

# L.I.M.B.O

Pilot

By

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OVER BLACK

SUPER: IN WHITE, BLOCK CAPITALS:

"WHEN FREEDOM IS OUTLAWED, ONLY OUTLAWS WILL BE FREE - TOM ROBBINS"

JOUBAN

(V.O)

When was the last time you did nothing, and by nothing I mean nothing. Sat alone in complete silence? When was the last time you walked along a riverbank, climbed a tree, sat around a campfire? Their world isn't real. Many allowed themselves to be chained and shackled by monsters who promised them a utopia, but in exchange, with every passing day, they gave a little more of their time, a little more of their minds, a little more of their soul. I am not one of those people. I am an outlaw.

FADE IN:

EXT. DENSE WOODLAND. BRECON BEACONS - NIGHT

Oak and Birch trees sit peacefully together side by side. All is silent.

SUPER: "BRECON BEACONS, WALES - 2055".

We move into the woods, the damp muddy ground.

A PUDDLE. A single RIPPLE grows larger. The sound of approaching footsteps, moving quickly. A BOOT splashes through it, a figure SPRINTS into the distance.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - MOVING - BRECON BEACONS - NIGHT

The thundering sound of a helicopter mid-flight. A team of ARMED POLICE clutch automatic weapons, look down at the woodland below.

The PILOT, 30's, glances at a monitor on the dashboard.

ON THE MONITOR: A thermal image of a figure running in the woods. The pilot talks into his headset.

PILOT  
Suspect heading east..

EXT. DENSE WOODLAND. BRECON BEACONS - NIGHT

The Helicopter pans sharply to the left, a SEARCHLIGHT illuminates the ground below.

TERRY JOUBAN, 40's, ripped white shirt, scruffy beard, bloodied face, sprints away in terror.

JOUBAN  
(V.O)  
You think I wanted it to be like  
this?

We move into Jouban's eyes as he runs, FLASHES of moments from the past.

FLASHBACK: IN BLACK AND WHITE - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

A PROTEST -- A slightly younger Jouban, clean shaven, thicker hair is forcibly separated from GRACE, 30's by the police. Jouban screams but we don't hear anything as the police drag Grace into a police van.

A PRISON CELL -- Jouban is being viscously beaten with truncheons by three policemen.

A HOSPITAL BED -- Jouban is being pinned down by multiple doctors. A SYRINGE is forcibly injected into his right hand. His screams in defiance.

JOUBAN  
(V.O)  
If there's one thing about me you  
should know. It's that I'd rather die  
on my feet, than live on my knees.

BACK TO PRESENT

Jouban zig-zags from left to right in hopes of avoiding the eyes of his pursuers. A low frequency HUM. Jouban looks to his left -- nothing.

He continues, moving faster than before. There's an OPENING in the tree line, Jouban takes it -- emerges onto the other side.

A squad of RIOT POLICE stand waiting, they aim their automatic WEAPONS at him. The torches attached to their guns are almost blinding.

POLICE OFFICERS  
Armed police! Down on the ground!

JOUBAN raises his hands. The officers move towards him in formation.

POLICE OFFICERS  
Down on your knees!

Jouban stands still, cold and emotionless.

BEHIND Jouban. Something weaves itself effortlessly between the trees. Alive, predatory, silent.

A small dot from a LASER POINTER hovers over the back of JOUBAN's HEAD.

A piercing ZIP, similar to that of a SILENCED PISTOL. Jouban's eyes widen and he COLLAPSES face first in the mud.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
Suspect down! Repeat, suspect down!

A SMALL DRONE hovers above Jouban's body. It FOLDS IN on itself to about the size of a pack of playing cards, FALLS to the ground.

The officers approach. POLICE OFFICER #1, 30's, KICKS Jouban onto his back, Jouban's body violently CONVULSES.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
(Into his radio)  
Sierra to control, all units report to the tree line -- Suspect is down, repeat suspect is down over.

POLICE OFFICER #2 raises the visor on his helmet. He SHOUTS to another squad of officers to his right.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
Secure the perimeter.

Police Officer #2 PICKS UP THE DRONE.

POLICE OFFICER #2  
(To Police officer #1)  
I wasn't aware of the drone support sir.

The officers look at one another, concerned.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
This is on a strictly need to know  
basis until we have a debriefing,  
understand?

The rest of the group nod. They watch as Jouban's  
convulsions become weaker.

POLICE OFFICER #3  
(Disturbed)  
What now sir? Should we do something?

Flashing blue lights from incoming police vehicles flash  
across the scene.

POLICE OFFICER #1  
No, leave him. He's done.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. LONDON SKYLINE - MORNING

SUPER: IN WHITE, BLOCK CAPITALS - LONDON

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - DAY

A birds eye view. A single bed is squeezed into the corner  
of an extremely small room. So small in fact that there's  
barely any room for anything else. Everything is of a smooth  
colourless tone, as if molded from metal.

TOM, mid 20's, is lying in bed. His limbs dangle loosely off  
the side. A small PROJECTOR is fixed to where the wall meets  
the ceiling. A flashing L.E.D LIGHT.

A DIGITAL CLOCK appears projected on the wall above the bed.  
5.29 AM turns to 5:30 AM. An ALARM sounds.

The BLINDS by the window begin to automatically ROLL  
themselves up. A COFFEE MAKER, which sits on the small  
bedside table, begins to pour itself into a paper cup.

Tom RAISES HIS HAND from beneath the sheets. He makes a  
dismissive SWIPING GESTURE in the air. The alarm and the  
automated processes STOP. SILENCE.

The clock on the wall -- It turns into a five minute  
COUNTDOWN. Each passing second lets out an increasingly  
HARSH BEEP.

Tom stirs into consciousness, raises his hands, CLICKS HIS  
FINGERS TWICE. The beeping STOPS. The wall behind him.

It's a SCREEN. It begins to emit a warm orange light resembling the sun. Relaxing RAINFOREST SOUNDS begin to play.

An artificial VOICE fills the room. Toms household A.I, FIONA.

FIONA

(V.O)

Good Morning Tom. Rise and shine.

The process RESUMES. The blinds roll up. Real Sunlight now. Tom drags himself upright, sits on the edge of the bed. He's skinny, he drinks the coffee from the paper cup.

FIONA

(V.O)

Today's chance of rain is 67%.  
Today's top stories as of April 23rd  
5:31 AM..

Tom clicks his fingers twice again.

FIONA

This months energy consumption has  
risen by 19%. This exceeds the  
remaining balance. Would you like me  
to process..

Tom clicks again and Fiona stops. He stares at himself in the MIRROR on the wardrobe door, tired, exhausted.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

It's cramped. The light reflects harshly off the metallic counter-top. Tom presses his index finger against a small TOUCH PAD on the tiny FRIDGE. The pad flashes GREEN and Tom OPENS the door.

The fridge is almost empty but for a few cans of Gump soda and a jar of PICKLED EGGS. On the interior side of the door we see a small screen. A list of essentials. Milk, cheese, butter. All have a RED L.E.D X marked beside them.

Tom grabs the jar of pickled eggs, reluctantly eats one and grimaces. A single piece of toast pops up from the toaster.

Tom JUMPS, a nervous wreck. He lifts the toast from the toaster. BURNT to a crisp.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE TOM'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tom's in his work UNIFORM. An all grey outfit. On the door is another TOUCH PAD where a keyhole would normally be. Tom presses it with his THUMB. An L.E.D representation of a fingerprint flashes RED.

TOM

No, not now.

Tom tries over and over, the same red fingerprint. He reaches inside his jacket, takes out a pair of sleek looking GLASSES and puts them on.

INTRASPECS they call them. Almost everybody has a pair. The best technological innovation since the BIOCHIP. He takes out a small SILVER FOB in his right hand. In the center sits a ball, similar to that of an old fashioned mouse wheel.

He scrolls back and fourth, REFLECTIONS of a contact list appear in the lenses of his specs. He positions the fob below his mouth.

TOM

Hi Tony it's Tom from 59C again, I was just wondering if...

A muffled sound of an angry mans voice on the other end.

TOM

Yes I'm still having difficulty locking the door from the outside so I was wondering if..

Tom's getting interrupted. He closes his eyes in despair.

TOM

I know, but like I said it never said anything in the tenancy agreement about fees for any of... OK thanks I really appreci...

CLICK -- Tony HANGS UP. Tom removes the intraspecs, places them, along with the fob, into his jacket pocket. He watches the door. The RED fingerprint turns to GREEN.



EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - DAY

Heavy RAIN. Tom RUNS out the door of his apartment and across the street. Huge apartment blocks dominate the landscape. Monoliths of brown and grey concrete.

Two DELIVERY DRONES buzz past the flickering street lights. Tom holds the lapel of his jacket above his head as he RUNS.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

CHRISTOPHER, 8, fair hair, cheap looking clothes, plays at the opposite end of the alleyway. He holds two ACTION FIGURES in both hands. He jumps around seemingly UNFAZED by the rain. Christopher is Tom's cousin. Christopher spots Tom running towards him.

CHRISTOPHER

Tom!

Tom SLOWS DOWN slightly.

TOM

Sorry Chris, I'm already running late today.

CHRISTOPHER

But you said you'd play, you said you'd come round weeks ago!

TOM

I know and I already explained. I can't stop and talk.

They take a left out of the alley.

EXT. A STREET CORNER - DAY - CONTINUOUS

It's busy out here, rush hour seems to get earlier every year. The pair walk and talk.

CHRISTOPHER

Why can't you just come over when you aren't working?

TOM

It's not always that simple. You'll understand when you're older.

Christopher looks upset. Tom looks down at the action figures in Christopher's hands.

TOM  
Hey, remember what Captain Quark  
says?

CHRISTOPHER  
He says a lot of things.

TOM  
Well, one of the things he says  
patience is a virtue.

CHRISTOPHER  
I guess.

They stop at a LAY-BY.

TOM  
Does your Mum know you're out here by  
yourself?

Tom draws the egg shaped FOB from his pocket, holds it above  
his head. A white LED LIGHT flashes at the tip.

CHRISTOPHER  
She's sleeping.

TOM  
(Under his breath)  
What a surprise.

CHRISTOPHER  
Can I get some credits for some  
sweets Tom? Pleeeease?

Tom reluctantly begins searching his pockets. He pulls out a  
packet of BUBBLEGUM, hands it over.

TOM  
That's all I've got. You know you're  
Mum doesn't like me giving you  
credits.

Christopher puts four pieces of bubblegum into his mouth at  
once, relentlessly chews, tries but fails to blow a bubble.  
Tom chuckles.

TOM  
You're funny. Go and check on your  
Mum for me, OK?

CHRISTOPHER  
(Not listening)  
Yeah yeah...

TOM  
No I mean it, promise me you'll check  
on her.

CHRISTOPHER  
I promise.

TOM  
Alright.

The LIGHT on the end of the fob turns GREEN. A small DRIVER-  
LESS CAR pulls into the lay-by. Sleek and compact. Tom bumps  
fists with Christopher, opens the back door and GETS IN.

TOM  
Watch yourself on these crossings.  
Remember what we talked about?

CHRISTOPHER  
Wait for the green man?

TOM  
Good boy, now get yourself home. If  
there's anything you need call me,  
OK?

Christopher nods and smiles, Tom closes the door.  
Christopher runs behind the back of the taxi, draws a SMILEY  
FACE in the condensation of the back window, Tom chuckles.

THROUGH THE WINDOW: Christopher bursts out laughing, RUNS  
down the street, meanders his way through pedestrians.

INT. TAXI - DAY

An automated VOICE. The same comforting tones we heard in  
Tom's apartment, only male.

A.I  
(V.O)  
Good Morning - Tom - Pennington. This  
morning commute is brought to you by  
Viocon financial services, The number  
one financial algorithm four years  
running. With a 96 percent Glypo  
rating and a 12.3 percent portfolio  
management fee -- Who else but  
Viocon? Your road to financial  
freedom starts today. Now -- Your  
destination sir?

TOM  
Barnaby road.

A.I

(V.O)

Beginning your journey to - Barnaby road.

The taxi begins to MOVE. The STEERING WHEEL turns by itself. The back and front seats of the vehicle is separated by a glass screen. Tom TOUCHES THE SCREEN with his fingertip, an internet HOMEPAGE appears.

ON THE SCREEN: Categories. "Your daily update, Games, Music, Premium services". Tom double taps on the "Your daily update" tab. A VIDEO begins to play, a 24 hour NEWS CHANNEL.

A NEWSREADER, 20's, attractive, sits behind a desk in an expensive looking studio.

NEWSREADER

..which led to the Argentinian coup last year.

The newsreader turns to face a different camera.

NEWSREADER

A controversial anti-transparency group, who's members are mostly Epsilon, caused outrage on Monday as they blocked motorways and burned signs..

On screen, video of PROTESTERS. One of the signs reads "I am not a statistic". Another -- "I AM ME, I AM FREE".

Tom glances to his right. In between the seats is a small VENDING MACHINE fitted into the upholstery. He presses his finger on the sensor, a green fingerprint, he pulls out a can of GUMP SODA, takes a sip. Tom points his fob at the screen, changes the channel.

Another NEWSREADER, 30's, stands outside the HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

NEWSREADER #2

With unprecedented party support. Despite growing concerns from some that..

Tom switches the channel.

**END OF EXTRACT**