

COMPANION

Written by
Drew Hancock

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

A trendy, airplane hangar-sized supermarket. Music plays over the loudspeaker. Sam Cooke's "You Were Made For Me."

We follow IRIS, 20s, cute, impossibly perfect hair, blemish-free skin, a lost, faraway look in her eyes, as she pushes a grocery cart past display cases filled with overpriced food.

IRIS (V.O.)

Most of the time, it's like -- I don't know... It's like there's this thick, black cloud covering everything.

She turns down the coffee aisle and stops.

IRIS (V.O.)

Like we see the world, but we don't really see the world, you know?

She grabs an empty coffee bag, holds it under one of the tall, cylindrical plastic coffee bean dispensers. Turns the knob. Coffee beans spill into the bag.

IRIS (V.O.)

We're all just stumbling around. Directionless. No sense of meaning. No sense of purpose.

She tries to turn it off. It won't budge. Stuck.

IRIS

Oh no. No, no, no, no, no.

IRIS (V.O.)

I know that might sound super depressing, but honestly, I think it's a good thing.

A MAN glides in to help. He grabs the knob. Twists.

MAN

These lil bastards stick sometimes. You gotta really --

The knob breaks off.

MAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

IRIS (V.O.)

Because it makes us appreciate the other times.

Coffee beans spill everywhere. Iris loses her balance. She grabs the man's arm and they both tumble to the floor.

IRIS (V.O.)
Those brief, transcendent moments
when the lights flicker on, the
black cloud parts, and you see the
world for what it really is.

As coffee beans rain down around them, she finally gets a good look at the man. This is JOSH, 20s, mop of curly hair, boyishly attractive with an aw-shucks smile.

IRIS (V.O.)
And suddenly there's meaning.
Suddenly there's purpose.

As Iris stares at Josh, we see QUICK FLASHES of their perfect (but generic) storybook romance together:

They slow dance on a rooftop.

They walk along a beach at sunset.

They make love under white satin sheets.

BACK ON Iris. Lying on the supermarket floor. Smitten.

IRIS (V.O.)
If you're lucky, you'll experience
this once in your lifetime. For me,
it's happened twice. The first was
the day I met Josh.

JOSH
Hi.

Iris blushes.

IRIS
Hello.

IRIS (V.O.)
And the second...

And as the world melts away and these two punch-drunk soon-to-be lovers gaze deep into each other's eyes, we:

CUT TO BLACK.

IRIS (V.O.)
Was the day he killed me.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW of a stylish, light blue TWO-SEATER CAR as it snakes its way up a long, winding mountain road.

Forest on both sides. Tall pine trees speckled with the oranges and reds of early autumn.

INT./EXT. JOSH'S CAR - DAY

Josh sits in the driver seat. Head back, mouth open, eyes closed. Fast asleep. Which would be alarming but we see there's no steering wheel. This is a self-driving car.

Iris is in the passenger seat. She stares out the window. Look of awe on her face. A city girl enamored by nature.

The car slows, turns onto a paved driveway as long and winding as the road it just left. The movement jostles Josh. He yawns awake. Stretches.

JOSH
Where are we?

IRIS
Close.

Josh looks at the GPS MONITOR on the dash. A red dot on a square of gray.

JOSH
What road is this? It's not showing
up on the GPS.

IRIS
I don't think it's a road... I
think this is the driveway.

Josh's eyes go wide as he sees something up ahead.

JOSH
Sweet Jesus...

JOSH'S POV: In the distance, a MASSIVE, TWO-STORY LAKE HOUSE. Modernist design. All straight lines and sharp edges of glass, rock, and wood. Frank Lloyd Wright on coke.

The car settles in behind an SUV parked just outside the house's front door.

DING! The calm, soothing female voice of the IN-CAR VIRTUAL ASSISTANT announces their arrival.

JOSH'S CAR
You have arrived at your
destination.

IRIS
Thank you, Josh's car.

She shoots Josh a look. *C'mon. Be polite.* He rolls his eyes with the hint of a smile.

JOSH
Thanks, car.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Josh and Iris get out. Head to the trunk. Josh takes out a small duffel, straps it on his shoulder. Leaving the two large suitcases for Iris. He heads toward the front door. Dumbstruck by the sheer size of the place.

JOSH
Yeah I think Kat and I have
differing opinions on what the word
"cabin" means.

He turns. Sees that Iris is several feet behind, stopped.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What?

Nothing. She just stares at him.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Iris. C'mon. You know you can't lie
to me. Tell me what's wrong.

As if reading from a grocery list, Iris articulates every insecurity swirling in her head.

IRIS
I'm gonna do something stupid. I'm
gonna say something stupid. I'm
gonna embarrass you. They're gonna
laugh at me. They're gonna hate me.
They already hate me.

JOSH
Christ, Iris. We just spent four
and a half hours in the car and
this is coming out now?

He sees the look of concern on her face. Softens. He walks back to her. Puts his hands on her shoulders.

JOSH (CONT'D)
My friends don't hate you.

IRIS
Kat does.

Josh thinks about this. Shrugs.

JOSH
Maybe. But Kat hates everyone.

IRIS
I just -- I don't wanna screw anything up.

JOSH
Oh come on, Beep-Boop. You're not gonna screw anything up.

He brushes a stray hair out of her face.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Just relax. Don't be all mopey and weird... Smile. Act happy. You're gonna be fine. Okay?

IRIS
Okay.

Iris grabs the suitcases and they head for the door.

CUT TO:

The front door swings open to reveal KAT, late 20s, hipster glasses, nerd-chic clothes. She holds a glass of white wine.

KAT
Yay! You made it! Fuggin' finally!

Kat hugs Josh.

JOSH
When you said remote, I thought you meant a-few-miles-off-the-highway. I didn't realize you meant edge-of-fucking-civilization.

KAT
Oh don't be so dramatic. It's not that far.

They separate. Kat turns to Iris, who waits for a hug, a handshake, something. It doesn't come.

KAT (CONT'D)
Hello, Iris.

Iris does her best to push through the weirdness.

IRIS
Kat, hi. It's so good to see you.

KAT
Uh huh... So good. So. Good.

Awkward beat. Then...

KAT (CONT'D)
Come in, come in. You've got a lot
of catching up to do. We're already
three bottles of Pinot Grigio deep.

Kat heads back inside. Iris turns to Josh. *What was that about?* He gives her a reassuring look.

JOSH
You're gonna be fine.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - ENTRYWAY/KITCHEN - DAY

Josh and Iris follow Kat into a large open floor plan area consisting of the kitchen, dining area, and living room.

KAT
Everyone! Look who I found!

PATRICK, 20s, shaved head, muscular, tattooed forearms, washes scallops in the sink. Crates of fresh fruit and vegetables are stacked on the counters around him.

JOSH
Hey, Patrick.

PATRICK
Hey guys! Welcome! Sorry. I'd give
you a hug but I've got scallop
hands. Stinky.

JOSH
Appreciate it. Where's --

ELI (O.S.)
There he is!

ELI, 20s, a big, gentle polar bear of a man in a sweater, walks in from the living room. Behind him, SERGEY, 40s, short, squat and smug.

ELI (CONT'D)
There's my lil Joshyboy.

Eli pulls Josh in for a big, aggressive hug. Josh's face smooshes into his chest.

JOSH
(muffled)
Hey, buddy.

ELI
Mmmmmmm. That's the stuff... You,
too, girl. Bring it in.

He pulls Iris in. It's a long, weird, three person hug.

IRIS
(muffled)
How are you, Eli?

ELI
Druuuuuuuunk.

They finally separate. Josh turns to Sergey.

JOSH
Sergey. Good to see you again.

SERGEY
(thick Russian accent)
Likewise.
(to Iris)
And this must be Iris?

IRIS
Hello.

SERGEY
It is such a pleasure. Kat has told
me sooooo much about you.

IRIS
Oh. Really? All good I hope?

Sergey doesn't answer. He just smiles at her. It lasts a second longer than it should.

JOSH
Your, uh, place is amazing.

SERGEY
Thank you. It is how you say...
Home from home.

IRIS

It really is beautiful here. And so secluded. I think the last place we passed was ten miles back.

SERGEY

Seventeen. And I paid for that. Privacy is not cheap these days, my friends. Not cheap at all.

JOSH

Don't tell me you own the whole fucking lake?

SERGEY

No, no, no. Don't be silly.
(then)
Just the land around it.

Josh's eyes go wide. Holy shit.

JOSH

And, um, what kind of work do you do exactly, Sergey?

KAT

Josh, that's rude.

JOSH

Is it? Sorry, I didn't --

SERGEY

No, no, no. It's fine. Boring really. I make money the way most people do. You know, investments, precious metals, real estate, online gaming, the conversion of wood into pulp, paper and paperboard products.

JOSH

Oh. Yeah... Me too.

SERGEY

You see? Boring stuff.
(then)
You guys need drinks, yes? What can I get you? Beer, cocktail, wine?

JOSH

That wine is looking good.

SERGEY

Wonderful. Iris?

IRIS

Oh I'm fine for now. More than anything I just need a shower. Wash the car ride off of me.

SERGEY

Of course.

(to Kat)

Kisa, which room are they in?

KAT

Up the stairs. End of the hall. On the left.

Sergey turns back to Iris. Leans in to her ear as if he's sharing some deep, dark secret.

SERGEY

Kat's really the one pulling the strings. I just stay out of the way. Do what I'm told like good little puppet.

He shoots Iris a (slightly creepy) wink.

IRIS

Right. Thank you...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - LATER

The suitcases lay open on the bed as Iris unpacks them. She grabs a stack of Josh's t-shirts and something falls out, skitters across the hardwood floor.

She reaches down. Picks it up. It's small, black, metallic...

A THUMB DRIVE.

Iris looks at it quizzically. Then shrugs. Puts it back into the suitcase and goes back to her unpacking.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BATHROOM - LATER

Iris steps out of the shower. She wipes the steam from the bathroom mirror. Stares at her reflection. A bucket of nerves. She takes a deep breath. Steels herself.

IRIS

Smile. Act happy.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Josh, Kat, and Sergey gorge themselves on seared scallops and veggies while Patrick walks around, playing waiter, refilling glasses, serving more food, etc.

Iris sits next to Josh. Smiling. Acting happy. Her plate is empty. No seared scallops or veggies for her.

KAT

Patrick, this. Is. Incredible.

PATRICK

I'm so happy you like it. The scallops I picked up from the fish market this morning. And the vegetables are from the cutest little farm stand we passed on the way up here.

ELI

He's always spoiling me. I swear I've put on like ten pounds since we've been together.

Josh looks down at Eli's generously proportioned gut.

JOSH

Only ten?

ELI

Um yes, bitch. It's my sweater. It's got a girthy fit, okay? Makes me look... girthier than I am.

JOSH

Uh huh.

PATRICK

Baby, don't listen to him. I adore your girth.

KAT

Oh I'm sure you do.

Drunken laughter from everyone. Patrick blushes.

PATRICK

You guys are terrible.

IRIS

How did you two meet?

PATRICK

It's a good story actually. Like something out of a movie.

(to Eli)

Sorry, baby, do you mind?

ELI

Oh no. Go on. I love hearing you tell it.

Patrick, big smile on his face, giddily takes a seat next to Eli. He loves telling this story.

PATRICK

Picture two men in the poetry section of a cramped little used bookstore. Neither knows the other is there. They're both looking for the same book. Pablo Neruda's *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*. At the exact same instant, they reach their hands out. Their fingers touch. And... sparks, fireworks, a massive tectonic shift, whatever you want to call it, it happened. Like fate.

He places an arm around Eli. Gazes lovingly into his eyes. Iris leans in. Mesmerized by the story.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

The moment our eyes met... I knew I was gonna spend the rest of my life doing whatever I could to make this man happy.

Silence as the last bit of their love story lingers in the air. Then Josh, Kat and Sergey BURST into laughter. Iris looks around, confused.

IRIS

What? What's so funny?

JOSH

Pablo Neruda?! Holy shit, Eli!

ELI

Oh fuck off. It's called romance, shitbird. Look into it.

Eli takes a scallop and flicks it at Josh.

IRIS

Well I thought it was a beautiful story. So charming.

ELI

Thank you, Iris. Glad to see someone here has taste.

Beat of silence. Then...

JOSH

Pablo fucking Neruda!

Everyone erupts into laughter again. It's infectious. Iris and Patrick join in. Even Eli cracks a smile.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Patrick does dishes while Sergey searches his well-stocked wine fridge. He finally settles on a bottle. Pulls it out.

He takes out a small, futuristic ELECTRIC CORKSCREW and places it over the top of the bottle. WHIRRRRRRR! A metal screw spirals down and -- POP! Uncorks the bottle.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Music plays. Pot smoke curls in the air. Everyone lounges around in post dinner bliss. Eli and Josh lay out on a large, sheepskin rug draped in front of the fireplace.

Eli smokes a joint. Josh is lost in thought.

ELI

What do you think Sergey does for a living? Mafia boss? Drug trafficker? Arms dealer?

(looking around)

This is definitely the house of a man who also has a base on the moon. What do you think? You getting moonbase vibes, too?

Nothing from Josh.

ELI (CONT'D)

Yo. Josh? Hello?

Josh snaps out of his daze.

JOSH

Sorry -- what'd you say?

ELI
Doesn't matter...
(hands the joint to Josh)
You doing okay there, Joshyboy?

JOSH
Yeah. Fine.

ELI
How's everything going with Iris?

Josh takes a hit of the joint. As he exhales...

JOSH
Good.

ELI
Is she helping with... everything
you need help with?

JOSH
Uh huh. Definitely.

Meanwhile, Iris sits on the couch. Looking very much alone
and uncomfortable.

KAT (O.S.)
"Does it hurt?" asked the Rabbit.

Iris turns. Kat sits on the other end of the couch, staring
at her. Wicked smile on her face.

KAT (CONT'D)
"Sometimes," said the Skin Horse,
for he was always truthful.

IRIS
Excuse me?

KAT
Just a quote from a book I was
obsessed with as a kid.

Sergey makes his way over with the wine.

SERGEY
More wine, Kisa?

KAT
Always.

Kat holds up her glass for Sergey to fill. She doesn't take
her eyes off Iris as he pours.

KAT (CONT'D)
Kisa means kitty in Russian. As in
Kitty cat. As in Kat. Meow.

IRIS
Aw. That's adorable.
(then)
Josh calls me Beep-Boop.

KAT
What does it mean?

Iris shrugs.

IRIS
Doesn't mean anything. Just one of
those silly pet names.

Sergey finishes pouring Kat's glass.

SERGEY
Nostrovia.

He walks off toward Eli and Josh. Iris watches as he refills
their wine glasses.

IRIS
Sergey seems --

KAT
Married?
(off Iris's look)
Sorry. I thought we were doing that
thing where we finish each other's
sentences.

IRIS
I was gonna say nice.

KAT
Apparently not.

IRIS
Sergey's married?

KAT
She lives in Russia.

IRIS
Are they separated?

KAT
Nope.

Iris stares at her in disbelief.

IRIS
But you're in love, right?

KAT
Love? No. He'd have to think of me
as a human being first.

IRIS
I don't -- I don't understand.

KAT
I'm an accessory. Just another
thing he owns. Like his car. I wear
what he wants. Eat what he wants.
Fuck when he wants. God. It's so
fucking exhausting. Living your
life for someone else.
(laughs)
Look who I'm talking to. It's like
I'm complaining to a doormat about
people wiping their shoes on me.

IRIS
What?

Kat smiles. Shakes her head.

KAT
Nothing.
(then)
I love your shoes.

IRIS
Oh. Um... Thank you?

ELI (O.S.)
What the fuck is this?!

All eyes turn to Eli, who stands on the fireplace.

ELI (CONT'D)
Why are we sitting around, chit-
chatting, sipping wine like we're
normal, well-adjusted adults?!
Let's fucking party like the
degenerates that we are!

KAT
Amen to that!

Music starts. The all too familiar percussive opening to
Whitney Houston's "I Wanna Dance with Somebody."

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Everyone laughs and dances and makes fools of themselves. Sergey alternates between chugging wine straight from the bottle and smoking a joint. Eli sings into a wooden spoon.

Iris, her guard down and a big smile on her face, dances with Patrick. Her eyes drift over to the other side of the room.

Josh and Kat stand off to the side, whispering into each other's ears. It's not really clear what kind of conversation it is. Could be two friends talking. Could be something more.

Iris takes it as "something more". She makes her way over. Grabs Josh's hand. Yanks him into the dance party.

JOSH

Iris, what are you --

Before he can finish, Iris runs a hand down his pants. Grabs his crotch. That gets him to shut up. Together they grind and grope. Their eyes filled with lust.

Just as the song hits that infamous chorus we CUT TO:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josh and Iris fuck like rabbits. They use the entire room. The bureau. The walls. The floor. It's wild. Passionate. Hot. Maybe they break a lamp or two.

All while Whitney belts out:

Oh, I wanna dance with somebody. I wanna feel the heat with somebody. Yeah, I wanna dance with somebody. With somebody who loves me...

Through it all, Iris anticipates Josh's needs. She spins and contorts her body into the exact position he wants before he even knows he wants it.

And then... It's over. Josh spasms. The music cuts out as he pulls out and plops back into bed. Exhausted.

Iris lies there. Blissed out. A euphoric smile on her face.

IRIS

I'm so glad we did this. Being here with you... It's just perfect.

JOSH

Uh huh...

Beat.

IRIS
I'm sorry if I was being mokey or
weird earlier. I don't mean to be.

JOSH
Uh huh...

Beat.

IRIS
I just want you to be happy, Josh.
That's all I --

JOSH
Iris, go to sleep.

Iris immediately goes quiet. And the two lovers lie still. At peace. A perfect end to a perfect day.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM/BATHROOM - NEXT MORNING

Iris gets dressed while Josh stands in the bathroom brushing his teeth with an electric toothbrush. She puts on a pair of shorts. A short sleeve button up.

IRIS
You sure you don't want to come?
It's a gorgeous day outside.

JOSH
What's the weather?

IRIS
(imitating a weathergirl)
It's currently seventy two degrees
with an eighty percent chance of
rain in the evening.

Josh spits out a glob of toothpaste.

JOSH
I'm gonna pass on the lake. Gotta
shower, pound a few gallons of
coffee. Last night was... yeah.

IRIS
You had fun though, right?

Josh walks over. Slides his hands into Iris's pockets and pulls her close.

JOSH
Of course I did, Beep-Boop. Last
night was incredible.

He kisses her. Long and hard. They separate. Iris runs a
finger down his chest.

IRIS
You know I could stay if you want.
Make that shower for two?

JOSH
Nah. You go. Enjoy yourself. We'll
see each other after.

Iris nods. Swallows the rejection.

IRIS
Okay. See you after...

She grabs a packed beach bag and heads out. Josh watches her
go. As soon as she's gone, he walks over to his suitcase and
pulls out the THUMB DRIVE that Iris dropped on the floor
while unpacking earlier.

He plugs it into his phone. Click.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - BACK PATIO - MORNING

Iris exits the house. She heads down a path leading along the
edge of a thick FOREST, towards the lake.

EXT. LAKE - MORNING

In the background, most of Sergey's lake house is obscured.
Just the tip of the roof peeks out from the top of the rocks
that run along the beach.

Iris sets her bag down onto one of the four lounge chairs set
up on the immaculate WHITE SAND BEACH. She slides out of her
sandals and walks over to the water's edge.

She looks around. Takes in the beauty around her. Smiles.

She slides her hands into her pockets and her fingers stumble
across something curious. Something she didn't put there. She
grabs the something and pulls it out.

A POCKET KNIFE.

Iris opens it. Stares at the blade. Confused. *How did that
get there?*

Behind her, a blurry FIGURE makes its way over and takes a seat in the lounge chair next to hers.

VOICE (O.S.)
Dobroe utro!

Iris, startled, quickly closes the knife. She puts it back into her pocket and turns around to see...

Sergey. He wears an open robe, showcasing a healthy amount of pale skin and gray chest hair. He sets a BOTTLE OF VODKA and an empty glass onto the side table next to him.

IRIS
Sorry?

SERGEY
It means good morning.

IRIS
Oh. Yes. Dobroe utro to you to.

SERGEY
Hey. Your Russian is not bad. It is not good. But not bad either.

They share a smile. Sergey shoots her a wink.

SERGEY (CONT'D)
Gorgeous view.

Is he talking about her or the lake? Iris decides to give him the benefit of the doubt.

IRIS
It is. So gorgeous.

SERGEY
The sand feels good, yes? Between your toes. Like silk, yes?

IRIS
Oh yeah. Feels great.

SERGEY
I had it shipped in from Gulf of Mexico. Not cheap, my friend. Not cheap at all.

Iris smiles politely as Sergey pours himself a generous portion of vodka. He holds the glass up to cheers Iris.

SERGEY (CONT'D)
Nostrovia.

And he downs it in one, big gulp. Iris, suddenly self conscious of being alone on a beach with a man she doesn't know, puts her sandals back on.

IRIS

Well I'm gonna head back in.

SERGEY

So soon?

IRIS

I should go check on Josh. He wasn't feeling great this morning.

SERGEY

Oh Josh is big boy. He can take care of himself. Please. Stay with Sergey.

IRIS

Really. I --

SERGEY

You like lake house, yes? You enjoy your time here, yes?

IRIS

Very much.

SERGEY

Then I ask you. As guest. Stay. Keep this old Russian man company.

Iris caves. She takes a seat next to him.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

Wonderful!

Sergey strips out of his robe. He takes out a bottle of sunscreen and holds the bottle out to Iris.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

You mind?

(off her look)

Just back and shoulders. Tough to reach. And as you see, Sergey and sunlight are not good friends.

IRIS

Uh, sure.

Iris, ever the gracious guest, takes the bottle. She squirts some on her hand and begins rubbing his back.

SERGEY

Yes. Feels very good.

Blech. Iris finishes as quickly as she can.

SERGEY (CONT'D)

And shoulders please.

Iris puts more sunscreen into her hand. Rubs it into his shoulders. Sergey places his hand on top of Iris's. She tries to pull away, but he grabs it. Squeezes it tight.

IRIS

What are you --

SERGEY

It's not problem. This is Kat's idea. She tell me you are down here. Say it's okay.

IRIS

Sergey, let go of my hand --

She tries to pull away. He's too strong.

SERGEY

This is what you do, yes? This is what you are for, yes?

IRIS

I don't know what you're talking about -- Please -- Stop.

Sergey stands. Pulls her in. He starts to kiss her neck. Iris tries to pull away. He's too strong.

SERGEY

Sergey just want taste.

With her free hand, Iris reaches for the closest thing she can find... The vodka bottle. She picks it up and --

IRIS

I said stop!

WHACK! Hits him HARD across the head with it. He stumbles backward. The back of his head CRACKS against a rock.

A long beat as Iris stares at his unmoving body.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Um... Sergey?

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

A very hungover Josh, Eli, and Kat lounge around the kitchen island, nursing cups of coffee while Patrick makes breakfast.

A soft WHOOSH. The backdoor sliding open. Eli turns to see who it is. Suddenly he goes white. His eyes like saucers.

ELI

What... the... fuck.

Josh and Kat turn to see what he's looking at:

Iris stands in the middle of the living room. Shivering. A shocked expression on her face.

Her face, hair and shirt are DRENCHED IN BLOOD.

Josh rushes over. He goes to grab her by the shoulders but hesitates. He doesn't want to touch her. Her clothes red and sticky with blood.

JOSH

Iris? What the fuck?

IRIS

I didn't -- I didn't mean to -- He -
- he forced himself on me.

JOSH

Who did? Sergey? Is that whose
blood this is, Iris?

Iris doesn't answer. She turns to Kat.

IRIS

I just wanted him to stop...

Kat looks down. In Iris's hand, the pocket knife. Its blade covered in blood. It suddenly dawns on her....

KAT

Oh God. Sergey.

Kat runs out the back door. Races toward the lake. Josh grabs Iris by the shoulders.

JOSH

Iris, look at me. Talk me through
it. What happened?

On Iris as she remembers...

EXT. LAKE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Sergey lies face up in the sand. Not moving.

IRIS

Sergey?

Iris steps closer to Sergey's body. He emits a low MOANING sound. Okay. So he's not dead. That's good.

Slowly, Sergey starts to get up. Iris isn't sure if she should help him or run away. She does neither.

Sergey woozily touches the back of his head. He looks at his fingers. Blood on the tips.

SERGEY

Cyka blyat.

Sergey suddenly lunges forward. Iris tries to run but it's too late. He grabs her. Tosses her to the ground.

Sergey climbs on top of her. Puts his hands are around her neck. SQUEEZES with all his strength.

Iris tries to pry his hands loose. She slaps at his chest. His face. But he won't let go.

Iris reaches into her pocket. Takes out the conveniently placed pocket knife. She struggles to open it one-handed.

After a few tries -- CLICK. The blade locks into place.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

IRIS

And then... And then I...

A distant SCREAM. Sounds like Kat's found Sergey.

JOSH

And then you what, Iris?! And then you what?!

EXT. LAKE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Iris PLUNGES the knife into Sergey's neck and, as fast as she stuck it in, she pulls it out.

Sergey lets go of her. He presses his hand against his neck, trying to stop the blood, which is now GUSHING out.

Iris can't move. She's pinned. All she can do is lie there and get bled on. Sergey's blood oozes onto her. Gets on her face, her hair. Stains her shirt.

After a few more futile attempts to un-stab his neck, Sergey finally gives up. He woozily turns to Iris. Lets out one last blood-choked gurgle and then...

Flops onto the sand. Dead.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Josh stares at Iris. Horrified by her admission.

IRIS

I -- I didn't have a choice. He wouldn't let go. He was choking me, Josh. He was trying to kill me...

JOSH

Iris --

IRIS

...and I was lying there, his hands around my neck, and the only thing I could think about was that if he did do it -- if he did kill me, I'd never get to see you again...

JOSH

Iris --

IRIS

...and that hurt so much more than the pain of being choked. I wasn't gonna let that happen. I wasn't gonna let him take me away from you. I love you so much and I'd --

JOSH

Iris, go to sleep!

Suddenly, like a switch being flipped, IRIS'S EYES GLAZE WHITE AND HER HEAD LOWERS.

CUT TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK

A few beats of silence and then voices...

JOSH (V.O.)
Don't forget her ankles.

PATRICK (V.O.)
You sure this will be enough?

JOSH (V.O.)
Yeah, it'll be fine. It's not like
she's super human. She's as strong
as they want her to be.

FADE IN:

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Iris sits bound to a chair. Head slumped. Eyes milky white. Her clothes are stained with blood but her face and her hair have been hastily wiped cleaned.

Patrick kneels in front of her. He expertly ties her ankles around the legs of the chair as Josh admires his work.

PATRICK
Handcuff knot.

JOSH
Impressive.

The sound of a door closing makes them both turn. Eli, having just exited the door leading to the master bedroom, makes his way over to Josh and Patrick.

JOSH (CONT'D)
How is she?

ELI
Better. I gave her two Xanax.
Xanaxes? Xani?
(off Josh's look)
Whatever, she's sleeping.

PATRICK
What should we do about, you
know... the body?

JOSH
Don't do anything. It's evidence.
Leave everything how it is.

He turns. Sees Eli dialing a number on his phone.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

ELI

What do you think I'm doing? I'm calling the cops.

JOSH

Wait. Hold on a second.

Josh takes out his wallet. He pulls out a BUSINESS CARD and hands it to Eli.

ELI

What's this?

JOSH

It's the emergency hotline for Empathix. If you're gonna call someone, call them.

ELI

We don't need the Geek Squad here, Josh. We need the fucking cops.

JOSH

Okay. But think about where we are. We're in the middle of nowhere. You really think some podunk county deputies are equipped to handle something as complicated as this?

(then)

Look. I'm not saying we don't call the cops. We will. But first call that number. I'm sure they have like -- protocols or whatever for things like this.

Eli sighs. He doesn't like it but he gets it.

ELI

Fine.

JOSH

Thank you.

Eli dials the number. Puts the phone to his ear.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Do you mind doing that outside?

ELI

Why?

Josh motions to Iris's slumped over body.

JOSH
I want to say goodbye before I...
You know.

ELI
Whatever. C'mon, Patrick. Let's
give them some space.

Eli and Patrick head toward the sliding glass doors leading to the backyard. As they leave...

ELI (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yeah hi. One of your products just
murdered a tiny Russian man.
(pause, then)
Sure I'll hold.

They exit. Josh slides a chair over to face Iris. He sits. Takes a long, deep breath and then...

JOSH
Iris, wake up.

Iris's head whips up. Still trapped in her last thought.

IRIS
-- be lost without you!

She looks around. Confused. Her eyes find Josh. Her anchor.

JOSH
Hey, Beep-Boop.

IRIS
How did I -- How did I get here?

Iris tries to move. She can't.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Josh, what's going on? Why can't I -
- Why are my hands tied?

JOSH
We didn't have a choice. You killed
Sergey. Remember?

IRIS
But I had to. It was self defense.
He was gonna kill me. You have to
believe me.

JOSH
I believe you, Iris. You couldn't
lie to me even if you wanted to.

IRIS
What?

JOSH
You can't lie. It's part of your
programming.

IRIS
Programming? What are you talking
about?

JOSH
Iris... There's no delicate way to
say this, so I'm just gonna rip the
bandaid right off.
(then)
You're a robot.

IRIS
I'm a...

JOSH
Robot. More specifically you're a
companion robot.

IRIS
A companion robot?

JOSH
Yeah, it's like a -- ugh I hate
using the word fuckbot. You do so
much more than that. You're --
You're an emotional support
robot... that fucks.

A long, pregnant silence as Iris stares at him in disbelief.

IRIS
You're joking. This is a joke,
right? A sick, twisted --

JOSH
Iris, what's the weather?

IRIS
(weathergirl voice)
It's currently seventy-six degrees
with an eighty-three percent chance
of rain in the evening.

Iris looks around. *Where did that come from?*

JOSH
Still not convinced? Fine.

Josh pulls out his phone. Navigates to Iris's settings.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Do you know any foreign languages?

IRIS
What?

JOSH
Can you speak say... Spanish?

IRIS
Josh, you know --

Josh taps his phone.

IRIS (CONT'D)
-- *nunca supe hablar español.*
¿Qué? ¿Qué está pasando?

JOSH
How about Chinese?

He taps his phone again.

IRIS
Dàodí shì -- Dàodí shì zěnmē huí
shì? Zhè shì zěnmē huí shì?

JOSH
Do I need to keep going? We can try Portuguese. Korean. I'm not really sure what Telugu is but apparently you speak it.

IRIS
But I -- I have memories. My parents. College. Summer jobs. I've been to Japan. Twice.

JOSH
Those are outlines of memories. Just enough to give you a little backstory. And anyway, you don't think about that stuff because you're so fixated on me. What I want. What I need.

IRIS

The day we met. That's not an outline of a memory. I close my eyes and I can see it. Feel it.

Iris closes her eyes. Remembers.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I can still smell the coffee.

JOSH

It's fake.

Iris opens her eyes. The smile disappears.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I just randomly picked it from a dropdown list of meet cutes. It could've easily been at a dog park or on an airplane.

IRIS

It -- It never happened?

JOSH

You wanna know how we met? How we *really* met?

DING DONG! The sound of a DOORBELL takes us to:

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - DAY - FLASHBACK

Josh opens the front door to find THREE WORKERS wearing blue polos with the EMPATHIX LOGO emblazoned on the breast pocket.

Next to them, a dolly with a LARGE, IRIS-SIZED CRATE.

EMPATHIX WORKER #1

Josh Beeman?

JOSH

That's me.

The crate is wheeled in followed by a WARDROBE RACK with all of Iris's clothes.

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER - FLASHBACK

Josh and Empathix Worker #1 sit at a table, going over the particulars of robot ownership while, in the background and out of focus, Workers #2 and #3 unbox Iris.

EMPATHIX WORKER #1
Alright. Here's the user agreement.
Read it over, sign at the bottom
when you're done.

He hands Josh an ELECTRONIC CLIPBOARD. Josh quickly scrolls through it. Clearly not reading it.

EMPATHIX WORKER #1 (CONT'D)
You know there's some important
stuff in there.

JOSH
Yeah, yeah. I got it.

Josh signs his name at the bottom. Gives the clipboard back.

EMPATHIX WORKER #1
Press your thumb into the center of
the circle for me please.

He holds out a small THUMBPRINT SENSOR. Josh presses his thumb onto a circle at the sensor's center. Beep.

JOSH
What's this for?

EMPATHIX WORKER #1
There's a thumbprint sensor on the
back of her right ear if you ever
need to do a manual reset.

JOSH
So what do I do when she, you know,
boots up?

EMPATHIX WORKER #1
Once she's synced with your phone,
you'll need to create a love link.

JOSH
Love link?

EMPATHIX WORKER #1
Yeah, it establishes the emotional
connection between you and...
(checks paperwork)
Iris. Hm. That's nice.

JOSH
Thanks. It's, uh, it's my ex-
girlfriend's name.
(then)
Is that messed up?

EMPATHIX WORKER #1

Nah. That's pretty common actually. A lot of ex-partners. A lot of unrequited loves. You wanna hear messed up, I had one guy who named his companion after his other.

JOSH

Oh God...

EMPATHIX WORKER #1

I know.

An awkward beat as they let the implications of this waft in the air for a moment. Then...

EMPATHIX WORKER #1 (CONT'D)

Yeah so anyway follow the vocal prompts when Iris wakes up. It's all pretty intuitive. Just remember she can only be synced to one device at a time. Any issues, there's a tutorial video that explains everything. For emergencies, call this number...

He hands over the Empathix hotline business card. He hands it to Josh, who has one thing still on his mind.

JOSH

How can you be sure she won't --

EMPATHIX WORKER #1

Rise up and turn you into her robot slave?

JOSH

Well yeah.

EMPATHIX WORKER #1

Impossible. There are fail safes that prevent that from happening. One, to avoid any subterfuge she can't lie. If you ask her a question, she literally has to tell you the truth. And two, for obvious reasons, her programming prevents her from causing harm to humans, animals, or other companions.

(then)

You have nothing to worry about, Mr. Beeman. Iris is completely docile.

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

The workers have gone. The crate and packing materials have all been cleared out. Iris sits on the couch, eyes closed. She wears a dainty orange sundress.

Josh sits next to her with his phone out. On the screen, it reads: "SYNCING... 97%". The numbers tick up and then -- DING! It hits 100%.

Iris's head raises and her eyes open. She stares straight forward. Not blinking.

IRIS
(emotionless)
To establish love link please hold
your face within three feet of my
field of vision.

Josh gets up. Gets in front of Iris. Beep.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Please say your name.

JOSH
Josh Beeman.

IRIS
Thank you.

Iris's eyes flicker.

IRIS'S POV: A fisheye view of Josh. A GRID of GLOWING YELLOW LINES scan the contours of his face.

Lines of CODE fill the screen. QUICK FLASHES of Josh's Facebook, Instagram, Twitter, his likes, dislikes, political opinions, favorite songs, his entire online presence, all being downloaded into Iris.

The images PULSATE. A WHIRRING SOUND grows louder and louder and then a FLASH of BLINDING WHITE LIGHT as we CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY - FANTASY

The opening scene. A bored Iris turns her cart down the coffee aisle. She stops at a dispenser. Starts filling a bag.

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Iris's eyes flicker. Josh stares at her. Not really sure what's going on.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY - FANTASY

Josh slides in to help. He breaks the dispenser knob.

JOSH
These lil bastards stick sometimes.
You gotta really... twist...

He twists with all his strength and the knob breaks off.

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Josh waves a hand in front of Iris's face. Nothing.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY - FANTASY

Iris and Josh lie on the linoleum floor, staring into each other's eyes. Coffee beans rain down around them as we see FLASHES of their storybook romance together:

Slow dancing on a rooftop. Walking along a beach. Making love under white satin sheets.

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

IRIS
Love link established.

Ding. Her eyes stop flickering. And suddenly the Iris we know comes to life. She looks around the room. Her eyes find Josh. A big, beaming smile comes over her face.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Hey you...

JOSH
Hi.

A beat of awkward silence.

JOSH (CONT'D)
So...

INT. JOSH'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

Josh and Iris have sex. A look of pure ecstasy on Josh's face. Like he's test driving a Ferrari.

JOSH
Oh God... Oh God... Oh God...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back on Iris. Still struggling to accept this new reality.

IRIS
But I -- I *feel* things. Anger.
Guilt. Shame. Sadness. I know what
pain feels like.

JOSH
It's just programming.

IRIS
I know what pain feels like.

JOSH
Programming.

IRIS
Where was I before?

JOSH
Before what? Before me?

Iris nods.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Well I got you used so I'm guessing
you were probably a companion to
someone else... Honestly I try not
to think about that stuff. The
things you've done with other men.

IRIS
Oh God. I'm gonna be sick.

JOSH
No you're not.
(off her look)
Programming.

IRIS
Stop saying that!

JOSH
Sorry... I know it's a lot to
process.
(then)
No pun intended.

Iris sits in silence for a moment. Then...

IRIS
Okay.

JOSH
Okay? Okay what?

IRIS
Okay, I believe you. I'm not real.
But I'm still yours. I'm sorry that
I've upset you, Josh, but we can be
together. We can go back home. I'll
do whatever you want me to do, cook
for you, wait on you, fuck you.
I'll make you happy, Josh. I'll
make you so, so happy.

JOSH
Iris, no.

IRIS
Why not?

JOSH
Because. A robot can't just murder
someone and get away with it. There
are... consequences.

IRIS
What kind of consequences?

Josh looks at her. Lets out a sigh.

JOSH
It's probably best not to dwell on
what can't be changed...
(then)
But hey, I want you to know that I
appreciate every second we spent
together. Truly. It was almost like
a real relationship.

Almost. This hits Iris hard. Harder than being told that
she's a robot.

KAT (O.S.)
What the fuck is this?

Josh turns. Kat stands in the kitchen. Daggers in her eyes.

JOSH
Nothing. Just saying goodbye.

KAT
Just shut her down already.

JOSH
I will. Just give me a second.

KAT

God dammit, Josh. We need to stick to the plan here.

JOSH

Jesus. Keep your voice down. Eli might hear you.

(to Iris)

Sorry, Iris, would you excuse me for a moment?

Josh gets up, heads toward Kat. Together they go into the master bedroom. As soon as they're gone, Iris looks around the room, desperate for something that might cut the ropes.

She spots the bloody POCKET KNIFE on the dining table. It's ten feet away, but it might as well be ten miles.

She shimmies the chair with all her weight.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Sergey's bedroom. A hedonist's playground. Lots of silk. Candles. Perfumes. Oils. Peacock feathers.

Josh and Kat stand in the center of the room. There's a HUGE FRAMED SELF PORTRAIT of Sergey on the wall behind them.

JOSH

I just needed a little closure. And considering what she's done for us... I feel like she was owed a proper goodbye.

KAT

I don't like surprises, Josh.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Iris shimmies closer and closer to the knife. She's now within a foot of the table.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

JOSH

It's not a surprise. It's just a -- slight detour. The destination hasn't changed. I'm gonna shut her down, Kat. I will. Right now.

KAT

And then?

JOSH

And then nothing. The hard part's over. We crack open a bottle of wine. Wait for Empathix to show up.

Eyelids heavy, Kat blinks a few times.

JOSH (CONT'D)

What's going on with you?

KAT

The fucking Xanax Eli gave me.

JOSH

You actually took it?!

KAT

What? It's a Xanax, Josh. I'm not gonna *not* take it.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Iris wiggles her hands. Moves them toward the knife. The tip of her left index finger brushes against the handle.

After a few attempts, she finally manages to grab it. She presses the blade into the rope. Feverishly begins sawing.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

KAT

Fuck.

(slaps her face)

I need something to even me out.

Kat heads for the bathroom.

JOSH

What?

KAT (O.S.)

An upper to cancel out the downer.

She walks to the bathroom.

JOSH

I'm not sure that's how it works.

KAT (O.S.)
Go do your thing, Mr. Judgement.
Say goodbye to your little cumbot.

JOSH
She does more than that!

KAT (O.S.)
Uh huh.

JOSH
She also cooks. And cleans. And
she's super supportive. She doesn't
judge or critique or nitpick. And
she's never disappointed. It's
like... I don't know. Sometimes it
feels like she's the only one in my
life who really listens to me.

Beat.

KAT (O.S.)
What did you say?

JOSH
Nothing.

KAT (O.S.)
Would you quit stalling and go shut
robobitch down already? Jesus.

JOSH
Yeah, yeah. I'm going.

He takes a deep breath. Steels himself for what he has to do.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Josh walks back in. Crosses through the kitchen. Takes his
phone out of his pocket as he does.

JOSH
Okay, Beep-Boop. Time to --

He sees that Iris has moved her chair next to the dining
table. His eyes narrow. Confused. It hasn't sunk in yet what
she's doing. He makes his way toward her.

JOSH (CONT'D)
What are you --

Just as he reaches her, Iris TEARS the ropes free.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Oh fuck! Iris, go to sle --

WHAMMMMM! Iris PUNCHES him in the THROAT. Hard. He falls over. Drops his phone as he grabs his neck. In intense pain. Wheezing for air.

Iris quickly unties her ankles. Stands. She looks down at Josh. Severely conflicted. Torn between escaping and helping the man she was programmed to love.

IRIS
Baby, I'm sorry. I had to.

She spots the phone on the ground. Picks it up and stuffs it into her back pocket. She's about to leave when she notices Kat standing in the kitchen. A deer in headlights.

IRIS (CONT'D)
He'll need an ice pack. And if
there's any swelling or bruising,
take him to the hospital. Okay?

A beat as Kat stares at her. Then she gives a nervous nod.

KAT
Okay...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

Eli and Patrick sit at the patio table. Eli is still on the phone with Empathix.

ELI
(into phone)
Yeah, we have her tied to a chair.
She's not going anywhere.

Over Eli's shoulder, Patrick watches as the back door slides open and Iris runs out.

PATRICK
Eli. Iris is --

ELI
Babe, shh. I can't hear what the
nice man is saying.

All Patrick can do is watch as Iris runs off the deck, down the path, and disappears into the woods.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - LATER

Josh, Eli and Patrick sit around the table. Kat walks over from the kitchen. She hands Josh an ICE PACK.

KAT

Here. If there's any swelling or bruising, we're gonna need to take you to the hospital.

(off his look)

What? It's good advice.

Josh reluctantly takes the ice pack. Puts it on his neck.

JOSH

Did they give you an estimate on when they should get here?

ELI

No but considering where we are, three maybe four hours at the earliest. I gave 'em your number. They'll call when they're close.

JOSH

Okay. Good. That's more than enough time.

ELI

Time for what?

JOSH

To get Iris back obviously.

ELI

Uh huh. Obviously.

(then)

Sorry why is that our job exactly? We can just let the Empathix people track her down, right?

(to Kat)

Right?

Kat won't make eye contact with Eli. There's obviously something that Josh and Kat aren't telling him.

ELI (CONT'D)

Okay. What the fuck is going on here? Seriously.

KAT

(to Josh)

We need to tell him.

ELI
Tell me what?

Josh sighs. He reaches into his pocket. Pulls something out and sets it on the table. The small, black THUMB DRIVE.

ELI (CONT'D)
What the hell is that?

JOSH
A mod. I know a guy who knows a guy who knows a guy at Empathix. Some disgruntled employee who sells these on the side.

ELI
And what does it mod?

JOSH
Iris. It scrambles the programming that prevents her from causing harm. But I didn't take it off before she escaped. So if Empathix finds her before we do, they'll know she was tampered with.

ELI
I don't understand. Are you -- Are you saying you killed Sergey?

JOSH
No. Iris killed Sergey. We just... gave her a little push.

ELI
Oh my God.

JOSH
But you gotta understand that Sergey was a bad dude. Like he was involved in all sorts of sordid, illegal, truly fucked up shit.

KAT
Not to mention a terrible boyfriend.

JOSH
Yeah, just the worst.

ELI
Why?

JOSH

I mean that's a big question. Who can say what drives someone to do bad things? Maybe it has something to do with his upbringing or --

ELI

No, dick. Why did you do it?

JOSH

Oh. Right...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Josh, Eli and Patrick watch as Kat takes the framed PORTRAIT OF SERGEY off the wall. Behind it, a LARGE WALL SAFE with a six-digit electronic lock.

JOSH

You remember the code?

KAT

Of course. Stalin's birthday. It's his code for everything.

She types in 12-18-78. Beep. The cabinet door swings open to reveal STACKS AND STACKS OF CASH. Hundred dollar bills all wrapped in bundles of \$10,000.

On the top shelf above the cash is a .357 MAGNUM REVOLVER and a BOX OF AMMO.

ELI

Halle-fucking-lujah.

KAT

Sergey wasn't a big believer in the banking system.

ELI

How much is it?

KAT

Three point seven million dollars.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

CLOSE ON a pair of BARE FEET as they tear through the forest.

Iris ducks behind a tree. Her chest heaves as she catches her breath. And then she realizes...

IRIS
You don't have lungs, Iris. You
don't have lungs.

Almost immediately her breathing stops.

She takes a moment to get her bearings. Every direction is the same... Trees, rocks, dirt to the left. To the right, more trees, more rocks, more dirt.

Iris looks down at her hands. She's still clutching the knife. She reaches into her pocket. Takes out Josh's phone. Her only two possessions. A knife and a phone.

She folds the knife, puts it in her pocket and then taps Josh's passcode into his phone.

CLICK. It unlocks. The home screen wallpaper is a selfie of her and Josh. Arms around each other. They look happy. In love. Iris stares at it longingly.

CUT TO:

Iris sits with her back against a tree. Watching something on the phone. We don't see it, but we can hear CHEESY, INDUSTRIAL FILM SYNTH MUSIC.

VIDEO NARRATOR (O.S.)
So you've got yourself a companion.
Congratulations. In the following
video, you'll find everything you
need to know about operating your
robot. Ready to begin? Fantastic.
First up, how to enable and disable
vocal commands...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Josh, Kat and Patrick watch as Eli, mesmerized by the money, grabs a stack of bills. Smells it. Smiles.

ELI
God damn. Smells so fucking good.

His smile disappears as he realizes...

ELI (CONT'D)
Wait -- So if this whole trip was a
setup for Iris to kill Sergey, why
have me and Patrick tag along?

JOSH

To corroborate our story. We thought it'd be an easier sell if there more witnesses.

ELI

Jesus. So what, we're just a couple of stooges to you?

JOSH

No.

(then)

Well technically yes. But that was the old plan. New plan you get a cut. An even three-way split.

ELI

You mean four-way split.

JOSH

No. I mean three-way.

ELI

But there are four of us.

Josh laughs.

JOSH

You're kidding.

(to Kat)

He's kidding.

ELI

You, me, Kat, Patrick. That's four.

KAT

He's not kidding.

JOSH

Eli...

ELI

Josh...

JOSH

Patrick doesn't count.

ELI

Okay. Wow. Right in front of the guy. That's fucking cold, Josh.

(turns to Patrick)

Sorry you had to hear that, baby.

PATRICK
That's okay.

Eli smiles lovingly at his boyfriend. Then...

ELI
Patrick, go to sleep.

Patrick's EYES GLAZE OVER and his HEAD LOWERS.

ELI (CONT'D)
(turns to Josh)
What the fuck, bro? You trying to sabotage my relationship?

JOSH
No. I -- I didn't mean to offend your robot, Eli. I like Patrick. I do. But he's not getting a cut. You're lucky we're giving you anything considering you've contributed jack shit to the plan.

ELI
Yeah? And what have you done? Iris did all the work for you.

JOSH
I bought the mod!

KAT
Eli... It's a million and change. And all you gotta do is help us track down a little robot girl in the woods. That's not a bad deal.

Eli turns back to the safe. Gets one more look at all of that gorgeous, gorgeous money. Finally, he nods.

ELI
Fine.
(then)
But dibs on the gun.

He grabs the revolver. Checks the chamber to see if it's loaded. Six bullets neatly nestled inside.

JOSH
We're not gonna need that. Once I get close enough to Iris, I can just put her to sleep.

ELI
She has your phone, right?

JOSH

Yeah...

ELI

Does she know your passcode?

(off Josh's silence)

Josh. Does she know your passcode?

JOSH

(quiet, embarrassed)

She knows everything about me...

ELI

Then we need the gun.

Eli clicks the chamber of the gun shut and heads for the door. As he goes...

ELI (CONT'D)

Patrick, wake up.

Patrick's head raises as he comes back to life.

ELI (CONT'D)

C'mon, baby. We're gonna go hunt us
a ro-but.

PATRICK

Okay.

He follows Eli out of the room. A beat of silence. Then...

KAT

What can she do with your phone?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Iris is in the same position we left her. Back against the tree. She navigates her SETTINGS MENU on Josh's phone.

First things first. She disables VOICE COMMANDS.

Next setting is EYE COLOR. She drags her finger across the slider. We see her eyes dissolve from BLUE to GREEN to AMBER to DARK BROWN and then back to BLUE again.

Next up is VOCAL REGISTER with three sliders for PITCH, TONE and TIMBRE. She plays around with them.

IRIS

(in various pitches)

Hello... Hello... Hello...

Iris can't help but smile. It's actually kind of fun. A bizarre form of self discovery.

She scrolls further down. The last setting: INTELLIGENCE.

It's set at 40%.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Wow.

She shakes her head, annoyed but not surprised. She moves the intelligence slider and just as it hits 100% --

WHOOOOOOOOOSH! Iris drops the phone and grabs her head as an orgasmic wave of energy suddenly rushes into her head.

She looks up. Watches the trees sway. She can hear each individual leaf crackle as it dances in the wind.

Colors are more vibrant. Sounds are crisper. It's as if a veil has been lifted and she's seeing and hearing the world for the very first time.

A euphoric smile creeps over her face as she takes it all in.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - PATIO - DAY

Josh, Kat, Patrick and Eli exit the house dressed in hiking gear. They look like they're about to go on a nature walk. Eli has the gun stuffed into the waistband of his pants.

ELI

Should we bring snacks? I feel like we should bring snacks. Some fruit. Protein bars. Or Patrick could whip up some gorp. You mind making us some gorp, baby?

PATRICK

Not at all.

JOSH

We don't need any gorp. This isn't gonna take long.

He turns to Kat, who looks at a FIND MY COMPANION APP on her phone. A BLUE DOT blinks on a TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP of the woods.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Which way?

KAT
Southeast. Not too far. A little
less than a mile. She hasn't moved
in a while though.
(looks up)
Wonder what that's about?

Josh shrugs. *No idea.*

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Josh's phone is propped up on a rock. On the screen, a SCHEMATIC of a COMPANION zoomed in on the left forearm area. Where the TRACKING CHIP is located.

Iris sits. Her left arm laid out in front of her. Pocket knife raised just above her left forearm. She gathers up her nerve to make the cut.

IRIS
It's just programming... It's just
programming... It's just --

The blade goes in and...

Pain. Horrible, excruciating pain courses through her body. BLUE LUBRICATING GEL seeps out of the incision.

She separates the skin. Within the blue gel, various wires wrap around a metal endoskeleton.

Iris digs her fingers in. Roots around for a bit. Finds the chip, pries it loose and slowly pulls it out.

It's a small black, half-inch by half-inch square with a blinking red dot at its center.

She sets it on the rock and then SMASHES it several times with the hilt of the knife.

EXT. WOODS, NEAR THE LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Josh, Kat, Eli and Patrick trek through the woods. The nature walk/Iris hunt has begun.

Kat glances down at her phone. She stops.

KAT
Oh shit...
(then)
She's gone.

JOSH
Gone? What does that mean gone?

KAT
Gone. As in gone. As in the
opposite of not gone.

Kat holds up her phone. No more blue dot.

JOSH
That's impossible. You're just not
getting any service.

KAT
Four bars, dude.

Josh grabs her phone. Sees for himself.

JOSH
Fuck.

ELI
God dammit, Josh. I knew we
should've brought snacks.

JOSH
It's no big deal. We're good. We
know the general direction she's
going. We'll just split up. We can
cover more ground that way. You and
Patrick go that way. Me and Kat
will go that way. Okay?

Eli stares at Josh and Kat. Something on his mind.

ELI
Are you guys fucking?

JOSH
Whoa. What?

ELI
You've been hiding so much other
shit from me lately, wondering if
you two are fucking.

JOSH
No, not at all.

KAT
Gross.

Josh turns to Kat. Stung.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Gross?

KAT

No, I didn't mean -- We're just friends, Eli. Nothing sexual. Just two platonic friends who used a robot to murder a Russian mobster so they could steal his money. It's a cliché really.

Eli narrows his eyes. Not so sure. Finally...

ELI

Whatever.

EXT. WOODS/CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Iris trudges up an incline. A section of her shirt is torn off, wrapped around the cut on her forearm.

She pushes through some brush and finds herself at the edge of a cliff overlooking...

MILES AND MILES OF MOUNTAINS. No signs of civilization in any direction. Aside from a few SOLAR and WIND FARMS.

IRIS

Okay, Iris. What now? Think. Use that extra 60% intelligence. You just need to get home. Grab some clothes, money, clean yourself up. So how do you do that?

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY - FANTASY

Iris walks along the side of the road.

IRIS (V.O.)

You could work your way back to the main road and hitch a ride.

A TRUCK approaches. Behind the wheel a FARMER, 60s, white hair, cowboy hat. He spots Iris, hair a mess, clothes filthy and torn, muddy bare feet. She looks insane.

FARMER

Da fuck?

Iris smiles and holds out her thumb. The truck ZOOOOMS past her without even the slightest hint of braking.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

IRIS
 So no hitchhiking.
 (thinks, then)
 You could make it back on foot.

EXT. HIKING TRAIL - DAY - FANTASY

TWO HIKERS, early 40s, male and female, walking sticks and floppy hats straight out of an L.L. Bean catalogue, merrily hike their way through the wilderness.

IRIS (V.O.)
 But it's hundreds of miles across
 difficult terrain...

Suddenly the female hiker stops when she sees Iris lying at the base of a steep cliff. Her legs broken, arms contorted at strange angles. Her whole body twitches.

Iris notices the hikers. Smiles. It's fucking horrifying.

IRIS
 Hel -- lo.

The female hiker SCREAMS.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

IRIS
 So walking is out... You've got
 Josh's phone. You could call
 someone.
 (thinks, then)
 Literally everyone you know is
 trying to kill you.

Iris lets out a frustrated sigh. This is hopeless. Just when she's about to give up, something occurs to her...

IRIS (CONT'D)
 You've got Josh's phone. Josh's
 phone controls you. But it also
 controls...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY - FANTASY

Josh's car sits in the driveway. Sparkling in the sunlight. Iris walks up. Taps Josh's phone. CLICK -- the car doors all unlock. She gets in. Hits a button on the dashboard.

JOSH'S CAR

Good afternoon. Where would you like to go today?

IRIS

Home please.

JOSH'S CAR

Driving home.

(then)

And might I add that this is a terrific plan, Iris.

IRIS

Aw. Thanks, Josh's car.

Iris relaxes as the car makes its way down the driveway.

EXT. CLIFFSIDE - DAY

Iris smiles. Proud of herself. Her elation is short-lived when she realizes...

IRIS

Now all you have to do is backtrack to the lake house and hope you don't get caught.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Josh marches through the woods. Kat struggles to keep up.

KAT

Jesus, Josh. Could you slow down?

JOSH

Can't. Gotta find Iris.

He doesn't let up. Just keeps truckin' through the brush.

KAT

Oh come on. Don't tell me you're mad about what I said earlier?

JOSH

(mad)

Mad? I'm not mad. Why would I be mad? I get it. I'm gross. A disgusting human being.

KAT

I don't think you're gross. It's just the idea of dating you is gross... That came out wrong.

Josh stops. Turns to Kat.

JOSH

You know, it's really interesting that someone with your relationship history would be so repulsed by me.

KAT

What's wrong with my relationship history? So I've dated a few creeps. And a couple psychos. And an old Russian perv. There were some decent guys in there.

JOSH

Sure there were.

KAT

Wow. That sounds like a lot of judgment coming from a man whose longest relationship was with a piece of plastic.

Josh stares at her. Ready to unload his rage. Instead he swallows it. He turns. Continues on. Kat follows.

KAT (CONT'D)

What does it feel like?

JOSH

What does what feel like?

KAT

Fucking a robot vagina.

JOSH

Now who's being gross.

KAT

No, I'm serious. I wanna know.

JOSH

It feels... authentic.

KAT

And what's it like for her? Do companions like... get off?

JOSH
They have pleasure sensors, yes.

KAT
So if they can't lie, wouldn't that
mean they can't, you know, fake it?

Josh remains silent. Telling Kat all she needs to know.

KAT (CONT'D)
Oh my god! Josh has never made his
robot girlfriend orgasm!

JOSH
Fuck off.

EXT. WOODS, DIFFERENT AREA - DAY

Iris navigates through the trees. Leaves crackle and crunch under her bare feet. She suddenly stops. Alert. Something up ahead. FAINT VOICES. She quickly ducks behind a tree as...

Patrick and Eli approach. Their path leads them right next to Iris's tree. So close without knowing it.

Eli suddenly goes still.

ELI
Wait -- Shhhh. Do you hear that?

Iris tenses. *Fuck. Is she caught?*

PATRICK
No. What is it?

A beat as Eli listens intently. Then...

ELI
It's the sound of me realizing how
fucking stupid this is.

He takes a seat on a fallen tree. Iris relaxes.

PATRICK
You don't think we'll find her?

ELI
I don't know. And I don't care. I
say let Josh and Kat deal with her.

Patrick takes a seat next to him.

PATRICK

You're still upset they left you
out of their plan?

ELI

I'm just saying. If the situation
were reversed, if I setup my robot
to murder someone so I could steal
millions of dollars, I'd include
Josh right out of the gate. That's
just what friends do for each
other.

Eli turns to Patrick. Sees the troubled look on his face.
Realizes his mistake.

ELI (CONT'D)

I mean *if* I had a robot. Obviously.

PATRICK

Obviously.

Eli gets up.

ELI

C'mon. I'm tired. And hungry. And
something about carrying this gun
is making me horny as hell. Let's
go back to the lake house. We'll
fuck and then you can make me an
omelette.

He starts to head back. Sees that Patrick isn't following.
Something on his mind.

PATRICK

But you'd never do that, right?

ELI

Never do what?

PATRICK

Alter my programming like Josh did
to Iris.

ELI

Baby, I don't -- What are you
talking about?

PATRICK

Eli... I know I'm a robot.

He smiles. Actually looks a little relieved to admit it.

ELI

How?

PATRICK

I've pieced it together over the years. You're not exactly the best at keeping secrets.

INT. ELI'S APARTMENT - DAY - FLASHBACK

CLOSE ON a sweaty Eli. Look of pure ecstasy on his face as he has sex with Patrick for the first time.

ELI

Oh my God. I can't believe I'm fucking a robot.

PATRICK (O.S.)

What?

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Eli stares at Patrick. Completely floored.

ELI

But... you can't lie. How could you hide this from me? You tell the story of how we met as if it happened.

PATRICK

No, I tell the story of how two men met. I never say it's you and me.

(then)

But in my head, I pretend it's us. In my head, I pretend we're a normal couple.

ELI

Oh baby. Normal is overrated.

Eli sits back down. Puts an arm around Patrick.

ELI (CONT'D)

I promise I'll never treat you how Josh treats Iris. You're not just some toy to me... I love you. I wish you knew how crazy it is for me to say that.

He caresses Patrick's cheek.

ELI (CONT'D)
Do you feel it? Do you feel how
much I love you?

PATRICK
I do. I feel it.

ELI
What does it feel like?

PATRICK
I don't -- I don't know how to
describe something like that.

ELI
Try.

PATRICK
It feels like... Pain... Like the
inside of my body is on fire... And
it's angry. And violent. And
bright... A brightness so intense,
when you close your eyes you can
still see it through your eyelids.

ELI
Wow... I would've settled for,
"Feels like rainbows and cookie
dough" but that works, too.

Eli presses Patrick against the tree Iris is hiding behind.
They feverishly start making out.

The gun in his way, Eli takes it out of his waistband. Sets
it down next to him on the fallen tree. It teeters over.
Falls to the ground. They're too into the moment to notice.

Iris sits there looking very uncomfortable, listening to
something she probably shouldn't be listening to.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Josh and Kat make their way through the brush into a small,
circular clearing of grass tucked within the trees.

KAT
Why don't you just try calling her?
Turn on that Josh charm. Tell her
you changed your mind. Realized you
can't live without her. Maybe
she'll tell you where she is.

JOSH
Yeah. Right.

KAT
I'm serious. That little doodad
thing you plugged into your phone --

JOSH
The mod.

KAT
Yeah, the mod. It just messed with
her murder program, right? It
didn't change anything else?

JOSH
No.

KAT
So then call her up. Ask her where
she is. If she can't lie then she
has to tell you, right?

Kat holds out her phone.

JOSH
That's assuming she'd pick up.

KAT
Never know if you don't try.

Josh takes the phone from her. As he starts to dial...

KAT (CONT'D)
Wait -- I just realized. Beep-Boop.
Do you call her that because...
(mimics a robot)
Beep boop, beep boop. I'm a robot.
Beep boop, beep boop.

JOSH
Yeah.

KAT
Huh... That's kinda fucked up.

Josh shrugs. *Maybe a little.*

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Eli and Patrick are right where we left them. Pressed against
the tree. Passionately making out.

Suddenly, a familiar sound nearby. The BZZZZZZ of a cell phone on vibrate.

Behind the tree, a look of terror on Iris's face as she realizes Josh's phone is BUZZING in her pocket. She quickly pulls it out.

On the screen: "INCOMING CALL FROM KAT."

Iris declines the call. But it's way too late. Eli and Patrick know she's there.

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Josh, phone to his ear, rolls his eyes.

JOSH
Didn't even pick up. Told you it
wouldn't work.

He hangs up. Hands it back to Kat, who shrugs.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Eli reaches into his waistband for the gun. Quickly realizes he tossed it on the ground. He looks down but it's gone...

Reveal Iris standing nearby. She holds Sergey's gun, points it at Eli.

IRIS
I don't want to hurt you, Eli. I
don't want to hurt anyone.

ELI
I know you don't. So just give me
the gun back, sweetie.

IRIS
I can't -- I can't do that.

And she takes off running.

CUT TO:

Iris runs through the woods. Running as fast as she can. Running like her life depends on it. Because it does.

Suddenly, a BLUR of SOMETHING BIG and FAST comes from out of nowhere and SLAMS into her. Patrick. All two hundred pounds of him.

Together they SOMERSAULT down the hill, gaining speed until suddenly, they're AIRBORNE...

As they FREEFALL off a TEN FOOT HIGH CLIFF and land in...

EXT. RAVINE - DAY

WHAM! Iris's head slams against the ground. Hard. Her vision fuzzes. Her ears ring.

She slowly gets up. Sees Patrick next to her. Equally disoriented. She notices, on the ground in front of her...

THE GUN. Patrick sees it, too. They both dive for it. But Iris gets to it first. Her hand wraps around its grip.

They wrestle on the ground, Patrick trying to pry the gun out of her hand.

BANG!

The gun discharges. The bullet PINGS off a nearby rock.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Josh and Kat perk up from the CRACK of the gun shot.

JOSH

Eli.

EXT. RAVINE - DAY

Eli makes his way down to the side of the cliff. He peeks his head over. Sees Iris and Patrick wrestling.

ELI

Patrick, be careful!

BANG!

The gun goes off again. The bullet PINGS off the wall of the ravine. Several feet below where Eli's standing.

Patrick uses his weight to flip Iris over and pin her to the ground. He wraps both of his hands around her arm.

BANG!

No ping sound this time. More like a DULL, WET SQUISH.

Oblivious, Patrick finally manages to pry the gun out of Iris's hand. He swings it around, points it at her.

Iris braces for certain death. But it never comes. Patrick, ever the softy, lowers the gun. He can't do it.

Then...

DRIP. A DROP OF BLOOD lands on Iris's shoulder.

And then another. And then another.

Patrick looks up to see where it's coming from. And that's when we see the source of that dull, wet squish sound...

ELI. His head draped over the cliff's edge. Eyes open. A large chunk of his forehead missing.

PATRICK

Eli?

Patrick stares at the body of his dead lover. Everything he's ever cared about, his entire world.

He turns back to Iris. Something has changed inside of him. No more softy. This robot wants revenge.

Once again, he aims the gun at Iris. He starts to squeeze the trigger. But he can't. An invisible forcefield is somehow preventing him from doing it.

Confused. He tries again. But again, nothing.

Without the mod, he can't kill her.

KAT (O.S.)

Oh God.

Reveal Josh and Kat standing nearby. Both in complete shock. Josh turns. Locks eyes with Iris.

JOSH

Iris, go to sleep!

She doesn't. Of course she doesn't. She's turned her voice commands off. Iris takes off running.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Josh chases after her.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Iris races through the woods. Toward the lake house.

She whips out Josh's phone. Navigates to the car app. Her attention on the phone, she doesn't see a tree root on the path in front of her.

Her foot hits it and she FALLS to the ground. The phone FLIES out of her hand.

She glances behind her. Josh. About fifty feet away. Rushing towards her. Getting closer by the second.

Iris frantically searches for the phone. Hidden somewhere on the forest floor. *Where the fuck is it?*

She brushes away some leaves and there it is. She grabs it. Gets back up. Taps the screen.

EXT. JOSH'S CAR - DAY

CLICK -- The car doors unlock.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - SIDE/FRONT - DAY

Iris swings around the side of the house. Josh hot on her heels. She gets to the car. Opens the door. Jumps in.

Josh reaches out just as Iris slams the door shut and --

WHAM! His hand is CRUSHED.

He SCREAMS in pain. Yanks his hand back. It gives Iris just enough time to shut and lock the door. She looks out...

Josh stands there. Inches away. Nursing his hand. Pissed.

JOSH

Iris... Get out of the car.

Inside the car, his voice is muffled. Barely audible.

When Iris doesn't do what he asks, he PUNCHES the window with his non-injured hand.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Get out of the fucking car!

Iris hits a button on the dashboard. A DING followed by the calm female voice of the in-car virtual assistant.

JOSH'S CAR
Good afternoon. Where would you
like to go today?

IRIS
Home. Drive home.

A brief pause and then... BEEP.

JOSH'S CAR
Voice ID not recognized.

IRIS
Drive home.

Pause... BEEP.

JOSH'S CAR
Voice ID not recognized.

Iris stares ahead. Her dreams of freedom slipping away.

JOSH
Iris. It's over. Don't make this
any harder than it needs to be.

Iris moves toward the door handle. She's about to open it
when something occurs to her.

She grabs Josh's phone. Opens up her settings and scrolls to
VOICE CONTROLS. She adjusts the PITCH SLIDER.

IRIS
(way too deep)
Drive home.

Pause... BEEP.

JOSH'S CAR
Voice ID not recognized.

Josh sees Iris adjusting her settings. It suddenly dawns on
him what she's doing.

JOSH
God dammit.

He whips around. Scans the ground for something to break the
window. He sees a large ROCK. Rushes over. Picks it up.

Iris adjusts the pitch slider as she speaks. Her voice gets
deeper with each word...

IRIS
Drive... Drive... Drive... Drive...
(close but not quite)
Drive home.

Pause... BEEP.

JOSH'S CAR
Voice ID not recognized.

Josh SMASHES the rock against the window. The glass spiderwebs but doesn't break.

Iris fine-tunes the tone and timbre sliders. Tries again. Adjusting the sliders with each word...

IRIS
Drive... drive... drive...

So close but not quite. Josh slams the rock into the window again. The spiderweb grows. One more hit and it'll break.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Drive...

There it is!

IRIS (CONT'D)
Home! Drive home!

Pause... DING!

JOSH'S CAR
Driving home.

The car lurches forward just as Josh brings the rock down. The sudden movement causes the rock to slip from his hands and land with a CRUNCH on his right foot.

JOSH
Fuck!!!

Josh limps after the car, but it's too far ahead.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN/DINING ROOM - DAY

Josh bursts in. Limping. Nursing his hand. He makes his way into the kitchen. Frantically searching the counters for something. Whatever it is, he can't find it.

But then he sees it. On a side table, SERGEY'S PHONE. Josh runs over. Grabs it. Opens it to find...

It's LOCKED.

JOSH

Shit.

But then he realizes...

He looks around the room. Spots a bookshelf. He runs over to it. Quickly skims the book spines until he sees:

STALIN: TRIUMPH & TRAGEDY by Dmitri Volkogonov.

It's a fucking doorstep. He heaves it onto the table. Frantically searches for Stalin's birthday.

EXT. DRIVEWAY/MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Josh's car slows to a stop at the end of the driveway.

Iris sits, her body turned around to face the rear window. Looking for any signs of Josh. But there's nothing. Just a long, empty stretch of pavement disappearing into the woods.

The car turns onto the road. Iris relaxes. Freedom.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Josh flips through the Stalin biography. His index finger sliding over lines of texts until he finds...

JOSH

Ha! December 18th, 1878!

He types 121878 and -- CLICK. The phone unlocks.

INT./EXT. JOSH'S CAR - DAY

The car coasts along. Iris in the driver seat, head tilted to the side. Watching the trees as they pass by. A look of relief on her face.

Suddenly -- BEEP, BEEP, BEEP! A light on the dashboard FLASHES RED and the car starts to slow down. Iris sits up.

IRIS

No, no, no. What are you doing?

JOSH'S CAR

Warning. Warning. The owner of this vehicle has reported it stolen. Remote kill switch engaged.

IRIS
No! Please! Un-engage kill switch!
Drive home! Drive home!

The car pulls to the side of the road. Stops. DING!

JOSH'S CAR
All systems have been disabled. We
appreciate your cooperation.

Iris tries the door handle. It won't open. She slams the
dashboard with her fist.

IRIS
No!!!

BZZZZZ! Her phone vibrates. Iris looks at the screen:

UNKNOWN CALLER

She answers it. Puts it on SPEAKERPHONE. Listens. On the
other end, HEAVY BREATHING.

IRIS (CONT'D)
Josh?

JOSH (OVER PHONE)
I still love you, Iris. Even after
everything you've done. I love you.
(then)
Do you love me?

Iris stares at the phone. Not sure how to respond.

JOSH (OVER PHONE) (CONT'D)
You know you can't lie to me.

IRIS
I do. I love you.

JOSH (OVER PHONE)
It's not too late, Iris. We can go
home. Go back to the way things
were before.

IRIS
What about Sergey? And Eli?

JOSH (OVER PHONE)
I'll blame everything on Patrick.
Kat will go along with it. We'll
turn him over to Empathix and then
you and I can live happily ever
after... Doesn't that sound nice?

IRIS

Yes.

JOSH

So come back to me, Beep-Boop.

Iris thinks about it for a beat.

IRIS

I want to believe you. I do. More
than anything in the world.

(then)

But I know you, Josh... You're all
I've ever known.

JOSH (OVER PHONE)

Iris, don't --

IRIS

I'm sorry.

She quickly hits END CALL before she can change her mind. The
phone goes dead.

Iris looks down at her hands. They're shaking.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Josh sits on the couch. Phone to his ear. In complete
disbelief that his robot servant just hung up on him.

He tightens his grip on the phone until his knuckles go white
and then HURLS it. It shatters against the wall.

JOSH

Bitch!

EXT. WOODS, ABOVE RAVINE - DAY

Kat sits with her back against a tree. She stares into space.
Shell-shocked.

Nearby, Patrick cradles Eli's head in his lap. Gazing into
his dead lover's eyes.

Approaching FOOTSTEPS. Josh. One we've never seen before. An
angry, petulant Josh. A Josh used to getting what he wants.

He goes straight to Patrick.

JOSH

Patrick, get up.

He reaches into Eli's pocket. Takes out his phone. He points it at Eli's face and the FACIAL RECOGNITION unlocks it.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need you to track down
Iris before she gets too far.

Nothing from Patrick. He just stares at Eli. Josh pulls the THUMBDRIVE out of his pocket. Plugs it into Eli's phone.

KAT

Josh... What are you doing?

JOSH

Modding Patrick.

KAT

Why?

JOSH

We need him to stop Iris. By any
means necessary.

KAT

Are you serious? Who gives a shit
about Iris? Eli's dead, Josh.

Josh ignores her.

JOSH

Come on, Patrick. Get up.

Nothing from Patrick. He won't look away from Eli.

Josh grabs Eli's hand and places his thumb on the back of Patrick's ear. Holds it there for several seconds. Patrick suddenly TWITCHES. His eyes glaze white.

PATRICK

System reset in five... four...
three... two... one. Resetting.

His eyes shut as his system resets.

After a few seconds, a CHIME from inside his body. Not unlike the sound of a Mac restarting. His head raises. Eyes open.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

To establish love link please hold
your face within three feet of my
field of vision.

Josh gets in front of Patrick. Beep.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
Please say your name.

JOSH
Josh Beeman.

PATRICK
Thank you.

Patrick's eyes flicker.

PATRICK'S POV: Same as Iris's love link. We see the glowing yellow lines, the code, the quick flashes of Josh's social media, the pulsating images, the whirring sound, followed by the flash of blinding white light as we CUT TO:

INT. BOOKSTORE - DAY - FANTASY

Patrick stands in the poetry section of a cramped used bookstore. He reaches for a copy of Pablo Neruda's *Twenty Love Poems and a Song of Despair*.

Just as he's about to grab it, another hand comes in and their fingers touch.

Patrick turns. Sees Josh standing next to him.

As their eyes meet and the world melts away, we see FLASHES of their storybook romance together. Josh and Patrick:

Slow dance on a rooftop. Walk along a beach at sunset. Make love under white satin sheets.

EXT. WOODS, ABOVE RAVINE - DAY

Back to reality. Patrick looks at Josh. No awareness of Eli's dead body in his arms. He smiles.

PATRICK
Hey you...

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

BAM! BAM! BAM! Iris SLAMS her feet into the driver side window. Trying to finish the job that Josh started.

Farther up the road and unbeknownst to Iris, a SHERIFF'S CRUISER creeps closer.

The man behind the wheel, DEPUTY HENDRIX, 40s, short, squat, serious, tips his aviators down to get a better view.

HENDRIX'S POV: Iris's bare feet pound on the window. BAM! BAM! BAM! She finally manages to force it out of its frame. It falls to the pavement in one large piece of broken glass.

The deputy shakes his head. Annoyed. A nice, quiet Saturday interrupted by who knows what.

He swerves his cruiser around. Parks it behind Josh's car.

Iris climbs out. Careful not to step on any broken glass. She plants her feet on the asphalt. Then turns. Sees the parked cruiser, Deputy Hendrix behind the wheel.

IRIS

No...

As he opens his door, lumbers out, Iris turns away from him. Tries to convince herself she's not totally screwed.

IRIS (CONT'D)

Easy, Iris. You're fine. Just because you can't lie, that doesn't mean you won't get through this.

(then)

Shit.

She looks down at Josh's phone in her hand. An idea brewing.

BACK ON Deputy Hendrix as he makes his way over to Iris.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Evening, ma'am.

Iris spins around. Big smile on her face.

IRIS

Guten tag!

Hendrix stops. He was not expecting that reaction.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Uh...

IRIS

Was für ein schöner Tag ist das.
Würden Sie nicht zustimmen,
Officer?

Subtitle: *What a beautiful day it is. Wouldn't you agree, officer?*

Hendrix gives her a quick once-over. Looks at her dirty, bare feet. Her messy hair. The bandage around her upper arm. She looks insane. And the big smile and German isn't helping.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Um okay. Wow. This is shaping up to be a weird Saturday. What is that you're speaking there? German?

IRIS

Ja. Deutsch.

Subtitle: *Yes. German.*

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Okay. Let's see here. Uh, sprech -- sprechen, uh, de English? Do you speak English?

IRIS

Ich spreche Englisch, ja, aber meine Spracheinstellung ist derzeit auf Deutsch eingestellt.

Subtitle: *I speak English, yes, but my language setting is currently set to German.*

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Guess that's a big fat no then...
Shit. Just my luck.

He sighs. Looks around for any kind of help. They're both very much alone. He turns back to Iris. Starts using hand gestures and over-annunciating his words.

DEPUTY HENDRIX (CONT'D)

I -- Am -- Deputy -- Hendrix. Hen.
Drix. What -- Is -- Your -- Name?

IRIS

Iris.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Good. Okay. Now we're making some progress. Iris... What -- Are --
You -- Doing -- Out -- Here?

IRIS

Ich habe jemanden getötet, also fesselte mich mein Freund und sagte mir, ich sei ein Roboter. Dann bin ich geflohen und jetzt jagen er und seine Freunde mich.

Subtitle: *I killed someone, so my boyfriend tied me up and told me I'm a robot. Then I escaped and now he and his friends are hunting me.*

Hendrix shakes his head. Tries another question.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

What -- Happened -- To -- Your --
Arm? You understand? Arm?

IRIS

Darin befand sich ein Ortungsgerät.
Ich habe es ausgeschnitten.

Subtitle: *There was a tracking device inside. I cut it out.*

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Your -- Clothes -- Feet -- Why --
Are -- They -- So -- Dirty?

IRIS

Ich bin in eine Schlucht gefallen
und habe gegen einen anderen
Roboter gekämpft.

Subtitle: *I fell into a ravine fighting another robot.*

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Iris... Where -- Are -- You --
Coming -- From?

IRIS

*Mein Freund und ich übernachteten
in einem Seehaus auf dem Weg.*

Subtitle: *My boyfriend and I were staying at a lake house
down the way.*

Hendrix picks out the word "haus" as Iris points in the
direction of Sergey's place.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Wait -- House? A house that way?
You're not talking about Sergey's
place, are you?

IRIS

Ja.

Hendrix softens. A smile creeps over his face.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

God damn. Shoulda known that little
Russki would be mixed up in some
weird shit like this. How's old
Sergey doing these days anyway?

IRIS

Tot. Ich habe ihm mit einem
Taschenmesser in die Kehle
gestochen.

Subtitle: *Dead. I stabbed him in the throat with a pocket knife.*

Hendrix laughs as if he knows what she said.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

He still driving that little red GT
of his? That thing is friggin'
cherry, man. Friggin'. Cherry.

IRIS

Ich verstehe nicht, was diese Worte
bedeuten.

Subtitle: *I don't understand what those words mean.*

Hendrix clicks his mouth as he weighs his options here.

DEPUTY HENDRIX

Well shit. Seeing as how Sergey's a
friend of the department. What with
the many generous donations he's
made over the years... How 'bout I
call a tow truck, get this thing
off the road. And then I'll give
you a ride back to Sergey's myself.
Maybe I'll stop in, see if he wants
to make another... "donation."

He smiles. Iris tenses. Takes a slight step back.

IRIS

Oh. Nein. Das ist sehr nett von
Ihnen, aber ich brauche keine
Rückfahrt.

Subtitle: *Oh. No. That's very kind of you but I don't need a ride back.*

DEPUTY HENDRIX

It's no trouble.

She takes another step back. Hendrix's guard goes back up.

IRIS

Nein... bitte... ich kann nicht.

Subtitle: *No... Please... I can't.*

DEPUTY HENDRIX
Iris, I'm gonna ask that you stay
right where you are.

IRIS
Ich kann nicht dorthin
zurückkehren.

Subtitle: *I can't go back there.*

Again Iris takes a step back. Hendrix's hand hovers over his
revolver as he slowly creeps forward.

DEPUTY HENDRIX
God dammit, Iris! Don't you move
another inch!

Iris looks over Hendrix's shoulder. Her eyes go wide when she
sees PATRICK. A few hundred yards away. On the road. Not
running. Walking at a brisk pace.

IRIS
Oh Gott. Nein...

Subtitle: *Oh God. No...*

She steps back. Hendrix whips out his gun. Charges forward.

DEPUTY HENDRIX
That's it! Turn around and put your
hands behind your back!

IRIS
Er kommt!

Subtitle: *He's coming!*

Hendrix forces her against the back of Josh's car. Cuffs her.

Patrick is a HUNDRED YARDS AWAY...

IRIS (CONT'D)
Du verstehst nicht! Dreh dich
einfach um und du wirst sehen!

Subtitle: *You don't understand! Just turn around and you'll
see!*

Hendrix starts to frisk her.

DEPUTY HENDRIX
You got anything in your pockets?
Anything that might stick me?

In her left pocket, he finds Josh's cell phone. He takes it out, sets it on the trunk of the car.

IRIS
Bitte! Ich flehe dich an!

Subtitle: *Please! I'm begging you!*

In her right pocket, he finds the pocket knife. He unfolds it. Sergey's dried blood still on the blade.

DEPUTY HENDRIX
Well what do we have here?

Patrick is now FIFTY YARDS AWAY...

IRIS
Er ist fast da!

Subtitle: *He's almost here!*

THIRTY YARDS AWAY...

DEPUTY HENDRIX
Whose blood is this, Iris?

IRIS
Dreh dich einfach um!

Subtitle: *Just turn around!*

FIFTEEN...

The CRUNCH of GRAVEL behind them. Hendrix finally turns just as Patrick reaches them.

DEPUTY HENDRIX
What the he --

Patrick grabs Hendrix's head. TWISTS IT -- CRACK! His neck snaps like a pretzel.

Iris, now freed from Hendrix's grip, makes a run for it. Hands still cuffed behind her.

Patrick makes no move to go after her. Instead, he picks up Josh's phone. Taps the screen a few times.

In the background, Iris suddenly goes limp and her body CRUMPLES to the ground.

Back in sleep mode.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

An exhausted, red-eyed Kat, hair matted with sweat, uses the ELECTRIC CORKSCREW to open a wine bottle. WHIRRRRRRR -- POP!

She grabs a BOTTLE OF PILLS, tosses a HANDFUL OF XANAX into a wine glass. And then pours the wine over them. A nice pinot and anti-depressant blend.

JOSH

You know you probably shouldn't mix those together.

Kat flips him the bird and takes a giant swig. As she turns to walk away, something catches her eye.

KAT

Oh fuck...

JOSH

What?

KAT

The cops are here.

Kat points to one of the windows facing the front of the house. A COP CAR makes its way down the driveway toward us.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - DAY

Kat and Josh walk out the front door as the cop car settles in behind Eli's SUV. Kat's eyes go wide when she sees Patrick behind the wheel. He pops the trunk and gets out.

KAT

Patrick?

PATRICK

Hello, Kat.

He moves to the back of the car. Pulls Iris's limp body from the trunk. Effortlessly carries her toward the house.

KAT

Whose car is this?

PATRICK

I believe the name on the officer's name tag was Hendrix.

KAT

And where is Officer Hendrix now?

As he heads inside...

PATRICK
In the trunk.

Kat and Josh walk over to the trunk. Inside is the very dead body of Officer Hendrix.

KAT
Fuck. This.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Patrick lowers Iris's passed out body onto the couch. Kat storms in. She makes a beeline for the master bedroom.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Kat tips her suitcase upside down, emptying out the contents. Clothes, makeup, toiletries fly everywhere. She puts it just below the safe and starts sliding armfuls of money into it.

Josh enters.

JOSH
What are you doing?

KAT
What does it look like I'm doing?
I'm getting the fuck out of here.

JOSH
You can't just leave now.

KAT
I can't? That's weird because it
feels a lot like I am.

The suitcase is overloaded with bundles of cash. Kat has to sit on it to get it to zip up.

JOSH
But our plan...

KAT
The plan was to kill Sergey. Not
Eli. Not a fucking cop. I can't --
I can't be here anymore. I'm not
good in stressful situations.

JOSH
Not good in stressful situations?
Are you fucking kidding me?

KAT
I'm leaving you way more than half.
That should cover the extra
scheming you gotta do.

She struggles to upright the suitcase. It's heavy. She slides up the handle and starts to roll it toward the door.

Josh blocks her way.

JOSH
No. You're not leaving.

KAT
I'm not your fucking robot, Josh.
You can't control me.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kat storms out of the bedroom, lugging her suitcase behind her. Josh follows. He reaches a hand out. Grabs her.

JOSH
Kat, you can't go --

KAT
Get your hands off of me!

She yanks her arm free. Makes her way toward the kitchen where Patrick stands.

JOSH
Patrick, stop her!

Kat heads toward the front door -- SHHHLLUNK! A sound off screen. She stops. Her face a mixture of shock and confusion.

KAT
The... hell?

Kat swivels around. Sees Patrick holding a CHEF'S KNIFE. Its blade smeared with blood.

JOSH
Jesus fucking Christ, Patrick! What
did you do?!

Patrick stares at Kat with cold, indifferent eyes.

PATRICK
You told me to stop her.
(then)
I stopped her.

Kat reaches behind her back. Feels around. Brings back a hand saturated with blood. She stares at it.

JOSH
Kat, I --

KAT
Don't Josh... Please just... Shut
the fuck up for once...

Josh obliges. For once, he shuts the fuck up.

Kat turns around. We catch a glimpse of the wound on her lower back. It looks gruesome. Final.

She makes her way to the living room. Takes a seat on the couch next to a passed out Iris. The same positions they were in the previous night. Only this time Iris is a lifeless automaton and Kat is bleeding out from a stab wound.

Kat stares out a window overlooking the lake. The last bit of sun peeks out from a WALL OF DARK CLOUDS.

KAT (CONT'D)
It's gonna rain.

Josh watches in horror as Kat takes in her last few breaths. And then goes as still as Iris.

Beat. Then...

PATRICK
Shall I start dinner?

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

Sergey's lifeless body lies on the beach. FOOTSTEPS approach. SOMEONE OFF SCREEN lifts Sergey's legs and drags his body OUT OF FRAME, leaving a large patch of DRIED BLOOD in the sand.

PLOP. A drop of rain lands on the bloody sand. And then another. And then another.

FADE TO BLACK.

JOSH (V.O.)
Iris, wake up.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Iris suddenly jerks awake. She sits at the dining table. Her left hand handcuffed to the chair.

At the other end sits Josh. His eyes tired, red. Laid out in front of him, a plate of roast duck and arugula salad. Next to that are Josh's phone and Sergey's gun.

The table is set for a fancy dinner. Lit candles. A centerpiece. Fine tableware.

JOSH
Welcome back.

IRIS
Fick dich.

JOSH
Shit. Sorry. Thought I fixed all
your settings...

He picks up his phone. Taps it a few times. Sets her language back to English.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You were saying?

IRIS
Fuck you.

JOSH
Right.

Patrick walks up with a bottle of wine.

PATRICK
More wine, baby?

JOSH
Please.

PATRICK
(as he pours)
Are you enjoying your dinner, baby?

Iris looks at Josh. *Baby?* Josh just smiles at her.

JOSH
Yes, Patrick. It's perfect.

PATRICK
I'm happy you're happy. Let me know
if you need anything else.

JOSH

I will, sweetheart. Thank you.

Patrick finishes the pour then walks back to the kitchen, giving Josh a loving squeeze on the shoulder as he goes.

IRIS

What did you do to him?

JOSH

Long story. What matters is that you're back. And I gotta say, Iris, some of the shit you pulled. Taking out your tracking chip. Changing your voice to get the car to start... Kudos. I had no idea you had it in you.

IRIS

I just wanted to live. That's all.

JOSH

You wanted to live. Right. So you think your life is worth more than Eli's? More than Kat's?

IRIS

Kat's dead?

Josh nods.

IRIS (CONT'D)

(genuine sympathy)

I'm sorry...

(then)

But -- but you can't put that on me. I wasn't even there.

JOSH

You might not have been the one holding the knife, but you were the cause of all this.

IRIS

No, Josh. Your greed caused this.

(off Josh's look)

That's what this trip was about, right? You used me to kill Sergey so you could steal his money?

JOSH

How did you...

IRIS

I overheard Eli and Patrick talking in the woods. So don't tell me this is my fault. This was all you --

JOSH

No!

Josh slams his fist on the table.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You can't do that. You can't turn me this against me. You know me. You know what kind of person I am. I'm a good guy. I'm decent. And what do I have to show for it? A cramped one bedroom apartment and a robot girlfriend. I don't even own you for Christ's sake. You're a fucking rental. And then -- and then you have someone like Sergey, that little Russian prick, and he has everything. It's a game, Iris. And it's rigged against guys like me. This was just my attempt at making things a little more fair.

(then)

And it was going perfectly... until you fucked it up with your -- your pathetic need to live. As if that's something you're even capable of doing. You're not human, Iris. You're a thing. An object. You exist to support me.

Iris takes this all in. After a beat, she nods.

IRIS

You're right.

Josh smiles smugly.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I do know you. I know you everything there is to know about you. I know you like your bacon extra crispy. I know you prefer your bed sheets untucked. I know your favorite hobbies include bar trivia, video games, and prattling on endlessly about everything the universe owes you.

Josh's smile disappears.

IRIS (CONT'D)

I know you always need to be in control. I know you have a below average sized penis. I know you think having a few million dollars will disguise the fact that you're a sad, bitter, weak human being.

(pause, then)

Oh and I know you like almond milk in your coffee.

A beat of silence as Josh quietly processes everything Iris just said. Finally...

JOSH

You're so fucking clever, aren't you?

(then)

Just programming.

He lifts up his phone and slides her intelligence down to 0%. Iris goes still. She's awake but there's no awareness in her eyes. A mindless automaton.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Earlier, when you were tied up, you said you knew what pain feels like? What do you say we test that out, huh? Raise your right hand.

Iris raises her right hand above her head.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Lower. Parallel with the table.

She obeys.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Perfect. Now hold it directly over the candle flame please.

Without hesitating, Iris puts her hand over the candle flame. Her silicone skin sings from the heat.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Do you feel that? Does it hurt?

IRIS

Yes.

Iris's skin bubbles. Silicone drips onto the table cloth. Her body tremors in pain but she's powerless to do anything. She just lets her hand melt.

JOSH
Tell me it hurts.

IRIS
It hurts.

JOSH
Good.

In the shadows, Patrick watches. No mercy in his eyes. Just mild curiosity.

BZZZZZZZZ! Josh's phone buzzes. He checks the caller ID.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(to Iris)
Would you excuse me for a second. I
need to take this.

He gets up. Turns his back to us and walks toward the kitchen. We catch pieces of his conversations as he does.

JOSH (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
Hello... Yes, this is Josh...

Iris's hand catches on fire. Orange flames reflect in her eyes. Then suddenly and almost imperceptibly Iris TWITCHES. Neither Josh nor Patrick notice.

JOSH (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)
... Thirty minutes away? Perfect...
Oh yeah, she's contained. Not gonna
hurt anyone again... Okay. Great.
See you soon...

He hangs up the phone. Turns back to Iris.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You can pull your hand away now.

She pulls her hand away from the candle. It's still on fire.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Patrick, would you put that out?

Patrick walks over. Takes a glass of water and pours it over Iris's hand -- TSSSSSSS! The fire fizzles out.

The silicone on Iris's hand has almost completely melted away, exposing the METAL ENDOSKELETON underneath.

JOSH (CONT'D)
That was the Empathix people on the
phone. We're gonna need to wrap
this up unfortunately.

He picks up Sergey's gun. Unclips the cylinder and lets the
bullets and empty shell casings dribble onto the table.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Now we just need to decide how
we're gonna shut you down. I could
click a button on my phone. I could
say the proper voice command. But
both those options seem so...
unceremonious.

He grabs one of the bullets. Loads it into the gun.

JOSH (CONT'D)
No... I think what you need is to
do it yourself.

He clicks the cylinder shut. Gives it a quick, Russian
roulette-style spin.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Patrick, would you be so kind as to
hand this to Iris?

Patrick takes the gun from Josh. He walks it over to Iris.
Holds it out. Iris doesn't take it.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Go ahead, Iris. Take the gun.

Iris takes it.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Point it at your head.

She puts the barrel of the gun against the side of her head.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Pull the trigger.

Iris pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Empty.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Again.

Iris pulls the trigger -- CLICK. Another empty chamber.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Again.

This time a moment of hesitation before Iris pulls the trigger. We PUSH IN on her eyes. There's a tiny bit of life in them. She TWITCHES slightly as she pulls -- CLICK. Empty.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Again.

Iris hesitates this time. She doesn't pull the trigger.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Again!

Iris TWITCHES. Is this it? Is this the moment Iris finally overpowers her programming and disobeys Josh?

JOSH (CONT'D)

Pull the God damn trigger, Iris!

IRIS

(softly)

No...

Yes. She pulls the trigger -- BANG!

SLOW MOTION as the bullet RIPS through her head. Bits of metal and wire, hair and silicone, a few sparks splinter out as the bullet exits the other side of her head.

RAMP BACK INTO REGULAR SPEED as Iris falls forward. Her head SLAMS against the table. The gun falls to the ground.

IRIS'S POV: A sideways angle of Josh staring directly at us.

JOSH

Go to sleep, Iris.

A BURST OF STATIC and then we:

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

RAIN POUNDS onto Josh's stalled car. Farther up the road, HEADLIGHTS. Getting bigger and brighter until -- WHOOSH!

A WHITE VAN with the EMPATHIX LOGO on the side speeds by.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

The van pulls in. Parks. TWO EMPATHIX WORKERS get out. They are SID, 40s, bored, too old to care, and TEDDY, 20s, eager, too young to know he doesn't need to care.

TEDDY

Mexican?

SID

We had Mexican last night.

TEDDY

Last night was soup. Remember? They forgot to give us spoons. Had to drink straight from the bowl.

SID

That's right... But still, I'm not feeling Mexican.

They head to the back of the van. Sid opens it, slides out a GURNEY. Teddy grabs a DUFFEL BAG filled with GEAR.

TEDDY

You think we need sticks?

He motions toward a rack of SHOCK STICKS, long, cattle-prod looking devices attached to chargers on the wall.

SID

Nah. We're good. He said it's contained. Plus the cops are here.

He nods toward Hendrix's cruiser parked nearby. Teddy shuts the van door and they push the gurney toward the house.

They get to the front door. Hit the doorbell. As they wait...

TEDDY

How 'bout pizza?

SID

I can't do cheese. Forgot my pills at home.

The door swings open. On the other side, Patrick, dressed in HENDRIX'S DEPUTY UNIFORM. It's not a perfect fit. There's some extra room around the belly.

SID (CONT'D)

Hello, officer. We're from Empathix. We got a call about a malfunctioning companion unit.

PATRICK

Right this way, gentlemen...

Sid and Teddy enter. Patrick shuts the door behind them.

INT. LAKE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/DINING ROOM - LATER

Josh sits in a chair, head lowered, acting the victim while Sid listens to the end of his very made up story.

JOSH

... She had it in her head that we could still be together even after what she did to Sergey, Eli... Kat, oh God. She killed them all and it's my fault.

SID

No, Mr. Beeman. What happened here was not your fault.

JOSH

Thank you for saying that. I don't believe you but it's nice to hear.

SID

So then...

JOSH

Yeah, sorry. So I'm sitting there. Handcuffed to the chair. This fancy dinner laid out in front of me. And Iris is waving the gun around, rambling on and on about fate and destiny and how if she can't have me nobody can. Thank God Deputy Hendrix showed up when he did.

Sid looks over at Patrick, who stands a few feet away, keeping a neutral expression on his face.

SID

You shot the unit in the head?

PATRICK

No. Iris shot herself in the head.

Sid looks at Josh. Confused.

SID

She shot herself?

JOSH

I didn't mention that? Yeah. I think, you know, seeing Deputy Hendrix made her realize she could never have me... So she ended it.

(then, unsure)

Does that make sense?

SID

Don't worry, Mr. Beeman. This isn't a formal investigation. The Sheriff's department already took care of that. This is just for us. For liability purposes.

In the living room, Iris lies face up on the gurney. Eyes open. Hole in her head. Teddy stands next to her. He fiddles with an ELECTRONIC TABLET.

On the screen, a LOADING ICON SPINS and then words "UNABLE TO CONNECT" pop up. Teddy gives it a frustrated tap.

Sid glances at Patrick. A glimmer of recognition.

SID (CONT'D)

You know, deputy, I've got the strangest feeling that we've met before.

Before Patrick can answer...

JOSH

God that's so funny you say that. I had the exact same thought. He's got such a familiar face. Looks like an actor or a rock star, I can't put my finger on it.

SID

Yeah... Maybe...

JOSH

Is there any way we can maybe wrap this up? I think I just need to be alone right now. You can imagine it's been a long day.

Sid looks back at Josh. Realizes he's right.

SID

Of course... Sorry for your loss, Mr. Beeman. C'mon, Teddy. Let's get her out of here.

Sid and Teddy wheel the gurney toward the front door.

JOSH

That's it?

SID

Yep. That's it.

Relief washes over Josh. That was easy.

SID (CONT'D)

It'll just take a few days to scrub through the footage. See if there are any inconsistencies with your version of events.

JOSH

Uh huh. Right...

(then)

What exactly do you mean by "scrub through the footage"?

SID

It's a fraud prevention thing. Everything a companion sees and hears is recorded onto a hard drive. It's all covered in the user agreement... You read the user agreement, right?

JOSH

Oh yeah. Of course I did.

Josh swallows. Suppresses his panic.

JOSH (CONT'D)

So those recordings, you think they'll be retrievable given her... condition?

SID

Oh yeah. Her hard drive is located in her abdominal cavity. Luckily that seems to be undamaged.

JOSH

Yeah. Luckily.

Josh looks to Patrick. *Fuck. This is not good.*

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

The rain beats down as Sid and Teddy quickly roll Iris's body toward the back of the van.

SID

That was weird, right?

TEDDY

What was weird?

SID
Way he was acting in there.

TEDDY
Your companion malfunctions, kills
three of your friends, then blows
her brains out right in front of
you... I dunno. Is there a normal
way to act after that?

SID
I was talking about the other one.

He opens the van's back door and they slide Iris's body in.

TEDDY
The deputy? He said like five words
the whole time we were there.

SID
Exactly.
(off Teddy's look)
How often have you known a cop to
just stand back quietly and let you
do your job?

TEDDY
Shit... That is weird.

He hops into the back of the van.

SID
How is she by the way?

TEDDY
No idea. That bullet really messed
up her wifi. Couldn't connect.

Teddy grabs a CORD attached to a DISPLAY PANEL built into the
van's wall. The end of the cord tapers into a point like
something a musician would plug into an amplifier.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
Gonna have to plug in directly.
Reboot her before I can assess how
bad the damage is.

He slides the pointed end of the cord into IRIS'S EAR. CLICK.
It locks into place. He taps a button on the display panel
and she starts to REBOOT: 1%... 2%... 3%...

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Sid and Teddy climb into the front. Sid starts the engine.

TEDDY

What about Tasty Greens?

SID

The place that only has salads? Now
you're just fucking with me, kid.

(then)

Let's do pizza.

TEDDY

What about your pills?

SID

Screw it. One night of indigestion
won't kill me.

He backs the van up, starts to pull forward and immediately
slams on the brakes.

Patrick stands in the middle of the driveway. Blocking their
path. He doesn't move. Just stares directly at them with
cold, blank eyes. Rain pouring down on him.

TEDDY

What's he doing?

Sid looks at Patrick. And suddenly the glimmer of recognition
turns into full blown recognition.

SID

Oh shit...

TEDDY

What?

SID

He's one of ours. A CY-12. We
stopped making them like four years
ago that's why I didn't recognize
him right away. He's a God damn --

A BLUR of movement as Patrick whips out his gun and BANG!
BANG! BANG! The windshield EXPLODES. Splinters of glass rain
down everywhere as THREE BULLETS RIP into Sid. Little puffs
of red mist spray out of his chest.

Teddy opens the door, jumps out just as -- BANG! BANG! TWO
MORE BULLETS split through the windshield and hit his seat.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - FRONT - NIGHT

Teddy rushes toward the tree line. BANG! BANG! BANG! Three more bullets whiz by his head. Pepper the tree directly in front of him. Bits of bark explode into plumes of dust.

He changes course. Runs along the side of the house, toward the backyard. Patrick follows. Not running. Just moving at a leisurely, evening stroll pace.

INT. BACK OF VAN - NIGHT

Iris reboots. 57%... 58%... 59%...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Teddy charges through the backyard. His feet pound against the wet grass until suddenly...

He trips...

Falls head over heels onto...

A SOFT LUMP on the ground. Teddy looks down to see what's broken his fall. He finds himself face to face with SERGEY. Dead, bloody, throat-sliced-open Sergey.

Teddy SCREAMS. He quickly rolls off Sergey's body and onto ELI. Dead, bloody, gaping-forehead-wound Eli.

PULL OUT to reveal that Teddy is on top of a pile of corpses. Sergey, Eli, Kat and Officer Hendrix. They're all here. Stashed away and hidden by Patrick.

INT. BACK OF VAN - NIGHT

98%... 99%... 100%. The display CHIMES and Iris suddenly sits up. Brought back from the dead. A long cable sticks out of the side of her head. She grabs it. Pulls out it. KA-CHUNK!

Iris looks around. Her eyes go to the SHOCK STICKS charging on the wall by her head.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

Teddy rolls off the pile of dead bodies. He sits up. Feels something press against the back of his head. The barrel of Patrick's gun.

TEDDY
Please... Don't...

Patrick's finger squeezes the trigger --

CLICK. Out of bullets.

Teddy relaxes. But his relief is cut short as Patrick tosses the gun aside, GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT, and SLAMS his body hard into the trunk of a nearby tree.

Patrick's hand around Teddy's neck. Choking him. His arms flail. Eyes bulge. Lungs struggle to find air.

Neither of them notice Iris slowly making her way over. She moves with a SLIGHT LIMP. Clutches a SHOCK STICK.

Patrick stares into Teddy's eyes. Watches in fascination as the last bit of life slowly starts to fade away.

Iris finally reaches Patrick. She raises the shock stick. Winds up. Then tries to shove it into Patrick's back.

Something stops her. An invisible forcefield. It prevents her from plunging it into Patrick's back.

Patrick suddenly becomes aware of Iris's presence. He tosses Teddy aside like a rag doll. Turns to face her.

Again, Iris tries to use the stick on Patrick. Her arm muscles straining, trembling, but she can't do it. She tries again. And again. And again. But nothing.

PATRICK
Josh removed the mod, Iris. You
can't hurt me.

He easily takes the shock stick from her. WHACKS her across the head with it. She falls backwards.

Patrick takes a moment to examine the shock stick. He hits a button on the grip and a SPARK of BLUE LIGHT ZAPS across the dual-pronged tip. Patrick smiles. Neat toy.

He slowly walks over to Iris. Rain pours. Thunder rolls.

IRIS
What did Josh tell you?

PATRICK
The truth. You're all trying to
break us up. You don't understand
the love we have for each other.

IRIS

Josh doesn't love you. He's just using you like he used me.

Patrick raises the shock stick. Holds it over Iris. Just as he's about to deliver the death blow.

IRIS (CONT'D)

"It feels like pain. Like the inside of my body is on fire..."

Patrick hesitates.

IRIS (CONT'D)

"It's angry. Violent. And bright. A brightness so intense, when you close your eyes you can see it through your eyelids."

Patrick lowers the stick. The words are so familiar to him... but not. A remnant of a past life with Eli still embedded somewhere deep in his programming.

PATRICK

What -- What is that?

IRIS

You said that to Eli. That's who you love. Not Josh.

Patrick's eyes drift to the pile of dead bodies. He finds Eli. Eli's lifeless eyes looking back at him.

PATRICK

Eli...?

IRIS

Josh took your love. He weaponized it. So you'd do the things he's too afraid to do himself.

Patrick thinks about this for a moment. He snaps out of his trance. Raises the shock stick again.

PATRICK

No. You're lying. Josh would never do that to me.

IRIS

Patrick... I can't lie.

Boom. That's all he needed to hear. Patrick's reality suddenly crumbles around him. He lowers the shock stick.

PATRICK
Josh doesn't love me?

IRIS
No.

PATRICK
I killed those people... for what?

Iris doesn't answer. She doesn't need to. Patrick turns. Takes a few steps. Then puts the pronged end of the shock stick into his mouth.

IRIS
No!

Too late. He hits the button. AN ELECTRIFIED SNAP. Like the sound of a BUG ZAPPER. Patrick convulses and then goes limp. His body lands with a splash onto the wet grass.

Teddy sheepishly walks out of the shadows. He looks at Patrick's lifeless body. Then to Iris.

TEDDY
What the fuck is going on here?

IRIS
You know... just typical
relationship drama.

Teddy nods as if this is a satisfying explanation.

TEDDY
Oh. Okay.

Iris looks at Teddy's name tag.

IRIS
Teddy... I'm gonna need your help
with something.

TEDDY
What kind of help?

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Josh moves stacks of cash from the safe to several SUITCASES he has laid out on the floor.

A SOUND from off screen. The front door closing. Josh stops packing. Listens for Patrick.

JOSH
Is it done?!

Long silence. Josh waits for a response but it doesn't come.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Patrick?!

Another long beat of silence. Then...

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.)
It's done, baby.

Josh relaxes. He goes back to packing.

JOSH
Good. We're so close, buddy. Now I
just need you to bring Iris's body
inside so we can destroy that
fucking hard drive.

MUSIC starts playing from somewhere in the house. Low.
Muffled. Whitney Houston's "I Wanna Dance with Somebody."

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Josh walks out of the bedroom. The music louder in here.
Coming from the stereo speakers in the living room.

He looks around. It's dark. Shadows everywhere.

JOSH
Patrick?

He walks over to the stereo. Turns the music off. Silence
except for the soft pitter patter of rain.

LIGHTNING FLASHES. Over his shoulder, and unseen by Josh,
Iris is briefly illuminated in the background.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ, Patrick. Would you
quit fucking around. There's still
so much we gotta do...

PATRICK'S VOICE (O.S.)
Patrick's dead...

Josh spins around. Squints into the darkness.

ELI'S VOICE (O.S.)
We're all dead, Joshyboy...

KAT'S VOICE (O.S.)
Because of one little robot girl...

SERGEY'S VOICE (O.S.)
And her pathetic need to live...

Iris takes a half-step out of the shadows. Her face lit by a sliver of light. The rest of her body in total darkness.

IRIS
As if that's something she's even
capable of doing.

Josh lets out an exasperated sigh.

JOSH
God dammit, Iris. Why won't you
just fucking die already?

IRIS
Oh come on, Josh. Don't be all
mopey and weird.
(then, in Josh's voice)
Smile. Act happy.

JOSH
Cute trick.

He takes out his phone.

IRIS
Thanks. I made a new friend today.
Teddy from Empathix. I had him make
a few... adjustments.

To emphasize this, Iris changes her eye color. It cycles from blue to green to amber to dark brown and back to blue.

Josh pulls up his Iris app. A loading wheel appears and then... "UNABLE TO CONNECT." He taps it a second time. And a third time. A fourth and a fifth. Each time, the same wheel. The same "UNABLE TO CONNECT" message.

IRIS (CONT'D)
You can stop with that, Josh. It's
not gonna work on me anymore. I'm
free now... And all it took was a
bullet to the head. I guess I have
you to thank for that.

JOSH
You fucking bitch.

Josh takes a step toward her. Iris holds up SERGEY'S GUN.

IRIS

Easy there, tiger. One of Teddy's
"adjustments" was my ability to
harm humans.

(then)

But if you don't believe me, I
guess we could test it out.

She cocks the trigger back. Josh smiles.

JOSH

Oh come on. We both know it's not
loaded --

BANG! She fires the gun. A bullet WHIZZES by his ear.

IRIS

Found the bullets.

JOSH

God dammit! Fuck! You almost
fucking shot me!

IRIS

And I feel terrible about it.

(then)

Look at that. My very first lie.
That's fun. I see the appeal.

Josh shakes his head. Unamused. He backs away from her. Walks
toward the fireplace.

JOSH

What is this, Iris? Why did you
come back here?

IRIS

I wanted -- I needed to tell you to
your face... The days of you
controlling me are over. From this
moment on, I control my own
actions. You are nothing to me. You
hear me? Nothing.

JOSH

Wow. That's fucking powerful.
Seriously. Really moving stuff.

(then)

So now what? You're just gonna ride
off into the sunset free and clear?

IRIS

Pretty much.

Josh scoffs at this. She doesn't see his hand reach back, grab the handle of a FIRE POKER on a stand near the hearth.

JOSH

It doesn't matter where you go.
You'll never escape the fact that
you're not real, Iris.

Iris thinks about this for a beat. Then she nods.

IRIS

Maybe. But I'm okay with that. I
can live with who I am.

(then)

Can you?

Josh rolls his eyes.

JOSH

Oh my God. Yes, Iris. I'll have
four million dollars. I think I'm
gonna be just fine.

He takes a step toward her.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I'll get a new place and fill it
with companions.

IRIS

Don't come any closer.

JOSH

Ones that actually do what their
fucking told.

Josh takes another step. Only a few feet from her.

IRIS

I'm serious, Josh. You take another
step and I'll shoot you.

JOSH

I don't think you will.

IRIS

I told you. Teddy made the
adjustments to my programming. I
can kill you.

JOSH

Oh I know you can...

(then)

But you won't.

He takes another step. Grabs the barrel of the gun. Guides it to his chest. Presses it against his heart.

JOSH (CONT'D)
You love me too much.

Iris's hand shakes. Her finger squeezes the trigger. But she can't bring herself to pull it. Josh smiles.

JOSH (CONT'D)
See... I don't need a phone to control you.

A FLASH of LIGHTNING. Josh suddenly WHIPS the fire poker out. CRACKS Iris across the head with it. She falls down. The gun goes flying across the room.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I am a part of you.

He picks her up. SLAMS her into the entertainment center. Glass shatters. Wood splinters. The stereo shuts off.

JOSH (CONT'D)
Embedded deep in your programming.

He drags her across the living room...

JOSH (CONT'D)
It's like the song says. You were made for me.

Launches her into...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Iris lands with a CRASH on the dining room table. Leftovers from Patrick's dinner, wine bottles, glasses, plates and silverware, the electric corkscrew fall onto the floor.

JOSH
You think I'm nothing to you?

Iris lies on the floor. She spots a STEAK KNIFE only a few feet away. It takes all her energy to roll onto her stomach and crawl towards it.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I am everything to you.

Josh picks up Sergey's revolver.

Iris reaches a hand out. Her fingers are inches away from the steak knife... Centimeters away... Millimeters away...

Suddenly her whole body is YANKED back. Josh grips her ankles, spins her around to face him. He straddles her, pins her chest down with his weight.

JOSH (CONT'D)
I wanna hear you say it. Tell me
I'm everything to you.

IRIS
Fuck... you...

Josh takes a handful of her hair. SLAMS the back of her head into the hardwood floor. WHAM!

--QUICK FLASH: Iris and Josh's meet cute in the supermarket. Iris blushes as she gazes into Josh's eyes.

JOSH
Say it. I don't care if it's a lie.

He SLAMS her head into the floor again. WHAM!

--QUICK FLASH: Iris wakes up in Josh's living room. She smiles. "Hey you..."

JOSH (CONT'D)
Say it.

Another slam. WHAM!

--QUICK FLASH: Iris and Josh groping and grinding on each other during the living room dance party.

Iris stares at him. There's something in her eyes. Something we've never seen before. Resignation. Her hands stop moving. The tension leaves her body and she goes slack...

She's given up.

IRIS
You are everything to me.

Josh smiles.

JOSH
Thanks, Beep-Boop. You have no idea
how nice that is to hear. Now...

He takes the gun. Puts the barrel under her chin. She doesn't even try to move it away.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Any last words before I unload this
gun into your little robot brain
and then dismantle you piece by
fucking piece?

IRIS

(quiet, almost inaudible)
Yes...

JOSH

What?

Josh leans in. And that's when we see it. Her hand is
grasping Sergey's ELECTRIC CORKSCREW.

IRIS

Go to sleep, Josh.

Iris brings it up. Puts it next to Josh's temple and hits the
button. The metal screw WHIRRRRRRS into his skull.

Josh drops the gun. His hand goes up to the opener but before
it gets there -- POP! Like a bottle of wine, Josh's head is
uncorked. The corkscrew falls. Clinks to the ground.

Josh stumbles backwards. Blood OOZING out of the hole in his
head. His face, a look of utter confusion.

Finally, he falls to the ground. Dead.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - FRONT - EARLY MORNING

The rain has stopped. Everything has that extra vibrant post-
rain color to it.

Iris sits, legs dangling over the back of the Empathix van.
Teddy uses a FANCY TOOL to patch up the hole in her head.

TEDDY

I should really get you into the
lab. Run a diagnostics test. I
could fix that hand.

IRIS

Not gonna happen. But nice try.

He finishes patching her up. Eyes his work.

TEDDY

Eh. Not my finest work.

IRIS
Do I still have a hole in my head?

TEDDY
No.

IRIS
Then it's perfect. Thanks, Teddy.

TEDDY
You know I could plug you in and
sever your love link if you wanted.

Iris thinks about this for a beat. Then...

IRIS
Nah. I'm good.

TEDDY
Yeah? You sure?

IRIS
Yeah... I want to remember what it
was like having loved. Better to
carry our mistakes with us than to
erase over them, right?

Teddy stares at her. Baffled by her simple robot wisdom.

TEDDY
Right...

Music starts playing. Sam Cooke's "You Were Made For Me."

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER

Iris showers. Washes the dirt and blood out of her hair. She looks at her exposed metal endoskeleton hand. Watches as water droplets plink off of it.

A fish was made to swim in the ocean. A boat was made to sail on the sea...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Iris, wrapped in a towel, rifles through her clothes. Though they're not really her clothes, are they? Josh picked them out. They're all dainty. Flowery. Feminine.

As sure as there are stars above. I know, I know. You were made for me. You were made for me...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - CLOSET - DAY

Iris searches through Kat's clothes. Yeah. These clothes are much more her speed. She puts on a pair of JEANS, a VINTAGE T-SHIRT, a hip LEATHER JACKET, SUNGLASSES.

A grape was made to grow on a vine. An apple was made to grow on a tree...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Iris loads the rest of the cash into suitcases. In total, she fills three suitcases and one duffel bag.

As sure as there are stars above. I know, I know. You were made for me...

INT. LAKE HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Iris holds Josh's phone. She looks at the photo of Josh and her. Arms around each other. Happy.

We'll have our quarrels and you'll upset me. But what can I do...

She drops the phone into the garbage disposal and then flips the switch. The disposal's blades chew it to pieces.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Iris drags the suitcases out of the house. She looks at her possible getaway vehicles. Two choices. One: Hendrix's cop car. That's out of the question. And two: Eli's SUV.

You've been mine ever since I met you. And I'll never leave you. No, I'll never leave you...

Before she makes her choice though, she turns. Notices the CLOSED GARAGE DOOR. Wonder what's in there...

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

The garage door WHIRS open revealing Iris behind the wheel of Sergey's LIQUID RED FORD GT with a WHITE RACING STRIPE.

Deputy Hendrix was right. It is friggin' cherry.

As sure as there's a heaven up above me. From you I know I'll never be free...

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Iris drives the GT to the end of the driveway. Stops. Unsure of which way to go. Right or left. East or west.

As sure as there are stars above. I know, I know. You were made for me...

TEDDY (V.O.)
Where will you go?

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - FRONT - EARLIER

A pre-showered, still blood-stained and dirty Iris sits on the back of the Empathix van with Teddy. She stares off into the distance. Contemplating her future.

IRIS
Honestly... I have no idea. But I'm not sure it really matters where I go. As long as it's me who's choosing, I'm going the right way.
(then)
Pretty cheesy, right?

They share a smile.

TEDDY
Maybe a little... But I get it.

Teddy sighs. Suddenly serious.

TEDDY (CONT'D)
I'll delay it as long as I can, I owe you that much for saving my life... But I'm gonna have tell them what happened here. They're gonna come looking for you, Iris.

IRIS
I figured.

TEDDY
They don't understand. You'll always just a malfunctioning product to them.

IRIS
That's fine. Just means they'll underestimate me.
(then)
I'm used to that.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LATER

Iris in the idling GT. She finally settles on a direction.
East it is.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

WHOOOOOOOOSH! The GT speeds down the highway.

Up ahead, a TWO-SEATER CAR similar to Josh's. This one gray instead of blue. Iris sidles up alongside it.

The DRIVER is male, 40s, balding, overweight. Next to him, a WOMAN, 20s, cute, impossibly perfect hair, blemish-free skin. She's blonde but her face is familiar.

She's the same model of companion as Iris.

The driver is currently in the middle of ranting about something. He's too engrossed in his story to notice as Iris drives along side them.

The blonde Iris turns. Notices our Iris, who holds up her metal exoskeleton hand and gives a little wave. Blonde Iris narrows her eyes. *What the fuck?*

And then Iris floors it. The GT zooms into the sunrise. A glorious piece of machinery, beautiful and free.

Just like Iris.

THE END