

The Story of We
By Nik King

SCREEN BLACK

Jordan (V.O)

We never found danger. It always seemed to find us. I mean me.

MOVE FOCUS FROM BACKGROUND TO FOREGROUND WITH JORDAN WALKING UP TO THE CAMERA. FACE ALL BRUISED AND SLIGHTLY BLOODY.

Jordan (CONT'D) (V.O)

Running and running. Faster and Faster my heart beating, I didn't know what to do, but my legs did. And they were taking me to the one place I didn't want to go.

CUT TO CAMERA TRACKING JORDAN RUNNING DOWN THE STREET

INT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND BODEGA - NIGHT - SIRENS DOWN THE STREET-HELL'S KITCHEN

Jordan (CONT'D) (V.O)

(Panting out of breath from running for so long) I knew I shouldn't have come here but I had no other choice. It was his fault we were in this situation. I mean mine. I did it.

CUT TO WIDE ANGLE TRACKING SHOT OF JORDAN CATCHING HIS BREATH AND RUNNING AGAIN MORE AND MORE ALONG THE STREETS OF HELL'S KITCHEN, NEON SIGHTS RUSHING BEHIND HIM.

HE RUSHES INSIDE A NEARBY CHURCH AND IMMEDIATELY SLOWS HIS PACE. HE CATCHES HIS BREATH LOOKING AROUND, FRANTICALLY SEARCHING.

Jordan (CONT'D) (V.O)

It's been such a long time since I have felt secure. Trusted. And most of all loved. Why of all places, did I have to come here? It's ironic yet it feels right. Maybe our thoughts are getting muddled together. I hate when he does that.

JORDAN WALKS DOWN THE AISLE TOWARDS ALTAR, HOPING TO FIND THE ONE PERSON HE DIDN'T WANT TO.

INT. ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH - LOWLIGHT WITH RED AND GOLD ORNATE GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE

JORDAN

(whispers loudly hoping not to attract the attention of those in the residence) Father Charles? Father Charles? Are you here?

CUT TO FATHER CHARLES TURNING AWAY FROM THE TABERNACLE LOCKING AWAY THE HOSTS

FR. CHARLES (in a whispered voice)

Jordan? I can't believe my eyes. It's been so long. Eight years, huh? We've missed you-

JORDAN

Father, I need your help. I know it's been a while, but I can't sit here and reminisce with you. I'm in trouble. I need penance, I need advice, I need anything to just get rid of the guilt.

FR. CHARLES

Wait a minute, just slow down. Calm down and let's get something in your stomach. Tell me what happened.

JORDAN

I CAN'T JUST SIT DOWN. I've done something bad. REALLY bad. And I don't know what to do.

FR. CHARLES

Well if you've got something to confess, let's do it the old fashioned way. Just like when you were younger.

FR. CHARLES MOTIONS TO THE CONFESSIONAL. CUT TO SHOT OF JORDAN SITTING DOWN, FACING THE CAMERA AS IF HE WERE TALKING TO FR. CHARLES THROUGH THE WALL. SAME SHOT OF FR. CHARLES. DIMLY LIT SETTING.

FATHER CHARLES SAYS THE CONFESSIONAL PRAYER AND GOES AHEAD WITH THE PROCEDURE

FR. CHARLES

And what do you have to confess?

JORDAN

(breathing in and out in an attempt to calm his nerves)
Ok. It all started when I was in my apartment. Sitting on my sofa enjoying the dinner I had made after my taxi run. I was exhausted after having a couple of rowdy, ignorant customers. One even called me dumb and said he was being dropped off to murder his girlfriend who was cheating on him. It didn't really affect me because he never actually did anything, but that's besides the point. Im sitting down watching my favorite cartoon--

FR. CHARLES

Teen Titans?

JORDAN

Yes, actually. You remember, don't you?

FR. CHARLES

(chuckling) Of course I do. You were glued to the TV and we had to drag you away just to get you to the afternoon classes. I remember everything when you were younger. Such a great kid... but continue.

JORDAN

Right. So I was on the sofa and I got a knock on the door. I was confused because it was like 9pm and I had no intention of inviting people over. I got up and answered the door and...

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY- GREEN DINGY PAINT ON WALL WITH A COUPLE OF DIMLY LIT LIGHTS ON THE CEILING. CAMERA FACE JORDAN OPENING THE DOOR TO HIS APARTMENT, #237.

JORDAN
Uh, can I help you?

STRANGER
(panting, out of breath) Yeah, you can help me with something.

THE STRANGER SUCKER PUNCHES JORDAN IN THE GUT SENDING HIM TO THE GROUND. CUT TO INSIDE APARTMENT WHERE JORDAN FALLS TO THE GROUND IN PAIN, STRUGGLING TO GET AWAY

STRANGER
You ruined everything!

HE KICKS JORDAN IN THE RIBS. JORDAN GRUNTS IN PAIN.

STRANGER
And you're gonna act like nothing happened??!!

HE GRABS JORDAN FROM THE GROUND, THROWS HIM ONTO HIS KITCHEN TABLE AND IT BREAKS.

STRANGER
That'll be the last time you take something from me!

CUT TO DUTCH ANGLE OF JORDAN'S FACE ON THE GROUND CLOSE UP AND SLIGHTLY BEATEN. WE SEE HIS EYES SLOWLY CLOSE FAINTING FROM THE PAIN AND IMPACT OF HIS BEATING

JORDAN (V.O)
And that was the last thing that I remembered before it.. it...

INT. CONFESSIONAL CAMERA LOOKING AT JORDAN.

JORDAN
(starts breathing heavily from the fear and adrenaline pumping through his veins)

FR. CHARLES
Before what, Jordan?

CAMERA GETS CLOSER TO JORDAN'S FACE. SWEAT STARTS TO COME DOWN THE RIGHT SIDE OF HIS FOREHEAD.

JORDAN
It happened.

CUT TO JORDAN BACK IN APARTMENT. BOTTOM SHOT FACING UP FROM GROUND LOOKING AT JORDAN'S HORRIFIED FACE HOLDING A KITCHEN KNIFE WITH BLOOD ALL OVER HIS HANDS AND THE KNIFE.

JORDAN
(cries in a desperate voice) Oh God. Oh no, what did you do?

CUT BACK TO CONFESSIONAL

JORDAN
I- I - I didn't do it, Father. I didn't do it, I swear. I blacked out. I don't remember any of it. After I went down. It all just went black.

FR. CHARLES
It's ok. What did you see when you woke up?

JORDAN
(in a struggling sad desperate voice) Blood. Nothing but pure red. Father, you have to believe me, it wasn't me.

FR. CHARLES
(calmly) I know. Just keep going. And what did you do after that?

CUT BACK TO MURDER SCENE IN APARTMENT

JORDAN (V.O)
I cleaned myself up. I showered, changed my clothes, did a full body cleanse. I had to get rid of everything. We -- I mean I couldn't get caught. I left the door open and went out to the

fire escape. (cut to Jordan running away from his apartment and attempting to blend in every couple of blocks)

CUT TO CONFESSIONAL

JORDAN

I knew someone would find th- the body. The poor guy deserves a funeral. (crying) His family deserves, to at least bury something. I never wanted this. Father, please help me.

CUT TO FATHER CHARLES SIDE OF CONFESSIONAL

FR. CHARLES

(breathes in and out, but maintains composure) It's ok, Jordan. I know what's happening. And I think you do, too. You try so hard to run away from it, but you must acknowledge who you are.

JORDAN

What do you mean? What do I have to do?

FR. CHARLES

Before we do anything I need to speak with him. I'm gonna need you to ask him to come out and, if necessary, force him.

JORDAN

(stuttering and beginning to breathe again heavily) I have no idea wha--

FR. CHARLES

Jordan. Do what must be done

CUT TO JORDAN'S SIDE OF CONFESSIONAL. JORDAN CALMS DOWN THROUGH INHALING AND EXHALING AND HE SLOWLY LETS GO OF THE LIGHT. DRIFTING OFF FOCUSING ON NOTHING BUT RESTING. HIS EYES ROLL INTO THE BACK OF HIS HEAD. HE JERKS SUDDENLY COMING BACK TO CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT SOMETHING IS DIFFERENT. IT'S NOT JORDAN ANYMORE.

HIM

(chuckling) Hello, Father. Long time no see, huh?

FR. CHARLES

Hello, Loki. How are things?

LOKI

(sighs) Oh well, ya know, they're going. Just trying to get through life, ya know. Gotta keep this kid afloat cause he can't seem to do much on his own. He's so scared all the time and it's so bothersome. So timid. But I can't complain. Allows me to be in the driver's seat a little more, if you know what I mean.

FR. CHARLES

I see....

LOKI

(sighs) But I can't live without him. So I do what I need for us to survive. Even though he annoys me, it's kinda nice having him. He handles all the other stuff. He's like a little cub that I have to watch over. Ever since he was abandoned I've been the only one watching over him. Well, that's not completely true. You were there when I was born remember? You took care of Jordan before I came along.

FR. CHARLES TRIES TO REMAIN CALM AND EMOTIONLESS. TRYING NOT TO GIVE LOKI SOMETHING TO MANIPULATE OR TWIST.

FR. CHARLES

Yes, I remember.

LOKI

(chuckles) YeaH, good time wasn't it? That kid's face. YEESH. I can't believe we did that--

FR. CHARLES

No, you did that. Not Jordan.

LOKI

Tomato, tomaato padre. Anyway, why are we here? I thought we were at home.

CUT TO FR. CHARLES SIDE. HE SEEMS UNEASY, CAUTIOUS OF HOW TO PROCEED.

FR. CHARLES

Jordan came here. He was seeking advice and penance for YOUR actions. He's scared out of his mind.

LOKI

No wonder he gave me the light so willingly. I usually wait til he's asleep to take it or take it willingly when he's in trouble. Like earlier.

FR. CHARLES

What happened earlier? I want to hear your perspective.

LOKI BECOMES UNCOMFORTABLE AND DEFENSIVE.

LOKI

You would like to know, wouldn't you? Why are you always up in our business, padre? Huh? Stop being so nosy. You really haven't changed, have you. You --

FR. CHARLES

(slow voice) I'm just trying to get a sense of what happened. You want to help Jordan, right? He's the only reason you are here and you need him. He is half of your existence.

LOKI

(grunts) Fine! Here's what happened. (raises voice in frustration) You really want to know what happened, Father? So you can be more ashamed of us than you already are? FINE.

CUT BACK TO DUTCH ANGLE SHOT OF JORDAN ON GROUND

LOKI (V.O)

After he got knocked out, I took the light. We were in deep trouble and I had to do something. I couldn't just let him get himself beaten because of my actions.

STRANGER WALKS TOWARD JORDAN LYING ON GROUND. HE PULLS OUT A KNIFE. FRESHLY SHARPENED AND SHINING. THE STRANGER WALKS OVER TO STAB JORDAN WHEN LOKI COMES TO CONSCIOUSNESS. HE KICKS THE ATTACKER'S LEGS TO KNOCK HIM OFF BALANCE. THEY STRUGGLE IN A FIGHT ON THE GROUND.

LOKI (V.O CONT'D)

I fought back. I did what I could to defend this guy. He came at us with the intent to kill. No slaughter. I did what I had to do.

CUT BACK TO FR. CHARLES POV

FR.CHARLES

What was it you had to do?

CUT BACK TO APARTMENT FIGHT SCENE

LOKI (V.O CONT'D)

I killed him.

LOKI IN A STRUGGLE ON THE GROUND GAINS THE UPPER HAND. HE GRABS THE ATTACKER'S KNIFE. WE HEAR A DESPERATE YELL FOR HIS LIFE AND THEN IT STOPS. THE KNIFE HAS ALREADY BEEN THRUST INTO THE ATTACKER. LOKI DOESN'T STOP.

CUT TO BOTTOM SHOT LOOKING UP AT LOKI ATTACKING THE MAN. THE INTENT IN LOKI'S EYES IS A LOOK OF DISGUST, YET JUSTIFIED IN WHAT HE HAD JUST DONE.

CUT BACK TO LOKI'S SIDE OF THE CONFESSIONAL

LOKI

At first, I was disgusted, but then I grew to somewhat like it.

I was justified in what I did, but there's a part of me that regrets it. I don't know. I think it's Jordan's feelings mixing with mine. But personally, I don't speak for Jordan, don't regret it. It was life or death and when your life's on the line, you have to do what you want. Poor bastard got what he deserved for coming at me.

FR. CHARLES

Do you seek penance or counsel?

A SMILE FROM EAR TO EAR REACHES ACROSS LOKI'S FACE

LOKI

Ha, you really don't believe that do you? You really think I need forgiveness for my actions?

CUT TO FR. CHARLES, HEAD BURIED IN HIS HANDS, STRESSED AND NOT KNOWING WHAT TO DO.

LOKI (CONT'D)

No. I don't need that to prove my actions were honorable or human or whatever it is that you God-fearing men do. All that's on my mind is to protect me and Jordan. It's all it's ever been about. Don't act like what I did when I beat up that kid half to death ages ago was a horrendous act when you know deep down it was the right thing. They were bullying Jordan!

FR. CHARLES BECOMES DEFENSIVE AND BEGINS TO RAISE HIS VOICE. HE IS NO LONGER SPEAKING TO A PERSON SEEKING PENANCE OR COUNSEL, BUT A LONG LOST SON WHO MUST BE CORRECTED.

FR. CHARLES

(loudly) NO! It wasn't right. Everyday we have decisions to make. Right and wrong. Black and white. Not all of them, but the most important ones. God gave us the compass to make the right choices to--

LOKI BUSTS OUT OF THE CONFESSIONAL, WALKING DOWN THE PEWS (CUT TO TRACKING SHOT WITH HIM IN CENTER FRAME). FR. CHARLES FOLLOWS BEHIND, ATTEMPTING TO SAVE THEM.

LOKI

Get that out of your head, Father. It's all about survival!

FR. CHARLES (CONT'D)

No, it's about free will and choosing the right moral choice. Taking pleasure in the pain of others and killing to survive is never the way. You didn't have to murder that man.

LOKI STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS AND TURNS TO FACE CHARLES. CUT TO WIDE ANGLE SHOT WITH LOKI ON LEFT AND FATHER ON RIGHT.

LOKI

(loudly with pain in his voice) And what was I supposed to do? Let Jordan get beat up because of my actions?? I beat this guy in a poker game. I counted the cards, stole all of his money and left him embarrassed. They sent him down to our apartment to deal with me, to finish the job, but it failed. Jordan didn't remember because it happened while he was asleep, when I took the light unbeknownst to him. It's my fault, anyway. Morality is grey by the way, Father. There is no right and wrong, just what keeps you from being the scum, the bottom dwellers. I gambled because I knew I could win and help out Jordan a bit. Maybe even convince him he won the lottery or something. Just whatever I could do so we could get by. It's our story and I'm going to make sure it doesn't end. I may not be innocent, but Jordan deserves better.

LOKI WALKS OUT HASTILY. FR. CHARLES TRIES TO STOP HIM, BUT TO NO AVAIL. HE SIGHS AND BEGINS TO PRAY TO GOD. LOKI RUNS, AND RUNS, AND RUNS FAR AWAY FROM HIS LIFE. FR. CHARLES BREAKS DOWN, THINKING HE FAILED. HE KNEW HE COULD'VE DONE BETTER...

FADE BLACK