

INT. POWER PLANT OFFICE - NIGHT

PATRICK, a cyborg employee of what can be identified as "Brain & Heart Inc." by the mural behind him is sorting documents into different piles. He doesn't have to think too much about it, though, as his automated robotic hands do all the thinking for him.

On the desk doesn't stand much memorabilia besides a stuffed parrot. Above him, a glass roof, looking up to the company's titular "Brain" and "Heart" two giant machines.

In a chair nearby sits LILY, identified by a name tag, a full android, and Patrick's wife.

LILY

Are you excited for your birthday?

Patrick looks up with his real eye, his other being bionic and still looking down at his arms sorting papers.

PATRICK

Not in particular. I stopped counting the years a while ago.

Lily takes a small pause. Despite decades of innovation, her artificial brain still takes around five seconds to process what is said to her.

LILY

Well, I have access to the U.S. Government's database of everyone's birthdates. Would you like me to reference that for you?

Patrick shrugs.

PATRICK

Sure, Lily. Go ahead.

A beat as Lily does her research.

LILY

You were born on December the Eleventh, 2009.

Patrick pauses, his robotic arms finally taking a respite from the constant sorting. Patrick's artificial eye takes a moment to recalibrate to meet Lily's gaze.

PATRICK

It's 2109.

LILY

That's correct. You will be turning one hundred. Congratulations, Patrick!

Patrick sits up from his desk and grab's lily's hands, pulling her to her feet with a distinct "whrrrrr" sound.

PATRICK

What are we doing here, then, Lily? We should celebrate!

A beat.

LILY

A celebration would be a fair choice! Living to one hundred isn't just a number, it's a milestone! And that shows resilience-

Patrick shushes her playfully, giggling.

PATRICK

Lily, it's okay. You don't need to do the whole thing you're programmed to do. Let's just enjoy the night!

A beat.

LILY

While it sounds fun, yes, your shift doesn't end until midnight, it is 11:45 PM, Patrick.

Patrick sighs and nods.

PATRICK

Yes, you're right. You're right.

Patrick clears his throat.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

(Mockingly Robotic)

I concur with your boring statement, robot wife.

A beat. Lily isn't programmed to find jokes funny.

LILY

I understand it may be boring to you, but our work here at Brain & Heart is deeply vital to AI innovation.

Patrick nods, putting his arms up.

PATRICK
Correct. Yes! Deeply vital. I'll
get back to it. For fifteen
minutes.

Patrick backs up and slumps back into his seat, and gets ready to begin sorting papers.

LILY
A TRESPASSER HAS BEEN DETECTED AT
THE NORTH ENTRANCE.

Patrick is caught off guard by Lily's loud alert.

PATRICK
Oh, shoot. Get one of the guards to
get 'em.

LILY
Alright, sounds good. I will send a
guard.

Patrick nods, not thinking much of it. He continues sorting papers. From outside, he hears the loud metal pounding of a robot guard running across concrete.

GUARD (O.S.)
Please turn away now. You are a
young person with an amazing
future, and an arrest would-

Suddenly, a loud screech. Patrick covers his ears. After a moment, the screech calms, and the guard appears to short-circuit.

GUARD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Would... Wo-Would... W-W-Woul-
Would...

Patrick turns his head to hear the guard abruptly go silent, and hit the ground with a loud metallic THUD.

LILY
The guard has gone offline, it
seems. Do you want me to send
another?

Patrick slowly stands from his chair.

PATRICK
Let's wait a second on that one,
Lily. I'm gonna go check.

Patrick begins stepping towards the door as Lily briefly pauses before standing as well.

LILY

Patrick, while your bravery is admired, I highly suggest you prioritize your own safety-

Patrick ignores this, stepping out the door. Lily continues, slowly getting quieter as Patrick woulds farther from his office.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

A jungle of wires sprawls above the concrete ground with the small office sitting in the midst of it all. In the center of it all, - the brain and heart, right above the office.

Patrick locates the fallen guard, and behind him, a young-looking CYBORG GIRL, who just finished jumping the fence. She aims the laser she just shot the guard with at Patrick, who puts his hands up.

PATRICK

Woah, woah, young lady, please-

GIRL

I'm ninety-two, for one. Why are you here? Working for this?

PATRICK

Well, uh, I'm Patrick-

GIRL

I didn't ask for your name, dude. Why do you work here?

Patrick nods quickly.

PATRICK

To, support... Innovation, I guess?

The girl cackles loudly, taking slow steps towards Patrick, who takes steps back.

GIRL

Well, Patrick, your "innovation" made me into this bionic mess of parts.

PATRICK

You didn't have to get the surgery.

GIRL

I got it when I was nineteen,
Patrick. Your company poisoned all
the food and water and destroyed
the air I could breathe as a human.
So yes, I had to.

Patrick sighs, not knowing how to combat that.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Did you know the last full human
just died yesterday?

PATRICK

I did not know that.

GIRL

My sister. She was two when I got
this surgery. She made it to eighty
off of poisoned water.

Patrick nods.

PATRICK

I'm sorry for your loss.

GIRL

Nuh-uh. That's not gonna cut it,
Patrick. To make fake humans, you
killed everyone. EVERYONE. Now
robots run around everywhere, and
the rest of us forget how it even
feels to be a person.

PATRICK

You're a person.

GIRL

You know that's BS, Patrick. Look
at me.

The girl stretches her arms out, showing them in their full
artificial glory.

GIRL (CONT'D)

LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT YOU! We are NOT
people. We are machines. I'm ending
this now!

PATRICK

Guards!

A swarm of robot guards come from every which way running after the Girl, who runs off and hides in Patrick's office, barricading the door. Patrick presses up against the outer side of the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Hey, HEY! Get out of there!

GIRL
Cute Parrot plushy on your desk.

PATRICK
I said GET OUT!

A brief pause.

GIRL (O.S.)
Her name was Rose. My sister.

PATRICK
Ok, then?

GIRL (O.S.)
She was named after a flower. A flower that doesn't exist anymore.

PATRICK
Yes, I remember.

GIRL (O.S.)
Lily.

Patrick takes a pause. From inside, he hears Lily stand up.

LILY (O.S.)
Hello! I am Lily, the wife of Patrick, supplied by Brain & Heart LLC. How may I help?

Girl laughs.

PATRICK
Don't do anything to her.

GIRL (O.S.)
I won't. But Lily. Lily was a flower too. A flower long gone.

PATRICK
What is the point of all this?

GIRL (O.S.)
Was Lily a real person, Patrick?

Patrick freezes, not responding. The guards are all surrounding the office, weapons drawn.

PATRICK

Just quit it, already. The jig is up.

GIRL

Lily was real. And you had Brain & Heart supply a fake version of her when she died, didn't you?

PATRICK

Get out of there!

GIRL

I wan't you to think about Lily.
The real Lily.

Patrick yells, pressing all his strength against the door, and ultimately swinging it open. The girl falls to the ground, her laser sliding across the ground. Patrick falls into the room and grabs the Girl by the arm.

GIRL (CONT'D)

LET GO OF ME!

PATRICK

Get out of here and never, EVER
come back!

GIRL

Is this what Lily would've wanted?

PATRICK

YOU DIDN'T KNOW HER!

The guards all rush in, pointing their weapons at Lily and Patrick.

LILY

If you'd like, I can introduce
myself to this young lady for you,
Patrick.

PATRICK

That's alright...

Patrick starts to call her "Lily" but stops.

GIRL

Having a hard time there?

Patrick throws the Girl onto the refurbished wooden floor.

GIRL (CONT'D)

The brain up there controls all the information and the heart controls all the fake robo-emotions of every robot in the city right?

PATRICK

Be quiet.

LILY

That's correct!

GIRL

I'm here to destroy them. A fresh start.

Patrick is tearing up now.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Shoot the intruder, guards.

Patrick looks confused as all the guards aim their weapons, but do not fire.

GUARD

Please identify which cyborg is the trespasser.

The girl laughs.

PATRICK

Oh, whatever. Obviously they're not programmed to know that.

The girl looks over to Lily, with her laser on the floor in front of her feet.

GIRL

Lily, pick up the laser and shoot the intruder.

Lily picks up the laser and aims it. A pause.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Looks like she doesn't know.

Patrick exhales a shaky breath.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Lily would know, wouldn't she?

Patrick stands looking at Lily, and then to the girl. Tears roll down Patrick's cheek out of one real eye.

PATRICK

Do what you're gonna do.

GIRL

Guards, Lily, the trespasser is up there! On the roof!

The guards and Lily aim up to the glass ceiling, shooting right up to the brain and heart. They shoot at them, the lasers all screeching in one terrifying cacophony of sound, as glass rains down.

The guards start to short circuit and fall down as all their information is destroyed. Patrick stands, blank-faced, as the Girl smiles, looking up. Suddenly, a chime rings out - the clock has struck twelve.

LILY

(Short-circuiting)

Y-You are one-one-one hundred!

The girl looks over to Patrick. Patrick nods.

LILY (CONT'D)

H-Happy Birthday-d-d-d-day to-to-to
y-y-y-y-y...

Lily suddenly stops and falls over. Patrick stands. All the robots have stopped now, and glass and sparks continue to rain down from the ceiling. A large shard of glass impales the stuffed Parrot on his desk.

GIRL

Shoot. Sorry about that. Uh, Happy birthday.

Patrick doesn't respond. He stares at to the Parrot stuffed-animal on his desk.

EXT. FIELD - MORNING (80 YEARS EARLIER)

A fully human Patrick sits next to human Lily, he smiles at her. They are in a field of flowers. Lily grabs a small box and hands it to Patrick.

LILY

I brought this for you, sweetheart.

Patrick smiles at the colorful box labeled "Happy Birthday".

PATRICK

Twenty. I'm getting old.

LILY

Shhh. You're still the same handsome boy who asked me to Prom, Patrick.

PATRICK

Well, if you say so.

LILY

I know so, silly.

Patrick smiles, and opens the gift. A plush parrot sits inside. Patrick is ecstatic.

PATRICK

A PARROT! You know I love parrots!

LILY

Of course I do. I remember everything! Mostly your face. But other things too.

PATRICK

Your brain is like a database of everything I've ever said.

LILY

I love you!

Patrick smiles, leaning in for a kiss. The wind rustles through the flowers surrounding them as their lips meet. They pull away, and smile at each other again.

LILY (CONT'D)

Happy birthday.

END.