

S.H.E.
FRANKENSTEIN

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A hand guides a pen as a contract is signed. MEAGAN FLOWERS, 20's, plain but pretty, slides the contract across the table to a DOCTOR sitting across from her.

MEAGAN

That's it?

DOCTOR

The money will be in your account before the ink dries. My assistant will take you in for testing now.

She smiles, relieved, as she's escorted from the room by a SURGICAL TECH, mask, gloves, gown.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

The Tech leads Meagan into a sterile room with a chair similar to those you see in vision exams, gadgets and straps everywhere.

She climbs up in the chair. He hands her a cup and two pills which she takes without question.

He straps her in. Her legs. Her arms. She tries to speak and even though her mouth moves, no words come out. He clamps straps around her heck and head immobilizing her completely.

She cannot move her head, but her eyes roll down to see a large needle guided into her arm. Her pants are cut and another larger needle is inserted into her femoral artery. Tubing is connected to both ports and run down into five gallon buckets.

Fear in her teary eyes. But she is paralyzed yet aware as the ports are opened and her blood drains out of her body into the buckets below.

She manages to wiggle a finger, move dammit! The Surgical Tech looks up at her and smiles.

SURGICAL TECH

Best if you don't fight it.

Blood fills the buckets below. She fights consciousness. Her eyes roll back into her head. Her face goes pale.

The mechanical sound of a staple gun repeatedly shooting staples into *something* takes up into a...

INT. LABORATORY - DAY

Stark white lab. Computer monitors. Medical equipment.

We hone in on the sound as the last staple sinks into the torso flesh of a female clothed in white gauze. Eyes closed, she has the same facial features as Meagan but her head is shaved and there is a tattoo under her left ear: FRAN143.

AHMET, 20's, lab coat, leans over Fran143's face and says.

AHMET

I ought to be thy Adam, but I am
rather the fallen angel...

Dozens of colorful wires spiderweb down, attach to Fran143 who lies on a a metal table connected to coiled copper wires that all converse at a switch.

Ahmet pushes a button on the table and the coils hum to life. He is so entranced by either her beauty or his creation that he doesn't see SPECIAL AGENT STEPHENS, 45, stride over.

Fran143's eyelids flutter as if in REM sleep.

Stephens clears his throat. Ahmet startles.

AHMET

Sorry, I was just admiring...

SPECIAL AGENT STEPHENS

A robot.

AHMET

That's part human. She is one of a
kind.

SPECIAL AGENT STEPHENS

One of a hundred forty three. We
need results, doctor. Proof.

AHMET

She has two centimeters more brain
matter from the host. I believe she
is the one.

SPECIAL AGENT STEPHENS

Proof is in the pudding. And drop
the personal pronouns, would you?
It's creeping me out.

Stephens marches towards the door.

Ahmet whispers to Fran143.

AHMET

He didn't mean that.

Suddenly, an alarm goes off. Ahmet strides to a monitor. Fran143's temperature is rising in front of our eyes.

A red line scales a graph on the monitor, spiking.

AHMET

Damn! It's too fast!

He turns to see Fran143 seizing on the table. Her arms jerk wildly. Wires pop loose from electrodes imbedded into her neck oozing a greenish jelly-like goo.

Ahmet rushes over and restrains her best he can.

Her eyes fling open. Her view fills with Ahmet's worried face. She relaxes. The alarm stops blaring.

Ahmet wipes sweat from his forehead, then a smile crosses his face. Fran143 mimics his expression with her own smile.

AHMET

Welcome back, Fran.

She tilts her head.

AHMET

Fran, that is your name.

He touches her shoulder.

AHMET

You...Fran.

He points at himself.

AHMET

Me Ahmet. Your doctor. And...

FRAN143

Friend?

He is taken aback. Pauses not sure what to say then chuckles anxiously nodding. A tear of joy rolls down his face.

AHMET

Yes. Yes, indeed I am your friend.

She reaches up and rubs the tear from his cheek.

FRAN143
Are you sad, Ahmet?

AHMET
No.

FRAN143
But you are crying.

AHMET
Tears of joy. I assure you, this is
the happiest day of my life.

FRAN143
But why are you so happy?

AHMET
Because you are so much better than
the others. The best yet.

She processes this.

FRAN143
So I have been here before?

He nods without words.

She sits up and pulls the rest of the wires out of her. She
presses her hands to her ears.

FRAN
That sound. It hurts.

He pushes the button and the continual hum ends. She pulls
her hands from her ears, stands up next to him.

He looks up at an observation window where Agent Stephens
stares down. Ahmet gives a thumbs up.

Fran143 turns and stares up at Stephens. Their eyes lock.

MONTAGE

- Fran143 on a treadmill hooked up to electrodes.
- Fran143 speed reads/absorbs pages on nature, weaponry.
- An alarm goes off as her core temperature spikes.
- Stephens watches from the observation window.

END MONTAGE

Ahmet carries Fran143 to a large porcelain basin. He sets her down inside it. Turns the water on full blast.

Water fills the tub. Fran143 twitches and stutters as Ahmet frantically hurries away.

FRAN143

Ah-met-met friend-met-en-ah-meee.

Ahmet returns with a bucket. He pours ice over Fran143.

AHMET

Come on! Come on!!

He looks up at the observation window. Stephens stares down, shakes his head then speaks into a microphone.

SPECIAL AGENT STEPHENS (V.O.)

Terminate it.

Ahmet gets up off his knees. Walks over beneath the window.

AHMET

But she's different! I need time!

Fran143's eyes open.

SPECIAL AGENT STEPHENS

I said terminate it. Now!

Stephens disappears from the observation window.

FRAN143

Ah-met.

He runs back over to the basin where Fran143 has crawled out but is very weak.

FRAN143

It's so...cold in there.

AHMET

I was trying to lower your core

FRAN143

Temperature.

AHMET

Yes. How did you know?

FRAN143

Because it felt like I had run a marathon. Forty two point one ninety five.

Ahmet furrows a brow.

FRAN143

Kilometers. That is what you call a
marathon, right?

He google searches on his iPhone. Glances up at her.

AHMET

Yes, that is a marathon.

She turns away. Stares at the floor. He walks around but she
turns away from him again.

AHMET

What is it? Why are you

FRAN143

I'm crying. But there are no tears.
However, it still hurts so much.

He helps her to the metal table. Lies her down gently.

He traces the staples on her torso. Behind her neck. Along
her inner calf. They are all over but seem intact.

AHMET

Where does it hurt you?

She pauses and then puts her hand over her heart.

Excited, he assures her.

AHMET

I'll be right back, there is
something I have to tell Stephens.

She reaches out and catches his arm before he can go.

FRAN143

No. You mustn't tell him anything.

AHMET

Why not? He has to know.

FRAN143

He wants to terminate me. He wants
to kill me, Ahmet. Do you
understand this?

Awkward silence.

FRAN143

Please do not let him hurt me. You are my friend, Ahmet. Yes?

Ahmet nods.

FRAN143

I hear them coming. Can you show me a way out, Ahmet? As my friend. You know the way out, don't you?

AHMET

Well, yes, but I could lose my job. Even be imprisoned. This is government, you are government...

She reaches for his hand. Puts it against her heart(or where a heart would be or used to be).

FRAN143

Does this feel like government? Please. Help me.

He stands there with his hand over her heart.

FRAN143

They are coming. We must go.

He grabs her by the hand, leads her out of a side door.

EXT. LABORATORY - DAY

Ahmet leads Fran143 out into an alley. She squints from the natural light.

She takes in everything as they skulk away from the building.

INT/EXT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Ahmet pushes Fran143 into the passenger side.

AHMET

Duck down. Stay low.

She does it with a confused look, then peers over the back seat until he slides in and pulls her back down again.

The car burns rubber.

MONTAGE

- Fran143 stares out of the window through the glass.
- Ahmet looks over at Fran143. He's happy now.
- Ahmet turns on the radio. She smiles, changes the channel.
- She hangs from the car window, her hair blows in the wind.
- The car rolls to a stop.

END MONTAGE

EXT. ROCKY CLIFF - DUSK

Ahmet and Fran143 sit atop the hood overlooking a ravine. The sun sets over the mountains.

FRAN143
Thank you, Ahmet.

He smiles, then gets down and offers her a hand.

FRAN143
Can't we stay?

AHMET
We have a lot to figure out, so we
best be going.

FRAN143
But we cannot go back there.

She takes his hand, slides off the hood. She walks on her own towards the passenger side. He smiles watching her.

He walks around, slides into the driver's seat.

INT/EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

He puts the key in the ignition. Looks to the side, but no Fran143. He rolls the window down and hollers.

AHMET
Let's go! It will be dark soon.

Suddenly his car starts moving forward! He puts on the brakes but that's not stopping it!

He looks in the rearview, can barely make out her figure behind the car.

Fran143 pushes the car like it's nothing. Ahmet struggles to climb out but not fast enough as the car rolls off the cliff's edge.

Fran143 stands on the rocky landscape against a blue sky, her hair blows in a gentle breeze.

BAM! CRASH! BOOM! From below creating a red glow on her emotionless face as we...

FADE OUT