

THE CONTROLLER

The year 2030 - USA

INTRO

EXT./INT. SUBURBAN ROAD - DUSK

A white Toyota crawls down a quiet suburban road.

Written in capital letters on the side of the Toyota
"INTERNATIONAL TV NEWS.

Behind the wheel, JENNI Q, 28, on her phone.

EXT. ROAD AHEAD - DUSK

A large truck, followed by a black SUV speeds towards her. Close to her car the truck suddenly swerves sharply and crashes into her.

INT. JENNI Q'S CAR - DUSK

A dull thud, her head hits the steering wheel, flies back and wedges between the side window and the head rest. Dark red strands of hair stick together, drops and smears of blood stains the window.

Her cellphone hits the dashboard and lands on the floor between the pedals.

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

The truck reverses and speeds away.

The black SUV stops next to the driver side of her car, two men jump out and hurriedly drag her into the back seat of the SUV.

Jenni Q opens her eyes, painful grunt.

JENNI Q
(muffled confusion)
What you doing?

She passes out again.

With spinning wheels and squealing tires the SUV speeds away, leaving behind her damaged car with the door still open.

END OF INTRO

ONE MONTHS EARLIER

INT. LARGE HALL - DAY

Election primaries in progress, waving flags and JOHN MELVILLE FOR PRESIDENT banners, enthusiastic support for the candidate.

On stage, JOHN MELVILLE, 40ish, tall, sandy-haired good-looks, piercing blue eyes surveys the crowd.

CARSTENS, 45, Melville's campaign manager, broad and tall with a permanent worried frown, hovers close to him, two dark-suited and vigilant security men on the sides of the stage.

Two others, strategically placed around the hall, eagle-eye the audience.

Melville's eyes roam over the crowd, come to rest on someone in the crowd, interested stare.

MELVILLE'S POV. Jenni Q, hair tidily tied back with a bright red ribbon, hazel eyes gaze back at him - chemistry.

The master of ceremony holds up his hands for silence.

MASTER OF CEREMONY

Ladies and gentlemen, it is a
pleasure to introduce John Mel...

Cheering drowns his voice.

Leaning against the back wall, JESS, 17, attractive, eyes following Melville's every move, spell bound. Lips move in an inaudible whisper, she wipes her eyes.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Three dark-suited security guards, SMITHY, 35, another sporting a Hitler MUSTACHE, 30, and MUSCLE MAN, 27, a body builder type, watch the enthusiastic crowd on six monitors, each showing a different section of the crowd.

SMASH CUT TO

INT. MR X'S OFFICE - DAY

Heavy blinds cut out daylight and curious eyes. A large desk and in front of it, three huge maps of the world with colored pins dominate two of the walls.

The outline of a man, MR X, 70+, on a comfortable chair facing a large TV set, light from the screen reflects in his dark-rimmed glasses and makes his hair appear silvery-gray. Smoke from his HAVANA hovers like mist in the air around him and dances in the light from the TV.

ON THE TV SCREEN: A rowdy bunch of admirers surrounds Melville. In the back ground, Jenni Q bumps her way through the crowd and pulls on Melville's sleeve, her lips move in inaudible speech.

INT. LARGE HALL - DAY

Melville turns to face Jenni Q, their eyes lock.

In the background Jess elbows her way through the crowd, stops in front of Melville.

JESS (ON TV)
(surprised, breathless)
Dad? Is that really you?

INT. MR X'S OFFICE - DAY

ON THE TV SCREEN: Melville stares at Jess, shocked wordless.

Mr X leans towards the TV, ash from his momentarily forgotten Havana breaks off and forms a little pile smoldering on the arm rest. He speaks in the gravelly voice of a heavy smoker.

MR X
(mutters to himself)
What the fuck?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - DAY

The three security men's eyes riveted on the monitors. On two of the screens Jenni Q and Melville stare at each other, Jess stops in front of Melville.

JESS (ON TV)
Dad...?

The security guys jump up, ready for action, eyes remain on the monitors.

RED HEAD
(interrupts)
Who the hell is that?

Smithy studies the screen without responding.

RED HEAD (CONT'D)
She called him Dad.

MUSTACHE

I heard. I never heard anything
about a kid?

ON THE MONITOR Jenni Q's curious eyes dart from Melville to
Jess.

SMITHY

Look! The journalist, check her
face.

RED HEAD

She's onto something?

INT. MR X'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr X takes a deep puff and reaches for his cellphone, smoke
rings hover above his head.

INT. HALL - DAY

Next to Melville, Carstens bends his head and touches his
ear, listens.

MR X (O.S.)

(gravelly voice)

Get our man the fuck away from
them.

Carstens takes a step towards Melville and the girls.

CARSTENS

(whispers)

Copy that.

He pulls on Melville's arm.

CARSTENS (CONT'D)

(to Jennie Q and Jess)

Excuse me ladies, he's needed
elsewhere.

Jess puzzled, Jenni Q watches Melville's retreating back with
interest, he glances back at her.

JENNI Q

(to Jess)

Dad? I thought he was single.

JESS

He looks like my dad... but he's so
young... Oh God, I don't know
what's going on, I really
thought...

JENNI Q
He's married?

JESS
Mom died when I was small. I really
thought--
(shakes head)
-- gotto go.

JENNI Q
Wait, can I ask you something?

Jess faces her.

JENNI Q (CONT'D)
What's your name?

JESS
Jess, Jess Dawson.

JENNI Q
Tell me about your dad.

JESS
(shakes head, wipes
eyes)
He disappeared... Have to go.

She dashes away, stumbling into people, overcome.

Deep in thought, Jenni Q's eyes follow her, then glances
curiously at Melville.

Melville climbs the stairs to the podium.

INT. INTERNATIONAL NEWS OFFICE - DAY

FRICK, 55, her boss, on his phone waves her to a chair.

Through the glass wall behind them journalists are working
away on their computers or answering phones.

BILLY, 25, eyes on a document, approaches Frick's office and
without knocking or looking enters.

BILLY
Frick about...

JENNI Q
Hey, we're in conversation here,
you're rude.