

THE KILLERS

By

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SC.1. INT. DR ALISON MYERS' OFFICE. DAY

Extreme close up on DANIEL SAMMS, 35. Portrait of a nervous wreck. His eyes have the stare of a haunted man. His tongue licks at sweat formed like dew on his upper lip.

SAMMS

It's not my imagination Doctor, although after what I tell you I hazard a guess that you'll think it is. It's getting worse you see. When I was younger it was just the looks people gave me; the way they'd stare as if I was an alien, as if I didn't belong.

(then)

Have you ever felt like that?

Sitting across from Samms is Doctor ALISON MYERS, ice cool and blond. She gives a smile but it freezes before it can provide much comfort.

MYERS

Everyone feels alienation Mr. Samms, from time to time. I would say that's part and parcel of being human, wouldn't you.

SAMMS

No...No...you see this isn't just alienation. Oh I agree that at first it was. I mean maybe even at first it was a mild form of paranoia. I'll grant you that. But not this...this what I'm feeling now. Every minute of every waking hour.

(beat)

People want to kill me. They know I'm different you see. They can sense it. It's not anything deliberate on their part, just an innate ability to sniff out the unlike (LAUGHS) The ultimate in natural selection.

MYERS

Suppose you tell me how this...

SAMMS

Delusion? God please Doctor convince me this is a delusion. If you can do that you'll be worth every penny I'm paying you.

(CONTINUED)

Myers considers before continuing.

MYERS

....condition started.

SAMMS

You're very attractive you know that Doctor.

MYERS

Mr. Samms if you could confine yourself to...

SAMMS

(Interrupting)

Sorry, but you are. And the only reason I'm not shaking like a jelly and my insides aren't doing triple back flips at talking to you is because it's in a professional capacity. A girl...sorry, a woman like you, well I wouldn't normally be able to talk to in a million years.

MYERS

But your condition isn't merely related to women Mr Samms.

(Then)

Suppose you tell me how it started.

SAMMS

(Considering)

How it started...well it's not much of a once upon a time.

MYERS

Nevertheless.

SAMMS

I know, the clocks ticking. I've only got fifty minutes to brief you on your mission (SMILES) Should you choose to accept it.

(Then)

I was in my early twenties when it started. It didn't come on all at once, but gradually - until one day...it was like hitting a brick wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BLOCK. DAY / FLASHBACK

Samms, early twenties takes a long drag on his cigarette, blows out a stream of smoke.

In the distance he spies a cute, blond woman SALLY walking towards him. He pitches his cigarette out. We hear his HEARTBEAT quicken until it's almost deafening.

As Sally reaches him Samms offers a weak smile. Sally glares through him - uncomfortable at his attention. She continues inside the building.

SAMMS

(VO)

And that was the beginning.
Suddenly I had the feeling - *the*
sense - that people actively
disliked me.

Samms looks down at his feet.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE. DAY / FLASHBACK

Samms at his terminal - working on a spreadsheet. All around him colleagues are chatting, larking around.

SAMMS

(VO)

I'd always felt different. I
enjoyed my work. I didn't want to
sit around talking when the boss
was out. I suppose that helped to
single me out. But this new feeling
was so intense. So sudden. It was
as if my whole mind had been reborn
to a truth that had been invisible
to me before.

He looks up and catches the eye of a colleague who glares back before turning as he hears someone else's joke.

SAMMS

(VO)

Their laughter always sounded
hollow, false. Now that desert of
forced humour took on an unnerving
tone.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ALISON MYERS' OFFICE. DAY

Myers makes rapid fire notes on a pad. She looks up at the silence hanging in the air.

MYERS

Did you seek any help before this.

SAMMS

No. I didn't think I needed help. I mean, it didn't seem important. I thought, *I convinced myself*, that it was a phase I was going through. (LAUGHS) A phase. To be honest I didn't know what it was. Sometimes I'd think I was insane. That madness was slowly creeping up on me like a silent assassin. Knife at the ready.

Myers scribbles some more notes. She looks up - absent minded, thinking - giving Myers another forced smile.

SAMMS

It got to the point that I found it hard to look people in the eye, and if I did it was the briefest of glances, barely a glance at all. I started to wonder if there had ever been a time when I hadn't felt like this; that perhaps my years of feeling relatively normal were an illusion - my mind desperately grasping at a promised land.

MYERS

But what made you first suspect that people were trying to kill you.

SAMMS

Oh yeah, that day. It's emblazoned across my mind like a cartoon flash of lightening. I remember...

CUT TO:

INT. TUBE STATION EVENING. FLASHBACK

Samms stands at the front of a jostling crowd, near the edge of the platform. All around him faces and bodies jammed together, forming one moving chattering mass.

SAMMS

(VO)

I was at the tube station on my way home from work. I could hear the rumble of the train in the distance, feel the hot breeze brushing my skin as a prelude to its arrival.

Samms looks to his left - a man is standing next to him - tall, glasses, suit, typical business man - staring straight ahead - facing the tunnel wall. He turns slowly and assesses Samms with his eyes. No emotion. *Looking into him.*

SAMMS

(VO)

I turned to my right and there was this man from the accounts department. I saw him every day at work. I never knew his name. And we just stared at each other. He had penetrating eyes - *judging eyes.*

Their eyes meet - exaggerated - quick cut between the two in ECU.

Samms turns away, disturbed.

SAMMS

(VO)

And it was something in his stare. It was only a few seconds, the barest of glances and one I'd experienced every day. But on this day there seemed to be a malevolence about it. I knew, I just knew he wanted to kill me.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ALISON MYERS' OFFICE. DAY

Samms sweats profusely, beads of the stuff standing out on his brow - glistening jewels indicating the negative effect the memory's having on him.

(CONTINUED)

SAMMS

(VO)

And then then I felt him nudge
against me, trying to get *-not in
front - but behind me.*

He licks a bead of sweat from his upper lip.

SAMMS

(VO)

It was crazy. I remember thinking
that at the time. Although it
wasn't really a thought, more a
flash - a reaction to someone doing
something so out of the ordinary. I
remember thinking, people don't
push behind you, they push in front
of you.

CUT TO:

INT. TUBE STATION EVENING. FLASHBACK

The man edges slowly behind Samms, jostling other people out
of the way. Tuts and sighs and sour looks. Samms is aware of
this but he won't look behind. The grim pained look on his
face is his only acknowledgment.

He looks down. His feet are shuffling closer to the edge as
the man presses into his back.

SAMMS

(VO)

And then he started to nudge
against me. Just a nudge. A gentle
push in a crowd. But it was enough.

Samms feet are now almost at the edge.

The rumbling of the approaching train is louder now -
growing in intensity - louder - louder - Samms' hair starts
to ruffle in the wind of its approach.

And then from his POV we twist around - taking in the faces
of others in the crowd. Staring - accusing faces.

SAMMS

(VO)

And everyone's faces all suddenly
took on the same stare as his. They
were sniffing me out - they all
knew me for what I was. Knew I was

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SAMMS (cont'd)
different and now they were acting
as one trying, wanting to kill me
wanting to....

His POV grows frantic - fast - moving from face to face - a
mass of blurred skin tone.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ALISON MYERS' OFFICE. DAY

Samms - wide eyed - living in the flashback:

SAMMS
I could feel myself slipping. And
at the same time, in my peripheral
vision I saw the lights of the
train...and I knew...I knew I was
seconds away from death.

He's breathing heavy - the memory's happening to him - here
- now...

SAMMS
(Continued)
And at the last moment...at the
last moment...

CUT TO:

INT. TUBE STATION. EVENING. FLASHBACK

ECU of the train as it speeds into the station. The lights
reflected in Samms' terrified eyes.

With only seconds to spare the train reaches Samms as he
falls forward to slam against the hard metal of the
carriage.

Stunned he falls back to the platform, head bleeding. The
train doors swish open and the commuters step over him -
into the carriage - like he doesn't exist.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ALISON MYERS' OFFICE. DAY

Myers contemplates Samms. Weighing up what to say.

MYERS

An accident.

SAMMS

(Laughing)

An accident. Really Doctor. An accident. Is that your best diagnosis? (TO SELF) An accident.

MYERS

Mr. Samms believe me when I tell you that the mind is a the most powerful weapon any man has in his arsenal.

SAMMS

Doctor, as I said before, I wish you could - No, I wish you would convince me that this is all one big delusional fantasy that my subconscious mind's cooking up. But there have been too many other instances. Far too many to be laid at the door of coincidence and an overactive imagination.

MYERS

Mr. Myers this is a delusion I'm certain of that. I'm not going to lie to you, I don't have a magic wand. This won't go away overnight. But with concentrated effective treatment...

SAMMS

(Interrupting)

October 15th 2008. The date, place and time carved in stone. I can still see the time on the town hall clock...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGH STREET. DAY. FLASHBACK

We move down from a clock tower to Samms at a crossing stabbing at a button - impatient.

A steady stream of traffic passes him as he waits for the lights to change.

And then the BEEP-BEEP-BEEP. The green man. Safe to cross.

HE steps out onto the road as the traffic to his right slows to an impatient crawl before finally halting.

Suddenly the car nearest him revs - the sound of its engine predatory.

Behind the wheel an attractive brunette, late twenties, eyes fixed on him. Boring into him. The eyes of a killer. In close on these until they fill the screen; An image of Samms reflected in each.

SAMMS

(VO)

Her eyes were on me. Hunter and prey.

Samms throws himself out of the cars path as it makes a sudden move towards him, tyres skidding on tarmac.

Out of breath - shaking - he stares after the departing vehicle.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ALISON MYERS' OFFICE. DAY

Samms pulls himself to a sitting position. He notes Myers gaze - fixed on him.

SAMMS

Sometimes it can be the smallest of things. Someone leaving a wire trailing. A spillage of some poisonous liquid. And I avoid them, I have avoided them. But it's becoming so damned hard. Every day is a chore - wondering what evil they have in store for me - what plot they can hatch next.

Myers is becoming increasingly uncomfortable. There's something darker in her face now - a look - unnerving.

(CONTINUED)

SAMMS

(Continued)

It's becoming so damned hard. So damned hard to live because I'm a fully wound spring, only able to relax when I'm alone and I know - I know for certain that there's no possibility of....(NOTICING MYERS EXPRESSION). It's happening again. Of course I should have known that Psychiatrists aren't immune. You're people just like everyone else. And I knew, I knew it was a risk coming here but I needed to talk, to unload...

He starts to babble - words spilling out faster and faster

SAMMS

(Continued)

I needed to tell someone who might at least understand. (LAUGHS) But you don't do you, not really. Even now your subconscious is kicking in, sensing the difference, thinking up subconscious ways to eliminate me. With someone like you it'd be the wrong medication - or dosage - four tablets instead of two - four instead of two and then I'd be gone. The killers will win in the end, it's the law of nature - the law of...

MYERS

Mr Samms you're becoming hysterical.

SAMMS

(Laughs)

Don't you think I know that...don't you think...(PAUSES) It's just this power I have to see the truth. To see that everyone around me is a potential killer it's...

MYERS

(Raising her voice)

Mr. Samms you need help

(beat - then lowering)

That goes without saying, and I'm sure in time, with the right therapy I can help you. But in the meantime I'd like to prescribe...

(CONTINUED)

SAMMS

(In quick)

See. How can I trust anything you prescribe? How can I trust any tablet or medicine or course of therapy when you're in league with them. I can see it in your face. It's changed since I've come in here. Darkened in a way that wouldn't be perceptible to anyone else...but...

But Myers isn't listening - she's taken out a prescription pad - is busy flicking her pen across it. She finishes with a flourish of signature.

There's an intense EXAGGERATED RIPPING SOUND as she tears a sheet from the pad.

ECU of Samm's eyes - something SNAPS.

He jumps from the couch - rushes to the door - fumbles it open.

MYERS

Mr Samms! Mr Samms!

But Samms isn't listening, he's through the door - into the reception area.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. ALISON MYERS' RECEPTION AREA. DAY

A pretty blond receptionist, KAREN, - writing something on a board with - looks up as SAMMS runs past. For a second she merely stares in astonishment as he heads through the door and into the corridor. Then a *realisation* crosses her face and she jumps up - picking up a large piece of card from the table.

Myers appears in her office doorway. She takes in Karen - shrugs.

MYERS

Don't ask Karen, just don't ask.

From outside there's a TERRIBLE ECHOING SCREAM - loud then receding.

A DULL THUD.

Myers rushes into the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

CUT TO:

INT LIFT SHAFT. DAY / INT. CORRIDOR. DAY

Samms lays dead at the bottom of the shaft - a crumpled broken toy.

Myers stares down at him through the open lift doors.

She turns as Karen comes up behind holding a small piece of card.

KAREN

(Flustered)

The workman told me to...I was just finishing it off when he ran past and I wasn't thinking...Oh God I'm sorry...I'm sorry...

And she turns the card around.

Myers stares in horror at what's written there in bright red nail varnish:

DANGER: LIFT OUT OF ORDER - PLEASE USE STAIRS.

Both women turn as the lift doors trundle shut - closing the book on Mr. Daniel Samms.

THE END