

WHEN GRAVITY FAILS

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Based on the novel

By
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EXT. BUYADEEN STREETS - DUSK

Dust sweeps through the streets of the Buyadeen; the slum of a post-modern Marrakesh. Shop keepers struggle with produce and products, fighting the wind, sand and setting sun.

MARID AUDRID (33), face wrapped in cloth, dodges foot traffic and carts. Marid eventually finds his destination: Chiri's Bar.

INT. CHIRI'S BAR - DUSK

Marid removes the cloth and rubs his tired eyes and scraggly black beard. Strippers dance rhythmically on scatter stages. As Marid walks to the bar, a man (30) dressed in an old western jacket, western black bow tie, and slicked black hair, aggressively chats up CHIRI (30s), attractive, black and wearing a vest and tribal arm tatoos. The western outlaw swigs his whiskey and when his head goes back we see a metal panel on the back of his head with a number of slots.

Marid sits down next to him.

MARID

Who are you supposed to be?

JESSE JAMES

The names Jesse James.

MARID

Hmmm that's great...Now get the fuck out of here.

Jesse, offended, gets up. Marid turns his head toward Jesse and pierces Jesse with a cold stare. Jesse clenches his fists.

MARID (CONT'D)

Do I look like I want to fight you?

Marid kind of does. The longer they glare at each other the more the tension builds until:

Jesse breaks the eye contact and strolls out of the bar.

Marid whips out a pill case, takes out a light blue pill and swallows it. His baggage melts away as he looks to Chiri.

CHIRI

You alright?

MARID

Now I am.

Marid smiles.

CHIRI
So you don't want a drink?

MARID
Whoa, I didn't say that.

Chiri gives him a sly stare and pulls out a drink she had already been preparing.

CHIRI
Gin, Bingara, hint of lime.

Marid goes for his pocket.

CHIRI (CONT'D)
It's on me. Think of it as a thanks for kicking out the moddy. Some people take them way to far.

Marid feels the back of his head.

MARID
That's why I've never been wired.

Chiri laughs.

CHIRI
You've never been wired because your a pussy.

MARID
A man can have two reasons Chiri.

Marid smiles.

CHIRI
You know, I just bought the Honey Pilar moddy. Haven't tried it out yet...

Chiri smiles back.

MARID
We'll have to try it out sometime.

She rolls her eyes, flirtatiously.

CHIRI
We must. What are you here for?

MARID
Just business.

The door of the bar opens and BOGATRYEZ (55), a fat, balding and polite Byelorussian, stumbles in. His dark suit fits him about as well as he fits into the bar. Chiri looks at Marid and widens her eyes.

CHIRI
Good luck Marid.

MARID
Thanks.

Marid spins around and approaches Bogatryez.

MARID (CONT'D)
Mr. Bogatryez?

BOGATRYEZ
Marid Audran?

MARID
To everyone but my creditors.

Marid swings his hand, inviting Bogatryez further into the bar and Bogatryez walks by. They take a seat in a poorly lit table in the back. Bogatryez looks uncomfortable.

BOGATRYEZ
Why here?

MARID
I like the ambiance.

A drop of water falls from the ceiling and onto Bogotryez's arm. He looks at it and then back up to Marid: emotionless.

MARID (V.O.)
I can never tell whether these guys from Byelorussia are stupid or they know I'm fucking with them and they just don't care.

MARID
Drink? I'm buying.

BOGATRYEZ
I don't consume alcohol.

MARID (V.O.)
That's another thing. Russia's changed a bit.

BOGATRYEZ
I want you to find my son.

MARID

Okay.

BOGATRYEZ

Would you like a picture?

MARID

Of course. Any information you can give me would be helpful.

Bogatryez takes out an envelope.

BOGATRYEZ

I hope this is adequate. What's your fee?

Marid waits and dives into his mind for an absurd number.

MARID

A 1000 kiam a day. First three days in advance.

BOGATRYEZ

Done.

Marid is slightly taken a back. Bogatryez whips out 3000 kiam and puts it in front of Marid.

BOGATRYEZ (CONT'D)

Now if it is all the same to you, I'll be go---

BANG!

A gun shot cuts of Bogatryez.

Over Bogatryez's shoulder, Marid spots Jesse James from across the bar just as James shoots in his direction.

BANG BANG.

Marid dives on the floor.

Jesse runs out the door of the bar.

Marid slowly gets up and wipes off his jacket. He turns to Bogatryez.

MARID

Sorry about the interruption.

Marid lightly touches Bogatryez's shoulder. Bogatryez slumps back in his seat. Blood creeps across his suit.

Marid grabs the money off the table and walks to the bar. He throws a thousand down. Chiri slides him a drink and makes change.

CHIRI
You aren't going to go after that
guy?

MARID
He's gone and I'd rather have
another drink.

CHIRI
You going to call Okking?

MARID
He'll call me.

Marid tosses a blue pill into his mouth and closes his eyes.

INT. MARID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Marid, sleeping soundly in his bed, is startled by a phone ring. He looks around the room with a queasy eye before answering it.

MARID
Yeah?

Marid opens up his pill case. Empty. He wipes his hand over his face. Lieutenant OKKING (40), precise, antagonizing, and somehow Marid's friend, is on the line.

OKKING
Get the hell up Marid. I've already
been at work two hours.

MARID
We'll all sleep so much easier
knowing that.

OKKING
I ran those files you gave me---

MARID
You mean the ones you confiscated?
The ones Bogatyrev gave to *me*.

OKKING
Yeah, whatever. Apparently the kid
he was looking for died three years
ago.

MARID

Poor guy didn't even need to be at the bar. Funny how life works.

OKKING

I'll remember to laugh twice next time.

MARID

How'd he die?

OKKING

Auto-accident. Stole a car and crashed it. We kept his body for a year, but nobody claimed it so---

MARID

He was sold for scrap.

OKKING

Yeah. Anyways. I hope you don't feel like you need to get involved in the case.

MARID

That's a nice way of saying "back the fuck off" isn't it?

OKKING

See Marid. That's why I like you. You get me. But if you'd like me to be blunt, yeah "back the fuck off." Catching this maniac is a police matter.

MARID

Yeah, sure.

Okking hangs up. YASMIN (27), Marid's attractive girlfriend, roles over seductively.

YASMIN

Was that Okking?

MARID

Yeah.

YASMIN

How's he doing?

MARID

Sounds stressed.

Marid leans down and kisses Yasmin.

MARID (CONT'D)
You're late for work.

Yasmin looks innocent and throws the covers over her head.

YASMIN
10 more minutes.

Marid shakes his head and smiles.

MARID
Are you working all night?

Yasmin removes the covers from her face and reveals a devilish smile.

YASMIN
Yeah, lunch tomorrow?

MARID
Sounds great.

Marid starts to walk out of the room.

YASMIN
Where are you going?

MARID
I'm out of sunnies.

Marid walks into the living room.

INT. MARID'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Marid almost opens the door when he stops. He backs up and walks over to a desk near the front door.

He looks over his shoulder before he bends down and reaches underneath the desk.

His hand slides into a hidden cubby and takes out a light blue electronic moddy chip.

He pockets it as he walks out, briefly pausing and looking to the bedroom door: a small admission of guilt.

EXT. BUYADEEN STREET - DAY

NIKKI (25), post-op female, manly mannerisms with a feminine form, waits outside Marid's apartment.

Marid unknowingly walks by Nikki and Nikki chases after him.

NIKKI

Marid!

Marid turns around. He hasn't seen Nikki in a while. Marid is certainly surprised, maybe even pleasantly surprised.

MARID

Hey Nikki. How are you?

NIKKI

I'm good. I'm actually staying at Tami's place for a bit.

MARID

The Kabuki sister?

NIKKI

Yeah.

MARID

Are you in...trouble?

NIKKI

No...

Nikki struggles to find her voice. She spins a blue ring around her finger.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

I don't want to work for Abdoulaye anymore.

Marid frowns.

MARID

I did---

NIKKI

I know. You were right. I need a sponsor. I feel terrible for asking you because you've saved my life so many times before, but you are the one person that has always been there for me.

MARID

Yeah...Yeah. I'll call Hassan. You know Hassan the Shiite? Papa's mouthpiece?

NIKKI

Yeah.

MARID
Abdoulaye and Hassan usually have
tea and sit *pascina* in the late
afternoon. Does 4pm work?

NIKKI
Can we make it later?

Marid squints.

NIKKI (CONT'D)
Sorry. Yeah. That works.

Marid starts to walk away and then stops. He turns to Nikki.
Marid lends Nikki concerned eyes.

MARID
Hassan is going to decide how much
it will cost for you to buy your
freedom. Even Abdoulaye must listen
to Papa. The price Hassan offers is
final.

Nikki nods.

MARID (CONT'D)
And you will pay it.

NIKKI
Of course.

MARID
I'm serious Nikki. A few years ago
I had a...a friend who tried to
run. They killed her. Do you
understand?

NIKKI
I get it! I get it. You're very
sweet Marid. Thank you.

Marid smiles weakly and walks away.

EXT. BUYADEEN STREET - AFTERNOON

Marid walks through a bustling Buyadeen market; families,
hooded monks and amputees all squeeze by Marid on the crowded
road. Moddies, more people with various personality chips
mimicking famous historical and fictional characters, line
the streets.

Marid turns down a thin yellow side street and into a small
patio where three men are loudly laughing.

EXT. PATIO

SAIED (34), arabic clothing, a thin face, intense eyes;
JACQUES (35), bored face, thin; and MUHMOUD (30), short and
buff, are playing poker. Saied looks up.

SAIED
Hello Marid.

MARID
How have you guys been?

SAIED
My lucks been better.

Saied motions to his small chip stack. Muhmoud grabs his peck
and thinks.

MARID (V.O.)
Muhmoud is a post-op just like
Nikki, except, obviously the other
way around. Oh fuck. I forgot to
mention that earlier about Nikki.
Anyway. Muhmoud grabs his peck a
lot. I think it's a phantom breast
thing.

MUHMOUD
I could use some pussy, but other
than that I'm fine.

MARID (V.O.)
He also tends to overcompensate.

Saied gives Muhmoud a disgusted look and Jacques shakes his
head.

MARID (V.O.)
Jacques is a stuck up Moroccan
Christian. I can never remember why
I speak to the asshole.

JACQUES
You need some sunnies?

MARID (V.O.)
Oh...right.

MARID
Yeah what's the price?

JACQUES
7 kiam each.

MARID
Are you fuckin' kidding me Jacques?
I'm not going above four.

JACQUES
6?

MARID
5. And I'm walking away if you
don't take that.

JACQUES
Yeah, sure you would. You're lucky
I like you Marid. 5 kiam it is. And
only because it makes the math
easier.

MARID
Business is business.

JACQUES
Man I'm tired of that phrase. How
many?

Marid hands him a 100 kiam.

MARID
Give me 20.

Jacques fiddles with a bag of pills.

SAIED
What are you up doing to tonight?

MARID
I don't know. I'm helping Nikki get
released...I don't know what I'm
doing after.

SAIED
Nikki? Pshh good luck my friend.

MARID (V.O.)
Saied is a strict homosexual. Won't
even be seen with women. Whether or
not they used to be a man.

MARID
Ok Saied.

JACQUES
I'm throwing one in for free Marid.
You remember that next time.

Jacques hand him the bag and presses the free one into his palm.

JACQUES (CONT'D)

For free.

SAIED

I'm serious Marid. That girl is a user.

MARID

Aren't we all.

Marid smiles and takes the blue pill.

CUT TO:

EXT. HASSAN'S STORE FRONT - AFTERNOON

Marid's hand drops from taking another pill. He nervously stands in front of Hassan's store front, before he fades into the drug. Nikki walks up to him.

NIKKI

You alright?

MARID

Yeah, let's do this.

Marid knocks and a BLONDE BOY (19), with a small bandage wrapped around his wrist, answers the door. He motions for them to enter.

INT. HASSAN'S STORE

The blonde boy leads them through Hassan's store and then into a back room.

Marid and Nikki walk into a dimly lit room with rugs and cushions.

Marid and Nikki sit on the floor across from HASSAN (50), short and fat, but powerfully built. Hassan wears traditional Arab robes and reclines into a small mountain of cushions as he puffs from a hookah. ABDOULAYE (50s), short and skinny, sits to the side.

HASSAN

Ahlan wa sahlán!

Marid looks at Nikki.

MARID
 (whispering to Nikki)
 Do you have an Arabic daddy?

Nikki dives into her purse and finds a chip. She moves her hair revealing her input slots and slides in the daddy chip.

Marid and Nikki bow to Hassan and kneel in front of the men. A server hands out cups of steaming tea. Marid raises his glass. They speak in Arabic: subtitles reveal their conversation.

MARID (CONT'D)
May your table last forever. It is Allah's will.

Hassan raises his cup.

HASSAN
May Allah lengthen your life.

They drink their tea.

MARID (V.O.)
 There is a certain structure to these things. Mostly it involves a pissing match of highfalutin compliments, a few Allah hail Marys, and bitter tea.

They put down their glasses.

HASSAN
Praise Allah.

MARID (V.O.)
 This time at least the tea wasn't as bitter as I remembered it.

Abdoulaye fidgets slightly.

HASSAN
 (to Abdoulaye)
Be still Abdoulaye. Greed lessons what is gathered.

Abdoulaye looks displeased by the scolding.

HASSAN (CONT'D)
 (to Abdoulaye)
Have you been this woman's protector?

ABDOULAYE

Yes O Wise One. For two years.

HASSAN

And she displeases you?

ABDOULAYE

No O Wise One.

Hassan looks at Nikki, but speaks to Marid.

HASSAN

The guarded one wishes to live in peace? She plots no malice towards Abdoulaye Abu-Zayd?

MARID

I swear this is true.

HASSAN

Good. I have made my decision. Any clothing that Abdoulaye has provided her will be returned. The guarded one will pay the sum of 3000 kiam before noon prayer tomorrow. This is my word. Allah is great.

Nikki is stung.

MARID

I am obliged to you. Insallah.

ABDOULAYE

Insallah.

HASSAN

Insallah.

Nikki is about to speak when Marid grabs Nikki by the arm and drags her out of the room.

EXT. HASSAN'S STORE FRONT - AFTERNOON

Marid pushes her into the street. Nikki is livid.

NIKKI

Bastards!

She splits.

MARID

Do you have the money?

NIKKI

I do. I just don't want to give it
to those sleazy blood suckers.

She calms down a bit.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

(mocking Hassan)

All will be good. Insallah.

Marid frowns a bit. Nikki looks at Marid and becomes more sincere.

NIKKI (CONT'D)

Thanks you Marid.

She hugs him and walks off.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED LIGHT DISTRICT STREET - NIGHT

Marid walks down a dirty street. Seedy clubs and bars illuminate the dark broken road with red neon lights. His face is lit sporadically by sickening red neon lights. He stops to look at Franky's bar, but continues to walk down the street. He passes whores on his left and right until he sees a cute HOOKER (24) with brown hair. He downs a few sunnies before walking up to her. Her voice is high and her face is stoic.

HOOKER

You looking for some fun?

Marid stares at her, intoxicated, but in control. She takes that as a yes.

HOOKER (CONT'D)

What you want? I just got Honey
Pilar...

Marid hands her the light blue moddy chip he took from his desk.

MARID

Here.

HOOKER

Sure thing baby.

The hooker exposes her input on the back of her head and slides in the moddy. Her expression completely changes: A smirk leaps across her face. She speaks in a soft voice.

HOOKER (CONT'D)
Hey Marid. You've looked better.

She smiles and Marid smiles back. Marid has a glimmer in his eye and he looks away. The hooker grabs his hand and pulls him close. She whispers in his ear.

HOOKER (CONT'D)
Let's get out of here.

She starts to walk down the street. Marid watches her, as he slips back into the past.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Marid thrusts aggressively.

HOOKER
Oh Marid...Marid!

His face leaps into orgasm, when we cut to:

CUT TO:

INT. MARID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Marid is sound asleep.

VOICE
MARID.

Marid suddenly awakes. The three Kabuki sisters, TAMIKO (25), SELIMA (26) and DEVI (26), dressed in leather, high heels and white face paint, stand by his bed. Marid groggily looks at Tami.

MARID
Hey Tami. What are you doing--

Tamiko punches Marid in the face.

The other two sisters grab Marid and throw him off the bed and into a dresser. Marid's naked body falls to the ground. He gets onto his hands and knees, but is kicked down by Selima.

SELIMA
Where is she!?

Devi rams her heel into his side.

MARID

What?

Tami and Selima take turns kicking him in the side.

TAMI

Where is she!?

MARID

Who?

Tami slams her foot across Marid's face and the screen cuts to black.

FADE TO:

INT. MARID'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Marid eyes flutter open. There is a gash on his face. The Sisters are gone. Marid struggles to lift his head, which he finds is resting on a shirt he had thrown to the floor days earlier. It temporarily sticks to his face, but falls revealing a circle of blood.

He gets up and looks down at the shirt he is currently wearing: speckled in blood.

Begrudgingly he grabs the shirt and gets up. As he limps to the bathroom he throws the two shirts in a hamper.

INT. MARID'S BATHROOM - MORNING

He touches his face. He turns and starts the shower and gets in.

Marid brushes the water from his face. He hears a knock and turns off the shower.

CUT TO:

INT. MARID'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The knocking becomes louder. Marid enters the living room, wearing jeans, and struggles to get a new shirt over his head.

MARID

Hold on!

He gets his shirt on and reaches the door. He looks through the eyehole and opens the door. Hassan and Abdoulaye stand angrily.

MARID (CONT'D)

Billmahal.

Marid moves out of the doorway. Hassan and Abdoulaye walk through the door followed by two body guards who grab Marid.

Marid struggles a bit and manages to slip one of the guards, who regains control by immediately punching Marid in the face.

The guards throw him down.

HASSAN

Abdoulaye is owed 3000 kiam.

MARID

What? Nikki owes you 3000 kiam.

HASSAN

The guarded one has fled. As her representative you are now responsible for her fee.

MARID

It's not even noon!

Marid bites his lip and angrily looks to the side. He gets up and reaches in his pocket. 2500 kiam.

MARID (CONT'D)

I have 2500 kiam. I can pay you the 500 kiam tomorrow.

The guard makes a move for Marid, but Abdoulaye stops him.

ABDOULAYE

You will give me the 2500 kiam now and pay me 1500 kiam by 5pm *today*.

Marid nods. He searches his mouth and bites his lip.

MARID

I am quite unable to express my thanks.

HASSAN

No thanks are needed when one performs a duty. Allah is most great.

ABDOULAYE
Praise Allah.

They get walk to the door.

MARID
(mockingly)
Insallah.

He slams the door. Marid looks down at his shirt: more blood.
He looks up and shakes his head.

MARID (CONT'D)
Really?

EXT. BUYADEEN STREET - MIDDAY

Marid's face is plastered with anger as he walks down the street. He takes a few pills and calms down slightly.

MARID (V.O.)
I have enough money in the bank to pay Abdoulaye but that could wait. Revenge is more pressing. Unfortunately if anyone knows where Nikki is it'd be Tamiko. Hopefully this time she wouldn't have her posse of freakishly strong sisters at her side.

Marid stops and looks up at Tamiko's building.

INT. HALLWAY - TAMIKO'S BUILDING - MIDDAY

Tami's door is open. Marid hesitantly pushes it and walks in.

INT. TAMIKO'S APARTMENT - MIDDAY

Marid looks around the apartment. He gets to the bedroom door and looks into the bedroom. Tamiko has been cut open. She lies in a puddle of her own blood. Cigarette burns line her arms.

Marid's phone rings.

MARID
Yeah?

NIKKI
Marid? You've got to---

The phone cuts off.

MARID
Nikki? NIKKI?

Marid looks at his phone and then to Tami.

MARID (CONT'D)
(to his phone)
Call Okking.

CUT TO:

INT. TAMIKO'S APARTMENT - 30 MINUTES LATER

Okking squints at Marid and sighs.

OKKING
So you were looking for Nikki?

MARID
Yeah I figured Tami would have an idea of where she might be. Nikki said she was staying with her. Do you think the two murders are related?

OKKING
Two murders?

MARID
The Russian guy.

Okking nods and thinks for a bit before answering Marid.

OKKING
They were killed in completely different ways. The only thing that they have in common...is you.

Okking looks in Marid's eyes. Marid sighs.

MARID
Really? Come on Okking.

Okking laughs a bit.

OKKING
You look like shit.

MARID
Yeah.

OKKING

Who gave you those bruises?

Marid briefly looks at Tami's body. Okking notices and frowns. Marid is silent.

OKKING (CONT'D)

Did you---

MARID

Am I under arrest?

Okking deliberates for a moment.

OKKING

No.

MARID

Good, I'm late for lunch.

Okking looks at the body and grimaces.

OKKING

You know she was raped in the mouth
ass and vagina. Cigarette burns all
over her body.

Okking looks at Marid.

OKKING (CONT'D)

I don't know how you can eat after
seeing this.

Marid gulps.

MARID

I never said I was going to eat
anything.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESTAURANT PATIO

Yasmin sits at an outdoor table. She swirls her drink.

Marid walks up and pulls out the chair.

MARID

This seat taken?

YASMIN

For once you're late and I came on
time!

She smiles.

MARID
You were late too weren't you?

She laughs and tries to collect herself.

YASMIN
(unconvincing)
No...

Marid sits down and smiles.

YASMIN (CONT'D)
Oh before I forget...

She leans down and picks up an envelope. Yasmin hands the envelope to Marid.

YASMIN (CONT'D)
Nikki gave this to me.

MARID
What?

Marid looks in and sees 3000 kiam and a letter.

MARID (CONT'D)
Why didn't you give me this earlier?

YASMIN
I was working. Nikki said she tried to get it to you earlier, but you weren't home and she didn't want to leave it under your door.

MARID
Fucking-aye.

YASMIN
You look like shit.

Marid is looking at Nikki's letter. He smiles at Yasmin's comment.

MARID
Thanks.

Marid's eyebrows furrow.

YASMIN
What's wrong?

MARID
It's Nikki. She is living out of town with a German guy name Seipolt. Some old family friend.

YASMIN
Seipolt?

MARID
Yeah, I've never heard of him.

YASMIN
Well that's good I guess. She must have bought her freedom.

Marid stares at her.

YASMIN (CONT'D)
What?

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT PATIO

Over various shots of their lunch, Marid explains what happened.

MARID (V.O.)
I filled Yasmin in on everything that happened. Well I left out the hooker part, but you understand.

Yasmin is wide eyed.

YASMIN
I'm so happy you're ok. So you think it's all over then?

MARID
Well after I get this money to Abdoulaye I should be fine. I'm still a bit worried about Nikki though. She sounded pretty concerned when she called me earlier.

YASMIN
She's always been dramatic though. I think we should celebrate.

MARID
Sounds good to me, but first things first.

Marid raises the envelope.

CUT TO:

INT. ABDOULAYE'S STORE

A bell rings when, Marid and Yasmin walk into Abdoulaye's store. An ASSISTANT (19) greets the couple.

ASSISTANT
Good day, how can I help you?

MARID
I owe Abdoulaye some money. Can you get him for me?

ASSISTANT
One moment sir.

The assistant leaves. Moments later Abdoulaye comes through the door.

ABDOULAYE
You could have just left the money.

MARID
I'd like a receipt.

Abdoulaye is offended.

MARID (CONT'D)
I didn't mean to offend you. I just like to play it safe.

Abdoulaye cranes his neck to look at the welt on Marid's face.

ABDOULAYE
(sarcastically)
I'm sure you do.

Abdoulaye writes up a receipt and hands it to Marid who in turns give him the money.

MARID
May Allah be kind to you.

Abdoulaye grunts and walks away. Marid looks to Yasmin and smiles.

YASMIN
You're such a dick.

MARID

I know. I'm perfect aren't I?

They share a smile. Marid gets close to Yasmin.

YASMIN

You know I just got a Honey Pilar moddy.

MARID

I don't want you to use a moddy. I don't want Honey Pilar. I just want you.

YASMIN

And who is that?

She smirks. Marid chuckles.

MARID

How about that drink?

CUT TO:

INT. CHIRI'S BAR

Saied, Muhmoud, Jacques, Yasmin and Marid sit at a table. They all look inebriated and joyous. Chiri comes over with some drinks and sits down. Marid grabs his drink and thrust it into the air.

MARID

What I...

Marid looks at Yasmin and then to the group.

MARID (CONT'D)

What I love about you people is that you are all truly free. We don't live under Papa's thumb or the governments corruption. To our independence. To our free will. To our ability to choose to forget this night.

They clink glasses. Marid and Yasmin lock eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. MARID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marid and Yasmin have passionate sex.

They finish and Marid slumps against the bed covers. Yasmin nestles against his body.

Marid head turns and stares at the top of Yasmin's head.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Marid's eyes flutter. He glares at the ceiling, slowly realizing it is not his own.

He turns his head and investigates the seemingly empty hotel room with his eyes. Where the hell is he?

PAPA (O.S.)
Have a nice night?

Marid freezes. He gulps and slowly turns to the other side of the bed where PAPA (50), short, stocky, white beard and well dressed, is sitting in a chair, his leg resting on a knee. Two henchman stand behind him. Papa drinks a cup of coffee.

Marid looks down; he is completely clothed. Marid is silent.

PAPA (CONT'D)
Would you like some coffee?

MARID
Water...please.

HENCHMAN 1 leaves to retrieve the water.

PAPA
How is your health?

Marid stares at Papa; still not quite sure what is going on.

MARID
It's...

He grabs at the pill case which he thankfully finds is still in his pocket and takes out four blue pills. Henchman 1 returns and hands him the water. He takes the pills.

MARID (CONT'D)
...improving.

PAPA
Marid. Slave to no man other than himself.

Marid gulps.

PAPA (CONT'D)

Do you know why I am here?

MARID

No, O Shaykh Papa.

PAPA

You are aware I have a great number of people in my employ?

MARID

Yes of course, O Shaykh. May Allah be great to them all.

Papa frowns.

PAPA

A great number of people rely on me Marid. I am a source of security in a difficult world, for those whom I have given and received much love.

MARID

Yes, O Shaykh.

PAPA

So when I learn that a friend is welcomed by Allah into Paradise early, I am distressed.

MARID

You are a shield against calamity O Shaykh.

Papa waves his comment away.

PAPA

Death comes to us all Marid. We can not run from it. The jar cannot remain whole forever. But death before death is due is unnatural.

Marid is silent.

PAPA (CONT'D)

How does one revenge a murder?

MARID

A death must be met with another death. One who attacketh you, must be attacked. An eye for an eye... However to seek revenge wrongfully is a crime worse than killing. I have not killed, O Shaykh.

Papa furrows his brow.

PAPA

Allah is most great...I heard that you were an infidel, but your knowledge of the Qur'an is impressive. Unfortunately I have been told that you have had the most reason to murder this man.

MARID

Man?

The Henchman leap onto Marid and tie his arms to the bed.

PAPA

Do not lie, my nephew.

Henchman 1 punches Marid as he squirms. Henchman 2 holds down his legs as Henchman 1 takes out a syringe and slides it into Marid's neck. Marid is frozen. He breathes heavily.

MARID

The Russian?

PAPA

I don't care about tourists searching for their long lost sons Marid.

MARID

Then what man?

PAPA

Abdoulaye.

MARID

O Shaykh, I did not know Abdoulaye had died. I wished him no harm.

PAPA

LIES. You owed him money! Kill him.

MARID

NO. I paid my debt!

Papa raises his hand and stops the henchmen.

MARID (CONT'D)

I paid my debt to Abdoulaye yesterday afternoon. I swear to Allah.

PAPA
Unfortunately I can't take your
word for that Marid.

MARID
I have a receipt! It's in my
pocket.

Papa stares at Marid. He looks to Henchman 1 and nods.
Henchman 1 takes the syringe out of Marid's neck and digs
into Marid's pocket producing the paper. The henchman hands
it to Papa who reads it.

PAPA
Did anyone see you get this?

MARID
Yes, his assistant.

Papa calls Abdoulaye's assistant.

PAPA
(to assistant)
Did you see Marid, yesterday?

Papa puts down the phone.

PAPA (CONT'D)
Untie him.

The henchmen untie Marid.

PAPA (CONT'D)
I am truly sorry Marid. I hope you
understand my intentions. I am
truly happy that you have survived
this.

MARID
How did Abdoulaye die?

PAPA
He was stabbed and raped...He had
cigarette burns all over his body.

MARID
Just like Tami.

PAPA
How did you possess this
information?

MARID

That's who I thought you were talking about initially. I went to Tamiko's apartment to ask her about Nikki, who had gone missing. When I arrived Tami was already dead.

PAPA

What do you know of Devi's murder?

MARID

Devi is dead? Forgive me for my ignorance Papa. I had not heard this.

Papa stares at Marid.

PAPA

She was killed in the most horrifying way: ripped apart, her organs cut from her body.

MARID

I am sorry to hear this Papa. I did not know that Devi was under your protection.

PAPA

The Kabuki sisters did...special jobs for me.

MARID

They were... your assassins?

Papa looks off.

PAPA

Marid, someone is hunting the people I care for.

MARID

Someone? You think it's one person?

PAPA

Yes.

MARID

The bodies were murdered in different ways. Maybe someone killed Devi, realizing she was less protected after Tami's death.

PAPA

I am not sure if I agree with you; however, your opinion is well thought out. I'd like you to help me Marid. I need someone to solve this. I need this to be finished.

MARID

I am not worthy Papa. You must have others under your employ that would be better suited---

PAPA

I have stronger men, but they lack intelligence. You are smart Marid. Do you know what Baraka is?

Papa pauses as if it was actually a question.

PAPA (CONT'D)

Baraka. It is a magic, a charisma that few have. The way things can go right when they seemingly can only end wrong. I was going to kill you Marid. You walked into this room a dead man and yet here you sit, clearly not dead.

MARID

You honor me, Papa, but I do not share your confidence.

PAPA

I am not done. I fear if it is not you that killed my people that it might be someone I have housed. I trust you, if not for the very reason you are the only one I now know is not the killer.

Papa looks off.

PAPA (CONT'D)

You were right to fear for your friend Nikki. It is possible that she is being hunted by this madman as well. With my resources we can find the killers. We can make the streets safe again. Are these not worthy goals?

Marid realizes that he has no choice.

MARID
I will do my best, O Shaykh.

PAPA
Good. I will set up an appointment
with my surgeon.

Marid recedes.

MARID
For what?

PAPA
If you are going to catch these
killers you need enhancements
Marid. My surgeons will wire--

MARID
I don't want my brain wired.

PAPA
I'm afraid you have no choice my
nephew.

Marid glares at Papa.

PAPA (CONT'D)
Are you sure you would not like
some coffee before you go? We also
have tea, but I admit, it's quite
bitter.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Henchman 1 is driving Marid back to the Buyadeen. Marid looks
down at his shirt, speckled in blood. He turns toward the
window and watches the broken city pass by his window.

MARID
Hey, can you drop me off at
Franky's?

The henchman doesn't respond.

CUT TO:

EXT. IN FRONT OF FRANKY'S BAR - DAY

The car stops and Marid gets out. He leans over to the
henchman.

MARID

Thanks.

The henchman locks eyes and drives away. Marid briefly stares at the car. He turns and walks into Franky's bar.

INT. FRANKY'S BAR

Franky's Bar is smaller and less dark than Chiri's. The one stage has a few strippers dancing a bit more aggressively.

Marid walks up to FRANKY (40), scruffy beard, wearing a silk shirt.

MARID

Hey Franky.

FRANKY

Drink?

MARID

Yeah sure.

FRANKY

I here you're getting wired.

MARID

I'm not getting my brain wired. How did you even hear about that?

Franky shrugs.

MARID (CONT'D)

I'm not.

FRANKY

Don't take this the wrong way, but my mother once told me "never trust a man with blood on his shirt."

Marid considers retaliating, but realizes that the advice one's mother gives is rarely so tuned to the real world.

MARID

Where is Yasmin?

Franky points to Yasmin who is dancing on stage.

FRANKY

What are you blind? She's dancing.

Marid sees Yasmin and frowns lightly.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
She's off after this song.

Yasmin wraps herself around pole and spins around before she locks eyes with Marid.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
Bingara, Gin and lime.

Franky slides him the drink.

FRANKY (CONT'D)
Oh and try to get her to come on time. I'm still fining her 50 kiam every time she is late.

The song finishes and Yasmin walks off the stage and over to Marid.

YASMIN
Hey Marid! I didn't hear you leave this morning.

MARID
No kidding. Sometimes I wish you were a lighter sleeper.

YASMIN
Where did you go?

MARID
I didn't go anywhere. At least by choice. I was abducted by Papa.

YASMIN
What?! What did he say? Are you ok?

MARID
Yeah I'm fine. He wants me to find Abdoulaye's killer.

YASMIN
Abdoulaye died?

MARID
Yeah. He thinks that Nikki could be in danger too...or at least that's what he said to try and get me to agree.

YASMIN
You did agree right?

MARID

Yeah...but I think I am going to tell him no.

YASMIN

You are going to say no to Papa? That doesn't seem like a great idea.

MARID

I like my odds better with Papa than a deranged killer.

YASMIN

Really? I would have taken the killer...

Marid glares at Yasmin.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

Come on Marid. Papa is right. Everybody is scared shitless in the Buyadeen. We all know murders happen everyday, but the details of these are so horrifying---

MARID

Which is exactly why I'm not interested.

YASMIN

It doesn't matter whether you're interested. Don't you see that it is your duty?

Marid's tongue explores his mouth.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

I've never known you to be the kind of guy to let injustice just slip through the cracks.

MARID

Then you must not know me.

YASMIN

What is it?

MARID

What?

YASMIN

There is something else.

Marid shrugs.

MARID

He wants me to get wired.

Yasmin bites her lip and looks a little turned on. Her hands jump on his lap and she leans in.

YASMIN

Really?

MARID

I don't want to do it.

YASMIN

What are you so scared of? Have you ever heard me complain about my inputs?

MARID

No.

YASMIN

Marid. I don't need you to have inputs...Despite how sexually arousing that might be for me. Do it for Nikki, for Tami and Devi. The Buyadeen needs you, Marid.

MARID

Ok.

YASMIN

Ok what?

MARID

I'll do it.

Marid gives her a worried smile. Marid reaches for his drink. He close his eyes as he drinks.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL

Marid opens his eyes. The room is completely white.

Title: 3 days later.

A nurse sees Marid eyes open and before he can say anything she rushes out the door. Moments later a doctor walks in.

DOCTOR
Morning Mr. Audran.

Marid's throat is dry and his voice raspy.

MARID
Morning.

DOCTOR
How are you feeling?

MARID
Alright.

DOCTOR
Any pain.

MARID (V.O.)
I wasn't about to give him an
excuse to lower my morphine drip.

MARID
A little.

The Doctor eyes him slightly.

MARID (CONT'D)
How long have I been out?

DOCTOR
Week and a half.

Marid still groggy looks around the room.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Your...patron has specified that
you'd be given the most
comprehensive intracranial
reticulation possible. Even a few
procedures that might be deemed...

The doctor flips a page on his clip board.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
...experimental.

MARID
(sarcastic)
Thanks for making that not seem
sketchy.

The doctor ignores the comment and finds a mirror cupboard.
He hands Marid the mirror.

Marid looks at himself in the mirror. He looks horrible, but at least the bruises are gone from his cheek and lip.

The doctor holds up a second mirror and Marid inspects the back of his head.

MARID (CONT'D)

I have two inputs?

DOCTOR

Yes, your patron requested it. Your second input only accepts add-ons commonly referred to as daddies. You have one moddy slot on the left side of your head.

Marid sees the larger input.

MARID

Right.

DOCTOR

What do you know about the brain Mr. Audran?

MARID

I'm told they are pretty useful.

The doctor stares.

MARID (CONT'D)

Not much.

MARID (V.O.)

In truth I knew quite a bit, but it's always good to seem a few degrees dumber than you actually are.

DOCTOR

The inputs are connected to various areas of the brain through wires which in turn allow you to control those inputs through electrical stimulation. You can chip in personality modifiers, or moddies, which stimulate multiple areas of the brain.

Marid nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You'll have exactly as much control
over the new personality as you
allow yourself to give or take.
Would you like to try one?

MARID
Not really.

DOCTOR
I suggest you try one so you
understand how it feels, but I
won't force you. Also there are the
daddy inputs. You're aware of how
those work: Language daddies, card
counting---

MARID
Yeah.

DOCTOR
Your patron added a few unique
controls. You will have the ability
to control hunger, fatigue, thirst,
body temperature, pain, smell and
sexual arousal.

Marid smirks.

MARID
What do you---

Ignoring him again.

DOCTOR
You may choose to block out audio
visual stimuli so you are better
able to focus.

The doctor brings out a wooden box with the various daddies.
He gets one out which is the only one that is jet black.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
This card...is a bit different...It
is wired to your punishment center.
When stimulated the subject
experiences torment and anguish
with pleasure.

Marid furrows his brow.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
There are others in here that are
more self explanatory.
(MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

I was told to notify your...*patron* when you woke up. He should be here soon. Can you walk?

MARID

I don't know.

Marid steps off the bed. His legs are a bit too rested, but he manages to stand.

He flares out his fingers in a "ta da" pose. The doctor laughs.

DOCTOR

Good.

The doctor sets the daddies on the cupboard and walks to the door. The doctor turns to Marid.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Be aware. Being able to control different parts of your body is helpful, but your body makes you feel hungry, thirsty and tired for a reason. Those feelings and emotions don't go away. If a chip is in too long the after affect can be painful.

MARID

Like a hangover?

DOCTOR

Sure. Like a hangover.

The doctor walks out the door.

Marid walks over to the box.

His hand shakes slightly over the chips. He runs his hand over them.

The door opens. Papa walks in followed by Hassan.

PAPA

You must know my nephew, the entire Buyadeen is desolate without your presence to light our way.

Marid frowns and wets his lips.

HASSAN

We were driving around the area when we heard you had risen.

PAPA
May I ask how you intend to find
Abdoulaye's killer?

MARID
Oh Shaykh, my first step is to meet
with Lieutenant Okking. I must
collect as much data on this case
as I can before I can follow any
leads.

PAPA
As you know I have some influence
over the police force. You will
find them to be much more...*helpful*
than in the past.

Papa smiles.

PAPA (CONT'D)
We must go. Please keep us informed
with the investigation. Hassan.

Hassan leaves a folder on the cupboard.

PAPA (CONT'D)
Good bye my nephew. May Allah be
kind to you.

Marid nods. They leave the room and Marid walks over to the
folder. He opens it hesitantly.

CUT TO:

INT. MARID'S BEDROOM

Marid pours out the contents of the envelope onto his bed.
Three stacks of kiam. Marid is stunned.

Marid shoves a stack into his pocket. He grabs the other two
and walks into:

INT. MARID'S LIVING ROOM

Marid walks over to his desk.

He reaches down beneath the desk and places the money in his
hiding place. His fingers bump against the light blue moddy
and he grabs it.

Marid kneels in front of the desk. His thumb lightly glances
over the chip.

Suddenly the door opens and Marid shoves the chip into his pocket. He jumps away from the desk. Yasmin walks into the room.

MARID

Oh thank god.

YASMIN

How long have you been out?

MARID

Ahhh.

YASMIN

You made me promise not to visit you in the hospital. I thought you would, at the very least, call me when you were released!

Yasmin's arms are crossed. Marid walks over to her and she looks away. He embraces her.

MARID

I just got out today. I thought you were working. I was going to go to Franky's after I changed my clothes.

Yasmin looks at him.

YASMIN

Let me see it.

MARID

Now?

Yasmin tilts her head. Marid sighs and turns around.

YASMIN

Have you tried it?

MARID

Just a few of the daddies.

Marid points to a box on the desk.

YASMIN

I got you something!

Yasmin produces a moddy chip.

YASMIN (CONT'D)

I bought it from Tilda. She said it was this great Detective, Nero something.

MARID

Great.

Yasmin is disappointed in Marid's lack of excitement.

YASMIN

I thought you'd be more excited.

MARID

No, it's just I'm not sure if I really need another personality.

YASMIN

You know you *aren't* perfect Marid. No matter how many times you try to claim to be.

Marid smiles.

MARID

Fine.

Marid takes the chip and slowly chips it into his head. His eyes shut immediately.

INT. MARID'S HEAD

Marid sits in a burgundy chair across from the fat Detective, NERO WOLFE (40).

MARID

What's going on?

NERO

I'm downloading.

MARID

What?

Nero holds out a finger. He lowers it after a beat.

NERO

You can open your eyes.

INT. MARID'S LIVING ROOM

Marid opens his eyes. He looks a bit woozy, but his eyes suddenly focus.

MARID'S POV

His eyes scan the room collecting data on every aspect of the room. The height of the door and it's wood, the body of Yasmin's hair and the smell protruding from it. Title cards pop up and are sucked into Marid's mind.

YASMIN

Are you ok?

Marid looks at her.

MARID

Yeah...Yes...Quite alright Ms. Nabulsi.

Yasmin smiles.

MARID (CONT'D)

Pfui. The devil's in you, you know that?

Marid looks down at his arms which have are wrapped by the clothes of Marid's imagination. His body is fatter. He shuts his eyes hard and rubs them. His arms are back to normal.

MARID (CONT'D)

Alright, enough of this.

His arm which is flashing between Nero's and his reaches up to his head.

OUT OF MARID'S POV

Marid takes out the chip.

YASMIN

How was it?

MARID

Weird, but satisfactory.

Yasmin furrows her brow.

MARID (CONT'D)

It could be very useful.

Yasmin gives him a hug. A knock on the door breaks her off and she answers it.

Selima nervously stands in the hallway.

SELIMA
Can I come in?

Marid hears Selima's voice and opens the drawer to his desk, revealing a gun.

YASMIN
Of course.

Selima is skittish as she enters the room. Marid is concerned; he's never seen Selima like this before.

SELIMA
You don't need the gun Marid.

MARID
So...did you come to get a few more
licks in before someone offs you
just like Tami.

Selima looks like she is about to cry, but composes herself and walks up to Marid. She slaps him, hard.

MARID (V.O.)
I earned that one.

Selima looks down, apologetic.

SELIMA
I'm sorry about that. It was a
mistake.

MARID
I bet.

SELIMA
We were worried. Nikki had been
taken---

MARID
That's not the letter I got.

SELIMA
We all got that letter Marid, but
doesn't it seem weird that Nikki
would suddenly decide to leave and
then go live with the "German
family friend" Seipolt, that she
had NEVER once talked about. I
think she was taken by force and
they made her write that letter.

Marid's eyes dart away from Selima and then he looks back at her, trying to decide whether to help her or not.

MARID

Why did the three of you beat the living shit out of me the other day?

SELIMA

She left a note at Tami's.

Selima takes out a note and gives it to Marid. It reads "Help. Hurry. Marid."

SELIMA (CONT'D)

We were scared, Marid...I'm scared. Now even more so. Both of my sisters have been murdered. Nikki's in trouble. I'm next Marid. I know it.

MARID

Calm down Selima. All these things about Nikki...it could just be a misunderstanding. I'll check out Seipolt and in the mean time just keep your eyes open. Don't do any business and don't go back to your apartment.

SELIMA

Thanks Marid.

She looks down.

SELIMA (CONT'D)

I need to go.

Selima quickly walks out of the room. Yasmin gives a worried stare to Marid, who continues to stare at the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB

Marid sits in a cab. As it rolls out of the city. Marid dials Okking.

OKKING (O.S)

Hello?

MARID
Hey Okking, what do you know about
Herr Lutz Seipolt?

OKKING
Seipolt? Why?

MARID
Does it matter Okking?

OKKING
He's a German importer-exporter.
Just random trinkets mostly.

MARID
Can you send me his address?

OKKING
Yeah sure.

MARID
Great. I'm coming over to your
office in 2 hours. Be ready for me.

OKKING
I'm not sure if I could ever be
fully ready for you Marid.

MARID
Good one Okking.

Marid hangs up the phone. It beeps and Marid looks up to the
CABBIE (31), frazzled on drugs.

MARID (CONT'D)
You know where Palm Rest Drive is?
300 Palm Rest.

The cabbie realizes Marid is talking and turns around while
he drives.

CABBIE
Fuck yeah man. Palm Rest. Ain't no
rest for the Wicked unless it's on
Palm. God damn!

Bill shakes and steps on the gas.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEIPOLT'S FRONT STEP - DAY

Marid hands a bill to the Cabbie.

MARID
I'll be back soon.

CABBIE
Hell yeah man. Me and my sunny drip
will be waiting right here man.

Marid frowns and walks off.

MARID (V.O.)
Looks like the Cabbie installed a
drip organ to keep his system
constantly drugged. He'll die young
and relatively happy.

Bill slaps at an imaginary fly.

Marid walks up to a lavish house. He takes a blue pill and
shoves the case into his pocket, exchanging it for a handful
of daddy cards.

He knocks on the door and looks down at the daddy cards.

As he pops them in he talks to himself.

MARID
No hunger, no thirst, no panic. No
distractions.

The door opens.

SERVANT
Guten Tag.

Marid finds the German chip and slides it into a slot and
subtitles allow the audience to understand their
conversation.

SERVANT (CONT'D)
Hello? Do you have a German daddy?

MARID
*I just put it in. Are you Mr.
Seipolt?*

SERVANT
No sir. I am his servant.

MARID
*I apologize. I have come to ask an
important question of His
Excellency.*

SERVANT

What is the question?

MARID

If he has seen my sister, Nikki.

SERVANT

There is no one by that name in this household.

He is about to close the door.

MARID

Please. I am certain she is here.

The servant eyes Marid cautiously, but nods and opens the door. Marid walks past.

INT. SEIPOLT'S HOUSE

The servant leads Marid up a curved stair case. The entire place is white. Lavish decorations and sculptures announce Seipolt's wealth.

INT. SEIPOLT'S BEDROOM

Marid steps into a Western style and elegantly decorated room. Seipolt (60s), balding, a few daddies loaded into his head, turns and looks at Marid. The servant walks away.

MARID

Sorry for my intrusion, My Excellency.

Seipolt grunts and answers in English.

SEIPOLT

Cut it with the excellency bullshit. If you know who I am you must realize that I don't have much time to spend answering questions.

MARID

Of course. I'm looking for my sister Nikki.

Marid hands Seipolt the letter. Seipolt reads it quickly.

SEIPOLT

And you think she is here? Because of the letter?

MARID

I figured it would be a good place to start.

SEIPOLT

Unfortunately I cannot help you. I've never heard of your Nikki. Nor would she be of much interest to me if I had. My servants can attest. I have not been interested in any woman in quite some time.

MARID

Nikki wasn't really a woman. She was a post-op. Maybe that's what's been stirring your interest?

SEIPOLT

(offended)

Let me be blunt, I no longer have the apparatus to get sexual interested in anyone or anything. Here's your letter.

Marid grabs the letter.

MARID

Do you mind if I search the house?

SEIPOLT

Yes, I mind.

Marid spots a glass case near the door filled with various trinkets. He eyes a blue ring which looks identical to the one Marid saw on Nikki.

MARID

What's all this?

SEIPOLT

Various items I import into the city.

Marid takes a step toward the case.

SEIPOLT (CONT'D)

Do you need to be escorted out?

MARID

No. Thank you Mr. Seipolt...my excellency.

Seipolt rolls his eyes as Marid leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. OKKING'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Marid sits across from Okking. Marid looks at Okking's desk and sees a folder labeled "Khan." Okking quickly covers the folder.

Okking squints at Marid and rocks in his chair slightly

OKKING
How'd it go with Seipolt?

MARID
Not well. Do you have anything for me?

OKKING
Not really.

MARID
You know I'm working for Papa?

Okking frowns.

OKKING
Yes.

MARID
It's only temporary.

OKKING
Yeah...sure.

Marid frowns.

MARID
Papa seems to think these murders are aimed at him.

OKKING
If so the killers are lousy marksmen. He hasn't been touched.

MARID
He told me:
(mockingly)
"My women are my eyes, my men are my fingers."

Okking laughs.

OKKING

And what does that make Abdoulaye?
His asshole?

Marid chuckles.

MARID

I took the case because I think
Nikki might be in trouble.

OKKING

You took the case because Papa told
you take the case. What's this
about Nikki?

Marid looks confused.

MARID

You didn't find the notes?

OKKING

I'm not sure what you are talking
about Marid.

MARID

A note or...I don't know, a letter.
From Nikki to Tami or Devi. There
were no letters at either crime
scene?

OKKING

No Marid, we didn't find any
letters. It sounds like you think
these murders are linked...

MARID

Maybe.

OKKING

Devi and Tami were murdered in
completely different ways. I just
don't see how you think---

MARID

I know Okking, but it wouldn't be
outside the realm of possibility
for a killer to kill in a different
way. Maybe he is moddy flipping or
something?

OKKING

I think that's pretty unlikely
Marid.

MARID

It could even explain the Russian.

OKKING

What? The Russian? The one you conveniently left on my doorstep? Come on Marid. Are you even listening yourself? Look, I don't have time to deal with unsubstantiated theories connecting 3 separate cases. If you have something let me know.

Marid sits and stares at Okking.

OKKING (CONT'D)

Now get the fuck out of my office Marid.

Okking smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKY'S BAR - DUSK

Marid takes a drink from his Bingara, Gin and lime. Yasmin walks up to him.

MARID

Hey Yasmin.

YASMIN

I need to show you something.

Yasmin grabs Marid and she rushes him out of the bar.

MARID

My drink?

YASMIN

Leave it.

EXT. BUYADEEN STREETS - DUSK

Yasmin leads Marid down a twisting alleyway.

She stops in front of a trash heap. A black bag has been ripped open, revealing bloody limbs.

Marid takes a piece of garbage and prods the bag. Suddenly a severed head rolls out of the bag.

It falls down the trash, heading for Marid's leg like bowling ball approaching a seven-ten split. Marid dodges the head, which spins and comes to a rest.

It's **Nikki**.

Marid puts a hand over his mouth and nose.

MARID
Fucking hell!

He puts in a chip to block the smell.

MARID (CONT'D)
How did you find this?

YASMIN
One of the other girls came in an hour ago crying. She showed me.

MARID
Have you called Okking?

YASMIN
I wanted to show it to you first.

Marid bends down, next to Nikki's head. Still holding his trusty piece of trash, Marid rolls over the head exposing Nikki's input area: a moddy. He carefully takes out the chip: it looks cheap, maybe homemade, and has no markings.

MARID
Do you have a phone?

YASMIN
Not on me.

MARID
Call Okking when you get back.
Don't tell him you showed me the body first ok?

Yasmin nods.

MARID (CONT'D)
You working the whole night?

YASMIN
Yeah.

MARID
Alright, go to my place after you get off. I'll meet you there ok?

Yasmin nods. She leaves. Marid stares at the bag of limbs:
numb.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Marid stares at the ceiling with the same numb expression. Another hooker, similar features, but shorter, rolls over and snuggles against his body. She speaks in the same soft voice. We can see the light blue moddy through her blonde hair.

HOOKER #2
I missed you Marid.

She kisses him on the cheek. Marid turns and kisses her back.

CUT TO:

INT. MODDY STORE - MORNING

The walls are filled with small boxes each housing a moddy or daddy card: stacks of organized chaos. Marid sits in an armchair, necked rolled to the side, asleep. He is wearing dark sunglasses and is holding a cup of coffee.

TILDA (40s), frail, wild-eyed with a screw loose, walks into the room and notices Marid.

TILDA
Hello!?

Marid jumps awake, spilling a bit of the coffee on his hand and shirt, which he briefly attempts to wipe away.

TILDA (CONT'D)
Sorry, I didn't realize you had
come in?

MARID
Well you made up for it.

Marid takes off his sunglasses. His eyes are red and sunken.

TILDA
You leave a daddy chip in too long?

MARID
Among other things...

Tilda snorts.

TILDA
What can I do you for?

MARID
I found this moddy and I was wondering if you could tell me what's on it. There's no label.

TILDA
Yeah, no problem. Let me see it.

Marid hands her the moddy chip that he found in the back of Nikki's severed head. Tilda studies it briefly.

TILDA (CONT'D)
It's a good thing you didn't chip this in.

MARID
Why?

TILDA
It's homemade. They can be pretty dangerous if they are made incorrectly.

She slides the chip into a black box. A 3-D image of a brain appears above the box. A few areas of the brain are highlighted different colors. She taps the holographic brain in a few places and eyes the read out in front of her.

TILDA (CONT'D)
Hmmm...

MARID
What is it?

TILDA
It appears that this moddy is actually a tricard.

MARID
What's that?

TILDA
A card with three separate personalities. It also has no safeguards. If you were to chip this in, there is a good chance one of the three, or all of them, would override your own personality.

Marid nods, but clearly only partially understands the message.

TILDA (CONT'D)
You wouldn't be able to chip out.
Geeze, I thought Papa would have
smarter people working for him.

MARID
What? How did you---
(shakes his head)
I don't work for Papa.

Tilda eyes the room wildly.

MARID (CONT'D)
What are the three different
personalities?

TILDA
A crying baby, a starving Bengal
tiger, and a woman being tortured.
If anyone put this in their input
it would not only fry the circuit
and kill the person, but would do
it in the most excruciatingly
painful way.

Tilda smiles uncomfortably. She walks over to the trash can.

MARID
Wait. Can I have it back?

Tilda looks up suspiciously.

TILDA
Why?

Marid holds up 100 kiam.

MARID
No reason.

Tilda gulps. She hands him the card and takes the 100 kiam.
A new customer walks into the store. Tilda's gets animated.

TILDA
(to Marid)
Thanks for coming!

She signals Marid to leave.

TILDA (CONT'D)
(To customer)
Welcome friend!

As Marid walks out the store, his phone rings.

EXT. MODDY STORE FRONT - MORNING

The sunlight is too bright for Marid's hungover eyes. He quickly throws his sunglasses back on before he weakly answers his phone.

MARID
Hey Okking.

OKKING
I'm at the Grand Hotel on 3rd. You better get down here.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND HOTEL HALLWAY

Marid walks through a hallway teeming with cops. Each cop looks up at Marid as he walks through.

INT. GRAND HOTEL ROOM

Marid strolls into the hotel room. Okking sees him and walks over.

MARID
What was that all about?

OKKING
What was what about?

MARID
Everyone is looking at me like I'm dead.

OKKING
Maybe because you look like shit?

MARID
I very often look like shit Okking.
What's going on?

Okking looks off and chooses to ignore his question.

OKKING
I'm guessing you heard about Nikki?

MARID
What?

OKKING

Come on Marid. There's no way she didn't call you first.

Marid isn't going to say anything and Okking knows it.

OKKING (CONT'D)

In case you didn't know or didn't look, she was also raped. Cigarette burns just like Abdoulaye and Tami.

MARID

Who is it this time?

OKKING

Selima.

Marid takes a deep breath and strokes his bearded chin.

OKKING (CONT'D)

You ok?

Marid bites his lip. Okking grinds his teeth.

OKKING (CONT'D)

Come with me. Be prepared...it's pretty sickening.

Marid follows Okking into the:

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM

The smell is horrid. The walls are covered in blood. Selima is torn apart. Her heart is in the sink.

Marid looks like his going to throw up. Marid looks away and struggles to put his cards into his input slots.

He wipes away a tear as he slides in the pain blocking daddy. He takes a deep breath before he turns to Okking.

OKKING

You okay?

Marid answers coldly.

MARID

Yeah I'm fine...Selima came to me yesterday. She was worried someone was after her.

OKKING

You haven't noticed.

MARID

What?

Okking points to the far wall of the bathroom. Written in blood is a note: "Audran, you're next."

CUT TO:

INT. MARID'S LIVING ROOM

Marid bursts through the front door of his apartment. He looks around his apartment frantically and then runs into his bedroom. Where he sees Yasmin laid out on the bed. He races to her and shakes her. Yasmin wakes up.

YASMIN

Marid? What's wrong?

MARID

Thank god.

Marid hugs her.

YASMIN

Marid?

MARID

Get your things.

YASMIN

Why? What's going on?

MARID

You need to leave my apartment. Quickly. Let's go!

YASMIN

Marid? Why are you doing this?

Yasmin, in a groggy state, doesn't understand what is going on.

MARID

No it's---

YASMIN

If you want me to leave I'll leave!

MARID

Yasmin. YASMIN.

She looks at him.

MARID (CONT'D)
I don't want you to leave. Someone
is coming after me. My apartment is
the last place you or I should be.

Yasmin starts to calm down.

MARID (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

YASMIN
Someone is coming after you?

MARID
Yes...we need to get out of here.

He gives her a lingering hug.

MARID (CONT'D)
I love you, Yasmin.

YASMIN
I love you, too.

They briefly pause, both suddenly realizing it is the first
time either has said it to the other. Their eyes meet and
they both hide a smile.

MARID
Let's go. We'll check you into a
hotel okay?

Yasmin nods.

CUT TO:

INT. MARID'S LIVING ROOM

Marid and Yasmin walk to the door. Marid sees a note on the
floor.

MARID
Where did that come from? Was that
there earlier?

YASMIN
I don't know.

Marid opens the door and peers down the hall, but it is
empty.

Marid picks up the note and reads it. In manic handwriting it says: "Audran: Jesse James is Gone. Can you guess who I am? See you soon XOXOXXXXXXXXXX Khan"

YASMIN (CONT'D)

What is it?

Marid shoves the note into his pocket.

MARID

Nothing.

Marid walks to the door.

YASMIN

Marid, what if Okking needs to question me again?

Marid stops. He stares off into the corner: a sudden realization. His mouth drops slightly. He turns around and looks at Yasmin.

MARID

Come on. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - RECEPTION

Marid's face is painted with anger. He approaches the pretty female RECEPTIONIST(27). She eyes him warily.

MARID

I need to speak with Lieutenant Okking.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry Lieutenant Okking is in a meeting. He'll be out in an hour if you'd like to take a seat and wait for him.

Marid glares at the receptionist. He sees a water cooler behind her.

MARID

Can I have a glass of water?

RECEPTIONIST

Sure, Mr. Audran.

Marid eyes her. She turns around.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
 You want it cold?

She turns back and he is gone. She sees Marid walking through the door into the police station.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
 You can't go in there!

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Various cops look at Marid as he speedily walks through the station. They step aside, allowing Marid's determined walk to go unimpeded. Marid heads straight for:

INT. POLICE STATION - OKKING'S OFFICE - DAY

Marid barges through the door. Okking is sitting at his desk and talking to two other officers.

OKKING
 Jesus Marid.

MARID
 (to Okking)
 Get the fuck up.

The two officers stand. Marid walks to Okking and throws him out of his chair.

Marid jumps on Okking and pins him. Marid whips out the note and pushes it in Okking's face.

MARID (CONT'D)
 What the hell does this mean?

The officers pull Marid off.

OKKING
 Let him go.

OFFICER #1
 Lieutenant---

OKKING
 Let him go. NOW.

They drop Marid to the ground.

OKKING (CONT'D)
 Get out. We'll continue our conversation tomorrow.

The officers leave. Okking gets up.

OKKING (CONT'D)

I'm up...What the hell was that?
Are you still linked up to all
those daddies? You're going to burn
out.

MARID

I can't take them out right now.

Marid gets up. He gives Okking a death stare and lands the note on his desk. Okking takes the note and reads it.

OKKING

That's a lot of kisses.

MARID

Who is he? I know you know.

OKKING

Have you heard of Xargis Khan?

MARID

No. I don't think so.

OKKING

15 years ago there was a string of
gruesome murders committed by Khan,
much like the few we've seen: cut
away body parts, blood everywhere.
The psychopath proclaimed himself
to be a prophet of God. He said a
blue angel presented him with
revelations. One of which I guess
told him to kill as many women as
he could. He killed just over 100
before the police caught him.

MARID

Was he executed?

OKKING

No. He escaped...never heard from
again.

MARID

And you think this killer is Khan?

OKKING

It's possible, but he'd be pretty
old. More likely the maniac somehow
found a Khan moddy.

(MORE)

OKKING (CONT'D)

Problem is it's pretty hard to program the moddy of a real person unless you get their brain image, especially when most people knew next to nothing about him. Could just be a moddy with a fucked up M.O. and a few educated guesses on Khan's personality for all I know.

MARID

That guy who killed Bogatryev. He was using a moddy. You think the killer switched it out?

OKKING

Possibly. Regardless, Khan by himself makes all of the thugs in the Buyadeen look like cartoon kittens.

MARID

Well that Jesse James fuck is the only lead we have so lets start there. We need to figure out whether the guy is a just a lunatic hatchet man or if he is working for someone.

OKKING

I can help you there.

MARID

I knew you were hiding something. Who is he working for?

Okking sighs.

OKKING

Me.

MARID

What?

OKKING

At least the Jesse James idiot was. You've stumbled onto something a bit bigger than a few murders, Marid. But I guess you already know that.

MARID

What did you do?

OKKING

I hired the moddy punk to kill Bogatryev...I am agent of the Fourth Reich.

Okking waits while Marid takes that in.

OKKING (CONT'D)

Sounds worse than it is. Basically they pay me for me for useless information. At least that was the deal before the insurrection in Byelorussian. Bogatryev was not just some ordinary businessman. He was Grand duke Vasili Petrovich Bogatryev, the younger brother of the Byelorussian King. A couple years ago, his nephew, the Crown Prince, had become an embarrassment to the court so they exiled him.

MARID

Let me guess, to the Buyadeen?

OKKING

(sarcastic)

You're so good at putting the pieces together, Marid.

(serious)

The Neofascists in Germany asked me to find the Prince so they could use him to establish a new monarchy ...well...really a German controlled 'protectorate.' Realizing that the Crown Prince left their government vulnerable, Bogatryev came to the Buyadeen to find and kill the Prince.

MARID

His nephew?

OKKING

Yep. And he was using you to help find him.

MARID

So you were working through Seipolt...

OKKING

Yeah.

MARID

So that's why you haven't been re-questioning people, you already know who committed the murders.

OKKING

I wish I did. There is someone working for the other side. I have a few prints, but nothing to match them with. The wall said your next, but I'm not far behind you Marid. The other side won and now both sides probably want me dead.

MARID

What do you mean the other side won?

OKKING

The Prince was killed yesterday. He was that sex-changed friend of yours. Nikki. I'm assuming the assassins are killing off anyone who was close to her and these cases. I'm guessing that's why I got...

Okking reaches in his pocket and gives Marid an identical letter, addressed to Okking.

OKKING (CONT'D)

This. I'm not leaving the station until this is over.

MARID

Let's hope none of those nice policeman aren't Bogatryez's henchmen.

Okking makes a queasy face. It's something he has considered.

MARID (CONT'D)

So what am I supposed to do?

OKKING

Try to not get killed...

Marid heads toward the door.

OKKING (CONT'D)

If you need me..I'll be here.

MARID

I know you will.

Marid slams the door.

CUT TO:

INT. CAB

Marid sits in the back of a cab. He looks down at his clothes and feels his beard. He turns his head to the cab driver.

MARID

Stop here.

EXT. NICER PART OF TOWN - STREET

Marid gets out of the cab and walks into a nice clothing store.

INT. NICE CLOTHING STORE

Marid strolls through the fancy store. Beautiful arabic robes line the walls.

Marid flips through some options.

CUT TO:

INT. NICE HOTEL - BEDROOM

Marid throws a golden robe onto the bed and walks into the:

INT. NICE HOTEL - BATHROOM

Marid takes off his shirt. He starts to shave his beard.

He feels his clean shaven face and stares into the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEIPOLT'S FRONT STEP

Marid, dressed in his new robes, knocks on Seipolt's door: No answer.

He peers through a window next to the door: Nothing.

Marid hops a fence and walks into the house through a back door. He sees some blood on the ground and pulls out his gun.

He walks up the curved staircase. A smear of blood streaks along the staircase and snakes its way into Seipolt's bedroom. Seipolt and his servant's organs are spread across the room. On the wall in BLOOD reads "Marid, I lied. I'll make it up to you. - Khan"

CUT TO:

EXT. BUYDAEEN STREET -DAY

Marid is talking to Yasmin on his phone as he walks through a thin alley way.

MARID

I'll be right there Yasmin...I just had to check on something. Are you ok?

YASMIN (O.S.)

I'm fine Marid. Don't worry about me. He better hope he finds you first because I'll kill him before he even has a chance to snap in a moddy.

Marid hides a smile.

MARID

I'll see you soon.

Marid rushes past a SCARRED MAN (30), wearing arabic robes, sitting in the alley.

SCARRED MAN

Sir!

We can't hear what Yasmin says because the man's voice drowns her out. Marid ignores him, but the scarred man gets up and follows him.

MARID

(to Yasmin)

Yes. Me too---

SCARRED MAN

Sir!

Marid hangs up the phone. The scarred man grabs his shoulder. Marid spins and grabs his hand.

MARID

Are you following me? What do you want?

SCARRED MAN

I'm sorry sir, I've noticed you are wired. I thought you might be interested in what I have here.

Marid releases the scarred man's hands.

MARID

You are a salesman?

SCARRED MAN

I sell moddies sir as well as a fine assortment of add-ons. I think you would be particularly interested in---

MARID

No thanks.

SCARRED MAN

It won't take long. It's very possible I have just the thing you need.

MARID

I'm not looking for anything in particular.

SCARRED MAN

We are never looking for anything in particular until we find it. Then we can't look away.

Marid eyes him.

SCARRED MAN (CONT'D)

Why else would you get wired?

The scarred man kneels and Marid slowly sits down in front of him.

The scarred man flips out a blanket and unfolds it, revealing a plethora of moddies, in organized rows. The scarred man smiles proudly.

SCARRED MAN (CONT'D)

What do you think?

MARID

I don't know. They just look like moddies to me?

SCARRED MAN

How about this one?

The scarred man picks up the first moddy in line and throws it to Marid. It says "Jesse James."

SCARRED MAN (CONT'D)
Is this not the one you were
looking for.

Marid looks at the other moddies: Selima, Seipolt, Devi, among countless others.

SCARRED MAN (CONT'D)
Marid.

Marid looks up slowly. The scarred man is maniacal. A hideous smile is scratched across his face: KHAN.

MARID
So you weren't Jesse James. You
killed him.

KHAN
He was such a broken individual.
I'm glad I was able to help him
open the gates into Paradise.

MARID
So you are...Khan?

KHAN
Right now yes, but I'm much worse
that the real Khan. At least
smarter.
(A wistful thought)
He did have a certain grace.
Unfortunately, adding him to my
collection was an unexpectedly dull
endeavour.

The scarred man takes a knife out of his bag. Khan pushes up his sleeve revealing hundreds of scars. He closes his eyes and cuts into his arm.

Marid doesn't flinch. Marid slowly reaches for his gun beneath his robe when Khan opens his eyes and lurches forward.

Marid unexpectedly lurches toward Khan. Marid controls the knife, but is thrown to the side.

Marid tries to bend Khan's wrist, but he is surprisingly strong. Khan grips Marid's throat with his left hand.

The knife inches toward Marid's neck. Marid's hand jumps to Khan's face, pushing back his chin. Khan releases his grip on Marid's neck, giving Marid enough leverage to throw Khan off.

Marid slams Khan's head. The dagger flies out of Khan's hand.

Marid reaches and grabs his pistol, but Khan smacks Marid and knocks the gun away.

Khan pins Marid with his legs. Khan's hands tear at Marid's skin. He throws down his arms against Marid's chest and then whacks the side of Marid head's. Marid almost loses consciousness.

Khan gets off of Marid and runs to his knife. He returns and bends down. He is about to stab Marid.

KHAN (CONT'D)

Not yet.

Khan smiles and smacks Marid. Marid goes unconscious.

CUT TO:

INT. WHITE ROOM

Marid wakes up. Khan is fiddling with a wired apparatus on Marid's head. Marid struggles briefly until he realizes he is firmly strapped into the chair.

KHAN

I couldn't kill you without taking your brain image. My process is very important. I assume you have a process of your own.

Khan looks at him questioningly. He pulls out Marid's pill case and offers him one, but Marid refuses.

KHAN (CONT'D)

I can't wait to chip you in and see what it is!

MARID

Your liver and dick can't handle my process.

KHAN

Hmmm, well the liver's a new one. I'll cut that out first...can't believe I've never cut out the liver before.

Khan shakes his head.

KHAN (CONT'D)
So, did you shave because you were
preparing yourself for death or
because you thought I wouldn't
recognize you.

Marid is silent.

KHAN (CONT'D)
Not that you look bad.

Marid face doesn't give an inch.

KHAN (CONT'D)
Well I guess I'll see soon enough.

Khan takes out an empty moddy.

KHAN (CONT'D)
You're going to feel a slight
sting.

He chips it into the apparatus. Marid's eyes close and his mouth turns sour. He brain feels overloaded and his neck snaps back as if someone was pulling all his hair to the back of his head.

But suddenly it stops. Marid opens his eyes.

KHAN (CONT'D)
One Marid coming up!

Khan jumps over Marid's legs and slowly reaches to the new moddy card.

Marid braces for an instant death. Khan yanks out the card, but nothing happens to Marid.

KHAN (CONT'D)
Relax it's just a copy. I want you
alive for the killing part.

Khan sniffs the new moddy and then blows some air into it.

KHAN (CONT'D)
I love that new card smell.

Khan smiles. He takes out the Khan moddy and chips in Marid, closing his eyes briefly while he downloads the information. Khan opens his eyes and turns toward Marid.

Suddenly, Khan has a similar swagger to Marid.

They give each other the same deep stare. Khan feels his nonexistent beard.

KHAN (CONT'D)

Dear god man...you have some demons.

Khan takes out the chip and replaces it with the Khan moddy.

KHAN (CONT'D)

You will be a free soul in Paradise.

MARID

You've just experience all my thoughts and feelings. You still think Paradise awaits me?

KHAN

Paradise awaits us all.

Khan throws a collection of knives on a table beside Marid.

MARID

Thank Allah, I have you to look forward to you in Paradise. I don't know what I'd do with my time, if I wasn't thinking about ways I'll kill you when you arrive.

KHAN

I'm not sure if that's how it works.

MARID

Me and that Blue angel of yours will fist fuck you until you bleed out.

Khan shrugs.

KHAN

Would you like to die as yourself?

MARID

What do you mean?

KHAN

Would you like to use a moddy? I give everybody the opportunity to die as someone else. Sometimes people think it might go down easier. To be someone braver. Or to be anyone else, but yourself.

MARID
Does it help?

KHAN
No.

Marid blinks and goes silent.

KHAN (CONT'D)
Shall we continu---

MARID
I'd like a moddy.

Khan is taken a back. Khan looks at Marid questioningly.

KHAN
Who?

MARID
Her.

Khan smiles.

KHAN
I only peered into a few of your best kept secrets Marid. That was a juicy one indeed. But I pegged you for a solitary person. I am surprised.

MARID
I want to be with her when I die.

KHAN
You have the moddy then?

MARID
In my pocket.

Khan reaches inside Marid's robe and grabs his moddy, but it's not the light blue chip Marid referenced. Rather, it's the unmarked moddy.

KHAN
Here you go.

Khan reaches over. His hand hovers around the slot. Marid closes his eyes.

KHAN (CONT'D)
You really think I'm that stupid?

Marid's eyes open.

KHAN (CONT'D)
I know this isn't her. I've seen
your memories, remember.

Marid blinks.

KHAN (CONT'D)
What is it?

MARID
Don't you know? Like you said, you
know my memories.

Khan furrows his brow and suddenly becomes angry.

KHAN
Tell me.

Marid is silent.

KHAN (CONT'D)
Fine.

Khan rips out his moddy and chips in Marid's brain image. He paces back and forth before he furiously rips it out of his head.

KHAN (CONT'D)
What is it?

MARID
You don't know?

KHAN
Nothing downloaded since you got
that fancy hardware installed.

MARID
Oh.

KHAN
WHAT IS IT? TELL ME.

Marid is silent. Khan looks at the moddy and looks at Marid. Khan chips in the viral moddy.

Khan's eyes fly in different directions. His muscles stiffen. He screams.

Marid flips over his chair, knocking over the table. He finds one of the knives on the ground and frantically saws his restraints.

Khan gasps for air between the shrill screams, his feet scraping the ground.

Marid finally cuts through the straps. He jumps onto Khan.

Marid holds Khan down and removes the moddy. Khan's body turns into gel. Khan barely opens his eyes, before closing them again.

Marid feels Khan's throat: still a beat. Marid breathes heavily, but slowly calms down.

Marid moves his hand up to his own head and removes his chips. Suddenly a pain floods his body.

He takes it in briefly and crawls carefully to the sink along the side of the wall. He drinks furiously and then manages to rest against the wall. Marid's hand shakes as he reaches for his phone. He calls Okking.

OKKING

Marid?

Marid finds Khan's moddy on the ground and picks it up.

MARID

It's done.

EXT. OKKING'S OFFICE

Marid slams a few pills. Okking walks in.

OKKING

I guess you are one up on me now.

MARID

I basically did your entire job for you Okking.

Okking shrugs.

OKKING

I'm surprised you didn't kill him.

MARID

Me too. What now?

OKKING

I think it's time I offer up my resignation.

Marid eyebrows raise.

OKKING (CONT'D)
You seem surprised.

MARID
I just thought you'd do this job
forever.

Okking laughs.

OKKING
Well unfortunately it's already
circulating that I may have
accepted money from a foreign
power.

MARID
Yeah, you clearly dented your
credibility on that one.

Okking shrugs.

OKKING
Once I get my affairs in order I'm
going to leave the city and slip
away into the night. I did a lot of
good work for the city
though...Maybe they'll give me a
recommendation.

Marid smiles.

MARID
I'll miss you Okking. Only you
could make this mess a resume
builder.

Okking smiles back.

MARID (CONT'D)
I'm surprised you aren't still
scared.

OKKING
About what?

MARID
The other murderer?

OKKING
Khan was the Russian assassin. He
killed off my assassin. You said so
yourself.

MARID

But Tami and Abdoulaye...they were raped. And the cigarette burns---

OKKING

The fucker just popped in another moddy, Marid. He collected them. Just accept that you are the hero for once.

MARID

How could he have killed Nikki and not known about the viral moddy.

OKKING

He was unstable Marid. The memory could have been stored on one of his countless moddies. Seriously, just let it go.

Marid isn't entirely convinced, but when Okking lifts his hand they shake and Marid nods. Marid walks out the door.

EXT. POLICE STATION FRONT DOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

Hassan pulls up in a car just as Marid leaves the police station. Hassan motions for Marid to get in.

INT. HASSAN'S CAR

Hassan looks at Marid through a mirror.

MARID (V.O.)

Papa ordered Hassan to take me home. I retold my story, trying to fill in the blanks, but the more I filled in the less I realized I knew.

HASSAN

It pleases Allah that you are safe. That that maniac has been captured and that Friedlander Bey's wisdom has prevailed.

MARID

(sarcastic)

You are right Hassan. Give all the credit to Papa. He was so helpful, guiding my path. Cutting open my head and throwing money into the crevice.

(MORE)

MARID (CONT'D)

Perhaps he could have been more helpful though.

(speaking directly)

It's weird that Papa claims to know everything that goes on in the Buyadeen, yet somehow he didn't know anything this entire time.

Hassan clenches the wheel.

MARID (CONT'D)

What has Papa been doing behind the scenes Hassan?

Hassan slams on the breaks and turns to Marid.

HASSAN

(furious)

YOU FILTH. How dare you mock and insult one that has done you so much? You are more worthless than Papa's spit. You need to learn to respect your elders...and betters!

Hassan recoils into his seat and calms down. He looks back through the mirror and returns to his old polite self.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Forgive me Audran. You have been through much and I must be more understanding. You will talk to Papa tomorrow.

INT. CHIRI'S BAR

Marid sits down at the bar. Chiri notices him and leaps across the counter to give him a hug.

CHIRI

I've missed you Marid. I'll get you a drink!

MARID

No thanks, Chiri.

CHIRI

What? It's on me. You are a hero!

MARID

No I'm not.

CHIRI

You stopped a raving maniac from disemboweling the city. Everyone is safe now. Or at least safer. That at least deserves a drink.

MARID

No one is safe Chiri.

Marid sighs.

MARID (CONT'D)

I need to go see Yasmin, I'll get that drink later ok?

CHIRI

Sure baby.

INT. FRANKY'S BAR -LATE AFTERNOON

Marid walks into Franky's. Franky immediately greets him with a drink.

FRANKY

Well done, Marid. I heard you took on that killer that offed the sisters. Did something no one else had the balls to do. You drink free from now on alright.

Marid rubs the bridge of his nose.

MARID

Thanks, but really I'm not a ..."hero."

Yasmin runs up and hugs Marid. She kisses him on the cheek.

YASMIN

I know you'd do it! I'm so proud of you!

MARID

Seriously?!

YASMIN

I knew you'd act this way. Enjoy it Marid. It's ok to be liked.

MARID

I don't know Yasmin. The cigarette burns, the moddy, the rape.

(MORE)

MARID (CONT'D)

It doesn't make any sense. Khan didn't even have any cigs on him.

YASMIN

Yeah, but that's just it isn't it. Maybe the moddy he used earlier smoked. You know how it feels. You want to be the person, even in the small ways. You weren't dealing with one killer, you were dealing with countless killers in one body. You can't be so rigid.

MARID

Yeah I guess your right.

Franky interrupts.

FRANKY

Hmmm that reminds me of the story Maribel told us last week. The cigarette burns I mean. Some trick she pulled.

MARID

What do you mean? The guy tried to burn her or something?

FRANKY

No he took off his shirt and he was covered in little burn marks.

MARID

Where is she?

FRANKY

She comes in later tonight.

MARID

You think she'd remembers who it was.

FRANKY

Possibly. It was only a few weeks ago. I can call you when she comes in.

Marid thinks briefly. He throws down a 100 kiam.

MARID

Please do.

Marid gets up.

YASMIN
Where are you going?

MARID
I'm going to get some rest.

YASMIN
Where are you actually going?

MARID
I'll see you later Yasmin.

CUT TO:

INT. MARID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marid sits on the bed. He closes his eyes and plugs in his detective moddy.

CUT TO:

INT. MARID'S HEAD

Marid is facing Nero once again. They across from each other, fading into burgundy chairs, motionless. Nero answers his unasked question.

NERO
Because you do not wish it.

MARID
I just want this to be over.

NERO
You continue to hope for some simple solution, but fail to acknowledge that one could very well not exist.

MARID
Are you saying that I didn't go about it the right way? You always say that any spoke will lead the ant to the hub.

NERO
Yes I do say that. But if the ant walks 3/4 the way around the circumference, he may lose more than merely time.

MARID

I'm almost there, but I could use your intellect.

NERO

How exactly would my brain be able to wrap around the complexities of this world and solve a crime that is unique to it? I'm a computer. I can only interpret as far as a programmer has designed me to.

INT. MARID'S PLACE - NIGHT

Marid takes out the chip and sighs.

INT. OKKING'S APARTMENT'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Marid knocks on the door of Okking's Apartment.

MARID

Okking?

KNOCK KNOCK

MARID (CONT'D)

OKKING?! I need to ask you a few more questions before you go.

Marid furrows his brow. He looks toward the door handle and tries for it.

It's open. The place is ransacked. Marid's phone rings. It's an unknown number.

MARID (CONT'D)

...Hello?

FRANKY

Hey Marid, it's Franky. I just talked to Maribel. She said it was that mute blonde boy. Hassan's assistant.

Marid closes the phone.

EXT. BUYADEEN STREETS

Marid runs through the streets of Buyadeen, chipping in various add-ons: anti-fatigue, thirst, hunger, pain. He holds the black chip in his hand.

EXT. MARID'S STORE FRONT

He get's to Hassan's store front and knocks.

The blonde boy answers the door and stares at Marid.

MARID

I need to see Hassan.

The blonde boy shakes his head. Marid produces 1000 kiam and puts it in his hand. Marid shows the boy the stack of bills.

MARID (CONT'D)

Hassan!

When the boy unlocks the door, Marid bursts through crushing the boy against the wall.

INT. HASSAN'S STORE

He punches the blonde boy, who passes out on the ground. Marid grabs his 1000 kiam and puts it in his pocket.

Marid walks through the pitch black store, until he reaches the door to Hassan's back room.

Marid opens the door. Hassan is standing next to Okking, whose arms and legs are covered in cigarette burns. Each limb is tied to a separate ring in each corner of the room.

HASSAN

Did the boy let you in?

MARID

I took the decision out of his hands.

Marid looks at Okking. He is still alive, but barely.

MARID (CONT'D)

Finally got around to Okking. Are you disappointed he isn't wired? I'm sure you would have liked to use your bootleg moddy.

Marid shows Hassan the moddy he found in Nikki.

HASSAN

That is true, but yours will do. I'm looking forward to that with pleasure. Thank you for mentioning Okking earlier.

(MORE)

HASSAN (CONT'D)

I assumed he was the witless fool he acted until you insisted he was an active party in the car ride earlier today.

MARID

Here, I thought this whole time I was trying to out-gun high-tech international assassins and it was the neighborhood dirty old man that was really behind it. You've been working for the Russians then?

HASSAN

Of course. After I killed Abdoulaye and Tami, I started to realize the job was a bit risky. A few too many bruises and I'd much rather kill the passing hooker. That's when I hired that Khan character. Personally I like the ones that don't fight back very much...like Nikki.

Hassan smiles.

MARID

Why did you kill Abdoulaye?

HASSAN

He was just a loose end I needed to tie up.

(Looks towards Okking's ties)

Him and everyone who got that letter. Oh and thank you for facing Khan for me. That would have been a nightmare to fix. Thankfully, he is now fully taken care of.

MARID

I have to hand it to you. You had me fooled. If it wasn't for the letter linking Nikki to Seipolt and your boy's cigarette wounds, I wouldn't have figured it out. It must have been nice to have me spoon feed you information this entire time.

Marid takes a step toward Hassan.

HASSAN

It was very kind of you...It's funny. I thought we'd be in this position much earlier.

MARID

What do you mean?

HASSAN

I've never understood why you never looked into who actually killed her...what was her name again? Aqila?

Marid stares through Hassan.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

Or did you know all along and were too scared to follow through?

Marid is silent. Hassan smiles.

HASSAN (CONT'D)

The tiger, the baby...the tortured woman.

Marid takes another step toward Hassan.

BANG

Hassan shoots Marid just below his left arm. Marid drops and looks down at his hand. The black chip looks back at him. Hassan starts to walk to Marid.

Marid plugs in the black chip. Marid's eyes bulge out as if they are trying to run away from whatever is coursing through his brain.

Marid bursts forward and tackles Hassan to the ground. Marid takes a bite out of Hassan's arm and he drops the gun.

Marid thrashes at Hassan with a sadistic smile. He beats his head in and then thumbs his right eye.

Okking turns his head and uses all his remaining energy to call to Marid. His voice is distant at first, but slowly gets louder.

OKKING

Marid. No...Marid!

MARID

How about a taste of your own hardware *Hassan*?

Marid reaches in his pocket and produces the homemade moddy.

HASSAN

Please.

OKKING

Stop! STOP!

Marid is about to plug in the homemade moddy. Marid wets his lips in pleasure.

OKKING (CONT'D)

Aqila.

Marid stops. He turns to Okking.

OKKING (CONT'D)

Aqila.

Marid continues to stare at Okking.

OKKING (CONT'D)

You aren't him Marid.

Marid is shivering. Marid gulps and nods as a tear falls down his conflicted face. Marid's hand quivers as he reaches up and pops out the black card.

Marid pukes. He looks at Hassan's destroyed face. Tears race down his cheeks. He starts to convulse, until suddenly he passes out.

BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL

Marid wakes up in the hospital. His eyes search the room frantically. He breathes in short sporadic huffs.

He tries to take out the IV from his arm when his old doctor enters the room.

The doctor presses his hands on Marid's shoulders and gently pushes him into bed.

DOCTOR

Leave it...Here.

The doctor hands Marid a blue pill. Marid shakes his head. The doctor opens his mouth and throws in the pill. Marid relaxes a bit.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You've had a traumatic experience.
Do you remember anything that
happened?

MARID
Bits and pieces.

The doctor nods.

DOCTOR
I'm surprised you are reacting so
well. Many people in your situation
would have had a nervous breakdown
or worse.

MARID
There is still time...

Marid looks down briefly until a thought occurs to him.

MARID (CONT'D)
What happened to Okking? Is he ok?

The doctor frowns.

DOCTOR
By the time you were all discovered
Okking had died from internal
hemorrhaging. Hassan is in a coma.

Marid's lip waivers. He is on the verge of crying, but
manages to pull himself together.

MARID
If I didn't black out, could I have
saved him?

DOCTOR
I really don't like to delve in
hypotheticals---

MARID
COULD I have saved him?

The doctor sighs.

DOCTOR
It's likely he would have pulled
through if he had gotten here
earlier.

Marid grinds his teeth.

MARID

Is that it?

DOCTOR

Yeah...that's it. I've signed your papers. You can go.

Marid nods.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Do you remember the shortest surah in the Quran? "I seek refuge in the Lord of Mankind, the King of Mankind, the God of Mankind, from the evil of the sly whisperer, who whispers in the hearts of mankind, of the *djinn* and of mankind."

MARID

The *djinn* and mankind and guns and knives.

DOCTOR

If you look for guns, you will find guns. If you look for Allah, you will find Allah.

EXT. PAPA'S FRONT DOOR - DAY

Marid knocks on Papa's mansion door. Marid pops in a blue pill as he awkwardly stands around.

The door opens and the wide-eyed BUTLER stares at Marid. He steps aside and Marid walks in.

INT. PAPA'S MANSION - DAY

Marid follows the butler through the large empty house.

They walk through a wooden doorway and into Papa's office. The butler leaves as Marid strolls in. Friedlander Bey looks at Marid, his shrivelled face turns into a smile.

PAPA

Oh my son!

He gets up and hugs Marid. Papa kisses him on each cheek. Marid hasn't moved. Papa backs up.

Marid notices Papa's henchman have blocked the doorway.

PAPA (CONT'D)
You have done well.

MARID
Can I have my money?

Papa is surprised and offended by Marid's breach of etiquette.

PAPA
Are you ok?

MARID
Yes. I'd like my money now.

PAPA
Of course.

Papa doesn't move an inch.

PAPA (CONT'D)
Lieutenant Okking is dead.

MARID
I know.

PAPA
He has gone to Paradise. You must not blame yourself my son. In time, the Buyadeen will thank you.

Marid rolls his eyes; he has heard this before. Papa walks to his desk and casually touches it with his finger tips.

PAPA (CONT'D)
I am making a new and essential position: a liaison between me and the official authorities.

MARID
You don't mean me?

PAPA
Let it be done Marid.

MARID
The hell with you and yours plans. You sit there behind that fucking desk, manipulating everyone and everything. Choosing who dies like a pricking disease from the prick of a man. Because? Because "business is business" or because you can?

(MORE)

MARID (CONT'D)

I don't doubt that you were behind Okking and Hassan, the Germans and the Russians.

Papa eyes Marid.

MARID (CONT'D)

You were weren't you...and you killed her too didn't you.

PAPA

Who? Nikki? Of course not my son.

MARID

No Aqila. I know that it was Hassan that finished the job, but you ordered didn't you!

Papa remains silent.

MARID (CONT'D)

DIDN'T YOU!

PAPA

Of course. You knew that and you know I had to. She tried to leave and there are punishments for that Marid.

MARID

You didn't have to kill her!

PAPA

Yes I did, my son. I *didn't* have to send you her moddy. I *didn't* have to grab her conscious when she was in total peace, when she was sleeping and couldn't know what was about to befall her. She was leaving me, but she was also leaving you. Now she is with you, forever. Before, you would have never seen or heard from her again. Don't you see that I helped you?

Marid takes a step toward Papa. Papa lifts his hand and suddenly Marid stops as if he has hit a glass wall.

MARID (V.O.)

Baraka.

Papa reaches into his desk and pulls out a small remote.

PAPA
Do you know what this is?

Marid is trying to calm down.

MARID
No.

PAPA
It is a portion of you.

Papa presses a button on the remote and Marid's body experiences a wave of pain. He drops to the ground and writhes on the floor as if he is being electrocuted.

Suddenly, it stops. Marid tries to recover. Marid bit his tongue during the ordeal and he spits blood. Marid gets onto his knees and hands as if he is praying to Allah. He stares at the blood stain.

MARID
So that's how you are going to make me do what you want?

PAPA
No my son.

Papa throws the remote on the floor in front of Marid.

PAPA (CONT'D)
It is your loving cooperation I desire, not fear.

Marid takes the remote and stands up.

Marid looks at the controller and drops it to the ground. It crushes beneath his foot.

Papa smiles and nods.

PAPA (CONT'D)
Let it be done.

A guard hands Marid a cup of tea.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUYADEEN STREET - AFTERNOON

Sand whips through a windy Buyadeen street. Marid hangs a left and travels down a narrow corridor into:

EXT. PATIO - AFTERNOON

Again, Saied, Muhmoud, and Jacques are playing cards. Not one acknowledges Marid when he walks in.

MARID

Hey guys.

Again everyone is silent.

MARID (CONT'D)

Jacques, you have an sunnies?

JACQUES

No.

SAIED

Why are you here?

MARID

What's wrong?

SAIED

Let's see. You are now a cop working for Papa...What's the last one?

MUHMOUD

He brutally attacked Hassan and left Okking to die.

SAIED

Right.

MARID

What? Come on, you don't understand what it was like to...Why do you care about Hassan?

JACQUES

We don't care about Hassan. You're sick in the head Marid. We saw the pictures. If you could do that who knows what you could do to us.

MARID

It wasn't me! You know me.

SAIED

We *knew* you Marid. But now we don't know what you are. Other than a cop and Papa's bitch of course.

MARID
No sunnies huh.

JACQUES
None for you.

Marid turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANKY'S BAR- AFTERNOON

Marid walks into Franky's bar. Franky is cleaning a glass and doesn't look up.

MARID
Franky?

Franky looks up to Marid.

MARID (CONT'D)
Drink?

Franky makes Marid's drink and shoves it sloppily in front of him.

FRANKY
10 kiam.

Marid laughs.

MARID
So much for the free drinks huh? I
knew you'd go back on it.

Franky face is stoic.

FRANKY
Look, either pay or get out of my
bar.

Marid is taken aback.

MARID
Geeze Franky, you alright?

Franky grabs the drink away.

FRANKY
This was a mistake. Leave.

MARID
What the hell?

FRANKY
Get the FUCK out of my bar Marid
and don't come back.

Marid gets up and goes to the door. He turns before he walks out.

MARID
Is Yasmin---

FRANKY
She's off. Leave.

EXT. BUYADEEN STREET - DUSK

Marid steps out of Franky's bar. His lip quivers as he hides a concern face that seems to be verging on tears. He looks at his hands. The red dirt road makes it look as if he is swimming in blood.

He pulls himself together and starts to walk down the street. His gate quickens until he starts to run.

He sprints down the street. If his friends have abandoned him, who else is left?

He races down alleyways until he finds his way to the front of his own building.

INT. MARID'S APARTMENT HALLWAYS - DUSK

Marid runs up his apartment stairs and then down the hallway to his apartment door.

INT. MARID'S LIVING ROOM

Marid bursts through the front door and searches frantically for any sign of Yasmin.

INT. MARID'S BEDROOM

Marid runs into his bedroom. Yasmin is sitting on the bed with a small bag.

YASMIN
I came by to get my things.

MARID
You too? I never thought you'd
believe them.
(MORE)

MARID (CONT'D)

You know that I could never do those things, that it was beyond my control. You need to believe me. You know me better than any person.

YASMIN

I might know you better than any other person, but do I know you?

MARID

Yes! Of course you do. Come on Yasmin. Don't leave me I need you. I love you. How can you look at me like all the others?

YASMIN

I don't know Marid. I just don't want to be lied to anymore.

MARID

Lied to? About Okking and Hassan? I told you that I thought there was another killer. Hassan was that killer!

Yasmin sighs and shakes her head. She gets up and walks past Marid.

INT. MARID'S LIVING ROOM

Marid follows Yasmin into the Living Room. Yasmin is crying.

MARID

I'm not proud about what I've done, but for god sakes at least he is off the streets.

YASMIN

Don't you get it? I don't care about any of those things!

MARID

What?

Yasmin throws the blue moddy card at Marid and it hits chest. For the first time we see it has the writing Aqila on it.

MARID (CONT'D)

Like you've never had sex with one of your patrons? And you love moddies?

Tears stream down Yasmin's face.

YASMIN

I don't care about the sex. I don't care about the moddies, or daddies or fucking sunnies. I care about YOU!

MARID

Then this doesn't matter. Come on Yasmin.

Yasmin starts to calm down, but she looks away from Marid.

YASMIN

It matters Marid. It matters because I care about you...and you...you care about her.

Yasmin takes the last few steps to the door.

MARID

Yasmin! YASMIN WAIT! That's not true. I used to, but recently...it's you. It will always be you. I love you! More than anything.

Yasmin opens the door and looks back to Marid.

YASMIN

I love you too.

She walks through the door and the door closes. Marid starts at it in disbelief.

Marid reaches down and grabs the blue moddy with his right hand. His left hand reaches into his pocket and he grabs something.

Marid sits down at his desk. He looks down at his two fists which turn and open. In his right palm we see the blue moddy, Aqila. In his left palm, we see Hassan's handmade virus moddy. Marid puts both down on the table.

Marid stares at the moddies. He grabs one, but we can't see which one it is. He looks into the camera as he slides the unknown moddy into his brain.

Cut to Black.

The End.