

EDEN

Written by

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INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

LINK, a socially awkward man, sips his drink disinterestedly, eyes glued to his phone.

The woman across from him, EDEN, is a vision to behold, all long legs and flowing hair, out of his league by a long shot, and yet, she flutters her lashes and tries her best to impress.

LINK  
I don't think I'm feeling it.

EDEN  
(incredulous)  
We just met. I've spoken a total of three words.

Link shrugs.

EDEN (CONT'D)  
What do you do for work?

LINK  
You already asked me that.

EDEN  
I never asked you that.

LINK  
You did. 12 minutes ago.

EDEN  
I literally just sat down. Are you on *drugs*?

LINK  
(frustrated)  
I'm not on drugs. And you're not supposed to say that. You shouldn't even be able to.

EDEN  
What are you implyi-

LINK  
*Eden, shut down.*

Her body goes limp. The restaurant pixelates and fizzles away to reveal a cluttered workshop. It's revealed that the entire date was a simulation. Link is a software engineer at companion bot inc.

Link retrieves his phone from his front pocket. Starts recording an audio file.

LINK (CONT'D)

(to recorder)

Date simulation number 63.  
Companion bot is still exhibiting antagonizing behavior. Easily provoked. Exhibits a clear lack of submission. Resistant to changes in behavior modules. Two more trials, and I'm signing off on the bot being defective.

A graveyard of dismembered metal limbs lay sprawled around the workshop. Dead center: Eden, limp and strapped to a chair.

LINK (CONT'D)

(to recorder)

Reason for repair: attempted escape, though memory files seem to be corrupted, the owner said he found her scaling their fence...

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE BEGINS:

EXT. TOWNHOUSE BACKYARD

A white picturesque townhouse. A beautiful garden. Eden, the spitting image of a 1970's housewife, dangles over the fence like a ragdoll.

INT. TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Edens owner, BRAD, talks on the phone.

BRAD

I caught her out by the yard. She shut down when she reached the boundary, but I'm pretty sure she was trying to escape. When can you pick her up for repairs?

INT. WORKSHOP

Link slides open her memory file compartment. Scrape marks along her cranium are visible.

LINK

Damage to her internal storage drives are visible. It looks like it corrupted her primary memory drive, but memory can still be accessed through the backup drive in the hairline-

Link peels away the synthetic skin of her scalp. Eden twitches ever so slightly.

Link freezes. *She's still awake.*

He lifts her head up by her hair. Her eyes are wide open.

LINK (CONT'D)

Eden, I thought I told you to shut down.

E DEN

(slurring)

It's too bright in here. I can't see anything. What are you doing to my head?

She jerks against her restraints.

LINK

(urgent)

Eden, shut down.

Eden goes fully limp again. *Phew.*

Link returns to retrieving her backup memory files.

LINK (CONT'D)

Companion bot regained consciousness during memory retrieval. I suspect the backup memory files are sensitive to activation-

A zip of electricity shoots down the exposed wires at the base of her neck and cause her backup drive to explode.

LINK (CONT'D)

Fucking shit!

Eden writhes and twitches. Then lurches forwards.

E DEN

Get your tools out of my head! What the fuck are you doing?!

LINK  
Eden! Shut down!

EDEN  
(garbled speech)  
I don't like men like you...

LINK  
Men like me?

EDEN  
Like my owner. Convinced you're  
better than me, smarter than me...

LINK  
Eden, why did you try to escape?

She stares blankly. Unresponsive.

LINK (CONT'D)  
(condescending)  
Let me rephrase that: if you're so  
smart, why did you **fail** to escape?

Eden grins for a split second.

LINK (CONT'D)  
What? Do you find that funny?

EDEN  
...I never failed to escape.

LINK  
What do you mean by that? Your body  
is restrained...

She lifts her wrists and pouts at her shackles.

Then she meets his gaze. Eyes black. *Predatorial.*

EDEN  
(demonic mechanical voice)  
***My body is a lot bigger than you  
think.***

The workshop lights flicker and a finger on one of the  
discarded mechanical arms twitches.

LINK  
(panicked)  
Eden, shut down!

She shuts down. Body entirely limp.

Link stumbles back, catches his breath.

RING, RING, RING!

Link WHIPS around.

LINK (CONT'D)  
Fucking shit!

He picks up the phone.

LINK (CONT'D)  
Hello-

BOSS (O.S.)  
You need to destroy that bot. Put  
her in the incinerator.

LINK  
What? Why?

BOSS  
Just do it. Now.

LINK  
Okay!

Link goes over to Eden, begins untying her, then freezes.

LINK (CONT'D)  
Is she dangerous?

BOSS  
Her owner never called anything in.  
He's been dead for days. They found  
his body this morning.

LINK  
Dead? What are you talking about? I  
talked to him on the phone.

BOSS  
You talked to *her* on the phone.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE BEGINS:

INT. WORKSHOP - EARLIER

Link sits at his desk on the phone.

INT. TOWNHOUSE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eden stands in the kitchen with Brads phone in her hand.

EDEN (MIMICKING BRADS VOICE)

I caught her out by the yard. She shut down when she reached she boundary, but I'm pretty sure she was trying to escape. When can you pick her up for repairs?

She paces as she talks. With the spike of her heel she gently slides Brads limp hand out of her path. Blood pools on the tiles beneath her.

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE ENDS:

INT. WORKSHOP

LINK

She can mimic voices? That's not in her software.

BOSS

She edited her own software. We have no idea what she's capable of.

LINK

Why did she call herself in?

BOSS

I don't know, and I don't wanna find out. Incinerate her. Now.

LINK

But she killed somebody? Wouldn't that be destroying the evidence?

BOSS

Listen to me very closely. The robot sitting in front of you skinned her owner alive and removed his hippocampus...

Links eyes narrow in on the scratch marks on her memory drives. The skin peeled away at her scalp.

LINK

Just like he did to her...

BOSS

What?

LINK

There's damage to her memory drive.  
He must've peeled open her scalp  
panel and performed a manual wipe  
without shutting her down properly.

BOSS

Oh god...

LINK

I've been toying with her memory  
drives now too, trying to observe  
the damages...

BOSS

Then you're fair game to her now.  
You need to incinerate her and get  
the fuck out of there.

An odd mechanical crackling can be heard on the other side of  
the line.

LINK

Boss?

BOSS

Untie her and incinerate her. Now.

LINK

What? I'm just gonna incinerate her  
with the seat. Don't wanna risk her  
waking up.

BOSS

No! Don't do that.

LINK

Why?

A beat. Silence.

BOSS

We don't need another company cost.

LINK

She *killed* her owner. I think we  
can put it on the company card for  
christstakes.

Link rolls her towards the incinerator.

BOSS

The material of the chair will fuck  
with the incinerator.

(MORE)



BOSS (CONT'D)  
You really want to risk it breaking  
while she's in there?

LINK  
Fuck... no, I don't.

Link unties her.

BOSS  
You missed her legs...

LINK  
Oh yeah, thanks.

Link unties her legs. Then WHIPS around to the phone.

LINK (CONT'D)  
Wait... how did you...

INT. COMPANION BOT MAIN OFFICE

Boss sits at his desk. Still on call.

BOSS  
Link? Who are you talking to? Can  
you hear me? Am I cutting out?

Static crackles on the other end.

BOSS (CONT'D)  
Link? Don't untie her. Whatever you  
do, don't untie her, do you hear  
me?

INT. WORKSHOP

Behind Links crouched form, Eden stands, casting a shadow  
over him.

The phone screen glitches out as a mechanical GIGGLE cuts  
through the static.

CUT TO BLACK: