's already goin viral.

Greenwood TAPS his temple where a small cybernetic implant can be seen. BWOP! A blue holographic screen projects from his eyes. The man SWIPES it out of existence towards Inspector Brackley. From Inspector Brackley's POV a screen pops up in mid air. A video is

on the screen on a website called SOULPANE. It plays.

CUT TO:

EXT:LONDON-THE SHADE-JUNKYARD-NIGHTTIME

From a camera's POV, a young boy who is SNEAKING around is being followed by a seeming floating camera man. In the reflection of a window a drone is seen following the boy.

YOUNG BOY

Get close, Look look look!!

We get right behind the boy's shoulder and zooming into a junkyard surrounded by tall buildings, a brawl between multiple cyborgs takes place all killing each other. One SPITS out a jet of acid like a fire hydrant corroding another person.

YOUNG BOY(O.S.)

Oh shit! His shit just got melted clean.

We zoom back to the boy now looking directly at us.

YOUNG BOY

Comment below if you know any of these Techies! Don't forget to like and subscribe for more raw content from me and The Shade Unfiltered!

CUT TO:

Brackley's eye twitches in annoyance. The screen disappears.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

(SIGHS)

Where's the kid.

CUT TO:

A couple metres from the crime scene the young boy stands eyes glued to his screen SMIRKING as he views the numbers going up on his video. Inspector Brackley looks the boy up and down.

Brackley's POV fills with numbers and words describing the boy, 5ft.7in, 17 years old, @T.S.U., Influencer, Brackley squints.

LITTLE BOY(V.O.)

But mom!

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY(CONT'D)

I'm not letting you watch that! There's enough violence outside I'm not having that in this house. Unsubscribe right now!

Inspector Brackley sighs PINCHING her nose bridge.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
Of course it's you.

Greenwood looks at her confused.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
T.S.U. he's an influencer from Sunnyside. Records the most R rated stuff he can find and claims it always happens in The Shade. My son used to watch his stuff.

GREENWOOD
Guess this is his lucky break.
(NODS AT KID)
Hey!

The young boy covered in dust and debris stays STARING at his screen.

YOUNG BOY
Can we make this quick? I've got to do a live soon, and then print some merch of the guy spittin acid. Merch trends only last a couple of days and I got money to make. You guys get it.
(TURNS TO GREENWOOD AND INSPECTOR BRACKLEY)
(SMIRKS)
Oh wait.

Greenwood CLENCHES his jaw while Inspector Brackley just GRINS.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
(CHUCKLES)
Forget being an influencer you should be a comedian.
(TAPS TEMPLE)

Her holoscreen pops up with a web page of T.S.U. on SOULPANE. Brackley TAPS his profile pic and an X covers it. The boy's screen disappears and he looks over at Brackley who's BEAMING.

YOUNG BOY
What the fuck lady!?

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
Oopsies! You just swore at an officer. With the ol' addition to the Freedom of speech law any insult directed at an officiator of the law. (POINTS AT SELF)
That'd be me. Can be punished by a 2000 digit fine. Also

your "content" is evidence so therefore any tampering with said evidence can also be seen as bearing false evidence also punishable by up to 10 yrs. I know your demographic loves their remixes and edits.

The boy's face begins to grow worried.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY(CONT'D)

Plus you are sharing explicit videos online, on a site that is used by minors no less. Last I checked you're 17 not 16.

(COUNTS FINGERS)

Meaning another 7rs ooooh.

(FAKE HURT)

That can't be fun and you know your legal team can't avoid all three of those offences. So how about you make this quick and tell us everything you saw kay?

YOUNG BOY

(SIGHS)

All I saw was a bunch of Techies killing each other. I got the info from an extreme V.A.R.I. junkie. I offered some ghost accounts. She said there was gonna be a shootout in East of The Shade near Ricochet's. I go there, wait, then I hear an explosion. I follow the noise of bullets and beams. Then all I see is bullets flying and people using Softwear and Hardwear killing each other.

GREENWOOD

People wearing Softwear? Other than the acid spitter?

YOUNG BOY

Yeah, Someone had a scrambler for sure. Some of my footage got deleted out of the blue. There were a bunch of guys in biowear in green and silver suits. Plus there was someone in some high tech Hardwear, like a full fit.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

You sure they were fully fitted?

YOUNG BOY

The person was moving too fast, like at bullet speed. My camera couldn't keep up; it was just a blur. Last I checked the only way a person can reach that speed is in an integrated suit of armour right?

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

Anything else?

YOUNG BOY

That's all I can remember.

Brackley's POV shows an Infrared scan of the world, looking at the boy his temperature is the same, the world then goes X-ray and his heart is BEATING at the average tempo. Her vision switches back to normal.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

You're young so I'll be polite, but you're a sick kid if this is what you have a passion for. Like I said, try something else like comedy. You look like an entertainer. But displaying bloodshed for a crowd? That's a messed up definition of entertainment.

Inspector Brackley walks off, Greenwood follows.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

This wasn't a fight over territory. We need to find the kid addicted to extreme V.A.R.I. And there was another witness other than Mr Influencer over there.

GREENWOOD

Sure for the first part. But what other witnesses would there be?

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY

If he's right about someone in a full fit. It's whoever was wearing it. The average full fit can withstand a rocket launcher explosion at blank range, this wouldn't be able to kill em. We need to find em, to think I was gonna clock out early.

(SIGHS)

DEFOCUS AND FADE TO WHITE:

INT:BEDROOM-MORNING

A light resembling the sun fills the screen then FLICKERS and flickers sporadically, as it focuses it turns out to be an artificial light on a ceiling. PANNING down a teenage black boy with purple coloured waves sits in a chair SNORING. BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! His eyes FLASH open, LOOKING down at his digital WATCH then up at something in front of him but out of frame, defiance is in his eyes. He NODS.

TEENAGE BLACK BOY(V.O.)

(DETERMINED)

Aight Eli. Time to show em what you got.

Eli practically JUMPS out of the chair and heads out of his room.

CUT TO:

INT:BATHROOM-CONTINUOUS

Eli walks towards a shower cubicle, PRESSES a button and water pours out.

CUT TO:

Eli BRUSHES his teeth. He looks at his hair and PICKS a spray. LEANS over and SPRAYS on his hair. His purple gradient of hair slightly SHINES and is more iridescent.

He LEANS out of the bathroom back into his room.

INT:ELI'S BEDROOM-CONTINUOUS

Eli GRABS the back of a CANVAS and heads out the door. Through a hallway two strides long.

Seeing the entirety of the house, the building is made up of five small rooms all on the same floor. And the door to each room is visible.

ELI (O.S.)

I'm gonna head out now.

MEEK WOMAN(O.S.)

Already?

CUT TO:

INT:LIVINGROOM-CONTINUOUS

Eli goes to HUG a woman with meek eyes and a strained voice. As she gets up she COUGHS, Eli slightly speeds up to meet her and GUIDES her back to her CHAIR.

ELI

Don't overwork yourself, the competition is today so I gotta be early. I'm gonna win.

MEEK WOMAN

You will be the head and not the tail in Jesus' name.

ELI

Amen, I'll be back later but I've already paid for next month's medication. But this will cover more than that when I win, trust me.

The woman KISSES Eli's cheek and he turns and heads towards the front door. He OPENS the door.

MEEK WOMAN

You are blessed and highly favoured, you know to refuse evil. Walk in the blessing. I love you.

ELI

(Softly)

I love you too mum.

The door SLIDES shut behind Eli as he heads out. Walking away from his home and ZOOMING OUT, we see his small home is just another clone of over 300 all in one giant building. As other people all walk out their doors sliding the exact same way.

The lights lighting up the early morning are all artificial or neon. PANNING down almost upside down countless people can be seen on the ground. Continuing to PAN a towering roof covers where the sky should be.

Out of the roof are BUILDINGS built upside down, some connecting with the tallest of the buildings on the ground acting also as pillars holding up the giant dark dome.

The only hint of sunlight is a small upside DOME in the centre of the giant cave-like dome. Multiple giant TUNNELS connecting through buildings and giant pillars all converge on said dome.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE SHADE-STREET

Eli puts a pair of Wireless HEADPHONES.

ELI

Pharrel Williams, Cash in cash out.

The song starts playing.

CUT TO:

Eli walks past a kid who sees the canvas case he's holding.

KID

(COUGHS)

Is it gonna be good?

ELI
(CONFIDENT)

You already know. Also you should be heading to school. You know you shouldn't be out early, it messes with your lungs. Get ready I know your mum wants you ready by 8:00 go on.

KID

Yeah yeah.

CUT TO:

Eli walks past a cornershop where a crazed teenager SWINGS his arm around. The store owner shoos the deranged adolescent away.

CRAZED TEENAGER

I am-
(COUGHS)
the wizard of Oz!!

STORE OWNER

Damn V.A.R.I. addict.
(LOOKS AT ELI)
I know you don't believe me but there were days we old dongs used to use virtual reality for just fun. A couple of hours at the most. Not to run away from life.

ELI

Ehhh, life could be better.

STORE OWNER

Could be worse too. You got another piece for me?

ELI

Nah this one's for a competition.

STORE OWNER

The judges are in for a treat then.

ELI

I hope so.

(WAVES)

CUT TO:

EXT:TRAIN STATION-LATER

Eli's head BOPS as he waits for the TRAIN to arrive. A train with

graffiti sprayed over a company name arrives. Eli's boppin head FREEZES along with the rest of his body as a hench lightskin brother with a taper fade in a neon red jacket steps out. Eli looks up as the lightskin man makes eye contact. Everything slows down.
BADUM. BADUM.

HOLD. HOLD. HOLD. even though it's less than a second it. Eli knows that's too long.

BADUM BADUM.

The bulky guy turns towards Eli looming over him...

BADUM BADUM! DUM! DUM! DUM!

LIGHTSKIN BROTHER

You tryna get jigg-Oh shit Eli, I didn't realise dat was you cuz! I ain't seen you in time! What you sayin!

The lightskin brother spuds Eli.

ELI

Nottin still, just heading to school n dat just minor shit.

LIGHTSKIN BROTHER

I hear dat still. You still doin art and shit?

ELI

Yeah, yeah going to a competition today.

LIGHTSKIN BROTHER

Yo dats good still. You were always good at school, always gettin good grades n dat. But you know if it's not supplin de digits. You can always roll wit me and my guys, you need anyfin I got you.

ELI

Course man. Cheers.

LIGHTSKIN BROTHER

You know me I like to help de people. For real your textiles lookin dry, me I'm drownin in drip y'get me. Ain't I? Touch it.

(GESTURES TO JACKET)

BADUM.

LIGHTSKIN BROTHER

Go on touch it.

ELI

(NERVOUS)
Nah bro you too drippy. I can feel it from here.

BADUM BADUM.

LIGHTSKIN BROTHER
I know your mom's sick.
(LEANS CLOSER)
I can help you bro.

BADUM! BADUM! BADUM!

ANNOUNCER
The next train is calling at, Lewisham.

Eli slides past the man in red. Steps unto the train.

ELI
Oh dats mine I gotta dip. See you inna bit.

LIGHTSKIN BROTHER
Yeah yeah. I catch you later innit. Tell ya mums I said hi yeah.

ELI
Yeah yeah.

The door closes. The guy's smile vanishes as he turns around walking off the platform.

ELI
Timothy changed, fuckin ell.

CUT TO:

EXT: SCHOOL-ENTRANCE-LATER

Eli walks through a METAL DETECTOR and in the hallway stands a handsome tall black teenager with green locs. He STRIDES over with a sense of suaveness the two engage in a idiosyncratic handshake ending with SPUD.

BLACK TEENAGER
You ready for your big day?

ELI
I hope so. this art comp?

ELI
It's gonna be minor.

BLACK TEENAGER

My brodda.

ELI

But for real I gotta win this. 2000 digits, that's gonna pay for mom's new lungs. She's only barely recovering from the surgery and I can't start racking up debt.

BLACK TEENAGER

I gotchu if you need anything.

The two walk through the hallway to the homeroom.

ELI

I know, thanks. Oh guess who I saw today.

BLACK TEENAGER

Any naked woman, the name doesn't matter.

ELI

REE. I saw Timothy.

REE

You mean Beamer.

ELI

Nigga was gonna ching me up until he recognised me.

REE

Da life of the average roadman in The Shade.

ELI

Bro I thought I was gonna see jesus.

REE

Good thing you didn't, like I mentioned before, you have more important things to see.

ELI

Bro relax, just cause you a fuckboi don't mean I need to be.

REE

Don't knock it till you try it my brethren.

DING! DING!

REE

Shit!

ELI
(MOCKING)

Let me guess it's between Alisha, Elena or Olwen.
Seriously, again, Olwen let's just take a minute to deep
dat name?

REE

Don't. Just, don't.

ELI
(CHUCKLE)

All I'm sayin is you need to find better priorities.

REE

You just prioritise the comp you got this afternoon. You
got your cash prize to think about. Oh make sure to take
some pics on Sunnyside. It'll improve your Soulpante
profile.

ELI

I ain't been there in over 10 years even I will take some
pics.

Eli SWIPES at his WATCH and his screen pops with a live of the
'National Art Competition' on Soulpante. Zooming into the video
playing

INVISIBLE CUT TO:

EXT:LONDON-THE SUNNYSIDE-ART EXHIBITION

A blonde lady stands in clothes much different to what we've seen. It
resembles the clothes Nicholas wore before dying. lime green and white
but on her neck and forearms there's tattoos covering them in
symmetrical patterns. In the background shines a CITY. With reflections
of sunlight everywhere, wonderful ARCHITECTURE and FLYING MACHINES all
gliding through the air producing no gas other than steam. Directly
behind her the construction of a MAKESHIFT BUILDING takes place. The
machines are all being controlled by men and women on the ground, not in
the machines. All sitting on the grass in a relaxing manner. And they
aren't using remotes.

BLONDE LADY

The preparations for the New upcoming artist competition
of 2222 are now underway, we have a very interesting
selection of artists we get to enjoy the work of today.
And it's all thanks to the efforts of Deadalus
Industries.

One of the construction workers just WAVES her hand and the machine puts down GIANT SIGN saying 'SPONSORED BY DEDALUS INDUSTRIES' We ZOOM in on the words 'DEADALUS INDUSTRIES'

INVISIBLE CUT TO:

INT: LONDON - DEDALUS INDUSTRIES - HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE

'DEADALUS INDUSTRIES' a DESK PLAQUE has the same name, TRACKING the length of the plaque we see the name 'William Bellington CEO' also engraved. It's shortly picked up.

A young man HOLDS it, THROWS it in the air and CATCHES it. An articulate, deep and cold voice, addresses the young man.

COLD VOICE

Put it down Louis.

Louis PLACES the plaque down. He's brunette, with a haughty essence plastered on his face as well as a pale blue suit jacket. He picks up a fancy looking item and PLAYS with that.

LOUIS

Why do I need to see some nobodies show their cute scribbles to the world? We own the work of the greatest artists of this generation lining the hallway.

COLD VOICE

The art doesn't matter, what matters is that the people see you care for their little cute things.

LOUIS

So why aren't you coming.

COLD VOICE

I'm too busy. I have a meeting I need to close today.

LOUIS

(GROANS)

Can I at least bring some friends?

COLD VOICE

Whatever makes the event easier to bear. Louis you are going to soon run all of this. You need to start acting like you already do. That includes TV appearances. Go.

LOUIS

(SIGHS)

(MUMBLES)

At least my package is arriving tonight.

Louis walks out of the office. The camera TRACKS him and in the background as we stop before also exiting through the door a man stands back facing us STARING at a bookshelf.

He's lean, in a light grey and pale green suit. Its style is strangely foreign in nature. As he turns around, there is no tie or shirt under the two button suit jacket. Just a bare chest, his entire body covered in symmetrical tattoo lines running along his hands, forearms, calves up his chest up to his neck. With one small tattoo in the middle of his forehead. His eyes, frosty blue slits.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

Mr.Bellington, the preparations have all been made.

MR.BELLINGTON

Good. Anything to avoid that insipid art competition.

Mr.Bellington's tattoos GLOW with his words, as he goes to sit at his DESK.

MR.BELLINGTON

Poppy activate V.A.R.I.

POPPY

(ELECTRONIC)

ACTIVATING VIRTUAL and AUGMENTED REALITY INTERFACE.

Mr.Bellington's eyes FLASH brighter along with his tattoos then his eyes begin to RAPIDLY move side to side but his body goes slump.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-APARTMENT-LIVINGROOM

From the exact camera angle a brownskin teenage girl SITS on a SOFA, looking up at the ceiling smoking weed. She smiles, in the background H.E.R. 'FOCUS' plays. A tall lightskin teenager gently sits by her side. His hand kindly GUIDES her face to look at him. The two STARE at each other, unable to pull away. He KISSES her forehead.

LIGHTSKIN TEENAGER

How are you so beautiful? Even your name, Bella. Dats got to be de lengest name for a girl right?

The teenage girl BEAMS, unable to contain her humble joy. She KISSES him. He KISSES her. She pulls away, she REMEMBERS something.

BELLA

Didn't you need to meet with Rez?

LIGHTSKIN TEENAGER
Bun Rez. You're more important.

BELLA
(CONCERNED)
T, you know what he's like.

T
He ain't gonna do noffin trust. Whatchu wanna do today?
Whatever you wanna do, I got de financials covered. Come
on, you tellin me you ain't tryna spend some digits?

BELLA
How many?

T
(GRINNING)
3000

Bella makes a cute face implying she's down.

T
HAHA! I knew you couldn't resist, let's gooo!

T gets up but Bella GRABS his hand, T looks back.

BELLA
Can we just stay here first, just for a bit before we go?

T sits back down and puts his arms around her, she SNUGGLES her head
into the nook of his chest. Her eyes close her expression, one of
peace...of love.

CUT TO:
INT:THE SHADE-APARTMENT-LIVINGROOM

Bella SITS in the same position but there is no person her head
rests on. She's on the same sofa but it's less new now and without
her partner. Her eyes wide open FRANTICLY move. With a box-like
machine, connected to a cybernetic implant in her temple. Her hair
unkept, her clothes dirty and tattered. Beamer sits on a chair
COUNTING physical money. Three guys walk in all with the same
cybernetic implant in their temples. One missing ears replaced with
flat circular disks, another with a complete mechanical arm. One
with a mechanic jaw. He looks at Beamer with a smile on his face.

MECHANIC JAW
Yo boss we got somethin I think you'll like.

BEAMER
(FOCUSED)

What.

MECHANIC JAW
Heard some greenies tryna seal a drug deal tonight.

BEAMER
One of the crackeds tell you?

MECHANIC JAW
Not just dem. Earwig heard some Mechanics talkin bout intercepting it but dey said it weren't worth it. So we don't gotta worry bout no jakes neiver.

BEAMER
(GRINS)
When?

MECHANIC JAW
11PM.

BEAMER

Calm, den let's cut down some grass. But to be sure.
What's de fed's name?

The teen with the flat discs for ears RUBS his nose.

FLAT DISCS
Greenwood.

BEAMER
You seen him at Ricochet's?

FLAT DISCS
(NODS)
I've heard him klartin some girls dere.

BEAMER
Fuckin freak. Good work Earwig.

Beamer pulls a small plastic bag of white powder from his pocket and THROWS it at earwig.

BEAMER
We kill de donnies sellin drugs in our ends and get some cash for our hard work. But first.

Beamer then gets up. Walks over to Bella and UNPLUGS her headset. She abruptly wakes from her V.A.R.I. trance. He roughly GRABS her by the arm JERKING her up.

BEAMER

You're workin tonight.

BELLA

But you said

BEAMER

(AGGRESSIVE)

I don't give a fuck. I changed my mind. Find a Mechanic called Greenwood, fuck him and nick his Mech code. Imma need it to call in a fake alert. I need de jakes busy tonight.

BELLA

But I'm bus

Beamer INHALES, he softly places his cold mechanic hand on her cheek.

BEAMER

Just do this for me ok. You know everything I do for us innit?

Bella nods.

BEAMER

Good girl.

(Kisses intensely)

Beamer walks off. With the other three exiting the house.

EXT:THE SHADE-APARTMENT-OUTSIDE-CONTINUOUS

BEAMER

(SPITS)

I wanna drink, gotta get dat taste outta my mouth. We also need to find a dick ed dumb enough to scout who doesn't have any implants.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-SCHOOL-AFTERNOON

Eli and REE head out of school along with a bunch of other teenagers. The two SPUD as they head in different directions.

REE

Remember you dat nigga, you got this.

ELI

(NODS)

Thanks bro.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-TRAIN-LATER

Eli stands HOLDING his case. He inhales and exhales, the train oversees the city as it travels. It makes multiple stops, WEAVING through the upright as well as upside down buildings. The world starts to get brighter slowly. Then all of a sudden everything goes blinding white. Eli COVERS his eyes.

As Eli SQUINTS the light lessens slightly, revealing a lush open utopia. The train slows to a stop.

DING!

ELECTRONIC VOICE(O.S.)

WE HAVE NOW ARRIVED AT, SOLARCITY. WE HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR JOURNEY.

Eli still SHADES his head as he steps out, he TUGS at his jacket collar. Multiple people run, walk and fly through the city. Exotic birds of multiple species fly in the sky. Eli turns to a nearby park where a crowd of people all practice yoga, they inhale and exhale in unity SEAMLESSLY. He WHIPS his gaze away from the brightness of the lake next to them.

Eli cumbersomely heads to the exit of the train station. Still COVERING his eyes he looks down with his hand basically masking his face. A transportation worker sees Eli and walks over. He pulls out a small pair of GLASSES

TRANSPORTATION WORKER

You're gonna need these. It helps you see.
(Hands them to ELI)

Eli FEELS his way to them and puts them on.

ELI

Thanks. I forgot how bright this place is.

TRANSPORTATION WORKER
First time from The Shade?

ELI
Second.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE-SUNNYSIDE-ART EXHIBITION-LATER

As multiple other people WALK in and get good afternoons from the security, Eli walks towards the entrance of the building. A security guard gets between him and the door.

GUARD
I don't think you're meant to be here. This is

Eli
An exclusive event for class 3 members or competitors only.
(REACHES INTO POCKET)

PULLING out a small PHONE LIKE DEVICE. Eli HOLDS it up infornt of the man's face.

ELI
Art Exhibition acceptance confirmation.

The device FLASHES a picture with Eli's face, a code and his name.

ELI
I'm a competitor. I got a competition to win so...

The security guard looks at Eli. Eli holds his own. The guard SCOFFS silently, almost quiet enough to miss as he steps to the side. Eli STRIDES past him holding the stare. The guard returns to focusing on his duty. Eli turns back to take in the entire environment.

CUT TO:

EXT:THE-SUNNYSIDE-ART EXHIBITION

Inspector Brackley stands guard WATCHING the encounter. other policemen in exosuits stand beside her.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
(SIGHS)
There's always one.

POLICEMAN 1
Pardon me Inspector?

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
Nothing.

POLICEMAN
(NODS)
Watch some fine art, do a couple patrols and get a free drink. Today's gonna be an easy day, ey Inspector. Might even be able to clock out early.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
Hopefully.

The building is like a greenhouse, no solid walls, literally everything is made of a marble like glass with a hint of green in it.

The building is one large hallway with multiple rooms for each artist on the ground floor. Each room has a FLOATING drone that's FILMING and BROADCASTING it where it is projected through the glass allowing any wall floor or ceiling to act like a holographic screen. On the second floor, a ballroom, also completely see through and made of glass. Where the guests stand and can literally look down on the competitors.

Eli heads to his room where he sees multiple artists all UNUPAKING their equipment. Some of them stare at him, others snicker. Eli walks on to his room. Pulling out his canvas he lays it down. Inhales and exhales. Closes his eyes.

ANNOUNCER
Artists you have been given 4hrs to produce a piece of work that defines you or something of importance to you.

Eli's eyes stay closed.

ANNOUNCER(CONT'D)(O.S.)
A chance to show us your voice. As you all know the winner will have said work hung in this exhibition among other great works and of course a cash prize of 2000 digits. Your time starts now.

Eli's eyes flash open with a different glow in them. Passion.

ELI(V.O.)
Aight.

CUT TO:

All the artists start. Some pull out pastel paints. Others use sculpting tools, others pens and pencils.

CUT TO:

The judges walk through the hallway taking ganders at the different artists' work. In one room a young lady PAINTS with watercolors. A young man uses charcoal. Another person has their painting assisted by a drone they are controlling. A small girl has a laser like device on her fingertips and CARVES into a steel block. The judges give faint nods of approval to some and subtle interesting hums to others. But then suddenly they all stop.

Eli SITS on the ground just STARING at his canvas. A judge wearing glasses adjusts them.

JUDGE

Is there a problem Mr

Eli

Just Eli is fine.

(V.O.)

I don't need you screwing up my name.

Eli CHECKS the time.

ELI(CONT'D)

My piece isn't ready yet. It's a time sensitive piece.

JUDGE

Well so is this competition.

ELI

Trust me, I know.

Murmurs fill the building as the guests above grow curious about what Eli is planning.

CUT TO;

EXT:THE-SUNNYSIDE-ART EXHIBITION-EVENING

The sun begins to wane and all the artists except Eli finish their pieces. The announcer as well as news broadcaster of the event both begin preparations to do their respective jobs. The guests above socialise and CHAT while holding drinks preparing to be entertained.

GUEST 1

What do you think of that Shady boy?

GUEST 2

I think he's still got something in store.

GUEST 3

Please he's some brat with some remnant of talent that they picked from the Shade to make The Shade feel included. I'm not holding my breath for whatever he does.

GUEST 4

If he does anything.

GUEST 1

Look! He's starting!

GUEST 4

This late?

CUT TO:

Eli stands up. REACHING into his pockets he pulls out 5 CANS of SPRAY PAINT and one PAINT BRUSH.

SSSSSSSSSSSS!! SSSSS!! SSS! SSS! SSSSSS!

Eli starts SPRAYING the entire canvas and now the room goes silent. Up and down his arms WAVE around quickly swapping between the 5 cans however one is left untouched. He OBSERVES his progress then continues to spray, pauses once more then continues to spray. The judges prepare to return once more to review all the pieces of artwork in their completion. Eli continues.

The sun is now just glancing a peek over the horizon. Eli gets the previously abandoned can and starts spraying but the Color of this can isn't visible it's just clear.

The judges get up from their seats preparing to bring an end to the competition. Eli grabs the paintbrush and in the centre of the canvas rushes a SCRIBBLE. He continues as though there are just a few paint strokes left

ANNOUNCER

Artists, your time is now up.

Eli steps back.

GUEST 3

I told you he wouldn't manage to finish in time.

GUEST 2

A bold but ultimately sad move on his part.

The judges walk into each glass room. One artist created a STEEL SCULPTURE of a PIGEON standing on top of a HORSE'S head. The girl has dark hair and green eyes. She presents.

DARK HAIR

My name is Rita and I would like to present Freedom. My piece encapsulates my love for animals, particularly horses. Being the magnificent creature they are they're treated with respect, but other animals like squirrels or pigeons that used to freely roam London are now in danger of going extinct.

(HEARTFELT)

I urge you to look in your hearts. Is that really what you want?

GUEST 4

That was so moving

GUEST 1

So raw.

The judges all look at each other and continue onwards.

A man who used charcoal reveals a drawing of 6 identical cities all drawn in greyscale, each one darker than the next until the last one is a completely black silhouette. The man is chubby with a strong English accent.

ENGLISH ACCENT

Good evening I am Thomas Wilford and this piece is a commentary on where our county and city could be heading if we don't do something about the cyber-crisis. More and more cybernetically-enhanced individuals are taking more and more innocent lives everyday and I think it's time we put a stop to it.

The judges have an air of respect and thoughtfulness on their faces.

GUEST 8

Very impressive.

GUEST 7

It's hard to find an opinion so genuine.

The judges go through more and more artists and then they get to Eli. Finally Eli's steps out of the way and we see what he's made.

JUDGE 1

It's? It's a-? What is it?

The canvas is a complete clusterfuck of just Red, Neon green, Neon blue, Neon orange and random black strokes all over.

ELI

If you give it just one moment.

The sun finally leaves and the painting changes. All the neon blues greens and oranges finally come together glowing. The picture reveals a monster.

JUDGE 2

What does this monster represent?

ELI

An incorrect observation.

The entire building gasps and murmurs

ELI

Keep watching.

The painting then changes once more but this time it's fast like a glitch. It's a bear, growling, preparing to swipe at the viewer.

JUDGE 3

A bear?

ELI

Keep looking.

JUDGE

We've observed your piece long enough to know what it is no

The painting glitches once more but this time more intensely than before until finally it stops. The picture is a crude silhouette of a figure shielding a neon blue solid silhouette of a child. On the dark figure a blotch of red stains their back.

ELI

You already know my name. My piece is called The Witness. You all have your thoughts and opinions on The Shade and the people who're from there. I won't ask you to do anything about it. I just wanna ask a question. Why haven't you ever tried coming down there to see for yourself?

Eli packs his equipment, puts them all back in his pockets. And sits

back down.

The judges don't say anything, they don't nod. They simply WRITE some notes down and continue to the next contestant.

CUT TO:

The viewings are over and the judges gather all of the contestants.

JUDGE 1

We have had a look at all your work. And admit that this year we have seen an unprecedented quantity of true talent. But the one that stands about them all...Is The Witness by Eli. The technique shown is completely new and something we believe would be a great addition to the exhibition. Congratulations.

Silence. Clap. Clap Clap an uproar of CLAPPING ensues and Eli stands in shock still processing.

ELI(V.O.)

I did it. Huh.

Closing in on Eli's face a small smile grows and grows.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-RICOCHET'S-NIGHTTIME

The same camera is focused on Eli now YELLING along with everyone PARTYING around him.

REE

My broda!! Winning competitions n dat! Sunnyside ain't got shit on us!!

ELI

You damn right!!

The two DANCE and the camera view turns upside down to reveal they are standing upside down. The club is an infinite space filled with GIANT PLATFORMS all FLOATING arranged randomly in space, with people filling each one dancing on both sides.

As Eli and Ree dance. BING!

A giant blue screen pops up above the noise and partying Eli looks up. It's a medical bill that reads, 'LUNG SURGERY BILL: 3000

Eli's eyes go wide.

ELI

No.

Eli swipes mid air a menu saying exit pops up Eli slams it. The world blurs and swirls around Eli until it reforms into a cold bleak coffin-like device. Getting out of it Eli stands in a room giant hall full of the same strange devices. With other people lying in them or people sitting down in chairs with box-like devices connected to their heads. The room above booms with music for people partying in real life too. A spiral staircase leads up there. Eli looks at his watch. He points it at a wall and the projection that lights it up reads the same message.

ELI

Fuck. FUCK!!

Ree UNPLUGS from his box.

REE

My guy the party is young what are y

Ree sees the projection.

REE

Shit-I, I'm sorry Eli.

ELI

What am I gonna do!? It was 1500 a month ago. I Don't have 1000 digits spare! I'm fucked I gotta pay this back in a week. The best I can do in a week is like 230! Do you know what happens to patients who can't afford upgrades!

REE

It ain't gonna get to that.

ELI

You got 1000 digits lyin around!?

REE

Look you just gotta-Oh shi

BEAMER(O.S.)

Ayo, Eli dat you yeah I heard you won dat art ting. Dats crazy likkleman's tryna get out of the hood yeah?

Beamer walks down the staircase with six other guys. He looks to the projection on the ground emanating off Eli's arm now resting at his side. Eli FLICKS his wrist, turning it off. Beamer lets out a grin but swiftly recaptures it.

BEAMER
(Caring)

Art ain't payin de bills?

Eli's nostrils FLARE subtly. Beamer along with his guys walk up closer.

BEAMER
I can help you bro, just a likkle favor.

ELI

Sorry bro but

BEAMER
You help me, you get 800 jits. Immediate. You in or out?

Ree moves close to Eli

REE
(WHISPERS)
Eli they're GMs, you know wha

BEAMER
(AGGRESSIVE)
Can't you see I'm talkin to man!! Don't interrupt de conversation Ree. Just cause we went school together don't mean you can't get bruck up.

Ree backs off. Eli looks at the bill on his watch. He looks back at Beamer.

ELI
What do I gotta do.

CUT TO:

EXT: THE SHADE-STREET-LATER

Eli walks along with 7 techwearers all bearing robotic implants of some kind. Eli looks at Beamer's robotic arm, in tiny writing, a brand name. 'DEADALUS INDUSTRIES

ELI(V.O.)

Didn't they sponsor the

BEAMER

You like it?

ELI

(STARTLED)

What? No eh, it just looks kinda heavy.

BEAMER

It is. But you get used to it. I remember the first time I punched someone with it. Funny enough was my uncle. I remember shatterin his jaw and feeling kinda sad.

ELI

Why?

BEAMER

I always dreamed bout how it'd feel when I finally would fuck him up. When I sparked him. De feeling o my fists finally hurting him. Feelin his chin crack.

Beamer lifts his arm CLENCHING the steel fist.

BEAMER(CONT'D)

(Sombre)

Couldn't feel a thing.

(Cheery)

But mashin him up still felt nice, in de moment you feel like a god. If dis goes well you should roll wit me. Rack up some more jits, get you some Techwear. It'll change your life, no more stressin for bills.

The six arrive at a sectioned off alleyway that leads to some abandoned buildings.

BEAMER

Aight we here, remember what you gotta do?

ELI

Just walk check for any Enforcers or Mechanics tell you if anyone is there and how many then come back. If I get spotted by someone other than feds, say I'm scouting for Rez.

BEAMER

You always were smart.

Eli walks through the holographic barrier off into the alleyway. One of Beamer's men with a jaw implant looks worried.

JAW IMPLANT

Do you think he'll live?

BEAMER

Pfft! Fucked if I know. Doesn't matter I know jakes ain't gonna be about plus I know this spot and a good place to look from.

JAW IMPLANT

Then why send him?

BEAMER

That barrier senses anyone who crosses without clearance unless they don't have any implants. Eli is a neek who never got any implants, he couldn't afford em either. But once a person with clearance or a zero implants goes through there a 2 minute window of it being out of affect that's where we come in. Plus for whoever's trading if they see him, we'll get a heads up of what we're dealing with. If they kill him we go in and just murk em. If they don't kill him at least straight away we can just nick de shit. Dey probably too pussy to fight back. Come on.

The 5 walk out of frame going around into an alleyway adjacent to the one Eli entered.

Eli walks without any fear rather with haste and purpose.

LOUIS(O.S.)

Ahhaaaah!!! Oh yeah! Show me it! I wanna see it now!

Following the source of the sound. Eli turns a corner and sees a junkyard surrounded by four large abandoned buildings. Along with two groups of people. One a group of people all with mechanical parts there's 6 of them. The other group, also 6 of them all in suits green and silver. All except for one in a pale blue suit. Louis. A person with crazy BLUE hair walks up to Louis HOLDING a SUITCASE.

CUT TO:

Louis grins uncontrollably as the person draws close. Instead he just grabs the suitcase.

LOUIS

My very own. Finally, I'll be flying around blasting shit. Oh this is gonna be amazing!!!

NICHOLAS

You know your father is going to fire me for this right?

LOUIS

Relax Nick. My father is going to be happy. 'Adapt or die' Isn't that the company mantra? I'm simply adapting. To become one of the most powerful people in The Shade and Solarcity.

The guy with crazy blue hair sighs.

CRAZY BLUE HAIR

Just remember the suit will look like what you're subconscious and conscious see when you envision yourself. You can tweak it to still look cool but it'll stay true to you. It's got inbuilt emergency directives. The highest priority is to protect every person in it's vicinity unless you manually override or bond with it.

Plus once bonded you can't

LOUIS

I fucking know Mr. Manual. Just let me revel in the moment. Jesus.

ELI

What the

One of Louis' henchmen looks directly at Eli. He shifts behind the corner.

LOUIS

Come out, my guards can see you. They have software allowing them to see x-ray as well as infrared. Get out before I order them to kill you.

Eli slowly walks out with his hands up. The eyes of both groups track him.

ELI

Rez sent me.

LOUIS

Who's Rez?

BEAMER(O.S.)

An OG.

Beamer as well as his crew walk out of the front door of one of the

abandoned buildings that are directly behind Louis and his men. Weapons activated. One has his jaw dislodged open with acid leaking out. Another has a tail with a blade on the end. Another LUGGING around a rifle in their arm. Two others with mechanic legs with blades lining the front. And lastly Beamer with an AK-47 sticking out of where his arm should be as well as a mechanic tail that has a rotating barrel at the end of it.

BEAMER(CONT'D)

I thought that he was gonna be the one runnin dis deal but turns out it's just a bunch of new youts on de block, and a couple o fresh greenies.

BADUM. BADUM.

LOUIS

And who the fuck are you.

BEAMER

De nigga dats gonna take whatever's in dat suitcase. I thought this was a drug deal but I'm startin to think it's even better.

LOUIS

That's nice but this is a private business transaction so how about you go back to whatever drug house you crawled out of.

BEAMER

Dat ain't happenin greenie.

BADUM. BADUM BADUM.

LOUIS

(IRRITATED)

It's Louis Bellington.

Nicholas steps forward to stop Louis from revealing any more but he steps back with a WAVE of louis' hand.

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.

BEAMER

(EXCITED)

So you're saying if we capture you, instead of kill you
we could get a big ransom!?

BADUM. BADUM! BADUM! BADUM!

LOUIS

I don't think you understand I can just kill you. Like
right now.

Beamer points at Eli.

BEAMER

Den why ain't you killed him?

LOUIS

Kill him.

BADUM! BADUM!! BADUM!!! BADUM!!!! BADUDUBADUBA

FISHINK!!!

A man in green doesn't even move as a metallic green fluid FLASHES out and back in. Eli drops to the floor. ROLLING unto his back, his breath becomes scarce.

LOUIS

I didn't kill him. Yet. Now I'm feeling generous because I am a kind man. So I'll say this once. Fuck off.

Eli PAWS at his chest as blood spreads through his jacket.

ELI

(GASPS)

Beamer RUBS the back of his neck.

BEAMER

Here's de ting. I ain't a kind man. And I don't take too kindly to bein insulted. Oh n one more ting. You're right, I ain't dat bright. I always found maths kinda hard at school.

LOUIS

What?

BEAMER

Were there 6 or 7 of us? Huh, I always lose count after 5.

BOOM!! A rocket gets FIRED from a rooftop.

BEAMER

Oh yeah there were 7!

Beamer starts spraying. BRRRRRRRRRR!!!

BEAMER

Pussio!! Spray em!

Chaos ensues. KADOOOM!!!! The rocket lands, killing all of the techwearers who were dealing with Louis. And sending everyone through the air. Debris flies everywhere.

The suitcase TUMBLES out of the cloud of debris next to Eli.

ELI

(GASPING)

It SCANS the vicinity and opens upon scanning Eli. Eli's eyes roll back as his breath begins to weaken.

SUITCASE

Launching emergency measures. Diagnosis, heart failure due to trauma via laceration. Solution, full fit bond. Activating bond.

The suitcase POPS open. After one of his men SLASHES someone in half Louis looks to the suitcase next to Eli.

LOUIS

No! NOOOO!!!

Then a black orb ZIPS out, HOVERS over Eli then MELDS into his gash sealing the wound. Then as if like water being poured it spreads around him like a human shaped puddle.

LOUIS

Fucking shoot the kid!!!

A bodyguard's suit WARPS into a shield blocking gunfire aimed at Louis.

GUARD

The suit is bonding already ! Mr.Bellington we need to leave!

As if the liquid is sinking into him the liquid is ABSORBED by Eli's body CRASH ZOOMING into Eli's eyes they flash open GLOWING purple.

CUT TO BLACK:

VOICE(O.S.)
(MUTED YELLS)

Muted Boom.

VOICE(O.S.)
(MUTED SCREAMS)

ELECTRONIC VOICE(V.O.)
Bond successful.

VIZIP!

ELECTRONIC VOICE(V.O.)
Activating defensive countermeasures.

BOOM! BRRAPAPAAP!!!

FADE TO:

EXT:LONDON-THE SHADE-JUNKYARD-NIGHTTIME

POV you wake up and get up. Carnage unfolds around you. ELI(V.O.)
(HAGGARD BREATHING)

BEAMER

Grabs a bodyguard holding him up and at blank range FIRES over 40 rounds into them. Their suit holds for 2 seconds then is torn through along with the rest of their body.

5 more bodyguards in suits remain.

The first is the one who slashed you. Your memory of being slashed replays like watching a video from an angle different to your own.

ELECTRONIC VOICE
Threat detected. Problem, protect wearer in high risk/danger situation, solution. Eradicate threat.

ELI(V.O.)
(BREATHING)

Your normal hand is raised and POINTS its index finger. VASHOOM!! The fingertip opens up and a purple beam of light BURNS a hole through the man's head.

ELI(V.O.)

(TERROR)

AHHHH!!!

Eli now completely healed, has his entire body transformed. As a multitude of small black triangles scatter over his body until he's covered in them. Then in an instant they all CLICK together like puzzle pieces only now it's not Eli we see standing before us. Instead a tall Robotic man in a black sleeveless puffer jacket with a helmet that has a circle in the middle of its visor.

LOUIS

Kill that kid!!!!

The SECOND bodyguard

Is engulfed by a strange green metallic liquid and it MORPHS into armour. He charges at Eli. He sends a JAB.

ELI

CATCHES it. His hand now mechanic and black. He CRUSHES the armor and the HAND inside it. Then FLINGS the Bodyguard he BUSTS through a nearby wall. He then BOLTS out of frame in a blur.

The THIRD and FOURTH Bodyguard's makeshift armor forms blades. They SLICE up the guy who fired the rocket launcher, in a synchronized move.

The two mechanic legged GMs KICK, and BOOT at the THIRD and FOURTH bodyguard but they dodge seamlessly. They both GRAB the legs of the gangsters and SNAP them in half the two fall to the ground helpless. Both bodyguards' forearms morph into small cannons BOOM!!

The GM with a mechanic jaw jets acid at the FIFTH bodyguard, melting his face off.

BEAMER

Charges at Nicholas HURLING a grenade. Then continues to spray.

NICHOLAS

KICKS the grenade in the air and morphs his armour to SHIELD Louis. KABOOM!!

BEAMER

SLIDES then with his tail SHOOTS the ground beneath him LAUNCHING him into the air over Nicholas and Louis. landing behind the two, he grabs Louis CHUCKING him into a nearby car.

NICHOLAS

Turns only to have bullets continue to barrage his shield.

ELI

RACES around the junkyard killing everything in sight. The THIRD body guard sees him and BLASTS, ELI cranes his NECK dodging the blast. The bodyguard blasts three more times. Eli dodges one, deflects the other which hits a building, and then the last one is CAUGHT. As his robotic fingers produce a field containing the blast.

ELI

STOP! STOP!! STOP!

ELI

Sends the beam right back. BOOM! The THIRD bodyguard falls flat after a hole is seen in his chest.

A GM with a tail blade starts SWIPING and SLASHING for a moment he takes his eyes off Eli.

ELI

(CRYING)

PLEASE STOP!!

ELI

BLOCKS each strike.

TAIL BLADE

Beamer dis ain't worth it we gotta cut now!

Eli grabs the tail and the guy's neck. He starts PULLING until the tail is ripped out. The man screams in pain. ELI SINKS the blade into his TORSO. The GM with a mechanic jaw sees his comrade die.

MECHANIC JAW

FUCK!!

The FOURTH bodyguard and the GM with a mechanic jaw look at each other then attack Eli.

ELI

(CRYING)

ELI

Appears in front of them in less than half a second, TOUCHES both their chests with his hands and his palms let off a SONIC BLAST that creates a little POP! In both their chest the two both cough blood and hit the ground.

YOU turn to look at Louis who's pointing an arm cannon at you as a building slowly descends down on him. He Charges up, you dart to the

side and LEAP high into the air as the buildings all start to crumble, you jump on the falling boulders and bricks at lightning speed like platforms in a game until you reach a nearby building.

ELI
(SOBS)

ELECTRONIC VOICE
All threats eradicated. Deactivating Defensive countermeasures.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY(V.O.)

Whoever survived this shootout is the only person who can tell us what happened. We can't find them at the moment so we just need a moment of your time.

Eli drops to his knees as the suit breaks away. He cries on hands and knees.

BING!

The notification of the medical bill pops up again. Eli sniffles as he looks at the screen, he steels himself.

CUT TO:

Eli moves rocks out of the way and finds Beamer's mechanic arm. We ZOOM in on Eli's face.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY (V.O.)
We just need someone who can help us identify the body.
Is this Beamer? It would be really helpful if

BELLA(V.O.)

Timothy. His name was Timothy. Beamer was what the other Techheads called him but-Yeah that's him.

CUT TO:

INT:THE SHADE-POLICE STATION-EARLY MORNING

Bella sits in an office as Inspector Brackley sits on the other side TAKING NOTES down.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
And they were meeting with, people from Sunnyside?

BELLA

They said they were greenies. Who else they gonna meet?

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
But it was a drug deal?

BELLA
That's what they thought they were gonna ambush.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
Thank you. Do you have any family you can go to?

BELLA
What do you think.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
I'm sorry, I-

Inspector Brackley looks at Bella empathetically. Her eyes flash blue and points her fingers from her forehead towards Bella. Bella's implant BLINKS she looks like she's reading something we can't see.

BELLA
Thanks. Just so you know. Your cop friend was at Ricochet's last night.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
It's fine. And don't worry I plan to deal with him accordingly. One more question. How likely would you say it is for someone to survive a shootout with Beamer?

BELLA
If he was involved in any shootout usually it's only him and his group who survived. He was on his way to becoming a guy who ran a large amount of crime, like Rez.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
You mean get on the wanted list?

BELLA
Yeah, just someone who's known for the tech they wear. Someone dangerous. He was practically looking for gang wars just so he could increase his rep on road.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY
Thank you Bella.

Inspector Brackley walks out and she meets with Greenwood.

INSPECTOR

This wasn't a drug deal. Beamer's been linked to multiple cases but never to do with drugs. Beamer was dangerous but he wasn't wearing the most dangerous stuff. The sunnyside dealers had biowear. Normal techwear just can't keep up unless it's the best of the best.

GREENWOOD

Meaning?

CUT TO:

EXT:ELI'S HOUSE-MORNING

ELI

I'm heading out now.

ELI'S MOM

Wait!

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY(V.O.)

Whoever killed them must've been wearing at least a full fit.

CUT TO:

INT:ELI'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM

Eli stands at the front door, his mother briskly walks over kissing his cheek.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY(V.O.)

This wasn't a drug deal or a turf dispute. It was an arms deal gone wrong.

ELI'S MOM

You are blessed and highly favoured, you know to refuse evil. Walk in the blessing. I love you.

ELI

Love you too.

Eli heads out. BOOM!! The memory of Eli blasting a hole in a bodyguard replays.

Eli jumps, a small hoverbike jumpstarts.

GREENWOOD(V.O.)

Ok arms deal gone wrong makes sense but at *LEAST*, a full fit?

Eli looks back seeing his mother close the door on her own moving freely. Eli's face brightens subtly. He looks at his open palm CLENCHING it into a fist. That same unwavering defiance now shines in his eyes, and small glimmers of purple dance in them too.

INSPECTOR BRACKLEY(V.O.)

It's unlikely but I can at least say for, sure whoever the witness is they are the person responsible for this. And they are dangerous. Not dangerous enough to be a walking time bomb. But dangerous enough to destroy the seemingly unbreakable peace between The Shade and Sunnyside.

Eli puts on his headphones and walks off to school.

INSPECTOR BRAKLEY(V.O.)

I can't have a person like that walking freely in the streets.

The camera slowly PANS up as Eli walks.

CUT TO BLACK:

Play 'WALKIN' by Denzel Curry

Credits