

PLANET PRETTY KILL

(Pilot)

Written by

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FIRST TEN PAGES

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

From above looking down on an electric grid of solid light. The golden circuitry of a massive city.

EXT. THE VACUUM - NIGHT

The neon sign of the seedy nightclub bathes wet pavement in pink and blue reflections as lowlives and passersby go about their nightly vices.

The entire block, dirty art deco in disrepair.

DYRIN LO (30s) stands stationed across the street, hands in the pockets of his trench coat. Head shaved around the sides, topped with dreadlocks.

Eyes on the street as a tweaker named SID (18) approaches.

DYRIN
Doubles' eighteen.

SID
They were fifteen last night.

DYRIN
Market fluctuates, Sid.

Dyrin exchanges two baggies of purple dust for hard plastic credits.

Sid scuttles off into the drizzle.

Dyrin clocks a parked car at the end of the block. Too modern for this analog neighborhood.

Someone is sitting inside. The headlights blink ON and OFF.

Dyrin looks away. Coming from the other direction...

MAURICE OROS (30s) smiles as he approaches. His dreads are twice as long as Dyrin's. His demeanor relaxed, charming.

MAURICE
Gotcha on dust patrol again?

DYRIN
What else?

Maurice takes a spot on the wall beside Dyrin. The pair are comfortable, like brothers.

MAURICE
Side dish tonight if you're hungry.

DYRIN
I could eat. What is it?

MAURICE
Just us looking heavy for a hand-off. Easy money.

DYRIN
For who?

MAURICE
Hedgwyck.

DYRIN
Pass. Those fuckers are slated for crashville, Maurice.

MAURICE
Who isn't?

DYRIN
This about Finnian again?

Maurice looks away. Caught red-handed.

MAURICE
What do you want from me? The girl's rocket fuel.

DYRIN
Yeah. Likely to blow up in your fucking face.

MAURICE
Worth it.

DYRIN
Remember you said that this time.

Maurice smiles.

MAURICE
C'mon. You said it, need someone I can trust around those guys. Could be good for you...

Dyrin nods after a beat. Not wanting to seem overeager.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
That's it! Swing by my place when you're done feeding the zombos.

Maurice goes to leave but turns back.

MAURICE (CONT'D)

Oh. And. This dinner is off-menu.
Zeus can not find out about it.

Dyrin, deadpan. Of course, there's a catch.

Maurice flashes that charming smile, then heads down the street.

Dyrin looks back to the parked car....

It's gone.

INT. THE VACUUM - NIGHT

HEAVY METAL MUSIC and the raised voices of ROWDY PATRONS fill the smokey nightclub as Dyrin enters.

Dyrin approaches ZEUS (50s) surrounded by a dozen of her meanest-looking DREADS at a table in the back.

Zeus's dreadlocks are long and thick, a massive hive of multi-colored vines, decorated with spiked metal bindings. She is the leader of The Dread Cartel.

Dyrin drops the day's earnings on the table followed by remaining packets of unsold dust.

ZEUS

Coming in light tonight, baby boy?

DYRIN

Jacked rates to make up the difference.

MAGNET (40s) checks the take. Gives Dyrin an evil eye. He nods and sweeps the drugs and money off the table.

Off Zeus's lingering stare, dismissing Dyrin.

INT. BENJIN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

BENJIN REISE (50s) wipes a clean spot in the foggy bathroom mirror. He stares back at his reflection.

Shaved head. Salt and pepper stubble. Battle scars. Faded military tattoos. All speaking clearly... A war veteran.

Benjin's eyes rack focus from his reflection to that of a little girl sound asleep on a bed in the background.

MADI REISE (10) stirs in her sleep. Benjin's hardened stare softens. A father's love.

The apartment is almost unfurnished. Two Go-bags, scattered clothes, and a helmet covered in cartoony stickers.

Benjin exits the bathroom. Now dressed. Armored chest plate. Combat boots and a long black coat.

An analog pistol sits on the kitchen counter. The symbol engraved into the hilt - TWO CONCENTRIC CIRCLES.

Benjin secures the pistol into his holster.

Benjin comes to Madi. Brushes aside ivory locks of her hair away from her face. He stares. A father's fear.

BENJIN

Need to go out.

Eyes still closed. Madi speaks in a sleepy voice.

MADI

OK.

BENJIN

I won't be long.

MADI

Bring back stickers.

BENJIN

I thought you said you were too old for stickers?

MADI

I changed my mind.

Benjin can't help but smile.

BENJIN

Remember the rules.

Madi nods.

CLOSE ON Madi as Benjin exits the apartment. The lock engages from the other side. **CLINK.**

The apartment is silent. Madi opens her eyes. Her irises are pale, almost white. Like her hair. Otherworldly and innocent.

Madi gets out of bed.

She peeks through blackout curtains.

Outside the floor-to-ceiling window, RAIN falls on a FUTURISTIC CITY. Clean. Art Deco. Cyberpunk. Massive.

Madi puts her forehead to the plate glass.

Stares ten stories down to the wet neon streets below, until the familiar figure of Benjin exits the building.

EXT. THE DRAG-O-RAMA - NIGHT

Dyrin follows Maurice through an automotive graveyard, passing open barrel fires and muscle cars in various states of disrepair.

Up ahead, the entrance of a repair shop is topped with an enormous sign of welded metal that reads: **THE DRAG-O-RAMA.**

INT. THE DRAG-O-RAMA - NIGHT

Dyrin and Maurice pass thru the shop between cars on lifts.

They enter the backroom. Worktables cluttered with antique guns in the process of being rebuilt and repaired, ammunition is being made, and...

HEDGWYCK KROW (40s) has just finished assembling a shotgun. His dreads are long, colorful, and thick. A high-strung, high-ranking member of The Dreads. One of Zeus's captains.

MAURICE

Hedgwyck.

Hed looks to Maurice, then Dyrin, then pumps the shotgun.

HEDGWYCK

What happened to Cherub?

MAURICE

Got rolled by The Luminary.

Hed points his shotgun to a device hanging on the wall.

HEDGWYCK

Scanner.

MAURICE

Dyrin's practically family.

Hedgwyck's shotgun drifts from pointing at the device on the wall, to Maurice.

Maurice rolls his eyes. Retrieves the device. Powers it ON.

MAURICE (CONT'D)
Fucking embarrassing me, Hed.

HEDGWYCK
Whose detail you running with?

DYRIN
Slinging for Magnet over at The
Vacuum.

Hed and Dyrin silently stare at each other as Maurice **SCANS**
Dyrin from boots to dreads. **BEEP-BEEP.**

MAURICE
See? Analog.

Maurice tosses the device. Lands on a table with a THUD.

Hedgwyck relaxes the shotgun on his shoulder and smiles. His
upper teeth are a row of chrome with the exception of a
golden incisor filed to a sharp point.

HEDGWYCK
You ain't from Pretty Kill. Not
with that soundbox.

DYRIN
You know I'm the one doing you the
favor tonight, right?

Hed's smile disappears. The fuck this guy just say?

Hed steps closer.

HEDGWYCK
I asked you where you from.

DYRIN
Outerdom. Before the Luminary took
it down.

Hed stares. That meant something to Hed.

HEDGWYCK
You Pureborn then?

Dyrin nods.

Hed nods. A glimmer of respect, finally.

FINNIAN (O.S.)
What's up meat sticks?

The guys turn to see FINNIAN KROW (20s) enter from the back. A smile spreads across Maurice's face, a puppy dog in love.

Her dreads are thin, long, and hot pink. She's covered in colorful tattoos and piercings. Alpha demeanor.

Finnian pulls Maurice by his vest into a kiss.

AUSRA KROW (20s) is suddenly standing beside Dyrin. Long white dreads. Eyes piercing and intelligent, and studying Dyrin closely.

AUSRA

Time to roll.

Off Dyrin's uncertainty.

EXT. THE DRAG-O-RAMA - REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The crew follows Hed out the back where a semi-truck with a shipping container in tow is parked beside an antique motorcycle and a muscle car.

Hedgwyck pops the trunk of the car. It's filled with old guns. He hands out weapons to Ausra, Finnian, Maurice.

Dyrin takes notice: the shipping container is empty.

MYRTLE KROW (30s) shuts the container doors. His dreads are solid black. A demeanor twice as unpleasant as Hedgwyck.

Hedgwyck holds out a pistol and a rifle for Dyrin to choose.

Dyrin grabs the pistol. Checks to see if it's loaded. It is. He tucks it away in his waistband.

Hedgwyck closes the trunk and heads for the rig.

HEDGWYCK

Meet at the hand-off.

Maurice and Finnian hop in the car. Dyrin looks to Ausra straddling her bike. She throws a nod for him to come with.

Ausra KICKSTARTS the ENGINE.

AUSRA

Hold on tight.

Dyrin hops on the bike behind her.

Hedgwyck and Myrtle climb into the cab of the rig. Hed turns the key in the ignition. The rig RUMBLES to life like a gasoline dinosaur.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The crew caravan down a rainy street. The rig rolls closely behind the car and the motorcycle.

The passing neighborhood is sketchy, but suddenly, as if crossing some kind of imaginary line, we leave the underbelly of The Pretty Kill District...

...and cross into The City.

Spotless buildings and sidewalks. Neon and HOLOGRAPHIC ADS everywhere.

Delivery drones. Security cameras. Futuristic cars that hover off the ground. DROIDS. Well-dressed CITIZENS going about their business in a strict, orderly fashion.

A law-abiding society. High-tech. Crime-free. And uptight. A stark contrast to our crew of analog degenerates.

EXT. SHIPYARD - NIGHT

A disheveled, abandoned shipyard sits on the edge of a seaport. The city skyline shines across the bay.

JANUS (40s) and FIVE HENCHMEN are spread out, silhouetted by the headlights of a CYBER-VAN and three CYBER-CYCLES.

Blasters at the ready. Their helmets and mismatched body armor - trademarks of a rival operation known as The Scabs.

Hedgwyck's rig GRINDS to a halt beside Ausra's motorcycle and Finnian's muscle car, headlights adding illumination to the meeting area.

The Dreads dismount, weapons drawn.

The six Dreads spread out evenly across from the six Scabs.

Hedgwyck breaks the tension by nonchalantly walking out into the center. Janus joins him.

JANUS
You're late.

HEDGWYCK

Apologies. Took us longer than expected to load the rig.

CLOSE UP on Dyrin. Hedgwyck is lying. Dyrin already saw the shipping container is empty. Fuck.

Myrtle fails to hold back a smirk.

JANUS

Let's see it.

HEDGWYCK

Show me yours, I'll show you mine.

Dyrin grips his pistol tighter with both hands.

Scabs and Dreads stare at their counterparts. Janus nods, finally giving in.

Hedgwyck follows Janus and one of his men around to the back of the CYBER-VAN. The back doors open automatically.

It's filled with translucent bricks of an unknown substance. Hed picks one up and inspects it as Janus watches closely.

HEDGWYCK (CONT'D)

This that new slag?

JANUS

Yeah. A psychoholic nightmare. Addictive as a motherfucker too, so keep your crew off it if they mean anything to you.

HEDGWYCK

How'd you get your hands on it?

Dyrin strains to hear Hed's conversation. Too far away to see or hear.

Myrtle is itching for the signal. Ausra yawns, bored. Finnian winks at The Scab across from her. He smiles back. Maurice is trying hard to look tough.

Back at the CYBER-VAN, Janus holds out a folded scrap of paper to Hedgwyck.

HEDGWYCK (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

JANUS

A gift. To help get this new relationship off on the right foot.

Hed takes it, unfolds it. It reads: 663 Edgemark, #5236.

JANUS (CONT'D)
Something I think you've been
looking for...

Hed shrugs. What?

JANUS (CONT'D)
My crew traced a walking blackout
back to that location.

HEDGWYCK
You're shitting me.

JANUS
Whoever it was, we think they were
after the goods. So... Watch out
they don't find you first.

HEDGWYCK
Why would you give this to me?

JANUS
You're crazy enough to use it.

Hed narrows his gaze.

JANUS (CONT'D)
And it'll draw The Luminary off us.
I plan to expand my operation.

As they walk back to the stand-off...

HEDGWYCK
I really wish you woulda told me
about this before we got here.

Back to where they started.

JANUS
Why's that?

Hed smiles.

HEDGWYCK
...Because the truck I brought you
is fucking empty.

The smile on Janus's face disappears. Hedgwyck BLASTS Janus
at point blank range with his shotgun.

A FLURRY OF SHOTS RING OUT - ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY.

Myrtle, Finnian, and Ausra FIRE - All dropping their targets.

Maurice's shotgun jams. His target gets off a **LASER BLAST** that clips Maurice in the shoulder.

Dyrin fires **TWO QUICK SHOTS** into his target, then **TWO MORE** into The Scab who shot Maurice. Deadeye. Head and chest.

Silence. Smoke hangs in the air. Myrtle steps forward, making sure The Scabs are dead.

Maurice stands frozen. His life just flashed before his eyes.

Finnian looks at Maurice's shoulder. Just a scratch. She smiles and SLAPS him on the wound, hard. Maurice winces.

Dyrin almost in a daze. He and Hedgwyck lock eyes.

Hed looks pleased.

HEDGWYCK (CONT'D)

Dump The Scabs in the bay.

Dyrin nods.

HEDGWYCK (CONT'D)

Finnian, Myrt. Grab the goodies.

Dyrin grabs the feet of a dead Scab. So does Maurice.

Dyrin's eyes flick to catch of glimpse of what Finnian and Myrt are doing as he dumps the body in the bay, but he doesn't have the angle to see anything.

Hedgwyck holds out the piece of paper that Janus gave him to Ausra. Speaking in a lowered voice...

HEDGWYCK (CONT'D)

When we're done loading up... Find out what's cooking.

AUSRA

What is it?

HEDGWYCK

Maybe what we've been waiting for.

Ausra nods. Tucks the scrap of paper away.

Dyrin's eyes watching as he grabs the boots of another dead Scab and begins to drag him towards the water.