

CITY

FADE IN:
Black screen.

A CHIRON BEGINS TO SCROLL ON SCREEN

CHIRON

When the international community of scientists started to warn the world of the dangers of Global Warming, some within the United States refused to listen.

CHIRON

Without the cooperation of America, all efforts to control Global Warming were a failure.

CHIRON

Most of Florida, Louisiana and parts of Texas disappeared under rising sea levels.

CHIRON

The secession movement whose seeds had been planted in 2009 caused the break-up of the United States.

CHIRON

"ATLANTA - 2089"

EXT. ATLANTA - DUSK

Atlanta is now fully visible on the screen. The skyline is familiar but changed. It is clear that the city is no longer what it once was. In 2089, Atlanta is a disaster area. The sky is yellow with pollution. Garbage lies uncollected along the sidewalks. Insects breed in stagnant water and weed-like vegetation.

Wrecked automobile husks and abandoned machinery line the streets. The high-rises are dirty and filled with broken windows. Some buildings show traces of fire and explosions.

On a wall, we SEE the tattered remains of a poster showing a modified Georgia flag with the motto "Resurgens - Rising Again" still readable.

Even Atlanta's residents have started to devolve into strange, animalistic shapes. We SEE a misshapen, man-sized creature with rat-like features scurry out of a sewer entrance and disappear into the darkness.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON a red, heavily-armored SUV that slowly crawls through the streets. We recognize it immediately as a police vehicle. It is futuristic and threatening. We cannot see its occupant through the tinted windshield.

The SUV moves TOWARDS CAMERA. We SEE a sign on the door that reads: "ATLANTA - POLICE."

INT. POLICE SUV - DUSK

CLOSE UP ON a pair of hands encased in thick, black gloves that are almost caressing the steering wheel.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal PATRICK STANTON. He is in his late thirties; tall and attractive in a tough, cynical sort of way. He fell into being a cop out of an idealistic desire to help people, but cynicism has long taken over. Still, he's good at his job and he

knows it. He has been working in Atlanta for over ten years and his face reflects his weariness and the death of his illusions.

A CRACKLING, BEEPING sound breaks the silence. It comes from a computer embedded in the dashboard. The face of a weasely-looking man appears on the screen. His name is MOREL.

MOREL

Officer Stanton. Officer Stanton. Report, Officer Stanton.

Stanton ignores the call and remains motionless, lost in his own reveries.

MOREL

Stanton! You asshole! Come in now or I'll send a drone after you.

Stanton touches the screen.

STANTON

Fuck you, Morel! I'm on my break. Go to Hell.

MOREL

Screw your fucking break, Stanton! We just got an A-1 call near your position. A Normal named Willman is stuck on Block 12 in Cabbagetown. Go get him out.

STANTON

Cabbagetown? That's Iguana territory. What's a fucking Normal doing there?

MOREL

That's not your problem. Get him out, or you'll be patrolling OTP before you take your next piss. That's a promise. Later.

STANTON

Up yours.
(he shuts off his screen)
Shitface.

EXT. ATLANTA - NIGHT

The SUV revs up and takes off in a burst of speed.

It reaches a freeway on-ramp marked "INTERSTATE NORTH." A sign blinks out "CURFEW" non-stop, spilling bright, garish red light onto its surroundings.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Stanton drives onto the Interstate.

With one hand, he hits various spots reading "DEFENSE SYSTEMS" and "ATTACK SYSTEMS." on a touch screen setting them into "lethal mode."

From the dashboard unit comes a message: "CURFEW! ANY CITIZENS STILL IN TRANSIT MUST NOW BROADCAST THEIR EMERGENCY IDENTIFICATION NUMBERS. CURFEW!"

Stanton switches off the unit.

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Stanton's car zooms down the Interstate. He passes a black motorcycle that is stopped on the side of the road.

This is DEATH. Death is dressed in black skin-tight leathers. His face is completely covered by a red helmet with a skull design. In the dark orb of the eyes, we SEE two glowing, green points. Soon, Death's secret identity will be revealed.

A small CREATURE that looks like a gelatinous, translucent rat comes crawling to Death's hands. He strokes it distractedly.

Death addresses the creature. His voice is soft and purring, yet deadly.

DEATH

Look, angel... A police officer... Alone after curfew...

(a pause)

You have a date with Death, Cop...

Death's powerful bike ROARS to life.

The bike and its grim passenger zoom onto the Interstate.

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

STANTON'S P.O.V.: A dot in the rearview mirror grows rapidly.

Stanton recognizes Death on his bike.

STANTON

Oh, shit!

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on Death, his green eyes GLOWING inside his helmet.

The space between the two opponents closes. Death speaks with an amplified voice.

DEATH

Hey, Cop, why are you in such a rush?

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

STANTON

I don't have time for this kind of shit now.

He touches a spot on his screen marked TURBO so it goes to "MAX."

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

The vehicle literally jumps ahead. Rubber burns as he takes a sharp curve, almost at the outer edge of the Interstate.

Death also accelerates.

Stanton is faster, but Death is more nimble. He cuts the curve, which brings him on a course parallel with the SUV's.

He makes a gesture with his hand as if he is throwing something at the SUV.

A couple of his "pets" jump from his extended arm onto Stanton's car.

Where the "pets" bite the car, acid from their jaws attacks the metal.

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

All the warning lights are blinking red.

A "pet" is gnawing at the windshield.

Suddenly, there's a loud THUMPING sound.

Stanton swerves. He looks pissed.

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Death is using a whirling mace to SMASH the side of the SUV.

DEATH

Don't fight it, Cop. Death can be sweet.

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

STANTON

(shouting)

Fuck you!

He swerves again to avoid the next blow.

He then touches places on the "ATTACK SYSTEMS" panel.

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Stanton's car is suddenly engulfed in fire.

Death's "pets" burn and drop off with SCREECHING noises.

Death himself disappears in a huge fireball.

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

The windshield has become dark red. The temperature in the car rises.

The gas gauge is going down slowly, but steadily, TOWARDS ZERO.

Stanton stops the fireball. The indicator stops, fairly close to zero but not quite there.

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

The flames linger for a minute, but the rushing speed of the car extinguishes them.

Death is nowhere to be seen.

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

Stanton slows down. He scrutinizes the rearview mirror, looking for signs of his opponent. There are none.

He then turns to look ahead.

There is a deep crack on the windshield where one of Death's "pets" has attacked the glass.

Suddenly, the whirling mace of Death strikes the very same spot, causing the windshield to EXPLODE in a thousand, flying particles.

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Death materializes from the left side of the car. He prepares to strike again.

DEATH

You can't fight Death, Cop. Death is forever.

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

Stanton clears fragments of glass from his hair.

STANTON

Shit! Shit! Shit!

He swerves to avoid another blow. Then, he piles on the brakes.

STANTON

Go fuck yourself, Death!

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Stanton's car spins wildly. Tires SCREECHING, it ends up facing the opposite direction.

Death accelerates out of the way, to avoid being crushed. He then slows down.

Stanton has taken this opportunity to zoom off in the direction from which he came.

Death stops his bike and watches the police SUV disappear.

DEATH

Not bad, Cop. You're a worthy opponent for Death...

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

Stanton is sweating, shaking and out of breath. After a second, he touches the communication area on his control screen.

STANTON

Get me Morel.

There's a brief pause, then Morel appears on the screen. He looks annoyed.

MOREL

Why aren't you doing your job, Stanton? If the Guanas kill that citizen...

STANTON

Stuff it, Morel! I just had a little visit from Death! My rig's trashed; you're gonna have to send Baracca to Cabbagetown and I'm going to limp back to HQ.

MOREL

Damn it, Stanton! What the hell did you want piss around with him for? That's the third cruiser he's wrecked this week. Where am I gonna get the budget for this?

STANTON

Not my problem, asshole. Stanton out.

INT. STANTON'S SUV - NIGHT

Stanton turns off his com screen and sighs. He starts driving, slowly.

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

A DIFFERENT POLICE SUV is driving down the Interstate.

This SUV is decorated with dozens of colorful decals depicting good luck symbols. The muffled sound of MIDDLE-EASTERN MUSIC is heard over the passage of the car.

The driver is an exotic Middle-Eastern woman. Her name is BARACCA. Her voice is deep and sexy, with a slight Iraqi accent.

Baracca is in her early thirties. She is the daughter of an American GI and an Iraqi woman. Her GI father was able to bring her and her mother to America when she was still young enough to think that the streets were paved with gold. Her experiences since moving have left her disappointed with that dream. Her Iraqi mother gave her a deeply superstitious nature; her GI father taught her how to stand up for herself. The poverty of her early childhood left her with an overwhelming sense of greed and fear of not having "enough," whatever that means. Although she looks very sensual, she is hard as nails and all business.

Unlike Stanton's car, which is clean and impersonal, Baracca's is filled with mysterious objects and trinkets. Her com screen lights up and we SEE Morel's face yet again.

MOREL

Hey, Baracca, what's that crap I hear in the background?

BARACCA

Stop bustin' my balls, Morel. You can't tell me what to listen to in my rig!

MOREL

We don't have time for this shit again. I need you to go clean up a mess that Stanton left me.

(he pauses)

There's a Normal stuck in Cabbagetown under attack by the Guanas. You need to go get him out.

BARACCA

That's not my job. Why can't Stanton do it?

MOREL

He decided to do a little dance with Death instead and now he's torn up his rig. So, just do it, 'kay?

BARACCA

(turning off her com screen)

Shit!

EXT. INTERSTATE - NIGHT

Baracca's SUV puts on its flashing lights and roars down the Interstate.

EXT. BARACCA'S SUV - NIGHT

The SUV exits the Interstate. It enters into an area that once may have been an attractive, residential section filled with condos, etc. It has now fallen into the same decayed state as the rest of City.

The streets are completely deserted. An occasional SCREAM (human or animal?) cuts through the SILENCE of the night. The SUV slows down.

INT. BARACCA'S SUV - NIGHT

Baracca looks at a small GPS map screen where a red man-shaped BLIP has appeared.

EXT. ATLANTA - NIGHT

The SUV accelerates again, now appearing to be headed in a definite direction. The outside SILENCE is suddenly broken by the WAIL of the SUV's powerful SIREN.

EXT. BLOCK 12 - NIGHT

Another car, a green compact, is being assaulted by a mob. They throw rubble at it, and try to break inside.

The PASSENGER inside the car looks terrified. He is a pudgy, small man in a cheap suit.

The MEMBERS OF THE CROWD are not quite normal. Their skin is slightly greenish and is peeling in places. They all wear dark glasses. Their movements, although strong, seem slower than what you would expect from a regular human.

Baracca's SUV comes around the Block's corner, siren BLARING.

INT. BARACCA'S SUV - NIGHT

Baracca sees that the mob is attacking the other car. She hits various places on the touch screen.

EXT. BLOCK 12 - NIGHT

Baracca's car stops with a SQUEALING of its brakes. The policewoman's voice comes out of a hidden loudspeaker.

BARACCA (O.S.)

This is Officer Baracca! Fun's over, kiddies. Go home before someone gets hurt. This is your only warning.

One of the strange kids throws a metal can at the SUV.

INT. BARACCA'S SUV - NIGHT

There is a loud CLANK as the can hits the car.

BARACCA

Shit!

Her hand automatically glides to another touch screen position.

EXT. BLOCK 12 - NIGHT

A HISS of green mace gas spurts out of the SUV. A few attackers back off.

BARACCA (O.S.)

If you shitheads give me any more trouble, I'm going to splatter you all over the fucking street.

A loud, threatening, WHIRRING noise comes out of the SUV. Several vicious-looking weapons emerge from panels in the car's body. The lights switch from their normal beam to an ominous reddish light.

The faces of the attackers show fear. They look at each other as if sending a silent message.

Suddenly, they split up and run away. In a second, the street is deserted.

EXT. BLOCK 12 - NIGHT

The two cars are now facing each other.

INT. BARACCA'S SUV - NIGHT

The face and voice of WILLMAN, the small man in the green car, come out of the com unit. His voice sounds whiney and grating. It is extremely irritating.

WILLMAN

Thank you, Officer. I don't know why those critters attacked me...

BARACCA

(suspicious)

Guanas are usually pretty harmless. They're lethargic most of the time. They only come out at night... What were you doing around here?

WILLMAN

(embarrassed)

Well... I... I just was passing through...

Baracca laughs sarcastically.

BARACCA

Passing through Cabbagetown? Hey, Normal, I'm a woman, not stupid! Nobody "passes through" Cabbagetown anymore... Unless you wanted to have some fun with a Guana girl, isn't that it? Heard all the stories... figured it was safe enough during the day... and then you got stuck here.

WILLMAN

I haven't done anything illegal. I've gotta go now.

EXT. BLOCK 12 - NIGHT

There are engine noises. Willman's car SPUTTERS, but refuses to start.

Baracca's voice comes over the loudspeaker.

BARACCA (O.S.)

Bet you had some fun too. Except the Guana's brothers didn't like it.

(her tone hardens)

What's your I.D., Citizen?

INT. WILLMAN'S CAR - NIGHT

The fat, little man is shifting uncomfortably. He tries to start his car several times. Unsuccessfully.

WILLMAN

Electro-repairman Willman, Second Class. I.D. number, 4789-DZ-8003.

WILLMAN (cont'd)

(pleading)

You have to help me, Officer! The critters must have damaged my car...

INT. BARACCA'S SUV - NIGHT

BARACCA

They're not "critters," scum. They're Genetic Anomalies...

(a pause)

Electro-repairman... You're on strike, aren't you, Citizen?

There is a long silence.

WILLMAN (O.S.)
Er... Yeah, we are, but...

BARACCA
(starting her car)
Well, then, that's it. Nice meeting you, repairman.

WILLMAN (O.S.)
(genuinely alarmed)
Hey, wait! You can't just leave me here. You've got to help me. You're a Cop. It's your duty to take me home...
(a pause)
I have your badge number. I can report you. You have to take me home.

EXT. BLOCK 12 - NIGHT

Baracca's car goes around Willman's and drives away.

INT. BARACCA'S SUV - NIGHT

Baracca smiles; it's a wicked smile. She's enjoying herself.

BARACCA
You're wrong, Citizen. My duty was to clear away the mob. I've done that. I don't have to take you home...
(a pause)
My waste disposal unit has been shot for two months now, and I can't get it fixed... So, why don't you do as I do, repairman. Be patient. Enjoy.

EXT. BLOCK 12 - NIGHT

Willman's car sits motionless.

WILLMAN (O.S.)
Please, Officer! Please! Take me home. Don't leave me here. They'll come back. I'll fix your waste disposal unit. Right now, if you want.

INT. BARACCA'S SUV - NIGHT

Through the back window, Willman's car fades into the distance.

BARACCA
Well, well... Working when your union is on strike... That's against the law, Citizen! But don't worry. I won't say a word. Later!

Baracca flicks the com unit off.

BARACCA
Shitface.

She inhales on the end of a long, brown, opiate cigarette, and lets the smoke slowly escape from her mouth.

BARACCA
(to herself)
So, the Big Man played with Death. I don't like it; there's trouble coming for us...