

ANDROID THAT WANTS A CONNECTION

Note: For shooting perhaps in Syracuse, New York. 12/18/24

Note: Shots labeled POV, as I imagine them, must have a completely distinct, experimental look. In essence, they will be "The Eyes of an Android." Does not have to have graphics or look like the terminator. Can be something with more vivid color, different aspect ratio, more metallic? Maybe something so hyper-real it looks fake, or something completely silver? I want to make real life look synthetic, and it can be jarring but shouldn't take the audience out of the movie. 12/30/24

Note: I found it distracting to label every potential POV shot, so I just labeled the first one or two to give you an idea. 12/30/24

Character Note: Jerry is typically (always impulsively) playing with a small, miniature (keychain sized) silver airplane. 01/05/25

Note: Alternate (01/19/25) Ending Included.

[ ] = Me or Jaiden's notes.

For the purpose of this script, ... is a marker for a character shift, not that the voice is trailing off, although in some cases, I'm positive it could. The ellipsis shouldn't be read as a break in the rhythm, the shifts happen simultaneous with the line or when it feels right for them to happen.

[For tone right now, I think its only consistency is that it isn't often self serious. Not necessarily a bad thing.]

[The characters are sometimes in little routines or bits with each other that the audience doesn't have the context for. Interested to see if it comes off as them knowing each other well, or like they're aliens. (or robots)]

BLACK.

TITLE: **Android That Wants a Connection**

SUPER: "This story is based on the truth."

SUPER: "In 2010, **Quantum Computing** unlocked new pathways to fancy gadgets."

SUPER: "These gadgets were so human seeming in shape and manner, that soon enough... the Robots were impossible to tell apart."

SUPER: "That similarity, paired with an astonishingly quick pace of manufacturing, lead to a **manifestation** of Human seeming AI."

SUPER: "After some **correction**, we arrived at the proper ratio of humans to robots."

SUPER: "And now we are here."

SUPER: "Jerry Stankovich knows the pain of being an Android."

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT FIRE ESCAPE (OR BALCONY) - NIGHT

Sitting on the fire escape steps, JERRY STANKOVICH (23, human appearing, rolled up sleeves) pulls the cap off a bottle of beer. A man paces in the window behind him. The city sounds like a quiet, unceasing screech.

POV: The street below.

BACK TO SCENE.

Jerry lifts a cigarette to his lips. He moves a silver, miniature AIRPLANE between his fingers. He cracks the window, listens in.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment is wax with orange light. It's cramped and belongings are scattered in piles and on furniture. None of these belongings so much as resemble a computer. Everything analog.

CRAIG (O.S.)

Oh she is there? Just washing her hair? OK.

CRAIG LOHMEYER (22, Khaki pants) walks, paces, with the telephone. [We see him from the waist down]. There is a suitcase by the closet door. He stops pacing. There is a gun on the nightstand. A pistol.

Craig's face is frozen in an uncomfortable place. He makes himself smile.

CRAIG (CONT'D)

Yeah sure I know what that means I  
wash my hair all the time- Well a  
normal amount of the time- I don't-  
I'm very clean-

Craig hears rustling sounds, tangling wires. A cool voice seeps into the line.

RITA (V.O.)

Hey this is Rita.

CRAIG

Oh! Hey! Rita!

RITA (V.O.)

Hi Craig. Jamie said you were  
calling to ask me out. Is that a  
fact?

A pause. Craig's face is stuck in a dumbfounded way.

CRAIG

That is- why I was calling.

RITA (V.O.)

Don't.

Click. Phone beeps. Craig winces, taken back.

He drops the phone on the nightstand, by the gun.

Across the room, Jerry slides the window shut. Craig tries to pry it open.

EXT. APARTMENT FIRE ESCAPE (OR BALCONY) - CONTINUOUS

Jerry blows his smoke. He never sips his beer, but on occasion, will bring his nose to the lip of the bottle. There is no wind.

Craig lands himself onto the steps next to Jerry. Jerry offers him a hit. Craig ignores him.

CRAIG  
(fast-talk)  
Sometimes I just feel like killing  
myself.- But it's not that big a  
deal.- Am I an asshole? Does that  
make me an asshole?

JERRY  
What do you want me to say to  
that?.

Craig's eyes bounce around:

CRAIG  
What's keeping you, Jerry  
Stankovich? What's keeping you from  
taking the leap out of a five story  
building? From knowing what it's  
like to fly for a few goddam  
seconds?

JERRY  
I dunno.

Jerry shuffles his feet.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
You hold out, at least until after  
you drive me to the airport.

Jerry waits for a reply.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
On Sunday.

Jerry waits for a reply.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
9 o'clock-  
CRAIG  
No like it's not a big deal. Forget  
I said anything.

Jerry flings his beer cap. Puffs his smoke.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
No yeah forget I said anything.

JERRY  
I've forgotten.

Hold space.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MAIL BOXES - NIGHT

Jerry tosses his beer in the trash and digs around in his mailbox. He winces.

He shakes a pair of mechanical DENTURES to the floor. Looks at the bite-marks on his fingers and fishes his hand back in there.

He slides out a manila envelope, labeled, "Assignment 360RB." He taps the envelope on his side as he walks.

The dentures spazz on the floor, biting up and down. "Robot Scab" is carved into the gums.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The typewriter screeches. A digital watch counts down. 00:42. 00:41. An analog clock keeps time. Jerry clicks the keys. Fingers bitten. The hands on his clock beat in time. Everything is rhythmic. Working by the lamplight. Code is peppered into the sheet. An endless series of numbers. 00:11. 00:10.

Jerry checks his watch. 00:04. A hand leafs through a file crate for the manila envelope. 00:03. The sheet slides in. 00:02. Jerry licks it shut. 00:01. The clock ticks. 00:00. The doorbell dings.

The door opens itself for THE MAILMAN (Human Appearing, dressed in black), a bipedal android that flicks a needle connected to a syringe.

POV: It opens its mouth wide and launches a high pitched, subjugating scream. It keeps its mouth open. Text appears with its scream. DING.

MAILMAN  
(via text)  
JERRY STANKOVICH.

BACK TO SCENE.

Jerry beats his head to stop the ringing. He clutches his wrist. Tries to pry the watch off. DING!

MAILMAN (CONT'D)  
(via text)  
YOU ARE NEARLY LATE ON YOUR QUOTA.

Jerry screams and holds out the assignment envelope. His jaw clenches. Aghh! The mailman shuts its lips. The scream stops. It grabs the envelope and leaves.

Jerry collapses. He is covered in sweat. Stretching, he reaches for his jacket and pulls it from the hanger. It flops onto the floor. He sits there, holding his airplane. His other hand limp.

CUT TO:

INT. SUNSET BAR - NIGHT

Door swings shut behind Jerry. He taps the bar twice. Mickey Alwyn (23, bartender), wears a grease stained towel on his shoulder.

JERRY  
Can I get a double.

MICKEY ALWYN  
Sure friend.

Mickey pushes the glass toward Jerry. He takes it in one sip, slides his little plane into his pocket.

MICKEY ALWYN (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(to someone else)  
Oh hey! Rita! How's work at the  
drugstore?

Mickey pushes forward another drink. RITA (23, Human) takes it.

RITA  
Alright. Thanks Mickey.  
(to Jerry)  
How is it?

JERRY  
Fine.

Jerry taps the bar twice.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Can I get another?

Rita looks at the second drink. Gives a look that says "Mmmhm..."

RITA  
Why aren't you at the table?

Jerry's face glitches.

JERRY  
I uh..

Jerry shakes his head.

RITA  
What? What's going on...

She taps his skull. Jerry winces.

RITA (CONT'D)  
... Up there-

JERRY  
I have to tell you something. But I  
can't find the time.

Rita looks up at him, taken off guard:

RITA  
Hm?

JERRY  
It's just-

A glass shatters!

DISTANT (O.S.)  
Goddamnit Paul!

Rita composes herself:

RITA  
Let's just get to the table...  
Would it kill you to make some  
conversation?

JERRY  
Yes.

Rita drags him by the arm and he almost spills his second drink. [next bit for formatting / coverage purposes happens now, in the context of the story, it's the response to "Goddamnit Paul!"]

The table is stocked with loud voices, chocolate sodas, and very, very much alcohol. Craig is off to the side, moping the floor with a small smile.

Three regulars, who are dear friends of ours despite truly maybe never leaving their table, are SYLVIA (22), PAUL (24), and WIM (23).

PAUL  
Hey why don't you take a flying leap at the moon Wim!!!?

SYLVIA  
(leaning toward Wim)  
I wouldn't take that if I were you love.

WIM  
Oh you can go to the devil!!!

Craig raises his arm from the mop and mouths "hi."

WIM (CONT'D)  
I hope you end up in a horizontal phone booth! Dead!!!

Paul shoos them away:

PAUL  
Oh you can kiss my foot!!

Wim bangs the table to fling his spoon into the air. He catches it. Nobody's as impressed as he wants them to be.

Jerry interrupts the silence:

JERRY  
I want to leave. It smells like fish.

SYLVIA  
Darling you don't have a sense of smell.

Rita glances at Jerry. He sips. Rita clears her throat.

RITA  
Me and Jerry want to go out.

Everyone rolls their eyes – as if Jerry and Rita are rubbing in the fact that they have the ability to walk. Paul then, programmatically:

PAUL  
Where to?

Rita looks at Jerry and back:

RITA  
To Jupiter, to watch the rain.

PAUL  
And I suppose you want someone to  
join you?

RITA  
You're supposin' correctly.

SYLVIA  
Well no one wants to.

RITA  
What about Craig?

Craig keeps his on the mop strands and their movement:

CRAIG  
No I'm ok.

Rita spins to Jerry.

RITA  
Nobody wants to come with us.

Jerry throws back his second drink. Rita catches him grinning and smiles back.

JERRY  
Well alright then.

Jerry slams his glass on the table. Rita pulls him away by the arm. Sylvia spits ice back into her cup.

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS

They come out of the building and slow down. Jerry rolls a cigarette. He points at the sky without looking up.

JERRY  
Somebody forgot to turn on the  
moon. Hah hah hah.

RITA  
Could I have one of those?

Jerry hands her his:

JERRY  
I think that cigarettes are the  
best things we know.

RITA

They are certainly a very practical habit.

JERRY

The world would be so much better!  
If we just smoked more of them!

Rita laughs with her cigarette unlit. Her hands in gloves. They usually are.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - CONTINUOUS

They pass on old theater. She stops. Jerry kicks a rock.

JERRY

No.

RITA

I'm going in there.

JERRY

I'm not.

RITA

Fine.

Jerry calls after her:

JERRY

You won't last!

Jerry leans on the side of the building. Digs his foot into the wall. Blows out little tufts of smoke that cloud the yellow lights.

Rita comes, speed-walking out.

RITA

I was just using the bathroom.

Jerry throws his smoke to the pavement:

JERRY

Sure.

Jerry grabs her hand. They run past buildings. The streetlights, storefronts, pass in a blur.

Jerry slows up and his smile fades. Rita turns around. Black oil slips out of his nose. She rummages through her bag.

RITA  
Is it the air?

JERRY  
No I almost got tagged today.

RITA  
Stress?

JERRY  
I don't know-

Rita hands him a tissue.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

After some cleaning up Jerry tosses the tissue into the street. He rubs his oil-slicked hand on some post, and then bows and offers it up, still quite oil-slicked.

Rita takes it regardless, and they dance at the street corner.

EXT. CROSSWALK - CONTINUOUS

They dance. Rita spins into Jerry's arms at the crosswalk sign. They both take a step back. Jerry pretends he's thinking.

He takes the cigarette out of her hand and lights it. He puts it in her mouth.

JERRY  
There.

Jerry keeps his eyes on the sidewalk. He stomps on it a couple of times.

RITA  
What was that for?

JERRY  
The crosswalk man hides under the ground. He needs to be woken up sometimes.

He stomps more. The crosswalk sign flips from the red hand to the blue little man:

JERRY (CONT'D)  
There.

They walk across the street. Jerry squeezes Rita's hand; she pulls it away hard.

RITA  
Sorry... Sorry you're hands are  
just quite cold.

Jerry stuffs his hands in his pockets.

RITA (CONT'D)  
No I'm sorry I'll warm them up.

She presses two of her hands around one of his. They walk into the night.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Water boils on the stove. Jerry drops instant coffee mix into two mugs. The calendar has nothing marked past the 17th.

Rita is sitting on the floor in the middle of the apartment. Jerry takes the spot next to her. She sips from her mug and spits it back. Jerry laughs, tapping whiskey into his.

RITA  
I want a hit.

Jerry hands her what's left of a small bottle. She pours it into her mug. Blows off the steam.

JERRY  
Everything should be well and good now.

RITA  
Well there is that one thing.

JERRY  
I don't even care what that means.

RITA  
All the years we've known each other-

JERRY  
The three of them? I'm happy in this moment, and I don't care-

RITA  
All those years... And we never exchanged phone numbers.

JERRY

I don't like them. They say nothing about you.

Rita laughs but gets the sense that she wasn't supposed to.

Jerry breaks into a grin, clicks a pen and hands it to her:

JERRY (CONT'D)

Why would I need your phone number?  
You're very easy to find.

Rita gawks. Jerry sticks his fingers in her open mouth and moves around her cheeks.

RITA

(mouth full)

Jerry!!!

He enjoys her reaction:

JERRY

Remember when I found you on the bathroom floor?

Nothing.

Rita's lip quivers.

RITA

Why the fuck, would now be a good time to bring that up?

Jerry stares at the carpet. His face glitches:

JERRY

Maybe. It's something to talk about. Or. It bothers me sometimes.

Rita glances around:

RITA

Don't get flustered. Why do you have a gun?

She finds her cup and sips and grimaces at the taste.

JERRY

Oh. It's a toy. I got my skin upgraded. Made it bulletproof.

RITA

That's not how that works.

JERRY  
Sure it is.

Jerry taps his forearm.

RITA  
You're such a distraction.

Jerry thinks of something to fire back. He can't yet.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Give me your arm.

She writes "534 612 1717," on his forearm. She's trying to get the night back "on track." She looks up.

Their faces are very close. They track each other's glances. Down, up-

JERRY  
You're a human.

Rita nods.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
So they make you have babies.

She twitches.

RITA  
It's fine. They harvest your brain serum.

JERRY  
Only when I don't do my homework.

Rita stands. Drops her mug in the sink and leaves. Jerry sits. He fidgets with the toy airplane. He arcs his head back and sighs. Rubs his forehead a bit. And gets up and washes his hands.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

[imagine jump-cuts between sentences]

There is a deep, unceasing buzz. Jerry's arm rests atop the counter, by the phone. Jerry clicks his typewriter. The clock ticks jaggedly. The keys are sharp.

Jerry flicks the telephone wheel. He clacks the keys. He slams his head into the desk. The phone number is typed into the page repeatedly. The wheels inside the clock spin.

The other line of the phone buzzes in his ear. Jerry slams his hand into the keys.

[No more jumping]

The unceasing buzz stops. Jerry sits in his armchair. The other line of the phone stops buzzing. He hangs up. Waits with the phone on his lap. He shuts his eyes and rubs them.

He sways to the bed and flops over. Dropping the phone next to his pillow.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - BED - NIGHT

The phone rings. Jerry pulls it to his ear.

JERRY

What is going on with you?! You're not supposed to leave me alone without explaining!

RITA (V.O.)

How about hello?!

JERRY

I need to tell you something!

RITA (V.O.)

Ok find me or something!

JERRY

Fine!

Jerry slams the phone, click.

INT. CITY BLOCKS - NIGHT

Jerry staggers past buildings. Craig and Sylvia dash by, hand in hand, their joy spilling into the crevices of the bricks.

Jerry stares at them, head over his shoulder. He keeps them in his gaze, almost as if he's wondering whether or not they're really there-

He bumps into a trashcan. The cars rush by and honk.

At the corner, he tosses up and catches and tosses up and catches his toy plane. On the other side of "Sun Dolphin" Street, Rita tosses her cigarette. Jerry flings his miniature airplane into the road.

RITA

Hey you.

JERRY

Hey.

She draws lines with her finger.

RITA

What's this about?

Jerry crosses the street. He looks down at his steps. Takes the spot next to her. She squints at him. She tries to figure out what he's up to even though she's pretty sure she knows. Jerry's face glitches:

JERRY

I don't. I'm not. It's not that big a thing. Sometimes. Not all the time. I just feel like. Things won't go wrong around you.

(a beat)

Does it feel that way to you sometimes?

Rita sighs and shakes her head. She lights another cigarette.

RITA

Jerry. What are we doing? What are you doing? I- You didn't, I know you you think this through.

JERRY

I guess not and I wouldn't know.

RITA

I can't even think you make me so insane.

JERRY

I'm leaving soon so--

RITA

What?

JERRY

--You don't have to worry... About that feeling.

RITA

Go back.

Jerry makes his hands into a:

JERRY  
Plane.

He gesticulates it crashing.

RITA  
No I- why?

Jerry shrugs.

Rita touches his shoulder. He pushes her hand away.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Yeah fine, right.

JERRY  
I try sometimes.

RITA  
You're so stupid.

Jerry hugs Rita for longer than hugs usually last. She hugs him back.

Their faces are very close. Jerry sniffles.

JERRY  
Yeah it wouldn't really work would it?

They let go; he takes a hit of her cigarette and swings his body the other way. Leaves. She's left with it, the cigarette. And inhales smoke. While he walks by street poles.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

[We see him from the waist down]

Jerry clicks the doorknob and walks in. Drops his keys. Fixes himself a drink. Undoes his shirt. Turns his armchair towards the door. Takes a seat.

His face is unchanging and still. He stares at the door. He sips. His fingers tense around the glass. Knock knock knock.

JERRY  
Don't try it!

A manila envelope labeled, "Assignment 370RB" is slid under the door. Jerry tips his glass and lets it spill. He kicks the envelope around the room.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - BED - NIGHT

Jerry lays out his clothes on the bed, next to his suitcase. He slides his typewriter out of its case and back in. He drops his pistol on the bed and lays his pillow over it. He zips up his suitcase and lets it fall to the floor.

He wraps himself in blankets and lets his eyes shut.

INT. JERRY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Jerry rubs his face and rolls his suitcase, and when the door opens for the Mailman, Jerry hands the figure a crumpled Manila envelope for it to whisper:

MAILMAN  
What's keeping you, Jerry  
Stankovich?

And Jerry walks down the hall in his sleepwear.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MAIL BOXES - MORNING

The sun glares onto the metal. Jerry reaches into his mailbox and pulls out a gift.

He holds a new box of cigarettes with a red ribbon tied around them. The note says, "- Rita."

Jerry chuckles through a bit of chest pain.

He slides the cigarette into his mouth. Clicks his lighter.

FADE OUT.

ALTERNATE ENDING IS

The same as before, one additional scene:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

The car pulls up. Craig leaves the driver's seat and puts Jerry's suitcase in the trunk. Jerry tosses his cigarette.

JERRY  
Oh hey Rita.

INT. CAR - CITY - CONTINUOUS

The two sit in the backseat.

JERRY (CONT'D)  
I got your present. Thanks.

RITA  
You're welcome.

Car starts.

RITA (CONT'D)  
I figure you'll need a new person  
to watch your back.

JERRY  
I have eyes in the back of my back.

RITA  
...Walked into that.

JERRY  
New upgrade. You know?

Rita forces a laugh. The car turns sharply and they bump into each other. They are both stiff and uncomfortable. Craig looks at them in the mirror.

RITA  
Maybe if we were just a bit  
different, you know? It could've  
worked out.

JERRY  
If you say so.

A pause. Rita looks at the floor mat. Then:

JERRY (CONT'D)  
...I think about that a lot.

Rita finds nothing to do.

Jerry takes one of her gloves off and puts it on his hand. He pats her knee.

The End.