

PAPERS

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. TOWNHOUSE - DEN - DAY

EDWARD, 64, a man of means, sits behind a large wooden desk. Pictures of him shaking hands with various important-looking people cover the walls around him.

He slides on a pair of eyeglasses.

EDWARD

Show traffic between here and
Anthony Landing.

The glasses flicker with the information. Edward sighs, checks his watch.

EDWARD

Guess I'll walk it.

He pulls on a pair of leather gloves, straightens a stack of papers, secures them with a nearby paper clip and slides them into a thick, black pouch.

Slipping the gloves off, he stuffs them into his pocket.

EXT. TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Edward steps from the townhouse and is immediately met by a flying BOT.

He calmly holds his arms out, pouch in hand.

The Bot scans Edward: TEMP, Normal. WEAPONS, None. STATUS, Clear. TRAVEL, Allowed.

The scan of Edward's pouch initially shows red, then changes to: AUTHORIZED.

The Bot BEEPS and Edward, approved, walks on.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

An ANDROID, stiff in movement, stands at the end of the dock, the gatekeeper for a nearby ferry.

Edward approaches.

ANDROID

Thirty-seven credits, please.

Edward shakes his head.

EDWARD
Initiate transfer. Thirty-seven
credits.

The Android BEEPS acceptance, looks at Edward's folder.

ANDROID
All carry-on items must be
searched.

EDWARD
It's an authorized diplomatic
pouch. Subject to no search.

The Android looks it over.

ANDROID
Verified. Enjoy your trip.

Edward boards the ferry.

EXT. FERRY DECK - DAY

Edward leans against a rail, watches the water.

EDWARD
Activate maps. Show location.

A light blips on his glasses.

AMOS (O.S.)
You don't know where you are?

AMOS, 63, commoner, slides next to Edward.

EDWARD
The world changes quickly.

AMOS
That it does.

The men stare at the water in awkward silence.

AMOS
It's Lake Ontario, you know?

EDWARD
Yes. I know.

More silence. Then...

AMOS

Thirty years, not even a hug?

No reaction from Edward.

AMOS

You always were one cold son of a bitch.

A SECURITY BOT approaches, scans the men.

AMOS

We're fine.

Satisfied, it moves on.

Edward adjusts his glasses.

Looking through them, he sees: A line -- drawn "virtually" across the water. The ferry crosses the line.

EDWARD

Welcome to Canada. Ever been?

Amos shakes his head.

EDWARD

Toronto's a great city. There's this little bakery on Trudeau Street. Great croissant.

AMOS

That's why we're meeting here? So you can get a croissant?

Edward looks around. They're relatively alone. He slips on the gloves, opens the pouch, pulls out the papers.

Amos laughs.

AMOS

Paper? God, Dad was stuck in the past.

EDWARD

Paper was my idea. Felt right for the moment.

AMOS

You sure got there quick -- to his lawyer.

Edward slips off the paperclip, hands the papers to Amos.

Amos reads.

EDWARD
Left you everything.

Amos looks up.

AMOS
Turns out being an unrepentant
asshole has consequences. He
suffered a lot, you know, at the
end.

EDWARD
Okay.

AMOS
Okay? I'm saying, you weren't
there.

EDWARD
I know.

Frustrated, Amos flips to the last page, continues reading.
He doesn't notice as Edward fumbles with the paperclip.

AMOS
I didn't ask for this.

Edward pushes from the rail.

EDWARD
Guess that finishes things between
us.

AMOS
Just like that? Hello, goodbye?

Edward holds his arms out.

EDWARD
Fine. We'll hug.

He wraps Amos in an embrace.

Behind Amos' back, Edward raises his hand and pricks his
brother's neck with the paperclip.

Amos pushes away, staggers.

Almost immediately, he foams at the mouth and drops to the
deck. Dead. The papers scatter to the wind.

The SECURITY BOT races over, scans Amos' body: STATUS, dead.

More BOTS and onlookers surround Edward and the body.

The Security Bot scans the paperclip in Edward's hand:
WEAPON, found. SUBSTANCE CONFIRMED, poison.

The Bot scans Edward. It BEEPS.

BOT
Guilty. Identify.

Edward holds out an I.D. card.

BOT
Edward Cole. Diplomat. United
States. Stand by for processing.

The Bot BEEPS.

BOT
Immunity granted.

The Bots scatter, return to their duties.

Edward looks at the gathered crowd.

EDWARD
Beautiful day for a croissant, yes?

He turns, tosses the gloves into the water and leans against
the rail.

Edward, emotionless, watches the water.

FADE OUT.