

Mirror Image
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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A slender Caucasian male, MONOS KRATOS (30s), with long jet black hair and matching eyes sits up in a hospital bed.

He holds at his groggy head as he tries to stand.

He stumbles as he attempts to regain his balance. Monos walks to the window and opens the curtains.

He gazes out upon the bustling city with skyscraper after skyscraper packed upon one another.

He sighs in relief.

Monos notices his reflection in the mirror.

He jumps back in disgust.

A short man in a white lab coat, DR. NICK (40s), enters the room.

Monos spins around.

DR. NICK

Good afternoon...sir. I see that you're up.

Monos shakes his head in disgust.

MONOS

What the fuck is this?

Monos looks over his puny body in disgust.

Dr. Nick hesitantly walks forward.

DR. NICK

Do you know where you are sir?

Monos hesitates. He rubs at his head.

MONOS

Yeah. Yeah I know where I am. Imago Labs.

Dr. Nick smiles nervously.

DR. NICK

Yes. Yes that's correct.

Monos walks forward.

MONOS

The question I'm more interested in is why I'm in this fucking pathetic excuse of a body.

Dr. Nick sighs heavily.

DR. NICK

I do apologize Mr. Kratos...do you mind if I call you Mr. Kratos?

Monos shakes his head as his face contorts.

MONOS

Mind? It is my name.

DR. NICK

Yes of course. There seems to have been a slight...slight mix-up.

Monos growls softly.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

You see, the body that you're in is that of Michael Kraten. Another one of our clients.

Monos runs his hand through his long black hair.

He picks up a mirror as he inspects the sullen skin of his body with disdain.

The dark circles beneath his eyes. The wispy black moustache.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

You see, we store all our DNA samples alphabetically. Michael Kraten, Monos Kratos. Right beside each other. Not that I'm excusing the mix-up, obviously.

Monos huffs.

MONOS

No. Obviously.

DR. NICK

Well, you see, we accidentally placed your memory-encoded long chain molecules in Mr. Kraten's body.

Dr. Nick laughs uneasily.

Monos grunts.

MONOS

I see you take great pride in hiring only the best for your illegal cloning facility. And speaking of ineptitude, what is your name, Dr. Kevorkian?

Dr. Nick raises his arm forward to shake hands.

DR. NICK

Oh of course...Dr. Nick.

Monos watches the man raise his hand. He crosses his arms.

Dr. Nick slowly returns his hand to his side.

MONOS

So, how did I die?

Monos grins.

MONOS (CONT'D)

Was it someone from Tony Montana's gang? Or the Triads perhaps? They were encroaching on our territory around that time. Filthy cockroaches.

Monos stops. He looks around for a clock.

MONOS (CONT'D)

Speaking of, how long has it been?

Dr. Nick scratches at his face.

DR. NICK

Five years. But Mr. Kratos...the thing is...you didn't die.

Monos shakes his head in confusion.

MONOS

What do you mean I didn't die?

DR. NICK

Well...I mean you, the real you, is alive and well. In fact, Mr. Kratos doesn't even know about this mix-up...and we'd like to keep it that way.

Monos stares at his emaciated reflection in the window.

MONOS

(mumbling)

Real me?

DR. NICK

Yes, you see it was Mr. Kraten that died...in a car accident. Very unfortunate incident.

MONOS

I don't give a rat's ass about Mr. Kraten or how that little weasel died.

Monos lunges forward and grabs the doctor by the collar.

MONOS (CONT'D)

So what you need to do is rectify the situation.

Dr. Nick struggles to free himself.

DR. NICK

Yes, yes of course we plan on doing as much.

Monos continues to hold the doctor by the collar.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

We simply need to wipe the...your...memories from this body, and implant the appropriate memories of Mr. Kraten instead.

MONOS

You want to erase me?

Dr. Nick wriggles as he chuckles nervously.

DR. NICK

Well sir, you know this isn't actually your body.

MONOS

No shit it's not my body!

DR. NICK

And you do realize Monos Kratos isn't actually dead.

Monos shrugs his shoulders.

MONOS

Yeah, so?

DR. NICK

So it's redundant to have your memories inside this man's body when the real you is alive and well.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)
You're redundant I'm afraid.

Monos lets go of Dr. Nick.

Dr. Nick brushes himself off.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)
And Mr. Kraten has already paid for this procedure, we can't afford to generate another clone for him when we've got a perfectly good one already prepared.

Monos paces about.

MONOS
I'm not asking you to leave me inside this little weasel. The real me could snap this rodent in half like a twig. You're going to have to clone my body, and insert my memories into it.

Dr. Nick hesitates.

DR. NICK
We can't do that. Like I said, the real Mr. Kratos is alive and well. And even if we were to prepare a clone of Mr. Kratos, it would have the same memories you had prior to waking up. Those of Mr. Kratos five years ago when he first came to the facility.

MONOS
Meaning?

DR. NICK
Meaning, this you that you're experiencing now, this consciousness, it will be gone either way.

Monos sighs.

He plops down on the edge of the small bed.

He cups his face in his hands.

MONOS
You sorry sons of bitches. You sorry sorry sons of bitches.

Dr. Nick grins sheepishly.

DR. NICK

Well yes, we are truly sorry.

Monos jumps to his feet and pins the doctor against the wall with his forearm against the doctor's neck.

He grits his teeth and snarls.

MONOS

Do you think this is a joke?

Doctor Nick hangs mid-air with his feet dangling.

DR. NICK

No. No of course not.

MONOS

Then you're going to have to just leave me in this body. If that's the only way I can live, then so be it.

Dr. Nick gurgles.

DR. NICK

But Mr. Kratos...

MONOS

I'll pay for the clone and you can just replicate another copy for that little twig boy suit Kraten.

Dr. Nick shakes his head.

DR. NICK

I'm telling you, it's not just that. Mr. Kratos would be less than pleased to know he essentially has a duplicate of himself running around.

Monos lets Dr. Nick drop to the floor.

MONOS

You don't think I know him better than you? He wouldn't want his twin brother killed in cold blood. Trust me.

Dr. Nick rubs at his throat.

DR. NICK

We'll have to call him then.

Monos shrugs.

MONOS

Then call him.

Dr. Nick gets up gingerly and rushes toward the hall.

Monos calls after the doctor down the hallway.

MONOS (CONT'D)

And while you're at it, get me a
scotch, neat. This place is as dry
as the Sahara.

A petite, attractive woman with thick black hair cupped into a bun with a long hairpin through it, and sparkling green eyes, KATE KRATEN (20s), appears in the doorway.

KATE

My brother doesn't drink scotch.

Monos lifts his eyes at the sound of the sultry voice. He takes in the woman before answering with a smirk.

MONOS

Then your brother is even more
pathetic than I thought.

She glares at Monos with cold eyes. He grins.

KATE

I've already been informed about
most of today's debacle, but surely
I didn't just hear you say you don't
want to give up my brother's body.

MONOS

Possession is nine-tenths of the
law, sweetheart. Besides, it's my
mind in this weak creature. I'm
more me than him.

Kate rolls her eyes.

KATE

Clearly, since my brother isn't the
pathetic lowlife gangster philosopher
wannabe you appear to be.

Monos brushes back his hair.

KATE (CONT'D)

Look. I came here to make sure this
procedure doesn't go any worse than
it already has. I've already got a
belly full of chewed ass. I'm I
going to have to chew yours too?

Monos retorts with a lopsided grin.

MONOS

Only if I can chew yours first.

Kate squints her eyes as she glares at Monos. He walks closer to the woman.

MONOS (CONT'D)

What's your name sweetheart?

KATE

Kate. And don't call me sweetheart.

MONOS

You're beautiful when you're angry, Kate. I guess I'm about to see you get even more beautiful in a few minutes.

Kate leans in close. She whispers in his ear with a harsh tone.

KATE

You're going to see me become the most beautiful woman of all time if you keep it up.

Kate knees Monos in the groin. He collapses to the ground and wriths about in pain.

KATE (CONT'D)

Don't try to sweet-talk me asshole. You're not really you, and you're certainly not my brother. So why don't you just give up the charade and let these morons fix their blunder.

Monos shakily rises from the floor, still grinning.

MONOS

If I'm not really me, then when your brother's properly cloned, he won't really be him, right?

Kate stutters.

MONOS (CONT'D)

I know you don't really believe that, or else you wouldn't be so intent on having him cloned. So how can you expect me to just let these people scrub me out of existence?

KATE

The key difference is that my brother is, in fact, dead. But you, the real you, is still, albeit unfortunately, quite alive.

Monos shakes his head.

MONOS

I already went over this with Doctor Frankenstein. I'm alive too. Only difference between Monos and me is five years worth of memories and about 150 pounds and five inches.

Monos grins as he looks down.

MONOS (CONT'D)

Five inches both ways.

Kate rolls her eyes in disgust.

MONOS (CONT'D)

So why should I let them destroy me? To appease you? I want to stay alive sweetheart.

KATE

You're an idiot.

MONOS

You wouldn't feel the same way in my shoes?

Monos looks down at his small feet.

MONOS (CONT'D)

Granted these shoes are about six sizes smaller than what I'm used to.

Kate smiles briefly.

KATE

Look, I understand where you're coming from. But surely you can see how insane this is?

Monos throws his hands in the air.

MONOS

Of course I can! And I'm madder about it than you are sweetheart, trust me. Look, I said I'd pay for a second clone. You'll get your brother back. What's the big deal?

KATE

Well, for starters there will be a degenerate man who looks identical to my brother walking around town.

Monos laughs.

MONOS

You don't need to worry about that. As soon as I get out of here I'm hitting the gym, the tattoo parlor and cutting off this Eastern European James Bond bad guy hair.

Kate rubs her forehead.

KATE

You're something else.

Monos slides himself beside her and leans in close.

MONOS

So are you. What do you say we go to breakfast. Hell, this won't be settled anytime soon, might as well make it dinner.

Kate shakes her head while smiling.

KATE

You can't be serious right now.

A loud BEEP from the large TV screen at the front of the room is heard.

Dr. Nick's face appears on the TV.

DR. NICK

There's a call for you Mr. Kratos...it's Mr. Kratos. I'll put him through.

Monos turns his attention to the screen.

Dr. Nick's face is replaced on screen by a behemoth of a face. The rugged skull with steel gray eyes, cropped black hair and several tattoos. It is the face of the REAL MONOS KRATOS (30s).

Monos smiles he sees the familiar face on screen.

MONOS

Hey buddy. Good to see you.

The man on screen squints his eyes as a gravely, barbaric voice RUMBLES from the TV.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

Listen buddy, or whoever you think you are. There's been a major screw-up. And I want it fixed. Now. You aren't me and you know it.

Monos protests.

MONOS

Hey, listen...

REAL MONOS KRATOS

No, you listen! You aren't supposed to exist you freak. And I'm not letting you out of there to tamper with my life. You think you're going to spend my money? Elbow into my work? Eat my food? Sleep with my women? I don't think so.

Monos interjects in vehement protest.

MONOS

Then I'll move to another city. Another country. Hell, another planet!

REAL MONOS KRATOS

The hell you will freak. I told those incompetent monkeys to wipe you out and stick that weasely suit's mind back in that bag of bones where it belongs. And I'm coming over myself to make sure things are done correctly. We're finished.

MONOS

You son of a bitch, listen!

The TV screen cuts off and fades to black.

MONOS (CONT'D)

You miserable piece of shit, two-timing son of a whore!

Monos picks up a chair and hurls it at the screen. The screen shatters.

KATE

Don't you just hate yourself?

Monos turns to glare at Kate.

KATE (CONT'D)

Well Mr. Kratos, I'm sorry. You do have your own sort of crude charm I suppose. And I almost considered taking you up on that dinner offer. But it looks like that's not going to happen now is it?

Monos' anger turns to surprise.

MONOS

You were?

The door to the hospital room BURST open as three SECURITY OFFICERS appear in the doorway. All three hold a 9 MM Glock.

The three officers point their weapons at Monos.

SECURITY OFFICER #1

Sir, please step away from the woman and put your hands behind your head.

Monos smirks at the officers.

MONOS

Just three?

SECURITY OFFICER #2

Sir, please come with us and we can do this as quickly and painlessly as possible.

Kate stands still in trepidation.

MONOS

You boys got no heart. Not even one glass of scotch before I go?

SECURITY OFFICER #1

Sorry sir. You need to come with us. Now.

Peripherally, Monos looks about the room as he speaks.

MONOS

You know boys, one of the benefits of living an arduous life such as mine, is that you learn certain unique skills. For instance, you learn that anything can be used as a weapon. A rolled up magazine stabbed into the trachea.

One of the officers nervously glances over at a magazine sitting on a chair in the corner of the room.

MONOS (CONT'D)

A coffee mug smashed to the bridge
of the nose.

Another officer sees a coffee mug sitting by the bed.

MONOS (CONT'D)

Hell, I once killed two guys on
motorcycles with just a helmet.
Took the helmet off the head of the
first guy, smashed it into the head
of the second guy. Then I dragged
the first guy off his bike and stomped
his head against the edge of the
curb.

The security officers take a step forward.

MONOS (CONT'D)

They didn't like me cutting them off
in traffic. Well, I didn't like
them following me into a parking
garage to tell me about it.

The first security officer aims his gun at Monos' head as he
inches closer.

SECURITY OFFICER #1

Sir. I said NOW.

Monos grins.

MONOS

So what are you going to do? Pump
this nice woman's cloned brother
full of holes?

Monos turns to look at Kate and smiles.

MONOS (CONT'D)

So I guess we'll have to have that
dinner some other time. I'll be
seeing you.

In one motion, Monos sweeps his left leg under Kate, dropping
her to the floor. As she falls, he grabs the the long hair
pin from her hair and spins around, plunging it deep into
the first officer's throat.

Kate hits the ground as Monos gives her a sharp kick to roll
her out of harm's way.

Monos grabs the firearm of the impaled officer and spins the
man's body in front of him.

The remaining two officers FIRE at Monos, hitting the deceased officer in the chest.

From behind his human shield, Monos FIRES the impaled officer's handgun. He kills the second and third officers in five shots.

Monos takes the guns from the dead officers and tucks them into his waist.

Monos looks down at the dead officer with a hairpin running through his throat.

MONOS (CONT'D)

Or in this case, a hairpin serves as one hell of a Kanshasi. It's all about improvisation boys.

He turns back to cast a smirk at Kate. She is huddling in the corner of the room, quivering, blood strewn across her chest.

Monos smiles.

MONOS (CONT'D)

You take care, sweetheart.

Kate glances up at him, timid with tears forming.

KATE

Be careful, you stupid piece of shit.

Monos exits the room and enters the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Monos trots down the hallway. He takes a right.

He runs smack dab into Dr. Nick and another security officer. Monos shoots the security officer in the forehead. Dr. Nick tries to run away.

Monos grabs him by the collar.

MONOS

Hold on Dr. Mengele, not so fast.

Dr. Nick begins to whimper and plead.

DR. NICK

Please don't kill me. Please Mr. Kratos.

Monos grins.

MONOS

Oh. So now it's Mr. Kratos eh? No more 'redundant'?

Tears flow down Dr. Nick's cheeks. He removes a set of keys from his pocket.

DR. NICK

Here. You can take my car, it's in the garage below the building.

Monos grabs the keys.

MONOS

Good idea.

He starts to walk down the hallway, pushing Dr. Nick forward.

DR. NICK

Please! I gave you my keys, why do you need me?

MONOS

Directions.

Monos walks toward the elevator at the end of the hall.

MONOS (CONT'D)

I see you eyeing that gun in my pocket Doc. You even think about touching it and they'll be cloning you next. I'm sure you've got a file here, so maybe you're not so worried about dying.

Dr. Nick adamantly shakes his head.

DR. NICK

No. No. No, I don't want to die!

MONOS

Yeah, well, neither do I. Now you know how I feel.

They reach the elevator. Monos presses the down button. The light turns bright orange as the machine stops and the doors open.

Two petrified Techs in labcoats SCREAM at the site of Monos and his gun. They flee out of the elevator.

Monos pushes Dr. Nick in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Monos presses the 'Parking Garage' button.

DR. NICK

Once you have my car, you'll let me go, right?

MONOS

Sure thing Doc. No hard feelings, right?

Doctor Nick whimpers a sigh of relief.

MONOS (CONT'D)

Just don't try anything stupid, or I'll have to let you go but take your head with me.

The elevator reaches the garage floor. The doors open and the two men exit.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Monos steps out with Doctor Nick in toe. The dimly lit garage is scattered with cars and yellow painted stone pillars.

He hears POLICE SIRENS in the distance. Monos sighs. He glares at Dr. Nick.

DR. NICK

Sorry.

MONOS

Which way?

Doctor Nick points to the end of the garage. Monos pushes him forward.

As they walk several scared people see Monos and hide behind their cars.

MONOS (CONT'D)

See how smart all these people are? So why did you have to fuck with me?

DR. NICK

I'm not fucking with you! I'm cooperating.

MONOS

Well, you're a slow learner.

Monos abruptly turns his head to the right as he sees a large object dart behind one of the parking garage pillars.

DR. NICK

What is it?

Monos pushes him forward.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

Keep going.

They see a bright red convertible twenty feet ahead. Doctor Nick points to the car.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

There it is, that's my car. Please, let me go.

Monos presses the unlock button on the key. He sees the large object dart behind a pillar again.

DR. NICK (CONT'D)

Please, you have the car!

Distracted, Monos drops Doctor Nick and walks toward the car. Doctor Nick runs off in the opposite direction.

Monos reaches the car. He drops the keys and bends down to pick them up. In the reflection of the shiny chrome wheel he sees a hulking man behind him, shotgun raised.

Monos drops to the concrete floor as a shotgun blast FIRES over his head into the side of the car.

Monos rolls over on the ground and FIRES three shots from his handgun. He sees no one.

Another shotgun BLAST hits the concrete just to the left of his head. Monos looks up and sees his duplicate charging at him from the side.

The giant man lunges at Monos. Monos sweeps his leg under the man and drops him to the floor. Monos rises to his feet and aims the gun at his floored foe.

The real Monos delivers a steel-booted kick to the clone's ribs. Monos drops his gun and keels in over in pain.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

You little scumbag. You think you're going to kill me and take my place huh?

The hulking man delivers a hefty punch to Monos' face.

REAL MONOS KRATOS (CONT'D)

I don't think so.

The monster of a man delivers a flying knee into Monos' bloodied face. Monos falls to the ground and curls himself into the fetal position.

REAL MONOS KRATOS (CONT'D)
You pitiful imposter. You inadequate pretender.

The real Monos Kratos looms over his defeated foe.

REAL MONOS KRATOS (CONT'D)
You aren't fit to be my shadow, let alone me.

From the cold concrete, Monos mumbles something inaudibly.

The hulking man picks up his shotgun. He pumps the gun and aims it at Monos' battered head.

REAL MONOS KRATOS (CONT'D)
Quick and merciful. Just to show you I'm not such bad a guy. But you should already know that, right?

Monos again mumbles incoherently.

The large man bends over.

REAL MONOS KRATOS (CONT'D)
What was that?

Monos continues to mumble.

The man bends down closer to Monos' quivering lips.

MONOS
I said, when did you get so stupid?

Monos springs from the fetal position like a striking snake. He buries a knife deep into the man's thigh.

MONOS (CONT'D)
I took it from your boot. You can have it back now.

Monos kicks the man in the face and delivers a series of punches.

The giant man yanks the knife from his thigh and growls in pain.

He grabs Monos' leg and drops him to the floor. Monos kicks at the approaching behemoth's face. The man falls backward. Monos rises to his feet and picks up the shotgun.

He stares at his larger, older self. He aims the shotgun. The man lays against the side of the car breathing heavily.

Monos continues to stare at the man, unable to pull the trigger.

MONOS (CONT'D)

You're getting slow. You stupid son of a bitch.

A loud SHOT is heard from the distance. Blood begins to stream from Monos' chest. He slowly collapses into the arms of the large man.

Two POLICE OFFICERS are seen twenty feet away.

The police officers approach the remaining Monos. The lead officer patches over his walkie talkie.

POLICE OFFICER

Yeah, we need a medic over here. This little fella messed the big one up pretty good.

The real Monos breathes heavily as his eyelids slowly close.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Monos' eyelids flicker open. He stares at the drab white ceiling. He sits up in bed as he rubs at his massive head and moans.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

Ohhhh.

He looks at his bandaged thigh. He gingerly steps off of the bed as he tries to walk. Monos hobbles over toward a closet.

An attractive NURSE (20s) with short brown hair curled up in a bun with a long hairpin, enters the room, accompanied by two police officers, OFFICER EDWARDS and OFFICER MOORE.

The nurse places a hand on the staggering man's shoulder.

NURSE

Whoah whoah woah, easy there big fella.

Monos looks the woman up and down. He smiles.

MONOS

I'm okay sweetheart. Time to check out.

The taller of the two officers, Officer Edwards, steps forward.

OFFICER EDWARDS

Not so fast Mr. Kratos. I'm Officer Edwards and this is my partner, Officer Moore.

He points toward the other man.

OFFICER EDWARDS (CONT'D)

He's the one who shot your assailant. We have a lot of questions Mr. Kratos.

Monos grumbles as he staggers forward.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

I'll swing by the station when I'm feeling better boys.

Monos eyes the door.

OFFICER MOORE

You aren't going anywhere sir. See, we called in a team to investigate this mess and it seems that you and your dance partner back there are both clients of an unlicensed cloning facility. Imago Labs.

OFFICER EDWARDS

I'm sure you're well aware that cloning is restricted to the manufacture of labor drones only.

Monos sighs.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

I don't know anything about any cloning facility.

Officer Edwards steps forward.

OFFICER EDWARDS

No? We already have a sworn confession from a Dr. Nick. He told us about the little...mix-up.

Monos glares at the two smaller officers.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

Okay boys, you got me. I used an illegal cloning facility. Fine me.

The two officers look at each other.

OFFICER MOORE

It isn't that simple I'm afraid.
You see, the clone with your memories
killed four security guards.

Monos smirks with a hint of pride.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

You're lucky it was only four.

OFFICER EDWARDS

That clone had your memories...so he
was you.

Monos shakes his head.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

So what are you trying to say?

OFFICER EDWARDS

You're the one culpable for those
dead security guards. It was your
mind that ordered that body to kill
those men. An exact replica of your
mind. Appearances aside, it was *you*.

Officer Moore interjects.

OFFICER MOORE

Charles, this is too complicated for
us to charge him like that. We're
going to need to sedate him.

Officer Moore nods at the nurse.

OFFICER MOORE (CONT'D)

Then we'll see what a judge has to
say about just how culpable he is.
There isn't really any precedent for
this sort of thing.

Monos scoffs.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

But that wasn't *me*! I did nothing.

Officer Edwards sneers. He places his right hand on his
holstered 9 MM Glock.

OFFICER EDWARDS

Tell it to the judge then. But you
aren't going anywhere, freak.

Monos raises his eyebrows.

REAL MONOS KRATOS

Freak?

The two officers unholster their guns.

Peripherally, Monos looks about the room.

REAL MONOS KRATOS (CONT'D)

You know boys, one of the benefits of living an arduous life such as mine, is that you learn certain unique skills. For instance, you learn that anything can be used as a weapon. A rolled up magazine stabbed into the trachea...

FADE OUT

THE END