

Title: Clonal Recall

By Dylan Essex

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1.1 LEON ARMITAGE climbs out of bed. The shot is framed so that we only see his side of the bed, and a bedside table and a screen embedded in the wall above it; the screen displays *5:30 AM*. The lighting is dim and bleak. From a speaker below the clock screen, the HOUSEHOLD A.I. speaks to him.

HOUSEHOLD A.I.: “Good morning, LEON. Your breakfast is served in the kitchen. Would you like to hear today’s headlines?”

1.2 We cut to LEON sitting in his car, listening to the radio while driving to work. His face wears a tired, frustrated expression; the face of a man who works hours he can’t afford to waste. One of his hands rests on the top of the steering wheel, the other holds a to-go coffee mug. He is wearing a futuristic business suit.

RADIO: “...more protests were held last night outside GenTech, the first company to provide non-medical cloning procedures, who’ve drawn the ire of many religious and human rights groups...”

1.3 LEON sits in his office. It is wide and luxurious. He sits behind a large desk, with two comically large piles of paperwork either side of him, both framing and dwarfing him; they look ready to topple, like LEON’S own mental state. Behind him, a large window shows of a magnificent cyberpunk skyline. The plaque at the front of his desk reads “*Chairman*”. LEON has his hand on his desktop phone, answering the call from his RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST: “MR. ARMITAGE, I have DRAXLER KEMP on the line for you.”

LEON: “I thought our meeting wasn’t until Thursday? I was just about to take lunch?”

RECEPTIONIST (CONTINUED): “He says this is the only time he can meet. He says if you want the merger to go through, then you have to meet today...”

LEON (CONTINUED): “*Sighs* Send him in...”

1.4 LEON stands beside his car; it is a sleek, delorian-esque hunk of sci-fi machinery. Smoke billows from the hood at an unnatural rate. The car is parked in a parking lot, it is the end of the day, and all LEON wants is to return home. LEON is screaming down the phone, veins protruding from his forehead and neck.

LEON: “What do you mean it won’t be fixed until Monday?!”

1.5 We close page one on a final shot of LEON sitting on the edge of his bed. We can see the clock in the wall, now reading: **2:00**. Shadows are cast across LEON’S face in the poorly lit room, but the tears that run down his cheeks glisten brightly.

LEON: “I don’t know if I can continue... All this money and yet I cannot even stop to enjoy life with my family... I miss them so much...”

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2.1 LEON is riding the crowded sub-way to work. This mode of transport is no better than the car, he is visibly crushed by the hordes of people on the car with him. The announcer speaks through the INTERCOM.

LEON: "I've got to find a way of reducing my work load before I work myself into the incinerator!"

INTERCOM: "The next station is Pimlico. Please, mind the gap..."

LEON (CONTINUED): "Wait a minute!"

2.2 LEON runs up a flight of stairs, taking multiple steps at a time, leading to street level. Above him hangs a sign reading "*PIMLICO*", and a second sign, "*EXIT*", with an arrow pointing up the stairs. The other side of the stairs, reserved for those entering the station is cramped and crowded, LEON is the only one leaving.

LEON: "GenTec's lab isn't far from here! Having a clone means I could work hard, and play hard, simultaneously!"

2.3 LEON stands at the welcome desk of GenTec, signified by the large sign on the wall behind it. At the desk sits a young NURSE, in a classic uniform. The interior of the building is luxurious and state of the art. We view the scene over LEON'S shoulder, looking towards the nurse.

NURSE: "Unfortunately sir, it may be some time before we have time to perform the pre-op tests, we are very busy today.

LEON: "I don't care, I'll wait as long as I need!"

2.4 We cut to the inside of a visitation room. LEON is sat in a reclined chair, like a dentist. An older Doctor stands over him, wearing a long white coat that matches his snow white hair and moustache. His name is DR. FARNHAM.

DR. FARNHAM: "Right, Leon. Before we can commence the procedure, I need to run some routine genetic tests. I hope you understand."

2.5 A smaller panel, depicting a needle drawing blood from LEON'S forearm.

DR. FARNHAM: "This should only take a minute."

2.6 This panel shows a close up of LEON'S face, half asleep, a line of drool spilling from the corner of his mouth. He is still sitting in the chair from 2.4.

CAPTION: "2 Hours Later"

DR. FARNHAM (OFF PANEL): "MR. ARMITAGE, I have some disappointing news..."

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3.1 LEON raises himself from the seat, his arms stretched out behind to hold him up. DR. FARNHAM has just entered the room; in one hand he holds a file, the test results, and the

other hand dabs at his forehead with a handkerchief. DR. FARNHAM looks small, timid and nervous for an unknown reason.

DR. FARNHAM: “Unfortunately, we cannot perform the procedure today. I recommend you get your coat and leave. I am very sorry.”

3.2 This panel shows a close up of LEON’S face. His mouth hangs open in shock, the multitude of lines on his middle aged face crumple in rage and surprise. His normally well kept hair begins to lose it’s shape, a strand falling down his forehead. He is screaming furiously at the doctor, the background around the image of his head contains no detail, he has lost all sense of his surroundings and his control.

LEON: “What? Why? I demand an explanation!”

DR. FARNHAM: “I am not at liberty to discuss...”

LEON (CONTINUED): “How dare you! I need this!”

3.3 LEON grabs DR. FARNHAM by the collar of his lab coat, furiously thrusting him against the wall. LEON screams into his face. DR. FARNHAM is sweating profusely, now not only fearful of the truth, but also the frantic patient assaulting him, he is also screaming.

LEON: “How can you not be at liberty to tell me MR OWN test results?!”

DR. FARNHAM: “SECURITY!”

3.4 LEON walks down a dimly lit street, it is getting dark outside. Unbeknownst to LEON he has wasted an entire day at the clinic in a fruitless effort to free himself from the shackles of his work life. LEON himself looks terrible, his futuristic suit is torn and dirty, his hair is messy and his cheek is bruising. He walks home, lamenting the days events (This will text heavy so leave space).

LEON: “Those security guys didn’t need to be that rough! And why was that Doctor so nervous? I only wanted an explanation... I’ll be pressing charges!”

3.5 LEON opens the front door of his apartment. The panel depicts him from behind, half through the threshold. A plaque on the door reads, L. ARMITAGE.

LEON: “At least this will be the longest nights sleep I’ve had in a month”

3.6 A small panel, a close up of his finger flicking on a light switch.

3.7 LEON’S terrified face. A big bruise has formed on the side of his cheek, and dark circles ring his eyes. What he sees when the lights come on clearly trigger wide-eyed surprise.

LEON: “Who are you?”

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4.1 We see the object causing LEON’S surprise. Himself! LEON ARMITAGE is sat in an armchair in the living room; one considered old fashioned today, let alone the near future. This new LEON is not identical though, he is the REAL LEON, older and rounder from his life of ease. Streaks of grey line his temples in a distinguished side parting. The REAL LEON wears a nicer suit and is pointing a gun at OUR LEON.

REAL LEON: “Isn’t it obvious? I’m you.”

4.2 The two LEON’s stare at each other across the room. OUR LEON is visibly stunned. The REAL LEON waves the gun towards an adjacent seat, signalling OUR LEON to take a seat. The REAL LEON has made himself comfortable; a drink sits unfinished on the table beside him.

REAL LEON: “Take a seat, before you faint.”

OUR LEON: “But...But...”

REAL LEON (Continued): “I felt like you deserve an explanation as to why you were rejected from the clinic today. So let me explain...”

4.3 We see the REAL LEON, viewed from over the shoulder of OUR LEON who has now taken a seat. He is still sat in the armchair, calm and collected. The gun still trained on his identical counterpart.

REAL LEON: “I hate to break it to you, but you’re my clone. When Farnham detected the unique genetic markers indicating cloned DNA, you were refused service and I was alerted.”

4.4 We see OUR LEON, still stunned and silent, from over the shoulder of the REAL LEON.

REAL LEON: “Ten years ago, I cloned myself to save time, a solution you’ve now come too. I can’t have a lazy clone, so I have to dispose of you.”

4.5 OUR LEON springs up from his chair, screaming. But the REAL LEON is too fast, pulling the trigger and the gun goes off with a “*BANG!*”, cutting off the words before OUR LEON can speak them.

OUR LEON: “WAIT, STOP!”

4.6 The final panel depicts the REAL LEON leaving through the bottom of the panel, his face shadowed. He is holding a phone to his ear and speaking into it. Behind him we can see the rest of the room, and OUR LEON slumped, dead, in the armchair.

REAL LEON: “Hello, Dr. FARNHAM. It happened again, I’m going to need a new me.”

THE END