

ALL SEE NONE

By

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FADE IN:

Single plucks of VIOLIN erupt into heart-swelling melody.

INT. THE FOSTER APARTMENT, BEDROOM — DAY

In a dark room, window shades automatically open along a sweeping floor-to-ceiling window, revealing an urban landscape. The brightened room is an industrial, monochromatic bedroom. A plush king-sized bed is framed by three concrete walls, a concrete ceiling, and a concrete floor.

ISAAH FOSTER (40) sleeps in the bed. Brown face, chiseled and clean-shaven.

MAYA FOSTER (6) sleeps on her back next to him. Splayed out and mouth open, she's absolutely adorable.

EXT. CITY DOWNTOWN — DAY

Outside, behind the gleaming skyscraper and above the city, the sun rises in the orange sky.

INT. THE FOSTER APARTMENT, KITCHEN — DAY

The VIOLIN MELODY emanates from the TELEVISION in the elegant concrete kitchen. Monochrome with orange accents, the room looms over Maya who is seated in a stool at the eat-in counter.

Maya is dressed for school. She watches the television intently. It's a Halloween CARTOON. Transfixed, Maya takes a bite of cereal.

INT. THE FOSTER APARTMENT, BEDROOM & BATHROOM — DAY

A meticulously arranged walk-in closet of concrete surfaces. Isaiah stands in black pinstripe suit and white shirt in front of the tri-fold floor mirror. He gazes into his reflection, exuding a cold intellectual reserve.

Isaiah fixes himself neat and walks out the closet, crossing the bedroom into the concrete bathroom.

He turns on the light and then washes his hands. He leans into the wall mirror, stretching his cheek tight.

ISAAH'S EYES ARE BLOODSHOT.

Isaiah pulls back from the mirror. He leaves the bathroom, turning the light off. Crosses the bedroom.

INT. THE FOSTER APARTMENT, HALL & KITCHEN — CONTINUOUS

Isaiah comes through the bedroom door and walks down the short hall lined with mirrors.

He enters the kitchen where Maya watches TV. Isaiah musses her hair and then goes off.

Maya pays him no heed, enthralled by the Halloween cartoon.

Isaiah returns with briefcase and coat. He turns off the TV, Maya comes down from the stool, and Isaiah drapes her with her school backpack.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR — DAY

Isaiah and Maya walking hand-in-hand down the elegant concrete corridor.

MAYA

I can't wait for Halloween, daddy.

ISAIAH

Are you going to be a ghost again?

MAYA

Boo!

ISAIAH

Is that an affirmative?

MAYA

I'm gonna be... a doctor!

ISAIAH

You, a doctor. I think I can see it.

MAYA

I'll fix your eyes.

ISAIAH

Will you now?

Isaiah looks down, sticking out his tongue. Maya hugs his leg tight. They stop, gazing into one another.

MAYA

I get to see where your hospital will be. I was born in a hospital.

ISAIAH

So you remember it then?

MAYA

I remember.

Maya releases Isaiah's leg. Onwards.

MAYA

Dad, why did you make me?

ISAIAH

Why did I make you? So my life
would be more beautiful.

Isaiah and Maya arrive at an ornate elevator. Maya hits the call button. BUZZ.

Elevator arrives. Isaiah pulls back the elevator gate. They enter and Isaiah closes the gate. They grasp hands, looking sweet.

EXT. CITY DOWNTOWN, AVENUE #1 - DAY

It's cold, gray, and quiet. City lights flicker in rain puddles and the streets are lined by small brutalist buildings with barred windows.

Isaiah walks along the sidewalk, briefcase in tow. Head down and coat collar up, he passes CITY FOLK dressed in long-sleeved coveralls here and there: some stand motionless, others in motion lower their gaze and make way for Isaiah.

Two COPS exit a building. Isaiah passes them and then stops, eyes drawn into the distance:

Two INMATES on work-detail hang precariously from rope ladders lining a brutalist building's facade. Wearing orange jumpsuits, they attach decorative string lights to the building. The lights flash: 'HAPPY HALLOWEEN'.

EXT. CITY DOWNTOWN, AVENUE #2 - DAY

Boxy MERCEDES SUV with tinted windows goes through traffic.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Empty nave and massive columns foreground the altar. Stained glass, godly quiet.

Isaiah exits confessional and meanders down the center aisle, slightly unburdened, to the exit.

EXT. CITY DOWNTOWN, SIDE STREET #1 - DAY

On a side street is the concrete exterior of the church. Big cross on the facade. Down the sidewalk shuffles cloudy-eyed BLIND MAN (65) in ragged suit. He mutters to himself.

Isaiah comes out the church and surveys the sad block from the entrance of the church. A COP walks up the church steps toward him. Isaiah lowers his gaze, hurrying to the sidewalk.

Isaiah walks down the block. He passes Blind Man and goes through a couple puddles, past a few brutalist buildings... to another brutalist building of concrete.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, LOBBY - DAY

Concrete lobby with a harsh grandeur. A BUZZ unlocks the entrance's revolving door. Isaiah comes through. He crosses the lobby, passing seated CITY FOLK.

Isaiah walks to the elevator and opens its gate. He enters.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Elevator rising. Isaiah gazes into his reflection multiplied across the elevator mirrors. He looks into a different reflection and then lowers his eyes.

ELEVATOR VOICE
First floor. Going up.

Up... Elevator stops. Isaiah looks up and then down.

ELEVATOR VOICE
Second floor. Going up.

Up... Elevator stops.

ELEVATOR VOICE
Third floor. Going up.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, CORRIDOR - DAY

Isaiah exits the gated elevator.

ELEVATOR VOICE
Thirteenth floor. Going down.

The doors close. Isaiah walks down the concrete corridor. He reaches the glass doors etched 'FOSTER ARCHITECTS'. He pauses and pushes through.

INT. FOSTER ARCHITECTS, MAIN OFFICE — DAY

The quiet hum of intellectual work in a sleek office of concrete and glass. Transparent glass cubicles form a grid on the main floor. Most of the odd cubicles are inhabited by ARCHITECTS working.

Isaiah approaches the front desk and passes the receptionist ROGER (25) sitting there. In passing:

ROGER
Good morning Mr. Foster.

ISAIAH
Morning, Roger. Bring in my schedule. I'm off the grid for the weekend.

Isaiah walks through the grid of glass cubicles to his one-way mirrored office.

INT. ISAIAH'S OFFICE & PRIVATE BATHROOM — DAY

Austere executive office, meticulously arranged. Concrete floor, ornate furnishings, a drafting table and bookcase. Affixed to the glass walls are fancily displayed MUSKETS.

Isaiah comes in, through the automatic sliding door. Motion-sensor lamps turn on and Isaiah crosses the office, dropping his briefcase.

He goes to the side wall. Through the automatic sliding door...

Into his concrete-lined private bathroom. Isaiah washes his hands and checks his RED EYES.

EXT. CITY DOWNTOWN, SIDE STREET #1 — DAY

Outside, the Mercedes SUV with tinted windows now idles in front of the office building.

INT. FOSTER ARCHITECTS, ISAIAH'S OFFICE — DAY

Isaiah stands over his desk, studying architectural SCHEMATICS. Desk intercom blinks.

ISAIAH
Yes, Roger.

ROGER (O.S.)
Miss Rinzler's here for you.

ISAIAH
Margaret's here now?

ROGER (O.S.)
She'd like to speak with you.

ISAIAH
Alright. Send her back.

Isaiah fixes himself neat and goes round his desk.

Corporate executive MARGARET RINZLER (50) comes through the sliding door. Blonde hair, power suit, pale and veiny tight skin. She grins perfect teeth, lighting up her wolfish face.

ISAIAH
Miss managing director.

MARGARET
Isaiah.

Handshake.

ISAIAH
Good to see you. Have a seat. Can I offer you anything?

MARGARET
No, no, don't bother.

Isaiah leans back on his desk as Margaret walks along the wall, looking at the MUSKETS fixed to the wall.

ISAIAH
What can I do for you, Margaret?

MARGARET
These really are magnificent. They don't seem to get much use.

ISAIAH
Not anymore they don't.

MARGARET
I've never been hunting you know. Perhaps I don't have the stomach.

ISAIAH
The stomach? I very much doubt that.

MARGARET

Poor creatures. Killing things that can't fight back... it strikes me as... cruel.

ISAIAH

You eat meat, don't you?

MARGARET

I think I'd like to hold one.

Isaiah approaches Margaret. He takes down the rifle from the wall and places it into her hands.

He helps her take the proper stance. Bodies uncomfortably close. They lift the rifle together.

ISAIAH

Model 1777 Charleville. Six-nine caliber. Finger ridged trigger guard. Brass frizzen... Bang!

Margaret startles and Isaiah grabs the rifle from Margaret's hands. He returns it to the wall.

MARGARET

Oh dear... Well... In any event... It's a big day, is it not?

ISAIAH

I am surprised you're not preparing for your speech.

Isaiah and Margaret face-to-face.

MARGARET

Some of us, Isaiah, like living on the edge. Too much preparation, you see, it forecloses the possibility of spontaneous combustion.

ISAIAH

As you wish.

Isaiah moves towards his desk, reducing the tension a bit.

MARGARET

Well the Department of Buildings this morning approved your energy system or what have you. We've officially been awarded the title of net zero energy building.

ISAIAH
That's excellent, Margaret.

MARGARET
Carbon this, social justice that. I
understand three words. Property
tax exemption.

ISAIAH
Generous as always.

MARGARET
But I have not come only to bear
good tidings.

ISAIAH
What's on your mind, Margaret?

EXT. CITY DOWNTOWN, SIDE STREET #1 – DAY

Mercedes SUV parked outside. Margaret exits the building.

Stepping out the Mercedes is MARGARET'S DRIVER (45) in a dark trenchcoat. Six feet & two-hundred fifty pounds, brown skin, short and dense mustache. Surgical scar on his bald head.

He marches round the car, opening the passenger door. He looks up, sneering. Margaret enters the car. Driver closes the door and returns to the driver's seat. Benz peels out.

INT. FOSTER ARCHITECTS, ISAIAH'S PRIVATE BATHROOM – DAY

Isaiah stands in front of the mirror in his private bathroom. He turns on the sink faucet, profusely washing his hands. He looks up to the mirror, staring at his image.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE – DAY

Open field surrounded by hills sheltered by autumnal trees. Birds sing. Clustered on the field is a CROWD of Bureaucrats and Reporters. Trailers and excavators. A groundbreaking ceremony.

Margaret orates from a podium. Behind her are BUSINESSMEN, a HIGH SCHOOL TRUMPET TROUPE, and Driver, who stands watch, alert and dangerous.

Maya sits on Isaiah's shoulders amidst the crowd. They pay close attention to Margaret at the front. Roger stands next to them.

MARGARET

Let us open our history books. We shall see that the state, which ought constitute democratic consensus, is too often instrumentalized for the passions of the few, against the life of the many. You know, the other day a colleague, who happens to be a masterful surgeon, asked me why I serve. Immediately I answered. I serve why you serve. I serve the greatest happiness amongst the greatest number.

Driver, behind Margaret, snarls, staring into nothing.

Isaiah, in the audience, seems skeptical now. On his shoulders, Maya strives for comprehension.

Margaret really feeling it now.

MARGARET

With this facility, we here hold up to the world a model of good will. A sustainable private-public venture with benevolence at its heart. This facility will bring hundreds of quality permanent jobs to local residents. It will accommodate basic provisions and programs that are too often overlooked. It will exploit contemporary technologies for rigorous accountability and dignified care. It will render efficiencies of which our partners in the public sector can only dream. We at Societal Solutions care not only for the body. Not only for the mind. We care for the soul. This facility will secure all our rights, all our futures. It will secure our way of life. So I now ask God for his blessing. For the success of the work that we undertake on these grounds. God bless this city. God bless you all.

TRUMPET calls. Cameras snapping. APPLAUSE. Margaret "THANKS" the crowd and starts shaking hands.

Maya claps from Isaiah's shoulders.

Margaret's Driver trails Margaret as she hobnobs, exchanging pleasantries with the crowd.

MAYA (O.S.)

Dad?

ISAIAH (O.S.)

Yes, kiddo.

MAYA (O.S.)

The bad man's ugly.

Isaiah and Maya walking away from the festivities. Crowd interjections here and there convey "CONGRATULATIONS" to Isaiah. He feigns gratitude.

ISAIAH

You think so?

MAYA

He's scary too.

ISAIAH

You could take him.

MAYA

No, you could take him. Why does the lady get to talk about the hospital? What did she do?

ISAIAH

Can you keep a secret?

Maya sticks a finger into Isaiah ear. He swats it away.

ISAIAH

She can have the attention. People who crave that sort of thing, it's because they've got nothing else. I've got you. I've no need for the well wishes of strangers.

More "CONGRATULATIONS" interjected.

MAYA

Can we go now?

ISAIAH

We can do however you'd like.

MAYA

I want to play.

From behind: