

He Who Hears All

written by

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EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

It's quiet, and street lamps warmly light the entrance to an abandoned warehouse. The sound of an engine approaches as a black Mustang speeds into frame, parking hastily by the entrance. Two men, TACK and SLIME, exit the car quickly, and drag a small boy out of the backseat, aggressively pushing him into the building.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Tack pushes THE CHILD into an office at the back of the warehouse. He turns on the very dim light, shutting the door behind them after Slime enters. Tack shoves the child into a dusty office chair. Slime searches the child's pockets, finding 3 dollars, a half-empty cigarette pack and a lighter.

TACK

Cigs? Really, kid? You're like, what, twelve? Your parents are making us look like the responsible ones.

SLIME

He's probably a runt. My guess is that La Prima took him in. Which would make you...

Slime throws the cigarettes and lighter on the desk while pocketing the cash. He turns to the child, who has sat eerily still like a statue this entire time.

SLIME (CONT'D)

A scout. La Prima thought they could send some unassuming kid, hoped nobody would notice, is that it? Your bosses want to know where our business goes down?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

FIVE AGENTS clad in black military gear shuffle along the side of the building. A FEMALE OPERATOR voice can faintly be heard giving direction to the team via ear pieces.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

SLIME

What, can't you talk? Use your mouth, huh? *¿No hablo inglés?*

TACK

Yeah, screw this. Not taking any chances.

Tack pulls a handgun from his waist and begins to cock it. The child remains unfazed. Slime quickly reaches out and stops Tack from raising the gun any further.

SLIME

Are you out of your mind? We are NOT offing some kid! Especially if he IS from Prima, do you really wanna go tell Z that you went and started a gang war?!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The armed agents quietly approach the windows outside the office. One agent, the TEAM LEADER, is holding a cell phone, with a green dot pinging on a map. The Leader holds up her hands and flashes "Prepare to breach" in sign language.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

As Slime and Tack continue arguing, the child quietly stares at the lighter on the desk, which cracked open slightly when thrown down, faintly revealing a green light flashing inside the casing.

The child then slowly looks at the windows behind Tack and Slime, who notice the child's shift in gaze.

Slime and Tack both pause in confusion, and before they have time to react, both windows behind them shatter simultaneously. The child ducks to avoid the glass, and Tack and Slime are briskly tackled to the ground.

As two agents put the men in handcuffs, the team leader, wearing a badge with a skull on it, scoffs at the gangsters as she walks past.

TEAM LEADER

(To her agents)

Would you believe it? This evidently all powerful 'Z' figure trusts these two morons as his right hand men? Pitiful.

She approaches the child, and takes off her helmet, revealing the scarred face of a middle aged woman.

TEAM LEADER

(To the child)

You weren't supposed to be seen.

The child begins to sign language but is interrupted immediately.

TEAM LEADER (CONT'D)

But yes, I know- your risk paid off. Next time, just please stick to the plan that doesn't involve you almost getting an involuntary lobotomy via bullet. Super hearing doesn't make you omnipotent.

The child nods without saying a word, grabs the lighter and cigarette pack, and follows the agents out of the room as they're dragging Tack and Slime out. The woman sighs and puts back on her helmet as she follows.