

ACT I

Prologue : Introspection preparation

Theme song starts to play. Curtains rise to reveal a coffin and the silhouette of a man sitting from its right, facing towards it. He is alone. His shoulders shudder with grief. He pulls out a phone, the screen lights up. He sits his chin on his palm, hesitating. He brings the phone to his ear. A female voice (Faye) comes out of the phone.

PHONE VOICE:

Hello, dear. (he pulls the phone away, stands up and exits the scene.)

Scene 1 : The Death of the Imminent

Low lights reveal the silhouette of a long table. A man (CM) sits on the left end, while a big man (Karl) and a woman (Lily) stands on the opposite end. The woman slides a folder across the table to the sitting man. The man takes it and reads it silently.

CM

Whose plan is this?

(The man and woman hesitates.)

CM

Is this yours?

LILY

No

KARL

It's mine.

CM

This is too...

KARL

Implausible?

CM

Impractical.// Can't we do anything else?

LILY

What else can we do?

CM

Anything except this.
This is...

KARL

Is?

CM

Inconceivable

LILY

but not impossible.

KARL

A certain brilliant detective formulated this plot.

CM

You mean, a departed brilliant detective.

KARL

All the more reason to act soon. The suspect might change names again and leave town, this time for good. How could we solve this if it were to happen?

CM

You are the NBI agent, you tell me.

KARL

Internal Affairs. I'm not an agent.

CM

Potato, po ta toe. It seems unlikely to happen anyway.

LILY

Unlikely? The suspect has changed their name thrice already

CM

but looks the same

KARL

that can change too

CM

by growing their hair?

LILY

Skin color, facial reconstruction, tattoos.

KARL

Behavioral analysis shows no probability of physical alteration.

CM

Good. Tattoos however can be used for identification.

KARL

They can be surgically removed.

CM

Ehh... What's my point?

KARL

We need to act. NOW.

CM

You think this would work?

LILY

We know it could work.

CM

could...?

KARL

Would.

CM

It should. Then go ahead.

KARL

I'll make the arrangements.

CM

You owe me

KARL

nothing! This isn't for me

LILY

and the resources are all accounted for.

KARL

You proposed this conspiracy, to secure your ass.

CM

It better be. I'll send my men. Do not speak about this.

LILY

Certainly.

Lights switch focus on the entrance to Miko's home. Two men are guarding the door. Michael stands two meters away from them, phone to his hear. He watches the guards as Angelo tries to enter.

MICHAEL

We're leaving? What do you mean we're leaving?! (He shouts as he hurls his phone on the ground, he hurriedly picks it up.) Hello? Who's we? You can't leave me! (He turns off his phone and lets loose a stream of curses.)

One guard scans Angelo with a hand held weapon detector. It beeps on his left hip. The guard pulls out a german pistol, a gray P22. The other guard pats him down, pulls out a distinctive knife with three holes along the middle. The guard stows the weapons away and lets Angelo pass.

MICHAEL

Going to war, buddy?

(Angelo pretends not to hear him.)
Michael pulls out a similar gun but color black. He pulls out the clip and hands it over.

MICHAEL

Standard issue. (He pulls out his badge and passes it, briefly, three inches away from the guard's face.) NBI.

The guard extends his palm, asking for the piece. The other motions Michael to raise his arms for a pat-down.

MICHAEL

You can't take my bae! Touch me and I'll whoop your ass, boy.

HENCHMAN 1

Sir, you can't enter with weapons on you. We'll keep it safe

MICHAEL

Did you just call her an "it?"

ANGELO

Oh, calm yourself and just hand in the piece.

MICHAEL

Piece?

ANGELO

Piiiiiece, (he hurriedly adds,) of art.

MICHAEL

(nods slowly) You better take care of her. (He points the gun at the guard. The guard steps aside in pannick, the other one pulls out his gun. Michael twirls the gun by his index finger and offers the handle to the guard. The guard grabs the gun and hurriedly gets out of the way to let Michael pass.)

Angelo and Michael step inside Miko's home.

MICHAEL

It's better to be prepared. (He pulls out a knife from his left heel, the same knife as Angelo's.) Good thing they didn't find this beauty.

ANGELO

Better prepared for what?

MICHAEL

Ahhh... The usual, kitchen duties. (laughs)

ANGELO

It would be best if you kept that tucked away.

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MICHAEL

It be bester if you shut your mouth.

ANGELO

You mean, better. (Michael sticks the flat of the blade on Angelo's cheek, making him flinch away.)

Michael tucks his knife back into his heel. Angelo composes himself and walks to the seat beside the coffin. Michael sits himself beside Angelo. The lights on them dim, and immediately, a spotlight reveals Faye standing on the podium.

Scene 2 : The death of my friend

LIGHTS FADE IN

(Faye is on the podium, about to give her Eulogy)

FAYE

Hi my name is Faye, I am the childhood friend of Miko. I would like to thank you all for coming today, to mourn his death and pay respects. there are a thousand memories I could share about Miko.

He had a lot of talents, a lot of achievements, and contributions that the world knew him for. I could tell you all about it and it'd take a few days and a few bucket of tears to speak of what we know about him but why would I do that? As I've said, we already know that much about him. Let me tell you instead, about what he wanted to be known for. I remember one night, when we were twelve, we lay beneath the stars, talking about life, God, death and the family. He stared at me with all seriousness, and asked, "what would you want the world to remember you for?" I said I wanted to be the world's most renowned journalist.

(laughs) It was my childhood dream... was. "I want to be the world's most famous detective," he said. He believed in the goodness of man, and that by being a detective he could protect the good and unveil the truth. We all knew him as a good man. He grew up to be a detective, and in his profession he was the perfect exemplification of his unwavering principles. That's what he would've wanted me to tell you about him. To remind you about goodness, honesty, innocence, and justice because that's what he believed in, that's what he lived for.

Scene 3 : The death of Unfamiliarity

(Michael and Angelo get up to approach Faye. Faye steps off the podium to meet them.)

FAYE

Angelo, Michael, thank you for coming.

ANGELO

(Trying to wipe away his tears.)
What a touching eulogy, Faye. I never could've attended my
late wife's funeral.

Scene 4 : The death of Kindness

Scene 5 : The death of Friendship

Scene 6 : The death of Innocence