

DUSTED

(Pilot - "Serpent's Egg")
Part 1 of 2

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DUSTED - PILOT,
"Serpent's Egg: Part 1 of 2"

ACT ONE

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO, NOB HILL - NIGHT

We see the Golden Gate Bridge in the distance and pan over to a GATED, POLYMER & STEEL APARTMENT BUILDING. There are slight snow flurries.

TEXT ON SCREEN: April, 2045...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, PENTHOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

Two ARMED GUARDS smoke. Lights shine brightly in a swimming pool. Two more GUARDS flank the balcony... while two more GUARDS finish their sweep of the outdoor dining area...

INT. PENTHOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A bald man, ENRIGHT, late 40s and a BLONDE BOMBSHELL, late 20s, are doing it doggie-style. By the way she's moaning we can't tell which orifice he's in --

-- They lie on the bed, spent --

-- She lights a candle on the sink, turns on the bath. He swings on his robe, walks out.

INT. PENTHOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Everything is marble & teak. CUT VEGETABLES sizzle on a hibachi grill. Enright sears a slice of tuna steak, puts it on a dish. Turns to get a fork... And the tuna is GONE.

ENRIGHT

Leslie?

No, not the Blonde, but a late 20s/early 30s, deep-red haired beauty in a burgundy leather trench coat. There's a hint of hardness in her eyes. She chews, swallows. This is...

ENRIGHT (CONT'D)

Fonzi Lazlo.

FONZI

Who else was it going to be?

(re: the tuna)

That was exceptional, by the way.

Enright's eyes zero in on a chilling, silenced 10MM PISTOL on the counter.

ENRIGHT
(edging to his left)
Have I ever disappointed?

FONZI
How'd you make it?

Enright taps a red PANIC BUTTON next to the oven. Fonzi notices, shakes her head, "no." We FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, PENTHOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

-- The Pool Guards lay dead. FLASHING METAL CLAMPS at the base of their skulls. Blood oozes from their ears.

-- 30 STORIES DOWN THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING, another Guard hangs by his foot by a wire... bobbing up and down.

The Smoker Guards lie in a huddle mass, electricity pulsing through them both.

-- the final Guard sits in the dining area -- his neck bleeds from a thin, SURGICAL STRIKE...

BACK TO KITCHEN

ENRIGHT
With fennel and a wasabi butter sauce.

FONZI
Fennel... I need to try that.

Enright squeezes his pinkie ring. Fonzi pulls out a SIGNAL DISRUPTER, puts it on the counter top.

ENRIGHT
(disgusted)
How is it that Joon was able to send you?

FONZI
So you know? I hate having to explain my--

ENRIGHT
--then don't. No need really. We both know what's what.

Enright's eyes flicker. Fonzi follows his line of sight to an ALUMINUM BOX on a desk in his HOME OFFICE (the next room over). They share a moment... disappointment.

FONZI

There's... other ways to do this...

Enright reaches for the cleaver. Fonzi doesn't react.

ENRIGHT

No there's not; that smug prick
Joon played the board better.

He cuts two more slices of tuna, puts them on the hibachi.

FONZI

Speaking of which... I see that you
moved your Rook to King-7.

Enright looks over to a dusty chess set, game in progress.

ENRIGHT

Sometimes you have to go for broke,
otherwise you're dead anyway.

(beat)

Styx Syndicate is going to fuck you
on this. Think about it? They came
to Kali Corporation, came to me
specifically, and after we put up
the money for R&D, they change the
deal and want us to turn over the
Prototype? Please!

FONZI

That would have been stupid. And I
know that you - of all people - are
not stupid.

ENRIGHT

That you do.

FONZI

But I'm already screwed, otherwise
would I be here?

(re: tuna steak)

Watch it, that's gonna burn!

Enright removes the tuna steak from the hibachi. Places it,
stir-fried vegetables and rice on a plate, hands it to Fonzi.

FONZI (CONT'D)

You don't have to do that.

ENRIGHT

And be a bad host? That's not me.

FONZI

No, it's not.

(chiding)

But you did betray your partners.

ENRIGHT

Did Joon tell you anything about the prototype?

FONZI

You know that's not how it works. Besides, what your kind does with its toys is really of no concern to me, ya know?

Enright pulls out some flat bread, pours olive oil and balsamic vinegar into a dish. Dips a piece, feeds Fonzi. Fonzi vigorously nods.

ENRIGHT

That's a 50 year old balsamic that I bottled when I was in high school. One of my "toys", as you would say.

FONZI

I'll remember to ask for that next time.

ENRIGHT

The next time?

FONZI

You know what I was going to suggest? That you give me the prototype, no argument, you finish making your dinner and I disappear, make the delivery.

ENRIGHT

Not a bad counter-move. I have something better in mind.

FONZI

You do?
(theatrical)
Then lay on, McDuff!

ENRIGHT

I won't give up my kingdom for a horse, but what would one point five million... in diamonds do... to castrate that twisted fuck.

FONZI

(contemplative beat)
Diamonds? Non-negotiable diamonds?

Enright nods, then gestures to a famous IMPRESSIONIST PAINTING on the wall in the Home Office.

ENRIGHT
Behind the Matisse, there's a safe.

FONZI
A safe in a safe house.

ENRIGHT
Overkill? Possibly.

FONZI
Let me see the diamonds... and
bring me the prototype.

Enright strolls over, moves the painting, RETINA SCANS the safe open. Retrieves a VELVET BAG, grabs the Aluminum Box. Presents them both to Fonzi. She inspects the diamonds.

ENRIGHT
Straight from the Congo. Bypassed
customs and they've yet to receive
any micro-laser-tagging.
(Fonzi smiles)
We have a deal? You're going to --

FONZI
(stows diamonds)
Of course.

Beat.

ENRIGHT	FONZI
And like I taught you, if you	(soft, simultaneous)
take the job... you do the	You do the job.
job.	

And then she shoots him. In the throat! A STREAM OF HIS BLOOD bubbles on the hibachi. Fonzi grabs the Aluminum Box, places a device that looks like a steel HOCKEY PUCK on the counter top. It begins to BEEP. As Fonzi turns to leave, the Blonde woman Enright had sex with appears.

BLONDE
Honey, that smells amazing. Hon--

Fonzi seizes her by the hair, plants a wicked kiss on her lips then releases her. The Blonde crumples to the floor. A flashing metal clamp on her neck.

As Fonzi disappears, we notice Enright's signet ring flashing...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING, PENTHOUSE PATIO - NIGHT

Fonzi steps up on the ledge. She touches her trench coat's lapels - the leather constricts sucking tight until it's completely form-fitting.

Fonzi presses her legs tightly together, arms to her sides. Taps her heels three times -- a faint, PURPLE STREAM OF LIGHT shoots up from her heels to her crotch, from her forearm to her armpits.

Fonzi spreads her legs, raises her arms -- stiff MICROSTEEL FABRIC reveals itself.

She crouches down -- an ICE BLUE GLOW radiates from inside the Penthouse as she backflips off the edge, catching a wind current...

EXT. NOB HILL (AERIAL SHOT) - NIGHT

... and Fonzi glides thru the cool air, sailing between office towers, LCD billboards and condos. As she banks by an OFFICE TOWER, she pushes off a window, adjusting her trajectory.

The window-cleaning JANITOR notices the long smudge.

The wistful resignation on Fonzi's face tells us all we need to know, as she disappears into the night...

EXT. CLIFF-SIDE RESIDENCE - PRE-DAWN

Tall trees surround this house in wine country. The RISING SUN is maybe 30 minutes away. SYNTH-TRANCE MUSIC pounds.

INT. CLIFF-SIDE RESIDENCE, MAIN ROOMS - PRE-DAWN

Even though the dawn is about to break, the debauchery available at this house PARTY would make Dionysus blush. It's the not the NEAR-ORGY on the pool deck or THE MONKEY FIGHTING THREE DOGS in a cage, it's the "ya know fuck it, if it feels good do it!" energy that permeates the place.

INT. CLIFF-SIDE RESIDENCE, PRIVATE HOT TUB DECK - PRE-DAWN

A GIRL, barely out of her teens, and a muscular BOY, early 20s, step out of a HOT TUB. Both are completely naked and completely hairless. They towel off. A GUARD strolls nearby.

On their way down the stairs, the naked Girl glances at the two SECURITY GUARDS. A silent scream for help in her eyes. The Boy salaciously winks at one of the Guards.

Remaining in the hot tub is an early 30s handsome Chinese Man drinking a margarita, tasting it's cocaine rim. This is JOON. He dips underwater to fix his hair. He leans back. Closes his eyes.

FONZI (O.S.)
Our transaction is complete.

Joon's eyes snap open. Fonzi kneels over the hot tub. Joon glances at the approaching Guards. Waves them off, "It's okay, I got this."

JOON
Every protocol in the service agreement?
(Fonzi uncomfortably nods)
Were you surprised at the mark?

FONZI
I figured it out when he left Singapore.

JOON
And the prototype is...?

FONZI
(shows the Aluminum Box)
This didn't have to go down the way it did. He was willing to deal.

JOON
I'm sure he was. Enright always thought he could wheel n' deal his way out of any situation. Not this time, not with what I had to go through to get you.

FONZI
Yes, you were quite the sneak.

Joon chuckles as he refills his drink. Fonzi notices a jade and obsidian SIGNET RING with Sanskrit characters on Joon's right pinkie finger.

JOON
Drink?
(Fonzi declines)
Suit yourself. I expected you much later today.

FONZI
I like to get everything done before breakfast, so I can have the rest of my morning.

JOON
I can respect that.
(beat)
I don't have the balance of your payment with me. Can I have it messengered to you?

FONZI
You know that's not how it works.

JOON
I thought things could be different
with us... Considering.

FONZI
You were mistaken.

JOON
Okay, okay.
(to Arab guard)
Ali, bring the case.

The Arab Guard pulls out a silver case from the shelf by the stairs. Presents it to Fonzi. She opens the case. INSIDE: ten stacks of PLATINUM BARS.

FONZI
I thought you weren't expecting me?

JOON
I lied. Come on now, it's you. I
know who I hired. Do I look that
dumb?

Fonzi closes the case, tosses Joon the Aluminum box.

FONZI
It was a pleasure doing business
with you.

JOON
Now you're lying to me.

Joon opens up the Aluminum Box, greedily smiles at the contents (which we don't see).

JOON (CONT'D)
Let me ask you a question, did
Enright beg for his life?

FONZI
No, but he did give me one-point
five million in clean diamonds.

JOON
For what?

FONZI
To turn you into a eunuch.

JOON
(laughing)
And you took his money anyway?
That's rich.

An ORANGE SHIMMER flickers at the rim of Fonzi's eyelids.

FONZI

Just so you know, I take the job...

Fonzi glances at the Arab Guard -- **ZIP CUT TO** *his holstered weapon* -- **ZIP CUT TO** *the other TWO GUARDS* -- **TO** *their weapons*.

FONZI (CONT'D)

... I do the job.

Faster than human speed. Fonzi **snatches the Arab Guard's flechette pistol**, kills him with a **three-strike hapkido move** to the chest and face --

-- DOES A BACK-FLIP SOMERSAULT -- PFFST! PFFST! dozens of TUNGSTEN NEEDLES stab into the two other guards, ripping their arms off before they get their guns out --

-- Fonzi lands on her feet. Sneers at Joon...

JOON

(rising up)

You fucking cunt, wait --!

PFFST!

JOON (CONT'D)

ARRGGGH!!!!

Blood spits up from the water -- from Joon's crotch (mission accomplished). PFFST! Shoots Joon's jaw off. He flops forward gurgling into the water. And we're out...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - EARLY MORNING**

FONZI'S REFLECTION appears in the glass. She stares at a dingy white-gold, HEART-SHAPED LOCKET.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

DING! Fonzi enters. Glances at the myriad of RARE ITEMS.

SHOP OWNER (O.S.)
You're back.

Fonzi turns to see the wily SHOP OWNER sitting in a 2nd Empire Chair, puffing on a chubby cigar.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
Are you selling?

FONZI
Not this time.

CLOSE ON HEART-SHAPED LOCKET

Shop Owner places the locket gently on a felt pad. Fonzi fawns over the locket, horribly hiding enormous anticipation.

SHOP OWNER
You want it for sure this time?

FONZI
Yes.

SHOP OWNER
Not like last time?

FONZI
Or the time before that.

SHOP OWNER
Hand crafted. This is quite an uncommon item, highly sought after.

FONZI
"Quite an uncommon item"?
(wipes dust off)
We both know I'm the last person who touched it.

SHOP OWNER
Pah! Two people have inquired about it in the last month. Almost sold it, but I don't do layaway.

FONZI
Well now you don't have to kill
some little girl's dreams.

Fonzi produces Enright's bag of diamonds. Shakes out a few.

FONZI (CONT'D)
Do we have a deal?

SHOP OWNER
Sure... -- one second, please! If
you don't mind?

He digs out an augmented jeweler's eyepiece, picks up a
diamond.

FONZI
They're clean.

SHOP OWNER
No micro-tagging, no nano-
inscriptions...
(shakes her hand)
I'd say we have a deal.

Fonzi takes the locket, holds it for a nostalgic beat, gently
presses the bezel to open it. It's doesn't.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
No one's been able to open it.

FONZI
It needs a special key.
(shows him a tiny keyhole)
See?

SHOP OWNER
Oh?... And just how did you know
about that?

Fonzi coyly smiles as she starts to put the locket on.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
Allow me.

Shop Owner helps her with the clasp. But it BREAKS.

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
Uh-oh.

FONZI
What?

SHOP OWNER
The clasp. It, how do I say this,
needs to be replaced.
(MORE)

SHOP OWNER (CONT'D)
I'll do it free of charge, though;
clean it, as well, it's the least I
can do.

FONZI
What kind of time are we talking?

SHOP OWNER
Sourcing an element that precisely
matches will take a few days, a
week at the most. Unless you want
to pay to expedite?

FONZI
No, as soon as possible works.

Fonzi starts off, stops, sweeps up her diamonds.

FONZI (CONT'D)
I'd hate to spend these on
something else while I'm waiting.

Fonzi leaves. Shop Owner picks up the locket, peers at the
tiny keyhole that he never noticed. Chuckles.

EXT. IMPOSING OFFICE TOWER - DAY

Modern architecture using synthetic recyclable materials.

INT. STYX, LOBBY - DAY

Brightly lit with inspiring decor. "STYX SYNDICATE" in gold
and platinum hangs on the wall behind the Receptionist.

INT. STYX, OFFICES - DAY

Francis Dashwood, early 40s, beyond shrewd, beyond ruthless,
beyond charismatic, strides down the hall, multi-tasking with
a HOLOGRAPHIC PDA that he manipulates with an EXO-SKELETON
running up the inside of his palm. Dashwood walks into...

INT. STYX, CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Seated at the Conference Table are 10 Hologram EXECUTIVES and
9 flesh & blood EXECUTIVES; both sides have real and virtual
representatives... So the empty chair at the far end of the
table could easily be overlooked.

On the desk is the Aluminum Box the prototype was in. Two
local MANAGERS (one early 30s, goatee, the other is fresh out
of B-School) flank Dashwood's chair at the head of the table.
They sit after Dashwood takes his seat.

DASHWOOD
 Good morning, gentlemen. Our negotiations to acquire the critical component for Stage One of our -- where's Joon?

YOUNG MANAGER
 (hushed tone)
 Mr. Joon is... Mr. Joon was retired this morning. I thought you knew...

DASHWOOD
 (sharp and soft)
 Excuse me?

Dashwood glances at Young Manager, then -- fury rising -- looks at Goatee Manager, he has a Deer-in-the-headlights look on his face.

Young Manager perversely smiles at Goatee Manager, "gotcha!"

DASHWOOD (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen, it seems our Mr. Joon is absent today; personal issue. We'll have to re-convene.

INT. STYX, DASHWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dashwood seethes at his desk, cracking his knuckles as he makes fists. On his screen: IMAGES OF JOON'S MURDER SCENE.

DASHWOOD
 Strange... Joon was dispatched like there was a score to settle, yet the Containment Team recovered the prototype.

YOUNG MANAGER
 I have a Psyche Profile being created to account for that, sir.

GOATEE MANAGER
 In any event, sir, we've minimized our losses. We can still move forward with the joint venture's mandate.

DASHWOOD
 (presses intercom)
 Tess, bring me the documents, please.

Dashwood broods as he looks at the Murder Scene images. A BEAT later, a female Manager enters. Her red LATEX BLOUSE would be more than distracting in most circumstances. She hands documents to Dashwood, who glances at them, signs them.

DASHWOOD (CONT'D)
 (to Goatee Manager)
 I accept.

Female Manager gives the documents to Goatee Manager.

GOATEE MANAGER
 Accept what?

DASHWOOD
 Your resignation.

ALL the blood drains from Goatee Manager's face. He trembles.

DASHWOOD (CONT'D)
 Human Resources is waiting.

The Female Manager guides Goatee Manager out.

DASHWOOD (CONT'D)
 Tess...
 (she stops, Goatee pauses)
 You were aware that I had plans for
 Mr. Joon, and as the new Level 4
 executive, what do you think the
 success rate would be for tracing
 the Backgrounder he hired?

Goatee Manager's shoulder slump as he exits.

FEMALE MANAGER
 I wouldn't want to speculate
 without more information... if I
 could see Mr. Jameson's psyche
 profile, and regress that against a
 probability index I'd have a more
 informed answer.

Young Manager is surprised Female Manager even KNOWS about
 the Psyche Profile.

YOUNG MANAGER
 Uh... that is... how exactly do --

FEMALE MANAGER
 (jumping in)
 We'll get back to you on that.

DASHWOOD
 Fine. That's all. Don't reset the
 meeting. I'll do the spin by email.

The Managers exit. Dashwood broods.

INT. STYX, OUTSIDE DASHWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Female Manager heads back to her cube, not before...

YOUNG MANAGER
(grabs her arm)
Hold on a minute, how did --

FEMALE MANAGER
Don't mistake me for an idiot like
the rest of your frat boy team. Go
ahead, do something that you think
threatens my job and see what
happens at the next Peer Review.

She strides off. Young Manager smoulders.

EXT. STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Fonzi passes buzzing neon signs in various languages -
passing a parked, shabby VW Van. In the window, Fonzi notices
a crate of vinyl records. Approvingly nods.

Fonzi heads toward SILENCIO ECLECTICO, a dive bar.

Before grabbing the door handle, Fonzi steels herself, making
sure she's "on", opens the door and enters...

INT. SILENCIO ECLECTICO - DAY

Maybe 15 or 20 PEOPLE drink, shoot pool, use their personal
computers, watch sports on the giant plasmas. The female
bartender, NICO, hands a Bank Card back to a MAN in his late
30s, 5 o'clock shadow, fidgety. A grim look on his face.

NICO
Sorry, bro. You got snake eyes on
everything today. Wish I could help
you this time, but I can't.

GRIM MAN
Murphy's Law, I guess.
(beat)
What about a water?

NICO
Sure... Unfiltered, though, okay?

Grim Man nods as Fonzi sits down next to him.

NICO (CONT'D)
My, my, my the triple double is
back.

FONZI
 Hey Nico, what do you recommend to
 celebrate my latest success?
 Something grand, something a...
 gourmand would relish.

Nico serves Grim Man his water.

NICO
 For you? I got a '05 Macallan I
 haven't cracked yet.

FONZI
 Shoot it up!

Nico sets out a glass, hesitates before pouring the Scotch.

NICO
 But... uh...

Fonzi produces her Bank Card. Taps on its keypad.

FONZI
 You ready for it? All of it?

NICO
 Shut up! Everything?

FONZI
 And the back rent. That's what
 bonuses are for, right?

Nico grabs a Bank Card for the Computer Register. Fonzi taps
 Nico's card. Nico sees her new balance.

NICO
 This is an occasion to celebrate!

Nico pours doubles for Fonzi and herself.

FONZI
 (to Grim Man)
 You look like you need a drink.

GRIM MAN
 ...like you wouldn't believe.

FONZI
 Nico, get this man a glass. In
 fact, a round for everyone on me!

NICO
 (on mic)
 Attention Silencio Electico
 customers, your next drink is on
 the little lady at the bar.

A cocktail waitress brings drinks to the Patrons who cheer and toast Fonzi. Nico pours a tall Scotch for Grim Man.

GRIM MAN

Thanks.

FONZI

(raises glass to toast)
Never be defeated.

GRIM MAN AND NICO

Never be defeated.

All three clink their glasses, down their drinks. Ahhh!

NICO

Hendrix is here, in the back.

FONZI

She's with someone?

NICO

Yeah, how'd you know?

Fonzi smiles at her, heads to the back of the bar, goes through a set of SALOON DOORS to the...

BACK ROOM

Ten booths line the walls. Sitting in one is JENNY HENDRIX, late 30s, a polished executive. The nerdy guy in his mid 30's wearing glasses seated across from her is PAUL ALLEGRA, Hendrix spots Fonzi but does not let on. Allegra's back is to Fonzi.

Fonzi quietly sits down in the booth before Hendrix's. Sits so she's back-to-back with Allegra.

ALLEGRA

Ha! Um, you're not going believe me, but --

HENDRIX

Paul, stop for a second. Don't turn around, but we're ready to begin.

ALLEGRA

(starting to turn)
She's here?

HENDRIX

Paul. I said, "don't turn around."

ALLEGRA

Right, right, so sorry, Miss...?

FONZI
"Miss" will do fine.

ALLEGRA
I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance. Jenny said that you would be able to help me out.

FONZI
Anybody she speaks highly of is worth a drink at a bar.

ALLEGRA
I appreciate that. Then I assume you've been filled in regarding my situation?

FONZI
Nobody can do that as good as you.

ALLEGRA
Oh ok then, let's see, where to begin...?

HENDRIX
At the beginning.

ALLEGRA
Right. My college roommate at MIT, Vinay Patel, and I began collaborating on simulated artificial biomechanics during our junior year--

FONZI
Not that far back. What do you need for me to do for you now?

ALLEGRA
Right, right. Vinay and I left the bioengineering firm, GenErgi, three years ago because we had ideas, and when I say ideas, I mean ideas.

FONZI
Big ones?

ALLEGRA
Trust me.

HENDRIX
Keep going.

ALLEGRA
We started our own company down in Los Angeles, BioTek Sciences, with venture capital money from Mumbai.

(MORE)

ALLEGRA (CONT'D)

Our aim was to actualize the bleeding edge research we proposed to do at GenErgi, which was vetoed by upper management.

HENDRIX

Have you had any success?

ALLEGRA

Yes, yes, we've had some remarkable breakthroughs, things that will certainly turn heads. Only now when we're days away from filing for a series of patents, we've had some break-ins.

HENDRIX

And your work was stolen?

ALLEGRA

Not yet, because our security has been able to turn back whoever these people are. However, it's only a matter of time and we don't know what new security to install next.

HENDRIX

What kind of countermeasures do you currently have in place?

ALLEGRA

Our angel investor insisted that we not only have state-of-the-art electronic...

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, RESEARCH CLEAN ROOM - DAY

LAB TECHS and SCIENTISTS retina, thumb and voice scan their way in and out the facility. Just to use their workstations.

ALLEGRA (V.O.)

... organic scan and...

LAB PERSONNEL step thru Full-Spectrum Body Scanners when leaving.

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, CORRIDORS - NIGHT

Two SCIENTISTS turn the corner, disappear. Motion Sensor Lights turn-off and a visible SONAR WAVE echoes across the corridor.

ALLEGRA (V.O.)
 ... hard sonic surveillance
 systems. We also have...

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, FRONT - DAY

Two burly SECURITY GUARDS menace a DELIVERY MAN who has trouble with his credentials.

ALLEGRA (V.O.)
 ... some of the best human security
 possible -- former T.I.B.
 commandoes work day...

EXT. BIOTEK SCIENCES - NIGHT

As the last car drives away, we see that Security has bumped up to 10 "shoot-first-then-ask-questions" GUARDS.

ALLEGRA
 ... and night shifts.

INT. SILENCIO ECLECTICO, BACK ROOM - DAY

Fonzi and Allegra have not seen each other's faces yet.

HENDRIX
 Impressive; your investor not only
 wants to protect his investment,
 but he believes in you.

ALLEGRA
 (proud)
 We have big ideas.

FONZI
 Let me ask you another question,
 did you sign proper non-compete and
 termination paperwork with--

ALLEGRA
 GenErgi; yes, why?

FONZI
 Just a theory.

HENDRIX
 Do you care to share your theory?

FONZI
 If I decide to take the job.

Allegra shoots a 'what the fuck?' glance at Hendrix.

ALLEGRA

I understood we were --

Allegra starts to turn to face Fonzi, but Hendrix grabs him by the chin, keeps Allegra facing front.

HENDRIX

Paul? What did I say?

FONZI

Look, I don't care who led you where, I don't do private security - too boring and if there is danger, like the danger I think you're facing, it's costly... more than money.

ALLEGRA

Yes, yes, payment won't be a problem, that I'm quite sure of. Also, I'm not asking you to stand guard, we have that. I need you to see how good it all is.

HENDRIX

A stress test.

FONZI

I'll think about it, and we'll get back to you. Thanks.

ALLEGRA

This is preposterous --

Hendrix quiets him with a "hold on" gesture.

HENDRIX

Paul, I'm sorry, she's her own boss, so it's up to her.

ALLEGRA

Fine, fine, but this is extremely important and time sensitive.

Fonzi stands to leave, but then comes back.

FONZI

One more thing.

ALLEGRA

Yes?

FONZI

Did GenErgi zero out your secondary education costs?

ALLEGRA

It's standard practice, surely you know--

FONZI

No one lets their paid slaves walk without paying the piper.

ALLEGRA

I'm no one's slave!

FONZI

I didn't say that you were. Only that's how you might be viewed. Don't argue with me on that one, if you do, then there's nothing for me to consider, okay?

ALLEGRA

So, we have an agreement?

FONZI

We'll be in touch.

Now Fonzi leaves.

MAIN ROOM

Hendrix leads Allegra to the exit. He tries to catch a glimpse of Fonzi... whereto look? She's hiding in plain sight, playing pool.

HENDRIX

I'll talk with her. I can be pretty convincing when I need to be.

ALLEGRA

I don't know where else to turn, if you can't help me. I'll be damned if I let years of research get stolen and make someone else rich!

Allegra exits. Hendrix storms up to Fonzi.

HENDRIX

What the hell are you--

FONZI

Relax, we're doing the job--

HENDRIX

--then why di--

FONZI

I didn't want him to know we are.

HENDRIX
Why the subterfuge?

FONZI
Before we commit, I want to see his facility in the raw. Get me two round-trip jump-jet tickets to LA for this afternoon.

HENDRIX
Got it.

FONZI
And find out which of The Twelve this GenErgi is a part of.

HENDRIX
Right. I'll put everything on that.

Hendrix dips out the back exit.

EXT. SILENCIO ECLECTICO - DAY

Fonzi steps outside. Pulls her phone out, scans her contacts to SALVATORE BARERRA. Double taps his photo image.

FONZI
Hey, we're going to LA in this afternoon. Get packed. I'll be in 20.

She hangs up and...

MAN'S VOICE
Fonzi Lazlo.

-- it's the Police! One plain clothes detective, mid 30s, African-Asian mix, dressed in clothes from the descendents of the House of Versace. This is CRISTOF SHING.

Cristof Shing is flanked by his PARTNER, a cop in riot gear with a big stungun. And we're out...

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY**

Fonzi sits in the driver's seat. Cristof in the passenger seat. Cristof's Partner waits outside.

FONZI
Who's the new guy?

CRISTOF
He's not new to action, just a virgin in my unit.

FONZI
Was he with you this morning?

CRISTOF
I thought he was going to shit his pants when we were Section 56'd from the investigation.

FONZI
Why?

CRISTOF
Murders are supposed to be solved by state cops or my outfit in the T.I.B., not corporate storm troopers.

FONZI
Now he knows better.

CRISTOF
That's not why I'm here. Rudolph Enright was also iced.

Fonzi does not betray her feelings.

CRISTOF (CONT'D)
And it get's better. Whoever iced Enright apparently was not keen to the fact that his pleasure dome was Kali Corporation property and zoned to give them blanket jurisdiction.

FONZI
What does this have to do with me?

CRISTOF
I'm telling you, because I know you two were... you know... your sugar--

FONZI

It wasn't like that. It was business... good business, but business.

CRISTOF

Well then I'm telling you because as a murder, the M & A Specialists will invoke their extra-judicial rights. And they won't just want whoever pulled the trigger, they'll want anyone whose dick got hard just hearing about the hit.

FONZI

They have no leads, right?
(Cristof shakes his head)
And this witness?

CRISTOF

Nada, everyone is on the bum about that. Found a neural-endothelial disrupter, so the woman's memories are liquid shit. And from the sex toys we found up in the bedroom, she's not even gonna remember the dicking down she got.

FONZI

Everybody needs eyes on their six, but why tell me in the first place? Besides the obvious.

CRISTOF

The way the guards, all ex-military, were taken out... just like that time our Unit was in Angola.

FONZI

When the Secretary of State was kidnapped?

Fonzi holds Cristof's stare for a second too long.

FONZI (CONT'D)

Thanks for the warning. I can handle myself.

CRISTOF

You always do. Just remember if it ever feels like you're gonna get gang-raped, you can still join my outfit as a major and get immunity... should you need it.

FONZI

And be tagged again?
 (rubs behind her ear,
 there's a scar)
 No one needs to know my whereabouts
 the full cycle ever again.

CRISTOF

Just putting it out there... again.

FONZI

And the answer's still "no."
 (opens door)
 Thanks for the intel. If I hear
 anything, I'll be in touch.

CRISTOF

No you won't, but it was good
 seeing you again.

FONZI

You, too, Cris.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

FONZI

(to Cristof's Partner)
 He's all yours.

Cristof gets behind the wheel. His Partner gets in. The car drives off. Fonzi watches it, then takes off.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Fonzi walks up the alley. Leaning on a gleaming black Lotus Evora is SALVATORE BARERRA, late 20s, Colombian, jittery, a little too flamboyant in his dress, but not a queen.

SALVATORE

(checking watch)
 You're late.

FONZI

Sorry, had a chat with Cristof.

SALVATORE

How's that beautiful black piece of
 ass doing?

Fonzi rolls her eyes. Salvatore opens the car door, is about to step in.

FONZI

What are you doing?

Now it's Salvatore's time to roll his eyes, as he tosses Fonzi the keys. She gets in the driver's side. Salvatore runs around, gets in. The car ROARS off.

INT. LOTUS EVORA (MOVING) - DAY

SALVATORE
What's the plan, girlfriend?

FONZI
Recon on a bio-science facility right now, but we might be doing a security stress test on the place.

SALVATORE
Right on. So what do you think we'll need?

FONZI
Client says the facility just installed hard sonics and I want to know by who. Do we still have the mensa-goggles in the LA safe house?

SALVATORE
Nope. You lost 'em in Buenos Aires, and we never replaced them.

FONZI
Damn! I did, didn't I?

SALVATORE
Yeah, you did.

FONZI
It was an accident, if I recall.

SALVATORE
Your selective memory is not cute.

Fonzi sharply jerks the wheel.

SALVATORE (CONT'D)
Whoa, where are you going?

FONZI
Gotta see Carver then. I need something for our recon.

SALVATORE
Do you think he's going to give you something?

Fonzi cuts her eyes at him.

EXT. 78-45-33 RECORDS - DAY

An antique VINYL RECORD store.

INT. 78-45-33 RECORDS - DAY

Some people will ALWAYS violently embrace the warm sound of vinyl. Is Fonzi one of those people? Hard to tell as she walks in the door.

She checks out a few LPs in the bins. KARA, a 10 year old girl dressed in vintage 1950s clothing/hair style, with a stack of 45s, rollerskates up to Fonzi.

KARA

What's shaking, Fonzi?

FONZI

The usual. What's new with you?

KARA

We got in these far-out Flock of Seagulls and The Clash 45s, crazy stuff, just crazy! In great shape too! Look!

Kara shows Fonzi some of the antique 45s she's holding.

FONZI

Very ...neat. So why the upside-down smile?

KARA

This is probably my last week, because my daddy-o hasn't been able to re-sell his employment contract, so we gotta move to LA.

FONZI

That sucks. Be sure to get a re-breather.

KARA

Yeah, it's the pits! But what can I do?

FONZI

Always look for the silver lining, ya know? Well, I gotta go talk to Carver, see you later.

KARA

Groovy.

Kara skates off. Fonzi heads up to the counter where a man in his 60s with the raggedy hairstyle of an artist (or a lunatic) tends to the register. This is CARVER.

FONZI

Do you have some '55 or '56 Sonny Rollins on Blue Note?

CARVER

Maybe one or two in the back. Come.

Carver leads Fonzi back to the Employee-Only Section.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON - CARVER'S HAND punching digits on a KEYPAD. STEEL-REINFORCED LOCKS surrounding a BLAST DOOR disengaging.

INT. 78-45-33 RECORDS, CARVER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Carver and Fonzi push thru a plastic curtain and enter a WORKSHOP that's methodically stacked with late 20th century/early 21st century electronics and mechanics that are in various states of modification -- jury-rigged with state-of-the-art 2045 technology. Carver pulls the door shut.

CARVER

How'd it go?

FONZI

Everything went fine, more than fine. The neural disrupters and the wide-spectrum delimiter worked like a charm.

CARVER

No, I mean who was the target?

FONZI

Oh... that...
(turns from him)
it was Enright.

CARVER

Enright? Enright?!
(beat)
Wow...

Fonzi turns back to face Carver.

HEAVY TEARS forming in her eyes. Carver takes her into his arms; she shudders, determined to hold in any more expressions of emotion. After a moment:

CARVER (CONT'D)

It was bound to happen, you know that, right?

FONZI

...it shouldn't have been by me.

There's regret in her eyes.

CARVER

Hey kid, it's okay. You're goin' to be okay. Okay?

(Fonzi solemnly nods)

And it completes the circle.

(off Fonzi's look)

He was the first to hire you, wasn't he?

(Fonzi nods)

Taught you how to not just survive, but excel as a Backgrounder. So there it is.

FONZI

The bonus counts for something then.

CARVER

Bonus? What bonus?

Fonzi pulls out the velvet bag of diamonds. Empties half the bag on Carver's work bench.

FONZI

That's roughly \$750,000.

CARVER

Those aren't real, can't be.

FONZI

Ah, but they are. Run one of your lasers on them when I'm gone and see for yourself. This makes us square.

CARVER

It does indeed. I take it you're gonna need something.

FONZI

Business never sleeps. This is easy...it should be easy for you. I need a spy cam that can pass probably everything up to an organic scan.

CARVER
Shit, is that all?!? And I want to
retire on the moon with 10 virgins!

FONZI
I didn't know you went in for
untamed horses.

CARVER
Stick with your day job.

FONZI
So, you don't have anything?

CARVER
I don't, but I got someone who
does.

FONZI
Can you trust this person and get
it to me by this afternoon?

CARVER
I can do better than that.
(taps his lapel)
Starks, come down here with yer all-
seeing eyes, will ya?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(over comlink)
Be there in a minute.

FONZI
Who the hell is Starks?
(leaving)
Never mind, call me when you have
whatever it is you have for me.

CARVER
No, I need ya to meet Starks.

FONZI
I don't want to know him, and he's
certainly not going to get a chance
to know me.

CARVER
He already knows about you and what
I do for you.

FONZI
What the fuck were you thinking,
Carver?!?!?

CARVER
Just this, now listen, will ya?
With these...

(MORE)

CARVER (CONT'D)
 (re: the diamonds)
 ... I can finally step away.

FONZI
 Please! You don't step away, you
 can't; you've been dusted for close
 to a decade.

CARVER
 Don't remind me, but thanks to you,
 I can get my pension re-instated...
 At my old seniority level, and get
 access to the appropriate anti-age
 drugs.

FONZI
 Glad I could assist you in dicking
 me over!

CARVER
 Listen, Starks is a good kid,
 better at all of this than I am. I
 should know, I've been working with
 him for the past two years.

FONZI
 And it never crossed your mind to
 tell me?

CARVER
 It's called keepin' a secret!
 Somethin' I know how to do! I only
 told him about you in theory, but
 now he gets to see the real deal.

FONZI
 God damn you, Carver!

STARKS'S VOICE
 Am I interrupting something?

Fonzi and Carver turn to see. MARK STARKS, wily grin on his
 face, a Smart Alec if there ever was one, penetrating eyes.
 He carries a small PVC case.

FONZI
 Yes!

CARVER
 No, you're not. I want you to meet
 someone. This is Fonzi--

FONZI
 Carver...

Starks keeps his eyes on Fonzi's face, but we know where he
 wants to gaze.

STARKS
 (extends hand)
 A pleasure to meet you.

The lust in Starks' eyes is unmistakable, he wants to fuck.
 Fonzi meets his gaze, squashes any such thoughts.

FONZI
 I wish I could say the same.

STARKS
 You will.

FONZI
 This is bullshit. See ya kid.

CARVER
 Hold on, ya said ya need a spy cam
 that can pass any scan up to an
 organic, yes?
 (to Starks)
 Show her yer eyes, will ya?

Starks opens his PVC case. Inside is a mod'ed-PDA and two
 clear tubes with aqua CONTACT LENSES inside. He approaches
 Fonzi with the tubes.

STARKS
 Put these in... please.

Fonzi glances at Carver, who nods. She pulls out a dripping
 contact lens. Starts to insert the lens.

STARKS (CONT'D)
 It might sting...

FONZI
 Arghhh! Thanks for the warning!

STARKS
 Hurts?

FONZI
 (rapidly blinking)
 No.

STARKS
 (turns on PDA)
 The trick with understanding
 compressed optical recorders is
 realizing that they only really
 need to collect focused light.
 (calibrates PDA)
 But your eye does that, so what you
 want is a transmission device to
 read what's reflecting off your
 cornea.

(MORE)

STARKS (CONT'D)
 (shows Fonzi the PDA)
 And voila.

The PDA shows Fonzi's POV.

CARVER
 (re: the PDA)
 This little bad boy had its
 bluetooth transceiver upgraded with
 re-ionized coltan from your
 everyday cellphone to increase the
 signal range to about 100 meters.

FONZI
 Not bad. How is it powered?

STARKS
 Oh you're gonna love this... your
 body's own electro-magnetic field.
 Something the Chinese military
 tried to develop, but never got
 right.

CARVER
 That's how it'll trick an organic
 scan.

FONZI
 I take it back, it is a pleasure to
 meet you.
 (to Carver)
 We can do this with our same
 arrangement?

CARVER
 Wouldn't have it any other way.

STARKS
 (with second clear tube)
 You'll need to put in the second
 lens for 3D imaging.

FONZI
 (son of a bitch)
 ... Thanks...

INT. DASHWOOD'S OFFICE - DAY

Dashwood reviews THREE SCREENS. The hologram of a SCIENTIST
 is in one.

DASHWOOD
 You made assurances, career-
 defining assurances, that if you
 "could only get your hands on the
 prototype" then --

SCIENTIST

But Mr. Dashwood, there was always
a possibility that we needed
another reagent.

KNOCK-KNOCK.

DASHWOOD

Hold.
(to the door)
Yes.

Female Manager sticks her head in, shows a file. Dashwood
motions for her to enter, but to keep her mouth shut.

DASHWOOD (CONT'D)

(to Scientist)
We'll talk in an hour. Don't you
dare disappoint.
(disconnects)
What can I do for you, Tess?

FEMALE MANAGER

We have a possible lead on which
Backgrounder Mr. Joon contracted to
obtain the prototype.

DASHWOOD

The Backgrounder or the Fixer?

FEMALE MANAGER

The Backgrounder. The nano-
circuitry on the DNA decay device
that was left at Enright's
penthouse happens to be ours...
through a fifth level co-venture
subsidiary, so we're reversing the
invoicing and --

DASHWOOD

That could take a month or a
quarter... Whatever you do, do me
a favor and crush who ever you find
for the inconvenience.

EXT. LOS ANGELES CITYSCAPE - DAY

The West Coast's sprawling megalopolis.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Fonzi and Salvatore sip drinks at an exotic coffee bar.
They're watching a HOTEL across the street.

FONZI

Patel really goes to these things?

SALVATORE

He goes twice a month. When Kalista hacked his schedule, she went back three months to check for behavioral patterns; he could cancel, but...

FONZI

It's unlikely. Would you go to one of these things?

SALVATORE

No, but if I was numbing my brain as a corporate hack... maybe. Never know who you could meet.

FONZI

There is that.

Just then a sky blue convertible Ferarri California pulls up to the valet station. VINAY PATEL (Allegra's partner) gets out, hands the valet his keys and goes inside.

FONZI (CONT'D)

And they say routine is bad for relationships.

SALVATORE

What's wrong with routine?

FONZI

I'm gonna go change.

SALVATORE

You're not going to wear the tracer, are you?

FONZI

Do I ever?

EXT. HOTEL ROOFTOP BAR/LOUNGE - NIGHT

A Bio-Tech industry mixer. Patel chats it up with a couple colleagues.

FONZI

dressed in her asset-revealing best, strolls in, subtly glances around. Dozens of pocket rockets take off as Fonzi crosses to the bar. Fonzi finds Patel's eye. An "interested?" smile.

LATER

Fonzi is surrounded by five guys and two women, including Patel. Fonzi (with a Scottish accent) tells a naughty story. After the punchline, Fonzi lasciviously locks eyes with Patel.

FONZI and PATEL

talk by the railing, gazing at the cityscape. She's laughing at all his corny jokes, strokes her hair, touching his arm and chest continuously. Leans on him, looks into his eyes.

When Patel takes a sip of his drink, we notice a SIGNET RING with Sanskrit etchings, just like the one Joon wore.

FONZI
(Scottish accent)
Y'ever wonder 'bout na having
entanglements? And what kinda
freedom that gives ya?

Patel vigorously nods.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The valet arrives with Patel's car. Patel and Fonzi get in, drive off. Salvatore follows in a non-descript rental car.

INT. PATEL'S CAR - DRIVING

Fonzi leans over, kisses Patel's ear.

FONZI
(whispers)
I don't want to wait.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDE STREET - PATEL'S CAR

A HAND smacks the steamed window, slides down...

INT. PATEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Patel and Fonzi go at it. As he kisses her nipples, her neck, she guides his hands from her breasts to her hair... and gently removes an EARRING. Drops it on the floor. Refocuses on pleasuring Patel.

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, PATEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Patel reviews a complex BIO-MOLECULE on this computer. His phone RINGS.

PATEL
Hello, this Vinay.

FONZI (O.S.)
(Scottish accent)
Vinay, hi, it's Tara... Finnegan...
from last night.

PATEL
Oh! Right... how are you doing?

FONZI
Fantastic... thanks to you. Sorry
if I'm interrupting, but I think I
dropped my earring in your car.

PATEL
Oh, that was yours?

FONZI
You found it?

PATEL
I did. I can mail it to you, what's
your address?

FONZI
That would be great... but like I
told you, I'm headin' to Shanghai
tonight and then to Israel after
that, so I wouldn't get it 'til I
got back, and it's me lucky
earring. Helps a girl close
deals... as you know.

PATEL
Ah... right. Maybe you could---

FONZI
Stop by and pick it up?

EXT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, LOBBY - DAY

A gruff SECURITY GUARD watches Patel give Fonzi, dressed corporate stiff, her earring.

FONZI
Thank you, so much.
(puts earring in)
So this is where you work. I'm
impressed.

PATEL
Oh, don't be. This is where Paul
and I hope to make things happen.

FONZI
Do you and your partner share
offices?

PATEL
No, we have separate spaces.

FONZI
Could I see where you "make things
happen"?

PATEL
My office is a mess, I mean, I have
a lot of work and a lunch meeting I
need to ge--

FONZI
(whispers)
--I wanted to thank you in private.
(grabs his crotch)

Patel leads Fonzi to the Security check-point.

SECURITY GUARD
Mr. Patel, your guest, she must...

PATEL
No need for that, Jerry. Tara and I
go way back.

Security Guard lets Patel and Fonzi pass thru the Override
Access Gateway.

INT. RENTAL CAR - SALVATORE

holds Starks' PDA Viewer. On the screen:

Patel, walking in front of Fonzi, moves through the halls of
BioTek. Fonzi's eyes scan all over the place --
-- security doors -- entrance keypads --
-- surveillance cameras, floor pressure plates, etc.

SALVATORE
My chiquita is one fierce bitch.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. SILENCIO ECLECTICO - NIGHT

People enter and leave the cozy dive bar. From this angle, we see down the alley and notice a dim light burning in a third floor apartment window above the bar.

EXT. SILENCIO ECLECTICO, FONZI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Fonzi and Salvatore review the SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE from BioTek Sciences on a wafer-thin monitor.

FONZI

How much do you want to bet those are Seimens-GE pressure plates beneath the lab doors?

SALVATORE

Can't be, that's overkill for a low security facility.

FONZI

What else would you use? Especially if these were recently installed. And if they have hard sonics like Allegra claimed, then all the more reason.

SALVATORE

So what if they are? How does it change our strat?

FONZI

It doesn't, we'll prepare the same way we always do. I just want you to admit that you're wrong.

SALVATORE

So we're going to do this.

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Allegra chats up a HOT GEEK-TYPE at the bar. His cellphone rings. He's about to hit "ignore", sees that it's Hendrix.

ALLEGRA

(to GEEK HOTTIE)

I have to take this.

(answers)

Hendrix, hello, so good to hear from you... yes... that's great!

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE/HENDRIX'S CAR - NIGHT

SPLIT SCREEN of Hendrix and Fonzi. INTERCUT WITH ALLEGRA.

HENDRIX

Paul, there's a couple things we have to get straight. One, you can tell no one about our arrangement. No one, not even your partner.

ALLEGRA

Okay, okay, mum's the word. What else?

HENDRIX

That's the spirit. Two is payment--

ALLEGRA

Name it -- reasonable of course and I'll have 50% transferred into your-

HENDRIX

(cuts him off)
-she doesn't want money from you.

ALLEGRA

What? Then--

HENDRIX

--you're going to deliver two dozen 250 yottabyte gel memory drives -- and they need to be clean of any tagging, phantom malware or traceable OS pre-code of any sort.

ALLEGRA

Are you out of your mind? How do you expect me to get code-free gel drives? That's going to cost me a fortune!

HENDRIX

The terms are non-negotiable. Isn't your life's work worth a fortune many times over?

ALLEGRA

Yes.

HENDRIX

You've got 72 hours.

FONZI

In a week's time I'll tickle your ear and whisper how deep I penetrated into your facility.

ALLEGRA
 (spooked by Fonzi)
 ... Okay.

FONZI
 Good. One last thing, how wet do
 you want this?

ALLEGRA
 Wet?

FONZI
 The casualty level.

ALLEGRA
 Oh no, ... none at all.
 (Fonzi hangs up)
 It would increase my insurance pre--

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Allegra stares at the phone. Turns to resume with the Geek
 chick, but she's gone.

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE/HENDRIX'S CAR - NIGHT

HENDRIX
 You're good to go. Do you need me
 to arrange anything with Crapgame?

FONZI
 Ha! No, I owe that hustler my first
 born as it is. I'll see him when
 this is over.

HENDRIX
 Okay, call me if you need me.

FONZI
 Got it.
 (hangs up)
 We're on.

SALVATORE
 Who do we need for this?

FONZI
 Let's see who's avail.

Fonzi turns to a clear Mylar screen. Powers it up. Touch keys
the directory and over a dozen VIRTUAL DOSSIERS (3D file
 photos, military records, criminal records, etc.) fill the
 left-side of the screen. Each file photo rotates 360 degrees.

FONZI (CONT'D)
We're going to need Rutger.

As she touches the face of RUTGER, a mid 30s, manic red head Aussie with dreds, gestures the Virtual Dossier ("VD") to the right, and we DIVE INTO THE PHOTO...

MATCH CUT:

We're with RUTGER on a ROOFTOP. Rutger puts his eye up to a SNIPER RIFLE's SCOPE. He adjusts the scope. Grins.

RUTGER
(squeezing the trigger)
Say "fromage," assbag!

1000 YARDS AWAY a BUSINESS MAN and his BODYGUARD drop dead. Rutger pulls back from the scope, laughing. We PULL AWAY.

MATCH CUT:

Back at FONZI'S OFFICE. Rutger now laughs in his file photo. Fonzi moves another VD of KALISTA, a ravishing, early 30s gym-toned woman from Kenya with calculating & shifting eyes, and blue, scarlet and golden streaks in her hair. We DIVE INTO KALISTA'S PHOTO...

MATCH CUT:

Kalista is surrounded by computers. She has TWO different earpieces in, another in her hand. Taps one.

KALISTA
Come on, cheri, c'est moi. Either get those cars in position by 0130 or no bonus... You're on, chez moi at dawn. Au revoir.
(taps the other ear piece)
Transpo's ready to go. Don't bring them back in one piece, please.

She switches out the ear pieces and we PULL AWAY.

MATCH CUT:

Back at FONZI'S OFFICE. Kalista's file photo is now pensive.

SALVATORE
What about Pebbles and Bam-Bam?

Fonzi's hand moves over to a MAN and WOMAN (photographed together); homicide in their eyes. Tattoos up to the neck on her, and too many piercings in his eyebrows. We DIVE INTO PEBBLES & BAM-BAM'S PHOTO...

MATCH CUT:

Pebbles turns to Bam-Bam, plants a lewd kiss on his mouth (lots of tongue).

PEBBLES
Isaac Hayes or Carl Orff?

BAM-BAM
Orff!

Symphonic music plays as they spin around, back-to-back. We're in a FACTORY, dozens of ARMED GUARDS approach. Pebbles & Bam-Bam -- each double-fisting submachine guns -- mow down the Guards. We PULL AWAY.

MATCH CUT:

FONZI
We're cats on this one, not
jackbooted marauders.

SALVATORE
Too many negative vibes anyway.
What about Naveen?

Fonzi's eyes light up. She goes to touch NAVEEN's VD (late 20s, Arab), but when her fingers hit Naveen's image it fades, and "Sorry babe, you still owe me" appears across his face.

FONZI
That little prick!

Fonzi gestures to throw Naveen in the trash.

SALVATORE
Don't shitcan him.

FONZI
Why? You still think you can get
him to be your bottom?

SALVATORE
Don't underestimate my worldly
charms.

FONZI
Anyway! With Naveen out, I'm going
to need you to back-up Kalista.

SALVATORE
I can do that. I'll call her now
and get the ball rolling. You know
how she is, "we need more time, we
need more time."

FONZI
I know. Let's talk later.

Fonzi leaves.

INT. WAREHOUSE GYM - DAY

This mom & pop weight-room and Mixed Martial Arts training facility is dimly lit and populated with second-hand equipment used by DEDICATED Men and Women.

Fonzi is one of those women. She's doing dips -
- squats -
- hand-stand push-ups -
- lat pulldowns -
- hammer curls -
- kettle ball delt raises -
- Russian Twists with a medicine ball -

She's working so hard, like she's trying to hurt herself. To divert her inner anguish with her outer pain.

In the sparring OCTAGON, two COMBATANTS fiercely spar with tonfas (fighting sticks).

Fonzi approaches the chin-up bar. Jumps up, starts chinning. An IVORY CANE pokes her back.

RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR
Tighten up your core.

The RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR is a short, gnarled woman with white hair. Mid 60s. A tank top shows an impressively ripped body.

FONZI
What do you think I'm doing, Petra?

RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR
It's been a while and you look rusty.

FONZI
It's only been a month.

RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR
You can become slack in fifteen days. Speaking of which, no one's going to say anything, but... you do owe Michelle a re-match.

FONZI
(stops chinning)
Ooohh! It's like that?

Fonzi glances over to the Male and Female Combatants going at each other HARD in the ring.

RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR
Yes. It is like that.

OCTAGON

Fonzi catches a pair of tonfas, bounces around with Muy Thai Kickboxer footwork. Faces the Female AND Male Combatant.

MALE COMBATANT
(taunting)
This doesn't seem fair.

FONZI
You're right.

Fonzi discards one of her tonfas.

FEMALE COMBATANT
(smiling)
And no "blinking."

Fonzi nods.

RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR
Go!

Fonzi and her Opponents square off. It's a slow dance at first. Like a seduction, probing for where there's an opening. Slow. Deliberate. Then they ENGAGE - it's frenzied. Jarring. Near-Lethal. And fun!

Fonzi's leg whips and Krav Maga moves takes down the Male Combatant pretty damn quick. But this gives the Female an opening for a strike that knocks Fonzi on her ass. She's up in a flash, licks the blood from her lip and -- wildly charges --

INT. WAREHOUSE GYM, TRAINER ROOM - DAY

Fonzi sports a helluva shiner. The Russian places a TISSUE REVITALIZER on Fonzi's cheek.

RUSSIAN PROPRIETOR
Hold still.

The Revitalizer HEALS Fonzi's broken blood vessels, eliminates the swelling before our eyes.

On the other side of the room the Male Combatant holds his arm in a rejuvenation bath. The Female Combatant checks her jaw and loosened teeth in a mirror.

MALE COMBATANT
So what do you think?

FONZI
Not bad, I'd say impressive.

FEMALE COMBATANT
Impressive enough to be on your
short list?

Fonzi smiles.

MALE COMBATANT
Come on, Lazlo! What do you think
we've been doing for the last year?

FONZI
It's not always up to me, but I
took mental notes and I'll relay
them.

Fonzi pats Female Combatant on her chin.

FONZI
Keep that chin down next time.

EXT. WAREHOUSE GYM, ALLEY - DAY

We observe Fonzi from SOMEONE'S POV. Fonzi senses something and turns: Just as she does - the POV ducks back. And we're out...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Someone peeks into the window and sees Fonzi looking in the mirror inspecting the locket. The subtle joy in her eyes undercuts her no-nonsense exterior.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Fonzi exits, walks up the street a couple store fronts. When she passes an alley, she sharply detours.

INT. ALLEY - DAY

We reach the alley, turn into it and -- Fonzi's disappeared!

That's when... Starks steps into frame. Rapidly glancing around, confused and confounded.

Before Starks can turn around a HAND yanks him back by the shoulder. A foot-sweep puts him on the sidewalk.

FONZI
(straddling Starks, gun
pushing into his cheek)
You're following me... You?!?

The orange glow at Fonzi's eyelids dissipates.

STARKS
Hi...

FONZI
What the fuck are you doing?
(squeezing the trigger)
You got any last words?

STARKS
Wait, wait, wait! Carver painted
you like some superhero and I
wanted--

FONZI
--to see what kind if I can fly?

STARKS
(million dollar smile)
... Something like that.

FONZI
 (lets him up)
 I know he told you not to pull any
 stupid shit with me... ever.

STARKS
 Curiosity got the best of me. I'm
 sorry--

FONZI
 --That gets pussies killed.

STARKS
 This is not how I envisioned you on
 top.

FONZI
 (standing up)
 Healthy fantasies are one thing,
 shoot-for-the-moon-dreams... are
 bad for the spirit, kid.

Fonzi starts off.

STARKS
 Wait! I take it my Eye-Cams worked?

FONZI
 That's the only reason you're not
 buried in a landfill, kid.

STARKS
 So what's next for the team?

FONZI
 (stops him with her arm)
 That's not how it works.

EXT. UPSCALE TERRACE RESTAURANT - DAY

The futurist, but eerily familiar cityscape of San Francisco.
 An advertising ZEPPELIN chugs thru the sky.

Sitting at the most choice table is Dashwood. He finishes his
 crepes. Opposite him is a HIGH-LEVEL EXECUTIVE, early 60s,
 his power is understated, but unmistakable, eats Belgian
 Waffles. He finishes a glass of juice.

EXECUTIVE
 You were right, the raw acai was
 worth the wait.

DASHWOOD
 Know what people take pleasure in
 and give it to them.

(MORE)

DASHWOOD (CONT'D)

And while I'm more than pleased that you flew in overnight, we both know that Joon's premature fate is the reason and not satisfying your overly exotic taste buds.

EXECUTIVE

I'm here for many reasons. Like for instance, who are you going to promote to Joon's position?

DASHWOOD

Don't you and the rest of the board have your recommendations?

EXECUTIVE

As I'm sure you know from your own dealings with the board, there are competing agendas. What I'd like to see is an unannounced competition for that corner office.

DASHWOOD

I like the sound of that, but now? At such a critical time? Do we hav--

EXECUTIVE

With us it's always a critical time. A little bird told me that you were secretly grooming Joon, and that you want revenge. I can't let you do that... not now that we have the prototype.

DASHWOOD

... the resources are already being re-directed. And I'll submit my candidate for the board's approval.

The Executive regards Dashwood for a beat.

EXECUTIVE

I know you're out for revenge regardless of what I say, but I'm going to say it anyway -- leave it alone, revenge is the last refuge of the scoundrel, and I didn't raise any scoundrels.

DASHWOOD

Yes, father.

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE, SITUATION ROOM - NIGHT

Salvatore, Starks and Fonzi sit at a round table. Mylar Screens contain images of Rutger and Kalista (fuzzy at the edges, so Starks can't make out their features). Kalista leads the briefing.

KALISTA

It's a soft target with potent infiltration countermeasures, which Fonzi so graciously acquired for us when she probed the facility.

Fonzi gulps down a Protein Shake.

RUTGER

Sensational, mate.

3D FOOTAGE from Fonzi's recon footage plays on the screens.

KALISTA

Top of the order is getting in. I didn't have a lot of time to prepare for this, so we'll just run with what's available. Satellite mapping shows a high speed rail line within 25 meters of BioTek's South side wall.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT

We're deep in the Sunland industrial parks. Train tracks cut through the heart of this LA suburb.

FONZI (O.S.)

With a running start on a smooth surface I can do 15 max; 25 meters is too much.

KALISTA (O.S.)

You're not factoring in the added momentum the train is going to give you. You'll be fine.

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE, PERSONAL OFFICE

KALISTA

At least that's what the numbers say.

FONZI

You and your numbers. Remember what the numbers said in Tokyo?

EXT. HIGH SPEED TRAIN, ROOF - MOVING

Fonzi races along the roof, her eyes glowing orange.

KALISTA (O.S.)
Once you're on the roof. You have
90 seconds to get inside.

When the train reaches the closest point... Fonzi LEAPS!

FONZI (O.S.)
Why such a short window?

KALISTA (O.S.)
I've been monitoring BioTek's
security cycle, and I can force a
full system diagnostic, which will
shut down the security cameras but
only for...

Fonzi sails through the air! Over the BioTek SECURITY WALL...
lands on the roof. Rolls. And is ready for action.

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE, READY ROOM - NIGHT

SALVATORE
90 seconds. Right, so how does she
get in? If we're going to try to go
through the roof --

STARKS
We don't need to try. I've got just
the thing.

FONZI
You do? What?

BLINK CUT TO:

Starks handing Fonzi (dressed for the mission in her burgundy
leather trench coat) a TINY CYLINDER with a spray nozzle.

STARKS
I lifted this from a material
science lab at Moscow Polytech.
It's Dematerializing Foam. Spray it
on a wall up to half a meter
thick... instant hole.

EXT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, ROOF - FONZI

Consults her wrist-screen for a precise location. Takes out
Stark's canister, sprays a meter-diameter circle. SSSTT!
SSSTT! The spray runs out just as she completes the circle.

FONZI

Great.

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE, READY ROOM - NIGHT

FONZI

(to Starks)

Once I'm in, how do we hide your new door?

SALVATORE

I hope you have another trick to handle that.

Starks uneasy smirk is unsettling.

EXT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, ROOF - NIGHT

Fonzi pulls out four Ebony & Ivory dice. Places them at the four corners of the hole.

STARKS (O.S.)

Just place these babies in a square at the edges of the hole and...

A HOLOGRAM of the roof fills in the hole.

KALISTA (O.S.)

(over her radio)

You've got 15 seconds.

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE, READY ROOM - NIGHT

SALVATORE

That's not going to fool the full spectrum cameras.

STARKS

They photograph rainbows don't they? Same thing... With my twist.

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, PATEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Fonzi falls THROUGH THE CEILING. Crouches down, scans around. Looks up at the ceiling... no VISIBLE hole.

FONZI

(taps throat radio)

This is Blade. I'm in.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, PATEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Fonzi inspects Patel's office. She notices a small carved, wooden CUBE covered in Sanskrit.

KALISTA (O.S.)
(over her radio)
The Guards have cycled out of your section. Time to go.

Fonzi pockets the cube, cracks open the door and peeks out.

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE, READY ROOM - NIGHT

KALISTA
Next is the hard sonics.

A few GROANS from the others.

KALISTA (CONT'D)
What? Not up for a challenge?
Pussies!
(to Fonzi)
We might be able to beat the internal cameras with the reflectives already in your --

STARKS
Again with the "mights"... I got something for this, too.

BLINK CUT TO:

Starks hands Fonzi a MOVADO WATCH.

FONZI
I have dozens of these.

Fonzi pops half a dozen vitamins, follows them with a wheatgrass chaser.

STARKS
Not like this. Push and lock the bezel for a full cloaking device, but it only last three minutes. Then you got to get the watch off.

FONZI
Why?

Starks flashes a wily smile.

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, PATEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Fonzi presses the bezel on Starks' Movado. The air CONGEALS around her. She doesn't turn invisible, but as she moves her arm around -- at CERTAIN angles it's nearly translucent.

Fonzi steps into the corridor.

INT. FONZI'S OFFICE, READY ROOM - NIGHT

KALISTA

Right. I have clean transpo to and from the target already lined up.

(to Fonzi)

Shit you're going to love.

RUTGER

As long as it's not Japanese, you got Japanese last time and I hate Japanese.

KALISTA

Oh, why didn't you say so? I'll be sure to get Toyota from now on.

FONZI

What about contingencies?

KALISTA

Our two LA safehouses are being prepped by our local support as we speak, and Crapgame is arranging the hardware based off of my specs.

SALVATORE

What about her exit?

KALISTA

I figured we do an Oliver Queen.

Fonzi nods.

KALISTA (CONT'D)

When do we go?

FONZI

Tomorrow.

RUTGER

Bugger me! I gotta take a red-eye. Oh, wait one minute, luv.

(to Starks)

Okay Nancy-boy, ya got any o' them nifty tricks for me?

STARKS

And what do you do... prat?

RUTGER

What do I do? What do I do? I'm
the...

EXT. BIOTEK SCIENCES - NIGHT

Rutger with a Sniper Rifle, a surveillance set-up plugged into a LAPTOP. He's on the roof a high building a few hundred meters away that overlooks BioTek Sciences.

In the distance, we see the TEAM OF GUARDS on patrol.

RUTGER

(into lapel radio)
... Overwatch, everything is five-
by-five.

INT. NERVE CENTER VAN - NIGHT

Kalista monitors an array of computer read-outs. Salvatore absentmindedly loads/unloads a 9mm submachine gun clip.

KALISTA

Copy that.
(to Salvatore)
The Hard Sonics are coming up, can
you get me the pressure plate code?

Salvatore turns to a computer. Kalista checks a screen to see what Rutger sees... everything is 5 by 5.

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

TWO GUARDS pass the Research Clean Room. They stop at a PANEL at the end of the hall and engage the HARD SONICS.

A PULSING SCANNING WAVE starts at each end of the corridor, and moves toward the center, converging in front of the Clean Room. After the two waves crash into each other, the cycle repeats.

The Guards continue on their way.

A beat later, Fonzi lowers herself into frame. Fonzi watches the Sonic scanning wave, judges the recycle rate. Understands its super-quick pattern.

FONZI

I've reached the Hard Sonics.

KALISTA (O.S.)
We're almost there with the code.

Suddenly Fonzi's head snaps to the left -- SHADOWS and FOOTSTEPS approaching.

Fonzi lowers her eyelids... that Orange Glow traces them.

FONZI
Now would be a good time.

The Scanning Waves start a new cycle -- and Fonzi **rockets up at near-inhuman speed** the corridor directly behind one of the Scanning Waves --

KALISTA (O.S.)
We have five of the six. The final one randomizes each day.

FONZI
Wonderful!

The Hard Sonic Scanning Waves converge --

INT. NERVE CENTER VAN - NIGHT

Salvatore shrugs at Kalista.

KALISTA
You're going to have to work some magic.

FONZI (O.S.)
Give me what you have NOW!

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

Fonzi, eyes glowing a more intense orange, is at the door. The two Hard Sonic Wave **BARRELLING DOWN ON HER!** Her **fingers rapidly** dance on the Keypad Lock.

FONZI
(retyping in the code)
Come on, come on.

And there it is! The door opens. She dives in. The Sonic Waves crash into each other -- and... the cycle starts all over again.

INT. NERVE CENTER VAN - NIGHT

FONZI (O.S.)
(out of breath)
I'm... I'm in...

KALISTA
See? That wasn't so hard.

Salvatore notices something flicker on Rutger's screen.

SALVATORE
Did you see that?

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, RESEARCH CLEAN ROOM - NIGHT

Fonzi, laying on the floor (shaking slightly), surveys the various biomechanical items. She notices a POLYMER SPHERE.

FONZI
It can't be...

She reaches for it... her hands are still shivering. She wills them still, then stows the Sphere in her pouch.

KALISTA(O.S.)
(over radio)
Blade... possible problem.

Behind Fonzi... the door begins to open.

INT. NERVE CENTER VAN - NIGHT

KALISTA
Needle, do you copy?

INT. BIOTEK SCIENCES, RESEARCH CLEAN ROOM

Underneath a table, Fonzi sees the BOOTS of another INFILTRATION TEAM fanning out.

FONZI
(soft, into lapel radio)
No shit, we have a problem!

Three heavily-armed MEN seize tech, experiments and computer tablets. Fonzi aims her pistol at one of the men's knee.

SALVATORE (O.S.)
What's your sit-rep?

Fonzi pops a dense vitamin from a CUSTOM DISPENSER, then lowers her eye lids. That familiar orange shimmer flickers across her eyes...

END OF PART ONE