

REWIND

Screenplay By

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FIRST DRAFT

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CGI. WARNING MESSAGE

A black screen dominated by the large, imposing OFFICIAL LOGO of the MINISTRY OF INFORMATION. The logo is accompanied by the voice of an ANNOUNCER, his DEEP TONES designed to drive FEAR into the hearts of the audience.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The following program has been sanctioned by the Ministry of Information for viewing only by category A citizens. The viewing of this program by citizens of a lesser order may result in termination. The company wishes you a pleasant day.

POV. INT. ROOM ON LV13 - NIGHT

A dark room, the air THICK WITH DUST and the floor strewn with DEBRIS. CRUMBLING WALLS. One wall is almost totally missing, looking out onto a RAVAGED, WAR TORN WORLD. TWIN MOONS hang in the DEEP RED SKY which can be seen through RAGGED HOLES in the roof. There are no windows, and a single door hangs by it's hinges. We see through the EYES OF A DYING SOLDIER alone in the room. The uniform which covers his legs is BLOOD SOAKED and IN TATTERS - he has clearly recently been in a FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE. We hear the soldier breathing behind the camera, a RASPING WHEEZE as he attempts to draw breath.

DRAMATIC ACTION MUSIC PLAYS in the background throughout the scene, rising to a crescendo toward the end.

The door falls from it's hinges and another SOLDIER BURSTS IN, his uniform equally tattered but showing him to be a major. This is MAJOR ALLCOCK, a frightening and unlikely spectacle, six foot five and sporting an eye patch and WAVY LONG HAIR which is caked with dirt. One of his arms has been replaced by an ELECTRONIC PROSTHESIS, on the end of which is a collection of SPINNING BLADES instead of a hand. In the middle of the spinning blades, the barrel of a built in LASER GUN peeks out. He walks with a limp, and has a large SCAR down one side of his face. To all intents and purposes, he looks like a rock star pirate. MAJOR ALLCOCK looks around briefly and then his EYES FALL ON THE DYING SOLDIER. He falls to his knees in front of him, REACHING OUT for his DYING FRIEND. ALLCOCK whispers, his voice hoarse.

ALLCOCK

Look at me, soldier!

MAJOR ALLCOCK shakes the DYING SOLDIER roughly, worried that he is SLIPPING INTO UNCONSCIOUSNESS. His voice is terse, worried.

ALLCOCK (CONT'D)

Look at me! Do you know who I am?

DYING SOLDIER (O.S.)

Major Allcock Sir?... Is that you?

ALLCOCK

We're going to be alright, but you've got to listen up. If we're gonna move, we've got to do it now. Those things are right on top of us. Can you stand?

In the distance, we hear THUMPING METAL FEET, getting closer. The DYING SOLDIER HOLDS OUT HIS HAND, offering a SMALL METAL CANISTER to his commanding officer. Struggling to CLOSE ALLCOCK'S HAND around the canister, he LEANS IN CLOSE TO THE MAJOR.

DYING SOLDIER (O.S.)

Take this to... Kantrell. People must... Know... The truth.

ALLCOCK looks down at the canister now clutched in his hand. The sudden CRASH OF AN OUTER DOOR FALLING startles him and he JUMPS TO HIS FEET, alert.

DYING SOLDIER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Go... Quickly... Don't look back.

ALLCOCK

I won't forget what you've done here, Soldier. None of us will.

SINISTER SHAPES APPEAR in shadow through the doorway, and lumbering SHADOWS FALL across the moonlit floor. ALLCOCK hastily CLAMBERS OVER THE REMAINS OF THE FALLEN WALL and disappears out of shot.

The OPPOSITE WALL COLLAPSES, most of the ROOF CAVING IN as a result. The room is filled with dust, which causes the DYING SOLDIER to COUGH UNCONTROLLABLY as it fills his lungs. For a moment, our VIEW IS OBSCURED. Through the dust, we hear the metallic thumping of robotic feet marching in unison.

The DUST CLEARS. The DYING SOLDIER looks up. Towering over him are THREE GIANT HUMANOID ROBOTIC KILLING MACHINES. The round chest areas of the ROBOTS look a little like mesh covered speakers. They are the most frightening vision the soldier has ever encountered.

DYING SOLDIER (O.S.)

It's about time you got here. I was about to send out for pizza.

The soldier SPITS AT THE ROBOTS, one of which RAISES HIS ARM, attached to the end of which is a SINISTER BUILT IN LASER

WEAPON. When it speaks, it's voice is reminiscent of Arnold Schwarzenegger in "Terminator". The ACTION MUSIC begins to rise toward a crescendo.

ROBOT

You are an enemy of the company.  
This unit finds you guilty of  
crimes against the common peace.  
The penalty is termination. No  
appeal may be lodged.

A LIGHT SHINES from the barrel of the ROBOT'S LASER WEAPON. It aims toward the camera and slowly pulls the trigger. The ACTION MUSIC finally REACHES IT'S CRESCENDO.

Suddenly, the MUSIC CUTS OUT unexpectedly. Instead of the sound of a weapon firing, there is just a METALLIC CLICK as the GUN FAILS TO FIRE. The ROBOT TRIES SEVERAL TIMES, becoming more and more frustrated. Finally, it turns the weapon to LOOK DOWN THE BARREL before BLOWING INTO IT and SHAKING IT vigorously. The ROBOT TURNS TO IT'S COMPANIONS, it's voice suddenly a lot less sinister.

ROBOT (CONT'D)

I don't know what to tell you, this  
almost never happens.

ROBOT 2

Have you checked the safety?

ROBOT

Yes, of course I've checked...  
(beat) Checked the fracking safety?  
It's my arm. I don't have a  
fracking safety on my arm.

At this point, the DYING SOLDIER INTERRUPTS by waving his arm to get attention. The ROBOT TURNS BACK toward HIM.

DYING SOLDIER

Yeah, I really don't want to  
interrupt your little domestic, but  
I'm in quite a lot of pain here,  
and I'm pretty sure there shouldn't  
be blood coming out of my eyeballs,  
so the quicker we can get on with  
this the better. If that's okay  
with you. I mean, I don't want to  
put you out, or anything.

The ROBOT CLEARS IT'S THROAT with an ELECTRONIC COUGH.

ROBOT

The company would like to apologise  
for any inconvenience which may  
have been caused by it's failure to  
terminate you at this time. We

(MORE)

ROBOT (CONT'D)

would like to reassure you that we are currently exploring all options available to us and will endeavour to do anything in our power to rectify the situation as soon as possible. In the meantime, here is some light music.

The SPEAKER in the ROBOT'S CHEST begins to PULSE in time to elevator style background music - perhaps "The Girl From Ipanema". It begins to turn back to it's colleagues.

DYING SOLDIER

Have you checked for dust in the chamber?

ROBOT

(Slightly miffed)

I beg your pardon?

DYING SOLDIER

It's just that it's quite dusty out here, what with you knocking the wall down instead of coming through the door and everything. What was that about, by the way? Anyway, I thought perhaps some of the dust might have got into the firing mechanism and caused a jam. Just a thought, don't shoot me.

As he says "Don't shoot me", the soldier holds his hands up in mock surrender and both he and the ROBOTS laugh at the joke before quickly composing themselves. Using his other arm, the ROBOT UNSCREWS HIS GUN ARM and tips it upside down. A RIDICULOUSLY COMICAL AMOUNT OF DUST POURS OUT perhaps taking 10 seconds to do so and forming a large pile of dust on the floor. The ROBOT TURNS TO IT'S COLLEAGUES, reattaching the gun arm as it does.

ROBOT

Well what do you know about that?  
Who says Humans don't serve any  
purpose anymore?

The ROBOTS NOD IN AGREEMENT. Without pause, the ROBOT TURNS BACK toward the DYING SOLDIER, his voice serious and business-like once again. He RAISES HIS GUN ARM and the LASER LIGHT DANCES ACROSS THE SCREEN.

ROBOT (CONT'D)

Sentence to be carried out  
immediately.

CUT TO BLACK, followed by the sound of a LASER WEAPON DISCHARGING.

**EXT. NUCLEAR WASTELAND - EVENING****BEGIN CREDITS**

We are FLYING LOW over the remains of a SHATTERED EARTH. Where there was once a great city, there is now a SMOULDERING RUIN. Streets and highways are replaced by CRACKED ASPHALT AND LUMPS OF BROKEN CONCRETE. Everywhere, the ground disappears into GIANT CRATERS where bombs have fallen. All is silent, the only sound being the howling of the wind and the deep, resonant beat of the title track, almost a monotone, more the beating of war drums than a musical piece.

**SUPERIMPOSE:** Earth, 6 Weeks earlier.

In the middle of a street, between upturned cars, we see a HUMAN SKELETON. Pointing ominously upward into the sky with a single bony finger, the skeleton WEARS A SANDWICH BOARD which reads: "TOLD YOU SO". A signpost a little further along the street reads: "DO NOT FEED THE MUTANTS". A gigantic mutated pigeon, with a wingspan of about 30 feet, sweeps across the sky and takes a dump on an abandoned car, levelling it to the ground and setting off the car alarm and those of others nearby.

We fly over a region of OPEN GRASSLAND, the long dead grass SHRIVELLED AND BROWN. The sky is a collection of BLACK ASH CLOUDS, the sun almost totally BLOTTED OUT by the effects of a NUCLEAR WINTER. Occasional beams of sunlight filter through the clouds, and where they fall like pools of light filtering through trees in a forest, STRANGE MUTATED CREATURES scuttle about seeking warmth. Each creature is a combination of two unlikely other animals. A hybrid with the BODY OF A HORSE AND THE HEAD OF AN ELEPHANT is bent double at the neck as it DRAGS ITS HEAD ALONG THE FLOOR, while another with the BODY AND NECK OF A GIRAFFE and HEAD OF A CAT purrs softly as it stands on the ground and simultaneously creeps up on a strange looking bird in the high branches of a dead tree. As we fly low over these strange creatures, we pass under the BRONX ZOO SIGN. This is the remains of NEW YORK.

We pass over LIBERTY ISLAND and observe two HUMANOID APES decapitating the STATUE OF LIBERTY with a saw, in an homage to The Simpsons. The head falls onto another ape standing below who is crushed into the ground with a yelp, before rolling into its familiar position on the ground as depicted in Planet of the Apes.

A DOMED CITY appears in the distance, and we move toward it. A ridiculously large LED billboard sticks up into the sky from the top of the dome, surrounded by coloured lights and adorned with the words "NEW AMSTERDAM" in large letters. The pixels which make up the words are large and square, so it is obvious the wording is remotely controlled by computer. The image of a large, big breasted woman, formed out of red and blue neon tubing and winking suggestively, projects from the billboard. The woman is holding a neon sign displaying the

logo of the Girls-a-go-go Club. We watch a spacecraft descend toward the top of the dome to one side of the billboard, where a section slides back to admit it. As it enters, it bashes the edge of the opening and wobbles about quite obviously, giving away that it is a model on a wire. As we approach the dome, we see that the city is covered in a PULSING PLASMA FORCE FIELD which obscures whatever lies within. We move down toward ground level, and observe PEOPLE in large cumbersome PROTECTIVE SUITS wearing heavy OXYGEN CYLINDERS on their backs, approaching an entrance at the base of the dome. The uniforms and cylinders carry brightly coloured adverts for Broadway musicals. The miners are walking in SINGLE FILE, returning from work at a LARGE MINING CRATER which we see outside the city. Many of them have HUNCHED BACKS and walk as though in EXTREME AGONY. The hunchbacks carry adverts on their backs for a Broadway adaptation of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame". The title track fades down as our protagonist begins to narrate over it.

KANTRELL (V.O.)

My name is Kantrell Adams. I am a Category C citizen in the city of New Amsterdam. My parents, they were law abiding members of society before the Neutron Wars. I was just a baby when the bombs fell. But none of that means anything to the new regime.

We continue to move down, finally PASSING OVER THE HEADS of the mining party as they approach the city. As we approach the dome, we see that an AIRLOCKED DOOR is opening and closing rhythmically, allowing one person to step inside at a time. As each miner steps through, a disembodied robotic Marilyn Monroe voice gives feedback on the days work such as "Good work today, Steve" and "Please try harder tomorrow, Dave". We follow the line THROUGH THE AIRLOCK, slipping between the doors as they open and close.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Track through the airlock into the changing room beyond. The room is full of men in their 20s and 30s, all exhibiting the tough outer demeanor of those who spend their days lifting heavy rocks, swinging tools and dodging explosions. The men are in various states of dress, and all of them are covered in dirt and grime from the day's labour. One particularly tough looking miner walks across the shot, covered from head to toe in ridiculously unlikely tattoos such as pictures of roses and bluebirds and the words "I love my mummy". As he turns, we see that across his back in large floral letters, underneath a tattoo of Justin Beiber, are the words "I'm a Belieber".

Miners continue to enter the changing room from the direction of the airlock. The changing room is a large open plan area

with lockers along one wall and a giant viewing screen dominating another. Next to the airlock is a rickety looking staircase which leads down to the boss's office, and doors lead off to the showers and street. Every surface is covered with nude calendars, pin-ups of scantily clad women in revealing lingerie, anything to draw attention to the fact that this is a room full of testosterone fuelled men. The room is dimly lit by failing strip lights on the ceiling, some of which are dark and broken. The entire back wall of the room is a giant viewing screen, dark and silent.

Next to the entrance to the adjacent shower room, opposite the stairs, a large yellow "Warning: Wet Floor" sign stands in a prominent position. A miner emerges from the shower, falls over the sign and crashes down the stairs loudly with a yelp. A light in the shower room shines through a frosted window in the wall, showing the miners within milling about in silhouette.

KANTRELL (V.O.)

I work for the company. We all work for the company in one way or another. They tell us when to eat and when to sleep. They monitor our communications and control who we talk to. Some say they even listen to our dreams.

For the first time, we meet our protagonist, KANTRELL ADAMS. He is stepping out of the shower room, towelling his hair dry. KANTRELL is a man in his mid to late 20s, six foot three inches tall and in peak physical condition. He acknowledges the arrival of colleagues as they step from the airlock, closes the shower room door behind him and heads over to a bench where he begins to get dressed.

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

Light, heat, power. Things my parents took for granted are now beyond our reach. We plundered the Earth's resources until there was nothing beneath our feet but a hollow shell, and the Earth said: "No more." And then, as is the human way, we moved on to other worlds, other galaxies, and took what we needed.

There is a buzz of failing electricity, and the lights flicker and dim for a moment before returning to their previous level of brightness.

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

We work the last of the Homeworld Mines. What little the planet has left to give provides power for the elite. The rest of us, we take what  
(MORE)



KANTRELL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 we're given. And we're thankful for  
 it. Days become weeks, weeks become  
 months. Many of us don't even  
 notice the world around us any  
 more. Life without hope, that is  
 nothing but existence.

Throughout the above action and narration, we observe the following happening in the background: A miner enters, a perfectly normal looking man with a mining helmet pulled down over his face. He goes to a bench and removes his helmet, revealing long flowing blonde hair which cascades out and tumbles down to waist length. The miner tosses his head so that his hair dances about as he turns toward the camera and we see that he is, in fact, the most stunningly beautiful woman we've ever seen. None of the other miners seem to be taking any notice at all. The female miner undoes the clasps on her tight mining uniform and releases ridiculously large breasts clad in a black lace basque. Still nobody takes any notice. Finally, she drops her uniform and steps out of it, and now we are looking at a woman with the body of a glamour model, dressed in matching basque and suspenders. As the miners around her continue to take no notice whatsoever, she gets dressed into a flowing red dress and puts her leg up onto the bench to put on high heels before going to leave the room. As she walks past a particularly muscle-bound miner, he is the first to acknowledge her existence by slapping her on the backside in a comradely fashion.

MUSCLE-BOUND MINER

Night, Dave.

SUPERMODEL MINER

(Husky, sexy voice)

Night, Steve.

Two men emerge from the shower behind KANTRELL. They are HUNTER and BECKETT, two surly looking individuals. It is clear from the way they walk and their general demeanour that they think they are the most important people in the room.

BECKETT lets the shower room door crash back into place, smacking another miner in the face as he is about to follow him through.

HUNTER

Do you have to bang that so hard?

BECKETT

That's what your wife said last  
 night!

Other men nearby whoop and cheer. This is a group who think of themselves as real men purely because they spend their days getting dirty down the mines, and this sort of ribbing at each other's expense is all part of their daily ritual.

HUNTER

Frick you, Beckett!

Chuckling to himself, Beckett turns toward his bench and finds himself staring into the torso of the boss, DEACON. He recoils in surprise and slowly looks up at his superior, the camera looking down on him as he appears to be straining his neck to look up at a giant. DEACON is a tall rake of a man with a kindly face and a huge cigar permanently sticking from the corner of his mouth. The cigar is never lit.

In the background, the silhouette of the miners in the shower room through the frosted window has been replaced by a silhouette of several couples slow dancing in a bygone age, complete with long flowing dresses and top hats.

DEACON

Do you kiss your mother with that mouth, Mr Beckett?

For a moment, Beckett is lost for words, but he soon recovers his composure. He puts on a mock salute and mimics the voice of a private reporting for duty.

BECKETT

No Sir. Prefer your mother, Sir.

Without warning, the logo of the MINISTRY OF INFORMATION appears on the giant viewing screen and the lights in the room begin to dim automatically.

MINER

Cut it out, you two. There's a ministry announcement coming in.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

The following report has been commissioned by the MINISTRY OF INFORMATION. Viewing of this material is compulsory.

EXT. EMPYREUM MINES - NIGHT

The MINISTRY OF INFORMATION logo is replaced by a news report from a war zone, which we are now viewing full screen. The report is coming from a distant world. The sky is the blackest of blacks and dominated by twin moons. The ground is covered by a fine red dust which is constantly blown around by the wind, and the whole scene appears almost like a vision of hell. The MINISTRY OF INFORMATION logo is superimposed over the upper left corner of the screen throughout the report.

A young female reporter stands in front of a deep man-made crater. This is JAYLEN GRACE. Her clothes are smart and official, adorned with the company logo. The strong wind

blows her hair and she is constantly brushing it away from her eyes and squinting against the red dust. The crater is littered with mining machinery, it's walls reinforced with girders and lined by scaffolding. On platforms around the crater, miners drill at the rock with futuristic mining equipment. Far below, we can see the entrance to an extensive tunnel network.

A news ticker scrolls across the bottom of the screen, reporting the following as events unfold: "NEWS TICKER REPORTER'S STRIKE ENTERS THIRD DAY. SOMETHING IMPORTANT HAPPENED SOMEWHERE TODAY, SAYS MAN IN HAT. BLAH BLAH BLAH. FOR CHRIST'S SAKE GIVE US MORE MONEY. WHAT THE HELL IS SHE WEARING? DOESN'T SHE KNOW SHE'S IN A WARZONE? SHE'S PROBABLY GOING TO HAVE HER HEAD RIPPED CLEAN OFF AT ANY MOMENT. ANY SECOND NOW. WAIT FOR IT. THERE IT IS. STUPID BITCH." Occasionally, the news ticker moves randomly around the screen, obscuring JAYLEN'S face forcing her to lean to one side as though it is actually in front of her.

The bottom of the crater is a war-zone. Soldiers protect the miners from the alien ZENTRASSI, who are literally everywhere. The ZENTRASSI are giant alien insects, half scorpion and half spider. Their single goal appears to be to slaughter all of the miners and soldiers, which they are doing with ease. The soldiers are hopelessly outnumbered by the native insects, which appear unrestrained by the laws of physics. ZENTRASSI swarm all over the walls of the crater, hang upside down from scaffolding, and are able to jump great distances from platform to platform without damage. They seem almost impervious to harm, able to withstand a barrage of weapons fire from all directions. The sound of human screams echoes around the crater, as we observe soldiers being quite graphically ripped apart by the strong armoured mandibles of the ZENTRASSI.

When we join her, JAYLEN is talking to an off-screen cameraman but quickly gains her composure and holds the microphone up to her mouth when she realises that she is on camera. She is talking to the news anchor, DECLAN CUTCHER, back in the studio.

JAYLEN

You join me here at the Emyreum mines on LV13, where operations are still being hampered by the indigenous Zentrassi. At this stage, our best xenobiologists can offer no explanation for the senseless slaughter, speculating only that the arachnids are acting out of some misguided instinct for self-preservation, although the company has so far done nothing to provoke their wrath.

## INT. NEWS STUDIO - EVENING

DECLAN KUTCHER is the news anchor for the MINISTRY OF INFORMATION. He is a smart man in his early 30s, and sits behind a desk in a futuristic news studio on Earth. He is speaking to a holographic image which hangs over the desk, showing JAYLEN GRACE reporting from LV13.

DECLAN

Is it possible that our mining operations have unknowingly defiled a sacred Zentrassi site or in some way disturbed their hives?

INTERCUT BETWEEN DECLAN AND JAYLEN

JAYLEN

That's an interesting point, Declan, and one that our scientists have put a great deal of thought into... But as you can see from this map of the company mining operations, the miners have been digging through nothing but solid rock since the mines opened, and there has been no sign of any pre-existing underground tunnel network or chambers of any kind. This really is a complete mystery to all involved.

A detailed map of the mining network appears briefly on the screen, with each passageway clearly marked and dated. Apart from the perfectly straight horizontal levels of the mine and the vertical shafts, there are no other chambers or tunnels.

DECLAN

So what is the company's next move, do you think?

JAYLEN

Well that's hard to say at this point, Declan. I'm sure the Chairman will want to look at all the possibilities in depth before coming to any rash decisions. As you know, LV13 contains the last Emyreum deposits in the known universe, and without Emyreum there is little hope of Earth's energy reserves lasting for much more than two years, so leaving isn't an option. I'm sure the Chairman will make the right decision.

DECLAN

Thank you, Jaylen. You're right, I did already know that - but I understand you had to tell me again for the sake of the viewers. That was our war correspondent, Jaylen Grace, reporting there from the Emyreum mines on LV13.

On the holographic screen hovering above DECLAN'S desk, we see JAYLAN smile, lower her microphone and turn away from the camera. Suddenly, a ZENTRASSI bounds across the screen, graphically ripping her head from her shoulders and throwing her lifeless body far into the crater. The camera begins to shake and bounce around as the cameraman runs for his life. DECLAN puts his hand to his ear, as though listening to his producer.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

This just in. Award winning News Channel Correspondent Jaylen Grace was killed today as she reported live from the front lines on LV13. Our thoughts and prayers go out to her husband and newborn baby son at this hard time, and we ask that they vacate the employee accommodation block with immediate effect.

DECLAN turns to look off screen at somebody out of shot.

DECLAN (CONT'D)

Can I have her parking space?

EXT. NEW AMSTERDAM DOME - EVENING - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The sky is heavily overcast, even more than usual. It is raining furiously, a sheet rain which batters the ground. A crack of thunder is heard, causing mutant creatures to run for cover. With a buzz and crackle of electricity, several of the neon tubes that make up the big breasted woman flicker on and off. Streaks of lightning pierce the sky.

The wording on the remotely controlled LED billboard becomes an anagram of itself every time we see it. This first time only, we actually see the letters of "New Amsterdam" rearrange themselves into the anagram "Warmed Stamen", so that the viewers understand what is happening.

On the sign held by the red and blue neon big breasted woman, the logo of the Girls-a-go-go Club has been replaced by the message: "Tonight: Russian Roulette night at Girls-a-go-go. Six Girls, One disease."

## EXT. A STREET IN NEW AMSTERDAM - EVENING

We are high inside the dome, looking down on the street below. The curve of the dome can be seen extending in both directions, its surface a shimmering purple caused by the plasma in the force field interacting with the artificial atmosphere. Dark clouds can be made out through the field, the occasional flash of lightning streaking across the sky outside.

We move down to street level, weaving through the pedestrians toward KANTRELL, who is pushing his way through the crowd on his way home. Sheet rain streams down from the dome above, where it emerges from holes in the force field. The street is crowded and dirty, ankle high in a mixture of rain water and sewage. Discarded food containers and random detritus float past, and KANTRELL kicks them out of the way whenever they cross his path. The air above the street is filled with hovercars whizzing back and forth in unseen sky lanes.

As KANTRELL pauses on a street corner and pulls his collar up against the rain, we observe two unsavoury types hanging around in the background. Looking around furtively, one of the men hands the other a brown envelope. The second man opens the envelope and pulls out a huge wad of cash which he flicks through before replacing it in the envelope. Looking around to make sure he is not being watched, he reaches into his pocket and produces a bag of drugs which he hands to the buyer. The buyer looks around one more time, takes the drugs, produces a gun and shoots the dealer in the stomach. The dealer looks shocked and holds up his hand, holding the envelope, in surprise as he sinks to the ground. The buyer takes the envelope back, puts it in his pocket and leaves with both the money and the drugs. KANTRELL moves on.

The air is filled with the sounds of traders calling out for customers, and beggars crying out for sympathy. Exotic alien prostitutes with colourful bodies, three breasts or two identical heads ply their trade on street corners, jostling for space with carts selling food items and strangely coloured liquids. On one cart, some of the food is clearly still alive and tries to escape, disappearing down the street while pursued by the cart owner with a baseball bat. As soon as he is out of sight, everybody converges on the cart, and when the owner returns holding the dead thing he was chasing, his entire cart is empty.

Every wall is a myriad of neon signs advertising every conceivable service. Many of the signs flicker and buzz eerily, others are dark and silent. Some hang half on and half off the wall. A particularly bright, prominent sign displays an animated message and image which changes every few seconds. Initially, it displays the teaser: "Rewind. Who wants to live forever?", but then changes to display a warning message to hovercar drivers which reads: "DISTRACTION KILLS! KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD". Finally, the sign changes to show a bra commercial in which the entire face of the

billboard is covered with a giant pair of wiggling breasts. A hovercar appears out of nowhere and smashes into the sign, exploding in a huge fireball.

The whole scene takes on the strange purple hue of the force field, and the clouds outside cast eerie shadows as they pass overhead.

KANTRELL (V.O.)

Rain. Constant, driving rain. The bio-filters let the water through, filtering out pollutants. That's what the company tells us, and the company tells us little. Whatever the case, the city is a cesspit.

KANTRELL quickens his pace against the rain, pulling his collar up tightly around his neck. Shooing away traders who try to get his attention, he hurries around a corner and crashes headlong into a patrolling POLICE BOT.

The POLICE BOT is short and fat, supported by a curious collection of wheels and jets. A single eye can be extended from it's body on a stalk when required. It speaks. It's voice is well spoken and slightly eccentric, as though designed to sound like a robotic interpretation of a television presenter from the sixties. It is intended to sound comforting rather than intimidating.

POLICE BOT

For the safety of all citizens, you are reminded to walk at the regulated pace at all times. Use of unregulated speeds is punishable by citation. Continued disobedience may result in transportation.

KANTRELL dusts himself down, jabbing the robot unwisely with a finger. In the gutter is a prominent newspaper vending machine filled with electronic tablets the size of newspapers. On the frontmost tablet, we can prominently see the headline: "MAN PRESS-GANGED INTO MILITARY SERVICE" along with a large photograph of a man being set about by military officers with baseball bats. In the background, we see exactly the same scene as shown in the picture as a man is press-ganged by military officers with baseball bats.

KANTRELL

Listen pal, I'm not having a great day and now the sky is pissing on my head. What do you say you just get out of my way like a good little droid and I promise not to dismantle you right here in the street in front of all these nice people?

The POLICE BOT's single eye extends from it's body and stares incredulously at the spot where it is being poked. Looking KANTRELL up and down curiously, it weighs up it's next move. It is not used to being questioned, and certainly not to being poked. After a moment, it moves quietly to one side.

POLICE BOT

Do not loiter! Move on! Loitering  
in a public place is punishable by  
citation. Continued disobedience...

But KANTRELL is already hurrying on into the rain. The POLICE BOT watches him dispassionately as he vanishes into the crowd. The sound of the rain fades away into silence as we fade to black. The next line is delivered over a black screen.

FADE TO BLACK

KANTRELL (V.O.)

Life in New Amsterdam is dark. Dark  
like the colour of the darkest  
night in hell.

INT. ACCOMMODATION BLOCK LOBBY - EVENING

A bleak, featureless lobby which has seen better days. As KANTRELL enters the building from the street, he pulls down his collar and joins a line of residents waiting to step in single file through a device which looks like an airport metal detector. As each man or woman steps through the device, a robotic voice chimes out: "PROCEED", a green light blinks once over the detector, and the individual continues toward the stairs. As KANTRELL lines up for the detector, we see a large community noticeboard on the wall behind him covered with electronic tablets apparently nailed on. Each tablet displays a community advert or announcement, such as: "Your COMPANY Loves You", "For Sale. Naive boyfriend. Slightly used.", "Dissent is everywhere, Citizens. Be alert!" or "Nailing your tablet to noticeboards invalidates the warrant". One of the tablets displays a giant eye, which seems to be watching the line suspiciously.

Stepping through the detector, KANTRELL stops briefly in the lobby to search in his pockets for the electronic tag that will open the door to his accommodation unit. Over his shoulder, we see a friendly looking elderly gentleman step into the detector carrying two bags of shopping. This time a red light blinks and a different, more authoritative voice barks: "DISSIDENT DETECTED". Immediately, everybody in the line takes one step back. The elderly gentleman looks startled, and starts to protest, but it is too late - hidden lasers appear from the walls and red dots dance across the man's body. A moment later he has disintegrated to dust, his shopping bags falling to the ground. With hardly a pause, the rest of the line reforms as though nothing has happened.



KANTRELL doesn't even flinch or turn during any of this, as though it is all part of the average day. He finds his door tag in his pocket and heads toward the stairs without looking back.

INT. KANTRELL'S ACCOMMODATION UNIT - EVENING

KANTRELL shares his accommodation unit with his wife MARIE. Space is at a premium in New Amsterdam, and each unit is a simply furnished square block comprising a single door on one wall, a sink, bed and small window looking out into the street. Outside the window is a giant buzzing neon sign with the word "GIRLS" written on it, which is both annoying and bright, providing the room with a permanent red aura. The only other light comes from a small glowing panel set back into the wall, which is hardly lit at all. In one corner, a battered mattress serves as a bed for their eight year old child, DARWIN. Several children's paintings hang hap-hazardly next to the window, and one of them depicts a large purple square with a smiley face drawn in the middle. Underneath, DARWIN has written "The Sun" - he has clearly never seen the Sun. The centre of one wall is dominated by a viewing screen. A sofa takes up most of the remaining space. The fixtures and fittings in the room are futuristic, but obviously battered and getting on in age. Set into the wall by the door is a food dispenser, an electronic device in which food can be created by request to the CENTRAL COMPUTER.

MARIE is draped across the sofa. She is an attractive young woman in her mid-20s, her long red hair tied in a futuristic style. Her clothes, however, are well worn and dirty. The legend on her Tee-Shirt reads: "My other Tee-Shirt is also filthy. I'm saving it for a special occasion.". She is watching the viewing screen, on which we can see shots of beautiful yellow sandy beaches, crystal seas and perfect pink skies.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Do you dream of leaving the  
bio-domes of Earth behind and  
living out your life on the shores  
of the crystal seas of Ganymede?  
Does your heart race at the thought  
of standing on the largest moon in  
the solar system and gazing up at  
clear pink terraformed skies and  
the beautiful multicoloured ammonia  
clouds of Jupiter? Well now all  
your dreams can finally come true,  
thanks to the company lottery  
corporation. Just two weeks heat  
and light allowance and you could  
be entered into the draw for this  
once in a lifetime prize. See your  
company representative today.

As the advertisement ends, the Rewind logo appears over the image, accompanied by the teaser: "This message sponsored by Rewind. Immortality for the masses."

As KANTRELL enters the unit, MARIE hardly looks up - there is little to get excited about in New Amsterdam. DARWIN, playing on his mattress, jumps up and rushes over to his dad.

DARWIN

Daddy's home! Daddy's home!

KANTRELL hugs his son and reaches into his pocket.

KANTRELL

I brought you something.

He produces a small chunk of slightly shiny rock, obviously dug up at the mine. Although it has an interesting blue sheen to it, the rock is otherwise unremarkable. He hands it to DARWIN, who accepts it excitedly, a huge grin splitting his face.

DARWIN

Oh Daddy, this is the best one yet!

DARWIN hurries over to his mattress with the rock, where he pulls the material back to reveal a small wooden box. Opening it, we see that it already contains several almost identical lumps of rock collected from the mine. DARWIN carefully places his new prize inside and shuts the lid. These are his toys. KANTRELL looks on with a strange mixture of pride and shame, before moving around the sofa to kiss MARIE. He addresses her for the first time.

KANTRELL

Something of a commotion in the lobby. What has Mr Matthews been up to this time?

MARIE

One of the parents at the learning centre says she heard him telling the kids how much better things were before the war again.

KANTRELL

(sarcastic)

Crazy old bastard. I'd round up the lot of them and have them all shot. Oh wait. They do that already, don't they?

MARIE

Careful honey, you never know who's listening.

She gestures toward an electronic eye which peers down from

above the wall screen, as it swivels toward them expectantly, looking for signs of dissent. KANTRELL gives it the finger.

KANTRELL

They wouldn't dare touch us miners.  
As long as there's an energy  
crisis, we're like gold dust was  
before they found that planet made  
of gold. Watch this.

KANTRELL picks up a stick of gum from the arm of the chair, chews it briefly and sticks the wad over the electronic eye. Without pausing, he walks over to the door and opens it for a cleaning droid which sweeps straight in. The droid scoots over to the electronic eye, wipes it clean, eyes KANTRELL with disgust and slaps a notice on the wall next to the children's paintings. As quickly as it entered, the droid scoots back out the way it came, KANTRELL shutting the door behind it. The notice on the wall is headed "CITATION" in large red letters.

KANTRELL (CONT'D)

A citation. Old Mr Matthews  
reminisces about the old days and  
the company terminates his ass, but  
apparently I can pretty much do  
what I want and all I get is a  
frocking citation. They probably  
wouldn't even let me kill myself.

He tears the citation from the wall, screws it up and throws it in the bin. As the paper hits the bottom of the can with a thump, a POLICE BOT passes the window, peering in.

POLICE BOT

Lights out! You are reminded that  
dreams may only contain material  
approved by the ministry of  
information. Dreams may be approved  
in advance by contacting your  
company representative.

The POLICE BOT reaches out to touch a control on the outside of the building. Instantly, a shutter cranks down over the window, the viewing screen switches off and the lighting panel on the wall goes out. The room is now completely dark, and we can see nothing.

KANTRELL

I wasn't particularly hungry,  
anyway.

EXT. THE COMPANY BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

The Company building is the largest building of any kind within the New Amsterdam dome. It towers over the streets

below, reaching almost to the underside of the force field. The company logo shines out into the night, but due to the fuel shortage very few windows are lit. The streets below are dark and gloomy, lit only by the flickering of neon signs and candles that blow in the artificial wind.

SUPERIMPOSE: The Company Building, New Amsterdam

INT. CHARON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CHARON CARDELL is the president of the company, and by extension the most important man on Earth - he is known to everyone except his computer as The Chairman. He is currently standing behind his desk in his office on the top floor of the Company Building, holding a ream of papers in a cardboard folder. On the folder is written: "OBSOLETE INFORMATION STORAGE DEVICES INCORPORATED". He is watching a holographic projection which floats above his desk, showing footage of humans being ripped apart by Zentrassi on LV13. He seems more fascinated than worried. CHARON'S hairstyle is elaborate and futuristic.

The office is large, far larger than it needs to be. It is dark, gloomy and minimalist, the desk and single chair being the only furniture in the room. A ceiling fan whirs slowly, moonlight filtering through the force field and the large wall-sized window casting moving shadows through the blades. On the desk, an in-tray and out-tray are stacked high with piles of electronic tablets. This is a recurring joke - in this world, an electronic tablet appears to be a substitute for a single sheet of paper.

An overly sexy electronic female voice emerges seemingly from all around. This is the voice of the CENTRAL COMPUTER, which echoes eerily in the room. It sounds like a hashed together attempt at an impersonation of Marilyn Monroe. CHARON has programmed all of his computers to speak to him this way.

CENTRAL COMPUTER

The head of xenorelations is here  
to see you, Mr President.

CHARON

Send him in, Marilyn. (beat) But  
make him wait just a little longer  
than necessary, while I place this  
pile of obsolete paperwork  
precariously on the corner of my  
desk for no apparent reason.

CHARON flicks a switch which shuts down the hologram, and places the folder, open, precariously on the corner of his desk. Walking over to the window, he links the fingers of his hands behind his back and stares out at the dimly lit streets below. On the other side of the window is a narrow balcony. From this height, we can clearly see the curve of the dome

and the extent of the city stretching away in all directions. Across the city, lights are starting to go out one by one as the nightly curfew comes into effect.

After just a little longer than necessary, a door at the far end of the office opens slightly and a nervous looking man pokes his head in. When CHARON doesn't move, he enters the room cautiously and silently edges forward until he is standing in front of the chairman's desk. After a moment, he coughs quietly. CHARON unlinks his hands, licks one of his fingers and reaches out to rub at a smudge on the window as though he doesn't care that anybody else is in the room. The glass squeaks satisfactorily as he rubs it, but the smudge does not disappear. Annoyed, CHARON steps straight through the window as though it isn't there and rubs the smudge from the other side. This time, the smudge disappears. Stepping back through the window, CHARON speaks.

CHARON (CONT'D)

Tell me, Mr... Name, Marilyn?

CENTRAL COMPUTER

This is Mr Radcliff, Mr President.

CHARON

Tell me, Mr Radcliff. I believe the company pays you large quantities of credits on a regular basis to wave your little magic wand and make all our offworld problems go away? Am I understanding the nature of our agreement correctly?

RADCLIFF

I can only hope to serve the company to the best of my ability, Mr Chairman.

CHARON returns to his desk, waving a hand for RADCLIFF to take a seat opposite him. RADCLIFF looks around momentarily and, realising that there is no chair for him to sit on, sits cross-legged on the floor so that just his head projects above the desk. Sitting down, CHARON casually flicks the switch that brings the hologram back to life. Until this point, he has not made eye contact with RADCLIFF. As the hologram springs to life, showing quite graphic footage from the front lines of soldiers being mercilessly slaughtered by the Zentrassi, CHARON finally looks up, momentarily puzzled that RADCLIFF'S face isn't where he was expecting it to be before looking down at his head projecting over the other side of the desk. A slightly disturbing smile crosses his lips. RADCLIFF visibly flinches at the footage. CHARON leans across the desk, forming a pyramid with his fingers underneath his chin. As he stares intently into RADCLIFF'S eyes, his voice is initially almost a whisper, speaking slowly and spelling out every word, becoming suddenly angered when he reaches the second from last sentence of his speech.

RADCLIFF looks terrified, knowing that CHARON is almost totally insane with power.

CHARON

Can you explain this footage to me, Mr Radcliff? Because unless, for the first time in my life, I am very very wrong, the Zentrassi are insects. Insects, Mr Radcliff, are not intelligent creatures. They protect their hives, they run around trying to screw each other and they collect food to give to the queen so that she can throw out lots of cute little baby insects. They do not go on a murderous rampage and rip all my soldier's frecking heads off. Are you following any of this?

RADCLIFF

It doesn't make any sense, Mr Chairman. The Zentrassi behaviour doesn't conform to anything we've ever encountered before. I don't suppose you've got a chair I could sit on, at all?

CHARON casts his eyes upward and sighs deeply. He is a patient man, but his patience is wearing thin. Reaching under the desk, he activates a switch which causes a flat-topped chair to rise out of the ground beneath RADCLIFF. RADCLIFF, sitting cross legged, is not centred on the rising chair and topples over backwards as he is lifted, landing in a pile on the floor.

CHARON

When you look out at the city, Mr Radcliff, what exactly do you see?

CHARON presses another switch underneath his desk, and a section of the giant window which fills one wall of his office slides back, revealing the narrow balcony outside. Immediately, a gust of artificial wind blows across the room, causing the papers he has placed on the corner of his desk to fly all over the room. CHARON'S futuristic wig also begins to move in the wind, but he catches it quickly and rearranges it on his head at a ridiculous angle, where it stays for the rest of the scene. RADCLIFF gets up from the floor and walks over to the balcony, stepping out into the night air. On the floor of the balcony there is a very obvious trap door, although RADCLIFF seems oblivious to this.

EXT. THE COMPANY BUILDING - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING SHOT

A close up of RADCLIFF as he steps out onto the balcony.

Quickly, the camera pulls back to reveal that he is standing on a narrow ledge almost at the very top of the building, just underneath the huge company logo. As we pull back and begin to fly around the top of the building, showing it's scale against the city below, RADCLIFF looks small and insignificant. He is also a very long way from the ground...

INT. CHARON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CHARON is watching RADCLIFF from his desk, his hand hovering over the button which releases the trap door. Annoyingly, however, RADCLIFF seems unwilling to stay in one place long enough for him to activate it, instead choosing to pace up and down on the balcony as he takes in the city below. Every time he steps onto the trapdoor, CHARON goes to press the button but RADCLIFF steps off again too quickly. RADCLIFF is still answering the chairman's question.

RADCLIFF

I see a dying city, Mr Chairman, a city without energy to provide basic heat and light. If the company can't provide these services, we can't charge for providing them, and our profits will fall year on year until we have no choice but to declare bankruptcy.

CHARON

Quite so, Mr Radcliff, and very well put. It certainly isn't easy to explain plot points to the audience while sounding like you're having a normal conversation, but you seem to have pulled it off nicely.

RADCLIFF

Thank you. Nice of you to notice.

CHARON

This is why the company relies on people like yourself to help us procure the raw materials we need from worlds outside the empire, even when the natives of those worlds are not willing to give them to us by choice. I'm sorry, could I just ask you to stop pacing up and down and stand on that trapdoor for a moment?

RADCLIFF

Yes, of course Mr Chairman.

Unthinking, RADCLIFF looks down and steps obligingly onto the trapdoor. A faint look of confusion and worry crosses his face.

CHARON

You see, I'm afraid this is exactly the reason why we're not going to be able to continue your employment with the company. You really are just so incredibly thick.

CHARON presses the button that releases the trapdoor.

EXT. A STREET IN NEW AMSTERDAM - NIGHT

All is silent. Only a handful of neon signs remain lit after curfew, announcing penalties for those who remain outside to read them after curfew. The only occupant of the street at this hour is a SWEEPER BOT, a cylindrical droid on a single wide wheel who is pushing a broom along the street. The droid emits an electronic attempt at a cheerful whistle.

A distant sound is heard from far above, a continuous cry of horror and surprise, getting louder as it gets nearer. The SWEEPER BOT stops whistling, and looks around curiously, but can see nothing. The sound gets louder against the artificial wind - now it is clearly the distressed cry of a human, a human somehow falling to earth from a great height. The SWEEPER BOT begins to look up.

With a horrifying crunch, the body of RADCLIFF smashes into the ground in front of the SWEEPER BOT, who wheels backwards a few paces in surprise. Then, with an electronic sigh, it pokes the body a couple of times with it's broom before rolling around it and continuing on up the street whistling as before.

FADE OUT

You have reached the end of this sample from episode one of Rewind - what you have read so far comprises the first act out of five which make up the episode. If you would like to continue reading, you can now buy the whole of this episode from the script pages at <http://www.Rewindthemovie.Net> for only £0.99, or further episodes for £1.99. A donation from every copy sold will go to Cancer Research UK in memory of the author's parents, who lost their lives to Cancer.