The Discovery of Fire
The Official MTF 4x15 Script

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Characters

MARTHA: Female, Teen, Gutsy, Tech Savvy

BUCKY: Female, Adult, Type A

PEDI: Robot, Ageless, Awfully Mistaken

SCOTTY: Male, Teen, In a Wheelchair

DALL: Any gender, Elder, Blind
   (Also plays Mother’s Voice, Guard, Book Worm 1, Troll 1, Almighty)

MOREY: Any gender, Elder, Blind
   (Also plays Book Worm 2, Britannica, Search Engine, Troll 2, Captain)

Where

America

When

The same as here and now, but not

Notes

Dashes – “—“ – indicate interruptions
Slashes – “/” – indicate overlapping dialogue
Asterisks – “*” – indicate connecting dialogue
Pedi enters.

PEDI
Paper. People used this to write things down, notes and receipts. Stories. Martha’s world came long after paper – the skies were screens, the wind was simulated and the sun was fluorescent. They had no need to worry of the limits of the natural world.

Being a robot, you live many lives. You live many stories. And you outlive the ones who lived them with you. But though you witness the passing of those you loved, you also witness rebirth.

Title sequence. Fun guitar music.
Morey and Martha enter.

Music snaps silent.
Martha is staring at her phone.

MARTHA
Can we go now?

Pause.
Can I go home? I have things I need to finish.

MOREY
(hushed)
Please show him your respect. Grieve.

MARTHA
That’s it? They just... bury him?

MOREY
I’m afraid so.

MARTHA
I didn’t think they did that anymore.

MOREY
It’s what he wanted.

MARTHA
Of course he did. He knows he willingly signed up for worms and maggots to eat his eyeballs out, right? Did anyone tell him that? What if he didn’t know that part?
MOREY

It’s what he wanted.

MARTHA

I wouldn’t want that. If I hit the mainframe before you, don’t bury me. I think I’d want to be uploaded to the Lace.

If I were on the Lace, you would be able to say hello every day. If that’s the case, tell me why anyone would want to be buried?

PEDI

Morey thought.

MOREY

Tradition. Dust to dust. Something like that.

Pause.

I’d want to be buried.

MARTHA

Do you think I’ll ever get to say goodbye?

MOREY

That’s why we have funerals. But you can’t say goodbye if you’re staring at a screen the whole time.

MARTHA

I’m not staring at it.

MOREY

End whatever you have going on and focus on this. Please, Martha. One cannot grieve alone. We must be a team now.

PEDI

That’s when it hit her:

MARTHA

This is it?

PEDI

He takes a deep breath.

MOREY

This is it.
She takes a deep breath.

*Marta tries to speak.*

But nothing came out.

*The tension breaks.*
*Morey walks away.*

*Marta is hacking away at the back of a computer.*
*Her screwdriver slips and scratches her finger a little.*

MARTHA

Dammit.

*Scotty appears.*

SCOTTY

How’re you holding up?

MARTHA

What?

PEDI

Scotty is in a wheelchair. Muscular dystrophy eats the muscles until they wither away and the heart, being one of them, stops.

SCOTTY

Are you doing alright?

MARTHA

Please go away.

SCOTTY

A brother and a sister can’t try to get through this together?

MARTHA

No.

SCOTTY

Okay. I’ll just roll away now. This is me. In my wheelchair. Rolling away.

MARTHA

How do you do it?
SCOTTY

Do what?

MARTHA

Stay happy.

SCOTTY

My muscles are getting weaker every day. But as long as there’s blood pumping through my veins, I have a hell of a lot to live for. Like… I have my own personal chair if my legs ever get tired.

Pause.

… Get it? It’s funny because I can’t use them anyway.

MARTHA

Dude, that’s messed up.

SCOTTY

Wanna see something cool?

PEDI

He pulls out a small painting of a fire.

SCOTTY

You’re allowedcomplement me even when you’re mad.

MARTHA

I can’t believe you still do this. This is, like, real paint. It’s bumpy.

SCOTTY

Canvas. What the old school painters used.

MARTHA

Why not use a computer like everyone else?

SCOTTY

I like the feeling of it. I like that I feel the pressure of the brush as it wipes across the surface. I like that, when it dries, it cracks and… it feels real.

MARTHA

You sound like an old man.

SCOTTY

Well, take a picture, because we both know you’ll probably never get to see me as one.
MARTHA
That’s not funny.

SCOTTY
You’re right. I’m sorry. Hey, I’m sorry.

*Scotty grabs a brush and some paper from his bag.*

SCOTTY
WHAT’S YOUR FAVORITE COLOR?

MARTHA
Green.

SCOTTY
THAT’S MY FAVORITE TOO

*He rifles through his bag.*

LOOKS LIKE GREEN IS MISSING…
BLUE WILL HAVE TO DO.

*He paints as he sings.*

NOW IMAGINE THERE’S A FOREST OF TREES
WITH BLUE TINTED TUFTS
THE SEA FAR BEYOND
THE WIND HUFFS AND PUFFS
AND YOU’RE SAFE
YOU’RE SERENE
IMAGINE YOU’RE THERE
IMAGINE… GREEN
JUST A SIMPLE COLOR
CAN MAKE THE WORLD A BRIGHTER PLACE

MARTHA
No one cares about trees anymore.

SCOTTY
I know, I know. But there’s a beauty to them. There’s a grace. Paint one.

MARTHA
No.

SCOTTY
…
MARTHA
I CAN’T SEE YOUR COLORS
OR YOUR STUPID TREES
I DON’T UNDERSTAND HOW YOU’RE STUPID TREES
CAN SWAY IN THE CALM
WHILE I’M BURSTING LIKE
THE TICK OF A BOMB
AND I’M AFRAID…
NOT SERENE
HELP ME GET THERE
HELP ME FIND GREEN…

SCOTTY
THE COLORS ARE EASY
JUST OPEN YOUR EYES
START WITH JUST ONE TREE
BEFORE YOU PAINT THE SKIES

AND SOON ENOUGH YOU’LL SEE

MARTHA
SOON ENOUGH I’LL SEE

SCOTTY
SOON ENOUGH YOU’LL SEE

MARTHA
I’LL LEARN HOW TO SEE
I’LL LEARN

SCOTTY
HOW TO USE THE COLORS

MARTHA
HOW TO SEE THE TREES

SCOTTY
HOW TO FIND SOME MEANING

MARTHA
HOW TO FIND SOME EASE
IN KNOWING

BOTH
TREES MAY NOT STAND
WIND MAY NOT BLOW
BOTH (cont’d)
BOMBS MAY NOT BURST
AS LONG AS YOU KNOW
THAT YOU’RE LIVING
IN THE SCENE
NOW THAT YOU’RE THERE
NOW YOU’VE FOUND GREEN
JUST A SIMPLE COLOR
JUST A SIMPLE COLOR
CAN MAKE THE WORLD A BRIGHTER PLACE

As the music ends and Martha is alone, there is a knock at the door.

MOREY (off)

MARTHA
Not now.

He opens the door.

PEDi
Martha’s grandfather, Morey, was the last of his kind: a trash searcher. Yes, a trash searcher! Meaning he would go into the trash… and search.

MOREY
Look what I found today.

He brandishes a pack of matches. An eerie chord is struck.

MARTHA
What is it?

PEDi
Matches.

MOREY
Made from wood. Don’t see that too much nowadays.

PEDi
—Short, thin piece of wood – yes, wood like trees like leaves like paper—

MARTHA
What does it do?
MOREY
I don’t know. Pretty though. Relics! From before the Lace.

MARTHA
Wow… Fascinating.

MOREY
I just wish you would get your head out of the Lace and care about the world around you. We need bright kids like you to rediscover these relics! To bring us back!

MARTHA
Exactly what is so wrong with living in the Lace? What is so wrong with connecting to people around me? It’s not like this place has anything to offer.

You have me.

MARTHA
I didn’t ask for you.

MOREY
We both lost Scotty.

MARTHA
Shut up.

MOREY
You are not the only one who has lost someone dear.

MARTHA
Shut up shut up shut up (repeat over Morey’s line)

MOREY
You cannot grieve alone, Martha! You need to learn how to be with others! You speak of connection, yet you can barely hold a conversation with someone standing directly in front of you.

MARTHA
I know how to have a conversation! You’re the one / going on—

MOREY
I am the only one left. I am the only one here. I am the only one that is real. Scotty is gone, your mother is gone—

MARTHA
How dare you / say that—
MOREY
Please be rational. I’m only try to protect you—

MARTHA
I don’t need protecting!

Pause.

The natural world will dissolve and disappear – that’s why were here in the first place. That’s why Scotty died. The natural world is built to end. Everyone is doing fine on the Lace. We are connecting! And the connections we make on the Lace will outlive any natural bullshit you toss in front of me.

MOREY
Martha.

MARTHA
Please just go.

PEDI
And he begins to leave, but…

MOREY
Here. You can have these.

PEDI
And he goes.

Martha picks up the matchbook. Fiddles around. Nothing happens.

MARTHA
I bet you’d love these. You and your nerdy obsession with old world crap. I bet you even know what they were, what they did. Why did you leave me?

She tosses the matches.

Are you even listening to me?

The guitar wails. The song begins.

MARTHA
WILL YOU OPEN UP YOUR EARS AND LEMME SHOUT IT LOUD FROM THE ROOF UP TO THE STARS, FROM STARS DOWN TO THE SKIES WELL I’M SCREAMING OUT YOUR NAME AND I’M BEGIN’ YOU LISTEN WILL YOU TAKE THIS IN YOUR HEART AND LOOK IN TO MY EYES
MARTHA (cont’d)
‘CAUSE I WANNA FIND YOUR SPIRIT
AND I WANNA FIND IT NOW
AND I WANNA FIND AN ANSWER IF YOU’LL ONLY SHOW ME HOW
‘CAUSE I’M LOOKING FOR A WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS IN MY SIGHT
I’M LOOKING FOR A WAY FOR A WAY TO FIND YOUR LIGHT
OH I’M LOOKING FOR A WAY FOR A WAY TO FIND YOUR LIGHT

OH LOOK UP LOOK UP - START BREATHING
LOOK UP LOOK UP -
LOOK UP LOOK UP - STAY WITH ME
AND LOOK UP LOOK UP AND DON’T SAY GOODBYE

I AM I AM - NOT BREATHING
I AM I AM - NOT FINE
I AM I AM - STILL TRYING TO
FIND A WAY TO KEEP YOU HERE TO KEEP YOU IN MIND

THOUGH YOUR MUSCLES WHITHER
TILL THERE’S NOTHING LEFT TO TENSE
AND YOUR BODY IS LIMP
AND THE BREATH LEFT YOUR CHEST
AND YOU’RE LYING THERE COLD
I CAN’T LET YOU LIE THERE COLD…
THERE WAS SO MUCH LIFE WITHIN YOU
THERE WAS SO MUCH MORE TO GIVE
FUCK THE MUSCLES THAT STOPPED WORKING
REPLACE THE BODY AND YOU’LL LIVE
REPLACE THE BODY WITH A WORKING HEART
TO HOUSE THE SOUL, THAT FUCKING COLORFUL SOUL

AND LEMME SEE IT LIVE
FROM THE ROOF UP TO THE STARS, FROM STARS DOWN TO THE SKIES
‘CAUSE I’M LOOKING FOR A WAY THROUGH THE DARKNESS IN MY SIGHT
I’M LOOKING FOR A WAY FOR A WAY TO FIND YOUR LIGHT
OH I’M LOOKING FOR A WAY FOR A WAY TO FIND YOUR LIGHT

Through the following, Martha begins working at the computer.

ALL (underneath Pedi’s following lines)

OH LOOK UP LOOK UP - START BREATHING
LOOK UP LOOK UP -
LOOK UP LOOK UP - STAY WITH ME
AND LOOK UP LOOK UP AND DON’T SAY GOODBYE
ALL (cont’d)
I AM I AM - NOT BREATHING
I AM I AM - NOT FINE
I AM I AM - STILL TRYING TO
FIND A WAY TO KEEP YOU HERE TO KEEP YOU IN MIND

PEDI
And Martha saw her solution. If the natural body that was given to her brother could not keep his spirit alive, surely the Lace could. And so she used her wonderful gift and she built and she built and she worked for days and for days… She used objects found in her grandfather’s shop, she used just about anything she believed would get her one step closer… One step closer to creating:

MARTHA
A virtual body.

SCOTTY
Scotty appears in front of Martha.

PEDI
But as I said, the Lace was powerful, but not powerful enough to re-animate human life.

The ground rumbles.
What Martha did was clever for a person her age, but it was also incredibly foolish.

The ground rumbles.
For when you overload a powerful system, it has no other option but to—

The lights turn off.

Turn off.

Bucky lights a match.
She walks forward and joins Martha, who is sitting alone.

BUCKY
Martha begins a journey to restore the power and get her virtual brother back. She is joined by Pedi, the encyclopedic robot; Dall, the blind, reclusive librarian; and me, Bucky, a Lace technician. One night, as she’s sitting alone…

(to Martha)

How’re you holding up?