

RADIFY

Script draft 7
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FLASH FORWARD

EXT. - GALTON MEDICAL BUSINESS INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

1

MUSIC - Radiohead's Skttrbrain (Four Tet Remix).

A park multiple city blocks long is crisscrossed with walkways, edged with pharmaceutical and insurance companies, and adjoined by cafes in which meetings progress. This is the hub of a medical business district saturating a city of about three-million.

An ANONYMOUS URBANITE juggles two trays of coffees along one of the paths, he weaves in and out of heavy foot traffic, is side-swiped by a teenaged SKATER that shoots out on a board from a T in the path, and barely escapes spilling his coffees.

The SKATER trips up everyone in his way until an ELDERLY WOMAN behind a walker appears, the teen pops off his board and takes on the role of her crossing guard. These two are dying evidence of the neighborhood's past residential life. They are quickly swallowed up by masses of busy professionals in laboratory uniforms.

The crowds part for a group of silver-haired professionals in white coats flocked by an excess of junior assistants and researchers. The group spans the width of the path and are hounded by a JOURNALIST wielding a mic. One white coat after another ignores the JOURNALIST.

The impervious group opens suddenly down the center for a tall, fledgling-like woman with fine porcelain skin dressed in running clothes. This is CADENCE MORROW.

Planetary beads of sweat adorn her face as she passes the coats.

ALEXANDRA V.O.

People often make way for Cadence Morrow She
might have been a movie star, someone magnetic and
etherial, with porcelain skin and deep penetrating
eyes.

(beat)

But attention only made Cadence feel
uncomfortable.

The group momentarily follows her with their eyes and bodies, ANONYMOUS URBANITE watches her all the way into a twist and collides with the JOURNALIST, spilling coffee over his mic.

CADENCE looks back at the flock. Their lab coats are monogrammed with the brand name GENA. The JOURNALIST is shouting at the ANONYMOUS URBANITE for ruining his equipment.

CADENCE'S POV - The sidewalk ahead becomes dense and strange faces beg for a response: a playboy sends a suggestive smile, a conservative a disdainful glance, a young woman looks away quickly, blushing. Across the green there's a quiet residential street and corner Deli, it shines like a beacon of peace and solitude.

TITLE CARD: 2 0 4 9

CADENCE cuts across the grass toward it; leaving behind the snaking masses on the paved walkways.

EXT. - GALTON APARTMENT - SUNSET

2

An ADOLESCENT NEIGHBOR sits on a porch across from CADENCE'S apartment building: his hair is long and parted down the center; he has a wave board on his lap with a giant graphic image of a punkish superhero that resembles CADENCE. The pre-teen waves to her as she arrives home, she doesn't notice, his father sees from a window in the boy's house and shakes his head in disapproval.

ADOLESCENT NEIGHBOR'S POV - WIDE LOW-ANGLE TRAVEL and ZOOM-IN ON - The window to CADENCE'S apartment. The curtain is light and silky, it ripples as an interior lamp goes on and CADENCE'S silhouette slips by.

FOCUS OUT

INT. - GALTON APARTMENT BEDROOM - EVENING

FOCUS IN

3

CADENCE is wrapped in a towel, not yet showered, standing before her bedroom wall. It's plastered with medical notices.

ALEXANDRA V.O.

Cadence was born with an often misunderstood condition... Nothing life threatening or dangerous, but of enough interest that doctors were compelled to poke and push for the chance to "fix" her. ...Their eagerness only alienated her.

CADENCE turns to some mail on a stack of boxes to one side, she goes through an unopened stack addressed to a "Mr. T.D. James".

ALEXANDRA V.O

Target was the only person who thought doctors' interventions were the real threat to Cadence's happiness. He understood the limits of medicine.

Behind the envelopes is an urn. The surface glints. TRAVEL IN and PAST it to a photo on the wall of TARGET, to be introduced in the next scene.

The image desaturates into black and white.

FOCUS OUT

END FLASH FORWARD

TWO MONTHS EARLIER

INSERT - FILM CLIP - THE BLACK STORK

FOCUS IN

The Film is the 1916 silent era film The Black Stork. In it, eugenicist director and lead actor, Harry Haiseldon recommends parents let their disabled infant die rather than accept medical intervention. They all agree, in inter titles that it will be best for the child, who would otherwise 'live a life of societal rejection.'

END INSERT

INT. - CUBICLE - NIGHT

4

The film clip stops. It's been paused on one of two paper thin glowing computer monitors. THOMAS "TARGET" JAMES, 30 years old, works in a quiet library cubicle by lamp light.

ALEXANDRA V.O.

He was born Thomas James the third, he took the name Target from the marks drawn on his chest in preparation for heart surgeries. Home-schooled since third grade, he had very few friends, all of whom were made online. Like most kids, in puberty he became mopey and dark. His mother worried he would lose his will to live. She decided he needed a sense of purpose and cleverly bribed him with the promise of an electric guitar. Her condition: that he start a blog. Something creative, social, and mission driven.

He's slouched in front of the monitors, his search windows are open to various archival movies, stills and news headlines. He has bangs dipped diagonally in bleach and dye, wears faded black sweats, chews a pen cap into a mangled mess, scans the screens obsessively.

INSERT (CHAPTER)
- COMPUTER - SCANNED
NEWS ARTICLES AND
HISTORICAL

A/V FOOTAGE:

MOUSE CLICK, century old newspaper stills show advertisements for Dr. Haiseldon and his film "The Black Stork." MOUSE CLICK, news responses to The Black Stork and high profile eugenics cases in U.S. Courts. MOUSE CLICK, a woman speaking out for the necessity of Eugenic laws at a 'Better Babies' contest with toddlers set out on tables being handled and assessed for quality breeding. GUN FIRE CLICK, US Forced Sterilization Act of 1929 showing the focus on physically disabled people being brought to clinics.

INSERT - CURRENT A/V FOOTAGE

MULTIPLE RIFLE FIRE CLICKS, A/V footage of a young man inside the "Bateson Population and Demographic Research Institute," adding himself to the Bateson family tree.

END INSERT

INT. - BUS - NIGHT CONTINUED

5

A city bus carries a few tired souls home at night, among them, in the back, slouched across several seats, is TARGET. With the new 2047 tablet-board on his knees, he types vigorously. Ambient elevator music plays over the bus speakers.

ALEXANDRA V.O.

By his 23rd birthday Target was living off "RADIFY". By 30, the news blog had become a trusted national armory for whistle blowers, activists, and investigative journalists working controversial stories.

In a CMS provider window TARGET corrects typos, revises headlines, uploads posts, rolls an arrow over and clicks "WEB VIEW." The window switches to the blog's internet homepage. "RADIFY" is in big bold letters cross the top of the page, news headlines run down it.

ALEXANDRA V.O

Target had embraced risk, and was becoming a regular Clark Kent. Accumulating masses of fans... and some very dangerous enemies... He'd go into deep research mode - sort endlessly through documents, dig up records and historic propaganda films, illuminate old debates, connecting the dots between modern alt-right groups, Herbert Spencer Social darwinists, xenophobic leaders, and dark money.

The bus screeches to a halt, the tablet-board accordion/retracts shut, TARGET and his belongings flash across the screen.

SWISH PAN

INSERT - MOVING IMAGES - CURRENT A/V FOOTAGE

AUTOMATIC GUN FIRE CLICKS, Target, in young independent journalist gear, interviews a disabled Human Rights Organization rep prepping for a IHO (International Health Organization) protest in Muller. GAS SPRAY CAN CLICK, he's a one man crew with mics and camera bags slung across his shoulders snapping photos at a gathering of members working on Anti Inheritable Genetic Modification banners and a disguised member in all black and a bandana points to a map of the IHO summit venues and protest marching routes. BOMBS EXPLODE CLICK, live at the venues where preparations are under way, an older male participant and summit backer speaks to the press, he's easy in front of the camera, knows many of the reporters by names, is well groomed and wears a tie beneath his suit embossed with tiny DNA strands. This is ERIC BATESON.

FADE OUT

END INSERT