

ACT 1

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Scene 1

The viewer should be lying down for this film. The room fades into view. There is a rhythmic beeping noise in the background, similar to a heart monitor. A technician (BARROW) is close to the foot of the operating table that ARIN is laying on. BARROW is pacing next to the center operating table. She is taking notes on a tablet in her hand. BARROW occasionally pauses, looks over at ARIN, and returns to taking notes. She is humming to herself as she does this.

This continues until the player makes some amount of noticeable movement.

BARROW:

Did you just?

(Pause)

Huh. I could have sworn I saw something.

(Pause)

No way.

BARROW turns so that she is now perpendicular to the table.

BARROW:

Hey! Can you hear me? (pause) Nod if you can understand me.

Hopefully there is some interaction. If not, switch to the non-interactive response.

BARROW puts down the tablet and picks up her pen (maybe it's a stylus)

Can you follow this pen for me?

BARROW slowly moves the pen in front of ARIN's face.

This is amazing. I can't believe it. Simón's gonna be so excited.

BARROW presses a button on the side of her glasses.

BARROW:

BARROW switches to a much more clinical tone.

Hey, Dr. Escarra, something's up with ARIN. You should come check it out.

(CONTINUED)

BARROW gets up from her seat and walks around to behind the chair.

Be careful. I don't want you to move too much. You could hurt yourself. Just take it easy.

BARROW resumes taking notes. This time looking at the screen that is on the console behind ARIN's chair.

A door on the second level of the room opens up. ESCARRA walks onto a platform that slowly descends to the lower level where BARROW and ARIN are.

ESCARRA:

ESCARRA is tired and irritated. His patience for last-minute problems is wearing thin.

*(After stepping off the platform -
Concerned, slightly irritated, but not nervous)*

What's going on?

BARROW:

ARIN's awake. I was running the daily tests when she started looking around - responding to inputs.

BARROW walks back over to ARIN'S side.

ARIN, this is Dr. Escarra.

ESCARRA:

(Hesitant - a "one eyebrow raised" expression)

Hello, ARIN.

ESCARRA walks over to the console behind ARIN's chair. BARROW taps her visor again.

Did you notice anything unusual with her responses?

BARROW:

No, but you're the expert, so you tell me.

ESCARRA:

Something's definitely not right, but I don't know what. Give me a few moments to look into it.

ESCARRA types silently. BARROW taps her visor and picks up a small handheld flashlight and shines it in ARIN's eyes. BARROW makes a note on her tablet.

Wait. Ada, do that again.

BARROW:

Ok.

She shines the light in ARIN's eyes again.

ESCARRA:

ESCARRA sighs heavily.

Damn, we just finished with the - nevermind. We need to open her up.

BARROW:

Why? This is the first chance we've had to run those tests we planned.

ESCARRA:

No. This developed too quickly- it could become dangerous.

BARROW nods.

BARROW:

I'll take your word for it. So are we going for a shut down or a restart?

ESCARRA:

Let's try a restart first.

BARROW:

(Addressing ARIN)

I'm going to remove your gown now, ok?

BARROW picks up a pair of penny shears off the table next to ARIN's chair and slices the gown from the neck to the waist.

BARROW:

Is skin sensation still active?

ESCARRA:

Disabling it now.

BARROW:

BARROW picks up a blade and cuts open ARIN's chest at the panel lines with a scalpel.
Bring the arm into place, Simón.

ESCARRA:

Got it.

ESCARRA moves over to one of the consoles that rose from the floor and presses a button to move one of the robotic arms into BARROW's reach. The process is slow. ESCARRA leans against the console as he holds the joystick as far over as it can go.

(CONTINUED)

BARROW:

Lower it about halfway. I can do the rest.

BARROW guides the arm down and guides it in to place so that it can grip the sides of the chest plate.

ESCARRA:

Try to keep as much of it intact as possible. Bishop reserved the print lab for that damn Kepler project again.

BARROW:

(Sighs and rolls her eyes) Third time this week.

BARROW uses a drill to disconnect the sheets of synthetic pectoral muscles. She removes them from the chest cavity and places them into a container on the small table beside them. Escarra moves over to get a closer look at the procedure.

BARROW reaches into the chest cavity with both hands and pulls out a small box with many wires leading out of it. It is still connected to the robot. She holds it between her fingers.

Have actor count all the way down from ten to one, cut audio in post.

Ten, nine, eight, seven...

The android's vision begins to fade first. BARROW'S voice grows more distant. There is a brief moment of silence before the world comes rushing back.

three, two, one.

BARROW holds on to the box for a few more beats before letting it fall back into the chest cavity. ESCARRA looks over at the monitor. His eyes widen in fear.

Shit. The lights are still on. I don't think it worked.

ESCARRA:

It didn't. It's actively blocking control signals. I don't know what happened but we need to shut it down immediately. We'll probably have to trick it into crashing - which means I can say goodbye to my weekend.

BARROW:

What's with the attitude, Simón? Did Hal get the last coffee again?

ESCARRA:

I'm at wits ends with this project, to be honest. We don't need another delay at this stage. And yes, Ada, Hal *did* get the last coffee so I'm really exhausted right now.

We need to be more aggressive.

BARROW:

(Sarcasm)

Fine, then we rip out the CPU. Problem solved.

ESCARRA:

(Mildly amused)

Just tear it out Barrow? Destroy all the work we put into this project? Tear out, no - remove it carefully, yes. We can't even afford to scratch the damn thing.

BARROW looks around for the required drill bit replacement.

BARROW pulls the plate off of the android's face and sets it down beside her. It is resting against the container with the chest musculature in it. It is facing the table with the android on it. If the viewer looks over, they will see the face of a what appears to be a young person with holes where the eyes would be. She reaches toward the android's head again. ESCARRA holds out his arm to block her way.

ESCARRA:

Hold on...

ESCARRA jams some cabling into the androids forehead off to one side, barely visible in its peripheral.

Let me try to route the oculars to another source - if that works then perhaps we have more control than we think now.

The view flips over to another view point, giving the android a good view of itself. ESCARRA looks back and forth to check the status of the external system.

It seems like that works. I'll try to get it to agree to shutdown on it's own. If not, prepare the hard shutdown procedure.

BARROW:

(with a sigh) Alright.

Barrow moves off to a console.

ESCARRA:

(to the android) Nod if you agree to power off your systems. Go (pauses, searching for correct words) to sleep.

Regardless of response, ESCARRA reaches toward the side of the android's face and pulls out a small chip.

BARROW:

Don't worry, it'll only be temporary. We just need more time. You're really helping us out by doing this.

The android's vision NOD fades inward. The sound grows more distant.

BARROW:

Thank you, it'll only be a moment - I promise.

DOES NOT NOD

The android's vision fades inward. The sound grows more distant. It cuts in and out.

ESCARRA:

Damn. (pause) Alright it's responding to control signals.

REGAINED CONTROL/NO USER RESPONSE

BARROW:

Controls are responding again - starting the shutoff procedure.

The screen tears and fades to black.

BARROW:

I've gained back control. Running the shutdown procedure.

" "

BARROW:

Controls are back. Must have been a glitch. Shutting off the system.

" "