

# Devastator

FADE IN:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - NIGHT

GRAPHIC: LOS ANGELES - 2019

Skyscrapers dominate the city like obnoxious giants. Video billboards plaster the sides, running commercials non-stop. The entire surface of some buildings are towering video screens, making the city seem alive with sight and color.

It's as if the city has become one relentless hustle, designed by A.D.D. sufferers.

A VIDEO BILLBOARD, above a building, shows a SEXY FEMALE MODEL. She smiles, then raises a hand to show a round ENHANCEMENT PATCH. Like a round band aid, similar to a nicotine patch, thick in the center, with an adhesive backing. The words TENNIS PRO are printed on the patch.

THE MODEL peels off the backing, reaches behind her head and sticks the patch on the nape of her neck.

The billboard video changes to show the model playing tennis. She handily scores against her male opponent, who looks like a pro.

Ad copy brags: TENNIS PRO... NOW YOU CAN PLAY WITH THE BEST OF THEM.

EXT. L.A. STREET - NIGHT

An UNMARKED POLICE CAR turns a corner and races down a side street into an INDUSTRIAL PARK.

Bland office buildings with attached warehouses. Billboards on the roofs promise paradise for the price of a patch.

INT. POLICE CAR

APRIL BROWN is driving. She's attractive, serious and professional.

Next to her is RICK DANIELS. A middle-aged cop. Both are plain-clothes detectives.

Rick checks the MAGAZINE of his large handgun, then snaps it back in.

RICK

There I was, all alone in the dead end alley with six bangers coming at me. Only had two rounds left. The bangers had every kind of weapon you can imagine. Two had autos. The others: swords, nunchuks, you name it. It was like a Hong Kong flick, but I wasn't feeling like Jet Li. I was screwed.

APRIL

So what'd you do?

RICK

I dropped to my knees, took aim. One shot first, but missed. I blew both gunmen away. The other four saw my pissed-off face and realized they'd better not mess with me. They didn't know I was out.

(smirks proudly)

So the suckers surrendered.

APRIL

Almost there. You loaded?

RICK

Yep. Explosive rounds.

APRIL

Explosive! ...Why?

RICK

Every criminal's a threat. Threats have to be neutralized.

APRIL

Yeah, but, explosive rounds? This is only a-

RICK

(interrupts)

Listen, you just got promoted to detective. If you want to be my partner, take my advice. Give them the hard line.

APRIL

What about judicious force, Rick? Is that a lost art?

Rick ignores her. Takes out a SMALL METAL CASE, like the ones for cigarettes. Opens it.

Inside: COLOR-CODED ENHANCEMENT-PATCHES. Printed on each PATCH is a DESCRIPTIVE LABEL.

He selects one labeled MARKSMANSHIP. Peels off the backing, slaps it on the nape of his neck.

RICK

When the Captain told me I was getting a new partner, I was hoping it'd be someone with balls.

April looks out the window coldly. She pulls the car over abruptly and stops.

APRIL

Getting sexist on me now?

RICK

You know what I mean. I'm relying on you to watch my ass. Understand?

APRIL

Sure. I know you'll watch mine.

That gets a slight smile from Rick.

RICK

Soon as backup arrives, we're going in. You never know how dangerous they are, so you gotta be prepared for the worst.

April nods affirmative.

RICK (cont'd)

Don't let me down. Our lives depend on it.

April takes out a case of her own, opens it and selects a PATCH marked ENHANCED REFLEXES.

APRIL

You won't be disappointed.

April plugs in her patch.

APRIL (cont'd)

But, I don't see what you're so worked up about. These people are doing stuff that was perfectly legal two months ago.

RICK

Well, it isn't now. They're breaking the law and we're gonna stop 'em. Got it?

APRIL

Like the flu.

RICK

Backup should be here any minute. Get ready.

#### INT. LOFT BUILDING

A class of TEN PEOPLE are standing in poses, going through a series of punches while the INSTRUCTOR leads them. All are dressed in loose-fitting workout clothes, future style.

The setting is a makeshift Kung Fu class. The place is actually a storage room in the loft. Boxes are stacked tall against the walls.

The instructor is JOHN BLAKE. He's young, athletic, serious. There's grimness about him as if he's suffered recently.

John claps his hands. Everyone stops punching the air. They relax while he speaks.

JOHN

Good. You're showing progress. We have some new students, so we need to remind everyone of the situation.

(beat)

Since martial arts training is now, like guns, illegal, we have to keep this class a secret. The Gov doesn't want people to have a right to defend themselves anymore.

The class gives general noises of disapproval of the government's actions.

One of them is SHINJI TANAKA, a young, tough-looking, Asian man. His workout duds are fine-looking.

SHINJI

Yeah. They wanna make sure they can stick it to us more easily.

Chuckles from the class.

JOHN

The point is, we could all go to jail if we're caught. That's why I'm asking that you keep these classes a secret. Please don't tell your friends, your wives or anyone you can't trust to keep their mouth shut.

STUDENT

Can't tell my wife? I don't know what's worse,

getting busted by the cops or my old lady.

More laughter. Some guy makes a whip crack noise. The student flips him off, grinning.

EXT. KUNG FU CLASS - NIGHT

More POLICE CARS pull up. Cops pour out, weapons ready.

Rick and April get out of the car, quickly.

RICK

Finally.

APRIL

Where'd you get this lead?

RICK

Some punk I busted for selling D.P.s yesterday. He told me about this class and some other stuff.

APRIL

Other stuff?

Impatient, Rick walks briskly toward the entrance.

RICK

Let's do it!

April and the other cops follow. Everyone starts moving through the front doors.

INT. KUNG FU CLASS

John is finishing up his lecture.

JOHN

I'm not teaching you fighting. Kung Fu is a discipline, which can be used for self-defense. I don't need to tell you how rough it can be. I've dedicated my life to this sport and I'm not going to let them take it away. Not from me. Not from you.

The students cheer. John's about to resume the class when—

—The doors burst open. Police rush in, gangbusters style.

Rick's in the lead, followed by April and the others.

RICK

POLICE! EVERYBODY DOWN! ON THE FLOOR! NOW!

John stays where he is and raises his hands. The others notice his manner and also remain standing.

JOHN

We're not criminals, this is just an exercise class.

Rick walks up to John. The other Cops keeping their guns on the students.

RICK

Are you the teacher here?

JOHN

That's right.

Rick PUNCHES John in the stomach. John doubles over.

RICK

Wrong! I'm the teacher now. And when I tell you to get on the floor, you better get your ass down.

Shinji sees a bad situation and notices an unguarded rear entrance. He palms a patch.

RICK (cont'd)

(to the room)

Now get down on the floor, all of you or the real lessons are going to begin.

All hell breaks loose. Students try to escape every which way.

Most of the Cops wield nightsticks. They lay into the students with them.

The students try to defend themselves using what little martial arts they know. Fights break out all over.

John and Shinji run behind a high stack of boxes at the rear of the room.

April whips out a gun. Gives chase.

APRIL

HALT! POLICE!

But John and Shinji disappear before April can finish her sentence.

She runs behind the boxes and finds a door leading to a dark hallway.

She catches a glimpse of the two fugitives down near the end of the hall, racing around a corner.

INT. DARK HALLWAY

John and Shinji have turned a corner and are rushing down a side hall, which is dark and gloomy. The noise of the fighting recedes as they look for an exit.

Suddenly, John sees one. Double fire doors leading outside.

JOHN

There!

But the FIRE EXIT BURSTS OPEN and MORE COPS charge toward them.

John and Shinji turn, open a door to their immediate left. It leads to STAIRS.

INT. STAIRWELL

They race up, the Cops hot on their heels.

April shows up and follows the Cops.

TWO COPS, aiming guns, catch up to John and Shinji.

LEAD COP  
ON THE FLOOR, YOU SON OF A—

Shinji spins, kicks the Lead Cop in the face.

The Lead Cop flies back into the other and they tumble down the stairs.

The Cops behind them are blocked for a second. It's all the time John and Shinji need.

They shoot up the stairs till they come to an EXIT DOOR leading to the roof.

KPOW, KPOW! Cops take pot shots at them up the stairwell. Bullets ricochet off the walls and rail.

John tries the door. It's locked.

APRIL  
Stop shooting! They have nowhere to run!

The door is metal. John kicks it and it doesn't budge. The Cops are coming up the stairs fast.

JOHN  
(to Shinji)  
Are you crazy? You don't hit a cop!

SHINJI  
Us or them, bro!

JOHN  
But now they're trying to kill us!

The sound of approaching Cops gets louder. He sees they're only a floor or two below now.

JOHN (cont'd)  
Christ! Hold on!

John steps back and kicks the door near the lock. It dents.