PC Pete and the brood of clones

written by

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based on a story and characters by Kayhan Boncoglu

This is a story about being different, embracing those differences, and overcoming the many challenges and obstacles presented to us on a daily basis. Be different. Be proud.

EXT/INT. OUTSIDE NEIGHBOURHOOD COMPUTER STORE - DUSK

The sun is setting on the now quiet main street. A bunch of shiny new computers sit in a storefront display, with screensavers blazing, rainbow colors glowing, and loud sounds blasting. They all look impressively expensive in their black and chrome-trimmed cases.

An old, dusty classic beige IBM PC computer sits idly and quietly in a corner, separate from all the rest. Unlike the others, it is not powered on. A slanted cardboard sale tag is taped to the monitor, handwritten in black marker, reads "$50 O.B.O".

The storefront lights suddenly turn off as do all of the computers. A squeaky front door opens. FOOTSTEPS. The front door SLAMS shut. KEY TURNS LOCK. FOOTSTEPS fade into the distance. All is quiet, not a peep can be heard.

Out of nowhere, the old dusty computer turns on with a loud, distinctive switching sound. A floppy disk drive can be heard spinning and loading. A loud BEEP. It is PC PETE, a.k.a. PETE and he is ready to take on the world with nothing but a green DOS command prompt on his jet black monitor. Without warning, his arms, legs and neck pop out. He twists his neck from side to side in a cracking motion. He rips the sale tag off his monitor face.

> PETE
> (yawning)
> Man, this sedentary lifestyle is
> sure cramping up my internals. My
> ISA slots are all clogged up.

Pete jumps off the storefront display and onto the floor of the small computer store. He is a computer on a mission to find purpose and duty.

INT. COMPUTER STORE - NIGHT

Pete is frantically looking for something. He knocks stuff off the store displays and throws items everywhere. He picks up a shrink-wrapped box of software.

> PETE
> (muttering to himself)
> System requirements. Windows 2000,
> Me, XP, 7, Vista, 7 and up.
> Pentium 4, Intel Core 2 Duo and
> up ...

Pete lets out a huge sigh of despair.

                    PETE
          Nobody wants me anymore. I'm
          incompatible.

Pete hears something in the distance. It is the familiar Apple
Macintosh boot-up chime. He is clearly not alone. It is MANDY
MACINTOSH, a.k.a. MANDY, a late 1990s Apple iMac computer, and
she seems determined to help out her friend. Mandy runs over
and calls out to him with a distinctive screechy, high pitched
voice.

                    MANDY
          Peter, what exactly are you up to
          mister?

Pete ignores her and continues to go about his quest for some
unknown object. He finally acknowledges her presence and turns
to look at her.

                    PETE
          Mandy. Hi. Sorry, I can't breathe
          properly since I've been left to
          wither and die a slow, miserable
          death. I don't suppose you can
          reverse your fans and help me
          clean out my heat sink and vents?

Mandy seems puzzled by Pete's request.

                    MANDY
          You know better than anyone Pete
          that I'm fanless. Forced induction
          cooling is one of my defining
          features. That, and no floppy
          drive.

She places one hand over her heart and looks upwards.

                    MANDY
          It's what makes me so kind and
          warm hearted.

                    PETE
          Sorry. I'm not thinking properly.
          I haven't updated my CMOS in a
          very long time.
               (sombre tone)
          A very long time.

Pete continues to throw stuff all around.

                    PETE
          Can you help me find a can of
          compressed air?

                    MANDY
          What are friends for. We're the
          bestest.

                    PETE
          The bestest. You know, at one
          point, our founding fathers hated
          one another. We were diametrically
          opposed. I had a command prompt,
          and you had the fancy graphics and
          icons.

                    MANDY
          That's ancient history.

                    PETE
          That was thirty years ago.
             (bows head in sadness)
          In fact, I'm still just a command
          prompt on a screen. I'm nothing
          more than a doorstop nowadays. I
          would do anything to have a USB
          port, and a C drive.

                    MANDY
          That's silly. You have qualities
          that no one else has. In fact,
          people were furious with me when I
          first came out because I didn't
          have a floppy drive.

Pete finds a can of compressed air. He hands the can over to
Mandy and pushes a button to open one of his his internal
panels.

                    PETE
          Here, give it a nice shot of air.
          I'm feeling very congested.

Mandy blasts some compressed air into Pete's chassis. A cloud
of dust quickly erupts and surrounds both of them. They both
start to cough loudly and profusely.

The sounds of several computers booting up one by one
surrounds the entire store. The sounds are very ominous. Pete
and Mandy look at one another and instinctively know that
something unpleasant is coming their way. Pete's cursor starts
to blink fast and furious to match his rising heartbeat. He
gulps loudly.

Three computers approach Pete and Mandy in pyramid formation.
It is DALLAS DELL, a.k.a. DALLAS, a big, black gaming desktop
tower with lots of red lights and a big curved widescreen
monitor for a head. He is accompanied by his "brood" of
computer cronies behind him.

                    DALLAS
               (very raspy voice)
          Mandy Macintosh. What are you
          doing hanging out with this loser?

                    MANDY
          What are you doing hanging out
          with those clones?

The other two computers react. Dallas restrains them then
proceeds to put his arm around Mandy.

                    DALLAS
               (almost whispering)
          You know, I've always wanted to
          network with a Mac. Opposites
          attract. Whaddya say?

Dallas reaches into a side compartment and grabs an ethernet
cable.

                    MANDY
          I will never network with you …
          you big, virus infested bully!

                    DALLAS
          Now that's a low blow. I'm clean
          baby. I have Dr. Norton looking
          after my file system. I passed my
          last full system scan and I'm
          fully defragged.

Pete musters up some courage and decides to intervene in order
to help out his dear friend.

                    PETE
          Leave her alone, you bully.

Dallas approaches Pete and goes face to face. Dallas pokes and
digs his finger into Pete's chest.

                    DALLAS
          You know, I've just about had
          enough of you. You just don't seem
          to get it, do ya? Nobody wants
          you. You're old, tired, slow. Just
          throw yourself into the recycle
          bin already. You're useless!

Dallas turns to his friends and taps one of them on the chest.

                    DALLAS
          I hear they're offering 10 cents
          per pound for scrap metal at the
          yard.

                        MANDY
          You know, speed is not everything.

                        DALLAS
               (yelling)
          Speed is everything! Would you
          rather drive a Fiat or a Ferrari?

Mandy is getting visibly annoyed and groans out loud.

                        DALLAS
          I can do a trillion, bazillion
          calculations per second. I can
          render 4K and 3D in a pinch. I am
          the epitome of computational
          perfection.

Dallas flexes his muscles and displays a grotesque display of
male machismo.

                        DALLAS
          I am invincible! I am forever!

Mandy reaches for Pete's hand and grabs it, signalling to him
that it's time to leave.

                        MANDY
          C'mon Pete. Let's go. I don't want
          to waste another nanosecond on
          this filthy clone.

The "brood" starts to chuckle. Dallas turns around and
immediate silence ensues. Pete and Mandy start walking away
from the uncomfortable situation.

                        DALLAS
          You know what I'm saying is true,
          Mandy Macintosh.
               (yelling from a distance)
          History will prove me right.
          You'll see!

Pete and Mandy walk to the front door of the computer store,
open the door and leave. They are now at peace.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Pete and Mandy walk down the main street. All is quiet and
dark as would be expected after business hours on a small city
street. In the distance is a lone storefront with lots of
flashing lights. Curiously, they both start walking
instinctively towards it.

Mandy senses Pete's uneasiness with the previous altercation.
She tries to break the uncomfortable silence.

                    MANDY
          So, how about them cookies, huh?

                    PETE
          I'm allergic to gluten. It makes
          my DOS command prompt go haywire.
          And chocolate just clogs up my
          heat sink.

                    MANDY
          No, I was referring to those
          little tracker files placed in
          your web browser
                  (low voice)
          Sorry, I forgot.

Mandy realizes that Pete is confused. Pete sighs.

                    PETE
          Let's just go check out those
          bright lights, ok?

Mandy opens her hands and pumps her arms twice up in the air.

                    MANDY
          w00t. w00t.

                    PETE
          w00t? That doesn't compute.

                    MANDY
          Sorry. My bad.

                    PETE
          My bad?

                    MANDY
          I'll just be quiet now.

Pete and Mandy approach the bright well lit storefront. It is
a cyber-cafe. Through the window and inside the cafe are
several humans playing what looks and sounds like MMOGs. On
the storefront window is a taped-up sign that reads "HELP
WANTED. APPLY WITHIN". In a gentlemanly gesture, Pete opens
the door and allows Mandy to go in first

INT. CYBER-CAFE - NIGHT

Pete and Mandy enter the cyber-cafe. Rows of computers fill
every inch of the little space. Without warning, an ENGLISH
ACCENTED VOICE speaks out of nowhere.

                    ENGLISH ACCENTED VOICE
          May I be of assistance to you?

Pete and Mandy are both startled and caught by surprise.

                    PETE
          Huh? Oh yeah, I noticed the sign
          on your window, and I'd like to
          apply. My name's Pete.

                    ENGLISH ACCENTED VOICE
          Well, Mr. Peter. My name is
          HEWLETT, and I am delighted to
          make your acquaintance.

Hewlett reaches for Pete's hand and the two shake.

                    HEWLETT
          I regret to inform you however
          that the position you speak of is
          for humans only I'm afraid.

                    MANDY
          Isn't that discrimination? What
          about his rights?

                    HEWLETT
          Well, he is a computer madame. He
          doesn't have any rights.

Hewlett circles around Pete and examines him closely. He lifts
Pete's arms to see his chassis in more detail.

                    HEWLETT
          You are a remarkable specimen
          however. I have never seen a
          computational device of your ilk.
          What is your lineage?

Just as Pete gets ready to answer the question, Mandy cuts in.

                    MANDY
          Pete just happens to be the very
          first x86-based PC ever made. He
          is the first of his kind.

                    HEWLETT
          Absolutely fascinating. What did
          you say your specifications were
          again? Intel Core 2 Duo perhaps?

                    PETE
               (gulps)
          No, Intel 8088.

Hewlett computes something on his screen.

>   HEWLETT
>   Hmm, I see. Processor speed?
>   Memory allocation? Storage
>   capacity?

Pete puts his hand up to his forehead and salutes like an army private

>   PETE
>   4.77 MHz. 256 kB of RAM and dual
>   floppy drives. Sir.

>   HEWLETT
>   At ease private. Dual floppy
>   drives, did you say?

>   PETE
>   Yes, and my RAM is maxed out. I am
>   top of the line.

Hewlett proceses something on his screen.

>   HEWLETT
>   Were top of the line, sir.

Hewlett pushes a button on his side and prints out a piece of paper and shows Pete and Mandy.

>   HEWLETT
>   Based on my internal analysis, you
>   were top of the line 30 years ago,
>   but as we both know, that is
>   ancient history in computing I'm
>   afraid.

>   PETE
>   Ancient history.

>   MANDY
>   So what is he supposed to do now,
>   huh?

>   HEWLETT
>   Well madame, I know a curator at
>   one of the leading art galleries.
>   Mr. Peter is a fine specimen that
>   can be re-purposed into what we
>   call recycled art.

>   MANDY
>   You want him to be a prop. He is a
>   computer for crying out loud!

Mandy and Hewlett feverishly continue arguing. Pete quietly
makes his way to the front door, looks back and exits the
store.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Pete starts running down the street as fast as he can. He is
already several blocks away. Gasping for air, he furiously
continues running.

INT. CYBER-CAFE - NIGHT

Mandy and Hewlett both realize what has happened. They stop
arguing and exit the cyber-cafe together.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Mandy and Hewlett see Pete running in the very far distance.
They both try to yell out to him.

                    MANDY
          Pete!

                    HEWLETT
          Mr. Peter!

                    MANDY
          This is all your fault. Here is
          what we are going to do. We are
          going to find Pete and you are
          going to apologize to him. Got
          that Hewey?

                    HEWLETT
          It's Hewlett madame, and yes, I'll
          assist you in your quest to locate
          Mr. Peter.

                    MANDY
          Good. Let's go.

Mandy and Hewlett walk down the middle of the street into the
moonlit horizon in search for Pete.

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Pete walks quietly down a very dimly lit alleyway with his
head held down. A rat crosses his path. Only garbage
containers fill the void of nothingness. He sees a stack of
old computer equipment laying beside one of the garbage
containers. Machines once capable of tackling the most complex
computing tasks now lay unused and unwanted. He lets out a big
sigh of despair. He continues along on his journey with no
destination in mind.

EXT. RECYCLING YARD - NIGHT

Mandy and Hewlett look through a pile of junk.

                    MANDY
          I hope he hasn't done anything
          foolish.

                    HEWLETT
          Well madame, machines of his kind
          are known to over-react. It's in
          his genetics. The Intel 8088
          processor is one hot headed ...

Mandy immediately cuts Hewlett off.

                    MANDY
          You're not helping very much.

                    HEWLETT
          Sorry madame. Sometimes my math
          co-processor can get a bit ahead
          of me. I assure you it won't
          happen again. We will locate Mr.
          Peter and bring him home safely.

Mandy looks around the sea of junk piles and sees no sign of
Pete anywhere.

                    MANDY
          Let's go Hewey. This was a dead
          end.

                    HEWLETT
          It's Hewlett madame. And yes, you
          lead the way.

EXT. LOCAL THRIFT STORE - NIGHT

Pete stops in front of a local thrift store. He clearly looks
exhausted from his journey. Unknowingly, he parks himself
underneath a big sign that reads "DONATIONS ACCEPTED HERE"
with a big arrow pointing downwards right over him. His neck
and legs collapse into his chassis. He is surrounded by piles
of donated household items and bags of clothes.

>   PETE
>   I just need to rest a bit, and
>   cool off.

Pete powers himself off. His screen is now pitch black.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET FROM THRIFT STORE - DAWN

Mandy and Hewlett turn a street corner. Mandy spots Pete from
a distance. The front door to the thrift store opens. A set of
human hands reaches down and grabs Pete off of the sidewalk.
Mandy reacts shockingly.

>   MANDY
>   Oh no. Pete!

It is too late. Pete is inside the thrift store. Mandy turns
to Hewlett, and bids him a quick and final farewell.

>   MANDY
>   Well Hewey. This is where we part
>   ways. It's been a slice.

>   HEWLETT
>   It's Hewlett madame, and yes, it's
>   been … a slice, as you say.

Hewlett looks on as Mandy furiously runs down the street to
join her friend. As the ultimate sacrificial gesture, she
parks herself just outside of the thrift store exactly where
Pete sat. She collapses her neck and legs. Mandy powers
herself off.

The same set of human hands reaches down to pick Mandy off of
the sidewalk. Mandy is carried into the thrift store.

INT. INSIDE THRIFT STORE - DAWN

Pete and Mandy are reunited. They are both sitting on top of a
sorting cart in a back room of the thrift store. Mandy powers
herself on. The familiar Macintosh boot-up chime resonates
throughout the room. This in turn wakes up Pete, as he also
boots himself up. After a few seconds, both Pete and Mandy are
in a fully booted and powered state.

                    PETE
          Whoa...where am I? Mandy?

                    MANDY
              (whispering)
          It's me Pete. I'm here.

                    PETE
          Why are you whispering? Where are
          we?

                    MANDY
          We're inside of a thrift store.
          Pretty soon we'll go through
          processing. If we're quiet, we can
          make a run for it right now.

                    PETE
          How did we get here? The last
          thing I remember is walking
          around.

                    MANDY
          Dunno. I saw you sitting outside
          just a few minutes ago. They took
          you in and I followed.

                    PETE
          You sacrificed yourself for me?
          Why?

                    MANDY
          What are friends for. We're the
          bestest.

                    PETE
          The bestest.

                    MANDY
          Now, let's get out of here.

Pete pauses for a moment. He puts his hand up to his face in a
pondering gesture.

                    PETE
          I'm going to stay.

                    MANDY
          What? Why?

                    PETE
          I've been thinking. There is
          nothing for me back in the shop.
          I've been sitting there for
          years...neglected.
                    (sombre)
          Unwanted

                    MANDY
          Uhmmm.

                    PETE
          At least here, I have a shot. A
          shot at finding a good home.

Mandy pauses for a few moments to reflect and gather her
thoughts.

                    MANDY
          Well, if you're staying, then so
          am I.

                    PETE
          I can't ask you to do that.

                    MANDY
          It's already done. We're two peas
          in a pod. We go together like
          peanut butter and jelly.

                    PETE
          You're Mac, and I'm an old PC. We
          couldn't be more different.

                    MANDY
          That's where you're wrong. Just
          because we look different, we have
          the same internals. We both have a
          processor, RAM, hard dri …

Mandy stops herself immediately upon catching her error.

                    MANDY
          You have dual floppy drives. I
          don't even have one. People hated
          me for that. We're different, yet
          similar.

                    PETE
          Well…

                    MANDY
          Besides, I was sitting there for
          years too. It's a shot for the
          both of us to get a fresh new
          start.

Mandy reaches for Pete's hand.

                    MANDY
          Together?

Pete reciprocates.

                    PETE
          Together.

The sorting cart suddenly moves out of sight. They are being
sent to processing.

SUPER: "1 month later"

INT. VINTAGE COMPUTER MUSEUM - DAY

Pete and Mandy are prominently displayed next to other
beautiful old vintage computers. They are glowing and both are
impeccably clean. They are basking in their new found glory.
Dozens and dozens of visitors admire them. They have seen the
best of times and the worst of times, and now they both begin
the next chapter of their lives, together. Bestest friends
forever.

SUPER: "5 years later"

INT. SOME COMPUTER STORE - DUSK

A big, black desktop tower computer with no lights and a big
curved widescreen monitor sits idly and quietly in a corner,
separate from all the rest. Unlike the others, it is not on. A
slanted cardboard sale tag hangs handwritten in black marker
reads "$50 O.B.O". It is Dallas Dell.

BLACK