

Discover

By Zachary Devita

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1 EXT. ANCIENT ATHENS BAZAAR - DAY

1

A bustling marketplace is closing early for the day. As the vendors start to close their individual stores, the dark clouds above them groan. Their pace quickens as rain begins to pour down upon them.

Their attention drops from their goods to a screaming Greek officer in the middle of the encircled forum. He holds an older man on his knees, SOCRATES, with a blade to his throat.

OFFICER

HERE YE! HERE YE! To all of you consumers, commoners and cretins, this is the famous philosopher Socrates. He has his own school, his own followers and has integrated himself into this city marvelously. But, with a heavy heart, I have to break this facade.

At this point the entire marketplace is at a standstill, mesmerized by the officers words. Deep in the crowd is PLATO, Socrates's protege and apprentice. He pushes his way forward, to the brink of the crowd, but far away enough so that no one recognizes him.

OFFICER

This so called man of the people is anything but. While you may think he is opening your mind, he is actually MANIPULATING it. He wants to tear down our democracy, reduce Greece to rubble, like the fucking Persians have done to Sparta and are planning to do to us!

The crowd stirs at this, and as the rain begins to bear down harder upon them, they revolt into a mob. They begin screaming and yelling into a fever pitch.

OFFICER (cont'd)

And for these treacherous acts....I sentence ye TO DEATH.

The officer's blade flicks up and swiftly came back down. The head of Socrates rolls near Plato as lightning strikes. It illuminates his mentor's dead face. He carefully turns and departs as quickly as he can.

Plato briskly makes his way towards the school. He nervously looks over his shoulder and fluctuates his pace in order to steer off any attention. He turns the corner and finds the school in ruins.

PLATO

By the Gods.....

As he enters the building he is greeted with bodies of dead students, bodies of teachers and friends, classrooms overflowing with blood. He delves further into the building only finding the same.

He finally enters the final classroom and sees the body of the youngest student, who couldn't be more than 15. He drops to his knees and begins to sob into the corpse.

He hears a soft murmur behind him and quickly turns to defend himself. It is a family of 4, with two twin daughters who are no older than 10.

They wore rags for clothes, which masks their superior intelligence and cunning. They were on high alert and the father steps forward.

FATHER

Hello Plato. I am Achilles. My wife, Hera and two daughters, Athena and Sara, have followed the school you and Socrates opened for many years...It is not safe for you here Plato. We saw you at the forum. You witnessed his death and I'm afraid the entire Greek armada will be looking for you.

Achilles' wife pulls on his sleeve. He turns and gives her a dirty look, which she reciprocates. He sighs and relents.

ACHILLES

You....you must come with us. We will keep you safe for the time being.

Plato stands and brushes himself off, spreading the blood down his robes.

PLATO

How do I know you and your family can be trusted?

Hera comes forward and grabs Plato's hand.

(CONTINUED)

HERA

We have dedicated our lives to  
teaching our children your lessons.  
We are not blinded by government  
lies. We will protect the innocent.

Plato smiles and clasps her hand. He follows them out of the building and into the inner workings of Athens.

3

INT. HOUSE IN THE SLUM OF ATHENS - NIGHT

3

The moon shines through the jagged window illuminating the small room. The family and Plato sit on the floor and sip on what little soup they have.

As Plato finishes, he sets down his spoon in anger. He gets up and dejectedly looks out to the moon.

PLATO

Everything is just wrong. Why would  
the Greek officials just turn on  
us? Socrates always preached peace  
and simply wanted others to pursue  
knowledge. And now...now he is  
dead.

Achilles stands up. He attempts to comfort Plato, but backs off knowing he cannot. He sighs and looks at his family.

ACHILLES

There is nothing you can do. All  
you have, Plato, is your  
intellect...they have weapons,  
influence! Your chances are slim to  
none.

Hera stands and joins her husband.

HERA

I'm afraid he's right. You're  
better off leaving then  
retaliating.

Plato turns and stares at them. Their faces plead more than their voices had.

PLATO

No. No. I'm sorry, but I can't just  
let his death mean nothing. Whoever  
is behind this deserves damnation  
in Hades. And...and maybe I should  
be the one who sends them there.  
Maybe I should seek vendetta,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PLATO (cont'd)  
discover the culprit and slaughter  
all he holds dear. I will spare  
none.

Plato realizes the family has drifted as far as possible in their home from him. He calms his demeanor and turns back around.

FADE TO

4

EXT. ATHENS SLUM MARKETPLACE - DAY

4

The tattered and decrepit "marketplace" holds more Greek soldiers than customers. They hold a perimeter of constant vigilance, looking for anyone connected to the School of Philosophy.

Hidden within two double wooden doors in Achilles herb and spices bazaar, sits Plato and Achilles bottling basil and black pepper in unison.

A noise from the outside of the door stirs the men's attention. Achilles stands and goes to the door.

ACHILLES  
I think...I think it may be him.  
Wait here Plato, I must be sure.

Plato nods and watches him depart. He stands up and paces nervously. He sits back down and straightens his grubby clothes.

As sunlight shines through a crack in the wall, Plato's face is revealed, weary, tired and grayed from living in hiding. He sighs and puts his head in his hands.

There's a knock on the door and Plato stands up in preparation. Achilles enters with ARISTOTLE, Plato's young student.

The two men hug with passion and sit. Achilles smiles at them then departs back to the store.

ARISTOTLE  
He is a good man.

PLATO  
His family is good. They have helped me...in these turbulent times. It was through his two little girls that I was able to find you, Aristotle. Gods it is good to see you.

(CONTINUED)

Plato places his hand upon Aristotle's shoulder with warmth. Aristotle acknowledges but acts coldly towards the gesture.

ARISTOTLE

Yes, I am surprised to see  
you...alive. When I had come to the  
school, well you must have seen it.  
I only assumed.

PLATO

Yes, yes of course. But how did you  
get away my student? Were you not  
in the school when those savage  
bastards destroyed everything we  
believed in?

Aristotle looks away quickly but returns to apply a serious stare on Plato. He wipes the sweat now trickling down his forehead.

ARISTOTLE

I was not at the school that day  
Plato. Instead...I was in the  
Capital Agora. Working on  
legislation, of course. I was with  
King Pericles when the coup began.  
As a friend, he helped me flee and  
settle into hiding. Now HE has been  
kind to me, it is hard to find many  
allies.

Plato pulls back in his chair and strokes his musky beard. His eyes bear into Aristotle, as if looking for his soul. He stops and corrects his posture.

PLATO

Yes, and with what few allies we  
have, we should be cloaked in  
paranoia over their trust. But I  
can see with a clear heart that  
Achilles and his family are  
trustworthy and humbled. It is a  
rare and genuine thing. On the  
other hand your ally, King  
Pericles, does not coincide with  
mannerism associated with,  
trustworthiness.

Aristotle stands at the last word. He stomps and sits back down. As he scoffs at his teacher, more sweat begins to pour down his head.

(CONTINUED)

ARISTOTLE

Now Plato, I have been your student for over 13 years. Have I not listened to you every day? Have I not considered your logic, teachings and guidance when I forging my own works? I ask ye teacher, why push these questions of trust? I know for a fact that the King is trustworthy, by the simple fact that HE IS THE KING!

Plato now begins scoff at his own student. He has now seen through his thin front.

PLATO

I know now what I had hoped would never be true. How? How could you Aristotle? All those innocent students, teachers and...him. Why Socrates? He...he started everything we believed in. Why?

Aristotle remains still in his chair. His eyes are watering and his mind seems to be elsewhere.

ARISTOTLE

How dare you accuse me! How dare you! I would never give him up. He...he was everything --

PLATO

You can't even say his name you fucking swine. I never suspected...from my own student. Damn you, Aristotle. May the gods damn you to Hades--

Plato is now standing over his student with his hands clenched in fists. Their whiteness matches Aristotle's anxious expression.

PLATO (cont'd)

No, fuck the gods,  
I--SHALL--DAMN--YOU--TO--HELL!!

Plato begins to mercilessly beat his student. No remorse in his eyes, only pain and sorrow. He finally relents as Aristotle begs to speak.

ARISTOTLE

PLEASE! PLEASE! Just....let me speak. I...I was working with the  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ARISTOTLE (cont'd)  
King. Teaching him. Letting him  
understand our ways. But...he, just  
couldn't grasp the deeper meaning.  
So, he acted out. And, the  
psychopath that he is, he sentenced  
Socrates to death. I had to give  
him up it was the only way I could  
live! What was I to do?

Plato is breathing heavy and lets go of a heavily bloodied  
Aristotle. He whimpers as he tries to fix his broken nose.

PLATO  
You...you should have died for him.  
Your life's worth is not even half  
of what his was. Where can I find  
Pericles? Tell. Me.

Aristotle pulls himself to his knees and collapses. Plato  
ropes him up and Aristotle coughs blood into his face.

ARISTOTLE  
I...will...NEVER TELL!!

Plato sighs and returns to relentlessly beating his student  
until his death. Achilles enters back into the storeroom to  
the horrendous scene.

ACHILLES  
What have you done? Why have you  
killed your own student!?

PLATO  
He had betrayed me Achilles!  
He...he had DISHONORED the man he  
once was. The man was scum and he  
deserved what I did to him...I must  
go. Your generosity must come to an  
end. And for it I thank you dearly.

Plato tosses Aristotle's body and hugs Achilles, bloody and  
all. Achilles cringes, but eventually reciprocates the hug.  
They disengage and Plato wears a determined face.

PLATO (cont'd)  
Now there is a task that is  
required of me. One that I'm  
afraid, will be my own demise.

Plato bluntly exits the storeroom through the back entrance  
and disappears into the setting sun.



Two guards casually stroll around giant hedges and statues of Greek Gods and Goddesses. They are armed to the teeth and despite their pace, both of their eyes swivel around on alert.

GUARD #1

I don't know about this. From what I've heard this guys is a fucking maniac! He doesn't just chop your godsdamn head off, he beats you to a pulp first!

GUARD #2

I KNOW! I know, ok? But it's fine? Remember earlier, when we PRE-PARED, grabbing every weapon we could carry.

GUARD #1

Right, right. I just...whoever is killing these Greek officers is after someone. Someone big I think. Maybe a politician? Or a seer?

The stop in front of a statue of Athena, the God of Wisdom. They arbitrarily look up.

GUARD #2

Whoever this mad man is looking for, he'll be stopped eventually. And as for that someone, I think we're guarding him this very moment.

Guard #1 looks away from the statue and turns to his fellow patrolman.

GUARD #1

You....you think...he's going for the King?

GUARD #2

I have, no doubt.

Suddenly, as quick as a hare, Guard #1 unsheathes a sword and slices open Guard #2's neck. He collapses, still gasping for air, but only pushing more blood out of his neck.

Guard #1 pulls away his flowing hair, rips his mustache off and wipes away the rudimentary make up he has on. Plato reveals himself. As the guard dies, the philosopher makes his way into the palace.

(CONTINUED)

He takes multiple guards out, slicing and dicing as he sneaks through the hallways. As he pushes further in, his demeanor becomes graver and graver, as if he shoulders every death.

He stops in a hidden corner and breathes in deeply. He wipes the blood specks off his forehead and slumps down. He looks beaten and older than ever before.

Men speaking in the next hallway makes Plato spring up. He is close to his target and he knows it.

He rounds the corner throwing two knives directly into the guards throats. They wither and fall. Where they once stood is a grand door, more lavish than any other.

Plato braces himself and rams through the door. Before him lays KING PERICLES in bed with multiple men and women. The pile freezes. The king wiggles his way to the edge of the bed. He quickly clothes and approaches Plato.

KING PERICLES

Well, well, well. Gods be damned, I never thought I would see you, and alive? Is it my lucky day?

PLATO

You are in no position to talk, Pericles. Nor should you ever have been King of Greece. You narrow-minded heathen. Gods damn you.

KING PERICLES

Come now, Plato. It's all in good fun! It baffles me that a great mind like yours can't figure what is going on?

PLATO

The Hades are you blabbering about? Your condescending inflection is not comforting. Just...just answer me this, why kill him...his mind was Greeks prime jewel and you destroyed it.

King Pericles laughs hysterically. He takes his time ending his laugh.

KING PERICLES

Well, killing your mentor had exactly to do with what I was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KING PERICLES (cont'd)  
blabbering about. You see Plato, I realize what you and Socrates were doing. Questioning things no one had before. I admired it! It was almost fascinating to me. But, I also recognized the considerable amount of following you two had garnered. So, here is what is going on. I neutralized the threat, before it actually became....well a threat! Really, it was all a grand game.

Plato is seething with anger. He meticulously grabs an ax slung around his back.

PLATO  
I am glad it was all just, playtime for you my King. But, do you know what I love even more? That I, in these next moments, am about to win the game in fucking fashion.

He swings the blade up and hacks the man to pieces. The people on the bed scream grotesquely in horror. Plato turns his sights and them and begins.

As he begins to chop through the people, his eyelids move deeper and deeper into a close. His once neutral look has turned to one of sorrow and pain.

He switches to a sword and finishes off the last two victims. He drops all of his weaponry and opens his eyes. Before him lays more bloodshed than any man should see.

PLATO (cont'd)  
What....what have I done...

He quickly runs out of the palace and runs far away from his merciless mess.

FADE TO

6 INT. CLASSROOM IN ROME - DAY

6

SUPERIMPOSE: 25 Years Later...

Plato rolls around in a primitive wheelchair teaching a classroom full of students ranging from the age of 10 to 80. Their attention is fully on the wise man and he seems more at peace then ever.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, rumbling is heard outside the door. Everyone in the small building turns their attention to the sound. Without warning Roman officers come bursting through the door.

ROMAN OFFICER #1  
Remain calm! We are only here for  
the man in the chair.

Plato beckons him forward.

ROMAN OFFICER #1  
I am sorry to ask sir, but there  
have been rumors of your identity.  
Are you...are you or have once been  
called Plato?

Plato looks up at him and sighs deeply. He clasps his hands and twists them together.

PLATO  
Why, yes, yes I am. It has been a  
long time since anyone has...well  
has said that name to me.

The Roman officer smiles and then frowns.

ROMAN OFFICER #1  
Well, I am placing you under arrest  
and...according to decree I must  
sentence you to death by  
Crucifixion.

PLATO  
I....then so be it.

MONTAGE:

- Plato is brought to trial in Rome and convicted. He is then tortured and thrown into a miserable cell.
- He is then carrying his cross up a mountain side. The people do not help nor do they berate him. They are neutral.
- Plato is then being hammered into the cross and the Roman officer doing so weeps in disgust.
- As the sun sets, Plato breathes his last breaths looking up at the sky in ultimate peace.

FADE TO BLACK

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12.

THE END