

EUPHORIC
(PILOT)
"STACCATO"

Written by

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ACT ONE

EXT. ABYSS - NIGHT

The sun sets behind the big city buildings. The heavy cloud coverage makes it hard to see any sky.

Neon lights flicker on one by one to show a futuristic city. Each billboard and sign shows: drinking, drugs, gambling, and sex.

A section of cloud lights up as an explosion BOOM resounds.

STREETS

Between the buildings and towards the sky, we see another section of the clouds light up as another BOOM reverberates. This time quieter.

The different storefronts become aglow in various neon colors. Each represents the sin of the establishment. Some will have to double the color for double the sin:

- Yellow, Greed; gambling halls.
- Blue, Lust; clubs both regular and strip.
- Red, Wrath; sports bars and betting arenas for fighting.
- Green, Envy/Purple, Pride; elite clothing stores and beauty parlors.
- Orange, Gluttony; restaurants and bars.
- Light Blue, Sloth; arcades and computer cafes.

The citizens, people in different types of demonic monster/animal-like forms, loiter, talk, run, etc.

VROOM. A sports car cruises down the four-lane street.

It stops in front of a large building with a line of people outside it. On the top of the building, the blue lights on the sign read: Euphoric.

The sports car's door opens as an Oxford shoe steps out.

A MAN (20s), dressed to the nines and extremely handsome, with a GIRL (20s), in a short and very tight cocktail dress, gets out and walks towards the entrance.

The man and girl approach a set of double doors flanked on either side by TWO BOUNCERS. The bouncers open them to...

INT. EUPHORIC - CONTINUOUS

A giant nightclub covered in every shade of blue with dancers dancing exotically on the large stage.

In the middle is a mosh pit of clubgoers dancing to the loud bass music. Some dancers dance or pole dance on the stage, on mini platforms around the room, or at the private tables.

At one of the tables, a girl hands a man a pill, and he takes it.

POV: CAMERA FEED - The same man pops the pill in his mouth and chases it with a drink from his martini.

COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see on a computer screen the same man slams his glass on the table and laughs.

We pull back to see on the many computer screens different video feeds of people at the nightclub having a good time.

On one computer screen, a girl takes a photo with friends. Next to each person is a line of text identifying the people and gathering their information.

SHADOW (O.S.)

Same group of people. Same information.

SHADOW (30s), a computer screen for a head, with a digital mouth and eyes, on a robot body in a hoodie and jeans, sits and watches the many screens. He leans back in the leather office chair as he stares, bored.

We see him lift his finger on the armrest in front of one of the screens. On it: a frazzled waiter carries drinks on a tray.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

And...

We see his finger slam down, THUD, on the armrest just as on the screen: the waiter crashes into a man and spills the glasses on him.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Boom. Not surprised.

He shifts his eyes towards...

We see the same hand on the armrest in front of another screen. On it: two girls dance. He raises a finger in front of the screen as a dancing man bumps into the girls.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Let me guess....

We see his finger swipe to the left just as on the screen: one of the girls punches him.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Punch. Of course. Of course.

Shadow rests his head on his hands. He's still bored. He looks at...

On another screen, VINCE (30s), a moth man without wings in a refined suit without a jacket, sits in the VIP suite. He chats away with some clients as they toast.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Yeah yeah. Laugh it up.

On the screen, next to each client, is a line of text identifying them and gathering their information. Small windows open around everyone with pictures and emails.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

It's not like I can't just...
there.

Shadow types away on the computer and smirks as he looks to see...

On the screen, Vince look at his phone and smirk. He then holds up his glass to signal to Shadow thanks.

Shadow rolls his eyes, gets up, and leaves with his hands in his hoodie pocket.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

The door on the side of the building opens as Shadow exits. The loud bass music continues, muffled, as the door closes.

Shadow heads towards the railing. He props his arms on the rail and stares at the river below.

The wind blows. It tussles a cherry tree lit up by the light around its bass. The branches sway as a few petals fly off.

The petals land on the water and slowly drift downstream. Showing time passing by.

Shadow, now lounging his entire upper body on the rail, watches them with his eyes. FOOTSTEPS echo from behind him. He frowns and turns his head to the side to see...

I.A. (30s), (eye-ah) a thin blue furry creature in a black skirt and top, appears next to Shadow and is also looking over the railing.

Shadow rolls his eyes and takes out his phone.

ON SHADOW'S PHONE SCREEN

A chat room with the name "Vince" on top. Shadow types: "I told you to quit sending them to me."

BACK TO SCENE

Shadow looks at the phone, then looks, with his eyes, to...

I.A. continues to watch the water. The wind blows and rustles her hair. She tucks her hair behind her ear. She's ignoring Shadow completely.

Shadow glowers at her. His phone DINGS. He looks at it.

ON SHADOW'S PHONE SCREEN

Vince's text message reads: "What are you talking about? I didn't send you shit."

BACK TO SCENE

Shadow balks in surprise and looks over at I.A.

SHADOW'S POV: I.A. on a computer screen; lines of data rush alongside her, then in red bold text in the middle of the screen: NO DATA.

Shadow's eyes narrow as he tries to figure this out. BANG. The sound of a door opening. Shadow jolts and turns to see...

The side door opens as Vince steps out.

VINCE

There you are, Shads. I've been looking everywhere for you.

Shadow frowns and turns back to I.A. She gone. He jerks back in surprise and looks around.

Vince raises an eyebrow.

SHADOW

It's nothing. What do you want,
Vince?

VINCE

Client wants to see us.

SHADOW

Isn't that your department?

VINCE

Don't matter. They want to meet
with both of us. Now.

Shadow exasperates in annoyance, pushes himself off the railing, and heads towards the side door.

Vince opens the door as we see in front of him; Shadow stops and takes one last look behind him.

The railing is still empty. The sound of river flowing is heard.

Shadow stares.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Shads!

SHADOW

Shud up!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. EUPHORIC - VIP LOUNGE - NIGHT

Two GANGSTERS (50s), a demonic monster/animal-like form in old-fashioned mafia types with fedora and all, look down from the second-floor railing at the people dancing below.

VINCE (O.S.)
Gentlemen.

The two Gangsters turn to see...

Vince enters from the stairwell with Shadow behind him.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Welcome to Euphoric. I hope you've been enjoying the entertainment.

Shadow rolls his eyes and plops down on the purple-ish blue half-round couch. Vince sits beside him, and reclines elegantly on the couch with his arms propped up. Shadow looks annoyed to be here, while Vince shows control and dominance.

The two Gangsters sit on the other half-round couch across from them.

ARROGANT GANGSTER
It's nice. Real nice. Love the dancing. Especially from that kitty cat.

VINCE
Good. I'll send her your way once our business has ended.

Arrogant Gangster grins and looks at Gruff Gangster, who does the same.

Shadow scowls. Bored again.

ARROGANT GANGSTER
What about you, mister roboto? Got any recommendations? Ha ha.

Shadow glares at the chuckling Gangsters.

VINCE
Right now, we're more curious about what you seek. Shall we get down to business, gentlemen?

GRUFF GANGSTER

Fine. We need information on the Venito family. They've been a thorn in our side, and we heard you got eyes and ears everywhere.

VINCE

Oh we do. For a price.

The two Gangsters look at each other and smirk.

A waitress enters and comes up behind Vince.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Let's discuss this over drinks. All paid for by us, of course.

ARROGANT GANGSTER

Oh yeah. Then I'll have a scotch.

(winks at waitress)

The best you got, sweetheart.

The waitress ignores him and writes the order down.

VINCE

Better make it three. Shads?

Shadow ponders.

ARROGANT GANGSTER

(whispers to Gruff)

I'll bet ya it's something sugary.

GRUFF GANGSTER

(whispers back)

Of course. Everyone knows hackers love their soda pop.

(eyes Shadow up and down)

And this guy is obviously no different.

The Gangsters snicker.

Shadow frowns, annoyed.

SHADOW

I'll have a Chateau Lafite.

The Gangster pauses.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Oh. Are you not familiar with it? Funny. I thought your kind knew your wines.

Vince watches the three in amusement as the waitress leaves.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

It's a good bottle. A good year,
too. Or at least, that's what the
winery would like you to believe.

He leans back as his smirk grows more devilish. Just like
Vince is, Shadow is dominating the room too.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

It was a bad crop year. They could
only make a small amount of wine.
But to their surprise, it came out
good. Real good. That's why it's so
rare and extremely expensive.

The Gangsters' gape.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

I'm no robo toy, boys. I pride
myself on enjoying the riches the
world has to offer...
(tilts his head)
And exploit it.

He look over at...

Arrogant Gangster scowls at him.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Just like you want to exploit your
boss' kitty cat's riches.

The two Gangster balk. Gruff turns to Arrogant, who's terror-
stricken.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

Ah yes.

Shadow looks over the railing to...

LOWER FLOOR

A mass of people dance on the dance floor. KITTY CAT (20s), a
cat-girl in a tight cocktail dress, dances with friends.

SHADOW (O.S.)

Tell me. Was it the way she danced?
Strutting around that floor that
made you close in?

The male dancer jumps off the stage and joins Kitty Cat and her friends. She grinds against him as they dance.

SHADOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Are you getting angry? Seeing that
 dancer jumped off the stage and
 joined her?

UPPER FLOOR

The scared Arrogant Gangster looks from the male dancer below to...

SHADOW (O.S.)
 You must be. Your lips are turned
 downward. Your eyes narrow.

...The waitress enters again with the drinks and comes up next to Vince, and he casually takes his glass and sips. He's used to this.

SHADOW (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Anger. Hate.
 (sinister)
Jealousy.

The waitress comes up behind Shadow.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
 But that's fine.

He reaches behind him to snag his glass. He holds it up as he looks at the wine, then sips.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
 (smiles darkly)
 At least you got to snag a couple
 of photos, right?

Arrogant Gangster stands up and pulls back his jacket as he puts a hand on his gun. He startles Gruff Gangster.

Shadow and Vince, both unfazed, continue to drink.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
 Don't even think about it.
 Unless... you want me to leak that
 information. To everyone... To your
 boss.

Arrogant Gangster stares, eyes narrowing. He sits back down and lets out a shaky breath.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
(stands)
This was fun, Vince. A real treat.

Vince watches Shadow leave, then turns his attention to the two Gangsters.

VINCE
It seems we need to discuss
doubling the payment.

The Gangsters jerk and grow angry.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Don't give me that look. I'm not
the one who pissed off big brother.

Gruff Gangster growls and reaches for his gun.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Ah, ah, ah. Not very smart, boy.

Gruff Gangster pauses.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Take a look around.

The Gangsters look around to see...

In the other VIP suites, many people, from the rich, biggest criminals, to undercover cops, glare and/or have their hands placed at their sides. All of them are armed and ready for a fight.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(sips)
Did you really think my business
partner was the only one armed? Ha!
Not a chance.
(crosses his legs)
For you see, the one who holds all
the secrets has the true power.

The Gangster gulp and shutter in fear.

VINCE (CONT'D)
(smirks devilishly)
Now then... shall we make a deal?

COMPUTER ROOM

Shadow sits in a chair and watches the many computer screens. The SOUND of the NETWORK: people talking, music playing, pictures snapping, etc., resounds.

The sounds grow LOUDER as his eyes dart back and forth. SILENCE. His eyes widen.

His hand moves the mouse on the desk. CLICK. CLICK.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: I.A. puts the drinks from the counter onto a tray at the bar.

Shadow's hand moves the mouse again. CLICK. CLICK.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: I.A. carefully picks up the tray; data lines rush alongside her. The camera feed changes to another feed: I.A. crosses the dance floor.

Shadow smirks.

We see him lift his finger in front of one of the screens. On screen: A man dances and slowly moves backward. I.A. walks closer to him.

SHADOW

And...

We see Shadow's finger slams down on the armrest just as on the screen: I.A. quickly dodges the man. His hand jolts in surprise.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

What the... No way. How?

Shadow sits up straight and moves the mouse again. CLICK. CLICK.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: The camera feed changes to another feed with I.A. heading for--

VINCE (O.S.)

--Hey.

Shadow jerks. We pull back a little to see behind Shadow is Vince coolly leaning against the doorframe.

SHADOW

What do you want? I'm busy.
 (looks over his shoulder)
 Or did you forget that one of us
 has to sort through all this shit?

VINCE
(pushes off)
Nope.

He heads towards Shadow, who gets back to work.

SHADOW
Then what is it?

VINCE
Just checking on ya. Don't want you
frying on me.

SHADOW
Like that would happen.
(types and uses mouse)
How'd it go?

VINCE
How do you think?

Shadow smirks.

VINCE (CONT'D)
So... Anything good? Nothing
strange going on, right?

Shadow loses the smile. He continues to type and stares at
the screens.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Shads?

SHADOW
Don't call me Shads.

He continues to use the computer, ignoring Vince completely.

Vince stares at Shadow. It's a battle to see who will blink
first.

VINCE
(sighs)
Fine. Just don't--

Shadow continues to stare at the screens, super focused.

SHADOW
--Fuck up the business. Do I look
like a dumbass to you?

VINCE
Nope.

He chuckles and heads towards the door.

VINCE (CONT'D)
Don't burn out on me, Shadow. Enjoy
the riches.

Shadow pauses mid-type and scowls.

Vince stops right at the doorway and looks back at Shadow.

VINCE (CONT'D)
You know... People say it's no good
being glued to a screen. You'll
turn into one if you do.

Shadow flips him off without turning around. Vince laughs and leaves.

Shadow growls and turns his attention back to the computer. He then presses a button. More screens turn on.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: The clubgoers dance. We look at the time in the corner. It speeds up to show timing moving forward.

THE NEXT DAY

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: The time stops. We pull back to see a new group of clubgoers dancing.

Shadow sits in a chair and watches the screens. All the SOUNDS from the NETWORK echo throughout the room. He grows agitated.

His eyes dart back and forth as the sounds grow LOUDER.

BOOM. He slams his hands on the desk. SILENCE. He gets up and exits in a huff.

UPPER FLOOR

BASS MUSIC PLAYS. Shadow stands at one of the balconies.

SHADOW'S POV: He looks down at the clubgoers; a line of data rushes alongside them.

His eyes narrow. The bass music gets LOUDER.

DANCE FLOOR

The clubgoers dance, loudly chat, drink, do drugs, etc. The dancer dances on the stage. All the SOUNDS become distorted and annoying.

UPPER FLOOR

Shadow's hands tightly grip the railing.

SHADOW'S POV: Small window images appear over or next to clubgoers. Each one is an old video of everyone. The videos and clubgoers are copycat versions of each other. It shows how they're doing the same thing as before.

Shadow stares in agitation as the SOUND of the NETWORK gets worse... SILENCE. A drink appears next to him. Shadow jerks and looks at the glass, then sees...

I.A. holds up the drink.

Shadow looks from the drink to I.A., then back at the drink.

SHADOW
(takes it and sips)
Thanks--

--He jolts in surprise. He holds it out a little and licks his lips. It's good.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
Wow. How did you...

He turns his attention back to see she's gone.

He scans around. He looks over the railing and sees...

LOWER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

I.A. crosses the dance floor and heads towards the stage.

A waiter, holding a tray of drinks, seductively chats with two trampy clubgoers. I.A. comes up behind him and takes the tray. The waiter doesn't even notice and has his hand still out.

I.A. passes by clubgoers and dodges each one with ease. She then makes her way towards...

BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

I.A. walks around and dodges the dancers and stagehands, who are getting ready for or have finished with their number.

A door thrust open as I.A. halts.

EMBER (30s), male, a twiggy mixture of a spider and cat without the tail and in a thong, steps out looks around angrily. He then holds up an outfit.

EMBER

Okay, who's the asshole using my
shit again.

Everyone either looks somewhere else, nervous, or miffed.

EMBER (CONT'D)

I'm not fucking playing around.
Talk or...

(unsheathe his claws)

Things are gonna start flying.

Everyone either backs away in fear or stands their ground and frowns.

Ember growls. A drink appears next to him. He takes the drink without looking and sips as he tosses the outfit.

EMBER (CONT'D)

Fucking assholes.

I.A. catches the outfit.

Ember returns to his dressing room and SLAMS the door closed.

I.A. holds out the tray as DESIREE (late 20), a fox girl and dancer, LOLLY (20s), a bunny girl and dancer, MYLO (late 30s), a shark boy and dancer, and everyone else takes a drink.

DESIREE

Fuck, I hate that bitch.

LOLLY

He's not that bad, Desiree.

MYLO

You fucking kidding me, Lolly.

Some of the dancers toss their dirty outfits at I.A.

I.A. catches them while still serving drinks. She looks frazzled but also a pro at this. She's done this before.

MYLO (CONT'D)

Just because Ember is the fucking headliner doesn't mean he can act like a spoiled prick too.

LOLLY

True. I wonder how the boss puts up with him.

DESIREE

I bet I know. Right, Mylo.

Lolly looks at Desiree and Mylo in innocence and confusion. Mylo makes a WHIP CRACKING sound. They smile and laugh.

The curtain to the stage opens as MUSCULAR STAGE CREW steps out.

MUSCULAR STAGE CREW

Hey, sluts. Get your asses on stage now!

DESIREE

We're coming. We're coming.
Asshole. Geez.

Desiree gulps down her drink and tosses the empty glass behind her.

I.A., holding a bunch of clothes, catches the glass on the tray.

Desiree fixes her top and leaves through the curtain.

Mylo does the same with his drink, and I.A. catches it on the tray. Lolly finishes her drink. I.A. holds out tray as Lolly puts her empty glass on it without looking.

Muscular Stage Crew watches Lolly and Mylo leave through the curtain. He turns his attention to I.A. and frowns.

MUSCULAR STAGE CREW

You.

I.A. pauses with clothes still draped over her and a tray full of empty drinks.

MUSCULAR STAGE CREW (CONT'D)

Aren't you supposed to be cleaning the tables?

I.A.'s eyes widen in fear.

MUSCULAR STAGE CREW (CONT'D)
Get to it—Table three. Chop chop.

COMPUTER ROOM

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: I.A. nods to Muscular Stage Crew and rushes off.

Shadow sits in a chair and watches the computer. He moves the mouse on the desk. CLICK. CLI-DING. Shadow jerks. He takes out his phone and holds it up to his ear.

SHADOW

Busy.

VINCE (O.S.)

Don't give a shit. Another client wants to talk to us.

SHADOW

Didn't we just do this dance?
And...

He closes his eyes, leans back, and shrugs.

SHADOW (CONT'D)

If memory serves me right, it didn't go well.

VINCE (O.S.)

Again. Don't give a shit. Get your ass here. Now.

Shadow pouts as the DIAL TONE rings out. He ends the call and gets up.

After he leaves, we see the VIP lounge on one of the computer screens.

VIP LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

Vince reclines on the half-round couch with his arm propped up. He sees Shadow enter and smiles.

VINCE

Ah, there he is. Right on time.

Shadow rolls his eyes and plops down on the couch.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Shads. Meet Miss--

TARA (30s), a half-metal demonic monster/animal-like form girl influencer in an almost slutty outfit, sits on the couch on the other side. TEMP (late 20s), a lizard girl in a short, skinny, tight black dress, leans up against her.

VINCE (CONT'D)
--Tara Sentium.

TARA
Nice to meet you, robo boy.

Shadow groans. Great, another one.

TARA (CONT'D)
Chill, boy.
(holds out her metal arm)
I get you.

SHADOW
Really? Says the halfa. Must have
been quite the accident.

TARA
Was. And made a big impact. People
are sick. But, then again...

SHADOW
It's what we feed off of.

Tara and Shadow dastardly smile at each other.

Vince tilts his head and smirks.

VINCE
Cute.

He raises a hand to signal to the waitress for drinks. The waitress nods and leaves.

VINCE (CONT'D)
But let's get down to business.
Shall we?

Tara crosses her leg and pulls Temp close.

TARA
Sounds good to me. My demands are
simple. Nightshade. Hate her. Give
me all the deets on her, and I'll
pay you a shit ton of money.

VINCE
Simple. I like it.
(to Shadow)
Shads?

SHADOW
Done. And it's good.

TARA
Will it silence her?

SHADOW
Silence. Or...

He evilly smiles.

TARA
Oh. I like you.

Temp pouts and looks up at Tiara with the most pitiful stare.

TARA (CONT'D)
Chill, Temp. You're still my
favorite girl.

She kisses Temp on the forehead and draws the pleased Temp close.

SHADOW
Your girlfriend seems high
maintenance.

TARA
(laugh)
I thought you boys knew everything.

Shadow raises an eyebrow in question.

Tara looks down at Temp and raises her head, using one finger to raise Temp's chin to look at her.

TARA (CONT'D)
Temp is my pet.

SHADOW
Pet?

TEMP
A person pet. Duh.

She holds up Temp's collar to show it and the tag off.

TARA
She keeps me entertained--

TEMP

--And I get the high life. All the clothes I want. Money I need.

TARA

And the sex is damn good too.

Shadow stares at the scene. Shocked.

VINCE

Basically it's the sugar daddy treatment. But the girl owns her. Literally.

SHADOW

(ponders)

Huh. Interesting...

Vince looks at Shadow in confusion.

TARA

What can I say. I'd be bored without her. Right, Tempie.

Tempie nods.

Shadow looks over the railing to see--

LOWER FLOOR - REGULAR CUSTOMER LOUNGE

I.A. cleans one of the tables. She then wipes her brow with a smile, grabs the bin full of dirty dishes, and leaves.

VIP LOUNGE

Shadow continues to stare.

Tara kisses Temp and they make out.

Vince watches the display with a slight grin. The SOUND of someone getting up. Vince frowns and turns his attention to see...

Shadow leaves in a hurry.

Vince continue to stare in a stupor. What the fuck?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. RIVERSIDE - NIGHT

A few petals swirl in the water as the river washes them away.

Shadow stares down from the railing, pondering. We see the door open from the building behind him as Vince exits.

Shadow ignores him and the sound of his FOOTSTEPS.

Vince comes up next to Shadow, pulls out a cigarette, and lights it. He then blows out smoke.

VINCE
Should I be worried?

SHADOW
Nope.

VINCE
Bullshit. You're not really thinking of getting one, are you?

SHADOW
It won't wreck the business.

VINCE
Better fucking not. I worked too hard to get to where I am... And I'm staying there.

SHADOW
Got it.

VINCE
Do you? Do you really, Shads? After everything we've done. You're gonna throw it all away. I thought you were smart.

SHADOW
Fuck. You.

Vince raises an eyebrow.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
I'm bored. Really bored. And do you remember what you promised me?

Vince stares. Unfazed but curious as to where this is going.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
 Information. The world at our
 fingertips. Riches beyond our
 wildest dreams. And it's boring.

Vince sees Shadow tighten his grip on the railing.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
 Day in and day out. I watch people
 do the same thing. Say the same
 thing. Over and over. Like
 clockwork. It's tiring. I fucking
 hate it.

Vince continues to watch, undaunted, holding his cigarette.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
 I can time it, too. One two crash.
 One two laugh. One fucking two go
 fucking right ahead. Take another
 God damn photo. It's not like you
 got hundreds of the same fucking
 one.

Vince takes a puff and blows out smoke just as Shadow HEAVILY
 SIGHS.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
 Everythings... Just too
 predictable, Vince. And I'm tired
 of it all. I want something new.
 Something challenging. Something...
 even I can't predict.

VINCE
 (nonchalantly)
 And?

Shadow looks at Vince, shocked. His poker face, or is this
 why Vince is the frontman?

VINCE (CONT'D)
 You think a pet is going to change
 all that?

SHADOW
 She already has. Many times in
 fact.

VINCE
 Oh... So you've already picked one
 out.

SHADOW

Yeah... You gonna stop me, Vince.

Vince stares at Shadow, who's looking at him with a dark but challenging glower.

VINCE

(smiles)

Nah.

He flicks the cigarette over the railing.

VINCE (CONT'D)

I'm curious.

He smirks and playfully crosses his arms.

VINCE (CONT'D)

But you do realize people use pets for sexual purposes, right?

SHADOW

Fuck you.

VINCE

Hey. I'm just letting your asexual ass know before you start insulting people—including our clients.

SHADOW

Yeah. Yeah. Trust me. I know what I'm doing.

VINCE

Sure you do.

BOOM. Shadow and Vince look up at the sky. BOOM. They see another section in the massive cloud coverage light up.

VINCE (CONT'D)

Fucking Angels. All they do is blow shit up.

SHADOW

Ever wonder what's up there?

VINCE

Don't tell me you want to go to Elysium, now? Only the young and stupid want to go... paradise.

SHADOW

True...

He slyly smiles at Vince as Vince watches him leave.

SHADOW (CONT'D)
...Why go to Heaven... when our
Abyss City is turning out to be far
more entertaining?

Vince turns his attention to the river, pulls out another
cigarette, and lights it.

VINCE
(blows out smoke)
Fuck.

COMPUTER ROOM

ON COMPUTER SCREENS: The club is closing for the night. The
staff is either finishing up or heading home.

Shadow sits in a chair and watches the computer screens. His
hand moves the mouse. CLICK. CLICK.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: I.A. brings a tray full of glasses to the
bar. She goes behind it, pulls out a rag, and--

LOWER FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

--I.A. wipes down the bar top. She lets out a sigh as she
continues to clean it. The SOUND of a chair moving. I.A.
pauses and looks up to see...

Shadow sits on the bar stool with his arms on the counter.

I.A. tilts her head in confusion.

SHADOW
I've got a proposition for you.

I.A. still looks confused but curious as well.

Shadow smiles and reaches into his pocket.

We see Shadow's hand place something on the bar in front of
I.A. She looks down to see...

It's a collar.

I.A. looks up, puzzled.

We see Shadow and I.A. stare at each other from either side
of the bar. Curiosity, questioning, and inquisitive. What
will the answer be?

END OF EPISODE

Carta Verde