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ACT I

Prologue : Introspection preparation

*Theme song starts to play. Curtains rise to reveal the silhouette of a man(Angelo) sitting on a chair on the right, facing the coffin. 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 pride

*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

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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.)

ANGELO

For what?

MICHAEL

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

ANGELO

It would be best if you kept that tucked away.

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.*

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