

DAY'S END

by

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FADE IN:

SCENE 1.

A vein pulses rhythmically to the heart's beat. Blood cells caught within a raging torrent of serum twist, collide and jostle each other in their mindless race to be oxygenated.

Glass-like nanobot machines, brimming with tools skitter and wiggle by, others anchored by barbs to the vein's wall industrially drill, snip, inject, and dissolve obstructions.

VOICE OVER (O.S.)

2015. Biotechnology is common, especially nanotechnology which is used extensively in the medical field. Bioethics related to the technology is highly regulated, but, nonetheless, because of the large amount of money that can be made, some unscrupulous companies abuse their trust - one such company is NanoByte.

FADE TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

BRANDO POWER, a tall man of fifty with well-cropped hair mixed evenly between brown and grey. A man used to power, is uncharacteristically for him, pacing up and down - agitated.

DARREN WEST, a tall and thin man stands before Brando. His large head, covered with short, brown hair contrasts somewhat oddly with a weak, small chin.

BRANDO

Listen here Darren; I want that prick Jason Maroon dead. I don't like being blackmailed. You hear me, not at all. I like clarity; cause and effect. I like neat and orderly.

Brando stops pacing and stands before Darren.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

Hurting me hurts a lot of people... and that prick can ruin us... I want him dead, OK. I want you to arrange an accident, you understand me.

DARREN  
What did he do boss?

BRANDO  
I met up with Sergie, you know  
Sergie don't you?

DARREN  
I don't recall...

BRANDO  
He's head of the local Russian  
Mafia. We're trying to get a deal  
going. That prick Jason happened  
to be shooting close by and I  
guess he put two and two  
together, and recorded us...

SECRETARY  
...Excuse me Mr Power.

BRANDO  
WHAT!  
(loudly)  
Get the fuck out of here you  
moron...

SECRETARY

Runs out sobbing.

CUT TO:

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

The room is sparsely furnished. A table holds a radio, few magazines, and a reading lamp. A chair faces a divan. Music emanates from the radio. The room is dimly lit.

ZOE FELDMAN is sitting, reading a book. She is in her mid twenties and of medium height, with high cheekbones and pale blue eyes. She is discreetly dressed, her clothes of excellent cut and material.

A knock on the door startles her. She rises to answer the door.

Darren West, stands on the threshold and stares at her, an appraising look on his face.

ZOE  
Don't you ever keep decent hours.  
(She smiles grimly and  
backs into the room)  
This had better be good.

Darren steps inside, pulls the door shut behind him. He follows Zoe as she walks towards the divan.

DARREN

I have a rather delicate job for you. It's important and very lucrative.

ZOE

Standard rates?  
(Zoe sits down.)

Darren stops momentary before her.

DARREN

Its for NanoByte and they're willing to pay extra.

ZOE

Ah huh! Am I to kill this person?

Darren walks around to Zoe's side and strokes her hair. She pulls away from him. He shrugs, and walks back to sit before her. He pulls out an envelope from his pocket and extracts a photograph and throws both onto the table. Zoe picks up the photograph and examines it.

DARREN

That's what I admire the most about you Zoe - so forthright. Anyhow, its all in the brief.

(Stands)

I'll see my self out.

(Walks toward the door  
and pauses)

Oh! I forgot to mention, it must be done today.

(Closes the door behind  
him.)

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO MONITOR ROOM - DAY

JASON MAROON a large, thick set man, is slumped in a chair. Fingers drum against the side of his head, a worried man, stares into infinity.

Jason's mobile phone rings. He walks over to the control room door, whilst looking at the phone's screen. Opening the door he enters.

JASON

(into phone)

Yes.

EXT. CANTEEN - DAY

ZOE  
(into phone)  
Jason Maroon?

INTERCUT:

JASON  
Yes, and you are?

ZOE  
That's not important.

JASON  
I see.

ZOE  
Meet me downstairs at the  
canteen, I'll be wearing a blue  
dress. Bring the data cube from  
yesterdays shoot. You know the  
one I mean.

JASON  
You have the money?

ZOE  
Yes, yes...  
(hangs up)

Jason hangs up and goes to a bottom draw. He stares down at a gun, gulps, takes gun and places in his pocket.

He steps over to a stack of data cubes, rummaging, he selects a data cube. He opens a second draw and picks up a flask of whisky. He takes a swig and places the flask in his back pocket and enters the monitor room.

JASON  
Look guys, let's have an early  
lunch.  
(Taps his watch )  
Okay, lets all get back here at  
2.  
( Jason walks out  
without a backward  
glance.)

CUT TO:

EXT. CANTEEN - DAY.

Zoe is seated. She looks around, making sure no one is watching, and from her bag takes out an automatic injection pen and places it on the seat next to her.

She looks up and spots Jason entering the canteen area. Smiling, she follows his progress.

JASON (CONT'D)  
Are you waiting for me?

ZOE  
I am.

JASON  
What now.

ZOE  
First, take your hands out of your pockets so I can see them. Second, sit down. (He sits down opposite her.)

JASON  
Sooo...  
(Hand gestures.)  
You have my money?

ZOE  
You have the data cube?

JASON  
I repeat, do you have my money?

ZOE  
No I don't. The situation is a little bit more serious than money, I'm afraid.

JASON  
What does that mean?  
(Looking worried)

With speed Zoe picks up the injection pen, leans forward and injects Jason in the upper arm.

JASON (CONT'D)  
(Surprised.)  
What the fuck was that!  
(Rubbing his upper arm.)

ZOE  
I've infected you with nanobots.

Jason stands up and pulls out his gun. His face red with rage.

JASON  
WHAT! You put machines in my body?

ZOE

If you want to save your life I suggest you put that gun away and SIT DOWN.

(Jason sits down.)

Now...the nanobots have been programed to manufacture a neural toxin. On release of those toxins, you will, I must say, die in a very painful manner.

JASON

How long do I have?

ZOE

(Looks at her watch.)

A little less than twenty minutes. Now Jason... I have the antidote and in exchange for that antidote all you have to do is give me the data cube.

Jason looks long and hard into Zoe's eyes.

JASON

What's to stop me from killing you and taking it.

ZOE

(Shrugs.)

Now, I may have it on me or not.  
(Taps her watch.)  
Times running out, do you want to take that chance?

JASON

I guess I have no choice.  
(Hands over the cube.)

Zoe accepts the data cube and hands Jason an injection device.

ZOE

Enjoy.

JASON

Fuck you.

Zoe collects her gear, stands up and walks off. Before turning the corner she pauses and turns her head to look at Jason.

ZOE

By the way Jason, I lied, there is no antidote.  
(She disappears around the corner.)

At first Jason is stunned, but soon recovers his composure and makes a decision. He takes out his phone and dials.

JASON  
 (Mutters into phone.)  
 Come on, come on will ya. Answer  
 the bloody phone.

INT. WDO7 STUDIO - DAY.

DAVE STEWART a skinny young man is sitting at his desk, feet up and his hands behind his head. He almost falls off in his attempt to answer the phone.

DAVE  
 (Into phone.)  
 Jason, what's going on mate?

INTERCUT:

JASON  
 (Into phone.)  
 Look I haven't much time, so just  
 listen, OK... That data cube I  
 asked you to hold for me, well I  
 want you to broadcast it. It's a  
 big scoop for you Buddy, don't  
 let me down.  
 (Hangs up.)

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY.

Zoe sits in her car dialing.

ZOE  
 (into phone.)  
 ...It's taken care of.

INT. OFFICE - DAY.

Brando stands before his holovision watching a program. The sound is quite low.

BRANDO  
 (Into phone.)  
 Good, good Zoe, but just to be  
 sure can you upload the cube's  
 content to me.

INTERCUT:

Zoe takes out the data cube and places it in the phone's reader. She looks at the screen and is puzzled.

BRANDO (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this! Its all  
crap.

Zoe retries, but once again there is only static.

ZOE

I don't understand?

Jason rounds the corner, a gun in his hand. He winches with pain-staggers. Zoe looks up and on spotting Jason pulls her gun out and begins to shoot at him. Jason attempt to weave, but is shot. He returns fire and manages to shoot Zoe in the head. Zoe slumps over the steering wheel.

Jason staggers to the car and reaches in to pick up the phone.

Brando is still on the phone, and hears the sound of shooting.

BRANDO

Zoe, Zoe, what's going  
on?

JASON

(Into phone.)  
Your finished arsehole.  
(Falls to the ground.)

INT. OFFICE - DAY.

Brando turns around and drops the phone. He notices a news bulletin on the holovision showing himself and Sergie sitting in a cafe talking.

ANNOUNCER

We interrupt our current schedule  
to bring you this breaking news.  
A short time ago we at channel  
WDO7 received this footage from  
the well known holovision  
producer Jason Maroon. The  
footage shows Brando Power CEO of  
NanoByte conferring with the head  
of the local Mafia boss,  
Sergie...

A look of disbelief shows on Brando's face. His eyes became fearful.

BRANDO (O.S.)

Oh, Shit.

FADE TO BLACK:

[THE END]