

ALL SEE NONE

By

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FADE IN:

INT. FOSTER APARTMENT, BEDROOM – DAY

Pleats of dark orange curtain ripple softly in a breeze.

The motorized curtain slides open automatically, crossing the sweeping floor-to-ceiling window. An urban landscape appears outside.

Twilight illuminates the elegantly industrial monochromatic bedroom with orange accents. In its center is a plush king-sized bed. Concrete walls, concrete ceiling, concrete floor.

ISAIAH FOSTER (40) sleeps there in bed. He stirs. 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. FOSTER APARTMENT, BEDROOM & BATHROOM – DAY

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

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

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

THE WHITE OF HIS EYE IS VERY BLOODSHOT.

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

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR – DAY

Isaiah and Maya walk hand-in-hand down the concrete corridor. Maya wears an over-sized backpack. Isaiah carries a briefcase.

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
A doctor. Very nice.

MAYA
I'll fix your eyes.

Isaiah looks down, sticking out his tongue. Maya hugs his leg. 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 gated elevator. Maya hits the call button. BUZZ.

Isaiah pulls back the elevator gate, Maya enters, Isaiah follows. He closes the gate. They grasp hands, looking sweet.

EXT. CITY DOWNTOWN, AVENUE #1 – DAY

Cold, gray, quiet. Orange city lights glow. Fog floats in the air, obscuring the world. Wet ground reflects it. The street is 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 — each is dressed in long-sleeved coveralls and wears an eye patch.

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

Two INMATES on work-detail are attached to a building's facade. Wearing orange jumpsuits, they secure decorative string lights to the building. The lights flash: 'HAPPY HALLOWEEN'.

INT. CHURCH — DAY

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

Isaiah exits confessional, going down the center aisle to the exit.

EXT. CITY DOWNTOWN, SIDE STREET #1 — DAY

Concrete exterior of church. Big cross on the facade. Down the sidewalk shuffles BLIND MAN (65) — cloudy eyes, brown skin, ragged suit. He mutters to himself.

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

Isaiah goes 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 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.

ELEVATOR VOICE
First floor. Going up.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, CORRIDOR — DAY

Isaiah exits the gated elevator.

ELEVATOR VOICE
Thirteenth floor. Going down.

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

INT. FOSTER ARCHITECTS, MAIN FLOOR — DAY

Quiet hum of intellectual work in sleek office of concrete and glass. Transparent glass cubicles form a grid. Most are inhabited by pale ARCHITECTS working.

Isaiah approaches the front desk where pale male RECEPTIONIST (30) sits. In passing:

RECEPTIONIST
Good morning Mr. Foster.

ISAIAH
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. Its glass wall reflects the main floor.

INT. FOSTER ARCHITECTS, OFFICE & BATHROOM — DAY

Austere executive office, meticulously arranged, looking out upon the main floor. Concrete floor, ornate furnishings, drafting table, bookcase. Affixed to the glass side walls are fancily displayed MUSKETS.

Isaiah comes through the door. Motion-sensor lamps illuminate. Isaiah crosses the office, dropping his briefcase.

He goes to the side wall. Through its door...

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

INT. FOSTER ARCHITECTS, OFFICE — DAY

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

ISAIAH
Yes?

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
Miss Carcer is here for you.

ISAIAH
She's here now?

RECEPTIONIST (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 CARCER (50) comes through the 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 paces, looking upon 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. I think I lack the stomach.

ISAIAH
For some reason, I very much doubt that.

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

ISAIAH
You do eat meat as I recall.

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 her. He returns it to the wall. She composes herself.

MARGARET

Oh dear... Well... In any event... It is a big day today.

ISAIAH

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

MARGARET

Some of us, Isaiah, like living on the edge.

ISAIAH

As you wish.

Isaiah goes to his desk, shuffling papers.

MARGARET

The Department of Buildings this morning approved your energy system. 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.

INT. FOSTER ARCHITECTS, BATHROOM — DAY

Isaiah profusely washes 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. Fog interspersed. Clustered on the field is a CROWD of Bureaucrats and Reporters. Trailers and excavators. A groundbreaking ceremony.

Maya sits on Isaiah's shoulders amidst the crowd. They pay close attention.

MARGARET (O.S.)

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.

Margaret orates from a podium. Behind her are BUSINESSMEN, a HIGH SCHOOL TRUMPET TROUPE, and her bodyguard: HENCHMAN (50) stands watch, alert and dangerous in a dark trenchcoat. Six feet of two-hundred fifty pounds, slightly deformed pale face.

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.

In the audience, Isaiah's face turns skeptical. On his shoulders, Maya strives for comprehension.

MARGARET

This facility will secure all our rights, all our futures. It will secure our way of life. So I now
(MORE)

MARGARET (CONT'D)

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. Camera SNAPS. APPLAUSE. Margaret THANKS the crowd and starts shaking hands.

Maya claps from Isaiah's shoulders.

Henchman 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.

MAYA

He's scary.

ISAIAH

You could take him.

MAYA

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

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

More CONGRATULATIONS interjected.

MAYA

Can we go now?

ISAIAH
We can do however you like.

MAYA
I want to play.

From behind:

MARGARET (O.S.)
Isaiah.

Isaiah turns. Margaret and Henchman approach.

MARGARET
Leaving already are we?

Isaiah and Maya wait for them.

MARGARET
What's her name?

ISAIAH
You can ask her.

MARGARET
What's your name, doll?

Maya hides her face behind Isaiah's head.

MAYA
Maya.

MARGARET
Like my speech, Maya?

Maya doesn't respond. Isaiah smiles falsely.

ISAIAH
It was wonderful.

MARGARET
I usually don't get along with
children.

ISAIAH
I cannot imagine why.

MARGARET
Come in for a drink.

ISAIAH
We were actually just leaving.

MARGARET

Just one.

ISAIAH

Not today, Margaret. Next time.

Margaret grabs Isaiah's arm.

MARGARET

I must insist. It's an important day for your creation.

ISAIAH

What do you say, Maya?

Maya whispers to Isaiah.

MAYA

The bad man's here.

ISAIAH

It'll only take a minute. I promise.

Isaiah and Maya, Margaret, and Henchman go around the crowd to a construction worksite trailer, a U-shaped hunk of metal.

INT. MOBILE OFFICE TRAILER – DAY

The trailer has a serene interior with soothingly toned walls and orange plastic furniture.

Henchman opens the front door. Margaret and Isaiah and Maya enter. Henchman closes the door, remaining outside. Maya comes down from Isaiah's shoulders.

Margaret goes to her office door and opens it. Isaiah follows with Maya. Isaiah grabs an orange chair, putting it down right by the door. He comes down to a crouch, eye-to-eye with Maya.

ISAIAH

I'll be right inside. You wait here. I'll be right out.

Maya nods. Isaiah takes out a book from his jacket and gives it to her. She smiles, plops into the chair, opens the book.

Isaiah rises and enters Margaret's decadently furnished office. Margaret closes the door and makes for her desk.