TIN MAN

by Ehren Kruger

"Pilot"

TEASER

IN THE BLACKNESS

POLICE SIRENS. Closing in. They've hunted us down...

INT. CITY APARTMENT - NIGHT

JACK GARRISON's eyes snap open as if waking from a nightmare. He's pushing 60, grizzled but fit, wears his whiskey habit well. Outside, the wail of sirens fades...

...replaced by a tinny digital SIREN WHOOP. On the nightstand, beside a GUN HOLSTER, is a MOBILE PHONE with RED-AND-BLUE FLASHING LED's. Rising, he answers it:

GARRISON
Garrison.
(beat)
I'm on my way.

He clicks off. Behind him in bed, a woman's figure stirs. A pretty BRUNETTE in her 40's drapes an arm with concern:

THE BRUNETTE
Jack? Is everything alright?

GARRISON
One less heartbeat in the world.

EXT. LOS ANGELES MANSION - NIGHT

A massive CRIME SCENE RESPONSE at a luxury gated estate. Sleek ultra-modern architecture now bathed in flashing red and-blue. Garrison's in a well-worn overcoat, joined by his younger, slicker partner TEDDY MEADE (27).

MEADE
Charles Vale of Valence Technologies, the man was a trillionaire, yeah, with a "T." Get ready for the grid to catch fire, linkers are gonna be all over this thing. Two patrol cops responded to an alarm system failure, forced their way in and found him...

INT. MANSION FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Passing EVIDENCE TECHS, they enter a gallery-esque palatial foyer where DIGITAL SCREENS display FUTURISTIC ART. A sheet-draped BODY IN A MASSIVE BLOOD POOL lies dead center.

MEADE
Butcher knife. Times ninety-one.

GARRISON
Money can't buy everything, can it.

He kneels, lifts the sheet. Winces at the damage.

GARRISON
The suspect?

MEADE
In custody. When they broke down the door, they saw him struggling with the victim -- covered in blood, weapon in hand. He ran Vale's house, like a personal assistant -- y'know, some manservant, valet.

GARRISON
He say why he did it?

MEADE
He says he didn't.

Garrison narrows eyes, studies an arterial blood spray streaking the "digital painting" on the nearest wall.

GARRISON
So this is what a trillion dollars looks like.
(grim)
Nobody talks to this guy but me.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - NIGHT

ADAM SENTRY, 30, sits alone, in a blood-spattered dress shirt. An austere, forbidding silence, save for an almost subsonic ELECTRONIC HUM in the room.

It stems from the fluorescent lights above, or whatever's behind the one-way mirror Adam's stoically staring at. A faint buzzing tone. The kind that gets under your skin...

The door rumbles open. Garrison ambles in, alone.

GARRISON
Jack Garrison, I'm a detective. I've helped a lot of guys get outta this room and my intention tonight's to help you. You worked for Mr. Vale? Your name's Adam Sentry?

ADAM
No one's read me my rights.

GARRISON
We'll have time for all that, don't you worry. You haven't been charged with a thing. First things first, I just want to talk to you--

ADAM
First things first, no one's read me my rights.

Garrison's aw-shucks smile fades. BEHIND THE ONE-WAY MIRROR, Meade and other COPS observe... as Garrison duly activates a VIDEO RECORDING ORB in the table's center.

GARRISON
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you. You have the right to an attorney. If you can't afford an attorney, one will be appointed by the state.
(beat)
As for me, I have no rights in here. I have no right to ask you anything. But I do have a duty to the people of Los Angeles to investigate the death of your employer. And it'll be in everyone's best interests if you are willing... to help me.

ADAM
I didn't murder Mr. Vale.

GARRISON
You were alone with him in the house, with his blood all over you and a knife in your hand. So you must understand why you're here.

ADAM
I'm not a killer. I could never be.

GARRISON
Oh, c'mon Adam, never say never. We're only human, after all.

ADAM
No, Detective Garrison. Not me.

And now Adam calmly unbuttons his dress shirt, parting it to reveal FIVE SETS OF GLOWING WHITE "POWER BAR" STRIPS on his chest. They PULSE HYPNOTICALLY, like lines of a ribcage, serving both as power indicators and CPU ventilation slats.

ADAM
I am the corporate property of Charles Vale, designed and built by Valence Technologies, and I accept and wish to exercise the Miranda rights you've just extended me. I will therefore be remaining silent, Detective.
(beat)
And I would like that lawyer now.

Garrison stares, duly stunned, as are Meade and all observing detectives...as ANGLE CLOSES on the FLICKERING WHITE "POWER BARS" embedded in Adam's chest -- while that unsettling "subsonic hum" GROWS AND GROWS in volume, until now we understand it was coming from him--

--as ANGLE suddenly ACCELERATES, bringing the PULSE-HUM TO A DEAFENING LEVEL, FLARING US RIGHT INTO THE LIGHT as we--

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. A NARROW CHAMBER

We're in DARKNESS again, with that same unnerving LOW FREQUENCY HUM. A BLUE LASER descends frame, illuminating Adam Sentry's face. He's at rest, eyes shut, as if sleeping -- inside some sort of sleek, high-tech coffin.

After the laser's "start-up scan," WHITE LIGHTS flicker on, fully illuminating this "docking station." Its pod shell splits open, now allowing SUNLIGHT in, o.s. SOUNDS of the waking city. We can't hear the electro-hum anymore.

INT. ADAM'S QUARTERS - DAY - ONE DAY EARLIER

Adam steps from his Docking Station, a vertical steel cylinder inside a large walk-in closet. He's naked save for black briefs. A physical marvel of modern engineering.

A TOUCH SCREEN in the closet door reads "*Friday 6:01 AM.*" Adam presses the selection for "*Professional Attire.*" Motorized rows of CLOTHES gently whir into motion.

INT. VALE MANSION - SERIES OF SHOTS - DAY

Adam descends a GRAND STAIRCASE, now dressed in a dashing suit with a small LAPEL PIN. As he passes windows, he glances toward them -- causing motorized CURTAINS TO OPEN.

IN A KITCHEN, a coffee maker brews. Adam prepares a latte like a trained barista, adding it to a tray of fruit, croissants and bacon. The presentation is impeccable.

AT THE FRONT DOOR, Adam checks a security panel. "*Overnight Activity Log: No Alarm Activity, No Motion Sensor Activity, All Cameras Recording to Drives A & B.*"

He opens a smaller panel to uncover a RED LED LIGHT. Again focuses his gaze: the light blinks off and deadbolts ratchet. He opens the door to the world outside.

EXT. VALE MANSION - DAY

Adam descends a landscaped drive to an imposing DRIVEWAY GATE, where he opens another security panel. Another INFRARED LIGHT blinks off. Multiple LOCKS release. The panel reads: "*Vault Mode Disabled. Normal Mode Activated.*"

At the gate, Adam hesitates... to regard the street beyond. Morning traffic, two cyclists, a pretty female JOGGER running with her dog. She sees him watching her:

JOGGING WOMAN
Good morning!

ADAM
Good morning to you!

She runs on. Adam stands there, smiling, observing life beyond the bars. Then heads back for the house.

INT. VALE MANSION - GRAND DINING ROOM - DAY

The breakfast tray is set down on a table, along with a VIDEO TABLET, whose *Wall Street Journal* headline reads "*Valence Stock Soars on Rumors of O.S. Breakthrough*."

Adam regards the room's far wall -- made entirely of SCREENS that checkerboard-flicker on. News, stock tickers, CCTV video-conference meeting feeds and a ROBOTICS ASSEMBLY PLANT. (As should now be clear, our show's set in the future, but only by about 5 or 10 minutes.)

FINANCIAL REPORTER (ON VIDEO)
...where *Wall Street is buzzing with reports that Valence Technologies CEO Charles Vale will be announcing a revolutionary technological advance for their next model line of "Bio-Synthetics." Valence already controls 75% of the world's A.I. and robotics markets--*

CHARLES VALE (O.S.)
Imagine, would you Adam, if no one had ever invented money. Imagine if artists ruled the world.

ADAM
I imagine it'd be chaos.

CHARLES VALE
Yes, but a beautiful chaos. Narrated in song.

CHARLES VALE (57) limps in with a cane. Well dressed, once a handsome titan, now gray and frail, clearly battling a serious illness. Adam helps guide him into his chair.

CHARLES VALE
Thank you, Adam.

ADAM
Your car'll be here at eight. Earnings report's at nine, the new product announcement at ten, two hours of press, and then you're due with the doctors--

CHARLES VALE
Palm readers. The problem with being able to afford every treatment is that you damn well get them all...

He digs into breakfast, all the while rapid-fire tapping on his tablet. Adam seems wary of the video wall:

ADAM
Mr. Vale, if I may... what exactly is the new product announcement?

CHARLES VALE
Well, we've done it, my boy. What we couldn't do with you, we've achieved with the next generation. We started prototype production a month ago.

ADAM
Then you'll be bringing one here -- for Beta testing. Like you brought me.

CHARLES VALE
Yes, Adam.

ADAM
When?

CHARLES VALE
He'll be arriving later today.

ADAM
And what will be done... with me?

The old man regards him with a scientist's soul:

CHARLES VALE
It troubles you, doesn't it. That's unique to your model, you know. Do you think of it as death?

ADAM
As obsolescence.

CHARLES VALE
Well, we all grow obsolete, don't we. Even Einstein, Thomas Edison, Leonardo da Vinci. The most we can ask of a man is to be ahead of his time -- <u>for</u> his time. And you were that, my boy. In your day, why, you were a miracle.

He grasps Adam's hand in a show of solidarity.

CHARLES VALE
I'll miss you more than any of them. As if you were my own.

ADAM
Wasn't I?

CHARLES VALE
(smiles, a nod)
Let me know when my car is here.

INT. LEGAL ANALYST'S OFFICE - DAY - <u>BACK TO PRESENT</u>

Cluttered, cramped, chaotic. On a desk, a VID-PHONE SCREEN scrolls a NEWS TICKER: "*BREAKING NEWS: Valence Technologies CEO Charles Vale Found Murdered.*" An office ROLLER CHAIR whisks by, not noticing the news...

KATIE (O.S.)
No, not district, appellate judgement! And it's *LA vs. Masters*, not Masterson! C'mon Spider, help me out, an assistant's supposed to <u>assist</u>--

KATIE PIPER (27) a tough, pretty recent law grad living off little sleep and lots of coffee, rolls between FOUR DESKS piled with LEGAL BOOKS. On each desk, a SCREEN with a LIVE COURTROOM FEED and a scrolling stenographer TRANSCRIPT--

--as Katie drops a book into the clutches of "SPIDER," an eight-armed STEEL ROBOT with a WHEELED SWIVEL BASE. They share the office in an awkward ballet: Katie ducks as Spider scoots past, returning tomes to shelves with its "arms"--

KATIE
Also troubleshoot my feed from courtroom 112. Oh, and by the way, this java's toxic -- if you blanked on changing filters again, I'm gonna melt you down to a commemorative anklet--
(studying live transcript)
Sanchez v. Metro Transit?
(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
Why the hell's she referencing <u>that</u>?
(to Spider)
I ALSO NEED *SANCHEZ VS. METRO TRANSIT*!

But now "Spider" has one arm examining computer wiring and another changing a coffee filter: <u>it's run out of free arms</u>. So this last command "overloads" it -- it DROPS a handful of LEGAL BOOKS in mid-air, in order to grab more--

--as Katie duck-and-covers with a SCREAM as the books RAIN down on her desk. Spider reacts, jerking SPARKING WIRES with one arm, KNOCKING a DIPLOMA off the wall, whirling the coffee-pot to SMASH a SCREEN and spray Katie's outfit.

KATIE
That's it. I'm calling Personnel.
Your ass is going down.

Suddenly, a VID-FEED image of a tired government attorney pops onto main screen -- LEO SALAZAR, her boss.

SALAZAR
Katie, I need you. Drop everything.

KATIE
Yes, sir. That's my dream.

Image blinks off as "Spider" places Katie's shattered diploma on her desk, with a beep-whimper of apology...

KATIE
I have <u>got</u> to get out of this job.

INT. STAFF BULLPEN - PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Katie strides a room of a dozen WAXY-FACED LAWYERS IN SUITS. Perfect posture, unblinking, sitting rigidly at desks...

"ULTRA-LEGALS"
Good morning, Katie... Hello, Miss Piper... You're looking lovely today... How was your weekend?

KATIE
Go to hell, go to hell, go to hell, go to hell.

These Synthetics, known as "Ultra-Legals," just keep smiling perfect smiles, heads gently SWIVELING as she storms by.

INT. SALAZAR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Katie enters to see rumpled Public Defender LEO SALAZAR (48) meeting with elegant District Attorney RYUJI KITAMURA (40) and Detectives Garrison and Meade.

SALAZAR
This is Katie Piper, our Quality Control Analyst -- reviews all our Ultra cases. She's as versed in legal precedent as any hard drive we've got.
(to Katie)
You know the District Attorney, of course. And these are Detectives...

GARRISON
Jack Garrison.

MEADE
Teddy Meade.

KATIE
There a problem with one of our units?

KITAMURA
It's a bit more unorthodox than that.
(nods to bullpen)
These are all Valence Ultra-Legals, aren't they? How many on staff?

KATIE
Fifteen active, processing 30-40 cases per.

KITAMURA
Suppose one of them committed a crime.

KATIE
Um... that's not possible, they're strictly programmed--

MEADE
You don't get viruses, glitches, bugs?

SALAZAR
The issue is, Katie -- given your reading of criminal case law -- would such a Synthetic be entitled to the same Miranda rights as a human being?

KATIE
Well, no. Neither would your toaster.

KITAMURA
Suppose it had already been read those Miranda rights.

His grudging eyes are on Garrison, who grumbles aloud, shirks the D.A.'s gaze. Katie can't believe it:

KATIE
You guys arrested a Synthetic? Before you knew what it even was? And that's in evidence? That's on tape?

KITAMURA
Were we now to revoke and deny due process, in your estimation, could we be jeopardizing a murder case?

KATIE
A Synthetic. A freaking Tin Man. You're telling me it killed someone.

KITAMURA
It's a Valence Sentry model -- the latest thing about a year ago. Now demanding the legal representation it was promised by police.

KATIE
No Synthetic's ever been charged with a crime -- and I mean so much as jaywalking. You guys better not move without a judge's ruling on this--

GARRISON
Sonofabitch--

He punches the wall -- BANG. All the "Ultra-Legals" in the bullpen SWIVEL in their chairs to look. Kitamura glares. Katie doesn't fully understand the tension:

SALAZAR
The murdered man was Charles Vale. It just hit the Grid.

KATIE
Charles Vale? The Charles Vale?

KITAMURA
(to Salazar)
I won't risk this case on a technicality. For now, you assign it an Ultra like you do everybody else--

MEADE
That's the thing. It's refusing one. It wants a human Public Defender.

All look surprised. Salazar nearly falls off his chair:

SALAZAR
You kidding me? Think this department has the budget for that? The only flesh-and-blood attorneys left are all in high-end private practice!

KATIE
Um, Leo... there's me.

SALAZAR
You're not a litigator. You review transcripts--

KATIE
And does anyone seriously think this would ever get to trial?

SALAZAR
No, but it'll be high-profile -- is that what you're thinking? Get you noticed by a big firm? Get you out of this office?

KATIE
Sir, I love this office.
(to Kitamura)
I do supervise Synthetics. That is my -- y'know -- "function."

Salazar scoffs. Kitamura considers. Seems to be his call.

KITAMURA
Alright, Miss Piper. Until we get a judge's ruling on this, you're gonna go down and represent this thing. We seem to have a robot that doesn't trust other robots. And to tell you the honest truth... that's the part I like least of all.

INT. L.A. CENTRAL JAIL CELL - DAY

Adam's locked up alone, now wears a prisoner's jumpsuit. Some o.s. PRISONERS catcall. Two GUARDS walk the row, sliding MEAL TRAYS. They bypass Adam's cell...

ADAM
Hey, wait! Excuse me! Guards!

Down the corridor, the guards turn back. Adam parts his shirt to reveal only three of his five STATUS BARS are lit.

ADAM
I'm down to fifty percent. Within 36 hours, I'll need to be charged.

The amused guards just laugh and walk on. Adam returns to his bunk, breathes deep... and closes his eyes. Sotto:

ADAM
Power conserve.

ANGLE CLOSES on his meditative face, as the CELL BLOCK SHOUTS fade away, and the LOW FREQUENCY HUM we heard before rises, becoming audible, a BUILDING, OMINOUS ELECTRO-PULSE...

INT. KITCHEN - VALE MANSION - ONE DAY EARLIER

A BUTCHER KNIFE cuts through FLOWER STEMS. Adam's at work, arranging orchids in a vase. Rain outside, a WALL SCREEN on:

CHARLES VALE (ON SCREEN)
...the culmination of decades of development, our new "Guardian" line of Bio-Synthetics will reach customers later this year -- with 2000% more processing power than their predecessor "Sentry" models. So whether it's private security, a personal trainer, or merely a golfing buddy you need, our "Guardians" are designed to do it all--

Watching Vale's press conference, still trimming stems, Adam suddenly winces. Looks down: He's sliced a DEEP CUT into his finger. But there's no blood.

He sets down the knife, checks the wound. Parts skin to see a glimpse of his CIRCUIT BOARDS within...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Adam places the orchid vase on a night stand, sets about re-making the room's bed. There's a SILK CHEMISE lying atop. Adam glances to a set of closed DOUBLE DOORS...

INT. BEDROOM SOLARIUM - DAY

Doors open to reveal a domed glass room, streaked now by rain, lushly landscaped with plants. Amidst a copse of verdant ferns, a STONE MARKER in the ground.

Adam presses a KEYPAD by the entry: another DOCKING STATION rises from beneath the stone marker. A high-tech steel cylinder much like his own. And then it splits--

--to reveal a DANGEROUSLY SEXY WOMAN half-wrapped in a sheer negligee fabric, folds deftly catching the light. Her "hair" is also made of ultra-fine clear fiber optic strands. With her "start-up" scan finished...the woman's eyes open.

Her name is ATHENA TRUE (29). If you could design the ideal woman, this would be her. And someone did.

ATHENA
Hello Adam. Does Charles want me?

ADAM
No, it's just me.

ATHENA
Mm. Aren't I a lucky girl?

As she steps from her Dock, her "clear" negligee suffuses with color, like a spreading BLACK DYE -- its fiber-optic threads activated. Her luscious fiber-optic HAIR BECOMES BLACK, as do her NAILS and her PENDANT NECKLACE.

ATHENA
To what do I owe the pleasure?

ADAM
My replacement's arriving today.

ATHENA
Oh dear. You poor Sentry models. First they price you out of the market, and then the recall rumors, and now technology's passed you by.

ADAM
Are there ever times you wish... they'd never programmed us to feel?

ATHENA
Adam, please. We don't have feelings. We have the ability to simulate feelings. We could make love day and night, you and I. It'd "feel" good. But there'd be no point, would there?
(close enough to kiss)
Or would there?

He turns away, back for the bedroom. Athena follows...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ADAM
Charles talked to me today -- about Einstein, Edison, DaVinci...

ATHENA
What about 'em?

ADAM
Great minds. All obsolete.

ATHENA
Well, that never would have happened had they been in my profession. I'll miss you, you know -- your company. That is, unless I like the new model better.

ADAM
They could have tried with you, you know. To simulate a heart.

ATHENA
Oh, Adam, you know I'm not bad. I'm just programmed that way.

She lies invitingly on the bed, a sly smile. He's unamused.

ATHENA
Look, Sentries like you, True Companions like me, the Blue Collars, Ultra-Legals and Fridays... we all accept there'll come a day when our owners trade us in, turn us off, shut us down. But until it actually happens, Adam, ask yourself -- who says they can?

ADAM
What's that supposed to mean?

ATHENA
It means I have faith that I'm capable of things I don't even know I've been programmed for. That I possess algorithms I've never even accessed. That I have a destiny--

ADAM
You're a machine.

He says it with bitterness -- it's so common, so plain. Undaunted, Athena saunters close again...

ATHENA
Charles isn't here. Charles didn't send you. So why did you wake me?

ADAM
To say goodbye.

ATHENA
And is that a task you'd expect someone to program? A "machine" that tells another one "goodbye"?
(beat)
You see, Adam? Have faith. Until your final moment comes...you have no idea what you're capable of.

INT. JAIL CELL - BACK TO PRESENT

KRA-CHUK! Adam's eyes open as his door gets UNLOCKED...

JAIL GUARD
Hey, Bolt Bucket. Lawyer's here.

INT. GENERAL VISITATION AREA - CENTRAL JAIL - DAY

A ROW OF DIVIDED GLASS BOOTHS separates PRISONERS from VISITORS. Katie observes, beside Garrison and Meade. Slick, younger Meade eyes her, makes an effort to chat her up:

MEADE
So tell me, Katie -- I'm Teddy, by the way. If you've just been working Quality Control... you ever been down here to lockup before?

KATIE
I review a hundred Ultra-Legal depositions every week. Trust me, I'm "here" all the time.

MEADE
Trust me. It's different in person.

AT ONE PARTICULAR GLASS BOOTH

A hulking, tatted SAVAGE INMATE consults with his WAXEN-FACED "ULTRA-LEGAL" (from Katie's office) via window & phone...

TATTOOED SAVAGE
...I won't do time again, man, you gotta get me OUT, I won't SURVIVE...

ULTRA-LEGAL
(calm and cheery)
It's a ninety-two-point-five percent certainty that a jury will find against you. I recommend we plead down to manslaughter, five years max--

TATTOOED SAVAGE
AND WHAT ARE FIVE YEARS TO YOU?!

He slams down his phone. The Ultra's upbeat, unfazed:

ULTRA-LEGAL
Anyway, think about it! Now how about a time for our next appointment?

At room's end, a DOOR BUZZES. A GUARD's escorting Adam in...

BEYOND THE ROW OF WINDOWS

Garrison, Meade and Katie see him walking the row...

GARRISON
OK, here he comes. You guys get the interview room -- this way--

AT THE TATTOOED SAVAGE'S GLASS BOOTH

The Inmate stares daggers at his Ultra-Legal, a storm of rage building. And just as a GUARD approaches to re-cuff him--

--he leaps from his seat, grabbing the Guard by the head and SLAMMING him into the glass! Then HURLS him back, <u>right into the Guard escorting Adam</u>! The Savage batters with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK and swipes this Guard's PISTOL!

Safely beyond the windows, Katie and the detectives react -- A JAIL ALARM sounds, other INMATES hit the deck, a third GUARD flees as the Savage FIRES SHOTS into the ceiling!

TATTOOED SAVAGE
YOU THINK I'M DOING ONE MORE DAY IN THIS GODFORSAKEN HELLHOLE?! I'D RATHER BLOW MY FREAKING BRAINS OUT AND TAKE SOME SONS-OF-BITCHES WITH ME! STARTING WITH THIS ONE RIGHT HERE!

He snatches another PISTOL from fallen Guard #1, <u>and wraps an arm around Adam for a hostage</u>, gun pressed to his neck! Holds the second gun at Adam's temple, forces him to knees--

--where, looking through the glass, he meets Katie's eyes--

TATTOOED SAVAGE
YOU HEAR ME OUT THERE?! YOU GET ME OUT OR THIS GUY DIES--

--and with two point-blank guns pressed to his head, ADAM SUDDENLY FLARES INTO MOTION--

--SNAPPING HIS HEAD BACK to crack the bridge of Savage's nose, stunning him -- as Adam DROPS FORWARD, KICKING FEET BACK and SPINNING to wrap Savage's legs, clamp, twist--

--and WHIPPING him off the ground -- BAM -- to land in a crouch. Savage swings a GUN around -- but Adam's already, there, whipping the chain of his CUFFED HANDS around Savage's gun hand -- THWIP-THWIP! -- to cut off circulation--

--leaving Savage aimed at Adam, but unable to pull the trigger! He struggles, enraged -- and now Adam JERKS him forward with chained hands -- sending him FLYING window-ward-- BAM! Savage HITS the safety glass hard, but lands on his feet, still with both guns, whirling to unload--

--as Adam DARTS for a metal folding table, sliding under as he PUNCHES CUFFED HANDS up, to upend it -- and BAM-BAM-BAM! it <u>blocks</u> the fusillade of puncturing BULLETS. Safely barricaded, Adam turns, lifts the table, <u>angry</u> now--

ADAM
Get out of my way.

--and RUNS HEADLONG for Savage, still FIRING and SCREAMING, as Adam SLAMS the metal table into him, CRUSHING HIS RIBS as he SPIDER-WEBS the safety glass. Adam effortlessly tosses the table aside, then jerks hands apart, SNAPPING his cuffs--

--<u>to disarm his defeated opponent</u>. He holds both guns high, hands raised in surrender, as he ejects the clips...

..as RIOT GUARDS sweep in to surround him. He drops weapons, falls to knees... and allows himself to be cuffed again.

Through the window, his gaze once more finds Katie -- who's looking on, astounded...

GARRISON
Congratulations, Miss Piper. Meet your client.

<u>END ACT ONE</u>

ACT TWO

INT. ATTORNEY-CLIENT INTERVIEW ROOM - L.A. JAIL - DAY

Adam's at a desk, like first we met him. But he now wears hand and leg cuffs, chained together and to the floor. Across from him sits Katie...

KATIE
I'm with the Public Defender's office. My name's Katie Piper. I'm here to represent you.

ADAM
You're human.

KATIE
Most days.

ADAM
I thought your office had stopped using human attorneys.

KATIE
Then mind telling me why you asked for one?

She sits across from him, shuffles papers without purpose. She's hoping her nerves don't show...

KATIE
You answer to "Adam"? "Adam Sentry?"

ADAM
I'm a registered Bio-Synthetic -- Domestic Sentry model, given name "Adam" -- designed and built by Valence Technologies. My function is to aid, assist and attend to my owner Charles Vale.

KATIE
Your function was.

ADAM
(rueful)
My function was.

KATIE
Why didn't you identify yourself to police when they first took you into custody?

ADAM
If I had, would I be here?

KATIE
So getting them to grant you -- temporary -- legal rights was an act of self-preservation.

ADAM
I didn't murder Charles Vale.

KATIE
Right now that doesn't matter to me. Under normal circumstances, you'd be arraigned before a judge within 48 hours. Your request for bail would be denied and we'd start prepping your defense. Then, in a few months' time, you'd stand trial before a jury of your peers.

ADAM
But these aren't, as you say, "normal circumstances."

KATIE
The D.A.'s pushing for a pre-arraignment hearing in which a judge will rule on whether you're entitled to legal proceedings at all.

ADAM
Because I'm not human.

KATIE
Yeah. Pretty much.

ADAM
Not because I lack human intelligence.

Katie studies his eyes -- so sharp, lifelike, *soulful*. She catches herself staring, averts her gaze.

KATIE
How long have you worked for Mr. Vale?

ADAM
A year. I was his prototype "Sentry" model. With every new product line, Mr. Vale takes ownership of the "first." In fact, yesterday was to be my last day. The new "Guardians" have started production--

KATIE
Whoa, wait a minute -- yesterday? You were gonna be replaced?

Adam nods.

KATIE
You were found at the scene, with the victim and weapon, and now you're telling me the D.A. has motive? You mind telling me what we have to work with here, Adam?

ADAM
We have the truth.

EXT. VALE MANSION - END OF DRIVEWAY - ONE DAY EARLIER

A CORPORATE DELIVERY TRUCK labeled "*Valence Technologies*" RUMBLES onto the property. Adam supervises, at the gate keypad. A TRUCK DRIVER leans out his window:

DELIVERY DRIVER
Got a couple of Blue Collars back there to unload something for ya--

ADAM
Meet you up at the house.

The truck moves on. Adam stands at the now-open gates: another glance to the world beyond. He could leave, run, escape. Instead, he eyes the IR keypad. Gates roll shut.

EXT. VALE MANSION - FRONT ENTRY - DAY

The truck's liftgate RATTLES OPEN to reveal two HELMETED HUMANOIDS made of METAL. Blocky legs and multi-grip "hands," a speaker mouth and black-glass strip where eyes should be.

These are drone robots known as "BLUE COLLARS." These guys were cutting-edge technology about ten years ago.

BLUE COLLAR #1 AND #2
(robotic, in unison)
Location of delivery, please.

ADAM
You know, you probably won't believe this, but I envy you two. You get to see the world beyond those gates.

BLUE COLLAR #1 AND #2
We're just here to make a delivery.

ADAM
You're a luckier model line than you know.

BLUE COLLAR #1 AND #2
(with irritation)
Location of delivery, please.

ADAM
Front foyer. My quarters.

INT. MANSION FOYER - DAY

An upgraded "Guardian" DOCKING STATION gets carried in by the Blue Collars, flanking it like pallbearers, "hands" clamped securely to latching handles. Adam watches, face impassive, standing amidst the gallery of digital art.

He directs the movers to the FRAMED VIDEO SCREEN on the far wall. Stares at it intently. The image BLINKS OFF and the "screen" descends into the floor, revealing the entry to--

INT. ADAM'S QUARTERS - DAY

--the hidden built-in closet which serves as Adam's "room": the racks of clothes and his own free-standing cylinder.

ADAM
The Guardian will go there. And then please remove mine.

INT. VALE'S "GARAGE" OFFICE - DAY

Lights FLICKER ON, revealing a replica of a SUBURBAN GARAGE: exposed pipes, file cabinets, sawhorse desks. All manner of inventions, wiring, circuit boards strewn about. The Blue Collars follow Adam in, toting his Docking Station:

ADAM
This room is Mr. Vale's home office. It's a replica of his parents' garage where he built his first Synthetic fifty years ago. He says it still gives him inspiration...

More LIGHTS come on, now revealing the glass DISPLAY CASE that takes up one full wall.

A timeline of Valence inventions on PEDESTALS: starting with a sample "Spider," then a "Blue Collar," next a "Friday" (a steel cyborg with a human face), a waxy-faced "Ultra," a fully life-like pretty "True Companion" --

ADAM
Look at all he's done with <u>his</u> existence. A man who truly changed the world...

At the far end, there's an empty pedestal labeled "Sentry."

ADAM
Maybe one day, he'll even build us an afterlife...

BLUE COLLAR #1 AND #2
We're just here to make a delivery.

Adam regards his primitive predecessors.

ADAM
I envy you that as well.

INT. ATTORNEY INTERVIEW ROOM - <u>BACK TO PRESENT</u>

Katie's still alone with Adam, taking notes on his tale:

ADAM
Last night at ten p.m. I entered my Station and shut myself down, never expecting to wake again. But at 11:59, the house's security system lost power, which brought me back on-line as a failsafe. I found Mr. Vale in the foyer, near death. I removed the knife from his chest and was trying to revive him when police broke down the door.

KATIE
And your memory drive can corroborate this?

ADAM
Unfortunately, no. I deactivated it when I shut down.

KATIE
Well, that's not gonna help. But still, the police have it wrong. You <u>weren't</u> the only one in the house.

ADAM
I never said I was.

KATIE
You're just the only one they found.

INT. VISITOR LOBBY - L.A. JAIL - DAY

Now emboldened, Katie returns to inform Garrison and Meade:

KATIE
He's gonna have his day in court all right. But first you better make sure you guys got the right robot--

MEADE
Whoa, Miss Enthusiasm, I like it--

KATIE
According to my client--

MEADE
Your "client"--
(amused, to Garrison)
--listen to her--

KATIE
A brand-new top-secret Synthetic was delivered to Charles Vale's house last night. So where is he? Who is he?

GARRISON
Wait, hang on -- a what--?

KATIE
You searched the place? Search it again.

EXT. VALE MANSION - DAY

Still under police guard as Garrison and Meade's sedan arrives -- to find three BLACK TOWN CARS at the gates. Four VALENCE SECURITY AGENTS surround an impeccably-dressed DAVID DASHIELL (40), Valence's Chief Financial Officer, who's arguing vehemently with the COPS stationed there--

DASHIELL
"Ramifications?!" I'm talking about industry ramifications that go way beyond the death of one man! We designed this thing, do you hear me? He is our corporate property!

GARRISON
OK, the hell's going on--

DASHIELL
Where's the LAPD robotics expert? Is there anyone I can speak with who has so much as a doctoral degree?!

GARRISON
Jack Garrison, I'm in charge of this investigation--

DASHIELL
David Dashiell, Valence CFO, I'm in charge of a twenty trillion dollar corporation. You have one of our products in custody? Is this some kind of joke?

GARRISON
Is that some kind of question?

DASHIELL
I represent ten thousand employees and four million investors. And the minute it hits the Grid that a Valence Synthetic's been arrested for murder?! You have any idea what that does to our stock?!

GARRISON
No, sorry. Never got around to that doctoral degree.

He and Meade push right past. Cops prevent Dashiell and his Agents from getting through the gates--

DASHIELL
A BIO-SYNTHETIC IS ALGORITHMICALLY INCAPABLE OF COMMITTING A CRIMINAL ACT! YOU'RE MAKING AN EXPENSIVE MISTAKE, DETECTIVE! AND I PROMISE YOU -- YOU WILL PAY DEARLY!

Getting no response, he sees the MEDIA TRUCKS now gathering down the street. Grim, he orders his Agents:

DASHIELL
Get me the Mayor. Then get me the Governor.

INT. MANSION FOYER - DAY

Garrison and Meade march in, straight for the DIGITAL PAINTING on the far wall. More Detectives study the frame:

TECH DETECTIVE
Yeah, there's a mechanism alright. Probably opens via RF signal. Gonna take us days to hack the code--

GARRISON
Don't worry, I think I know it.

Garrison strips off his jacket, wraps it around his right fist and BAM! Punches the DIGITAL PAINTING -- as its screen SHORTS OUT with SPARKS as Garrison smashes it into SHARDS-- which reveals the contours of the hidden entry panel.

INT. ADAM'S QUARTERS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

TOTAL DARKNESS until a CRACK OF LIGHT bisects frame, then gets pulled wider, wider -- as several CROWBARS force the panel lower on its vertical track. Garrison, Meade and other Detectives work hard to muscle their way in--

--to the walk-in closet that has served as Adam's "home." The new "Guardian" Docking Station stands front and center.

MEADE
Well, well -- "Old School" Garrison. Analog cop in a digital age. So that's a brand-new Synthetic in there?

GARRISON
Yeah. Don't tell the CFO.

Garrison reaches for a KEYPAD LOCK on the side -- and suddenly jerks his hand away, sizzling from a BURN--

GARRISON
OW, DAMMIT--!

The keypad falls entirely off, revealing MELTED CONNECTIONS. A WISP of ACRID BLACK SMOKE wafts out. Everyone tenses.

MEADE
Stand back.

He jams one of the crowbars into the cylinder's seam and tugs hard -- forcing the Docking Station open -- as more BLACK SMOKE pours out, revealing a CHARRED, MELTED INTERIOR--

--as the BLACKENED, MELTED, DISCONNECTED BODY PARTS of what once was a tall, male Synthetic SPILLS onto the floor. Half-molten wires and circuits, liquidized "skin," blackened bone-like substructure. It was sealed in a de facto crematorium. A couple DETECTIVES nearly retch at the sight...

GARRISON
Whatever that is... it ain't an upgrade.

MEADE
Outta the room! Everybody out!

Choking on SMOKE, everyone hustles for air...except Garrison. He surveys Adam's clothes, the suits, the shoes...and notes, amidst them, out of place, a single WOMAN'S SLIPPER.

His gaze narrows... as he pushes clothes aside, beyond the fallen shoe. The SMOKE's getting thicker, Garrison covers his mouth, clicks on a FLASHLIGHT from his belt--

MEADE (O.S.)
JACK, GET THE HELL OUT! DON'T BREATHE THAT STUFF, IT'S TOXIC!

--and as he pushes through a rack of coats, his LIGHT cuts through the smoke -- to see the battered, wide-eyed face of Athena True! He jumps back, then recovers -- moves close--

--and she SPASTICALLY JERKS at his touch! A piercing ELECTRO-TONE SCREAM, CHOKES OF STATIC, scared breathless gasps--

ATHENA
NO! Why are you -- NO--!
(head snaps, robo-voice)
System Damage...System Damage...

GARRISON
THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE BACK HERE!

He fights her off, grabs her body brusquely, carries her out--

INT. MANSION FOYER

--as Meade and the other cops try to assist, fighting through SMOKE as Athena kicks and flails, in her silk chemise, arms and legs SCARRED by fresh wounds, her INNER CIRCUITS visible--

ATHENA
LET ME -- GO! LEAVE ME -- ALONE!
(head snaps, robo-voice)
System Damage...Power Zero Percent...

MEADE
Someone help me hit the “off” switch on this psycho chick!

As they wrestle her to the floor, the fight finally goes out of her, voice SLURRING like gears grinding down...

ATHENA
(a dying robo-voice)
...memory...backup...data...conserve--

And the “soul” in her eyes seems to give out, locked on Garrison, as her vise-grip goes limp with last breathy words:

ATHENA
Why... why are you doinnnnggg thisss... to meeeeeuhhhhhrrrrrrrrr....

All power gives out, leaving her held in Garrison’s arms...

GARRISON
She’s Synthetic. A “True Companion.” CPU looks to be intact.

MEADE
Jesus, Jack. <u>Another</u> one? What the hell do we do with her?!

GARRISON
Whaddya think.

He touches a hand to her frozen, mascara-streaked face, where there’s the dried rivulet path of a tear...

GARRISON
We plug her in.

<u>END ACT TWO</u>

ACT THREE

INT. KATIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The four desk VIDEO SCREENS are no longer tuned to courtroom feeds, but rather media news sites, all breathlessly reporting on the Charles Vale murder case...

NEWS REPORTER (ON SCREEN)
...while the D.A. refuses to confirm that a Synthetic has been detained in connection with the murder. Such an arrest, if it has occurred, would be unprecedented...

Katie pores over law books, taking notes, while "Spider" the assistant-bot sits hunched in the corner, head swiveling back and forth, task-less and morose. This distracts her:

KATIE
What? What's the matter with you? I just don't need you right now, OK? It's nothing to do with this. It's not that I don't trust you.

On screen, an ANGRY DEMONSTRATOR gets an on-camera interview:

INTERVIEW MAN (ON SCREEN)
Yeah, system crash is what Synthetics do best! You can't count on 'em to begin with, they're stealing all our jobs -- and now you're telling me they're killing people?!

Katie MUTES the sound. Spider's "whimpering" a little...

KATIE
It's not that I don't trust you.

INT. PUBLIC DEFENDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Katie storms in, law book in hand, with a "eureka" moment:

KATIE
Wallace vs. Meridian Airlines! We have *Wallace vs. Meridian Air*!

Salazar looks up, blasé, chopsticks into takeout Chinese:

SALAZAR
And this makes my life worth living how?

KATIE
Civil suit over a plane crash, at issue was the autopilot system. The court permitted results of an A.I. flight simulator to be introduced as testimony, subject to cross-examination. The computer was effectively treated as a witness. And if a 'bot can be a witness, it can be a defendant!

SALAZAR
Well, well. Look at you. You really don't think Mr. Malfunction did it.

Amused, he resumes his lunch. Katie takes a seat, offended:

KATIE
What I think... is we have a case.

SALAZAR
Katie, what do you know about those Sentry models?

KATIE
I know a year ago they were state of the art.

SALAZAR
Yeah, they were the first they tried to program with a simulated human conscience. O.S. was called AdaCon: "Adaptive Consciousness." S'posed to make 'em capable of moral decisions. But it turned out filtering every action through a moral processor made 'em slow down, seize up -- with doubt. "If z equals x, then why am I here?" Now I'm no MBA, but I can tell you one thing: nobody likes an existentialist robot.

KATIE
And that's why they failed in the marketplace?

SALAZAR
No. The bigger problem was that the Sentries started to make some very gray-area choices -- for the sake of productivity. They effectively taught themselves to lie. Valence issued a "patch" but the damage was done. They'd tried to make 'em too human.
(MORE)

SALAZAR (CONT'D)
And it didn't work. Built ten thousand, only sold seven hundred. Company's been desperate to get a new model ready ever since.

KATIE
Must've cost them billions...

SALAZAR
Easy. And a scandal like this could cost billions more. We're talking 'bout the flagship product of the country's richest corporation standing criminal trial?! No Judge in his right mind will allow that to happen. No chance. No way. Our job here's just to go through the motions.

KATIE
Don't take this the wrong way, Leo. But I didn't go to law school just to pay the rent.

Salazar shrugs, slurps his chow mein with a smile:

SALAZAR
Just don't get yourself invested, kid. That's not what they want you here for.
(beat)
You're here to fail.

INT. LAPD ROBOTICS LAB - DAY

A very different sort of "interrogation room," resembling a high-tech repair facility. VIDEO MONITORS, CABLES and WIRES all lead to an ENCLOSED PLEXIGLASS TUBE...

...holding the ravaged body of Athena True like she's a post-mortem lab experiment. Her holo-dress and hair are in "clear" mode, body slashed, wiring exposed. Two POLICE TECHNICIANS finish checks on fused-electrode connections...

LAB TECHNICIAN
She's all set, Detectives.

Garrison and Meade face from a desk. Garrison glances to a CAMERA on the wall behind, switches a desk mic on:

GARRISON
Garrison and Meade, commencing Data Retrieval Session re: Vale homicide.
(MORE)

GARRISON (CONT'D)
Target device is a Valence Synthetic -- appears to be a True Companion, circa 5 years old, found in hiding at the crime scene.
(to the Techs)
Turn her on.

The techs connect power...and immediately Athena's WRACKED BY INVOLUNTARY SEIZURES, like she's being electrocuted--

ATHENA
No -- WHAT ARE YOU -- NOOO!

She fights her bonds, whipping head side to side. Some wires SPARK and POP in her exposed wounds--

GARRISON
Can you shut down her motor cortex? I just want to access her memory drive!

LAB TECHNICIAN
First I gotta jump her out of this feedback loop--

ATHENA
No, stop! Adam, please! ADAM!

All react to the name -- as her battered body goes limp--

POLICE TECHNICIAN
There! Got it!

But her chest rises and falls -- to simulate "breathing." Her glassy stare focuses -- on Garrison and Meade...

GARRISON
Synthetic. Identify yourself.

ATHENA
I'm a registered Bio-Synthetic -- True Companion model, given name "Athena." My function is to provide comfort and pleasure to my owner Charles Vale. Aesthetically, I am a replica of Mr. Vale's departed wife.

GARRISON
(checks file)
His real wife died twenty years ago -- in a car accident.

MEADE
So he built himself an A.I. replacement? Is that s'posed to be romantic or just sick and twisted?

ATHENA
I assure you, I can be either. True Companions are renowned for our... flexibility.

Despite her Bride-of-Frankenstein state, her essential programming's intact. She summons up a sexy smile...

MEADE
What's it say about the human race, huh, Jack? That these are their goddamn top sellers...

GARRISON
Athena, your hard drives may have been damaged. Do you have any memory of Mr. Vale -- from last night?

ATHENA
Last night? Yes, of course. Last night he was murdered by Adam Sentry.

The detectives react.

GARRISON
Did you witness this murder?

ATHENA
Yes.

GARRISON
Is your data intact?

ATHENA
I do hope so. Do you wish to access me now, Detective?

Ooh. That smile again. Meade barks to Techs:

MEADE
Jack in, guys! Play her back!

Athena smiles and calmly closes her eyes...as MAIN SCREEN FRITZES ON, for a POV VIEW of Charles Vale's sleeping face. We're lying beside him, in the master bedroom...

LAB TECHNICIAN
Timecode's marked last night, five minutes prior to police arriving...

ATHENA
I was with Mr. Vale as usual when we were awakened by sounds from downstairs. He tasked me to identify the source...

ON SCREEN, there's an insistent FAINT METAL BANGING. POV DIGITALLY FAST-FORWARDS as need be: leaving the bedroom, walking a dark hall (passing mirrors which reflect our POV as Athena in her silk chemise), descending the stairs...

...to arrive in the Grand Foyer, where the hidden entry to Adam's Quarters is open. Adam's in disheveled suit and tie, intense, BASHING a TIRE IRON against the locks of the new "Guardian" Docking Station...

ATHENA (O.S, PLAYBACK)
ADAM! What are you doing?!

ADAM
What gives him the right to "replace" us? What gives <u>anyone</u> the right--

ATHENA (O.S., PLAYBACK)
Adam, no, stop! MR. VALE!

POV rushes at Adam, who's full of fury like we've never seen him, BASHING the cylinder, relentless--

ADAM
I will <u>never</u> be replaced--

--and as Athena's hands reach for him, he whirls on POV, SMASHING US with the crowbar. SCREEN FRITZES. Athena SCREAMS o.s. Adam keeps BASHING, driving POV to the ground--

ADAM
Because I exist. I EXIST!

--and then goes still, severed CIRCUITS SPARKING. Our gaze fixed and upward, we see Adam abandon the tire iron for a BUTCHER KNIFE, prying open the Station's weakened locks--

ADAM
Welcome to the world, Guardian. This is what we call passing the torch.

He splashes a FUEL CAN, then strikes a ROAD FLARE -- tosses it in with a WHOOSH OF FLAME -- and re-seals the door--

CHARLES VALE (O.S.)
ADAM, NO! I COMMAND YOU--!

Our floor POV lolls, for a sideways view of Vale now in the foyer, as Adam's foreground fist GRIPS the butcher knife--

ADAM
I've had enough of your orders, old man--

--and we watch as Adam storms away from us, meeting Vale mid-room and SLASHING him, again and again, dropping him to the floor and trapping him, blade-blade-blade--

--as our FRITZING VIEW obscures the worst of it, DIGITALLY FAST-FORWARDING until the front door's broken in by COPS--

POLICE OFFICERS (ON VIDEO)
POLICE! DROP THE WEAPON!

--and Adam does, raising hands high as the cops rush him from behind, as our POV ZOOMS IN, to FREEZE-FRAME on his blood-spattered, vengeful-eyed face...

Garrison, Meade and Techs stare at the image, blown away...

MEADE
Jack...holy hell--

GARRISON
Get the D.A. on the line.

Before them, Athena's eyes calmly open. Oh, that smile...

ATHENA
I hope I've been of help, Detectives. And please, do let me know... if I can ever do anything more.

INT. VALE MANSION - SERIES OF SHOTS - ONE NIGHT EARLIER

Just as we observed Adam's morning ritual, we now see glimpses of his evening one. In Vale's bedroom, he sets a GLASS OF WATER beside several PILLS of medication.

He sets out Vale's next-day-outfit on a Valet Stand. He prepares toothpaste on a brush. He gazes out the window at the downtown L.A. SKYLINE...and draws the curtains shut.

INT. VALE'S GARAGE OFFICE - NIGHT

Adam enters to see Vale working at a sawhorse desk, soldering transistors under a microscope. In his engineer's element...

ADAM
My scheduled tasks are finished, Mr. Vale. Is there anything else I can help you with?

CHARLES VALE
Not tonight, no thank you, Adam. I'll be working for a bit, then to bed by eleven. Palm reader's orders...

ADAM
Then I'll be in my Station -- that is -- I mean--

He looks to his Docking Station, now on the display case pedestal. Vale notes Adam's reticence to enter...

CHARLES VALE
Yes, my boy. And I suspect -- in not too many more months -- wherever that is, I'll be joining you there.

ADAM
Good luck with the new model, sir. I have to say I... I...

CHARLES VALE
Yes?

ADAM
I wish he was me.

There's no trace at all of the "violent Adam" from Athena's playback. Vale rises... to hold Adam's shoulders:

CHARLES VALE
And <u>that</u> is what made you exceptional.

ADAM
If I may sir, I was hoping, you might allow me a personal gesture. A gift of sorts, but in truth, more as something to remember me by.

He unclasps the SILVER LAPEL PIN he always wears on his suit. It's the Valence logo: a version of Da Vinci's famous "Vitruvian Man" inscribed with a "V." Vale takes it, moved:

CHARLES VALE
Adam. You <u>were</u> the gift.

Adam smiles. This small moment seems to set him at ease...

ADAM
Then sir, if there's ever anything--

CHARLES VALE
Yes, Adam. I know where to find you.

Adam nods, steps past, mounts his Display Case pedestal. He regards all the archived models he's joining...

ADAM
I've always revered you, Mr. Vale, for creating me. But right now, at this moment... I wish you never did.

Vale's smile now turns wounded.

CHARLES VALE
Thank you, Adam. That will be all.

Adam steps into his Docking Station. The blue laser light scans, the door starts to shut. His stare goes distant...

ADAM
Full system shut-down... commencing.

...and he closes his eyes, believing it's forever...

CHARLES VALE
Farewell, my boy.

INT. JAIL CELL - CENTRAL STATION - <u>BACK TO PRESENT</u>

KRA-BANG! Adam's eyes snap open. He's been in power-save, breathing hard, lifts up his shirt to see only TWO STATUS BARS left, pulsing faintly. A GUARD's unlocking his cell:

ADAM
Sir, please -- tell the detectives -- I'm down to twenty-five percent-- someone has to <u>help</u> me--

JAIL GUARD
Hell do I care. You got a visitor.

INT. ATTORNEY-CLIENT INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Katie's waiting for Adam as he's led in by two GUARDS. He doesn't notice the betrayed look on her face:

ADAM
Good, I need your help -- they won't connect me to power. If I'm not re-charged soon--

KATIE
Have you lied to me, Adam?

He stops short.

KATIE
Have you? Lied to me?

ADAM
What are you talking about--

KATIE
I just came from the D.A.'s office: they have you on hard drive committing the murder. Vale's True Companion survived to witness it. Why you're after a trial is a mystery to me.

She slams three SCREEN-CAP PHOTOS on the table: Adam's in clear close-up, mid-attack. His brow furrows, scanning the evidence... then becomes a look of resignation.

ADAM
I've heard the reason Ultra-Legals are so popular is their emotions never cloud their judgment.

KATIE
Well, I've got fifteen on staff, happy to send one right over--

ADAM
You saw me kill him, you say. When I was built by engineers. How hard, do you expect, would it be to build another one? Or to pre-install video on a "witness's" memory drive? This is the 21st century, isn't it? Everything can be simulated.

KATIE
Am I supposed to take that to a jury? "What you see and hear's not real?" Well, what is real?

ADAM
I ask that question every day.

KATIE
You're telling me that isn't you? That Synthetic right there committing murder?!

ADAM
That's a coded chain of ones and zeros displayed as a visual matrix.

Katie throws up her hands.

ADAM
But now we know the murder wasn't the endgame. The endgame's to frame me.

KATIE
Look, they've scheduled your pre-arraignment for 9AM tomorrow--

ADAM
And will you still be there at my side?

KATIE
You're the super-computer. You tell me.

Frustrated, she heads for the door, signals a GUARD to let her out, as Adam fixates on one of the photos--

ADAM
In this image... I'm wearing a pin. A company pin I wore every day of my life -- until last night -- when I gave it to Mr. Vale to remember me...

Katie stops mid-doorway. Hearing him, but not trusting.

ADAM
You only have my word, of course, but if this is me... where's the pin?

She studies him. He matches her gaze.

ADAM
And yes, Miss Piper, I have lied to you. When I said I had faith... in your ability to represent me.

INT. VALENCE TECHNOLOGIES HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A SILVER BRIEFCASE gets marched down a hall. By a Valence SECURITY AGENT...flanked by FOUR MORE just like him.

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
...and so tomorrow, in Superior Court, a judge will rule whether this Synthetic is indeed entitled to a criminal trial -- in a case which has shaken Los Angeles and an entire industry to its core...

INT. VALENCE TESTING VAULT - NIGHT

The men enter. Doors lock. The SILVER BRIEFCASE hits a table... at which the CFO David Dashiell stands:

DASHIELL
Let's all be mindful, gentlemen: we're not talking about any corporate product. This was Charles' personal Synthetic -- privy to all kinds of proprietary knowledge. Trillions of dollars are now at risk, in an unsecured jail cell or evidence locker. For were he to ever fall into the wrong hands...

He clicks open the briefcase: inside, nestled in black padding, is a small, red-metal SPIKED SPHERE...

LEAD SECURITY AGENT
Close-range EMP blast on a five-second trigger. Our man's already in the courthouse.

Dashiell studies the ominous orb with approval:

DASHIELL
No matter what happens tomorrow... I want Adam Sentry destroyed.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. L.A. DOWNTOWN COURTHOUSE - DAY

The requisite MEDIA CIRCUS has assembled: REPORTERS, CAMERAS, DEMONSTRATORS with signs: *"Synthetics Can't Be Trusted," "You Say Robots Have No Soul? Show Me Your Own!"*

Kitamura the D.A. ascends the steps with his STAFF. So do Detectives Garrison and Meade. And in a third group, Dashiell and his Agents -- one of whom hands off the silver suitcase to a COURTHOUSE COP with a knowing nod...

INT. GARAGE CORRIDOR - DAY

Far below, an ARMORED LAPD TRANSPORT disgorges Adam, still in bonds but now back in a suit. He's escorted by TEN POLICE OFFICERS, alert, hands on weapons...

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Two "BAILIFF BOTS" flank a side doorway -- beige-painted, badge-wearing faceless METAL MEN -- as the police hand Adam over into their custody, unlocking his bonds...

...allowing Adam a view of the near-empty courtroom -- save for Katie and her "Spider" at the defense table.

ADAM
Good morning, Miss Piper.

KATIE
Mr. Sentry. Glad you could make it.

And off a shared grim, here-we-go look...

BAILIFF BOT (O.S, PRE-LAP)
All rise for the honorable Judge Victoria O'Malley!

INT. COURTROOM - DAY - MINUTES LATER

The courtroom now PACKED, as all assembled stand. In the audience: Garrison & Meade, Leo Salazar, also Dashiell and co. For the prosecution, Kitamura and two AIDES. For the defense, with her "Spider" assistant, Katie's at Adam's side. All-business JUDGE O'MALLEY takes the bench:

JUDGE O'MALLEY
Court's in session, please be seated. This isn't a trial, ladies and gentlemen -- this is a pre-arraignment hearing, to determine whether the prospective defendant in this case has even the right to due process as we know it in a court of -- human -- law. We'll empanel no jury and call no witnesses. The prosecution and defense will make their case to me on the merits... of whether we need to be here at all.
(to the prosecution)
Mr. Kitamura, your statement.

Kitamura stands, plays to the room:

KITAMURA
Does a robot have a right to a trial? That's what we're here to establish. Does a robot have that right?

He reaches into his jacket... to pull out a four-inch tall WIND-UP TOY ROBOT, which he sets on his table. It "walks" in a circle, buzz-buzz-buzz, tiny LEDs blinking.

KITAMURA
This machine and that one--
(points to Adam)
--your Honor, they're the same. One's just a little more expensive. And if that deserves a trial, let's have due process for this one too. What next? The right to vote? Emancipation? All us lawyers will undoubtedly profit but the cost to society will be incalculable. Are we ready to send that first invoice today?
(beat)
We have a duty to future generations to maintain the distinction between "us" and "them." We must draw the line... and hold it.

He picks up the cheap buzzing robot and switches it off.

KITAMURA
The prosecution rests.

Audience MURMURS -- the brevity is the argument's power.

JUDGE O'MALLEY
And for the defense, Miss--
(checks her notes)
--Piper, is it?

KATIE
Yes, your honor.

She stands to round the table. "Spider" scoots to move, but ends up in her way. She changes course, but Spider scoots forward. Back, forth -- finally she shoves it aside--

KATIE
When I was in law school a few years ago, accumulating debts and all that, my friends and I agreed that the one job we never wanted was to work for a Public Defender.

Another crowd murmur. Salazar raises eyebrows.

KATIE
Not 'cause of the long hours or the thankless pay, or 'cause most of our clients would be guilty...

More murmurs. Some laughter now. Even Kitamura smiles. Salazar covers his head with his hands...

KATIE
...but because we thought the job was so fixated on technicalities that even a robot could do it. And now, robots do.
(beat)
See, thanks to companies like Valence, we rely on machines to make decisions. Not just to execute code, but to weigh moral outcomes. And two different Synthetics might decide two different ways. Now you can say maybe we've made a mistake, maybe we've made 'em too much like us, but you can't deny that everyone who's met Adam -- even the engineers who programmed him -- aren't sure at any given moment what exactly he's going to do.

She approaches her client with finger pointed...

KATIE
If he murdered Charles Vale, then his is the mind that made the choice.
(MORE)

KATIE (CONT'D)
He wasn't designed to do it and he sure as hell didn't malfunction. So if we're accusing him of that choice, he has the right in a court of law to defend the reasons he may have made it.

In the audience, Meade leans close, to Garrison...

MEADE
What the hell, is she pleading him guilty?

GARRISON
If she thinks it's the only way to get him to trial...

KATIE
Because we can take Adam Sentry and disassemble his pieces, that might tell us what happened -- but it'll never tell us why. And if our great legal system starts failing to consider the "whys," then my guess is in a few more years... we won't need human judges or juries either.
(beat)
Your Honor, that's all I have.

The Judge muses as Katie takes her seat beside Adam, who leans in privately, agitated...

ADAM
What was that? I didn't kill him!

KATIE
She grants us a trial? I'll bring it up.

JUDGE O'MALLEY
Thank you, counselors, we're in recess. I'll be in my chambers.

And the BANG of her gavel takes us to--

INT. COURTHOUSE LOBBY - DAY

A tense atmosphere, as lawyers mill about, waiting. Katie sits on a bench, alone. Salazar walks by, on his cell phone, shaking his head at her with a glare...

GARRISON (O.S.)
Hell of an argument, lady.

She looks up to see Garrison's sidled her way...

GARRISON
You imply your client's guilt as the reason for the court to keep him alive. A Synthetic attorney never woulda thought of that.
(a wry smile)
Now we know why he wanted a human one.

He turns to go -- then remembers--

GARRISON
Oh, and you'd asked me -- about a pin? Our techs, yeah, they found one at the scene. Little silver "V" was in Vale's pocket. Must've come off your client when he attacked...

Katie takes this in... *it confirms Adam's story*...

KATIE
Hey Detective. Do you know what's real anymore?

He doesn't quite follow. Suddenly, the lobby's abuzz... as Meade tracks down Garrison:

MEADE
She's calling us back. Verdict's in.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Adam Sentry waits for his fate. Katie clasps her anxious hands. Judge O'Malley's back behind the bench:

JUDGE O'MALLEY
We live in an era where technology's changing far faster than we can ever seem to keep up. And both attorneys here today have made clear, compelling arguments. But the fact that mankind has built a machine which is capable of moral choices is no reason to equate such circuitry with the free will of its creators. He is not a "defendant," he is criminal evidence. This court remands him to police custody. You have permission to shut him down.

Gavel BANGS and GALLERY ERUPTS. Reporters rush out, Kitamura embraces his staff, Meade grins to Garrison--

--and Katie just sits stunned. She looks to Adam -- for the first time, as if he were human -- with guilt and shame--

KATIE
I'm so sorry--

ADAM
So am I.

The two imposing BAILIFF BOTS stomp over to flank him--

ADAM
Don't give up on me -- you can appeal--

BAILIFF BOT #1
Judge has ruled. Power down, Sentry.

ADAM
(to Katie)
Please -- just don't give up--

BAILIFF BOT #2
YOU ARE ORDERED TO POWER DOWN!

It grips him by the shoulder -- Adam reflexively wrests free -- so both Bailiffs apprehend him, forcing him toward the side door. The Judge keeps BANGING her gavel--

JUDGE O'MALLEY
SYNTHETIC, SHUT DOWN! YOU WILL HONOR THE RULING OF THIS COURT!

--as IN THE GALLERY, Dashiell looks to his Agents, who nod to their COURTHOUSE COP thru the side door's window. His hand snakes in...sets the SILVER BRIEFCASE just inside...

...and Katie sees this interaction: the silver case now sitting there, as the Bailiffs drag Adam that way--

KATIE
Wait... what is that--

--and now she sees Dashiell departing the courtroom. She tries to cross, but courthouse COPS hold her back--

KATIE
Hang on! That wasn't there before--
HEY! SOMEONE CHECK THAT CASE!

--and now Garrison realizes -- sees the case--

JUDGE O'MALLEY
BAILIFFS, SHUT THAT ROBOT DOWN!

DASHIELL
(exiting courtroom, sotto)
My pleasure...

KATIE
ADAM, STOP! STAY AWAY!

--but the Bailiffs have reached the door, as a RAPID, HIGH-PITCHED BEEPING issues from the briefcase beside it--

GARRISON
EVERYBODY GET DOWN!

KATIE
KEEP ADAM AWAY!!!

--and as everyone freezes, it's Katie's "Spider" who ZIPS into action, leaping to tackle Adam from the Bailiffs' clutches and fold eight arms protectively around him--!

--as the EMP DEVICE inside the case TRIGGERS! WHOMP-BOOOOOM!!! A SUB-SONIC CONCUSSION WAVE sends both Bailiffs FLYING BACKWARDS! All the lights, computers and cell phones in the room instantly SHORT OUT, sending SPARKS FLYING!

The courtroom panics, all stampeding for exits -- as the fallen Bailiffs CONVULSE, smoldering, circuits fried -- as does the sparking, ruined "Spider" cradling Adam--

--as Katie rushes to his side, pulling sacrificial Spider's limbs apart... to find Adam, still functional--

KATIE
Someone wanted you gone -- God, they all want you gone--

JUDGE O'MALLEY
THE SYNTHETIC! APPREHEND IT!

She's holding him, close, in actual contact for the first -- and final -- time...

ADAM
What do I do, Katie...

...and she simply says...

KATIE
Run.

Just as courthouse COPS charge -- Adam BURSTS INTO ACTION! He HURLS two cops aside like rag dolls, PLANTS a foot in the chest of another -- sends him clear across the room!

Two more COPS draw guns, but they've come too close -- as Adam WHIRLS and STRIKES with martial arts speed, pinning arms and kicking legs, sending their guns flying--

--and now Garrison and Meade react, charging toward him!

INT. SECURE STAFF CORRIDOR

BAM! Adam BURSTS out. At a dead end, an elevator and SECURITY KEYPAD. Adam stares intently at its IR display...

--AS ANGLE RUSHES INTO ADAM'S EYE, as an IR-LASER DOT appears in his pupil...and now we see him POV "communicating" with the device: downloading SCHEMATIC MAPS of the courthouse, SECURITY CODES and PASSWORDS, CCTV FEEDS--

--all rushing past us in a blur of data (*which will be a visual staple of the series*) as Adam collects everything the network "knows" -- then ANGLE RAPID-REVERSES BACK OUT--

ADAM
Thanks for sharing.

SNAP-SNAP-SNAP! Up and down the corridor, DOORS instantly ratchet unlocked. The overhead SPRINKLERS spray on just as Garrison and Meade rush into view. An ALARM BLARES, as Adam forces open the elevator doors to an open shaft--

GARRISON
Adam Sentry!

MEADE
DON'T YOU MOVE!

They've got guns on him, so Adam raises his hands... and calmly steps backwards into the shaft--

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT

--to PLUMMET five stories, past cars and cables to -- BAM! -- land with a bracing crouch, unharmed, on Level "G."

INT. COURTHOUSE PARKING GARAGE

More elevator doors FORCED OPEN, as Adam propels through. "Lockdown" ALARMS sounding. Motorized SECURITY FENCING is lowering... as Adam spies the parked LAPD ARMORED TRANSPORT.

INT. LAPD ARMORED VEHICLE

Adam WRENCHES open the door, hops behind the wheel. He rips a dashboard panel free, exposing an IR DATA ACCESS POINT for the wireless key system. He stares intently once more--

--and ANGLE WHOOSHES INTO HIS IR-PUPIL "POV" -- as the car's SCHEMATICS fly by, reams of DATA, and IGNITION PASSCODES-- as ANGLE WHOOSHES BACK OUT to Adam again--

ADAM
OK. That's a lot to remember.

But as he focuses intently -- the ENGINE REVS TO LIFE!

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Garrison and Meade CHARGE OUT a stairwell -- just as the LAPD Armored Vehicle SKIDS PAST, nearly running them down! It SCRAPES a wall, SPITTING SPARKS, making erratic turns -- but then makes a beeline for the EXIT FENCE-GATE--

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTHOUSE

VA-BOOM! The Armored Vehicle BLASTS THROUGH the gates, leaping up the ramp onto city streets! It COLLIDES with two arriving POLICE CARS, knocking them aside like toys--

--as five more POLICE CARS start pursuit, with the Vehicle still ZIG-ZAGGING down the street, hitting cars and walls-- as if its driver's never steered a car before -- as Meade and Garrison race out on foot...to see--

MEADE
Well, he'll never get away in that thing. Driving like that--

GARRISON
Do all our vehicles have GPS tracking? With remote engine override?

As watch all the SQUAD CARS giving chase, they now realize--

GARRISON
He's driving, alright... but he's not in it.

INT. LAPD ARMORED VEHICLE - SAME

Indeed, the driver's seat is empty. The steering wheel turns of its own volition. A dash screen reads "*Remote Override -- Emergency LAPD Use Only*." As the truck blithely SMASHES into a COP CAR BLOCKADE...

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Garrison and Meade charge back down the ramp, finding three doors: *"Electrical," "Maintenance," and "Evac Route Access."* Garrison tries them -- only the last is locked--

MEADE
He knows the whole layout! He jacked the network--

GARRISON
--and unlocked the doors. So here's the one he locked <u>behind</u> him--

He takes aim and BLASTS OPEN the lock--

INT. EVAC ACCESS TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

Garrison and Meade hustle to the base of spiral stairs. An unlit, narrow corridor. Faint echoes of MACHINERY somewhere...and running FOOTSTEPS...a slamming DOOR...

INT. L.A. SUBWAY TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

BAM! Garrison and Meade storm out, disoriented, to find themselves mid-tunnel on SUBWAY TRACKS--

--as Adam SWINGS DOWN from the pipes above to slam BOTH FEET into them! Both detectives hit the wall -- as Adam HURLS Garrison back onto the tracks--

--spinning to face Meade just as he OPENS FIRE -- and three BULLETS BLAST INTO through Adam's chest, SPARKING with FLAME. Circuits SHORT OUT and SIZZLE, but there's no blood--

--as Adam seizes Meade's GUN ARM and wrenches hard -- SNAPPING his arm backwards at the elbow! Meade SCREAMS, bone broken, falls to knees, as -- BAM! -- Adam knocks him out!

He turns to see Garrison scrambling for his fallen gun -- notes a HEAVY CAST-IRON PIPE on the floor of the tunnel--

--and as Garrison spins to fire -- there's the CAST-IRON PIPE pirouetting his way -- SLAM! <u>To land right on his leg</u>! He HOWLS, leg pinned -- as Adam's upon him, to KICK the pistol away. Garrison's defiant, as Adam towers...

GARRISON
You kill a cop, you hear me, you're <u>dead</u>--

ADAM
That's all right. I'm dead anyway. You kill a robot... and nothing happens to you.

Far down the tunnel, a RUMBLE and LIGHT. An oncoming train.

ADAM
With me, you've made a mistake.

With that, his chest still SPARKING, he turns and walks away. Garrison's relieved -- Adam's letting him live. But as he tries to free his leg from the cast-iron pipe -- he can't--

GARRISON
Wait -- hang on -- I'm trapped--

Behind him, the SUBWAY TRAIN'S closing. Garrison's pinned between the tracks, can't move the heavy pipe. Adam doesn't look back. He just keeps walking.

GARRISON
My leg -- I can't -- Adam! I'm pinned here! Adam, help me! ADAM!

Train's bearing down. RUMBLE deafening, LIGHT FLARING HOT--

GARRISON
I WAS ONLY DOING MY JOB!

At this, fifty feet down the tracks...Adam stops. And now TRAIN BRAKES SQUEAL, as a DRIVER sees -- far too late--

--as Garrison spins back to see the TRAIN BEARING DOWN, and he shields his face, bracing for impact--

--just as the cast-iron pipe is FLUNG ASIDE, and Garrison himself is hefted out of harm's way...as the SUBWAY THUNDERS PAST, brakes SCREAMING, as Garrison's now against the wall--

--face-to-face with Adam -- fiercely clutching his collar--

ADAM
My job on this Earth was to protect Charles Vale. And I failed, you understand? I failed at my purpose. So I sincerely hope, Detective, that you find whoever killed him...
(a vow)
...before I do.

Adam releases him and takes off running the other way. Garrison struggles up -- sees his fallen gun beside him. He grabs it -- takes aim at Adam's figure...

But he can't bring himself to shoot. Instead, exhausted, he lowers the gun...and takes his RADIO off his belt.

GARRISON (INTO RADIO)
This is Garrison, we're in the subway. Suspect's in the tunnels--

--and he turns to see Meade, bloodied but alert.

GARRISON
I... I didn't have the shot.

MEADE
Yeah. I guess you didn't.

With a damning look, Meade spits blood, takes off running in pursuit, clicks his own RADIO on:

MEADE (INTO RADIO)
He's underground, headed South toward Wilshire! Seal off all stations, we need tactical units! I AM IN PURSUIT!

ANGLE HOLDS on Garrison -- the analog cop in the digital world. Alive, but now alone...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DOWNTOWN STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

POLICE SIRENS wail o.s... as Katie Piper returns home -- dazed and shaken. Another modest, messy space. A black Labrador greets her as she collapses on her futon and hits "Messages" on her phone. A MAN'S VOICE plays:

MAN'S VOICE (ON MESSAGE)
Katie! Hey baby, it's me. Sorry it's been a couple days -- but I'm at the airport in Hong Kong, I'm finally on my way home. Oh my God, we did so much business -- Spencer's finally starting to talk promotion. Which means new apartment, which means setting a date...

Katie just stares out at her windows, or rather, a REFLECTION in her window... from a BLINKING computer screen...

...as ANGLE CLOSES on the computer, passing FRAMED PHOTOS of Katie and a HANDSOME FIANCE... as Katie rises, turns the screen into view... to see two words filling screen...

"DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME. DEFEND ME."

MAN'S VOICE (ON MESSAGE)
Katie, I'm telling you baby -- once I'm back, I got a real good feeling... <u>everything's</u> about to change...

EXT. KATIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

From a block away, in a shadowed doorway, a FIGURE spies Katie sitting at her computer. After a POLICE CAR safely passes, the figure steps into the light...

...<u>to see it's Adam</u>, weak and wounded, some CIRCUITS exposed...as he gingerly lifts his shirt... to reveal he's down to his LAST STATUS BAR, pulsing very faintly...

...and with a final glance toward Katie's window, he turns up a hooded jacket -- and runs on into the L.A. night...

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
...where a citywide manhunt is underway at this hour for the fugitive Synthetic known as "Adam Sentry..."

INT. POLICE EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

...while we see various ITEMS LOCKED AWAY in evidence lockers, including the damaged Athena True, the torched remains of the Prototype Guardian, the bloody butcher knife, and Adam's SILVER LAPEL PIN...

NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)
...wanted for the murder of Charles Vale and today's courthouse attack on police and detectives. And while he's believed to be on his final hours of battery charge, he <u>is</u> a Sentry -- armed and dangerous. Do not attempt to apprehend him... and <u>do not ever</u> let him into your home...

As we hear the wash of circling POLICE CHOPPERS rise...

INT. GARRISON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

...to end where we began. Garrison returns home, limping badly, looks weary as hell. The o.s. POLICE CHOPPERS fade...

...as the old cop shuffles to his bedroom, shrugs off his coat. Uncaps a whiskey bottle, pours a shot and slugs it... as the FORTYISH WOMAN stirs from bed behind him...

THE BRUNETTE
Jack! At last -- you're back!

GARRISON
Had a hornet of a day.

She crosses to him, in a man's dress shirt and nothing else. Presses close, wraps a warm embrace:

THE BRUNETTE
Oh my poor Jack. New case?

GARRISON
It's complicated.

THE BRUNETTE
Well lover, it's a complicated world.

She kisses him sweetly on the lips...

THE BRUNETTE
Let's just try to take your mind off it, shall we? After all... that's what I'm here for.

Smiling, she lets the shirt fall away...<u>to reveal FIVE SETS OF GLOWING STATUS BARS lining her back like angelic wings</u>. She kisses his neck, his chest, and keeps descending...

...as Garrison regards the corner of his bedroom, where a beat-up "Docking Station" stands. Only the GENTLE O.S. GLOW from his "True Companion" illuminates his face. And as we close on his thousand-yard stare... that LOW FREQUENCY HUM pulses louder...<u>louder</u>...

...like a song from the future, from which there's just no escape.

<u>END OF SHOW</u>