

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

Written by

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INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Light from a TV illuminates the room. ANTHONY, 28, tall and lanky, sits on the couch and twirls a bamboo stick between his fingers.

The final fight sequence from a Kung-Fu movie concludes and the credits roll on the TV screen.

Anthony grabs the remote with his free hand and changes the channel.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV)  
Breaking news. A deadly explosion  
at a government research facility  
in Snohomish County has left  
several dead.

Anthony stops twirling the stick.

Images of a building on fire rages on the TV screen.

NEWS ANCHOR (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
Authorities believe this is the  
work of a single man.

A SUSPICIOUS MAN's face, 29, with sharp features and piercing eyes, flashes on the TV screen.

Anthony stands.

ANTHONY  
Wow, he did it.

Anthony points the remote at the TV, turns it off, and tosses the remote and the stick on the couch.

He walks toward the waist-high bookshelf where the TV sits.

He kneels and takes a hard cover book titled *Ishmael*, by Daniel Quinn, off the shelf. He opens the book to reveal a hollow container. It holds a vial of green glowing liquid.

The glow fades from Anthony's face as he closes the book and places it back on the shelf.

He stands upright and lifts up a photo of himself and another MAN in white lab coats.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
You did it, Kevin, good job. I  
guess it's my turn.

He places the photo back on the bookshelf, kneels, and reaches toward a hardcover copy of George Orwell's *1984*, but stops short.

The door bell RINGS.

Anthony snaps his head toward the entrance of the living room in the direction of the front door.

INT./EXT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

KEVIN, 29, hood on his head, clutches a small black case. He lowers his head out of view.

SUSPICIOUS MAN (V.O.)

Tony, open up. Tony, it's me.

The doorbell RINGS again.

Anthony opens the door.

Kevin looks back before moving through the opening in the door.

ANTHONY

Kevin, I just saw the news. Are you alright?

KEVIN

I'm fine, I'm fine. Tony, where is it?

Kevin darts past Anthony toward the living room.

Anthony closes the door.

ANTHONY

Kevin, slow down.

Anthony shuts the door and follows Kevin.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anthony looks at the small black case.

ANTHONY

Please tell me that's not what I think it is. You were supposed to destroy it.

Kevin lays the case on a small table and opens it. An empty vial sits in the open case.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)  
Where is it? Did you dump it? Wait,  
did you? Kevin, you didn't.

KEVIN  
I know its crazy, but hear me out.  
It was the only way I could escape  
the fire.

Kevin lowers his hood. His forehead drips with sweat.

ANTHONY  
You ingested the nanites? Without  
the power source, you know they'll  
kill you.

KEVIN  
You still have it, right?

Anthony looks past Kevin at the bookshelf.

ANTHONY  
Kevin, I can't help you?

KEVIN  
You can't help? What do you mean  
you can't help? Tony, this is why  
we made the power source.

Kevin walks closer to Anthony.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Tony, look at me. Look at me!

ANTHONY  
We agreed neither of us would take  
it, remember?

KEVIN  
Tony, I didn't have a choice!

Kevin paces in front of Anthony.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
You weren't there. You didn't have  
bullets and shit flying at you.  
Don't judge me from a comfy couch.

ANTHONY  
Kevin, calm down.

KEVIN

I know I was supposed to destroy them, but their ability was the only thing that saved me.

ANTHONY

Kevin, stop.

Kevin stops in front of Anthony.

Anthony flops down on the couch.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Do you remember why we created the nanites?

Kevin places his hands on his hips and turns to face Anthony.

Anthony points to the picture on the bookshelf. Kevin's eyes follow.

KEVIN

That was a long time ago. Things have changed.

ANTHONY

The nanites influence solid objects within a six foot radius of the carrier.

KEVIN

I know what they can do, Tony.

Kevin swipes his hand violently across his body.

A book flies from the bookshelf across the room.

*Ishmael* slides and tilts on the shelf.

Anthony remains calm, eyes Frank Herbert's *Dune* on the floor, then returns his gaze to Kevin.

ANTHONY

I'm just saying, this is a long way from helping amputees interact with their environment.

Anthony puts the book down beside him.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

We agreed that this was too powerful for anyone to control. That's why you agreed to destroy it in the first place.

KEVIN

Tony, what the hell was I supposed to do, die? I knew what was in that vial could save me.

Kevin walks toward the couch and sits next to Anthony. He wipes the sweat from his forehead.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Tony, I don't have much time. I need your help. I need the power source.

Anthony rises from the couch and walks to the bookshelf. He kneels down and pauses.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Tony, after all we've been through, don't let me die like this.

Anthony rubs his fingers along the spines of the books. He stops on *Ishmael* and grabs the book.

ANTHONY

Kevin, what will you do if I help you?

KEVIN

We can work on removing the nanites. I don't need them now. I just want to live.

He opens the cover and reveals the green glowing vial. He grabs the vial from the container and looks at Kevin.

ANTHONY

We'll have to get you out of the country first.

Kevin eyes are fixed on the glowing vial. He reaches for it.

Anthony gives the vial to Kevin.

Kevin drinks the green glowing liquid.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

There. How do you feel?

KEVIN

Better.

ANTHONY

I'll make some calls to see if...

Kevin stands from the couch.

KEVIN  
That won't be necessary.

Kevin squeezes his hand into a fist, his motion crushes the phone.

ANTHONY  
Kevin?

KEVIN  
Tony, you're so damn naive.

Kevin walks closer to Anthony.

Anthony retreats toward the door.

Kevin raises his hands and flicks his fingers inward. The door separating the living room from the hallway leading to the front door shuts.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, Tony. We spent years developing this. I couldn't let this go to waste.

ANTHONY  
Damn you, Kevin. I trusted you.

Anthony runs in a different direction toward the kitchen.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dim lights illuminate an meticulously clean kitchen. Knives hang from magnetic strips that line the backsplash closest to the stove. Anthony heads for the back door.

KEVIN  
I know, buddy.

Kevin raises his hands and extends his fingers. Knives soar across the room inches from Anthony.

Anthony stops.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
That's why I'm not going to kill you.

Kevin chops the air with his hand. The knives fall to the ground as a big pan smashes Anthony on the head. Anthony falls to the ground, unconscious.

Kevin kneels beside Anthony.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
I really am sorry, Tony.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Knives, pots, and pans lay scattered on the floor. The back door is open.

Anthony holds a bag of ice on the side of his head. AGENT 1 and AGENT 2 sit beside Anthony on his couch.

AGENT 1, 40s, with a stern face and suit that fails to hide his dense physique, closes his notebook.

AGENT 1  
Do you have any idea where he would be going?

ANTHONY  
Out of the country most likely.  
But, with his abilities, who knows.

Both the Agents rise from the couch.

AGENT 2, mid 30s, a shorter version of his counterpart, places shades on his face.

AGENT 2  
And, you're sure you'll be safe?

ANTHONY  
If he wanted to kill me, he had the chance.

Anthony rises from the couch and lowers the bag of ice.

AGENT 2  
Well, if you come into any more information you know how to reach us.

Anthony looks down at a white business card.

AGENT 1  
A Telekinetic. Man, that's some superhero shit. He's basically unstoppable.

ANTHONY  
Is there anything else, gentlemen?



Agent 1 extends his hand for a shake. Anthony obliges him.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Anthony watches the two agents enter their car, shut their car doors, and drive off. He shuts the house door.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Anthony walks to the bookshelf. He looks on the ground at the photo of himself and Kevin, cracks in the glass.

He kneels down, searches the shelves for a book. He finds it, 1984. He takes the book in his hands.

ANTHONY

Kevin...

He opens the book, a hollow container with two vials of liquid; one glowing green and one metallic. He removes the vials from the book.

He opens the metallic vial and swallows the contents. He opens the glowing green vial and swallows the contents.

Anthony stands, closes his eyes for a long moment, and takes a deep breath.

His eyes flash open. He extends his hand toward the ground. A bamboo stick spins toward him landing in the palm of his hand. He lowers the stick to his side.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

I will stop you.

He turns toward the entrance.

INT. ANTHONY'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Anthony opens the door, walks out, the door shuts behind him.