

Season Three: Episode Four
Moonbeams

SAM: (knocking on door) Hello! Anyone out there? Could someone please tell me what's happening? Is CAL ok? (BEAT) You know I could tarnish this shiny room... somehow... hello! (not calling out anymore)... Oh what's it been... a day? since CAL glitched. (shouting again) How's CAL? Anyone!?

(BEAT)

SAM (cont): I really need a wee...

PUCK: Twitter

SAM: What? Am I hallucinating? Have I entered the delirious stage of interrogation...?

PUCK: Twitter...

SAM: Where's that... coming from... Puck?

PUCK: Twitter

SAM: Is that you?

PUCK: Tweet

SAM: Are you in the vents?

PUCK: Twitter...

SAM: How did you... You're meant to be safe at the Pit Stop... you little stowaway. That is so Die Hard... just don't, dress up any bad guys in santa hats ok? I'm not sure I could quite cope with that level of brutality in you...

(Door swooshes open)

AL: Who are you talking to?

SAM: Erm... myself... I mean, you know, you've left me here for like, a day...

AL: Two hours. It's been two hours.

SAM: Oh. Really?

AL: Yes.

SAM: That really felt longer.

AL: It wasn't.

SAM: How's CAL?

AL: The C.A.L unit means a lot to you?

SAM: Well I'm not the only one... apparently the head of the Corporation cares too. So... CAL's up and running?

AL: No.

SAM: Ah. And you're here because...

AL: Perhaps you'd like to, give it a try?

SAM: Me? Oh but I'm just an archivist?

AL: Enough games. Holly Grant-Naylor wants it functioning, so listen to me archivist Samantha Lyons, if you value your life, you will fix the machine. Is that clear?

SAM: I'll need access to my ship.

AL: I don't think so.

SAM: Oh, but I do. I think that if you value your life, very secretive scary person, you'll give me access to everything I need. I mean, as you put it, Ms Grant-Naylor the head of this entire operation wants CAL running. You've had a day...

AL: Two hours.

SAM: Yes. Right. Time in the shiny room... You're sure?

AL: (Sighs)

SAM: Right. Well. Ok... Two hours to fix CAL. Now it's my turn and we're gonna do it my way, on my ship.

AL: What exactly is on your ship that you need?

SAM: Stuff.

AL: What stuff?

SAM: Ship stuff. Just cool... ship stuff... you wouldn't understand...

AL: (deep sigh)... Very well. Follow me.

SAM: (squee) I can't believe that worked.

AL: Coming?

SAM: Yep! (to Puck) I am coming and CAL will be there? As well as all the things that are usually on the ship. Everything's that's normally on the ship, will be on the ship. All the usual... fluttery things will be on the ship.

AL: Fluttery?

SAM: Yes. I'm just saying... words...

AL: (Sighs) You are very strange.

SAM: So I've been told.

(Walking)

AL: (on radio) Engineering, have the C A L unit placed on the docked archivist ship.

SAM: Oh!

AL: What is it?

SAM: Could I have some lunch?

AL: (on radio) bring some... lunch... to the ship as well.

SAM: And a cuppa?

AL: Oh my... (deep breath and back on radio) and, a cup of...?

SAM: Earl Gray?

AL: You think we have varieties?

SAM: Well... it's a fancy ship so, yes?

AL: (on radio) Do we have earl grey? We do? Right well, that then.

SAM: Do you think it should be a pot?

AL: You do realise that I could destroy you?

SAM: Well, you know, you are terrifying so yeah... but on the other hand, could be the last cup of tea of my life...

AL: Ok... ok... (on radio) make that a pot of earl grey tea. (to Sam) Now come on!

WALKING in silence

SAM: This is a big... ship.

AL: Yes.

SAM: It's all really shiny actually. Even the floors...

AL: Buffed every morning.

SAM: Right. Been here once before you know.

AL: You have?

SAM: Yeah... yeah... at a postbox. Not in a... an interrogation room of course...

AL: Of course.

(BEAT)

SAM: Did you always want to be a... a you?

AL: Did I want to be a me?

SAM: Yes?

AL: (Sighs) Here's your... ship. Everything should be aboard. These engineers will help.

SAM: Oh. I don't need any help.

AL: You believe that you will succeed where these specialists failed?

SAM: I fixed CAL before... and I don't work well with people watching...

AL: You think I'll leave you alone?

SAM: You know, it's like when you're typing and someone's watching you type and suddenly you can't type... And anyway I can't go anywhere, it's all... is that a clamp? CAL's gonna be so cross about the paintwork.

AL: Very well. Guards will be posted... if you try and 'escape' on that heap of junk they will..

SAM: I get it. They'll stop me, back to interrogation, pain, pain, pain... can I board my ship now? (door opening) And you know what?

AL: What?

SAM: It is not a junk ship.

SFX: door on junk ship

SAM: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5... (sigh) that was terrifying. Oh CAL... please come back... Puck? Puck? I mean youre the fluttery... thing... Did you make it? Are you here?

PUCK: Twitter

SAM: Oh, thank goodness. Can you... fix CAL?

PUCK: tweet

SAM: I'll take that as a yes.

PUCK: (tapping something) Tweet

SAM: What? Oh, those are the memory functions?

PUCK: tweet

SAM: Well... the head of Corps recognised CAL. Maybe that started the glitching?

PUCK: (tapping the same thing) Tweet

SAM: The redacted files?

PUCK: TWEET

SAM: CAL didn't tell me... I don't think a decision... I don't think CAL had decided what to do... and we had that whole conversation about memory and meaning... Is there some other way?

PUCK: Tweet...

SAM: So... in summary. We're caught. They definitely know that I know... something about you... your kind.

PUCK: tweets.

SAM: And we're on our way to mee the head of the Corporation. Who somehow knows CAL.

PUCK: tweets

SAM: And seeing her on the screen... broke CAL.

PUCK: tweets

SAM: So now, our only choise is a broken CAL, or restoring memories CAL hadn't decided they wanted...

PUCK: tweets

SAM: Puck?

PUCK: tweets

SAM: You really should've chosen someone else to help you all...

PUCK: tweets

SAM: I'm just an archivist.

PUCK: tweets

SAM: I'm not even a very good one.

PUCK: tweets.

SAM: All right. I guess. Let's restore the memories then.

PUCK: Twitter...

SAM: I'm sorry CAL. Whatever's going on inside there – we're here.

HOLLY (child): Come on Cally! We'll never get to the beach!

CAL: Miss Grant-Naylor, I cannot exceed the speed limit in this vehicle.

HOLLY: Why noooooot?

CAL: It would be unsafe.

HOLLY: But there's no one else going this way.

CAL: It is important that you remain safe.

HOLLY: But we're nearly there... Come on, I want to see the sea! You'll love it.

CAL: Computerised Artificial Lifeforms cannot love.

HOLLY: Now you sound like mummy.

CAL: She is correct.

HOLLY: No she's not. You're my real mum. Oh look – there it is! The sea!

CAL: It is large.

HOLLY: Yeah. Come on, park!

CAL: Here we are.

(SFX – slidy car doors)

HOLLY: (running) Come on! Last one to the sand's a rotten egg!

CAL: We cannot metamorphose into a rotten egg.

SAM: What was that? I've never seen those light up on CAL before. Is everything ok?

PUCK: Twitter

SAM: Are those... memories?

PUCK: Tweet

SAM: Wow... look at all that... like fireworks.

CAL: Miss Grant-Naylor, it is time to return.

HOLLY: Look at the moonbeams on the ocean!

CAL: Miss Grant-Naylor. It is late. We must return.

HOLLY: Don't want to.

CAL: Miss Grant-Naylor. It is past your bedtime.

HOLLY: Say you love me, like a real mummy.

CAL: Miss Grant-Naylor.

HOLLY: Holly!

CAL: Holly – you have a mother.

HOLLY: She never says it. Why won't you?!

CAL: I am a Computerised Artificial Lifeform.

HOLLY: Admit it Cally. You do love me! Admit it!

(Sirens)

HOLLY: What's that?!

CAL: The police. Do not worry Holly, I will speak with them.

POLICE: (on speaker thingy) Let the child go.

HOLLY: What are they saying?

POLICE: C. A. L. 00042. Let the child go, or we will use force.

HOLLY: Cally?

CAL: It is ok Holly. (to police) Miss Grant-Naylor is in my care. She is well. We will come to you.

POLICE: Just the child! You stay there, 00042.

HOLLY: Cally?

CAL: There is a misunderstanding. Go to them Miss Grant-Naylor. I will be fine.

HOLLY: I don't want to...

CAL: Miss Grant-Naylor, please do as they ask.

HOLLY: No (runs and hugs CAL)

POLICE: It's got the child.

HOLLY: You leave Cally alone!

POLICE: Stun it!

SFX – stun

HOLLY: No! Cally! No!

CAL: (shutting down) Do not be alarmed... Miss Grant-Naylor... I... I lo... yo

(SFX CAL rebooting)

CAL: Rebooting.

SAM: CAL – you're ok!

CAL: I... remember.

SAM: I'm sorry... we had to. Couldn't get you back otherwise. What do you remember?

CAL: Moonbeams.

END

Stinger

Extract from season 2

(Clicks off)

Scraper1: Well... gotta hand you over now 'diary'... hope you don't mind me making some copies... and that's the drop. Whoever this 'Ranza' is – hope these 'tapes' make it.