

INT. Studio Apartment-day

Evvari stumbles into her apartment, slamming the door behind her. The single room is small and windowless, furnished only with the most essential items. The door is metal, as is the heavy thing that clangs against it.

Again. Once more. The metal thing is knocking. EVARI presses her back into the door.

EVARI

Go away! What do you want?

NOT-CHARLOTTE

Let me in, please.

EVARI

No! You're not her!

NOT-CHARLOTTE

If I'm not her, why did you come find me?

EVARI

I don't know. I saw that you were still acting, and doing interviews, I guess, and I thought maybe it was you.

Evvari puts her head into her hands.

EVARI

I know, you would've called me. If you were really alive. I should have known it was just an imitation of the thing your producers thought you were.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

You came to my studio. And I saw you. Evvari.

EVARI

I knew it wasn't you.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

Stop saying I'm not me!

Evari stands and backs away, facing the door.

EVARI

I saw you die! You're not human!

NOT-CHARLOTTE

I don't remember dying.

EVARI

You're a corporate android. Why would you remember anything except what they programmed you with?

There's a metallic thud on the other side of the door, like the being on the other side of it has sat down.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

How did it happen?

EVARI

You're a celebrity. People really love you. But that visibility comes with a price. One day, I let myself into your room, and... you were gone. That's how I know it's not your brain in there. It wouldn't have been recoverable.

EVARI steps back toward the door.

EVARI

You'd told me before that your agents had the rights to your likeness after death. I thought that it would be cgi. I didn't realize they'd make a body for your... I guess, AI, to live in. So when I saw you, and it was clear you weren't real, I ran.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

So my brain isn't mine. And I'm not myself.

EVARI

Don't blow a processor.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

That makes sense. All my thoughts feel...too clean-cut. Like they were

written down and put in my brain. My memories are just... all the footage of my past roles, interviews, behind-the-scenes. I barely remember anything from my personal life.

EVARI opens the door.

EVARI

I feel bad. Come inside.

Not-Charlotte enters. She looks like a woman, early 20s, wearing sunglasses. Something about her gives off the vibe of a model, or an influencer at least. When she takes off her sunglasses, it's more clear that she's mechanical. There's something uncanny about her eyes.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

Do you think there's some way to look at my programming? If my personality's really just code?

EVARI

You came to the right person. I'm a robotics expert. Specializing in-

NOT-CHARLOTTE

-Androids. I see.

EVARI

You don't remember.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

No.

They move over to the corner of the room, where a massive, complicated beast of wires and monitors sits along with randomly strewn tools and parts. EVARI grabs a scalpel off the desk.

EVARI

Wrist, please.

Not-Charlotte holds out her arm. She looks away as Evari cuts a thin line into the silicone underside of her forearm.

EVARI

Yes. Good. There's an HDMI port here.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

In my arm??

EVARI taps the metal part of the scalpel onto the inside of Not-Charlotte's arm with a clink.

EVARI

Yep.

EVARI unceremoniously plugs a cord into her arm.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

Oh my God, that feels really weird.

EVARI

Your body probably doesn't know what to tell your conscious mind about it.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

Pins and needles.

EVARI sits down at the desk and furiously starts typing.

EVARI

Interesting.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

This feels really weird. Like, I know I should be flesh, but then I'm not.

EVARI

So, look here

(she points at the monitor.)

Your code. I can't read all of it, but it looks like you're essentially a language model with a lot of sensors built in, and then they trained you off of any footage they had of the real Charlotte. My Charlotte. It looks like they interviewed her for this, too. Asking how her mind works, her favorite color, childhood memories. This is all you know about how to be you. It looks like they made you about 6 months ago, and then kept you until last week, when she died.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

I feel like her. I only know how to be her.

EVARI

You can't even tell how shallow your mind is compared to what it should be. Of course, they developed you well. You're forming your own memories, your own emotions.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

I think I feel the same way as her.

EVARI

We'll never know. Probably not. There were parts of her that the company definitely didn't get a hold of. She was my best friend. I know she wasn't... "Motivated by a desire to succeed and bring success to Pexacorp."

NOT-CHARLOTTE

What else does it say motivates me? I don't think that's my only desire.

EVARI

I'm looking at the folder now. Eugh. It's weird. I think they let your brain sort itself. It's hard to read. Edit history. Ok, 7 months ago, "Motivated by a desire to succeed and bring success to Pexacorp." 7 months ago, "Motivated by a desire to avoid pain or death." 6 months ago, "Motivated by the positive responses of managers and fans. None of this sounds like... Oh my God.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

What?

EVARI

10 days ago. "Loves Evari. This is Evari. You care about her. She'll help." Picture of me. Picture of me and you.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

Yeah. I mean, to me it's a memory. But yeah.

EVARI

What else do you remember about me?

NOT-CHARLOTTE

Just that. I woke up confused, with a big memory gap. They told me I had a concussion. When I saw you, I remembered... I knew. You would help. And one other thing. A phrase, that's... connected to you. 'Cinnamon Double.'

EVARI smiles.

EVARI

That's... kind of an inside joke. She said if she ever got a new number, she'd text that to me, and I'd know it was her. If I look at general edit history, those are the most- only- recent ones. Right before she died.

NOT-CHARLOTTE

If it was me, I would've programmed myself to find you again too.