

Abnormal

By

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Divinity Films

INT. GAS STATION STORE - NIGHT

THE SCREAM OF A WOMAN PIERCES THROUGH THE SMALL AISLES.

GUNMAN

Get down. Now!

A MAN slowly rises behind the snack aisle with a snack bag in his mouth. Behind the aisle, he is seen with the entire shelf stock of the same snack occupying his arms.

GUNMAN

Open it!

CLERK

I can't! I already triggered the silent alarm. It locks shut after.

GUNMAN

Son of a bitch!

The man squints his eyes as he stares at the robber and the clerk at the counter. He drops the bag from his mouth into the boxes and returns them to the shelf.

The man walks around the aisle towards the counter.

MAN

You two are just ridiculous.

The gunman quickly turns to face the man with his gun.

GUNMAN

Get down on the floor, now!

MAN

You keep failing.

The gunman looks at the man confused.

MAN

First of all,
(looks at the clerk)
You told the man robbing you and pointing a weapon at you that you hit the silent alarm. Why do you think they call it a silent alarm?

The clerk stares at the man stunned. The man turns to the gunman.

MAN

And you... You're standing here complaining when this fool just told you he hit the silent alarm. Every second you're here is less time you have to get at least fifteen miles away from here before the officers show up and arrest you like we've seen so many times on these "world's dumbest criminals" shows. If you are are going to hang out, at least jack some of this stuff that could be useful. They got tire gauges. Gas cans. Oil. Shoot, if I was robbing this place I'd grab some food for the road. I honestly wonder if anyone thinks their plan through these days.

GUNMAN

Who the hell are you? You a cop?

MAN

(laughs)

You think I could be a cop? Hmm. Well I'm not a cop. My name is Simian... and I'm glad you mentioned Hell. Why don't you tell me what it's all about?

Simian removes a package of box cutter blades from the small items hook on the counter. He opens the package and removes one of the blades.

He stares at the gunman for a moment. His eyes turn from still to wide and intense. Simian swiftly tosses the blade into the gunman's neck.

The gunman drops his gun and falls to the ground grasping the blade to remove it, yet only slicing his fingers. He howls in agony.

SIMIAN

Yeah, I know it hurts. You won't have to worry about that much longer. Live you learn right?

Simian smiles as he turns to the clerk who stands frozen staring at the gunman on the floor. Simian approaches the counter.

SIMIAN

You know next time,
 (removes another blade)
 which there unfortunately won't be,
 but if there was... act before you
 act. To handle such issues that
 could certainly hurt business, you
 need to stop them before they do.
 But, it's too late.

Simian smiles graciously as he swipes the blade across the clerk's neck. As the clerk falls forward, Simian grabs him and a screwdriver nearby. He slams the clerk onto the screwdriver and tosses him back against the wall.

He retrieves cash from his wallet and places it on the counter.

Simian turns and walks beside the gunman on the ground. He picks up the gun.

SIMIAN

Better not let this go to waste.

He fires a single shot into the gunman's head.

SIMIAN

Someone was going to be shot in
 here.

Simian drops the gun on the gunman's chest and heads back to the snack aisle. He picks up a snack bag and places it in his mouth as he lifts the two boxes of snacks he held before.

Simian heads out of the gas station store. The woman on the floor slowly lifts her head. Her eyes wide in shock and fear.

EXT. PUBLIC ROAD - NIGHT

The flashing and twirling lights of a squad car reflect in the side view mirror as the DRIVER watches the OFFICER approach.

The driver turns to his FRIEND, a young woman in the passenger seat.

DRIVER

Shit. I don't have my license with
 me.

The officer reaches his window.

OFFICER

You know you were going faster than the speed limit? It's sixty here.

DRIVER

Yes, sir I apologize.

OFFICER

Do you have a license and insurance?

DRIVER

Umm, actually I think I might have left it at home, but I do have one officer. I was actually heading home right now. I realized I forgot it.

The officer looks around the car interior with his flashlight. He shines light on his passenger. She squints from the direct light.

SIMIAN

If you spend too much time with them, you'll miss your quota officer.

The officer quickly turns to see a DARK SILHOUETTE behind him leaning back against the vehicle. His identity obscured by the bright lights from the squad car.

OFFICER

Excuse me, sir, I'm going to have to ask you to please step away.

SIMIAN

It's too bad I had to ruin your routine procedure. You were doing it so well too. I don't think she likes the bright light in her eyes. I don't think it's helping you either is it?

OFFICER

Sir, I will not ask you again-

SIMIAN

(turns facing officer)

That's right. You won't ask me again. I don't think you'll have your flashlight with you where you're going. And it's pretty dark.

OFFICER

Hey-

Through the driver's window the officer is thrust and becomes completely still. His upper body arches disproportionately to his lower half as a tire iron protrudes through his chest out through his back.

The driver and his friend watch frozen. The officer is moved oddly as a hand presses against his chest and the tire iron removed from the officer. He falls to the ground.

DRIVER

H-Holy shit!

The driver nearly leaps into the passenger side seat to his friend as they both stare in horror.

Simian steps into view through the window. He shines the flashlight into the car below their eyes.

SIMIAN

Haven't you had enough of your time wasted? It's friday night, don't spend it here with me.

Simian smiles as the two appear in shock at the sight of him. Simian shines the light over a bottle tucked beside the driver's friend. He looks at it closer.

SIMIAN

You want to know something interesting about me?

Simian continues to stare at the sight of the bottle without blinking.

SIMIAN

I have great senses. Something that I was blessed with... from the most horrible accident you could imagine. It all began with the last beer. And I can smell one a mile away. In your breath. So clear.

In the faint light, Simian appears as a frightening sight as he stares back at them.

SIMIAN

All began, with the first ones I killed. Without trying. Such a good family. All because of that poison. Changed us both didn't it? All

SIMI
SIMIAN
began then, and it doesn't end with
you.

Simian grins as he slowly turns his eyes up to the two. His smile freakish as the reflected light casts upward shadows upon his face.