

THE CITY

EP: 1.01 - PILOT
"Remember to Breathe"

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THE CITY - PROLOGUE

OFF A FLASH OF LIGHTNING and a deep ROLL OF THUNDER:

EXT. CITY/ALLEY - NIGHT

An elegant USER INTERFACE overlays rivulets of water running down a concrete wall - sometimes connecting - growing stronger like the roots of a tree in the rain. Mixed with the sounds of a rainstorm, we hear, and see the DIGITAL SIGNATURE of a male and female voice communicating back and forth ...

REBECCA VO (female)

I'm here. Where are you?

KOHL VO (male)

Can you get inside the warehouse?

REBECCA VO

I've been detained.

KOHL VO

*We don't have much time. They've
dispatched a tactical drone.
Hang on. I'm close.*

REBECCA VO

Hurry.

CUT TO

EXT. CITY/ALLEY - NIGHT

'REBECCA' - female, 20s, beautiful, lithe, powerful - dressed in a black, form-fitting bodysuit - is facing a dead-end wall in the rain illuminated by a powerful SPOTLIGHT behind her. Her eyes are unnaturally clear and bright. She's unmoved by the rain drops pelting her cheeks, nose, and perfect lips. A different, amplified male voice commands ...

SECURITY OFFICER ONE VO

*I said turn around! Drop the weapon!
Now!*

A BURST of electric orange sparks EXPLODES overhead from a blown transformer. (BEGIN INTENSE MUSIC): As she turns to face the threat, her PUPILS SHRINK to block the spotlight.

TWO SECURITY OFFICERS in full tactical gear, helmets, and high-powered rifles have taken cover behind an ARMORED POLICE CRUISER blocking the entrance to the dead-end alley.

ON REBECCA: Two Officers lay motionless at her feet. Gripped in her hand, we find a large, industrial HANDWHEEL.

OFFICERS IN-HELMET DISPLAY: Various DIGITAL BIOMETRIC MARKERS attempt to identify her but come up with "CLASSIFIED".

OFFICER ONE VO

Anything?

OFFICER TWO VO

Classified.

SLAM TO

A MILITARY GRADE ASSAULT DRONE (D24) drops in over the street on rapid approach to the alley. MINI-GUNS UNFOLD as ...

Rebecca immediately SLINGS the handwheel with amplified power and precision - directly at the approaching Drone ...

The Drone's MINIGUNS FIRE but it abruptly CANTERS off-course to narrowly avoid the handwheel - which causes the Drone to SLAM into the side of a parked truck - leaving a trail of metal-grinding sparks in its wake.

Rebecca narrowly dodges a string of HIGH CALIBER TRACER ROUNDS which destroy the wall behind her.

The Drone's engines whine as it rights itself to continue its terrifying approach into the alley. Both officers track its path as it screams by - just over their heads.

The Drone BASHES through the hole in the wall ...

FOLLOW INTO

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

TRACER ROUNDS slice through the air all around Rebecca as she leaps, spins and drops in behind a concrete post.

BULLETS relentlessly chew and DESTROY the post on both sides of her head as the Drone swings wide - unloading a continuous barrage of devastating firepower.

She circles in the opposite direction - losing cover one bullet at a time. She spots a length of PIPE on the floor.

As the Drone comes into view GUNS BLAZING, she charges it - pipe in hand - dodging several bursts of GUNFIRE, and connects - knocking the Drone off-kilter - as BULLETS SPRAY WILD.

Again, and again she pummels the Drone but it's learning and correcting in real-time. Intense, fast-paced ACTION builds. As she leaps at the Drone, it maneuvers backwards and, in (SUPER SLOMO) the MINI GUNS ... SHRED HER BODY, CUT HER IN TWO, and SEVER HER LEFT ARM just above the elbow.

Her SYNTHETIC BODY PARTS and FLUID slowly drift away in SLOMO as the guns continue to CHOOM! CHOOM! CHOOM! until, time and action STOPS. The Drone JAMS, and suddenly ...

EXPANDS OUT into a disassembled, sparking cloud of dispersed parts and pieces held in the air - to REVEAL 'ED KOHL' - male, 40s, wearing a suit - walking toward the entire mess, hand raised - framed in the light of a large docking bay DOOR.

He arrives easily, and enters the drifting cloud of debris, fluid, and what's left of Rebecca (head, torso, and one arm) SUSPENDED by the energy field of Kohl's own mysterious POWER.

Her gaze locks onto Kohl who seems calm and confident. He offers his hand. And with her only remaining arm, she reaches out and places her trust him, as ...

The life behind her eyes fades away.

CUT TO

OTHER END OF THE WAREHOUSE: The two Officers climb through the hole in the wall and move in. As their lights sweep the area, their footsteps and low-level radio chatter fill the space.

As they arrive at the demolished post and scattered drone parts now resting on the floor, we hear an eerie, high-pitched oscillating RINGING SOUND. Officer One sweeps his light over to find the source of a vibrational sound.

ANGLE ON: A LARGE WASHER from the Drone as it wobbles faster and faster on the floor - VIBRATING longer than it should until it finally STOPS - to a DEAD SILENCE.

OFFICER ONE

Holy shit.

SLAM TO BLACK

MAIN TITLE: THE CITY

END PROLOGUE

THE CITY

FLASH IN

ECU: The EYE OF A HAWK - crystal clear and intricate - blinks once, and shifts its gaze in bright, primeval silence.

EXT. GRASSY FIELD - NOON

A boy, 'CLAYTON' - male, 10, a powerful, long-haired warrior child as he turns his head. His bold, innocent eyes find the hawk with a deep and powerful wonder.

BACK ON THE HAWK: A FLASH of WINGS and TALONS as it abruptly takes flight.

Clayton shifts his weight in an endless dusty field of tall summer grass. His head turns - hair in the breeze.

The Hawk glides across the field on powerful wings.

Clayton's eyes track the Hawk.

A SHADOW slowly creeps across, and covers the land.

Everything dims into a mystical twilight as ...

His eyes move to the sky - now filled with stars - while a DARK SUN GLOWS in a twinkling sky.

A young girl's voice whispers ...

YOUNG GIRL VO

Clayton.

Clayton's eyes search the field until ...

He finds, some distance away: A curious young girl - 10, a pure spirit, full of joy - holding a RABBIT.

YOUNG GIRL VO

Wake up.

SLAM TO

INT. HOTEL APARTMENT - DAY

TIGHT ON THE EYES OF: 'CLAYTON MOORE' - male, 30s, rugged, a hung-over City Detective - suddenly awake after dozing off while sitting on the edge of his bed. His empty, bloodshot gaze finds a window, and the rain beating against it, while a different, disembodied female voice echoes in the distance ...

CIRCE VO

It's going to be a wonderful day.

He blinks once. If only that were true.

IN THE BATHROOM: Ambient lights fade up with a low hum as a UI loads across the face of a MIRROR. Reflected in the mirror, we see Moore through a doorway to the bedroom, seated on his bed, shirtless, staring at the floor. A NEWS FEED LOADS across the mirror on his reflection: RIOTS caused by EXTREMISTS, GLITZY ADS on BIO-ENGINEERING, and NEURAL SCIENCE. ENEMIES OF THE STATE are listed. ED KOHL is on that list.

IN THE KITCHEN: The dull chatter of news in The City continues from the bathroom as a machine dispenses BROWN WATER into a cup near prescription pill dispensers and bottles of booze.

IN THE BATHROOM MIRROR: Moore spits, rinses his toothbrush, and washes his face with a cloud of MEDIA PROGRAMMING crowding around his reflection. His body's covered in THIN SCARS. NEWS ITEM: Outspoken Human Rights Activist HAROLD SIM was found DEAD. Moore takes notice. Another one dead. That's par for this course.

IN THE KITCHEN: Moore - dressed in a rumpled suit - dumps pills into his hand as Circe announces ...

CIRCE VO

*Schedule update. Chief Macintyre.
Municiple Security Administration.
In person meeting. Priority Alpha.
Scheduled for 13:30 today. Confirm?*

Dreading the day ahead, he absently pops pills, drinks brown liquid, and scowls at what this might be about.

CUT TO

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Moore sips from a paper cup as a VIDEO AD for BIO-NANO TECH dances across the dirty walls of the elevator. Moore inserts an EARPIECE. Then ...

CIRCE VO
... transport on approach.

CUT TO

INT. - THE UNION HOTEL - DAY

The Union Hotel harkens back to an elegant age of architects. Coffered wood panels, dusty art-deco sconces, and tarnished brass fixtures hold faint echoes of the past. The lobby feels haunted - damaged by neglect - now that it serves as low-rent housing. At one end of this dark, empty space, near one of two exits, Moore waits at a LARGE WINDOW overlooking the street. Beyond the window, a silently menacing NEXGEN MSA SECURITY MECH - heavily armed - stands guard in the rain.

The sound of elevator doors opening breaks the silence. Soft, measured footsteps echo lightly through the space. He shifts his gaze, and finds a woman dressed in WHITE - 'RAYNE' - female, 20s, fit, confident, wearing a WHITE BRACELET - moving toward the other exit with a WHITE TRAVEL CASE on WHEELS. Her dream-like gaze connects with Moore across the distance - eyes like languid pools of infinity imbued with the fires of something fierce.

Moore holds her gaze. As an AUTOMATED VEHICLE slowly descends in a violent swirl of propellar wash outside the window, the glass behind him VIBRATES, as does the floor - causing bits of debris and dust to levitate above the floor around his feet.

She knowingly averts her gaze.

AT THE DOOR: A small light on the NFR (NEAR FREQUENCY READER) changes from RED to GREEN, the door UNLOCKS, and she's gone.

EXT. - THE UNION - DAY

Moore steps outside from his door - under the awning - but doesn't see her. Weird. He scowls at the rain, and moves out.

INT. AUTOMATED VEHICLE (AV) - DAY

He piles into the seat - soaking wet. As the A.V. LIFTS INTO THE AIR, his gaze cuts through rivulets of water to search the street below. The woman in white is nowhere to be seen.

TRANSITION TO

EXT. THE CITY - DAY

The A.V. navigates a sea of dark-faced buildings and a sky dotted with DRONES and other A.V.s. Up ahead - the M.S.A. BUILDING looms - a stone grey tower in the mist.

TRANSITION TO

INT. M.S.A. DEAD ROOM - DAY

A HOLOGRAPHIC RENDERING OF REBECCA rotates at the center of a large conference room table in a dark room as MSA SECRETARY DELANEY begins in VO ...

DELANEY VO

*The Rebecca Security Platform
from NexTek. Designed for hostile
environments, risk reward analysis,
and executive protection.*

Seated at the conference table we find 'MSA CHIEF MACINTYRE' - male, 60s, jaded but jovial. He looks to Moore who's found mostly in shadow - standing a few steps away.

DELANEY VO

*Employed by the MSA with top tier
security clearance. Missing since
zero three twenty this morning.
Wanted for unauthorized cloaking.
Wanted for questioning in the death
of two Security Council members,
assault and injury of security
personnel, and destruction of
municipal property.*

On the WALL, two VIDEO FEEDS - one is 'DELANEY' - female, 30s, smart, attractive, strong.

The OTHER is 'SWANSON' - male, 30s, smart, genetically elite human - who explains ...

SWANSON

She's 'technically' a class one experimental weapon, guys. ... We believe she's been compromised.

Reactions from Macintyre and Moore. The HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE of REBECCA goes away. Macintyre - eyes in the report - asks ...

MACINTYRE

About the drone - a D24, was it? That's heavy artillery. How'n the hell'd they knock that pig down?

DELANEY (measured)

Unknown. However, one would think a capability that powerful represents a significant threat to our security which cannot be over-stated. ... This is a top priority. Detective Moore has been selected to handle the case. Any questions?

Moore grins to himself. Swanson asks ...

SWANSON

Detective?

MOORE

Yeah, ... I'm not your guy.

DELANEY

You've been selected.

MOORE

This is above my pay grade. Let Tac Response handle this.

SWANSON

You led our Tactical Response Team for over seven years. Your record is legendary. This matter requires discretion, and your 'unique' skillset.

An image of ED KOHL appears in the middle of the table.

DELANEY

Edward J. KOHL.

Moore doesn't like where this is going ...

MOORE

I've heard of him.

SWANSON

Public Enemy number one. Elusive to say the least. Leader of the most dangerous Extremist organization in The City. We believe he's involved. ... Big opportunity here, bud.

DELANEY

Rebecca holds highly sensitive data we cannot allow into the hands of Extremists. Our surveillance grid is extensive. However, there are sectors where we lack an adequate security presence. Sectors you're familiar with, Detective. Your priority is to find and return Rebecca to NextTek for analysis or provide proof of her destruction.

SWANSON

The capture or elimination of Kohl would secure a massive bonus.

DELANEY

You have less than 48 hours.

MOORE

Sure. And If I don't?

SWANSON

Do you like your job, Detective?

MOORE

Meet me for lunch sometime. I'll tell ya all about it.