

POWER

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EXT. CHINATOWN STREETS - NIGHT

3 AM.

Trash blows in the September wind. City pipes funnel hot steam through rusted grates. Traffic lights flip dutifully from green to yellow to red and back again over empty streets--

-Empty, save for the small hooded figure sitting on a city bench. It's a GIRL. 15, torn jeans, backpack on her shoulder and big headphones around her neck. She's pensive with focused eyes. This is **ROBIN**.

The headphones blast a percussive BEAT. She's got crumpled up paper in her hand. She writes obsessively with a pen.

ROBIN

Power. Power. Power hour. Shower.
Dour. Scour. Tower. Louder.
Browser. Hauser. Wowser...

She calculates the scheme of words. Suddenly, her energy morphs as her hands gesture and the sentences spill out--

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You wanna plow her? Ouch sir! Don't hound her to mount her, first you gotta wow her, that's how it works dear, let me make myself clear, it's a sheer brute will of force and mean right hook that's sourced, my will to strive and stay alive I'll keep on bucking til I die and hide my cries but tell no lies, I'm the illest ever laid your eyes so chin up, no tears I'm five-two and I look scared but come at my blasting I'll cut you in half with my words it sounds absurd but reckon me I've got no fear...

Silence.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

No fear.

HEADLIGHTS pierce the night. Robin tightens up as a car turns the corner, heading straight for her.

She reaches into the pocket of her hood and produces a small can of PEPPER SPRAY. She holds it just out of sight.

The car comes to a halt in front of her. The windows are tinted black.

Robin clutches the pepper spray- ready.

The window rolls down revealing--

A BLACK GUY in his 30s with a black baseball cap pulled down to the bridge of his nose, totally at ease. A toothpick rests lazily in his mouth.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
Jesus, you scared me.

This is **FRANK THE TANK**, and he ain't scared of shit.

FRANK
You really should think about getting a big neon sign that says DRUG DEALER. I bet it would really drive up sales. I can get it cleared with the city.

Robin begins rifling through her backpack.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What? Not even a little laugh?

ROBIN
Come on, dude. You want six?

FRANK
No, gimmie eight tonight. I got the cash. You good? Mom's good?

ROBIN
Fine. What's this car?

FRANK
I'm borrowing it.

ROBIN
So you stole it.

Frank flashes her a playful smile, tonguing his toothpick.

FRANK
No, it's a solid borrow. What? What are you a cop?

Robin hands over a TWO SMALL BLACK BOXES- about the size of a match box. Frank tucks them away forks over a wad of bills.

Robin counts it quickly.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's all there.

She counts it anyway. He rolls his eyes. Finished, she pockets it and moves to her nearby bicycle.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey, throw that thing in the trunk,
I'll drive you home. Don't you know
this is a rough neighborhood?

ROBIN
I'm good. Thanks.

FRANK
Suit yourself... Hey.

About to hop on the bike, she sees he's still there.

ROBIN
What?

FRANK
...

ROBIN
Dude, you're so creepy with that
dumb smile, just spit it out!

FRANK
What's your **power**?

She sighs and mounts the bike, pedaling into the night.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Come on! Don't tell me you haven't
tried it! Come onnnn! Hey, but
seriously. You better be in school
tomorrow. And stay away from the
Pearl District. It's gonna get
rowdy.

Without looking back, she gives him the finger. Frank chuckles, rolling up the window as he puts the car in drive.

As Robin pushes her weight against the pedals, she pulls her headphones up around her head.

JAY Z's THE RULERS BACK OVERTAKES ALL SOUND AS

EXT. PORTLAND SKYLINE - FIRST LIGHT

The first vestiges of morning begin to creep into the city.

EXT. PORTLAND CITY - DAWN

DAYLIGHT slinks down alleyways-

Onto streets-

Reflecting against windows-

As TRAFFIC begins to build.

EXT. PORTLAND BRIDGE - DAWN

A BLOOD RED SUN overtakes the skyline. Glass and metal bounce shards of light every which way. The city is a prism.

A beat up TOYOTA with MARYLAND license plates barrels across the bridge.

INT. TOYOTA - DAWN

Little glimpses bare evidence of a long road trip. Empty bottles of water. Uncapped five hour energy. Rotted apple cores.

An ancient GPS system is duct taped to the dash, directing the car into the urban labyrinth.

Via the rearview, a hint of the driver--

Salt and Pepper in his hair, crows feet, he's got an air of homelessness, approaching the wrong side of middle age. This is **ART**. His aviator sunglasses keep his thoughts hidden.

The morning radio chatters on...

RADIO VOICE

-as a schedule one drug, much like heroin or methamphetamine, which comes with a mandatory minimum. But the obvious military application has others debating if the substance should be considered a drug or a weapon. The debate rages on the Senate floor, where lobbyists on both sides rally for an end of year vote that should-

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

The Toyota pulls up to a train station. Art gets out, shouldering a large DUFFLE BAG.

INT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Crossing the train station, Art carefully watches a POLICE OFFICER with a GERMAN SHEPHERD. He steers clear of them.

Art approaches a long row of RENT-A-LOCKERS. He takes out a wad of bills and begins to feed them into locker 101.

A key falls out of a slot. He opens the locker and places the duffle bag inside.

He snaps the door closed and leaves as quickly as he arrived.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - MORNING

The Toyota turns a corner and slows to a stop by a set of HOUSING PROJECTS. Trash, graffiti, a hefty homeless population. This is a rough part of town.

It's early, but rap music is already bumping from open windows.

INT. TOYOTA - SAME MOMENTS

A piece of torn off paper with dots of red (*it ain't hot sauce*) has an address scribbled across it.

413 S Lennox #6F

Art looks from the paper in his hand to the building across the street. 413 rusted in the side.

He waits there a moment. Closing his eyes and taking a breath, as if letting his environment wrap around him.

With sudden intention, he gets out of the car--

And goes for the TRUNK.

He shrugs on a HEFTY JACKET that has weight to it. It clinks. *Like there's metal sewn in.* He grabs a ratty cardboard box and crosses the street.

AT THE BUILDING

There's a long list of apartment numbers, penciled-in names and a buzzer. Art mashes his fist into the dial pad, buzzing a slew of apartments.

BUZZER VOICE

Who that?

ART
Yo, I'm locked out.

The door buzzes. Art is in.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - HALLWAY - MORNING

It's dark. Musty. The hall seems endless. Art checks his 6 as he gets to the belly of the building. No one's following.

He arrives at Apartment 6F. Knock knock.

NEWT (O.S.)
Who is it?

ART
I'm looking for Newt.

NEWT (O.S.)
I ain't ask who you looking for, I said WHO THE FUCK IS IT!

ART
I'm a friend of Simon's. I'm coming in from Seattle, he told me to meet you.

NEWT (O.S.)
Simon? I haven't heard from that mothafucka for weeks.

ART
Yeah, he sends his regards. I got a delivery for you.

NEWT
You gotta talk to Biggie about that. Above my pay grade.

ART
Slim, I'm here to up your pay grade.

A beat.

The door cracks to the guard chain. Through the open sliver, Art sees NEWT (25) pupils completely dilated, his eyes darting around frantically. *He's high as hell.*

NEWT
You alone?

ART

Yeah.

Newt tries to peer down the hallway-

ART (CONT'D)

It's okay, ain't gonna bite you.

NEWT

Let me see your hands.

Newt puts the tip of a snub-nosed .38 in the doorway. Art smiles at the gesture. *Cold as ice.*

ART

Well I got this box in my hands.
You want me to put the box down?

NEWT

No. Yeah. Put it down.

Art obeys. Calm. Level. He starts to rise-

NEWT (CONT'D)

Open it.

Art looks up. Newt reflects in his sunglasses. Terrified.

ART

You want me to open it? Here?

Newt cocks the hammer of the gun.

ART (CONT'D)

Alright, alright. I'm just here to
help you out. No problem here.

Art starts to open the box. He pulls the flaps back to reveal-

An unopened bag of FLOUR. Newt blinks at the sight-

NEWT

Oh shi-

CH-KOW!

The door SHATTERS as Art produces a SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN strapped to his leg. He's blown a hole clear through the door-

NEWT flies backwards, nicked by shrapnel but still moving as

ART stands, kicking in the door and entering the apartment, shotgun at the ready-

IN THE APARTMENT

Newt-

CH-KOW!

BARELY makes it around the corner as Art fires off another shot. Art reloads. *Not his first rodeo.*

ART

I tell you what! You tell me who your supplier is, I'll let you slither back to whatever hole you came out of. No harm no foul. Soldier's honor. Listen to my voice. Am I lying?

He scans the surroundings carefully. The inside of the apartment is a total mess. On a table are baggies, scales... And several MATCHBOOK SIZED BLACK PLASTIC BOXES.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - NEWT'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME

Bloodied, panting, drenched with sweat- NEWT is hiding in bathtub, keeping his head low.

ART (O.S.)

Come on out now, no need for this.

In Newt's hand is a BLACK PLASTIC BOX. He opens it. Its contents are **TWO BLOOD RED PILLS.**

ART (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Give you to the count of five. That's a lifetime.

NEWT

Oh fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

Newt pops one pill. He hesitates.

ART (O.S.)

TWO.

Winching, he pops THE OTHER PILL.

Hyperventilating, Newt clutches the edge of the tub.

ART (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Three. Come on now!

Newt's eyes glance at his arm. It's STEAMING. His PUPILS are fully DILATED, BLACK SAUCERS.

NEWT

Oh, fuck-

BACK IN THE APARTMENT:

Keeping one eye on the door in front of him, Art picks up one of the little black boxes. He flips it open. Empty.

His eyes go to the ground. A CELL PHONE lies on the carpet. He picks it up. Pockets it.

He stops. Sniffs.

Thick, dark grey SMOKE rises from underneath the door. Art looks over the rim of his sunglasses- a realization.

CRACK!

Art LEAPS out of the way as a BALL OF FIRE shatters the bathroom door into splinters and ember.

Naked. Glowing. COMPLETELY ON FIRE-- NEWT walks back into the apartment. Everything he touches lights up- each step leaves a trail of flame eating through the floor.

NEWT HAS TRANSFORMED into a walking talking MAN OF FIRE.

Art is on his feet--

CH-KOW!

The hit sends Newt flying back into wall- a new BURST of flames shoots at the ceiling.

The entire apartment is ablaze. Art turns to move but Newt is UP, GRABBING him by his jacket with a fiery hand.

Art yelps at the heat, wrestling his way to freedom as Newt burns through Art's collar.

The two wrestle for control of the gun, which quickly begins to glow WHITE HOT. Art drops it, turns and makes a sloppy cannonball straight through the window and onto the-

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - FIRE ESCAPE - CONTINUOUS

Art races down the fire escape as smoke billows from above. He looks up- NEWT's flaming head is poking out of the window. *The chase is on.*

Charging down two flights, Art finds himself at an open window. He ducks-

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

-Stumbling into a KITCHEN. An ABUELA is dicing carrots with a large knife. She shrieks at him in Spanish, absentmindedly pointing at him with her knife.

ART

Sorry- por favor, lo siento.

Art slips by her quickly, not wasting a moment, turns back-

ART (CONT'D)

Uh, uh, fire, fi-yur. Fuck. Fe-
yo... Fuego! Fuego!

On cue, the fire alarm goes off.

ART (CONT'D)

Okay, come on, fuego! Grande fuego
hombre!

ABUELA

Grande fuego hombre?

Art leads her through the apartment to the hallway. Behind them, the sound of glass shattering can be heard. Newt is coming. Art gets to the door and pushes her out.

ART

Andele!

He turns towards the apartment, then back towards the Abuela.

ART (CONT'D)

Hey! I'll take that.

He snatches the large KITCHEN KNIFE out of her hand then closes her out of her own apartment. Back towards the kitchen, he can see the red glow of fire.

He beelines to

THE BATHROOM

Snapping on the shower, he jumps into the tub, letting the water soak through his clothes.

He grabs a towel off the shelf and tosses it on the floor of the tub, quickly dampening it. He picks it back up and drapes it over his arms like a shield.

Soaking wet, holding the knife defensively, blade towards his elbow- he waits. He waits. Waits.

Water slides down his brow, off the blade of the knife.

NEWT comes CRASHING through the door in a blaze of fire- Art falls onto him, wrapping the wet towel around Newt's head and dragging him down into the tub-

In one SMOOTH motion, Art has pinned Newt under the shower, towel around his face-- *He's Fucking Waterboarding Him.*

Steam SHRIEKS off of Newt's body. He writhes in agony- the fire is almost out, revealing TRANSLUCENT SKIN.

No hesitation, Art rams his fist into Newt's toweled face.

ART (CONT'D)

Who's your supplier! Where's the source! I want to know where it comes from!

He hits him again. BLOOD is soaking through the towel.

Newt's fire is almost completely doused. A fierce emission of steam makes it hard to see. Art removes the towel from Newt, who gasps for air.

A clear look at his face reveals he looks like a BURN VICTIM now.

ART (CONT'D)

Look at me. Look at my eyes!

Newt looks- rightly terrified of the hulking man pressing the knife into his neck.

ART (CONT'D)

Motherfucker the rain done came.
Tell me who your source is. Check a box, a concrete box or a pine box, which one you want, you still got a choice!

NEWT

B-Big!

ART

What? Speak up, boss!

NEWT

Biggie! Biggie!

ART

Biggie! Okay, Biggie's the Man.
Where's he at-

Art's attention is drawn away- VOICES can be heard just outside the apartment. *He's out of time.*

ART (CONT'D)

Where am I gonna find Big?

Newt locks eyes with Art full of panic- his skin glows in a surge of energy. The hissing of the steam suddenly gets sharper-- the water in the tub begins to BOIL.

ART (CONT'D)

How many'd you take? HOW MANY?

Realizing Newt's sudden energy surge, Art drops him and bolts for the door- out the bathroom- living room and into-

BANG!

The hallway wall collapses as an EXPLOSION comes from the bathroom, sending Art onto the floor.

Art blinks.

The world SHIFTS for a moment- tilting until Art is upside down. As he struggles to come through, he finds himself SUSPENDED.

He's strapped into the driver seat of an overturned TRUCK that has somehow ended up in the hallway.

Flashlights shine in his eyes. Strange, alien creatures move towards him. He blinks at the sight, breaking the moment.

The momentary upside-down vision is replaced with his reality: covered in rubble in the apartment hall.

FIRE FIGHTERS in rubber suits and breathing masks help him to his feet. Art is ushered along with the other evacuees. As he travels down the stairs, he looks skyward.

Fire rages at the floors above them.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - MORNING

Fire trucks and cop cars are lined down the block. Art exits the building with the group, quickly breaking away. He reaches the opposite side of the street and hunches over.

His right arm all the way up to his elbow has been BADLY burned.

Gritting through the pain, he reaches into his pocket and produces NEWT'S CELL PHONE. Miraculously, it still works.

Behind him, the building is half collapsed, completely ablaze.

Art's eyes go up towards the gathering crowd. He sees a man in a **BLUE SUIT** staring at him.

He blinks, shaking his head. BLUE SUIT is **GONE**.

A billboard sits anchored to a nearby rooftop, billowing smoke obscuring it's words -

TAKING POWER IS A CRIME

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

A massive fire near downtown marks the third confirmed Power related instance of major destruction this week-- and it's only Tuesday.

INT. REILLY APARTMENT - MORNING

An OLD TELEVISION with dead pixels plays the news. An Anchor speaks as b-roll of the apartment fire runs behind him.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

With much of the Northwest ravaged by this epidemic in the past year, local Government officials on the state and federal level are looking to take on stronger counter-measures...

The image flips to a GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL speaking into a microphone.

OFFICIAL

No, I think that if our police forces in the Northwest continue to be as overwhelmed as they are-- martial law is absolutely on the table. We're dealing with a localized- yet- moving crisis here. We saw what it did when it first emerged in Baltimore and we saw what it did when it migrated to the Mid-West shortly thereafter. We have to learn from the mistakes and successes of others and try to stop this- not just from damaging our society here, but trying to keep it from moving on to another part of the country as we've seen it do twice already.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

Robin pulls up to the side of the graffiti-covered building and dismounts her bike. She quickly secures it.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

But some question if an increase in police or military presence will dramatically change the situation-

Shouldering her backpack, Robin hops off of a garbage can and grabs the bottom rung of the fire escape ladder. She climbs.

INTERVIEWEE (V.O.)

Wherever Power is coming from- whoever manufactures it- they're doing it in a way the United States Government has so far been unable to safely replicate or even test.

Robin reaches a fourth floor window and opens it.

As soon as she does- MUSIC overwhelms the sound.

INT. REILLY APARTMENT - ROBIN'S BEDROOM - SAME

An ALARM CLOCK sits on the night table by an unmade bed. The time is 7:04. The clock loudly blasts a hip-hop channel. The walls of the room are peppered with photographs, magazine cut outs.

Robin falls into her bedroom from the fire escape window. She climbs into bed, slapping the snooze button on her way down.

IRENE (O.S.)

Robin? You up?

ROBIN

Yeaaaahhhhh.

IRENE (O.S.)

Girl you're gonna be late! Come on!

ROBIN

I'm up. I'm up.

She forces herself back up.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'm up.

Her eyes are go to the night stand. There's a photo of her as a LITTLE GIRL with HER FATHER. Robin a decade ago. She kisses her fingers and touches the photo before lifting herself up.

She reaches into her bag. She takes out a stack of bills and counts the twenties.

INT. REILLY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

The TV is blasting. Backpack over her shoulder, Robin enters the living room. She passes one of the closed doors, keying in on an intense retching sound.

She knocks.

ROBIN
You okay, Ma?

IRENE (O.S.)
Yeah, baby. I'll be right out.

Liquid hits liquid. More coughing. Robin winces.

ROBIN
I'll make you some soup.

INT. REILLY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

The apartment is a mess. The couch is lived in, piles of pillows and blankets. An empty bucket on the floor. IV stand, and a few low-tech medical instruments live by a side table covered with orange prescription bottles.

The TELEVISION continues to play the morning program. Robin doesn't pay it much mind.

The screen displays a MAN in a clear underwater tank.

NEWS ANCHOR
Private John Barnes was an early candidate to volunteer to test Power in the Army's R&D program as they try to reverse engineer it for military use. He recently set the world record for holding his breath, with an astonishing 38 minutes.

The image switches to Pvt. BARNES (20) speaking into a microphone.

PVT. BARNES

I just consider myself one of the lucky ones and I hope that, as the Government-

Robin snaps the television OFF and begins cleaning putting EMPTY CANS OF SOUP into the garbage. She wraps up the trash bag and begins carrying it to the door.

As her hand grabs the doorknob, an ENVELOPE slides through the slit under the door.

She stops.

INT. REILLY APARTMENT - OUTSIDE HALL - SAME MOMENTS

Robin flings the door to the hallway open.

ROBIN

Yo! Mr. Ardman!

Scuffling down the hall is MR. ARDMAN (70) clearly trying to avoid the interaction that is about to go down.

MR. ARDMAN

Robin, good morning.

ROBIN

Yo I told you I'd get you the money by the end of the week, I'm just, I'm hustling here.

MR. ARDMAN

Last week. You told me last week. Now it's this week. What, you think I can't tell time?

ROBIN

I can give you half right now. Right this second, cash money.

MR. ARDMAN

A second ago you were working on it. This ain't the farmers market, I'm not selling potatoes.

Robin steels herself, trying not to fume.

MR. ARDMAN (CONT'D)

Pay today or I'll find someone who will. I can always find tenants!

He waves in the air as he turns his back on her.

ROBIN

Wait!

He stops. She goes back towards the apartment and disappears for a moment. She comes back with her backpack. She pulls out a roll of bills and hands it to Mr. Ardman.

MR. ARDMAN

It's the 25th. I want next months rent on time. The 1st of October. You hear me? I'm not afraid to make you homeless. Just cause I'm old doesn't mean I haven't still got my spine. You have a good day.

Mr. Ardman shuffles down the hall.

INT. REILLY APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Robin returns to her apartment to find her mother, IRENE REILLY (45) coming from the bathroom. Her skin is pale, her eyes sunken in. She's 100 pounds soaking wet and bald.

IRENE

Did you make me my soup?

ROBIN

We're out. I'll get some tonight.

IRENE

I like the tomato. Only thing I've got a shot at keeping down.

ROBIN

I know mom. Tomato soup. I got you.

She goes to the couch, wrapping a blanket around herself.

IRENE

You're gonna be late.

ROBIN

I'll be bringing your prescription by tonight.

IRENE

I thought I ran out?

ROBIN

I got you sorted.

Irene smiles.

IRENE

My hero.

She gets a good look at her daughter.

IRENE (CONT'D)

You okay, baby? You look exhausted.

ROBIN

I'm good, Ma. Just... Studying.

IRENE

That's my girl. Work hard in school, get a good job and you'll fly us right on out of here. I can feel it.

Irene squeezes Robin's hand. Robin puts on a smile.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - MORNING

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

Frank sits up. Fully dressed, he slept face down on the sofa.

TYRONE (O.S.)

Dude, we are SO late, come on, this ain't high school man.

FRANK

I'm coming- I'm coming-

Frank crosses his studio apartment to the door. Just as he's about to open it, he STOPS-

He checks his pockets. Empty. Frantically, he grabs at his jacket, hung on the back of a chair. The knocks on the door get louder.

TYRONE (O.S.)

FRANK!

FRANK

TYRONE!

Frank shoves his hands deep his jacket pockets. He comes out with the LITTLE BLACK PLASTIC BOX- instantly losing his hand on it- he does a juggling act- trying to catch it in the air.

The black box spills opened and the MAROON PILLS fall out onto the floor.

TYRONE (O.S.)
Dude, I'mma leave without you-

FRANK
TYRONE. Seriously.

Frank grabs one pill off the floor. *Where's the other?*

He spots it on the floor by his kitchen counter. Hunched over, he reaches to it. He picks it up-

SLAM!

On the rise, he knocks his head against the corner of the counter- HARD.

FRANK (CONT'D)
FUUUUUUCK!

Out of the fury brought on from the sudden pain, he pounds his fist on the counter top. He stops. Takes a breath. He touches the top of his head.

He's bleeding.

TYRONE (O.S.)
Sounds like you're having domestic issues, so I'm leaving.

FRANK
I'm coming TYRONE!

INT. STATIONARY CAR - MORNING - LATER

Frank sits in the passengers seat of a car, hat pulled over his eyes. A KNOCK at the window jolts him out of sleep. TYRONE (40) glares at him.

FRANK
What?

TYRONE
Yo! Sleeping beauty! Show time.

FRANK
You're worse than my wife.

TYRONE
Ex-wife. Come on.

FRANK
Yeah. Yup. I'll catch up.

Frank sits up. He looks around- checking the side and rear view mirrors. *The coast is clear.*

He sings to himself, extremely off key falsetto, coming out of his sleep.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is a man's world... This is a man's world...

He reaches into his jacket and takes out the LITTLE BLACK PLASTIC BOX. He opens it. There are two RED PILLS inside.

He rapidly POPS one of them.

FRANK (CONT'D)

But it wouldn't be nothing.
Nothing... Without this motherfucking shit right here...

HOLD.

His eyes dilate. Black saucers. His hands white-knuckle the steering wheel for a moment as the effects take hold.

Frank zones out- staring up to the sky. A BILLBOARD sits atop a building.

**IF YOU SEE SOMETHING SAY SOMETHING.
(See Power Related Activity? Dial 911 or 588)**

He releases his grip. There is *no apparent physical change* to Frank. He looks down at his watch, setting a timer for 25 minutes. It begins counting backwards.

It's A Man's Man's Man's World starts up as

Frank steps out of the car ONTO THE STREET.

In SLOW MOTION

He removes his jacket, revealing he's wearing a BULLET PROOF VEST over his black tee. PULLING BACK--

He slides his hat on backwards. He crosses the street, passing a COP.

And another COP.

And ANOTHER COP. Someone hands Frank a SHOTGUN.

THE VIEW IN FRONT OF HIM:

A DOZEN POLICE OFFICERS at the ready. Some in uniform. Some in plainclothes. They're all huddled with their backs against an

ALLEY.

Yes. You got it. Frank the Tank. **Supercop**.

He reaches the back door. Comes up Tyrone- HIS PARTNER. The straight man to Frank's cowboy.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Did you knock?

TYRONE
I was waiting for you.

Frank smiles.

FRANK
Wow, hello, Tyrone. *Partner*.
You're being so nice to me now.
What happened, did you jerk off in
the last two minutes? Or did you
get a rookie to blow you?

TYRONE
Fuck you.

FRANK
Yup, that's my cue!

BOOM!

Frank BLOWS off the handle of the door and all at once the cops FILE INTO THE DARKNESS--

INT. RUN DOWN BUILDING - SAME MOMENTS

The Cops SWARM into the run down apartment-

WORKERS hold up their hands instantly, shrieking as guns are pointed at them. Frank takes in the scene--

A LONG TABLE, stations set up with scales and white powder. A pretty run of the mill operation. He steps deeper into the building.

A stack of LITTLE BLACK PLASTIC BOXES, waiting to be filled.

He runs his hand on the table. RED DUST on his fingers.

TYRONE

Frank!

Frank turns his attention down a long HALLWAY-

A MAN is RUNNING.

FRANK

RUNNER!

Frank takes off- shotgun braced against his shoulder, pointed to the ground.

BANG BANG BANG!

The Runner shoots back towards them blindly.

Frank runs fearlessly, Tyrone a little less so, both completely fail to notice--

A terrified TEENAGER with his back to the wall. No one has noticed him yet. He looks down in his hands.

He's got a pill in hand. He pops it. Saucer-eyes go black.

SAME MOMENTS:

Frank and Tyrone are GAINING on the runner.

BANG!

Frank gets hit in the vest. He stumbles backwards, hitting the wall. Tyrone keeps running.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm good, go!

Tyrone passes Frank.

INT. RUN DOWN BUILDING - SAME MOMENTS

On the other end of the hall-- empty shoes are on the ground. JEANS fall on top of them. A shirt falls on top of the jeans.

ROUNDING THE CORNER

Cops are in the process of arresting everyone in sight.

No one notices the FLOATING HANDGUN, held by the INVISIBLE TEENAGER.

INT. RUN DOWN BUILDING - OTHER END - SAME MOMENTS

Tyrone gets to the opposite end of the building, kicking in the door of an EMPTY ROOM.

WHAM!

The Runner jumps Tyrone from behind, slamming him into the wall. Tyrone struggles as the Runner tries to KNIFE him.

It's brutal. The two men don't hold back as they heave each other into the drywall, tearing the room apart.

The Runner gets the advantage over Tyrone, getting him flat on his back, the knife to Tyrone's throat- he's CUTTING him-

Cla-CLACK!

FRANK (O.S.)
WOOOOOOOO!

Frank has his shotgun to the back of the Runner's head. All smiles. *He loves this wild West shit.*

FRANK (CONT'D)
God damn. This is FUN. How you doing down there, Tyrone?

TYRONE
Jesus.

Tyrone gets out from under the Runner. They put him in cuffs.

Frank checks the Runner's pockets. He comes out with a small black plastic box. He shakes it. *It rattles.*

FRANK
Uh-oh. Someone's in trouble.

Positioned behind the Runner, Frank leans into his ear and whispers.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey. What's your power?

INT. RUN DOWN BUILDING - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Tyrone escort the Runner in cuffs back down the long hallway, meeting the pool of officers.

FRANK
I once saw a guy Power up for the first time- his power? Not good.
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

Turned his bones into jelly. He tossed himself out a 6 story window. Lived! Totally fine, but couldn't get up to keep running. No bones, right? When the Power wore off, his bones didn't reset in the right places. It was like someone shook him all up inside. Dude died because his rib cage punctured his lungs. Pretty lame way to go. So you gonna tell me your power or what? I want to write a book, or a viral tweet or something. Gimmie a-

Frank looks to his left. There's a GUN suspended in the air, right at eye level.

BANG.

Frank's head WHIPS back violently as if he's been hit with a wrecking ball.

In slow motion- He FALLS to the ground. His left eye goes COMPLETELY BLOODSHOT.

Except for the far-off sound of *James Brown's song*, the acoustics completely fade out.

Frank lies on the ground. Dead.

No. Not dead.

He blinks.

The sound washes back in. Everyone's taking cover as GUNSHOTS are going off. Frank looks around.

TYRONE is shot- clutching his bleeding torso. Another cop goes DOWN right in front of him.

Frank looks up to see a floating gun.

He stands.

BANG.

Frank turns towards the gun.

BANG BANG.

He's taking bullets point-blank. He grabs at the gun, making contact with an INVISIBLE BODY and SLAMS it into the wall.

DRY WALL CRACKS. He SNAPS something. A bone. Screams come from an invisible source.

Frank begins KICKING at the invisible body with all his force. He puts a boot solidly on an invisible body.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM HERE!

He turns.

All of the cops are staring at him. Tyrone, clutching his bleeding torso- has a look of shock on his face.

TYRONE
Frank?

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - MORNING

Robin sits at her desk, passed the fuck out.

TEACHER (O.S.)
Ms. Reilly? Ms. Reilly. Robin Reilly!

Robin staggers awake.

The entire class is looking at her. Kids snickering. The Teacher points at the door.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Out.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Robin sits opposite her Counselor (45) a shlubby bald man.

COUNSELOR
So what's your game plan here?

ROBIN
My "game plan?"

He rubs his eyes, already impatient.

COUNSELOR
You barely passed last year. It's fall of your Junior year and you've already got three academic warnings. Tell me you've got some kind of plan. College?

ROBIN

Yeah.

COUNSELOR

Yeah what?

ROBIN

I'll go to college.

COUNSELOR

Not with these grades you won't!

Robin seethes.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Look. Help me, help you. If you're serious about continuing your education, we need to get real. You get your grades up to high D's, low C's, you have a shot at some of the community colleges.

Silence.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

No plan, okay. Well, in that case, I seriously-

ROBIN

Rap.

COUNSELOR

I'm sorry?

ROBIN

I'm gonna rap.

COUNSELOR

... Rap.

ROBIN

Yeah.

The Counselor sighs.

COUNSELOR

You're gonna rap your way to fame and fortune? That's the plan? Okay.

He leans back in his chair.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Let's hear it.

A beat.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

What? If you're this confident in your lyrical skills, put me in my place! I'm the record executive. This is your big shot. Let's do a little role playing exercise. You're 20, no high school diploma, you've got a welfare baby and you're working two and a half jobs to keep a roof over your head. You got your foot in the door with the record executive so come on- lay it on me.

Robin stares him down, her face burning.

ROBIN

(so quiet)
White man...

COUNSELOR

Excuse me?

Pushing into her, a glare in her eye like fire. She launches herself to her feet as words EXPLODE out of her like a volcanic eruption.

ROBIN

DUMB WHITE MAN. I'LL SHOW YOU A PLAN, TAKE A COUPLE GRENADES, GLUE EM RIGHT IN YOUR HAND- straight up yank out the pin, then say "bye bye" guess what you squat fuck, that'll be how you die, and me? I'm full of surprises, this quiet little girl just one of my guises, I'll spit the illest flow like venom up in your eyes, burn your fuckin' lids to make you see how I fly.

Robin stops, out of breath. She blinks. The Counselor stares back at her.

COUNSELOR

Are you gonna say anything?

MATCH CUT TO:

ROBIN, seated once again across from the Counselor, working up the courage to get a word out. Her mouth opens... Then closes. She shakes her head.

COUNSELOR (CONT'D)

Okay then. Glad we could have this talk.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY

The passengers seat is full of wrapping, tape, random medical supplies, a few browned strips of gauze.

Art's arm and hand is expertly wrapped up. He squeezes his fist to flex the bandages before turning his attention to NEWT'S CELL PHONE.

He goes to MESSAGES.

All of the contacts are described with EMOJIS.

SkullBomb. SkullSkullGun. SkullBombSkull. SwordGunSword.

He taps on several of the message threads. Each conversation is the same interaction over and over.

A PILL emoji sent by Newt, a reply emoji with a single symbol. Pizza. Tennis racket. Infuriatingly, indicating a drop points and meet ups. It's a surprisingly effective system for its specificity and vagueness all together.

He scrolls through the text threads, sighing at the dead end in front of him. He pauses. Blinks.

Instead of the typical Skull and Weapon emoji:

Heart Bird Heart.

He clicks on the message thread.

A beat. He thinks about this.

His eyes go to a PHOTO taped to his dashboard, right next to the speedometer. Art and a LITTLE GIRL. There's a similarity to the photo of Robin's photo. *Father's and daughters.*

He clicks the PILL emoji and hits SEND.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Robin sits in a chemistry class, struggling to stay awake. Her backpack is on her desk, notebook propped against it.

The screen of her phone lights up. She eyes the teacher, making sure his back is turned.

It's a text from **SALAMANDER EMOJI**: Pill emoji.

She quickly responds.

INT. TOYOTA - SAME MOMENTS

Ding.

Eyebrows arching, Art is looking at HOSPITAL emoji.

He frowns. Considers. Replies.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - SAME MOMENTS

Unexpectedly, Robin's phone lights back up.

Salamander emoji: Can't. Too public.

Then

Salamander emoji: Got burned.

INT. TOYOTA - SAME MOMENTS

Heart Bird Heart: Diner.

Art types.

Salamander Emoji: Which?

Heart Bird Heart: Montavalla.

Salamander Emoji: When?

Heart Bird Heart: U serious?

Art smirks. *Heart Bird Heart is smart.* He starts the car.

INT. PCPD - BULLPEN - DAY

Frank walks through Police Department bullpen. All eyes are on him. Sideways glances, full-on stare downs. His left eye is completely filled with blood.

CAPTAIN CRAINE

Shaver.

Frank turns to see POLICE CAPTAIN CRAINE (60s) stoic, smarter than he needs to be, standing at his office door.

Obediently, Frank goes to him.

INT. PCPD - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits in a chair. There's an interminable silence. Then:

FRANK

Okay. Hypothetical situation. I'm just gonna... Spitball here.

The Captain sits, arms folded, patiently listening.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Let's say we lived in a world where an illegal street drug granted various powers on a sliding scale of lethality. And let's say that access to this street drug was growing, and you end up with a dangerous and unknowable ecosystem impossible for any human being to really prepare for. Still with me here?

CAPTAIN CRAINE

Frank-

FRANK

Hold on, Captain- just... Gotta follow this train of thought here. Now- in this hypothetical situation where you have perps who can turn invisible, read your mind, spit blinding acid at you, and ten thousand other things... Wouldn't you think it would be... Reasonable, at the very least, to consider giving your officers just the smallest leg up? And if one of those officers happened to have tried Power and, it would seem, is virtually invulnerable to any kind of physical harm... Just, hypothetically speaking here- Wouldn't that be seen as a... positive?

Captain Craine stares at Frank for a long time.

CAPTAIN CRAINE

I'm not sure you want to stick with the sense of humor from here on out.

FRANK

I don't have a sense of humor about this- I think it's insane that what I'm doing (allegedly) is looked down upon, I mean- if they have a gun, we wear a bullet proof vest, right?

CAPTAIN CRAINE

It's not the same thing.

FRANK

Why?

CAPTAIN CRAINE

A bullet proof vest doesn't get you high.

FRANK

Captain, it's so FUCKED out there!

CAPTAIN CRAINE

That's the job, Frank.

FRANK

No it's not!

CAPTAIN CRAINE

Excuse me?

Frank steels himself, trying to find the right words to help himself here.

FRANK

Captain at the end of the day there was a kid on Power who was ready to unload a clip into me and six other cops. The only reason we're not booking funerals is because I was Powered up and was able to take a bullet point blank to the temple and could stand right back up to put him down. I just don't know how you can argue with that.

Craine takes a beat.

CAPTAIN CRAINE

I hear what you're saying. Okay? I do. But these rules aren't up to me. It's not up to the United States Police Force. It's up to Congress. As of today, Power is a drug.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN CRAINE (CONT'D)
A dangerous performance enhancing
narcotic that puts you miles above
the law and we cannot-

FRANK
Captain-

CAPTAIN CRAINE
I'm gonna need your gun and your
shield. Starting now you're
suspended indefinitely. Get a
lawyer, Frank. Talk to Clark out
front.

Frank stares at the Captain in disbelief. This is happening.
He nods, placing his shield and gun on the desk.

FRANK
Am I gonna lose my job?

CAPTAIN CRAINE
They're going to want to send a
message that the police force has a
no-tolerance policy. The war on
drugs has become a whole lot more
complicated. They're going to make
you an example. You're looking at
prison, son.

Frank takes this in.

FRANK
Will that be all, sir?

CAPTAIN CRAINE
No.

A beat.

CAPTAIN CRAINE (CONT'D)
I'm glad you're okay, Frank.

Wasn't expecting that.

FRANK
... Thank you.

INT. TOYOTA - DAY

Parked, Art looks out his window to a DINER. He watches the
pedestrians. A young couple walks hand in hand. Three old men
stand around a fire hydrant, smoking cigars.

Coast looks clear.

INT. DINER - DAY

The diner has half a dozen people in it. Art takes note of them, surveying as he goes towards a booth in the back.

A waitress reaches him.

WAITRESS

What can I get you, honey?

ART

Hot chocolate and a Cobb salad.

WAITRESS

Sure thing.

The waitress leaves Art in his corner booth.

A television in the corner pipes the news. Shaky footage of this mornings FIRE is on display for a moment.

Art looks for Heart Bird Heart. No strong contenders. A woman in her 40s catches his eye. They make and break eye contact real quick.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)

Here you go.

ART

Thank you.

Art sips from his hot chocolate.

Several booths ahead, straight in front of him, is a CHILD (5) staring at him. Two women are talking, ignoring the Child standing on the booth looking backwards.

Art keeps a poker face, no emotion. Keeps his eyes locked on the child. The child keeps his eyes on Art.

Suddenly, Art breaks the act, opening his eyes as wide as they can and sticking his tongue out.

The Child starts cackling with laughter. The Child's mother looks over her shoulder-

Art quickly adjusts his gaze out the window. *Can't draw attention.* He shifts in his seat. Sighs.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - AFTERNOON

Robin bikes down the streets, listening to music.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PORTLAND - AFTERNOON

She weaves through downtown traffic, veering into a small PARK.

She bikes down a set of stone steps, leading to the mouth of a TUNNEL. The Tunnel is boarded up, but not well. Big signs read DO NOT ENTER - NO TRESPASSING.

She hops off her bike and begins to pry the plywood back. *She's done this a thousand times.*

INT. TUNNEL - AFTERNOON

Robin bikes down a long dark underground tunnel using only the light from her phone. It looks like a large abandoned sewer.

INT. DINER - SUNSET

The sun is getting low in the sky. Art remains seated.

WAITRESS

Another hot chocolate?

ART

I'm fine, thank you.

WAITRESS

My shift's ending, Clara will take care of you if you're sticking around.

ART

Alright.

Art's eyes are fixed across the diner at a booth. A *MAN IN A BLUE SUIT* sits, staring at him.

Art rubs his eyes in the setting sun.

The Man in the Blue Suit is replaced by an elderly man- very clearly a different person.

EXT. PORTLAND CITY - SUNSET

The sun disappears below the piercing metal towers.

EXT. ROOFTOP - SUNSET

Frank sits in a lawn chair positioned towards the sunset on his roof. He's got a six pack of beer at his feet and finishes his second bottle.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a key chain opener. He fastens it to the top-

FRANK

Ah. Shit.

The opener slips, cutting into his thumb. He stares at the little cut, lost in thought. He watches it bleed.

He looks up. He's got tears in his eyes.

INT. PHARMACY - DUSK

Robin waits in line at the Pharmacy. She notices a white SECURITY GUARD eyeing her closely. She keeps her eyes down low.

Finally, she steps up to a COUNTER.

ROBIN

Hi, I'm picking up a prescription for Irene Reilly. It's for Capecitabine.

EXT. PHARMACY - DUSK

Robin mounts her bicycle as she stuffs a prescription bag into her backpack. She begins biking.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

A hot chocolate is served to Art as another mug is cleared.

He glances out the window just in time to catch-

A YOUNG GIRL is locking up her bike. He watches her for a moment as she finishes, then rounds the corner and-

Ding-a-ling.

The door opens.

ROBIN walks in, hood drawn over her head, headphones on. She stands at the door for a moment, scanning the diner. *Looking for someone she knows.*

She then goes to an empty booth in the corner opposite Art. He sips his hot chocolate, keeps his eyes down.

Cautious glances.

A moment passes. She takes out her cell phone.

Art puts his hand over NEWT'S PHONE as the screen lights up.

Heart Bird Heart : Dude. For real?

Art stares down at the phone under his hand.

Heart Bird Heart : U got 10 to get here b4 Im gon.

Art takes a final sip of his hot chocolate, puts a bill on the table and stands. Without calling any attention to himself, he leaves, passing Robin on the way out.

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Robin steps out into the night. She walks up to her bicycle, digging her key out from her pocket.

ROBIN

Shit...

Both tires of her bike have been DENTED, as if someone tried to fold the wheels in half.

Robin looks around for the culprit.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

SERIOUSLY?

Robin dutifully unhooks her bike from the rack.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

With the wheels unable to spin, Robin carries her bike along the sidewalk.

She doesn't notice the Toyota a block behind her driving with its headlights off.

She looks down at her phone. A text from

MOM: *Did you get my soup?*

ROBIN

Ahhh. Damn.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Robin hikes down the alley, struggling with her bike. She reaches a T-intersection.

A TOYOTA is backed in on her right. TRUNK is open.

Seeing this, she elects to go left. She turns to see a MAN walking directly to her from the opposite direction.

Decision time.

Head down, she walks towards him. She shifts her bicycle up to her shoulders, and reaches towards her back pocket...

Palming her small can of pepper spray.

She's fifteen feet away from the Man. Ten feet. Five-

CLANG!

Suddenly he's PUSHING INTO HER- using the bike as a barrier to force her against the wall-

ROBIN

HELP!

Robin lets him push as she struggles to raise her hands- she gets one hand free and releases pepper spray-

The MAN lets out a shout, then reaches forward, grabbing Robin by the side of the head and-

BLACK.

INT. TRUNK - NIGHT

Robin vaults into consciousness- gasping for breath as if coming from underwater. Red light illuminates the trunk as the car sporadically brakes.

ROBIN

Oh shit. Oh shit. Oh shit.

Scared as all hell, Robin tries to collect herself. She breathes.

Wasting no more time, Robin repositions herself, angling her feet skyward. She starts kicking. It's not budging.

The ride suddenly gets ten times bumpier. *We're off roading.*

Without warning, the car grinds to a halt. The brake lights go off as the car's engine stops. A door slams.

There's only the sound of Robin's short, panicked breaths.

ART (O.S.)

I hear you kicking around in there. Listen carefully. You are locked in a strange man's trunk. That is bad. This stranger has a gun. That is also bad. I want to have a conversation, but to do it I want to look you in the eye. Let's be clear: if you do something stupid, it will get messy. I see from this prescription in your backpack, you live at 1312 Norrington, Apartment 12F. Your relative is a sick lady. If you escape. If you cry for help, I will make sure your relative does not see the sun again. Are we on the same page here?

Silence. Robin fights back tears. *Oh god this is happening.*

ART (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I need some kind of confirmation, otherwise you stay in the trunk and I head to 1312 Norrington.

It takes everything she has to get the words out.

ROBIN

I understand.

ART

I would like to reiterate. The stranger has a gun. The stranger will use it. We are far away from where people will hear your screams or my gunshots. Be smart. You wanna make a move but right now is not the time for you to make that move.

ROBIN

Okay.

ART

Alright.

A moment. Keys-to-metal. Then:

The trunk flies open. Light washes in.

ART backs up ten feet, shotgun gun leveled at her. Robin takes in the surroundings. They're in the belly of an

ABANDONED WAREHOUSE

ART (CONT'D)

Okay. Good start. Now we're going to have a quick Q&A. Be straight with me. You have an open window to crawl out of, but that window can and will close, understood?

Robin nods.

ART (CONT'D)

Good. Let's start simple. What's your name?

ROBIN

Robin.

ART

Robin. You push power, Robin?

ROBIN

Yeah.

ART

Good. Where's the source?

ROBIN

Source, I don't-

ART

The source. The source of power. You're on the streets pushing to the customer. That's one end of the line. I want to know about the opposite end. Where's it start? Enlighten me on the supply chain.

ROBIN

Newt-

ART

Yes, I met your colleague. Newt is no longer in the equation. That's why I'm talking to you. Stay with me now. If Newt is gone, who do you go to?

ROBIN

I can't.

He cocks the shotgun. Robin flinches at it. Tears in her eyes, she's *terrified*.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

There's a number he gave me... In case something goes wrong.

ART

Who is it?

ROBIN

I've never had to call it.

ART

Is it Biggie?

ROBIN

I don't know.

ART

You don't know Biggie?

ROBIN

No! I just deal!

ART

But you know Biggie exists.

ROBIN

Yeah. I'm low level! I don't run with those guys. It's just a name!

He reaches into his coat and he pulls out a PHOTO. It's high angled- black and white. It looks like a screen shot of a security camera.

It depicts a man in a suit- he's familiar- Blue Suit.

ART

Is this Biggie?

ROBIN

I told you, I don't know him!

ART

Does the name Garner mean anything to you? Garner, or maybe Gardner?

ROBIN

No!

Art considers for a moment. He reads her eyes closely.

ART
Get out of the trunk.

ROBIN
Why?

ART
To advance your position in life.
Come on.

She obeys, held at gunpoint. Art gestures for her to walk around the side of the car to the opened passenger door. He tosses her a pair of HANDCUFFS.

ART (CONT'D)
Lock your right hand to the door.

She does it. He tucks the shotgun to the side.

ART (CONT'D)
In.

Art rounds the car and gets in the driver's seat.

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Robin slowly gets into the car.

ART
Every minute comes with invisible decisions. Decisions you made that minute, that week, a year ago and decisions you didn't even know you made. Add onto that, choices made by the people around you. Life is a clusterfuck. Bend down to tie your shoe, you displace the momentum of your day just enough to get hit by a city bus. 99% of the time, we are at the whim of fate. But to have clarity. To see the fork in the road. That's power. Real power. I'm not talking that shit in a pill. Right now, that power belongs to you. You're scared, I understand. You feel sick. That's adrenaline, the fight-or-flight. You don't know me or what I am about. So I'm going to tell you. I want the source of power.

(MORE)

ART (CONT'D)

I want to know who is making it. I want to know where it comes from. Are you tracking this?

ROBIN

Yeah.

ART

You can help me. Point me in the right directions, highlight the things I can't see. These aren't my people, this isn't my city. You do that? At dawn you can walk away from this with ten grand and a clean conscience. On the other hand... You can fight it. You can run me into a corner. Call for help, or fuck with me generally in any which way. Then I will knock you out and when you wake up, your mother will be dead. Look in my eyes.

She does.

ART (CONT'D)

Am I lying to you?

She shakes her head. No.

ART (CONT'D)

I've got nothing against you. But you have made life decisions that make you a person of value to me and I intend to exploit that. I hope you hear me, from the bottom of my heart, I hope this eye contact, the tone of my voice helps to get through. I want you to survive tonight... Am I lying to you?

She shakes her head.

ART (CONT'D)

Robin? I think it's time for you to make a decision.

Tears in her eyes, Robin swallows.

INT. RATTY GYM - NIGHT

Frank stands under yellow light. He's covered in sweat. He blinks. Blood trickles out of his nose.

IN SLOW MOTION

A gloved FIST swipes at him, making direct contact with head, mashing his face into a surreal contortion.

As he stumbles to keep his footing- TIME REGAINS SPEED.

Frank and his SPARRING PARTNER- younger, bigger, faster- do circles around each other. Frank dabs at his bleeding nose.

The Sparring Partner ducks a jab from Frank and goes in, double tapping Frank in his gut. Frank hunches over. Pushed against the ropes.

His Sparring Partner hits him across the face- Frank's face SLAPS against the mat.

He lays there for a moment. There's no sound. No movement. Sweaty and bleeding-- it's a shred of stolen peace.

INT. RATTY GYM - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT - LATER

Frank sits on a bench, hunched over. He peels off his tank top. A look at his bare torso reveals three SCARRED GUNSHOT WOUNDS. The years have healed them over but the scarring is prominent.

At the other end of the locker room, other men leave.

OLDER GUY

Take it easy Frank.

YOUNGER GUY

Hey Frank- you'll beat this. We'll all come out for you.

FRANK

Thanks, guys.

Frank is alone.

INT. RATTY GYM - NIGHT

Toweled off and dressed, Frank walks through the ratty gym. The walls are covered with blue flags, black and white photos, a police mural. It's a cop gym.

As Frank navigates through the gym, other cops notice him. They start to applaud.

Frank holds up a hand, a little embarrassed. He leaves.

EXT. RATTY GYM - NIGHT

Frank steps out into the cold night. He doesn't notice the OLD MAN sitting by the door, smoking a cigar.

OLD MAN
Lotta talk about you in my gym today.

FRANK
Anything good?

OLD MAN
Some good. Some bad.

FRANK
What's the good?

OLD MAN
That Frank the Tank Shaver can turn himself invincible and that he saved cop lives today.

FRANK
And the bad?

OLD MAN
That Frank the Tank Shaver's a fuckin' junkie. And he's disgraced his father and his grandfather's hero-fuckin'-cop legacy.

Frank hesitates.

FRANK
They're gonna crucify me, aren't they?

OLD MAN
Weed's legal in this state.

FRANK
So?

OLD MAN
You notice that day when they let all those kids doing 5 years for dime bag possession out?

FRANK

No.

OLD MAN

Being right or wrong doesn't matter. It's timing. Word of advice from an old dog whose seen some shit... Clean up your act. Stand up straight. Embrace what's coming head on. If the system's gonna fuck you... Well... As my mother used to say: Lube up and take it like a man.

Frank nods. Sounds right. He begins walking.

FRANK

I'll see ya.

His phone DINGS. Frank reaches for his pocket and looks at the glowing screen.

RR: hekp

Frank stares at the word. **hekp**.

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Art and Robin sit across from each other.

ART

What are you doing?

ROBIN

I was... Texting the number.

ART

Don't play around. Call it on the speaker.

Robin calls the number. It rings.

MAN'S VOICE

Yeah.

ROBIN

... I'm-

MAN'S VOICE

Hello?

ROBIN

Newt's dead. I'm one of his-

MAN'S VOICE

We shouldn't be on the phone.

ROBIN

I need help. He's after Biggie.

MAN'S VOICE

Who?

ROBIN

The guy who did him. I know what he looks like.

A beat.

MAN'S VOICE

WholeShop. in Northwest. Half hour.
Ask for rabbit at the deli counter.

EXT. PORTLAND BRIDGE - NIGHT

The Toyota coasts across one of the many lit-up bridges in the Portland skyline.

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Art drives. Robin keeps her eyes on her right hand- the handcuff clutching her wrist.

The car rolls off into the DOWNTOWN area. Homeless people stand around trash fires. Robin watches as they pass by.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

The Toyota is parked in a PARKING LOT before a GROCERY STORE.

Art reaches below the dashboard and produces a handgun. He checks the clip.

ART

Here's how we do this. You keep fifteen feet in front of me, no twisting around corners, no bumping into people, if I-

ROBIN

Wait- no. No, no. You said point you in the direction. That's the direction.

ART
You know what a Mine Rat is?

She shakes her head.

ART (CONT'D)
In the military they used to use
trained rats. We put them out in a
mine field and let them pop em for
us.

Robin tries to keep it together. *This is happening.*

ART (CONT'D)
Tonight you're the Mine Rat.

ROBIN
I didn't- I didn't ask for this. I
don't want this.

ART
The second you stepped out onto
those streets, you signed up for
this.

ROBIN
I'm just trying to make ends meet
out here. I'm- I'm *fifteen*.

That hits Art. He hears her, but it doesn't matter.

ART
That ain't gonna cut it. When you
became a drug dealer you gave up
the right to pull the child card.
That's the way of the streets.

ROBIN
Fuck you know about the streets,
white privilege?

ART
More than you.

He produces the handcuff key and holds it in front of her.

ART (CONT'D)
Don't try to fly on me. Think of
your mother. Act accordingly.

Robin hesitates, then takes the key from him, uncuffing
herself. They get out of the car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Robin walks ahead of Art. He follows 20 feet behind her, keeping enough of distance to seem separate.

ART (V.O.)
Walk naturally. Not fast not slow.
Keep away from people and your head
down.

Art keeps his head bowed down low, aware of the SECURITY CAMERAS mounted overhead.

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

The grocery store is populated, but not crowded. It's after rush hour. Robin weaves through. Far behind her, Art grabs a grocery basket. *He's blending in.*

ART (V.O.)
You may not see me, but I see you.

Robin makes her way to the DELI COUNTER.

She takes a ticket. Anxious. She turns-

ART (V.O.)
I am everywhere.

Art is gone.

DELI GUY
Number 18.

She turns back to the counter and steps up.

ROBIN
Hi, I um... I need... Rabbit.

The young Deli Guy smiles, looking confused.

DELI GUY
Rabbit? Uh. Ha. We don't, uh. We
don't carry rabbit.

Tears are welling in her eyes.

ROBIN
Can you just... Check?

He sees the fear in her face.

DELI GUY

Uh... Sure.

He disappears for a moment. Robin fidgets by the deli counter. She looks over her shoulder.

INT. GROCERY STORE OFFICES - NIGHT - SAME MOMENTS

A WALL OF TV MONITORS show the security camera footage of the grocery store. Robin waits by the counter, looking around anxiously.

INT. GROCERY STORE - SAME MOMENTS

The Deli Guy returns to the counter, befuddled.

DELI GUY

Um... So I guess we have like...
Pre-packaged rabbit? Aisle 20, back
corner of the store.

ROBIN

... Thanks.

Robin begins walking in that direction. Still no sign of Art.

She gets to AISLE 20.

It's condiments. No sign of rabbit.

LEFT EYE (O.S.)

It's this way.

Robin turns. In the corner of the store, a DOOR leading to the back is opened. A WOMAN (50s) stands. She's got BANDAGES over her LEFT EYE.

She makes room in the doorway. Robin hesitates, then follows.

INT. GROCERY STORE - BACK - NIGHT

Left Eye leads Robin back, past the refrigeration units and workers unpacking shipments. Robin looks behind her. The coast is clear.

ROBIN

You have to help me.

Left Eye keeps walking, but turns. She puts a finger to her lips. *Hush*. They ascend a set of stairs leading to:

INT. GROCERY STORE - OFFICES - NIGHT

Robin finds herself before two new people. A Bald Man standing and a WOMAN at a desk. The door closes behind Robin. Locks.

The Woman behind the desk is in her 40s. She has distinctive scarring on her face, many years healed over.

SCARFACE

Speak.

ROBIN

There's a guy downstairs. He's got a gun. He killed Newt and he's trying to get to Biggie.

SCARFACE

Point him out.

Robin looks to the wall of TV MONITORS. She approaches for a closer look. She finds Art, walking around the store, loading groceries into his basket, *ever the tactician*.

ROBIN

That's him.

SCARFACE

Bring him up here.

The Bald Man reaches into his pocket and pulls out a PILL BOX. He Takes one. Left Eye does the same. *Powered up*.

SCARFACE (CONT'D)

What are we going to do about you?

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Art piles more ingredients into the basket. The Bald Man appears at the end of the aisle.

BALD MAN

Sir?

ART

Yeah, I was looking for the canned artichokes, where you find those?

The Bald Man approaches him slowly.

ART (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

BALD MAN
I'm with security. Can you come
with me?

ART
Security? Is there a problem?

BALD MAN
No problem. Just come with me.

ART
Yeah sure.

Art follows the Bald Man through the store. As they reach the
BACK DOOR-

The Bald Man turns and starts to frisk him-

ART (CONT'D)
What's th-

BALD MAN
You got any weapons on you?
Anything that could hurt me?

ART
Look, I'm just doing some shopping-

The Bald Man checks Art. No weapons.

BALD MAN
What's in there?

ART
My groceries.

BALD MAN
Follow me, please.

INT. GROCERY STORE - OFFICES - SAME MOMENTS

Robin watches the TV as the Bald Man leads Art up the stairs.

ROBIN
You can't let him up here.

Scarface just sits at her desk. She smiles politely, then
opens a little black plastic box, and removes a PILL. She
takes it.

Art walks in, looking confused. No sign of recognition
towards Robin.

SCARFACE

Hello.

Silence. Art chuckles.

ART

Sorry, I uh... I'm just trying to do my shopping. Is there a problem? Your big scary gentleman wasn't too verbal.

Scarface smiles pleasantly.

SCARFACE

Do you know this young woman?

He shrugs.

ART

Nope. Should I?

SCARFACE

She says you killed a man.

Art laughs. No one joins in with him. Silence. He blinks.

ART

Oh, you're serious? No, come on. Look, this is funny, who put you up to this, my man Stu works in the WholeShop in Sellwood, Stu put you up to this? HAAAAAAA! Shit.

He glances at the Bald Man. Then Left Eye. Then Scarface.

ART (CONT'D)

Alright, it's been educational, but I think it's my time. Excuse me.

He turns to leave. The Bald Man stands in front of him.

ART (CONT'D)

Who's the manager here? I want to talk to the manager.

SCARFACE

I am.

ART

You are.

Art walks towards her desk, basket of groceries still in hand. He sits in the chair across from her, resting the basket in his lap.

ART (CONT'D)
Okay, Manager... So that means
you're the one in charge, right?

SCARFACE
That's right.

Robin's eyes go from Scarface, to Art, to the Bald Man behind him. The Bald Man is reaching into his jacket.

ART
You know what's going on around
here, not either of these two?

SCARFACE
That's right.

Art is staring *through her*.

ART
You think that keeps you safe?

SCARFACE
W-

BANG BANG.

It happens in the blink of an eye. Art produces a handgun buried within a box of cereal in his grocery basket and taps two into Scarface's shoulders, sending her flying.

Robin screams, back against the wall.

KICKING backwards off the desk, he lands with his back on the ground and sends another two rounds into the Bald Man, double tap, chest and head.

On his feet in a flash, Art turns his gun towards--

Nothing.

Left Eye has disappeared.

SHWWWWOOOOoooooK!

Art is hit- FOOTBALL TACKLED head on by the Left Eye- who comes at him like a fucking WRECKING BALL, barreling him straight THROUGH THE WALL AND-

DOWN!

INT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Art hits the floor. Hard.

Everything goes fuzzy for a moment. Blinking, he turns his head. Blood is spilling out the back of his head.

In the distance, out of focus, he sees a pair of SNEAKERS. He looks up to an *OUT OF FOCUS GIRL*. *She seems to reach for him.*

ART

Trace.

He blinks again.

The Girl has been replaced with LEFT EYE, who puts him on his feet, and RAMS him straight through an aisle. She's like a CANNONBALL.

INT. GROCERY STORE - OFFICES - SAME MOMENTS

Robin reaches for a TELEPHONE on the desk. She dials.

ROBIN

I need the police. I'm at the grocery store on Fountain- there's shooting. They're powered up. You need to call Frank Shaver- I- I don't know, he-

A GASP. Robin drops the phone as

Scarface rolls over, getting on all fours. She moans in pain, blood pouring from her shoulders.

Her wounds... CLOSE.

She screams as two bullets POP out of her.

Healing Factor.

Robin watches with terror. Scarface looks at Robin with bloodthirsty eyes. She reaches under her desk and pulls out a SHOTGUN.

INT. GROCERY STORE - SAME MOMENTS

Aisle after Aisle crash into each other as Left EYE drives Art through the shelves until launching him

THROUGH the glass of the DELI COUNTER.

Art lies, bleeding on the ground. Head tilted backwards, he sees a large SLICER idling above him. He spits blood.

Left Eye grabs him. Art twists in her momentum, sending her backwards- FLIPPING her up and

SMASH

Right next to the Slicer- He rams his knee into the side of it and brings the automatic blade across Left Eye's neck.

She falls limply to the ground.

SCARFACE (O.S.)

Hold it.

Art turns.

ROBIN is standing before him. Her hands are up. Tears streaking down her face.

Scarface has a shotgun to Robin's back.

SCARFACE (CONT'D)

On your knees! NOW!

ART

... You're making the wrong play.
Bait's supposed to be eaten.

KA-CHOW!

Scarface fires into the air. Robin screams. For the first time, Art gives a sign of being shook-

ART (CONT'D)

It's okay, **Tracy**.

ROBIN

PleasemisterlookinmyeyesIdon'twannadiejustpleasepleasehelpme-

ART

Tracy- look at me.

SCARFACE

Three. TWO.

Art and Robin lock eyes. He registers Robin's terror.

ART

Okay!

Art drops to his knees, Hands in the air.

Scarface passes Robin, gun level at Art. Art watches her movements. Sees her shoulders. Blood stains. Healed wounds.

She puts the gun against his head. He winces at the heat.

SCARFACE

Who are you?

ART

I'm just looking for answers.

SCARFACE

Sorry to hear.

ART

You know what happens when I cut
your head off?

WHAM

Art removes a SHIV from up his sleeve and RAMS it into Scarface's THROAT. He puts her on the ground and begins stabbing her in her neck, OVER AND OVER.

Scarface gurgles in shock.

Robin covers her mouth with her face, repressing a gag.

ROBIN

Oh my God.

Art just keeps stabbing her. Scarface loses consciousness.

ART

One... Two... Three... Four...
Five... Six... Seven... Eight...

Scarface's wounds start to close up at Art keeps counting.

ART (CONT'D)

Nine... Ten... Eleven... Twelve-

Her wounds close and she opens her eyes. Art INSTANTLY rams the shiv back into her neck.

ART (CONT'D)

Lucky number twelve!

He grabs her by the arm and begins DRAGGING HER. Robin watches them go.

INT. GROCERY STORE - BACK - NIGHT

SCARFACE lies on the ground in a pool of blood.

ART

Six... Seven... Eight.

The METAL ARMS of a FORKLIFT lower across Scarface's body as Art continues counting. Art steps off the forklift. He takes a breath, touching the back of his head. Still bleeding.

Scarface gasps back to consciousness, completely healed. She coughs, struggling against the weight against her.

Art sits with his back against the forklift, relaxing.

ART (CONT'D)

I'd say we've got about two minutes before the cops show. Plenty of time. You wanna talk now?

SCARFACE

Get fucked.

Art smiles at her.

ART

Alright.

ROBIN stands at the door between the front and the back. Realizing Art's focus is off of her, she TURNS to LEAVE.

ART (CONT'D)

Healing's pretty common. Half of y'all wind up with that. Our body naturally heals itself, so it's not so much of a Power as it is an upgrade. It's a real bitch though. Just because you're healing doesn't mean you don't feel pain.

Art looks her over- gaining his leverage in the conversation.

ART (CONT'D)

I can give you the pain of a lifetime. Or you can answer an easy question. It's up to you.

IN THE STORE:

Robin races past the deli and towards the front- towards ESCAPE. She picks up the pace, navigating around felled aisles, looking for a clear path to the exit.

SHE STOPS. Dead in her tracks.

On the floor of a mostly clear aisle are dozens of broken CANS of **TOMATO SOUP**. Identical to the ones in her mothers kitchen.

She bends down and picks up an unbroken one. She stares down at it for a moment. Tears well up in her eyes. She looks up to the ceiling. *Oh God, Fuck My Life.*

INT. GROCERY STORE - BACK

Art holds his hand against the back of his bleeding head. He's clearly struggling with the blood loss, fighting to keep focus.

ART

-and the neck seals off. Your brain will survive for six minutes without the oxygen and blood flow. You know what that means? You're going to be a severed head, rolling around like a bowling ball in the loading docks of a grocery store for 360 interminable seconds. When you die a second is a lifetime. Look in my eyes, am I lying?

Scarface shivers on the ground, eyeballing Art indignantly.

ART (CONT'D)

I see you doing the math. You're betting the odds are that the people you answer to will do worse to you than I will. For them it's business. But this is about my family. Who you think gonna do you worse?

He readjusts himself, putting his feet against Scarface's shoulders, grabbing a fistful of her hair. He begins to tug and she starts to SCREAM-

SCARFACE

Ahhhh FUCK! The HighLife! Biggie's at The Highlife!

ART

What? What's that?

ROBIN (O.S.)

It's a hotel. I know it.

Art looks up. Surprised. Robin is standing a few feet away. He blinks, unsure of what to make of her presence.

ART
Still here.

He looks down to Scarface.

ART (CONT'D)
You've been helpful. I wish you
luck.

Art rises. Begins to limp away, towards the back of the loading docks.

Robin hesitates, then follows him.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Art stumbles to his knees. He struggles to get up. Robin watches him from a distance.

ROBIN
Hey! Hey!

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Art throws himself into the drivers seat. Robin opens the passengers but doesn't get in.

ROBIN
I need my money!

Art blinks. Wiping the blood from his forehead. He can't see. He struggles to get the key into the ignition. Robin watches. Frustrated, he slams his fist against the wheel. Sirens calling in the distance.

ART
Get me to a vet.

ROBIN
You pay me my money!

ART
GET ME to a VET.

ROBIN
I NEED THAT MONEY FOR MY MOMS!

Art gets the key in the ignition. The engine ROARS to life. Robin hustles to the driver's side and opens the door.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
You can't see. Move over.

The siren calls force the decision. Art scoots over and Robin piles in. She sits in the seat, unmoving.

ART
Drive. Drive. DRIVE!

ROBIN
PAY ME.

Art growls as he reaches into the back and pulls out a STACK of cash. He THROWS it at her. The bills go everywhere.

ART
FUCKING DRIVE!

Robin pushes the car into drive and wheels out of the back of the lot.

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Plop.

A little red pill drops into a TOILET BOWL.

Plop. Plop. Plop.

Frank stands over the toilet, dropping pills into the bowl. Four left. Three. Two-

DING.

His phone lets out a sharp ring.

Frank hesitates, then places the pills on the side of the sink and walks to the phone. There's a text message.

A black and white image of ROBIN, running through the grocery store. As Frank processes it- the phone RINGS.

He frowns, picks it up.

FRANK
This is Shaver...

INT. GROCERY STORE - BACK - NIGHT

A UNIFORMED COP holds a phone.

COP

Hold on-

The Cop hands the phone to Captain Craine. In the background, a set of cops interrogate SCARFACE, who sits handcuffed on the ground.

CAPTAIN CRAINE

Who the fuck is that?

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT / GROCERY STORE - INTERCUT

Frank swallows.

FRANK

Sir?

CAPTAIN CRAINE

A 911 call was placed from a grocery store where we just had a blow out. That girl called and asked specifically for you in the middle of a Power-out.

A moment's hesitation. Frank calculating his move.

CAPTAIN CRAINE (CONT'D)

Think real fucking carefully about this, Shaver.

FRANK

Sir?

CAPTAIN CRAINE

We're in the supply chain here.

Craine's eyes go to the large crates piled along the back of the grocery store. Cops have pried them open- hundreds of *Little Black Boxes* are spilled out on the floor.

CAPTAIN CRAINE (CONT'D)

If this girl knows something about where Power's coming from and you've got pertinent information that will help cut off the supply chain, you've got to-

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - SAME MOMENTS (INTERCUT)

Frank hangs up.

He stares at his phone for a moment. The frozen image of Robin on his screen. He opens his text threads.

Hekp.

Frank hits **CALL**. It goes directly to voice mail.

A moment. Just the sound of the cat clock ticking on Franks wall.

Decision made, Frank grabs his jacket, his hat, and the TWO REMAINING PILLS and bolts out his door.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

Robin sits in the parked car. She looks over at ART-
Unconscious in the seat next to her.

Out the windshield- A CLOSED VET'S OFFICE.

Robin looks at the money on her lap. She rolls it up. She stuffs it into her hoodie pockets.

ROBIN

Hey. Hey.

Nothing. He's unresponsive.

She moves to leave. She stops. Taped to the dashboard is something she hadn't noticed.

A tattered photograph of Art and a GIRL. The girl is close to Robin's age. They're smiling. It's a strange thing not only to see Art looking clean and healthy, but to see him happy. She looks from the photo, then back to him.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Damn.

INT. VET'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Robin struggles to help carry barely conscious Art's weight towards the back of the vet. She leans him against a wall and lets him slide to the ground.

She looks around the medical cabinets. Dogs bark in the background.

She saturates a cotton ball with rubbing alcohol then swabs it under Art's nose. He suddenly COMES ALIVE.

ART
What-

ROBIN
It's okay. You're cool.

Art looks around, now fully conscious.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
It's alcohol. Wake you up.

ART
Who taught you that?

ROBIN
My mother's sick. Sometimes she falls out.

ART
See if you can find a staple gun for my head. I'm bleeding fast there. I need bandages. Needles. Antiseptic.

Robin stands and begins going through the vets office. Art watches her, dazed.

ROBI
Who is Tracy?

ART
What?

ROBIN
You called me Tracy. Back there.

Robin waits for an answer.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
You can bleed out here. Or you can answer my questions.

Art chuckles.

ART
Oh you're tough now, huh? I paid you your money, what do you care?

ROBIN
I'm not trying to trick you.

Art studies her eyes for a moment.

ART
I'm bleeding out here.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

Franks truck drives along the streets.
He pulls to a corner and stops. Waits.

FRANK
Come on... Where are you?

It's the same corner he met Robin the night before. Tonight there's no sign of her.

RADIO VOICE
*All units be advised, ATL 15-25
year old African American female
and a 40-50 White male, believed to
be heading to or in the vicinity of
the HighLife Hotel.*

Frank throws the truck into drive.

INT. VET'S OFFICE - LATER

Art tears into the bandages and begins to clean and stitch.
Robin is looking at the photo of the Man in the Blue Suit.

ROBIN
He a dealer?

ART
No. He's a front man. Probably
clean on paper. Works above ground.
Gets people to do the dirty work
for him.

ROBIN
So why you looking for him?

Art switches gears, eyeing Robin carefully.

ART
You first. What are you doing
working on the street? You seem
like you got more than half a brain
in there.

ROBIN
It's just what I gotta do.

ART

Hand me those scissors. Yeah? What?
Dad's a drunk and Mom's depressed?

ROBIN

Dad's dead and Mom's dying. I'm
just doing what I've gotta to do
get ahead.

Art pinches a wound closed. Winces.

ART

"Get ahead" huh? What happened to
staying in school, getting good
grades? Staying away from drug
dealers?

Robin looks at him, seething.

ROBIN

I'm sick of that.

ART

Sick of someone speaking sense?

ROBIN

Yo, I'd love to get good grades!
I'd love to go to school and do my
homework, go to bed and do it all
over again. But I need money NOW. I
need rent NOW. I need to take care
of my Mom NOW. An A in trig isn't
going to get her medicine! So fuck
you, my stupid school, and my mom!

Art hears her. He softens. A beat.

ART

You know you'll never make enough
to "get ahead" selling? That's how
they get you. No street dealer ever
bought a house on that pocket
money. The system is designed to
put you in the ground.

ROBIN

I don't need money to buy a house.
I just need a couple grand.

ART

What are you gonna bankroll with a
couple grand?

Art winces as he threads needle through his lacerations. Now Robin switches gears.

ROBIN

Are you gonna tell me what this dude took, or what?

A long silence.

ART

My daughter. Tracy is my little girl.

Robin blinks.

ROBIN

...How old was she?

ART

She was fifteen years old when... She *is* eighteen now.

ROBIN

Why-

ART

What are you gonna do with a couple grand?

ROBIN

I'mma record an album.

ART

Are you a singer?

ROBIN

I'm a rapper.

ART

You any good?

Art fights the pain as he laces his torn shoulder closed.

ROBIN

What happened to your daughter?

Just a fleeting glimpse- TRACY (15) and ART in a car together-laughing- happy.

A long beat. The focus is on Art- suddenly lost in thought.

A flash. TRACY (15) lies in a hospital bed.

Art breathes.

ART

There was a CIA program in the 50s and 60s. They were trying to understand mind control. Torture, sense deprivation, extracting info. That kind of thing. See how the mind bends. See how it breaks. Some of it was legal. A lot of it wasn't. By the 70s it was shutdown. But shutdown in military speak means it's taken off the books. Ghosted.

Another flash- Tracy smiles.

ART (CONT'D)

By the 90s they were deep in a hole doing body experiments. Chemical enhancement. Super soldier shit. They didn't get much further than they did in the 60s. A whole lot of sick men, a pile of dead soldiers... I got out with a bunch of severed nerves and a lot of nightmares... Thought that'd be the end of it.

ROBIN

Why wasn't it?

ART

Fetal alcohol syndrome.

ROBIN

What?

ART

If a mother drinks while pregnant, the baby is gonna go on to have problems. That alcohol is going to affect their development. Change them. That's why they tell you not to drink when you're pregnant... When I finished my service, I had a body filled with chemical cocktails engineered to change my DNA... And then I had my daughter. I believe that what they tried and failed to do to soldiers in the 90s carried over from my genes... To hers.

ROBIN

... So... Wait- I don't-

ART

It ain't rocket science. You want the whole story, find a mind reader! My daughter got sick. We took her to the hospital. They did tests, and they saw a whole lot of shit in her blood and her body that wasn't supposed to be there... And then they came knocking.

ROBIN

Who?

A final flash - Art and Tracy in a truck together- the TRUCK gets HIT- sending it into flips- ROLLING, ROLLING-

ART

That's what I'm trying to find out. Look, I'm done with it. No more questions.

Groaning, he stands, pulling his shirt back over his shoulders. He's patched up, as good as he's going to get.

ROBIN

...What's your name?

Art blinks- realizing she doesn't know it.

ART

Art. My name is Art.

Robin takes a step forward. She extends her hand to him.

ROBIN

I'm Robin.

Taking it in, Art slowly takes her hand and shakes it. A surreal moment for him.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about your daughter.

EXT. VET'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Art pulls his jacket on with some difficulty, making his way back to the car. Robin follows. She watches as he gets into the car.

ART

Can you get me to the HighLife? I can't see outta this eye.

ROBIN
Do I... Have to?

ART
No. No, you don't.

He gets in the car. Robin hesitates, then walks to the drivers seat. Art looks to her.

ART (CONT'D)
Thank you.

The engine starts.

INT. TOYOTA - NIGHT

Robin drives. A long silence. Then.

ART
You ever take it?

ROBIN
No.

ART
Never tempted?

ROBIN
I saw a guy OD once. Blew up like he'd swallowed a grenade. On the streets they're always talking about how it'll give you superpowers... They don't talk about how one hit could kill you.

ART
No they don't.

He rubs his eyes. Worn down.

ART (CONT'D)
Hey. Sing a line for me.

ROBIN
"Sing a line?"

ART
You know what I mean. Sling a line. Spit a line. Spit me one.

ROBIN
Ehhhh. I don't like doing it in front of people.

ART

How you gonna be a rapper if you've got stage fright? Half a night taking down drug dealers and you can't spit one line? Come on.

Robin considers.

ROBIN

Give me a word.

ART

Any word?

ROBIN

Whatever word.

ART

Orange. Nothing rhymes with orange.

Robin nods her head for a moment, composing.

ROBIN

We had a real President who used to be orange, until he keeled over, somebody poisoned his porridge, up in the oval head down desk to his forehead, nobody North of Memphis be caught feeling the mourning.

ART

Seismograph.

ROBIN

Dude's try'na trip me up with his seismograph, it's a pretty big word so I'mma cut it in half, yeah that's a laugh, laughing up on a path, if you don't think fast gonna be feeling my wrath-

Art laughs. Even through his exhaustion, he's impressed.

ART

Good. That's good... You need that. You're young, black, you're a woman. This system is built to swallow people like us up. If you-

ROBIN

"People like us?" Yo, you don't know what it's like to be me.

He looks at her, brow furrowed- almost like he's hurt.

ART

Why? You think you and me are so different? Like I'm somehow exempt from oppression, cause I'm white, we can't be the same?

ROBIN

This sounds suspiciously like code for "All Lives Matter."

Art looks to her, genuinely befuddled.

ART

What? No, I'm, look, it's not that, I'm saying that there's a system in place designed to eat people like you and me up, and to-

ROBIN

You are white dude, dude. Don't matter how hard you've have it, you do not get to tell me about no systemic oppression because I guarantee you have benefitted from it in your life.

ART

But I-

ROBIN

Lookit. You look like a homeless crack head. You know that? You look like a scary dude! When you walk into a store, does security start following you around like you're about to rob the place?

ART

... No.

ROBIN

I walk into a convenience store in a prom dress, they still treat me like I'm about to bang out. So, sorry, but no. We are not the same.

A long silence. Art frowns. Then:

ART

I was just trying to say I think you're good. At the rapping. That's where I was going with that.

Robin blinks. Not what she was expecting.

EXT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL - NIGHT

Art drives in front of the Highlife and keeps going. He notices a WHITE TRUCK, a VAN, a couple of cars. A MAN with his jacket collar flipped up.

He pulls around the corner and stops.

INT. TOYOTA - SAME MOMENTS

Arts nods to her.

ART

You get on outta here now.

ROBIN

I think those guys were cops.

ART

Not your problem anymore. Here's your phone back.

He extends his hand to hers. She takes it. They hold onto each other for a moment.

ROBIN

I hope you find her.

A moment, then Robin leaves, collecting her phone and cash.

EXT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL - NIGHT

She walks down the streets, pulling her hood over her head. Looking back over her shoulder, Art waits in the car.

She checks her phone. A missed call from POOP EMOJI.

INT. TOYOTA - SAME MOMENTS

Art watches Robin round a corner, disappearing. He turns his attention across the street.

A moment, then he reaches into the back seat and comes back with a PILE OF CLOTHES. He begins to strip down.

INT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Wheeling luggage behind him, Art walks up to the front desk wearing glasses, a nice shirt and a dinner jacket. He's transformed.

ATTENDANT

Can I help you?

ART

I'd like a room for the evening.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

Robin walks along the sidewalk. Far behind her, a FIGURE looms out of focus. The figure begins to close the distance between the two of them.

INT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL ROOM - SAME MOMENTS

Art puts his luggage on the bed. He unzips it, revealing a small armory of weapons, a bullet proof vest.

A sigh. *He's fucking tired.*

He picks up the phone.

ART

Room service.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

Robin notices the figure walking behind her. It's clearly a man, with a hood drawn up over his head, head down.

Suspicious, Robin makes a quick turn into an alley.

ROBIN

Mother fuck...

She begins to run.

Sure enough, the FIGURE breaks out into a run behind her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Are you serio- HELP!

The figure closes the rest of the distance with alarming speed. Suddenly, he's on her, grabbing her from the waste, tackling her to the ground.

Robin wrestles against the Figure with all of her strength, clawing and kicking-

FRANK

Ouch! Ouch, ouch, fuck! Ow!

His hood comes off- FRANK is over her, wrangling her arms in a criss-cross.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Stop, stop- (ow!) Stop it! Hey!

Robin registers that it's Frank on top of her.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What, you're not happy to see me?

Robin kicks at him again-

ROBIN
You asshole! What the fuck!

FRANK
You kicked me in my nuts.

ROBIN
Get off me!

Frank rises, helping Robin to her feet. She takes his hand-
Sccrrep!

Frank slaps a handcuff on her wrist. INSTANTLY, Robin tries to run. He SLAMS her up against the wall, wrenching her free arm backwards, cuffing her hands behind her back.

FRANK
Stop struggling. STOP IT. Look! I just wanna talk!

ROBIN
You arrest me I'm telling everyone you're on power!

FRANK
Shut it! I'm not arresting you!

He leads her back down the alley.

ROBIN
Get the fuck off me, little bitch!

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Robin gets tossed into the back seat. Frank gets in the front. Robin kicks at the front wildly- screaming.

FRANK

Enough! I get it- you're pissed!
Will you shut up for five seconds?

Robin fumes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay?

ROBIN

WHAT. What is it?

FRANK

I know you were at that grocery store. I know you were with some old white dude banging around tonight. I know. I'm sticking my neck out for you right now, you understand? They know your face. Either let me help you get ahead of this thing, or I'm taking you in!

ROBIN

You're not taking in SHIT, Frank. I'll fucking talk. I looked it up, Cops can't take Power. You're going to prison!

FRANK

YOU'RE RIGHT! I AM!

Robin takes this in.

FRANK (CONT'D)

... Look. I'm... I'm just trying to get a leg up on my situation here. You don't want to help me, that's fine, they'll blow that guy up and they'll arrest you end of story. But we've got an opportunity to look out for each other. Right now.

ROBIN

What do you want?

A beat.

FRANK

I want to get Power off the streets.

INT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL - HALLWAYS - NIGHT

Art steps into the hallway, wearing A WAITERS UNIFORM. As he closes the door, just a glimpse of the UNCONSCIOUS WAITER lying on the floor.

He fits right in, with the exception of the combat boots on his feet.

INT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL - LOBBY - NIGHT

Art wheels through the lobby, noticing two men standing awkwardly in the corner. He keeps his head down and goes into

THE BACK.

The kitchen is bustling. Art continues pushing his cart. He arrives at a set of service elevators. He goes into one.

He looks at the keypad. The penthouse requires a key. He scans the floors.

None of the sublevels require key access except for one. Sub-Three. He presses it. Nothing happens. He checks the pockets of his blazer. He produces a KEY CARD. He swipes it.

INT. SUBLEVEL THREE - NIGHT

The elevator doors open.

Art finds himself in a WIDE OPEN FLOOR. No walls. The entire floor is an open layout. Around the edges, a full bar.

The level has about ten people in it. A few BIG GUYS in BLACK JACKETS (the BOUNCERS) walking the perimeter.

A group of couches all facing each other make up a square in the middle of the room- PARTIERS are on the couches, all 30-40s white and extremely well dressed...

The couches face a GLASS BOX in the middle of the room.

The BOX is the size of a small room itself- about 200 square feet, glass walls and a glass ceiling. A room within a room. At its base are connections of wires, tubes and piping.

Strutting around in a circle, between the couches and the box- is a man wearing a gold sequined jacket and walks with a cane for show.

As Art takes in all of the details, taking note of the man in the sequined jacket. Definitely the host.

This is BIGGIE, and he's right in the middle of his sermon.

BIGGIE

-and to top it off, that's 9.5 inches of reinforced glass. You grow some gills in there?

Biggie indicates to a CONTROL PANEL.

BIGGIE (CONT'D)

I turn on the water, no need to suffocate. The box is state of the art, equipped for all kinds of situations.

A WAITER comes out with a tray. Little black plastic boxes delicately arranged. The party-goers take their boxes and open them.

Little Power Pills.

His eyes rest on a young blonde girl.

BIGGIE (CONT'D)

How bout you, sugar? You come here to party?

WOMAN

What if like... My head pops off or something? Can't that happen?

BIGGIE

Look, she scared. It's alright darling-- it's alright. One little pill- it's just gonna give you a tingle. Ain't no one OD offa one- ain't no one hit wonders.

He gestures at the box.

BIGGIE (CONT'D)

They got one of these at the CIA. In all my months of doing this, you know how many casualties I had?

WOMAN

How many?

BIGGIE

None. Come on, darling. Be a God.

He offers her his hand. She tentatively takes it and allows herself to be lead to the back of the box. A section of it opens, allowing her to step in.

Art backs up towards the Bar. A BOUNCER stands a few feet away from him. Art carefully begins to uncover a dish, revealing a COMBAT KNIFE.

IN THE BOX

The door air locks behind the young woman. She stands on the walled-in stage. Her friends cheer her on. A moment, then she takes the pill.

The Young Woman's eyes start to go dark. She gasps, her knees buckling.

Art eyes the Bouncer. The Bouncer eyes Art. His looks Art up and down- focusing on **THE BOOTS**.

As the Young Woman GASPS-

Art draws the knife and RAMS it into the Bouncer's gut, placing his other hand over his mouth and sending him down to the ground, covered by the bar.

A cloud of her BREATH can be seen. PATTERNS begin to form on the glass walls. Little intricate crystals dance as

ICE

Forms all around her.

The attendees applaud, captivated by the sight.

PARTY GUEST

What's it feel like!

WOMAN

Cold. It's really cold.

She reaches out to the glass. Ice patterns form, building from the wall and reaching out towards her like little horizontal skyscrapers.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

God, Wow. Look at me.

She looks at her arm. It's got a layer of crystallized ice over it. She tries to wriggle her wrist. It's FROZEN.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ah...

She snaps her wrist- a layer of ice flakes off of her.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Ooo. Wait...

The Young Woman buckles to her knees, gasping.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

I- I can't breathe-

BIGGIE

She's okay, she's okay. Just give her a second to adjust.

The Woman stares down at her hand- pressed against the glass floor. She tries to pull it up. She's frozen to the glass.

WOMAN

Ahhh.... Ah...

BIGGIE

She's alright, she alright! You want me to turn some heat on, darlin?

The viewing party murmurs as the mood starts to shift. Biggie turns knobs on the control panels frantically. The situation is getting away from him.

WOMAN

I can't move-

Her hand is frozen to the floor.

PARTY GUEST

Just relax, Jennifer! Just breathe-

WOMAN

I CAN'T!

She pulls at her arm with all of strength. She tugs- tugs-

PARTY GUEST

DUDE! SHE'S O.D.ING!

BIGGIE

She alright, she alright! Just a rough start! She'll settle in!

SNAP!

The Woman's iced arm breaks at the wrist. In a daze, she struggles to stand. Her feet are iced to the floor.

She begins to SCREAM. The party guests are on their feet, trying to get into the chamber.

The WOMAN is crying- the ice works up her limbs, limiting her movement as she starts to become more statuesque.

No one notices ART, spattered in blood, reaching for his dining cart, withdrawing his SHOTGUN.

THE WOMAN SCREAMS, CRYING AS THE ICE SEEMS TO EAT HER ALIVE.

People are banging on the chamber's sealed door, yelling. It's total chaos- Guests BREACH the chamber as-

BIGGIE tries to calm his audience, not noticing as

ART walks across the room, takes aim at a bouncer-

BANG!

The third and final bouncer turns-

BANG!

Silence.

The crowd and Biggie turn- shocked to see Art, shotgun leveled at them, the bouncers all dead on the floor.

ART

Everyone step out please with the exception of Mr. Notorious.

PARTY GUEST

SOMEONE HELP HER!

He cocks the shotgun.

ART

OUT.

The guests leave quickly. Art and Biggie are alone.

On the way out, one of the guests YANKS on the fire alarm. A BELL starts ringing.

INT. FRANK'S TRUCK - SAME MOMENTS

Hands cuffed behind her back, Robin watches with Frank as GUESTS begin filing out of the hotel.

FRANK

Woah, woah, woah. Boom.

Frank checks the chamber of his glock. He reaches into his pocket- still has two pills. Looks to Robin.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Fuckfuckfuck here I gooooo!

Frank pockets the pills and gets out of the car.

ROBIN
You'll tell him what I said, right?

FRANK
Yeah. Stay here.

ROBIN
Frank!

FRANK
I got it I said!

EXT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL - SAME MOMENTS

As hotel staff and guests file out, Frank crosses the street. Several black and white's pull up, lights flashing.

He pulls his hood over his head and he ducks in.

INT. SUBLEVEL THREE - NIGHT

Biggie and Art square off. Art's eyes go to Biggie's hand. He's got a little black box in his hand. He's sweating.

BIGGIE
You-

Ca-CHOW!

Biggie's legs go out from under him as Art blasts his feet with his shotgun. Biggie screams out in pain, rolling on the floor.

BIGGIE (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK!

Art is on him in a flash, foot on Biggie's wrist, shotgun pointed at his head.

ART
You can check two boxes. A concrete box or a pine box, your choice. I've got one question for you. Look at me. Look at me.

Biggie does. Art produces the photo of Garner in the Blue Suit.

ART (CONT'D)
You know who this is?

BIGGIE
 FUCK! Yeah, man, damn! That's
 Garner.

Art is stunned. Bingo. Suddenly, he's desperate- his hard
 edge softens.

ART
 Garner, Garner who? Where do I find
 him?

BIGGIE
 I don't know, Edward or some shit.
 Ed Garner man!

ART
 WHERE DO I FIND HIM.

BIGGIE
 Hell if I know!

ART
 Who is he? You tell me who the fuck
 he is!

Art shoves the barrel of the shotgun into Biggie's face-

BIGGIE
 Ah! Chill! Chill man! He's a fuckin
 suit okay! I don't fuckin hang out
 with him or nothing! He's some Big
 Pharma guy or something!

ART
 Big Pharma.

BIGGIE
 He's some kind of middle man,
 that's all I know-

Art calculates the information.

FRANK (O.S.)
 FREEZE!

Standing twenty feet away from him, gun raised, is FRANK.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 PCPD Asshole. Drop the gun or I
 drop you. Three. Two.

Art drops the shotgun.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Kick it this way.

He complies.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now, down on your knees, interlock
your fingers behind your head. Do
it now.

ART
I can't do that.

FRANK
I'm not asking.

ART
I've got to get-

FRANK
Motherfuck! Robin! Robin sent me
down here. She told me to tell you
that... That... That I can help
you. That you've got to let me
bring you up because the entire
city is gunning for you. She
said...

Frank swallows, sweating.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Every decision you make has a...
There are other decisions... In
that decision and... They're
invisible... Fuck! I don't know-
she said a bunch of shit about
decisions and then told me to say
"Am I lying!"

Art is struck by this.

FRANK (CONT'D)
So am I? I can burn you right now
and come out half a hero... But she
said you're trying to bring this
whole thing to the ground. And I
want in. Either way, I'm winning,
so you've got THREE SECONDS to
interlock your fucking fingers!
ONE, TWO-

Art gets on his knees. Interlocks his fingers. Frank keeps
his gun on him, pushes him to the ground, half into Biggie's
pool of blood. He cuffs him.

Neither of them notice as Biggie shoves a power pill into his mouth. And another. And another.

And another.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Sir, I'm gonna get you medical
attention in just a second-

Frank hauls Art back up to his knees.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Come on, we gotta move real quick
if we're not going to-

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiip.

A beat.

Frank and Art turn and look down at Biggie. The back of his jacket is *torn in half*.

PUSHING in on Frank as he sees the power pills on the floor. Biggie's jacket continues to tear as he

GROWS

FRANK (CONT'D)
Fuuuuuuuuuuck-

Frank points his gun to the ground and unloads his clip.
BANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANGBANG.

Biggie lets out a breath, then stops moving for a beat.

THEN takes a DEEP BREATH of air and CONTINUES GROWING.

ART
Move. Move. MOVE!

Art and Frank move together as BIGGIE GROWS he's THE SIZE OF A VOLKSWAGEN NOW, His clothes COMPLETELY TORN OFF.

His feet- still blown to hell, keep him from standing, but Biggie drags himself across the room- he's EVEN BIGGER NOW. He reaches up and BANGS his fist against the ceiling- bringing part of it down-

BLOCKING THE EXIT for Art and Frank.

ART (CONT'D)
BOX!

Frank charges towards the box in the middle of the room- pulling at the door, which GIVES, allowing them into the icy chamber.

From WITHIN THE FROSTED BOX

They watch as Biggie reaches his FULL SIZE, A SOLID FIFTY FEET KING KONG STYLE and the ceiling above them begins to CRUMBLE--

EXT. FRANK'S TRUCK - SAME MOMENTS

From the back of Frank's trunk, Robin watches as the ground in front of the hotel begins to crumble. The ENTIRE BUILDING seems to sway.

ROBIN

Holy shit.

INT. SUBLEVEL THREE - SAME MOMENTS

The world is crumbling around them, metal, glass, ceiling, debris hits the box. The glass box is tough. It stands up to the challenge.

DUST plumes around them, rendering them completely blind to what's happening.

Frank finally notices the FROZEN WOMAN in the corner.

FRANK

Ah! Fuck.

ART

Oh, that's the shocking element here?

FRANK

There's no way he gets that big from one pop. He's- he's gonna O.D. We just gotta wait it out-

WHAM!

A GIANT HAND suddenly wraps around the box- the grooves of Biggie's palm print smushed against the glass. The glass structure GROANS as he starts to SQUEEZE.

ART

It behooves you to uncuff me now.

Frank glances from Art, back to the giant hand wrapping around them.

CRACK.

The glass begins to splinter.

FRANK

Yeah.

Frank goes to Art and uncuffs him. Art instantly drops to the ground and puts his hands over his head.

ART

DOWN!

Frank obeys, copying his newfound partner.

All around them, the glass begins to splinter, little lightning bolts of shards develop until

SMASH!

Glass shatters inwards spraying every which way- LARGE SHARDS drive into different directions, piercing BIGGIE'S GIANT HAND.

Frank looks up-

Art is ALREADY MOVING, grabbing a SWORD-SIZED shard of glass with both hands and charging into the dusty rubble-laden fog.

DEEP, VOCAL GROANING can be heard, followed by a RUMBLING.

Frank reloads.

FRANK

Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck.

ART (O.S.)

COME ON!

METAL and BANGING. A SCREAM- human, but not. Deep and booming- Biggie is SCREAMING.

Frank charges into the dust, gun raised.

INT. SUBLEVEL THREE - DUST - SAME MOMENTS

Covered in the dusty grey rubble, Frank tries to make sense of his surroundings. Lights flicker on and off. He looks up. There's a HOLE to the next level.

Turning, he finds Art doubled over. He's DRENCHED IN BLOOD.

FRANK

Jesus-

ART

We gotta move now.

Art disappears into the dust. Frank follows.

INT. STAIR WAY - MOMENTS LATER

The fire alarm is still going on. Smoke is everywhere. A STROBING LIGHT blinks from the smoke detector every second. It's disorienting.

Frank struggles to keep up with Art, who is winding up the stairs a half a flight ahead of him.

FRANK

Hey- wait up!

Art is getting further ahead.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey! HEY!

He charges upwards and into--

INT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Half of the lobby is caved in. People are running out and hotel staff mix with frantic cops and fire fighters.

Frank's eyes dart outside. Art is way ahead of him.

EXT. HIGHLIFE HOTEL - SAME MOMENTS

Art dashes across the street, making his way into an ALLEY-

BANG!

Art's hands fly up. He turns.

A COP has a gun on him.

COP

Hands up! On your knees-

ART

Officer, I was just-

BANG!

Begrudgingly, Art complies. The cop approaches, gun pointed at his target.

COP
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say can and
will-

FRANK (O.S.)
Hold up! Hold up!

Frank comes charging in, panting.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey, uh- hi.

COP
Sir! Back away!

FRANK
No, it's okay, I'm a cop!

The Cop turns his gun onto Frank.

COP
BACK UP SIR.

Frank puts his hands up and backs away. He watches as the Cop secures handcuffs around Art's wrists.

ART
Serpico, if you don't handle this,
I'm going to.

FRANK
No, no- it's okay.

COP
Sir! Back away-

ART
Three. Two.

Frank grimaces.

FRANK
Fuck-

Frank closes the distance between himself and the Cop- putting him in a CHOKE HOLD. The Cop's GUN goes off. Frank takes him down- applies pressure on the Cop's neck.

The MOMENT the Cop goes limp, Frank releases him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

FUCK.

Wasting no time, Art rises from his knees, steps over his handcuffs so they're in front of him and keeps moving.

Frank stands, looking down at the unconscious cop.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck.

ART

Time to go.

GRrrrrroooooooooaaaaaannnnnn

The earth shakes. That gets Frank moving. Down the alley, across the street, the ground is CAVING IN. A depression forms, then pushes up, then falls out completely.

An ARM extends out of the rubble. BIGGIE, 50 feet tall, pulls himself out of the ground as if rising from a grave.

FRANK

Yeah. Coming!

The two men RUN as BIGGIE pulls himself from below. The Highlife Hotel sways as its integrity becomes completely compromised.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

Frank leads the handcuffed Art to his TRUCK. Robin watches from within with astonishment.

The two men pile in and Frank starts the engine, swerving out of his parking spot and doing a full on U turn going 40.

Behind them, Biggie is dragging himself up the street. His face can be seen now- he's got a SWORD-SIZED SHARD OF GLASS RAMMED into his eye.

He reaches for the truck, missing it.

Around him, COPS open fire.

In a final fit of anger, Biggie grabs at a parked car and LAUNCHES It into the air.

INT. MOVING TRUCK - SAME MOMENTS

ROBIN stares out the back window in HORROR as she watches the car fly through the air-

ROBIN
No, no, no!

The car comes DOWN DOWN DOWN.

CRASH!

It lands just short of the moving truck. They outpaced it.

FRANK
FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. Jesus. FUCK.

He swerves around the corner. They're clear.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

The truck SWERVES, gaining speed as it cruises through the city.

FRANK
That was NOT cool! None of that was okay. Oh fuck. PCPD is going to hang me in the streets.

ART
Get on the highway, get us away from this-

FRANK
I can drive, thanks!

INT. MOVING TRUCK - SAME MOMENTS

Art frowns, noticing the back seat. There's Robin.

ART
I thought you were leaving.

ROBIN
I tried! Did you get the name?

ART
Yeah, I got it. Hey buzzkill, uncuff me.

FRANK
Not happening, pal.

Art glowers at Frank for a moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh what- big tough guy? Dude.
You're my fucking prisoner! This is
how it's going to go-

ART

You're the man in charge now, huh?

FRANK

That's right, I'm in charge-

ART

Now that I saved your ass-

FRANK

Guy, first of all, you didn't save
me-

ROBIN

Can you guys stop?

FRANK

Second, you're fucking under
arrest, and if your Oscar the
Grouch ass don't do what I say,
when I say it-

ART

Oh, okay. Okay-

Art opens the glove compartment-

FRANK

Hey, hey, hey-

-Taking out a pair of SUNGLASSES, SNAPPING them, he shoves
the broken end into the keyhole.

ART

Big man in charge-

FRANK

Hey- hey! Stop!

The cuffs swing open. Hands suddenly free, Art grabs at the
passenger door- opening it.

Frank turns a corner into an alley- bringing the car to an
abrupt halt-

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Art is out of the car before it's in park. Frank and Robin are quick to join him. Frank draws his gun-

ROBIN
Stop it!

FRANK
Freeze! Freeze! Three- two-

Art stops, a few strides in front of Frank and Robin. He turns. He begins walking back TOWARDS Frank. Slowly.

ART
You wanna shoot me, police man? Do it. Go ahead and do it-

FRANK
Back off. Back off, dude-

ART
Come on then, son!

Robin pushes her way past Frank, sticking herself between the two.

ROBIN
Just stop-- stop it!

Frank falters-

FRANK
Move, Robin.

ROBIN
NO! You wanna get out of the red, Frank? This is how you do it. This is the guy! He's no different from you.

Frank and Art's eyes are locked- tense.

FRANK
She said... You think your daughter has something to do with the pipeline to Power.

ROBIN
Tell him the rest.

ART
I don't need to explain shit to no cop-

FRANK

Then you're going to jail!

The two men try to push past Robin but-

ROBIN

Wait wait wait! God damn!

The conversation is interrupted by a FLEET OF SIRENS - police cars go screaming down the street at the end of the alley. Everyone instinctively moves towards the shadows for cover.

FRANK

Fuck.

ROBIN

Look at you. You look like you're gonna pass out.

Art does not look good.

ART

I'll be fine.

ROBIN

You want to find your daughter? You're gonna need help now. You can't drive, you can't hardly see! This dude's in a jam. He wants Power off the streets, you want your daughter. If he tries anything on you, I'll make sure his punk ass goes to jail. Look in my eyes, am I lying?

Art looks in her eyes.

ART

And how do you know that he wouldn't put you down right after he puts me down? How do you know I wouldn't put you down?

Robin looks from Art to Frank, then back to Art.

ROBIN

Cause you're both good.

They stand in the alley. Frank lowers his gun.

EXT. PORTLAND SKYLINE - NIGHT

The city looms, sirens call out.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT - VARIOUS SETTINGS

DOZENS of Police Cruisers make a wall at the mouth of a bridge.

Metal barricades go up on major streets.

Street lights dutifully flipping from green to yellow to red flip to red and STAY there.

YOUNG CHILDREN in apartment buildings stare from their fifth floor homes down to the flood of red and blue lights below.

A fleet of cops on HORSEBACK patrol the streets. One of them shouts into a bullhorn.

COP

Please remain in your homes. If you have an emergency, dial 911.

CIVILIANS are ushered inside their buildings.

Over the image- the sounds of POLICE RADIO chatter mixes on all channels.

A COP stares at a monitor in his cruiser. It shows security stills of Robin from the grocery store and Art from the HighLife.

The cop does not notice Frank's trunk BARRELING down the road on the adjacent street.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

The truck races down back alleys. Turning a corner, Frank puts on the brakes.

FRANK

Shit.

Flashing lights are every where. Robin types away at her phone.

ROBIN

I got an address for Edward Garner.

She hands the phone to Art who blinks. There's a photo of The Man in the Blue Suit-- EDWARD GARNER.

ART

You know where that is?

ROBIN

Uptown.

FRANK

Yeah, well. Getting there is a little.. Complicated.

Frank reaches down to his radio and turns on the scanner. He listens to it for a moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This kind of response isn't normal.

He sighs, he flips off the police scanner and turns on his radio.

RADIO VOICE

-effective as of just a few minutes ago, the Governor has declared martial law on the city of Portland. He's expected to issue a statement at the top of the hour-

FRANK

FUCK.

ROBIN

You can get us through it right? You're a cop.

FRANK

Martial law is different. There's gonna be fucking tanks in downtown before the sun comes up. Even if the whole city wasn't looking for your friend, I don't have my shield-

ART

Why, you lose it?

Frank grimaces.

FRANK

I'm suspended.

Art looks back to Robin, unimpressed.

ART

This is the critical linchpin to your plan? He's not even a cop.

FRANK

Dude, you'd be in jail without me...

ART
And you'd be dead without her-

FRANK
I'm not the one who sparked martial
law here.

ROBIN
The tunnels.

ART
What tunnels?

FRANK
No, those are closed off.

ROBIN
It's like... Plywood and manholes.
I use em to bike home all the time.
How I get around without getting
jacked.

FRANK
...That could work.

He looks to Art.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You said you got this guys address,
right?

ART
We've got him.

FRANK
And he took your daughter?

ART
No, I don't know that, I told you.
I know he was at the hospital when
she was sick. I know he's the one
that knew to ask questions about my
time in the service. I know he had
a look in his eye.

FRANK
... So we're... Wait, we're doing a
firewalk over a guy who had a look
in his eye?

ART
I know a spook when I see one.

FRANK

"A spook?"

Art shoots daggers at Frank. Frank puts up his hands defensively.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Okay, you've been doing this longer than me.

Everyone starts to get out of the truck.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What a disaster.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

Frank, Art and Robin walk along a back alley. Robin seems to be following signs visible only to her.

ROBIN

This way.

FRANK

What are you even looking at?

ROBIN

I hope you don't have your heart set on making detective.

She keys in on a spray painted symbol on a wall. She leads them towards it.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

The trio stops. They've got a street to cross. It's closed down. At the intersection down the road, half a dozen police cruisers.

ART

This is the only way?

ROBIN

We gotta get to the park over there.

FRANK

Maybe we can go around, or-

Frank starts surveying the fire escapes above them.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Maybe, hang a rope there and-

ROBIN
Frank, you got a flashlight on your keys?

FRANK
Yeah, here.

He hands over his keys absent-mindedly as he focuses on his rope scheme. Robin drops off screen.

FRANK (CONT'D)
--maybe we... Swing? Or like...
Cliffhanger it, you know?

ART
Fire a round into those windows up there.

FRANK
What?

ART
Distractions. Shooting out the windows puts their attention to the sky then-

FRANK
We can't shoot into civilians homes.

ART
We need them to be looking up so-

FRANK
Not an option!

Art and Frank do not notice as FRANK'S TRUCK speeds out into the middle of the road at a diagonal, heading right towards the police barricades-

BANG! BANG!

Cops start shooting at the truck-

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey. My truck.

Robin appears, running towards them.

ROBIN
Let's go!

CRASH!

The Truck smashes into the police cruisers- but KEEPS going. It's rammed past them and is making its way up the bridge.

All cops are looking the other way.

Frank and Art follow as Robin leads, crossing the street in the chaos.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Robin leads them into a park, down a set of stairs before arriving at a MANHOLE. She reaches down and starts to yank at it.

Frank reaches down to help her.

He notices blood, dripping to the ground. He looks up. Art's bleeding. Frank says nothing as he lifts the manhole cover.

INT. SHANGHAI TUNNEL - NIGHT

SPLASH

Frank goes first, falling into the sewer-like tunnel. Robin lands in the slushy water next, followed finally by Art.

FRANK

They used to use these tunnels to shanghai people onto ships to work as crew.

ART

Fascinating.

FRANK

Fuck you.

Robin uses her phone flashlight to light the way. Art limps ahead of Frank and Robin. His gait is worsening by the step.

ROBIN

Maybe we should take a minute.

ART

I'm fine.

At the opposite end of the tunnel, he sees the silhouette of HIS DAUGHTER. He marches towards her.

ART (CONT'D)
I'm fine.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - NIGHT

A manhole cover sits quietly in its hole.

POP.

The covers slides off and is pushed to the side. Frank is the first one out, before helping up Robin and then Art. He sees how shook Art is looking. He's losing blood.

FRANK
Hey, let's make a little game plan here. One that doesn't involve killing a whole bunch of people.

ART
Okay. Go in there and show me how it's done.

Frank turns to the lobby. A beat, then he starts walking.

Robin's eyes shift to Art. He's bleeding pretty badly.

ROBIN
Does it hurt?

ART
No. I can't feel it.

From outside, Art and Robin watch Frank speak to a GUARD at the front desk. Unable to hear him, from his gesture's, he's got the charm on.

A moment, then the Guard starts to pick up the phone. Frank turns, uncomfortable- then--

GRABS the guard by the top of his head and slams his forehead into his desk.

ART (CONT'D)
Well I'da done the same damn thing.

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Art and Robin enter. Frank is behind the desk looking at the ledger of tenants.

FRANK
He's on the 32nd floor.

Robin pushes the elevator button. Up.

Art walks to the elevator. He's trailing blood.

ART
No. You're staying here.

ROBIN
What?

Art eyes Frank-- tracking the moment. He rolls with it.

ART
I need you to go outside. Look out
and look up. Okay?

ROBIN
"Look up?"

Art stares at her with an intensity- as if looking through her. He nods.

ART
You'll do the right thing.

With that, he steps into the elevator. Frank follows, a little befuddled.

FRANK
Yeah, like he said and uh... If any
cops or... Like... Bad guys show
up, ring us from the front desk,
okay? Or, no, text me!

ROBIN
"Bad guys?"

The doors close. Robin is alone now.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Frank and Art stand in the elevator. The numbers begin to rise. 1.2.3.4.5...

FRANK
I'm only doing this cause it might
help me out of a hole I'm in. But
if you're out here killing people,
that doesn't help me. You
understand what I'm saying?

ART
You're saying no killing.

21.22.23.24...

FRANK

That's what I'm saying. No matter what we find... If I think you're crossing a line, Robin or no Robin, I'm gonna have to put you down.

Art nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I need like a... Verbal agreement.

ART

Uh-huh.

Frank looks Art up and down.

FRANK

Hey.

Art raises his eyebrow.

FRANK (CONT'D)

... What's your power?

Art frowns. Keeps his eyes on the ground, clearly in pain.

ART

You really believe you're invincible.

29.30.31.32.

FRANK

What?

ART

You're not.

BONG.

The doors open.

Art leads the way. Frank eyes him suspiciously. *Was that a threat?* He reaches into his pocket. He palms a POWER PILL.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Robin sits on a brick wall in the front Garden of the building grounds. She looks up. She looks around. Nothing.

ROBIN

Daughter.... Daughter's eyes...
 Father... Father's lies...
 Daughter, father, lives for lives,
 ain't never nothing harder than
 breaking them ties-

Robin begins to align a rhyme in her head-

INT. GARNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

A shadow passes by the peep hole of a closed door.

WHAM.

The door gives to Frank's heel, catching to the security latch. Frank kicks at it more, breaking at the doors frame.

ART

Well, they're awake now.

Frank enters the dark apartment, gun raised. Swaying in his trench coat, Art enters, leaning his back against the door.

A light flips on.

EDWARD GARNER (40) otherwise known as the MAN IN THE BLUE SUIT, stands squinting on the other side of the room in his boxers. He holds a gun in his hand.

GARNER

What the fuck?

FRANK

GUN! HEY, FREEZE! PCPD!

Garner is pointing the gun at them- wide awake now.

GARNER

What the fuck are you doing in my house! AMY! Call the cops!

FRANK

Down on the ground- AMY, do NOT call the cops! Count of three- three- two-

BANGBANG!

Two shots rapid-fire. One hits the wall behind Frank, the other hits Garner's shoulder. He falls back- Frank crosses the room, kicking the gun away.

A scream from the other room.

GARNER'S WIFE comes into the living room in a robe.

WIFE

Eddie!

Frank aims his gun at her.

FRANK

MISS! Back up, back up!

CHILD (O.S.)

Mommy?

A BOY rounds the corner- about 9 years old. Garner's Wife, puts herself in front of the boy. A GIRL (6) is close behind.

FRANK

Okay- okay- miss, on the couch with the children, right now. Do it now!

She obeys, taking the children and sitting on the couch quickly. Frank grabs Garner and pulls him up to the chair.

GARNER

What do you people want?

FRANK

I uh... I feel like I really kicked this off. You wanna take over for a sec?

Frank turns back to Art. Art is silent. Hands folded in front of him. Staring at Garner with a quiet rage.

THEN.

ART

You know my face?

Garner looks to Art, ashen.

A flash of GARNER and ART in the conference room. The recognition is undeniable.

ART (CONT'D)

Yeah. You know me. I bet you even know my name. Baltimore. Right?

A beat. Garner nods, trying to play it off-

GARNER

We uh- we met in Baltimore. Right?
I was at a... Conference.

Slowly. Art walks into the living room. He takes a seat across from Garner, in the plush white chair. He reaches into his jacket-

FRANK

HEY-

Art nods to him. *It's ok.* He pulls out the security footage print of Garner he carries. Slides it across the coffee table.

ART

We met at the hospital. When my daughter was sick. You came to me. You said you were from a corporation that doesn't exist. You gave me a false name. And you asked about my time in Guatemala.

GARNER

I... I thought maybe there could have been a viral connection... Like... Zika or West Nile.

ART

Slim. Guatemala ain't on my service record. Don't nobody know I was there except for the people I was there with. Look in my eyes. The lives of your children depend on the truth. You take my daughter from me?

Garner swallows. An interminable silence.

GARNER

I flagged her to be pulled. Yes.

Frank's eyes widen. *Shit, this is happening.*

A momentary glimpse: Art and his Daughter are driving. Art looks up- SMASH!

SUDDENLY the car veers off the road- FLIP. FLIP. FLIP.

A flash of Art- suspended upside down. He turns. The passengers side of the car is empty. The door is opened.

Garner is sweating. Tears in his eyes. He's terrified.

GARNER (CONT'D)

I'm not who you want here. I'm just the... Face. I go- I make inquiries- look for the signs- if it seems like there's a real lead, I flag it. That's it.

FRANK

Look for the signs? For what? For who?

GARNER

Your friend was part of some black box experiments. They didn't work out. But now-- there's been instances where some of the children's had the genetic base that they tried to initially achieve.

FRANK

You're telling me the Government is pulling soldier's children because of some haywire experiment?

GARNER

It's not the government. I don't know who it is- a private company.

Art isn't interested in any of this. He's focused on Garner. Watching him. Silent.

FRANK

Well how does it become Power? How does it get on the street?

GARNER

It's not as simple as that! Power is something derived from that genetic base-- that's why the government can't reproduce is, they don't have all the ingredients.

FRANK

Then who-

ART

Where's my daughter? Tell me where my daughter is.

GARNER

Dead. She's- she's... She died. I'm sorry.

Silence.

ART
How?

GARNER
Look, I didn't-

ART
How!

GARNER
She died in the crash. They were going to run you off the road, make your death look like an accident, and then take her. People would just forget about it, not look too hard. But she died.

ART
That's the truth?

Garner swallows. Art rises. He leaves a DEEP BLOODY SPOT in the white chair. He's got tears in his eyes. He approaches Frank.

ART (CONT'D)
I'm gonna need you to step out.

Frank sees the look in Art's eye. Deadly. He begins to turn his gun and-

WHAM!

Gifted another round of adrenaline, Art takes Frank down in one motion, ramming his elbow into Frank's face.

Frank grapples with him- Art turns CRACK!

-Breaks Frank's wrist, letting him writhe on the floor.

Art stands, gun in hand. He turns back to Garner.

Frank reaches into his pocket with his good wrist. He pulls out a PILL. He swallows it.

His eyes become black saucers.

Art turns the gun towards the FLOOR-TO-CEILING window overlooking the city. He shoots it. It cracks, but doesn't shatter.

He has tears streaming down his face.

ART (CONT'D)

You've got three people in here you love. That's three answers I need from you.

FRANK

No!

Frank is UP! He jumps on Art's back- the gun goes off **BLAM!**
BLAM!

Art twists, bleeding- he turns his entire torso, freeing himself entirely from Frank and sending him flying towards the shattering window.

Frank lands on the floor, inches short of the edge. As he tries to rise-

Art RUSHES him

FRANK (CONT'D)

No, no-

WHAM!

Art KICKS FRANK, sending him flying THROUGH and OUT the window.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - SAME MOMENTS

Robin is standing, emceeing to herself.

ROBIN

...But believe me I see it I can't deny, it's the years of struggle got me weaponized, but today I'll take a minute say a prayer for the victims, me I'm here to bear witness from the start to the finish-

WHAM!

GLASS and SOMETHING LARGE lands on the other side of the outer courtyard. Robin JUMPS at the sight and sound.

She looks up. Then quickly crosses to find

FRANK. Bloody, limp, but miraculously, conscious.

Robin kneels down. Frank speaks through gritted teeth- as if his jaw is wired shut by the pain.

FRANK

Don't touch me--don't touch me,
ohhhhhhgooooooooood. Holyhell.

ROBIN

Can you move?

FRANK

NOPE.

Robin looks up to the top of the building. LONG way down.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He's aboutto killthem. Kids.
Takinga wrongturn.

ROBIN

Get up, Frank!

FRANK

Can't. Yougotta doit, kid.

ROBIN

How?

Frank opens his palm.

A single pill sits caked in Frank's blood. He's grinning.

FRANK

Whatsyourpower?

Robin stares at the pill.

In the distance-- SIRENS, rapidly getting closer.

INT. GARNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Gripping his gun, Art looks at the little boy. Garner, his wife and children shiver in terror.

GARNER

Don't. Don't. Please.

ART

Come here or I'll shoot your mother
in the face.

Crying, the little boy walks towards Art. Art grabs him.
Garner rises in protest.

BANG.

Art fires into the floor. Garner sits. Art leads the boy towards the window.

GARNER

Please-

WIFE

Edward! Stop him!

GARNER

Sir! Sir! Look, I've got money!
What do you want,
just tell me what you want!

ART

Where's my daughter?

GARNER

I TOLD YOU! SHE DIED! She died when
they took her!

ART

Tell the truth. Tell me the truth.
Look right in my eyes and speak it
to me.

Garner has tears streaking down his face.

GARNER

I'm sorry. I can't change it.

A long beat. Art nods.

ART

Then I can't change this.

Art pushes the LITTLE BOY right out the window.

Even Art seems surprised at what he's done. Blinking away tears, he takes a deep breath, steels himself. Turns his attention to the little girl.

WIFE

NO. NO. Please, sir. Please! Look
at me. Look, I'm - I don't know
what my husband did to you, but I'm
begging you. I'm BEGGING you.
Please don't hurt my little girl.

Art looks at Garner's Wife. Then to Garner.

ART

If you had given me the chance I would have begged you the same way your wife is begging me right now. What would you have said to me?

GARNER

I'm so sorry.

ART

Come here.

Garner's Wife rises obediently.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy?

WIFE

It's okay sweetie. It's okay.

Art holds the gun to Garner's Wife and guides her towards the window.

WIFE (CONT'D)

Close your eyes, baby.

ART

If it's a private operation, what's their end goal? Hm?

GARNER

I don't- I don't know that! I'm just-

ART

You're JUST THE GUY WHO TELLS THEM WHOSE KIDS TO TAKE. RIGHT? RIGHT? So where do they go. Where the kids go. Are their others.

GARNER

There are others.

ART

How many? HOW MANY?

GARNER

I don't know! A couple! Most of the guys who went through your program died there!

ART

Where are the other kids?

GARNER

I don't know. I DON'T KNOW!

He pushes the Wife over the edge. Her scream bleeds into nothingness. Art turns his attention back to the little girl.

Garner screams in the torture.

ART

Come here, sweetie.

The little girl is red faced with tears, terrified.

GARNER

PLEASE. PLEEEEEEASE listen to me. I get documents delivered. They tell me where to go and what to look for. There's nothing digital. No calls. They know about the experiments you went through and what they were trying to achieve.

ART

When you flagged my daughter, who did you call? How do you make contact?

GARNER

I send a card in the mail to a post office box! That's it. That's all!

ART

What is it. ANSWER ME YOU FUCK!

GARNER

Box 7154 in Terlingua, Texas! That's it! That's all I know. That's all there is, I swear!

ART

You've been very helpful.

He lifts the little girl up and tosses her out the window-

GARNER

NO!

OUT we go.

Falling. Falling. All. The. Way. Down.

WHUMP!

The Little Girl makes a head-on collision with SOMETHING in the sky.

She SPINS in mid-air for a moment-

NO LONGER FALLING.

Robin holds her as they spin in mid-air together. Clutching her, Robin looks at the little girls face.

ROBIN

It's okay, it's okay! I've got you!

They are FLOATING DOWN TO THE GROUND.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

You're okay.

Robin FLIES down to where GARNER'S WIFE and BROTHER are waiting, all sobbing. The Mother clutches onto her children, sobbing with relief.

Robin looks back up to the skyscraper, then back down to Frank, still lying on the ground.

FRANK

"Robin." That's prettyfuckingfunny.

Robin lifts off, slowly floating upwards. She looks down at Frank as he gets smaller and smaller and smaller...

INT. GARNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Art looks awful. Covered in blood. Barely able to stand. He raises the gun to Garner's head.

ROBIN

NO!

Surprised- Art looks out the window. Robin is floating, mid-air. She's got tears in her eyes.

ROBIN (CONT'D)

Don't do this. Please. It's over.
It's over.

BANG.

Silence now. He drops the gun. He straightens his jacket. He limps, trailing blood, towards the window. He focuses on a FAMILY PHOTO mounted to the wall.

Robin floats in the air. She looks down.

Below her, 32 stories down are flashing red and blue lights. Cops are pouring into the building. They are surrounded.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A SWAT TEAM runs up the stairs.

INT. GARNER APARTMENT - NIGHT

Art steps towards the ledge. He reaches into his jacket and pulls out a small key. He offers it to her.

ART

This is for you. Train station.
Locker 101. This is your key to get
yourself outta here.

ROBIN

Don't do this- don't- look, they're
saved. *I saved them-*

ART

Box 7154. Terlingua, Texas. You
tell Frank that. You don't tell no
one else. Okay? You hear me?

ROBIN

What-

ART

7154 Terlingua Texas.

He takes another step towards the ledge, toes over the edge.

ROBIN

Stop! You were right! You're right,
we're the same! Please back up!

ART

No we're not. We're not the same.

They make eye contact.

ART (CONT'D)

I'm tired, Robin. I'm real tired.

He tosses the key UP in the air. Robin reaches- CATCHES IT!

Art is no longer on the ledge.

ROBIN

NO!

Robin sends herself into a SPIRALING DIVE- DOWN DOWN DOWN as

ART flails in the sky, his bloody coat billowing- It's SO FAST LIKEONETWO--

She GRABS onto the back of his COAT- the red and blue LIGHT of the police cruisers spiking her vision-

Robin PULLS UP- with two stories to spare- yanking Art up-

RRRRRIP!

His jacket tears-

She loses him on her pull up- vaulting up into the sky with his jacket in hand as Art

SLAMS to the ground- his legs loudly SNAPPING.

Guns drawn- the police are all around him.

ART- barely conscious- lies on the ground as a SWAT team storms him. He's covered in blood- trying to keep his eyes open. The SWAT team crowds over him, screaming in his face.

They drop out of focus as he looks past them- at the girl flying in the sky, getting smaller as she ascends- higher and higher.

Until she's just a speck in the night.

EXT. PORTLAND SKYLINE - NIGHT

Before the entire city- Robin floats in the moonlit night. She's hundreds of feet above the tallest building.

Tears in her eyes, she looks around.

Flashing red and blue lights seem to occupy all corners of the city. Down below is a particularly vibrant light show.

Alone in the wind, Robin just screams into the night.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - NIGHT

Frank is lifted up into a gurney. An EMT tries to stick a needle in his arm. It BENDS backwards.

FRANK

Gonna be a minute.

He looks to the SWAT team that is securing ART.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey- is he alive? Is he okay? HEY!
What, is your Power that you're
deaf? Answer me!

Frank is lifted into the back of the ambulance. The doors are closed on him.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOFTOP - DAWN

The sun rises about the lip of the horizon, light spills out over the city.

Robin sits on the rooftop, headphones blaring. She just stares into the sun.

She's got Art's KEY in her hand.

Her phone LIGHTS UP. It's a call from **MOM**. She silences it, but stands to leave.

COPS round the corner, reaching the roof as they sweep the building.

The roof is clear.

EXT. PORTLAND STREETS - DAWN

Robin walks along the streets, careful to avoid the crime scene. She sees Garner's WIFE AND CHILDREN by one of the emergency response vehicles. She doesn't stop walking.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

A shocking evening turned into a horrific dawn as Arthur Jackson, a former Army Captain who served in the Gulf War raged an assault on all of Portland, triggering the cities first ever Martial Law. His motivations are currently being investigated by PCPD and the FBI.

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

COPS AND FEDS surround Frank's hospital bed. He's tubed up and looks like shit, but alive. Captain Crane stands close.

FRANK

I was working on a special assignment the whole time.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

My source was a low-level street dealer who was able to help me navigate to Mr. Jackson.

FED

And Captain Craine, you authorized this assignment?

CAPTAIN CRAINE

I did. Officer Shaver was making connections with the street level dealers so we could make a move when the time was right.

FED

And you took Power.

Frank hesitates.

FRANK

To my shame, I did. It um... It was something I had to do to survive out there. But I'm ready to take responsibility for my actions.

FED

What was Arthur Jackson after?

FRANK

He was uh... He was looking for the manufacturing source of Power. He his daughter, who went missing under suspicious circumstances, was connected.

FED

Was she?

Captain Craine gets the answer out before Frank can.

CAPTAIN CRAINE

The investigation is ongoing.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

Trains shoot down rails.

INT. TRAIN STATION - MORNING

A locker opens. An old bag. Robin opens it and looks in.

Stacks of cash. It's hundreds of thousands of dollars.

INT. REILLY APARTMENT - ROBIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Robin FLOPS onto the bed. Her alarm switches to 7, starts blaring music. She yanks the clock out of the wall.

Her eyes go to the photo of her as a little girl with her father. She kisses her finger tips and touches the photo.

IRENE (O.S.)
WHERE WERE YOU?

Robin looks up. Irene is standing in the doorway.

IRENE (CONT'D)
I've been worried SICK! There's Martial Law in these damn streets and you're out all night- can't even pick up the phone or send a text message to tell me you're okay! The hell is wrong with you?

She storms in.

IRENE (CONT'D)
Gonna give me an answer? Don't you think I deserve that after what I just went through? Girl, ANSWER ME!

Robin unzips the duffle bag and dumps out a hundred thousand dollars in cash and three cans of tomato soup.

ROBIN
(just dead tired)
I've been working as a low level drug dealer since Dad died to help pay the bills. Last night a man kidnapped me and forced me to show him around town so he could murder high-level dealers, but he was really looking for his daughter, who kidnapped and probably where power comes from. It turns out she's dead, so he killed the guy who took her. I saved a couple people and helped my friend Frank get out of trouble. I don't think this school is working out for me right now. I'm gonna take a chunk of this money and record an album. The rest we'll put away and live off while I get steadier work. I know it's hard to hear... I'm sorry I've been lying. You just left me with a lot to deal with.

Robin walks to her mother and hugs her.

ROBIN (CONT'D)
I got you your soup.

Robin goes to the living room, passing a shocked Irene.

Flopping on the couch, Robin turns on the tv. *It shows helicopter shots of Biggie, naked and arrested, caved in streets all around him.*

Irene looks from the television, back to the cash, then to her daughter. She's already asleep.

INT. PRISON - DAY

Robin sits on one side of scratched up glass. It's the visitors booth. She watches as FRANK, now in an orange jump suit, walks towards their table and sits.

They look at each other, small smiles. *They've been through some shit.* They pick up their phones at the same time.

FRANK
You still a drug dealer?

ROBIN
No. You still a cop?

FRANK
Definitely not.

ROBIN
Doing okay?

FRANK
In this minimum security resort? My cell mate's in for tax evasion. Six years pleaded to six months. Hard to be mad. And chicks dig prison.

ROBIN
You're so gross, dude.

FRANK
Gimmie a break.

Frank shifts.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You uh... You hear anything about our friend?

Robin's eyes shift to a set of Guards. *Suspicious.*

ROBIN
The news said he was dead.

FRANK
What do you think?

A beat. Robin shakes her head. Unwilling to say more here.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Yeah. Another time. I got it.

Robin nods. Switching gears--

ROBIN
Hey, I got this.

She produces a CD in a paper sleeve.

FRANK
What's that?

ROBIN
It's the album.

FRANK
It any good?

ROBIN
Track three is playing on Portland
Hip-Hop twice a day every day.

FRANK
No shit... Look at you go... You
know, they don't exactly let me
have a CD player in here. You're
gonna have to sing it to me.

ROBIN
"Sing it" to you?

FRANK
DJ, Spit that shit! Come on, girl,
slay me. Come on! Come onnnnnnnn.

A thin smile crosses her lips. She opens her mouth to speak--

HARD CUT TO BLACK as CREDIT'S CLOSE OVER ROBIN'S SONG.