

i4i - "APPLICATION"

excerpt from the pilot of an original one hour TV series

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EXT. KELLAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

LIV (17, non-binary) walks up to a grey working-class apartment building. A FAMILY returning from a funeral (facial tissues, all in black) gets to the door at the same time.

Liv holds the door open, watching the sad procession enter. The last person enters but Liv doesn't move, holding the door open for a long beat. Liv snaps out of it and enters.

INT. KELLAN'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON

Liv walks up to an open apartment door. Confidently, they walk right in.

LIV

Hey-

Liv is almost tackled by their partner KELLAN's hug (early 20's, also non-binary, wearing mechanic's coveralls and bright red lipstick, a genderqueer 'Rosie the Riveter').

KELLAN

Liv Liv Liv Liv Liv...! Let's get to it. She's hot and ready!

CUT TO:

INT. KELLAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

MUSIC is blasting. It's future pop, which is to say, TIMELESS DIVA POP.

Liv and Kellan melt down chunks of BRIGHT RED PLASTIC into filament for 3D printing.

KELLAN

There. More than enough.

Kellan feeds the red filament into the 3D printer and loads an IMAGE of a technical drawing (a schematic for printing). Liv leans in, wrapping arms around Kellan.

LIV

It's really well rendered.

Kellan kisses Liv's hand and hits PRINT.

A pair of smaller-than-life, BRIGHT RED LIPS with a small protruding tube begin printing.

LIV (CONT'D)

Thanks for your lips.

Liv holds the printed lips up to Kellan's mouth.

LIV (CONT'D)
Can't tell the difference.

Liv fakes out Kellan for a quick kiss, choosing the printed plastic mouthpiece instead.

KELLAN
I'm turned on by this development.

Liv pops off the old, chewed up mouthpiece on their vaporizer and affixes the new ruby red lips.

LIV
There. Better than ever.

They vape, playful, each performing different kisses as they inhale from the printed mouthpiece, pretending to be jealous of the third pair of lips in the room, laughing.

MUSIC ends.

KELLAN
Happy early birthday.

LIV
Thank you.

They embrace.

KELLAN
Eighteen and legal.

Liv is suddenly solemn.

LIV
Fuck. Don't remind me.

KELLAN
I didn't mean it that way.

Liv pulls away, Kellan pulls them back in.

LIV
Stop.

KELLAN
Forget about it.

Kellan tries to kiss Liv. Liv breaks away.

LIV
When I turn eighteen, I'll be available for their 141.

KELLAN

Yeah. Or you could apply. Survival
of the fastest application.

LIV

Wow. I just... I remember my mom
saying she always lived in fear.

KELLAN

So apply!

LIV

Kellan.

KELLAN

Liv.

LIV

I don't want to kill anyone!

The mood shifts. A quiet fear settles over both. Kellan
holds Liv as Liv begins to cry.

INT. DRAB APARTMENT, NEAR FUTURE - DAWN

A tired, meek looking man lies in bed, zoned out, listening
to wireless headphones - this is PESS (50) - HUMMING AND
WHITE NOISE can be faintly heard, and then, a distinctly
bovine MOO.

We PAN OVER to reveal a tablet playing the audio track
'DIAZEPAM - EXTINCTION SERIES'. It's suddenly interrupted
by an ALARM, waking Pess. He gets up.

Pess walks past a FRAMED PHOTO of his younger self in civilian
clothes next to his father and his grandfather in matching
grey robes (his grandfather is handing his father an ORNATE
BLINDFOLD). Pess rubs his eyes.

Pess enters the small bathroom and sits to use the toilet.
Nothing moving. He reaches for a PILL BOTTLE and empties it
into his hand: DRY LEAVES AND STALKS. He eats them all.

PESS

(double clapping)

Text Ivers.

A BLIP from the distant tablet is heard.

PESS (CONT'D)

Need more plant food. Meet me today.

Pess shifts on the toilet uncomfortably - nothing is moving.

PESS (CONT'D)

To hell with this.

No flush needed. A faint variation of the BLIP SOUND rings out and Pess walks back past the framed photo to pick up his tablet by the bed. He COUGHS.

CLOSE UP OF TABLET: we can see a text response from Ivers that reads "Next time pay in full on time."

PESS (CONT'D)

Ugh.

Anger on Pess' face.

EXT. MAIN STREET - LATER

Messy urban rush hour. No green spaces. The heat is oppressive, the city is dirty.

Pess, groggy and dressed in grey, looks more formal than other pedestrians as he crosses the street.

A SILENT ELECTRIC CAR almost hits Pess. THE DRIVER is pulling a dead, rusty, beat up car using a thick frayed rope, with a SECOND DRIVER steering it in neutral, drinking.

PESS

Hey!

SECOND DRIVER

Up yours.

Pess dodges a thrown EMPTY ALCOHOL BOTTLE and hustles to catch a driverless JANECAB. Pess waits for the door to open, which hesitates, catches, closes, stutters again. Pess forces the door open and hops in.

PESS

Central 141.

JANECAB (V.O.)

Hello, welcome to JaneCab. Please shut door firmly, thank you.

Pess opens and slams his door.

JANECAB (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thank you, please state destination.

PESS

Central one forty--

JANECAB (V.O.)

141 Center Street.

PESS

--One.

The JaneCab GLITCHES AND BEEPS, cutting Pess off mid sentence and accelerates into traffic. Digital CAR HORNS. Pess is thrown off balance.

PESS (CONT'D)

Wrong destination. I said go to the
Central 141 building.

Pess attaches his seat belt, feeling carsick. He DRY HEAVES.

JANECAB (V.O.)

Rerouting... Rerouting... Rerouting...

PESS

Record complaint. This JaneCab needs
servicing.

JANECAB (V.O.)

Sending... Network Error. We're
sorry, please complain in person at
head office.

PESS

How convenient.
(double clasp to text)
Text Ivers. Bring lots--

The JaneCab lurches forward and dies - BATTERY MOANS.

JANECAB

Need servicing. End trip. Have a
nice day.

PESS

What the hell! Give me a full refund!

JANECAB

Credit will appear in five to ten
business days.

PESS

Up yours in five to ten seconds!

Pess slams the door and kicks the JaneCab.

INT. CENTRAL 141, GENDER NEUTRAL WASHROOMS - LATER

Imposing downtown building. Pess lifts his head from the
sink and dries his face, exhausted. He appears hung over.
FLUSH. A similarly well dressed person, DI (50's, female
gender expression, tattoos) exits a stall behind Pess.

DI
You forgot to flush.

Di smugly washes hands for a full 20 seconds. Pess quickly washes along with them, ending before they do.

Pess starts to wash again, and again finishes before Di. Then Di finally finishes.

DI (CONT'D)
Congrats on your promotion, I suppose.
I thought I was gonna get it.

PESS
So kind of you, Di.

DI
You look awful.

Di leaves, disgusted by Pess.

PESS
Nothing like work to turn things
around.
(double clap)
Text Ivers. Need more than usual.
Exclamation mark.

BLIP from his tablet. Pess COUGHS. He sees himself in the mirror. He doesn't like what he sees and SPITS into sink.

EXT. CENTRAL 141 - MORNING

Ivers (now 23, teeth grinder in street clothes) walks downtown, checks his phone's messages and checks over his shoulder, paranoid. He reads a text and shakes his head.

IVERS
Need more cash than usual! Excavation
mark.

Ivers laughs and enters the court building.