

UNPOWERED Ep. One
'TRUE CALLING'

By

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INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

In a crummy one room apartment stands GUY (30), naked. He has the skinny musculature of an ex-junky, his skin is crawling with scars and prison ink.

Despite his hardened appearance, his expression is mellow and saddened.

Slowly, Guy dresses himself in a mismatched salvation army suit.

He tightens the tie into a lopsided knot, regarding himself in the full length mirror. Finishing, he turns around, facing the rest of the apartment.

On the bed lies ROSIE (22), pregnant and pretty.

Guy walks to the bed, not meeting Rosie's gaze. He reaches his hand under the pillow, sliding it back and forth. He doesn't find what he's looking for.

After a beat Rosie holds out a HAND-GUN, blank-faced.

Guy grabs it from her hand. After a moment, his expression softens, he tucks the gun under his arm, resting a hand on her belly.

She rests her hand on his for one second before he pulls away.

Guy walks out the door, gun in hand.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Credits throughout MONTAGE.

Guy walks through dirty concrete streets of his crummy neighborhood. Around him the streets are full of HOMELESS, DRUG-DEALERS, and HOOKERS.

Guy passes more closed storefronts, head down, ignoring everyone around him.

Slowly, the streets empty of scum, GUY begins walking through nicer neighborhoods.

His cheap suit begins to blend in to a swarm of suited businessmen.

Finally he reaches his destination, a fancy stone and pillar BANK.

INT. BANK - DAY

Guy strides across the marble floor of the bank.

The bank is full of CLERKS and well dressed CUSTOMERS.

Scattered amongst the customers are a half dozen HENCHMEN. Like him, they are dressed in mismatched suits, unshaven and hard looking.

Guy walks up to the counter. Behind the counter are the oversized BARS blocking the way to the VAULT. Through the bars, shelves and CASH are visible.

A CUTE TELLER (22) smiles at Guy as he reaches the counter, then her expression fades as she sees the tattoos crawling out of his sleeves.

CUTE TELLER
Can I help you, sir?

Guy pauses, looking around. The other HENCHMEN are spread throughout the Bank, also at ready positions.

CUTE TELLER
Sir?

One very large man, suit nicer than the other henchmans' walks into the middle of the floor. This is HEAD HENCHMAN.

He pulls a SAWN-OFF shotgun from under his suit coat, fires it into the ceiling.

HEAD HENCHMAN
Everybody down!!

The bank turns to pandemonium, someone screams, customers hit the floor. Two henchmen positioned at the doors keep anyone from leaving, other henchmen violently subdue the rest.

Guy vaults the counter, shoving the CUTE TELLER against a wall. He pistol whips a BANK MANAGER trying for an alarm button.

One henchman moves to each security camera and covers them with spray paint.

Everyone scrambles for a few moments, then the robbers have control, clerks and customers are face down or at gunpoint.

Guy has Cute Teller pinned next to the vault, gun to her head.

She stares at him, wide-eyed and scared. Slowly, she looks down to where his hand is pressed against her belly, holding her against the wall.

Around them the bank is quiet, everyone seems to be waiting for something.

HENCHMAN BOB

Where is he?

GUY

He's coming.

HEAD HENCHMAN

Don't nobody fucking move.

The customers look around from the floor, scared.

HENCHMAN BOB

Where is he?!

Finally, the front doors revolve and THE BANKER (50) enters. He's dressed in an expensive three button suit, distinguished with gray hair. He carries a cane with crystal knob.

The Banker strides in, relaxed and confident. He smiles lightly at the costumers pinned down, nodding to the henchmen.

BANKER

Good morning, everyone.

He makes his way around the counter. Guy and Cute Teller watch him warily as he approaches.

The Banker stops next to them, tapping the head of his cane against the bar with a dull THUNK.

BANKER

(to Cute Teller)

You know, I used to work in a place like this.

He taps the cane against the next bar. THUNK.

BANKER

That was before I found my true calling.

He swings cane forward to next bar, the cane goes right through the bar, with a slight ripple.

Banker smiles, swings his cane side to side, it passes right through the bars. Guy and the Cute Teller watch with fascination.

BANKER

Ready to make some money?

EXT. GANG HANGOUT - CRIME SCENE - DAY

A basement lined with battered couches, walls covered in graffiti.

Spread around the room are the bodies of a half dozen GANG-BANGERS, brutally slashed to death. A half-naked WOMAN is mixed in, blood pooling around her obviously fake cleavage.

Mixed in the carnage are hand-guns, drug paraphernalia, and cash.

A few FORENSIC EXPERTS and OFFICERS mill around, taking pictures and samples. Among them is DETECTIVE MILLS (48), overweight and grizzled.

AGENT EDDIE ARCHER (30) enters. He's a tall broad man with cropped hair and a serious face. He looks around dispassionately.

ARCHER

What you got here?

Detective Mills turns around, noticing him for the first time.

DETECTIVE MILLS

Archer, I guess you're the unlucky son of a bitch.

ARCHER

I guess I am.

Mills gestures around as he gives the report.

DETECTIVE MILLS

We got seven dead, all from knife wounds. Six men and the one female.

ARCHER

Who was she?

Mills shrugs.

DETECTIVE MILLS
Probably a nobody. He wasn't after
her.

ARCHER
Why you say that?

DETECTIVE MILLS
She was done quick, single
wound. The rest were torn up, left
to bleed out.

Behind them, DETECTIVE DRAKE (30) enters. He's tall,
handsome. His eyes are narrowed angrily at the scene.

ARCHER
And who were the guys?

Before Mills can answer Drake interrupts.

DETECTIVE DRAKE
They were murdering, gang-banging,
dirt-bags.

Archer turns to him.

ARCHER
Yea?

DETECTIVE DRAKE
We're been after this crew for
eight months. Every time we've
charged them witnesses would start
dying. They've killed two cops,
who knows how many others.

Drake spits on the floor in disgust.

DETECTIVE DRAKE
Good fucking riddance.

ARCHER
Hey, this is a crime scene,
man. Take it outside.

Drake walks away, muttering. Archer and Mills exchange
glances.

One of the forensic experts finds something on a body.

FORENSIC EXPERT
Hey, look at this.

He slowly raises the item in a pair of tweezers. Mills and Archer look over.

It's a large white MOTH. A bloody pin is stuck through it, where it was pinned to the body.

Mills looks at Archer, raising his eyebrows.

Another Officer calls from a side room.

OFFICER OS
Hey, we got surveillance tapes in here.

INT. GANG-BANGER HANGOUT - SIDE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A small room used for storage. A tiny desk has a TV console and VCR deck.

Mills and Archer enter.

ARCHER
Let's see what we got.

The OFFICER pokes a VCR tape back into the machine with a gloved finger.

INSERT SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE

The footage is choppy and grainy, without sound.

The Gang-Bangers lounge around on the couches, drinking forties and smoking. The woman dances around them, taking off her shirt as the guys cheer her.

Suddenly, the guys react to something OS, jumping to their feet, reaching for weapons.

A blurred figure tears into them, moving impossibly fast. There're flashes of gunfire, furniture flies across the room, the Gang-bangers fall to the ground, bleeding.

Just as abruptly, it's over, everyone lies bloody. Some of the Gang-bangers writhe slowly, dying. The rest are already dead.

The scene is recognizable as the crime scene outside.

MILLS (OS)
Goddamn...

Without warning a masked face appears, right up close to the camera.

It's DARWIN, shaved head, wearing a black bandana across his face. On the bandana is printed the lower jaw of a skull, so it looks like his. Jeans and a bulletproof vest over a T-shirt complete his costume.

Darwin stares out of the footage for a moment, then the tape cuts to static.

INT. POLICE STATION - MUSTER ROOM - DAY

A large modern muster room, with glass walls separating it from the rest of the station.

At a table in the center sit CAPTAIN ELLIS (50), large and officious looking, and MELISSA DEMING (26), in a sexy business suit.

Between them are a notepad, voice recorder, and pictures of masked HEROES and VILLAINS. Amongst them Darwin's masked face is visible, as well as the Banker.

The Captain and Melissa are in the middle of an interview.

MELISSA

And why are they all here, in this one city?

The Captain shrugs, shuffling through the pictures.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

I wonder the same thing.

(beat)

I think they need each other. The good guys need the bad guys and the bad guys need the good guys. It validates them, allows them to wear those masks.

MELISSA

The mayor is contemplating declaring a state of emergency. Do you think the situation is out of control?

Throughout the answers Melissa writes on her pad.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

What is happening here is nothing new. Today we have a bank robbery, and some gang members were murdered. Sorry to be callous, but that's old news.

MELISSA

That's a pretty simplistic way to look at it.

The Captain shrugs.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

There are always those who have the power, and others that want it.

MELISSA

And which are you, Captain?

CAPTAIN ELLIS

I'm just the guy who tries to keep the balance.

Melissa smirks at the quote, jotting down a few notes.

MELISSA

And what about Darwin? He seems to be doing what the police aren't able to.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

The vigilante you've decided to call 'Darwin' is a butcher and a murderer.

MELISSA

Who only murders other murderers.

The Captain shakes his head tiredly, clearly this is a discussion he's had too many times.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Look, for someone to make a true advance against crime they need to be highly trained and dedicated to the morality of the law.

Behind Melissa, Archer quietly lets himself into the Muster room, gesturing to the Captain with a cell phone.

CAPTAIN ELLIS (CONT'D)

As in a police officer.

MELISSA

That's interesting, considering that many people have suggested Darwin is in fact a member of the police force.

Unseen by Melissa, Archer taps the phone, impatient. The Captain nods, preparing to leave.

CAPTAIN ELLIS
Fascinating rumor. Now, if you'll
excuse me, I have some police
business.

He stands and walks to the door. Melissa turns and notices Archer for the first time.

MELISSA
Eddie?

Archer ignores her, handing the phone to the Captain, then following him into the hallway.

Melissa grabs her recorder and follows Archer into the hallway.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

Melissa hustles to catch up to Archer. He doesn't turn to acknowledge her.

MELISSA
I understand you've been appointed
leader of the new 'Anti-Power
Unit.'

Archer continues to ignore her, walking down a hallway.

MELISSA
Come on Eddie, give me something
here.

ARCHER
Yea? Like last time?

MELISSA
Look, you never said 'off the
record.'

He stops and turns to face her.

ARCHER
I kind of thought that was implied
once we were in the bedroom.

MELISSA
Bedroom? I don't remember any
bedroom. I remember some couches,

MELISSA
your living room floor a few
times. Some supply closets.

She looks at a door in the hallway marked 'MAINTENANCE.'

MELISSA
In fact this looks familiar right
here. Maybe we should step inside,
would that loosen your tongue?

ARCHER
Go fuck yourself.

MELISSA
(Smiling sweetly)
But I don't need an interview with
myself.

He turns to a passing OFFICER.

ARCHER
If you would escort Ms. Deming to
the lobby.

Melissa is pulled away by the officer as Archer continues
walking away.

MELISSA
See you soon, Eddie.

She stands watching him walk away, her smile fades, for a
moment there's a flash of real emotion on her face.

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAINS OFFICE

Archer catches up the the Captain in his office, just as
he's getting off the phone.

CAPTAIN ELLIS
(into phone)
Alright, thank you, sir. We'll
have a team ready.

The Captain hangs up, turning to Archer.

CAPTAIN ELLIS
What's the word on the multiple?

ARCHER
Seven dead. It was Darwin.

Archer holds up a plastic evidence bag with the white moth inside. The Captain raises his eyebrows in recognition.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

The vics?

ARCHER

Gang-bangers. Drake says he's been chasing them for months.

The Captain shrugs, not entirely interested.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Fuck'em. Mills will handle it. We've grabbed a location for Gates.

Archer raises his eyebrows, surprised.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Judge is signing a No-Knock Warrant as we speak. Get your guys together, we'll go in tonight.

ARCHER

Ten-four. We'll be ready.

Archer turns back to the door, ready to work.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

Oh, and Archer...Don't expect him to go down easy.

INT. GATE'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - NIGHT

An ultramodern penthouse suite, walls covered in abstract art. It's dimly lit and silent.

The door SMASHES open, a six man APU SWAT TEAM swarms in, wearing body armor and carrying sub-machine guns.

Archer leads the way as they sweep the rooms, reaching the bedroom in seconds.

Archer kicks the door open, revealing two beautiful naked BIMBOS laying on either side of GATES (25). GATES is a extremely attractive man, wearing nothing but a silk robe.

INT. GATE'S PENTHOUSE SUITE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gates scrambles out of bed, the Bimbos scream as the APU team covers the three with laser sights.

ARCHER

Don't fucking move, Gates. Game's up.

Gates recovers his cool, slowly puts his hands up, smiling.

GATES

You sure you brought enough guys?

ARCHER

Shut up, get down.

Gate's smile widens, he puts his hands on his robe, begins to pull it open.

ARCHER

No, dont!

With a quick movement Gates pulls the robe off, he TURNS INVISIBLE before it can hit the ground. The laser-sights flash on the wall behind him, the Bimbos gasp with surprise.

ARCHER

Shit!

The APU team shifts, nervous, their guns moving, wondering where Gates went.

SLOMO: One of the APU team's nose is hit by an invisible object, crumpling into his face.

He screams, fires a burst into the wall.

Other agents fire, their bullets tear holes in the wall without hitting anything.

ARCHER

Hold fire!!

They cease, still nervously looking around. The agent with the broken nose groans from the floor.

ARCHER

Gates! You don't want to do it like this!

There's no response, the silence is oppressive.

In the back of the team, one agent's sidearm HOLSTER pops open. No one notices as the handgun slowly lifts itself out of the holster.

After a moment, the agent finally looks down, sees the floating gun. He spins, the gun fires, hitting him in the side.

All the agents turn, firing at the floating gun. Gate's shoulder flashes into visibility as a bullet hits it, BLOOD SPRAYS.

The gun drops to the floor and Gates disappears again.

The APU team bunches together, facing out. The two injured men moan from the floor.

ARCHER
Garcia, keep that door
covered. Franks, get the injured
out.

In the kitchen a KNIFE pulls itself out of a kitchen block. Archer spots it.

ARCHER
There!

He fires as the knife flies into AGENT GARCIA (25).

Archer's bullets hit something, Gates flashes visible again, then gone. He leaves a smear of blood across the fridge, but a second spray of bullets hit air.

Agent Garcia slowly pulls the knife out of his shoulder. His face registers more anger than pain.

The few remaining APU Agents circle tight.

ARCHER
Last chance, Gates...

No answer.

Small drips of blood hit the hard-wood floor of the living room. A drawer on a coffee table slides silently open. Inside rests a CHROME PISTOL.

Blood drips onto the surface of the coffee table as the gun moves...

Archer sees the blood, turns and fires twice. Gates crashes back into the couch, visible and with two holes in his chest.

Archer and the team move close, the red of their lasers playing across his bloody gunshot wounds.

Gates pants painfully, naked and dying.

He tries to raise the gun, fails. Giving up, he grimaces a smile.

GATES

So, you're the guy then...

Archer nods, Agent Garcia kicks the pistol away from Gates.

ARCHER

Yea, I am.

Gates coughs up a little blood, looking down at his wounds.

GATES

Alright then.

As the team stands over him, guns drawn, Gates dies.

Blood pools slowly around his naked body.

EXT. GATE'S PENTHOUSE - BALCONY - NIGHT

Archer stands looking out at the darkened city.

Behind Archer the suite is being turned into a crime scene, medical and forensic PERSONNEL move around.

Captain Ellis moves through the crowd, joins Archer.

He rests his arms on the balcony, pursing his lips for a moment. He looks at Archer, then follows his gaze out to the city.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

This was a good thing.

Archer looks at him, poker faced.

Captain Ellis looks at him, holding his gaze.

CAPTAIN ELLIS

There's a lot of work to be done in this city, I need to know you can handle it.

Archer looks over his shoulder at the remains of violence in the penthouse. He meets the Captain's look.

ARCHER
I can handle it.

CAPTAIN ELLIS
Good.

The Captain nods, satisfied.

CAPTAIN ELLIS
Now go home.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Archer walks up to the door to his apartment, pulling his key out of a pocket. His expression is preoccupied and solemn.

Putting his hand on the knob, he realizes the door is already unlocked.

He freezes for a moment, then trades his keys for a handgun.

Using the doorway as cover, he quietly pushes the door open. He swings into his entryway, gun out. Nobody there.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Archer moves into his apartment, clearing it room by room.

He reaches the bedroom, the only room with a light on. Keeping his gun up, he slowly pushes the door open.

ARCHER
That's certainly not where I'd
expect to find you.

Melissa is lying in his bed, naked under the covers.

MELISSA
Well, you got me thinking. (beat)
You can probably put the gun away,
Eddie.

He hesitates, weighing the gun in his hands.

ARCHER
I'll think about it.

MELISSA
I heard you killed the Invisible
Man.

Archer doesn't answer. She grins a little lewdly.

MELISSA

So, did he bleed invisible?

Silence. Melissa pouts for a moment.

MELISSA

Well, then lets not talk. But
since I'm finally in bed...

Archer slowly lowers the gun.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Guy enters his crappy tenement building, backpack slung over his shoulder.

In the hallway four HOODLUMS hang around. They close on him as he passes, forcing him to shoulder through them, head down.

He reaches his door, unlocks it.

INT. GUY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Guy enters his apartment, drops the backpack to the floor.

On the bed Rosie is asleep, pregnant belly looming large under the covers.

Guy pulls his gun from his waistband, sliding it under a pillow on the bed. He watches Rosie for a minute, she doesn't move.

He sits on the edge of the bed, begins pulling off the cheap suit.

Behind him Rosie opens her eyes, watching him silently for a moment.

ROSIE

I watched the news.

Guy doesn't turn around.

GUY

What I told you about watching the news?

ROSIE
It's better than waiting all day to
see if you come back.

GUY
I come back every time.

ROSIE
Every time 'til you don't.

He turns, puts a hand on her leg.

GUY
The Banker's smart, and he pays.

ROSIE
They say he's got Darwin after him
now though.

GUY
Don't worry 'bout the banker.

ROSIE
I'm worried about you. I don't
want to be living this life. This
whole city is poisoned.

GUY
We're almost there, baby. A little
more and-

He's interrupted by his door being KICKED OPEN by the
Hoodlums from the hallway. Except now each one of them is
wearing a battered Halloween mask, and armed with a knife or
bat.

FREAKER ONE
Nobody fuckin' move!

Guy moves between them and Rosie, hands up and open.

GUY
Whoa, what the fu-

He's cut off by a bat to the face. He drops to his knees,
spitting blood.

FREAKER ONE
Shut up.

FREAKER TWO
Don't you know who you talking to,
fool?

GUY
 (painfully)
 Yea...four faggot posers.

One Freaker raises his bat, ready to smash Guy's face in.

FREAK (OS)
 (Raspy)
 Hold it.

From the hallways enters FREAK. He's an oversized black teen, skin covered in burn scarring. A Halloween mask covers his face. He carries a bloodstained machete.

FREAK
 No need for violence.

Guy watches him warily, Rosie looks frightened.

FREAK
 They call me the Freak. These are my friends.

GUY
 Right.

FREAK
 We taking over round here. Going door to door looking for donations.

Guy spits blood on the floor.

GUY
 Not in this lifetime.

Freak steps to Guy, putting his machete against his neck.

FREAK
 Fair enough...

ROSIE
 Don't move!

Everyone turns, Rosie is kneeling on the bed holding Guy's gun shakily.

Freak looks at her, head tilted. He takes a small step towards her.

FREAK
 Careful, girlie, you're gonna get me excited...

GUY
Baby, the safety.

Rosie flips a small switch on the gun, Boss Freak stops moving towards her.

Freak keeps his machete against Guy's neck, clearly prepared for violence.

ROSIE
There's money in that bag, take it
and leave. Don't ever come back.

GUY
No-

Freak turns his attention to the backpack still lying on the floor.

Freaker Two picks it up, pulls it open.

FREAKER TWO
Damn...

He holds up a wad of cash for everyone to see.

ROSIE
It's enough that you don't ever
need to come back.

Freak hesitates, weighing his machete in his hands.

FREAK
Fair enough.

He gestures to his guys, slowly they back out of the apartment.

Freak points his machete at Guy as he leaves.

FREAK
She's a keeper.

The door shuts, Guy turns to Rosie. She still holds the gun up, pointing at the door.

Guy stands, walks to the bed. He gently pulls the gun out of her hands.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

On the bed Archer is still passed out, face down. Melissa slowly stretches, waking up.

She sees Archer's asleep, slides out of bed.

She pulls her slacks on, resnapping her bra.

Melissa looks over at Archer, gently pushes his shoulder. He doesn't respond.

Quietly, Melissa begins snooping around the room, looking for something.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Melissa continues her search, the sparse bachelor apartment not offering her much. There are barely any pictures on the walls.

She pushes one door open, sees a bench with weights, a punching bag. She closes the door, moving on.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Melissa looks around the kitchen, opens the fridge, it's full of take-out and protein shakes.

She checks the calender on the fridge, not finding anything interesting.

She finds the door to his office, jiggles the handle, it's locked.

Melissa looks back towards the bedroom, Archer hasn't moved.

Pulling out a hairpin, Melissa sets to work on the simple lock. After a moment it clicks and she lets herself in.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A typical home office, with the exception of the giant PHOTO WALL.

An entire wall is covered with photos of masked Heroes and Villains, diagrams connecting them, police reports.

It looks like a police board, except more obsessive.

Melissa smiles to herself. She makes a final glance at the bedroom, then pulls out her CAMERA PHONE and begins snapping pictures across the wall.

INT. ARCHERS APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Archer turns on the bed, stretching. His hand stretches across the bed behind him, feeling the hollow where Melissa was sleeping. Slowly, he opens his eyes, rolling over.

Melissa stands beside the bed, slowly buttoning her shirt. She smiles to see him awake.

MELISSA
Good morning.

ARCHER
You're up early.

MELISSA
Lotsa work today.

Archer grunts, sagging back into the pillows.

ARCHER
What you doin' tonight?

MELISSA
Why? Got something in mind?

ARCHER
What about a date?

MELISSA
A date?

ARCHER
Like dinner. Movie.

MELISSA
I'm not the girl you date, Eddie.

Archer nods to himself, disappointed.

ARCHER
Yea, I guess not.

Melissa looks sorry, she opens her mouth to say something, but is cut off by Archers phone ringing.

Archer answers.

ARCHER

Yea?

VOICE (VO)

So how did it feel?

Archer registers confusion.

ARCHER

What are you talking about?

VOICE (VO)

Did it feel like Justice?

ARCHER

Who is this?

VOICE (VO)

I'm not a journalist, if that's
what you're worried about.

Archer looks sideways at Melissa, then walks to the window,
peeking out the shade. Melissa watches him curiously.

VOICE (VO)

You know why I left the tape for
you?

Archer is silent, realizing who the voice must be.

VOICE (VO)

I was hoping it would inspire
you. Seems like it worked.

ARCHER

Darwin?

The voice gives a dry laugh.

ARCHER

Where are you?

VOICE (VO)

Goodbye, Special Agent. See you
soon.

There's a click and the line goes dead.

Archer looks at the phone, then at Melissa.

END