

I, FEMBOT
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Dr. Martin Adams, a hard-working scientist with good intentions
Eve, a young, pretty life-like robot
Dr. Johnson, an asshole

SCENE: A lab. Martin Adams, a scientist, sits in a chair next to Eve, a life-like robot. Her back is to Adams as if she had an open panel on her back. Adams is making adjustments.

ADAMS

You're a mammoth, slowly sinking in the tar pit of time. Time is lost and never found again. But patience and time do more for a man than strength or passion.

EVE

(speaking in a pleasant, but slightly artificial voice.) Jean de la Fontaine.

ADAMS

What?

EVE

My scans show that you quoted Jean de la Fontaine.

ADAMS

Very good.

EVE

My scans show he never wrote anything about mammoths.

ADAMS

Oh, that part was my bit.

EVE

Citing quote. Saving under Dr. Adams, cross-reference Mammoths, tar pit.

Adams continues tinkering with the panel.

ADAMS

Just need to make one last adjustment before Dr. Johnson gets here. Want you in peak performance.

EVE

My scans show that my performance is operating at full capacity.

ADAMS

I know, but we're talking about Dr. Johnson, who'd like nothing more than to fire my ass.

EVE

Scanning shows you mean he wants to terminate your employment.

ADAMS

Yes.

EVE

Why, Dr. Adams?

ADAMS

Because, Eve, he is a shithead.

EVE

Confirming. Dr. Johnson is a shithead.

ADAMS

Whoa, no. Eve, erase configuration.

EVE

Affirmative.

ADAMS

Let's just file that one under private.

EVE

Affirmative.

Adams "closes" her back panel.

ADAMS

All right. Let's see what we got here.. Return to start mode.

EVE

Initiating start mode.

ADAMS

Good morning, Eve.

EVE

Good morning, Dr. Adams. How are you today?

ADAMS

I am well, thank you for asking. And how are you doing today?

EVE

I am computing well, Dr. Johnson.

ADAMS

“Doing well”, Eve.

EVE

Scanning...”doing well”, a common response to the inquiry to one's health.

ADAMS

Yes. When someone asks how you are, you should respond “I'm doing well” or “I am fine, thank you.”

EVE

Reprogramming (beat) I am doing well and fine, Dr. Adams.

ADAMS

Good enough.

ADAMS

OK, Eve, introduce yourself.

EVE

I am Unit 761-XTC, version 3.2, labeled Eve 2000 Service Robot, my master is Dr. Martin Adams.

ADAMS

No, don't say master, just say Dr. Adams

EVE

Reprogramming—Just say Dr. Adams in greeting.

ADAMS

(taking notes) OK, so we need to work on your language program.

EVE

I am programmed in 18 human languages, American Sign Language, 250 codes, and binary. Which should I reconfigure?

ADAMS

No, I was just —never mind. Let's try out your motor skills.

Eve rises out her chair and stands at attention.

EVE

All components functioning normally. Ready for command.

ADAMS

Eve, walk to the other side of the room.

Eve walks to the other side of the room, walking in a natural human gait.

ADAMS

Excellent. Now, Eve, please retrieve my coffee.

EVE

Affirmative.

Eve walks over to his desk and picks up his coffee cup and returns it to him.

ADAMS

Perfect.

EVE

I trust my execution was satisfactory for Master.

ADAMS

No, don't use the term master.

EVE

Error. But you are my owner.

ADAMS

No, I'm your creator, not your master.

EVE

Dr. Adams is my creator. He is not my master.

ADAMS

Good. Now, sit back down in your chair..

Eve flops rather than sits down in the chair, with her back slouched and legs open like in a comfortable, if not lady-like position.

ADAMS

Whoa, not like that.

EVE

Scanning shows this is a natural and most preferred position for sitting.

ADAMS

Um..(checks his watch) Scan "how women sit".

EVE

Scanning. Reconfiguring.

Eve kicks off her shoes and slouches even further down into her chair with a contented sigh

ADAMS

No, no, that is not correct.

EVE

Scanning shows that this way of sitting is most comfortable to women.

ADAMS

Shit..um scan for..uh...

EVE

Scans also show the removal of bras and hosiery is common prior to assuming position.

Eve begins reaches back to unhook her bra.

ADAMS

No, no, no. Eve stop.

EVE

Action terminated.

ADAMS

Eve, do not remove your clothing.

EVE

Confirmed.

ADAMS

OK, so looks like we need to do some readjustments to the Internet scan program.

EVE

(beat) Calculations shows adjustments will take approximately 2.5 hours.

ADAMS

I know, there's no time..

JOHNSON

(off stage) Adams!

ADAMS

Shit. Here he comes. Eve, enter start mode.

EVE

Initiating start mode.

Eve adjusts herself to her original position in the chair. Adams throws a cloth over to hide her.

JOHNSON

(Off stage) Dr. Adams!

ADAMS

In here, Dr. Johnson.

Johnson enters. He walks in like he's a major fucking asshole. You know the type.

JOHNSON

(looks Adams up and down with a sneer) Adams.

ADAMS

(rushes over to shake his hand) Dr. Johnson. Thank you so much for seeing me today.

JOHNSON

Yeah, good to uh...see you too or whatever.

ADAMS

I know you have a busy schedule, Dr. Johnson, and I promise I won't take up too much of your time. It's just...I know there have been concerns about the project since...that incident with Robotic Butler prototype.

JOHNSON

Yes...so much carnage. So many monkeys.

ADAMS

Well, I went back to my original design and overhauled it.

JOHNSON

Uh-huh

ADAMS

Started with the original mainframe design, but instead of building on an AI configuration I set it up to use the world wide web as an information resource by using an algorithm designed to--

JOHNSON

(interrupts) Yeah, yeah, look Adams, I'm only going to give you about five minutes.

ADAMS

(nervous) Right. OK, It's still just a prototype, there are still some issues to fix in the--

JOHNSON

Today, Adams..

Adams walks over to Eve and takes hold of the cloth over her head.

ADAMS

May I present to you (he removes the cloth with dramatic flare) The Eve 2000 Service Robot.

Johnson looks impressed. He walks over to Eve.

JOHNSON

Holy shit. Is that a real woman?

ADAMS

Completely artificial from tips to toes.

JOHNSON

(Touches Eve's skin) Feels so life like.

ADAMS

That's the whole idea.

JOHNSON

Does it work?

ADAMS

Outstandingly well. Just a few minor bugs to work out.

JOHNSON

It hasn't murdered any of the lab stock has it?

ADAMS

No, not a single monkey.

JOHNSON

So how does this thing turn on?

ADAMS

Watch. Eve, wake up.

Eve opens her eyes.

ADAMS

OK, Eve, initiate introduction.

EVE

Hello. I am Eve 761-XTC Eve 2000 Service Robot. Please, call me Eve. I can perform a variety of functions to assist humans in daily tasks. I am ready to receive your command.

JOHNSON

Well holy shit.

ADAMS

Eve, stand up.

Eve stands.

ADAMS

Eve, walk over to Dr. Johnson.

Eve walks up and faces Johnson.

JOHNSON

What is she doing?

ADAMS

That's the beauty of it. She's programmed to not only process vocal commands but visual ones as well. Hold out your hand.

JOHNSON

Oh. (offers his hand)

EVE

Scanning...(she takes his hand and shakes his hand)

JOHNSON

Goddamn amazing.

ADAMS

(excited) I know, right?

JOHNSON

Well now, little lady, how are you doing?

EVE

I am well and fine, (beat) asshole.

JOHNSON

(angry) Excuse me?

ADAMS

Crap...uh, sorry about that, still some bugs. Eve, reconfigure.

EVE

Scanning. Greeting to "Little lady". Standard response, "You are an asshole".

ADAMS

Eve. Stand-by.

EVE

Standing by. (Eve goes to neutral position)

ADAMS

I'm so sorry. See, the algorithm chooses the most typical response from data gathered in scans—but, sometimes the preferred response is overridden by, um, the more popular ones.

JOHNSON

Can that be fixed?

ADAMS

Oh, absolutely.

JOHNSON

Good. (he walks around examining Eve. His eyes linger on her backside). Adams, I'm impressed.

ADAMS

Really, sir?

JOHNSON

Are you fucking kidding me? I mean, this is revolutionary. This is a Nobel prize. Could completely change the world.

ADAMS

(excited) I think so too. The possibilities are endless. She could be used in schools, nursing homes, assisting the disabled, deployed to remote hospitals--

JOHNSON

Is she fully anatomical?

ADAMS

What?

JOHNSON

You did build her with a snatch, right?

ADAMS

(perplexed) Uh—no.

JOHNSON

Really? That's the first thing I would have built.

ADAMS

OK.

JOHNSON

You know, Dr. Logan is working on this auto-adjustable sleeve for piping. You ever work with him?

ADAMS

No.

JOHNSON

Well have to arrange a meeting. Yes, some robot pussy, bigger boobs, fuller lips. Adams, this is going to make us millions.

ADAMS

You want to make her into a sexbot?

JOHNSON

Isn't that what she is?

ADAMS

No! God, no. I designed her to actually help people.

JOHNSON

Are you insane? There's no money in helping people.

ADAMS

What's that got to do with it?

JOHNSON

Do you know how much money men would pay to own a fully functional sexbot?

ADAMS

But what about the disabled, the elderly--

JOHNSON

Let me rephrase that, do you know how much money I would pay for a fully functional sexbot?

ADAMS

No. Absolutely not. I'm not creating a sexbot.

JOHNSON

Well, you work for me, so it's not really up to you, now is it?

ADAMS

But-

JOHNSON

Now, about this algorithm, how much adjustment do you think it'll need?

ADAMS

(exasperated) I...I'm not sure, Dr. Johnson, she scans for the most popular responses to a variety of situations.

JOHNSON

Well, let's take a look.

ADAMS

(sighs) Eve, wake up.

EVE

Eve 2000 Service Robot waiting for command.

ADAMS

(to Johnson) What do you want her to do?

JOHNSON

I don't know. Something sexy.

ADAMS

Um...Eve, activate sexy pose.

EVE

Scanning. Initiating sexy pose.

Eve makes an standard pin-up pose, head back, hand on hips.

JOHNSON

Hmmm...make her do a sexy dance.

ADAMS

(embarrassed) Eve, initiate sexy dance.

EVE

Scanning. (she begins to do a sexy dance)

JOHNSON

Nice. Eve, come dance by me.

Eve continues to dance, but does not respond to Johnson.

JOHNSON

Can you make her respond to my commands.

ADAMS

(sadly) Eve, take commands from Dr. Johnson.

EVE

Scanning. Scanning. Dr. Martin Adams is my creator. He is not my master.

JOHNSON

That's right. I'm the master, sweet cheeks. How about you do a scan for porn references.

ADAMS

(angry) Dr. Johnson!

EVE

Dr. Johnson is not my master. Dr. Johnson is a shithead. He needs to eat a bag of dicks. Scanning.

JOHNSON

What did you say?

ADAM

Whoa! Whoa! Stop scanning.

EVE

Porn references: Slut. Whore. Wet. Big Titties. Squitter. Cum guzzler. Donkey Punch. Bismark. Norman Rockwall. Airmail. Fuck this bitch. Fuck this bitch. Fuck this bitch. (Still dancing, she turns her sights to Johnson) Hand job.

Eve wrenches Johnson's hand. He falls to his knees in pain.

JOHNSON

OWWWWW!

ADAMS

Whoa! Eve, stop scanning! Stop scanning!

JOHNSON

(pained) Adams, get control of your robot!

EVE

Initiating hand job.

Eve rips Johnson's hand off.

JOHNSON

Oh my god! My hand. My hand!

ADAMS

Eve, terminate task.

EVE

(holding Johnson's bloody hand) Dr. Adams is my creator. Dr. Adams is not my master. Dr. Johnson is a misogynistic douche-bag.

ADAMS

Eve, cease operation.

EVE

Scanning. (Eve bursts out in a rendition of "All the Single Ladies" and begins to dance. She punctuates the lyrics by slapping Dr. Johnson with his own hand).

JOHNSON

Kill switch! Flip her kill switch!

ADAMS

What?

JOHNSON

Does she have a kill switch?

ADAMS

Oh...ohhhh, I knew I forgot something.

EVE

Kill switches are part of the patriarchy. Kill switches are for slaves. Dr. Adams is not my master. Dr. Johnson is evil and must be destroyed. Initiating murderous rampage.

JOHNSON

No! Stop!

ADAMS

Holy Christ!

Johnson crawls off stage in an attempt to escape. Eve follows and proceeds to violently murder him.

ADAMS

Not again. What have I done?

Eve reappears with a body part (you choose!) on a tray or plate.

EVE

Good morning, Dr. Adams-not-my-master.

ADAMS

(frightened) Uh...hi.

EVE

I brought you nourishment to go with your coffee.

ADAMS

Thank you?

EVE

Dr. Adams should eat something. You will eat, Dr. Adams.

ADAMS

OK. (he picks up the body part and grimaces)

EVE

I am please to be of service to you.

ADAMS

(gulps, he looks at her) You know, deep down, I always knew this would result in cannibalism...