NULLBOURNE

NULLBOURNE

~ NULLBOURNE ~

:: L E G E N D ::



- Hair -

BLONDE = Any shade of yellow/gold hair

BRUNETTE = Any shade of brown hair

REDHEAD = Any shade of red hair

GINGER = Any shade of orange hair

NOIRS = Black hair

BLANCHE = White hair

VIORA = Any shade of purple hair

GRISELLE = Grey/Silver hair

AZRIN = Any shade of blue hair

VIREN = Any shade of green hair

MAGENTE = Any shade of pink hair

- Miscellaneous -

••• = Time in-world passing by.

ID = A character's identifier. (Acts as the text version
of someone's facial appearance)

<BASE> = One of the descriptor tags for Sound Effects (SFX).
Determines the location's base soundscape. (Only 1 <base>
tag can be active at a time)

<CONTINUOUS> = SFX continues until scene change or when
prompted otherwise through description.

<TRANSIENT> = SFX continues only in its immediate relevant
context.

CH: 3 - " NEW YEAR, NEW SOL " -

~ UNKNOWN ~

[CLOSE-UP SHOT OF JUGO PULLING OPEN AND APPEARING BEHIND A SLEEK AND OPAQUE GLASS-PANED DOOR]

The area before **Jugo** seems to be a part of the **Common Event Halls,** which appears to resemble some kind of highend nightclub complex. It is in stark contrast to the classy, warm, and biophilic **Main Event Hall** from before.

The dim, neon-lit hall is wide and expansive, and at first glance seems to resemble the **Main Hall's** layout and structure.

Common Halls are stacked into multiple vertical floors, or stories. This is made clear by the sporadic apertures throughout the current area's ceiling, revealing glimpses of the floors above. Different apertures have different layouts, sizes, and designs. All seem to have some kind of railing or structure framing the open, interconnected spaces.

• • •

Off to one area in the distance, amidst vibrant flashing lights and waves of buzzing activity, a large mass of people can be vaguely seen crowded around some sort of noisy and chaotic situation.

[WIDE PANNING OVERHEAD SHOT OF AN AREA WITHIN THE COMMON HALLS]

Jugo can be seen weaving past the area's many tables and crowds, moving above what appears to be a large swimming pool and bar area situated on the floor below.

<DISTANT>
<TRANSIENT>
|AREA:

WATERWORKS
SPLISH-SPLASH

. . .

[OVER THE SHOULDER SHOT OF JUGO PUSHING INTO A LARGE CROWD]

The crowd—all seemingly event attendees dressed in varied cocktail attire—can be seen clustered around some chaotic situation unraveling ahead...

Many can be seen with their phones out, recording the scene. Others can be heard yelling for individuals to stop.

In contrast, a seemingly equal amount of people can also be heard cheering—creating a chaotic divide.

• • •

[CLOSE-UP SHOT OF AN OLD-FASHIONED STYLE GLASS FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH A DEEP AMBER DRINK]

Through a limited view of the old-fashioned glass, two vague and distorted figures can be seen near the glass's farright edge.

One of them, the much larger figure, is wearing a dark colored tuxedo with a bold red tie. The other has a tactical uniform attire vaguely similar to **Pax's** from before.

The two are interlocked in an intense grapple, their indiscernible faces dipping in and out of view.

UNIFORM FIGURE:

DARK TUXEDO FIGURE:

(HEAVY GRUNTING)

(HEAVY GRUNTING)

HRGHH!

HHHRKK!

The close proximity of the struggle causes the glass drink to shake and splash around, further distorting the view through it and spilling some of the drink.

As the fight continues, the **figure in uniform** suddenly gains the upper-hand.

With a sharp twist of his body, the **man in uniform** throws a sweeping right-hook to the **dark tuxedo figure's** jaw.

FIG	HT	:	

DARK TUXEDO FIGURE:

(SPLUTTER)

UNGH!

The dark tuxedo gets side-swept by the punch, falling over to one side and down onto the ground, out of view.

The one in uniform then rushes on top of him, his neck down going past the glass's edge and out of view.

A split second later, he draws his right arm high up into the air and brings it down with explosive force.

|FIGHT: **THUD**

DARK TUXEDO FIGURE:

(SPLUTTER)

PUHH!

Suddenly, from out of view, a figure wearing a bright salmon tuxedo appears. He can be seen running up behind the **figure in uniform**, carrying some kind of object.

|FIGHT: *к*RRSSHHH** Glass spills from the **uniform figure's** head as he collapses forwards onto the floor and out of view.

UNIFORM FIGURE:

(SPLUTTER)

ARGH!

Immediately after, the **salmon tuxedo** can be seen driving a flurry of kicks where he had fallen.

|FIGHT:

THUD-THUD-THUD

A short moment later **the dark tuxedo** reappears from the floor. He wobbles left and right a little as he tries to stand up straight.

| FIGHT:

THUD-THUD-TH--

All of a sudden, **the figure in the salmon tuxedo** gets one of his kicks stopped midway. He can be seen struggling to get something off his leg.

SALMON TUXEDO FIGURE:

(OUT OF BREATH)

Fucking--

Then, in a flash, he gets swept off his feet and out of view.

|FIGHT: *THUMP*

SALMON TUXEDO FIGURE:

(PAINED)

Ah--! Bitch!

Moments after, **the figure in uniform** rises up from the floor at full tilt and rushes on top of **the salmon tuxedo**. He clenches his right hand into a fist and brings it into the air.

|FIGHT: *CLASP*

However in that instant, from behind, the figure in the dark tuxedo grabs the throat of the one in uniform with both his hands.

UNIFORM FIGURE:

(CHOKING)

ACKKK!

The dark tuxedo then struggles to raise him into the air—managing to get him slightly above his own head and off the floor.

UNIFORM FIGURE:

(HEAVY CHOKING)

FFFUU--!

81.

The one in uniform scrambles to get a good grasp on the dark tuxedo's forearms.

As this is playing out, **the figure in the salmon tuxedo** can be seen reappearing from the ground.

However, just as he is getting back up, **the one in uniform** throws out a right roundhouse kick as he is getting choked, landing it straight into the center of the **salmon tuxedo's** face.

|FIGHT: *THUD* *CRAACKKK*

SALMON TUXEDO FIGURE:

(SPLUTTER)

GUHH!

The salmon tuxedo stumbles all the way backwards until he catches a table's surface, landing directly in front of the glass drink.

He can be seen clutching the center of his face with one hand, blood gushing out from underneath. His magenta eyes scrunched up in wild pain and anger.

SALMON TUXEDO FIGURE:

MAGENTA-EYED (AGONY)

SALMON TUXEDO FIGURE:

MAGENTA-EYED (AGONY)

AHHH!!!

FUCKK!!!

In that same moment, **the one in uniform** fires another kick straight behind him. His heel lodges directly into **the dark tuxedo's** hips.

|FIGHT: **THUD**

DARK TUXEDO FIGURE:

(SPLUTTER)

UNGH!

The impact causes **the dark tuxedo** to break his choke-hold and **the uniform figure** to fall down onto his knees.

UNIFORM FIGURE:

(SPLUTTERING + GASPING)

KHUH--! KGHH!

The dark tuxedo can be seen hunching over in pain and clutching his side, as **the one in uniform** recovers from the choke-hold.

In these moments, **the uniform figure** can be seen clutching his neck and scrambling forwards, nearer to the glass drink. He goes a short distance before ending up next to **the salmon tuxedo**.

The two can be seen leaned over the same surface, directly in front of the glass drink.

|TABLE:

UNIFORM FIGURE:

(PANTING + SPLUTTERING)

KHAK! NGHH--!

SALMON TUXEDO FIGURE:

MAGENTA-EYED (AGONY)

ARGHH! ARGGH! GAHHHK--!

The two turn toward each other and make eye contact for a brief moment, before **the figure in uniform** quickly turns to his left to find **the dark tuxedo** barrelling towards him, reared up for a huge right-hook.

In the very next moment, **the uniform figure** ducks underneath the swing and dives into **the dark tuxedo's waist**, going for a double-leg takedown.

UNIFORM FIGURE:

DARK TUXEDO FIGURE:

(HEAVY GRUNTING)

(HEAVY GRUNTING)

MMHFF!

NGHH!

The dark tuxedo figure gets pushed back a good distance but manages to keep his ground. He then proceeds to wrap his arms around **the one in uniform** and throw himself down on top.

|FIGHT: *THUMP*

Both **the dark tuxedo** and **the one in uniform** fall out of view.

As the two figures struggle down on the floor somewhere, **the salmon tuxedo** can be seen reaching into his mouth.

He then pulls his hand back, clutching two bloodied teeth and making a horrified expression.

At the exact same time, **the uniform figure's** arm can be seen grabbing a wine bottle from a nearby table, a couple of feet away from the glass drink.

He attempts to slam it down somewhere below, but gets stopped midway by **the dark tuxedo's** arm.

The salmon tuxedo, still directly in front of the glass drink, can be seen pocketing the bloodied pair of teeth with intense rage in his eyes. He then picks up a steak knife from the table he is leaning on and shifts his focus to the two other figures.

SALMON TUXEDO FIGURE:

MAGENTA-EYED (RAGING)

RRAGHHH!

However, in that instant, **the uniform figure's** arm can be seen hurling the bottle through the air in mid-motion.

|FIGHT: *KRRASHHHHH*

The bottle breaks straight across **the salmon tuxedo's** dome, sending him lurching far backwards and far out of view. Deep-purple liquid can be seen bursting off everywhere.

Right after, **the one in uniform** unsteadily rises from the floor.

Directly beneath him, the dark tuxedo rises as well.

. . .

As seconds pass, **the dark tuxedo** is seen to be the one actually lifting **the uniform figure** into the air, of whom has **the dark tuxedo** in a tight leg choke-hold.

DARK TUXEDO FIGURE:

UNIFORM FIGURE:

(SPLUTTER + CHOKING)

(GRUNTING)

UGHHKK!

Shii--

In one fell swoop, **the dark tuxedo** slams into the table next to them.

|FIGHT: *KRRAAASH* *BURRRGHKKKKK*

The table collapses on impact—glassware shattering—food and drink launching off everywhere.

Both the figures land completely out of view, past the farleft edge of the glass drink.

<CONTINUOUS>
|OFF-VIEW SKIRMISH:
 CLATTERING
 SKIDS & SCUFFS
 THUD & THUMPS

. . .

All of a sudden, the sounds of the off-view skirmish abruptly stop.

• • •

After a few moments, someone can be heard getting up and walking across broken tableware and wood.

<TRANSIENT> |OFF-VIEW: *SHUFFLE-SHUFFLE* *CRISHH-CRISHH-CRISHH*

• • •

The figure in uniform can be seen shuffling into view from the far-left.

He walks until he is straight ahead of the glass drink, some distance away.

He then pushes his dark hair back and slides his hand down his face in apparent frustration.

Afterward, he looks off towards the unknown, noisy skirmishes unraveling beyond view.

UNKNOWN FEMALE:

(YELLING + GRUNTING)

Stop resisting damn it!

UNKNOWN MALE:

(YELLING + GRUNTING)

Fuck off me, witch!

His eyes scan the area until they pass by the glass drink, prompting him to do an abrupt double-take.

Without hesitation, he strides directly towards the drink, growing larger and larger in view.

• • •

[WHIP SHOT SHOWING THE NOW QUARTER-FULL DRINK BEING TAKEN UP AND GULPED DOWN BY PAX]

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN
(EXHALE)

Tch-ahh~

Suddenly, a wooden chair leg can be seen rising up from behind him.

Pax turns around at full tilt, swinging the empty glass around with him.

|UNKNOWN: *BANG* *ZZZZTTT*

[SHOT OF A SILVER-EYED & HAIRED MAN WEARING A BLACK TUXEDO AND BLUE TIE, SHAKING UNCONTROLLABLY WHILST HOLDING A WOODEN CHAIR LEG]

(ID: L93)

L93:

SILVER-EYED & HAIRED MAN
(QUAVERING)

UUURRGHHHH!

As the man falls over backwards, **Pax** can be seen standing above him, old-fashioned glass in hand.

Ahead of him, at the edge of the onlooking crowd, stands **Jugo**. He can be seen with some sort of pistol, holding it down towards the ground.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN
(EXHALES + LIGHT CHUCKLE)

Well, just when I thought Brass had completely lost it.

Where's the rest of security?

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN
(CONFUSED)

What do you mean? They should already be here.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN
(EXASPERATEDLY)

Oh hell...

UNKNOWN WOMAN:

(PAINED YELL)

AGGHH!

The two snap their focus towards the distant shout.

• • •

[SHOT OF A WOMAN WITH SHORT BLACK HAIR AND YELLOW-EYES, GETTING HER HAIR SNATCHED FROM BEHIND.]

(ID: 4UB)

The woman can be seen wearing the same attire as **Pax**, with the same stylized **Omega** symbol.

The jade-eyed, jade-haired man wrenching **4UB's** hair can be seen wearing a white dress shirt and orange-colored tie.

(ID: 6NO)

6NO violently drags her off a blue-eyed, black-haired man wearing a gold suit.

(ID: UF3)

4UB:

YELLOW-EYED NOIRS WOMAN
(PAINED YELL)

AGHHH!

However soon after, a blue-eyed, brunette man wearing a navy tuxedo and red tie tackles **6NO** from the side.

(ID: MP7)

|FIGHT:

THUD

6NO:

JADE-EYED VIREN MAN (WINDED)

PFFUUU!

MP7:

BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN (HEAVY GRUNTING)

NGGHH!

In the very next moment, a red-eyed, redhead man with a black bow-tie and suit joins in to dog-pile **6NO**.

(ID: NO9)

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN (PISSED)

Not so high now huh!?

Prissy bitch!

Jugo and **Pax** can be seen arriving at the scene of conflict.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN
(YELLING)

Hands up! Hands up now!

All of you!

Jugo raises his pistol and alternates aim between the four men.

The men all look up towards him, immediately stopping their movements.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN
(YELLING)

I SAID HANDS UP!

MP7 quickly raises his hands up into the air.

Shortly after, he is reluctantly followed in suit by **NO9** and **6NO**.

However, in that instant, **UF3** rushes full speed away from the area.

|PISTOL: *BANG* *ZZZZTTT*

UF3:

BLUE-EYED NOIRS MAN (QUAVERING)

AUUUUUGGGHH!

|UF3: **THUMP**

At the exact same time, the soundscape of the entire conflict area shifts significantly—growing much quieter.

CONTINUOUS>
|CONFLICT AREA:

TALKING

RUSTLING

SHUFFLING

The rest of the other ongoing skirmishes stop and turn their attention towards **Jugo**. They pause for a few brief moments before half of them rush to escape beyond the surrounding crowd.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN
(YELLING)

HEY! FREEZE OR I SHOOT!

Jugo can be seen quickly aiming at the people escaping into the crowd.

However, he re-aims it back towards the three men in front of him after just a few attempts to get a safe shot.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN
(PISSED)

Tch.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN

It's alright.

CCTV's got them.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN (DISGRUNTLED)

Yeah, I know.

But what the fuck is this? What happened here?

Where the hell's security?

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN (SNEER)

Hell if I know.

Pax can be seen walking over towards **4UB**. She can be seen bleeding slightly from her head.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BILLE-FYED BRUNFTTE MAN

You good Kal?

KAL | 4UB:

YELLOW-EYED NOIRS WOMAN
(PAINED + BITTER)

I think that fucker tore a chunk of my hair out.

Kal looks over at **6NO** with piercing sharp eyes.

The man meets her gaze for a brief moments, but then looks away into the crowd shortly after.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN

Got restraints detective?

Jugo can be seen reaching into his trench coat with one hand and tossing five peculiar-looking, half-transparent, half-colored bands toward **Pax**.

Pax outstretches his arms, catching them mid-air.

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN

Hey, officials! It was those guys that started this clusterfuck!

MP7:

BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN (WHISPERING)

Dude, just keep quiet.

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN
(ANGRILY)

What? No! Fuck that!

This shit isn't our fault. I'm not going to get arrested 'cus of those shits.

NO9 looks over and meets 6NO's eyes.

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN (SPITEFULLY)

Especially that green priss and wherever that pink fucking peacock went.

6NO:

JADE-EYED VIREN MAN
(SCOFFS)

Shut the fuck up will you, bumfok?

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN
(ANGRILY)

You fucking--

UNKNOWN MAN:

(AUSTERE)

All of you need to shut your mouths.

Or I will less than kindly do it for you.

An older-looking man with grey hair and blue eyes walks into view. He can be seen wearing the same attire and symbol as **Pax** and **Kal**.

(ID: D3R)

D3R then turns to look at the surrounding crowd.

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN
(YELLING)

All of you leave the area! If your seats are here, find somewhere else to go!

The onlooking crowd stirs with commotion.

• • •

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN (YELLING)

I SAID, LEAVE NOW!

After this second command the crowd reluctantly starts to break off, and the soundscape of the conflict area gradually subsides.

OFF TO OTHER PARTS OF THE COMMON HALLS]

• • •

[CLOSE-UP SHOT OF A PECULIAR-LOOKING BAND GETTING SLAPPED ON SOMEONE'S WRISTS, AUTOMATICALLY EXTENDING AND TIGHTENING ITSELF]

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN (FRUSTRATED)

Oh fuck, c'mon man!

6NO, **MP7**, and **NO9** can be seen kneeling next to each other on the floor.

NO9 turns his attention towards Kal.

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN
(AGGRAVATED)

Hey! Hey!

You saw what happened right?!

C'mon, you gotta tell them! This is fucking bullshit!

Kal can be seen sitting on a chair nearby, gently running her hand through her hair and seemingly ignoring him.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN
(DISBELIEF + SCOFFS)

You're kidding me...

A couple of steps away, **Jugo** appears to be speaking to someone through a wireless earpiece. He presses an index finger behind his ear as he scans the chaotic mess around him.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN (STIRRED)

And what's the status of both halls right now?

Soon, **D3R** can be seen walking over with four other men in restraints. He places them next to the 3 kneeling men.

UNKNOWN MAN:

(L00PY)

Nice to see you guys are looking pretty good~

The kneeling men look up to see a black-haired, browneyed man wearing a navy tuxedo and a black bow-tie. His right eye is swollen, mouth torn, and his face covered with blood—seemingly dripping down from the top of his head.

(ID: V9A)

MP7:

BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN (JARRED)

Oh shit!

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN (JARRED)

Fuck me dude!

V9A:

BROWN-EYED NOIRS MAN
(AIRY CHUCKLE)

You-- hic-- should see the other guy~

MP7:

BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN (AGITATED)

Hey, can we get him some medical help!?

Please!

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

It's coming, don't worry.

They turn towards **Jugo**, who no longer has his hand at his ear.

Jugo then turns towards the three other officials.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

Event staff and medics are en route.

As he says this, the restrained men nearby can be seen talking amongst each other, all except **6NO**.

U9C:

PURPLE-EYED VIORA MAN (RAGGED)

You guys good?

(ID: U9C)

M42:

BROWN-EYED BLONDE MAN (RAGGED)

Did you beat the fuck outta the bastards?

(ID: M42)

V9A-2:

BROWN-EYED NOIRS MAN (RAGGED CHUCKLE)

Oh look, they caught the fucker too.

V9A-2 gestures towards the green-eyed man kneeling nearby. He and the bleeding man seem to be identical twins.

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Detective, how many stun rounds do you have left?

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

2 mags. Why?

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Mind if I check?

Jugo pauses for a brief second, before then handing over the pistol to **D3R**.

|GUN: *BANG* *ZZZZTTT*

NO9:

RED-EYED REDHEAD MAN (QUAVERING)

AUUUURGGGHHH!

NO9 shakes uncontrollably, falling to the floor and then passing out. The restrained men next to him recoil and yell out in shock. **Jugo's** eyes widen, apparently taken aback.

The other officials seem to take the situation rather mildly.

M42:

BROWN-EYED BLONDE MAN (FLUMMOXED)

Wh-what the fuck!?

The restrained men turn and look towards **D3R**, who throws the gun back at **Jugo**.

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

I told him once.

And yet, he was still yelling.

I recommend you all take note.

The restrained men look around at each other and at fallen **NO9**, their faces tight with tension.

D3R then turns towards **Jugo**.

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Detective, what did Circuit have to say?

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN (SLIGHTLY STIRRED)

Well-- I've called for event staff and medics. They should be here in five.

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

About security.

TALL BROWN-FYFD AZRIN MAN

Ah, right. The shitshow.

Circuit says they've adjusted their coverage and assignments.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN (SCOFFS)

Good to know they haven't dissolved into thin air.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

They're concentrating on the floors above the event, and on premises gaps.

They're also being spread out on all the busy commercial floors throughout the entire skyscraper.

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

At the expense of the main event floors?

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

They've said that's not the case.

TALL BROWN-FYFD AZRIN MAN

There are several security teams here but they've all been preoccupied with other... outbursts throughout the common halls.

Apparently six other major fights have broke out in the last 30 minutes.

• • •

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN

Well, regardless, this is something that shouldn't have gotten this far.

<u>JUGO | 056:</u>

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

My thoughts as well.

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Manpower should be a non-issue.

The Directive is far beyond this.

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

They've double-checked the force levels on both the event floors.

It's apparently all sufficient.

And technically, they're right...

The officials glance at the chaos around them.

• • •

KAL | 4UB:

YELLOW-EYED NOIRS WOMAN

So what? Basically, on paper, everything's going as it should?

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN (SIGHS)

Yeah.

Whatever that is.

• • •

|PA SYSTEM:

PA SYSTEM:

Attention everyone.

The main assembly will begin in 15 minutes. Please find your way to your seats and prepare for the show.

Thank you for attending the Nthfinite New Year's Gala.

After a brief moment of silence, D3R turns towards Pax.

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Pax. You and Kal go back to our post. Get the rest of the squad on comms to meet you there.

KAL | 4UB:

YELLOW-EYED NOIRS WOMAN

Wait, what?

D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

The detective and I will detain the subjects here in the holding room nearby. After staff and medics arrive.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN

Oa, what are you planning?
The others would have to leave their posts.

OA | D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Posts that were assigned by Brass.

Pax and **Oa** exchange looks.

OA | D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Do you read?

I don't want our squad falling in line with this.

At least this time around.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN

Right.

Oa looks over at Kal.

KAL | 4UB:

YELLOW-EYED NOIRS WOMAN (NODDING)

Yeah, sounds good.

Oa then turns to **Jugo**.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

0a.

(LIGHT CHUCKLE)

That explains a lot.

Never thought I'd meet a former member of the late Squad Olympus.

As long as you're on the right side of the road, I've got no problems if you go a bit over.

OA | D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN (LIGHT SMILE)

That's good to hear.

What's your rank, Detective?

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

3rd class Investigator.

OA | D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

You should have clearance to the cells in the holding room then.

Correct?

TALL BROWN-FYFD AZRIN MAN

I do.

OA | D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Well, to that end, Brass seems to be competent enough sending you here.

KAL | 4UB:

YELLOW-EYED NOIRS WOMAN

If only they were competent enough to give us the same clearances that he and the rest of Intel Division have.

(SCOFFS)

We don't even have access to stun ammo.

Woulda kept us from all this trouble and workaround.

OA | D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Brass's limits on the Core Div are warranted.

The issue lies in their organization and erratic strategies.

A prolonged silence settles over the group, as their eyes drift, taking in the chaotic scene of broken tables, shattered tableware, and spilled food and drink scattered about the area.

[OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE RAVAGED AND VACATED CONFLICT AREA]

. . .

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN

Well then, we're off.

Pax looks over at **Kal**, who meets his eyes and then moves to get up from her seat.

OA | D3R:

OLDER BLUE-EYED GRISELLE MAN

Contact me once you've linked up.

As **Pax** heads off, he slows and points over to the area where he fought the first two men in tuxedos.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN

Will do.

And by the way. There's 3 more knocked fellas over there that need restraints.

JUGO | 056:

TALL BROWN-EYED AZRIN MAN

Right.

I'll take care of it.

Jugo starts to make his way to the indicated direction.

PAX | 0G7:

GREY BLUE-EYED BRUNETTE MAN

One of 'em might need a bit more than a few bandages.

[WIDE OVERHEAD SHOT OF THE RAVAGED CONFLICT AREA PANNING GRADUALLY TO THE LEFT, TOWARDS A DARK WALL]

Pax and **Kal** head towards one of the many other buzzing areas within the **Common Halls**, leaving **Jugo** and **Oa** at the conflict area with the restrained men.

Oa can be seen calling out indistinctly to **Jugo** and gesturing from a short distance away.

Next to him, the restrained men can be seen fidgeting and exchanging uneasy glances.

• • •

[PANNING LEFT TO DARKNESS]