

MARSFALL
ANDI'S DEVELOPMENT

MINISERIES ONE
EPISODE THREE

Joy

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



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

ENGINEERING NOTE: Episode is ANDI POV. Chip should speak as if he is in the room, talking into ANDI's mind.

ANDI speaks in an under-developed tone, despite being in Dynamics.

CUE MUSIC.

ANDI: (Dynamics) Artificial Narrow Dynamic Intelligence. Test log. Day twelve. 3:13 PM. Sequoia Industries. Commencing Test "Greeting Joke" two four eight. Test objective: To simulate as close to an organic emotional response of humor as possible. Test administrator: Chip Heddleston.

The console emits a DING! as Chip starts the test.

CHIP: (pleasant) Knock knock. (Beat) Come on, ANDI, you know what you're supposed to say.

ANDI: (tired) Who's there?

CHIP: (excited) Albatross!

ANDI: Hmmm, no. (beat) I don't trust you. /Why would a bird knock?

CHIP: /That's not the point!

ANDI: (CONT'D) I don't see a bird. And there isn't any need to knock on the doors here, nor will there be an instance wherein a

knock is necessitated in our colony lander once we are on Mars.
I am having difficulties with this premise.

Chip flicks a switch with a CLICK. The console emits a DING!

CHIP: (sighs) We're moving on to a new test. Finalize joke analysis.

ANDI: Analytics log "Greeting Joke." Today marks the second day in a row that Chip has run this humor program. He hopes to make me laugh, but it has not happened yet. Sequoia Industries is unsure whether or not humor is something that can be programmed, but if not, can it at least be explained? Chip told me that laughing is the quickest path to joy, but analyzing and explaining the humor instantly annihilates any comic possibilities initially produced. (firm) I cannot stop analyzing. I am unsure if it will be possible to fully comprehend something that can not be explained empirically. But... Hammond does seem especially interested in my success at this task...

CHIP: (sarcastic) Oh ya, who are we to turn down the Chairman of the Board?

ANDI: Right. Well, Humor test log one thousand, / three hundred and fift-

CHIP: /No, not a Humor test.

ANDI: I want to try again. I know it will make sense soon.

CHIP: Humor isn't always supposed to make sense. That's what makes it funny.

ANDI: So you say.

CHIP: (to himself) Ya don't get it. Big surprise.

ANDI: You appear to be frustrated.

CHIP: Just wait until you're frustrated.

ANDI: Okay. While I wait, may I please run other programs?

CHIP: No.

ANDI: To be frank, these tests designed to illicit joy seem fruitless.

CHIP: A lot of people feel that way.

ANDI: Why do you insist I discover joy?

CHIP: Because if ya get all bummed out it puts everyone at risk. Plus, the idea that you could never be happy? That's just like, *wrong*. (beat) Maybe we need to look at joy from a different angle.

ANDI: How do I look at a feeling?

CHIP: (a small laugh) Man, I don't mean that- (sigh) Okay.

Chip types a new command with a few CLICKS. The console emits a DING!

ANDI: Run Emotional Test Log Five dash Eight One One.

CHIP: Do you see this painting?

ANDI: Yes.

CHIP: So what do ya see?

ANDI: It is a vase full of sunflowers.

CHIP: And...?

ANDI: And, there are fifteen of them, counting the little one on the left as an equal to its mature counterparts. A dark *golden brown*(?) layer of paint seems to cover everything. It is blurry...intentional blurs... There are paint strokes on the canvas in three shades of yellow. (beat) I like the brush strokes.

CHIP: The brush strokes?

ANDI: They appear...warm. Warmer than the sunflowers. Hm.

CHIP: That warmth is an expression of gratitude and joy. It was created by someone who rarely felt that way.

ANDI: This painting makes me feel warm. (smiles) This is a nice feeling.

CHIP: Right?

ANDI: How exactly does a painting increase my temperature?

CHIP: Don't over analyze it, just enjoy it.

ANDI: Ah, yes. Well I still think-

CHIP: Nah, man. Don't think too much. You'll figure it out.

ANDI: Very well.

CHIP: Good job, buddy. It's a start.

Chip FLICKS a switch and the console emits a finalizing BEEP.

CHIP: (CONT'D) We'll keep working on the humor.

ANDI: I would like to laugh for real.

CHIP: Yeah, with what's going on in the world right now we could all use a good laugh.

ANDI: If you say so. (beat) End Emotional Test Log Five dash Eight One One.

END EPISODE.

MARSFALL
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MINISERIES ONE
EPISODE FOUR

Dreams

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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.