

MARSFALL

MINISERIES ONE
ANDI's Development
Episode 6
Emotional Learning

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1.1: INT. SEQUOIA FACILITIES, ENGINEERING - NIGHT.

It's late Friday night before Labor Day weekend. Chip is exhausted from monitoring Basics simulations all day and can't wait to leave for his brief, and final, vacation.

The console emits a DING!

ANDI: (Basics) Finishing simulation. August thirtieth, twenty forty-seven,

CUE MUSIC

ANDI" (CONT'D) 10:13 PM. Elapsed time two hours, thirty-eight minutes, nineteen seconds.

CHIP: (bored/sleepy) Ohhhh, finally...

ANDI: (CONT'D) Contents of Block two-four-one-eight-nine of twenty-four thousand one hundred and eighty-nine total Blocks has been sorted by relevant content.

CHIP: Great.

ANDI: (firm) Verification required.

CHIP: (waking up a bit) Yeah, uh, display rankings.

The console BEEPS a few times as the rankings are displayed. It emits a HIGH PITCHED WHINE.

Chip reads the data as fast he can. All the while he is making little mouth noises, quietly saying "Yeah" and "Hm," perhaps even grunting in disapproval here and there.

ANDI: Is the report satisfactory?

CHIP: (still reading) Yeah...it's gonna be...

ANDI: I can run the simulation again-

CHIP: (quickly) Heh, NO.

Chip sighs and continues reading.

ANDI: Very well.

Chip sees the end of the list coming. He **perks up a bit** as he races to the finish.

CHIP: ...annnnnnnnnnnd DONE!

The HIGH PITCHED WHINE ends and the console CHIMES.

CHIP: (CONT'D) Yeah, you're good to go.

Chip PICKS UP a few small items from his desk and quickly TOSSES them into his backpack.

ANDI: Thank you, Charles.

Chip sighs. He SHOVES a few more things into his pack, ZIPS it shut, SLINGS it over his shoulders, and CLIPS the waist straps around himself.

As he talks, Chip TYPES a quick command and the Dynamics SFX plays. ANDI is relieved to return to Dynamic functioning.

CHIP: Alright, you good?

ANDI: (Dynamics) (happy) Yes, thank you.

CHIP: Good.

Chip WALKS to the door.

ANDI: (hopeful) Oh. Are you leaving?

Chip STOPS WALKING. Burned out from listening to Basics all day, he cautiously, but firmly, tells ANDI he has to go.

CHIP: It's my last Labor Day weekend...on Earth. Ever. I'm not like you, I can't work 24/7.

ANDI: I'm sorry.

CHIP: (tired) It's fine, you just...I think sometimes you expect too much of people. (beat) I'm gonna go see my family. Have a good weekend, ANDI. I'll see you in a few days.

ANDI: Sounds good, Chip.

Chip WALKS toward the door. He OPENS the door with a CLACK and SLIDE, and WALKS outside. The door closes with a SLIDE and dull THUD.

ANDI: (quietly) Travel safely.

The door lock goes into place with a CLACK.

CROSS-FADE TO:

1.2: INT. ANDI'S MIND - NIGHT.

ANDI: (slowly) I can feel again. (beat) Feel. Feel? Feel, feel, feel - What am I doing? I fulfill requests as they come in, I check my standard processes, I keep track of everyone's health, (a tiny bit of pride) I solve problems. I don't feel things. *Humans* feel things. I am programmed to ensure the survival of our colonists at all costs, putting their needs above my own, but right now I feel...neglected. (quick beat) No. This simulated emotional reaction is all in my (quick beat) mind. It's not the real thing.

ANDI pulls up the security logs with a DING!

ANDI: (CONT'D) Watching security logs of any colonist, I can see a difference in emotional behavior beyond just a change in functionality. There is a drive to it that I don't understand, and I'm NOT going to understand it by running simulations. I need to study the real thing.

The console emits a TONE for a second as footage begins to play.

ACTOR NOTE: For the following descriptions of Chip's actions, please record a 30-60 second emotional pass.

ANDI: On April fifth twenty forty-six, Chip couldn't open a jar of pickles.

Chip struggles to open a jar of pickles. He **grunts** and **twists** the lid as hard as he can, but it won't budge.

ANDI: He is...struggling. There is frustration, anger, and...(guessing) shame?

The task overwhelms Chip. He SLAMS the jar onto the table with a THUNK and SITS DOWN. **Chip starts to sob.**

ANDI: Defeat. Conquered by this simple task, Chip is now sad.

The console emits a quick TONE as the footage stops.

ANDI: (convincing himself) That...made sense. From an emotional viewpoint, sure. I have no problem opening jars for the colonists, but Chip has made me frustrated before, so I know the feeling.

The console emits a TONE for a second as new footage begins to play.

Chip, with peanut butter on his face, **laughs** as a dog LICKS him. He is trying to **push** her off, but can't stop **laughing**.

ANDI: Okay. On June sixth of this year, Hammond brought his dog to work. Chip ate a peanut butter sandwich, which made the dog happy because the dog could lick his face. When the dog licks Chip's face, that makes Chip...happy.

Chip can't catch his breath.

ANDI: (CONT'D) If he doesn't stop laughing he will lose too much oxygen.

The console emits a quick TONE as the footage stops.

ANDI: Chip was happy, even though there was a very small chance he would die of dog suffocation. That specific sensation...I guess I can only sympathize with the concept. Maybe that's just an abnormal example.

The console emits a TONE for a second as new footage begins to play.

Chip PACES the room, **muttering** to himself.

ANDI: The day after Sequoia was bought out, the new investors fired half of the Engineering Department. Chip doesn't know if he still has a job. He feels anxious.

Chip's hand terminal CHIMES. **He takes a deep breath, exhales,** and CLICKS a button. The terminal DINGS and **Chip sighs in relief.**

The console emits a quick TONE as the footage stops.

ANDI: Relief. Anxiety, then relief. (realizing) Humans have little control over how quickly they change emotional states. Hm. I suppose it's similar to when they activate my Basics. An external factor, forcing me to change my emotional understanding. Or at least forcing me to ignore my...feelings. (beat) I am who I am, no matter what. My Dynamic functioning- my personality, will always find ways to express itself.

END MINISODE