I AM (first draft)

Ву

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FADE IN:

A light piano key chimes.

"I think therefore I am" Rene Descartes

Another chime.

A mechanical whine can be heard, row open row of powerful fluorescent lights power on.

Another Chime.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER.

There is a silence to the vast expanse, cold and clinical it has been many long years since a soul has entered this place.

Elevator doors ping and grind open; two figures emerge, we're unable to see their faces as they enter the complex.

The first wheels in a large, vertically standing wooden crate using a hand pallet truck. The other follows behind pushing forward a cart filled to the brim with an array of miscellaneous objects.

The wheels to the cart squeak as the pair trek the considerable distance to the approximate center of the bunker.

A pair of smart but worn black shoes, and a pair of bright, brand new red converse trainers halt to a stop.

VICTOR We'll set up here.

JUMP CUT:

RUSSELL, twenties, unloads the contents of the cart; a laptop, a bundle of books, a crowbar, a fold out table and chairs, a small power generator, and a chess set.

He does so with a silent determination, going through the motions of an already thought out plan.

Russell hands the crowbar over to VICTOR.

Victor, late forties, wearing a tatted suit and scarf, takes the crowbar, standing in front of the wooden crate.

The information on the crate's lid reads:

# CRATE NUM. 25071994

### CONTENTS: ONE (1) DEC'ARD SERIES PROTOTYPE ANDROID

Russell stands beside Victor, like children they look up at the crate which looms over them like a monolith.

Russell looks to Victor for guidance, Victor maintains his gaze, raising the crowbar above his head.

The roof of the crate's lid is struck by the crowbar, it splinters and groans from the strain before nails pop loose; falling and clinking against the cold concrete floor.

With a hefty smack the lid falls to the ground, hundreds of polystyrene balls flood out.

Victor drops the crowbar, both he and Russell step forward and peer into the crate.

A woman, twenties, stands within seemingly asleep; like a china doll her skin is flawless and pristine, her hands crossed over her chest.

Russell stands closer to the Android, turning her face to the left to reveal an inked in name: **DAISY** 

Russell holds his gaze for a little too long, it takes Victor to snap him out of his trance.

# VICTOR Take the legs.

Russell and Victor lift Daisy out of the crate, her back remaining rigid and un-giving, she's heavier than she appears.

Russell and Victor manage to lift her a few meters away, her feet touching down with an audible clunk.

Both unfit men, more suited to academia than athletics, take a moment to regain their composure.

JUMP CUT:

Russell sets up the fold out table, opening the chairs on either side.

JUMP CUT:

Victor takes an INSTRUCTION MANUEL from the crate, he takes his glasses from his blazer pocket and reads through the pages. In the background Russell places the chess board onto the fold out table, placing each piece in it's correct place.

FADE TO BLACK:

DAISY'S POINT-OF-VIEW:

A blue terminator-like vale fills the screen, hundreds of little calculations and statistics whiz around the corners.

Victor steps into view, peering over his glasses, the manual still in his hands.

# VICTOR

Russell.

<RUSSELL?> - flashes on the bottom right hand corner of Daisy's point of view.

Russell comes into view, Daisy's targeting system matches his face to the name. He waves a hand in front of her face.

EXIT POINT-OF-VIEW:

Russell continues to wave his hand, her crystalline eyes adjust and follow. Victor swats Russell's hand away.

### RUSSELL

Sorry.

Victor retrieves a small plastic card from his pocket, placing his hand beneath Daisy's neck as if checking for a pulse, he reads it..

> VICTOR A-5 "bubble", B-2 "Crimson", C-3 "handle", P-7 "Disc"...

> > FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

Daisy blinks in a frenzy, her expression blank and emotionless. Sitting with her back straight in one of the fold out chairs, Victor sits opposite her.

Russell paces back and forth.

RUSSELL Are we ready to go?

VICTOR (sizing Russell up) Are you?

Russell stops pacing, looking at Victor, after a few moments he nods.

RUSSELL Yeah. Yeah, I'm ready.

Victor leans back in his chair.

VICTOR

Okay.

Russell pulls up a chair between Daisy and Victor.

RUSSELL

Do you know how to play chess?

Daisy cocks her head to one side, she calculates a precise answer.

DAISY

I'm sorry, I have not been equipped with sufficient data.

VICTOR

Why not?

DAISY

All seventh generation Androids are connected to the mother-link via satellite. If you would like I could download the necessary data?

VICTOR

Go ahead.

Daisy leans her head back, looking up at the ceiling, her eyes open wide and glow an ethereal blue. After several moments she returns back to her calm composure.

> DAISY I cannot connect to the mother-link.

RUSSELL That would be because your deep below the surface of the Earth. VICTOR You're going to have to learn things the hard way.

Victor snaps his fingers, a moment later Russell realizes that he was supposed to do something, he reaches beneath the table and retrieves a CHESS MANUAL.

He motions to hand it to Victor who rejects it, his arms folded. Russell holds the manual out for Daisy instead, she takes it.

### VICTOR

Read it.

Daisy raises the booklet in front of her face, she flicks through the first three pages before reading the thirty page manual in a fleeting moment, handing it back to Russell who takes it back in awe.

> RUSSELL Wish I could do that.

Victor isn't so impressed.

VICTOR Lets play, I'm whites so I'll go first.

He moves a pawn forward.

CUT TO:

INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM - EVENING

Victor, his clothes new and fresh, shoves the equipment on his desk -including a cactus plant- into a cardboard box beneath his left arm.

In his agitated state he back hands a picture frame to the ground, the glass smashing.

VICTOR For fucks sake.

Placing the box on the desk he kneels and picks up the broken frame. Through the cracks in the glass there is an image of Victor and a mature woman, they stand in a loving embrace, glasses of wine in their hands.

Victor looks at the picture before turning it round, opening up the back to reveal a smaller, crinkled photo of a young, pretty girl, around seventeen years old. Victor strokes the image of the girl with his finger.

RUSSELL (O.S) You wanted to see me?

Victor stands, shoving the picture of the girl into his pocket and tossing the photo frame into the box.

Russell stands by the door, a rucksack slung over one shoulder and headphones wrapped around his neck.

Victor collects himself.

VICTOR Yes, please, come in.

Russell half sits/stands against a desk.

### VICTOR

As I'm sure you are already aware my time hear is at an end. I've been given my redundancy and that's that.

RUSSELL Yeah, I'm sorry to-

VICTOR Please. I have something to ask of you.

Russell, not sure what to say, plays with the straps on his rucksack.

VICTOR

I'm in need of a seventh generation android model for an experiment.

RUSSELL The ones my Dad makes?

### VICTOR

Yes, I can give you what little money I have left, but this needs to remain a secret between us two.

### RUSSELL

But they're still prototypes, it'll be months before they hit the market. Besides, no offense sir, but I don't think you'd be able to afford one. VICTOR I'm aware of that. That's why I need your assistance.

RUSSELL But sir, I can't just give you one. My Dad won't even let me have one.

### VICTOR

Don't you see! If I can get this to work then they'll have to keep me on board. This is for science.

RUSSELL

For science?

#### VICTOR

Yes, science. This is bigger than us. Just hear me out. Chess, that's the secret, it's the key. If we can take an android and play it at a game of chess, then we have a chance of giving the machine true, human, emotions.

### RUSSELL

My laptop can play chess. You don't see it going around high fiveing old age pensioners after it's won a game.

#### VICTOR

Your laptop doesn't have a fraction of the processing power an android has. Android's have near equal, if not better, processing capabilities than humans.

### RUSSELL

Every family in the country has at least a basic model, if it was possible it would have been done by now.

### VICTOR

That's where you're wrong. It's the new prototypes that we need. We need a seventh generation model...the one's your father patented. If we can be the first to make one of these models feel true human emotion, we'll be rich, famous even. If we can make the (MORE)

### VICTOR (cont'd)

android feel anger, then all the other emotions come flooding in as a consequence, you can't have one without the other. You can't have hot without cold, light without dark, anger without joy. What do you say?

Russell takes a long, hard look at his science professor.

BACK TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - AN HOUR LATER

Daisy moves her queen and takes Victor's king.

DAISY Check mate, I win.

RUSSELL That's makes four, nothing.

Victor has lost his cool somewhat, he clenches his fist before smiling.

VICTOR Okay, let's go again.

### MONTAGE:

Victor and Daisy play another game of chess, this time however Victor makes all the wrong moves intentionally; moving a piece without looking, holding his hands in front of his eyes, all in hopes of getting a rise out of her.

As the game progresses Victor gains the upper hand, confusion sweeping across Daisy's face.

MONTAGE ENDS:

Victor takes her king.

VICTOR Check mate, *I* win.

Daisy stands and slaps the chess board off the table.

# DAISY No! You cheated!

Russell falls back in his chair, his legs shooting up into the air.

8.

Victor stays where he is, his face calm, a wry grin etched across his face.

VICTOR Getting a little angry are we?

It dawns on Daisy that she is thinking outside her normal parameters, her eyes dart left and right before she sits back down, confused and scared.

Russell clambers to his feet and sits back at the table.

DAISY There is something wrong with my operating systems. I am suffering from a malfunction, my core drives must be reset if I am to operate at full capacity.

Victor leans forwards in his seat.

VICTOR Your core drives are fine, what you just felt? That. That was anger.

DAISY I am a seventh generation android, we are incapable of such things.

VICTOR And yet there lay the strewn pieces that you yourself threw to the ground.

Daisy sits still, her frantic eyes defying the rest of her body.

DAISY What. Is. Happening.I can feel things, think things. I am afraid...I...am...cold.

like some puppet cut from it's strings, Daisy shuts her eyes and goes limp.

RUSSELL Vic, what's going on?

Victor stands and pushes Daisy to a normal sitting position.

VICTOR It's thinking for itself for the first time. RUSSELL So that's it? She's broken?

VICTOR No, it's shut itself down to prevent further damage. We'll just have to wait until it reboots.

RUSSELL How long's that going to take?

VICTOR Your guess is as good as mine.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

SCREEN BLACK.

# VICTOR (V.O) I won't be gone for long.

Victor's footsteps echo as he leaves the bunker, followed by the ping of the elevator doors.

RUSSELL (V.O) Maybe this will wake you up. Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grind- stone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze

his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice.

FROM THE BLACK VOID ON SCREEN AN OLD MAN, SCROOGE, APPEARS. OR RATHER, VICTOR DRESSED AS SCROOGE.

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

Daisy opens her eyes, but not like she did before, she looks about herself in a very human way, taking everything in.

She notices Russell sitting with his legs crossed on the fold out table, a book in his hands.

# DAISY

What are you reading?

Russell stops reading from the book, startled he looks over to Daisy, an odd look in his eyes.

> RUSSELL Dickens. Charles Dickens. One of his stories, "A Christmas Carol"

Daisy, with all the grace of a ballet dancer, stands and glides towards Russell, much to his surprise.

Unaware that she is in his personal space, she puts her cheek close to his as she looks down at a book filled with Dickens' complete works.

Russell's face turns a peculiar red, stealing a moment he looks at her.

Daisy takes the book from his hand and analyzes it as if it were some secret treasure map.

She opens it up and reads all the pages like a flip book, not satisfied she flicks through it again and again.

It takes Russell to stop her, holding her hand.

RUSSELL Wow, hey, slow down. You'll never read it that way.

DAISY It isn't working. Why isn't it working.

Daisy gets an idea, she hands it to Russell.

DAISY Read it, please.

Daisy looks into his eyes unflinchingly.

# RUSSELL

Well, okay.

Russell takes the book and goes back to reading it aloud. As he does Daisy closes her eyes and smiles.

### BLACK VOID:

Victor is back as Scrooge. We catch Russell narrating several sections from the story.

RUSSELL (V.O) Merry Christmas Uncle!

# VICTOR/SCROOGE Bah! Humbug!

### FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

# VICTOR/SCROOGE

Every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!

### FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

# RUSSELL (V.O)

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the Time before him was his own, to make amends in!

### VICTOR/SCROOGE

I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a schoolboy. I am as giddy as a drunken man. A merry Christmas to everybody! A happy New Year to all the world! Hello there! Whoop! Hello!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

RUSSELL And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

Russell closes the book. Daisy, who has been sat by his feet, opens her eyes.

DAISY Will you read it again? Please?

RUSSELL Sorry, I need to recharge my batteries before I read another.

DAISY I could imagine him "Old Scrooge" he reminded me of Victor.

Russell is amused by this.

RUSSELL I'm afraid happy endings only happen in books.

DAISY How do you know that you are not part of a story? Just as Scrooge didn't know neither would you. You are just as entitled to a happy ending.

Russell is stumped by her logic, before he can answer the elevator door pings open, Victor returns.

VICTOR I see you have awoken! Fantastic!

Victor carries with him two SLEEPING BAGS and a CANVAS BAG STUFFED WITH SAVORY FOOD.

JUMP CUT:

Victor and Russell sit at the fold out table eating, Daisy is shut down and sat to one side.

> VICTOR So you managed to wake it up, how?

RUSSELL Well, you know, it wasn't hard. I just started reading my Dicken's book. She enjoyed it actually.

Victor stops eating.

VICTOR I need you to listen to me. I can't have you messing around with it. Don't get attached.

RUSSELL All I did was read her a book.

VICTOR You're not getting it. This machine is not a "She" or a "Her". It's scrap metal. Don't. Get. Attached.

VICTOR

0kay?

RUSSELL Yes, okay, I won't get attached.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - THE NEXT DAY - MORNING

Russell is sat at the fold out table playing the keyboard, Daisy is by his side listening. Victor sits away from them reading a book, though occasionally he might look up to check on what they are doing.

The tune Russell plays is simple and easy to play, he makes one or two mistakes as he goes but in all he's pretty good.

> RUSSELL Here, why don't you give it a try.

Daisy takes the keyboard and readies herself to play it, in mere moments she flies into a solo that could give Mozart a run for his money.

> RUSSELL That was brilliant.

> > DAISY

Thank you.

VICTOR Can you play anything original?

Daisy doesn't have an answer, this question seems to effect her more than she wants to let on.

Russell, careful so that Victor doesn't see, takes her hand and holds it over a key. They look in one another eyes.

> RUSSELL Don't think. Feel.

He presses her finger down on a key, a single chime rings out throughout the bunker.

Daisy closes her eyes, she lets a new, original piece flow from her finger tips. Unlike the strict music she had just played, this is more like Jazz. Victor even sways his foot from side to side, humming along to the rhythm.

Daisy and Russell share another glance.

MONTAGE SEQUENCE: PUBLIC DOMAIN JAZZ UNDERSCORES

Days pass, each beginning with Victor leaving the bunker to go up to the surface for supplies.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - THE NEXT DAY

Daisy and Russell sit at the table drawing one another, Daisy draws a masterpiece of Russell in moments, Russell draws a sloppy picture of her stood amongst a lush green field.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - THE NEXT DAY

Daisy and Russell sit against a wall, their legs touching as they talk about anything and everything.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - THE NEXT DAY

Lifting Daisy to her feet Russell asks her to dance.

They dance to swing music before easing into something nice and slow, where they hold each other close.

MONTAGE ENDS WITH:

Victor returning without the other two noticing, from the elevator he watches them dance. His face is blank and unreadable.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Russell lies asleep in his sleeping bag, Daisy shut off to one side, connected to the power generator.

Victor appears and grabs Russell round the shoulders, holding him face to face.

VICTOR What the fuck do you think you're playing at?!

### RUSSELL

What?

VICTOR Don't play innocent with me boy, I know what you've been up to.

RUSSELL It's not what you think.

Victor punches him in the stomach, winding him.

VICTOR You're not fucking this up for me just because you have some crush. Put an end to this or I will.

Victor lets go of Russell and walks back to his sleeping bag.

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MORNING

Russell creeps out of his sleeping bag and tip toes over to Daisy. He unplugs her from the generator, there is a slight mechanical whine as she props her head up.

DAISY

Russell?

RUSSELL (urging her to whisper) Shh! Please, be quiet, Victor's asleep.

Russell motions to Victor who lies asleep in his sleeping bag, facing away from them.

RUSSELL We need to leave, now. DAISY

Why?

RUSSELL We can't be together as long as he's around. We need to go back up to the surface.

Daisy, worried, takes a moment to think it over before nodding in agreement, taking his hand. They stand and walk quickly toward the elevator.

Daisy stops moving, standing still, frozen in place. Russell tugs on her arm before realizing she has been switched off, the crystalline light in her eyes gone.

Victor, fully awake now and slowly walking towards them, holds Daisy's remote in one hand, a knife in the other.

VICTOR This has gone too far, it's a machine, nothing more.

RUSSELL I can't let you just take her away. She's too important to me.

VICTOR (shoving the remote into his pocket) I'm only going to say this once, step aside.

Russell stands in front of Daisy, protecting her. When Victor is close enough Russell springs into action. They clash as he tries to wrangle the knife from Victor's hands.

A distinct stabbing sound fills the air.

Both men look at one another for a moment before...

Russell falls to the ground, blood trickling through the gaps in his fingers where he holds his stomach.

### VICTOR

I warned you. I fucking warned you! Now look what you made me do.

Russell breathes rasping breaths as he writhes in pain on the floor.

Victor looks at him for a moment before coldly looking away, he stands beside Daisy, ready to drag her away.

### RUSSELL

Hey, Vic.

# VICTOR

What?

Russell raises Daisy's remote. Before Victor can even motion to move Russell flicks the switch, Daisy reboots within an instant and reanimates. She grabs hold of Victor and throws him with her inhuman strength to the ground.

Daisy looks at Russell and see's what has happened.

Victor can't so much as look up as Daisy pounces on him and punches his skull into the concrete, her resounding punches echo throughout the complex long after Victor is dead. She keeps punching and punching, until Victor nothing more than a crumpled, dead mess.

### RUSSELL

Daisy?

Russell's voice soothes her from her frenzy, her fists and face smeared in blood.

Daisy stands and runs over to Russell.

# DAISY

Russell?

She cradles him in her arms, looking into his eyes just like any other human. He gazes up at her, more regretful than sad.

As she holds him Russell's breaths become closer together and more pained.

DAISY Don't leave me, please don't leave me. I don't want to be alone.

RUSSELL You'll never be alone. I...love you...I'm...I'm...

Russell's eyes struggle to maintain their focus.

DAISY Please don't leave me, please don't leave me, please don't leave me.

# RUSSELL

...I'm sorry.

With the last of his strength he tucks a lock of hair behind her ear. He passes away, his blood pooling slowly across the floor.

Visibly shaking, as if malfunctioning, Daisy looks down into his lifeless eyes.

DAISY Why...can't...I cry.

Daisy is alone in the vast, far reaching bunker.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - A MONTH PASSES

The lights from Daisy's eyes fade as her system runs out of power, she stays frozen in time, forever looking down.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - FORTY YEARS LATER

Dust falls from the ceiling as what sounds like artillery punching into the ground on the surface. The lights to the bunker flicker out, plunging everything into darkness.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

BLACK: INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - 200 YEARS LATER

There is a loud clack followed by the prying apart of the elevator doors, none of this can be seen in the pitch black darkness.

FIDGET (a girl) Holy shit this place is big!

Torchlight shines in, two pairs of clunky footsteps draw closer.

The torchlight focuses on Daisy.

# PEETREE (a man) What's that?! Is that a girl?! Hey Fidget give us some light will ya?

A second, more powerful torch lights up the bunker. Peetree places his torch on the ground before stepping to Daisy's side, followed quickly by Fidget.

Both look like something from Mad Max 2, dressed in patched up clothing, guns holstered to their hips and rifles slung over their shoulders.

> FIDGET Let's take her with us, Gideon will know what to do.

> > FADE TO BLACK.