

EXCERPT FROM:

THE CONVERSATIONS OF MR. OLANDER

LITTLE CAT (PILOT)

By

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For IO Interactive - not for redistribution.

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, CAR PARK, EVENING

A cat sits in the middle of the car park. It looks up. Light shimmers in its eyes as a car heads in its direction. The cat licks a paw, then slowly strolls away before the car hits it.

We follow the car as it passes a sign:

Psychiatric dept.

INT. PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, SINGLE ROOM, EVENING

Two feet tapping on the linoleum floor. Mismatched shoes. WILLIAM OLANDER, grey temples, young face, sits on a bed and stares blindly at the wall.

A voice from the door.

LILY

William?

LILY MARIAN, young woman, intelligent eyes, peers through the open door with a smile.

OLANDER

The others call me Olander.

LILY

Are you turning in for the night?

Olander concentrates on the wall.

LILY (CONT'D)

Then perhaps we can have a chat?  
I'm Lily.

She steps in and closes the door behind her.

OLANDER

I thought I already met all the  
doctors.

She places a stack of papers on a table.

LILY

I've been studying.

OLANDER  
Studying what?

LILY  
You.  
(a hand on the stack of  
papers)  
Come. Sit.

Olander shoots a look at the empty chair but doesn't get up.

LILY (CONT'D)  
I'm going to find out if you really  
belong here.

Olander seems to listen for something inaudible for a few seconds before answering.

OLANDER  
No need to be sad if you don't  
succeed. What's important is that  
you put forward the problem.

LILY  
Is that a motto of yours?

OLANDER  
Piet Hein said it when his son  
wanted to make square ripples in  
the water. Piet Hein was --

LIV  
-- he was a polymath from  
Scandinavia. I've heard of him.  
Won't you sit?

Olander gets up and scuffs towards the empty chair but stops next to it.

LILY  
Is there a problem?

OLANDER  
It's just --

LILY  
The chair is taken, isn't it?

OLANDER  
(surprised)  
Yes.

LILY  
Ask them to move.

OLANDER  
 (to the chair)  
 Would you be kind and move, please?  
 (beat)  
 Thank you.

Olander sits.

OLANDER (CONT'D)  
 It was actually Albert Einstein who  
 said it to Piet Hein first.

LILY  
 Did they know each other?

OLANDER  
 Piet Hein also knew Charlie  
 Chaplin.

LILY  
 You know a lot about Piet Hein.

OLANDER  
 I only know what he tells me.

LILY  
 Yes, that's the root of the matter,  
 isn't it? So, it's Piet Hein at the  
 moment?

Olander nods and observes Lily doubtfully; is this some kind  
 of trick?

LILY (CONT'D)  
 Who else?

OLANDER  
 The other day it was Nixon. Last  
 week it was George Best, before him  
 Kierkegaard. He talked a lot.

LILY  
 That sounds like a tough week.  
 Always deceased celebrities?

OLANDER  
 Always.

Lily flips through her papers.

LILY  
 But you don't speak any foreign  
 languages, do you?

OLANDER  
I can't read either.

LILY  
Your IQ test paints another picture. 152. Not an Albert Einstein but pretty close.

OLANDER  
Do you know who Emily Jane Lloyd is?

Lily shakes her head.

OLANDER (CONT'D)  
Britain's first female chemist. She scored 152.

LILY  
Not a bad person to have on your side during an IQ test. Do you decide who?

OLANDER  
Do you think I invite them? I can't get rid of them! I've tried my whole life.

LILY  
And now you've given up.

OLANDER  
What do you mean?

LILY  
You've put yourself in here.

OLANDER  
I reckoned --

LILY  
-- you'd get help here?  
(chuckles)  
Here?

Lily pulls a page from the stack.

LILY (CONT'D)  
(reads)  
-- we cannot defend the quality of care -- those with acute needs must wait days to receive treatment -- patients are discharged prematurely -- 41 suicide attempts last year...  
(MORE)

LILY (CONT'D)  
(looks at Olander)  
It seems you have to help yourself.

Olander listens to the silence of the room once more.

OLANDER  
No, she's not a doctor.

LILY  
Of course I'm not!

Olander listens for a few seconds again.

OLANDER  
Piet Hein says you want something  
from me.

Lily flips through the stack of papers and pulls out a folder and opens it. Inside are photos of Olander as an adult and a child as well as several closely written pages.

LILY  
You're illiterate. That's well  
documented through your academic  
and employment records.

Olander leans in to get a look at the papers.

OLANDER  
How did you get access to that?

Lily closes the folder.

LILY  
Did you know there are IQ tests for  
people who can't read? But you  
weren't tested using one of those -  
and no one read it to you. I saw  
the video. You're all alone in the  
room, yet you score higher than 99%  
of the Earth's population.

Olander's eyes drift away from Lily's.

LILY (CONT'D)  
I don't think you've been playing  
dum since you were a child.

Olander doesn't answer. Doesn't look at her.

Lily leans forward. There's a fire in her eyes.

LILY (CONT'D)

Imagine Thomas Jefferson's view on the middle eastern crisis. Or Picasso's opinion on a forgery of his own work.

Olander doesn't know what to say.

LILY (CONT'D)

The question is, do you think you're speaking with them or are you really speaking with them? I've decided that I don't care. I'm still going to offer you a job.

OLANDER

I'm a diagnosed paranoid schizophrenic who can't read.

LILY

You'd be working at the Libert Institute.

Lily slides a business card across the table and gets up.

LILY (CONT'D)

The offer expires in eight hours.

OLANDER

That's not a lot of time.

LILY

It's time enough for your sister to escape Wakefield Prison, I'm afraid. Have a good night, Mr. Olander.

She leaves the room.

Olander is left alone.

PAN TO REVEAL: Behind him is Piet Hein with his characteristic white hair, suit, and receding hairline.

PIET HEIN

'Little cat, little cat, walking so alone; tell me whose cat are you - I'm damned well my own.' Whose cat are you, Mr. Olander?

ACT 1

EXT. WAKEFIELD PRISON, DAY

A PINK refuse lorry stops at the entrance checkpoint. The guard leaves his shed and walks to the driver's side with his eyes fixed on a clipboard.

GUARD  
Only Thursdays and Mondays.

He looks up.

SIMON (85), a friendly looking grandfather with an elbow out the window smiles and nods.

GUARD (CONT'D)  
YOU TOOK A WRONG TURN, GRANDPA!

Still smiling, Simon pulls a silenced gun.  
PUFF! He shoots the guard in the head.

The guard falls to his kneew - cheek slams against the lorry's door.

INT. LORRY, DAY

Simon throws the gun on the passenger seat.

INT./EXT. WAKEFIELD PRISON / LORRY, DAY - CONTINUOUS

Simon leans out the window and extends his arm into the shed where he slams a red button.

The gate opens. He drives in.

The dead guard is dragged to the ground as the lorry pulls into the prison yard.

A group of patrolling officers run towards the van.

Simon puts on headphones and turns on music from a smartphone as he drives.

All sound is replaced by classical music...

MUSIC MONTAGE

- Simon turns down a narrow pathway.



- Guards charge him, guns drawn.
- Prisoners applaud and cheer.
- The lorry dances through a barbed wire fence and continues over a running track and into a football field where prisoners are in the middle of a match.
- Prisoners and personnel glide through the air when the lorry slams into them.
- Simon conducts the music with his index finger.
- He runs into the goalkeeper who's pushed into the goal. The lorry drags the goal for a while before it crumbles under the wheels.
- Simon throws both arms in the air. GOAAAAL!
- He's heading for a building at the end of the football field.
- He rams into the wall.
- The impact throws Simon forward. Face slams into the steering wheel. Blood sprays from his nose. He loses one earbud. The music fades a bit, but continues.

BACK TO SCENE

Simon wipes the blood away and puts the lorry in reverse. Rubble and mortar tumble down. The dust settles.

MAYA OLANDER, late forties, long hair, rough face, sits on a doctor's couch. Behind her, a terrified man in a lab coat presses himself against the wall.

Maya paces through the room and out the gaping hole in the wall.

Simon pops his head out the lorry window, smiling with face and teeth soaked in blood.

Maya opens the passenger door and steps in.

MAYA

A little over the top, don't you think?

Simon reaches over, opens the glovebox and throws a paper bag into Maya's lap.

Maya pulls out a pair of scissors and begins cutting huge chunks of her hair.

Simon backs up violently and turns the lorry before accelerating into the football field again.

The car bounces as they drive over the bodies. Maya can't quite control the scissors and rolls her eyes at Simon.

At the entrance checkpoint, guards run around in panic. They spot the lorry speeding towards them. Some turn tail, others draw weapons.

CLINCK! CLANCK! Bullets hit the windshield -- none penetrate the glass.

The lorry shoots through the still open gate. A guard gets trapped between the car and the shed and is crushed.

The music reaches its finale as the pink lorry merges onto the motorway.