

(Intro) Simple Jazz music plays

Scene 1- Douglas' bedroom

SFX: *Birds are chirping and covers are ruffling. The bed creaks, Douglas yawns and is followed by the bed thumping. Jazz music plays.*

DOUGLAS

Same old morning. Lying down in my bed contemplating how shitty my life is. It's more exciting than the normal life of a seventeen-year-old, but if I had the opportunity to send this mansion crumbling down, preferably with my parents still inside, I'd take it in a heartbeat. Then I'd finally be able, to live life to the fullest, the way I want it to. But, I have to settle for lying in bed before someone drags me out of it.

SFX: *James is whistling, and there are quick footsteps on the floor. Douglas groans. A door swung open.*

DOUGLAS

Good morning father.

JAMES

Douglas! Morning kid, now I know that you've been struggling with your tech. Dr. Bellum's been complaining about it, and your mother wants you ready for the Kambo job. So, I had this idea: what if you were taught by Andre?

DOUGLAS

And Andre is?

SFX: *James paces around the room.*

JAMES

Oh yeah, one of those orphans we brought in for test subjects. Turns out one of them was a tech genius. He gave me these little drones that are perfect for torturing people for information, Makes em scream like banshees! He's around your age, figured that might be easier than Dr.Bellum.

DOUGLAS

So, why have I never heard about him?

SFX: *James laughs.*

JAMES

Oh, your mother absolutely, positively, hates him. He's not the most... refined operative. Anyway, get dressed and meet me at the landing pad.

DOUGLAS
(Muttering)

Of course, it has to be right now.

Scene 2- Regalia Helicopter

SFX: *Helicopter blades spin and the copter lands.*

JAMES

Aight, Andre should be in the last room on your right. Now, I gotta bounce. Got some heads to chop off and all—later kid.

SFX: *The helicopter fades in.*

DOUGLAS

Might as well get this shit over with.

Scene 3- Training Lab

SFX: *A door opens and footsteps. The door closes. Douglas hears loud snoring. Douglas sniffs and then gags.*

DOUGLAS

Sleeping on the job, how professional. This pungent piece of trash is Andre?

SFX: *Douglas snaps impatiently. Andre groans and starts to stir. Andre yawns.*

DOUGLAS

Good morning, I take it that you are Andre? Thank you for the opportunity to tutor me, I greatly appreciate-

ANDRE

Damn, you look more like a tool than I thought.

SFX: *Douglas sucks his teeth in. He cracks his knuckles*

Transition: Clock ticking.

SFX: *Small metal tools click and clack. Douglas grunts in frustration.*

ANDRE

For fuck's sake, is it really that hard for you to disassemble a pistol?

DOUGLAS

People have their talents, this just... isn't mine.

SFX: *A piece of metal hits the table. Douglas yells and Andre scoffs.*

ANDRE

Yeah no shit, you haven't done a single thing right since you got here. I don't even know why you're still trying to learn tech stuff. Just leave it to the professionals.

DOUGLAS

Oh, I love wasting hours of my life listening to your asinine, little comments.

SFX: *Andre sighs.*

ANDRE

Let's take a break, we aren't getting anywhere anyway.

SFX: *Metal goes on the table. The light buzzes softly and slowly.*

ANDRE

Your parents are dumbasses.

SFX: *Douglas chuckles—the chair squeaks.*

DOUGLAS

I'm sure they would love to hear that. Maybe you should say it to their face.

ANDRE

What, need mommy and daddy to vouch for you? Your family can't go a second without mentioning that they're the heads of Regalia.

DOUGLAS

Ha, in all honesty. I have no desire to inherit this goddamn organization anymore. At this point, it's a suffocating cloud of ash that's squandering my potential. If I got my way, I would burn it all to the ground and leave.

ANDRE

Huh, interesting...

SFX: *Fingers tapping on the table.*

ANDRE

Say that you get your wish. Parents, associates, everything related to the Regalia criminal empire, just poof – gone forever! What would ya do?

DOUGLAS

Easy, thievery, start small then move up to the more extravagant. I can get whatever I want, whenever I want.

ANDRE

Still going on the criminal path, huh?

DOUGLAS

Or what? Be some miserable, underpaid bartender? I might as well use my skills for something enjoyable. What about you?

ANDRE

Uh, I dunno really. Break into people's bank accounts until I can live a comfortable life? Never really thought about that. I assumed I'd be dead by now, to be honest.

DOUGLAS

Well, if that miracle ever happens you could work with me. There's always a use for someone with your skills. Granted, you'd have to properly shower and groom yourself. Also, your attitude, I'd known you for a little over an hour and I already thought about strangling you.

ANDRE

Fuck, you're a fusion of your parents. Highly critical with a mix of a love for casual violence.

SFX: *Douglas scoffs. Metal slides back and forth on the table.*

DOUGLAS

That's what happens when your mother's family has been in the criminal underworld for generations. And my father is, well, you know.

ANDRE

A fucking psycho.

SFX: *Douglas laughs.*

DOUGLAS

That's an understatement.

ANDRE

Oh yeah, what about your sister? What was her name, Cynthia?

SFX: *The buzz of the lights and breathing.*

DOUGLAS

I would... rather not talk about that.

ANDRE

Uh, shit, sorry. If it feels better, I don't give a fuck about family either. Mostly because I don't really know mine. Just got dragged here as a test subject and knowing shit about tech saved me from being dead or some deformed amalgamation. Hell, might've preferred that over this.

DOUGLAS

How so?

SFX: *Andre sighs and taps on the table.*

ANDRE

I mean, I'm just going through the motions at this point. My life's already at rock bottom. It's not gonna get any better, what's the point in hoping for the future?

SFX: *Silence for a pause.*

DOUGLAS

Well... this has been an interesting conversation, but we should probably get back to the lesson.

ANDRE

Nah, I can't watch more of that trainwreck. And it was more fun bitching about this dumbass organization. We should do more of that next time, you're less of a tool than I thought. Also here.

SFX: *Andre tosses something. It lands in Douglas' hands.*

DOUGLAS

And you tossed me this toolkit for?

ANDRE

We're meeting same time next week. Use that kit to... at least try to disassemble that pistol. That's your homework.

DOUGLAS

Huh, You're giving me homework?

ANDRE

Might as well at least pretend that we're doing shit.

DOUGLAS

Fine, if I'm doing homework, you're taking a shower.

Scene 4- Regalia Helicopter

SFX: *Helicopter blade spinning. Douglas steps in, and it takes off.*

DOUGLAS

Evening mother.

CLEO

Progress report.

DOUGLAS

Today was primarily assembling and disassembling materials. I feel more confident in the Kambo operation now.

CLEO

How did that rat do better than the Doctor?

DOUGLAS

Andre is noticeably clearer in instruction.

SFX: *Cleo huffs.*

CLEO

So your father's inane idea actually worked. Well, Andre's competency is his only redeeming quality, I suppose it is not as farfetched as I thought. You can continue, just to satisfy your father.

DOUGLAS

Thank you, mother.

SFX: *Soft Jazz music plays.*

DOUGLAS

(Monologue)

Somehow, that grimy, vulgar little weasel was the best conversation I had with another human being in a long time. It was some weird taste of freedom I hadn't experienced in a long time. I wouldn't mind partnering with him on a caper or... an escape plan. He'd be useful in shutting down security and defense systems. All I need to do is just persuade him to leave with me. Easy enough.

