

The Last Don

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CORRIDOR - DARK

In a dark tube-like corridor, light squares on the floor every few feet recede into the distance and end at a wall.

CLACK. CLACK. CLACK.

Wingtips with metal plates on the soles follow the lights. Trouser legs swish slowly in the low gravity.

The brown haired man in a suit stops at the wall.

SWOOSH! The wall splits open.

In a large room with a view of Earth from orbit, a medical bed hangs from the ceiling. Wires flow from it and terminate into the machines stationed all around.

SEBASTIAN (O.S.)

Good morning sir. Would you like me to adjust the gravity?

A cracked strained voice emanates from the bed.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

It's fine Sebastian.

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER - DARK

SEBASTIAN, an expensively suited gentleman in his late 40's, steps in and clicks his heels together. He floats forward while reorienting himself so that the bed is on the floor.

SEBASTIAN

Sometimes I just don't know which way is up.

JOSEPH, an emaciated rail-thin old man, looks up from the bed. He touches a button and the bed tilts up.

JOSEPH

You make the same joke every time.

Sebastian smiles.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Are they all in attendance?

SEBASTIAN

Of course sir. The six are ready.

Six images appear. Two rows of three. The faces of the mafia's top BOSSES peer forward respectfully.

JOSEPH

Gentlemen. As of two hours ago, all government funding for project Eden has been cut.

Joseph coughs a few times. He catches his breath.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

This means that full control reverts to the corporation. With no government oversight, we can now change whatever we wish.

All the Bosses smile.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

But after careful consideration, I've come to a decision. We don't need to change a single thing. Especially the candidate list.

Shock plays on the Bosses faces.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

I know that this decision may not sit well with some of you. But, after years of working with our government counterparts to get this enterprise up and running, I feel that any changes at this stage would be detrimental.

Joseph coughs again.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

Also, our rivals would do anything to take control. Any alterations in procedure or protocol could create an opening for them.

Joseph grabs his chest as Sebastian rushes to attend him.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

I warn you all. Be extra vigilant in the coming days.

(In Italian)

Those who want too much end up with nothing.

Sebastian gestures at the wall. The Bosses disappear. Sebastian checks a monitor that BEEPS repeatedly.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

In a classroom, MARK, a plain looking teen, sits at his desk.

BEEP! BEEP! BEEP! Mark's watch alarm goes off.

At the board, the annoyed TEACHER turns to speak.

DINNNNNGGGG! The class bell goes off.

The STUDENTS jump to their feet and start heading for the door. Under the watchful eye of the Teacher, Mark collects his belongings into a bookbag.

Mark glances out the window at the school yard. Armed PROTECTORS in black armor diligently guard the fence.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mark walks the hall with his head down. GIGI, a girl his age with a bubbly smile grabs Mark's arm.

GIGI

Hey you.

Mark barely acknowledges her as they walk the STUDENT filled hallway.

GIGI (CONT'D)

How'd you do on the test?

MARK

We didn't have a test today.

GIGI

Yesterday's Eden placement test.

Mark smirks.

MARK

I finished the multiple choice but I messed up on the essay part. I ran out of time.

GIGI

I don't think anyone finished.

Two GUYS walk past, glancing and snickering at Mark.

MARK

Thanks but I was the last one to hand in my paper. How many did you miss, Miss Nobody Finished?

GIGI
I missed the last one.

Mark gives Gigi a serious look.

GIGI (CONT'D)
Ok. I was almost finished with my
last answer.

Mark stops at a locker. He opens it.

MARK
I've talked to some of the people
in our class. And from what I've
gathered, many of my views aren't
exactly popular.

GIGI
That doesn't matter. Eden will be a
fresh start. They'll need different
points of view.

Mark frowns and puts his backpack in the locker.

MARK
How decidedly optimistic. Even if
that's true, the test was just to
back fill the alternates.

GIGI
Cheer up. They just wanted to weed
out the psychopaths. You know. Make
sure that no one who went would go
all stabby. As long as you didn't
say anything crazy, you'll be fine.

MARK
There's only a thousand spots left
and over a million applicants.

Mark closes the locker as a POPPING sounds in the background.

GIGI
That's not true. There's only about
six hundred thousand applicants.
And if a candidate so much as
catches a cold, any one of us could
be going.

MARK
Gee. That makes me feel a whole lot
better. Wonder what're my chances
of getting struck by lightning.

GIGI
You should be more positive.

MARK
The only way I'd have a chance of
getting on that ship is if someone
killed all the current candidates.

CRASH! A Protector crashes through a window.

THUMP! He slams into a wall and hits the floor, unmoving.

Gigi screams.

MARK (CONT'D)
SHIT!

Mark grabs Gigi's hand and starts running.

Mark glances back. Several armed people wearing MASKS enter
the building. The hallway erupts into chaos.

The Masks push several Students against the walls. The few
Students who resist are beaten or shot.

Mark turns a corner with Gigi in tow, pushing past Students.

At the end of the corridor more Masks, more pushing, more
violence, more blood.

Mark turns another corner into a less crowded corridor.

Mark and Gigi come to a plain door. Mark rips open the door
and shoves Gigi into the Janitor's closet.

MARK (CONT'D)
Stay quiet and don't come out until
I come for you!

Gigi cries while reaching for Mark.

GIGI
Mark! No!

Mark closes the door.

MARK
No matter what! Don't come out!

Mark backs away from the door. He turns, facing the end of
the corridor. He takes a deep breath.

Several Masks come around the corner.

Mark throws up his hands. They shake. Sweat forms on his forehead. Fear gleams in his eyes.

The Masks charge. Mark turns his face away. The Masks run past him.

Mark turns his head back and forth as the Masks go around him. His hands and mouth drop.

MARK (CONT'D)

What the hell?

Mark spins to see the Masks continue down the hall. Mark looks up and notices a surveillance camera.

MARK (CONT'D)

Shit.

BAM! BAM! Gunshots echo in the distance.

Mark glances back and forth between the hall and the janitor's closet indecisively.

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER - DARK

The door opens. Sebastian enters bearing an advanced tablet.

SEBASTIAN

The candidates are dead!

JOSEPH

How many?

SEBASTIAN

Almost the whole batch! Most were killed while they were still in school! Gangs of people in masks.

Sebastian points the tablet at the wall. A list of pictures with names scroll up the wall.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Dozens of candidates all over the world, all killed at once. Whoever did this somehow got a hold of the list as the names were posted--

JOSEPH

No. They knew who the candidates were as soon as the scores were recorded. Most likely a system backdoor. That's how they were able to get to them so quickly.

Sebastian's eyes widen.

SEBASTIAN

We need to fix this. We need our best programmers and A.I.s to--

JOSEPH

Who do you think created the backdoor in the first place?

Sebastian lowers the tablet.

SEBASTIAN

Traitors! Then we'll have to find more candidates. Issue new tests. Have them graded by hand.

JOSEPH

Too much time and effort. We can't afford the delay. Have our people quietly collect the second tier candidates. The alternates. We'll deal with the traitors later.

Sebastian bows his head.

SEBASTIAN

Of course sir. Right away.

JOSEPH

And to insure that our enemies can't outguess us, I'll be throwing in a few wildcards.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The door to a modest living room opens. Mark steps in looking defeated. He closes the door behind him with a sigh. He tosses his bookbag onto the couch.

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Mark absently opens the door. Behind it are two AGENTS in suits and leather gloves.

MARK

Who're you? What'd you want?

AGENT #1

Mark Yorick.

MARK

Yeah. But--

AGENT #1
You've been chosen as a candidate
for Project Eden.

Mark's eyes go wide.

MARK
There must be some mistake! I'm not
good enough-- I mean my scores--

AGENT #1
Do you accept the nomination?

MARK
Who else knows about--

AGENT #1
Do you accept the nomination?

Mark hesitates.

MARK
Y...yes.

Agent #2 leaps on Mark. He throws a bag over Mark's head. A
Dermal-injector is pressed to Mark's arm.

MARK (CONT'D)
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Mark goes limp.

INT. PRIVATE CHAMBER - DARK

A chessboard floats between Joseph and Sebastian. Sebastian
appears deep in concentration.

JOSEPH
Nearly all the pieces are in place.

SEBASTIAN
What do you think they're doing?

Joseph looks up.

JOSEPH
Doing? Each one of them... is
handling things very differently.

Sebastian frowns at the chessboard.

SEBASTIAN
Knight to Queen five.

A black knight on the board moves from one spot to another.

JOSEPH

None of them will openly defy me,
but one or two may secretly try to
subvert my will.

MONTAGE:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

In the darkened bedroom of an expensive hotel, MR. SATO, a middle-aged Asian man makes passionate love to his SECRETARY, a beautiful young woman. He pauses as her female FRIEND crawls into bed with them.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

In my youth... I was very lustful.
Mr. Sato will heed my warning, but
will satisfy his lusts first.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

The sun rides high as the muzzle of a futuristic sniper rifle peers over the edge of a rooftop. MR. SMITH, a brutish scarred man with a metal arm, takes careful aim.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

On the other hand, Mr. Smith is all
business. He'll finish whatever
task he's doing then take action.

On the crowded street below, a BUSINESSMAN, walking with purpose, carries a briefcase.

BANG! The Businessman's head explodes.

INT. DATACENTER - DARK

Bathed in the light of several terminals, MR. NGUYEN, a dark haired man with a thin mustache, touches a screen and the words 'Emergency Backup Complete' appears.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

Mr. Nguyen is overly cautious. He's
already insuring that things go his
way. In my youth I wasn't cautious
enough. It cost me, dearly.

EXT. JUNGLE CLEARING - DAY

In a jungle clearing, MR. SILVA, a hard looking man with slick hair and a scar above his brow is flanked by a dozen HENCHMEN. Before Silva are several blindfolded MEN on their knees with their hands tied behind their backs.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

Our, Mr. Silva is proud beyond arrogance. He believes himself untouchable. And to a point, he is.

Silva pulls a pistol and shoots MAN #1 in the head. He steps to MAN #2 and does the same. He steps to MAN #3.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

In a large conference room, MR. MULLER, an older, gray-haired man in an expensive suit argues with four BOARD MEMBERS.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

All the red tape around Mr. Muller will eventually be his undoing. To my credit, I hired an army of lawyers to insure that during the war we made the transition from a lowly crime family to a globe-spanning mega corporation.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A young woman, the DAUGHTER, opens her front door. She confronts MR. IVAN, a thin older man in a plain suit. She frowns as a CHILD of no more than six peeks around her legs.

JOSEPH (O.S.)

And then there's Mr. Ivan. He and I are much alike. He knows that death is coming. He welcomes it. But until then, he looks back and tries to make amends for his past.

On the couch, the Child sits on Ivan's lap. He pulls out a children's book. The Child smiles. Behind the couch the Daughter frowns and paces.

JOSEPH (CONT'D)

And that's what makes him the most dangerous one of all.