

NEON REQUIEM

Written by the Resilience Story Room.

FADE IN — PAGES 1 THROUGH 4 OF A 108-PAGE FEATURE.

EXT. LOWER ANNEX — NIGHT — RAIN

Rain the colour of old signage. The kind of rain a city stops apologising for. Steam ghosts from a subway grate. A single neon crucifix flickers above a 24-hour noodle window. The word BELIEVE stutters, dies, comes back BLEV.

A body lies face down in the crosswalk. Very expensive shoes. No one steps around it. They step over it.

CAMERA TILTS UP. Fifty storeys of advertising. A woman's face, ninety feet tall, is smiling at us. She is the mayor's daughter. She has been dead six years.

EXT. LOWER ANNEX — NOODLE WINDOW — CONTINUOUS

MERA VAUGHN, 38, coat wet through, eats standing up. She has been on shift for nineteen hours and she is winning. The kind of winning that leaves marks.

A boy, maybe twelve, appears at her elbow. He does not look at her. He looks at the body in the crosswalk.

BOY

He's still bleeding.

MERA

(not looking)

He's a corpse. Corpses don't.

BOY

He is.

Mera looks. The boy is right. The blood is running the wrong direction on the asphalt — away from the body, toward a storm drain lit blue from beneath. Mera puts down her chopsticks.

MERA

How old are you.

BOY

Twelve.

MERA

You've seen a lot of bodies, twelve.

BOY

In this weather? Yeah.

Mera crosses to the body. Her badge is under her coat. She does not show it. She kneels. She turns him over.

It is the mayor. Not the daughter. The mayor. Alive on every screen above them, still smiling on rotation. In her hand, dead, he is still warm.

EXT. LOWER ANNEX – WIDE – MOMENTS LATER

The rain does not stop. It never has. Somewhere above the smiling ninety-foot dead woman, a helicopter passes over, spotlight on the wrong block.

MERA

(to the boy, quiet)

You never saw him. You never saw me. You go home. You eat something warm. Nod.

The boy nods. He is not scared. That's the part that bothers her.

BOY

You're going to fix it?

MERA

I'm going to know it. Fixing it comes second.

She stands. The boy has gone. The storm drain below the body glows blue. It should not.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MERA'S APARTMENT – NIGHT

A single window. A single lamp. A wall of newsprint pinned into the plaster, six years deep. At the centre of the wall, the ninety-foot smile from the crosswalk billboard – printed small, circled once in red pen.

Under it, one word, hand-lettered:

REQUIEM.

OVER BLACK – TITLE CARD:

NEON REQUIEM

CUT TO:

Every feature ships as a fully industry-formatted 90–120 page screenplay in Final Draft (.fdx) and PDF. Sample © Resilience Multimedia Studios.