SENSE8

Episode One

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FADE IN:

INT. BURNED OUT APARTMENT

She lies unmoving, with the heaviness of a corpse: the slender curve of her limbs glow like pools of moonlight caught in the smoke-stained rings of the burnt mattress.

Like an abscess, the room aches of rot, and yet: her eyes, open as windows to some unseen bliss, impossibly beautiful eyes that might belong to an angel, staring without judgment, without regret or pathos or loss until--

She blinks.

Suddenly we become aware of the broken sink and the drip of the faucet, barely audible at first, but quickly growing louder and louder until it sounds like a hammer on an anvil.

A tinnitus swells in her ear, at first soft like an approaching mosquito that becomes the piercing scream on an ambulance.

A rotten burrito is swarmed with flies.

She looks out at a small hole in the floor, poorly covered by wooden floorboards, and something darkens behind her eyes. She knows she must move.

Her arm slides across the rough polyester of the mattress and it feels like a belt sander. Sweat soaks through her simple t-shirt.

Nerves pulse with the tension of a toaster suspended about a bathtub; the slightest movement threatening her life.

She drags herself up and begins to crawl, fingernails scraping across the wood floor as she pulls herself forward, inch by agonizing inch as--

The migraine bores through her temple as her shaking fingers pry open the loose boards in the floor and reach into the safety of her secret--

Folds of foil wrappers glitter in the darkness. She picks through them, each one as empty as the last, each dropped beside another metal object; a loaded .38.

Her supply gone, her needles empty, she feels her mind beginning to tear itself apart as if it were suddenly ejected into the vacuum of space, every molecule trying to escape in a different direction.

ANGEL
...Please help me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONAS
I'm here.

Suddenly a dark silhouette is in the room, sitting beside her.

ANGEL
Jonas...

JONAS
Yes, my love. I'm here.

ANGEL
It hurts...

JONAS
I know.

ANGEL
..need medicine.

JONAS
I'm sorry, my love. There's no more time. It has to be now.

ANGEL
Not ready... too weak.

JONAS
None of us were ever as strong as you.

Her eyes burn with tears.

ANGEL
I miss us. I miss you.

JONAS
Ohhh mon coeur s'ouvre a at voix.

She smiles and her smile brightens the room.

ANGEL
(French)
Your first words in French to me.

JONAS
I meant them then. I mean them now.

ANGEL
How scared you were.

CONTINUED:

JONAS
I'm from Harlem. People from my hood don't suddenly start speaking French. Not to mention, I was kissing a woman I'd never met.

ANGEL
French kissing.

He smiles.

JONAS
French kissing.

Her kisses her.

JONAS
You will always be *mon coeur*.

A surge of pain knifes through her.

ANGEL
Ohhhh, Jonas. Help me.

JONAS
You can do this.

She groans.

JONAS
It's the size of the cluster. Follow the umbilicus.

She closes her eyes.

ANGEL
What if he's here? Waiting. I don't want anyone else to die because of me.

JONAS
They'll be hunted, born or unborn. You can give them a fighting chance.

She nods as her breath comes violent and ragged as a sawblade. She takes his hand and starts to scream.

When she opens her eyes she sees--

The medicine chest mirror flash open, her reflection disappearing while--

CONTINUED:

A handsome Chicago cop, **WILL**, flips the medicine cabinet closed, holding a bottle of sleeping pills he looks up to find the Angel's face reflected in the mirror--

ANGEL
I... see them...

The camera keeps moving as we see in a series of panning and tracking moves, each character connected by a subjective POV to another view of a different character but all the same age--

RILEY dances at an illegal warehouse party in London feeling connected to everyone and everything until the Angel's eyes find her--

CAPHEUS, a matatu driver in Nairobi swerves off the road when he sees her--

High above the glittering spires of Seoul, **SUN**, her body as lithe and effortless as the branches of a willow tree, practicing her morning martial art, calmly understanding that she is suddenly not alone--

As **LITO**, a living Bernini sculpture, dips a bloody hand into the holy water of a small church outside Mexico, and begins walking down the aisle, a gun dangling from his other hand when the Angel appears--

While **KALA**, a beautiful Indian woman, watches a romantic Bollywood film in the darkness of her bedroom, her younger sister sound asleep, the Angel barely visible in the warm electric glow as--

WOLFGANG, dressed in black, picks the lock of an expensive flat, then opens the door to find the Angel while--

NOMI injects herself with female hormones in the bathroom, startled when she looks into the mirror to find the face of the Angel staring back at her.

JONAS
You did it...

ANGEL
Protect them.

There is a huge crash outside the Angel's apartment. Jonas goes to the window. Outside the building there are several gray vans.

JONAS
They're here.

CONTINUED:

ANGEL
So is he...

We pan to find another figure now standing in the room, **MR. WHISPERS**.

He kneels beside her. His voice is like the rasp of a page of the Bible being turned.

JONAS
Does he know?

She shake her head.

MR. WHISPERS
Then it's true. I've never seen a birthing.

She tightens as he inspects her.

MR. WHISPERS
It was painful. I can feel it.

JONAS
Fight him.

ANGEL
I can't...

He notices the hole with the needles and foil wrappers.

MR. WHISPERS
Ahhh, that's how you were hiding from me.

She turns away from him to Jonas.

ANGEL
Go...

JONAS
I won't leave you--

MR. WHISPERS
Is that Jonas?

ANGEL
Please...

JONAS
Mon couer--

CONTINUED:

MR. WHISPERS
Tell him I'm looking forward to meeting him.

JONAS
Don't listen to him.

She begins to cry. There are boots on the stairs, rising towards us.

JONAS
I love you...

ANGEL
I... love you--

MR. WHISPERS
Does he know you're lying?

ANGEL
Stop--

MR. WHISPERS
Or is it still our little secret--

JONAS
Angelica--

ANGEL
I can't do it, not if you're here.

Jonas nods, knowing he will never see her again.

JONAS
Adieu, mon couer.

He kisses her hand, tears wet her cheeks and he is gone.

MR. WHISPERS
Does he know you betrayed him?

She reaches into the hole and pulls out the gun.

MR. WHISPERS
Come now my child, how many times have you made that threat?

Tears stream down her face as she cradles the gun.

MR. WHISPERS
We both know you won't do it. You can't. You're one of us. One of the Good guys and we still have work to do. Put the gun down.

CONTINUED:

She stares at him. A resolve growing in her eyes. The boots are outside the door.

MR. WHISPERS
You're coming home with me.

She shakes her head.

ANGEL
No.

The door bursts open--

Mr Whispers rushes in, leading a group of paramilitary soldiers--

He is no longer where he was beside her. She puts the gun in her mouth staring hard at him--

MR. WHISPERS
Stop her!

She pulls the trigger.

SENSE8 TITLE SEQUENCE

CHICAGO

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A ten year old boy is running through the woods. There is a feeling of panic in him but he is not running away from something--

He is running toward it.

Stopping he looks around wildly until he sees her: a small **BLOND GIRL**, her pale dress glowing in moonlight.

BLOND GIRL
Will...

He rushes toward her but as he runs she disappears. He plunges after her until she appears again.

BLOND GIRL
Help me...

Again she vanishes.

The boy tears through the woods until arriving at an abandoned hospital. He catches a glimpse of her in one of the windows and he rushes into a rotted hole in the facade.

INT. ABANDONED HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The halls are cankered by age; the walls cracked and seeping with mold, the ceiling slowly surrendering to gravity.

Another flash of the girl, whispering his name, drawing him deeper into the facility.

He hears other footsteps and voices and hides in one of the rooms.

Inside he sees a large crack in the wall that is bright with light.

He moves toward it, the presence of the girl growing acute. He leans to the crack and peeks inside.

It is a lab of sorts, clean and well-appointed. He sees the girl staring at him: she is locked inside a cage.

BLOND GIRL
Help me.

We pan back to Will and now he is an adult, staring through the crack, his heart in his throat.

We pan to the girl who is now the Angel inside her apartment.

ANGEL
Help me...

She puts the gun in her mouth.

WILL
No!

And pulls the trigger.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

WILL wakes from the sound of the gun shot.

His body is slick with sweat. Sensations flood in: the dampness of the sheet sticking to his limbs, the open window and the sweet fetid air from of the alley lined by dumpsters cooked by the summer sun, the pulsing techno drum of a party going on in the next apartment.

A migraine inserts itself. It bores deeper with every thump of the base until he feels it is going to burst.

He goes to the bathroom. The light clicks on, searing, painfully bright. The tap is sweating. The coolness of the metal feels good. He cups water and presses it to his face.

CONTINUED:

He takes a handful of Advil.

The dance beat continues to throb. It's really loud. Too loud.

Back in his bedroom, he is frustrated, struggling as he pulls on a pair of pants. He grabs his police badge from on top of his dresser.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

The sound of the music fills the wooden floored hall. He finds the door where the party is. He knocks politely.

No one answers. He knocks louder.

WILL
Hello? Hello? I'm a neighbor...

Now he knocks like a cop.

WILL
Hey in there! This is the police!
Open the door!

He tries the handle. It clicks and opens. Will steps inside and--

INT. HALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

The the room is completely empty. The music rings off into silence.

He is alone with his throbbing migraine.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

An old man peers at at Will through a cracked door.

WILL
I'm sorry, did you hear music--

The crack shuts.

LONDON

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A tall cab black as a hearse leaves a ghost trail of glittering rain, its wheels whispering secrets.

RILEY: a girl so beautiful she feels more like a work of imagination then a human being. She sits with her hand outside the window feeling the stinging droplets.

CONTINUED:

She is listening to music, throbbing dance music, the same beat Will heard, her earbuds forming an impenetrable auditory bubble.

Her boyfriend **JACKS** is conversing feverishly with three friends crammed into the cab.

He snatches her ear plug letting in a rush of noise.

RILEY
Please, I told you I've got a headache--

JACKS
I know but you gotta hear this. Nocker was up Norf at his sist'as--

NOCKER
My sis was cheggers--

JACKS
Big as a lorry--

NOCKER
I'm watchin' the footy, Westham gettin nobbed by Newcastle when my nieces--

JACKS
They're young, six and eight--

NOCKER
Little birds come downstairs, climb onto the couch, totally mum and cuddle up in me arms. We're close an all but they've never done nofink like that 'fore in their lives. We din't know it yet, but right then, my sister was at the grocery store and had started bleeding, somefink gone higgly with the placenta tearing or somefink, blood everywhere, they had to call an ambulance--

JACKS
Her daughters knew, somehow they knew she was in trouble--

NOCKER
I rocked them, in me arms. Never done nufink like that neither and no one said nufink.

CONTINUED:

RILEY
Your sister?

NOCKER
Fine. Full of beans. Tyke's a cracker. Like his dad.

JACKS
See, there's all this shit going on even though we don't know what's going on--

VEEJAY
Limbic resonance. It is a language older than our species.

NOCKER
Veej'll cob on all night. All I know is what I felt with those two bitty petals in my arms was what I feel every time I smoke this shit.

VEEJAY
DMT is triggered in the brain in moments of limbic resonance. It is a simple molecule present in all living things. Scientists talk about it being part of an eco-biological synaptic network. When people take it, they see their birth, their death, worlds beyond this one. I have watched people talk to God, to aliens, to past and future lives. They speak of truth, connection and transcendence.

JACKS
Meanin' this shit's going to blow our fuckin' brains out.

MEXICO

INT. CHURCH - MORNING

Bloody and battered, LITO lifts his gun with the focus of a killer, aiming it at a head as we pull back revealing an older Priest, praying in the wooden pew.

PADRE
My son...

He rises as Lito trains the gun on his head. Suddenly a beautiful nun comes rushing into the church.

CONTINUED:

NUN
No Tino, don't do this! I beg of you! I love you!

LITO
It's too late.

PADRE
Have you come to confess your sins, my son?

LITO
No, Padre...I've come to blow your fuckin brains out.

PADRE
What-- I'm sorry, are we going off script?

From offscreen we hear-

DIRECTOR
Cut!

We cut for the first time in the scene to reveal the telenovela crew. The director rushes at Lito.

DIRECTOR
Lito, what is going on with you? Yesterday you are having visions of suicidal angels and today you can't remember your lines?

LITO
I'm sorry, really sorry.

The director puts his arm around him.

DIRECTOR
Come on, Litoissimo, level with me. Are you straight? I mean, off the drugs?

LITO
Totally clean, I swear it.

The director nods.

DIRECTOR
Okay. Why don't you take five and we'll set up for the close-up. I need the line in the close up.

INT. TRAILER

Lito paces in his small trailer reading his script. Clearly he is unable to concentrate.

An erection is throbbing in his tight pants. He squeezes it then talks to it.

LITO
Fuck. What are you doing to me?
I'm going crazy...

He reaches into a drawer and pulls out a tube of lube. Sitting down, he pulls his member from his pants, then dials his cell phone.

Someone answers.

LITO
I need you. Bad.

SAN FRANCISCO

INT. NOMI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Californian sunshine streams through the milky industrial windows of the warehouse loft as two figures move with the gentle rhythm of a sea lapping against the shore.

NOMI and her partner AMANITA lie in a tangle of tattooed limbs, dreds and stuffed animals.

They kiss as their bodies grind with increasing urgency. An orgasm begins building in Nomi, Amanita feeling that tipping point until--

NOMI
FUUUUUuuuuuuuck!

Amanita kisses her, the heat of their bodies pooling in their sheets like hot wax.

Reaching below, Amanita unbuckles something. A strap-on with a rainbow colored dildo falls out from the sheets.

Nomi is almost unable to move.

AMANITA
Is that what honey needed?

NOMI
I can't answer that question because you literally just fucked my brains out.

CONTINUED:

Amanita smiles.

NOMI
I'm going to have to live as a post-coital vegetable for the rest of my life.

AMANITA
Lucky for me, I'm a vegetarian.

She bites her neck and Nomi smiles just as someone knocks on their door.

AMANITA
Oh shit. That's got to be them.

NOMI
I don't care who it is...kill them and come back to bed.

Amanita tears herself away, going to the door but just as she opens it--

MUMBAI

INT. PHARMACEUTICAL MANUFACTURER - NIGHT

KALA opens the door of the locker room. She looks around. No one is there.

PADMA
Who is it?

KALA
No one. But I swear I heard someone knocking.

RAGINI
It's the spirit of Basabi--

PADMA
She doesn't want you marrying her little Prince--

DEVI
Too late Basabi!

PADMA
Our girl's moving on up!

They all start singing an Indian love song.

DEVI
Into that big house--

CONTINUED:

PADMA
No more nasty white smocks--

DEVI
Silk saris and servants and--

RAGINI
Kala? You're not going to forget us, are you?

She stares at them hiding a secret she can never share.

KALA
No, never.

INT. GANESHA'S TEMPLE - NIGHT

The beloved, elephant-headed Remover of Obstacles is surrounded by flowers and burning incense.

Kala slowly approaches the deity bearing her offering of home-made sweets.

KALA
My Lord Ganesha. I hope you like this gulgula. I made it especially for you. I put peanuts on top.

She sets the tray at the base of the statue.

KALA
I also promise to pledge my weight in bananas for the poor outside. Of course these gifts come without any attachments or obligations. I want to be a good person. I know I am not important enough to deserve your attention when there are so many terrible things wrong in the world. I can't tell you how bad I feel even being here because I know I shouldn't be asking you this; but I have no one else to turn to.

She takes a quick peek making sure no one is listening beside Ganesha.

KALA
This weekend I am to marry a very important man who you probably know, Rajeev Ragul. He is the son of the owner of the pharmaceutical company where I work.
(more)

CONTINUED:

KALA (Cont'd)
He is very smart and very handsome and all the women at the company want desperately to marry him but he never took an interest in anyone...until me.

She takes a deep breath.

KALA
I have never seen my parents so full of joy as when they received his proposal. Maybe you saw my dad dancing around the house. How could I possibly disappoint them. I mean, he is rich and there is absolutely no reason for me to not want to marry him except for one simple fact...

She has not yet said it aloud.

KALA
I do not love him.

The elephant gazes with kind eyes upon her.

KALA
So, you see, I am asking for your help. Please. Perhaps you can make me fall in love with him. Or if that is too much, maybe a small miracle, like a monsoon to stop this wedding from happening. Your humble servant, Kala.

She bows, then walks to the scale where she is weighed amidst the glow of candles and the swirling clouds of incense.

SEOUL

INT. SUN'S OFFICE - DAY

Sun is behind her desk working at her computer.

The overwhelming scent of incense is making it hard for her to breathe.

She opens her door, addressing her assistant.

SUN
Are you burning incense?

CONTINUED:

ASSISTANT
No, Ms Bak. I have a terrible allergy to incense.

SUN
Is it bothering your allergy?

ASSISTANT
Is what?

SUN
The incense.

ASSISTANT
I don't smell anything.

SUN
How is that possible--

The phone rings and the assistant answers.

ASSISTANT
Ms. Bak's office. Yes. Yes, I'll let her know.

She hangs up.

ASSISTANT
That was your brother's assistant. She said he still wasn't here and Mr. Han-do had just arrived.

SUN
I'll meet him in the conference room.

INT. BAK INDUSTRIES - DAY

SUN bows several times as she presents YUEN TAN-WU, the CEO of a large Chinese developer with several gifts.

SUN
(Chinese)
<Welcome, Mr Tan-Wu.>

The older man accepts them coldly.

SUN
You do us a great service with your presence this morning.

YUEN TAN-WU
Who are you?

CONTINUED:

She reaches to the desk and presents her card.

SUN
I am Sun Bak, Vice President and Chief Financial Officer.

YUEN TAN-WU
Ahhh, the sister.

She bows.

YUEN TAN-WU
Where's your brother?

SUN
He was... unavoidably detained. But I am aware of all current negotiation and will be happy to walk you through our proposal.

Yuen stares at her.

YUEN TAN-WU
You're a pretty girl but you could use some surgery.

The comment is so causal it feels like a slap.

YUEN TAN-WU
Your nose is too big and tits are too small.

She is about to hit him but instead she breathes.

YUEN TAN-WU
Look, I'm an old fashioned man. I do not believe in this new Korea. I do not believe women, especially Korean women belong on a battlefield or at a business table. I'm here to close. Women don't close things. They open them. If your brother isn't that means your company isn't ready to work with us.

He says goodbye but as he does, Sun hears the strange bray of an animal.

A variety of animal barks and pig-like snorts continues until the door bursts open and JOONG-KI flurries into the room, texting even as he talks.

CONTINUED:

JOONG-KI
Tan-Wu you sly old fox. Did I see you at Min-Ji's? Everyone has been after that girl. She turned me down three times. Even if you say no to this deal, I'm going to beg you for your secrets.

Joong-Ki scoops him into his arms as the older man grins like the cat having gobbled the canary.

YUEN TAN-WU
Seasoning is not a secret, my boy.

Joong-Ki laughs.

JOONG-KI
Espresso? I got some gorgeous beans from Italy. Sun grab us a couple coffees. Thanks sis.

Sun bows her head.

INT. BAK INDUSTRIES - OFFICE

Sun returns with espressos. The two men are enjoying themselves. She serves each of them, then looks for a place to sit down.

As she starts to sit.

JOONG-KI
We're good here, sis.

Sun eyes them both then bows and takes her leave.

INT. BAK INDUSTRIES - HALL

She walks through the slick modern office. Everyone is busy on their mobile or their computer but as she walks the soundscape undulates until she hears the sounds of a Nairobi slum.

Her elegant heel suddenly steps forward off a plank of wood and sinks into the fetid mud.

She shrieks. Several people look up from their devices staring at her.

Trying to ignore them, she hurries to her father's office. The assistant stops her.

ASSISTANT
Can I help you, Ms. Bak?

CONTINUED:

SUN
I need to talk to my father.

ASSISTANT
I'm sorry but he's out of the office this morning--

The last word distorts into the cry of a rooster as--

INT. APARTMENT - NAIROBI - DAY

Capheus stares intensely at a rooster inspecting the home of his GODMOTHER, a follower of the Maasai religion, who sits cross-legged on a rug watching him.

CAPHEUS
...Now it just sounds like a normal rooster.

GODMOTHER
And so it is...

The rooster finally flutters out the door.

CAPHEUS
Godmother, am I losing my mind?

GODMOTHER (V.O.)
The things you have been hearing and seeing, Capheaus, these are visions. Not dreams. It means you have been touched by the hand of God. Ngai sends each of us a guardian spirit to ward off danger and carry us away when we die. If we have lived justly, the spirit takes us to a place with many cattle and beautiful pastures. If we brought evil into the world, the spirit carries us to a desert, with no water and no cattle.

She touches his face.

GODMOTHER
It is very rare for Ngai to let someone see his guardian spirit. It means you have been chosen for great things.

CAPHEUS
I drive a bus, godmother.

CONTINUED:

GODMOTHER
That is what you do, it is not who you are.

CAPHEUS
Tell that to the rest of the world.

GODMOTHER
The rest of the world is not here, Capheus. There is only you, and me, and your guardian spirit.
(beat)
Tell me, again how she appeared to you.

CAPHEUS
It was the middle of the night. Olapa was full and bright.

INT. SHANTY - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The moon silvers the room giving it a quality of a nitrate photograph.

Capheus wipes the brow of his withered mother. She is wasted, covered in the sores of AIDS.

CAPHEUS (V.O.)
I was trying to cool Mother down.

He dips the rag in a bucket and when he looks up he sees the Angel looking at him; a faint smile as soft and fragile as a butterfly wing on her lips.

INT. APARTMENT - NAIROBI - DAY

Godmother has the same kind of smile.

CAPHEUS
She was sitting on the floor...and she was...blonde.
(beat)
Then she had a gun.
(beat)
And she shot herself.
(beat)
Why would my guardian spirit kill herself?
(beat)
Maybe you shouldn't answer that.

CONTINUED:

GODMOTHER
Spirits do not speak in the language of mortals. They speak in signs, prophecy and metaphor. To understand them you must look within, through the lens of the heart and the mind.

CAPHEUS
So...you're saying don't know what they mean.

GODMOTHER
I'm saying that their meaning is for you alone.

Which translated through his eyes means *I have no fucking idea*.

BERLIN

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A priest delivers a homily during a funeral. It is a large funeral crowded with the elite crime families of Berlin.

PRIEST
We are born into this world the same way we shall leave it: alone.

In the back, WOLFGANG, a thief with the melancholic eyes of a Carravaggio painting, gobbles another handful of ibuprofen.

FELIX
You alright?

Wolfgang nods.

WOLFGANG
Migraine.

Rain pits and pats against Wolfgang's umbrella. The smell of the fresh dug earth is pungent enough to be distracting.

PRIEST
We know this whenever we turn from the light of Our Lord. We know this when the thoughts in our head cannot be shared, when the sins in our hearts must be kept. It is by our secrets we come to know who we really are and it is by those same secrets we shall be judged.

CONTINUED:

STEINER, a rival who has the kind of hooked smile you could open a beer with, leans towards Wolfgang.

PRIEST
The secrets Yuri Hassan takes to his grave, we bury with him. Let us pray that our Father is merciful and forgives his child Yuri for his sins and welcomes him home. Let us Pray.

STEINER
Got myself a few of them secrets.

Wolfgang's friend FELIX leans forward.

FELIX
Your virginity's not a secret.

STEINER
You know your problem? You're petty. Petty thieves. But not me. I'm like Grandpa Hassan up there--

FELIX
Cold and pickled?

STEINER
I dream big, like he did. Nothing petty. Nothing small time. My next score is gonna be huge. Legendary. When you hear about it, your dick's gonna shrivel.

He fades back into the sea of black suits.

FELIX
I'm not sure what'll give me more pleasure; the money or seeing his face.

Wolfgang smiles.

Later, the body has been interred. The umbrella's are flowing to the fleet of black cars. Wolfgang steps up to pay respect to his uncle SERGAI.

WOLFGANG
I'm sorry, Uncle.

SERGAI
Children are supposed to bury their parents. It's as God intended.

CONTINUED:

SERGAI'S WIFE
If there was someone who didn't give a rat's ass about God's intentions, it was that old man.

SERGAI
True. True.

She kisses Wolfgang's cheeks. His Uncle hugs him strong.

SERGAI
Last few days all he talked about was your father. Saddest day of his life, the day your father died. That's what Grandfather told me.

SERGAI'S WIFE
You should go say hello. We'll wait for you.

SERGAI
Pay your respects. He was your father.

EXT. A CEMETERY

A tombstone engraved with the handsome face of Wolfgang's father, VIKTOR.

Wolfgang stares, his eyes full of secrets. He pulls out his penis and urinates on it.

NOMI (V.O.)
There are parts of our lives we all wish we could bury and be done with.

SAN FRANCISCO

INT. NOMI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Amanita sets down an antique tray of tea, scones and fresh made jam, which seems somehow natural despite her tattoos, dreds and leather mini shorts.

NOMI
But what you are asking me to do is the kind of illegal that makes even me nervous.

LOLA and DISNEY, two young SF dykes, sit across from Nomi. Amanita pours them tea.

CONTINUED:

NOMI
If I'm going to do something like this, I'm going to need more than an envelope full of Benji's.

She tosses the envelope full of hundreds back on the table. The gentle timpani of tea occupies the silence.

DISNEY
Lo...just tell her the truth.

Lola stares into her tea.

LOLA
When I was eight, my mom caught me wearing my sister's dress. My dad took me into the basement and beat me with his belt. I promised I wouldn't do it again. I wanted it to be true, my promise. I even prayed to Jesus that he would help me make it true. But it wasn't. I got into a fight in school and the teacher saw I was wearing a bra. That's when I knew I would never go home again. I was living on the street and got caught shoplifting.

The next part is the part she doesn't talk about.

LOLA
The cop told me if I sucked him off, he'd let me go. I guess I was pretty stupid back then. He threw me in juvie and told me if I said anything, he'd make it worse. But I told the case worker what happened anyway. Like I said: stupid. And then...he kept his word.

DISNEY
That's why she can't get her paperwork changed. That's why we can't get her passport.

AMANITA
You said your mom's in Canada.

DISNEY
Yeah. She's got cancer. Not doing so good. So we were going to go up and take care of her.

CONTINUED:

NOMI
But I don't get how he got you for a felony, if it was just shoplifting.

LOLA
He showed up to court with a cut across his arm. He testified I assaulted him. His word against mine.

Nomi shakes her head.

NOMI
Cops.

CHICAGO

EXT. SOUTH SIDE STREET - DAY

A squad car prowls through one of the more dangerous neighborhoods in the city.

INT. SQUAD CAR - DAY

DIEGO a handsome latin man is driving. Will is in the passenger seat.

DIEGO
--Like this time I was walking my dog and this this guy goes by, totally innocuous, thin, scraggly beard, didn't look twice but Butkis suddenly goes nuts, snapping at him, barking like crazy. Couple days later, I see a sex offender warrant out for the guy.

WILL
There are some things dogs and animals can sense that we can't.

DIEGO
It should also be noted that Butkis licks his balls all day and if left alone will also eat his own shit.

Young men eye the car with predation.

WILL
Every time I come down here I forget how much you can actually, physically feel hate.

CONTINUED:

DIEGO
Gangbangers hate cops. Cops hate gangbangers. It's natural.

WILL
Natural?

DIEGO
Like dogs hate cats. They're the enemy.

A pair of eyes follow, targeting them.

DIEGO
And you certainly got plenty of reason to hate them. After what they did to your old man, I'd never forgive something like that.

Will nods, absently assenting.

RADIO
One Adam 12 we have a report of gunfire--

Will grabs the radio taking the call.

DIEGO
With any luck they'll be a few less cats in the world.

Diego hits the siren and the car lurches down the street.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

The squad car howls around a corner and races into an alley.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING

Gunshots are heard as Will gets out of the car. Several young men race away, flipping fences, rounding corners.

Diego and Will head into the building.

INT. ABANONED BUILDING

Inside a sudden quiet presses the breath from them. They move through the rooms until another gunshot rings out. Diego takes one route, Will takes another.

Will moves through the graffiti'd rooms until he finds--

A skinny black kid, maybe 15 years old, laying on his stomach, blood pooling around him.

CONTINUED:

He steps inside, moving to help the kid when the kid rolls over with--

A glock aimed straight at Will.

Sound collapses into a void suddenly filled by--

LONDON

INT. VEEJAY'S APARTMENT

The burst of fire from a lighter as Nocker ignites the DMT pipe and inhales. His pupils dilate and he collapses.

Moroccan lamps, rich Indian rugs and pots of smoking incense. Riley feels everything very acutely as she watches Jacks light up the pipe.

He blinks and wavers. His head bobbles. Tears brim his eyes as he falls back in a drug fugue.

Riley's heart is racing. She clicks on her Mp3 and dials up the volume, finding a song from the Antlers.

Jacks crumbles into the menagerie of pillows.

Riley looks at the enormous bodyguard standing like a statue at the door. When she turns back, Veejay is standing above her. He sits before her. His smile is beautiful and assuring.

Gently, he plucks her ear buds.

VEEJAY
Are you alright?

She nods.

VEEJAY
You're sweating and...

He touches her wrist.

VEEJAY
Your pulse is racing.

RILEY
I'm fine.

VEEJAY
No, you're scared. But you needn't be.

His smile is warm.

CONTINUED:

VEEJAY
You are so beautiful. I do not mean just your physical beauty. I mean the warmth pouring out of your heart. I can feel it now even though you work hard to hide it.

Riley wishes she hadn't come.

VEEJAY
You don't belong with these men. You know it's true don't you?

She looks at the two men, then back at the kind face of Veejay.

VEEJAY
I used to be like you. Like an exposed nerve of a broken tooth. I used anything I could to insulate: music, books, booze, anything to keep me separate from the rest of the world. I felt too sensitive for this world. So I made armor, I built barriers and walls and eventually I felt protected. I felt safe. But I had also never felt so completely alone.

His eyes sparkle like black diamonds.

VEEJAY
Then one day a friend gave me a gift. She took away my armor, she tore down my walls. Her gift reminded me what it was like to be alive.

RILEY
What did she give you?

He shows her the DMT pipe.

VEEJAY
This.

CHICAGO

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - DAY

Will stares at the barrel of the gun trying to control his fear. The boy lowers the gun.

BOY
Help me...

CONTINUED:

Blood is gushing from his gut. Will stares at him for a moment, unsure of what he is supposed to do.

BOY
Please...

Will can't just let him die. He bends to his knee and begins working to stop the bleeding when Diego rushes into the room.

DIEGO
What happened?

WILL
Gunshot wound. Looks like a hollow point. Get an ambulance.

DIEGO
What?

WILL
You heard me.

DIEGO
What you think this is? TV? Ain't no ambulance coming to Chiraq for a gunshot. Not fast enough to make a difference, anyway.

Will looks at the kid who becomes very afraid. He then pulls off his vest and rips open his shirt.

DIEGO
The fuck you doin' Gorski?

He uses the shirt to staunch the blood.

WILL
What's your name, kid?

DESHAWN
Deshawn.

WILL
I'm Will. You need to press this as hard as you can.

He lifts the boy into his arms.

WILL
You're driving.

DIEGO
Are you kidding me?

CONTINUED:

WILL
I know you, Diego. You don't want to stand there and let this kid die either.

DIEGO
That's what he'd do if it you or me.

Will isn't going to argue; he rushes out the room.

DIEGO
Goddamnit!

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS

The squad car blares down the street, weaving through the slowing traffic, siren flashing.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Will holds Deshawn in the back seat, helping him try to stop the blood.

DESHAWN
First time in the back seat, Will?

Will smiles.

WILL
Been here more times than I care to admit.

INT. OLDER SQUAD CAR - FLASHBACK

Will is thirteen years old and his father sergeant Gorski handcuffs him to the bar in the back seat.

GORSKI
You are going to sit here and think about the consequences of what you did.

He shakes his head.

GORSKI
I should send you back to your mother.

WILL
Do it! I don't care!

Gorski slams the door. Will watches him head into the store that he just got caught shoplifting in.

CONTINUED:

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a sewing needle. A moment later the handcuff ratchets off.

Gorski turns just in time to watch his son shoot out of the car and race around the corner.

GORSKI
Sunofabitch.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Deshawn puts his hand over Will's, the pain suddenly acute.

DESHAWN
You some kind a gansta cop?

WILL
Old man was police. Had my share of teen age rebellion, I guess.

Blood seeps out around their conjoined fingers.

DESHAWN
...never met my dad. He was shot before I was born.

BERLIN

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

An old Audi waits merged with the dark pools of shadow across the street from a large mansion.

INT. AUDI - NIGHT

Inside the car, Wolfgang and Felix sit. Felix lights a cigarette.

FELIX
At the funeral, after you left, Sergai started blowing on about your dad. I never seen a dead guy get such a fellating. Told everyone there wasn't a better boxman in the world then your dad. Now or ever.

WOLFGANG
Probably right.

FELIX
Said the only reason he got caught was because he was obsessed with trying to crack an S&P safe.

CONTINUED:

Wolfgang nods.

FELIX
Said they're uncrackable.

He checks to see if there is any reaction but Wolfgang is silent as stone.

FELIX
Said your father was an idiot for trying.

Wolfgang sips his coffee.

FELIX
You know I brought a drill. There is no shame in drilling.

WOLFGANG
If we drill then Steiner knows it was us.

A large Mercedes glides out of the mansion gate. Wolfgang starts the car.

WOLFGANG
Here we go.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

The lock on the front door clicks and two shadows slip inside. The alarm warning begins to beep. Wolfgang uses a circuit loop to neutralize it with the ease of typing a code.

Felix checks his watch and sets a two hour countdown.

In an old wood-paneled den, Wolfgang slides open a cabinet revealing a large wall safe.

Above the dial is the proud logo of the uncrackable safe: S&P.

We see the same look in Wolfgang's eyes as when he pissed on his father's tomb.

SAN FRANCISCO

INT. NOMI'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Several espressos later, Nomi is at her computer, stroking keys with the ease of Sampras stroking tennis balls. She has built her own network with enough server power to host itunes.

CONTINUED:

Wearing ear-phones, she uses the blasting music to help her stay focused.

Disney, Lola and Amanita sit listening to the clicking of her keys.

DISNEY
This is so perfect. We wanted it to be on Pride.

LOLA
You guys riding this year?

AMANITA
Our ancestors fought hard for our right to wear ass-less chaps. I'm not about to let them down.

LOLA
Will Nomi write about it? I really love her blog.

DISNEY
Yeah, there's so much cynicism and negativity out there but not from her.

AMANITA
My girl's motto-

She gestures to the tattoo on Nomi's arm: "Pessimism is for Quitters."

Nomi pulls her earphones off.

NOMI
Okay. I think I got it all. Karl Steimann is one key stroke from the void. I can't undo it once it's done.

Lola smiles, unable to believe it, nodding. Nomi hits the return.

NOMI
And so we bid adieu to Karl and all of his troubles while we say Happy Birthday Lola Grey.

LOLA
Oh my god, I can't believe it? There's now no trace of me as him?

CONTINUED:

NOMI
Consider yourself digitally post-op.

LOLA
I don't know how to thank you.

NOMI
One day I might need a favor.

LOLA
Anything!

She squeals and hugs her. The studs in her lip rub against Nomi's cheek. Nomi can smell her perfume. Another squeal feels like sandpaper against her ear drum.

Tears sparkle Lola's eyes.

DISNEY
Mom will be so happy to see you.

Disney puts her arms around her.

CHICAGO

EXT. STREET - DAY

The car squeals around a corner.

INT. SQUAD CAR

Diego winds the wheel between flashing hands.

DIEGO
Almost there.

The shirt is soaked. Deshawn's eyes are glassy.

DESHAWN
...It's cold.

Will tries to wrap him in his vest.

DESHAWN
My moms believes in heaven and hell. She said the devil was going to come for me when I died. You believe in any of that shit?

WILL
No.

CONTINUED:

DESHAWN
Yeah...

There is the fear of uncertainty in his voice when he says it.

DESHAWN
I seen a lot of kills. I got more friends dead then I got alive.

The cold spreads through his body.

DESHAWN
If there is a hell, can't be any worse than Englewood.

EXT. HOSPITAL

The squad car bucks into the hospital's emergency zone.

INT. HOSPITAL

Will rushes in carrying Deshawn.

WILL
Emergency. Kids bleeding bad.

The head nurse stares at them.

WILL
We need help here.

HEAD NURSE
That's a gunshot.

WILL
I know.

HEAD NURSE
I'm sorry but we can't treat that here.

WILL
What?

HEAD NURSE
It's the hospital's policy. You have to take him to County or Northwestern.

WILL
The kid will be dead before we get there.

CONTINUED:

HEAD NURSE
I'm sorry, it's policy--

WILL
What kind of policy lets a kid die--

HEAD NURSE
We were losing so many resources to gunshots, we couldn't take care of all the other patients needing help. We've been a better hospital since we stopped taking kids like him--

Deshawn goes into shock, his legs twitching, his body shivering in Will's arms.

WILL
Please.

LONDON

INT. VEEJAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Riley inhales the DMT. She blinks several times and on the final one we see her pupils dilate to the size of her iris.

She smiles.

RILEY
...do you believe in elves? If you listen you can hear them...

Straining to hear their voices, suddenly all sound collapses into a vacuum.

She floats somewhere between this world and another, fear peeling way revealing ecstasy as--

The beeping of a heart monitor opens her to the soundscape of a hospital--

INT. HOSPITAL

Will is watching the hospital staff trying to safe the life of Deshawn.

The sound again collapses into void as the hospital sounds become the scream of--

DIRECTOR
Action!

INT. CHURCH

Lito turns to the nun.

NUN
I LOVE YOU!

She fires her gun, shooting Lito in the chest just as the sound collapses again into silence--

Lito falls to his knees, fake blood pouring out of him as he hears a bright metal clicking--

INT. MANSION

Wolfgang uses his high-tech stethoscope to listen to the tumblers, dialing carefully each digit until the clicks disappear.

He is disturbed that he can't hear anything until a Korean pop song fills his ears.

INT. TRAIN

Sun is on the morning commuter train, plugged into her mobile, listening a pop song when it goes dead--

She stares out at the car full of people plugged into their own worlds until--

The sound of crickets fills the train--

INT. SHANTY

Capheus opens the package of retro-viral drugs and a bottle of pain pills and feeds them to his mother, the sound of the crickets pin-pricking into silence.

He looks around, walks to the door and looks out over the slum as a huge crowd suddenly roars back at him--

EXT. DELORES PARK

Pink Saturday and the park with filled with LGBT from all over the world.

Nomi and Amanita are stilling on a picnic blanket in the middle of the maelstrom. Nomi is typing into her mini when the voice of the park goes mute--

INT. KALA'S BEDROOM

Kala is asleep, the room soundless. Slowly we begin to hear the whole spectrum of sounds, each of the different environments filling the silence until--

They start lapping on top of one another, layering until they become a roar--

That jolts Kala awake.

The crash of the ocean fades back into a small tinnitus ringing--

INT. VEEJAY'S APARTMENT

In Riley's ears as she sinks back onto the pillows unsure of where or even who she is.

INT. HOSPITAL

The head nurse finds Will in the waiting room.

HEAD NURSE
Dr. Manno just came out of surgery. Life signs are stable. He'll probably make it.

WILL
Thank you.

HEAD NURSE
Can I ask you a personal question? If he lives and then kills someone, like maybe a cop, how are you going to feel about that?

BERLIN

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Wolfgang drips with sweat. He is suspended between two numbers, two clicks, the nausea of a migraine disorienting him.

FELIX
You alright? You look a little green?

WOLFGANG
...I'm good.

He focuses back on the uncrackable safe.

CONTINUED:

NOMI (V.O.)
Saint Thomas Aquinas believed in Sin.

SAN FRANCISCO

EXT. PRIDE FESTIVAL - DAY

The Dyke march is getting ready to roll out of Deloras Park. Rainbow flags wave wildly; the ecstasy of the event manifests in all it's fabulous variations.

NOMI (V.O.)
He is considered an authority on the subject, though he appears to never have "inhaled" as they say. He believed of all the venal and mortal Sins, Pride was the Queen of the Seven Deadlies. He saw it as the ultimate Gateway Sin that would turn you quickly into a Sinoholic. But Hating isn't a Sin on that list. Neither is Shame.

The park is a chaotic mess though there is a palpable feeling of undeniable community bound by courage, respect and love.

NOMI (V.O.)
So today I am not marching for myself. Today I march for all the people who can't march. For the people who are hated and shamed by people like St Thomas because they are different, people living crushed up lives, hidden inside themselves, made to feel inferior or unworthy, made to feel not smart enough, not pretty enough, not good or normal enough. Today I march for everyone made to feel ashamed for being just who they are. Today I march to remember I am not just a me. I am also a we. And we march with Pride. So go fuck yourself Aquinas.

BERLIN

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Every fiber of Wolfgang's body is poised tight, his breathing controlled as he listens to the shape and sound of the turning wheels.

CONTINUED:

He stares through a special lens at the dial, making notes as he works through each and every number as if dismantling a bomb.

FELIX
58 minutes.

We see a close up of the teeth inside the dial, each click studied forwards and back. We realize the clicking is familiar; it is the clicking Will heard.

FELIX
56 minutes.

Wolfgang exhales. He yanks the ear phones off and throws them down.

FELIX
What?

Wolfgang find a remote and turns on the television, scrolling through the stations.

FELIX
Whoa. Hey. What's this? We throwing in the towel?

WOLFGANG
Need a break.

FELIX
You understand we got less than an hour here? Unless I'm wrong and Steiner is early, then we got less than that.

WOLFGANG
You're never wrong about shit like that.

He finds what he was looking for: Eurovision. He turns up the volume.

FELIX
Really? Really?

WOLFGANG
It relaxes me.

FELIX
It's Greece for fuck's sake. How can you care about Greece?

CONTINUED:

WOLFGANG
This girl is really good. Her name is Natalie. I watched her last week.

The young female singer begins to pour her heart out.

WOLFGANG
Her voice is like a musical instrument. She doesn't sing words. She sings in a language of pure emotion.

FELIX
Yeah. She's good.

Wolfgang tries to follow her voice, methodically pronouncing the notes.

FELIX
She's never gonna win.

WOLFGANG
Why?

FELIX
Her eyes are too close together. She looks like a camel.

Wolfgang can only shake his head.

FELIX
And no tits.

WOLFGANG
Shut up.

FELIX
Camel's never gonna win.

INT. SCHOOL - FLASHBACK

Wolfgang is an eight year old boy. He is at the front of the stage of a small school auditorium. The other children are behind him in the shadows.

The teacher is at the corner of the stage her face a rictus of encouragement.

Parents sit in the uncomfortable silence of a child's sudden paralysis.

CONTINUED:

The teacher hums the tune softly, trying to coax it out of Wolfgang, but Wolfgang can't move, staring at something in the back of the theater.

Suddenly we hear someone begin to laugh. Wolfgang's father stands at the door in the back laughing at his mute son.

BERLIN

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Wolfgang watches as she receives her judgment. Her tearing eyes filled with excitement and hope slowly become fixed. Her smile stiffens as her softness becomes hard.

She thanks her judges and crumples off stage.

FELIX
Told you.

A hardness sharpens in Wolfgang's eyes. He stands and returns to the safe.

SAN FRANCISCO

EXT. PRIDE FESTIVAL - DAY

The Dykes on Bikes parade of the Dyke march is set to begin. Amanita is topless, wearing ass-less chaps and well-worn cowboy boots. She guns the throttle of her Harley, vibrating a giggle out of Nomi perched on the bitch seat.

AMANITA
How's your headache?

NOMI
Keep vibrating my cooch. It's distracting.

Amanita smiles and guns the engine again.

A green winged fairy floats out to them offering pot brownies. Amanita pays the fairy and hands the brownie to Nomi.

AMANITA
Remember your first brownie?

NOMI
Our first Pride.

EXT. DELORES PARK - FLASKBACK

Amanita and Nomi are alone, the parade long gone, the park strewn with garbage, the fog coming in but--

CONTINUED:

They are kissing. And kissing.

NOMI
...Your lips are soooo amazing.

EXT. DYKE MARCH

Amanita smiles.

AMANITA
You were so high.

NOMI
Oh my god I was... but you know what I remember best about that day?

EXT. DELORES PARK - FLASHBACK

Amanita leads a shy Nomi to her group of lesbian friends camped out in the middle of the park

AMANITA
Hey y'all, this is the one I've been talking about.

DYKE #1
Wait, I know you. You're that tranny that blogs about politics.

Nomi nods, embarrassed from being recognized.

DYKE #1
I totally disagreed with what you said about dropping LGBT.

DYKE #2
Hey, come on, relax, it's a party--

DYKE #1
We fought for that hard for that recognition.

NOMI
I just thought the distinctions were separating us--

DYKE #1
Bullshit. Just another colonizing male, trying to take over any space left to women.

CONTINUED:

AMANITA
You say one more thing about my *girlfriend* and I'll colonize your face with my fist.

The dyke clams up. Nomi is shaking from the confrontation. She looks at Amanita, tears about to burst out of her eyes.

NOMI
I should go--

AMANITA
No, she's just a loud mouth Berkeley bitch--

But Nomi is running. Amanita goes after her. She catches her near the top of the hill.

AMANITA
Hey, come on...

She puts her arm around her and Nomi bursts into tears.

AMANITA
What is it? You never cry at stuff like that.

NOMI
I'm not crying because of her. I'm crying because...

Her eyes run as the words spill out.

NOMI
No one's ever defended me before.

Amanita smiles and kisses her.

NOMI (V.O.)
What I remember is, that was the day--

EXT. DYKE MARCH

Nomi snuggles up behind Amanita.

NOMI
I knew I was going to marry you.

Amanita guns her engine again as--

Pride roars out from Delores park, bellowing down the crowded streets of San Francisco with bubble machines, rainbow flags, leather, tats and feathered boas.

CONTINUED:

Despite her migraine, Nomi enjoys herself.

They see Lola and Disney, posing as they pass, Lola blasting her music, "This is the first day of my life," by the Flaming Lips.

CHICAGO

EXT. STREET - DAY

They are pulling away from the hospital. Will is buttoning on a new shirt, replacing his vest.

DIEGO
Hey, do me a favor and warn me the next time you're going to get all crazy Samaritan on me? I'll take a sick day.

WILL
I know you secretly feel good about it.

DIEGO
Let's hope that nurse ain't right and he ends up doing a police like your dad got done.

The squad car rolls under the street sign for Damen. The sign hits Will like a bullet.

WILL
Hey, wait minute. Turn here.

DIEGO
Why?

WILL
Do it!

The car whines as Diego forces the turn.

WILL
This is it. This was the street.

DIEGO
What street?

WILL
In my dream--

He is scanning all the buildings.

CONTINUED:

DIEGO
Oh, hell no.

WILL
I told you, I was there. I could feel the sun from the windows. I could smell the burnt mattress. It wasn't a dream.

DIEGO
Of all the partners, I end up with Mulder wanna-be--

Will sees the building where the vans pulled up outside.

WILL
There. That's it.

BERLIN

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Felix alarm goes off.

FELIX
That's it. It's over.

Wolfgang can't hear him; he is deep in the zone. He can see the shape of each and every wheel. The combination is a song on the tip of his tongue--

CHICAGO

INT. BURNED OUT APARTMENT - DAY

The door clicks open. It is the same apartment where the angel killed herself.

WILL
She killed herself right there.

DIEGO
Where's the blood?

There is no evidence.

DIEGO
Maybe she only shot herself in the fifth dimension so we can't see the blood.

Will examines the bed where the angel died.

CONTINUED:

WILL
Okay. I have never been here before, yet somehow I know about this?

He opens the hidden compartment in the floor boards.

WILL
There were drugs. And a gun--

But the hole is empty.

BERLIN

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

A car pulls up outside.

FELIX
It's Steiner. We have got to go.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Outside Steiner and two enormous goons unload his equipment.

Inside, Felix is in a full panic.

FELIX
Wolfgang! He's going to kill us. Please, I do not want to die.

The lock clicks and Wolfgang opens the safe. Felix can't believe it.

FELIX
You did it? You cracked the uncrackable?

WOLFGANG
Formerly uncrackable.

He grabs a tray of glittering diamonds, pours them into a bag and tosses the bag to Felix.

Steiner opens the door just as Wolfgang unclips his loop. The alarm begins to beep. Steiner rips the box off and cuts the power and phone lines.

His two goons carry the heavy thermal lance through the door while Wolfgang and Felix manage to slip out unseen.

CHICAGO

INT. BURNED OUT APARTMENT - DAY

Diego heads out the door.

DIEGO
When you're done with your seance,
I'll be downstairs.

Will is alone until suddenly he is not.

RILEY
This is where she died...

He whips around and finds Riley standing in the room with him.

She is radiant in the dark room; his eyes meet hers and it feels like the ocean meeting the shore.

WILL
Uhh, hi.

Riley nods.

WILL
Did you know her?

She shakes her head.

WILL
How did you know she died here?

RILEY
I saw her.

SAN FRANCISCO

EXT. PARADE - DAY

The parade winds its way to the Castro. Nomi is taking photos, waving, happy, until a single pair of eyes in the blurring sea of faces find her like a gun barrel--

Jonas.

Suddenly images from her unconscious come rushing back to her as she sees Angel and Jonas and Whispers and then--

The taste of the gun in her mouth as we see Nomi where the Angel had been, her finger on the trigger--

And the gunshot.

CONTINUED:

AMANITA
Hey. You okay back there?

Nomi faints and falls off the back of the bike. Several on-lookers scream.

CHICAGO

INT. BURNED OUT APARTMENT - DAY

WILL
Do you live here?

She shakes her head.

WILL
Where do you live?

RILEY
London.

WILL
What are you doing here?

RILEY
I don't know. I don't know where I am.

WILL
Chicago. The near South side.

RILEY
In America?

He nods and she smiles.

RILEY
I've never been to America.

Will isn't sure he understands what she means when she sees something; something that frightens her

RILEY
Oh no--

We whip pan off her look to London, to Veejay's apartment as she watches Jacks pull a gun out of an ankle holster--

RILEY
What are you doing?

Veejay turns as Jacks fires at the bodyguard, blood exploding--

We whip pan back to Chicago, where Riley screams--

CONTINUED:

WILL
What is it? What's wrong?

He looks around trying to follow her look but when he looks back--

She's gone.

LONDON

INT. VEEJAY'S APARTMENT

Veejay is on his knees with Jacks pressing his gun to his head.

JACKS
Open the fuckin' safe! Open it now!

Veejay dials the combination of the floor safe.

RILEY
Why are you doing this?

JACKS
He just got a shipment in. Me and Nocker been tracking it.

Veejay opens the safe. Inside is a gun. He reaches for it and Jacks digs the barrel against the back of his neck.

JACKS
Smart guy like you's probably got a gun in there.

RILEY
Don't hurt him--

JACKS
Why? You wanna fuck him? You wanna suck his uncut cock?

There is cruelty even in his laugh.

VEEJAY
You should get out of here. Now.

JACKS
Riles, he'd kill you without blinking if I didn't have this.

Jacks kicks him down and reaches into the safe, finding the gun. He laughs.

CONTINUED:

JACKS
See? A fuckin' Smart Guy!

RILEY
I have to go--

Jacks grabs her, snatches her purse and throws it to Nocker.

JACKS
You're a part of this. Now fill it up.

RILEY
Let me go--

JACKS
Riles, this is the break we've been waiting for. You said you wanted to go to America--

Nocker fills her purse with bricks of cash and handfuls of DMT while Veejay moves toward another weapon hidden near his water pipe, his hand inching toward the handle of a knife as--

Riley sees the bodyguard, blood still pumping from his chest as he tries to lift the shotgun--

Jacks follows her stare turning as he fires--

The shotgun blast ripping off Jacks leg just below the knee--

Riley screams as Jacks goes down--

Nocker grabbing for his gun as Veejay strikes, stabbing him in the neck--

Nocker spins, emptying his gun into Veejay--

While Jacks fires at the body guard--

The body guard squeezing his last round, blowing half of Jacks face off.

The violence ends as abruptly as it started. Riley is speckled with blood, standing alone in a room full of dead men.

SAN FRANCISCO

INT. ST MARY'S HOSPITAL - DAY

Nomi wakes in a hospital bed. She is disorientated and for a moment can't recognize the face of her sister Teagan.

CONTINUED:

TEAGAN
Mom! She's up! You lunatic. You had us scared out of our wits.

Nomi's mother, JANET rushes in with the nurse.

JANET
Oh thank God! He's conscious. I was sure he was going to be in a coma for the rest of my life.

The nurse begins taking her vitals.

NURSE
How are you feeling Michael?

Nomi feels a unique kind of awkwardness that only the transgendered know.

NOMI
My name is Nomi.

NURSE
I'm sorry. Your mom kept calling you--

NOMI
My name is Nomi.

JANET
What kind of name is Nomi? Have you ever heard of anyone named Nomi? You were Michael before you came out of me and you'll be Michael until they put me in my grave.

TEAGAN
Mom! Come on, she almost died!

JANET
Serves you right. You shouldn't be riding motorcycles. Do you know how many people die per year on those things? She was just telling me--

NOMI
Where's Amanita?

JANET
She left--

NOMI
She wouldn't have left me--

CONTINUED:

JANET
The hospital only allows family into critical care.

NOMI
She is my family.

JANET
Please Michael. This isn't your blog. This is your life.

NOMI
I think you should go--

JANET
I'm not going anywhere. I'm your mother and I love you. It may be on my terms but I do, so I'm not leaving here until you talk to Doctor Metzger. If you still want me to go after he tells you what he told us, then I promise I will leave you alone.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Turkel stands before the room full of cops in the briefing room.

TURKEL
I know a lot of you have seen me lurking about. It's not just because I'm a Butterscotch bacon doughnut addict which I freely admit I have become since arriving in your fair city--

The cops chuckle in approval.

TURKEL
The truth is I'm heading up a taskforce with Home Security which means I'm here to help you guys catch Bad Guys.

He clicks on his computer bringing up photographs from airport security.

TURKEL
And this guy here is one of the worst. Goes by a lot of names. Jonas Barnett most recently.
(more)

CONTINUED:

TURKEL (Cont'd)
Wanted for everything from terrorism to peddling government secrets by every intelligence agency in the West. He was caught by these airport cameras coming into Chicago last night on the red eye.

Will recognizes Jonas.

DIEGO
What?

WILL
You won't believe me.

DIEGO
Don't say it.

WILL
He was there.

DIEGO
Aw no. I told you not to.

Will begins to feel the infectious grove of Beyonce's "Crazy in Love."

WILL
He was with her just before she killed herself.

DIEGO
Have you lost your mind?

His head is bobbing as he starts to sing.

WILL
You Love's got me lookin' so crazy, lookin' so crazy--

BERLIN

INT. MONSTER RONSON'S KARAOKE - NIGHT

--where Wolfgang and everyone else in the bar are laughing their asses off watching Felix, rolling on the ground, twerking it up Beyonce style as he finishes the last few bars of "Crazy in Love."

They applaud as he climbs down off the small stage and lands on a stool beside Wolfgang, laughing and sweating.

CONTINUED:

FELIX
I need more beer.
(calling off)
More beer!
(to Wolfgang)
I am going next for Total Eclipse of the Heart. If I do not survive the attempt, tell my friends I died in a worthy cause.

Wolfgang smiles and sips his beer while Felix chugs his.

FELIX
Oh my god. I think this could be the best day of my life.

He slaps Wolfgang on the back.

FELIX
You did it! You fucking did it!

WOLFGANG
We did it.

He raises his arm.

FELIX
The best goddamn boxman in the world!

SAN FRANCISCO

INT. ST MARY'S HOSPITAL - DAY

DOCTOR METZGER shows the MRI scan as Nomi looks on nervously. He calls up another MRI scan on the screen beside Nomi's.

DOCTOR METZGER
This is what a normal, healthy brain looks like. Two distinct, well-differentiated frontal lobes. The problem begins here in the *substantia Alba* of the frontal lobe. These two masses are growing into one another.

JANET
You see? There's no separation.

DOCTOR METZGER
It's often misdiagnosed as acute encephalitis but it's a condition called UFLS, Undifferentiated Frontal Lobe Syndrome.

CONTINUED:

NOMI
Acronyms are scary.

DOCTOR METZGER
Yeah, I'll be honest with you, Nomi is it?

She nods.

DOCTOR METZGER
It's not good. How is your headache doing?

NOMI
Better.

DOCTOR METZGER
We can help mitigate the symptoms for a while...

NOMI
But?

DOCTOR METZGER
There is a procedure for treating UFLS but it requires a very aggressive surgery where we go in and try to cut away the growth.

NOMI
Oh my god...

JANET
The surgery is also incredibly expensive. You're going to need our insurance--

TEAGAN
Mom--

JANET
These are just facts Teagan--

NOMI
You're saying I have to have brain surgery?

BERLIN

INT. MONSTER RONSON'S KARAOKE - NIGHT

Wolfgang starts listening to the YOUNG WOMAN singing another love song.

CONTINUED:

She is not very good but she is trying.

Suddenly there is a large booming laugh from a corner table.

DRUNK MAN
Worse than going to the fuckin' dentist.

He sends out another huge laugh. The laughter triggers the memory of his father.

Wolfgang tries to suppress the rage that suddenly erupts inside of him but another round of heckling laughter is too much.

Calmly he sets his beer down and gets up from the bar.

SAN FRANCISCO

INT. ST MARY'S HOSPITAL - DAY

DOCTOR METZGER
It sounds scary but the prognosis is a lot scarier.

NOMI
You mean if I don't have the surgery?

DOCTOR METZGER
Without surgery the tissue will continue to metastasize. Patients begin to experience a deterioration of mental faculties. It is very common for them to experience very intense, very real hallucinations and synesthesia. The osculation of the nervous system usually precedes complete loss of memory and an occlusion of identity.

JANET
He told us if he didn't operate immediately, you could be dead within six months.

TEAGAN
Jesus christ mom!

BERLIN

INT. MONSTER RONSON'S KARAOKE - NIGHT

The drunk barely has time to look up before Wolfgang hauls him out of the chair and begins beating him--

CONTINUED:

His fists battering the helpless man as he tries to drive a ghost from his mind.

Felix jumps in and saves the man's life, dragging Wolfgang from the terrified room.

SAN FRANCISCO

INT. ST MARY'S HOSPITAL - DAY

With no one there to defend her, Nomi begins to cry. Janet goes to put her arm around her--

JANET
You understand now, Michael? You're going to need us. You're going to need all the help you can get--

NOMI
Don't touch me!

She knocks her away with the same fury that Wolfgang unleashed.

JANET
Michael--

NOMI
(German)
<I HATE YOU!>

The foreign language catches everyone, including Nomi off balance.

TEAGAN
Since when do you speak German?

Metzger makes a note.

METZGER
I've seen UL patients speak all manner of languages. Including some that don't exist.

NOMI
Can I be alone now--

JANET
I want you to know you're my child and I love you--

NOMI
Please. Just leave me the fuck alone.

LONDON

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Riley sits in the rain, curled into a ball, hiding behind dumpsters. Her bag is beside her. She opens it like someone looking for a spider or snake.

Inside she sees the money and the drugs. She wants to throw them away. But something stops her from doing it. She clutches the bag and runs.

FADE OUT:

End