

Killing with Kindness

By

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FADE IN ON:

EXT. OUTDOOR PROTEST - DAY

Complete chaos. Howls of terror, rage. Smoke rolls like the ocean over clashing PROTESTORS, COPS.

Bullets ironically strike a "Stop" sign. Sparks fly.

LUCY (19) ducks. Wiry, dressed in an "Anti-War" tee, she mashes a cloth against her face. BINOCULARS dangle at her neck. Coughing, she wipes away tears.

And uses a burned out CAR as a shield.

An unseen explosion rocks the street. Protesters with "Fascism Ends Now!" placards flee.

From her sheltered position, Lucy watches, wary.

A heavy hand lands on Lucy's shoulder, causes her to jump!

She whirls around. A gloved hand shoots out and cradles the back of her head. A finger against her lips. Shhh.

Lucy snarls, prepared to bite the offending digit off.

But stops as she recognizes BRIAN (25). Clad in a gas mask, body-armor, and SHIELD draped over his back, it's be hard to tell what side he's on. Though his "Antifa" baseball cap is one clue.

LUCY

Geezus, Brian. It's just you?

BRIAN

Just me? I came over to make sure you weren't road-kill... yet.

He taps a FIRST AID kit, that dangles at his belt.

BRIAN

(sarcastic)

"Thanks for your concern, Brian." Lucy, so awfully glad to see you, too!

Lucy deflates, cynical eyebrow raised.

LUCY

Just never surprise me like that again. I almost bit your middle finger off!

BRIAN

Whew. That's my favorite one, too.

He flexes paramilitary gloves in Lucy's face.

BRIAN

Just as well you didn't. These are steel reinforced. It wouldn't have ended well for those pearly whites of yours.

LUCY

(grunts)

Where'd you nab those, Amazon?

BRIAN

Nah, the Army-Navy surplus store on Howe. That place has *everything*.

(points to her binoculars)

Dick's Sporting Goods camping gear only goes so far. Time to get combat ready. You should stock up there sometime.

LUCY

And give money to the pigs? Count me out.

BRIAN

Lesser evil. Amazon's way worse!

TRACER FLARES whistle through the air. Protectively, Brian pulls Lucy down.

Shielding her from falling debris, he pulls a second GAS MASK from his jacket.

BRIAN

Here. Try this on.

LUCY

You brought extras?

BRIAN

A two-for-one sale. Black Friday Deal.

Grateful, Lucy slips it on. Wiggles it to adjust the fit. And peeks past the car's dented bumper.

LUCY

Not a second too soon. The cops are hauling out heavy artillery. Rubber bullets weren't enough for those goons? They're using tear gas launchers now?

The BOOM of canons emphasize Lucy's words. Protestors choke on gas, fall to their knees.

Lucy braces to run to their aid. Brian pulls her back.

BRIAN

Don't! If that was the new Endorphin Engine, sure. But some of *those* rounds are live!

A double-take from Lucy: huh? But she shakes it off.

LUCY

We can't let them get away with this. Whatever the cost, we have to fight!

Pulling free, she zig-zags out in the melee, towards a fallen protestor. And *almost* reaches the victim when...

The blast from a WATER CANNON sends her slip-sliding back. Lucy flails, ends up wet and wasted at Brian's feet. He holds out a hand to help her up.

BRIAN

Can't say you weren't warned.

Standing and soaked, Lucy wrings out her t-shirt. Glares.

LUCY

Distracted is more like it. An "Endorphin Engine"? What the hell's that?

BRIAN

Word is, a new anti-protestor bio-weapon. Kinda like Havana Syndrome, but in reverse. No dizziness or headaches. It triggers... nice stuff instead.

LUCY

These fucking goons wouldn't know "nice" if it bit them on their fascist ass cheeks. What "stuff" does this top-secret weapon do?

BRIAN

According to the whistleblowers I've read, the Engine creates... uh.... "pleasant distractions".

LUCY

How? By tickling us all to death?

Brian shrugs, a difficult gesture in his bulky gear.

BRIAN

Nah. Way better, in more ways than one.
It sends a wave which triggers
endorphins.

LUCY

Hence, the name. Which accomplishes *what*?

BRIAN

The Engine makes you orgasm.

Lucy stares. Is Brian bullshitting or serious? Apparently
the latter. His explanation stumbles along. Awkward.

BRIAN

I mean, that's what they say it does. And
you gotta give the deep state *some* credit
for thinking outside the violence box.

LUCY

A non-consensual orgasm? That's major
gross. And assault!

BRIAN

If you gotta pick one, what would you
prefer? A rubber bullet to the face,
or a few seconds of no-strings bliss?

LUCY

Do you *hear* yourself, Brian? No matter
how "nice" it sounds, anything these
black boots dream up is guaranteed to go
really, really wrong!

BRIAN

C'mon. If you've got to get oppressed by
The Man, is a Happy Ending all *that* bad?

BZZZZT. A DRONE zips through the air. Grabbing his
shield, Brian whacks it. Hard.

The drone spins, tumbles wildly into a SWAT COP. The
officer's knocked off his feet.

COP

Oooooof!

Lucy and Brian laugh and high-five.

LUCY

Awesome aim there, partner!

BRIAN

Score!

The two lock eyes. A moment of combat camaraderie.

LUCY
Thanks for saving me.

BRIAN
(grins)
Again. And... you're very welcome.

Feet away, a phalanx of POLICE form a line. Their shadowy silhouettes set up gear.

Lucy squints through her binoculars. But due to heavy smoke, it's impossible to get a good look.

LUCY
This was a peaceful protest. But it's turning into Kent State 2. Enough with the Black Mirror Bullshit. Let's take the fight to them, before they MOVE bomb us back into '85!

Lucy extracts a TASER from her jacket. A mean looking bit of gear. Brian double-takes, impressed. Lucy grins.

LUCY
I don't buy *everything* at Dick's Sporting Goods. Sometimes, it's best to think INSIDE that "violence box."

BRIAN
Listen, Lucy: before you go. You seem like a cool chick. After all this is over - assuming we don't die - wanna join me for some Netflix... and chill?

LUCY
Lemme guess, you're into Science Fiction?

Rolling her eyes, Lucy pulls free and beelines for a COP.

Brian watches from a distance as the two struggle.

BRIAN
Whatever you do, don't get arrested!

Lucy tasers the cop's neck. The man drops. Brian cheers.

Until he notices to Lucy's right - a GLOW. That odd equipment's warming up.

BRIAN
And duck! Now!

Lucy hears. A strange, distorting wave spreads out.

Lucy ducks. The wave misses her, bathes a section of the protestor crowd.

Bodies drop and moan. In pain, or something else?

Before he can react, the wave hits Brian, too. He drops. And instantly groans... with pleasure.

BRIAN

The rumors were right! Oh. My. God!

Writhing on the sidewalk, Brian rips off his gas mask. Choking on smoke, he still smiles as he gulps it down.

BRIAN

If this is the future of warfare, cool!

Looking up, he spots Lucy. Frozen, she stares at her fallen friends. Brian locks eyes with her.

BRIAN

Lucy, you gotta feel this. It's amazing...

Horrified, Lucy shakes her head. Runs. Brian reaches out.

BRIAN

Come back!

A shadow falls across Brian's face. It's the COP he took out with the drone, holding a BATON. Helmet askew, DRONE BLADES protrude from his armored vest.

The ecstasy on Brian's face flickers. Helplessness and confusion mix.

BRIAN

Wait. You're not Lucy.

The cop grins.

COP

Captain was right. This is beautiful. Man, you're such easy targets now.

The baton swings. Brian cringes. But with his body spasming, he can't even shield his face.

A sickening CRUNCH. Then... BLACKOUT.

FINAL FADE OUT: