

Encapsulated Season 3 Episode 4

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

One of the spaceships is docked next to the playground, with caution tape wrapped around the four legs. Even so, there are several kids climbing on it with their mimics.

Nearby, a few mothers are sitting at benches and tables, either talking with each other or using the break to check their emails and browse on their phones.

One of the moms, JAMIE LEE (32), is reading an article by the American Academy of Pediatrics about regulating the time your children spend with their mimics. She seems only mildly interested, then clicks on another article that shows celebrities posing side by side with their mimics.

Note: Jamie Lee's mimic is not with her.

She's approached by CLARK (44), a well-dressed businessman with a stoic expression and a voice recorder. His mimic isn't with him either.

CLARK

Excuse me, ma'am, I noticed you don't have your mimic with you. Would you mind if I asked you a few questions, for research?

JAMIE LEE

You people, can't I go ONE day without it, is it THAT big a deal to-

CLARK

I'm not with the press, ma'am, I promise I'm not an equalist trying to ambush you.

(she looks at him skeptically)

I'm actually an inventor, we're working on products to help people like you, who need to have their own space, away from their mimics.

JAMIE LEE

Thank God. I don't even mind having it, I just need a break sometimes, you know?

CLARK

Do you mind?

(holds up the recorder)

It's all confidential.

JAMIE LEE

You paying me?

CLARK

No. My partner and I are fiscally unindemnified.

She looks puzzled, but then shrugs nonchalantly.

JAMIE LEE

Sure, why not.

(to her son, who's playing on the ship)

CURTIS! GET DOWN FROM THERE!

CURTIS (7) has climbed onto the very top of the ship with his mimic. He ignores her; she refocuses on Clark.

JAMIE LEE

Ready when you are, Mr. Draper.

Clark doesn't understand the reference, he just nods and turns on the recorder.

CLARK

Today is June 7th, roughly one month after the arrival. I'm at the park with a local mother who is not accompanied by her mimic.

(he pauses)

Question 1: where is your mimic right now?

JAMIE LEE

In my room, bedroom, back at my place.

CLARK

And how are you keeping it there?

JAMIE LEE

... By locking the door?

Clark nods gravely; she's confused.

CLARK

Question 2: how many hours a week do you prefer to have a break from your mimic?

JAMIE LEE

Hmm... at least a few hours a day, it just depends on the mood, some days that murmuring gets to me faster than others.

CLARK

Question 3: have you bought anything to help control or otherwise manage your mimic?

JAMIE LEE

Wine.

(she chuckles, Clark doesn't)

O-kay... Someone takes their job seriously.

CLARK

I do, ma'am. Question 4...

Meanwhile, over at the ship, KENT (36) is standing with a clipboard and a pen. He's also well-dressed, but he isn't as serious as Clark, and his mimic isn't there.

KENT

(to one of the kids)

Excuse me, sir! Do you have a moment?

CHILD

Mrr mrr mrr!

CHILD'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr!

The kid keeps climbing obliviously with his mimic. Actually, every kid and their mimic is ignoring Kent, they're all murmuring and exploring aimlessly.

Kent, also oblivious, presses on.

KENT

Question 1: where is your mimic right now? Let's put 'in the park with me'.

He takes notes on the clipboard, completely clueless.

KENT

Question 2: how many hours a week do you prefer to have a break from your mimic? Let's put you here in the 10-20 bracket...

More notes. Clark approaches him intensely.

CLARK

We need to go. Almost time for the pitch.

KENT

But I - I still have -
(looks at the kids)
They are SO uncooperative.

CLARK

Don't worry, when MRMR makes it big, we'll have entire focus groups at our disposal, no more of this 'strangers in the park' nonsense.

KENT

Ooh... I do like focus groups.
(to the kids)
Thank you!
(back to Clark)
Did you get some good feedback?

CLARK

I did not.
(he waves politely at Jamie Lee)
But such is the grind and the toil.

KENT

Yeah. Tell me about it. Let's get out of here.

They walk over to their van, which has MRMR painted in big yellow letters on the side.

Jamie Lee watches out of curiosity. They pull out of the parking space, then park right across the street in front of Miscellany's. She laughs to herself as they immediately get back out of the car.

INT. MISCELLANY'S HOME GOODS STORE - DAY

The shoppers and their mimics are fascinated as the men glide down the aisles like two secret agents (they're also wearing sunglasses now).

Clark is carrying a large cardboard box, and looking suspiciously at every single shopper. Kent is behind him, smiling at everyone, and struggling to maneuver a large boxy item on a dolly. It's shrouded with a black blanket, which adds to the intrigue.

They arrive at the back near the warehouse. One of the associates greets them hesitantly.

ASSOCIATE

Can I... Is there something, are you-?

CLARK

We're here to see-
(lowers his sunglasses)
Ms. Figueroa.

ASSOCIATE

Ms. Figueroa... Oh, Katherine, duh. Come on back.

Clark puts his sunglasses back up. The associate lets them into the back room.

INT. KATHERINE'S OFFICE - DAY

The store manager, KATHERINE (51), is looking over reports at her cluttered desk. Her mimic isn't with her. There's a knock at the door.

KATHERINE

Who is it?

ASSOCIATE

Your 10:00 is here.

KATHERINE

Send them in.

The associate opens the door and lets Clark enter, while Kent lingers outside. Clark takes off his sunglasses. Katherine stands up and they shake hands.

CLARK

Ms. Figueroa? A pleasure. Clark Gibson.

KATHERINE

Call me Katherine. Is this enough space?

Clark looks around the office, which is about 12' x 12', and is filled with file cabinets, paperwork, and a desk with two chairs.

CLARK

Katherine? Couldn't be better.

KATHERINE

Oh, stop it. Such a gentleman.

(she goes back to her seat)

So, you are with... Shoot, you have a new range of products for mimics, right?

(she looks through her stack of papers)

Ah, here it is. Murmur, yeah, mimic products.

CLARK

It's actually pronounced M R M R. And we prefer to think of them as solutions.

KATHERINE

My apologies. Whenever you're ready.

CLARK

Thank you. My associate, Kent Levine, will be here shortly.

KATHERINE

Kent? You mean like... Clark, Kent?

(she giggles, Clark doesn't react)

Clark Kent. Is that on purpose?

CLARK

(genuinely confused)

Is what on purpose?

She waves her hand dismissively.

KATHERINE

Never you mind. Carry on.

CLARK

Thank you. I represent MRMR, a startup that seeks to provide mimic sequestration and mitigation solutions for middle America, with the goal of minimizing the shame and severity associated with the humanist movement.

(pauses)

Our purpose is spelled out in our company name: Mimic Resolutions with Mindful Results.

KATHERINE

Mmm. So, helping people feel less guilty about locking up their mimics.

CLARK

In a manner of speaking.

KATHERINE

Okay. I will tell you, we have seen MAJOR sales in locks and ropes, bungee cords, whatever you can use for restraints... So it's a good market, and we're open to new products.

CLARK

Well, it's a good thing I'm here.

(he winks)

I'd like to start with our flagship model, then proceed with our one-off solutions.

KATHERINE

Let's have it.

Clark opens the door for Kent. He smiles and waves to Katherine, then grunts and wheels in the mysterious box.

KATHERINE

(intrigued)

Oh my...

Clark and Kent stand on either side of the box.

CLARK
Introducing... The Capsule!

Kent dramatically pulls off the blanket.

It's... A plexiglass box! About the size of a phone booth.

Katherine's wonder quickly fades.

KATHERINE
The Capsule...?

CLARK
The Capsule! An entirely humane solution for keeping your mimic at bay.
(Kent opens the front of the box)
Simply guide your mimic into the Capsule, and then seal the door from the outside.
(Kent closes and locks the door)
With the Capsule, you can still keep an eye on your mimic, without the guilt of locking them away in your room. And...
(Kent goes inside, Clark locks him in)
It's soundproof!
(Kent talks loudly, no noise is audible)
Give it up for Kent.
(Clark unlocks the door, Kent steps out)
The Capsule. The cell that sells itself.

Katherine is speechless. Not in a good way.

KATHERINE
Well, it's certainly... Big.
(Clark and Kent nod enthusiastically)
And the soundproofing is nice... But, well, so it locks from the outside?
(Clark nods)
I'm just thinking ahead, for insurance and all... What if your kid gets in it by mistake, and they can't get out?
(this catches the men off guard)
And are there airholes?

Kent looks panicked, but Clark takes control.

CLARK

You raise some valid questions. There is a potential risk for children, yes, and we'd need to consider design workarounds for that.

(pause)

In reference to the airholes, there are none, because otherwise we can't soundproof it. Now, the Center for Alien Research has concluded that mimics don't require air to survive. But a human certainly would.

KENT

How did we overlook that...? Stupid, stupid...

CLARK

If we found a way to child-proof the Capsule, would Miscellany's be interested?

KATHERINE

I don't think so, unfortunately, I just... Realistically... And it's a good idea, I could see maybe selling it in like a corporate setting, for offices or studios...

(she tries to be polite)

But I can't see everyday people buying it when they can just put the mimics in their bedroom or closet for free. It's a little bulky, and it's... What else do you have?

Kent looks devastated. Clark doesn't seem fazed.

CLARK

Your opinion is noted, and I want to thank you for your candor. Constructive feedback is our core initiative at MRMR.

He sits casually at the desk. Kent despondently wheels the Capsule back into the hallway.

CLARK

For our next solution, I'll need a volunteer. You, with the lovely smile.

Katherine is amused. Clark winks at her.

CLARK

Katherine, I have a question for you. Where is YOUR mimic right now?

KATHERINE

She's at my apartment.

CLARK

Is she in a bedroom, bathroom, closet?

KATHERINE

No, just in the main area.

CLARK

How do you KNOW for sure she's still there?

KATHERINE

Well, I guess I don't know for SURE...

CLARK

I thought so. What if I told you we sold a tracking chip for mimics. So you can know where they are at any time.

KATHERINE

I don't... I'm not concerned with whether she's- Why would I need to keep track of her?

CLARK

So she doesn't come back to you if you're trying to have your own space.

KATHERINE

But if she got free somehow, I'd know, because she'd come back to me... So, since she hasn't, I can assume she's still at my apartment.

Clark thinks over her logic. Kent is back in the room, standing awkwardly in the back corner.

CLARK

Katherine, again, stellar feedback.

KATHERINE

Thank you...?

Clark stands up, undeterred. He motions for Kent to grab the next product.

Kent dashes out into the hall, then quickly returns with a handheld gadget that looks very high-tech.

KATHERINE

Is that a radar gun?

Clark hands her the product.

CLARK

Right you are, Katherine. Now, this is just a prototype of our REAL invention, which is a portable silencer. The idea is that you aim at whatever you want to silence - your mimic - and it cancels out the 'mrrs' so you don't hear it.

KATHERINE

Interesting... We could actually sell that. Can I see the real one?

CLARK

We haven't made one yet.

KATHERINE

Oh. But then... I'm confused...

CLARK

We don't even know if the technology EXISTS. Certainly if it does, we don't have the funds to invest in it.

KATHERINE

But aren't you inventors?

CLARK

Yes. And no. But we'd be willing to grant you an exclusive license to sell the silencer once the technology is finally available, in exchange for R&D funding.

KATHERINE

That's not how I run the business, you'd need to work with an investor.

CLARK

But don't you realize, Katherine, YOU could be our investor!

KATHERINE

That's not... No, I'm sorry, but once you have the device ready to sell, I'm interested.

Once again, Kent looks like the world is ending, but Clark handles it smoothly.

CLARK

Katherine, you drive a hard bargain, and I respect that. Let's move on.

(Kent leaves the room)

In fact, let's take a step back from our line of physical products, and instead talk about the SERVICES we have in mind.

KATHERINE

We don't really sell services...

CLARK

Not yet. Hear me out. We offer a concierge-type service for mimic relocation. For a fee, you can pay a licensed 'valet' to take your mimic to another part of the world, thus eliminating any chance that they could reunite with you.

KATHERINE

Like I said, we don't sell services...

CLARK

And like I said, not yet. Certainly you wouldn't sell this by ITSELF, you sell it as an add-on. For other mimic sequestration products. Like an insurance plan - you sell insurance on items, don't you?

Katherine nods and thinks it over.

KATHERINE

Once again, I think this is like the box you showed me a bit ago.

CLARK

The Capsule?

KATHERINE

Yeah, the Capsule. It's a little high-end for Miscellany's to sell a... What did you call it, concierge valet?

CLARK

A concierge service, with a valet.

KATHERINE

Right. Nobody who shops here will pay for that. Even as an add-on.

CLARK

But your customers want peace of mind, right? Wouldn't they be willing to pay a premium for permanent separation from their mimic?

KATHERINE

No. They'll just pay for a storage unit and keep their mimic there. You know the Store 4 Less, just down the road? They're sales are up 500%. Because it's cheap and easy.

(she leans back in her chair)

It's like us selling locks. Cheap, easy, it's a product that already exists, and it works.

CLARK

But surely they don't want the stigma of locking their mimic in a storage unit...

KATHERINE

Nobody around here cares about stigma.

(Clark seems unconvinced)

I really do think your startup has a future in the corporate world, and I-

Suddenly, Kent bursts in excitedly.

KENT

I've got it! Behold... The double leash!

He holds up two dog leashes, connected at one end with a zip tie. Clark and Katherine are bewildered.

KENT

What's the biggest problem parents face now?
Keeping track of TWO kids - their original kid,
and their kids' mimic!

KATHERINE

Their 'original' kid??

CLARK

Kent...? What the hell...?

KENT

See, see, so you can put, well this leash is for
animals obviously, it's a prototype, but you can
connect them and walk them SIMULTANEOUSLY.

KATHERINE

Did you get those from the pet aisle?

Clark stands up.

CLARK

Speaking of leashes... We have one more solution
for you to consider.

KATHERINE

Nope, that's okay.

It's too late. Clark steps out into the hall.

KENT

(hands Katherine the leash)

And look, it's cheap, easy to assemble, you
already have all the parts!

KATHERINE

Did you pay for these? And no, we're not selling
leashes for your kids and their mimics.

Kent throws up his hands in resignation and leaves, while Clark returns with a bulky velcro vest that has a cable running out the back.

KATHERINE

Good lord...

CLARK

Presenting the full-body mimic harness!

KATHERINE

I think I've seen enough.

CLARK

Worth a shot.

He offers to shake Katherine's hand, but she just waves and waits impatiently for him to leave. She closes the door behind him, but she can still hear him out in the hall.

CLARK

Kent! That's not the exit!

Once they're out of range, she sits back at her desk and exhales slowly. She starts reviewing the paperwork again, when the associate knocks.

ASSOCIATE

You have a visitor. It's a customer.

Katherine takes a few seconds to regain her composure.

KATHERINE

Send them in.

The associate opens the door. In walks Jamie Lee, the mother from the park.

JAMIE LEE

Hi, Jamie Lee, I won't be long.

KATHERINE

I'm Katherine. Take your time, how can I assist you today? Please, have a seat.

JAMIE LEE

Oh no, I'll be quick. I just thought, with the inventors and all, I had an idea myself.

Suddenly, her son Curtis and his mimic wander in and stumble goofily around the room.

CURTIS

Mrr mrr mrr mrr!

CURTIS'S MIMIC

Mrr mrr mrr mrr!

JAMIE LEE

Curtis! Go wait outside!

The boys bumble back into the hall. Jamie Lee sighs.

JAMIE LEE

Sorry about him... That's what inspired me though.

KATHERINE

Sorry, did you say, Curtis?

(Jamie Lee nods)

Like, as in Jamie Lee Curtis...?

(Jamie Lee doesn't get it)

What is happening today...?

JAMIE LEE

You sell earplugs, right?

KATHERINE

I think so. In the pharmacy section.

JAMIE LEE

Perfect. Sell more earplugs. That's my advice, take it or leave it.

KATHERINE

More earplugs?

JAMIE LEE

Mm-hmm. I'm buying two packs myself, and I know PLENTY of moms who could use some right now.

KATHERINE

Earplugs...

JAMIE LEE

I won't keep you. You said they're in the pharmacy area?

KATHERINE

Yes, I believe so. One of our associates can help if you can't find them.

JAMIE LEE

Thank you! CURTIS! GET BACK HERE!

She leaves abruptly. Katherine seems to be in a trance, the wheels in her head are turning. She starts brainstorming.

KATHERINE

Earplugs... Yes... But how to market them? Give you peace and quiet... Mimic relief... Alien blockers... Silencers, mini silencers... Mimic Muters...

FADE OUT.