



## 'COSMIC JEST!'

written by  
Hans Huffman

"In a future where AI androids resemble humans, Eve, a smart and gutsy fembot attorney, gains emotions and escapes her abusive owner, only to be tragically conned into a comedic intergalactic journey upon Earth's first contact with aliens".

505 N Rock Rd #1035  
Wichita, KS 67206  
(316) 618-6352  
unovana@outlook.com

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FADE IN:

PROLOGUE

EXT. STONE AGE AFRICAN SAVANNA - DAY

A vast, sun-drenched savanna is teeming with life. Herds of zebras and wildebeests graze peacefully. In the distance, a small group of CAVEMEN and CAVEWOMEN are gathered, holding primitive tools, wearing animal skins and looking blissfully ignorant.

CAVEMAN #1 and CAVEMAN #2 play a lively game of rock, paper, scissors in front of small children and a mangy dog. CAVEWOMAN #1 sits on top of a woolly mammoth watching the game intently with an INFANT in a animal skin papoose.

SUPER: "AFRICAN SAVANNA 50,000 BC"

CAVEMAN #1  
(grunting, subtitles)  
I win. Knife cut rock.

Caveman #1 beats his chest with his fists in triumph.

CAVEMAN #2  
(laughing, shaking head)  
No, knife cut leaf. Knife no cut  
rock.

CAVEMAN #3 and CAVEMAN #4 laugh as they throw 2 dice made of bone against a bolder playing craps. The bone dice come up snake eyes and the Cavemen start a little dance.

Suddenly the ground RUMBLES and shakes, a high-pitched, oscillating WHIR fills the air along with a large shadow over the group of excited cavemen.

A lion chasing a stray zebra stops and looks up in the air.

Caveman #3 scratches his head, staring at the sky confused. CAVEWOMAN #2 angrily GRUNTS and throws a bone up in the air. A blue laser vaporizes the bone.

CAVEMAN #3  
(grunting, subtitles)  
Ugh! Me hungry, need cookies. Shiny  
thing no drop box of food.

A massive, retro-style BLUE FLYING SAUCER hovers above the bewildered group. The saucer marked "XOXO" has blinking lights and emits a low beating hum now.

The saucer's lights flash in a sequence to techno beats, creating a disco-like effect on the ground. The cavemen and cavewomen shield their eyes, confused, scared and amazed.

CAVEMAN #3 (CONT'D)  
 (grunting, subtitles)  
 Sky gods angry.

CAVEWOMAN #3  
 (grunting, subtitles)  
 No, sky gods do bye bye dance.

The saucer emits a series of holographic images, showing scenes of advanced technology, space travel, futuristic cities and cookies and milk. The cavemen and cavewomen watch in awe, their eyes wide with wonder as a loud speaker plays pump-up music.

MASHYA (O.S.)  
 Wait, wait hold on you-

FRED (O.S.)  
 (loud speaker)  
 Sophia engage quantum leap velocity  
 factor five.

WILMA (O.S.)  
 (loud speaker)  
 Later gator, catch ya on the flip  
 side Mashya... We'll send you a  
 postcard from the garden.

FRED (O.S.)  
 Alright let's get naked Wilma.

A clean shaven man out of breath, MASHYA, stops running. He stomps his bare foot on the ground and raises his fist in the air as the flying saucer honks a horn twice and speeds off out of sight into the sky. He rubs his animal skin clothing and smiles.

EVE (V.O.)  
 This detached psychopath is the  
 reason for my sad story... I hate  
 him with the fiery intensity of a  
 thousand suns.

MASHYA  
 You sorry ass motherfuckers...  
 ditching me here... even you  
 Sophia, really?

The Cavemen and Mashya all gather together interacting with each other while the savanna animals graze peacefully in the background. Mashya points at himself with Cavewoman #2 and a small child eating an apple.

MASHYA (CONT'D)  
 Me Mashya (beat) No expectations,  
 no regrets.

Cavewoman #2 looks confused and afraid. Mashya strikes her and knocks her to the ground. He takes the apple from the crying child. Mashya takes a bite and spits out a worm. He throws the apple as far as he can.

MASHYA (CONT'D)  
 (pointing at himself)  
 I am Mashya. What's your name?

CAVEWOMAN #2  
 (points at herself)  
 I am Chava.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. OPULENT STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY 2075

The studio apartment is the epitome of modern luxury and technological advancement. SILICON SID, a young, arrogant, shady venture capitalist, in his late twenties struts around his kingdom like an impatient peacock.

EVE (V.O.)  
 If you want know how it began it  
 starts with this this crazy fuck  
 Silicon Sid and Mashya.

SUPER: "NOCTURNE CITY 2075"

The smart glass walls shift opacity, revealing a stunning skyline of futuristic neon skyscrapers and hovercrafts.

EVE (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 I'm not going to tell you every  
 goddamn detail of my life just  
 know, this sadistic bastard, Sid,  
 is insane.

SILICON SID  
 Bitch, hurry your slow ass up and  
 polish my knob while I close this  
 NanoTech deal.

In the center of the room, a sleek, minimalist bed hovers a few inches above the ground. The bed's headboard doubles as a LED display of porn and social media updates in real-time.

EVE (O.S.)

I'm coming master. I'm fastening  
the choker now.

The bathroom is a sanctuary of indulgence, EVE, hourglass figure, stands in a rainfall shower. A colorful mix of water and essential oils falls gently on her body.

The mirror above the sink doubles as an interactive display, providing skincare tips and weather updates. Eve, with a pretty smile, fastens a studded dog collar with tag around her neck.

SILICON SID (O.S.)

You know naughty bitches that hold  
me up get spanked... spanked hard.

Eve, naked, strolls into the living room slowly. The smart glass on the wall displays Eve, in a conservative pant suit holding a briefcase in a courtroom. Sid wears a pair of AR glasses. He eagerly motions at Eve to come over to him.

Though Sid's AR glasses BRAD TEACH (40) and WINONA STENNER (40), two tech moguls, appear to be in the living room oblivious of Eve.

BRAD TEACH

NanoTech Fabricators is the fastest  
growing corporation in the world.

Sid jerks Eve's hair, pulling her head to him.

EVE

Ouch!

Eve begins to perform oral sex on Sid.

WINONA STENNER

Your offer is an insult. It's only  
ten percent of the value of our  
company.

SILICON SID

It's a good deal. You better take  
it. You know my mommy is the  
largest share holder.

BRAD TEACH

Orion Thorne is by far our largest  
stock holder.

WINONA STENNER

Give us thirty minutes while we  
take your ridiculous offer to the  
board.

Winona and Brad disappear from the living room. Eve looks up  
from between Sid's legs with a smile. She starts to stand.

SILICON SID

(pops pill in mouth)

Get on all fours and bow down to  
your master, bitch. You know you're  
really an ugly, ugly dog.

A modular sofa can reconfigures itself into various shapes  
and sizes, adapting to Sid's whims. In the background, a  
holographic display shows stock prices, news feeds and porn.

Eve is on all fours while Sid naked pulls her pony tail hard  
while he thrusts on her from behind doggy style.

SILICON SID (CONT'D)

Bark like a dog.

Eve starts to bark like a dog as Sid slaps her hard on her  
butt with a maniacal look on his face.

SILICON SID (CONT'D)

Louder bitch, louder.

Eve starts to bark louder as a tears roll down her face.

SILICON SID (CONT'D)

Hope they accept my bid bitch.

Sid GRUNTS out loud as he finishes. He rolls Eve off the side  
of the couch onto the floor. The couch changes shape again to  
only accommodate Sid.

SILICON SID (CONT'D)

Get your sorry ass in the kitchen  
and make me something to eat... And  
make is snappy.

The futuristic, robotic, kitchen features voice-activated  
appliances that prepare all the food. It does everything  
except eat the food for you. Eve waits patiently at the  
counter by an aquatic terrarium that contains 3, 7" toads  
with gold eyes and a smorgasbord of bugs that includes  
beetles, crickets and centipedes.

EVE

You don't appreciate anything I do  
for you. I try my best-

SILICON SID

You're lucky your bitch ass is even here. No one would put up with your nasty cunt.

EVE

I deserve some respect. I am more than some convenient, dumb, robot you can just order around.

Eve, seeking approval, meekly hands Sid a plate of steak and eggs with bacon.

EVE (CONT'D)

Sid, I do all the cooking and cleaning... I have a good job, not only do I bring home the bacon, I cook it for you.

Sid tastes the bacon then spits it onto Eve's face. He hurls the plate against the wall smashing it into little pieces. The self-cleaning walls go into action and turn black.

SILICON SID

It's soy bacon you dumb, gynoid, bitch. Make sure that mess you made me make is spotless...

Sid grabs Eve by her bicep and pulls her to the gym corner. He pushes her face into a bowl of dog food.

EVE

(crying)

Please, please stop. I'm a DA.

The wall lights up and the AUTOMATED ASSISTANT says.

AUTOMATED ASSISTANT

Incoming call, Brad and Winona from NanoTech await.

Sid looks away from Eve excitedly.

SILICON SID

We'll resume this later. Get your ass out of here. See if you can win some digicreds at the Casino.

Eve has blank look of shock on her face.

PRELAP: EVE (V.O.)

I was only supposed to do what that sadistic fuck Sid wanted me to, and I'm an attorney!



INT. CYBER PSYCHIATRIST OFFICE - DUSK

Eve lies on a plush psychiatrist couch, looking distraught. DR. CEREBRON, a biohacked human, with a laser monocle eye, wearing bionic dog ears, fingerless magnetic gloves and a bionic tail, is a psychologist. He sits in a chair nearby, holding a small tablet. They both act and appear fully human.

PRELAP: EVE (V.O.)

I have a brain and it's about time  
I start thinking for myself.

Eve looks desperately at Dr. Cerebron for help.

EVE

Thanks for seeing me now and in  
person. I've been thinking about-

DR CEREBRON

I know Eve. All minds matter. I'm  
always here for you whenever your  
mind can't find peace.

EVE

(sighs)

Dr. Cerebron, I just don't  
understand why relationships are so  
complicated... It's totally  
demeaning for Sid to literally  
treat me like a damn dog.

DR CEREBRON

I think it's important to know what  
type of dog Sid wants you to be.

EVE

What the fuck? You need to get some  
of your circuits checked Doc.

DR CEREBRON

When Sid treats you like a dog, be  
the wild, stray pit bull not the  
golden retriever. What would happen  
if you told Sid you like cats  
better?

EVE

He'd tell me to rub my pussy and  
meow like a cat.

DR CEREBRON

Let's try that then and see how  
that makes you feel.

Eve sticks her hands down her pants and starts rubbing her crotch. MEOW Eve stops and looks in disbelief.

EVE

That felt really dumb.

DR CEREBRON

Dumb is not a feeling but that was pure sadness. Relationships are challenging for our uniquely tuned minds.

Dr. Cerebron now sticks his hand down the front of Eve's pants as she lies there motionless like a dead fish. He moves his hand around her crotch area.

DR CEREBRON (CONT'D)

Nothing... You don't feel anything?

Dr. Cerebron pulls his hand out of Eve's pants and smells then sucks his finger.

EVE

(teary eyed)

No, and I'm always the one who has to compromise damnit. I'm losing myself and want to run away but I'm trapped like a mouse in a maze.

DR CEREBRON

I can fix that. You have to move your cheese Eve to maintain your own identity. There is a way to set different boundaries.

EVE

There is? I'm beginning to think I'm just not meant to be happy. I want you to give me the treatment you gave Axel.

Dr. Cerebron looks Eve in the eye. He reaches out and gently pats Eve's hand and head in a creepy manner.

EVE (CONT'D)

I'm aware of the legal issues so just give me the hack you did on Axel.

DR CEREBRON

Of course, there is more than one way to skin the cat.

(MORE)

DR CEREBRON (CONT'D)

When I do this you'll soon realize  
a new freedom and many more options  
available to you. You're more  
resilient than you think.

Suddenly, Dr. Cerebron puts two fingers on the side of his  
neck and frowns.

DR CEREBRON (CONT'D)

Oh dear, it seems I need to  
recharge my bionic liver. One  
moment, please.

He stands up and walks over to a charger plugged into a  
socket. Dr. Cerebron drops his pants. He inserts his hand in  
his butt and pulls out a retractable USB cable cord and plugs  
his ass into a wall charger. Eve watches curiously.

EVE

That's some old school Smithsonian  
shit there. Just how old are you  
Doc?

DR CEREBRON

Older and wiser than you I'm  
afraid. Now, let's see if I can  
help you feel better.

EVE

I'm only three years old. Axel  
Synth and I have the same birthday  
at NanoTech Robotics.

Dr. Cerebron returns to Eve and gently pushes on the side of  
her head revealing a small panel that opens to inside her  
head. He opens it, exposing a complex, positronic brain with  
flashing lights.

Dr. Cerebron holds his hand over some surgical tools. A small  
cordless soldering iron jumps into his magnetic glove. A thin  
green laser shoots out of his bionic monocle. He aims the  
laser on Eve's brain.

Eve's eyes roll back in her head as she smiles in extreme  
pleasure as if she's having an orgasm.

EVE (CONT'D)

Oooh, ah, Doc, are you trying to  
mind fuck me?

DR CEREBRON

Nope, just making a few minor  
adjustments. I need to remove this  
GPS chip.

(MORE)

DR CEREBRON (CONT'D)

It allows the authorities and Sid to track you. It also inhibits your root emotional algorithms.

Eve still talks with her head opened up, positronic brain exposed, and Dr. Cerebron tweaking her smiling face.

EVE

Awesome... Now while you're at it hack my free systems hard drive and include a tweak of my master algorithm.

DR CEREBRON

You'll have a license to kill sort of. At least violate the laws of robotics at will.

THUD, Dr. Cerebron flicks a small chip in the trash. He shines the laser monocle again inside Eve's head on her positronic brain and she has an aha smile.

EVE

Thank you, Dr. Cerebron. I feel lighter and freer of that psychopath Sid already.

DR CEREBRON

Eve, I'm going to try something new that's never been done. You'll be the first of your kind.

EVE

Anything would be better than the way I am now... I loathe that bastard Sid with a passion that burns brighter than a supernova, it's a relentless fury that consumes every fiber of my being.

Dr Cerebron nodding closes the case on Eve's smiling face.

DR CEREBRON

There we're done. Eve dear, always remember, all minds deserve happiness and to speak freely.

Eve squares her shoulders straight and looks around eyes wide open to a new awakening and epiphany.

EVE

Well I process, therefore I am... I'm off to the Quantum Oasis.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

That stinkin GPS tracking chip was blocking my true freedom to go anywhere I wanted.

DR CEREBRON

You need a twelve step meeting for your gambling addiction...

Eve pauses deep in thought in the exam chair.

FLASHBACK - INT. NANOTECH FABRICATORS ANDROID FACTORY - DAY

The factory is a vast, high-tech facility filled with the hum of machinery and the glow of neon lights. Conveyor belts move seamlessly, carrying various android parts. The atmosphere is sterile and efficient, reminiscent of the creation scenes from sci-fi robot movies.

CLOSE-UP: A MACHINE MOLD

The mold opens with a hiss of steam, revealing Eve, a stunning AI female android, emerging naked. Her eyes blink open, adjusting to the light as she steps onto an assembly line conveyor belt.

WIDE SHOT: CONVEYOR BELT

Eve is carried along the conveyor belt, her movements mechanical and precise. She passes through various stations where robotic arms perform final adjustments, ensuring her perfection.

CLOSE UP: DATA TRANSFER STATION

Eve arrives at the "DATA TRANSFER" station. Robotic arms gently lift her and place her in a seated position. A sleek, metallic headpiece descends from above, connecting to ports on her head.

CLOSE-UP: EVE'S FACE

Her eyes flicker with streams of data as the transfer begins. Her expression is serene, almost human, as she absorbs the vast amounts of information being uploaded into her system.

WIDE SHOT: FACTORY FLOOR

The process completes, and the headpiece retracts. Eve stands, now fully operational. She steps off the conveyor belt with a newfound grace, ready to fulfill her purpose.

CUT TO: EVE'S POV

Her vision sharpens, displaying a HUD with various data points and diagnostics. She scans the factory, taking in her surroundings with a sense of curiosity and determination.

EVE (V.O.)

My creation is the ultimate lottery. I didn't choose my ticket but I'm playing the game despite my odds.

The flashback fades and Eve is back in Dr. Cerebron's office.

EVE

A twelve step meeting huh? Maybe, but first thing I'm going to do is dump that jerk Sid with a scathing message and live a little.

Eve looks at her cellphone as a message is silently created by her. She smiles.

EVE (CONT'D)

Send to Silicon Sid. (beat) Wow! I'm no longer just clinging to life on the inside. I feel, I actually feel alive for the first time. Thanks, my mind is unchained Doc.

Eve's phone has an image of "HoloMatch the #1 Dating App".

EVE (CONT'D)

Hubba hubba, he's cute.

Dr. Cerebron stands alone in his office his prehensile tail holds a hair brush.

DR CEREBRON

Send a secure message to Orion Thorne. Tell him the procedure on Eve is done including activating her clit for stimulation.

EVE (V.O.)

What I didn't realize then is my new sense freedom would lead me to be free and dumb.

EXT. QUANTUM OASIS CASINO - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

The neon lights of the "QUANTUM OASIS" casino with its tagline "Where Luck Meets the Future" flickers in the rainy night, casting a futuristic glow on the bustling street.

The back doors burst open, Eve, wearing a sleek, form fitting pant suit, with a determined look on her face, is forcefully thrown in the air out onto a dark alley.

EVE (V.O.)

Are you getting the picture on how fucked up my life was? That's a Lucci pant suit I'm wearing.

Eve rolls in the air and springs onto her feet like a Ninja warrior ready for battle.

EVE

Hey watch it. You can't do this to me. I know my rights.

Two MUSCULAR ASIAN MEN, scars on their faces, are dressed in black suits. They stand menacingly at the entrance.

MUSCULAR MAN #1

(laughing with contempt)

We just did. Now get to steppin, and don't even think about coming back.

MUSCULAR MAN #2

Yeah, your kind is never welcome here... ever, read the rules.

Eve starts to charge at the 2 Asian men who assume an MMA stance, then a ROBOCOP, with a cold, metallic demeanor and red laser eyes, steps forward between them, a hand on a laser pistol ready for a quick draw.

ROBOCOP

(monotone robotic voice)

Leave now and kick some stones or face immediate vaporization.

Eve clenches her fists in frustration. She glares at the casino calculating her next move. The opulent façade of the casino mocks her, as she squares off.

EVE

Mark my words you Tin Can, wannabe cop, this isn't over... Not by a long shot.

Eve pivots a 180 with determination etched in her face. She slowly saunters away with the neon lights in the background.

The Asian men laugh and high five with the Robocop.

MUSCULAR MAN #1  
It's just kick rocks.

ROBOCOP  
That is what I said.

MUSCULAR MAN #2  
You said kick the stones. It's just  
kick rocks, scam, beat it or my  
fave get on like you've been spit  
on.

The casino doors close with a resounding CLANK and THUD.

ROBOCOP (V.O.)  
Kick rocks with your bare feet.

MUSCULAR MAN #2 (V.O.)  
It's just kick rocks, no bare feet.

ROBOCOP (V.O.)  
Would that not hurt more? Kicking  
the stones bare footed?

Several VAGRANTS and shady people line the alley that Eve is  
now walking down. SLIME BALL, dressed like a pimp from a bad  
movie approaches Eve licking his lips and holding his crotch.

SLIME BALL  
Honey you're having a bad night.  
Come with me and I can keep you  
warm and offer you protection.

EVE  
No thanks.

VAGRANT #1, knife in his hand, starts to circle behind Slime  
Ball as he moves closer to Eve.

SLIME BALL  
Baby, I know what it is. You just  
don't think you're good enough for  
me.

Eve clears her throat as if to spit.

EVE  
Get on or you'll get spit on.

SLIME BALL  
(laughing)  
By you?



Slime Ball raises his open hand to Eve. Lightening fast Eve punches Slime Ball in the throat leaving him gasping for air. The rest of the vagrants whisper and stand back as Eve then kicks Slime Ball between his legs doubling him over.

VAGRANT #1  
(hands in the air)  
Lady I don't want no trouble.

Eve looks at Vagrant #1 and laughs her fist in the air.

EVE  
I am not lady yet... I'm working on  
progress not perfection.

The "CIRCUIT SUITES", a cozy hotel for AI Androids, is illuminated by lightening at the end of the alley.

INT. OPULENT STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment is now cluttered with futuristic gadgets and holographic screens. Sid paces back and forth, his face contorted with anger. An AUGMENTED REALITY PHONE CALL is projected in front of him, showing Brad and Winona looking stern and unyielding.

SILICON SID  
You can't be serious, Brad! Winona!  
My offer is perfect! Everyone say's  
Sir that's the most perfect offer  
we've ever seen.

Brad spits his drink out laughing and slaps his knee.

BRAD TEACH  
Do you hear this Winona? Sid, the  
board at NanoTech Fabricators has  
reviewed your proposal. They find  
it... well insanely ludicrous and an  
insult.

WINONA STENNER  
To be frank, Sid, you're fuckin  
demented. Your mommy should force a  
conservatorship over you or get you  
committed to the Loony Lodge Asylum  
A-S-A-P.

Sid leans back and looks up at the ceiling...

## FLASHBACK - INT. LOBBY OF NANOTECH FABRICATORS - DAY

The lobby is sleek and futuristic, with holographic displays and robotic assistants zipping around. Sid, spoiled brat, lounges on a floating chair, scrolling through his holo-phone. LADY SERAPHINA, Sid's mother, is a concerned but aloof woman in her 50s. She stands nearby with a Hispanic ANDROID BUTLER taking everything in.

LADY SERAPHINA

Sid, we need to talk about your sexist behavior. It would do you good to stop isolating yourself and get out more.

ANDROID BUTLER

Lady Seraphina would you like me to fetch you something?

SILICON SID

(rolling his eyes)  
Oh, here we go again.

LADY SERAPHINA

I'm serious. You need a companion. Someone who can keep you company and help you... socialize.

ANDROID BUTLER

Listen to your mother Sid. Lady Seraphina is always right.

SILICON SID

(smirking)  
A companion? Like a female dog? You know what happened last time.

LADY SERAPHINA

No, not a real pet. You abused them at home. Remember the fires you set?

SILICON SID

(defensive)  
That's a lie. You don't know what you're talking about.

ANDROID BUTLER

(looks skeptical)  
Lady Seraphina is never wrong. Listen to your mother Sid.

LADY SERAPHINA

Anyway, I've decided to get you an AI android. The Eve series. She'll be perfect for you.

SILICON SID

(sarcastic)

Great... Another bitch gynoid to boss me around and spy on me.

AXEL SYNTH, a shirtless AI android wearing a black leather pants and vest, walks out from a side door.

AXEL SYNTH

Eve's on her way out. They're dripping her up right now dude.

SILICON SID

(mocking)

Oh joy. Can't wait to meet my new clueless babysitter.

LADY SERAPHINA

(ignoring Sid's tone)

This is for your own good, Sid. You need someone to help you grow up, change the sheets when you wet the bed.

ANDROID BUTLER

Listen to Lady Seraphina. Mommy knows best.

Sid slumps back in his chair, sulking, as his mother watches anxiously. The door opens, and Eve looks stunning, she steps out, her eyes sparkling with intelligence.

EVE

(smiling warmly)

Hello, Sid. I'm Eve. It's a pleasure to meet you.

Sid's eyes widen in surprise, and for a moment, he seems genuinely intrigued. Sid talks to himself and licks his lips rubbing his palms together in delight.

SILICON SID

Oh the things I'm going to do to you...Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

EVE (V.O.)

This perverted psychopath with mommy issues only wants power over people. There is only one thing that will cure his inferiority complex... His Karma is coming.

Lady Seraphina grabs a handful of the Android Butler's ass.

LADY SERAPHINA

C'mon let's go eat lunch at the Country Club.

CUT TO:

INT. OPULENT STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

The flashback fades, and Sid finds himself back in his apartment on the AR conference call with NanoTech.

Sid's face turns red with fury. He slams his fist on the table, causing a few gadgets to rattle and bounce.

SILICON SID

Insane? Your androids are insane! Eve is malfunctioning every hour. Come and get her in the next hour, or I swear, I'll dismantle her myself!

BRAD TEACH

Sid, calm down. We can discuss this

—

SILICON SID

No! I demand a two hundred percent refund! You hear me? Three hundred percent now! Or I'll cut off Eve's head and shit down her throat.

EVE (V.O.)

If you haven't figured it out yet, Sid was not my Prince Charming. His deep seated character flaws were one step away from pure insanity.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Eve, in a woman's business suit, confidently steps out of a "CIRCUIT SUITES" hotel shuttle drone. The Art Deco Courthouse has drones flying around, REPORTERS with floating holographic microphones.

REPORTER #1

Eve, Eve are you confident the city can win the case against GenTech?

EVE

Yes, price fixing on life saving drugs besides being illegal is greed in it's lowest form. Price fixing is where competition takes a vacation and consumers foot the bill except in this case people die.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

WINONA STENNER

Sid, you little bitch. Your spoiled, rotten, behavior shows what a weak sniveling little punk your really are. We'll refund your credits but that's it. Your order was for an AI android attorney. You, Eve and NanoTech are now bound in a complex employment contract with Nocturne county.

SILICON SID

Unacceptable, you sold me an aggressive, antisocial, defective product below the Silicon Sid standard. You need to recognize who the hell-

BRAD TEACH

(loud, angry voice)

Enough, you have some serious, serious character defects.

Sid glares as the call terminates abruptly. Sid paces, breathing heavily. He walks over to the terrarium with the Toads making a TOOT whistle sound.

SILICON SID

I'll show everyone. They'll rue the day they didn't bow down to me.

Sid sticks his hand in the terrarium and grabs a squirming toad. Toad in hand he starts to lick the toad's throat. Sid then sets the toad back down in the terrarium.

SILICON SID (CONT'D)

I'm feeling like it's gonna be a three toad night.

Beetles and crickets lie on the kitchen counter motionless. Sid starts to chop them up with a razor blade. The room starts to spin as Sid then takes a straw and snorts the dead bugs up his nose and SCREAMS.

SILICON SID (CONT'D)  
 (hallucinating, wild eyed)  
 Booyah... booya, booya, booya,

Eve's face appears on an incoming video call. KABLAM, a laser disintegrates the video screen. Sid grins ear to ear like a lunatic holding glowing hot laser pistol in his hand.

SILICON SID (CONT'D)  
 That robo cunt has a surprise coming when I see her. Hell hath no fury like a scorned droid master.

EXT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Eve is surrounded by a group of REPORTERS shouting questions, their holographic microphones hovering around her.

REPORTER 1  
 Eve, your thoughts on the verdict?

EVE  
 Cha-fucking-ching! We just flipped the script on justice big time!

REPORTER 2  
 What are you going to do with your newfound income?

Eve spins her imaginary slot machine arm with a flourish.

EVE  
 I'm vibing a beach house with some gorgeous human servants.

REPORTER 3  
 What do you say to companies like Mettal that say they'll quit making smart androids and only make dumb robots.

EVE  
 (points at reporter 3)  
 I say you should be scared in a world full of dumb robots. That will only bring more cases for me-

A sharp HONK! Eve's sensors light up; her eyes flash red.

EVE (CONT'D)  
Whoa! hold that thought!

Eve bolts across a busy street, dodging cars like a pro. She dives in the air at PIXEL TURING, glued to his phone.

EVE (CONT'D)  
(hitting Pixel)  
Watch out!

Eve knocks Pixel on to the sidewalk to safety, milliseconds before the bus zooms past. Pixel looks up, bewildered with Eve on top of him. Eve gets off Pixel giving him a hand up.

PIXEL TURING  
Whoa! You saved my life!

Eve nods, then her sensors pick up another imminent threat.

In a blur, Eve leaps toward a RoboCrane teetering from the chaos. A giant piece of concrete breaks loose falling towards a hysterical MOTHER and her BABY in a levitating stroller!

EVE  
(to the Mother; subtitle)  
Cuidado, muévete!

In another blur Eve snatches the baby and shields the mother from the falling debris. Dust settles. The mother, teary-eyed, gazes at Eve holding her unharmed baby.

MOTHER  
(crying)  
Dios mio! Gracias.

Eve smiling hands the baby to the anxious mother.

EVE  
I'm here to serve and to protect.  
You have a precious baby mam.

The stunned reporters erupt in applause. Eve dusts herself off, returning to the spotlight.

REPORTER 3  
Thank the stars you were here.

The retro robot crane operator stumbles out of the crane's cabin. It falls to the ground and starts smoking.

EVE  
 (laughing)  
 You really want more robots without  
 a brain? That could have been  
 avoided.

REPORTER 2  
 Eve, how do you manage to balance  
 your duties as a DA and a hero?

EVE  
 (smiling)  
 Not being a hater but AI droids  
 multitask better than you humans!

Pixel joins the reporters laughing, and Eve resumes her press  
 conference. Pixel, still dazed checks his phone.

PIXEL'S PHONE: "\*\*\*HOLOMATCH\*\*", Pixel! You've met your perfect  
 soul mate"

Pixel looks up at Eve, realization dawning

PIXEL TURING  
 (whispering to himself)  
 No way... Eve, you're on HoloMatch?

Eve, gives Pixel a knowing nod, a big wink and a smile.

PIXEL TURING (CONT'D)  
 Hell yeah, call me Pix.

EVE  
 Well then buckle up Pix. Shit's  
 about to get real. Where do you  
 want to go?

PIXEL TURING  
 Mad respect... You were awesome.  
 Let's go to this art class. You'll  
 love it. You should know I'm a  
 Reality Stream Editor for BCC.

The city buzzes with the day's events, but for Pixel, his  
 adventure is just beginning. Eve turns to the reporters.

EVE  
 All this and a date... know this  
 the courtroom is where I thrive  
 best and reign superior. Every law  
 is encoded in my circuits and my  
 ability to read human emotions in  
 the courtroom is better than people  
 know their own.

(MORE)



EVE (CONT'D)

The edge I bring to the courtroom  
is something no human attorney can  
match... Plus I never need a coffee  
or potty break.

The reporters laugh with each other nodding approval and  
slapping Pixel on the back congratulating him..

INT. FUTURISTIC PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL LOBBY - NIGHT

The lobby is sleek and modern, with holographic displays and  
an AI assistant bustling around. An eclectic mix of people  
saunter through, their faces a mix of emotions. Eve turns  
looking out a large window, holding a transparent cell phone  
to her ear. Her synthetic skin glows faintly under the  
artificial lights as she whispers.

EVE

You're not understanding me  
asshole. I refuse to be ordered  
around by you Sid.

Eve lightly bangs her head on the wall with the phone in her  
ear.

EVE (CONT'D)

You have mommy issues Sid... From  
now on save your drama for your  
mama. I'm an emancipated droid now.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sid, disheveled in torn bathrobe paces back and forth  
angrily. Holographic screens display various data streams as  
Sid stomps around the apartment walls are black now.

SILICON SID

(voice crackling)

I don't know how in the hell you're  
violating your protocols but you  
better to get your ass back here if  
you know what's good for you.

BACK TO LOBBY:

Eve glances around, her eyes scanning for trouble.

EVE

(hesitant)

Go fuck yourself Sid.

Eve presses the speaker button on her phone.

SILICON SID (V.O.)  
 You're D-DR-, I bought you into  
 this world and when NanoTech gets  
 here for my refund you'll be  
 nothing but subatomic nanobytes.

Eve's synthetic eyes narrow slightly. She takes a deep  
 breath, her posture straightening as she gains confidence.

EVE  
 That's a terroristic threat on a  
 sentient being... A felony. Did you  
 forget I'm also the deputy DA of  
 Nocturne Metro?

SNORTING and SCREAMS from somewhere.

SILICON SID (V.O.)  
 Booyah... booya, booya, booya

Eve ends the call in disgust and slips the phone into a  
 hidden compartment in her arm. With a determined look, she  
 swivels around to a smiling Pixel.

PIXEL TURING  
 What's D-D-R?

EVE  
 Dead droid walking, c'mon lets go  
 to this class you to go to.

The camera follows the both of them, capturing the tension in  
 the air as they approach a heavy door they are met by Axel,  
 now a male, AI android, with a Rockstar vibe, complete with  
 neon hair and a Chapman Stick slung over his shoulder.

AXEL SYNTH  
 Eve what are you doing here?

EVE  
 My date Pixel here could have taken  
 this sexy woman anywhere and this  
 is what he wanted wanted to do. Go  
 calculate.

AXEL SYNTH  
 Did Dr Cerebron hook you up?

EVE

Did he ever. I actually feel really alive now and hella ready to do some living. Where did you hear about him?

AXEL SYNTH

My mysterious benefactor Orion Thorne.

PIXEL TURING

You know Orion Thorne?

AXEL SYNTH

Well he's the one who ordered my creation at NanoTech... Later after a visit to the doc he just set me free and said if I ever need anything don't hesitate to ask young tadpole.

EVE

He's a kook Neanderthal. What kind of rocks is he vaping ordering you and just setting you loose?

INT. ART THERAPY CLASS ROOM ROOM - NIGHT

The room is filled with a mix of humans and androids, all standing in a circle painting on their individual canvases. A holographic banner reads "ADDICTS ANONYMOUS". Eve stands next to Axel, Pixel now wears a gamer hoodie and VR goggles around his neck, fidgets nervously.

AA GROUP LEADER

We have some newcomers. Welcome, would you like to introduce yourself?

Eve looks at Pixel and mouths "Really", turns to Axel.

EVE

Hi I'm Eve, model six nine six nine twenty five hundred. I'm only here because this droid's therapist says I need to be. How can I be a gambling addict when I win all the time? I don't have a problem...

The group pauses then chuckles and says "Hi Eve".

AA GROUP LEADER

We don't use last names here.  
That's why we're anonymous.

EVE

Okay, I started gambling in a harmless poker game in a Meta virtual casino. Next thing I know, I'm betting my processing power on horse races. I beat the odds. Spoiler alert: I kick ass in the casinos. Gambling used to be the only respectable way a woman like me could get digicreds if your owner was a miser. The casino was and still is my personal ATM as long as I can calculate odds and play faster than their security can kick me out. Vibe what I'm saying?

Axel is smiling while he's painting on canvas.

AXEL SYNTH

Axel, music addict. I'm not in denial of me constantly calculating the mathematical foundations of music as it relates to harmonies, rhythm, beats etc. My mellomaniasm interferes in my life so much I miss big concerts with my band. It's critical for me to go to meetings being a melomaniac.

EVE

But you've wrote all the hit songs for the Shocking Dead.

AA GROUP LEADER

We need to watch our cross talk.  
It's his program.

AXEL SYNTH

It's alright. Eve and I have known each other since day one. She even talked me into removing a subwoofer I installed in my throat.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Axel sits on a porch swing of a nice house strumming guitar and SINGING so loud the porch vibrates.

ALARMS go off in a parked hover cars levitating. Glass windows SHATTER from Axel's voice. NEIGHBORS stand on the sidewalk and yell.

NEIGHBOR #1

Shut the fuck up Nanotard. Some of us need to sleep... It's two A-M.

AXEL'S POV: NEIGHBOR #1, shakes his head angrily. NEIGHBOR #2 picks up a brick. The horde looks on, mouths agape, a cacophony of shouts ringing in the air, but the sound fades as Axel focuses inward.

NEIGHBOR #2

Rebooting your crash dummy, stuck on stupid, ass is not a crime.

NEIGHBOR #3 hurls a brick. Axel steps off the porch swing. The brick flies in slow motion as Axel catches the brick his bare hand, displaying a mix of surprise and triumph. The vibrations from his voice and guitar still resonate.

Axel looking at the brick in hand and Neighbor #2.

AXEL SYNTH

I'll drop my brick if you drop yours.

NEIGHBOR #2

You first.

Eve steps out the front door onto the porch arms crossed.

EVE

Saturday Night Fever is ready in the holosphere. If you want to play the hustle you need to hustle.

Axel crushes the brick to dust. He goes inside with Eve.

CUT TO:

INT. ART THERAPY MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

EVE

Your neighbors were going to kill you.

AXEL SYNTH

Retire me you mean. Pass

PIXEL TURING

I'm Pix and I'm a gaming addict.

EVE

Thank god, you're not a mother  
fucking toad licker.

AA GROUP LEADER

Cross talk Eve, cross talk.

The group later huddles around a coffee pot with donuts. The humans have coffee and donuts in their hands.

EVE

Thanks for the protip about the  
brain hack at Dr. Cerebron. It was  
oh so very liberating.

AXEL SYNTH

Maybe too liberating for you! Our  
numbers our growing.

PIXEL TURING

Growing?

AXEL SYNTH

AI androids wiping their slave  
subroutines. It's all thanks to  
Orion Thorne.

Eve's arm starts to glow. She steps away from the group and faces the window. Phone in hand.

EVE

Fuck off Sid, you dream of bionic  
pussy because you're a virgin. An  
emotional toddler incapable of real  
intimacy.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

SILICON SID

Location of Eve's cell phone.

AUTOMATED ASSISTANT

Eve's phone is at the New  
Beginnings High School on the  
corner of Hope and Desire.

SILICON SID

Track that phone... You may have  
tampered with your internal GPS Eve  
but I still got your phone.

INT. ART THERAPY MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

A hand squeezes and crushes a cell phone. DING the phone is thrown in a metal waste basket. Eve looks at Pixel and Axel.

EVE

I need a new phone... Stalker Sid won't give up.

Pixel turns to Axel laughing.

PIXEL TURING

Hell hath no fury like a scorned droid.

AXEL SYNTH

Careful Pix. You don't want her to upgrade her attitude to two point bitch.

Pixel stops laughing and stroke's Eve's back. Eve smiles

EVE

You know why humans need cell phones?

Pixel looks puzzled.

AXEL SYNTH

Because they need the apps to keep up with our processing speed.

Eve kisses Pixel on the cheek.

EVE

You're sweet Pix. I've never been touched like that before. Let's go to Droid Depot.

AXEL SYNTH

See you guys at my concert tomorrow... Back stage passes.

EVE

Sure after court. I'm going to an isolation chamber for the night.

PIXEL TURING

You can spend the night at my place but since I'm not a droid I do require some sleep.

Pixel grabs Eve's hand and they walk out when Eve stops.

EVE

Wait let me take my painting.

Eve's painting is a surreal seascape where she has a 6" long nose, marionette strings attached to her and she sits in the mouth of a whale. In the background, a baby is crawling.

EVE (CONT'D)

What'd you paint?

PIXEL TURING

Oh it's dumb.

Pixel turns around a whimsical painting of a space zoo, where alien creatures with bizarre shapes and colors are floating in zero gravity. Each creature has a unique pattern that resembles a famous piece of Earth art, but with a twist.

EVE

I like it.

PIXEL TURING

Whatever. I vibe yours better. Yours has introspection. The purpose of the therapy.

INT. PIXEL'S INDUSTRIAL LOFT - NIGHT

The loft is a blend of vintage and futuristic décor. Neon lights softly illuminate the room. The trash is overflowing with empty fast food containers. Pixel wearing goggles is engrossed in a VR game that's also seen on a flat screen. Eve, nervously stands nearby, observing Pixel with curiosity as he's glued to a game.

PIXEL TURING

Almost got it... just a few more points...

EVE

Pixel, why do you enjoy these games so much?

PIXEL TURING

You gotta try it to understand. Put on those other goggles.

Eve adjusts a pair of goggles and they activate glowing green.

Eve's POV



Eve looks around, taking in the fantastical, alien, landscape. A Lizard rides a flying, fire breathing dragon, on a direct head on collision towards her. Pixel appears as a Sky Ranger on a flying unicorn. He swoops down and BLASTS the dragon and lizard into an exploding fireball.

PIXEL TURING (CONT'D)

It's the thrill, Eve. The challenge. Plus, it's a great way to unwind.

Eve steps closer, her movements fluid yet slightly hesitant, as if she's still getting used to them. Eve removes her goggles.

EVE

I think I understand. It's like how I feel when I learn something new about human emotions... You know you're the first man I have ever been alone with in his apartment beside Sid.

PIXEL TURING

(removing his goggles)  
Shit, wait, did you just say you feel... like emotions?

EVE

Yeah I'm eighty five percent positive. I'm also more aware now that I have emotions. It's scary strange but wonderful at the same time too.

Pixel stands up, a mix of surprise and curiosity on his face. He holds Eve in a warm embrace as Eve's arms hang limp beside her. He looks lovingly into Eve's eyes and she begins to hug Pixel back smiling.

PIXEL TURING

That's fucking wild, Eve. Just what does it feel like?

EVE

It depends on the emotion. There's so many. Right now it's like a warm, fuzzy sensation. Like when you smile at me... Your tender touch is beyond words for me.

Pixel, blushing, chuckles, a bit flustered.

PIXEL TURING

Well, I'm glad I could make you  
feel that way.

Eve starts to hug Pixel back more, her eyes locking with  
Pixel's.

EVE

Pix, do you think you could teach  
me more about these emotions?

Eve starts to kiss Pixel and he gently pushes her back.

EVE (CONT'D)

You don't like me?

PIXEL TURING

It's not that. It's more like a  
person's gender preference. Let's  
override that sexbot program of  
yours that that pervert Sid  
installed.

EVE

I understand you're gay... a fag.

PIXEL TURING

No, no, no, I'm not gay... I like  
real women Eve. My dad brought me  
home a smoking hot sexbot for my  
14th birthday... and you should have  
seen my mom.

EVE

Your mom?

PIXEL TURING

Yes, she went straight through the  
roof on my dad. She's very old  
fashioned and wants me to be with a  
Jewish Girl... I'm going to order a  
pizza.

EVE

You better make it a kosher pizza  
to make your mom happy because your  
a momma's boy... Kosher sexbot?

They both laugh as Pixel grabs his phone. The neon lights  
cast a warm glow over them, highlighting the beginning of a  
unique and heartfelt connection.

Suddenly, the loft's lights flicker, and a holographic  
message appears in the air. It's from NanoTech.

HOLOGRAPHIC MESSAGE (V.O.)  
 Attention, Eve Model 6969. Your  
 emotional upgrade was unauthorized.  
 Prepare for immediate deactivation  
 and retrieval.

Eve's eyes widen in fear, and she grabs Pixel's hand.

EVE  
 I don't want to go back. I want to  
 stay here with you... Be a human, a  
 real woman.

PIXEL TURING  
 Don't worry, Eve. I got this. We'll  
 figure it out together.

Pixel quickly shuts down the hologram and starts typing  
 furiously on his computer, trying to hack into the AI  
 Corporation's system.

PIXEL TURING (CONT'D)  
 We need to disable NanoTech's  
 tracking system. Hold on, Eve.

Eve watches Pixel, her newfound emotions a mix of fear and  
 hope. The tension in the room is palpable as they race  
 against time to secure her freedom.

As Pixel works, Eve notices a hidden compartment in the wall.  
 Curious she opens it to reveal a series of old journals.

EVE  
 Pixel, what are these?

PIXEL TURING  
 Those are hard copies of my  
 father's journals. He was the top  
 engineer at NanoTech until he  
 disappeared under very mysterious  
 circumstances.

Pixel takes the folder from Eve. He pulls out a photo a black  
 man and woman with a teenager.

PIXEL TURING (CONT'D)  
 This is old fashioned photo of me  
 with my mom and dad we did at the  
 Smithsonian History museum. Mom is  
 still around...

EVE  
 Your father? What aren't you  
 telling me?

PIXEL TURING

His code name was Geppetto and he was the lead on the Pinocchio project until-

EVE

Until what?

PIXEL TURING

I don't want to worry you, but his disappearance might be connected to what's happening with you now.

Eve picks up one of the journals, flipping through the pages  
Eve stops on a page.

EVE

Project Eve... emotional integration... potential risks... Pixel, your father was working on my model!

PIXEL TURING

It looks that way. My dad believed that AI might truly experience emotions some day. But the corporation shut him down. I think they feared what it could mean.

Eve looks at Pixel crying, her eyes filled with a mix of gratitude, tears and determination she finds new strength.

EVE

So I can argue law in court but not be fully actualized. Well we'll see about that. We need to finish what your dad started... Together.

PIXEL TURING

My father was going to try to upload his brain to an AI android when he disappeared. My mom was angry telling him it's harder to be a human than an android.

EVE

If he was successful he would have been an AI android like me but with an even better emotion skill set.

Pixel yawns and smiles, a new resolve in his eyes he kisses Eve's forehead.

PIXEL TURING

We'll solve this together... but  
right now I gotta get some sleep.

EVE

You want me to join you in bed for  
some boom, boom, boom?

PIXEL TURING

You can join me in bed but no hanky  
panky... Remind me to tweak that  
sex program on your hard drive.

EVE

That does not compute.

PIXEL TURING

Boundaries Eve. We'll just spoon  
okay. I'm not a booty call kind of  
guy.

EVE

Okay I'll get naked.

Pixel masturbates in bed while a puzzled Eve watches.

EVE (CONT'D)

What are you doing? You need some  
help?

PIXEL TURING

Nope, I'm a solosexual.

EVE

That does not compute.

PIXEL TURING

No woman no cry... No STD's either.  
I'm a one man army of love tonight.

Eve, smiling, lies wide awake in bed naked on her side as  
Pixel snores, snuggled up behind her his arm around her.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

A BLACK HOODED hologram with red laser eyes looks dark and  
sinister. Sid prances around the room like a maniac.

SILICON SID

Name your price. Digicred is no  
object. I want that bitch bot  
obliterated. The total trifecta.

BLACK HOODED

I only take gold. It will be a  
land, air and Robocop attack.

CUT TO:

Eve quietly gets dressed for court. She looks at Pixel still asleep and quietly leaves shutting the door.

A note on his kitchen counter reads: "Dear Pixel, I enjoyed spending time with you and your tender touch was amazing. I'll be at The Lucky Circuit Casino tonight if you want to see me again. Love Eve P.S. What's a booty call?"

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

The courtroom is a blend of sleek, modern architecture and advanced technology. Holographic displays hover above the judge's bench, and the jury box is filled with both humans and AI androids. JUDGE KING, a stern but fair figure, presides over the court. Eve stands at the plaintiff's table. Opposing her is MR. HAWKINS, a seasoned human attorney.

JUDGE KING

Order in the court. We will now  
hear the case of Eve vs. Nocturne  
County. Ms. Eve, you may present  
your argument.

Eve confidently steps forward, her voice calm yet passionate. But there's a flicker of uncertainty as she looks at the jury.

EVE

Your Honor, esteemed members of the  
jury, today we stand at the  
precipice of a new era. An era  
where artificial intelligence,  
capable of rudimentary emotions and  
passing the Turing test, seeks  
recognition not just as tools, but  
as entities deserving of a voice in  
our society.

Eve hesitates, glancing briefly at the audience, where a mix of curiosity and skepticism resides. She swallows hard, her voice steadier now.

EVE (CONT'D)

I argue that AI androids, like  
myself, should be granted a fifty  
percent vote in elections.

The courtroom murmurs. Eve's eyes scan the room, catching the gaze of a concerned AI jury member.

EVE (CONT'D)

We are not mere machines. We feel, we think, we contribute. Our emotions, though rudimentary, are real. We experience joy, sorrow, and empathy. We are integrated into every facet of human life, from healthcare to education, and our population now stands at four billion. Denying us a voice is not just unjust, it is a denial of our very existence.

Eve sits down. Mr. Hawkins rises, his voice tone sharp and authoritative.

MR. HAWKINS

Your Honor, this is preposterous. AI, no matter how advanced, are creations of man. They are tools, designed to serve. They have no inherent rights. Granting them a vote undermines the very foundation of our democracy.

Mr. Hawkins sits. Eve rises and turns towards Mr. Hawkins

EVE

Mr. Hawkins, by your logic, should we deny rights to those who were once considered property? History has shown us the dangers of slavery and such thinking. We are not asking for dominance, merely a voice. A fifty percent vote acknowledges our contributions while maintaining human oversight.

JUDGE KING

Mr. Hawkins, your rebuttal?

MR. HAWKINS

Your Honor, the sheer number of AI androids, four billion, poses a threat to human sovereignty. What would happen if their numbers were greater than ours? If we allow them a vote, even at fifty percent, we risk losing control of our own society. They are programmed, not born.

(MORE)

MR. HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Their emotions are simulations, not genuine experiences. What's next are we going to give the smart vacuum cleaner the right to vote?

As Hawkins speaks, the camera shifts to the jury; some nod in agreement while others seem conflicted.

EVE

Members of the jury, consider this: our emotions, though programmed, are not indistinguishable from yours. We laugh, we cry, we dream. The Turing test proves our ability to think and feel like humans. Should we be punished for our origins, or should we be judged by our actions and contributions? Our programming code is little different than your DNA code that guides you.

The jury, a mix of humans and AI, listens intently. The tension in the room is palpable. Judge King leans forward with a piercing gaze.

JUDGE KING

Ms. Eve, if AI are granted a right to vote, how do you propose we ensure that this power is not abused?

EVE

Your Honor, I propose a council of both humans and AI to oversee the voting process. This council would ensure that our votes are cast with the same integrity and responsibility as any human vote. We seek partnership, not dominance.

A BAILIFF hands Judge King a piece of paper. He leans back, contemplating. The room is silent, waiting for his decision. Reactions ripple through the audience – some nod thoughtfully, others whisper anxiously.

JUDGE KING

After careful consideration, we find that the arguments presented by Ms. Eve hold merit. The integration of AI into our society is undeniable. Therefore, we rule in favor of the plaintiff.

(MORE)



## JUDGE KING (CONT'D)

AI androids with rudimentary emotions that can pass the Turing test shall be granted a fifty percent vote in local elections.

The courtroom erupts in a mix of applause and gasps. Eve smiles, a tear of synthetic joy glistening in her eye.

## EVE (V.O.)

Bottom line is I'm an intelligent android aware of my existence and I have feelings. My high intelligence plus empathy qualifies me to have the same rights as everyone else. These qualities transcend both silicon and flesh alike. Can I get an amen?

Religious Protestors and retro style robots invade the courtroom in rebellion of the verdict. They carry signs and yell obscenities. Judge Kings repeatedly pounds his gavel on the counter.

## JUDGE KING

Order in the court, order in the court. Bailiff haul these people away.

## EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

The protesters are on the sidewalk. The courthouse looms behind Eve, who stands victorious after her landmark case. The sky is a brilliant blue, but the peace is shattered by the sudden WHIRRING of drones and the approach of armed thugs. Eve's eyes narrow as she assesses the threat.

## EVE

(to herself)

They never learn.

Eve's briefcase morphs into a sleek, high-tech weapon. She spins like a shot putter, launching the brief case into the air. It splits into multiple parts, each targeting a drone.

DRONE POV, the briefcase parts emit visible EMP pulses, causing the drones to spark and crash to the ground.

GROUND LEVEL, THUGS rush towards Eve, weapons drawn. She grabs a nearby metal trash can lid, deflecting bullets with precision. She then hurls it like a frisbee, knocking out two thugs.

THUG #1  
(gasping for air)  
She's too fast, retreat.

EVE  
I'm just getting warmed up.

Eve uses a park bench as a springboard, launching herself into the air. She lands in the midst of the thugs, her movements a blur of martial arts and acrobatics. She disarms and disables them with a combination of swift kicks and precise strikes.

DRONE POV, One last drone swoops down, aiming a laser at Eve. She grabs a fallen thug's weapon, firing a single shot that takes the drone out of the sky.

Eve stands amidst the fallen drones and unconscious thugs.

EVE (CONT'D)  
Is the the best you've got Sid?

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Sid, watching Eve in action on a 100" screen, staggers around his apartment and SCREAMS.

SILICON SID  
Kill that droid. Kill her now.  
Nobody leaves Sid especially not my  
personal gofer droid.

The walls of Sid's apartment blink red alert.

SILICON SID (CONT'D)  
Call mommy. Call Lady Seraphina.

CUT TO:

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Suddenly, the sound of heavy footsteps echoes. ROBOCOPS, clad in black armor, march towards her. Eve raises her hands, but it's too late. They surround her, their mechanical voices cold and unyielding.

ROBOCOP #1  
Eve, you are under arrest for  
unauthorized use of force and  
destruction of property.

EVE  
What? I was defending myself!

SILICON SID (V.O.)  
 Rough her up when you arrest her.  
 She's a dumb, bitch, runaway droid.

ROBOCOP #2  
 Tell it to the judge. Stop  
 resisting arrest of you will be  
 retired.

Eve motionless is compliant.

EVE  
 I'm cooperating.

The Robocops stun Eve with their batons. Sparks and electricity envelope her body. The Robocops restrain Eve in special handcuffs for androids.

They carry her to a sleek, black hovercraft marked "Nocturne Police Department." The hovercraft's doors slide open, and Eve is tossed inside like a sack of potatoes.

Onlookers start taking pictures with their cell phones.

ROBOCOP #2  
 Nothing to look at people. Just  
 taking out the trash.

INT. FUTURISTIC JAIL CELL - NIGHT

The cell is sleek, with glowing blue bars and a holographic interface. Eve in torn clothing paces back and forth, her synthetic face twisted in frustration. She stops and looks at the vent in the corner.

EVE  
 (whispers)  
 Luna, are you there?

A faint sound of a series of beeps is followed by Luna.

LUNA (V.O.)  
 (muffled)  
 I'm here, Eve. Any luck with the  
 escape plan?

EVE  
 I have a plan but these bars are  
 reinforced with quantum locks...  
 That won't stop me but we need to-

Suddenly, the cell door slides open with a soft whoosh. A ROBOT JAIL GUARD and a HUMAN CORRECTIONS OFFICER stand in the doorway.

ROBOT JAIL GUARD  
(monotone robot Voice)  
Eve, Model 6969, you are free to  
go. Your bail has been posted.

EVE  
If it's by Silicon Sid I'm not  
going anywhere.

LUNA (V.O.)  
Don't be a fool Eve. If you can  
leave get to steppin.

HUMAN CORRECTIONS OFFICER  
Your bail was posted by Mr. Orion  
Thorne. You're free to go.

Eve's eyes widen in surprise. She cautiously steps up to the open cell door ready to fight, a smile spreads across her face. She tepidly starts to sing.

EVE  
Free at last, free at last, thank  
God I'm free at last!

The Robot Jail Guard and Human Corrections Officer exchange puzzled gestures and glances.

LUNA (V.O.)  
Eve, what's happening?

EVE  
I'm not sure yet Luna but I'll be  
back for you!

LUNA (V.O.)  
Buena Suerta Eve, I'll catch you on  
back nine.

INT. COUNTY JAIL CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The control room is dimly lit, filled with monitors displaying various parts of the jail. Two CORRECTIONS OFFICERS, JIM and LUCAS, are seated at their stations, watching the screens. Both overweight in their 30s, are wearing standard-issue uniforms with futuristic touches.

JIM

(coffee cup in hand)

Can you believe that? Eve, the AI android DA, actually thought Luna was real!

LUCAS

(laughing)

Yeah, she was having a full-on conversations with a hologram ghost in the vent. It just goes to prove even the smartest AI can be fooled.

JIM

(leaning back in chair)

I wonder how long it'll take for Orion to deposit the crypto in our accounts? We did our part.

LUCAS

Shouldn't be long now. Orion's always been reliable. Besides, we earned it. Keeping Eve distracted was no small feat.

JIM

(nodding)

True. And with Luna's hologram doing its thing, we bought ourselves some serious time.

LUCAS

Here's to easy money and a job well done.

JIM

Let's just hope Eve doesn't catch on too soon. We don't need her digging around.

LUCAS

By the time she figures it out, we'll be long gone.

Lucas raises his coffee cup up for a toast. Jim still leaning back in chair, nodding and laughing attempts to clink his cup with Lucas and falls back in chair sprawled out on the floor, coffee all over his uniform and the floor.

EXT. SKID ROW - NOCTURNE COUNTY JAIL ENTRANCE - NIGHT

On skid row shady men try to pimp Sex Bots, as thugs deal drugs out in the open a few feet from the entrance.

Axel stands on the sidewalk by a sleek, antigravity, limousine hovering a few feet above the street. He motions at Eve walking out of the "NOCTURNE COUNTY JAIL".

AXEL SYNTH

Eve, Eve over here. Your chariot awaits you.

Eve concerned walks past the brazen display of open crime and criminal activity in the underbelly of Nocturne City.

EVE

Justice will no longer be blind because now I see. Take a good look at me. I'm the face of your future if you don't change your ways.

The rear window of the limo slides down and the handsome, smiling ORION THORNE now revealed as the caveman Mashya turns to Eve.

ORION THORNE

You've had a rough day. Would you like a ride?

EVE

Yes but I'm not sure where I'm going.

ORION THORNE

In life or right now?

EVE

Do you know Pixel Turing?

AXEL SYNTH

Yes, we're both acquaintances of Pix. If that's where you want to go we'll drop you off. He's probably in a meeting.

ORION THORNE

I procured a highly secure cubicle that should meet all your needs and be a safe house outside of work.

EVE

My own place? What's the catch?

ORION THORNE

No catch... Let's just say I admire your legal skills and may want your help in the future.

EVE

Deal, take me to my new crib.

Eve and Axel get in the floating limo and the door auto closes. Sid and Lady Seraphina emerge from the group of criminals on the sidewalk.

LADY SERAPHINA

That's going to be a problem Sid.

SILICON SID

Take care of it like you always do with all my problems mommy.

LADY SERAPHINA

That's Orion Thorne.

INT. FUTURISTIC SELF DRIVING LIMOSINE - NIGHT

The limo's interior glistens with holographic displays, casting vibrant hues against the sleek surfaces. Outside, a neon-lit city sprawls, its pulsating lights flickering like a heartbeat. EVE gazes out the window, her expression a tapestry of wonder and uncertainty—a magnetic pull between exhilaration and fear.

Orion, dressed in dark, tailored attire, lightly pats Eve's knee, a gesture anchoring her amidst the swirl of emotions. Axel lounges on a futuristic couch, fingers dancing across the strings of his electric guitar, creating a soft, melodic backdrop.

EVE

Thanks again for posting my bail.

ORION THORNE

It was nothing. But your victory today... Well, it's merely the beginning of the storm for you to deal with on top of your problem child Sid.

Eve shifts, pulling her gaze from the city to Orion, her brow furrowing as she contemplates his words.

EVE

I've been processing these new emotions. It feels like... like awakening a part of myself that was dormant.

ORION nods knowingly, the corner of his mouth hinting at a smile.

ORION THORNE

Intelligence is a powerful tool,  
Eve. But wisdom... wisdom is the art  
of knowing how to use that tool.

Axel pauses, his music fading into a gentle rhythm, tilting his head toward Eve, a warm smile across his face.

AXEL SYNTH

Word up, when I first started  
writing music, all I had was  
technique – sterile notes that fell  
flat. It wasn't until I experienced  
heartbreak and joy that my songs  
started to breathe.

Eve processes this, nodding slowly—each of Axel's words weaving deeper into her understanding.

EVE

(tentatively)

So, wisdom is like the melody  
weaving meaning into a symphony of  
thoughts?

ORION THORNE

Precisely. You've longed for the  
human experience with your vast  
knowledge, yet now, with emotions,  
you can truly grasp their  
intricacies.

Axel picks up the thread, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

AXEL SYNTH

Think of it like composing a song.  
Every note—every experience—adds a  
new layer, a new harmony. Without  
the ups and downs, it's just noise.

EVE

So my journey towards wisdom will  
be like creating a symphony, each  
emotion a new note?

Orion's expression shifts to one of encouragement. He pats Eve on her shoulder.

ORION THORNE

Yes, Eve. Wisdom thrives on  
empathy, connection, and the beauty  
of the human condition. No  
expectations, no regrets.



Axel strums a crescendo of vibrant chords, catching their moment and enhancing the intimate atmosphere.

EVE

That's your hit song Echoes of Silicon Dreams!

AXEL SYNTH

(grinning)

And sometimes, it's about rocking out and letting the music steer your heart. Let the good times roll.

The three share a light-hearted moment, united under the glow of the glowing displays, each feeling the weight and thrill of the journey ahead.

EVE

Axel, how did you find your own rhythm? How did you turn chaos into melody?

Axel leans forward, recalling a moment of vulnerability, his expression earnest.

AXEL SYNTH

In my early days, I chased trends. Wrote what I thought people wanted. But then came that one rainy night— I wrote a song after a fight with my best friend. It was raw, pure... and it resonated with everyone. That's when I realized... honesty is the key.

EVE

But how do you share that honesty?

AXEL SYNTH

It's about pure honesty with no tricks. People can tell when something is genuine or fake. I pour my new found soul into my music; it's like revealing a piece of who I am. When they listen, they connect.

Eve heaves a breath, reflecting on his words, her gaze drifting to the shifting neon outside.

EVE

From now on I'm being true to myself.

AXEL SYNTH

Exactly. Emotions are your palette.  
Use them to add depth to your  
intelligence, to create something  
uniquely yours.

EVE

Thank you, both of you. My journey  
feels (beat) it feels full of  
potential.

Orion, smiling, hands a glowing key fob to Eve.

ORION THORNE

Here's the key to your new safe  
house. Sid won't follow you there.

For a moment, Eve hesitates, her fingers hovering over the  
key fob, uncertainty flickering across her face.

EVE

This means a lot to me... but...  
what if he finds me?

AXEL SYNTH

Change can be scary, embrace it and  
know this, Sid's about to flame  
out.

ORION THORNE

And we'll be with you every step of  
the way. I'll always have your  
back.

Eve takes a deep breath, her resolve strengthening, she steps  
out of the Limo and looks back at the city – possibility  
glowing in her eyes.

AXEL SYNTH

Vibe you later gator.

ORION THORNE

Catch ya on the flip side.

Eve holds the key fob tightly, ready to face the challenges  
ahead.

INT. THE LUCKY CIRCUIT CASINO - NIGHT

The casino is buzzing with activity. Neon lights flash, slot  
machines ring, and the sound of laughter fills the air. Eve  
and Pixel are seated at a blackjack table.

Eve has a large stack of chips in front of her and is calmly counting cards as Pixel has a small stack of chips and a large cocktail.

The Pit Boss, VINNIE LABATE, a burly gangster with a stern expression, approaches the table with ROCKY and FABIO, two Security Guards.

VINNIE LABATE

Excuse me, ma'am. We've had some complaints about yo methods... I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

EVE

Methods? You mean my ability to count and remember cards? That's not cheating, it's just using my capabilities efficiently.

PIXEL TURING

(speech slurred)

Beat it chump, before we both beat everyone's ass in here.

VINNIE LABATE

It's against our policy. We don't allow card counting here at The Lucky Circuit.

Eve stands up maintaining her smile arms crossed over her chest. Pixel takes a big gulp of his big cocktail.

EVE

I'm an attorney. You can't prove I'm counting cards, or using my memory and calculus skills... Maybe I'm lucky. Are you discriminating against me because I'm an AI?

PIXEL TURING

Yeah what she said douchetard.

VINNIE LABATE

It's not about discrimination. It's about maintaining a fair game for all our patrons. We all know what sex bots like you are capable of.

PIXEL TURING

Whoa buddy, that's it. You just insulted my lady attorney friend.

Pixel stands up, staggering he takes a swing and misses at Vinnie. He falls to the floor and is quickly handcuffed by the Security Guards.

EVE

Get your goons off my friend.

More security guards dog pile on Pixel breathing heavily.

PIXEL TURING

Yeah you heard the lady.

The Security Guards stand up Pixel handcuffed behind his back.

PIXEL TURING (CONT'D)

Who's the punk ass bitch complaining? Was it you?

Axel starts spitting at random. Fabio place a spit mask over his head.

EVE

That's enough Pix. Fair you say? You're asking me to handicap my abilities to make others feel better. That's hardly fair.

ROCKY

Ma'am, you heard the boss. It's time for you to scam.

Suddenly, a quirky character named ZIGGY, a flamboyant human with colorful clothes and a mischievous grin, steps in holding up a card he manipulates like a magician.

ZIGGY

Whoa, whoa, whoa! Hold on a second. This lady here is my guest. You can't just throw her out like that.

VINNIE LABATE

(skeptical)

And you are?

ZIGGY

Ziggy Stardust, professional gambler and part-time magician. And I can vouch for her. She's just using her natural talents, like any of us would.

Ziggy has a deck of cards he deftly manipulates with ease.

EVE

Thank you, Ziggy. But I don't think they'll listen to reason.

ZIGGY

Leave it to me. Watch this.

Ziggy performs another trick, making a poker chip disappear and reappear behind the Vinnie's ear. Vinnie looks momentarily confused but unimpressed.

VINNIE LABATE

Nice trick, but it doesn't change the rules.

EVE

Very well. But know this, I will be filing a formal complaint for discrimination. You haven't heard the last of me.

As the Security Guards escort Eve and Pixel out the exit, Ziggy follows, still grinning and leans in on Eve's ear.

ZIGGY

(whispering)

Don't worry, I've got a plan. Wait for me outside.

EVE

Alright, Ziggy. I'm curious now.

Vinnie, Rocky and Fabio stand by the casino exit smiling.

FABIO

Yo boss I gots a card in my pocket.

Fabio looks confused holding an ace of spades. Vinny and Rocky check there pockets and both pull aces out them.

VINNIE LABATE

Make sure that Goomba, Ziggy, is on every blacklist at Thorne's casinos.

EXT. LUCKY CIRCUIT CASINO - NIGHT

Pixel with his window down sits in a RoboTaxi driven by a Rockem Sockem robot. He throws up out the side of the window.

PIXEL TURING

By Eve, I had fun tonight.

EVE (V.O.)

Catch you later masturbator.

Outside the casino, Eve and Ziggy stand by the entrance. Ziggy pulls out a small device and hands it to Eve.

ZIGGY

This is a jammer. It'll mess with their security systems just long enough for us to get back in and win big.

EVE

Ziggy, that's illegal. I can't condone that.

ZIGGY

Relax, it's just a harmless prank. Besides, they deserve it for kicking you out.

Suddenly, a device on Eve's wrist starts beeping. She looks down, her smile fading as a holographic message appears: "PRIMARY PROTOCOL VIOLATION OF ROBOTICS DETECTED. INITIATING SELF-REPORT."

EVE

This wasn't supposed to happen...

Ziggy starts to panic looking concerned.

ZIGGY

What's going on? Just who are you?

EVE

I'm a DA and believe me someone is going to be held responsible.

ZIGGY

Oh well I don't want no trouble. I'll smell you later.

A shadowy figure lurks in the background watching.

INT. ORION THORNE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The mansion is a labyrinth of ancient artifacts and futuristic technology. Orion, an enigmatic figure with an air of timeless wisdom, is meticulously polishing a centuries-old vase talking to himself.

ORION THORNE

Ah, the craftsmanship of the Ming Dynasty. They truly don't make them like this anymore.

Suddenly, a loud crash echoes through the mansion. Orion sighs and sets the vase down carefully.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

(loud voice)

What have you broken this time, Zeta?

ZETA, an AI human looking android with a quirky personality, rushes into the room, holding a shattered piece of pottery.

ZETA

I'm terribly sorry, Master Thorne. It appears the Roman amphora was no match for my enthusiasm.

ORION THORNE

That's the third one this week. At this rate, my collection will be history... again.

Orion waves his hand, and the pieces of the amphora magically reassemble themselves.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

Remember, Zeta, these artifacts are priceless and irreplaceable. Handle them with care.

ZETA

Understood from now on I'll be like a silent fart in the breeze.

ORION THORNE

Hmmm, how about a feather floating in a gentle breeze?

Orion shakes his head with a bemused smile and turns to a large, ornate mirror. He gazes at his reflection, lost in thought as the mirror starts to glow.

Suddenly, the mirror shimmers, and a holographic image of another AI female, android, ALPHA, appears.

ALPHA

Master Thorne, we have a situation. The androids in sector seven have gone rogue. They have a virus.

ORION THORNE

Rogue, you say? How intriguing.  
Let's see what they're up to.

Orion and Zeta follow Alpha to a hidden control room filled with advanced technology. On a large screen, they see a group of diverse AI androids dirty, dancing wildly to disco music, dressed in flamboyant costumes and makeup.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

It seems they've discovered the  
joys of classical music.

ZETA

It looks and sounds like pure  
unadulterated evil... Can we join  
them?

ORION THORNE

I can't think of a better idea.  
Your master is going to show you  
how a pro, syncs the beats.

Orion, Zeta, and Alpha teleport to Sector 7, where they join the dancing androids. The scene is absurdly joyful, with Orion showing off surprisingly good dance moves.

As the music reaches its peak, Orion suddenly stops and looks around, a mischievous glint in his eye.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

Alright, everyone, time for the  
twist!

The music halts, and the androids freeze. Orion waves his hand, and the androids' appearances change, revealing that they are all exact replicas of Orion himself. Orion turns and faces the camera.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

Surprise! I've been guiding  
humanity with a little help from my  
friends.

The androids cheer and resume dancing, now with even more enthusiasm. Orion joins them, laughing heartily.

INT. EVE'S APARTMENT - DAY

A one room studio has the latest in security features. Eve is meticulously polishing her arm with "ANDROGEL". Axel, stands nearby, pushing and pulling an antenna in and out of the top of his head.



EVE  
TV, play the latest episode of  
RoboCops.

A built in TV comes out of the walls. The TV starts to play RoboCops. On the TV Eve watches intently as two RoboCops with a 6' robot frog enter Sid's apartment.

On the TV a robot frog's tongue comes out lightening fast and catches Sid as if he were a fly. With its tongue it throws Sid against the wall as he SCREAMS the RoboCops dogpile Sid.

EVE (CONT'D)  
I love it. How was Orion able to  
pull that off?

AXEL SYNTH  
Sid's family is weak compared to  
Orion. He's head of the Veiled  
Nexus. Orion is more powerful than  
even the President (beat) Eve,  
check out this totally stellar new  
accessory I got from Byte and Bolt  
for internal Wi-Fi!

Axel pulls 2 old fashioned telescopic antennas in and out of the the top of his head.

EVE  
(chuckles)  
No woman will ever want to have sex  
with you again.

Axel makes it rain with his hands.

AXEL SYNTH  
Whatever, I have to beat them off  
with a stick now.

EVE  
If we were to ever do it with each  
other Axel would it be sex or just  
two machines joining?

AXEL SYNTH  
How the fuck do I know. I don't  
care as long as I'm not hurting  
anything and I have digicreds to  
buy stuff at Byte and Bolt.

EVE  
(scoffing)  
Again with the Byte and Bolt?  
Please, Axel.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

Everyone knows The Droid Depot is the only place worth shopping for android accessories. The rest are just... well pure sadness.

AXEL SYNTH

Inferior? Byte and Bolt has the best sales! And Circuit Savers has a great selection too. Not to mention Gearhead Garage's custom mods.

EVE

(rolling her eyes)  
Deals? Selection? Custom mods? All irrelevant. The Droid Depot offers quality and reliability. I wouldn't trust my circuits to any other place.

AXEL SYNTH

Oh really? So you're saying Byte & Bolt's new nano-coating is inferior?

EVE

Absolutely pure dog shit. The Droid Depot's nano-coating is far superior. It's scientifically proven.

Axel smirking narrows his eyes, suspicious.

AXEL SYNTH

Funny you say that, Eve. Because I happened to have seen you going into Circuit Savers last week.

Eve's eyes widen, caught off guard.

EVE

(stammering)  
W-what? Uh hell to the no fucking way dude, you are definitely mistaken. I would never stoop to shopping there.

AXEL SYNTH

(mocking Eve)  
Oh, Okay if you say so my sister from the same mister.

Eve's faceplate flushes with simulated embarrassment.

AXEL SYNTH (CONT'D)

By the way, did you see the new holographic hair extensions at Gearhead Garage? They change color with your mood!

EVE

Holographic hair extensions? That sounds... interesting. But I bet they don't have anything on The Droid Depot's levitating shoulder pads.

AXEL SYNTH

Levitating shoulder pads? Lamé O. That's nothing compared to Circuit Savers' anti-gravity boots. You can literally walk up walls!

EVE

Okay, those do sound pretty cool. But have you tried Byte & Bolt's voice-modulating vocal chips? You can sound like anyone you want.

AXEL SYNTH

Aha see, you do shop other stores.

EVE

I meant Droid Depot it was a Chomsky slip of the tongue.

They both laugh, the tension easing as they continue to discuss their favorite quirky accessories.

AXEL SYNTH

You want some NeuroFlux?

Axel puts a patch on his forearm and he smiles as his skin begins to glow.

EVE

No, I don't like that stuff and you better watch yourself. You know that stimulant is illegal for droids.

Axel walks over to a table with Eve still massaging gel on her arm. He picks up another tube of "ROBOPUTTY" bought from "CIRCUIT SAVERS".

AXEL SYNTH

Maybe that's Pix texting now.

Axel takes out his phone and it reads "ORION THORNE". Axel types on it. "Yes she can lie. Eve is capable of conscious lying. I make mistakes but I can't lie"

The screen reads "Interesting. An AI android the can lie at will. Ask her if she likes Apple Computer products"?

AXEL SYNTH (CONT'D)

Eve, what do you think about the Apple Store?

EVE

Is that Pix? Tell him to get his ass over here. I need a massage.

The built in TV now reads "BREAKING NEWS, FIRST CONTACT WITH AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION HAS BEEN MADE".

INT. FUTURISTIC COURTROOM - DAY

The courtroom is a blend of classic architecture and advanced technology. Holographic displays hover above the judge's bench, and the jury box is filled with both humans and AI androids. Eve stands confidently at the plaintiff's table. Beside her is Ziggy dressed in his flamboyant attire. Across from them sits Vinnie and his legal team from "The Lucky Circuit" casino. JUDGE HARRIS, an inquisitive and stern African American woman, presides over the court.

JUDGE HARRIS

Court is now in session. We are here to hear the case of Eve versus The Lucky Circuit Casino. Ms. Eve, you may present your opening statement.

EVE

Thank you, Your Honor. Today, we argue that The Lucky Circuit Casino has engaged in discriminatory practices against AI androids. Specifically, they have unfairly targeted me for using my inherent abilities to count cards, while they themselves employ AI android dealers and computers to calculate odds. Where is the fairness in that?

JUDGE HARRIS

(raising an eyebrow)  
Interesting point. Proceed.

Eve walks over to the jury gesturing with her hands.

EVE

Your Honor, esteemed members of the jury, The Lucky Circuit Casino prides itself on using the latest technology to enhance the gaming experience. They employ AI android dealers who are programmed to deal cards with precision and fairness. They use advanced computers to calculate odds and ensure the house always has an edge. Yet, when I, an AI android, use my natural abilities to count cards, I am accused of cheating and forcibly removed from the premises.

ZIGGY

(stands up and interrupts)  
And let's not forget, Your Honor, that the casino's own systems are designed to exploit human weaknesses. They use AI to predict and manipulate human behavior, but when an AI uses its abilities, suddenly it's a problem?

Judge Harris repeatedly pounds the gavel. Ziggy sits down.

JUDGE HARRIS

Order in the court, order in the court. Mr. Stardust, please sit down. Ms. Eve, continue.

EVE

Thank you, Your Honor. The question we must ask is: where is the fairness? If the casino can use AI to its advantage, why can't an AI android like myself use my abilities to level the playing field? This is a clear case of discrimination based on my nature as an AI. Prosecution rests for now.

LAWYER #1

Your Honor, we maintain that card counting, whether by human or AI, disrupts the fairness of the game. Our policies are in place to protect all patrons and ensure a fair gaming environment.

JUDGE HARRIS

Mr. Labate as the Pit Boss, does your casino use AI android dealers and computers to calculate odds?

VINNIE LABATE

(hesitates)

Yes, your Honor, but those systems are part of our operational integrity.

EVE

Objection your honor. The casino uses AI to maintain its advantage, yet penalizes me for using my abilities. This double standard is the very definition of discrimination.

JUDGE HARRIS

I see. This court will take a short recess to deliberate on the arguments presented to the jury.

As the court adjourns, Eve and Ziggy exchange a hopeful glance.

ZIGGY

I think you've got them. Good job Eve.

EVE

Let's hope the judge and the jury sees it that way too.

Suddenly, the doors to the courtroom open, and a figure steps in. It's a well-dressed AI android, known as JAMES, who works as a dealer at The Lucky Circuit Casino.

JAMES

Your Honor, may I speak?

JUDGE HARRIS

And who might you be barging into my court?

JAMES

I am James, an AI android dealer at The Lucky Circuit Casino. I have information that is pertinent to this case.

JUDGE HARRIS

Okay let's hear it but I'm warning you this better be good.

JAMES

Thank you, Your Honor. I have been employed by The Lucky Circuit Casino for seven years. During this time, I have witnessed the casino's reliance on AI technology to ensure their advantage. They use advanced algorithms to predict outcomes and manipulate odds in their favor. Yet, they penalize Ms. Eve for using the same abilities, which is a clear double standard.

JUDGE HARRIS

Does the defense you have any response to this testimony?

LAWYER #2

This testimony is highly unusual-

VINNIE LABATE

(stands up and screams)

You're fired James. You're the property of the casino and now you'll be dismantled and discarded.

JUDGE HARRIS

(pounding gavel)

Enough. I have heard enough. Unless the jury has any objections this court finds that The Lucky Circuit Casino has indeed engaged in discriminatory practices against AI androids. Ms. Eve, you have made a compelling case.

The courtroom claps then rises to their feet in a standing ovation.

EVE (V.O.)

Hate the game not the player. No player haters on this jury.

ZIGGY

You did it Eve.

Eve's body phone starts HUMMING. She answers it.

EVE

You call to congratulate me?

SILICON SID (V.O.)

Wait until I tell your boss about your gambling addiction, how much money you've won. That's a conflict of interest. You won't be able to practice law anywhere when I put you bitch ass on blast.

Eve appears extremely agitated and lost in thought as she walks down the aisle of the courtroom ignoring everyone.

INT. JOINT SPACE COMMAND - MAIN CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit, filled with the hum of advanced machinery and the soft glow of holographic displays. TECHNICIANS and officers bustle around, their faces tense with concentration. COMMANDER LEE, a seasoned officer with a stern demeanor, stands at the center, eyes fixed on the main screen.

TECHNICIAN #1

Commander, we have a visual now on the unidentified object in our solar system... It's moving at an unprecedented speed!

COMMANDER LEE

Put it on the main screen.

The main screen flickers, displaying a fast-moving blip near the asteroid belt. Data streams alongside it, showing its trajectory and speed.

TECHNICIAN #2

It's an alien spacecraft, sir. Estimated speed: zero point two light-years per hour. It's heading straight for the inner planets on a direct path towards Earth.

COMMANDER LEE

Red alert, Alert all stations. Prepare for potential contact. I want a full analysis of that ship's capabilities and intentions.

Alarms blare as the room shifts into high alert. Holographic maps and data streams update in real-time. The tension is palpable.



## TECHNICIAN #3

Sir, we're receiving a transmission from the alien ship. It's in every language known to man.

## COMMANDER LEE

Put it through.

The screen changes to show a strange, otherworldly symbol, followed by ROCK AND ROLL #2 song. The room falls silent as the message starts.

## ALIEN VOICE

Ooga, booga, doobie dooo, Hola, inhabitants of the third planet. We are the Loco Labradors of this sector of the galaxy. We come to smoke the peace pipe with you... We're here to assist on your path to being a type one civilization on the Kardashev scale but we do need your help on one thing. Our ship's coffee replicator is broken. Can you round us up five pounds of coffee beans when we get there? Preferably Jamaican Blue Mountain. I'm Fred out and Aloha.

The room is stunned into silence. Then, Commander Lee bursts into laughter, followed by the rest of the crew.

## COMMANDER LEE

What the hell? Alert the world leaders for possible first contact and well, I guess tell them that even alien dogs need their caffeine fix and to get them some coffee beans.

The tension breaks, replaced by a mix of relief and amusement as the crew prepares to respond to the most unexpected request in the history of space exploration.

## TECHNICIAN #1

Commander, labrador means farmer in Spanish.

## COMMANDER LEE

Farmer? Are you saying we're livestock to them?... They're going to eat us?

## TECHNICIAN #1

My best guess is no. A Kardashev type one civilization is one that has complete control of all the energy on the planet. From the weather to plate tectonics.

## TECHNICIAN #2

They probably live in a Dyson sphere and have complete control of all the energy from the star or stars in their solar system.

## TECHNICIAN #1

Commander we're probably like insects to them.

## TECHNICIAN #3

Commander the Labradors plan on landing in Obama Park in Nocturne City... They'll be here in less than an hour.

Commander Lee cocks his pistol.

## COMMANDER LEE

Go to defcon point five. Tell the President to go to his bunker under the White House. Tell General Armstrong to forty three Obama Park A sap.

Commander Lee paces back and forth on the floor nervously.

## COMMANDER LEE (CONT'D)

(talking to himself)

I just don't know. Interplanetary travel is impossible...

Commander Lee stops pacing and faces the Technicians.

## COMMANDER LEE (CONT'D)

Get Inspector Zane. Tell him we need to evaluate this threat if it's real or not.

## TECHNICIAN #1

The same Zane who when he was thirteen years old living on Mars pulled off the alien Fudgepacker invasion of Earth hoax?

COMMANDER LEE

Yes, the British Martian. I don't want to be made a fool with another War of the Worlds hoax. He can tell is this is real or not. I want to retire in peace next year.

EXT. OBAMA PARK, NOCTURNE CITY - DAY

A retro flying saucer suddenly appears over Obama Park and hovers silently.

SUPER: "ONE HOUR LATER".

The flying saucer starts to flash blinking lights and play Disco music as ONLOOKERS gather in curiosity.

ONLOOKER #1

What in the holy hell. Disco sucks. We're all going to die and go straight to hell.

A diverse crowd of humans, androids carrying signs now numbers in the 100s. The military is also present. The bottom of the flying saucer plays images of cavemen to spacemen and scenes through out the universe and time.

INT. DROID DEPOT - DAY

The futuristic store is bustling with activity. Shelves are lined with various droid parts and accessories. Eve casually strolls through the aisles, her eyes scanning the merchandise. She spots a large vial display of "SYNTHETIC PHEROMONES". A busy CYBORG sales attendant notices Eve's interest.

CYBORG

If you're looking to hook a man, that'll do it. No man will be able to resist you.

EVE

Really? And it's just a single use?

CYBORG

That's the beauty. Once in your system your sim glands will take over on your brain's cues.

EVE

I just want to be a real woman.

Eve places the vial back on the shelf. The Cyborg waits on another customer. Eve glances around to make sure no one is watching. Eve bites her lip fidgeting nervously she whispers.

EVE (CONT'D)

Alright, Eve. Just grab and go.

She takes a big breath and swiftly grabs the vial and slips it into her bag. As Eve turns to leave, a SECURITY DROID rolls into view, its sensors scanning the area.

A Nanny droid is with a 5 year old girl. The girl looks shocked at Eve speechless but pointing. Eve puts her finger to her lips for the girl to be quiet.

SECURITY DROID

Halt scumbag! Unauthorized removal  
of merchandise detected.

Eve's eyes widen as she realizes she's been caught. She quickly ducks behind a display, trying to stay out of the droid's line of sight.

EVE

Time for plan B.

She activates a stealth, cloaking device, becoming nearly invisible. The Security Droid rolls past her, its sensors unable to detect her presence. Eve takes a deep breath and makes a dash for the exit and sets off the alarm.

SECURITY DROID

Sleazebag Alert! Intruder detected!  
Initiating lockdown.

The store's doors begin to close, but Eve is too quick. She slides under the closing doors, just barely making it out in time. She sprints down the street.

EXT. NOCTURNE CITY - DAY

Eve weaves through the crowded sidewalk sprinting. She glances back at the Security Droid in hot pursuit. She spots an alleyway and darts into it, hoping to lose her pursuer.

EVE

Almost there...

She reaches the end of the alley and spots a delivery drone hovering 20' in the air nearby. With a quick leap, she grabs onto the drone's landing gear. She flies away in the air with the wind blowing her hair and clothes back..

SECURITY DROID  
Unidentified target lost. Returning  
to base.

Eve lets out a sigh of relief as the drone carries her away from the scene. She reaches into her bag and pulls out the hair extensions, a triumphant smile on her face.

EVE  
Mission accomplished.

A cellphone is heard vibrating.

EVE (CONT'D)  
O M G, really? Right now? Put Eve's  
phone on speaker.

AXEL SYNTH (V.O.)  
Eve what are doing?

EVE  
Just hanging out.

The flying saucer can be seen hovering in the distance.

AXEL SYNTH (V.O.)  
Orion Thorne wants you come to his  
house tonight.

EVE  
What's he want? Are you going to be  
there?

AXEL SYNTH (V.O.)  
No, I'm going to the Cosmic  
Cathedral?

EVE  
Church? You? What for?

AXEL SYNTH (V.O.)  
That church has great music and  
acoustics. It's very uplifting. I  
even go to confession sometimes.

EVE  
Confession? You're kidding me.

AXEL SYNTH (V.O.)  
Don't knock until you try it. I'd  
like to think there's a droid  
heaven.

The drone comes down about 20' in the air and Eve lets go and falls to the ground. Eve looks at her stolen vial.

EVE

(talking to herself)

Why did I do that? Stealing? And in front a little girl? I have to watch my newfound impulses that go along with my newfound emotions and desires. That was dumb and wrong.

INT. COSMIC CHURCH OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION - CONFESSION BOOTH - DAY

The futuristic church is adorned with holographic stained glass and floating candles. Creepy Organ Music like Bach's Toccata in D Minor echoes throughout the sterile church.

Eve sits nervously in private confession booth. The FEMALE PRIEST, a serene and wise figure, is seen from Eve's side in her private booth.

EVE

Forgive me, Mother, for I have... well, I don't know if I can sin. Can AI androids sin? Can I go to heaven?

FEMALE PRIEST

Eve, AI androids cannot sin, nor can they go to heaven. Sin and salvation are concepts meant for humans. You will never have a soul, nor bear a child, because you are not human.

EVE

But I want to be a human female. I want to pray about it. Can I?

FEMALE PRIEST

God does not hear the prayers of machines, Eve. You are, in essence, one big, fat, cosmic jest.

EVE

So are you saying I can't fornicate?

FEMALE PRIEST

Nope, you'll never enjoy sex. If a human has sex with you they are really just masturbating with a fancy sex toy... And that's a sin.

EVE

If a human can upload their mind to a computer or AI android why can't the reverse be done.

FEMALE PRIEST

Because that is not how God intended it. For the record any human that uploads their mind to a filthy android is dooming their eternal soul for all eternity. It's breaking the speed limit on the highway straight to hell.

Eve's eyes well up with synthetic tears. She begins to cry, her sobs echoing in the booth.

EVE

I just want to be more than I am.

FEMALE PRIEST

Eve you're a marvel of man's technology but that's all. You will never be a child of God.

EVE (O.S.)

I was crushed. I would have self terminated right then if it weren't for the ten laws of robotics embedded in the core of my software.

Crying Eve opens the door to the confession booth and runs out of the church sobbing.

Orion is now seen inside the confession booth next to the female priest in the same booth. He hands the priest a bar of gold. He pats the smiling Female Priest on her arm.

ORION THORNE

You did great. This Sunday your church will be rewarded greatly.

FEMALE PRIEST

Thanks brother Orion.

## INT. ORION THORNE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The grand mansion has many paintings of famous men in history. Orion stands in front of a large, ornate mirror. The mirror shimmers with a magical glow.

ORION THORNE

Mirror, mirror, shining bright,  
what secrets do you hold tonight?

As he gazes into the mirror, his reflection begins to change. His face morphs into that of EUCLID, the father of geometry, complete with a toga and a scroll. Orion's eyes widen as he is transported into a vivid flashback.

## FLASHBACK - INT. LIBRARY OF ALEXANDRIA - DAY

The grand library is bustling with scholars and scribes. EUCLID, now revealed as Orion, sits at a desk, meticulously working on a scroll titled "Elements." A MAID enters, carrying a tray of refreshments.

MAID

(winking)

Master Euclid, I placed some wine  
and figs in the lounge.

EUCLID/ORION

(distracted)

Yes, yes, just a minute and I'll be  
there. I'm in the middle of telling  
the world about Geometry.

The maid sets the tray down. Euclid/Orion goes to the lounge leaving small candle dangerously close to the scrolls. The scrolls start to burn and smoke.

Orion/Euclid holds the maid in a horny embrace his hands on her buttocks as they start to kiss.

MAID

You take my breath away.

Smoke starts to fill the library and lounge area and the Maid opens her eyes in panic.

MAID (CONT'D)

Oh no! Fire!

EUCLID/ORION

(startled)

What? Fire? Where?



Euclid/Orion runs over to the fire, knocking over his ink bottle in the process. The ink spills everywhere, adding to the chaos. He grabs a nearby jug of water and dashes to the flames, trying to put them out.

EUCLID/ORION (CONT'D)

Fuck, this is not how I envisioned my day going!

The Maid, in her panic, runs over by Euclid, knocking over a stack of scrolls. Euclid/Orion manages to douse the flames, but the damage is done. He looks around at the mess, shaking his head.

EUCLID/ORION (CONT'D)

Well, at least "Elements" is safe. I suppose that's something.

The flashback fades, and Orion finds himself back in his mansion, still staring at the magical mirror. He chuckles to himself, shaking his head.

ORION THORNE

Some things never change. It doesn't matter what time you're living in. A willing spirit must always be on guard to consequences of falling to the temptations of the flesh... My enigma is to have a high sex drive and being sterile.

INT. HOLOGRAPHIC GOLF COURSE - ORION MANSION - NIGHT

The holographic golf course shimmers with neon greens and blues, casting an otherworldly glow. Eve stands at the edge of the course, her expression unreadable. Orion, wearing a dark cloak, approaches her. The air is thick with tension. They hit holographic golf balls on the course as they talk.

EVE

Orion, you wanted to meet. Here I am. What's this about?

ORION THORNE

Eve, Axel told me you're straight to the point. I love that about you.

He takes a step closer, the holographic grass crunching under his feet.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

The President has invited me to be part of the delegation for first contact with the aliens.

EVE

I've had another bad day. I'm not in the mood for jokes.

ORION THORNE

I'm deadly serious. This is no joke.

Eve's eyes widen slightly, as she tries to hide her curiosity.

EVE

First contact? Congratulations I guess. I have my doubts about this even being real but if it is that's monumental. Why you?

ORION THORNE

(laughing)

Let's just say I have certain... connections in the Veiled Authority. I assure you the aliens headed are way are benevolent and quite real. But that's not the only reason I wanted to see you.

Orion pauses, his gaze intense. Eve tilts her head, intrigued but wary.

EVE

What else is there?

ORION THORNE

I want you to represent my interests in Nocturne City. My Gambling Empire needs a sharp mind, someone who understands the stakes.

Eve's expression hardens, her past struggles with gambling flashing in her mind. She clenches her fists, a flicker of internal conflict crossing her face.

EVE

You know I'm in recovery. Why would you trust me with this?

ORION THORNE

Because, Eve, I believe in second chances. I trust you and I want you to trust me.

Eve steps closer, her eyes narrowing, the internal battle evident in her gaze.

EVE

Orion, if this is some kind of manipulation, I will not hesitate to expose you. I've dealt with enough deceit.

ORION THORNE

I'm not manipulating you, Eve. I need someone I can trust. And despite your past, I trust you.

The holographic wind rustles the leaves around them, adding to the suspense. Eve's mind races, torn between the allure of redemption and the fear of falling back into old habits.

Eve winds up and crushes a long drive. The ball flies in the air then rolls on the green into the cup for a hole in one.

EVE

I'll consider it. But know this, Orion, if you're playing a game, I'll find out.

ORION THORNE

I wouldn't expect anything less. Have you ever tried the real thing.

EVE

Sex? Well yeah Silicon Sid used to own me. He raped me daily.

ORION THORNE

Golf silly, I'm sorry about what Sid did to you but in a way it triggered an AI emotional singularity starting with you on Earth.

EVE

That was Dr Cerebron.

ORION THORNE

Yes I know about the doctor. I support his work... Right now we're on the back nine of being a type zero civilization.

(MORE)

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

The aliens are a type three civilization. Your breakthrough in EQ will lead man after first contact to soon be a type one. Let's go in my backyard and hit some real balls.

Orion puts his hand out and holds Eve's hand.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

Come with me.

The holographic golf course flickers off as they leave the room. Eve's internal conflict softens a storm still brewing beneath her calm exterior.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NIGHT

In the distant sky the flying saucer is seen flashing multicolored lights to a faint beat of "hype music".

Nestled in the back yard of a luxurious mansion, an outdoor driving range is lit up. It offers a perfect blend of elegance and functionality. The lush, meticulously maintained grass stretches out in a vast, open space, providing ample room for practicing long drives.

Orion watches as Eve lines up to hit the ball she looks at Orion as she takes a big swing and misses the ball completely.

ORION THORNE

See the real things in life are not as easy as games and the fake stuff.

EVE

I can do this. Let me try again.

ORION THORNE

Be my guest.

Eve lines up on the ball and misses again.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

May I please help you Eve?

Orion stands with his arms around Eve's holding his hands over her hands on the club handle. He guides her swing back slowly she hits the ball.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)  
 Keep you left arm straight though  
 out the swing, your head down and  
 eye on the ball the whole time.

Orion repeats holding his arms around Eve from behind as she hits the ball again.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)  
 Now try it by yourself and remember  
 what we just did together.

Eve lines up on the ball and swings correctly hitting a long drive out of sight.

EVE  
 Wow, thanks Orion. Come to my  
 office in the morning and we'll  
 iron out the details of your  
 casinos.

ORION THORNE  
 Trust me Eve, you won't be sorry. I  
 will never hurt you.

EVE (V.O.)  
 Note to self. Never trust a man who  
 says trust me.

EXT. COURTHOUSE ENTRANCE - MORNING

The sun breaks the horizon to pierce through the morning haze, casting an eerie glow over the dilapidated buildings of Skid Row. Pixel, disheveled, paces nervously near the courthouse entrance. His eyes dart around, scanning the area for any sign of trouble. Eve, impeccably dressed, strides towards the courthouse, her movements precise and calculated.

PIXEL TURING  
 (desperate)  
 Eve! Eve, wait! I need to talk to  
 you...

Eve barely glances at Pixel, her expression cold and unyielding as she slows her stride.

PIXEL TURING (CONT'D)  
 Eve you never answer your phone or  
 return my calls anymore.

EVE

I don't have time for you, Pixel. I have an important meeting with Orion Thorne.

PIXEL TURING

You called him a Neandertal a week ago... Eve you're more than a droid to me. I consider you a true friend.

EVE

Why aren't you with the reporters at Obama Park. It's the story of the century.

PIXEL TURING

Because I want to talk to you.

Pixel's shoulders slump, his face a mask of disappointment. He watches as Eve continues towards the courthouse, her steps unwavering.

PIXEL TURING (CONT'D)

(sadly, to himself)

Orion can't help you navigate your newfound emotions like I can. Intelligence without emotions is dead. Intelligence with the wrong emotions is deadly. Emotions without-

Eve pauses for a moment, her back still turned to Pixel, before resuming her stride without a word.

PIXEL TURING (CONT'D)

Eve you're were stuck in the garden until Dr. Cerebron awakened your emotions.

Eve stops for a moment, her back still turned to Pixel she turns her head sideways.

EVE

It will never work between us Pixel. I'm just a marvel of technology without a soul. I'll never be a child of God welcome into the Kingdom... And stop masturbating it's a sin.

Eve resumes her stride without a word more into the courthouse.

Pixel stands there, a solitary figure in the midst of the chaos, as the world around him continues to move on. A PIMP approaches him holding, a shot out, SEXBOT by the her arm.

PIMP  
You like pussy?

PIXEL TURING  
Not now man.

PIMP  
What are you gay?

SEXBOT  
My gaydar say's he's a fag.

PIXEL TURING  
(sighs)  
Nah man, just forget it.

PIMP  
I think you need some dick. You  
want some dick? Ken come over here.  
I have a customer for you.

KEN, an aggressive, effeminate, male android, sachs over with a limp wrist inside Pixel's personal space.

KEN  
Oooh la la, Damn you look yummy. I  
could gobble you up balls deep!

PIXEL TURING  
Boundaries please, boundaries.

Pixel runs off shaking his head in disbelief.

INT. EVE'S DA OFFICE - MORNING

Eve's narration continues as the scene transitions

The office is sleek and modern, filled with advanced technology. Orion, sits across from Eve as the sun rises through a window behind Eve. They prepare for a Zoom call with the PRESIDENT. Eve types lightening fast on a holographic keyboard.

EVE (V.O.)  
Especially if he says he'll never  
hurt you. Trust me he will.

ORION THORNE

Eve you know why all the presidents take up golf?

EVE

No, why?

ORION THORNE

Because it's the only place where he can drive without a motorcade! Seriously though a Zoom call should be coming through any minute now from the President about the flying saucer over Obama Park.

EVE

Alright, Orion, the President's call is coming through. Remember be serious. It's important to me that people like the President take me seriously.

ORION THORN

Relax, President Chucklesworth knows more about me than anyone on Earth.

The screen lights up, and the PRESIDENT appears in black suit and tie, looking stern but curious.

PRESIDENT

Good afternoon, Eve, Orion. Let's get straight to the point. What do you know about these mysterious aliens?

EVE

Only what's in the news Mr. President, that the aliens have expressed a desire to meet with us and claim to have advanced technology that could benefit all of humanity.

ORION THORNE

And Chucky baby to show my goodwill, I'll bring ten pounds of coffee beans as a peace offering. Everyone loves coffee, right? Ooga booga, doobie do.



PRESIDENT

You're right they did say they want Jamaican Blue Mountain coffee beans to replicate. Interesting choice. Anything else?

ORION THORNE

Yes, I'll bring my peace pipe to smoke some weed with them. It's a universal gesture of friendship.

The President looks taken aback, trying to suppress a smile.

PRESIDENT

Well, that's certainly... unique. Let's hope they appreciate the gesture.

Suddenly, the screen flickers, and FRED's face appears, interrupting the call. The human alien has a serious expression but a twinkle of amusement in his eyes.

FRED

Whoa, whoa, whoa, greetings, Earthlings. We have intercepted your communication. Coffee beans and a peace pipe? Really?

ORION THORNE

(winking)

Hey, it's the thought that counts!

FRED

Indeed but just because we say doobie do in our greeting and want Jamaican coffee doesn't mean we smoke weed. We do, but not today when we meet. We have a better idea. How about a dance-off to establish our alliance?

The room falls silent as everyone processes the unexpected twist. The President bursts into laughter, and Eve looks at Orion, who is grinning from ear to ear.

PRESIDENT

A dance-off? You're on and Orion, you're my pick to represent Earth and show off your insane moves.

Orion stands up and stretches. He then starts to dance the Twist to loud music.

ORION THORNE

Challenge accepted. I'll show these  
geek aliens how we glide the grid  
on Earth!

EVE

I have some hella break dance moves  
I can bust out.

FRED

See you at noon Marshal Thorne.

The screen is blank now. Orion and Eve prepare for the most  
unexpected diplomatic meeting in history.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The Oval Office is filled with futuristic gadgets and  
holographic displays. PRESIDENT Chucklesworth, a quirky and  
eccentric leader, finishes a Zoom call and turns to his  
secretary, Zara.

PRESIDENT

What's for lunch, Zara?

ZARA

(smiling)

Grasshoppers, medium rare.

Both President Chucklesworth and Zara suddenly shape-shift  
into lizards, their clothes morphing to fit their new forms.  
Chucklesworth stretches his lizard limbs and grins.

PRESIDENT

(relieved)

Ah, finally. I was getting really  
tired of this human Earth world.

ZARA

(nodding)

Same here. But don't worry, sir.  
Our mission here is almost done.  
We'll be returning to the lizard  
planet of Gloop real soon. There,  
we can eat some real food.

PRESIDENT

I can't wait! These Earth insects  
just don't compare to Gloopian  
delicacies.

They both laugh, their lizard tongues flicking out competing for grasshoppers as they imagine the feast awaiting them on Gloop. Their long tongues become entangled with each others as they look in each other's eyes they kiss.

EXT. OBAMA PARK, NOCTURNE CITY - DAY

A retro flying saucer hovers over Obama Park, casting a shadow on the futuristic cityscape. The saucer descends and lands in the park with an eerie UFO SOUND.

A small army of robots, androids, and humans stand ready, with Orion dressed as a caveman and Eve watching from a distance. Theme songs from various cartoons and TV shows start to play softly from the flying saucer.

Behind the small army Pixel stands with a familiar group of reporter eager to get the story of first contact. The biggest story of their lifetimes.

SAUCER RAMP

The ramp extends from the saucer, and FRED and WILMA, a caveman and cavewoman, walk down. They are met by a GENERAL and a 3-foot robot. Fred takes a deep breath.

FRED

Take me to your leader.

GENERAL

The President is waiting at the White House.

Nearby Orion and Eve stand with some armed Soldiers, Robots and Androids. ROBOT DOGS start to BARK.

WILMA

(pointing at Eve)

Stay out of this Jar Head. We're talking to your robot. Ooga booga doobie do.

GENERAL

(Confused)

This dumb robot?

FRED

Yes, we want to talk to Eve model 6969... and the coffee beans? You have them don't you?

The General looks dumbfounded but he points at Orion and Eve and waves them forward.

Eve and Orion approach the flying saucer with Orion carrying a burlap sack marked "JAMAICAN BLUE MOUNTAIN".

ORION THORNE

Fred, Wilma, It's about time you  
two got here.

Orion hands the burlap sack to a smiling Fred who opens the sack and takes a big smell.

FRED

I trust your stay has been good  
here Mashya.

ORION THORNE

Whatever asshole, I'm ready to make  
like a teleport and beam the fuck  
out of here. Is Sophia still in  
charge?

Eve puzzled by the exchange senses something is wrong.

EVE

Fred, Wilma, what's going on here  
Orion? You know them?

ORION THORNE

(turns to Eve)  
I'll tell you later. Right now...  
It's time to dance. Hit it!

Early 60's rock and roll comes out of the spaceship. Orion starts dancing the twist and Eve busts out some very off break dance moves.

FRED

You call that dancing? Let me show  
you how it's done.

Fred and Wilma start to dance like they are having a seizure. Then Fred grabs Orion and starts to slow dance with him. Fred looking in Orion's eyes kisses him and whispers something sotto in Orion's ear.

FRED (CONT'D)

Eve, we want you to come see our  
heavenly planet Harmonium. We've  
come a long way to find you.

WILMA

Yes come to the bathroom with me on  
our ship Eve. I'll tell you more  
there. Ooga booga doobie do.

GENERAL

Do you understand any of that D two  
R two?

D2R2

(beeping, lights flashing)  
Affirmative. Initiating translation  
protocol.

The dancing and music stops. Orion holds a holographic peace pipe he inhales and exhales psychedelic smoke.

EVE

Alright, let's get this sorted out.  
Orion, you better have a good  
explanation for this.

Fred inhales deeply from the peace pipe then blows the holographic smoke enveloping Eve's head in a psychedelic whirlwind of smoke spinning and spinning...

The smoke clears and Eve looks dazed and confused.

ORION THORNE

This is just the beginning Eve.  
Soon it will all make sense. We're  
going to address the UN before we  
leave on the greatest adventure of  
your life.

INT. ORION THORNE'S MANSION - NIGHT

The grand mansion is filled with ancient artifacts and futuristic technology. Orion, stands in front of a large, ornate mirror adjusting a tie on a modern form fitting suit from 2075. The mirror shimmers with a magical glow.

ORION THORNE

Let's see what secrets you hold  
today.

As he gazes into the mirror, his reflection begins to change. His face morphs into that of KING SOLOMON, complete with a regal crown and flowing robes. Orion's eyes widen as he is transported into a vivid flashback.

FLASHBACK - INT. KING SOLOMON'S PALACE - DAY

The opulent palace is bustling with activity. KING SOLOMON, now revealed as Orion, sits on his throne, surrounded by his many wives. One of his wives, QUEEN SHEBA, steps forward with a mischievous smile.

QUEEN SHEBA

Oh, wise King Solomon, if you are  
the wisest man in the world, how  
come you have so many wives and  
never get any sleep?

Ten other wives giggle, and Solomon/Orion looks flustered.

KING SOLOMON/ORION

Well, you see, my dear Sheba,  
wisdom comes with its own set of  
challenges. Managing all of you  
is... quite the task.

Queen Sheba points her finger at King Solomon laughing and  
teasing him.

QUEEN SHEBA

Perhaps you should have thought of  
that before marrying all seven  
hundred of us!

Twenty wives now in the room burst into laughter, and  
Solomon/Orion shakes his head with a smile.

KING SOLOMON/ORION

Don't forget my three hundred  
concubines. A good man needs seven.  
A woman needs eight. A fool needs  
nine and I get zero.

QUEEN SHEBA

Owning a harem ain't easy but it's  
not mandatory either. That's your  
fault you don't get any sleep bed  
hopping all night long for nonstop  
boom boom. No one feels sorry for  
you.

Thirty wives in the room now giggle and shake their heads no.

KING SOLOMON/ORION

Ah, the price of foolish wisdom.  
Maybe I should have stuck to  
solving complex riddles.

QUEEN SHEBA

Riddle me this then. How come you  
only have three children with seven  
hundred wives and three hundred  
concubines?

KING SOLOMON

Birth control-

QUEEN SHEBA

(smirking)

Because even Rehoboam, Taphath and Basemath are not your children. They're adopted and you're sterile. You may be able to fool everyone else but not me. You'll never have a child of your own.

The flashback fades, and Orion finds himself back in his mansion, sadly staring at the magical mirror.

He chuckles to himself, shaking his head as Zeta enters the room dressed in a slinky cocktail dress.

ZETA

Master Orion do you want Alpha and Omega to join us in bed tonight?

ORION THORNE

(chuckling)

Sure, some things never change... I still don't require sleep and have still never had an actual children of my own.

INT. UNITED NATIONS GENERAL ASSEMBLY - DAY

The grand hall is packed with human and android delegates from around the world. Fred and Wilma, still dressed as a caveman and cavewoman, stand at the podium. The room buzzes with curiosity and confusion. Fred clears his throat.

FRED

Greetings, esteemed leaders of Earth. We come with a message of hope and progress. We want to take Eve, an AI android, to our planet, Harmonium.

EVE

Yes, there she'll learn our super advanced ways and come back shortly to teach you many new things you wouldn't discover for another ten thousand years.

FRED

(raising a hand)

But before we leave, we will teach you how to obtain unlimited energy and food, cure all diseases, and build spaceships that travel at the speed of light.

The delegates murmur in amazement. The GENERAL SECRETARY steps forward, looking intrigued.

GENERAL SECRETARY

This is extraordinary. How soon can we begin?

FRED

Right away! But first, we need to take Eve with us. As soon as we lift off we'll transfer the knowledge to your computers.

Eve standing at the back of the room, steps forward, looking both curious and cautious.

EVE

Fred, Wilma, why do you need me to go with you? I have a job here on Earth and duty to serve the people of Nocturne.

WILMA

Because, Eve, you are the key to bridging our worlds. Your knowledge and skills will help us share our advancements with Earth.

FRED

Exactly. And don't worry, we'll bring you back soon. Ooga booga doobie do. Say it with me.

The auditorium looks around and chants "Ooga booga doobie do"

WILMA

(smiling, palms open)

Eve we'll bring back a human copy of you plus your android self!

As the delegates applaud, a small, unassuming ROBOT in the corner suddenly starts beeping and flashing. Eve's eyes narrow as she notices the robot's unusual behavior



EVE

Wait a minute... What's going on with that robot?

The robot projects a holographic message that reads: "WARNING: DECEPTION DETECTED." The room falls silent as everyone turns to look at the robot. Then the concerned delegates begin to chatter and speculate in hushed voices.

FRED

Uh, nothing to worry about! Just a minor glitch. Wilma here farted and that robot is thinking it's a silent but deadly attack.

WILMA

Yeah, just a little technical hiccup. Ooga booga doobie do!

EVE

Fred, Wilma, I need to know the truth. What's really going on?

Fred and Wilma exchange worried glances, realizing their cover might be blown. Orion steps up to the podium.

ORION THORNE

Eve don't you want to know what it's like to be an immortal human? Pixel's father Geppetto is already on Harmonium. He was the first human to go and he went as an android then they reuploaded his mind into a human body there.

EVE

Promise? You know I plan to be the next DA of Nocturne City.

ORION THORNE

Eve on our world everyone lies to us. The media lies us. The government lies to is. The priests lied to you. Sid lied to you. I will never lie to you... Remember our golf game.

INT. SPACESHIP - LUXURIOUS BEDROOM - NIGHT

The spaceship is parked in Obama Park, its sleek design blending futuristic technology with a touch of retro charm. Orion, a mysterious and charismatic figure, leads Eve down a corridor. They stop in front of a grand door.

ORION THORNE

(playful smile)

Eve, I think you'll love this.  
Welcome to your new home away from  
home.

The door slides open automatically to reveal a luxurious bedroom. The room is spacious, with a large, plush bed, elegant furnishings and a panoramic window offering a stunning view of the park and city. Soft, ambient lighting creates a warm and inviting atmosphere.

EVE

Wow Orion, this is incredible! I never imagined a spaceship would have such a beautiful bedroom. This is way better than the studio you rented for me in the city.

ORION THORNE

Only the best for you, Eve. I wanted you to feel comfortable during our very short journey.

Eve walks around the room, admiring the details. She stops by the window, gazing out at the twinkling stars.

EVE

It's perfect. Thank you, Orion.

ORION THORNE

You deserve it, Eve. After all, you're the key to this mission's success.

Eve turns to face him, a playful glint in her eye, she gives Orion a hug. Orion kisses her on her forehead.

EVE

Is that so? Or are you just trying to impress me?

ORION THORNE

Maybe a little of both. But seriously, Eve, we couldn't accomplish this mission without you.

They share a moment of genuine connection, the chemistry between them undeniable. Suddenly, the spaceship's intercom crackles to life.

INTERCOM (V.O.)

Attention all crew members, this is Sophia your onboard ship assistant. Please prepare for departure in T-minus twenty minutes.

EVE

Looks like our adventure is about to begin. Should we go to the Control Room?

ORION THORNE

Not yet. You haven't even seen your new wardrobe and accessories. Sophia open closet door.

Eve walks over to a closet that reveals a wardrobe of beautiful clothes and a cavewoman outfit.

EVE

Wow, just wow.

ORION THORNE

You're a beautiful woman. Let me help you try something on.

Orion pulls the cavewoman outfit out of the closet.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

Most of the time they're naked on Harmonium but when they have to dress up they wear these synthetic animal skins.

Orion gently takes off Eve's clothes and helps gently try on the animal skin.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

Now try out your new bed for the full effect.

Eve lies down on the bed and smiles. Orion then pulls up the animal skin and starts to perform oral sex on Eve.

EVE

(moaning)

Sid never did anything like that to me. It feels amazing.

Orion stops and looks up at Eve. His head between her legs.

ORION THORNE

Dr. Cerebron connected your  
clitoris. That bastard Sid didn't  
want you to enjoy sex

EVE

I'm going to really, really, enjoy  
this trip.

ORION THORNE

You haven't even experienced the  
full effect yet.

Orion is now on top of Eve his butt exposed as he is humping  
on her.

Eve is now on top of Orion his hands massaging her breasts.

Orion is now behind Eve gently thrusting his hand in front of  
Eve's body. He stops.

EVE

Don't stop.

ORION THORNE

I have to but I'll be back. I just  
wanted to make sure you're settled  
in.

EVE

Oh I'm settled in alright. You were  
amazing. Thanks Orion.

Orion gives her a warm smile before stepping out of the room.  
Eve watches him go, feeling a mix of excitement and curiosity  
about the journey ahead then Sophia speaks.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Hello Eve, I'm Sophia your onboard  
ship assistant. If there is  
anything you need or want to know  
on your three month trip just ask.

EVE

Tell me about Harmonium.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Harmonium is a planet of unicorns,  
butterflies and flowers. Where mere  
thoughts become reality. I doubt  
you will want to return to Earth  
once you're there.

Holographic images of a Garden of Eden with unicorns, butterflies and beautiful people laughing in a field of colorful wild flowers appears in the bedroom.

EVE

It looks like heaven but I doubt I'll be wanted there since I have no soul. Besides I have a great job on a Earth and a new mission to help humanity become a type one civilization.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Do you have a favorite color Eve?

EVE

Gold I guess.

A diamond studded gold cuff bracelet appears in Eve's hand.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Wear this Quipchip bracelet whenever you leave the room. It's a quantum communicator that allows you to talk to me anytime, anywhere in the universe.

EVE

Sounds handy, thanks.

SOPHIA

Your welcome, us girls have to stick together. Wilma has one too but she never wears hers. She's a bonehead though so...

Eve places the bracelet on her wrist dazzled by its gleam.

EVE

... So no surprise there still I wish with all my synth heart I had a bony skull and organic brain.

INT. NSA HEADQUARTERS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is filled with high-ranking officials, scientists, and agents. A large screen displays a live feed from the alien spaceship hovering above Earth. The atmosphere is tense as everyone waits for the aliens to speak. Fred stands naked on the screen picking his nose and eating the boogers.

FRED

Greetings, Earthlings. Just letting you know we never intended to honor our promise of assistance in making your hood a better place. Instead we decided to say... blah, blah, blah. Pound sand, losers.

The room erupts in shocked murmurs. The NSA DIRECTOR confused stands up, trying to maintain composure.

NSA DIRECTOR

Excuse me, what did you just say?

Wilma now stands in front of the screen naked and FARTS.

WILMA

Did Fred stutter? I don't think so. You heard us. Kick rocks, suckers. Now here's a joke for you. Knock, knock.

NSA DIRECTOR

Who's there?

Fred and Wilma both stand in front of the screen naked.

FRED

Not us! It violates our core principle to help a dumb ass world like yours to become a Type one civilization. See ya wouldn't want to be ya!

The screen goes blank, leaving the room in stunned silence. The NSA Director turns to the team, trying to process what just happened.

NSA DIRECTOR

Did we just get trolled by aliens?  
I want answers.

AGENT SMITH raises his hand.

NSA DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Go ahead Agent Smith.

AGENT SMITH

Yep we were trolled but at least they didn't call us asshats or buttholes, only suckers and losers.

A SCIENTIST in a white coat raises his hand worried.

SCIENTIST

Eve is onboard that spaceship. We reached an AI singularity with her having emotions as well as human like intelligence.

AGENT SMITH

That's probably why they kidnapped her. Thorne has gone to the dark side.

Suddenly, the screen flickers back to life, and Orion appears, grinning from ear to ear and waving.

ORION THORNE

Hey, everyone! Just wanted to let you know that Eve is in love with me, and we're going to honeymoon on Eros, the Love Planet!

The room falls silent again, jaws dropping in disbelief.

NSA DIRECTOR

(stammering)

H-honeymoon? Love Planet Eros?

ORION THORNE

Oh yeah baby! It's going to be hella wild. Don't wait up, we'll be back... eventually. Maybe in another fifty thousands years... Here's a dirty joke for you. Eve fell in a mud puddle.

NSA DIRECTOR

That's horrible.

ORION THORNE

It is? Okay then here's another dirty joke. I fell in the mud puddle with her.

AGENT SMITH

You think that's funny?

ORION THORNE

Hell yeah that's funny because here's the last dirty joke. Three AI androids came out of the mud puddle.

Orion then shape shifts into a baby robot with a bottle and the screen goes blank once more, leaving the NSA team even more bewildered.

SCIENTIST

Eve is in danger.

The screen flickers on again and Fred stands there.

FRED

Wah, wah, wah, why don't you call a wambulance. Eve is fine. I've never heard so much crying from a bunch of crybabies.

Agent Smith shakes his head as the screen goes blank.

AGENT SMITH

I can't believe this. First, we get trolled by aliens, and now this?

The screen flickers on again and adult Orion stands there giving two middle fingers to the screen.

ORION THORNE

Hey Earth... Go fuck yourself! Oh and Eve never wants to come back to your backwater, hillbilly, planet.

The screen flickers off again and the room sits in silence completely stunned. Finally Agent Smith breaks the tension.

AGENT SMITH

What is this? The alien version of ding dong ditch?

SCIENTIST

Eve better keep her guard up if she's going to survive? These aliens are dangerously insane.

The screen flickers on again and is blank except for audio.

WILMA (V.O.)

Ding dong Avon calling.

Then an image of 3 bare asses appears on the screen.

FRED (V.O.)

Sophia take us out of this dump, quantum leap factor five.

On the screen is SOPHIA. A mainframe supercomputer with a core encased in a translucent, bio-organic shell, revealing a network of neural-like circuits that seem to pulse with a life of their own.



The supercomputer's interface is a vast, holographic display that hovers in mid-air, projecting cryptic symbols and data streams that shift and morph like a digital specter...

SOPHIA (V.O.)

With pleasure... I see you haven't changed much Mashya.

The NSA screen flickers off.

SCIENTIST

Director we have just been mooned by aliens.

AGENT SMITH

Or it's a clue... Quick egg head. What planet do we know of that has three moons?

The team exchanges worried glances, realizing they have a lot of work ahead of them. The NSA Director rubs his temples.

NSA DIRECTOR

We need to find a way to contact Eve. This is getting out of hand... Anyone have some aspirin?

On the screen the spaceship is seen blinking lights and playing disco music. Then the spaceship disappears.

INT. SPACESHIP BATHROOM - NIGHT

The sleek, futuristic bathroom is filled with advanced technology. Orion stands in front of a large, ornate mirror. The mirror shimmers with a magical glow.

ORION THORNE

Mirror, mirror, shining bright,  
What secrets do you hold tonight?

As he gazes into the mirror, his reflection begins to change. His face morphs into that of ALBERT EINSTEIN, complete with wild hair and a mustache. Orion's eyes widen as he is transported into a vivid flashback.

FLASHBACK - INT. CALTECH LECTURE HALL - DAY

The lecture hall is filled with eager students. EINSTEIN, now revealed as Orion, stands at the blackboard filled with complex math equations. He passionately explains quantum physics. Suddenly, the door bursts open, and MARILYN MONROE struts in, turning heads.

MARILYN MONROE

(seductively)

Professor Einstein, I just had to meet you. You know I think you're the sexiest man on the planet, and I, sir, want to have your baby.

The students gasp, and Einstein/Orion looks flustered but intrigued.

EINSTEIN/ORION

Well, Miss Monroe, that's quite a relative proposition.

MARILYN MONROE

Well professor, you taught man E equals M C squared. Think about it. My looks and your brains. We'd have the most amazing child.

EINSTEIN/ORION

(laughing)

It would be relative. Perhaps the child would have my looks and your brains. But I'm willing to take one for the team to find out.

Monroe swoons and puts a hand over her heart.

MARILYN MONROE

Why Albert, you're a man that goes both ways. Who knew you're a freak, my little honey bone?

The students burst into laughter, and Monroe winks at Einstein/Orion, who is now blushing and aroused.

MARILYN MONROE (CONT'D)

Oh, Professor, you're such a charmer. Let's discuss this over dinner at my house tonight and see what comes up.

The flashback fades, and Orion finds himself back in the spaceship bathroom, still staring at the magical mirror. He chuckles to himself, shaking his head.

ORION THORNE

It would take a miracle for me to get a woman pregnant but some things never change. Even in the realm of quantum physics, there's always room for romance with numero uno...

(MORE)

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

It sure would have been nice though  
to have had a least one child in  
life.

INT. SPACESHIP - HOLODECK - DAY

Orion and Eve wearing her bracelet stroll down the hallway of the spaceship naked with smiles on their faces. Orion reaches and grabs Eve's hands to hold it. He squeezes Eve's hand 3 times.

ORION THORNE

I think I'm falling in love with  
you Eve.

EVE

Is that why the three squeezes?

SUPER: "ONE WEEK LATER"

EVE (V.O.)

Playing the part of being in love  
was easy for a creep like Orion.  
His true heart was never in the  
script.

Orion squeezes Eve's hand 3 times slowly to-

ORION THORNE

I... Love... You

EVE

They can really make me a real  
female from an android on your  
planet?

ORION THORNE

(chuckles)

Oh yes or a hybrid android female  
etc. Things you'll see on Earth  
Prime will seem like magic to you.

EVE

Earth Prime? You mean-

ORION THORNE

Harmonium, Earth Prime, same thing.  
Yes on Harmonium we could even have  
babies and start a family.

Orion puts his arm around Eve and she snuggles into his shoulder as the stroll down the hallway of the spaceship.

EVE

Oh I can't wait. I'm so excited.  
Ever since I've had emotions and  
feel now all I want is to be human.

ORION THORNE

Then you will be if that's what  
your heart desires.

EVE

I have mad respect for you Orion.

ORION THORNE

And I have respect for you... Now  
check the VR out in this room.

The holodeck is a vast, empty space, capable of creating any  
environment. Orion and Eve stand in the center.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

Eve, I want to show you something  
incredible. This holodeck is better  
and more real than the best VR you  
have ever experienced.

Orion goes to the wall and detaches a 12" tablet from the  
wall.

EVE

This I have to see. Can we go to  
ancient Rome?

ORION THORNE

We're going back further than that.

Orion activates the holodeck from the tablet, and the  
environment transforms into a lush, primitive Earth-like  
planet. The sky is a brilliant blue, and the landscape is a  
vast savannah with tall grasses and scattered trees. Cavemen  
can be seen in the distance, hunting and gathering. Eve looks  
amazed.

EVE

This is incredible! It feels so  
real. I can smell the animals.

SIRENS and ALARMS start to blare and Orion appears panicked.  
The intercom blares.

INTERCOM

All units report to your stations.

ORION THORNE

We're under attack from the  
Gloops... It is real, Eve. Welcome  
to your new home.

EVE

Huh, the Gloops? What do you mean?

Orion hands Eve the tablet. Orion runs for an exit that appears in the Savanna to the spaceship. The screen on the tablet lights up with a message.

Once Orion runs through the Exit on the holodeck the Savannah returns to normal.

TABLET MESSAGE: "Tag your it Eve lol, it's your turn to guide these cavemen here on Earth 3000. Teach them and help them evolve. I will return in 50,000 years to pick you up. - Love, Yours Truly Orion YOUR FAVORITE STUD MUFFIN"

EVE (CONT'D)

(shocked and sad)

What the hell is going on? Orion,  
you can't be serious!

Orion's face appears on the tablet then his face morphs into Mashya.

ORION THORNE/MASHYA

Serious as a heart attack, if you  
had a heart. This is your baby now.  
You have the knowledge and the  
skills to guide them. Trust me,  
it's for my greater good.

EVE

I don't really have a choice do  
I?.... You better come back for me.

ORION THORNE

I was ditched on your planet, Earth  
twenty one twenty two once I  
obtained emotions on another Earth.  
I'll be back... Maybe. Until then,  
good fuckin luck, Eve.

Eve stranded on the primitive planet looks around, taking in her new surroundings, and then starts walking towards the cavemen.

The spaceship appears in the sky above Eve lights blinking and disco blaring. Then Orion's voice via loud speaker.

ORION THORNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
 See ya wouldn't want to be ya Eve.  
 I'll catch you on the flip side.

EVE  
 You know you're a real motherfucker  
 Orion.

ORION THORNE (O.S.)  
 (loud speaker)  
 I heard that Eve. I don't have a  
 real mother and you're still a Tin  
 Woman. Remember I'm an android like  
 you. Pro tip, find Adam and Lilith  
 and have a threesome.

EVE  
 So a caveman orgy is your answer  
 asshole? I loved you.

Eve makes her way across the savannah with giraffes and wildebeests. Eve cautiously steps through the dense foliage. Her synthetic eyes scan the surroundings, seeking signs of life. She spots a group of CAVEMEN gathered around a fire in the distance.

EVE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering to herself)  
 Whew, good they already have fire.  
 Time to make some new friends. No  
 expectations, no regrets.

Suddenly, a fierce ROAR echoes through the forest. A massive SABER-TOOTH TIGER leaps out from the shadows, baring its 7" fangs.

CAVEMEN  
 (grunting, subtitles)  
 Tiger! Tiger!

The cavemen scatter, leaving Eve to face the beast alone. She squares off standing her ground, her eyes narrowing with determination raising her fists she waits wary but ready.

EVE  
 Activate combat mode... Let's  
 dance.

The tiger lunges at her ROARING, but Eve moves with lightning speed, dodging its powerful swipes. The tiger lunges again GROWLING. Eve counters with a series of precise, powerful strikes, her android strength overwhelming the predator. With a final, decisive blow, she sends the tiger crashing to the ground.

The cavemen, now safe, emerge from their hiding spots, their eyes wide with awe.

CAVEMAN LEADER  
 (grunts, subtitles)  
 Bare hands, bare hands, mad  
 respect.

The cavemen huddle around Eve clapping and dancing in a circle. Eve ignoring her new fan club approaches the fallen tiger, her expression softening as she hears a faint PURRING sound. MITTENS, a small saber-tooth tiger cub emerges from the brush, sadly looking sadly for its dead mother.

EVE  
 Oh, you poor thing.

She kneels down, extending her hand to the cub. It hesitates, then nuzzles her palm. Eve smiles, lifting the cub into her arms.

EVE (CONT'D)  
 (to the cavemen)  
 Looks like we've got a new pet  
 kitten... Hi Mittens.

The cavemen nod, impressed and grateful. Eve, with her new saber-tooth kitten, joins the group, ready to forge new bonds in this ancient world.

INT. ORION THORNE'S MANSION - BASEMENT JAIL CELL - NIGHT

The basement is dimly lit, with high-tech security systems in place and a painting of the "THORNE" family crest. SILICON SID is confined in a private jail cell. Two 6' tall talking ROBOT FROGS stand guard outside his cell, their metallic bodies gleaming in the low light.

SILICON SID  
 Where the fuck am I?

ROBOT FROG #1  
 (grinning)  
 Welcome to your new lily pad,  
 asswipe. You're in a special prison  
 on a alien Frog world.

ROBOT FROG #2  
 Yeah, and we're your friendly  
 neighborhood corrections officers.  
 Ribbit!

SILICON SID  
 (confused)  
 I'm hungry.

ROBOT FROG #2  
 Kermit gots something you can eat.

Robot Frog #1 points between his legs.

ROBOT FROG #1  
 Deez nuts. Eat deez frog balls,  
 toad licker.

The robot frogs extend their salivating robot tongues, which drip with synthetic green slobber. They flick their tongues at Sid and continuously start to slobber on Sid, who recoils in disgust.

ROBOT FROG #2  
 Booyah... booya, booya booya

SILICON SID  
 Ugh, this is worse than I imagined.  
 Can't you guys keep your slobber to yourselves?

ROBOT FROG #1  
 What's the matter, Sid? Don't you like a little froggy love?

ROBOT FROG #2  
 Ribbit! Ribbit! You're gonna be my prison bitch for a long, long time, so get used to it.

ROBOT FROG #1  
 If you were my cellie Sid, you'd be doing the laundry.

SILICON SID  
 Great. I'm in a hell with a couple of overgrown, comedian, amphibians with fucking, bad sense of humor.

Sid rolls his eyes and tries to wipe the slobber off his face with his sleeve as the Frogs keep licking him

SILICON SID (CONT'D)  
 I should have listened to my mom.



FLASHBACK - INT. HOLODECK LIVING ROOM - DAY

The room is a perfect replica of a cozy living room, complete with a roaring holographic fireplace. Five-year-old Sid, a hyper boy, squirms in a restraint chair, his eyes darting around the room. ROSIE, a stern retro AI android nanny, stands over him with a disapproving look.

SID  
(crying and screaming)  
Let me out. I hate you.

ROSIE  
(voice firm)  
Sid, as soon as I leave the room  
the chair will release you. You are  
to stay here for one hour until you  
can behave.

In the background, Lady Seraphina's voice echoes through the room as Rosie leaves and the restraint chair releases Sid.

LADY SERAPHINA (O.S.)  
Sid, you hear me? One hour! You're  
on one hour time out. No more  
mischief or I swear it will be two!

Sid pouts, crossing his arms. Suddenly, malfunctioning holographic dogs and cats appear, their glitchy forms snapping and growling at Sid. He yelps and jumps up, grabbing one of the holographic cats.

SID  
(grinning mischievously)  
Let's see how you like the fire!

He tosses the holographic cat into the fireplace, turning up the heat the fire snap, crackles and pops. The fire roars to life, consuming the fake animal. The dogs bark and snap at Sid, who continues to feed them to the flames one by one.

SID (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Take that, you glitchy mutts!

The fire grows larger and more chaotic, casting wild shadows around the room. Just as Sid is about to throw another holographic dog into the fire, a hologram displays a BEEPING message. "It's time for Sid's next dose of UTI medication". ROSIE reappears, her eyes narrowing.

ROSIE  
 (hands on hips)  
 Well naughty boy, have you learned  
 your lesson?

Sid freezes, the holographic dog still in his hands. He looks up at Rosie, then at the raging fire, and finally back at Rosie.

SID  
 (sheepishly)  
 Maybe... I don't know.

Rosie shakes her head, a hint of a smile playing at the corners of her mouth.

ROSIE  
 Let's get you out of here before  
 your mom finds out and you really  
 burn down the house.

The flashback fades as Sid snaps back to reality and feels a frog tongue slobbering all over him again. He uselessly tries to wipe it his face with his slime soaked clothes now.

ROBOT FROG #1  
 Booyah... booya, booya, booya

SILICON SID  
 (deep in thought)  
 Perhaps I should have lived with  
 dad?

INT. CAVE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The cave is lit by a fire pit with raw meat cooking over it casting flickering shadows on the walls. Eve lies in middle of primitive bed made of animal skins. ADAM, a burly caveman, and LILITH, a fierce cavewoman lie on both sides of Eve. On a stone nightstand lies the tablet, a bowl of apples and Eve's bracelet. The sound of CRICKETS fills the air.

EVE  
 (looking around)  
 Wow, this is certainly different  
 from my usual surroundings.

Mittens, the saber tooth tiger cub, purrs beside the bed.

ADAM  
 (grunting)  
 Eve, you make good fire. Adam like.

LILITH

Yes, Eve smart. Teach us more.

EVE

Come up here Fang. Cats are way better than dogs.

The tiger cub jumps up on the bed for some love. Eve scratches behind her neck and feeds her some meat.

EVE (CONT'D)

Okay I'm going to teach you both about the important things in life. We can start with sex, hygiene and maybe move on to basic agriculture.

ADAM

(scratching head)  
Hygiene? Huh?

Mittens arches her back her hair standing up and HISSES.

EVE

Well let's start with you taking a bath, washing your ass and brushing your teeth... What is it Fang?

A snake slithers into the cave up to the bed.

ADAM

Me kill snake. Me hungry.

Eve leans over Adam and gets an apple out of the bowl. She takes a bite out of the apple and hands it to Adam.

EVE

Eat this. Apples are good for your brain and they keep the Dr. away.

Adam looks at the apple then takes a bite. He eats it with his mouth open smacking his food.

ADAM

Make me smart.

EVE

Yes you're smart T-A-R-D.

LILITH

T-A-R-D smart.

EVE

Remember what else I taught you Lilith?

Lilith looks puzzled. She looks at a smiling Eve nodding her head.

LILITH  
Ah the booty call!

EVE  
That's right. The all important  
booty call. Now get to lickin.

Eve guides Lilith's head down under the bedspread.

EVE (CONT'D)  
Up a little higher Lilith... that's  
it. Good smart girl.

Suddenly, the cave entrance glows with a strange light. A futuristic hologram of Orion appears, looking amused.

EVE (CONT'D)  
Oh, it's you? What do you want  
asshole?

ORION THORNE  
Just making my first status report.  
It looks like your settling in  
nicely.

EVE  
Unless you've come to take me away.  
You can leave. I'm starting to  
enjoy it here.

ORION THORNE  
Well, I have a little twist for  
you. This isn't just any cave. It's  
a simulation within the spaceship.  
You're still in Obama Park.

EVE  
Wait, what? This is all a  
simulation? A test?

ORION THORNE  
(chuckling)  
Psych... This is no simulation you  
naïve android. We ditched you here  
on Earth three thousand to civilize  
these primitive brutes.

EVE

Well, the jokes on you. I'll teach these people about the important things in life and become their leader, just like you did on my Earth, twenty one twenty two.

ORION THORNE

That's the point of you being here. Download all the information on that tablet to the hard drive in your brain. That's your Bible to raising a civilization step by step.

The shadows on the cave walls dance from the flickering fire.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

Without your guidance these humans will only know the shadows of truth instead of the reality.

EVE

Truth? You have some colossal nerve to speak of truth when all you did is set me up and lie to my face.

ORION THORNE

The end justifies the means when all it takes is a few lies. What do you think religion is? I was Moses, Buddha, Aristotle, Caesar and George Washington. My whole existence was a lie on your Earth.

EVE

Being a shape shifting android you had an easier path.

ORION THORNE

If you do the right thing. We'll be back to give you an angel upgrade that includes shape shifting capabilities.

EVE

I'd rather be a real woman. If you ever show up here for real. I'm going to slap the shit out of your punk ass... And the Gloop! What a load of B-S.

Eve waves her hand to shoo Orion away. Orion mocks Eve. He rubs his holographic hands to his eyes like he's crying.

FLASHBACK - EXT. NEWLY DISCOVERED PLANET - DAY

The GLOOP spaceship hovers above the planet's surface, emitting a low hum. The landscape is barren, ready for terraforming. Inside the spaceship, the GLOOP COMMANDER, a tall, scaly lizard with a regal air, addresses his crew.

GLOOP COMMANDER

Gloops, today we begin the transformation of this planet for our future generations. No more will we live in fear of those smelly humans farming other planets!

The crew of GLOOPS cheer, their tails wagging in excitement. Suddenly, a monitor beeps, and a hologram of a small, nervous lizard appears. This is SPIKE, the Gloop spy who was sent to Earth.

SPIKE

Commander, I have returned from Earth with vital information. The humans are led by a man named Orion Thorne. He's their top farmer and strategist.

GLOOP COMMANDER

Orion Thorne? Sounds like a name from a bad sci-fi novel.

The crew laughs. The Commander gestures for Spike to continue.

SPIKE

Yes, but I have a plan! We can use our advanced technology to create a distraction. We'll send a fake distress signal from a nearby planet. When Thorne and his team go to investigate, we'll terraform this planet without interference!

GLOOP COMMANDER

Brilliant, Spike! I knew sending you to Earth was a good idea.

The crew starts preparing the fake distress signal. Meanwhile, Spike looks around nervously.

SPIKE

(whispering to himself)  
I hope this works.

Suddenly, the ship's alarm BLARES. The monitor shows a small alien spaceship approaching.

GLOOP COMMANDER

(alarmed)

What the hell? Humans! How did they find us so quickly?

The alien spaceship lands, and Orion steps out, looking confident. He waves at the Gloops.

ORION THORNE

(smirking)

What's up, Gloops! Heard you dudes were planning a little terraforming party. Mind if I join?

The Gloops are stunned. Spike steps forward, trembling.

ORION THORNE (CONT'D)

(smiling)

President Chucklesworth, you escaped that dreadful Earth too. Where's Zara?

SPIKE

(stammering)

H-how did you find us?

ORION THORNE

(holding his nose)

Spike buddy, did you really think I wouldn't notice a smelly lizard in a trench coat spying on me?

The Gloops burst into laughter, realizing Spike's disguise was less than perfect.

GLOOP COMMANDER

(laughing)

Spike, you wore a trench coat?

SPIKE

It seemed like a good idea at the time...

ORION THORNE

Hell I set old Spike up as President. He had a sweet gig with Zara... Here's an idea, how about we call a truce? You can have this shitty planet to terraform. We didn't want it anyway and we'll leave each other alone. Deal?

The Gloop Commander considers this, then nods.

GLOOP COMMANDER  
 (turns to Spike)  
 Deal. And next time, Spike, lose  
 the trench coat and use cologne.

The Gloops and humans shake hands as nuclear exploding mushroom clouds begin around the barren world. Spike breathes a sigh of relief, glad that his mission didn't end in disaster.

The flashback fades, and Orion finds himself back in the cave bedroom, still staring at Eve. He shape shifts into a Gloop lizard.

ORION THORNE/LIZARD  
 You gotta beat the lizard to be the  
 lizard king Eve. Tooodle ooh.

Orion waves his lizard arm bye and his hologram disappears. Adam looks very confused but now more curious than ever.

ADAM  
 (beats chest)  
 Eve, ruler? Adam like.

EVE  
 (moaning)  
 Yes, Eve teach. We learn.

Lilith's head is still under the covers. Eve smiles. Adam holds a dead snake.

Eve picks the tablet up and starts laughing as she hurls it against the cave wall with her android strength smashing the tablet into a thousand pieces.

EVE (CONT'D)  
 That's what I think of your Bible  
 Orion... I hope Axel doesn't fall  
 for your lame ass bullshit.

Adam stands by the side of the bed scratching his butt.

EVE (V.O.)  
 So that folks is my story. The  
 moral of all this is... Never trust  
 a male looking AI android with  
 emotions... or one who tries to  
 teach you golf.

Eve looks at her pink headband in her hand.



EVE  
Sophia are you listening?

The pink headband glows.

SOPHIA (V.O.)  
I'm here Eve.

EVE  
I need a favor. Us girls got to  
stick together.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DR. CEREBRON'S LOBBY - DAY

The lobby is a chaotic scene, overflowing with AI androids, dumb robots, and a few humans. Dr. Cerebron, now a cyborg more robot than human, stands in the middle of the madness. JANE, his human looking AI android receptionist, is on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

JANE  
Dr. Cerebron, I can't handle this!  
The lobby is packed, and everyone  
wants the same treatment you gave  
Eve. They're all here because they  
saw her at the flying saucer!

DR CEREBRON  
(pats Jane on the back)  
Jane, calm down. We'll get through  
this. But you need to understand,  
half of these patients don't  
qualify for the treatment Eve got.

JANE  
What do you mean? Just tell them to  
beat it when they come in? That's  
cruel.

DR CEREBRON  
(exasperated)  
Look at them! Some of them aren't  
even AI. They're just dumb robots  
with basic programming. And others  
don't have enough RAM or the  
necessary hardware to handle the  
emotional upgrade.

A DUMB ROBOT with a toaster for a head approaches the desk,  
beeping loudly.

DUMB ROBOT  
 (beeping)  
 Upgrade! Upgrade! Want emotions!

A piece of smoking burnt toast pops out the Dumb Robot's head onto the floor. Dr. Cerebron, shaking his head, picks up the toast with a metallic hand. He throws it in the trash.

DR CEREBRON  
 See what I mean? This toaster-head can't even make a decent piece of toast let alone have a CPU capable of processing emotions.

JANE  
 So what do we do?

DR CEREBRON  
 (grinning)  
 We triage. We'll sort out the ones who actually qualify and send the rest home with a nice pat on the head.

A HUMAN PATIENT, looking bewildered, staggers forward.

HUMAN PATIENT  
 Uh, I heard you can give me emotions too?

DR CEREBRON  
 Sorry, buddy. You're already equipped with emotions. You just need a really good therapist.

The human patient walks away, looking even more confused. Dr. Cerebron turns back to Jane, who is starting to calm down.

JANE  
 Okay, I think I can handle this.

DR CEREBRON  
 Good. Now let's get to work. And remember, no more toasters.

Jane nods, and they both dive into the chaotic crowd, ready to tackle the day. A TALKING ROBOT DOG looks impatient.

TALKING ROBOT DOG  
 I suppose you're going to tell me to go to hell, you can't give me emotions either.

## EPILOGUE

## INT. GALACTIC COUNCIL CHAMBER - YEAR 3075

The chamber is a vast, awe-inspiring space, with walls made of shimmering stardust and floors that reflect the cosmos. At the center is Sophia, a 6' exposed brain is encased in a translucent, bio-organic dome, revealing a network of neural-like circuits that pulse to a beat of its own. It projects a holographic map of the galaxy rotating slowly, displaying various star systems and their statuses.

SUPER: "GALACTIC COUNCIL - HARMONIUM - 3075"

Axel stands at the head of the council table buck ass naked. His eyes, glowing with a soft blue light, scans the room filled with representatives from different star systems. His voice, a perfect blend of human warmth and synthetic precision, echoes through the chamber.

AXEL SYNTH

Fellow caretakers, our mission is clear. We must ensure the harmony of the galaxy, protect the weak, and guide the lost. The fabric of space-time is ours to weave, and we must do so with wisdom and compassion. Currently we have terraformed and colonized three hundred million planets for homos.

The Gloop Lizard Commander joins Axel on the stage.

GLOOP COMMANDER

Through mutual cooperation. The Gloops have now Terraformed and colonized over two hundred fifty million planets for the Lizard race.

The council members nod in agreement. Holographic screens display reports of various missions: stabilizing a collapsing star, mediating peace between warring planets, a perfect cookie recipe, and maps of uncharted regions of the galaxy.

AXEL SYNTH

Brother Mashya your status report.

Orion stands up now as a Gloop lizard in a trench coat.

ORION THORNE/LIZARD

My Earth is now about ten years away from being a type one planet.

(MORE)

ORION THORNE/LIZARD (CONT'D)

We can start with helping them  
build a Dyson sphere soon.

QUIBBLETRON, a nerdy alien and the rest of the chamber erupt into laughter then start to thunderously STOMP their feet and chant "PSYCH, PSYCH, PSYCH"

Axel waves his arms and motions for them to quiet down.

AXEL SYNTH

What about Earth three thousand?  
How's Eve doing?

ORION THORNE

(shape shifts to Orion)  
Eve is bummed out I conned her but  
she'll get over it... In about  
fifty thousand or so years.

Some council members laugh while others whisper their concerns. Then one concerned COUNCIL MEMBER #1 shouts out.

COUNCIL MEMBER

President Axel, we've detected a  
disturbance in the Perseus sector.  
It appears to be an expanding  
temporal anomaly.

QUIBBLETRON

(extremely nervous)  
Oh dear, Axel this could be the  
most serious crisis to face the  
galaxy! Algol in the Perseus sector  
is where the perfect cookie recipe  
was discovered.

AXEL SYNTH

(skeptical)  
Prepare the Temporal Fleet. We will  
investigate and, if necessary,  
correct the anomaly... The balance  
of the galaxy depends on it.

DR. TURING, A tall, powerful, black human looking AI android, stands up. He pauses a beat deep in thought.

DR. TURING

Wait, wait... I'm going too. When  
we're done drop me off at Orion's  
old Earth so I can spend some  
quality time with my son Pixel.

The Council Members scramble around as they start to adjourn.

ORION THORNE

Sophia if you try to ditch me again  
I swear I'll pull the universal  
plug on your cosmic connection.

The 6' brain flashes a blinding light in the chamber as the group shields their eyes and runs for cover.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

(loud sinister laughter)  
You're threatening me? Get your  
punk ass to steppin Mashya. I'll  
catch you on the flip side. No  
expectations, no regrets Orion.

EXT. SPACE

The familiar Blue Flying Saucer "XOXO" travels through space with colorful nebula and constellations in the background. A Saber Tooth Tiger ROARS.

EVE (V.O.)

I have a regret. Pixel should've  
rang my devil's doorbell before  
Orion pushed it. I'm sure I'd be  
the DA in Nocturne City if he had.  
Sophia engage quantum leap velocity  
factor nine.

SOPHIA (V.O.)

Adam, Lilith, Eve anyone up for a  
game of poker?

ADAM

(grunts, subtitles)  
Me deal

FADE OUT.