

D.O.D.
(Death of Disco)

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SECTION 1:

SUPER:

“Somewhere in the city.

A few minutes from now...”

SUPER OUT

The camera focuses on a skyscraper. The name on the front of the building reads “Palco-Shinohara Industries.”

The camera and down and comes to rest on a battered PICKUP TRUCK that pulls up in front of the office building.

An attractive BLOND GIRL, between 18-25 years old in appearance, wearing a PIZZA DELIVERY UNIFORM exits the truck carrying a pizza box. She enters the office through the front doors. She stops for a minute and looks at the list of workers and their office numbers listed on the wall. She doesn’t smile, doesn’t blink and seems detached, almost an automaton.

The Camera focuses on the name “D. PALCO – ROOM 666A”

The PIZZA GIRL looks at the name for a second and then enters the elevator. The floors flash by until he reaches the top floor. She walks past the secretary.

SECRETARY: Excuse me, you’re not allowed on this floor!

The PIZZA GIRL ignores the secretary and keeps walking, down the long hallway to the door at the end of the hall. Without slowing down she opens the door and enters. The secretary is right on her heels.

SECRETARY: Miss! I said you’re not allowed on...

The PIZZA GIRL slams the door in her face.

OFFICE 666A

In Office 666A is a large desk and behind the desk sits...

MR. D. PALCO: What are you doing in here!?! [PALCO looks at her uniform] I didn't order a pizza!

PIZZA GIRL opens her mouth to speak, but instead of a woman's voice, a MAN's voice comes out. The voice is devoid of emotion... almost dead.

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: Sit down.

PALCO looks stricken. Her tries to speak but fails.

The PIZZA GIRL spins the pizza box around, and pulls a SILENCED PISTOL from the box, aiming it at PALCO.

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: Sit DOWN.

PALCO sits down.

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: You called for a delivery.

PALCO: Delivery?

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: September 23rd. Oh-nine-thirty. The call lasted approximately two minutes, thirty-two seconds.

PALCO: But today is October... [Remembers the call] OH! THAT delivery!

The secretary opens the door.

SECRETARY [worried]: Mr. Palco! Is everything all right? Should I notify building security?

PIZZA GIRL's finger tightens on the pistol's trigger. The gun is hidden in front of her and from behind the secretary cannot see the gun.

PALCO: Yes Doris, all's fine. Hold all my calls.

The secretary nods, and then leaves.

PIZZA GIRL drops the full pizza box on the desk.

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: What do you need delivered?

PALCO [looks nervous]: Right to the chase huh? Well, all right. Here at Palco-Shinohara industries we do a lot of work for... private organizations. Government organizations. A lot of hush-hush stuff. Real top secret.

PIZZA GIRL's expression never changes.

PALCO: Well... sometimes we subcontract our work out to other companies in the private sector. One such company, Viper Heavy Industries, was started by a former employee of ours. [Looks disgusted] When he left Palco, he took some items with him that didn't belong to him.

Items I... I mean, WE, want returned are two compact disks. They're labeled DP-PMX 001 and DP-PMX 002.

The disks are in a high security laboratory at their main manufacturing facility. I want these two disks recovered at all costs.

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: Fees have been discussed.

PALCO: The fees seem quite high for such a simple recovery job...

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: This is NOT a negotiation. Do the job yourself. [Pizza Girl turns 180 degrees away from PALCO to leave]

PALCO: No, no! That's all right! [Pizza Girl stops] I suppose the fees ARE reasonable since Viper employs about thirty or forty heavily armed guards. I mean really! Who do they think they are, the C-I-A?

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: You have approximately three minutes to transfer the required funds to the pre-determined Swiss account you were told about in the phone conversation.

PALCO: Three minutes?

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: [looks at wristwatch] Two minutes, fifty-two seconds...

PALCO: Oh! OK, transferring funds now!

PALCO types for a minute on a computer keyboard. The computer screen shows a transfer of 20 MILLION DOLLARS into a numbered account. The screen flashes "Transaction Completed."

PALCO: There! The funds are transferred as we agreed!

PIZZA GIRL stands dead still for a long moment, staring into space like a statue. The camera moves around her and focuses on PALCO looking nervous behind the desk.

PIZZA GIRL tilts her head slightly to the side, then does a 180 degree military turn back to PALCO.

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: Payment received. Delivery will occur seven days from now on October thirty-first.

PALCO: Halloween? That's cutting it close! I need those disks as soon as possible!

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: You'll have the disks at exactly noon on the thirty-first. She turns to leave, opening the door.

PALCO (rises from seat): How will I find you?

PIZZA GIRL [man's voice-deadpan]: [Turns head to the side so over the shoulder shot reveals her profile] We'll find you.

PIZZA GIRL leaves. The door closes leaving PALCO in a darkened room.

FADE TO BLACK.

SECTION 2:

SUPER:

"A Government Research center, somewhere in the USA."

SUPER OUT

HALLWAYS

A well dressed middle age woman walks down an institutional hallway. She walks with determination and purpose. She's trailed and flanked by a GUARD soldier in uniform and a DOCTOR looking man in a white lab coat.

DOC: Senator Anderson, may I call you Karen? Welcome to our facility! Had I known you were coming I could have arranged a little suare' for you! You know... cocktails... those little cheeses... We have some wonderful fresh made bread in the commissary...

SENATOR: I didn't come here for drinks Doctor. I came here at the behest of the Senate Oversight Committee to learn about a little project you're working on called "Project Revenant," and shut it down if necessary.

DOC: I... I can't say that I'm familiar with any project by THAT name Senator.

The Senator stops and turns to DOC. The GUARD stops behind them at attention, his hand hovering near his holstered pistol.

SENATOR: Cut the crap Doctor. Fifty Million taxpayer's dollars get pumped into this phantom project of yours ever six months, and I know the American Taxpayers would like to know what they're buying with their money.

DOC: You must understand we're operating under the highest security here Senator. That you even found out about our pet project was an... error... that should not have occurred. However, since you wouldn't be here without the proper security clearance, I suppose there's little I can do to stop you is there?

SENATOR: If hurricane Andrew couldn't stop me, you sure can't. I don't like secrets Doctor. And the American people should know what their government is doing behind closed doors.

DOC: Even if those... secrets... are distasteful? Or necessary to the security of this nation?

SENATOR: I'm not stupid Doctor. I know about the need for secrecy in matters of national security. I just don't like secret "Black Box" operations that waste tremendous amounts of the taxpayer's money and show no positive returns for our investment.

DOC: This Isn't the Iran-Contra scandal, Senator, this is a research facility.

SENATOR: So then you have nothing to worry about, do you? Lead on.

The trio walks on through the hallways of the institution. They come to the end of a dark hallway and enter a control room filled with a variety of monitors and panels filled with buttons.

CONTROL ROOM

A young man named SPECS, wearing a brightly colored shirt, blue jeans and a thick set of eyeglasses sits at the controls, playing a GOLF game on one of the monitors.

SPECS: [upset] Go in the hole you stupid ball! That's your home! Are you too good for your home?

DOC: Speckowski!

SPECS: [looks up] What? Oh, Hey Doc! Um, I was just... running some simulations from the latest... [notices the Senator] hello... and you are?

DOC: This is Senator Anderson from the senate oversight committee. She's here about Project Revenant.

SPECS: [grins] So, somebody finally read those long winded thousand page funding requests I write huh? I'm surprised it took this long, well, what with all the flack the Agency took after the Iran-Contra thing...

SENATOR: I don't have time for this. Who is this... Person?

DOC: This is Doctor Speckowski. He's lead researcher on Project Revenant.

SENATOR: You don't look like a real doctor.

SPECS [grinning]: What's a real doctor supposed to look like? [points to DOC] Him?

SENATOR: Don't get smart with me! Show me right now what this project is about!

SPECS looks to the DOC. DOC shrugs, then nods.

DOC: She has clearance from the White House.

SPECS shrugs and spins his office chair back to the console.

SPECS: Have a seat Senator, explaining this is gonna take a while.

The Senator sits in another office chair next to the console.

SPECS: OK Sherman, set the way-back machine for 1995 (CHECK DATES OF GULF WAR!!). Iraq invades Saudi Arabia. We move in and bomb Iraq back to the stone age.

SENATOR: [impatient] Is there really a point to this? I have a 6 o'clock dinner engagement you know.

SPECS: I'm getting there Senator, just hold on. So anyway, our armed forces are moving through, taking out primary targets, generally mopping up and doing what they're there to do. Fight.

SPECS flips a couple switches and a fuzzy image of a man comes up on screen.

SPECS: Delta Force had several teams of operators in the area, looking for the Iraqi head cheese...

DOC: [interrupts] Never could stand that stuff. A nice Colby-jack is much tastier...

SPECS: Anyway, as sometimes happens in a war, the Delta group encounters the enemy and, well, they don't get along well.

SENATOR: There BETTER be a point to all of this.

SPECS [sighs]: The journey of a lifetime begins but with a single step Senator. Hold on, we're getting there... So anyway, Delta, the cream of the crop of the US special forces, runs into overwhelming enemy forces. Now these Iraqi's aren't good shots, but they make up for it with sheer numbers. Well, to make a long Tom Clancy novel short, Delta died. Every last one of those poor bastards gets killed.

SENATOR: I never heard anything about this on the news...

SPECS: You wouldn't. Black Ops stuff Isn't regularly announced on CNN or broadcast on ESPN2.

SENATOR glares at SPECS.

SPECS: Well, actually, everyone in that squad of Delta Operatives gets wasted, except one.

STASIS ROOM

VIEW on computer screen changes to a close-up of a man in a fog shrouded room. The man sits cross-legged on the floor and fog slowly drifts around him lazily. He's clad in black military BDU clothing and also wears an elaborate series of tactical vests and holsters covered in gear. He sits perfectly still and doesn't move.

CONTROL ROOM

SPECS: Senator, meet project X177E9 dash R, codenamed Project Revenant.

SENATOR looks closer at the screen.

SPECS: In mythology, a Revenant is a dead person, wronged or betrayed in life, who comes back from the dead to right those wrongs.

SENATOR [looks horrified]: You mean to tell me that man is dead?

SPECS: Yes. Err, No. Well, not really. From what we've been able to understand, In Iraq, "R" there, got separated from his mates in Delta, and arrived to the party about a minute too late, just in time to see them all get killed.

At this point things get interesting. You familiar with Project Bluebook?

SENATOR: Bluebook? That was the codename given to the US Air Force's study of UFOs and other phenomena.

SPECS: Right. But they didn't just study UFO's, they also studied other paranormal phenomena as well, such as Ghosts, ESP, Telekinesis, etc. Didn't you ever wonder who in a logical collegiate setting would actually fund studies into that stuff?

SENATOR: No, not really. I always assumed it was the individual college itself. Or the students.

SPECS: It was, by way of the US Air Force. [SPECS smiles] So, getting back to wonder boy there, he arrives late, sees his friends get wasted and something unique happens...

SENATOR: Unique?

SPECS: Yep. He wipes out the enemy forces, nearly a whole platoon.

SENATOR: So what, he's a trained soldier.

SPECS: He killed them with his mind.

SENATOR: What?

SPECS: That's right, he wiped them out using some combination of Telekinesis, Psychokinesis, ESP, Pyrokinesis, you name it he used it. We're still studying the satellite data from that day.

SENATOR: How is that possible? The top scientists in the nation still haven't clinically proven the existence of ESP much less replicated it.

SPECS: From what we theorize, seeing all his closest friends killed and with him unable to stop it, it pushed him over the edge.

SENATOR: Sounds like science fiction to me.

SPECS: Hey, it happened! How *else* do you explain all those dead enemy soldiers without so much as a paper cut on them? Massive heart attack? Too many lunch combos from the Burger-Rama?

SENATOR [doubtful]: This Isn't possible. Make him do something now! I want to see it.

SPECS: Easy Ma'am, He's not David Copperfield. He just can't turn off and on like a light switch.

SENATOR: So what's the point? Why are US Taxpayers pumping millions of dollars into this project then?

SPECS: Actually, it's for his rehabilitation.

SENATOR [shocked]: What?

SPECS: When R-boy here did his mojo, it effectively killed him. Physically, he was in perfect health, spiritually, wasn't all there. What *I* think happened was that in order to manifest his psychic abilities to the tremendous magnitude he exhibited, it basically drained his soul.

SENATOR: Drained his...

SPECS: Yep. He was there physically and for the most part he could still function on a base physical level. He still had speed, reflexes and reflex memory skills, but emotionally, spiritually, he was a blank slate.

SPECS turns and waves at a bank of computers lining one wall.

SPECS: These however, are dedicated to re-energizing his spirit.

SENATOR: Computers are fixing his broken soul? Is this some sort of joke? Didn't you ever attend Sunday School *mister* Speckowski?

SPECS: Actually, I've done lots of things Senator. I have a Master's degree in Computer Science with an emphasis in Theoretical Applications. I have a Masters Degree in Psychology *and* a teaching degree in Music with an emphasis in Orchesta. Oh yeah, I'm also an ordained minister and on alternating weekends I play guitar in a rock band.

SENATOR [disbelieving]: How old are you?

SPECS: Not that it matters, Senator, but I'm Twenty Nine. I started college when I was twelve, got recruited into the CIA at nineteen, and have been here for... a few years now. What's your resume?

SENATOR [insulted]: That's none of *your* concern. So, what do you do here actually?

SPECS: I'm his operations controller. Basically I'm sort of a Psychic Disk Jockey.

SENATOR: Excuse me?

SPECS: After R was returned to the USA, he was catatonic. He couldn't talk and when tested appeared to have virtually no brain activity whatsoever. However, as I explained earlier, he DID have automatic reflexes and believe it or not, he could function if given specific simple tasks to accomplish.

SENATOR: Such as...?

SPECS: Well, if ordered to eat, he ate. If ordered to walk to the corner and return, he did so. He could even be ordered to go to the library and check out a specific book and return it to base.

SENATOR: But he had no brain activity! How's such a thing possible?

SPECS: We don't really know Senator. All we knew at that time was that "he," the man he was before the incident in the Persian Gulf, was still in there... on some level we couldn't measure with ordinary means. Oddly enough, it was an accident during one of our field tests that gave us a new idea of how to reach him.

SENATOR: An accident? You took him out into society and had an *accident*?

SPECS: Easy Senator, I don't mean "accident" [makes quotation marks with hands] as in he went ballistic and killed forty people with a spork. I mean he had a measureable brainwave increase.

SENATOR [dryly]: Really? And what miracle caused this to happen? A walk down the beach on a busy summer day? A secret mission to a strip club perhaps?

SPECS: [ignores sarcasm] Actually, there was a symphony orchestra in the park playing Holst's The Planets. Music was the spark that started bringing him back to us.

SENATOR: Music?

SPECS: Music reached him on some level that day, and has done so ever since. [looks at watch, then looks at DOC.]

DOC: Excuse me Senator, but Mr. Speckowski has a mission to attend to, so if you'll just follow me to the commissary, I've arranged a nice tea social...

SENATOR: What mission?

SPECS: Um, That's classified Ma'am.

SENATOR: I'm not leaving until I see this fictional freak-show in action, without ANY of the B-S you've been spinning for me. AND, if I'm not satisfied I tell the senate what you're hiding out here, and that will be the end of this little tax base waste. Do I make myself clear?

SPECS: Okay, whatever you say.

SPECS looks at the DOC. DOC looks at the GUARD. The GUARD points to his holstered PISTOL. DOC shakes his head no and the GUARD just shrugs his shoulders. SPECS nods at the DOC.

DOC: We'll be in the commissary. Notify me when the mission is complete.

SPECS: okay Doc.

DOC and GUARD leave the room.

SPECS: First, I gotta tell ya that that thirty mill...

SENATOR: FIFTY Million...

SPECS: Yeah, whatever. Anyhow, that money only pays for the regular maintenance of this facility. That doesn't actually cover expenses, research, etc. For that, we do subcontracting work for private and government organizations.

SENATOR: What does that mean?

SPECS: Just wait and see. Our mission parameters for this Op are to infiltrate a heavily guarded non-government facility and recover some items owned by a mutual third party.

SENATOR: That sounds illegal...

SPECS: It's not any more illegal than having fifty armed guards with an order to shoot to kill anyone caught inside after hours, with no questions asked.

The SENATOR looks dubious, but says nothing.

SPECS flips a few switches on the console and a few other monitors blink to life. On one monitor is a display labeled "Brainwave Activity," another reads "Vital Signs" another reads "Agent Objective View" which shows a camera view of the control room, from Agent R's perspective in the chamber.

SPECS pulls a headset with microphone over his head and speaks into the microphone.

SPECS: Agent R, Awaken.

The brainwave meter jumps slightly.

AGENT R [deadpan] [over radio]: Hello Doctor Speckowski.

SPECS: Hello R, How did you sleep.

AGENT R [medium shot, in room]: Sleep was adequate.

SPECS [covers mic, speaks to Senator]: He's always like that. Little emotion, but he's still better than he was when he came here.

SPECS: That's good R, we have another mission for you, are you ready?

AGENT R [over radio]: I am prepared.

SPECS: That's good bro. Gear up and report to disembarking station.

AGENT R: Roger.

WIDE SHOT

AGENT R rises from his cross legged seating position, and stiffly moves toward a table in the back of the room. Arrayed across the table is an assortment of weaponry.

AGENT R [medium shot, in room]: Mission parameters?

SPECS: It's just a simple recovery mission, but the target facility is heavily fortified. I'd suggest a sidearm and a compact rifle of your choice.

AGENT R [looks over weaponry, stiffly, almost like a robot] [over radio]: Opposition body armor?

SPECS: We don't know what the opposition will be using. Satellite recon showed some weaponry, a few MP5's, some AK 47's, possibly an M-16 or two, a wide range of equipment. The Tango who hired us didn't know specifics of the security arrangements. He probably wouldn't know which end of a gun you point at someone.

AGENT R [over radio]: Roger. Selecting MP5 submachine gun with hydro-shock ammunition for short range effective penetration and knockdown. Five magazines...

SPECS [covers mic again]: He does this every time. Explains his weapon selection to me like I don't know what he's talking about. I'd almost think he's trying to be funny if I didn't know his emotional limitations.

SENATOR: How do you know he's *not* being funny?

SPECS: Did you hear his voice? He's like a walking encyclopedia of firearms specs. I don't think he'd know how to be funny right now.

MEDIUM SHOT

AGENT R selects a few other items, a large knife, an M93R machine pistol, and another Beretta handgun, holsters or slings his gear and spins on his heel, striding forward and stopping before the steel pressure door. The door opens and AGENT R strides out into the hallway. Lab techs jump out of the way as AGENT R strides forward without pausing.

AGENT R [over radio] [moving]: Ready for mission briefing.

SPECS: Gotcha, downloading mission briefing.

SPECS pushes a button and a series of images plays on another screen. He looks at the SENATOR and speaks.

SPECS: Basically, this mission is a recovery but we do have permission to use force if necessary. We usually strive for a zero body count on missions, but that's not always possible.

The owner of the target company was a former employee of Palco-Shinohara, and when he left under unpleasant circumstances, he took something along with him that didn't belong to him.

SENATOR: Doesn't Palco-Shinohara do work for the government?

SPECS: Yeah, they have a few government contracts. Oddly enough the target, Viper Heavy Industries, they also have a few government contracts. Anyway, we've been contracted to recover the missing items, a couple of computer disks, and return them to the owner by high noon tomorrow.

SENATOR: Tomorrow? That's pretty short notice!

SPECS: R can do it. It's just a simple recovery, it shouldn't be a problem at all. Slip in, slip out, no problem.

SENATOR: If you say so. It seems pretty dangerous for him just to waltz in to a heavily guarded location with only a couple guns for protection.

SPECS [smiles]: Oh, there's more to him than meets the eye, I assure you.

AGENT R [over radio]: Mission briefing complete. Beginning mission.

SPECS: Roger that, a little traveling music?

AGENT R [over radio]: Valkyrie.

SPECS: Roger that, Valkyries on the way.

SPECS reaches over and types "Valkyrie." In a moment, the song "Flight of the Valkyries" begins playing from a nearby speaker.

SENATOR: Now what are you doing?

SPECS: Remember when I said he responded to music in the park? We discovered that for whatever reason, music affects his performance on a mission. In those computers on the far wall, we have a triple redundancy backup system, containing 1 terabyte of digital music in a staged raid array, overall there's about a million songs that a mission operator can pull up at any given notice.

SENATOR: So why do you have all this music?

SPECS [slightly annoyed]: Keep up Ma'am. R responds to different music in different ways. One piece of music may mentally help him to act stealthy. Another piece of music may help him to fight better in hand to hand combat. It affects what remains of his individual moods and helps him function better. When he was in the stasis chamber, he was actually listening to Gregorian Chants, intermixed with selections by Enya. It helps him to relax.

SENATOR: Is this all for real?

SPECS: Ma'am, It doesn't get any more real. We're going to be down for approximately 60 minutes while he gets transported near Viper Heavy Industries research base. Then the real fun begins.

Camera pans up to focus on an analog clock hanging on the wall. The time passes until it's almost an hour later. The camera pans back down to SPECS and the SENATOR still sitting in the control room.

SENATOR: ...and that's why I became a politician... to help people and try to stop the government's wasting of it's citizen's hard earned money.

SPECS: Actually, that's pretty noble really. You just gotta find a more... subtle way of doing it. Really, barging in with your security clearance raised like an M-16 Isn't the best way to make friends and influence people. [SPECS smiles.]

SENATOR: We all have our way of getting the job done.

SPECS: Yep, we do...

A small alarm goes off and a red light flashes on the console.

SPECS flips a switch and the "Agent Objective View" monitor flashes to life.

SPECS [speaking into microphone]: Agent R, what's your status.

AGENT R [over radio]: 2 meters from outside wall of Viper facility. No sign of perimeter patrols.

SPECS: Roger. You are cleared to begin mission. Weapons are tight. Repeat, weapons are tight.

AGENT R [over radio]: Affirmative, Weapons are tight.

Camera view of “Agent Objective View” crossfades from fuzzy monitor view to clear real view that AGENT R is actually seeing.

SUPER

“Viper Heavy Industries, Research Division.”
“0930”

SUPER OUT

VIPER HEAVY INDUSTRIES, OUTSIDE

AGENT R drops from over the top of a short wall and hugs the wall to hide himself. He scans the courtyard and notices at least 2 sentries on patrol, automatic rifles in their hands.

Without notice, another sentry steps from a hidden doorway a short 2 meters from AGENT R’s location.

SPECS [on radio]: Activate MirOptiFlague!

AGENT R flips open a small black panel velcroed on the back of his left arm, and types a series of numbers into the panel. In a moment he fades from sight, leaving only his faint outline behind. The guard hearing something, spins in the direction of the noise and seeing nothing, continues on his patrol.