

Marked by Vengeance

Episode 1 - "The Spark"

Written By
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Based on the current events of Luigi Mangione. Some scenes
are fictional and dramatized.

Initial Draft

Logline: The brilliance of Luigi Mangione's Ivy League life is overshadowed by a growing bitterness toward the system that profits from others' suffering. A chance encounter sets him on a dangerous trajectory.

FADE IN:

A bustling Ivy League campus on a crisp autumn morning. Students in scarves and coats stream through a quad, their laughter mingling with the rustling of fallen leaves. The camera pans past historic buildings and focuses on **LUIGI MANGIONE (26)**, a sharp, introspective student. His tailored blazer and leather satchel suggest success, but his furrowed brow and tight grip on a paperback book hint at something darker.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A seminar room filled with eager students. A PROFESSOR lectures passionately about the ethics of capitalism. Luigi sits in the back row, visibly tense.

PROFESSOR

...And that's the paradox, isn't it? Capitalism creates opportunity, but at what cost? Industries like healthcare profit not by healing, but by prolonging need. A broken system—profitable, yes, but ethical? Debatable.

The class murmurs in agreement. Luigi's jaw tightens. He scribbles notes furiously, but his handwriting devolves into erratic scrawls. The Professor notices his intensity.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Mangione, you've been quiet. Any thoughts?

Luigi looks up, his expression guarded. He hesitates before speaking, his voice controlled but simmering with anger.

LUIGI

Opportunity? Sure. But only for those who can afford it. For everyone else, it's a death sentence. Insurance companies make billions denying care. People like my mother—they just become statistics.

The class falls silent. The Professor is momentarily taken aback but nods thoughtfully.

PROFESSOR

A valid critique. The question is: how do we fix it?

Luigi doesn't answer. He stares at his notebook, where he's

written in bold letters: "*FIX THE SYSTEM.*"

EXT. CAMPUS - EVENING

Luigi walks alone, the campus now bathed in golden-hour light. He stops at a bulletin board plastered with flyers. One catches his eye: a healthcare industry symposium featuring **BRIAN THOMPSON**, CEO of UnitedHealth.

He rips the flyer down, his gaze hardening.

INT. DORM ROOM - NIGHT

Luigi's room is immaculate, except for his desk, cluttered with books, articles, and notes on healthcare inequities. His laptop screen glows with a headline: "*UnitedHealth Reports Record Profits Amid Rising Premiums.*"

Luigi types feverishly into a document titled "**Manifesto**". His voice narrates over the scene.

LUIGI (V.O.)

They say the system can't change overnight. That the machine is too big to fail. But what if you made them listen? What if you made them see?

INT. CAMPUS COFFEE SHOP - THE NEXT DAY

Luigi sits near the window, staring at the symposium flyer. A casual conversation at the next table draws his attention. Two STUDENTS chat about the event.

STUDENT 1

Did you hear? Brian Thompson's giving the keynote tomorrow. The guy's basically untouchable. Imagine having that kind of power.

STUDENT 2

Yeah, but untouchable doesn't mean invincible. Everybody's got a weakness.

Luigi's lips twitch into the faintest smirk. He folds the flyer, slipping it into his pocket. The camera lingers on his face as his expression hardens.

Cue ominous music.

FADE TO BLACK.:

Title Card: "The Spark"

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The library is eerily quiet, bathed in cold fluorescent light. Rows of bookshelves stretch endlessly, and the occasional flicker of a computer screen illuminates students hunched over desks. Luigi sits in a secluded corner, surrounded by stacks of books and printed articles. He's methodical, his fingers flipping through pages with precision.

The camera zooms in on titles: "The Healthcare Industry and Wealth Disparity," "Ethics of Profit-Driven Medicine," and "Case Studies in Corporate Negligence." Luigi pulls out a legal pad, where he's written several key phrases in block letters:

"UnitedHealth: Profit Over Patients"

"Thompson's \$20M Bonus Amid Care Denials"

"How Many Lives Lost?"

As he reads, his pen moves furiously, underlining sentences and jotting notes. A particular passage catches his eye. He pauses and reads aloud under his breath.

LUIGI

'The denial of claims directly correlates with rising executive bonuses.'

His grip tightens on the pen. A nearby student coughs, breaking his focus. Luigi glances up, his expression distant, then pulls out the symposium flyer from his pocket.

He stares at it, his fingers curling into a fist, crumpling the paper.

INT. CAMPUS GYM - NIGHT

The rhythmic sound of a punching bag echoes through the empty gym. Luigi is alone, wearing a tank top and sweats, his face dripping with sweat. He strikes the bag with calculated precision, each punch harder than the last. His breathing is ragged, his movements fueled by frustration and fury.

Flashbacks intercut with his punches:

His **MOTHER** (mid-50), frail, on a hospital bed) crying softly as she opens a bill.

Luigi pacing in their cramped apartment, arguing with a **BILL COLLECTOR** on the phone.

His mother, in a voicemail, apologizing for being a "burden." With one final punch, Luigi collapses onto the floor, gasping for air. His phone buzzes on a nearby bench.

He grabs it, sees a news notification: "*Brian Thompson to Address Rising Healthcare Costs at Tomorrow's Symposium.*"

Luigi's thumb hovers over the screen. His jaw tightens as he sets the phone down.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

He opens a drawer, revealing a locked box. From his pocket, he pulls out a small key and unlocks it. Inside are various items: a fake ID, burner phones, and a handgun wrapped in cloth.

Luigi picks up the gun, his expression unreadable. He checks the safety, then sets it down. He exhales deeply, his hands trembling slightly.

LUIGI
(whispering)
They'll listen now.

INT. CAMPUS AUDITORIUM - MORNING

Brian Thompson (mid-50s, confident, and polished) stands at the podium, delivering a well-rehearsed speech. Luigi is seated near the back, blending into the crowd, his face unreadable.

BRIAN THOMPSON
...and while we acknowledge the system isn't perfect, we remain committed to providing quality care for all Americans. After all, healthcare is about people—about saving lives.

The audience erupts in polite applause. Luigi doesn't clap. Instead, his hand drifts into his jacket pocket, gripping something unseen.

The camera zooms in on Luigi's stoic expression as Thompson's voice fades into the background.

INT. CAMPUS AUDITORIUM - CONTINUOUS

The applause fades, and Thompson adjusts his tie before continuing his speech. Luigi sits unmoving, his hand still inside his jacket pocket. Around him, the audience is captivated by Thompson's polished delivery.

BRIAN THOMPSON

...and with your brilliant minds, we
can push for innovation that
ensures healthcare is both
sustainable and equitable.

A few students nod approvingly. Luigi's grip on the object in his pocket tightens. His breathing is shallow, the sound of his heartbeat loud in his ears.

FLASHBACK:

LUIGI'S MOTHER sitting in their living room, an eviction notice on the table.

Her voice breaking as she says, *"They won't cover the medication anymore. I don't know what to do."*

Luigi standing helplessly, his hands clenched into fists.

Back to the present.

Luigi exhales sharply, his focus locked on Thompson. The CEO smiles, basking in the applause.

EXT. CAMPUS COURTYARD - LATER

Students pour out of the auditorium, buzzing with excitement. Luigi lingers near a fountain, scanning the crowd. His phone buzzes. He glances at the screen: a text from an unknown number.

TEXT: *"You're not alone in this. Be smart."*

Luigi's eyes narrow as he looks around, but no one seems out of place. He slips the phone back into his pocket and starts walking.

INT. CAMPUS CAFÉ - AFTERNOON

Luigi sits at a small table with his laptop open. The screen displays Thompson's schedule, pulled from a public calendar. Below it is a list of healthcare whistleblowers and their failed attempts to expose corruption.

His focus shifts to an email draft addressed to a JOURNALIST: *"I have information that could expose UnitedHealth's lies. Meet me tonight. Location below."*

Luigi hesitates, fingers hovering over the keyboard. Instead of sending it, he deletes the draft.

BARISTA (O.S.)

Another espresso?

Startled, Luigi looks up. The Barista smiles politely.

LUIGI
Uh, no. Thanks.

As the Barista walks away, Luigi stares at the empty email field. His reflection in the laptop screen looks back at him, weary and uncertain.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A dark, nearly empty parking lot. Luigi stands beside his car, the symposium flyer clutched in his hand. He looks at the crumpled paper, then up at the building where Thompson is rumored to be meeting privately with investors.

He checks his watch: 8:45 PM.

The camera pans to reveal Luigi's car trunk, slightly ajar. Inside is the handgun, now loaded, and a small duffel bag containing gloves and a mask.

Luigi hesitates. His breathing quickens, and his hand trembles as he reaches for the bag.

LUIGI
(to himself)
You don't have to do this. Not like this.

He takes a step back, his mind racing. His phone buzzes again, another text from the unknown number:

TEXT: *"Decisions define us. What will yours be?"*

Luigi's face hardens. He zips the bag shut and slams the trunk.

INT. LUXURY HOTEL - LATER

A private room filled with sleek furniture and champagne glasses. Brian Thompson sits with a small group of investors, laughing and toasting to the company's success. A large window overlooks the city skyline.

The door to the hallway is slightly ajar. Outside, Luigi watches from the shadows, his face partially obscured by the hood of his jacket. His hands are steady now, his decision seemingly made.

As he steps closer, the faint sound of sirens echoes in the distance.

Cut to black. To Be Continued...