Experimental Heroes

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

JAKE ROGERS, 28, a good looking man with brown hair dressed in casual clothes sits on a cot in a small prison cell.

Beside him is DAVE WHITE, an average looking man with similar casual wear on.

DAVE How did you get in this place?

JAKE You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

DAVE One of those stories, huh?

JAKE

It's just crazy, you know? One minute I was sitting in the park and the next I'm being interrogated by government officials trying to get me to confess.

DAVE

Confess what?

JAKE

I don't remember. They injected me with something and I blacked out and forgot.

DAVE You're being falsely imprisoned?

JAKE Yes. I think so. I don't know.

DAVE

You know how to get out of this, don't you... Confess to whatever they want.

JAKE

But it could also make it worse. I'm not willing to take that chance.

Dave nods, lies back on the cot and looks over at Jake.

2 Days Earlier...

EXT. BANK - FLASHBACK

Jake, dressed in a business suit exits the bank with a large bag in hand.

He looks around a couple times before getting into an awaiting taxi.

INT. TAXI -

The DRIVER, has a full beard and is smoking a cigar.

DRIVER Have you got it?

JAKE

Yes.

DRIVER You understand what you're about to do, right?

JAKE What has to be done.

DRIVER

Good.

The Driver takes the bag from Jake.

DRIVER In the trunk you will find a similar bag but instead of money it will have what you desire most.

JAKE How do I contact you?

DRIVER We never met. This was a one time thing.

Jake smiles and gets out.

INT. PRISON CELL - BACK TO

Dave now sits on the toilet with his pants around his ankles reading "Time" magazine.

Jake lays on the bed looking at the ceiling.

DAVE

How can you not remember how you got in here? I mean, I know what I did but you, you act like the government stole your memories of the past few days.

JAKE

Maybe the skeletons in my closet are just to much for me to handle at the moment. The last few days were supposed to launch my career...

DAVE

What career?

JAKE

Do you believe that certain people are chosen as saviors and deities of earth and what they do is for the good of humanity?

DAVE Nope, can't say that I do. Sounds kinda weird.

JAKE

A few days ago, that's what I would have said but I am one.

Dave stops reading and stares at him.

EXT. PARK -

Jake has his back against a tree with the bag beside him.

A man with his features fully covered sits behind him on the other side of the tree.

MAN I have a mission for you. We have a tip on a man who is working with rebels to start a world war and he has to be stopped.

JAKE Consider this revolution dead. Jake laughs. The Man gets up and leaves just as quickly.

INT. PRISON CELL -

JAKE

I'm sorry if I sound crazy. I'm perfectly normal most of the time but when I'm on a mission everyone dies.

DAVE Should you be telling me this?

JAKE

I'm already here and they know what I did. They are using me as a scapegoat but the joke is on them.

DAVE They are not the one sitting in jail awaiting trial.

JAKE I have a great lawyer... Wait, how do you know that?

DAVE

What?

JAKE That I'm awaiting trial.

DAVE Lucky guess, I guess.

Jake nods slowly.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -

The hallway is empty. Jake walks in the midst with a package in hand. He walks up to the lunch room and enters.

A minute later he exits and walks into a girl walking down the hall who keeps going.

Jake watches her disappear in an office at the end of the hall.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -

Jake exits the building.

He continues walking across the street and into a coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -

Jake sits at the window looking at the building across the street.

A waitress walks up to him.

WAITRESS May I take your order, sir.

Jake slowly looks up at her and smiles. He then ducks down.

JAKE

Duck.

Before she can speak and large explosion goes off and the windows blow inwards.

Shards of glass stick in the waitress killing her almost instantly.

Jake sits up and brushes himself off.

INT. PRISON CELL -

Dave takes his shirt off. His ribs and wrapped up with gauze.

JAKE What happened?

DAVE You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

He winks at Jake.

DAVE

So, you're the one who blew up that coffee shop?

JAKE

See everyone thinks I blew up some minimal mom and pop coffee shop when really it was the building across the road that was the target.

DAVE

I never knew about that.

JAKE

Some rich business man was involved in deals with a radical group trying to spark a war and he sits at the top of that building like God.

DAVE

So you blew out the supports and brought that building down killing everybody?

JAKE

Not exactly. I am new to this so I placed one large explosive device on the floor level thinking it would level the building but it only caused a minor earthquake if you will and killed a few people but not the guy I was targeting. That's why I'm in here. This is my punishment for failure.

DAVE

That sucks major man.

Dave grunts as he sits down.

JAKE Are you sure you're okay?

DAVE Yeah, it's just sometimes it stings a bit.

Dave stands up and stretches.

DAVE Will you help me with these? I need to apply some cream. JAKE Sure, man.

Jake helps Dave unwrap his ribs. A large burn scar is on his back and chest.

JAKE Those wounds look fresh.

DAVE They do? I hadn't noticed.

JAKE Who are you really?

DAVE Your target.

Dave grabs him around the throat and they fall onto the bed.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -

Jake exits the building. Dave, Clarice CLARICE WATSON, 30, a beautiful woman with long blonde hair and in her arms is a baby.

They walk down the hall toward the exit when the wall blows out firing debris and flames like bullets throughout the ground level.

Dave lays on the ground moaning and burnt.

Clarice lays beside him dead and the baby still in her arms burnt to a crisp.

INT. PRISON CELL -

Dave is on top of Jake choking the life out of him.

DAVE We were going to our anniversary dinner that night. You stole that from me.

JAKE (Muffled) I'm sorry. DAVE

You can never be sorry because you're sick. The real reason you're in here is because you are a terrorist... a psychopath and no government agency brainwashed you. Rather, you came up with this story to be the "hero" but in the end you are just another crazy freak with no grasp on reality.

Dave pushes down on this throat harder as he turns red. All the while he mimes the words "I'm sorry" but it is lost on Dave.

Dave stares at Jake as all life is drained from his body.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - FLASHBACK

The room is dark.

Six silhouetted men sit at the head of the table and Dave with a small light on his face from a cigarette looks upon them.

DAVE

I lost my family in a senseless act of terrorism and all I have left are physical and emotional scars reminding me of the day it all went away. I'm not asking you to understand why I need this but I am asking if you can do this one thing for me. Money is no object. This needs to be done not only for my healing but for future men like him who think it's okay to murder a dozen people for the hell of it.

MAN

We had nothing to do with this incident, Mr. White. Jake Rogers was captured and used for experiments and came back wrong... We tried to correct the mistakes but it was too late. We thought he was improving until this happened.

MAN 2 Now he sits in a prison cell confused and alone. Dave takes a long drag from his cigarette.

DAVE Put me in there. I want to sit next to the man.

MAN You know how much that will cost you.

DAVE The price means nothing to me.

Dave takes one final drag off his cigarette and butts it out on the table before walking out.

FADE OUT.