

CITY WITHOUT HEROES
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Original Screenplay
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FADE IN:

EXT- ELECTRICAL POWER PLANT OUTSIDE YARD, DETROIT, NEAR FUTURE, NIGHT

MARCUS (LEAN, THIN, ASIAN, 30s) scurries along in the darkness, moving from shadow to shadow, looking for roof access.

A SECURITY GUARD looks over in direction of a sound, but sees nothing. SECURITY GUARD ignores sound and lights a cigarette.

MARCUS finds a ladder going up side of building and secures his backpack on his back to climb the ladder. MARCUS reaches the roof and uses a small viewing scope to look the roof.

A PTZ CAMERA is pointed right at the edge of the roof where it meets the top of the ladder. Marcus pulls A SMALL DEVICE from his pocket and lobs it up onto the top of the roof, near the camera.

CUT TO:

INT- ELECTRICAL POWER PLANT- SECURITY OFFICE

A SINGLE SECURITY GUARD is playing Mahjong on his computer while DISPLAY MONITOR 12 shows a WAVERING DISPLAY.

CUT TO:

EXT- ELECTRICAL POWER PLANT ROOF

MARCUS scampers across roof and finds the edge of the building. He must swing across the yard to the TALLEST BUILDING which has no exterior access.

MARCUS pulls out an infrared scanner and starts a sweep of the yard looking for people.

CUT TO:

INT- ELECTRICAL POWER PLANT SECURITY OFFICE

SECURITY GUARD finally looks up and notices wavering display. He looks back behind him and pushes the reset button on CAMERA 12. The camera goes black for a second and then comes back clear.

SECURITY GUARD starts a roof sweep with the camera joystick.

CUT TO:

EXT- ELECTRICAL POWER PLANT ROOF

A PTZ CAMERA mounted on the rooftop of the building starts to whirr around and point his direction. MARCUS hides.

PTZ CAMERA pans back and forth looking for something, then circles around to point the direction of the ladder.

MARCUS resumes scan with infrared scanner. He waits. Then places the scanner in his backpack. He sees the ELECTRICAL TOWER on top of the tall building.

MARCUS lobs a SMALL DEVICE at the tower making sure it is not electrified. He then pulls out grappling hook launcher and shoots a line at the tower.

MARCUS swings across the distance, dropping and rolling to absorb the impact.

MARCUS pulls another scanner out of his backpack. He locates and exhaust vent. He pulls his EXPLOSIVE DEVICE from his pack.

Marcus arms the device and drops it down the exhaust vent. He sets a repelling rope to escape quickly when the building blows.

AN ENORMOUS UNDERGROUND EXPLOSION rocks the area. MARCUS jumps off the building, repelling to the ground.

MARCUS quickly ducks to cover on the perimeter and begins filming the chain reaction.

THE POWER PLANT suffers a series of internal explosions finally going up in a ball of flame. The bomber rides away on a motorcycle.

END OPENING CREDITS

CUT TO:

INT- DETROIT POLICE STATION, DAY

POLICE WATCHING VIDEO of final explosion at power plant.
DETECTIVE HENRY LAO (40s ASIAN) leads investigation.
OFFICER JACK STURGES (WHITE 40s) is with him.

LAO

Who posted it?

STURGES

Same a-holes at Terran Liberation.

LAO

They killed the entire security force,
and some maintenance men. 12 guys. Some
of those guys had family.

STURGES

I didn't mean-

LAO

It's OK Jack. I know you didn't mean it
how it sounded.

OFFICE DOOR across the room opens. CAPTAIN FORD (WHITE 50s)
yells from his office.

CAPTAIN FORD

Lao! Get your ass in here!

LAO

Duty calls.

INT. CAPTAIN FORD'S OFFICE- DAY. Lao sits across from the
Captain (he has an oversized cup of coffee). He talks to
Lao between gulps.

CAPTAIN FORD

I'm in a really, really bad mood. Not
only did Mayor Wilson chew me a new
one, but the Governor, the Governor
Lao, called and devoured what was left.
You better have some good news for me.

LAO

It was the TLO. They claimed
responsibility with a video they
posted. But if you are asking if I am
any closer to figuring out who THEY
are, the answer is no.

POLICE OFFICER KNOCKS and walks in to office fast.

POLICE OFFICER

Sorry to interrupt Captain but you asked me to notify you as soon as we heard from the power company. They said their best guess is a minimum of 48 more hours to re-route and restore all the power.

CAPTAIN FORD

Get an extra detail out to Sector 2, and call some of the off duty guys in for O.T. If we don't show some presence out there, all those businesses are in for looting, or worse.

POLICE OFFICER

Right away Captain.

CAPTAIN FORD

This is the third attack in the last six months. What do we need to do? I need to know- now.

LAO

Both undercover guys we sent in there were outted and killed before they could get anything back to us. The Bureau is either in the same boat-
(beat)
or withholding intel.

CAPTAIN FORD

OK. Stop. It's an embarrassment that these guys are right here in Detroit, right under our noses. I'm gonna rattle the Feds' cage but I have got to have some results.

LAO

I understand Captain.

CAPTAIN FORD

Bribe CI's. Harass convenience store cashiers. Threaten nuns! Find me some answers.

CUT TO:

INT- TERRAN LIBERATION ORG HEADQUARTERS, A warehouse in abandoned part of Detroit.

MARCUS, JENNY (pretty, petite, black, 20's) AND OTHERS INCLUDING RODDY (20s, white male) are watching the video of a final explosion at the power plant. ROBIN (strong, black, muscular 30's, leader) storms in.

ROBIN

Marcus! What the hell is broken inside you? You can't be that stupid- setting off a bomb in our own back yard?

MARCUS

Raising awareness Chief. That's what I was hired for. It may seem counter-intuitive to those who lack understanding, but no one is going to look for us in our own town. It's perfect.

ROBIN POINTS to the group.

ROBIN

The rest of you- out!

Everyone except Jenny leaves.

ROBIN (cont)

This was dangerous. This was unsanctioned.

MARCUS

Because you wouldn't have had the guts to sanction it.

ROBIN

Yeah I never would've sanctioned it! What is the point of even forming a group, if you're going to pull lone wolf crap like that?

MARCUS (sarcastically)

To point out the economic disparity of corporate greed, to raise awareness of corporate America poisoning-

ROBIN

Marcus. Just shut your damn mouth-
right now.

ROBIN curls his fist at his side.

ROBIN (CONT)

I realize this is next to impossible,
but I want you to think for a minute.
How are they going to take us seriously
if we are bombing innocent people? 12
people died.

MARCUS

Sucks to be them. Guess they shouldn't
have worked at a filthy power plant.

Robin walks over and grabs Marcus by the collar, speaking an
inch from his face.

ROBIN

You're so brilliant, you're painfully
stupid. One more time like this and I
will destroy you- strip you naked, tie
you up, nail a note to your ass and
drop you on the doorstep of the police.
Am I clear on that?

MARCUS

Desperately.

Robin shoves Marcus away.

ROBIN

Get- out.

MARCUS EXITS slamming the door.

ROBIN (cont)

He's going to screw around, and get us
caught.

JENNY

So what do we do now?

ROBIN

Pack up what's important. We are going
to have to be ready to get out if we
get a call they are on their way.

JENNY

What if the guy at the PD doesn't
overhear anything?

ROBIN

So we vacate now? Is that it?

JENNY

No. I don't know. I don't know about
any of this. I just wish the world was
a simpler place.

ROBIN

You know better. The world hasn't been
a simple place since Hiroshima.

CUT TO:

EXT BOMBED OUT DETROIT POWER PLANT, DAY
HOMELESS FEMALE VET, JASMINE/JAZZ (white, 40s) carrying a
document satchel across her chest. She is looks thru the
rubble at the perimeter.

OFFICER

Sorry ma'am, you're going to have to
move along. This is a crime scene under
investigation.

JAZZ says nothing, but goes. She pulls a spiral notebook
from her satchel, makes a few notes and moves on.

DETECTIVE LAO, in the distance, also sorts through the
rubble.

2ND OFFICER (OC)

Detective Lao!

LAO

Over here!

2ND OFFICER

The forensic guys found parts of the
bomb.

Lao walks over to the investigating area.

LAO

Osborne?

OSBORNE

Detective Lao, yes thank you. That bomb was a masterpiece of technological artistry. And it was Semtex, not C4.

Lao just stares.

OSBORNE

Semtex is used primarily outside the USA, unless it's being used by a terrorist group. It says a lot about who built this bomb.

LAO

So, not evidence, but it's a start.

OSBORNE

Exactly! Man I like working with you. You don't find many cops who connect the dots so fast.

LAO

Thanks Osborne. I think.

CUT TO:

INT. CAPTAIN FORD'S OFFICE- DAY. Lao sits across from the Captain.

LAO

I checked with the investigators on the Louisville and St. Louis bombings. Same thing. Semtex, not C4.

FORD

Now we just have to find them.

LAO

In a city with tens of thousands of abandoned homes and businesses?

FORD

Are you self-effacing for my benefit, or yours?

KNOCK at Captain Ford's door.

FORD

Come!

OFFICER

We have an IP source on that video that was posted on the web.

LAO

Let me guess. Library or coffee shop wi-fi?

OFFICER

No, it's in the industrial area, an abandoned warehouse.

LAO

Wait, wait, wait. Are you telling me that they uploaded it from a desktop computer at a standard IP connection? Their own IP connection?

OFFICER

No, it looks like they made a wireless hotspot with a disposable phone and uploaded by that signal. But the signal from the burner phone is still on. Its at the warehouse.

LAO

They used a burner phone and left it on?

CUT TO:

INT- TERRAN LIBERATION ORG HEADQUARTERS, DAY. Robin's phone rings. He looks down at it. He doesn't know the number. He lets it go to message. A moment later his alert tone rings. He accesses his voice mail.

VOICE (ON PHONE)

Get out now.

The message clicks off and the phone goes dead. Robin grabs a couple of duffle bags of stuff, his laptop, and sets them outside the steel door.

ROBIN

Jenny!

ROBIN grabs a couple more bags of stuff.

ROBIN

Jenny!

Jenny appears around the corner obviously irritated. Robin grabs a couple more bags of stuff.

JENNY

I was on the toilet!

ROBIN

Grab both the cars. We have to get out of here now!

Jenny runs out the door. Robin grabs a firebomb and sets it to go off in 180 seconds. Jenny runs back in the door.

JENNY

Your car's gone!

ROBIN

What?

JENNY

The only thing out there is my car and Marcus's motorcycle.

Robin speaks thru his teeth.

ROBIN

Marcus.

(beat)

OK, grab your car, we'll both ride in that.

Robin presses the detonator on the bomb and rolls it into the middle of the room. He slams the door.

CUT TO:

EXT- WAREHOUSE HEADQUARTERS, DAY. Robin is throwing stuff into the trunk, and then races to get into the passengers side of the car.

INT- JENNY'S PRIUS

ROBIN

Hurry up! That thing is going to blow.

Jenny puts the car in gear and guns the accelerator.

Robin is looking in the side view mirror and frowns.

ROBIN (CONT)

At least all that gear'll make a nice
fireball.

JENNY

So where are we going?

ROBIN

That house over near Goldengate and
Charleston. I stashed some stuff there
under the flooring. If the homeless
guys didn't find it, we should be fine
for a while.

A FIREBALL EXPLOSION goes off behind them as they drive.
Robin makes a fist and hits the dashboard.

JENNY

How much did we lose?

ROBIN

Too much. And I know just the piece of
shit that is going to cough up to have
it replaced.

CUT TO:

INT- JAZZ'S VAN, DAY. JAZZ is sitting in the open side door
of her old 1970's Dodge Tradesman van listening to the
scanner.

DISPATCHER(ON RADIO)

Engine 5, Rescue 13- we have warehouse
fire, 18007 Walker, warehouse fire
18007 Walker. Engine 4 also responding.

She stops, thinks, pulls out a map and looks at it. Then
gets a notebook and writes a note.

CUT TO:

EXT- WAREHOUSE FIRE, DAY. Lao and his team pull up to the
scene of the fire too late. Lao steps out of his car and
looks around, pounding his fist on the top of the vehicle.

CUT TO:

EXT- HILLSIDE ABOVE THE WAREHOUSE FIRE, DAY. Marcus pulls the binoculars from his face and smiles. He gets in Robin's car and drives away down the hill.

CUT TO:

EXT- INTERNATIONAL CROSSING BRIDGE BETWEEN DETROIT AND ONTARIO CANADA, DAY. Marcus pulls up to the booth, preparing to enter Canada.

ATTENDANT

Passport please.

Marcus hands the border attendant his documents.

ATTENDANT

Staying in Canada long, Mr. Shoji?

MARCUS

Just a couple of days.

ATTENDANT

Business or pleasure?

Marcus smiles.

MARCUS

Pleasure.

CUT TO:

EXT- GRAPHENE POWER PLANT LONDON, ONTARIO- ROOF, NIGHT

MARCUS stands on a hill outside the fence line of the power plant. WIND AND RAIN mask his presence.

Marcus shoots a line over the fence to a barricade at the top of the roofline, 50' away. He wires the fence together in 3 places to bridge the connections.

Marcus cuts the fence down to waist level and steps over into the yard.

He scrambles across the yard and up the wall of the building. He scans the building with his scanner and

locates the small vent shaft.

LIGHTNING goes off behind him.

Marcus digs the cylindrical orange bomb out of his backpack and raises the bomb to drop it in the shaft.

LIGHTNING hits him in the back. He fries and the bomb case breaks. The plastique vaporizes all over him, burning his arms, and torso.

Marcus runs screaming and stumbles to the edge of the building.

Marcus falls of into a 330 gallon tote container of chemicals, busting the container and sending the chemicals squirting all over the yard.

ALARMS begin to wail.

Marcus rises, not dead. He staggers to the fence line and makes it out through the fence hole. GUARDS start to appear in the yard.

Marcus tries to stay low and not be seen against the horizon. He crawls to a tree line and hunkers down.

Marcus screams repeatedly and begins slapping himself like he is on fire. He tries to roll around in the wet grass to make it stop. One of the guards hears him and locates him in the trees.

CANADIAN GUARD

Hold it right there, mister.

The guard raises his rifle on Marcus. Marcus covers his face with his arms in defense. A bomb blast fires from Marcus's midsection and kills the guard.

Marcus staggers off into the distance leaving the dead guard behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT- HWY 401 REST AREA, WEST OF LONDON, ONTARIO, NIGHT

VERY FEW people seen around the rest area. Two truckers with their tucks, and a man talking at a picnic table on his cell phone.

ANONYMOUS TRAVELER parks his car and heads for the bathroom. Marcus is watching from the shadows. Marcus finds a good size rock in the bushes and waits. The TRAVELER comes out of the bathroom and Marcus begins walking toward the car with the rock in his pocket. The TRAVELER is a bit startled at Marcus's approach.

MARCUS

Excuse me sir. Can I get a ride to Detroit?

TRAVELER

Sorry. I am not in the habit of picking up strays.

MARCUS

Oh, that's OK. I understand. Can't be too careful.

MARCUS turns around as if to go, but spins back quickly and hits TRAVELER in the head with the rock. BLOOD shows on TRAVELER'S forehead. Marcus quickly moves his unconscious body to the side and takes the man's keys, stomps the man's cell phone, and takes his wallet. MARCUS looks around. No one is watching.

MARCUS takes off in the guy's car and heads down 401 toward Detroit. He looks at the DASH CLOCK- 11:21pm.

CUT TO:

EXT- USA/CANA BORDER CROSSING AT DETROIT, NIGHT

Two border guards are checking IDs and vehicles. Marcus pulls the stolen car up to the check point on the bridge. He looks at the DASH CLOCK- 1:07am. MARCUS pulls up to the checkpoint.

GUARD 1

Identification please.

MARCUS hands his own ID to the guard.

GUARD 1 (CONT)

Where are you headed tonight, Mr. Shoji?

MARCUS

Just heading into Detroit.

GUARD 1
Business or pleasure?

MARCUS
Pleasure, just to see family.

GUARD 1
How long do you expect to stay?

MARCUS
Just a couple of days.

2ND GUARD comes up to the first and whispers in his ear. 1ST guard checks the license plate of the car. Both guards pull their guns.

GUARD 1
Sir. I am going to have to ask you to step out of the car.

MARCUS does not move.

GUARD 1
Sir do you hear me? You are going to have to exit the car, or we will be forced to remove you!

MARCUS still does not move. GUARD 1 reaches for the handle of the car door and pulls the door open. The car EXPLODES blowing up the car, the border station and killing everyone at the crossing station.

EMERGENCY SERVICES PERSONNEL can be seen in the distance as MARCUS staggers down the bridge away from the blast, shaken, but unharmed.

CUT TO:

EXT- INNER CITY DETROIT HOBO CAMP, EARLY MORNING
Tents, boxes, broken campers are strewn across two city blocks. Five men stand around a burn barrel with a fire in it. Some men smoke. Some men are drinking malt liquor from bottles.

FEMALE LONER JAZZ, sits in the distance, inside the open side door of her old 1970's Dodge Tradesman van.

Marcus is tired and weary, his clothes are shredded. Two HOMELESS MEN (ZEB, BLACK 60s, and DUKE, WHITE 60s) eye

Marcus from across the pavement.

DUKE

Hey there feller. Rough night?

ZEB

I'd say a little too much Malt 45, eh Duke?

DUKE

Could be. Hey there feller. What's ailin ya?

Marcus doesn't respond, but is careful to leave his arms down at his side.

DUKE

Hey amigo. Hablas Ingles?

ZEB

He doesn't look like he speaks Spanish, Duke.

DUKE

Listen friend, can you speak?

MARCUS

Whaaaat?

DUKE

So you do talk.

ZEB

He does talk.

DUKE (TO ZEB)

I'm standing right here, Zeb.

DUKE (TO MARCUS)

Hey friend did something happen to you?

Duke puts his hand on Marcus' shoulder. Marcus quickly grabs Duke around the throat. 4 of the homeless guys pull knives from their jackets and grab baseball bats.

DUKE (raspy)

Stand down! Stand down!

The 4 guys soften their stance a bit.

DUKE (CONT)

Hey feller, why don't you just release me and we can chat about what's bothering you.

Marcus looks at Duke, looks around, looks at Duke and relaxes and releases him. Duke rubs his throat.

DUKE (CONT)

Good, good. Now, you hungry?

MARCUS

Hungry? No.

ZEB

Cold? Tired??

DUKE

Easy Zeb. You cold feller?

MARCUS

Cold? No. No.

DUKE

You injured? Those clothes look like you've been in an accident.

MARCUS

Accident? Yes.

DUKE

Ok good. Now we are getting somewhere.

ZEB

Where's your car? You have a car? Was it that kind of an accident?

In the distance, a vet that appears developmentally disabled in a wheelchair is going through someone's stuff.

DUKE

Hey Carter! Get outta that stuff!
That's not yours! You wanna get kicked out of here again? Then what? Back to the hospital?

(to Zeb)

Zeb go help him.

Zeb shuffles off into the distance. Duke continues with Marcus.

DUKE
So, what happened?

MARCUS (SLOWLY)
Explosion- I'm on fire.

DUKE
You sure you don't want something to drink? We got alcohol.

MARCUS
No don't drink... want answers.

DUKE
Answers? What kind of answers?

MARCUS (SLOWLY)
Don't know. Don't even know the questions.

Marcus looks around.

MARCUS (CONT)
Have to lay down. Get me a place to lay down.

DUKE
We have kind of a triage tent set up over there when fellas get injured. They might let you stay today, and one night.

MARCUS
They have to. I have to.

Marcus and Duke walk over to the tent. Zeb meets back up with them.

DUKE (TO ZEB)
Carter ok?

ZEB
You know Carter...

DUKE
Clancy, I have a tenant for you. This

feller is... What is your name feller?

MARCUS

Marcus.

DUKE

Clancy this here is Marcus. He got himself kind of in the middle of an explosion. He's not hurt, but he needs to rest with you, maybe today and tonight?

CLANCY

That's ok with me Duke. There's a cot over there Marcus.

Marcus walks over and places himself in the cot and almost passes out immediately.

CLANCY

What's his story Duke?

DUKE

I haven't figured that out yet. He's a bit tightlipped, asking for help and all, but maybe we can loosen him up some.

Duke checks Marcus.

DUKE (CONT)

Hey, Clancy, he's out cold. We're gonna hit the dominoes, you want to join us?

CLANCY

I guess. I'll be along in a minute.

Zeb and Duke move over to their beat-up trailer, to an old table and some ratty chairs. Zeb pulls out their old worn domino set.

The set shows a 5/4 DOMINO that has been replaced by a rough piece of wood, with the five / four dots penciled on it.

Duke looks over at Marcus' direction as he speaks.

DUKE

I sure will be glad when we can find

that missing piece.