

ELEKSHON

Written by
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ELEKSHON - "FALSE POSITIVE"

MUSIC PLAYS: Alternative rock like 'PSYCHO KILLER' by TALKING HEADS.

OVER BLACK:

In 1970s Canada, a psychologist created the Psychopathy Checklist after working with male convicts in prison.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASS - DAY

Boys in muted red uniforms. Girls in white. A TEACHER checks attendance.

TEACHER

Aaron? Aaron Szczotko?

DANIEL (16) taps his pen against the desk. Eyes fixed on an invisible point, refusing to look at the empty desk.

RACHELLE (16) freezes, mid sketch on her wrist. She shares a quick look with Daniel. Neither says a word.

OVER BLACK:

The Psychopathy Checklist became a weapon.

Crime prevention through science.

A tool for the government's war on crime.

INT. HOUSE, TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - DAY

A boy's room stripped bare. Everything personal in boxes.

OVER BLACK:

It was eventually criticized for having false positives.

Innocents labeled guilty. The science flawed.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A MOTHER and FATHER carry boxes--trophies and ribbons. A photo of a teenage track star as he crosses finish line.

OVER BLACK:

This is a world where that didn't happen.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Boxes on fire. Trophies melt. Ribbons disintegrate. Photos of a teenage boy and his family burn.

Flames lick a birth certificate. Parents watch the bonfire--expressionless.

MUSIC DISTORTS--THEN CUTS OUT.

SMASH TO BLINDING DAYLIGHT.

EXT. ELEKSHON - DAY

SUPER: REPUBLIC OF CANADA, 2071.

PROPAGANDA RADIO (V.O.)
See it. Spot it. Sort it. Remember,
if you see something, say
something! Help keep us the safest
country in the world!

A derelict cityscape. A once great--now falling apart concrete jungle.

SFX: Radio static spits, adjusting, jarring, a white noise--

A massive skyscraper dominates the city, infinitely taller than the rest--an obelisk of black onyx glass with a glowing green 'A'. This building is clean. Pristine. Perfection.

MUSIC PLAYS: A syrupy doo-wop 1950s song, something like "I'm Into Something Good" by Herman's Hermits.

MONTAGE:

--A Skytrain, once white, now whatever colour passes for decades of neglect. The WHOOSH of velocity against the tracks. Every carriage empty.

--White ORB DRONES--the size of a basketball--hover. A technologically advanced camera in the middle of each orb--scanning the city, recording everything.

--A PRISONER scales a massive wall bordering this city. He climbs high, inching closer to freedom. He doesn't notice an ORB hovering above his shoulder. It zaps him with a blue laser. It quickly melts his face.

--RED HOODED FIGURES, faces hidden by Venetian masks, march. Torches in hand. As if on a hunt. They drag away a screaming woman--her screams can't be heard over the 1950s bop.

EXT. STREET - DAY

AARON SZCZOTKO (16) RUNS FOR HIS LIFE. A natural runner--we recognize him from the burning photo. He looks like he belongs in a GAP commercial--not whatever horror movie moment this is.

Szczotko (Pronounced: Shot-co) sweats. Blood on his cheek. Panic in his eyes. He jumps over a fire hydrant. Hops a park bench. No looking back. There's no time.

The doowop song still playing amidst this panic.

He spots an alley--deeks into it.

EXT. ALLEY - DEAD END

Broken bricks. Szczotko stumbles over rotting wood. Leans against a rusted dumpster to catch his breath. His face tells us--this day can't get any worse.

Whatever he's running from spots him. He spots a dead end--
MUSIC STOPS.

He claws brick wall like he can climb it--but there's no way. He scans for something, anything--nothing helpful.

He backs up. Tenses. Pulse hammering.

Each panicked breath the only sound in the alley.

Footsteps. Whatever's been chasing him inches closer.

He grabs a broken brick. Ready to use it if it comes to that.

SZCZOTKO

Please...

BOSTON (O.S.)

Relax. I'm not going to kill you.

BOSTON (17)--ruthless eyes. A stubborn attitude that would be useful in an apocalypse. A teenage girl with BRASS KNUCKLES.

BOSTON (CONT'D)

Unless you give me a reason. You going to give me a reason?

CRUNCH. Broken glass at Szczotko's feet--one shard looks like it could also be a makeshift weapon...

BOSTON (CONT'D)

Go on.

Szczotko grabs the glass. It slices his palm. He WINCES.

BOSTON (CONT'D)
That choice kills you.

SZCZOTKO
What?

BOSTON
Two weapons out in the open. Messy.
That gets you dead. Which makes you
useless. Best of luck.
(as she leaves alley)
It's not your fault by the way.
Whatever happens, they got it
wrong. You're one of them.

SZCZOTKO
One of what?

Boston ignores him. Almost out of the alley.

Szczotko--PURE RAGE--chucks the brick. It shatters against
the wall, a foot from Boston's head.

Boston surveys the broken pieces. Almost impressed.

BOSTON
Genuine anger. That's rare. Sorry.
Been awhile.

She points at his feet. He looks down--ORANGE PEELS ON THE
GROUND--BLACKENED.

BOSTON (CONT'D)
Advice, don't stay in this alley
after dark.

Szczotko crouches, examines the rotting orange peel
substance: a tinge of pink at the tips.

SZCZOTKO
That's skin!

BOSTON
Yeah.

SZCZOTKO
What...what did this?

BOSTON
Not a what. Who? If you're curious,
stay here after dark. Find out.

CLANG. Boston's ready to attack whatever comes her way.

The alley is still. Too still.

MOVEMENT by the dumpster. A rat scurries out behind cardboard. Szczotko exhales with relief but then--

A FERAL CHILD (10) jumps out--guns for Boston. The boy wields a knife that looks like it belongs to a cult leader.

Boston sweeps the child's legs--gravity does its thing. BOOM. CRASH. The child hits pavement--bounces back.

Boston smirks--her movements with the child quick, dance-like. She dodges each swing of the blade. Playing with him.

Boston's eyes flick to Szczotko--silently asking, "Are you going to help?".

Nope. He's not. Szczotko scuttles backwards. Almost tripping.

Boston catches the knife-wielding hand in one arm. Sweeps the child's legs. Brings them in for what looks like a hug.

BOSTON (CONT'D)

There, there. You're alright. Shhh.

She strokes the child's hair. She hums. Soft. Like a lullaby.

The child tries to inch the knife toward's her neck.

BOSTON (CONT'D)

It's going to be okay.

The boy stirs. Fights back. The knife getting closer to skin.

It's a HUG OF DEATH. Boston suffocates him--one arm around his neck--the other pets his hair.

BOSTON (CONT'D)

Shhh. Shhh. You're safe. Shh.

The knife falls out of the boy's hand.

His head falls back. Dead. Eyes open.

Szczotko's face: Shock. Pure terror. Trying not to cry.

END OF TEASE