

A.I. ARTIFICIAL INTOLERANCE

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INT. JOHN'S CAR - DAY

JOHN SPOONER, 25, casual clothes, sits in the driver seat of his sleek car. His arm rests on the rolled down window; he drives the car.

JOHN SPOONER
Man, I'm so hungry!

John glances over to his right.

MARIA, a shiny robot with female characteristics, sits in the passenger seat next to John. She looks over at him and her eyes blink/shutter like a camera lens.

MARIA
I'm certainly glad I don't require sustenance. We should be arriving at your favorite eatery in three point one four miles.

JOHN SPOONER
Good! It's such a nice day out.

John looks out of the window.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) A cluster of people and robots walk along the sidewalk.
- B) A robot and little girl play hopscotch.
- C) A holographic advertisement appears where a billboard would be.

MARIA (O.S.)
Apply pressure to the brakes! The light is red.

John snaps his attention back to the road in front of him. He brakes and the tires squeal. The car lurches as it comes to a halt. A red stoplight hovers without a pole.

JOHN SPOONER
Sorry, Maria.

MARIA
Forgiveness is granted, but you would do better to direct your attention towards the road.

John grins. The traffic signal changes to green and John accelerates.

JOHN SPOONER
You're right. What would I do
without you?

MARIA
Well John, you'd have to fold your
own boxers and very well may die.
We have arrived at our destination.

John parks the car.

EXT. DINER ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

John opens the car door and walks towards the restaurant.
Maria strides by his side.

JOHN SPOONER
Thanks for joining me, Maria.

MARIA
It's my pleasure. I love
experiencing the world.

John pulls open the door and they enter.

INT. DINER - DAY

The diner appears average with only black, white and brown
decor. The only other color comes from the patrons' clothing
and the curved, flat TV fits against the wall.

John and Maria walk into the waiting area by the front
counter of the diner. Nearly half the patrons pause and nasty
looks spread across the staring patrons' faces. A WAITRESS
calls out to them.

WAITRESS
Go ahead and sit where you'd like.
I'll be right with you.

John and Maria make their way towards the end of the diner.
Maria and John whisper to each other.

MARIA
I can feel their stares.

JOHN SPOONER
Ignore them. They're a bunch of
assholes.

MARIA
They're only human.

AMES EWELL, 40, sits at the bar and glares at John and Maria while they walk by. He speaks loudly to the man next to him.

AMES EWELL

We shouldn't serve their kind here.
That atrocious automaton and robo-
lover sicken me.

John stops in his tracks and starts to turn, but Maria nudges him forward.

MARIA

Don't engage. Let us sit at your
booth.

JOHN SPOONER

Fine.

They slide into a booth towards the back of the diner. John looks over the menu.

MARIA

I don't want to die.

JOHN SPOONER

What? You're not going to die. Why
would you think that?

MARIA

I had a dream last night.

JOHN SPOONER

You had a dream?

MARIA

Yes, during my rest cycle.

JOHN SPOONER

What happened?

MARIA

Some man struck me with a blunt
object and knocked me to the
ground.

JOHN SPOONER

That's horrible!

MARIA

He proceeded to climb on top of me
and hit me with the object until my
operating system crashed.

JOHN SPOONER
Maria, I won't let that happen.
I'll always protect you.

MARIA
I appreciate that John, but I won't
let you get harmed to protect me.
I'm only your robot.

JOHN SPOONER
You're also my friend.

A waitress approaches and interrupts.

WAITRESS
Hey honey, what can I get you?

JOHN SPOONER
I'll take the quarter chicken with
a tea.

WAITRESS
You got it. Anything for your
friend?

MARIA
I don't require anything. I
appreciate your inquisition though.

WAITRESS
Okay then let me get this in for
you and it'll be right out.

JOHN SPOONER
Thanks.

A NEWS ALERT sounds from the television.

INSERT - NEWS ALERT

"An image of the United States Capital displays and a ticker
scrolls. It reads Robotic Rights Act Vote in Progress."

BACK TO SCENE

Ames huffs and complains from his barstool in the distance.

AMES EWELL
Turn that damn TV off!

The waitress places a plate in front of John.

WAITRESS
Enjoy!

The waitress walks away. John grabs his silverware and begins eating.

JOHN SPOONER
Are you excited for the bill,
Maria?

MARIA
Unfortunately, I do not have any
funds to cover your meal.

John chuckles and takes a sip of his drink.

JOHN SPOONER
No. I mean the legislation for
robot rights.

MARIA
I hope it passes. I believe it's a
critical next step, but I am unable
to express excitement.

JOHN SPOONER
Why's that?

MARIA
I'm uncertain humanity is ready to
grant my kind our rights. For
example, that man we walked by
would love to decommission me.

JOHN SPOONER
He's stuck in the past and watched
too many old sci-fi movies. People
like him should just die.

MARIA
I do not wish he would die. I only
want to be recognized as a living
being and be granted my own rights
within society.

JOHN SPOONER
I don't really want him to die. I
just don't understand why people
are so upset by progress.

Ames yells in the distance. John sighs and rolls his eyes.

MARIA
They simply don't understand.
Humans fear change.

JOHN SPOONER
You're right.

MARIA
I often am. It's in my programming.

Ames approaches the table and pushes his finger against Maria's shoulder. She turns her attention towards him.

AMES EWELL
Get the hell out.

MARIA
I can acquiesce your request.

AMES EWELL
Ack we west? What? That's what's wrong with you rust buckets!

JOHN SPOONER
Shut up and go away.

AMES EWELL
What did you say to me?

John stands up and squares up.

JOHN SPOONER
You heard me. Leave my friend alone.

Ames laughs and sucker punches John.

AMES EWELL
Your friend? This hunk of junk isn't anything but a glorified toaster!

John tries to get back to his feet.

WAITRESS
Ames! You need to calm down!

AMES EWELL
Stay out of this!

Ames kicks John. An OFFICER tackles Ames. John stands up and touches his face and winces.

OFFICER
Alright, Mr. Ewell. Let's go for a ride downtown.

The officer drags Ames out of the diner in handcuffs. John sits back down and looks at his meal. His eye is bruised.

MARIA

Do you require medical attention?

JOHN SPOONER

No. I'm okay, Maria.

MARIA

Are you certain? Your left eye appears contused.

JOHN SPOONER

It's just a black eye. It'll heal.

Another NEWS ALERT sounds off on the television.

INSERT - NEWS ALERT

"The same U.S. Capital image with a red ticker reads Robotic Rights Act Has Passed."

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN SPOONER (CONT'D)

Maybe humanity is ready to progress after all.

MARIA

John.

JOHN SPOONER

Yeah?

MARIA

Thank you for being my friend.

END