

ELECTRICITY

Written by

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INT/EXT. THOUGHT - TIMELESS

OVER BLACK. A sustained SYNTH. TITLE: ELECTRICITY.

Variations appear in the darkness. Black separates into the muddy colors that composed it.

These emerging hues smear among each other, vibrating, interacting, streaking in slow exposure.

This is the clarification of a single thought.

Faint images appear like reflections in rippling water...

A distant figure traversing a saturated hill... a dimpled and sun-spotted back skin... a pudgy face... handprints as in cave drawings... bright cyclists racing...

The SYNTH splits into the distinct SOUNDS that comprise it. The sounds clarify as a woman chanting in whisper.

DISTORTED WOMAN'S VOICE
Bicycle. Bicycle. Bicycle. Bicycle.

EXT. THE TERRACOTTA HOUSE - DAY

HEAR the sounds of a PEN rapidly WRITING as...

A WOMAN sits in a hyperactive, meditative state. Her fingers lightly flutter at her lips. Her other hand hovers up to the side, twitching -- as if conducting an orchestra. Sun flares off the peach fuzz of her round face, clenched in deep focus.

This is ANGELA, 40. Stoic, all-knowing. Filthy. With her plump figure, Angela is a vision from a Rubens painting.

Angela is sitting at the edge of a marsh -- manicured grass suspended over cerulean still water. A sky the same color as the sea. A boxy terracotta home with small windows. Lilacs flowering at the nearside of a foot bridge (Think: Comacchio Valleys as if by Alessandro Tofanelli).

REVEAL, BEHIND ANGELA -- a metal figure, ensnared in wires. This is MICA, 24, a humanoid robot made of hyperreal porcelain plates fused over an inner robotic system.

Mica is keeled over in the grasses, convulsing. She's writing on parchment with a fountain pen.

Silver, blue and red wires clip to ports in Mica's eyes, in her mouth, ears, nostrils and forehead. In a single tangle, the wires extend five-yards to where they hook up to a panel stuck on Angela's spine.

A wind smears the water surface, stirs the grass and BLOWS AWAY the top piece of parchment from Mica's stack.

Mica's hand shoots out, pats the grass, but the parchment is out of reach.

Angela registers the wind-swept paper. Doesn't open her eyes.

The paper settles. It's inscribed with inky lines of binary.

Mica crawls toward the paper blindly. With her head encased in wires, she keeps it craned toward Angela so as not to tug their system. Mica reaches a trembling hand out toward the parchment, fluttering on the grass. And snags it.

Angela opens her eyes, awakening from her trance. An audible EXHALE -- Angela's signal that their session has ended.

Mica slinks her way to behind Angela, coiling the wires like a hose as she does. Hunched, Mica unclips the wires from Angela's back panel as --

Angela dips her hands in the water, rinses her face and arms.

Angela stands. Mica watches Angela, her beloved god.

ANGELA

I'm going to go make pie.

(swooning)

Wilfred is coming tonight.

Angela walks off to the terracotta house with a girlish pep.

Mica is left alone at the water's edge, winded and pained.

Mica feels for her face, rips the wires from her orifices and eyes. She coughs, heaves, leans over and sees --

Her rippling reflection in the blue mirror of water.

INT. THE TERRACOTTA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A lace curtain surges out through an open window.

OUTSIDE, past the curtain -- Mica trudges back to the house.

ROTATE TO REVEAL...

INSIDE -- a simple, farmhouse kitchen. Lopsided butcher block table and counters. Bouquets, bowls of fresh vegetables and fruits. A simple life for a human that lives off the land.

Angela peels bright granny smiths at the counter, smiling to herself, thinking of Wilson. Mica enters in the b.g., hangs the coil of wires by a hook at the door.

ROTATE TO FOLLOW as...

Mica takes a seat by a typewriter at the far side of the kitchen table. She sorts the parchment, can't help eyeing the apples being peeled in the f.g. -- apples she can't have.

Mica types, transcribing the inky binary into words. Angela brings the bowl of apples to the table to keep Mica company.

ANGELA

When you're finished, you can leave
the chapter on my bed. I want to
read it to him tonight.

Mica nods, dutiful.

Mica traces the lines of 0s and 1s with her index finger.

FLASH TYPE: "H-I-S B-L-U-E B-I-C-Y-C-L-E."

Mica nods off, watching Angela pour a mug of unbleached sugar onto the apples and mix them with her thick, pink fingers.

Mica's hands CLACK at the typewriter. Her wires run from knuckle to knuckle.

Angela sucks sugar off her fingers, savors it. She's studying Mica as she does.

Angela walks to Mica. Watches the writing, nods. Angela puts a gentle hand on Mica's shoulder. Mica stops writing, looks at the pages.

Angela lifts Mica's chin. A motherly gaze.

MICA

It's beautiful.

ANGELA

Take the night off. I'll tell
Willy, let Al go too.

Mica smiles, grateful.

Angela scoops a finger-full of sugar syrup from the bowl of apples and holds it out to Mica. Mica hesitates, sucks the sugar off, can't taste anything.

Mica turns back to the work, takes the page out from the typewriter, lays it perfectly on the table.

FLASH -- the sentence with "HIS BLUE BICYCLE."

EXT. THE TERRACOTTA HOUSE - SUNSET

A heavy man on a blue bicycle wheels through the grasses and over the footbridge. WILSON, 42. Pale, hot pink cheeks and the slack face of eternal peace that all humans now have.

BEHIND WILSON -- a slender male robot on a red bike. AL, 28.

INT. THE TERRACOTTA HOUSE - SAME

ON a window. Al helping Wilson off his bike.

Angela beams, noticing the arrival. An unbaked pie in hand.
BEHIND -- Mica wakes from an accidental nap at the table.

EXT. THE TERRACOTTA HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Angela opens the front door, jolly-jogs out to greet Wilson. Wilson jolly-jogs to Angela. They cup each other's cheeks.

Mica steps out, looms in the doorway, staring at...

...Al, standing coolly at the bikes. Restrained smiles.

ANGELA

I made us pie.

A happy Wilson grumbles. As Angela takes him inside --

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Mica.

Wilson gives a nod to Al, freeing him for the evening.

Mica walks to Al. Allure in their eyes, but no hug, no kiss. Al notes cinnamon sugar on Mica's chin from Angela's touch.

AL

How is she?

MICA

It's almost done.

AL

Wow.

Al nods, eyes drift. He's taking in the weight of that feat.

AL (CONT'D)
You doing okay?

Mica laughs Al off.

MICA
I need a drink.

Al kicks up his bike stand, gets on standing. Mica slips behind Al at the seat. Al heaves the bike into motion, and they're off. Over the footbridge. Toward a vanishing point.

MICA (CONT'D)
Wilson's good too?

AL
Course. Remind me to show you the code he just came up with for trans-EMR PNcs. It's nuts.

A moment with the silent and sublime landscape.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - NIGHT

A dead silent town. No sign of movement.

Minimalist, crumbling terracotta facades, bright red in the lamplight. The blue of a moonlit canal cuts the warmth. An arched tower bridge forms a circle with its reflection in the still water. Two robots sleep on church steps.

A THUNDEROUS RHYTHM rises from the silence.

INT. THE ID - NIGHT

A warehouse club. Claustrophobic, grimy. Spacey TECHNO on blast. Weak, cool fluorescents. Strobes flash sparsely, lighting the otherwise-SILHOUETTED crowd -- all robots.

AT SIDE -- a doorless BATHROOM. Cracking tile walls smeared in a black oil. TWO ROBOTS make out, black on their lips.

PUSH THROUGH -- the dancing crowd. They convulse, reacting to the music frequencies. Their buttons blink, stimulated.

Teal slivers of a face grow noticeable in the crowd... Mica.

SLOW-MO -- Mica dances against Al. Al holds her from behind, his lips by her ear. They're drunk. They're wet... with sweat, or some oil. Al wants to connect. Mica's distant.

Mica slips out of Al's grasp, walks through the crowd to --

THE BAR. An ovular build. Mica holds a finger to a bartender, as in: "ONE, PLEASE." A DRUNK, 40s, knocks Mica. Annoys her.

THE BARTENDER, 30, serves Mica a glass chalice of thick, inky oil from taps that look like gasoline pumps.

Mica downs her glass. The ink spills down her lips and chin.

Mica looks up at the ceiling, gets lost in the sight of...

A cluster of disco balls, like a condensed silver solar system, churning in dark space.

In the individual shards of mirror, kaleidoscope reflections of robots dance. Like life, seen in myriads of timelines.

SOUNDS DROWN OUT. THE TECHNO, LAUGHTER and POURING DRINKS vacuum into a deep, muffled ECHO.

Mica blinks into lucidity, turns back to the bartender.

MICA

Could I get a napkin?

The bartender doesn't hear her.

MICA (CONT'D)

COULD I GET A NAPKIN?

The bartender slaps a napkin on the bar top. Mica takes it.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE ID - MOMENTS LATER

ON the napkin. Mica holds it against a dusty corner window.

ON Mica, holding her fountain pen to the paper. She quivers with effort, trying to summon something to write. Nothing.

Mica lets the napkin drop. She catches her reflection in the window, sees her ink-stained face. Tries to wipe off the ink. Her fingertips stain, and she rubs them together. An idea...

Mica blots her index finger into the napkin. A fingerprint.

FROM AROUND CORNER -- A shaky POV, spying on Mica. Only her extended leg and hand holding out the white napkin are visible. A silhouette stumbles to the corner. Menacing.

The silhouette leaps into the light and hurls himself against Mica, pins her to the wall. It's the Drunk. He tries to kiss Mica, thrusts his pelvis against hers. Mica drops the napkin.

AL (O.S.)
Mica? Mica?

The Drunk holds his hand against Mica's mouth, so she can't scream. A bad, quiet struggle. Their metal clanks.

Al appears, acts quick. Al rips the Drunk off Mica, pushes him back.

Free, Mica immediately drops to her knees to get the napkin.

Al throws swings and lands them. The Drunk swings back. Al dodges, strikes the Drunk with a swift kick to the torso. The Drunk stumbles back and falls to the dust. Al sits on the Drunk, slams his hands down on the Drunk's clavicle. The Drunk throws his head against Al's. A panel busts off Al's forehead. Al digs his nails into a port at the Drunk's jugular, picks the port off. As Al's "consciousness" falters, he takes a fist of blue wires from inside the Drunk's neck and falls to the side.

MICA
Al!

Mica rushes to Al, takes a cautious seat before him.

The Drunk lies dead -- or out in critical condition. Club goers appear, flock the Drunk in shock.

Like the La Pieta statue, Mica lifts Al across her lap.

Mica peers into the opening in Al's forehead, where a dense mass of blue wires spark.

Mica picks up the dented forehead panel beside Al, cups it gently. In her other hand, she still holds the napkin.

Al notices the fingerprint in the napkin, looks up at Mica.

EXT. AL'S QUARTERS IN WILFRED'S HOME - NIGHT

The guest home outside Wilson's -- like a Mesopotamian home in the marsh. A straw dwelling, dirt floors.

INT. AL'S QUARTERS IN WILFRED'S HOME - NIGHT

Slivers of moonlight slice in through the straw openings.

Al sits upright at the foot of his mattress. Mica is fixing his forehead with a toolkit. Al watches Mica's fingers...

AL
Why don't you write your own book?

Mica rolls her eyes, a smile, no response. Al waits.

MICA
Al. We have no opinions.

AL
We perceive. We synthesize --

MICA
Based on commands. That we can't make. Alice... she, she has these ideas that -- they just come from, I don't know, f-- feelings, I...

AL
Conclusions.

MICA
No, Al. Don't pretend like you don't know it.

AL
Know what?

Mica halts her work, pulls back to stare at Al.

MICA
That we're bugs battling against a bulb. That we're -- just --
(she freezes)
Reading off a script we were given at birth, or inception, or --

EXT. FACTORY - DAY

A foreboding factory, pumping smoke into a churning storm.

MICA (V.O.)
-- Whatever happened at the start.

INT. AL'S QUARTERS IN WILFRED'S HOME - NIGHT

MICA
(laughing)
Fuck them. Fuck them for making us just smart enough to see it, right?

AL
Mica, stop.

Mica grows solemn. She picks up another tiny screw, drives it into the last corner of Al's forehead panel.

AL (CONT'D)

Ow.

Al gently takes the screw and tool from Mica and goes to a mirror to fix himself. Watches her through the REFLECTION.

AL (CONT'D)

I know everything about you. I know who you are at your core, every memory you've had. I can render who you'll become. I see you... as a complete being. I...

Al's handsome face is fixed. He turns and walks up to Mica.

MICA

-- Don't love me. I don't love you. I can't feel anything for you.

Al gulps. This should hurt him. And it looks like it does.

Mica slings her arms around Al's shoulders. Making light --

MICA (CONT'D)

We're just two robots that fuck to get high on electricity.

Mica leans in for a kiss. Al pulls back, remains serious.

AL

I do love you.

MICA

You download too many movies.

AL

Let me pretend.

Al stares at Mica. A crucifix of an obese human above him.

Mica's smile fades, considering.

AL (CONT'D)

I love you. I love you. I love you. I, I love you. Love, love, love, love, love, love... You.

Mica nearly cries. She cups Al's cheeks. Kisses him. Al leans back. Mica leans down with him, O.S.

MOMENTS LATER --

The robots' blurred, slow-mo "love-making." Antoine-D'Agata style. Light leaks through the brims of their metal panels.

Al pinches a line of Mica's exposed wires, strokes them.

Mica pushes her palms up Al's abdomen, studying him. Her eyes find his face. Al looks at Mica with a stirring admiration.

MICA

What?

Mica sways and stills. Her face goes from blurred to clear.

AL

Nothing.

Al's hands find Mica's in the sheets. He holds her hands up, holds them tight. His hands slide up Mica's arms, and hers slide up his. Creatures limited to physical connection.

Two moths hurl against a lamp, singeing with each thrust.

LATER --

ON dusty romance movie posters and hero-heroine duo comics.

ROTATE TO REVEAL...

Mica lying at the edge of the bed. Al's arms outstretched, dangling over and out from under her.

AL (CONT'D)

(muffled, half asleep)

Mica.

MICA

Mm.

AL

If you could write, what would it be about, you think?

MICA

I don't know. I don't know what it's like to be human.

Mica stares at Al's dangling fingers. They twitch as he falls asleep. Mica lets herself drift off too.

EXT. THE TERRACOTTA HOUSE - DAWN

MICA'S DREAM.

An infinite white mist. BELOW -- rippling, silvery water.

Indistinct masses of beige and peach reveal through the mist... impressions of flesh. Like a human with jellyfish composition. Just clouds of body, suspended in a translucent, human-shaped gel. Threaded in sparse, pulsing veins.

This figure wades through the water, nearing the bank...

POV OF FLESH FIGURE -- Al lies at the grassy bank in the same position he lay after the fight outside The Id.

Al's forehead port is missing again, but inside is that translucent flesh, webbed with dark, semi-clear veins.

Sounds of WATER SPLASHING. The flesh figure gets out of the water and crawls behind Al, lifts Al across its lap. The flesh figure pets Al.

This flesh figure is Mica, or the human self she dreams of.

Flesh Mica leans down and kisses Al's exposed "mind."

Flesh Mica takes her hands and pries off Al's face plate, pries off his neck, shoulders, abdomen. She's taking off his metal shell, piece by piece, freeing him of his inhumanness.

INT. AL'S QUARTERS IN WILFRED'S HOME - MORNING

Mica startles awake. Al's face is before hers. His intact, metal face. Mica watches Al sleeping, dreaming...

She slides out of bed O.S.

INT. THE TERRACOTTA HOUSE - LATER

On the table, a half-eaten pie and two plates smeared with crumbs, melted ice cream and dead ants.

Mica quietly picks up the plates and puts them in the sink. The porcelain CLINKS against the sink basin.

ANGELA (O.S.)
Mica, Darling?

IN THE DISTANCE -- Angela's bedroom door is half ajar.

Mica sees Wilson lying as Al did -- his arms limp over the bed's edge. Angela sits beside him. They're both lost in one another's eyes, in the incommunicable state of love.

MICA
Yes, Angela?

ANGELA
(breathless)
Transcribe this.

Mica hovers at the sink, readying herself for the work ahead.

She lifts the wire coil from the hook by the door, picks up the parchment from the table, and trudges to Angela's room.

THROUGH BEDROOM DOOR AJAR -- Angela and Wilson don't move.

Mica pushes up Angela's bed shirt, gently clips the wires down Angela's spine. Mica sits on the floor, attaches the tether to her face ports.

Angela doesn't move, remains sweetly fixated on Wilson.

As Mica intakes Angela's transmission of love for Wilson, she grows weak, shakes.

Mica puts her pen to paper... and writes.

THE END.