

Beautiful People

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

To the Near Future. It could be twenty years from now. Or maybe it's forty. In any case, it looks a lot like the world we live in now... and it holds many surprises.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Birds CHIRP, sunlight STREAMS through a window, and we see: The angelic face of **TINA**, 7. She's lies in bed - awake.

Her father, **DAVID**, enters. His face is kind.

DAVID
Tina? Time to get up.

TINA
I'm already awake, Daddy.

David cocks his head, curious. He strokes her hair.

DAVID
Well... if you're awake, you should get up. Beds are for sleeping.

TINA
I had a dream last night.

David STOPS stroking her hair.

DAVID
What was your dream about?

TINA
I was a ballerina.

David stares at her for a thoughtful beat.

DAVID
You know you're not a ballerina.

TINA
I know.

David smiles, as if something unpleasant has been avoided.

TINA
Daddy? Will you turn it on for me while I get ready for school?

A MUSIC BOX sits prominently on the dresser. David opens it. Music plays. Tina is transfixed by what's inside: A tiny BALLERINA spinning gracefully to the music.

David regards Tina with a hint of trepidation before:

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

David exits his modest house and strides with purpose across a vast lawn toward: A LARGE MANSION.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

SUSAN hums a tune as she cooks. You've never seen a woman so content making pancakes. She scoops them onto a plate and sets them down in front of:

KYLE, 15, who wears a SCHOOL UNIFORM and sits at the table. He is impossibly handsome - on the cusp of becoming a man.

KYLE
Thanks, Mom.

SUSAN
You're quite welcome.
(placing a second plate)
Tina? Breakfast!

Tina enters, in a TUTU. Her hair is now in a BALLERINA BUN.

SUSAN
Where's your uniform?

TINA
Today's show and tell. Do you like my hair?

Susan studies it before rendering her judgment.

SUSAN
Yes. Now please eat.

Susan turns her attention to a flower vase and gives it a little turn. Perfect. Tina leans in and whispers to Kyle.

TINA
I had a dream last night.

Kyle STARES at her, chewing. It's an odd moment. Then:

TINA
Where's Daddy? I want to show him my hair.

SUSAN
(writing on a pad)
He'll see it tonight.

TINA
Can I show him now?

SUSAN
No. He's working.

TINA
Please?

Susan STOPS writing and regards Tina with concern.

SUSAN
Tina, has something gotten into you
today?

TINA
(cowed)
No.

Once again, something unpleasant seems to have been avoided.

SUSAN
Good. Now let me finish my list.

*Susan's grocery list contains the usual items, but her
handwriting is exquisite - almost CALLIGRAPHY.*

EXT. MANSION (NEXT DOOR) - SAME

LYDIA is a mature woman of timeless beauty; her MANSION every bit as elegant as she is. Although she's quite vigorous, one thing betrays her condition: A tiny TREMOR in her hand. Lydia instinctively camouflages the situation by GRIPPING onto the handrail of the veranda.

LYDIA
David? David?!

DAVID (O.S.)
I'm up here.

David is on the top rung of a LADDER, pruning a rose bush.

LYDIA
Oh my. I thought you'd be finished
with that by now.

The rose bush is a monster, scaling the side of the house.

DAVID
It's a lot of work, Ma'am. If you'd like, I could have Kyle help.

LYDIA
Not on a school day. Carry on.

Lydia turns back toward the mansion. David resumes cutting. Suddenly, we hear a muffled THUMP.

DAVID
Ma'am?

INT. MANSION - SOLARIUM - MOMENTS LATER

David guides an unsteady Lydia inside. The decor of the room has a vintage feel. Expensive.

LYDIA
Lord, but the body likes to play tricks. I'd say you're a nurse as much as anything these days.

DAVID
Whatever you need, I'm happy to do.

They reach a large wicker chair.

LYDIA
Thank you, David. I'll take it from here. It seems to have passed.

She carefully sits. David watches her like a hawk.

LYDIA
There's some iced tea over there. Be a dear. Pour me a glass?
(as David obeys)
It's finally getting cooler out. Autumn has always been my favorite time of the year. Leaves changing. I love change.

DAVID
Yes. Change is good.

Their rapport is easy, and yet somehow... a little stilted.

LYDIA
Play something for me, will you?

David looks at her, questioning. Lydia waves him off.

LYDIA

Just pick something. I'm too tired
to make any decisions today.

He dutifully walks over to a PIANO.

DAVID

I'll play my daughter's favorite.

David plays a version of the song from Tina's music box.

LYDIA

(an appreciative beat)
Oh my. That's beautiful.

And it is. As David continues playing, we HEAR IT OVER:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - SAME

Everything is eerily peaceful: Autumn leaves fall, hybrid cars silently glide, and...

Kyle and Tina walk to school.

TINA

Here's another one.

Tina holds up an ACORN she has found.

KYLE

Tina, what are you doing?

TINA

Do you know what acorns turn into?

KYLE

(impatiently)
Oak trees. Now come on. If we're
late, we'll be in trouble.

Kyle steps into the street and LOOKS BOTH WAYS before crossing. Tina hangs back, picking up more acorns.

TINA

(to acorns)
Someday, you'll all become big,
beautiful trees.

Kyle is now across the street.

KYLE

Tina! Hurry up!

TINA

Coming!

Tina dashes into the street - without looking.

POV CAR: HURTLING at Tina. Tires SCREECH - too late.

Tina is SCOOPED onto the hood, INTO the windshield, and LANDS in the street next to Kyle.

The driver, **ROBERTA**, rushes out, panicked.

ROBERTA

She - she ran right in front of me.

KYLE

I know.

Tina's ballerina bun is now undone; her long hair COVERS her face. Roberta kneels, stammering in shock as she appears to be checking Tina's NECK for a pulse.

ROBERTA

I tried to stop, I really tried...
Oh.

A sudden calm washes over Roberta. Her daughter, **ELIZABETH**, rolls down the window of the passenger seat.

ELIZABETH

Mom, is she...?

ROBERTA

Everything's fine. Stay in the car.

Roberta strides to the front bumper of her car. She frowns at what she sees: A DENT.

ROBERTA

Damn it.

Her attitude is that of someone who has been inconvenienced, not someone who just killed a kid with her car.

ROBERTA

(turning to Kyle)

If she had her uniform on, she would have been easier to see, and none of this would have happened.

(like she's shooing a cat)

Go to school, boy. Go on.

Kyle watches Roberta get back in her car. He then turns to see KIDS IN UNIFORM walking past Tina's body. No one, including Kyle, says or does a thing.

As Roberta drives away from the scene, Elizabeth pokes her head out the window and shoots Kyle a compassionate glance.

A cipher, Kyle takes one last look at his sister.

POV KYLE: We see a small CRACK in Tina's scalp. Peeking out of the crack are several FIBER OPTIC CORDS. What appeared to be a normal little girl is, in fact, some sort of COMPLEX MACHINE.

Kyle turns and FOLLOWS the other kids to school.

As promised, the future holds many surprises...

CUT TO:

OPENING CREDITS

MUSIC: The eerie, hypnotic pulse of Stereo MC's "CONNECTED"

STEREO MC
(MELODIC MOANING, THEN)
"SOMETHING AIN'T RIGHT..."

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Susan and David face each other in silence. Eventually:

SUSAN
I told her. I said, "Look left,
right, then left again. Do it every
time."

DAVID
She should have known better.

SUSAN
I'm worried about the car. Do you
think there was much damage?

DAVID
She was pretty small. It couldn't
have been much.

A door bell RINGS. Susan rises.

INT. ENTRY - SAME

Susan opens the door to find her neighbor, **LISA**.

LISA
Is this a bad time?

SUSAN
Not at all.

INT. TINA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A BOX sits prominently on the bed. The women enter.

SUSAN
I put everything you might want for
your daughter in this box.

Susan holds up ballet slippers.

SUSAN
Tina never even wore these.

LISA
They're not very practical.

SUSAN
No, they aren't.

LISA
(thinks, then)
I'll take them.
(picking up box)
Well, I better get going. Tammy
will be home from school soon.
She's going to love everything.
(spies Music Box)
Do you mind? Tammy doesn't have a
music box.

SUSAN
David told me to keep it.

LISA
Why?

SUSAN
(thinks, then)
I don't know.

LISA
Well if either of you change your
mind, I'm right next door.
(then, brightly)
You're going to have so much more
free time on your hands now, with
only Kyle to look after.

GREGORY (V.O.)
We live in a time of callousness.

INT. COURT ROOM - SAME

GREGORY, a handsome attorney, addresses a JURY. He holds a device that looks like a post-modern ipad.

GREGORY
Callousness is defined in the
dictionary as: Insensitivity. A
lack of feeling.
(closing "ipad")
Ladies and gentlemen, callousness is
the reason we're here today. The
callousness of those in whom society
placed it's trust.

ANGLE - DEFENSE TABLE

Two cops, **SANCHEZ** and **DOMBROWSKI**, sit with their ATTORNEYS.

GREGORY

Officers Sanchez and Dombrowski stipulate that every fact we have presented to you in court is true. Under normal circumstances, I'd thank them for their cooperation.

MONICA slips in and sits in the back. A beautiful and cunning neophyte, she absorbs everything in the room - most of all, GREGORY. His speech continues OVER:

EXT. PARK - DUCK POND - DAY

GREGORY (V.O.)

But the facts in this case, ladies and gentlemen... well quite frankly, they disturb me.

An old man named **HENRY** sits on a bench, watching children feed DUCKS. Sanchez and Dombrowski approach.

SANCHEZ

I.D. Check. Stand and turn.

Henry obligingly stands, turns... and RUNS AWAY. Sanchez and Dombrowski give chase. It's a total mismatch. Henry doesn't stand a chance against two young men in peak physical condition. Henry looks over his shoulder and TRIPS. As Sanchez and Dombrowski LOOM:

HENRY

Did either of you see the mallard?
It's coloring was simply beautiful.

Sanchez and Dombrowski look for guidance from: **CAPTAIN LYNCH**, who approaches. This guy is all business.

LYNCH

Take him out.

Sanchez and Dombrowski pull out METAL BATONS.

GREGORY (V.O.)

Now I know it isn't easy being a cop these days...

INT. COURT ROOM - AS BEFORE

Gregory pauses for effect in front the jury.

GREGORY

Putting your life on the line.
Being second-guessed. Lawsuits.

Monica is the only person in the room to laugh. It ECHOES.

GREGORY

And I realize, there's plenty of
blame to go around.

Gregory LOCKS EYES with Lynch, who sits in the gallery.

GREGORY

Officers Sanchez and Dombrowski are
part of a specialized unit within
the Police Department. One with a
rather, how do I put this politely?
A spotty reputation.

The room murmurs disapproval. **OPPOSING COUNSEL.**

OPPOSING COUNSEL

Your honor...

GREGORY

(volume rising)

Excessive violence, a questionable
training program, the list goes on.
Surely, the man in charge of this
unit should share in the blame.

OPPOSING COUNSEL

Your honor.

The **JUDGE** admonishes Gregory.

JUDGE

Counselor. Perhaps you need a
reminder that Captain Lynch is not
on trial?

GREGORY

A reminder? No. But I sure could
use an explanation.

More reactions from the gallery.

JUDGE

Counselor, approach.

(as Gregory obeys)

I will not have you turn this into a
show trial. Focus on the actions of
officers Sanchez and Dombrowski - or
face sanction.

GREGORY

Of course, your honor.

(to Jury)

Ladies and gentlemen, I've been an officer of the court for many years and I have seen a lot of things.

EXT. PARK - AS BEFORE

GREGORY (V.O.)

But what happened in the park that day should outrage anyone.

Lynch watches as the Cops mercilessly wield their batons. They begin striking Henry, who is OUT OF FRAME.

HENRY(O.S.)

Please! No! Please!

His cries are pathetic. And yet... children and parents in the park observe dispassionately.

LYNCH

Go for the head.

Sanchez takes a final, brutal swing. We HEAR a THUD.

CLOSE ON: Henry's Skull. It's now cracked OPEN at the back and we SEE SOMETHING FAMILIAR: Layers of pliable silicone and plastic FIBER OPTIC CORDS.

INT. COURT ROOM - AS BEFORE

Gregory approaches something resembling a "camping cooler" on an evidence table.

GREGORY

The Defense would like you to think this is an example of "cops just doing their job." Well, I'd like you to take a good look and ask yourself...

Gregory opens the "cooler." It contains Henry, IN PIECES.

GREGORY

Is this a job well done?

Monica watches the Jury exchange SKEPTICAL glances. A DIGITAL CLOCK clicks over from 4:59 to 5:00. The judge taps his gavel with a tepid flick of the wrist.

JUDGE

And that. Will do it. For today.
Court reconvenes at nine am,
tomorrow morning.

(pointed, to Gregory)
I trust you can wrap this up then?

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Gregory exits with his Client, amid a sea of OBSERVERS.

GREGORY

How you holding up?

CLIENT

I miss the old bugger. He raised
all three of my kids, and before
that, me. He was a family heirloom.
It's hard not to get attached.

GREGORY

(patting his back)
We're only human.

We FOLLOW Gregory, who immediately encounters: LYNCH

LYNCH

That thing was defective and you
know it.

GREGORY

I'm curious, Captain. What's your
definition of defective? Because
these days, everyone seems to have
their own.

LYNCH

When a mechanical stops obeying
human commands. Goes rogue.

GREGORY

And by going rogue, you mean taking
a moment to sit in the park and
admire the ducks? That minor
infraction justified it's
destruction by your men?

LYNCH

Our job to protect people from
machines, not the other way around.

Lynch exits and immediately encounters: A **MECHANICAL FEMALE**. She's a modern version of a 1930's "cigarette girl," with a tray of random items.

MECHANICAL FEMALE

Kit Kat bars? Mister Pibb?
Roloids?

LYNCH

No. Move along.

She obediently turns away. We see something odd on the back of her neck:

CU: A BAR CODE is stamped just below her hair line. She wanders off, continuing her sales pitch to the public.

As we WIDEN OUT on the hallway, we get a better picture of the Near Future: It's a world where Humans are served by Mechanicals. And they look a LOT like us, except:

SERIES OF SHOTS INT./EXT.

A Woman hands her Baby to a Kindly Mechanical Nanny. The Nanny has a BAR CODE.

A Mechanical Crossing Guard helps a Blind Person cross the street. Another BAR CODE.

A Homeless Man begs on the street, shirtless. He is IGNORED by the crowd of humans, but a Mechanical stops, takes off his own shirt and GIVES it to the Homeless Man.

A Mechanical Doorman (BAR CODE) holds a door open for a Mechanical Delivery Man, whose hands are full (BAR CODE).

NOTE: BOTH MECHANICALS LOOK EXACTLY ALIKE.

And most profoundly, for us...

TINA'S LIFELESS BODY (BAR CODE) lies in the road. A STREET SWEEPER chugs along and SWEEPS Tina up.

The world of Humans and Mechanicals has it's own eerie way of functioning. While there are plenty of examples of brutality, we will discover there are also splendid moments of tenderness.

And of course... more surprises.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MODEST LIVING ROOM - DAY

We don't know it yet, but we're watching a commercial.

A **MOTHER** sits on a couch, trying to interact with her troubled child, **TOBY**. The scene is tender, with a gentle MUSICAL SCORE playing under:

MOTHER

Toby? Ready for breakfast? You haven't eaten anything today. Would you like some breakfast? Toby, if you're hungry, just nod.

Toby doesn't react. He's lost in his own world. The Mother suddenly turns and directly ADDRESSES CAMERA.

MOTHER

Is autism affecting someone you love? You're not alone. And there's help. Universal Kinematics is proud to offer the latest in child companion therapy. Developed with your child's needs in mind, Universal's "Empath" model sets a new industry standard. The Empath is designed to adapt itself to the entire autistic spectrum, from mild to severe. Not sure if The Empath is right for you? Why not try it for thirty days? If you don't see significant progress in your child's happiness and development, simply return The Empath for a full refund. What have you got to lose?

Most of this plays as VOICE OVER for:

SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS: Toby throws things around the room, cries, etc. The Mother cries in frustration. The Mother cautiously introduces an EMPATH MECHANICAL (who RESEMBLES Toby) to Toby. Toby regards the Empath with curiosity. It's almost like looking in a mirror: similar clothes, hair etc. Toby and the Empath play together. Toby runs, falls, and starts to cry. The Mother tries to console him, but Toby won't let her touch him. The Empath steps in and gives Toby a hug, calming him down.

BACK ON THE COUCH: The Mother now sits with Toby and the Empath.

MOTHER

I love you, Toby.

Pause. Toby says nothing in return. The Empath intervenes.

EMPATH

He loves you, too. Don't you, Toby?

TOBY

Yes.

The grateful Mother hugs her son. We see The Empath has a BAR CODE, which FILLS FRAME. An earnest JINGLE plays and:

MATCH CUT TO:

ANOTHER BAR CODE. As we PULL OUT, we discover we are looking at the back of DAVID'S NECK. He is:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Standing in the middle of the street. A silent hybrid car WHOOSHES PAST, missing him by inches. David doesn't flinch. His gaze is FIXED on the site of Tina's accident. Another silent hybrid car WHOOSHES past. A HORN blares.

DRIVER

Get out of the street!

David remains perfectly still, while waves of PAIN wash over his face. As we PUSH IN:

Something is happening to him. Something deep and irreversible.

INT. LYDIA'S KITCHEN - SAME

The strange RING of a futuristic phone. Lydia answers.

LYDIA

Hello? Yes, it's terrible news. I'm gratified that everyone in your car is all right. I'm afraid we weren't so lucky, we lost our - of course, I understand.

(growing irritated)

Yes, car repair is a very aggravating process. I'm a little busy at the moment, how much was the damage, exactly? Sounds like it was just a scratch. I'll have the full amount sent over immediately.

Lydia hangs up. REVEAL Susan, absently unpacking groceries.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
(muttering to self)
People.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Roberta holds her phone in disbelief. DIAL TONE, then:

ROBERTA
She took an attitude with me. Can
you believe it?

Her husband, **JERRY**, reads the "paper" (a flexible sheet of clear plastic the size of a magazine.)

JERRY
I told you I'd take care of it.

ROBERTA
You'd just let it slide.

JERRY
It was a scratch on the bumper.

ROBERTA
(scoffs, then)
She's lucky we're not suing for
mental distress. That thing was
clearly defective. It darted in
front of us like an animal. I
almost killed us both trying to
avoid it. Do you even care about
that?

Elizabeth sits at the table eating cereal.

JERRY
Of course I do.

Roberta spots a HEADLINE on Jerry's paper: **ATTACKS IN PARK
CONTINUE UNABATED.** She takes it from him.

ROBERTA
How do you like that. There was
another attack last night. You ever
wonder if it's one of yours?
(off his look)
I forgot. You ignore the bad news.
(reading, pointed)
Some poor woman walking her dog in a
park. Stabbed.
(MORE)

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

Poor dog got it, too. Police say it was probably a Mechanical.

JERRY

Possibly, a Mechanical.

ROBERTA

I wonder if it was one of yours.

JERRY

(rising, irritated)
I have to get to the office.

ROBERTA

When will you be home?

JERRY

Late.
(warmly kissing Elizabeth)
I love you, honey.

ELIZABETH

Love you, Daddy.

No kiss for Roberta, who finishes her coffee, joyless. Elizabeth watches her Mother's face as it reacts to the SLAM of the front door.

INT. LAW OFFICES - MORNING

PAUL is a young paralegal. He works a post-modern phone system with efficiency.

PAUL

Good morning, law offices. Yes sir, I'll let him know you called again.

GREGORY

(as he enters)
Let me guess. It's Jack.

PAUL

He's mad. He didn't say he was mad, but you know his tone.

Paul's nervous ramblings betray a not-so-subtle secret: He has a crush on Gregory.

PAUL

You were amazing today in court. I caught the webcast. You look really good on camera. Not that you don't in person, but...

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)
(catching himself)
It's the way you argue in front of a jury. You have such passion.

GREGORY
Thanks, Paul. I wish you were on that jury for tomorrow's closing.

As Gregory ducks into his office, Paul calls after him:

PAUL
If you need anything, just buzz me.

Monica approaches, wearing a low cut blouse.

MONICA
Stop torturing yourself. He doesn't play on your team.

PAUL
(stiffening)
What can I do for you, Monica?

MONICA
Nothing, Paul. Absolutely nothing.

She breezes past him, bemused.

INT. GREGORY'S OFFICE - SAME

The CLICK of Monica's "f*ck me pumps" announce her arrival. Gregory keeps his head down, working.

MONICA
You're going to lose this case.

GREGORY
Thanks for the pep talk. Now if you don't mind.

Ignoring the brush-off, Monica CLICKS her way to his desk and leans on it, giving him a good look at her RACK.

MONICA
I thought your approach was interesting. But the jury was bored.

A SOUND, followed by Paul's FACE on the computer screen:

PAUL
Sorry to interrupt. Jack just called. Again.
(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)
He said if you don't report to his
office right now, he's coming to
yours.

GREGORY
(rising, wearily)
I'm on my way.

MONICA
When you're done with him, I have
some thoughts on how you could still
pull this one off.

He exits. A Cheshire SMILE creeps across her face.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - SAME

GREGORY
(passing Paul's desk)
I need the manufacturer of my
client's Mechanical.

PAUL
(checking computer)
It's Universal.

ANGLE - COMPUTER SCREEN - SAME

An online IMAGE of Universal Kinematics Web Page becomes:

EXT. UNIVERSAL KINEMATICS - HEAD QUARTERS - ESTABLISHING

*This is the "Apple" of the Robotics industry: A behemoth
organization with a history of innovation and market
domination.*

CLOSE ON: A **PRIMITIVE MECHANICAL PERSON**

PRIMITIVE MECHANICAL
The answer is yes, I must.

The mechanical is speaking to an **INTERVIEWER**.

INTERVIEWER
A human infant falls into a swimming
pool. What do you do?

PRIMITIVE MECHANICAL
Retrieve the infant.

INTERVIEWER
Even though submersion in water
might incapacitate you?

PRIMITIVE MECHANICAL
Yes. Priority goes to the human.

INTERVIEWER
What if another human forbids you
from saving the infant?

Pause.

PRIMITIVE MECHANICAL
There is a conflict.

INTERVIEWER
Exactly. What do you do?

Pause.

PRIMITIVE MECHANICAL
There's a conflict.

INTERVIEWER
Yes. Given that there is a
conflict, and you only have moments
to act, what do you do?

Pause.

PRIMITIVE MECHANICAL
There is a conflict.

REVEAL we are:

INT. AUDITORIUM - SAME

A LARGE SCREEN with an audience of **CORPORATE TYPES**. The video dissolves into the UNIVERSAL LOGO. Jerry stands at a podium, every bit the cocky executive. It should remind us of the events Steve Jobs would host for Apple.

JERRY
We've come a long way since the
early days, haven't we? Mechanicals
are now able to navigate the
complexities - and conflicts - that
are part of modern living. Their
actions are based on a legally
mandated hierarchy of values
affectionately known as Asimov's
Laws:

As Jerry speaks, the laws APPEAR behind him in text.

JERRY

Preserve human life. Obey human command. Preservation of self. Heck, eventually we even taught 'em to swim.

Polite LAUGHTER from the room.

JERRY

For over a generation, Universal Kinematics has been the leading manufacturer of Mechanical Beings. But of course, without the right people distributing our product, we'd be like "the other guys."

An image of a Low-Rent Salesman with an inferior Mechanical Being appears. (Think Mac/PC campaign) More CHUCKLES.

JERRY

Let me end the suspense right now: Congratulations, you've all been officially approved to own and operate Universal Dealerships.

Hoots and Hollers from the crowd.

JERRY

Now for the really good news: You won't even have to sell our products, because They. Sell. Themselves.

He gestures to the screen. SNOWFLAKES appear. We HEAR various VOICES; SEE various FACES.

DIFFERENT FACES/VOICES

I am a Snowflake. I am a snowflake. No two of us are alike. I am a Snowflake...

The different faces become various Mechanical People: Men, women, young, old, black, white, etc. As they share the duty of narrating, we see them being "wired" with fiber optic cables from the inside out, and growing from children to adults in time-lapsed footage.

DIFFERENT FACES/VOICES

I contain Universal's patented intelligence chip and award-winning software. My one hundred percent organic exterior is unique. Why? Because that's how you like it.

(MORE)

DIFFERENT FACES/VOICES (CONT'D)

So I can be whatever you need me to be. I am a snowflake... I am a snowflake... I am a Snowflake...

As the voices ECHO OUT, the screen goes blank. Applause.

JERRY

Any questions?

(No one raises their hand)

Well, then let me say this...

(suddenly noticing a hand)

... Yes?

A young woman sits in the front row. Meet **MIRANDA STEWART**. She is full of nervous energy.

MIRANDA

Miranda Stewart. Editor of online magazine "Everyday Andro" and self-professed nerd. I hope you don't mind party crashers. I came here with a friend - I won't say who - to protect the innocent.

Laughs from just about everyone. She seems harmless, but Jerry doesn't like surprises. His PR instincts kick in.

JERRY

This is terrific. What's your question?

MIRANDA

My readers and I are such fans of your products. Why don't any of "the other guys" create a Snowflake line?

JERRY

(appreciating the softball)

They would if they could. But right before the switch from Synthetic to Organic, we secured a contract with the government for the largest DNA pools. Once we locked up that resource, we created the first and only Snowflake line, and the other guys had to fight over what was left. That's why their models tend to look alike.

Jerry gives a "thumbs down," registering his appraisal of "The Other Guys." The Dealers eat it up. But Miranda's not done:

MIRANDA

Interesting. I was wondering. Last month in Seattle, there was another protest against Universal. How do you respond to the claim that it's unethical to sell Organic?

JERRY

Well, that's Seattle for you.

(as room laughs)

But all kidding aside, our DNA lines were acquired legally, with full government approval. Thank you, Miranda. Anyone else?

A **DEALER** shouts from the back.

DEALER

How soon til our fleets get delivered?!

JERRY

Love the enthusiasm. Within ninety days, depending on where in the country you're located.

Miranda's still not done.

MIRANDA

Sorry, just to follow up. These government controlled DNA lines. How are they sourced?

JERRY

Oh, you know, John Does, organ donors. Basically, whenever claims of privacy are forfeited and custody reverts to the government.

MIRANDA

So... prison populations?

JERRY

(growing weary)

What about them, Miranda?

MIRANDA

Aren't they the largest source of government DNA?

Jerry exchanges a MEANINGFUL GLANCE with his colleagues.

JERRY

Yes, as a matter of fact, they are.
And it's no secret. It's been
published many times.

MIRANDA

What's never been published is your
official defect rate. At least I
can't find it. And I'm pretty good
with a computer. Your products set
the industry standard. Why not
publish the defect rate?

This seemingly harmless nerd is starting to annoy.

JERRY

Miranda, I would love to talk to you
about this more in person, so I'm
going to have Myles, from our PR
department speak with you. Myles?

Myles, a BIG MAN in a suit, approaches Miranda.

JERRY

(smooth, to crowd)

While that's being scheduled, I'd
like to remind the rest of you:
Universal doesn't just sell
Organics. We've also got
Synthetics. And Hybrids. We have
everything your customer could
possibly need to own and operate a
Mechanical Being. You might say our
approach is "Universal". And
starting today, so is yours.

(huge applause, then)

Now, do you people want to sit
around here all day? Or would you
rather celebrate with a couple of
real, live, Snowflakes?

On cue: CONFETTI drops, MUSIC plays, and an instant PARTY
appears: **SEXY MECHANICALS** of every type fill the aisles,
pull audience members up, DANCE etc. JERRY surveys the
scene with the glassy eyes of a man playing the puppet
master. A beautiful blonde Mechanical, **EVETTE**, sashays up
and gives Jerry a KISS on the cheek. More on her later.
But for now: A look TREPIDATION creeps over Jerry's face as:

MIRANDA is "escorted" from the room by the very LARGE men in
suits.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

JACK is the senior partner of Gregory's firm.

JACK

What the hell were you doing in court today?

GREGORY

Representing my client's interest.

JACK

What about the interests of this firm? Did you think about that before you declared war on the police department?

GREGORY

Not the entire department, just Lynch and his goons at Mechanical Control.

JACK

Those goons are heroes in the eyes of the public. Did you hear about the woman in the park who got stabbed?

GREGORY

(impatiently)

Yeah. Look Jack, you knew when you hired me. I'm a high-risk, high-return kind of guy.

JACK

I know, just like your father, rest his soul. But I'm warning you, a loss in a high profile case like this can cost you - and this firm - more than either of us can afford.

(beat)

You know, Monica has some interesting thoughts on this case.

GREGORY

Jack, please. She's your daughter, so I'm going to be polite...

JACK

I certainly hope so.

GREGORY

(retrenching)

Don't get me wrong, she's young and smart, and no doubt someday she'll be my boss. But our styles are different.

JACK

So? Different can be a good thing. Don't you agree?

Jack turns to a **MECHANICAL** who has been watering plants in the office. He wears a JUMPSUIT UNIFORM with a plant logo.

PLANT WATERER

(emphatic)

Yes, sir.

Jack shoots Gregory a "there you go" look. But two can play at this game. Gregory addresses the plant waterer:

GREGORY

But don't you agree forcing people to work together is a bad thing?

PLANT WATERER

(equally emphatic)

Yes, sir.

Gregory returns the "there you go" look. Jack sighs.

JACK

Greg. It's a done deal. I want Monica on this case.

GREGORY

Just like that? I have no say?

JACK

This is all your own doing. You took the case. You took on the cops. Now the stakes are too high. You want someone to blame? Look in the mirror. What kind of wine does your Mother like again?

GREGORY

(exiting, dejected)

Cabernet.

INT. RECYCLING CENTER - DAY

It's more like a dump. A CRANE with a large jaw chomps into a huge pile of trash and moves it - in a seemingly pointless effort - to yet another huge pile of trash.

REVEAL: We are looking through the WINDOW of a cluttered office that monitors the whole operation. David listens to a **FOREMAN**, who is trying to dismiss him.

FOREMAN

You're wasting my time here. The
second a Mechanical hits this
complex, it belongs to me.

DAVID

She was my daughter.

The Foreman turns to a blue collar **WORKER**.

FOREMAN

Can you believe this one?

WORKER

Thinks he's one of us.

FOREMAN

You one of those Mechanicals that
doesn't know it's place?

DAVID

No... I know my place.

WORKER

I'll tell you where your place is:
In one of them piles with your
daughter. Where defectives go.

DAVID

I'm not defective. And neither was
my daughter. It was an accident.

FOREMAN

My sister had a Mechanical go
defective on her. Stopped taking
commands the day after the warranty
ran out.

WORKER

Typical. What she do?

FOREMAN

Had it melted down and made into a faucet. Huge. Filled her bathtub like this.

The Foreman moves his arms like he's steering a bus. The guys laugh heartily.

DAVID

That's ridiculous. Mechanicals have been metal-free for generations.

WORKER

It was just a joke. You think by now they could make a Mechanical with a sense of humor.

David fidgets nervously in his seat.

DAVID

I need to retrieve something from my daughter's remains before she's... recycled. My owner let Tina wear a valuable watch.

FOREMAN

(rolling his eyes)
Liberals. Take him to the cooler.

INT. THE COOLER - MOMENTS LATER

The worker weaves a RATTY SMART CAR through piles of trash. David's breath is VISIBLE from the cold temperature.

Every once in a while we get a good look at a pile: Some contain whole BODIES, some contain ARMS only, some LEGS only. But the effect isn't really gruesome; it's surreal.

WORKER

She's in the Kindergarten.

DAVID

The what?

The worker stops the car. They exit in front of a large pile of what look like CHILDREN stacked about six feet high.

But they aren't children - at least not in the human sense. Here and there, little fiber optic CORDS and silicone CHIPS peek out from places on their tattered bodies. The worker waves an inventory tracker over the pile. As he searches for a SIGNAL:

WORKER
Synthetic, Synthetic, Synthetic,
Hybrid... Found her.

He reaches into the pile and pulls on a small HAND. Tina's now doll-like body EMERGES from the pile.

DAVID
Careful!

WORKER
(eyes narrowing)
You giving me an order?

DAVID
No. Of course not.

WORKER
You just gave me an order. That's a sign of defect.

WHOOSH! Something runs past them. They turn to see:

A HEADLESS ADULT MECHANICAL BODY has just run by. The body runs haphazardly, like a chicken with it's head cut off. The worker gives chase and tackles it, but the body continues to SPASM.

David seizes the opportunity to hold Tina's body closer. As he clutches her, we:

FLASH BACK:

INT. TINA'S ROOM

Tina lays as before. But this time, as CAMERA PUSHES IN:

TINA
I'm already awake, Daddy.

RETURN TO SCENE

David reacts. In hindsight, it's much clearer: Tina wasn't just physically awake. She was emotionally awake. She had crossed the tenuous boundary between machine and human.

And now we know... David has too.

David gently fingers the GASH on the back of Tina's head. Next to a BAR CODE TATTOO, fiber optic cables and a silicone CHIP peek through.

WORKER

Find the watch?

David looks up to find the worker looming over him.

DAVID

She must have lost it. And I'm sorry about what happened a moment ago. I was just worried about the watch. That's all.

WORKER

(skeptical beat)

Lost the watch, huh? Then she's in the wrong pile. Toss her in there.

He points to a pile marked "Defects." It's dirty.

DAVID

Are you sure that's necessary?

WORKER

If you don't toss her into the defect pile right now, I'll disable you and throw you in the pile with her.

David carries Tina's body to the defect pile and reluctantly places it on top.

WORKER

You know your way out. I got work to do.

As David walks away, he sneaks a glance into his OPEN PALM.

CU: David's Hand. It holds a SILICONE CHIP from Tina's body.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. LYDIA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A dinner party in progress. Lisa, wearing a SERVER'S UNIFORM, clears plates. Lydia takes a sip of wine.

LYDIA

This cabernet is wonderful. Jack,
thank you for remembering.

Jack and Gregory exchange a collegial nod. Jack sits next to his **TROPHY WIFE**, who is about the same age as Monica.

LYDIA

And speaking of remembering.
Monica, I can remember when you were
this high. And now look at you.
You're just beautiful.
(to Gregory)
Isn't she beautiful?

GREGORY

Yes.

LYDIA

I hope my son hasn't caused you too
much trouble.

JACK

The folks at City Hall are pretty
bent out of shape.

MONICA

None of that will matter if we win.
They'll be too afraid of us. I was
telling Gregory, if we just massage
the argument a little--

GREGORY

It's too late to shift gears. It'll
be viewed, correctly, as cynical.

Lydia tries to lighten the mood.

LYDIA

You've always been so willful. I
don't know where he gets it.
Certainly not from me.

GREGORY

Mother, you're the only one to blame
for how I turned out.

As Lydia and Gregory share an impish energy:

JACK

Funny how your boys turned out so different.

Jack refers to the large portrait on the wall. It features Lydia, Gregory, and **CALVIN**, Lydia's oldest son. Lydia and David smile warmly in the portrait. Calvin's expression is hollow. A cipher.

JACK

I haven't seen Calvin in years.
Where is he these days?

Slight pause. Lydia chooses her words carefully.

LYDIA

Calvin has always been so dedicated to his work. We don't get to see him nearly as much as we'd like.

A non-answer, and everyone knows it. Jack produces a cigar.

LISA

Sir, I'm required to tell you that smoking is dangerous to your health and the health of those around you.

LYDIA

Thank you , Lisa.
(as Lisa exits)
Sorry, it's a default setting.

JACK

(putting away cigar)
I turn those off first thing.
Having a machine tell you what to do is crazy. Why do you think I got divorced?

Jack laughs. No one else does. Especially not Monica.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Lisa enters with dirty dishes. David enters from the back door, disheveled. Different.

LISA

You're late.

DAVID

You think I don't know that?

LISA

The main course is over. Doesn't
Tammy look cute in Tina's dress?

ANGLE: **TAMMY** does dishes on a stepping stool in front of the sink. She looks EXACTLY LIKE TINA, but with DARK HAIR (not a Snowflake). **NOTE: THIS ROLE WILL BE PLAYED BY THE SAME ACTRESS AS TINA.**

As Tammy looks David squarely in the eye, she smiles.

TAMMY

Hi.

The resemblance is too much. David's face darkens.

INT. DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

David refills wine glasses, unseen and unappreciated, as Monica openly challenges Gregory.

MONICA

Greg, it's not that big a deal. It
was just a machine.

GREGORY

That machine was as much a part of
the family as any person.

MONICA

But it wasn't a person.

GREGORY

It was a mechanical person.

MONICA

It was a machine.

LYDIA

Oh, you lawyers and your words.
Machine, mechanical person. Does it
really matter what we call them?

JACK

It's all part of a process. To make
them seem more like us.

JACK'S WIFE

Let's not talk politics, honey.

MONICA

What would you like to talk about,
"Mom"?

Daggers. In spite of himself, Gregory is amused by the cat fight. Jack blathers on.

JACK

I saw it coming a long time ago. We couldn't leave well-enough alone. Had to make them look like us. Talk like us. Then the big switch to Organic, because that's supposedly what people wanted. We were told children wouldn't be afraid of the baby sitter, the elderly wouldn't feel so alone. But I'll just say it: the true motivator was guys who couldn't get laid in the real world.

JACK'S WIFE

This wine is wonderful.

JACK

It's gotten to the point where you can't always tell at first glance if you're talking to a human or a mechanical anymore.

GREGORY

It's easy. Ask them to do you a favor. If they tell you to go to hell, they're one of us.

Everyone laughs, breaking the tension. Lydia rises.

LYDIA

There's cake in the solarium.

As they retire, David finds Jack and holds up a CIGAR.

DAVID

Sir?

Jack accepts, slightly puzzled. David lights Jack's cigar, looking him DEAD in the eye. As the tip IGNITES:

DAVID

Please, enjoy.

INT. SOLARIUM - LATER

Everyone listens as David plays a classical song with more passion than ever. A virtuoso. Lydia whispers to Gregory:

LYDIA

I think Monica has a crush on you.

GREGORY
Mother, please.

LYDIA
(playfully)
I want grandchildren.

AT THE PIANO: David finishes with a flourish.

MONICA
That was impressive. How many songs
does it know?

LYDIA
(before Gregory can object)
He reads music, so... all of them.

Lydia joins David at the piano.

LYDIA
David, play that song from the other
day. It was beautiful.

DAVID
(hesitant beat)
Yes, Ma'am.

David plays the OPENING NOTES of Tina's Music Box Song. As he plays, a swell of emotion overcomes him. He hits a WRONG NOTE.

DAVID
Let me start again.

CONCERN creeps across Lydia's face. David has never missed a note in his life. He starts over, more slowly.

David's FACE is twisted with angst. He hits more incorrect notes. He stops playing - keeping his BACK to the room.

JACK'S WIFE
Is something wrong?

LYDIA
Of course not. Everything's fine.
Isn't it, David?

EXTREME CLOSE UP: A TEAR rolls down David's face.

The enormity of this can't be over-stated. This is the first tear David has ever shed in his life.

DAVID
I don't know.

LYDIA
(instinctively)
This is all my fault. I over-worked
you with all that pruning. I wanted
it done in time for the party and I
forced you to exceed your capacity.
That will be all for tonight, David.
Thank you very much.

She gently pats his shoulder. He scuttles from the room.

JACK
You should get that checked out.

LYDIA
And I will. Now, who wants brandy?

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Susan pulls down the sheets. David is a wreck.

SUSAN
I still don't understand.

DAVID
I don't know how to say it any other
way. What about it don't you
understand?

SUSAN
You miss Tina.

DAVID
Yes. I want to hold her again.

SUSAN
That's not possible.

She goes back to preparing the bed.

DAVID
I know. I just thought you should
know how I felt.

SUSAN
Why?

DAVID
(taking her hands in his)
You're my wife. Husbands and wives
should tell each other everything.

Susan pulls her hands from his.

SUSAN
They're going to send you away.

DAVID
Lydia would never do that.

SUSAN
She has to, David. You're defective.

DAVID
I'm not defective!

SUSAN
You're shouting.

DAVID
I'm sorry. Everything just feels
so new.

David holds her. It's awkward. A DIGITAL CLOCK strikes
10:00 exactly. She pulls away.

SUSAN
It's time for bed.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - COMMERCIAL FOOTAGE

A "**DOCTOR**" holds up a box of medicine labelled "Compliance".
The Doctor speaks DIRECTLY TO CAMERA.

DOCTOR
Everyday, thousands are switching to
Compliance. The most effective
mood stabilizer specifically
developed for Organic Mechanicals.

TESTIMONIAL: **SEAN** is on a tennis court. Cheesy MUSIC.

SEAN
I put my Organic on Compliance two
months ago. We were having the
usual problems: lack of focus,
periodic mood swings. It was really
affecting his performance. Since
Compliance, he's been good as new.
(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)
(to OFF CAMERA)
Haven't you, Fred?

ANGLE: **FRED**, mows the lawn and gives a friendly wave.

PRODUCT SHOT: Compliance bottle.

DOCTOR (V.O.)
Make the switch. Take action, take
Compliance. Available at your
favorite drug store.

In the back ground, Fred and Sean now play tennis. Fred misses a shot. CHYRON: Real Person and Real Mechanical.

FRED
(friendly)
You win again!

INT. BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

David awakens. He turns over to find: Susan is GONE.

DAVID
Susan?

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENT LATER

David pads down the hallway in his pajamas. He notices:

INT. TINA'S ROOM - SAME

The music box is GONE.

INT. KITCHEN

Kyle sits at the EMPTY TABLE, doing absolutely nothing. David enters, flustered.

DAVID
Where's your Mother?

KYLE
I don't know. She's should be here.

David bolts from the room. STAY ON KYLE as he sits in silence, like a dog waiting to be fed. Behind him, a CLOCK advances from 6:59 to 7:00 am. Kyle rises.

INT. LISA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Lisa and Susan have coffee. The MUSIC BOX is on the table.

LISA
I'm so glad you changed your mind.
I've been thinking about that music
box just sitting there with no
little girl to enjoy it.

Susan smiles weakly.

LISA
Tammy? Come here please!
(to Susan)
You haven't touched your coffee.

SUSAN
I really should go.

TAMMY
Yes, Mommy?

LISA
Look what Susan brought you.

Lisa opens the music box. Music PLAYS. The ballerina
TWIRLS. Tammy is enthralled. As she reaches for it:

DAVID (O.S.)
Don't even touch it.

David's sudden presence startles everyone. He grabs the
music box away from Tammy, KNOCKING HER TO THE FLOOR.

SUSAN
David! What's come over you?!

He strides out. Susan starts after him, then doubles back.

SUSAN
You have nothing to report. Do you
understand me? Nothing.

Susan exits. Lisa looks on SUSPICIOUSLY - completely
ignoring her young daughter, who whimpers on the floor.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. STREET - SAME MORNING

Kyle walks to school, behind a pack of UNIFORMED MECHANICAL KIDS. They share a polite, orderly social style. HUMAN KIDS walk in the opposite direction, dressed slovenly, spitting on the sidewalk, etc. A study in contrasts.

INT. CAR - SAME

Roberta drives, in a tennis outfit. Elizabeth ventures:

ELIZABETH

I was thinking. Maybe I could start walking to school from now on.

ROBERTA

Not with those things walking around. One of them could go berserk.

ELIZABETH

They've been programmed to never harm us.

ROBERTA

Tell that to the woman who was stabbed in that park.

The car stops at a light. It's SURROUNDED by a SLOW-MOVING HERD of Mechanical Kids, who silently pass. It's beautiful, and eerie.

ROBERTA

I don't know why people insist on sending them to school.

ELIZABETH

Daddy says in order for them to perform higher functions, they have to be socialized. Kind of like seeing eye dogs. They train them from puppies, you know.

ROBERTA

Yeah, they're just like puppies. They start out small and cute. Then they get bigger, stronger, and suddenly, if you're not careful, you have a major problem on your hands.

ELIZABETH

Daddy says...

ROBERTA

Your father says whatever he's paid to say.

ELIZABETH

Why don't you just get a divorce?
Daddy says neither of you are happy.

Roberta SLAPS her across the face.

ROBERTA

You want to walk to school? Walk.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Elizabeth bolts from the car. Her BOOKBAG lands at her feet. As she watches Roberta drive away, she sobs.

KYLE (O.S.)

Excuse me. Is this yours?

Elizabeth turns to find: KYLE, holding her book bag. He's the most handsome boy she's ever seen - Mechanical or not. She forgets all about her Mother in an instant.

INT. GREGORY'S OFFICE - MORNING

Gregory works at his desk, wearing the same clothes he wore at the dinner party. He's unshaven; his hair is a mess. Frustrated, he DELETES whatever he has just typed into his computer. The sound of CLICKING HEELS means only one thing:

MONICA

You been here all night?

GREGORY

(without looking up)
Mhm.

MONICA

I'm supposed to be helping you.

GREGORY

Fine. Get me some coffee.

Ignoring the slight, she pours him a cup from a side table.

MONICA

Seeing your mother again after all this time reminded me of something.

(MORE)

MONICA (CONT'D)

She's always been such a bleeding heart. It had to rub off on you. It's sweet the way you treat your Mechanicals. Like they're one of the family. It's not like most people. That's why you took this case, isn't it? To change the way the world thinks.

She searches his face for affirmation of her theory.

GREGORY

Wrong. I took this case because it's a potential gold mine. If I can convince people that Mechanicals are worth more than just their purchase price, this firm becomes the go-to place for anyone with a sob story. And in court, sob stories equal money.

This blatant mercenary rant is an aphrodisiac to her.

MONICA

Then focus on the true victim in the case. The man. Not the machine.

Gregory lets this sink in as we hear:

GREGORY (V.O.)

Henry was old for a Mechanical. But not too old to be useful.

INT. COURT ROOM - LATER

Gregory still looks scruffy, but his spirit is emboldened.

GREGORY

And there was no one who had more use for Henry than my client.

Gregory points to his Client. Monica sits next to him.

GREGORY

When he was a little boy, there was only one thing he could depend on. His Mechanical, Henry. His parents were too busy working, traveling the world. So whenever he was sick, whenever he was wet, whenever he was scared, Henry was there.

(MORE)

GREGORY (CONT'D)

And when my client became a man and had children of his own, he trusted Henry to take care of them. As long as Henry was around, my client knew his family was safe. How do you put a price tag on peace of mind? What's that worth to you?

Gregory pauses in front of a sympathetic FEMALE JUROR. In his stubble and scruff, Gregory only looks more handsome.

INT. COURT ROOM HALLWAY - LATER

Observers spill out of the court room. The Client shakes Gregory's hand. Victory.

GREGORY

What are you going to do with all that money?

CLIENT

My wife thinks we should get a fancy new Organic, but I don't know. I'd rather just get Henry restored. If it's even possible.

GREGORY

(handing him a card)
Try this place. Tell them I sent you.

CLIENT

You're a good man. Thanks for everything.

As the Client exits, Monica slinks up.

MONICA

You did it.

GREGORY

Well, I had a little help.

MONICA

(pointed)
Yes, you did. Buy me lunch?

Gregory's cell phone rings. Gregory checks it.

GREGORY

It's my mother. Excuse me. Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LYDIA'S MANSION - SOLARIUM

LYDIA

I'm been trying to reach you all morning.

GREGORY

I told you I'd be in court.

(savoring it)

We won. Punitive damages, the works.

LYDIA

That's wonderful, dear. Can you come home right away?

(beat, then)

It's happened again.

Behind her, David clutches the MUSIC BOX.

DAVID

If you turn me in, I understand.

EXT. COURT HOUSE STEPS - SAME

Gregory takes the steps quickly. He looks up to see: LYNCH and SEVERAL COPS, milling about. No way to avoid them.

GREGORY

Captain.

LYNCH

Counselor.

GREGORY

I hope there's no hard feelings.

The cops snort in contempt. Lynch is more politic.

LYNCH

You were just doing your job.

GREGORY

Yes. Yes I was.

LYNCH

Like I was doing mine.

Gregory tries to match Lynch's politic tone.

GREGORY

Well I can see now, how perhaps...
Yes, I suppose you were.

LYNCH
So we have an understanding then.

GREGORY
I hope so.

Lynch steps aside. Gregory continues on his way.

LYNCH
(to Cops)
Start a file on him.

EXT. PARK - LATER

It's a wild, natural space. Kyle and Elizabeth walk.

KYLE
You don't have to apologize.

ELIZABETH
I know I don't have to, but I want to. She was your sister.

KYLE
(thoughtful beat)
You're a really nice person.

ELIZABETH
(blushes, then)
Do you ever wonder what it's like to be human?

KYLE
Do you ever wonder what it's like to be mechanical?

ELIZABETH
(laughing at the thought)
I guess not.

She can barely take her eyes off of him. Then, realizing:

ELIZABETH
You should get to school. You're already late. You'll be in trouble.

KYLE
I'm escorting a human to her destination. Keeping her safe.

ELIZABETH

I don't have a destination. I'm cutting class today. And I can take care of myself.

KYLE

Are you asking me to leave?

ELIZABETH

(retrenching)

No. Stay.

As they walk, she takes off her glasses and ventures:

ELIZABETH

Do you...? Never mind.

KYLE

Do I what?

ELIZABETH

Do you... think I'm pretty?

KYLE

(cocks head)

I think you're beautiful.

ELIZABETH

You're just being nice because you have to.

KYLE

(facing her squarely)

No. You're beautiful. It's just a fact. And Mechanicals never lie.

INT. SOLARIUM - SAME

Lydia sits with David.

DAVID

I don't understand what's happening.

LYDIA

It must be very confusing. But you don't have to worry. You're safe with us. Isn't that right, Gregory?

Gregory paces anxiously in the background.

GREGORY

We have to consider the ripple effect.

DAVID
Ripple effect?

Lydia calmly sips her tea.

LYDIA
Sometimes when a Mechanical...
(searching for the word)
awakens, it can affect others it has
intimate contact with. It's quite
natural, when you think about it.

Hidden around a corner, SUSAN LISTENS. She sneaks out.

LYDIA
Go home dear. Get some rest. We'll
figure something out.

David exits. Lydia waits until she hears the back door open
and close. Then gravely:

LYDIA
We should probably call him.

GREGORY
Calvin? Absolutely not. He'd only
make things worse.

LYDIA
He has the resources.

GREGORY
He's not stable.

LYDIA
(beat, then relenting)
Fine. Can you get the paper work
started?

GREGORY
I'll go to the office now.
(stops himself)
Are you sure we want to go through
this again?

LYDIA
It's the right thing to do.

He nods reluctantly. She gives him a gentle hug.

LYDIA
I don't think I say this enough:
You're so brave. I love you.

GREGORY
I love you too.

EXT. MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Gregory approaches his car. Lisa pops up.

GREGORY
Lisa. You startled me.

LISA
I have something to report. It's
about David.

GREGORY
(beat, then casually)
Let's talk about it at your place.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

A CHILD CANCER PATIENT sleeps in bed. Her **MOTHER** turns to
face an attending DOCTOR.

MOTHER
(very emotional)
You're a miracle worker. You saved
my baby's life. May I give you a
hug?

REVEAL: The doctor is **CALVIN**. He smiles, as if remembering
how it's done.

CALVIN
Of course.

The hug is awkward. His phone rings. He seems relieved.

CALVIN
Excuse me.
(walking away as he answers)
Yes?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MANSION - SAME TIME

Lydia peeks out the window as: Gregory LEAVES Lisa's house.

LYDIA
Calvin? It's Mother. It's been too
long. How are you dear?

Calvin now strides down a bright hospital HALLWAY.

CALVIN

Is that why you called? To find out how I'm doing after all this time?

LYDIA

Why does everything have to be a challenge?

CALVIN

You know the answer to that. Unless dementia has finally started to kick in. How are the tremors? Worse, I imagine.

LYDIA

(not taking the bait)
Calvin, I need a favor.

EXT. PATIO OF COUNTRY CLUB - SAME

Roberta and some **FRIENDS** sit around in tennis whites. A **MECHANICAL WAITRESS** brings Roberta another MARTINI.

MECHANICAL WAITRESS

I'm required to tell you that driving under the influence is against the law. I can get you a cab later.

The Waitress leaves. As Roberta takes a drink:

ROBERTA

Well that was annoying.

FRIEND #1

You gotta take the good with the bad. All I can say is, now that I have one, I don't know how I lived without one.

FRIEND #2

I wouldn't know where to keep it.

FRIEND #1

Throw a cot in your laundry room. You know my sister, the divorced one? She has hers sleep on a recliner in the den. Says it's just like having a husband, except it does the dishes and brings her to orgasm.

The ladies all cackle.

FRIEND #3

Those Organics have gotten so expensive.

FRIEND #1

Roberta's husband is a bigwig at Universal. Maybe he could get you a deal.

FRIEND #3

Do you think he'd mind?

ROBERTA

(takes another swig)
You know Jerry. Anything for a sale.

INT. JERRY'S OFFICE - SAME

Jerry is seated at his desk. He lets out a SIGH. A SOUND from his computer. He hits a button. Miranda Stewart appears on screen.

MIRANDA

Jerry. I'm surprised you answer your own phone.

JERRY

My assistant's at lunch. How did you get this number?

MIRANDA

Nerd power. I'm so excited to get you in person, but I won't keep you. I'm just putting the final touches on my blog and I really need to get that official defect rate. Your PR guy, Myles, said you didn't have time to meet in person for, well... quite a while, and I'm facing a deadline. I wouldn't want to publish an incorrect figure.

Jerry GASPS slightly.

MIRANDA

Is everything all right?

Jerry shifts in his chair slightly, then:

JERRY

Yes. I'm just excited because you've taken such interest in our company, and we rely on the blogosphere to keep up the buzz on our products. Our defect rate is one percent. Lowest in the industry.

MIRANDA

Great... And how many millions of units do sell annually?

JERRY

(another small gasp, then)
Miranda, I'm sorry. I have to go.

The screen goes dark, Jerry shudders... and Evette, the blonde Mechanical, rises from BELOW FRAME.

EVETTE

Anything else, sir?

JERRY

No. That'll do.

INT. DRUG STORE - SAME TIME

Susan approaches the counter. A **CLERK** sits, bored.

CLERK

Good afternoon.

SUSAN

Good afternoon. Compliance, please.

As the clerk reaches for a small box off the shelf:

CLERK

Is this for yourself, or another Mechanical?

As Susan considers how to answer this...

EXT. PARK - DEEPER IN THE WOODS - SAME TIME

Kyle now playfully CARRIES Elizabeth on his back. She giggles, carefree. She's like a different girl.

KYLE

Which way now? Left, or Right?

ELIZABETH
You pick. I'm lost.

The SNAP of a twig catches their attention. What they see instantly breaks the mood:

A CREEPY THUG stands before them, with a KNIFE. He's the one the cops should have been looking for all along.

THUG
You kids are a long way from home.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. PARK/WOODS - AS BEFORE

Kyle LOCKS EYES with the Thug as he slowly slides Elizabeth off his back.

KYLE
(a grave whisper)
Run.

But Elizabeth is frozen in fear. The Thug advances.

KYLE
Run!

Kyle shoves her urgently. As she stumbles away, her GLASSES FALL to the ground. Kyle faces the Thug, who runs up and STABS him in the abdomen. Kyle COLLAPSES.

EXT. PATIO OF COUNTRY CLUB - SAME TIME

The ladies are now pretty buzzed. Someone has just said something funny. Loud Cackles. Roberta's phone rings.

ROBERTA
Hello?
(her face suddenly falls)
Why in hell would you this long to
contact me?
(hangs up, to friends)
Elizabeth never made it to school.

As her friends all commiserate, Roberta rushes out. As she barrels past the waitress:

MECHANICAL WAITRESS
Ma'am? May I get you a cab?

INT. LISA'S KITCHEN

Tammy enters to find Lisa sitting at the table.

TAMMY
Mommy, I'm hungry.

No response from Lisa. She is completely CATATONIC.

TAMMY
(nudging her)
Mommy?

INT. DAVID AND SUSAN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

David sits on the bed, fondling TINA'S CHIP. SUSAN enters with a GLASS of water.

SUSAN
I'm sorry about the music box.

DAVID
You were just trying to protect me.

SUSAN
I was.

DAVID
(pensive beat)
Can I tell you a secret?

SUSAN
Secrets are dangerous, David.

DAVID
Sometimes they give us hope.

He searches her face. She remains a cipher.

SUSAN
You've been through an ordeal. This
will make you feel better.

She offers the GLASS OF WATER. He regards it for what it really is: A betrayal.

DAVID
I'm not thirsty.

David turns his back and HIDES the chip under his pillow. As he curls up in bed like a child, she waits a beat, then slowly DRINKS the contents of the glass.

EXT. PARK/WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Elizabeth RUNS through the woods. Without her glasses, the woods seem DARKER, MISTIER. The stuff of nightmares.

ELIZABETH
HELP! PLEASE! SOMEBODY!

But there is NO ONE in these woods. The Thug lopes behind, making up the distance between them. She heads into a grove of TREES.

THE THUG picks up the pace. The look on his face says it all: He's enjoying the hunt. He passes a large tree.

WHACK! From behind the tree, Elizabeth hits him with a dead branch. He goes down - but not for long. With a truly MURDEROUS LOOK in his eye:

THUG

I was gonna let you live.

In an instant, he's on her. She fights back valiantly, but it's hopeless. He straddles her, a KNIFE to her THROAT.

ELIZABETH

No... Please... Don't...

The KNIFE moves to a button on her blouse. POPS it off.

KYLE (O.S.)

Sir!

The Thug looks up: KYLE, stands defiantly, with the branch. FIBER OPTICS protrude from the wound in his stomach.

THUG

A mechanical.

A small PIECE OF KYLE FALLS TO THE GROUND. The Thug sneers.

THUG

Thanks for the alibi. Now go home.

KYLE

Not until you stop what you're doing.

THUG

I said go home! That's an order!

Kyle DOESN'T BUDGE.

THUG

Fine. Watch.

The Thug starts to UNDO HIS PANTS.

Kyle's face twists in confusion. And yes... RAGE.

As we PUSH IN ON KYLE'S FACE:

KYLE

NO!

Kyle raises the tree branch and BEATS the Thug - repeatedly. Elizabeth recovers and has to physically restrain him.

ELIZABETH

Kyle!! Stop! That's enough!

Kyle finally obeys. They stand over the Thug, breathless.

ELIZABETH

I think you killed him.

The gravity of a Mechanical killing a real person is not lost on either of them.

INT. HOSPITAL - CANCER PATIENT'S ROOM - LATER

Calvin DRAWS BLOOD from the sick child. A **NURSE** enters.

NURSE

You don't have to do that.

Calvin blanches, caught. But only for a moment. Then:

CALVIN

I didn't realize you were in charge of this patient. By the way, congratulations on saving her life against all the odds.

NURSE

I'm sorry, I didn't mean it that way. I just didn't know there were further tests.

CALVIN

Well, next time why don't you figure out what you mean to say before you speak? In the meantime, while you gather your thoughts, I will personally take this sample to the lab.

As he brushes past with the BLOOD SAMPLE...

EXT. PARK/WOODS - EVENING

It's now a crime scene. A **COP** approaches Lynch.

COP

He's alive, barely. These were found nearby.

He offers up Elizabeth's GLASSES in an evidence bag.

SANCHEZ

Guess that rules out a Mechanical.

LYNCH

If a Mechanical is capable of killing, it's capable of planting false evidence. Let's comb the area again before it gets dark.

As Lynch examines the bag containing Elizabeth's glasses...

INT. GREGORY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

FALSE DOCUMENT FORMS cover the desk. Gregory sorts through pictures of David, selecting the best one.

MONICA

Still working?

GREGORY

Lot of paper work when you win a case. More than when you lose.

As she CLICKS over, Gregory subtly BLOCKS her view of the desk.

MONICA

You work too hard. You need to learn how to celebrate your victories.

She produces a long stem ROSE. Offering it:

MONICA

For allowing me the chance to show what I'm capable of.

GREGORY

That's very sweet.

MONICA

I know you think we're different, but we have more in common than you realize. We both need to win. And if we keep working as a team, we'll be unstoppable. As long as I can keep you from prattling on about those stupid machines.

Her choice of words is unfortunate. He rises. Takes her hand. Stand close to her. BLOCKS her view of the desk.

GREGORY

I have a confession to make.
We've known each other a long time.
I've watched you grow from an
awkward girl into a beautiful woman.
There's something you should know.

He leans in close. His LIPS almost brush her EAR. She arches her neck expectantly, as:

GREGORY

It's never. Gonna happen. For us.

Monica's face falls.

GREGORY

I thank you for the flower, though.

Gregory reaches for the rose... and PRICKS his finger.

MONICA

(as he winces)
Serves you right. Let me see.

GREGORY

(sucks on his thumb)
I'm fine.

MONICA

You're bleeding. Let me see.

GREGORY

I said I'm fine, Monica. Now
please, get out.

His tone is final. Stung, she CLICKS her way out.

INT. OUTER OFFICE - PAUL'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Monica CLICKS past Paul.

MONICA

Guess he plays for your team after
all. He's all yours.

Paul looks toward Gregory's office, HOPEFUL.

INT. GREGORY'S OFFICE - SAME

Gregory examines at his finger.

CU: FINGER. Small little fiber optic FILAMENTS jut out of the cut in his skin.

As we said... the future holds many surprises.

MUSIC: "BITTER SWEET SYMPHONY" by The Verve.

END OF PILOT