

PROJECT REVISION

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PREVIOUSLY

In the mid 21st century, natural resources have depleted significantly and the world has gone to war over the last deposits. FOREVER WIN, a company led by the brilliant scientist Ratio, offers a solution with a new renewable source called ENERGY. However, this attracts potential enemies, and Ratio hires his son Sparcs, a former soldier, to act as a hitman for FOREVER WIN. However, Sparcs fails to stop a terrorist bombing using weaponized ENERGY by his best friend Kovro. His presence at the scene of the blast causes unwanted attention for him and FOREVER WIN, and he is fired. The following takes place six months after.

INT. SPARCS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sparcs opens the door and takes his shoes off without tying his shoelaces. He throws the work bag down on the floor and approaches the sink, pouring himself a glass of water and downing it instantly.

Another one. And another. Quenching his thirst seems impossible.

He turns on the lights. The room is a disaster - instant-food packages littering the floors, dirty laundry scattered everywhere, tissues in almost every location. It is a surprise there are no bugs infesting the room.

He puts the glass of water on a table - next to a million other unwashed glasses and empty beer cans.

Trudging towards his bed, Sparcs pushes through the swamp of filth below him. He collapses onto his bed back-first, staring at the ceiling.

A dresser by his bed is left open slightly. Medals are haphazardly stashed into the bottom drawer. A picture frame is left face-down on top of its dusty surface.

CREAK. Sparcs turns his head as the door opens once again.

Ratio walks in wearing a coat and holding a business bag.

RATIO

Jesus, are you ever going to clean
up in here? And the smell!

Ratio grabs a can of air freshener off of the counter and sprays not once, but eight times.

Ratio notices Sparcs on the bed.

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RATIO
How was work?

SPARCS
They're shutting down.

Ratio sighs. Sparcs turns to him.

SPARCS
Things sound pretty bad on your end too. Saw you on the news.

RATIO
Well, the ENERGY ban is definitely an inconvenience, but you know me. I'll find a way around it.

SPARCS
A method that doesn't involve me, right?

RATIO
Sparcs... You know I can't do that.

Sparcs nods, emotions not present.

SPARCS
The best you can do is find me a job that doesn't rely on your company.

RATIO
I'm here just for that.

Ratio reaches into his bag and pulls out a dossier filled with job applications. He throws them down on Sparcs's table.

RATIO
Take a look through here. Any job you want - I'll get it for you.

SPARCS
Woohoo.

RATIO
Oh, come on. You don't have to be so stubborn. You're a grown-ass adult. You should be doing this yourself.

SPARCS

Like-wise. I can take care of
myself without your little visits.

Ratio gestures to the mess before him.

RATIO

Clearly. And how much of this shit
do you drink in a day?

Ratio picks up an empty beer can.

SPARCS

Augh, just leave it. I can control
myself.

Ratio shifts his eyes as he sees a lake of cans and bottles
just inches away from the first.

SPARCS

I'll review those applications
tomorrow. Let me get some sleep.

Sparcs turns over in his bed, away from Ratio and towards
the window. Ratio looks over at the dresser and notes the
toppled picture frame. He looks slightly to left to find
holes and dents in the wall with a tinge of dried blood -
probably used as a punching bag.

RATIO

I actually came here to tell you
something else.

Sparcs remains silent.

RATIO

It's about the insurgents. It seems
they've formed into a larger group
called Intrisun. There have been
raids on our facilities
periodically, and this ban on
ENERGY is just going fuel that
fire.

SPARCS

So?

RATIO

Just be careful, Sparcs. Things are
getting worse than before, and you
know you don't have the best
reputation in this city.

(CONTINUED)

SPARCS

Like I said, I can take care of myself. Night.

RATIO

I know. But just don't forget...
You aren't alone.

Ratio turns around and picks up his bag. He walks towards the door, turning one last time to look at Sparcs, and the photo frame. He leaves without a word, and shuts the door behind him gently.

Sparcs sits back up on his bed. His eyes, concealed for so long, are now wet. His lips quiver and he takes an extended, deep breath.

EXT. BOMBING SITE - NIGHT

COPS gather at the bombing site. Police lines section off the streets. Police car lights illuminate the ominous scene.

Two cops, dressed in coats and wearing gas masks, seem to be conducting an autopsy on the two newly deceased bodies of the researchers.

A veteran walks in, flanked by a junior COP. The veteran is wearing a long trench coat, concealing his professional suit beneath. His hair is mid length and his stubble is starting to show. This is JONATHAN DOW, 30's.

Jonathan and the junior pass under the police line. They walk up to the scene of the crime.

JONATHAN

Cause of death?

JUNIOR COP

Looks to be severe trauma to the head, both victims. They were reportedly beaten across the temple multiple times, skulls crushed by blunt force.

JONATHAN

Jesus. That's a little excessive.

JUNIOR COP

Well, it doesn't fit our suspect's M.O, but I wouldn't be surprised if we came up with something. These guys were looking for dirt on

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JUNIOR COP (cont'd)
FOREVER WIN. If you wanted, we
could even just use this for our
report.

The atmosphere changes. Jonathan's expression changes dramatically.

JONATHAN
Excuse me?

JUNIOR COP
I'm saying we could use this as
evidence. You want to shut down
FOREVER WIN? We already have a
suspect from the bombing, and maybe
change a few details-

Jonathan suddenly grabs the junior cop by the shirt and lifts him off the ground.

JONATHAN
Sorry, I'm feeling a little groggy
today. Care to repeat that?

The junior cop shakes, gasping for air and stammers. Jonathan laughs sarcastically, before yelling.

JONATHAN
I said repeat yourself!

Surrounding cops grow silent, and look in the direction of the action. The junior cop's lip quivers in fear. Jonathan throws him to the ground.

JONATHAN
Damn newbies. This is why America
is so messed up today. We got
half-asses like you getting into
the police force. Get out of my
sight.

Jonathan turns to continue towards the crime scene, before turning his head towards the junior again.

JONATHAN
Oh, and leave your badge. Don't
bother going back to the station.

The junior cop drops his badge and bows to Jonathan, shaking in embarrassment before he makes his leave.

The other cops APPLAUD Jonathan as he walks closer to the perimeter. He pulls out a cigarette and lights it, the smoke dispersing into the brightly-lit night sky.

EXT. RUINED BUILDING - NIGHT

Marino steps into view of a building in tatters. The hanging sign with the words "FOREVER WIN" indicate its function before the blast - the lab used in the bombing.

He turns to see another man step in: A smaller Asian man with long, brooding hair. KAZUMA KARASU, 20s'. He doesn't look up, his eyes fixated on a small game console as his thumbs twiddle back and forth at lightning speed.

MARINO

I made it here first. I win.

Kazuma glances at Marino and shakes his head, looking back at his game.

Another figure walks in. Imposing. A tall frame. Dressed in black. Face covered by a menacing armoured mask. THE LEADER.

THE LEADER

Relax, Marino.

He looks up at the building.

THE LEADER

The game starts from here.

INT. DESTROYED RESEARCH LAB - NIGHT

The leader and his two colleagues enter the destroyed lab. Almost nothing is left. It is a miracle that the frame of the building is left mostly intact, albeit now with a faint glow emanating from the charred remains.

Kazuma looks up from his machine and looks at the walls curiously. Marino takes his headphones off and takes a sniff of the air.

MARINO

Are you sure its safe to breath
this air?

THE LEADER

Oh, I assure you, it is more than
safe.

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Marino shifts his head in confusion. He looks over to remains outside once more.

MARINO

They won't follow us?

The leader begins to trudge through the remains, as if looking for something specific.

THE LEADER

Though your methods of disposal were not optimal, it will keep the police's hands full for a night or two.

MARINO

What, I can't have fun?

Kazuma chuckles.

KAZUMA

Fun? You sound more like a psychopath each time you open your mouth.

MARINO

Huh?

Marino snickers at Kazuma, cracking his neck as if inviting a battle. Kazuma scoffs, and turns back to his game system.

THE LEADER

Relax, you two. No need to fight amongst each other. Besides, I've found what I came here for.

The leader moves aside a block of rubble, revealing the remains of the bomb from six months ago. Surprisingly, it seems to be in good shape.

MARINO

Would you look at that. Does it still work?

THE LEADER

Doesn't need to.

Marino watches in confusion as The Leader pulls a compartment out of the defunct bomb, containing some sort of blue refuse. He scrapes it off into a hazard-proof bag, and then turns to his colleagues.

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Kazuma, however, watches with wide eyes. His arm falls limp with the game machine in tow. He shifts his eyes uncomfortably.

THE LEADER

Something wrong, Kazuma?

KAZUMA

No... It just feels like I was here before. But there's no way that's possible... Right?

MARINO

What? Something flicker up from your past?

Kazuma shakes his head.

KAZUMA

Forget about it. We're done here?
What's next?

Marino scratches his head as The Leader chuckles. He weighs the bag of blue refuse and looks back at his two men.

THE LEADER

I heard there is a ban on ENERGY in effect starting today. How convenient, wouldn't you say?