

CONTROL C PILOT - EXCERPT

Written by Andrew Ivimey

The follow is an excerpt for the original TV pilot CONTROL C. co-created and written by Andrew Ivimey. An hour long procedural Sci-Fi Drama that takes place in a reimagined present. It asks the question "What if Star Trek-level replicator technology was invented in the 90's, and humanity wasn't ready for it". Full script is available upon request.

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TEASER

INT. LANCE INNOVATIONS - LAB - 1993 - NIGHT

SUPER: LANCE INNOVATIONS LAB - 1993.

A warehouse-like lab that is dressed up for a party, rows of HIGH-TECH EQUIPMENT with streamers and balloons strung between. There are approximately 20 PEOPLE in formal wear milling about.

JENNIFER PAKAL (29, elegant in an evening gown, except for the vomit blanket draped over her shoulder and a sleeping BABY held to her chest) walks around the room mingling.

She approaches a SMALL GROUP of a half-dozen people. Her husband, DAVID PAKAL (29, horn-rimmed glasses, a suit and a poorly-knotted neck tie poke out from under a lab coat) is busy filling glasses with champagne.

DAVID

Did I miss anyone?

Nearby, SAMUEL LANCE (33, slicked-back hair, dressed in a crisp suit), drains his glass.

SAMUEL

I could use a top-up.

JENNIFER

You're not supposed to drink yet,
Samuel!

DAVID

He's already seen me get this thing
to work, he has a right to
celebrate early.

David refills the glass as Samuel chuckles.

The baby wakes up and starts CRYING. Jen hands her off to David.

JENNIFER

Do your thing, papa.

David bounces baby Audrey, who BURPS and calms down.

DAVID

(mock pride, to the group)
I hate to brag, but Audrey always
saves her biggest burps for me.

David drapes his free arm around Jennifer as Samuel DINGS a screwdriver against his champagne flute.

SAMUEL

Gather round, folks! I'd like to give a speech, and I'll remind you that I paid a lot of money for that champagne, so I expect copious laughter and applause.

The group chuckles and gathers.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

I met David in engineering school. I knew that we'd make a good team when I saw how intelligent and driven he was. Rich in talent, but poor in bank account.

The group LAUGHS.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

Luckily I was rich in bank account to help him. I was also rich in talent too, but let's pretend I wasn't to spare the man's self-esteem.

DAVID

Such a gracious man.

David gives an exaggerated bow to more LAUGHTER.

SAMUEL

When I took a leap of faith with my company, Lance Innovations, David is the first person I called. Don't tell him I said this, but he's the most brilliant man I've ever met.

David uses his free hand to gesture like, "keep it coming."

SAMUEL (CONT'D)

In the next few weeks, David's creation will change the world. We wanted to invite a select group of Lance Innovation friends, family and investors for a sneak peek at the future. To David!

Everyone clinks glasses while Jennifer mimes hers. David CLEARS his THROAT and raises his glass.

DAVID

Now I'm certain Samuel is a little tipsy because that's literally the first nice thing he's ever said to me. But if you'll join me over here, I'll show you something even more surprising. The demonstration you're all here for.

He kisses Baby Audrey on the forehead, hands her off to Jen, and leads the group over to--

THE REPLICATOR

It resembles an eight foot tall cylinder with a sliding glass door that doubles as a large window to see inside.

The interior is lined with long vertical strips of tiny lights that emit dim, pulsing light.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Imagine a world where you can photocopy physical objects. Where making fresh water is as simple as the push of a button. Or thousands of vaccines can be manufactured in the blink of an eye, with little cost. Or, selfishly, I get myself a nice briefcase like Samuel here. Samuel, may I borrow that?

Samuel gestures towards his BROWN BRIEFCASE to say of course.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I've always wanted one like this.

He tosses the briefcase into the machine, sliding the door closed and throwing a switch. The twinkling lights in the machine glow brighter, accompanied by a LOW HUM. The HUM cycles up to a high-pitched WHINE. The lights become still brighter, now painful to look at. Jennifer shields Baby Audrey's eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is the world's first matter replicator. It works in two parts. First, we need to store the atomic pattern for an object.

He opens the sliding door to show that it is now empty. The briefcase has been disintegrated. GASPS from the crowd.

SAMUEL

I didn't want to finish that paperwork anyway.

LAUGHS from the crowd.

DAVID

Step 2, now that the component atoms are stored in the buffer, we can reassemble them any number of times.

David closes the door and presses several buttons, causing a flash of light, then again, a second flash of light. He opens the door to reveal two identical briefcases.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now we each have one. Identical even in it's contents.

David and Samuel open the briefcases to reveal the exact same contents inside.

SAMUEL

Great, now you can do my paperwork.

CHUCKLES from the spectators, but a little uncomfortable. They didn't realize the gravity of what they'd be witnessing tonight.

DAVID

But there's more. It can even copy atomic structures as complicated as living beings. Earlier today I stored the structure of a Rabbit I'd like you all to meet. Samuel would you do the honours again?

Samuel flips a couple of switches. Reaches for the lever again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Nothing up our sleeves...

Samuel throws the lever. Once again the machine HUMS, the light growing brighter. Jennifer and Samuel lean over to have an aside with David while the machine whirs.

SAMUEL

(sotto)

I told you not to use the Rabbit.

JENNIFER

You killed a rabbit?

DAVID

I didn't kill him. He's coming back good as new. For him it'll feel like a second went by.

JENNIFER

But it's not the same rabbit. It's a copy.

DAVID

Same atomic structure, same memories leading up to this morning. Same Rabbit.

SAMUEL

I thought we agreed we didn't want this to look like a cheap magic trick.

DAVID

And I thought you were a showman. Everybody loves magic.

SAMUEL

Nobody likes magic.

The machine hums and the doors open, a RABBIT hops out of the machine. The spectators are stunned.

DAVID

Copies of simple objects like briefcases last indefinitely. But what about complex organic matter? Until this morning, the copies would only last 24 hours before losing their molecular bond and disintegrating.

He glances knowingly at Samuel, who blinks in surprise.

DAVID (CONT'D)

A major *limitation*. But I found a solution for that too.

Samuel grabs David by the arm and pulls him in close to talk quietly but sternly between them.

SAMUEL

You should have told me you solved the 24 hour problem! I thought we were partners in this!

DAVID
I wanted it to be a surprise. We're partners and friends, thought I'd give you your own wow moment.

SAMUEL
But how did you--

BANG, the machine makes a loud crack as a small spark shoots off it. David shoots a glance at Samuel, who looks worried.

DAVID
(to the crowd)
Bear with me, folks. Just a blown fuse.

Samuel addresses the group.

SAMUEL
I actually told him to add that to the demonstration to build up tension! Like any good magic show!

Everyone awkwardly LAUGHS.

DAVID
(sotto)
I thought you were trying to avoid comparing this to a magic show?

SAMUEL
I'm vamping. Just shut up and fix this please.

David grabs a handful of fuses, slides open the door to the machine and steps inside, opening a panel and tinkering. THE DOOR to the machine SLAMS shut, startling David. He tries to open it from inside, but it won't budge.

DAVID
(trying to stay calm)
Sam, I think I tripped a circuit or something. Can you--

The machine begins to HUM.

SAMUEL
(playing it cool, but concerned)
David? Why is it doing that?

David yanks on the door, but it won't budge.

DAVID

I don't know! Cut the power!

Samuel rushes over to the control panel and flips a few switches. The machine's HUM continues to cycle up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(starting to panic)

The RED button, Samuel!

Samuel hits a BIG RED BUTTON. No effect. The HUM reaches a higher pitch, deafening now.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Kill the power supply!

SAMUEL

It's not exactly a wall outlet
David! It's wired into the power
grid!

JENNIFER

CUT THE CABLES SAMUEL!

David is panicked now, straining to open the door. Jennifer rushes over, balancing Baby Audrey on her hip as she pulls as well.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Someone help me!

Some of the crowd rush over to help with the door while some flee for the exit. The lights grow brighter as the HUM cycles up to a HIGH-PITCHED WHINE.

Samuel SMASHES the protective glass of a nearby FIRE AXE and starts HACKING at a thick POWER CABLE connecting the machine and the control panel. THUNK! THUNK! Sparks fly off and ignite a fire. A small explosion knocks Samuel down. The people helping Jennifer now head for the exit.

David presses his hand to the glass. The lights get brighter and brighter, then so bright he is just a silhouette.

DAVID

Jen...

JENNIFER

(frantically trying to open
the door)

Shut up and keep pulling!

DAVID

Jen, I--

A blinding flash of light. It fades, revealing an empty chamber. David is gone.

Jen places her hand against the glass where David's hand was. A tear rolls down her cheek. The room falls quiet for a moment. The sound of a small EXPLOSION breaks the silence. Open flames everywhere. Samuel is nowhere to be seen. A FIRE ALARM blares.

CLOSE ON - A startled Baby Audrey, who begins to WAIL.

FADE TO:

INT. CONTROL C HEADQUARTERS - TECHNOLOGY ROOM - 2020 - NIGHT

A different room, much more orderly than the lab we just left. Brushed metal and curved furniture. Lots of exotic technology stored in display cases.

In the middle of it all is--

THE MACHINE

37 years older, patches of metal burnt black with scorch marks. It feels old-fashioned and out of place surrounded by the modern aesthetic.

A HUM as the interior begins to glow, soft at first, then brighter. The HUM cycles up to the now-familiar WHINE. The light becomes blinding, then immediately fades.

There stands David, still in the same tux as at the party, his hand pressed against the glass.

DAVID

--Love you.

He blinks, realizing that his finished sentence is not delivered to his wife Jennifer, but a TOUGH-LOOKING WOMAN (30's, short hair, at home in a pair of coveralls). She removes a pair of welding goggles.

The Woman slides open the door, standing in front of David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where is everybody?

WOMAN

It's just me.

DAVID

And you--

The woman PUNCHES him.

WOMAN

--Have been waiting 37 years to do that.

David is knocked onto his ass.

DAVID

Ow, Jesus! You hit so hard! WHY!?

He gets to his feet and steps out of the machine, noticing the new environment.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Where's my lab?

WOMAN

It burned down in 1993.

DAVID

It is 1993.

WOMAN

There's no simple way to put this, but--

She opens the drapes and shows him a view of his CITY, the skyline vastly different from 32 years ago.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

--It's 2020.

Off of David's shocked and dismayed face:

DAVID

What is this place!?

SUPER: CONTROL C
OPENING CREDITS