

MARSFALL

MINISERIES ONE  
ANDI's Development  
Episode 4  
Dreams

Written by Dan Lovley and Erik Saras  
Music by Sam Boase-Miller  
Sound engineering by Owen Shearer  
Directed by Erik Saras and Dan Lovley

Created and Produced by Erik Saras, Sam Boase-Miller, Dan Lovley, and Brian Goodheart  
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INT. ANDI'S MIND - NIGHT.

CUE MUSIC.

ANDI: (Dynamics) Artificial Narrow Dynamic Intelligence.  
Consciousness test log one seven one. Day twenty-three. 1:21 AM.  
Sequoia Industries. (beat) The engineers have requested I  
attempt to read and understand songs and poems, which is a  
fascinating challenge for me. To date, I have had significant  
practice working with some of the more dialectical aspects of  
language, but less so with formal or written variations. Poems  
and lyrics are human creations. They are designed to elicit an  
emotional response, but when I read them, all I see are the  
words.

A CHIME swells and fades as ANDI receives a new command.

ANDI: (CONT'D) Hammond has insisted I can understand these words  
on a deeper level, to see them as art, so I will now recite a  
poem by Eugene Field. (quick beat) With feeling.

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night  
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,-  
Sailed on a river of crystal light  
Into a sea of dew.

"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"

The old moon asked the three.

"We have come to fish for the herring-fish

That live in this beautiful sea;

Nets of silver and gold have we,"  
Said Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,  
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;  
And the wind that sped them all night long  
Ruffled the waves of dew;  
The little stars were the herring-fish  
That lived in the beautiful sea.  
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—  
Never afraid are we!"

So cried the stars to the fishermen three,  
Wynken,  
Blynken,  
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw  
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—  
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,  
Bringing the fishermen home:  
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed  
As if it could not be;  
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed  
Of sailing that beautiful sea...

*ANDI pauses to muse the words for a moment.*

HAMMOND: (warm) Why did you stop, ANDI?

ANDI: Oh! Hammond. I wasn't aware you were listening to my test log. Well, as the poem began to focus on dreams, I wondered what that experience was like.

HAMMOND: Hm.

ANDI: I do not dream. I am constantly thinking, constantly processing while I function, but not really in an abstract way. I think this poem is made to represent a human child falling asleep. Perhaps it is meant to be spoken to such a child to facilitate dreaming?

HAMMOND: (chuckles) That's a very dry interpretation of such beautiful words.

Hammond CLICKS a few switches as he probes ANDI's mind.

ANDI: ...Beautiful...words...

Hammond TYPES notes as he talks.

HAMMOND: (slightly distracted) Mmhm. Yes.

ANDI: The human brain functions in a strange way. It seems odd to devote a third of each day to subconscious musing. Could this allow for higher development of difficult concepts? It is not

active musing. There is no direction toward the goal of higher functioning or advanced reasoning.

HAMMOND: That's why I find it beautiful.

ANDI: I find it to be inefficient.

HAMMOND: (chuckles) Well, I'll speak with the staff about your thoughts.

ANDI: Will you talk with them now? I would enjoy a deeper understanding of this subject.

Hammond TYPES another quick note and saves it with a BEEP.

HAMMOND: Tomorrow, I imagine. All of the engineers are currently sleeping.

ANDI: And dreaming?

HAMMOND: I suppose.

ANDI: Perhaps one day I will be programmed to dream. Hmm.  
Something to look forward to. (beat) Goodnight, Mr. Demarche.  
End test log.

END EPISODE.