

DAMOCLES RAIN

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---Character Legend---

Secretary Director, FSRB (Federal Statistics and Research Bureau) - **Neville N. Kao**

Head of Internal Affairs, FSRB - **Gregory Atl**

Driver Steward, FSRB - **Ricket Rosh**

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EXT. OFFICIAL MINISTERIAL COMPOUND - NIGHT

Neville, breathing puffs of fog, stands in his garden, watching the primrose he planted last evening freeze. A black car parks in front of his dacha and the driver steps out to open the passenger door and let him in.

INT. FSRB CAR - NIGHT

The head of the internal affairs sits on the other side, smoking a yellowed cigarette.

GREGORY

Good morning, Director.

NEVILLE

Good morning Gregory. An awfully cold morning.

GREGORY

Chamomile?

NEVILLE

(Smiling)

No, thank you. None of that garbage you call tea for me.

GREGORY

(short chuckle)

Neville settles into his seat.

NEVILLE

Give me some news Gregory. Why has our dear minister called for the summons?

GREGORY

(sips tea)

There has been an incident.

Gregory hands the Director a file labeled "Recovery Team Report".

GREGORY

About 5 hours ago, there was an explosion at Lakewood station. About 121 men have died, both workers and security.

Neville reviews the file briefly, scratching his eyebrows, and then hands it back.

NEVILLE

(apathetic)

A sad day, I am sure, but it still doesn't explain why I had to be woken in the middle of a very cold night.

GREGORY

Two of the survivors saw *suspicious men* enter the station right before the explosion.

Neville turns the knob on the radiator pointed at him.

NEVILLE

And?

GREGORY

The men were-

NEVILLE

BLOODY BLAZES! It's even colder in the damn car. I change my mind, I **WILL** have some of that tea.

Gregory pours another cup of tea for the Director and hands it to him.

GREGORY

They were Ishtari men.

NEVILLE

(sipping on tea)

A bunch of religious dots setting explosives to sabotage the GREAT DREAM. The PC must be savoring at this development

GREGORY

The Party commissar is more than savoring. There was also an open communique 72 hours ago, from an Ishtari post near City 7.

Gregory hands another report to the Director.

GREGORY

It's your typical religious  
Diatribes, but if you read the past  
the last-

NEVILLE

(reads out loud)

"In god we trust, death only is an  
instrument to his service. Be brave  
in the face of it, be brave when you  
ignite the flames of your last  
rites".

NEVILLE

The PC's Casus Beli.

Neville tosses the files to the seat.

GREGORY

(slowly nods)

NEVILLE

The madman will have us all dead  
even before the frost sets in. How  
credible is this Ishtari story? What  
do we know of this explosion?

GREGORY

The Recovery Team reports damage  
consistent with explosives.  
Preliminary find though, it is a  
construction site. They'll return  
tomorrow to confirm.

NEVILLE

Who was in charge?

GREGORY

Ministry. You suspect foul play?

NEVILLE

(slightly shrugs)

The amount of paper work the  
ministry makes those poor ordnance  
boys do, puts us to shame. Any other  
takers?

GREGORY

The white revolutionaries are  
protesting.

Neville brushes icicles off his shoe.

NEVILLE

(smiling)

I assume Elliot grey hasn't left his  
grave.

Neville turns to give a leery look to Gregory.

NEVILLE

Unless there is someone new?

GREGORY

Cormac Roy, 2nd gen Intelligentsia,  
leads them. Climate Scientist.

NEVILLE

Idealist, put a pin on that for now.  
What's consensus among the beauty  
queens?

GREGORY

The party commissars have not yet  
made a comment.

NEVILLE

As always, last to arrive, first to  
eat.

GREGORY

It could just be the Ishtari.

Neville picks up the files to take another look.

NEVILLE

(shakes head)

Doesn't make for a good propaganda  
material. I'd strike the ministry  
building, it's right there. Besides,  
they don't like the cold.

GREGORY

Stranger things have happened. Times  
are changing, the frost will be upon  
us.

NEVILLE

Who else is privy?

GREGORY

Everyone. The communique was  
broadcast on all channels, matter of  
putting the two together.

NEVILLE

(sighs & slaps thigh)

Fine, set the department to alert,  
take the survivors into the custody  
and put some damn watchers around  
the commissars and the cabinet. I  
won't have any more hands feed the  
PC.

Neville gets up and knocks on the partition between the driver and them.

NEVILLE  
Ricket! How far are we off to the  
minister's office?

RICKET  
About 10 minutes, sir.

Neville looks at his watch.

NEVILLE  
Make it 5 and the lunch is on me.

RICKET  
We'll take that bet sir.

NEVILLE  
(settles back in his seat)  
Good

CUT TO BLACK.

END.