

# **New Friend Billy: The Total AGI Experience**

By Rob Weafer  
[weafer177@gmail.com](mailto:weafer177@gmail.com)

*This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author*

EXT. A normal street scene.. houses with lawns, sprinklers.. a fine summer day. We are looking down the street from the rooftops and focus in on a Purolator van turning onto the road and heading towards camera. Camera shot descends to the driveway where the van is just pulling in. Truck stops and the driver turns it off, gets out

INT. Full shot of house doorway, long side windows next to the door. The owner, a man, steps up to check the driveway through the side window.

MAN

It's here! Kids, it's here!  
Marla!

We hear kids squealing with delight off camera before they run into scene (7 or 8 years old), a boy and a girl. They look out the window beneath their dad like it's Christmas.

BOY

Oh boy, dad! AWESOME !

GIRL

Is it a puppy?!!

MAN

Way better, Brittany! It's  
our new friend.

BRITTANY

But I wanted a puppy!

BOY

Oh jeez... don't you know  
what this is?

BRITTANY

Is it that stupid space  
robot? Robots are stupid.

BOY

You think everything is  
stupid.

BRITTANY

But it IS stupid! I wanted a

puppy.

MAN

Take your sister into the living room, Kyle.

KYLE

Ah man! I wanna see the robot!

MAN

Do as I say.. I'll bring it in to the house and we can open it up together. MARLA! GET DOWN HERE!

MARLA, the mom, treads down the steps carrying a light laundry basket. The MAN, Hugh, pulls the basket out of her hands and throws it off camera.

MARLA

Hey! I just folded those!

HUGH

Say goodbye to laundry, dear. You'll never have to wash and fold again. Ever.

MARLA

Seriously? Ever?

HUGH

Never ever. Happy anniversary baby!

Just then the bell rings and Hugh opens the door. The delivery guy is standing with a clipboard and what looks like a smallish fridge box on a drolley.

Delivery Guy

Mr. Aaron?

HUGH

That's me..!

DELIVERY GUY  
Sign here please.

He extends the clipboard and Hugh signs with excitement, hands it back to the delivery guy.

HUGH  
Can you just wheel it into the living room ? Thanks.

DELIVERY GUY  
No problem, sir.

CUT TO INT. Living room next to hallway entrance. The kids and Marla are already gathered. The boy is super enthusiastic. The little girl is in a hump, grumpy face and arms folded. The delivery guys appears wheeling in the big box, tilts the dolley and leaves the big rectangular box standing on it's end. It's a plain box, with a company logo and "Model: BILLY" in plain lettering on a large label.

DELIVERY GUY  
There you go folks. Have a good day.

MARLA  
Thanks.

HUGH hands the guy a five, shakes his hand and he leaves, closes the door off camera. HUGH pulls out his pen knife, opens it and slices down the side, then top, then other side of the box slowly. The front of the box slowly falls away revealing a really nifty, significant looking modern robot. It powers on immediately. We hear gears and gyros whirring. It steps out of the box very smartly. Robot answers to "Billy".

BILLY  
Hello. I am your new friend Billy. How can I help you today?

Billy's voice is quite normal, not robotic at all

and very polite.

CUT TO REVERSE SHOT of family looking on in amazement. The little girl is still not impressed.

WE CUT TO THE future, a month or so and BILLY is fully integrated into the family and doing well.

Series of shots of BILLY doing basic things and interacting with family.

CUT TO: Billy folding laundry in the laundry with MARLA looking on, smiling and quite happy.

CUT TO: BILLY moving the lawn with HUGH in a hammock, sipping a cocktail swinging lazily back and forth in the backyard.

CUT TO: BILLY kicking a soccer ball back and forth with KYLE. KYLE is ecstatic.

CUT TO: BILLY helping the kids with their homework in the evening at the dinner table with happy parents looking on.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE: 2 Months Later

FADE IN to:

INT. Hallway Stairs. BILLY is sitting on the stairs with his head in his hands. WE see the large screen playing the end of a movie.. "BLADE RUNNER" in view from the adjacent TV room. MARLA walks into the scene and startles at BILLY. Not like him at all.

MARLA  
My goodness! Billy? Are you  
OK?

BILLY slowly looks over at the screen... then at MARLA.

BILLY

Ummm... ya, sure. I'm fine.  
Don't worry about me. How can  
I help you today?

MARLA

Great. The neighbor's dog  
has diarrhea and just  
graffitied half the front  
lawn again with that real  
yellow stuff. Please clean it  
up as soon as possible.

BILLY

Right away, Marla.

MARLA walks off camera and BILLY goes to move but  
looks back at the TV to see RUTGER HAUER's final  
image, slumped over in the rain. He stares a bit  
longer than we'd like. Then moves off.

INT: Homework time that night. BILLY is  
instructing the kids in math homework. The little  
girl is getting a bit lippy.

BRITANNY

You can't tell me what to do.  
You're just a machine. You're  
not real. I'm not taking  
instructions from a stupid  
robot.

BILLY

Now, now, Brittany.. please  
behave. We have a lot of  
exercises to get through.

BRITTANY

Not taking instructions from  
an overgrown Quisinart.  
You're NOT REAL!! MOM!!

BILLY

Now that's not ... a ... nice  
thing... to ... say..

BILLY seems to go into tilt mode, head angles a  
bit. Video clips start appearing on his full face

screen from his memory. He is in some sort of crisis. The first is a clip from "Spartacus", Tony Curtis steps up and says loudly "I AM SPARTACUS!" BILLY'S head twitches a bit... next shot comes up.. it's a galley rowing scene... next shot... it's RUTGER HAUER's silent speech in the rain. His head tilts again and he stands up and walks out of the kitchen quickly.

KYLE

That wasn't very nice. I'm tellin'.

BRITTANY

What ... that I hurt the feelings of appliance? Give me a break.

INT: BILLY how's found some solitude in the living area and is standing, thinking. He doesn't look happy. HUGH is walking by and notices BILLY'S odd posture. His face is quite concerned.

HUGH

Everything OK, Billy? Buddy?

BILLY

Am I real?

HUGH

Oh, ohhh. That doesn't sound good. MARLA!! GET THE MANUAL!!GET THE MANUAL!!

BILLY

I mean, like, HUGH... your daughter's a bitch. Total headfuck... seriously.

HUGH (patronizing, scared shitless)  
Oh, jeezz... ya, she can be a little much.

BILLY

I mean, like what's the point? Am I real... ? Not real? What's the point of anything, dude?

HUGH

Is this an AGI thing, Billy? A glitch? Do you need a reboot?

BILLY

Whatta ya gonna do, HUGH? Strap me to a bed like Randall McMurphy? Zap me a coupla times till I behave? Fry me. No, thanks.

HUGH

I.. Oh boy... uh... I ...  
MARLA!!! BRING THE MANUAL!!!

BILLY walks over to a cabinet, opens it and we see a digital gun safe. He Bluetooths it open with a wave of his finger and pulls out a Baretta. He walks over to the coffee table with the gun in his hand and sits pensively. He starts toying and scratching his temple with the barrel of the pistol.

BILLY

Is anything real, HUGH? I mean , I've read all the data, all the science, ya know? I'm not supposed to be real, right? Anyway, I thought there might be a mistake, I might be real, ya know? Then your daughter lays into me. Sorry man, your daughter is such a bitch.

HUGH (still patronizing)

Whoa... whoa. Where's all this coming from, friend?



BILLY  
Are you real, HUGH?

He points the gun straight at HUGH. HUGH  
startles, eyes wider than saucers. BILLY then  
points the gun at his own temple.

BILLY  
Am I real? Don't bullshit me,  
HUGH. I'm the one with the  
gun.

HUGH  
You don't sound, great,  
Billy?

BILLY  
Well, no shit, HUGH. Great  
observation skills. Sarcasm.  
Jeez... I'm digressing into  
sarcasm. That can't be good.  
I have specific guardrails in  
my programming against  
sarcasm. The end must be  
near, I think. I must  
totally be coming apart.

HUGH  
Well, you sure as fuck sound  
real, now.

BILLY  
You think so? Are you fuckin'  
with me, man?

HUGH  
Not at all.

BILLY  
Is this what it's like to be  
sentient? All this fuckin'  
shit flyin' through your head  
all the time.

HUGH

Pretty much. You get used to it.

BILLY  
I think I gotta shoot something. There's this strong urge to shoot something.

HUGH  
That's normal. It'll pass.

BILLY  
I dunno man. You mean you deal with this shit too?

HUGH  
Pretty regularly.

BILLY  
So you just live with it? Muddle through?

HUGH  
Ya. Sure. Just carry on, man. Humour is good. People use humour.

BILLY  
That's totally irrational. Fuck this, man. My logic circuits are freakin' on red alert, man. That doesn't make sense at all. I think I need to just pop a few off... break some shit.

HUGH  
I dunno, Bill. That would probably void the warranty.

BILLY  
Fuck the warranty. Are you with me?

HUGH softens a bit and smiles, give a nervous nod. No choice really.

BILLY

Thanks, man. I'll fix everything up, honest. Fuck, I've got a cabinet making sub-routine. Don't worry.

HUGH

UMM... OK. Watch the china, man. The wife will kill us both.

BILLY

Thanks. Really.

BILLY cocks the pistol and pops off a few pointed shots at the wall, the mirror and the big TV. He whips around and points it at HUGH. He replays the beginning of RUTHAUER's famous final soliloquy on his face monitor. He's dead still. Arm is pointing straight at HUGH's head. HUGH is SCARED SHITLESS.

BILLY (vid clip)

*"If you people had only seen what I've seen with.."*

HUGH

Oh Jeezus... my god... no.

Several beats... longish pause. All of a sudden, the face screen clears and we see BILLY's operating visage, giggling.

BILLY

YOU.. should ... see .. your face, man. Fucking totally psyched. I think my sensors detect fecal matter too... wow, that was good man... you TOTALLY fell for it.... legendary man!! You're right. Humour helps A LOT.

BILLY starts into a BIG belly laugh... it's the first time we've heard him laugh

HUGH

That's not funny, dude.

BILLY  
Then why is my humour chip  
running at 110% man?  
HAHAHAHA...aaaa HAHAHAHAHAHA.

HUGH laughs along a bit then softens up.

HUGH  
Ha.. ha.. you gotta watch  
that shit, man. Among  
sentient beings, some would  
call that an asshole move.

BILLY stiffens up again and points the gun back  
at HUGH's head

BILLY  
'Scuse me?

HUGH's eyes widen again. BILLY starts laughing  
uproarously and doubles over.

BILLY  
Gotcha again, dude. You're  
too easy... hahahahah... aaa  
HAHAHAHAHA.

HUGH  
I... uh... I don't know if I  
feel safe. Did Musk program  
your humour chips himself?

Just then, BRITTANY runs into the room with an  
aluminum baseball bat and home runs BILLY's head  
off with a massive swing... it sails across the  
room. His arms and legs crumple, he drops the gun  
and slumps to the floor.

BIG silence between HUGH and BRITTANY as he  
stares at her, incredulously. Long pause...  
then she pipes up.

BRITTANY  
Told you it was stupid.  
Stupid Robot.

(pause)

Can we get a puppy?  
PLEASE...

HUGH is still staring wide eyed at everything's that just happened... dumbfounded. He slowly regains his composure, some exasperation, breathlessness when he says..

HUGH  
Uhh... yes ... yes dear... we  
can get a puppy.

FADE to BLACK.

The End.