

EVOLUTION

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY

SAMMY KERCHAK (25) sits in a stark, white room. He wears a white jumpsuit that blends into the surroundings. His pale complexion and sunken eyes show a lack of vitamin d. The sun is but a distant memory for him.

Nothing but a table and two chairs decorate the empty, concrete room.

One corner houses a security camera, in another corner sits an electronic device that looks odd and out of place.

A heavy steel door unlocks, it groans as it swings open.

DR. SEBASTIAN LETTLE (48) enters the room, he wears a tailored suit, one afforded by those in his position. He carries a brown leather briefcase and sets it on the table.

DR. LETTLE

Hello Sammy, how are we this morning?

SAMMY

You know doc, I was thinking, I need a bigger room, maybe something with an ocean view.

DR. LETTLE

After all this time we've spent together, I had no idea you enjoyed the ocean.

SAMMY

That's because you have no idea.

DR. LETTLE

Not a truer statement if I've ever heard one, but as we all know sometimes truth is stranger than fiction.

Dr. Lettle removes a recorder from his briefcase along with a thick file. Sammy Kerchak in big bold letters are scribbled on the top.

Pressing the REC button, he places the recorder along with the file on the table, a red light indicates recording has begun.

DR. LETTLE (CONT'D)

Now Sammy, today will be a little different. They'll be no tests, no psych evaluations, today will be simple. I just want you to relax and tell me, from the beginning, the start of you genetic malfunction.

SAMMY

C'mon doc, we've been down this road before. What, you and your crack-pot team run out of fun activities?

DR. LETTLE

Humor me, just for today?.

SAMMY

Well, I guess it's better than the. *"Have you ever had sexual encounters of the 3rd kind."* Type of questions.

DR. LETTLE

That's strictly a formality.

The two share a brief smile, as Sammy gets ready to recant his life.

SAMMY

Well, where do I start...

DR. LETTLE

How about the beginning.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Sammy (9) plays in a sandbox, he builds a castle that resembles more an obelisk with a trench.

Two shadows glide over the creation and stop at its apex.

Sammy looks up to see two kids (12) looming over him.

KID#1

What you doing freak?

Sammy shrugs and continues to pat the soft sides of his standing creation.

KID#1 (CONT'D)

I asked you a question.

The other kid stomps all over the castle and then kicks sand in Sammy's face.

KID#2
Nice castle.

Sammy brushes the sand off his face and starts to build the castle again, kid#1 steps on Sammy's hand pinning it on the sand.

Sammy looks up to the bully.

SAMMY
Your nose is scared.

KID#1
What? What the hell does that mean?

SAMMY
It doesn't want to bleed.

The kids look to each other and let out a laugh.

SAMMY (CONT'D)
Your dad made it bleed.

The kid looks to Sammy in disbelief.

KID#1
Who told you?

SAMMY
I can see it.

Sammy extends his free hand and scratches at the air with his finger.

Suddenly a crimson line streaks from the kids nose and starts to drip onto the wet sand.

He grabs his nose in pain and looks to his stained hands.

KID#1
What you do to me?

He quickly backs away from Sammy and almost trips on the sand.

SAMMY
I didn't, remember? Your dad did.

KID#2
I told you he was a freak.

The kids hurriedly leave, Sammy looks to the drops of crimson seeped into the sand.

INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - ROOM - DAY

DR. LETTLE

Did you make his nose bleed Sammy?

SAMMY

I wasn't sure, back then.

DR. LETTLE

And now?

SAMMY

You know I did.

DR. LETTLE

Did you enjoy it? Do you think it was justifiable?

SAMMY

Honestly, it scared the shit out of me.

DR. LETTLE

In your own words, tell me, what does your genetic malfunction allow you to do?

(beat)

SAMMY

Have you ever cut yourself?

DR. LETTLE

Not on purpose, but accidents do happen.

SAMMY

Well it's like this. Each scar, faded by time or faded by memory leaves it's stain. Kinda like stains on a carpet, they can fade, disappear, but underneath, the evidence always remains. I just bring it to the surface.

DR. LETTLE

So I'm to understand you can open old wounds?

SAMMY

Scars, cuts, burns, anything. I can open every wound you've ever suffered, all at once.

DR. LETTLE

It didn't stop there did it Sammy?

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

The high school is in full swing for prom, students go about their daily lives, the cool kids have their dates and the not so cool try to track down attractive cousins to take with them.

Sammy eats in the lunchroom, a few friends surround him as they talk among each other in an incomprehensible murmur.

Sammy looks to another table, a beautiful blonde girl sits with her clique as they chat about what most high school girls chat about in suburbia.

Sammy gets up from the table and approaches. RACHEL DAWSON (17) eats with her friends.

Rachel notices Sammy and looks towards him.

SAMMY

Hey, Rachel.

Sammy looks back to his friends, they all watch in anticipation.

RACHEL

Hey.

SAMMY

I was wondering... if you don't already have a date for prom, maybe you'd like to go with me?

Rachel looks at her friends and they start laughing.

She turns back to Sammy and eyes him coyly.

RACHEL

Sure Sammy, I'll go with you.

SAMMY

Really? That's great! I mean, ya alright, that's cool.

Rachel looks to her friends and they snicker in unison.

Rachel's Jade colored eyes lock with Sammy's.

RACHEL

Why don't we meet here after school
and I can give you a few pointers?

SAMMY

Ya, alright.

Sammy starts to walk back to his friends in complete bewilderment.

Just then Rachel stands up on the table.

RACHEL

Excuse me everyone?

The lunchroom settles down and all the kids turn towards Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Sammy just asked me to prom, and I
said yes, but only to give him a
few seconds of the happiest he will
ever be. Next time you try and
embarrass me, just remember, dogs
have been put down for far less.

Everyone in the lunchroom starts to laugh. Even his friends can't help themselves.

Sammy turns to Rachel, his jaw clenched tightly, his face burning from the embarrassment.

He thrusts his hand towards Rachel.

She laughs along, proud of her wit, but then her laughing ceases as tears start to streak down her face, she breaks down and starts to shriek.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Mom, no mom, why? Why did you have
to leave us?

She sobs uncontrollably and collapses onto the table.

INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - ROOM - DAY

SAMMY

I can tell ya doc, no one
remembered me being rejected that
day.

DR. LETTLE

So you went from opening superficial wounds to opening emotional wounds?

SAMMY

Something like that. Don't get me wrong though, I did feel bad about that one, but I realized then I could control emotion, just not my own.

DR. LETTLE

You seem to be making progress Sammy, normally you shut down and it's very difficult to get answers from you.

SAMMY

What can I say? Today's different doc. Things are gonna change.

DR. LETTLE

That's very true, we're moving you to a more advanced facility today, that's why we're recording our session. So the doctors there will have some idea of what they're dealing with.

SAMMY

Awe doc, and here I thought we were friends.

DR. LETTLE

We are Sammy, I want you to know that.

Dr. Lettle flips through the file and lands on a page with a gruesome photo of a man who seems to have been put through a meat grinder.

DR. LETTLE (CONT'D)

Now tell me about Mr. Sanders.

SAMMY

You mean, the reason I'm holed up in this joint? He got what he deserved, If I hadn't done what I did, it would've been me lying in my own excrement.

DR. LETTLE

You murdered a man.

Sammy Scoffs.

SAMMY

If I was anyone else it would've
been chalked up to self-defence.
But of course, the government can't
have people like me running around.
Can't bite the hand that feeds,
ain't that right?

DR. LETTLE

I suppose, but this isn't something
I wanted for you, help us
understand, we've done many tests.
Your psyche and DNA are no
different then the rest of us. Can
you explain it?

SAMMY

Can you explain why you walk on two
legs and not four?

DR. LETTLE

We walk on two legs because our DNA
diverged from the great ape family
millions of years ago. Are you
saying you're the next step in
evolution?

SAMMY

It all has to start with one.

DR. LETTLE

We have many mutants in this
facility, you know that. The
electronic inhibitors suppress your
genetic malfunctions. Malfunctions
are not part of evolution.

Dr. Lettle points to the corner with the strange electronic
device.

SAMMY

Sure, you could say that. Or maybe
I've just been biding my time.

Dr. Lettle shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

DR. LETTLE

We seem to getting off topic.

SAMMY

What's the matter doc? Don't tell
me you're getting scared.

DR. LETTLE
I'm not the enemy here Sammy.

Sammy's demeanor changes, he snaps at the good doctor.

SAMMY
Then who is?

DR. LETTLE
Maybe we should take a break.

SAMMY
Why Sebastian, you just took a
break didn't you? How was your
vacation? Cut your foot on the
beach?

Dr. Lettle looks down to his foot, and wiggles his big toe.

DR. LETTLE
I don't think my holidays have
anything to do with what we are
trying to achieve here.

SAMMY
I think it does. Something happened
while you were gone. You see I've
been waiting, waiting for something
or some way to get out of here. I
knew I could try and fight my way
out, but taking people one on one
wouldn't really work, might get
past the first couple, but then I
would end up in a padded room with
not even a window. But then it
happened.

DR. LETTLE
What happened Sammy?

The doctor looks shaken, he swallows hard, he knows something
isn't right.

Sammy cocks back and slams his own head into the table.

He straightens himself and looks at Dr. Lettle

A few moments later blood streams down the doctors face,
while Sammy is left unscathed.

SAMMY
Evolution doc.

Dr. Lettle grabs his head in agony, trying to staunch the flow of blood.

DR. LETTLE
Sammy please.

SAMMY
I've liked you Sebastian, so I
ain't gonna kill ya. But I'm only
gonna ask once, who runs the freak
show?

INT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - HALLWAY - DAY

Alarms and lights strobe through the hallway as Sammy calmly walks down the corridor.

Two soldiers come around a corner armed with automatic weapons and military gear.

Sammy thrusts his hand towards the two and they both crumple, one grabs his head and starts to relive some horror in his life, the other starts to choke on blood, his leg and arm, bent at impossible angles.

Sammy hovers over one of the soldiers.

SAMMY
That car was going pretty fast,
wasn't it? Don't worry you'll be
fine.

Sammy bends down and retrieves a sidearm from the soldiers belt, he cocks it, takes the safety off and walks away.

Sammy wanders down a few more corridors and exits the facility.

EXT. GOVERNMENT FACILITY - DAY

Before him, fifty armed men taking cover behind numerous vehicles have their weapons trained on Sammy.

A man on a bullhorn calls out.

MAN
(Filtered)
Surrender yourself, there is no way
out. Place your hands on your head
and drop to your knees.

Sammy slowly retrieves the gun hidden in his pants, he is careful not to hold the gun in an aggressive manner.

MAN (CONT'D)

(Filtered)

Toss the gun away from you and get on the ground.

Carefully, Sammy takes the gun and presses the barrel against his own head, he places his finger on the trigger.

SAMMY

No one has to die today. Let me pass, and I'll let you go home to your wives.

MAN

(Filtered)

We can't do that Sammy, make this easy on yourself and surrender.

Sammy loses what little calm he had left.

SAMMY

Easy? Being held without trial, without reason is easy? I haven't seen the sun since the day I was arrested, I don't even know how long I've been here.

MAN

(filtered)

You're important to us Sammy, we are only trying to help you.

SAMMY

I'm not going back, you know I can kill, if I pull this trigger, You'll all die. So please, don't make me do this.

MAN

(filtered)

The choice is yours, either way, you're going back.

Sammy cringes, he doesn't know what to do.

SAMMY

Please, I don't want to be the monster you think I am.

Sammy drops to his knees and sobs, the gun held firmly against his temple,

The man on the bullhorn signals forward and four armed men approach Sammy with a restraint jacket.

SAMMY (CONT'D)

No, please, stay back, I don't want
to do this! No!

Sammy closes his eyes, everything goes quiet, he pulls the trigger and only the deafening shot is heard, the fifty men suddenly slump as they all suffer a bullet wound to the head.

Sammy moans in the realization of what he has done, tears stream down his face as an uncontrollable rage washes over. He is the monster they said he was.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Sammy stands at the waters edge, the water gently laps at his bare feet as the magnificent sun slowly dips into the North Pacific.

FADE OUT: