

Future Shock: DOWNLOAN
(2nd draft)

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1. The front of a heaving queue in a grungy, cyberpunk city.

Hundreds of people, carrying a variety of items (furniture, TVs, coats, phones...) which they intend to trade in for 'refabrication'.

At the head of the queue: the Exchange Mistress: a woman in a smart uniform, her hair tied back into a schoolmistress ponytail with a giant calculator in front of her.

Behind her a computer terminal and a large industrial machine (a 3D printer) with 'EXCHANGE FABRICATOR SSJ54' printed on it.

Either side of her a similar exchange fabricator and Exchange Master with their own very long queues.

The couple at the front of our queue are attempting to trade in a futuristic games system. The wife holds the hand of a crying child.

EXCHANGE MISTRESS

Thirty days Downloan left on this games system... Gets you twenty on a p360 heating unit.

HUSBAND

You gotta be kiddin --

CAPTION

You're wasting your time at SSJ54, mate. That Exchange Mistress just loves bustin' balls.

2. Chip Cardigan races through the irate queue - knocking the games system out of the Husband's hands - while talking on a futuristic video phone. The video of Lynch Faith is projected as an intangible flat holographic screen near Chip's face.

CHIP CARDIGAN

What do you mean I can't transfer, Lynch? You're not making any sense!

CAPTION

Hi there - Chip Cardigan here.
Gad about town and time debt
juggler extraordinaire.

CAPTION

And I've just receiving some bad
news from one of my regular
dealers.

3. Chip looks back over his shoulder at the Downloan Sharks pursuing him - huge men, dressed in leather suits with artificially sharpened teeth. If we can get a close enough look at the floating holo-screen now it displays the caller id : 'On call: LYNCH FAITH'

LYNCH FAITH

I mean what I say, kid. Hey...
Who you runnin' from!?

CHIP CARDIGAN

Some mean lookin' Downloan Sharks
on my tail. And I got no idea why
- all my leases have an hour left
on 'em, minimum!

4. Chip scrambles up some ramshackle scaffolding and takes to the roofs.

LYNCH FAITH

Maybe this is what you get for
living so close to the edge,
Cardigan! All your time debt's
been bought up.

LYNCH FAITH

New outfit called Payday Inc. And
they're not allowing resale.

5. Chip runs towards a collection of new-build rooftop apartments.

In the background: a massive billboard poster advertising DOWNLOAN with the taglines '*From dust to stuff*', 'Why own when you can download?' and at the bottom: 'Your local fabrication exchange is now open 24 hours!'

The holo-screen is showing interference...

CHIP CARDIGAN

Payday!? Haven't heard of them...

CAPTION

And I've heard of 'em all. It's
what I do, you see.

CAPTION

I'm an expert at finding those last minute deals with new exchanges. The ones desperate for my business. Then I sell all my Downloan leases, covering my debt and making a tidy time profit.

6. He approaches his own rooftop apartment. As he pulls out his keys - which are attached to his belt loop by a chain - his phone dissolves into dark fabricator dust.

CHIP CARDIGAN

Aw crap!

CAPTION

Fabricator dust - it may make the world go round, but seeing it is never good news!

PAGE 2

1. Then Chip looks on in shock as his keys all dissolve into fabricator dust too. (It might be cool to try and show this in the middle of the dissolve process - so if it's a big bunch of keys on a key ring, then perhaps the top ones are solid, then further down they're starting to soften, and the bottom keys are falling into dust which blows off into the wind)

CHIP CARDIGAN

Bollocks!

CAPTION

Now see, right there - my phone and keys should have hours left on their leases. Something fishy is going on!

2. He breaks into the apartment through a window.

CAPTION

Okay - don't panic...

CAPTION

I just need to find something I can trade in at a refab exchange and buy myself time to figure out what the hell's going on.

3. Chip desperately rummages through his belongings, looking for something suitable, chucking rejected items over his shoulder.

CAPTION

I have less than a day on most of this stuff, so it'll have to be something big like -

4. The apartment walls start to crumble into dust.

CHIP CARDIGAN

No! Fab dust? There was a week remaining on this apartment!

5. Everything around him is turning to dust - his apartment is disappearing! He scoops up handfuls of the dust and throws it into a rucksack.

CAPTION

I know it seems extreme but the only thing I can think is - I need to salvage something from this... Even if it is just some of the dust that used to be my bloody home!

6. As he escapes, the building next door and a parked car also dissolve. A Loan Shark vehicle shows up in the background to collect the dust - maybe it has shark decals on it and one or two loan sharks leaping out as Chip runs off.

LOAN SHARK ONE

(loudspeaker)

That's Payday Inc. property you have there, Mr Cardigan.

CAPTION

Of course carrying dust with intend to trade is just about the most illegal thing a citizen can do.

CAPTION

This day's not getting any better!

PAGE 3

1. A grotty, partially obscured sign tells us we're now in Old Bank - the most dangerous and dirty part of the city.

A hooded Chip Cardigan passes some homeless guys heating their hands by a burning car. In the background, the broken shells of Financial buildings - the skeleton of The Gherkin (the Swiss Re Tower).

CAPTION

I head to Old Bank to track down Faith Lynch, the only dealer in the city dodgy enough to even talk to me right now...

2. In Faith Lynch's humble home. Through the window we can see the broken building skyline from the previous panel. Chip presents his open rucksack - full to the brim with fab dust.

LYNCH FAITH

Raw Dust?!? You gotta be kidding me, Cardigan!

CHIP CARDIGAN

I need a gun.

CAPTION

I'm running out of ideas...

3. Lynch reluctantly lifts the cover off of a miniature (and obviously illegal) fabrication machine.

LYNCH FAITH

Length of lease?

CHIP CARDIGAN

A week?

LYNCH FAITH

I can do you a day... But only cos you been a good customer.

4. Lynch spoons Chip's dust from the rucksack into his fabrication machine. The machine's screen displays the wireframe model of a modern day revolver. Beneath it the message 'DOWNLOAD IN PROCESS' 'Lease: 24 hrs'.

To the side of the screen is an alcove where the machine has already partially 'printed' the gun into the real world.

CAPTION

I've never even used a gun before!

5. Elsewhere in Old Bank. Chip connects with an Exchange Account Monitor - it looks a bit like an ATM. A cable runs from the back of his wrist into a dataport in the machine. On screen 'Cardigan, C. FINAL LEASE EXPIRES IN: 25 seconds'

CAPTION

That's it.. In 25 seconds I will officially own nothing. I'll be the lowest of the low...

6. A team of mean-looking loan sharks emerge from the shadows just as Chip's coat and shoes crumble into dust - leaving him with just his now-ragged clothes...

LOAN SHARK ONE

Mr Chip Cardigan - we are here to discuss your debts.

CHIP CARDIGAN

I know this is a set up. Why me, though?

LOAN SHARK TWO

It's nothing personal.

7. Chip fumbles for his gun.

LOAN SHARK ONE

Our remit is to make an example of anyone abusing the Downloan framework.

LOAN SHARK TWO

This sort of behaviour is simply unacceptable. You're making a mockery of the system within which we thrive.

PAGE 4

1. Chip pulls his gun and pulls the trigger. It produces an unsatisfying click.

SFX

klik

CAPTION

I know I'm an amateur at this but... Isn't it supposed to go BANG?

2. Lynch Faith appears now behind Chip, looking very much in control of the situation.

LYNCH FAITH
You're not used to playing with
the big boys, Chip.

LYNCH FAITH
I gave you the gun you
requested. But you didn't even
think to ask for bullets.

CAPTION
No... No.

3. Lynch declares Chip bankrupt. One of the Loan Sharks produces what looks like a heavy taser gun.

FAITH LYNCH
I, Lynch Faith C.F.O. Of Payday
Inc. hereby declare you - Chip
Cardigan - legally bankrupt.

CAPTION
Fab dust...

4. Lynch clicks his fingers and the Shark with the taser zaps Chip.

With a look of horror on his face, Chip watches as he himself begins to dissolve into fabricator dust.

FAITH LYNCH
Your remains are now our
property.

CAPTION
It might make the world go
round...

5. Chip Cardigan - just a pile of dust on top of his clothes.

CAPTION
But seeing it is never good news.
(MORE)