

Playing God

By

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FADE IN:

INT. LAB- NIGHT

The lights flicker intermittently in the well equipped laboratory.

Next to a desk, a big plastic sheet covers a huge pile of something. In the corner of the room is a smashed up piece of machinery, which resembles a photo booth.

Slumped up to the side of the machine is a dead body.

A splattering of blood covers the side of the machine, reaching as far as the white walls.

At the feet of the body lies a gun.

V.O.

My name is Ken, and I died ten minutes ago. If you'd have told me six months ago that I'd end up killing myself, I would have laughed in your face. But some things never turn out how you'd imagine, and there's only so long you can keep on fighting with yourself before you give in.

CUT TO

BLACK SCREEN

TITLE: Playing God

FADE TO

INT. LAB- DAY

Several staff in their white overcoats methodically check readings on the bank of monitors.

KEN, an unshaven, dark haired man in his early forties, sits at a workstation, inputting data into the computer.

To the left, the double doors swing open ungracefully, as a LAB ASSISTANT struggles in with a crate with many cups of vending machine coffee balanced precariously on top.

ASSISTANT
(raising voice)
Dr. Clay
(louder)
Dr. Clay!

Ken spins around.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)
Your delivery's here, I've signed
for it. Is that OK?

Ken get to his feet, approaching the assistant.

KEN
Of course it is. It's early!

He grabs the crate from the assistant, placing the corner on a nearby table, pushing it along and displacing all the various items on there.

Ken takes a cup of coffee for himself, then hurriedly removes the lid to the crate, paying no attention to the remaining cups balanced on it, which drop to the floor.

He reaches inside and produces a white rabbit, holding it close to his chest.

KEN (CONT'D)
Jeez, this one's been in the wars.

He holds the rabbit out towards the crowd of assistants, showing them its blood stained, one eyed face.

KEN (CONT'D)
Come on then Rambo, let's get
cracking.

Ken approaches the imposing white machine in the corner of the room with the rabbit nestling in his arm.

After tapping buttons on the keypad next to the portcullis window on the door panel, a whoosh of air signals the correct PIN, as the door slides smoothly open.

The other lab assistants gather around excitedly, as Ken carefully enters the pod, placing the rabbit on the smooth metal stool inside it, slowly sliding the door closed.

He peers inside through the window, and smiles excitedly.

KEN

OK, I need two of you in the other room, take your walkie-talkies with you. Quickly!

Two of the many assistants volunteer themselves, one of whom picks up a walkie talkie from one of the work surfaces, and they leave through the big double doors.

INT- CORRIDOR

The two women lab assistants, ELIZABETH and KAREN, both in their late twenties, walk with a quickened pace down the long, sterile looking corridor.

KAREN

I don't know why I get so excited at this, We know it works.

ELIZABETH

Well, apart from that one time. I've got butterflies! It's just fantastic that it actually works. Everyone will be using this in the future. Dr. Clay's a genius!

KAREN

I certainly will.
(laughs)
Anyway, listen to you! You've got the hots for Ken, It's so obvious!

ELIZABETH

I have not, he's too old...and too married.

KAREN

Yeah, well you wouldn't kick him out of bed on a cold morning.

ELIZABETH

Yes I would.

KAREN

Yeah, when you wanted to fuck him on the carpet!
(beat)
He likes you too. I've seen him watching you.

ELIZABETH

Get over it, you're only jealous.
You wouldn't say no either.

KAREN

(laughs)

Tell me about it, it's been so long
it's starting to heal up!

ELIZABETH

You ought to try introducing it to
a bar of soap once in a while, then
you might get some interest in
something other than flies!

KAREN

Cheeky bitch!

They giggle between themselves, as they approach the single,
white, keypad locked door at the end of the corridor.

One of the assistants taps in the four digit code, and a
beep signals them to enter.

INT. ANOTHER LAB ROOM

The room is in darkness, until the light switch is flicked
on, and the rows of strip lights flicker into action.

The room is devoid of any equipment, apart from the machine
in the centre, identical to the pod in the main lab room.

One of the assistants hold the walkie talkie up to her mouth
and presses the talk button.

ELIZABETH

Powering up now, Doc.

The two way radio crackles into life, with Ken responding
from the main lab.

KEN (O.S.)

Over! Over! How many times do I
have to drill this into you? When
you've finished speaking, you're
supposed to say over. Buck your
ideas up for God's sake.

The assistants look at each other and giggle nervously.
Again she speaks into the two-way.

ELIZABETH
(sarcastically)
Over?

They laugh out loud, and proceed to turn on the machine, which responds with a deep, satisfying hum.

INT. LAB- DAY

Ken, throws the two-way down on the side, angrily. It suddenly bursts into life with another message from the other lab

ELIZABETH (O.S.)
Powered up and ready to roll, Doc.
Over.

Picking the radio back up, Ken signals to one of the assistants in the room to begin preparations.

KEN
(into radio)
OK, stand by people. Over.

Clutching the two-way in a vice like grip, he heads over to the computer, sits down and begins tapping buttons on the keyboard.

The beeps from the computer confirm everything is set and ready to go.

He spins round to face the assistants around the pod, shouting his instruction with a feverish impatience.

KEN
OK, we've got a green light here.
GO!

A big flashing button on the pod is pressed, and the machine groans into action. Ken rushes over, pushing assistants aside for a better view.

The main room lights flicker and the inside of the pod illuminates with a purple ultra violet light, getting slowly brighter, until it is so intense that everyone looks away in unison.

A dull hum, followed by huge thunderous knocks, then steadily, the light inside the pods dims.

Ken peers through the pod door window, looks back at his assistants, and glares again through the window, pulls down the shutter, then turns back again.

KEN
Uhh... OK this end.

He holds the two way up to his mouth, pressing the button to speak.

KEN
Talk to me, people, did it work.
Please, please don't tell me it
imploded again. Over.

We hear through the speaker, the hum from the pod in the other room subsiding, as the voice crackles through.

ELIZABETH
Success Doc. We're on our way.

Ken, looks elated, then, realising she had forgotten to end the sentence correctly, he booms back into the two-way.

KEN
OVER!

Returning over to his work station, he picks up the coffee, taking a big gulp.

He hears the doors swing open, and in one quick action wipes his mouth and hurries over to meet the returning assistants.

KAREN
Doc, you should see this.

A look of panic swells on his face as he grabs the rabbit from the female assistant.

KEN
See what? It's OK isn't it?
(beat)
Still breathing. Pulse seems
stable.

The assistant replies, with a huge beaming smile, which eases Ken's nervousness

ELIZABETH
Look at it's face...
(grins)
It's...

Ken, holds the rabbit at arms length, studying it intensely, suddenly he looks enlightened, almost laughing.

KEN
It's perfect!

We see the rabbit's face, wounded eye is healed, and not a spot of blood on it's white fur.

He pulls the rabbit towards him, kissing it soundly on the head.

KEN
Who'd have thought it? My new code structure actually worked.
(beat)
Better than I could ever imagined.
My god...Healing travel!

Placing the rabbit back in the crate, he claps his hands together sharply, commanding the attention of his workmates.

KEN
OK People, well done. Let's call it a day, early start tomorrow.

Everyone begins hurriedly collecting their belongings and putting on their coats before he has chance to change his mind.

Ken sits at his desk scouring the screen. The last remaining assistant shouts over to him as she is leaving.

KAREN
Doctor Clay, you coming?

He answers, still transfixed by the monitor

KEN
In a few minutes. Got to back up the system and take a few notes. I'll see you bright and early.

KAREN
OK. Don't work too hard!

KEN
No I won't.

She smiles and walks out of the lab, the double doors swinging silently closed behind her.

Ken turns his head, ensuring that the everyone had left, and stands up from his desk, approaching the pod.

Tapping in the PIN, the door whooshes open. He leans inside, re-emerging holding a rabbit.

CLOSE ON:

We see the rabbit, with it's blood stained fur and damaged eye.

RETURN TO SCENE

Ken holds the rabbit to his chest, taking a dictaphone from his pocket, holding it to his mouth.

KEN

Three Twenty-two PM. I need to try and iron out the bug in that piece of code, It would be perfect then. Why is it not transferring properly?

He looks down to the rabbit

KEN

How can it have sent you to the other lab? Are you just a back-up copy? The new you is perfect. I can't get my head round it.

He carries the rabbit out of the lab, and down the corridor a little way, and into a room marked 'Incinerator'

INT. INCINERATOR

A small, dimly lit room with an industrial furnace along the back wall.

Ken awkwardly opens the big, metal incinerator door with one hand, and takes a step back, away from the searing heat inside.

He looks down again to the rabbit at his chest.

KEN

I'm sorry to have to do this.

(beat)

It's not as if I'm killing you though is it? You are, by all accounts safe and well in the crate in the lab.

He holds the rabbit out at arms length, it kicks and wriggles, sensing the heat.

INT. LARGE FAMILY KITCHEN- AFTERNOON

The worktops are teeming with all the latest mod-cons- a huge American style fridge-freezer, breadmaker, juicer, high-end espresso machine etc.

JULIE, a good looking strawberry blonde woman in her mid thirties, with large, thick glasses is talking on her cordless phone, leaning her head, holding it between her ear and shoulder as she places ground coffee beans in the machine.

JULIE

...no, I hate my glasses. I've tried contacts, but I can't get on with them, I'm squeemish with eyes...

Hearing a noise down the hallway, she pauses momentarily.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Oh, Helen's home. I gotta go, Joan, speak soon.

Taking the telephone away from her shoulder, she replaces it into the base unit, and returns back to making coffee.

Hearing movement nearby she calls out.

JULIE

Helen! I'm in here honey. Do you want some juice?

HELEN

(sarcastically)

You hate your glasses? Poor you! I'll swap with you any day.

The kitchen door slowly opens, as HELEN, a pretty teenager, struggles to get through in her wheelchair.

Julie begins to walk over and assist Helen, but noticing the look of 'I can do it myself' that she is more than used to, she steps back and carries on making coffee.

JULIE

Hi Hun, How was school today?

Julie pulls open the huge refrigerator door, taking out a carton of milk, and a jug of orange juice.

HELEN

It was OK, Mum. Can I have a Cappuccino please?

JULIE

I don't think so, caffeine is sooo not good for you!

Helen sighs, already expecting the response. Julie pours a glass of the juice, and hands it to Helen. She smiles and takes a sip.

HELEN

Oh, you know Marie Lake? She got detention today! She was sat with me at the back of class and we were talking about...

She is stopped mid sentence by the sound of the front door banging shut.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What's Dad doing home this early? It's not even Four O'clock.

JULIE

Dunno Hun, must have finished up early. I'd better put the dinner on.

As Julie bends down at the oven, removing various baking trays and such, Ken enters the room, with a huge beaming smile.

He approaches Helen, and leans over giving her a huge kiss on the forehead. She squirms in her wheelchair, unable to get away.

HELEN

Dad! Stop it! Urrgh.

She wipes her forehead, with a disgusted look on her face.

KEN

And how's my little Princess today?

HELEN

Fine.

He nears the oven, grabbing Julie from behind, kissing her neck.

KEN

Hey, you.

Julie spins around, gently folding her arms around Ken's neck, and kisses him gently on the lips.

JULIE

You're in a good mood...And extremely early! I haven't even started dinner yet.

KEN

Forget dinner. I'm taking us out for a meal, where do you fancy?

Helen shouts excitedly from across the kitchen.

HELEN

McDonald's! McDonald's!

Ken and Julie smirk to themselves, as Julie unwraps her arms from around him, putting the trays back into the oven.

KEN

No, I don't think so. I was thinking of somewhere a bit more special.

JULIE

Ooh! Are you gonna be wanting a drink? I'll ring for a taxi if you are.

Ken nods, and kisses her again on the lips.

KEN

Try and get one in about an hour, I'm gonna have a shit, shave and shower.

Julie and Helen giggle as Ken bounds off to get ready. Julie picking a mini cab business card from the pin board.

INT. LAB- DAY

The lights flicker into action, illuminating the room in a harsh white glow.

Ken removes his expensive looking jacket, hanging it neatly on the back of his chair, and powers up the computer.

He puts on a white lab coat.

Switching on the tap at a nearby sink, he clumsily fills a petri dish with water, splashing it everywhere.

Removing the lid from the crate, he gently places the dish of water inside, and pets the rabbit on the head.

KEN

Good morning, Rambo two. How are you?

He smiles to himself, putting the lid back on the crate. He is startled by a hand grabbing his shoulder.

Turning quickly, he relaxes as he recognises his assistant, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH

Talking to animals now Doc? First sign of madness you know.

KEN

I wish you wouldn't creep up on me like that, Elizabeth. I nearly had a heart attack.

She laughs, Ken watches as she removes her coat, and places it neatly on a hanger near the doors.

ELIZABETH

I might nip to Starbuck's seeing as I'm early. You want anything?

Ken thinks for a moment, answering his assistant as she pushes the door open to leave.

KEN

I don't need a coffee, but you could do me a favour...

Stepping back into the lab, she quizically responds

ELIZABETH

A favour? What?

Ken strides over to speak with her at the door, almost whispering, staring straight into her eyes.

KEN

Is there a pet store anywhere round here?

ELIZABETH
(flummoxed)
A pet store, Why?

He answers the question before she even finishes the sentence, his hand resting delicately on her arm.

KEN
I need some different animals. We know the machine works with rabbits, we've proved it countless times, bar one. I need some other subjects. Rats, mice, birds anything. See if you can find some sick ones, we need some with ailments.

He pulls his wallet from his trouser pocket, taking a wad of notes, and pushing them into her hand.

She nods, and heads out the door. Ken pokes his head around the door, yelling to her as she walks down the corridor.

KEN
Try and get a discount. I want some change. Oh, and I will have a coffee.

She raises her hand in response, without turning.

INT. LAB- DAY

It is later in the day, and the lab is fully manned.

Ken sits reading his scrawled notes, looking up at the monitor occasionally, muttering to himself.

The lab doors swing open as the Elizabeth returns from her errand, her arms piled with shoe boxes punched with air holes.

She approaches Ken's work station and placing the boxes down. He takes the lids from the boxes one by one peering inside.

KEN
Nice one Elizabeth, what did you get?

ELIZABETH
Rats! There's one in each box.

KEN
Any disfigured ones?

ELIZABETH
Yeah, I found one with a weird
foot. Got him for free!

KEN
(smiling)
Good work. Which one.
(beat)
Aah, here he is.

Standing up, Ken carries the box with the injured rat over to the travel pod, powering it up.

It hums for a few seconds then buttons on the front panel illuminate and begin to blink.

ELIZABETH
I'll power up the receiver pod,
doc.

KEN
Thank you Elizabeth. Hurry!

She picks up a two way radio, and rushes away through the double doors.

Ken enters the PIN on the keypad, the door whooshes open, and he places the wounded rat carefully on the stool inside, sliding the pod door closed.

He scurries over to his workstation, picking up his two way, pressing the button to speak.

KEN
Are you ready? Over.

His two way crackles loudly with static, he turns down the volume slightly, as the response comes through.

ELIZABETH
Almost. Just a sec.
(beat)
All systems go, Doc. Over.

Ken, delighted at the news, rushes back to the pod, finger already outstretched to press the green flashing button on the machine.

The machine clunks into action, slowly the UV light inside getting more and more intense.

He pulls down the shutter over the window, eyes half closed, and yells to the other assistants whilst heading for the double doors.

KEN

Nobody touch anything. Not a thing.

And with this, he is away down the corridor.

INT. RECEIVER POD ROOM

Elizabeth stands at the pod as Ken bursts into the room, almost running. The UV illumination within the pod dims, and the machine beeps signalling a successful transfer.

She begins to open the pod door, and Ken pushes her to the side, taking over.

ELIZABETH

Hey!

Completely unaware of anything else around him, he frantically slides the pod door open, reaching inside.

KEN

(angrily)

I don't fucking believe it. How?

The assistant, sensing the mood, remains silent, taking a side step away from the Doctor.

KEN (CONT'D)

Look, Elizabeth, look.

He thrusts the rat into her face. Again she steps back, and examines the animal in his hands.

KEN (CONT'D)

It's foot is still damaged. How can that be? I really don't fucking believe it.

She shrugs, looking deflated, slowly leaving the room as Ken powers down the machine in a fit of semi-controlled rage.

INT. LAB

Elizabeth pushes the doors apart just wide enough to squeeze her body through.

Before she has even reached her desk the doors fling open wildly, as Ken, with rat still in hand, furiously enters the lab, making all the assistants jump in their seats.

ASSISTANT
Doctor Clay?

Completely ignoring the assistant, he drops the rat back in the shoe box, and returns to his desk, scanning the data on the monitor screen.

ASSISTANT
(louder)
Doctor Clay, What happened?
(beat)
It travelled didn't it?

Elizabeth signals the assistant to shush, knowing the Doctor too well by now.

Ken runs his finger down the screen of his monitor, and, upon finding the correct file, hits a button, causing the printer on his desk to spring to life.

He impatiently grabs each page from the printer as they are ejected from the bottom, piling them up in front of him, feverishly flicking through them.

FADE OUT

INT. LAB- EVENING

Ken is still at his desk, as all the assistants pack their things away for the evening, taking off their white lab coats revealing civilian clothing underneath.

As they head to the doors in a herd, one of them shouts over to Ken.

ASSISTANT
See you after the weekend, Dr.
Clay.

Ken, breaking his concentration, spins around on his chair to face the work force.

KEN
OK, See you on Monday.
(beat)
Elizabeth, not you.

KAREN
 (to Elizabeth)
 Ooooooh! What did I tell you? Don't
 do anything I wouldn't do.

ELIZABETH
 I can't think of anything you
 wouldn't do!

Karen and the rest of her colleagues push past and head off
 home. She steps towards Ken at his desk.

ELIZABETH
 What is it, Doc?

KEN
 Can you stop behind with me for a
 couple of hours? I need to do some
 things now they've all gone.

She looks down at the floor, trying to think of an excuse
 not to stay.

KEN (CONT'D)
 Please?

He rises from his chair, and kneels on the floor, pleading.

KEN
 I'll pay you double time. I need
 you here. You'll be gone by eight.

She laughs at his desperate attempt, and nods. Ken quickly
 jumps to his feet.

ELIZABETH
 What do you need me to do, doc?

KEN
 First off, you can stop calling me
 Doc, I'm Ken to my friends.

ELIZABETH
 OK. What do you need me to do, Ken?

KEN
 I've got an idea why it didn't work
 I need...

He is interrupted mid-sentence.

ELIZABETH

But it did work.

KEN

But it didn't *work work*. Yes, the subject travelled successfully, but that is secondary now. I need it to heal.

ELIZABETH

You don't want much do you?

(laughs)

What can I do?

KEN

First things first. Call my wife, tell her I'll be late, secondly, order us a pizza, I'm ravenous.

As she heads over to the telephone on her desk, Ken heads out the double doors towards the other lab.

INT. RECEIVER POD ROOM

Ken stumbles towards the machine, the machine hums into action as it is powered up, making the room lights flicker slightly.

He checks and double checks, muttering to himself as he goes through his routine.

We follow Ken out of the lab, as he ambles up the corridor, and through the double doors of the main laboratory.

INT. LAB

Elizabeth is finishing off her phone conversation as Ken blusters in, and to his desk.

ELIZABETH

...OK, how long will that be?

(beat)

That's fine. Thank you.

She hangs up, and returns the phone handset to her desk, calling over to Ken.

ELIZABETH

I called Julie, Ken, I think she's a bit pissed.

Ken rolls his eyes, to the amusement of Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
And the pizza will be here in ten
minutes, pepperoni.

KEN
Perfect. Now, let me tell you my
theory, see what you think.

She stands up from her desk, walking towards Ken, intrigued.

ELIZABETH
Fire away!

KEN
OK, we put that war torn rabbit
through the pod, and at the other
end, it's eye was fine, completely
perfect right?

ELIZABETH
Uh-huh

KEN
Well why was that? How come it
didn't work with the rat?
(beat)
Think about it!

She looks puzzled, deep in thought.

KEN (CONT'D)
It's so bloody obvious! What does
the computer do when we send an
object? It keeps a record of its
genetic make up in the main log
file.

ELIZABETH
And?

KEN
Well, how many different kinds of
animal have we sent before today?

ELIZABETH
Before today? Only rabbits.

KEN
Exactly. We've sent countless
rabbits over the past four months.
Hundreds of perfectly fit and well
rabbits. The computer keeps a log
of all these, it knows the make up

KEN
of a rabbit. It struggled somewhat
with the pregnant one, but, you
can't have everything.

Elizabeth starts to smile, slowly grasping what the Doctor
is telling her.

ELIZABETH
So, when we put that dodgy rabbit
through, the computer recognised
something was wrong with it...

KEN
...And corrected it! That's why the
rat didn't work- It was the first
time we'd used a rodent.

ELIZABETH
(excited)
I get it! I get it! We need to send
some healthy rats, so the computer
knows when to flag up an
imperfection.

He jumps to his feet hugging Elizabeth, she pulls away
slightly.

KEN
Precisely.

He spins around and begins tapping keys on the computer.

KEN
I've deleted the database for the
rat. Let's start again!

They both head towards the pod, ecstatic with the
breakthrough theory. He places his hand on her shoulder as
they walk.

Ken taps in the code and begins to slide the door open. He
looks panicked, as he realises the original test rat is
still inside the pod, quickly sliding the door shut.

He turns to Elizabeth.

KEN
What was that?

ELIZABETH
What was what?

KEN

I heard something in the corridor.

ELIZABETH

Well it won't be the pizza yet, you
want me to go see?

Ken nods in agreement, and, as soon as Elizabeth disappears into the corridor, he swiftly slides open the pod door.

He struggles to pick up the rat, and quickly puts it in one of the shoe boxes, closing the lid.

He puts the box to one side, away from the others, as Elizabeth re-enters the lab.

ELIZABETH

You're hearing things!

KEN

I Must be. Old age.

He picks up one of the shoe boxes and heads over to the pod, peering inside at the rat.

KEN

This one looks OK. Let's get
cracking.

ELIZABETH

Wait, there's some rat droppings in
the pod, let me get rid of them.

Grabbing a anti-bacterial spray and cloth from the sink area, she cleanses the pod thoroughly as Ken watches impatiently, itching to start.

Ken places the rat on the stool inside the pod, sliding the door shut.

KEN

OK, Elizabeth. I need you in the
receiver room. Chop chop!

Ken initiates the machine before she is even out the door, the pod illuminating, then, with a little beep, the brightness subsides.

He hurridly opens the pod door, removing the rat as Elizabeth's voice crackles through on the two way radio.

ELIZABETH

No problems Ken, shall I bring him
back?

He rushes over, dropping the rat into the shoe box set alone
on the far side of his desk, and scrambling to pick up the
two way.

KEN

No, wait there, I'm on my way.

He picks up the shoe box, and we follow him, as he goes
through the double doors and down the corridor.

He enters the room marked 'incinerator', the door closing
silently behind him. We hear the groan and creak of the
furnace door being opened, then closed, and Ken returns to
the corridor.

He reaches the room, and enters, greeting Elizabeth.

KEN

A success, I take it?

She nods, holding out the rat. Ken offers the shoe box
towards her.

KEN (CONT'D)

Here, I've brought an empty box to
put him in.

FADE TO

INT. KEN'S HOUSE-DAUGHTERS/MASTER BEDROOM- NIGHT

Ken creeps up to his daughters bed, looking at her digital
alarm clock on the side table, he notices it is just after
three am.

He leans towards Helen, planting a kiss on her forehead. She
stirs but does not awaken fully.

Ken leaves Helen's room, closing the door quietly behind
him, and tip-toeing down the landing, stealthily entering
the master bedroom.

The curtains are closed, and in the dim light, he undresses
himself and crawls into bed. Julie, still asleep, rolls over
toward him, putting her arm across his chest.

Craning his neck, he kisses her on the cheek. She awakens.

KEN
Sorry, didn't mean to wake you.

JULIE
What time is it?

KEN
Just gone three.

JULIE
And you only just got in?

KEN
Yeah.
(beat)
I'm sorry baby, I had a massive
breakthrough and I couldn't just
shut down for the night.

JULIE
I'm getting fed up of this. Family
should come first, ya know. Helen's
hardly seen you this week.

KEN
I know baby. You and Helen mean to
world to me. You know that.

He rolls onto his side, and they entwine in each other.

KEN
I'll make it up to you, I promise.

Julies agrees in a half asleep murmur.

KEN
Trust me, Pretty soon we'll want
for nothing.

JULIE
All I want is a little time with my
husband.

KEN
I tell you, bear with it for now.
This time next year, we'll be on
our own private beach, drinking
cocktails. Everything will be
perfect.

INT. LARGE FAMILY KITCHEN- MORNING

The whole family is up, Helen at the table, next to Ken, in her wheelchair eating toast and drinking juice, Julie frying bacon.

She picks the rashers of bacon up with tongs, pressing each piece neatly onto a wad of kitchen roll, then transferring the bacon onto slices of bread.

She scoops the sandwiches onto plates, carrying them over to the table., offering a plate to Ken.

KEN

Mmmm! Best meal of the day.

She smiles, sitting down opposite him.

JULIE

And is it going be a normal day today?

KEN

A normal day, what do you mean?

JULIE

Well it's Saturday, are we doing normal family weekend things, shopping, movie, going to Mum's?

KEN

Oh, Baby, I'm sorry, but I've got to nip into work today. Just this morning. I'll be back by one, I promise.

Julie throws her sandwich onto the plate, and leaves the table, stomping off into the garden.

Ken and Helen finish their breakfast in silence. Looking at his watch, Ken leaps to his feet and leaves the house, planting a kiss on Helen's forehead as he scoots past.

KEN

I love you, princess

HELEN

You too Dad.

INT. LAB- DAY

Ken enters the laboratory, and is surprised that Elizabeth is already there, sat at her desk listening to her ipod.

She smiles at him, removing the earphones and placing the ipod in the drawer of her desk.

KEN

Elizabeth! You're not supposed to be here today, it's Saturday.

ELIZABETH

I know, but I could hardly sleep, and I just knew you'd turn up today. I'm so excited.

KEN

Well I appreciate it, but I really can't afford any more overtime.

ELIZABETH

I know, I'm here as a friend today, Mates rates!

(beat)

Just remember me in your speech!

They laugh. Ken flings his jacket on the back of his chair, humming to himself whilst booting up the computer.

Elizabeth wheels her office chair over to Ken's desk, and sits beside him.

ELIZABETH

Are we trying the injured rat today? We must have sent 50 healthy ones through last night...

Ken, flicking through his notes, snappily replies.

KEN

Thirty three actually. And yes, that's why I'm here.

(uncertainly)

Elizabeth?

Noticing the unfamiliar tone in his voice, she turns to face him.

KEN (CONT'D)

We've worked together for years now, we're a good team aren't we?

She nods, still not quite sure where this was going.

KEN (CONT'D)

I can trust you can't I? I mean...I need to show you something...

ELIZABETH

Ken, what is it?

Rising from his chair, he picks up a shoe box and takes it over to the pod, powering it up.

KEN

I've got something to show you, and I don't know how you are going to react.

ELIZABETH

What Ken, what's wrong?

KEN

I need to power up the receiver pod, and I'll show you.

ELIZABETH

The power's already on Ken, I got it all ready before you arrived.

He rubs his face with his hand, looking unsettled, as the pod door slides open.

Taking out the injured rat from the box, he places it on the stool and closes the door, pressing the green flashing button.

KEN

Go and fetch the rat from the receiver pod, Elizabeth.

(shouting)

Now!

She scurries out of the lab, as Ken returns to his desk, impatiently tapping his foot, scanning readouts on the screen. Hearing the return of Elizabeth, he rushes towards her, calling out as he does so.

KEN

It worked didn't it?

Without giving Elizabeth time to respond, he fires another question at her.

KEN (CONT'D)

It's foot...Is it mended?

ELIZABETH

(elated)

Yes Ken, One perfectly formed rat.

He laughs out loud, running over to the pod, sliding open the door. He leans inside.

KEN

No Elizabeth, *Two Rats!*

Elizabeth, with a stunned look upon her face, grabs the rat from Ken's hand, comparing it with the one in hers.

ELIZABETH

I don't understand, they're identical.

(beat)

Except this one's foot is normal.

What the...

(beat)

How can this be? A clone?

Ken grabs the rats from Elizabeth's hands, placing them in a shoe box.

KEN

I don't know. I've tried to fix it.
It's happened since I changed the structure of the code.

ELIZABETH

So, all this time, you've...

(thinking)

Hang on, why have I never noticed this, what have you been doing with the original subjects Ken?

Looking more and more uncomfortable, he struggles to speak

ELIZABETH

(shouting)

Ken! Answer me for God's sake.

Without speaking, he raises his hand, finger outstretched, pointing towards the corridor.

Elizabeth shrugs her shoulders, not understanding what he was pointing to.

KEN

(muttering)

The incinerator.

Elizabeth's expression drops, and in one swift movement, she slaps Ken around the face as she yells angrily.

ELIZABETH

You sick fuck. You've been killing them?

(looks disgusted)

Burning them alive?

Ken wipes his hand across his cheek, trying to soothe the pain, looking at the floor.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

What gives you the right to do that? Who the fuck do you think you are?

Ken stutters his response

KEN

B...But I'm not killing them Elizabeth. It's only a back up copy.

ELIZABETH

Yeah, right, a living, breathing back up copy. I can't believe this.

She grabs her coat from the back of the chair, and heads to the door, yelling.

ELIZABETH

I quit! I thought I knew you. You're on your own, Doc.

KEN

(yelling)

Elizabeth, wait! I need you. I can't do this on my own.

She bursts through the double doors, her footsteps can be heard stomping down the corridor, as Ken sits with his head in his hands.

He sits motionless for a while, thinking. Opening the drawer of his desk, he removes an address book, flicking it open at the first page, and picking up the telephone. He dials a number.

We hear the dialing tone, and within five rings, a woman's voice can be heard answering.

KEN

Hello, May? It's Ken. Look I'm sorry to have to tell you like this, but we've lost the funding for the project, they're shutting us down.

(beat)

Yesterday. I'm sorry May, It's out of my hands. I'll have your belongings sent out to you. I'm sorry.

He hangs up the call, and flicks to the next page in the book, dialing the number.

INT. LAB- AFTERNOON

Ken, still sat at his desk, numerous empty coffee cups scattered around. He is typing on his keyboard.

CLOSE ON: MONITOR

The menu on the screen, displays various options. He highlights 'Base/Receiver Pod PIN Control', and the screen changes to read 'Disable PIN Locks Y/N'. We see the letter 'Y' appear within the flashing cursor.

The screen returns to the menu. He highlights 'Send Options' and the sub-menu displays with various options, of which he highlights 'Timed Initiation Y/N', and enters 'Y'

RETURN TO SCENE.

Getting up from his desk, he approaches the pod, undressing himself, clothes scattered along the floor.

He slides open the pod door, and hesitantly, pushes the green flashing button on the machine. Instantly, a small LCD screen on the pod springs to life, counting down from 30, 29, 28...

He lurches inside, sitting on the stool, sliding the door closed behind him. We see him through the little round window, eyes clenched closed as the timer continues to count down, ...5,4,3,2,1

Suddenly, the light within the pod switches on, burning progressively brighter, until it is so intense, it bleaches out our view of Ken.

The machine beeps, the light dims, and steadily the door slides open. Ken emerges, squinting, scrabbling around on the floor for his clothes.

Pulling on his jeans and T-shirt, heading for the double doors, he halts, grabbing a white lab coat from the hooks.

We follow as he trots down the corridor, bare foot, until he reaches the door at the bottom.

INT. RECEIVER POD ROOM

Ken approaches the pod nervously, his hands shake as he reaches for the door, sliding it open. He takes a step back, as the figure emerges from the machine.

KEN

My God!

The CLONE, identical in every way steps towards Ken, hand outstretched, clicking his fingers.

KEN'S CLONE

Jacket, please.

Ken whips the lab coat off his arm, and hands it to the clone.

KEN

(stuttering)

How...How was it?

KEN'S CLONE

Fucking trippy!

The clone dons the jacket, which covers him to just below the knees, and we follow them as they leave the receiver room, and up the corridor towards to main lab, talking.

KEN

Does it hurt? What's it like?

KEN'S CLONE

It doesn't hurt. That light is blinding though.

KEN

How do you feel?

KEN'S CLONE

Exactly the same as you do!

As they pass the door for the incinerator, Ken laughs.

KEN
I'm glad we went straight past
there!

The clone laughs, and they both go through the double doors
to the lab.

INT. LAB

Ken races towards the computer on his screen, pulling the
chair out to sit down, as the clone calls out.

KEN'S CLONE
Hey, what do you think you're
doing? That's my desk.

Ken looks confused.

KEN
I....I...

KEN'S CLONE
I'm just messing, it's *our* desk!

Ken relaxes a little, still shaken.

KEN'S CLONE
And before *WE* do any more work, you
could do me one thing.

KEN
Yes?

KEN'S CLONE
A little dignity?

Ken, realising where this is going, leaves his desk and
heads to the double doors. He calls to the clone.

KEN
Of course, Some clothes. What size?

The clone replies, with a tone of distinct sarcasm.

KEN'S CLONE
I think you know what size!

KEN
(laughing nervously)
Of course, of course. 32 waist,
medium T-shirt.
(beat)

KEN

Do you need any underwear?

The clone approaches, still an air of sarcasm in his voice.

KEN'S CLONE

Do *YOU* wear underwear?

KEN

Yes, of course!

KEN'S CLONE

Then there's your answer. And don't forget my coffee.

The clone heads back to the desk, and begins searching through notes on the computer. After a short while, he pauses, and connects to the internet.

The search on google is fruitful, and pretty soon the phone number for the advertorial editor for a local newspaper is there on the screen.

Reaching over for the phone, he dials the number, clearing his throat to speak as the voice answers.

KEN'S CLONE

Good morning, Miss, I wonder if you can help me? I'd like to run a quarter page advert in your newspaper. Is it too late for tomorrows edition?

VOICE

That's no problem, Sir. How long do you want it to run?

KEN'S CLONE

Just for the one week please. Can I do this over the phone, or do you need written details?

VOICE

No Sir, that's fine, as long as you have a credit or debit card it's no problem whatsoever.

He pats his leg, realising he has no trousers on, and therefore no wallet, and scoots along in his chair to a drawer at the end of his desk.

He takes out a file which reads 'Expense Account', and flicks through the contents rapidly.

KEN'S CLONE

Yeah, I do somewhere, it's the company account.

VOICE

That's fine, as long as you are authorised to use it, Sir.

KEN'S CLONE

Excellent, Ah here it is.

VOICE

OK, Sir, I'll take the details of your advert first, how d'ya want it worded?

KEN'S CLONE

Fit, Healthy Adults Aged 18-40
Wanted for scientific trials, I want that in Bold text along the top please.

VOICE

Uh-huh

KEN'S CLONE

Test subjects needed for short medical trials, must have a clean bill of health, no smokers please.

VOICE

Uh-huh

KEN'S CLONE

Good rates of pay, Enquiries to Dr. Kenneth Clay, 01173 304665.

VOICE

Ok, sir, that's great. Can I take your card details now?

KEN'S CLONE

Certainly, It's a Visa Credit, Account number 3354 1278 8900.

VOICE

And the account is in the name of?

KEN'S CLONE

Travelight Research Ltd. All one word. T-R-A-V-E-L-I-G-H-T.

(beat)

And the expiry is 12/15.

VOICE

Ok, that's fine Sir, I'll just read
all the details back to you. Test
Subjects Needed for short...

He spins round in his chair, and physically jumps to see
Elizabeth standing there, listening.

KEN'S CLONE

Yes, yes, that's fine, Good bye!

He hangs up the call, leaping to his feet.

KEN'S CLONE

Elizabeth! How long have you...

ELIZABETH

Long Enough, Doc. What do you think
you're doing?

(beat)

And where the hell are your
trousers? Cover yourself up, I can
see your junk!

KEN'S CLONE

More to the point, Why are you
here? You just quit, remember. Miss
me too much?

ELIZABETH

I needed to get some things from my
desk. Why the hell are you running
an advert for trials, Doc? You
can't start trying the pods on
people, we're not authorised to do
that. It might not even work.
You'll end up in prison.

(beat)

And they'll love you in prison with
those legs.

Elizabeth turns round to the double doors, witnessing Ken
enter. Her mouth drops. The clone puts his hand under
Elizabeth's chin, snapping her mouth shut.

KEN

Oh, but it does work, Elizabeth, it
so does!

Lurching away, she reaches her desk, pulling the ipod from
the drawer.

ELIZABETH

I...I only came back for my MP3,
wish I hadn't now.

(beat)

Do you realise what you've done?
When you start getting the public
in for trials, what are you gonna
do?

(beat)

Incinerate the originals?

KEN AND CLONE

(in unison)

I'll think of something Elizabeth.
You're over reacting somewhat!

Slamming the drawer closed, she begins yelling

ELIZABETH

Over reacting? Over fucking
Reacting? How can you be so blasé
about all this? Think for a minute.
You're crazy.

Ken approaches Elizabeth, taking her hand. She snatches it
away from his grasp.

KEN

I have thought about it, Elizabeth.
Long and hard. YOU think about it
for a minute. An end to illness, an
end to suffering, an end to pain...

ELIZABETH

Tell that to the guy you're about
to throw in a furnace. You've got
delusions of grandeur Dr. Clay. I'm
giving you a week. Shut this down
by Friday, or I'm calling the
authorities. You're sick.

She starts to run to the double doors in tears, knocking the
clone out of the way as she passes him.

KEN'S CLONE

That went well! Coffee please!

Ken hands him the clothes, and a takeaway coffee. He drinks
the coffee, not offering to get dressed.

KEN

Why was she screaming anyway? What
did she see?

KEN'S CLONE
(sipping coffee)
She heard me on the phone. I've run
an advert for medical trials in the
paper.

KEN
My God, are you mad? Why?

KEN'S CLONE
We need to run so more people
through, so there's a good amount
of healthy subjects in the
database.

KEN
But...How are we gonna get around
the fact that after we've sent
someone, they infact become
sometwo?

KEN'S CLONE
Stop fretting. We're smart
remember. I've got it all planned
out. Anyhow, you've solved one
problem already...

KEN
(puzzled)
What? What problem?

KEN'S CLONE
Needing to be in two places at the
same time. You can carry on your
research *and* I can be with my
family!

KEN
You can carry on the research, I'm
letting you nowhere near *my* wife.

KEN'S CLONE
It's my wife too. A man's got
urges.

KEN
Buy yourself a magazine. I'm going
home, I can trust you, right?

KEN'S CLONE
That's a pretty fucking stupid
question, Kenny. I'm you.

KEN

Christ! What have I done?

(beat)

Look, OK, I'm gonna take a few days off. If any of the assistants turn up for their things, don't give them any grounds for suspicion. If you need anything, there's the company expense credit card in the file in the drawer, and a bit of loose change in petty cash.

KEN'S CLONE

I know this. Go!

INT. KEN'S HOUSE-LIVING ROOM- DAY

A nicely furnished room, with polished wooden floors, two huge sofas, and a coffee table with a large wooden bowl filled with pot pourri in the middle, and various scientific magazines scattered around.

Ken and Julie lie on the sofa, cuddling up to each other, watching a movie on television. The living room door clumsily opens, and in wheels Helen.

KEN

Hey Baby, You wanna watch this movie with us? It's only just started.

HELEN

What is it?

KEN

It's a comedy, Honey. You'll like it.

She wheels towards the sofa, Ken jumping up and lifting her from the wheelchair and gracefully onto the sofa in one swift movement.

JULIE

You comfy, Honey?

HELEN

Yes, Mum, stop faffing!

Ken and Julie readjust their seating positions, and nestle together with their daughter. Ken picks up the remote control for the television, adjusting the brightness.

JULIE
 Stop fiddling with the controls!
 (beat)
 This is so good...

KEN
 It's OK, I've seen it before
 though..

JULIE
 Not the film, doofus. This. *Us*.

KEN
 I know. I've burnt the candle at
 both ends for too long. I deserve a
 break.

JULIE
 We all do. And this is good, like
 old times.

Ken smiles to himself, squeezing his daughter lovingly.

INT. CORRIDOR/LAB- DAY

STUART, a scruffy, unshaven young man walks along the corridor, with a backpack hanging off one shoulder, the sole of one sneaker flaps as he walks, slapping the concrete floor noisily.

We follow as he walks, reaching the double door to the lab, raising his hand into a fist and lifting it up to knock, he hesitates for a second, gathers himself, then raps delicately on the door.

We hear a voice from inside the lab.

KEN'S CLONE
 Come in!

He pushes his way through the doors, and into the lab, where the clone is pacing over, hand outstretched to meet him.

KEN'S CLONE
 Good to meet you, I'm Dr. Clay, and
 you are...

He runs his finger down the list on his clipboard.

KEN'S CLONE
 ...Stuart Parfitt. Student right?

STUART
 Yeah, Psychology.
 (looks around)
 What do I need to do? Is it drug
 trials or something?

KEN'S CLONE
 (laughing)
 No, nothing like that. A simple
 body scan, a bit like a CAT scan,
 it's quite painless. You'll be done
 in ten minutes.

STUART
 And you're gonna pay me seventy
 quid for that? Cool.

He guides Stuart towards the pod, and points towards a
 large, cloth screen nearby.

KEN'S CLONE
 If you want to nip behind there and
 whip your clothes off, I'll open
 the pod door, and you can get in
 when you're ready.

Stuart looks hesitant at first, but nods, and disappears
 behind the screen. The clone enters the PIN on the doors
 keypad, and gently slides it open.

STUART
 OK...

The clone turns around to face the other way, as Stuart
 enters the pod, and sits on the stool. He flinches a little
 as the cold, metal surface touches his bare skin.

STUART
 OK, I'm in. What do I have to do?

Turning back around, and grabbing the door, he speaks as it
 gently slides closed.

KEN'S CLONE
 Absolutely nothing, just close your
 eyes and relax.

He taps the green flashing button, and the low rumbling hum
 begins. Stuart's face can be seen through the window, eyes
 tightly shut, as the purple light intensifies.

The clone walks casually to the computer on the desk,
 reading the data as it appears on the screen.

The hum subsides, and the UV light dims, and we see Stuart, eyes still closed, as the clone taps on the glass. He flinches and slowly opens his eyes, rubbing them.

KEN'S CLONE

All done.

He taps the PIN into the keypad, sliding the door open. Stuart slowly emerges from the pod, straight behind the screen, and begins getting dressed.

KEN'S CLONE

How was it?

STUART

Bright!

KEN'S CLONE

(laughs)

Well, you get yourself dressed, and I'll sort your money out.

Walking back to the desk, he removes a little silver tin stuffed with notes from the drawer.

After counting out seventy pounds into his hand, he returns to greet the student as he appears from behind the modesty screen.

KEN'S CLONE

There you go! Thanks for your time.

Stuart takes the money, and shoves it hastily into his back pocket. The clone shouts to him as he is just about to leave through the double doors.

KEN'S CLONE

Tell your friends!

Stuart leaves, and the clone rushes to the doors, still barefoot, poking his head through, watching Stuart as he exits.

Running back to his desk, and hastily pulling open a drawer, he removes a hand gun with a silencer on it.

He leaves the lab, dropping the gun in his deep lab coat pocket, heads down the corridor, and into the receiver room.

INT. RECEIVER POD ROOM

Scuttling up to the machine, he taps in the code, and the door slides open, and Stuarts clone steps out, blinking.

STUART'S CLONE

What the fuck...Where the fuck am I?

The clone takes a step back, stealthily removing the gun from his pocket.

INT. CORRIDOR

The door to the receiver pod room is closed. A muffled gun shot, and the sound of a body slumping to the floor can be heard.

The door bursts open, as the clone struggles through the door, and down the corridor, dragging the dead, naked clone of the student.

Letting go as he reaches the incinerator room door, the body drops heavily onto the concrete.

He pushes the door open wide, rushing in to open the furnace, and leaps back to the corpse, dragging it by the feet. The door is slammed shut.

Eventually, the loud groaning of the furnace door being closed is heard, and the clone emerges with a mop and bucket.

Cleaning up the drops of blood outside the incinerator door, he heads back towards the receiver room, pushing the door heavily with his foot.

A door slams behind us, and Ken's clone pokes his head around the door of the receiver room to look down the corridor.

He yells to the beautiful young woman walking up towards the main lab doors.

KEN'S CLONE

Hello...?

MELLISA, a 19 year old casually dressed student stops dead in her tracks and spins around.

MELLISA

Hi, I've got an appointment with
Dr. Clay?

KEN'S CLONE

You're early. Just bear with me,
I'll be with you in a minute.

MELLISA

No worries.

He finishes off the clean up in the receiver room, as
Mellisa waits in the corridor.

She looks around, part intrigue, part boredom, noticing the
door nearest to her marked incinerator.

Looking down the corridor then back, she takes two steps
towards the door, and presses her hands on it lightly. As
she gently pushes, the door creaks open a little.

She lets go with a start as she becomes aware of the Dr.
leaving the receiver room, taking two steps back.

The clone paces along and greets Mellisa.

KEN'S CLONE

Hello there, sorry about that.

MELLISA

It's fine. Sorry I'm early, the
bus, you know?

They continue talking as the walk into the main lab.

INT. LAB

KEN'S CLONE

It's not a problem, now lets see...

He picks up the clipboard, scanning his fingers along the
list of names.

KEN'S CLONE (CONT'D)

Ahh! Mellisa Hart, there you are.
18 years old. A student I take it?

MELLISA

I was. I dropped out. Couldn't
afford it.

He nods as he opens the pod door, and gestures towards the
privacy screen.

KEN'S CLONE

Well, here's a bit of easy money for you, if you'd be so kind as to slip off your clothes, and sit in the pod. Let me know when you're ready.

MELLISA

OK. Uhh, Doc, what exactly do I have to do?

KEN'S CLONE

Absolutely nothing. Just sit down, close your eyes, and imagine you're in that tanning booth that you wasted all your student loans on!

She laughs from behind the screen, as the clone rests the clipboard down on his desk, pressing buttons on the keyboard.

MELLISA

OK, Ready.

Smiling to himself, and averting his eyes as much as he can, the clone slides to pod door closed.

KEN'S CLONE

Here we go. Close those peepers!

She closes her eyes, as the flashing green button is pressed.

FADE TO

INT- CORRIDOR

The door to the receiver room twitches open, as the Clone drags the girl's lifeless body along the corridor and into the incinerator room.

INT. KEN'S HOUSE-DINING ROOM- EVENING

The family are sitting around a large table. They have various bowls of food in the middle of the table; rice, different curries etc.

JULIE

There's plenty left if you want seconds?

HELEN

I'm full Mum, thanks

KEN

I'm good, fit to burst. You always
make way to much, there's only four
of us you know!

JULIE

Four! Are you drunk?

KEN

A little! Three I meant. I was
daydreaming.

Helen giggles, causing her to splutter, spraying her juice
on the table. Julie smiles, wiping the mess away with a
napkin.

HELEN

Are we still going shopping
tomorrow? I want a new game.

JULIE

Yes, Baby, Your Dad's gotta nip
into work in the morning, but he'll
be back by lunch time.

HELEN

Yeah, I've heard that before!

KEN

Now that's not fair. I'll be back
by half past twelve, I swear on my
life.

Helen looks towards her mum, smiling.

JULIE

Listen to your Dad, Helen, He said
he was going to spend more time
with us, and he didn't lie about
that did he? We've had his
undivided attention all week.

KEN

And there's lots more of that to
come, you'll see.

INT. LAB- MORNING

As Ken enters the lab we see the clone at the desk, and the bright light within the pod gradually decreases.

KEN
How's it going?

The clone stands up, and faces Ken

KEN'S CLONE
Perfect.

KEN
How many have you done?

KEN'S CLONE
Thirty. Fifteen females, fifteen males, I've just finished the last one.

He casually strolls to enter the PIN on the pod door, sliding it open, as JASON, confused looking, muscular man in his late twenties steps out, looking at the clone, then at Ken, taking a double take.

KEN'S CLONE
This is my brother, William.
(beat)
Get yourself dressed, and I'll sort your money out.

Jason nods, disappearing behind the screen, as the clone and Ken approach the desk.

As he surfaces fully clothed, the clone puts a wad of notes into his hand.

KEN'S CLONE
Thank you for your time. Have a good day.

Jason carefully folds the money in half, placing it in his wallet as he leaves the lab.

KEN
So I'm your brother now am I?

They laugh

KEN
How have you been dealing with this, no-one suspects anything do they?

KEN'S CLONE

No, it's all gone according to plan, They leave with seventy quid in their pocket none the wiser, we get their genetic make up in the database, and the copies get a swift shot to the head and a quick cremation.

KEN

Oh God, what have we done? This is so wrong.

KEN'S CLONE

No it's not wrong, Ken, it's perfect.

(beat)

You gonna help me take care of this cloned Adonis? I could use a hand, he looked heavy!

KEN

I don't know, I'm not exactly comfortable with this. And...

(beat)

I've got to be back soon. Taking Julie and Helen out for the day.

The clone puts his arm around Ken's shoulder, guiding him out the double doors, and down the corridor, as they continue talking.

INT. CORRIDOR

KEN'S CLONE

Ah, how are my lovely family, is Helen getting on with her new chair?

KEN

They're MY family, not yours. And yes they're fine. She'll be pulling wheelies in it in no time.

KEN'S CLONE

They're my family too, I'm you remember. God, I miss Julie's touch. I...

KEN

Enough! Now do what you have to do?

He pushes the door to the receiver room open for the clone, waiting in the hallway. He looks impatiently at his watch, listening.

He jolts at the sound of the muffled gunshot, and hastily shoves the door open, as the clone grabs the body by the feet, dragging it towards him.

KEN'S CLONE
A bit of help here?

Ken sighs, and steps forward, to grab a foot.

They drag the body, a foot each, along the corridor, and into the incinerator room, as we follow.

The clone opens the huge heavy door of the furnace, as Ken and the clone step back away from the heat.

They silently and clumsily hoist the body up into the air, tossing it into the incinerator. Ken steps back and wipes a tear from his eye as the clone slams the door shut.

As he gathers himself, the clone slowly lifts the gun from his overcoat pocket, shooting Ken in the head before he can even react. He slumps to the floor.

Rifling through his pockets, the clone takes Ken's keys, wallet and mobile phone, and then removes his socks and shoes, placing them on his bare feet.

The incinerator door is opened again, as the clone puts Ken's lifeless body over his shoulder, offering it to the flames.

He notices a smear of blood on his white lab coat, takes it off, and flings it into the flames, slamming the door shut.

INT. LARGE FAMILY KITCHEN- AFTERNOON

Julie is making coffee as the clone bursts into the kitchen, spinning her round embracing her forcefully.

JULIE
God, what's got into you?

KEN'S CLONE
I've missed you, that's what.

JULIE
You've only been gone three hours.
I'm not complaining though.

KEN'S CLONE

Good.

He kisses her again, getting carried away.

JULIE

Ken, Helen's only through there...

KEN'S CLONE

Ah! My beautiful daughter.

He untangles himself from the embrace, and goes to greet Helen in the living room as we follow.

He lifts her up out of her wheelchair, spinning her around.

HELEN

Dad, you're hurting me.

He stops immediately, placing her back in the chair.

KEN'S CLONE

I'm sorry baby, I'm just in a good mood that's all.

HELEN

Mum told you then?

KEN'S CLONE

Told me what?

Julie rushes into the living room.

JULIE

Nothing Ken, forget about it! I'll tell you later. Go and get washed and changed, you smell like a bonfire!

As she heads back to the kitchen, the clone quizzes his daughter.

KEN'S CLONE

What has she got to tell me?

Helen giggles, pulling the imaginary zip closed across her mouth.

KEN'S CLONE

Helen?

(quizically)

Did she book a holiday whilst I was out?

Helen continues giggling, as the clone gives up, and leaves to shower and change.

INT. CAR-DAY

The clone drives, as Julie sits in the passenger seat beside him, with Helen in the back.

KEN'S CLONE

Where do you want to go, the mall?

JULIE

Uh-huh, Helen wants to get a new video game.

KEN'S CLONE

OK. Then a movie later?

HELEN

Cool!

KEN'S CLONE

Just thought, there's roadworks on the main road into the city, we'll be queuing for ages today.

JULIE

Can't we park on a side street and just walk into town? It's a nice enough day.

KEN'S CLONE

Even better idea, we'll use the car park for the lab, it's only a mile out. Perfect. Free parking!

JULIE

Yeah, OK, the car'll be safe won't it?

KEN'S CLONE

Of course it will, it's always there, nothing's ever happened to it in all these years.

INT- FAST FOOD RESTAURANT- EVENING

Julie is standing with Helen, waiting for a table, as the clone orders the burgers at the counter. He returns with a tray piled with food and drinks.

KEN'S CLONE

Nowhere to sit?

JULIE

I bet there's plenty of seats
upstairs, none down here though.
We'll just have to wait.

KEN'S CLONE

The food will be bloody freezing by
the time we get a table.

(looking around)

Come on Helen, sod that bloody
chair, I'll carry you upstairs.

HELEN

No Dad, It'll hurt my back again.

JULIE

Ken, don't be so bloody selfish, if
you're that hungry, stand and eat
it here.

He mutters to himself, placing the tray on the floor,
unwrapping a burger. Julie strokes Helen's hair, sensing
that she is on the verge of tears.

JULIE

What movie do you want to see
honey?

Helen shrugs, watching the clone eat his food.

KEN'S CLONE

Am I eating alone?

JULIE

I'm not hungry now.

KEN'S CLONE

Oh grow up! Stop causing a scene.
What's up with you?

JULIE

I feel a bit sick, just need a sit
down.

HELEN

(pointing)

Mum, they're going, over there!

JULIE
Come on then honey.

They head to the table, sitting down barely after the previous occupants have left.

They sit and eat, silently.

EXT. STREET-NIGHT

Julie is pushing Helen in her wheelchair, the clone walks beside them.

JULIE
Not long now, honey. Nearly there.

Helen fidgets restlessly in her chair.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Are you OK, Chick?

HELEN
I really need the toilet Mum, I can't hold it much longer.

JULIE
Oh, Helen! You only went when we came out the cinema.

HELEN
I can't help it can I?

KEN'S CLONE
You can use the toilet at the lab if you want. I've got my keys.

Helen nods, thankfully.

JULIE
No-one will be there will they?

KEN'S CLONE
No, only us! I can show you round if you like?

JULIE
I don't want you to get into any trouble.

KEN'S CLONE
It'll be fine, honestly. Wait til you see what I've been working on...

He smiles to himself.

INT. LAB- NIGHT

As the lights flicker into action, Julie and Helen look around, amazed at all the equipment in the lab.

KEN'S CLONE
And this is where the magic
happens, my lovelies!

HELEN
(pleading)
Mum...

JULIE
Ken, she needs the loo.

KEN'S CLONE
Oh, I'm sorry. It's down the
corridor. I'll show you.

He powers up the pod, then escorts Julie and Helen down the corridor, showing them where the toilet is.

KEN'S CLONE
I'll be back in one second, wait
there.

Scurrying off into the receiver pod room, he is only gone a matter of moments before he is back in the corridor.

Julie stands patiently outside the toilet door waiting for her daughter.

HELEN (O.S.)
Mum, can you help me please?

JULIE
OK Honey.
(turning to the clone)
She must be sick of this, won't be
a moment.

As Julie disappears into the toilet, the clone speaks to himself, under his breath as he walks back into the lab.

KEN'S CLONE
She won't have to put up with it
much longer.

Reaching his desk, he powers up the computer, clicking on files, as the wife and daughter enter the lab.

KEN'S CLONE

Do you want to see what I've been doing all these years then?

JULIE

What is it Ken? I thought it was all hush-hush.

KEN'S CLONE

It is, but you're family. You're hardly going to drop me in it are you?

Julie smiles, looking half excited half worried.

KEN'S CLONE

Julie, come with me, Helen, wait here I'll be back in a moment.

Julie turns to Helen and smiles, we follow as she leaves the lab with the clone, down the corridor, and into the receiver room.

JULIE

Ken, where are you taking me, what are you doing?

KEN'S CLONE

You'll see, you won't believe your beautiful bespectacled eyes!

JULIE

It's not dangerous is it?

KEN'S CLONE

Not at all. Wait here.

JULIE

What do you want me to do?

KEN'S CLONE

Wait! Nothing more.

Julie stands by the pod, as the clone runs back to the lab. He shouts to Helen as he enters the room.

KEN'S CLONE

Helen, you hate your chair don't you?

HELEN

No, it's much better than the old heap of crap I had.

KEN'S CLONE

I don't mean that. You hate being
in a wheelchair don't you?

She nods, looking upset.

KEN'S CLONE

I bet you wished you could turn
back time, so you'd never ran
across that road without looking
huh?

She begins to sob.

KEN'S CLONE

Well honey, I made this for us, for
you, and it's the next best thing
to a time machine.

She looks up towards the clone, still crying, trying to
stifle the tears.

KEN'S CLONE

This will make you better, do you
want to give it a try?

HELEN

Will it hurt?

KEN'S CLONE

No baby, let Daddy help you get
undressed, and you'll see.

(holds back tears)

I love you.

INT. RECEIVER POD ROOM

Julie stands at the receiver pod, shielding her eyes from
the intense light using her hand.

As the light subsides, she peers through the round window,
her mouth drops open as she sees Helen sat inside.

The clone bursts in through the door, with Helen's clothes
in his hands.

Julie runs up to him, slapping him round the face.

JULIE

What the fuck have you done? That's
your daughter you're experimenting
on. What the fuck did you do to
her?

Without answering, he walks past Julie, and taps in the PIN on the keypad, slowly sliding the door open.

KEN'S CLONE
Hi baby, are you OK?

HELEN'S CLONE
I...I think so, my eyes sting
though.

KEN'S CLONE
That's OK, It's just the light,
that's all. Get dressed baby.

HELEN'S CLONE
Will you help me out?

KEN'S CLONE
I don't need to, Helen.

She looks confused, then, looking at her feet, wiggles her toes.

She lets out a gasp, part relief, part fear, then laughs, stepping out of the pod.

Julie drops to her knees, crying.

JULIE
Helen, you can walk?
(beat)
Come here baby. Come here.

Helen's clone, now clothed, steps slowly but confidently towards Julie, turning into a trot, as she reaches Julie's outstretched arms.

They hug each other, crying and laughing, as Ken's clone slips out the door.

INT. LAB

The clone slides open the pod door, reaches in, lifting out Helen. He carries her to the far side of his desk.

HELEN
Daddy, did it work?

KEN'S CLONE
Yes baby, it did.

He places her on the floor, taking the gun from his pocket.

KEN'S CLONE

I love you.

We hear a muffled bang, then the clone, without any remorse pulls a large plastic tarpaulin out from behind his desk, covering the body.

INT. RECEIVER POD ROOM

Julie and Helen's clone, are still hugging each other, both crying, as Ken's clone re-enters the room. He kneels down beside them.

KEN'S CLONE

Hey honey, you OK?

HELEN'S CLONE

(crying with happiness)

Uh-huh

KEN'S CLONE

Does Daddy get a hug too?

She unwraps her arms from around Julie, and latches them firmly around him. Julie stands up.

JULIE

Ken, we need to talk.

(shouting)

Ken.

(even louder)

Now Ken!

Pulling away from the embrace, he stands up, sliding the pod door closed.

KEN'S CLONE

Wait here Helen, we won't be long.
Don't touch anything. Wait for your
mother.

She nods, as Ken's clone and Julie exit the room, and up the corridor.

JULIE

Ken, you fucking prick. How dare
you do that to our daughter. What
if something had gone wrong?

KEN'S CLONE

It didn't though did it. Think
about it, she can have a normal

KEN'S CLONE

life, not having to depend on us,
or anyone else.

(beat)

She's perfect now. She was robbed
of her childhood, I've given her
the chance to get it back.

We follow as they enter the main lab, through the double
doors.

JULIE

I can't take all this in, I still
can't believe you used *OUR* daughter
as a guinea pig. That's fucking
low, Ken.

KEN'S CLONE

Listen to yourself, please! Your
daughter just walked for the first
time in four years and you're mad
at me?

JULIE

How do you even know it was safe
though, Ken?

KEN'S CLONE

I know because I've tried it
myself. It heals Julie, It heals!
Do you understand what this means?
No more illnesses, no more pain, no
more suffering.

JULIE

How the hell does it heal, Ken?

KEN'S CLONE

Let me put it in terms you'd
understand. Imagine you take a
picture on your phone, OK?

JULIE

Uh-huh

KEN'S CLONE

Well, you can send that photograph
anywhere in the world can't you?
All the information is broken down
into ones and noughts, and sent to
another phone...

She nods, listening.

KEN'S CLONE

(cont)

This works sort of the same way. The information is broken down, one, nought, one, nought, one, nought. But, if it finds something wrong, one, nought, *THREE*, it...

(beat)

...It gets rid of the three. It repairs the imperfection Julie, do you understand?

JULIE

I think, but how the hell have you got the confidence to use this on our daughter though Ken? How do you know there aren't any long term effects? What if she get's ill?

KEN'S CLONE

She won't, Hun, trust me...You'll understand when you try.

JULIE

What do you mean 'when I try'? I'm not going anywhere near that fucking thing.

KEN'S CLONE

You hate your glasses, you don't want laser eye surgery. Two minutes in this pod, and you're eyesight will be 20/20. Imagine.

JULIE

You're sick in the head. I'd rather wear glasses for the rest of my life than go anywhere near your bloody machine.

She turns to leave the lab, Ken's clone follows quickly behind, stopping her at the door.

KEN'S CLONE

I need you to go through it, Julie, I need you to be perfect.

JULIE

I won't I'm not risking...

He swiftly hits her on the head with the butt of his gun. She slumps to the ground. He frantically rips off her clothes, dragging her to the pod.

He places her inside, on the floor, leaning up against the stool, sliding the door closed, he presses the green flashing button.

CLOSE ON: JULIE INSIDE THE POD.

As the purple light gradually becomes more intense, and the machine rumbles and hums into action, Julie slowly comes round, blinking rapidly.

Realising where she is, she bangs on the window, screaming and shouting.

JULIE

Ken, no, I'm pregnant. What if it harms the baby?

INT. RECEIVER POD ROOM

Helen is stood at the receiver pod, peering through the window, as the light dies down.

She blinks, then gags, as she turns and flees through the door, screaming.

INT. LAB

Ken's clone slides open the pod door, as Julie scrambles out, thumping him square in the jaw.

He stumbles, regains his balance, then raises the gun to her head, firing a single bullet straight between the eyes.

She drops heavily to the floor, and the clone, gun still in hand, spins around and fires a shot as a quick reflex reaction to the double doors bursting noisily open.

He pauses for a second, realising what he'd done, and drops the gun to the ground.

KEN'S CLONE

(screaming)

Helen, no! Why did...I told you to stop there. No! What the fuck have I done?

He stoops down, cradling the lifeless body, weeping to himself.

After a moment or two, he lurches to his feet, stumbling down the corridor to the receiver room.

INT. RECEIVER POD ROOM

Frantically tapping the code into the keypad, he hastily slides the door open, pools of blood and sinew ooze out and gloop onto the floor and his feet.

He drops to his knees, sobbing so hard that he vomits.

He struggles to his feet, slipping in the mess on the floor, and we follow his almost zombie like walk up the corridor into the main lab.

INT. LAB

Still wailing, he picks up Helen's clone, carrying it carefully, kicking aside the tarpaulin and placing it with the other body.

Scrambling across the floor, he cups Julie's face in his hands, kissing the forehead.

KEN'S CLONE

I'm so sorry Julie, I'm so SO
sorry.

He carries her corpse, laying it gently with the other bodies, covering them with the tarpaulin sheet.

Still weeping, he picks up the chair from his desk, smashing it into the pod repeatedly until it begins to smoke and spark.

He gently lowers the chair, picks up the gun, and rests the end on his forehead.

FADE TO

BLACK SCREEN

FADE IN

INT. LAB

The lights flicker intermittently.

To one side of a desk a big plastic sheet covers a huge pile of something, and in the corner of the room there is a large, smashed up piece of machinery, which resembles a photo booth, slumped up to the side of this is a body.

There is a splattering of blood along the side of the machine, reaching as far as the white walls. At the feet of the body lies a gun.

KEN (V.O.)

My name is Ken, and I died ten minutes ago. If you'd have told me six months ago that I'd end up killing myself, I would have laughed in your face. But some things never turn out how you'd imagine, and there's only so long you can keep on fighting with yourself before you give in.

(sigh)

In life, perfection is everyone's goal, what everyone strives for, but if we were supposed to be perfect, we'd have been made that way. We're all born with flaws, but that's what makes us original, makes us human, makes us...perfect.

FADE OUT.