

NATURAL ASSASSIN

By

Lisa Scott

SUPER: *One must still have chaos in oneself to give birth to a dancing star.*

- Frederich Nietzsche

FADE IN:

SUPER: WASHINGTON, DC - SEPTEMBER 2063

EXT. NATIONAL MALL - DAY

From the top of the towering Washington Monument the view of the Capitol Dome gleams in the sunlight.

In the opposite direction -- the Lincoln Monument.

A massive crowd scrambles like ants.

A closer look -- PEOPLE PANIC, SCREAM, and TRAMPLE THROUGH THE SHALLOW REFLECTING POND.

Police sirens WHIRL. Helicopters hover.

INT. SEWER - DAY

Below the commotion -- the dark figure of a man. This is Damien Harper BAY.

Bay races through the dark sewer. Head gear bobbles off the side of his head. As the sounds of hysteria dissipate he slows down to a long quiet run.

He slows down to an easy jog. Peels off the head gear.

Sloppy sewage squishes under each step. Bay breathes heavily.

He slows down more and glances at a loose manhole high above him then continues toward a circle of daylight.

He reaches heavy metal bars at the sewer's end - the Potomac River.

Bits of trash and debris splash lazily below the sewer opening. A stream of sewage water drizzles into it.

Bay drops the head gear into the River. He pulls a weapon from the back of his pants and drops that in too.

BACK AT THE MANHOLE

Bay shoves a long thick branch and forces the cover to the side.

A vehicle covers the hole. Bay jumps up and grabs the rim, pulls himself up through the hole, grabs the axle and slides under the car.

He rolls out into a dimly lit parking garage.

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Except for rows of vehicles, the garage is deserted.

Our first real look at Bay: late teens, pale-skinned with a gentle innocent face and slight build.

He brushes off some sewage filth.

He spots the ELEVATOR sign and beelines toward it.

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator doors open to --

A GREAT HALL

Bay steps out. A few THEATER-GOERS and a couple of USHERS and SECURITY GUARDS mingle at a distance.

Unobserved, Bay quickly makes his way down a smaller hallway to a dressing room door stamped with his name: DAMIEN HARPER BAY.

INT. DRESSING ROOM, BATHROOM - DAY

Water gushes from the sink. Bay studies his grimy face in the mirror. He splashes himself with soap and water and scrubs vigorously.

He pulls the sides of his eyes outward to narrow his eyes. Gently tugs his top skin down in an attempt to look Asian.

A KNOCK on the open door. A WOMAN sticks her head in -- raises her hand and mouths the words, "Five minutes."

Bay nods. She leaves.

Bay steps in front of the body dryer. He closes his eyes as the warm air blows gently over his face and body. He wobbles and stifles a whimper.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Bay cleans up well looking quite dapper with a beige shirt and a silky, black tuxedo with long flowing tails. His thick, mop of hair is neatly combed out of place. He fumbles with his crooked tie.

Bay swings open the door.

HALLWAY

The Woman straightens his tie.

She runs her fingers through his hair; pats him on the chest with a smile.

Bay rushes down the hall.

The Woman sniffs her fingers. Ugh!

Bay darts up a small flight of stairs to a curtained backstage.

A STAGEHAND signals to someone on stage, turns back and beckons Bay to come.

INT. KENNEDY CENTER - STAGE - DAY

Bay emerges from the curtains. APPLAUSE.

He glides past an orchestra of various styled pianos. A pianist alert and waiting behind each one.

At the only grand piano Bay flings back his tails and takes a seat in a red velvet folding chair.

Bay nods to the CONDUCTOR.

The Conductor bows and raises his arms to begin.

Bay takes charge with an incredible rendition of Nietzsche's "Einleitung". The music becomes more frenzied throughout the following scenes; including Nietzsche's "Ungarischer Marsch".