

Drifting

By

Eric Hackler

BLUE SCREEN

White text appears along the left side of the screen. Typing is heard.

TEXT LOG

From: Violet C
To: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp
Clone #: Y352
Base: 3
Status: In progress.

The text remains on screen as we

FADE TO

INT. FAMILY ROOM - NIGHT

A male (20s) flying into the wall of a comfortable family room. He collapses to the floor and slowly gets back up. This is Clone Y352. He is sweaty and panting.

Across the room stands VIOLET CASTAWAY (late 20s). She wears tight pants and a shirt under a long coat. There is a look in here eyes like she's growing tired of fighting. She checks her watch.

Text appears on the below the rest.

TEXT LOG

This one recognised me. It's possible they're beginning to communicate.

The text fades as Violet lunges for Y352.

They fight hand-to-hand, moving around the couches. Violet is clearly the stronger fighter, but almost seems reluctant to finish the fight.

They get into a grapple and Violet throws Y352 off her. He recovers and they both strike fighting poses.

Suddenly, Y352's head and arms go limp. Like a robot shutting down. Violet stops the stopwatch on her wrist.

TEXT LOG

This one took 10 minutes for the Base 3 defect to kick in. I guess this confirms that I'm not getting worse, but it might mean they are overcoming their deficiencies. But, I don't have a clue how.

Violet walks up to Y352 and lifts his head to look into his eyes. They are darting back and forth and even though he can't speak, it's clear he's screaming.

VIOLET

I'm sorry.

Looking him right in the eyes, Violet snaps his neck. As his body collapses to the floor, the status line of the text log reappears.

TEXT LOG

Status: Terminated.

Violet sits down on one of the couches and wipes the sweat & tears from her face. She takes several shaky deep breaths. She looks over to the wall of the room. On it hangs a picture of a ship. Something about this picture hurts Violet but she can't look away.

SHOT: Medium shot of the ship as it fades to be replaced by a white ship logo.

TITLE CARD

The blue screen comes in behind the ship and the title is imposed over both.

SHOT: The ship logo moves as the title fades and the scene

FADES TO

EXT. PARK - DAY

The logo sits atop a piece of paper on a well covered picnic table. Below the logo is the name 'CelestiaCorp'. The paper is a printout of Violet's last report. As the camera slowly zooms out, we see the table is mostly covered by maps.

Sitting at the table is ISAAC SEXTANT (20s). He is in a wheelchair sitting at the head of the table. He wears glasses as he looks from map to map.

VIOLET (O.S.)

This is about the last place I'd expect to find you, Sextant.

Sextant chuckles and looks up to see Violet strolling towards him. She is wearing the same long coat and a ruffled fedora hat.

SEXTANT
(looking back to the maps)
I could be on a boat.

VIOLET
You like keeping your wheels
planted. Closest you get to a boat
is the raft in your pool.

Sextant chuckles again. Violet sits on the table and looks at him leisurely.

SEXTANT
So, it's been another three months.

VIOLET
My, how the time flies.

SEXTANT
And if my math is right, you're at
a total of 597. That's down from
last time.

VIOLET
Give me a break, will ya. They're
getting harder to find. I think
they're beginning to communicate.

SEXTANT
I read your report.

VIOLET
Don't you mean we?

SEXTANT
The men upstairs aren't interested
the details. They only care about
numbers.

Beat.

SEXTANT
Now to your reports, of the, let's
be generous and say, 600 you've
found, only 216 of them have been
female. Any particular reason?

VIOLET
I go after the first one I find.
The boys are just more noticeable,
that's all.

SEXTANT

Otherwise, a fairly even spread of Bases 1, 2 and 3. Nothing noteworthy there. Any news of them saying who they are?

VIOLET

You said you read my report.

SEXTANT

We're not talking about communicating with each other, We need to know if they've let it spill to the outside world.

VIOLET

(looking around)

Like you're doing now?

SEXTANT

Please, you think anyone else is allowed in this park right now? This is as off-the-record as it gets.

Beat. Violet looks around. Sextant looks back at his maps.

SEXTANT

So, any word of leaks?

VIOLET

None that I've heard. Do they even know who they are?

SEXTANT

It's unlikely. Their brains weren't fully formed when the escape occurred. Hence the defects. Hard to say what they know at all.

VIOLET

Well, if I hear anything, I'll let you know.

SEXTANT

Please do.

Beat. Sextant lowers his head.

SEXTANT

We didn't want it to go this way. We don't like ordering this any more than you like doing it.

VIOLET

Right.

Violet gets off the table.

SEXTANT

How are you holding up?

VIOLET

(after a moment)

I'm fine, Isaac. Just drifting about.

She turns and starts walking away.

SEXTANT

We'll drift your way toward a higher quota. We need to move on from this quickly.

Violet takes a deep breath, sets her jaw firmly and walks away.

MONTAGE

Throughout this montage the Text Log, doesn't fully fade. Only the clone numbers and information changes.

INT. GARAGE

A female (20s) turns around from her workbench to see Violet standing against the wall with a gun.

She tries to protest, but Violet empties the clip into her.

TEXT LOG

To: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp

Clone #: X217

Base: 1

Defect: inability to attack with the left hand

Status: Terminated.

I wonder if they know I'm coming.

Do they get dressed each day

thinking these are the clothes I

might die in?

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Violet tackles a male clone to the ground. He struggles, but she grabs a nearby lamp and beats him to death with it.

TEXT LOG

To: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp
Clone #: Y378
Base: 2
Defect: Alien extremity
Status: Terminated.
Alien body part here was the foot.
He got off a few good hits before I
put to rest. I hope his friends
never see him like this. Does he
have friends?

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY

A female clone exits the mall. The camera focuses to reveal she is being watched through a sniper scope.

From a distance, Violet fires and kills the clone.

TEXT LOG

To: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp
Clone #: X224
Base: 3
Defect: Temporary Shut-down
Status: Terminated.
I feel like I'm getting to know
them better each time I find one.

INT. CAR - DAY

A female clone parks her car at her house, she is about to get out, when Violet emerges from the back-seat and chokes her.

TEXT LOG

(different font)

From: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp
To: Violet Castaway
Your reports are getting
unprofessional. Try to keep your
feelings from interfering.
Additionally, avoid messy crime
scenes. I dislike the sight of
blood.

EXT. TENNIS COURTS - NIGHT

A male clone slams Violet against the fence. She struggles before breaking free and hitting him in the chest.

She pulls out handcuffs and cuffs his right hand to the fence.

She begins strangling him. He tries to stop her, but his left arm doesn't seem effective. Like he's forgotten he can fight with it.

Violet strangles him and leaves his corpse hanging from the fence.

TEXT LOG

To: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp
Clone #: Y402
Base: 1
Defect: inability to attack with
the left hand
Status: Terminated.
Y402 went slower than the others.

Apologies for the
unprofessionalism. I feel like I
have to tell somebody. This
mission...each one seems just a
little harder

The last phrase lingers on the screen as Violet walks away, fighting back tears.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A modest suburban house, Violet steps in front of the camera and moves toward it.

TEXT LOG

To: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp
Clone #: Y403
Base: 1
Status: Tracking

Violet approaches the front door, after listening for a sound, she picks the lock and enters.

INT. DEN - NIGHT

In the den, she finds Clone Y403. He is standing with his back to her, looking out a window.

Y403
I knew you'd find me sooner or
later.

He turns to face her.

TEXT LOG
To: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp
Clone #: Y403
Base: 1
Status: Located

Y403
Do we get to talk or do you just
kill me?

Violet stares at him. She knows this one is going to be harder than most.

TEXT LOG
To: Isaac Sextant - CelestiaCorp
Clone #: Y403
Base: 1
Status: In progress

Violet quickly tries to pull her gun, but Y403 lunges for her. He is clearly a skilled hand-to-hand fighter and manages to get the gun away.

They begin fighting.

Y403
I'm better than the rest, aren't I?

VIOLET
Eh, 8 out of 10.

Y403
I'll have to try harder then.

He delivers two quick jabs to her gut and kicks her away. She stumbles back, winded.

Y403
Better?

VIOLET
Improving.

Y403
Care to know why?

VIOLET
You heard I was coming and took a
class?

She attacks again and they spar a bit more before he throws her to the ground.

Y403
No. Because I'm the original.

Violet slowly gets to her feet.

VIOLET
I've killed over 600 of you. More
than half have said that.

They fight again. Violet begins to get the upperhand.

Then Y403, grabs both her arms with his right hand and delivers a left handed punch across her jaw.

Violet stumbles back stunned.

TEXT LOG
Clone #: Y403

changes to

TEXT LOG
Clone #: Y000

Y000 smiles.

Y000
Don't tell me, you've adapted your
fighting style.

Violet's eyes widen. Y000 lunges for her and easily overpowers her. He slams her into the wall and hits her three more times with his left.

Y000
They came for me and my friend
Shannon when we were 13. They did
so many experiments. Trying to save
lives right. And then when the
project failed, they took all of us
and locked us in the basements.

Violet struggles and breaks free, but Y000 kicks her to the ground. She is panting and crying.

Y000

You know why you categorise us by Base? It's the basement each failed batch was kept in.

VIOLET

Stop talking! I don't want to hear this!

Y000

No you don't. Makes it harder to do your job, doesn't it?

Violet screams and lunges at Y000. They begins fighting. Y000 is dodging and blocking as Violet swings wildly.

Y000

My parents never knew where I was.

VIOLET

Shut up!

Y000

My favourite animals are rabbits.

VIOLET

Stop it!

Y000

I once chased a girl in my class three miles just to ask for help on my reading homework.

VIOLET

No!

Y000

(smiling)

She was on a bike. What was her name..

Violet gets off a lucky punch and knocks Y000 to the ground. She pins him down and prepares to deliver the final blow to his neck. Both are panting. Violet is struggling to do what she has to.

Y000

Brianna. That was it.

VIOLET
And you? What was your name?

Y000
Sam.

Violet looks into his eyes, then slowly closes her own and strikes.

BLACK

The text log is already there. The word 'Terminated' is flashing.

TEXT LOG
Status: Terminated
There are some things in life you
aren't prepared for.

The rest of the text log types in over the following shots:

-Violet straightens up and fixes her jacket.

TEXT LOG
We get caught up in something
before we realise where it will
take us.

-Violet walks out the house's open front door.

TEXT LOG
And by the time we've realised how
far out we are...we don't know how
to get home.

-Slow shot looking over a dead body. He is dressed in Sam's clothes.

TEXT LOG
We all end up lost sometimes, but
in the beginning, it was a journey
we chose.

-We reach the body's head to reveal that it's Isaac

TEXT LOG
So I guess that means, we can
choose where it ends too.

-Violet's watch drops and lands next to Isaac's head.

-A door opens revealing Sam standing on a front porch. He is looking at Shannon

TEXT LOG

There are two ways to lose
yourself. Mental and physical. I'm
abandoning one in favour of the
other.

-A train door opens and Violet steps out. She is dressed in
casual clothes and for the first time, seems relaxed.

As she walks away, the text log appears for the final time.
This time revealing the recipient.

TEXT LOG

To: Sam
From: Violet
Status: Drifting

FADE OUT