NECESSARY EVIL

by

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EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

A simple two-story square structure located in a suburb heavy with trees. Fall colors. Many leaves on the ground.

About 50 CHILDREN - ranging in age from 10 to 16 - enjoy the recess period in small groups with kids their own age.

No electronic devices of any kind. Clothing is turn of the 20th Century. Some of the older boys smoke cigarettes.

All faces are WHITE. Only language being spoken is GERMAN.

We focus on ONE BOY - 11; sullen look - off to the side, leaning against the fence. An obvious loner, he’d rather be anywhere else.

ANOTHER BOY - 11; as imposing as a daffodil - taking long looks at the other kids as if studying them.

Soon, he spots the Sullen Boy, walks over to him.

Friendly Boy motions to a game of marbles taking place.

    FRIENDLY BOY
    (German; subtitled)
    How come you’re not playing?

    SULLEN BOY
    (German; subtitled)
    Games are stupid.

    FRIENDLY BOY
    Depends on the game.

This piques Sullen Boy’s interest.

    FRIENDLY BOY
    C’mon, I want to show you something.

    SULLEN BOY
    Show me here.

    FRIENDLY BOY
    I can’t.

Friendly Boy starts off toward a stand of trees. Sullen Boy doesn’t budge. Friendly Boy pauses, looks back:

    FRIENDLY BOY
    You coming, or are you afraid?
SULLEN BOY
I’m not afraid of anything.

Sullen Boy falls in step with Friendly Boy and they continue towards the treeline.

INT. WOODS – DAY

The two boys cross a stream by navigating over some rocks.

Friendly Boy stops, sighs.

FRIENDLY BOY
Do you like this place?

Sullen Boy looks around, unimpressed, and shrugs.

SULLEN BOY
It’s okay, I guess.
(beat)
What do you want to show me?

Friendly Boy goes to the base of a large rock, moves some leaves aside, and retrieves SOMETHING METALLIC, which he conceals with his jacket as he brings it to Sullen Boy.

FRIENDLY BOY
This.

Friendly Boy reveals...

A KNIFE. More specifically, a GERMAN DAGGER.

Sullen Boy instantly perks up.

SULLEN BOY
Where’d you get that?

FRIENDLY BOY
I took it from my father.

SULLEN BOY
Is it sharp?

FRIENDLY BOY
Very.

THUNK!

Friendly Boy STABS Sullen Boy in the center of his chest, thrusting the dagger all the way to its hilt.
Blood flows around the dagger like water flows around a big rock in the center of a river.

Sullen Boy can’t believe what’s happening. Looks down at the dagger in his chest, looks up into Friendly Boy’s eyes.

Friendly Boy has TEARS IN HIS EYES.

FRIENDLY BOY
I’m sorry. But I had to.

Friendly Boy pulls out the dagger, STABS Sullen Boy in the throat, skewering his neck all the way to the hilt.

Sullen Boy drops, gurgling on his own blood. Suddenly...

A HIGH-Pitched SCREAM!

From a 12-year-old GIRL standing with a few other kids on the other side of the stream. They witnessed the attack.

Friendly Boy takes off, running deeper into the woods.

Some of the other boys give chase.

CHASING BOY #1
(German; subtitled)
After him!

WITH THE CHASING KIDS - CLOSING THE DISTANCE

They emerge from the woods into a CLEARING only to see...

Absolutely nothing.

Friendly Kid is gone.

CHASING BOY #1
Where’d he go?

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Far more home tinkerer than professional laboratory. Filled with an assortment of weird devices and contraptions.

A MAN - mid-40’s - is frantically pushing buttons on something resembling a VERTICAL TORPEDO TUBE.

RED LIGHTS rapidly switching over to GREEN.

When the final light goes green, Man THROWS A LEVER, SPINS THE PRESSURIZED LOCK-OUT WHEEL, and OPENS THE TUBE’S DOOR.
A CLOUD OF MIST puffs out, followed by...

The Friendly Boy - FRESH BLOOD on the front of his clothing.

Man hugs him for all he’s worth. After a long embrace, he looks the boy in the eyes, as if asking a silent question.

Choking back tears, the boy nods.

**MAN**
I’m so proud of you. So proud.

**FRIENDLY BOY**
Have you looked?

**MAN**
(shakes his head no)
I waited for you.

Father and son walk over to a COMPUTER SYSTEM.

Father motions for the boy to sit at the keyboard.

**MAN**
You’re the hero.

**FRIENDLY BOY**
I don’t feel like a hero. I feel like a monster.

Man takes the boy’s face in his hands. One of those true father-son moments.

**MAN**
No. You stopped a monster.

The boy seems to accept this. He sits at the keyboard, brings up a search engine, types in...

**Adolf Hitler**

After a few moments, the search engine responds with...

**Your search for “Adolf Hitler” returned no results.**

**THE END**