

A Striking Similarity

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A nice neighborhood with newer homes. A WOMAN walks her dog. A BOY rides his bike. A great place to raise a family.

INT. MARTIN'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Nice furniture, tastefully decorated. A cozy home. Pictures around the room show a young couple very much in love. Most depict the pair together, big smiles on their faces.

Many awards for scientific research adorn the walls, awarded to Martin. A very prominent scientist in the making.

MARTIN SORRELL (30), an intelligent appearance combined with average looks, the kind of guy you'd go to if you needed a complex Algebraic equation solved, sits at the piano.

Next to him is CINDY (29), his adoring wife. Long blonde hair and a model-like appearance. Her bright smile could melt ice.

Cindy plays an intricate tune. As she plays, Martin gazes at her. This is a man truly in love.

Cindy finishes. Showcases a proud grin as she turns to Martin.

CINDY

How was I?

Lost in his own little world:

MARTIN

What?

CINDY

The music, my composition I wrote when I was a girl. Was it good?

MARTIN

I don't know. I didn't hear a note.

Cindy gives him a playful shove.

CINDY

Why do I even bother?

Martin cuddles against her. Nibbles her ear.

MARTIN

We can make our own music together.

Cindy enjoys the closeness, but pulls back.

CINDY

We have all night for that.

(gestures to keys)

Your turn.

Martin releases a heavy sigh. With great reluctance, he plays the keys. Chopsticks. And he does a poor job of it.

When Martin finishes, he turns to Cindy with a smirk.

MARTIN

There. I tried... and I sucked.

CINDY

Sucked. Now there's the right word choice for a brilliant scientist.

MARTIN

You talk too much.

He plants a hard kiss on Cindy's lips. She resists, only for a very brief moment.

Passion consumes both as Martin takes his wife to the floor in the midst of heavy kissing. Hands roam underneath clothing, which comes off piece by piece.

LATER

After an intense sexual romp, Martin and Cindy cuddle underneath a blanket on the couch.

CINDY

Do you think it will ever fizzle?

MARTIN

What? Sex? Of course not.

CINDY

How can you be sure?

Martin kisses her sweetly.

MARTIN

Nothing means more to me than you do. That's how I'm sure. Aren't you?

Cindy looks away. Something really troubles her.

CINDY
I don't even know why you married
me... being infertile and all.

Martin touches her face.

MARTIN
Cindy...

CINDY
A man deserves to have a child.
I'll never be able to give you one.
If only there were a way to change
that. I'd do anything.

Her sadness is heartbreaking.

MARTIN
Sweetheart, I told you we can always
adopt. Whenever you're ready.

CINDY
It's not the same.

MARTIN
No, it's even better. We get to
choose the lucky kid who ends up
having you as a mom.

Through her sorrow, Cindy is forced to smile. She lays her
head on Martin's shoulder. He strokes her hair.

EXT. MANCHOR LABS - DAY

Three stories tall, newer construction. Many cars parked in
the lot.

INT. MARTIN'S LAB - DAY - SAME

Very organized. Two tables contain basic lab equipment -
beakers, Bunsen Burner, chemicals. A computer stands on top
of a desk.

Off to the side, two cages are next to each other. A full
grown male CHIMPANZEE in one, a small patch of white hair on
top of his head.

In the other, a female CHIMP with a male BABY, newly born,
clinging to her. The baby looks exactly like the larger
male, down to the white patch of hair.

Martin stands before the cages, a clipboard in his hands that he makes notes on. He takes a long look at the baby, jots down something, then studies the large male.

A knock on his door before it opens. CHARLES HARRINGTON (50s), gray-haired, a little portly, peers inside.

HARRINGTON
Martin, you busy?

MARTIN
I'm just doing a study on our new arrival.

Harrington enters. He goes to Martin's side, also takes special interest in the baby and the larger male.

HARRINGTON
How is he?

Martin answers as he writes on his clipboard.

MARTIN
Looks good so far. Of course, I'll have to run a lot of tests to be sure. Could take many months for the results.

Harrington studies the baby chimp, partially concealed in his mother's arms. Then his focus goes to the large male chimp. The two couldn't look any more alike.

HARRINGTON
After fifteen failed attempts, I think we finally have success.

He pats Martin on the back.

HARRINGTON
Keep up the good work, Martin.

He heads to the door.

HARRINGTON
At this rate, it won't be long before we can clone humans.

Martin turns to him, his mouth open to object. Too late. Harrington is gone.

Martin sighs. He looks back at the baby chimp, seemingly happy in his mother's arms.

EXT. MARTIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lights shine through the lower floor's windows. Happy voices carry through to the outside.

INT. MARTIN'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

Nice hutch stands against the wall. Inside, there is an abundance of expensive China and silver.

Martin and Cindy finish dinner at a table for four. With them is JAMES HARPER (30), dressed in a priest's attire. He's the type that's always happy.

The three share a laugh.

CINDY

Looking back, it's hard to believe a science geek and future priest could get expelled from school. But it was really funny at the time.

MARTIN

It still is.

JAMES

Speak for yourself. A priest trying to explain to God why he was caught setting up a hidden camera in the girls' locker room is no laughing matter.

Martin and Cindy stare at him. James does his best to keep a straight face, but surrenders to laughter. The couple laughs with him.

JAMES

Okay, it's a LITTLE funny.

MARTIN

I don't understand what happened with you. One of the biggest players to ever walk the halls of Freidmont High School becomes a priest.

James wipes his mouth with a napkin and sits back in his chair.

JAMES

I got "the calling" one day. I guess God figured I had a lot to make up for.