

NEVER INNOCENT

by
Adrian Tullberg

adrian.tullberg@gmail.com

EXT. - PRIMARY SCHOOL DAY

A man, besuited, sunglasses, close-cropped haircut is waiting outside a parked sedan.

A kid, 6-7 year, is walking to the gates. He doesn't look too happy.

A MOTHER, waiting for her kids, leans over to the Man.

MOTHER
That's the kid.

MAN
Really?

MOTHER
Don't know why they let that
freak in with the rest of our
children.

The Kid looks up at the man.

KID
Phil!

The MAN (PHIL) breaks into a smile, and as what she's said sinks in, the MOTHER watches PHIL pick up the kid.

PHIL's jacket moves aside, revealing a SHOULDER HOLSTER AND AUTOMATIC.

PHIL moves to his car, giving the MOTHER a predatory grin as he secures the KID in the car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Both seated at the front, PHIL's attention is focussed ahead, sunglasses off.

PHIL
So mate, how was school?

KID/SEAN (NOT CONVINCING)
Okay.

PHIL
What happened.

SEAN
Andy tries to push me around.

PHIL
Did you do what I told you?

SEAN
Yeah. He screamed like a girl.

PHIL
Get in trouble?

SEAN
Not really.

PHIL
Not really? Either you did or you
didn't.

SEAN
After lunchtime, Miss Spence said
I was a ...ab a ab-bomb-in-a-tor-
in.

PHIL
An abomination.

SEAN
What's that?

PHIL
A monster.

SEAN looks down, resigned.

PHIL (TRYING TO ALLEVIATE THE MOOD)
You're a monster. A big scary
monster. With purple teeth and
wrinkly skin and ...

SEAN
Rahh!

PHIL mocks being scares, then retaliates

PHIL
Rurr!

SEAN laughs at this, then falls back into his introspective
mood.

SEAN
Phil?

PHIL
Yeah

SEAN
Am I different?

PHIL
Well ... Yeah. Sort of. Y' see,
everyone else was ... made one
way .. and you were made another.
That's it.

SEAN

Then why's Miss Spence calling me things?

PHIL

She's a fu - she's ... Stupid about that. (beat) Why don't you talk to your dad about this?

SEAN

Dr. Foster said he's not my dad. He's my older twin.

PHIL

Look mate, I'll talk to him.

SEAN

Can you talk to Mum?

PHIL

It's a bit difficult to talk to your mum right now (Beat) she's got religion.

SEAN

When's she going to get better?

PHIL (GRINS AT THIS)

Dunno. Look - you're the world's first clone. That means everyone in the world knows you. You're famous, like people on TV. That's why they pay me to look after you. You're important.

SEAN isn't convinced.

PHIL (CONT'D)

And you know what else? You get doctors to look after you for the rest of your life. Everybody else like me, we have to pay big bikkies to make sure that doctors look after us, but if you ever get sick, you get the world's best doctors on your case, for the rest of your life. Did I tell you when I broke my ...

SEAN (INTERRUPTING)

I have to have my tests again?

PHIL

Yeah. More tests.

They drive on in silence.

INT. CAR PARK

A dark cavernous car park. PHIL and SEAN are walking towards their car.

PHIL
You okay Mate?

SEAN
It doesn't hurt much anymore.

PHIL
That's good.

SEAN (SINGING)
We're a happy team at Hawthorn
...

PHIL
What happened to Collingwood?

SEAN
Hawks are winning.

PHIL
Little traitor.

SEAN (CONT'D)
... We're the mighty fighting
hawks ...

PHIL approaches his car, reaches in his pocket for the keys
...

SEAN
We love our club and we play to
win! Riding the bumps with a grin
...

TIGHTEN on PHIL'S HARDENING EXPRESSION

SEAN (O.S.)
At Hawthorn! Come what may,
you'll find us striving ...

ALL THE CAR'S TYRES ARE FLAT.

SEAN has stopped singing, picking up on PHIL'S mood, but not the cause.

PHIL (SOFTLY)
Keep singing.

They start walking away, PHIL holding SEAN'S hand, unbuttoning his suit jacket.

SEAN is starting to look scared, but still sings, as the pair walk carefully but surely to the other end of the car park. PHIL is glancing at every shadow, sound and movement, real and imagined.

SEAN

Team work is the thing that
talks. One for all and all for
one, is the way we play at
Hawthorn, we are the-

They stop as a VAN pulls up in front of them

PHIL draws his gun as the door opens, revealing FOUR MEN (Including the driver) in identical blue coveralls and black balaclavas. All have wooden clubs.

PHIL pushes SEAN behind him, levelling his gun -

- and GOES DOWN, hit from behind by another attacker. He staggers, then HIT AGAIN, his GUN DROPPING TO THE GROUND.

The ATTACKER KICKS the gun away under a nearby car while ANOTHER ATTACKER knocks PHIL to the ground.

The rest of them swarm around SEAN, who watches them with fear.

PHIL watches, expression filled with HORROR, as -

- the attackers are RAINING BLOWS down on SEAN. One of them is reading aloud from a book.

READER

Deus omnipotens, Pater Domini
nostri Jesu Christi, qui te
regeneravit ex aqua et Spiritu
Sancto ...

PHIL struggles, and get's a blow in the stomach for his trouble.

READER

... quique dedit tibe
remissionem omnium peccatorum,
ipse te liniat (crosses
himself)...

PHIL slumps - grabbing the leg of the man holding him, and HAULING.

His captor falls, BASHING his head on the car behind him.

The other attacker raises his club for another go, but PHIL blocks the weapon, KNEEING HIM in the groin while HEADBUTTING HIM.

READER

Accipe lampadem ardentem, et
irreprehensibilis custodi
Baptismum tuum: serva Dei
mandata, ut, cum Dominus venerit
ad nuptias, possis occurrere ei
una cum omnibus Sanctis in aula
caelesti, et vivas in saecula
saeculorum.

PHIL takes the club while limping towards the other three,
all intent in their assault.

READER

Vade in pace, et Dominus sit
tecum.

PHIL SMASHES one of them in the back of the head. While the
READER reacts, PHIL brings his club on the other's KNEE,
chopping him down. READER backs away as PHIL approaches
SEAN, picking up his GUN on the way.

PHIL slumps towards SEAN.

SEAN's eyes remain wide open.

Behind PHIL, one of the attackers picks up a discarded
CLUB.

PHIL

Thanks mate.

PHIL spins, aims, FIRES.

A BULLET WOUND blossoms in his right knee as the ATTACKER
goes down.

PHIL FIRES again, a second wound opening in his left knee.
The ATTACKER DROPPING his weapon.

PHIL FIRES once more, and the ATTACKER's cries of pain
reach HYPERSONIC as his groin transforms into a BLOODY
BULLET WOUND.

Ignoring the man, PHIL slumps next to SEAN's body.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

PHIL, bruised, stitched, on crutches, passes a MEDIA SCRUM
who SHOUT QUESTIONS as he passes, unresponsive.

INT. FUNERAL HOME

The hall is filled with professionals, none looking
mournful.

PHIL takes a seat a few rows from the front as the rest continue to fill the hall. Two women are talking behind him.

WOMAN #1

That bitch is going to get three publications from the autopsy alone. Just because her nephew's on the Board ...

WOMAN #2

Just make a statement with some decent soundbites out there, and you're guaranteed a spot on the review panel ...

PHIL stares at a doorway next to the podium. In the room, an impatient REVEREND is having MAKE-UP artfully applied.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME

PHIL is leaving the house, various people giving statements to reporters dotted on the lawn. A man intercepts him; fifties, very distinguished.

PHIL

Dr. Foster.

FOSTER

Mr. Morgan. I've arranged for one of these people to take a statement.

PHIL

Later.

FOSTER (NOT LISTENING)

A public statement by someone who witnessed those people ...

PHIL LURCHES AWAY.

FOSTER

Mr. Morgan!

PHIL ignores him as he heads to the car park.

END