

This Program is Not Responding.  
(A love story for the criminally insane)

By

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**FADE IN.**

**INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. MORNING.**

A young adolescence's bedroom. Posters of sci-fi films from the 50s era are clustered on the wall. The room is a geeky delight for the aficionados out there.

A shriek and a buzz blurts out of an alarm clock. James, a young man, 18, tall and slim grumbles and sighs. His lanky arms stretch out from the duvet and his legs follows foot.

He finally turns off the alarm and gets out of bed. His posture slightly bent and humbled from the early dawn of light. He yawns and proceeds to start the day as per tradition.

He walks out of the room, still in his pjs, all buttoned up like a shirt. He looks through the gap of his parents' bedroom.

The mother is not there but his father...a slob. Heavy and brooding with his snore sounding like an elephant's trunk, lay restfully on his bed. His arse's showing. James itches his hair and walks downstairs.

**INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.**

The mother, a saintly young woman, rather tall and timid is cooking up some breakfast grubbs. Bacon, pancakes, the usual. This is your typical mum. Caring and overprotective.

James walks in, with a murmur and a 'hi'. Mother replies back grinning with enthusiasm. James sits in his chair. Rocking back and forth. His breakfast is handed to him, all nicely cut up and neatly done. A thank you came from him. The mother nods.

James humbly eats his meal. The father then enters the room. He sits down and snaps his fingers in a rueful manner. Mother, with haste, serves the breakfast to him.

A mountain of muck. Sausages, mash and other sickly products.

Father grunts and murmurs in delight. A meal fit for a hog. James stares at his father. The father stares back and grunts at him violently. James droops down back to his meal.

Father proceeds eating his meal, lavishly and in an animalistic way. Mother points to the clock and James nods. He rushes upstairs.

**INT. BATHROOM. CONTINUOUS.**

James brushes his teeth, proceeds to get change.

**INT. HALLWAY. MINUTES LATER.**

James packs his usual stuff into his schoolbag. He wears it on his back in a hurry and gave a goodbye peck to his mother and runs outside the house.

**EXT. SCHOOL'S COURTYARD. MORNING.**

A hour later. James walks to school with aplomb. He sees some bullies terrorizing a small kid and tries to get out of their way by hiding behind a wall and around the building by using a back passage.

He got around the building and unfortunately meets the three bullies. One big, one lean and one extremely mean. A quick cut to James being thrown in an outdoors bin.

The bullies walks away, cackling and James rises up from the bin, with a banana skin right on top of his head. He grumbles.

**INT. SCHOOL'S CLASSROOM. MORNING.**

A teacher, slightly grey and in his 60s abrasively show enthusiasm in the topic of Science. The teacher got a wild look about him, like a lookalike to Einstein himself.

He points his stick to the chalkboard behind him to show the human body.

James walks in, late. The teacher looks at his watch and taps it, with a serious murmur. James did an apologetic sigh and sits behind his desk. The bullies are laughing at him mockingly.

The teacher grins even more. He presents a table with a cloth covering it. The class ponders mysteriously on what lies beneath.

The teacher opens the cloth and there lo is a dissected shark, with its organs hanging out. The class groans in disgust whilst James chuckles cheekily.

**INT. SCHOOL'S CORRIDOR. LUNCHTIME.**

James wanders around, looking at passerby. Groups of students are huddled together in each corner. James looks at the different type of people. No matter what they are, they still have some kind of companion or friends with them.

He also spies different couples, cuddling. Kissing. He sighs sadly, longing for some kind of companionship.

The bullies ominously stands up behind him, all tall and mighty. James turns around and spots them, cracking their fists. James sighs and looks at his watch and murmurs 'ok'. Cutaway to James in the bin yet again.

**EXT. JAMES' HOUSE. AFTERNOON.**

It is a rainy afternoon. James cycles his way back home, in a hurry. Not wanting to miss something vital. he is yearning for his free time at home. Where it is safe and sound. He parks his bike and locks it up and rushes back indoors.

**INT. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.**

He gladly enters the room, with a high anticipation and flicks on the television, where his program just began. He gives a collective sigh and rubs his hands gleefully.

A scientific show appears, all bold and colourful. Something to catch the viewers' eyes and it is not easily unnoticeable.

His father enters the room and bellows at him. James talks back gently, with an annoyance in his tone. Father roars and lifts his arm, as a sign to threaten his son.

James grumbles in annoyance and marches upstairs in frustration and wallops to his bed, quietly in tears.

**EXT. JAMES' BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

The sounds of the television is still heard audibly. James wakes up and leaps out of his bed, curiously. He opens his door and listens whilst the sound of the television blares out loudly.

**INT. DOWNSTAIRS. CONTINUOUS.**

James slowly creeps down the stairs, in a steady haste. He looks through the bars of the staircase to see the television lights flickering through the living room's door.

He cautiously, in a snail pace, treads to the door and leers through the opening. The television blares out with such ambition as the sound waves vibrates through the core of the very room.

He notices his father, a snorlax, resting deeply, hunched up in his shell. The snores is covered by the sounds of the film.

James continues to stare. His vision dazzled by the sheer genius on display. A science fiction movie, blends with classic horror. 'The Bride of Frankenstein' grips James' steely gaze and he awe in amazement.

A scene appear, with the bride, in her infamous stark white and black woolly hair, comes to life and screams in the sheer terror of Frankenstein's Monster's face. James chuckles quietly. His amazement is still quiet, yet affecting.

He then feel a shake. A timber in his bones. He rattles and gasps. His eyes widened as it can be. A thought just occurs to him. A genius plan. A fantastic idea! To do the outrageous. To do the impossible!

He rushes back upstairs in a gleeful haste. His motion is erupted in joy and wiliness. He scrambles to his bedroom, light on his headlamp and starts to work manically. A sense of elation he never had before.

**INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

He piles post-it-notes onto a board. His designs of elaborate ideas and creations are tacked on. The board space is becoming less and less whilst the notes and plans overlays with one another.

Days fly by, the ideas crammed onto the board, one by one. James continues to work in haste, in a detailed manner.

**INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. MORNING.**

James' mother overlooks at him, carrying a plate of crumpets. She sees the work that her son had laid out and became concerned for him. She approaches downstairs to the living room.

**EXT. LIVING ROOM. CONTINUOUS.**

The mother's husband lies down in the living room. Junk is blaring off the TV. The husband laughs raucously. Mother murmurs at him in worryment. The husband ignores her and insists that his son is fine.

He notices the plate of crumpets the mother is holding and licks his lips. He gestures to have the plate handed to him. The mother sighs and did so. The husband gobbles the crumpets up in one bite.

**INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

James looks at his list he wrote. He wonders about it for a moment and then tilts his head to look at the plans on the board.

He opens his drawers, where there lay a pair of rubber gloves and a flashlight. There is also a plan that permits the closing of the nearby school and directions on how to break in.

James approaches to the front door and leaves the house quietly and steadily. His footsteps was as sound as a sleeping mouse.

**EXT. SCHOOL'S COURTYARD. NIGHT.**

James eventually arrives to the school's entrance. The gate is of course locked. He looks around the surrounding area and climbs over a wall.

He is dressed in black, with a thick hoodie covering him. He crouches but strides along the courtyard with pace. He got to the entrance and checks the cameras. He swiftly got away from the nearby camera's prying eye.

He reaches to a window of a classroom. He looks around cautiously once again and picks out an item from his rucksack. A glass cutter.

He uses the glass cutter to cut around the window and the broken sphere of glass tumbles to the ground with an almighty crash. James winces, waiting to hear any alarming sounds in the distance that might cause concern.

Nothing happens, he proceeds to enter the building by opening the window. It turns out to be open all along. James musters and creeps inside the room.

**EXT. SCIENCE ROOM. CONTINUOUS.**

The room is dark, with flashes of lights beaming from the full rounded moon shining boldly outside. James' shadow stretches across the room.

He glances around the room until something catches his eyes. He gives a sly smile and approaches to the back end of the room.

There lies a metal case, with scientific equipments clusters behind the metallic cage. Hazardous symbols plastered all over the door.

James looks at the padlock. It was unlocked. He musters and barges the door open. There a treasure trove of useful items behold upon his eyes.

His eyes glistens with hope and joy. He checks the unmarked list and hauls in the items he needs into his rucksack, not caring about his safety at all.

He leaps back to the window, carrying his haul of heavy items and jumps out into the playground. He accidentally drops a piece of paper, from his booklet of plans onto the floor.

He runs across the courtyard, unfazed by the sheer speed, exits and cycles away.

**EXT. JAMES' HOUSE. MORNING.**

James hurries to his house as the dawn of light cracks through the sky. He parks his bike and enters his house, speeding along to his bedroom.

He hides the stolen items inside a hidden cache and rests in his bed, smiling. He snuggles up in the warmth as he bathes around in joy as he starts to dream about his latest project.

**DREAM SEQUENCE. FORREST. DAY.**

A foggy atmosphere. James walks through the forest lost. The trees crowds into him as he cries out.

The trees lumbers even more closer, clenching James as he tries to escape from their grasp.

James yelps and cries in pain but his sheer mightiness pushes through and tears the trees away.

The trees falls back. James breathes a sigh of relief and the atmosphere is eerie yet again.

He looks around, the opaque smoke bellows out of his mouth as he breathes heavily and shudders.

An ethereal sound echoes throughout the forest and James gasps in awe.

He decides to follow it, through the trees yet again and the majestic beauty of the sound creeps in closer and closer.

The music is heavenly. James stumbles onto a grassy patch, vastly in the middle of nowhere. He spots something in the middle. Something beautiful.

He approaches to it. The sounds tingling in his ears. Each footsteps he takes is one steady pace towards the bewitching object.

The object is a person. Naked from behind. James approaches it with care and raises his arm.

His slender arm touches the person's naked back, soothingly. It is obvious that the person is a woman. Her long hair sways around as the wind floats by.

Her head turns. James gasps. The music amps up to a higher level. The sound of a choir rises and stops abruptly.

**END DREAM SEQUENCE.**

**INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. MORNING.**

James wakes up with a gasp. Cold sweat rushes through his forehead. He continues to pants and wipes the sweat. He looks at the alarm clock. SHIT! He's late.



**INT. SCHOOL'S CLASSROOM. MORNING.**

A class settles down. They are listening to the rambling of a teacher, stern and in his late 50s. Glasses reaches to the edge of his thin nose. His nostrils widens as he explains the situation.

James rushes in, panting. The strict teacher looks at him with malice and growls at him. He points to James' desk. James apologizes and proceeds to do so.

The teacher, in his mannerism is exaggerated. He is furious about something. It is later become evidential that he is angered about the stolen items from the science lab. James gulps in fear.

The teacher stops ranting and with one last growl and a spit, he exits the room. James scrolls his eyes away, burrowing himself in his guilt.

**INT. SCHOOL'S CORRIDOR. LUNCHTIME.**

James is at his locker. He piles his books inside. A scrunched up paper whacks him at the back of his head. James looks around and sees a rather chubby, freckly boy standing in the corner. Gesturing him to come.

James points to himself. 'Me'? The freckly boy nods. James walks to the corner.

He looks confused. His arms in mid-air. 'What?'

The freckly boy looks around and takes out a folded paper from his pocket. He looks around once more and handed it to James.

James glimpses at the folded paper, opens it up and gasps in horror. It is an extract from the plans.

He begs to the freckly boy not to tell. The boy smiles slimy and gestures his hand. James grimaces. He takes out his wallet and offers the boy some money.

The boy gestures even more. James sighs and plants more money onto the boy's hand. The boy nods and pats James onto his shoulder. He walks away.

James stares at him whilst he walks into the distance, inside the bustling crowd of students. He looks at the paper once more.

He realizes that he haven't got much time left. He knows that he is bound to be caught soon and he can't keeps up with this charade. If he need to do this project, then he must do it now.

James rushes outside the school.

**EXT. KITCHEN. AFTERNOON.**

James arrives to the kitchen. Out of breath. He looks at the fridge, littered with notes. He spots one important note that makes his heart thumps even more.

**'Will be home late. Love, Mum'**

James smiles and runs upstairs with a stumble.

**INT. GARDEN SHED. EVENING.**

James waltz inside, with a massive haul of items. He frequently bring more in until he is satisfied with the outlook of his shed.

A laboratory.

Beakers and chemicals all lined up on the shelves. A pile of sturdy books rests on the table. A pile of metallic equipments mounts up next to the books. A container that releases a burble sound as a form of liquid bubbles upwards stood up nearby.

An awe inspiring young scientist's dream.

James decides to cracks on, start working and opens the books.

**MONTAGE.**

1. James opens a book. **'Embroidery for the very feminine.'**
2. James sews a blanket and cut it into pieces.
3. James opens a book. **'Metalwork: Pedal to the metal.'**
4. James fixes handle bars and saw them to pieces. He uses a blowtorch to melt some pieces down.
5. Sparks flies around whilst James wears a protective goggles.

6. A metallic ribbed skeleton stands tall. James lathers the cloths onto the skeleton.

7. James joints up some untangled wires.

8. James opens a book. **'How to Install a Brain Inside a Woman.'**

9. James melts some thin plaster and leaves it to cool.

10. James picks up robotic lens and installs them onto the metallic face.

11. James lays the plaster onto the metallic face.

12. James airbrushes the face and plants make-up on it.

13. James stands back and looks at his creation in amazement.

**END MONTAGE.**

**INT. GARDEN SHED. NIGHT.**

James continues to look at his work. A fresh smile lights up his face.

He gets hold of 2 clamps that is connected to the electricity. He have no clue where to clamp them. He looks at his creation's posture, pondering.

He spots her breasts sticking out. Shapely. He looks at the clamps. Then the breasts. He clamps the clamps on the breasts.

James sighs and fawns. His majestic creation towering over him like a luminous god.

Brash red hair covers its face. Long slender arms, with brightly painted fingernails. An abstract of clothing, in different colours and style stitched to her attire.

A young, slim face, with cheeks that blooms like blossoms in the springtime. Her eyes, matched by the colour of a tropical sea. Brightly blue.

James couldn't believe his eyes. His mouth widens by its beauty.

He approaches to the socket that is plugged in. He looks at his creation ominously and prepares to hope and dream. He slowly reaches out to the switch. His finger is on the tip of it...and he switches it on.

Beat.

Nothing happens.

Confused, James looks around his creation, eagerly to find any problems, any damage, any errors with it.

He scratches his head and moans. He looks at the wire from the clamps, to the socket and then discovers the wire continuing outside and then inside the house.

He follows the wire from outside and enters the house.

**INT. KITCHEN. CONTINUOUS.**

He notices the socket coming from the end of the kitchen and the wire that is attached to it.

He curiously crouches down and notices the switch is off. He suddenly flicks it back on.

A loud BANG spouts out off screen. James startles and jumps. His heart is close to death. A crackle and a fizz is heard distantly.

James looks outside his window to see smoke bellowing from his shed. The fire lights the roof and the night sky reflects the orange blaze.

James gasps and rushes outside to stop the dangers spreading like wildfire, carrying his trusty fire extinguisher.

**INT. GARDEN SHED. CONTINUOUS.**

James smashes inside, ripping the burnt door open. He gasses the place with his extinguisher and manages to stop the fire spreading.

Smoke is thick and heavy, causing James to cough. The light darkens from James' sight. He feels sleepy. Tired. From the corner of his eye, he sees a black figure coming towards him. James whimpers and faints.

**EXT. GARDEN. NIGHT.**

James groans. Everything around him is sudden yet blurry. The pain from his body sears. He lets out an unflinching yelp as he pushes himself back up.

He stands up, regaining conscious and looks at his shed. Burnt. He claps his hands to his face.

He turns around and sees a slim, attractive woman, with clamps attached to her breasts.

James yelps in fright and cowers in fear. Then he realizes. He rests his arms away and takes another close look.

It is his creation, out from the rubble. James gasps. He could barely contain the emotions inside. It is all bubbling up to him. He lets loose with a cheer and a whoop. Jumping in the air, gleefully.

He touches his creation. To feel how gentle its skin is. He looks up to it and it looks back, neither smiling, nor frowning.

James looks at the clamps. He approaches to touch them and with all sudden, the creation slaps James harshly on the face. A bright red hand print scars onto his face.

**EXT. KITCHEN. NIGHT.**

James drags his robotic creation into the kitchen. Everything is still. Quiet. The ticking of the clock increases in volume.

The creation looks around the room, unrecognizing the objects surrounding it. It approaches to a blender, tilts its' head in curious and presses the button.

The blender suddenly bursts out with a loud whirl, as the light flashes from it. The creation yelps in fright. James grabs hold of its hands and hushes to it.

**EXT. BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

The creation and James enters the bedroom. He indicates his creation to sit. It did so and James sits opposite it.

He glances at it, absorbing every details. It glances back. Its wig flusters as the breeze gently passes by. James smiles. A warmth glows inside.

James switches on the nearby computer. He downloads a software. The screen of the computer is flashing at James' eyes.

The creation glances and raises its eyebrow. James grabs hold of a wire that is plugged into the computer and spins the robot around.

He looks for an opening at the back of the creation's head and plugged into the circuit. James moves back to the computer and rapidly typed.

A whirling sound occurs. The computer program is sending signals to the creation. Downloading information to it. As this happens, the creation blinks and wiggles its lips.

A while later, the download stops. James sighs in relief and hurries back to look at his creation in the face. The creation stares back blankly. James droops his head in discomfort. A failure.

Suddenly a hand touches James. Not cold, not hot. Soft as a hand lathered in lotion. James looks up slowly, but steadily.

The creation's face, now human. The creation smiles and flusters her eyelids. She giggles. James gasps in adoration and hugs it. The creation is not a mere robot anymore, but a woman.

The night darkens even more. James lies down with his creation on their cushy bed. The creation and James stares at each other. Admiring every tiny details.

A noise of a car pulls up outside. James jumps up and gasps in shock. He gestures the creation to stay in his room. James rushes outside the room.

Clattering and banging is heard from downstairs. The creation looks through the bedroom's door curiously. Her lips pouts.

James barges inside the room, huffing and panting. A cargo of equipments in his hands. He hides the equipments into a hidden space and scrambles inside the bed with his creation. The lamp switched off.

A sound of the front door creaks open. Murmurs of voices echoes below. Footsteps patters on the steps. A shadow creeps closer to the bedroom door.

The door opens and it's James' Mother, peeking in. She looks around the room and smiles. She walks away, closing the door.

**EXT. GARDEN. MORNING.**

A buzzing of the dawn. The birds tweets as they fly across the sky. The dewdrops drips onto the ground. A sense of calm.

James' father stares outside, brazenly. His fury fills his face in a red hot flush as he looks directly at the burnt down shed. He roars at the peak of his fuming anger.

**INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. DAY.**

The father charges into the room. James wakes up abruptly and defenses himself from his father's ranting.

The father warns him, with his stern finger sticking out. He leaves the room in a huff and slams the door.

James leaps out of bed and goes to the corner of his room. There is a visible object, covered in a dark blanket. James pulls opens the blanket and there is his creation hiding. They both giggles like naughty schoolchildren.

**EXT. CINEMA. EARLY AFTERNOON.**

A cinema screening with the creation and James wearing 3D glasses. They ooohs and ahhs. A horror scene plays out and they both jumps in shock and awe.

**EXT. PARK. AFTERNOON.**

James and his creation walks through the park where it is sunny and blissful. There is an autumnal vibe in the air as the freshly coloured leaves falls to the ground.

The grass is wet, with the golden leaves reflecting the setting sun itself.

James and his creation share lunch at each other. They chuckles playfully.

The creation eats her lunch, munches it noisily and spits it out much to her disgust.

**EXT. PARK. NIGHT.**

They both lies down in the park, looking at the night sky, glistering with bright stars. They both looks at each other lovingly and slowly kiss.

**INT. HOUSE'S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.**

James' Father is yet sleeping again. A large sized crisps packet scattered across his chest. He drools as he snores.

James quietly gets in with his creation and closes the door ever so quietly. They creeps upstairs. The father snorts, startling the couple.

The startle fades and the couple slowly enters inside the bedroom, where they rests.

**INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. MORNING.**

James wakes up for his morning routine. He kisses his creation. His creation moans but James gestures her to stay and keep out of sight. She whimpers.

James exits the house and cycles to school.

**INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. DAY.**

Hours fly by. The creation just sits motionless, silently inside her blanket. She overhears the noises downstairs from James' father and waits for him to leave.

The front door closes and the blanket is thrown off suddenly. The creation is free for now. She breathes in the fresh air and looks around the room. She wants to explore.

**EXT. TOWN STREET. LUNCHTIME.**

The creation walks down the street, staring into the shop windows. She spots a clothing she like to wear. An elegant white gown, hanged up inside.

The creation sees her reflection against the window and imagines herself in the gown, with joy. She enters inside the shop where she decides to try the clothes on.



**INT. SCHOOL'S CORRIDOR. LUNCHTIME.**

James sits in his desk, impatiently listening to the droning of his teacher.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN THE CREATION AND JAMES.**

The creation skips along the streets, entering inside the shops as happy as she can be.

James writes down his schoolwork and stares outside the opposite window.

The creation walks down to the pond, where she spies the ducks swimming along. She sits on the bench and read a classic novel.

James exits the school, whistling. He spots the bullies and runs away from them, without being seen.

The creation walks into a music store. She listens to the thumping beats through the headphones and becomes allured with the sounds.

**EXT. TOWN STREET. AFTERNOON.**

James is walking down the street, gazing at passer-bys and inside the shops. He spots something in the corner of his eye.

It his creation, sitting on a bench. James is flabbergasted. He charges towards her in a huff.

The creation spots him, stands up with a warm smile. She is about to hug him. James arrives with an exasperated look on his face. He makes it clear that she is not to be seen.

The creation is confused. She tries to talk back but James is having none of it. He waves his arms in the air in annoyance and anger, upsetting her.

The creation bursts out at him. She pushes him and James falls back from a mighty distance. The creation looks scared. Her strength is beyond measurable. She prances off in fright and terror.

James slowly comes back to sense after being slightly knocked out. He stands up quickly, feeling the dizziness weighing on him.

He groans as he held his head up, waiting for the sickness to pass. He looks around and starts to panic. He scared his lover away.

**EXT. PARK. EVENING.**

The sun slowly sets to a dawn. The luminous sky lights up in the horizon. James walks around in the park, crying for his creation. He is lost and heartbroken, a sense of guilt overwhelms him.

**INT. KITCHEN. MORNING.**

James sulks near the table. His mother curiously talks to him, to see if he can soothe him. James ignores and whimpers that he's fine. Mother frowns and did a 'humph' and resumes her chores.

James sighs deeply and left the room, in preparation for school.

**INT. SCHOOL'S CLASSROOM. MORNING.**

James sits in his chair, still listening to the blabbering of his teacher. His voice is monotonous and deadly tiresome.

James bangs his head onto the desk.

A perky woman walks in, with her clipboard. She calls out to James' name and ushers him to go to the headmaster's office.

James murmurs and nods hesitantly. He walks out of the room, away from the wavering eyes of the students, chattering.

**INT. HEADMASTER'S OFFICE. CONTINUOUS.**

James walks inside the room, with a slackly pace. The headmaster stands tall against the window. He turns and instructs James to sit.

The headmaster is short and looks like a toad. He wears a light grey wig that slopes just to the side of his forehead. He is stern, strict and have absolutely no sense of humour.

James sits nervously as he waits to hear the next horrendous word that would spout out of the Headmaster.

Instead he did nothing. He just stares at James, frozen. He then smiles creepily. He opens his drawers and brings out an item.

James gasps a little. He knows what he is in for and the fact that he is in big trouble. The item was the crumpled paper of his plans that was dropped when he stole the items from the lab.

The headmaster shakes his head and tuts at James. He has no choice but to smile awkwardly.

**INT. FATHER'S CAR. AFTERNOON.**

James and his father is sitting in the front of his old, rusty car that seems to be older than Father himself.

No one says a word, or even move. It was one awkward pause, filled with embarrassment, anger and a sense of disappointment.

The car stops at the traffic light.

A beat.

Suddenly the father made a huge calamity that would even make all the dogs in the country barks in fright. James flinches whilst his Father roars at him in disgust.

James pants and claps his hands to the ears, away from his father's disgust and anger. He couldn't cope with it so he barges out of the car and run.

**EXT. BEACH. LATE AFTERNOON.**

James hums to himself. He gazes at the sea whilst the sun slowly drifts in the horizon. A sense of calmness in this atmosphere.

The waves from the sea crackles as it crashes into the rocks behind and the seagulls squawks as they circles around it.

James feels uplifted. He always has been since his childhood, when he walked around this area. In spite of what happened, he lets himself go once in a while. Drifting along to the gentle breeze.

A sound of laughter suddenly abrupt the peacefulness of the situation. It was a voice that James is very familiar with.

Across the beach, in a near distance there is a a figure cradling another. The other figure has an intense red hair that dazzlingly shines and glows against the setting of the orange sun.

James notices the hair and tries to listen harder for the sound of laughter. It is still familiar. James' eyes widens and runs to the couple.

James reached to the couple, out of breath and surprised. It was his creation, along with a taller, more masculine, butch lad in his late 20s, cradling his fiery girlfriend in his arms.

James waves his hands and the creation turns his eyes to him, perplexed. The butch lad looks confused as the creation stands up and gestures to him that everything is fine.

She grabs hold of James' arm and whispers harshly to him. She signifies that she doesn't want to be with him anymore and that she found someone.

James threatens her, with a snarling growl in his tone. It became apparent that the butch lad did not know that his new girlfriend is in fact, a robot.

James walks to the butch lad, about to say something. The creation stamps on his feet and threatens to him.

They both remains calm, but the creation lets loose a slight tear down her soft cheeks. She begs to him quietly as the butch lad looks curiously in the background. The creation looks human.

James gulps and looks down to the sand. He is also crying. The creation wipes his tears and sympathizes with him.

James lashes out in anger and walks away in a huff. The butch lad huddles up to his girlfriend, questioning her. She didn't answer and watches as her creator walks on by.

#### **INT. JAMES' BEDROOM. MORNING.**

James is up, still dressed in his pjs. He looks sadly at his scrapbook of plans, all covered within each other. Layers of layers of notes and images scribbled down.

He swishes the notes in anger and dumps them into a nearby wastebasket. He sulks on the desk.

He peeks open one of his eyes to see one plan still lingering on the middle of the desk. He picks that note up and looks at it in a spellbinding gaze. He smiles.

UPBEAT MUSIC. James is not finish yet. He quickly dresses himself and charges out of the door. We find that the note is a fully covered and detailed plan of the creation herself with a quote 'DON'T LOSE HER' on the centre.

**EXT. MYSTERIOUS HOUSE. LUNCHTIME.**

A solid house stands in front of us. Nothing unusual about it. Suddenly the butch boy that was seen at the beach comes out, along with the creation.

They are laughing giddily, holding hands with each other, lovelorn. They walk away from the house.

We see that James is hiding inside a dumpster, armed with a binoculars to put his spying eyes onto the creation and her new 'boyfriend'.

James scoffs. Suddenly someone with a heavy load of garbage walks to the dumpster without noticing James and dumps the whole stinking lot.

James groans in disgust as some disgusting juice writhes around his body.

**EXT. CINEMA. AFTERNOON.**

The creation and the butch boy are enjoying their film. They are chuckling and are amused at what is happening on screen. They are unaware that James is a couple of rows behind them.

James rolls his eyes. He looks around and scoops a handful of food and aimlessly chucks it at the butch boy.

The food SPLATS against a stranger's back. James recoils in embarrassment. The stranger notices who did it and walks up to James, cracking his fists.

James did a sly chuckle and gulps. He then offers the menacing stranger some more food.

**EXT. PARK. LATE AFTERNOON.**

The butch boy and the creation are spooning with each other on a park bench. Their arms wrapped around each other to keep warm. We see this from a distance.

James peers through his binoculars. He puts down his binoculars and reveals a hefty bruise on his right eye, which was caused by an incident with the stranger in the cinema.

The butch boy sees an ice-cream van, not so far behind from them. He gestures to the creation to wait and stay. The creation nods and the butch boy plants a kiss on her. He runs behind.

James seizes the moment and jumps out of the tree. He runs to the bench, without a single pant for breath. The creation notices him and stands up in anger.

James looks down and apologizes to her. He wants to be friend and just leave this moment with a hug.

The creation looks at her boyfriend and smiles. She nods and bend down to hug her creator. James hugs her back and reaches around for something on her neck.

The creation tries to let go but James is continuing to hug her forcefully.

James finally finds what he was looking for at the back of the creation's neck and pulls out a metal socket of some kind. Wires disconnects from the back of her neck.

The creation pushes James to the ground. Her eyes wide opened, panicking around. She feels her mind is beginning to distort. Everything is a blind whirl.

She falls, unconscious to James' arms.

The butch lad is unaware of his surroundings, still waiting for his ice-cream as James is dragging the creation's lifeless body across the grass.

As soon James and the creation is out of sight, the butch lad turns around, to find no one at the park bench. He stands, alone and confused.

#### **EXT. ROAD. NIGHT.**

James is cycling fast. Everything is a blur to him as he cycle faster and faster along the empty road. It is an eerie night, with barely a sound to hear.

Along with the bike is a wagon attached to it. Inside the wagon, under a dusty drape is the creation's lifeless body. The wagon rattles along in the heat of the night.

#### **INT. BUNKER. MIDNIGHT.**

The sky becomes ominous and the clouds darkens. A flash of thunder roars and rain pelts down heavily.

James arrives to a dusty bunker. All wooden, cold and damp. But an ideal hiding place.

James lifts off the covers from the wagon and drags out his creation. He lays her onto the cold ground, gently stroking her head.

He suddenly gets out the socket and tilts the creation's head. He plugs into her and charge her up.

The creation slowly moves. A distance buzzing noise is heard. She shakes and slowly opens her eyes, then her mouth. She looks at James and cries. Only a little but a tear is a tear nonetheless.

James looks away and sighs. The creation barely moves her hand and rests it onto James' leg. He grabs hold of her arm and clench it tight and cradles her. The storm bellows outside as they huddles each other.

James heaves and stop cradling her. He lights up the bunker which brightly lit up the area. The creation looks around, terrified.

She begs him to let him out but James refuses. He demands that she is to stay put, with him. The creation gasps in horror and yells insanely in hope that someone would hear her.

James runs to her and covers her mouth. He threatens to her that he will take away her power source if she won't stay quiet.

The creation shushes up a bit and whimpers. James proceeds to sleep, side by side with her.

James is fast asleep, into the lands of dreams, whilst the creation is in her own nightmare, awake and shivering. She sobs quietly.

#### **INT. BUNKER. MORNING.**

The creation wakes from her slumber. She looks around to find the place empty and hollow. This is her chance.

She gleefully stands up and runs to the exit, only to have something pulling her back. She looks behind her and see a long metal chain attached to her back.

She forcefully tries to escape but it is impossible. The chains are sturdy enough to trap her inside the bunker.

From the darkness, James creeps out from the shadow, munching on some dry bread. The creator looks at him, solemnly and cries out in anger.

She roars with all her might, rattling her chains. James claps his ears and charges outside whilst the creation continues her tantrum.

**EXT. BUNKER. CONTINUOUS.**

James took a deep breath, inhaling the air. The sounds of the tantrum continues from inside.

Bird twitters from the sky as James looks around the open sky. It is a vast area, empty and isolated.

James looks around once more and spots a figure on the nearby edge of a hill. The figure is staring back at him. James turns slightly concerned and walks back inside the cave.

**INT. BUNKER. NIGHT.**

All is still and calm. James and his creation sleeps restfully onto the ground. Their clothes all slightly saggy and worn down, with ripped shreds around James' shirt.

A glow is seen from outside the cave in the distance. It slowly creeps closer and closer as the cave is almost shadowed by it.

An abrupt sound of a nearby mob is heard. The clamoring of people in a desperate search for the missing teenager and his creation.

James wakes up, startled by the noise. He pants and sweat and think. Thinking doesn't do him much. It was time to face the music.

A sudden scream echoes throughout the bunker. The creation is awake and livid, trying to grab the mob's attention. This did so.

The clamoring and out roar grew close and James settles back to see who would come through the doors first.

Someone came through from the darkness. It was James' mother. She didn't barely look around the place. She comes straight to James, for her son.

She sobs in his arms and burbles at him. At first she was angry but then relieved at the sight of her son, still alive and well.



People piles into the bunker one by one. James' father comes in and stands aimlessly watching his wife caressing their son.

The father roars in anger, and charges towards to James, about to strike him. The mother holds him back with a steady 'NO'.

James whimpers back to his creation.

Everyone looks at James confused at his deeds. James looks around at the eyes of the town folks. He notices the butch boy.

James frowns and rips his creation's shirt. There we see a metal skeleton ribcage to show all. James gestures that the creation itself is not human at all but a robot.

Everyone gasps in awe. Some are amazed, some grimaces and one faints.

The butch boy didn't know what to say. He stands there flabbergasted and ashamed. He then strides along outside, with his head down in sadness.

The creation moans at him and cries. She wants to chase him. She looks at James and begs him. James looks at his parents. They nods.

James let loose of his creation and she chases him outside.

James' father walks to him, with a heaving sigh. He pats his hand on James' shoulder and apologies. James clutches him, hugging with all their might.

The mother looks at them and swoons.

#### **INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.**

James looks at his plans that was stuck up to the wall yet again. He smiles at what he had achieved. He looks at the bedside table where there lies some medals and certificates for achievements in Science.

His mother walks in and gestures to him that there is a visitor downstairs. He nods.

**INT. FRONT DOOR. CONTINUOUS.**

James walks to the door from the stairs and there was his creation, standing in the open doorway, wearing a brightly white gown that was previously seen in the shop window.

James looks at her, feeling a warm glow inside and smiles, grinning from side to side.

The creation giggles shyly and clasps James' hand. It was time for her to say bye.

She shows James where she is planning to go. Wanting to travel around the globe. James murmurs in agreement and wishes her luck.

The creation points to the butch boy, sitting in a worn down car that is seemly broken and old. The butch boy waves and James waves back.

The creation hugs James and he hugs her back but greatly as ever as he knows it would be a very long time that he will see her again.

Creation kisses the tip of her fingers and plants it on James' cheek ever so gently. She waves a fond farewell and strides along to the car, with the wind blowing. Her gown gently wisps up and down.

She got into the car and the car drives off into the distance.

James looks out for them and looks up to the sky, where the sun is shining brightly as ever. A sentimental ending. James walks back inside his house, closing the door and we leave this scene.

**FADE OUT.**