

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.