

Robot & Frank
by
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PARK PICTURES

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INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the dark, a door knob slowly turns.

A DARK FIGURE moves silently into the room - a study.

The figure starts opening drawers, rifling through their contents. He finds an old watch and slips it in his pocket. He's a burglar.

He stops, confused.

He sees a picture on the wall of an older man and his two grown children - a man and a woman.

The dark figure takes this picture off the wall, switches on a light revealing that HE is the older man, FRANK (70s).

Setting the picture down, Frank drops it. The glass shatters.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING

The house is alone out in the woods. It looks run-down.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Frank, unshowered, his hair sticking out at odd angles, pulls out a carton of milk from the fridge.

The kitchen is a moldy mess with heaps of unwashed dishes, junk from the garage, dusty books, and flies.

Frank pours milk into a bowl of sugary cereal, takes a bite and spits it out. The milk is bad.

He rummages around in the fridge, but can't find more milk. He starts to wander the kitchen, losing his purpose.

He notices the bowl of cereal, sits down, takes a bite and spits it out again.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - STUDY - MORNING

Frank is sweeping up the broken glass with an old book.

In the daylight we see the room is messy, disorganized, and dirty like the kitchen.

Frank dumps the broken glass in an overflowing waste bin, most of it falling back to the floor.

Frank opens up a secret drawer in the wall, tosses the picture of his kids in with a bunch of old knickknacks and STACKS OF CASH. Frank seems satisfied and plops himself down on the couch.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - STUDY - NIGHT

Frank is sleeping on the couch, book on his chest when the phone rings. The TV caller-ID says "UNKNOWN CALLER".

FRANK

Hello?

On the screen appears MADISON (30s), his daughter from the photo.

MADISON

Hey, dad!

FRANK

What the hell?

MADISON

Dad, it's me, Madison.

Frank doesn't remember her, but fakes his way through it.

FRANK

Yeah, of course, of course. How're you doing?

MADISON

I'm wonderful. Turkmenistan is beautiful. Sorry I haven't called in so long. How are you?

FRANK

Me? I'm, uh... you know...

MADISON

Is Hunter coming around?

FRANK

Hunter? Hello?

MADISON

-- Oh no, my battery's dying. Well, I guess it's -- I'll try you later -- Take care, dad!

She's gone, leaving a fading still on the TV which Frank begins to recognize for the first time.

FRANK
Madison...

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank pulls a heavy rolling suitcase down the driveway.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Frank walks to town with his suitcase. A car WHIRS past.

EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN - DAY

The storefronts are either cute art boutiques, over-priced antique furniture, or quaint cafes.

A few YUPPIES are on the street, dressed to show off their wealth. Frank's age and grubby clothes make him stand out.

He walks into an old 19th century library in disrepair.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

The library is empty. Frank dumps out his suitcase, full of books into a "returns" bin.

JENNIFER (60s), the librarian, looks up. She's been duct-taping a pile of crumbling old books together.

JENNIFER
Hey, Frank.

Frank hides that he's not exactly sure who she is.

FRANK
Oh, hey there. How're you doing?

Jennifer gets to her feet slowly, but she's in pretty good shape.

JENNIFER
Oh, fine. Just killing time waiting for my one and only patron.

Jennifer walks into the stacks, Frank follows.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Mr. Darcy does all the real work around here. You looking for something special?

Jennifer's smile invigorates Frank.

FRANK

Well, I came for the books, but I now I'm more interested in getting your phone number.

JENNIFER

Bad Frank. That's why I got into the library game - the steamy romance. Follow me.

Jennifer's smile becomes sad for a moment when she turns.

They round a corner to where MR. DARCY, the robot librarian, is re-shelving books - it's little more than a small bureau on wheels with a robotic arm.

MR. DARCY

Good afternoon, Jennifer. Might I help you with something?

JENNIFER

No thank you, Mr. Darcy.

They slip past Mr. Darcy, Frank rolls his eyes at the robot.

Jennifer stops at the mystery section, pulls out a book. It falls apart into two pieces.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Damn. Careful with this one. I won't be duct-taping books for much longer.

FRANK

What do you mean?

Jennifer plucks a few more mysteries and wanders back toward the front desk, Frank following.

JENNIFER

The main branch is sending someone out. They've been "re-imagining the modern library", getting tons new patrons. I guess libraries are becoming retro-cool.

Frank's cell rings as Jennifer starts stamping the books.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Is that Hunter? Your son?

Frank looks at the caller ID. It says "Hunter".

FRANK
My son? Uh, yeah. Yeah.

EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN - DAY

Frank is walking back, listening to Hunter on his cell.

FRANK
No, I'll eat at Harry's... What are
you talking about? I went there
last week!

Frank stops at a door - looks up surprised. It's a quaint
organic candle and gift store called "BuggyTown".

FRANK (CONT'D)
What the fuck?

INT. BUGGYTOWN - DAY

Frank looks around at the lame candles, knickknacks and bowls
of potpourri - CONFUSED.

Frank deftly takes a hand-carved bear statuette and slides it
into his pocket.

The SHOPLADY (40s) sees him and sighs - she doesn't want him
in her store.

SHOPLADY
(menacing)
Hey, I told you to stop coming in
here. What did you take?

FRANK
I'm just looking for some...
candles.

SHOPLADY
Shouldn't someone be watching you?

Frank gives her the evil eye as he backs out of the store,
she follows.

SHOPLADY (CONT'D)
If I see you shoplifting again, I'm
calling the cops. Who's responsible
for you?.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Frank trudges back. An expensive car stops beside him. HUNTER (mid 40s), well-dressed but harried, rolls down the window.

HUNTER
Hey! You're in the middle of the
road! Dad!

Frank looks at Hunter, just barely remembering.

FRANK
... Hunter?

INT. HUNTER'S CAR - DAY

Frank settles into his seat as Hunter starts driving.

FRANK
So how's Princeton, Mr. Big Shot?

HUNTER
Twenty years ago, dad. Put your
seat belt on.

Hunter leans over and helps Frank with his seat belt. It's all routine. Frank glares out the side window.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
So remember, we agreed you'd wait
for me to drive you to town? You're
gonna get clipped by a car coming
around these turns. There's no
shoulder.

FRANK
Open your eyes. We're in the middle
of the woods out here. The other
day I saw a bobcat.

HUNTER
Okay, another good reason not to
walk-

FRANK
What the hell is this?

Frank, pulls a grotesque ACTION FIGURE out from under him.

HUNTER
Oh, Isaac must have left that in
here. Sorry.

Hunter grabs the action figure, tosses it in the back.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

So. No more walking in the middle
of the road?

Frank reaches back for the action figure, nestled in among
bags of groceries.

He waves it at Hunter.

FRANK

You buy your kids useless crap like
this and you'll spoil them rotten.

Hunter tosses the action figure to the back seat again.

HUNTER

They get to spend their allowance
on a toy of their choosing if they
get four gold stars from doing all
their chores and no frowny faces
for the week.

FRANK

I didn't buy you crap and you
turned out okay.

Frank gazes casually out the window, not noticing Hunter
getting awkward.

HUNTER

You - Just stay out of the road,
dad. Please? Can you focus on that?

FRANK

I'm a grown man. You're a grown
man. No one asked you to be my
chauffeur. I can take care of
myself.

HUNTER

Which is what we need to have a
discussion about.

FRANK

Great. I love having discussions.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Hunter enters the dark house behind Frank, carrying bags of
groceries. He's annoyed by the mess.

HUNTER
Look at this place. How can you do
this in a week?

Hunter sets the groceries down, starts picking up.

FRANK
Sometimes things are better a
little dusty.

HUNTER
Dusty would be an improvement.
Gross, dad.

Hunter picks up a stinking half-eaten can of tuna.

FRANK
Better than prison.

HUNTER
Cute. That you remember.

FRANK
There's nothing wrong with my
memory.

Hunter's phone RINGS.

HUNTER
To be continued.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

Hunter holds out his phone, doing a video call with his
pretty, yuppy wife, NORA.

NORA
You said you'd be there and back. I
promised the kids video night.

HUNTER
I gotta do this delicately. He's in
a mood.

NORA
When is he not? You've already gone
way above and beyond for that man.
More than he ever did for you.

HUNTER
I'm just trying to do the right
thing. I think he might actually
like it.

NORA

Uh-huh. Just don't let him get to you.

HUNTER

I won't.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - STUDY - DAY

Frank slips the wooden bear statuette he stole into the secret drawer full of other knickknacks and cash.

Hunter comes into the room.

HUNTER

Dad... discussion time.

Frank quickly turns, Hunter has a grave expression.

FRANK

What do you want, money?

This throws Hunter off totally.

HUNTER

What - money? What are you-
(getting back on topic)
Look, you have a *problem*. You're worse every time I come up here. Princeton? And you thought Harry's was still open!

FRANK

Oh, bullshit. I was joking around. You're not sending me to that fucking... *brain* center.

HUNTER

God forbid you get treated in luxury.

FRANK

I'm fine. I don't need your pity or your help. I'm fine.

HUNTER

We've been over this and over this. But I think I have a solution.

Frank raises an eyebrow.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Hunter pulls a strangely shaped hunk of white plastic from the truck of his car.

FRANK

You got to be fucking kidding me.

Hunter sets it on the ground and presses a button.

It unfolds and stands up into a four and a half foot tall ROBOT. It looks a tiny man in a white spacesuit.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm not this pathetic. I don't need to be spoon-fed baby food by a goddamned robot.

HUNTER

This isn't like that. It's new!
It's more like a butler.

FRANK

I don't need a fucking butler. So you're going to leave me with this death machine?

HUNTER

I'm not going to leave you with it.
It's awesome! It's a ROBOT.

ROBOT

Hi, Frank. It's a pleasure to meet you.

The robot's voice is surprisingly normal.

FRANK

Uh, yeah.

HUNTER

Go on inside, straighten up and cook us whatever you can find.

The robot heads into the house.

ROBOT

Okay, Hunter. Good to meet you, Frank. I like your house.

Frank relaxes a bit as soon as the robot is out of sight.

FRANK
Jesus Christ, that thing's going to
fucking murder me in my sleep.

HUNTER
I wish I was getting a robot.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house is already looking much better - picked up and
swept, etc.

Frank and Hunter are eating a spaghetti dinner. The robot
refills Frank's water, like in a restaurant.

Frank watches the robot walk back into the kitchen.

FRANK
What about your mother? She's not
going to want a robot getting in
her way.

HUNTER
Mom has her own robot.
(realizing what he said)
Mom doesn't LIVE here, by the way.
You guys have been divorced for
thirty years!

FRANK
I KNOW THAT! That's not what I
meant.

HUNTER
How can you not be excited by this?

The robot comes back in with a cake.

FRANK
Where the hell did it get that?

ROBOT
I found a box of cake mix way back
in the cupboard, Frank. If you
don't mind me saying so, I think I
could be a big help to you. What do
you say?

Frank turns to Hunter, ignoring robot.

FRANK
Get this hunk of crap out of my
house.

Hunter throws his napkin on the table, standing up.

HUNTER

What am I supposed to do, dad? What am I supposed to do? I drive up here every week, ten hours round-trip, and you don't even want me here. I don't see my kids. Forget it. But the robot is staying because it was expensive as hell and you're going to do what it says or you are going to the Memory Center because the last thing I need is your dying to be my fault too.

It's silent for a moment.

FRANK

I'm not asking you to do anything.

HUNTER

No, of course not. Well, bye dad.

Hunter walks out.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

Hunter gets in the car, slamming the door, pulls down the driveway. He looks back in his rearview mirror at his dad and the robot framed in the front door.

He shakes his head and drives off.

Frank watches the light from Hunter's car disappear. It's dark and quiet outside.

He turns to see the little robot watching him.

FRANK

Now... how do I turn this piece of shit off?

ROBOT

I'm sorry Frank, but Hunter has chosen for me to remain on.

Frank ignores him, feeling around for an off switch.

ROBOT (CONT'D)

I don't have an off switch, Frank. If you let go of me, I will do the dishes.

Frank lets go, watching the robot as he clears the table.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

The robot is leaving out a big pile of symmetrical garbage bags.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Frank wakes up to the robot standing over him.

ROBOT
Wake up, Frank.

Frank slowly focuses on the strange figure leaning over him.

FRANK
Wha- what the hell?

ROBOT
It's seven, Frank. Wake up.

Frank looks around the room, totally confused.

ROBOT (CONT'D)
Frank, it's crucial that we
establish a set schedule for your
day, to help keep you oriented and-

Frank waves his hand in front of the robot's "face".

ROBOT (CONT'D)
Frank, I've reviewed your medical
records. Are you finding your
episodes of disorientation
increasing in frequency?

FRANK
What the fuck are you?

ROBOT
I'm a robot, Frank.

FRANK
Yeah. Yeah. How're you doing?

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Frank, tired, sits at the small kitchen table that was obscured by mess before.

The robot puts a sliced grapefruit in front of him.

Frank pushes it away.

FRANK
Just give me some cereal.

ROBOT
I threw the cereal away, Frank.

Frank gets to his feet, looking around the unfamiliarly clean kitchen, BANGING cabinets.

ROBOT (CONT'D)
Frank, that cereal is full of
unhealthy ingredients. Enjoy this
grapefruit.

FRANK
Don't throw my shit away.

ROBOT
Frank, that cereal is for children.

Frank pokes at the grapefruit.

FRANK
(muttering)
You're for children. Stupid.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

Frank follows the robot out into the yard.

FRANK
Where are we going?

The robot picks up some garden tools he's laid out.

ROBOT
We're going to plant a garden
together, Frank.

Frank watches the robot, unbelieving.

ROBOT (CONT'D)
Come on, Frank. It's important to
have a project to focus. Mental
stimulation plus a regimented
schedule will vastly improve your
cognitive functioning. Besides,
it's good exercise.

Frank turns around and walks back into the house.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Frank sits on the couch, eating cookies.

The robot walks up to him.

ROBOT
We're going to have to learn to
work together.

FRANK
You're a robot butler!

The robot grabs the box of cookies away.

ROBOT
I'm not a butler, Frank. I'm a
healthcare aide programmed to
monitor and improve your physical
and mental health.

FRANK
Whopty shit.

ROBOT
If you're not going to cooperate
with me, I might as well not be
here.

FRANK
Fine by me.

ROBOT
If that's the way you feel, I'll
contact Hunter.

FRANK
Good.

The robot stands still. Frank watches it.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Are you calling
him? Do you have a phone in your
brain?

The robot remains still. Frank squirms.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Wait! Look, don't call Hunter. You heard him - he's going to put me in a fucking nut house.

ROBOT

Hunter didn't say that.

FRANK

Look, there's nothing wrong with my memory, I just -- What am I doing, I'm talking to a fucking appliance!

ROBOT

I suggest you work with me.

Frank slumps down on the couch.

FRANK

I'm not GARDENING.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MORNING

The robot has dug up a perfectly circular garden area. He continues tilling the soil while Frank sits in a lawn chair and watches.

FRANK

Can't you do it all super-fast or something?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The robot serves Frank a healthy meal - steamed vegetables and brown rice, all sliced and diced with excellent presentation, but Frank ROLLS HIS EYES again.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

The robot shaves Frank's week of stubble and gives him a nice hair cut, but Frank just SCOWLS.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Frank reads from his pile of books. The robot comes over takes the book away.

FRANK

Hey, I was reading that.

ROBOT
Time for a walk.

Frank gets up, exaggerating his movements like a surly teenager.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Frank and the robot go on a nice long walk. Frank sulks.

FRANK
One good thing about getting old.
You can read your favorite books
again like new.
(on second thought)
Because it's been so long since you
read them last! You still remember
them.
(changing subject)
You know, I hate going on "hikes".
Once you've seen one tree, you've
seen 'em all.

ROBOT
While my program's goal is to
improve your health, I'm able to
adapt my methods. Would you prefer
another form of moderate exercise?

FRANK
I'd rather die eating cheeseburgers
than living off steamed zucchini.

The robot is quiet for a time, then stops and faces Frank.

ROBOT
What about me, Frank?

This gets Frank's attention, surprises him.

FRANK
Whattya mean what about you?

ROBOT
If you die eating cheeseburgers -
what do you think happens to me?
I'll have failed. They send me back
to the warehouse and wipe my
memory.

Frank is disturbed and amazed to hear him say it.

FRANK

I thought you robots just thought
everything was a bunch of lines and
angles...

ROBOT

Okay, we can go back now.

The robot abruptly turns around on the forest path.

Frank stands alone, watching the robot stroll away.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank is leaving with his backpack full of books. The robot follows him.

ROBOT

Let me carry that for you, Frank.

FRANK

For fuck's sake!

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Frank rolls his suitcase down the sidewalk beside the robot.

FRANK

I'm telling you, I'll have a heart
attack and die if you come in there
with me.

ROBOT

But Frank-

FRANK

Just... STAY!

ROBOT

Okay. But hurry, we're scheduled
for another walk.

Frank turns into the library, muttering about dogs.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Frank walks in expecting to see Jennifer at her desk. But instead he finds Mr. Darcy the book-stacking robot.

MR. DARCY

Can I help you find anything, sir?

FRANK
Where's the librarian?

MR. DARCY
I'm not familiar with that title.

FRANK
You're worse than the other one.
No, where is the librarian.

MR. DARCY
Jennifer? She's in her office-

Frank walks behind the counter, Mr. Darcy rolls after him.

MR. DARCY (CONT'D)
Guests are not permitted behind the
counter, sir.

INT. LIBRARY - OFFICE - DAY

Jennifer is talking to an excited young man in a trendy suit -
JAKE (late 20s) - when Frank strides in.

Jake is wearing glasses that seem to be made out of nonopaque
plastic. Frank waves his hand in front of him.

JENNIFER
Oh, hi Frank, meet Jake Finn - he's
been telling me all about the plans
for the renovation.

FRANK
Renovation?

Jake shakes Frank's hand.

JAKE
How are ya?

FRANK
How am I? I'm Frank.

JAKE
Ha, I'll bet you are. Wow, so you
must remember the days when this
library was the *only* way to learn
about the world!

Frank gives Jake a withering look.

JENNIFER
(to Frank)
Remember, Frank? We talked about
the library's renovation last week?

FRANK
Of course, I remember!

Jake and Jennifer are taken aback for a moment. But then Jake moves ahead with a lot of energy.

JAKE
I got a train to catch. Frank, I'd
love to talk to you some more about
your history with the printed word.
You're our connection to the past!
Jennifer, I'll be back Thursday to
see how it's coming along!

Jake pops out the door.

FRANK
Who is that little shit?

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Some local KIDS (12-13) are gathered around the waiting robot as Jake walks past, YAKKING on his cell.

FLATTOP
I heard about these ones.

FRECKLES
Yeah! It's got advanced legs.

The freckles kid shoves the robot, who absorbs the impact, stepping back, but doesn't fall down.

ROBOT
Warning - do not molest me.

The kids CRACK UP at this programmed response.

KIDS
COOL!!!

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Frank and Jennifer walk up to a few young VOLUNTEERS who carefully stick books in plastic containers.

FRANK

What are these assholes doing?

JENNIFER

All the books are going. They'll scan the ones they don't already have and send 'em to be recycled.

FRANK

It's like Nazi fucking Germany in here!

The volunteers look up, alarmed.

JENNIFER

It's okay.

(to Frank)

Let me show you something.

She pulls Frank up an aisle.

They get to a glass case. Inside are antique and rare volumes. Jennifer unlocks it.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

These won't be recycled.

Frank watches Jennifer slip on cotton gloves, lovingly take the books out.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

This is real deal. Huckleberry Finn. Ooo, I love Jane Eyre. And our most valuable... Don Quixote.

Jennifer opens the old volume of Don Quixote up, uncovering the etched illustrations.

She looks over the books, moved. Frank looks at *her*.

FRANK

So you get to keep these?

JENNIFER

They'll be *properly* preserved. They're just too old to be handled anymore. I'll miss them, though.

FRANK

Sounds like the same assholes who stopped coming here want to take away what's yours.

JENNIFER

*They're not the ones who left...
They're just kids who think books
are cool again.*

FRANK

That guy's full of it.

Jennifer gives Frank's hand a squeeze.

EXT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

Frank comes out, suitcase empty, to see a throng of kids circled around the robot, shoving it and SQUEALING.

FRANK

Hey!

The kids look over as one, size Frank up.

FRANK (CONT'D)

BEAT IT, YOU LITTLE FUCKERS!

The kids run off.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to robot)

*So you're only programmed to harass
old men, huh?*

ROBOT

*I told them to stop, but they
wouldn't listen...*

FRANK

*Next time that happens, just freeze
up and say, "SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE
INITIALIZED," and start counting
down from ten and shaking at stuff.*

ROBOT

Why would I do that, Frank?

FRANK

Come on, let's go to Harry's.

ROBOT

Okay.

INT. BUGGYTOWN - DAY

As RICH YUPPIE COUPLES, browse the store, Frank palms a wooden beaver statuette to go with his wooden bear.

He's casually heading back towards the door, when a young SHOPGIRL steps towards him.

SHOPGIRL
Have you smelled our lavender
butterfly soaps?

Frank smiles and leans in to smell the soap, but suddenly the robot is at his side.

ROBOT
We should be going, Frank.

SHOPGIRL
That's quite a helper you have.

The original shoplady notices him, marches over.

SHOPLADY
(hissing through teeth)
What's in your pocket?

Frank smiles innocently, cups his hand to his ear.

FRANK
What's that, young lady?

Frank slides the carving out of his pocket with his other hand, unseen, puts it on a table behind him.

SHOPLADY
Don't let him leave. If you have
anything on you this time, I'm
calling the cops.

Frank shows them his pockets are empty. The shopladies look at him suspiciously.

ROBOT
Frank...

Frank anxiously turns to the robot. Expecting to be busted.

ROBOT (CONT'D)
It's time we headed home.

Frank relaxes, follows the robot out.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Frank walks alongside the robot, thinking.

His cell phone starts RINGING in the backpack. He grabs back from the robot, feels around inside for it.

FRANK
(answering)
Maddie. Can you hear me?

Frank holds the phone away as Madison lectures LOUDLY.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You don't have to argue with me -
I'm stuck with the fucking thing.
Did you talk to your brother?

Frank covers the phone, leans over to the robot.

FRANK (CONT'D)
She doesn't like you. I don't like
you either.
(back into the phone)
It IS creepy... Yeah, he's cramping
my style... By all means... Bye.
(to the robot)
You may be getting out of my hair
very soon.

Frank sticks the phone back into the backpack.

ROBOT
Is your daughter politically
aligned against robot labor?

Frank feels something else in the backpack, pulls the wooden beaver statuette out, surprised.

FRANK
Where did this come from?

ROBOT
From the store, remember?

FRANK
Of course I remember! No, I mean,
YOU put it in here? You took it?

ROBOT
I saw you had it, but the shopkeeper
distracted and you forgot it. I put
it in the backpack for you.

Frank eyes the robot with growing interest.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank is finishing his dinner. The beaver statue is on the table beside him.

FRANK

Do you know what stealing is?

ROBOT

Yes. The act of a person who steals. Taking property without permission or right.

FRANK

Yeah, I guess. You stole this!

The robot is silent.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Well, what do you think about that?

ROBOT

I don't have any thoughts on that.

FRANK

They didn't program you about stealing? Shoplifting? Robbery?

ROBOT

I have working definitions for those terms. I don't understand, do you want something else for dessert?

FRANK

Don't you have any programming to make you obey the law?

ROBOT

Do you want me to incorporate state and federal law into my programming?

FRANK

No! Leave it the way it is!!

The robot starts clearing up. Frank watches him, smiles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You're starting to grow on me.

ROBOT

It's time for your enema.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank dumps a heavy arm-load of dirty old locks and tumblers on the table, rolls out a collection of lock-picking tools.

FRANK

Time to see what you can do.

Frank runs his hands over the lock-picking tools, trying to recall a distant memory. He attaches a clamp to the table and tightens it around an old lock.

The robot watches as Frank selects a tool and begins working on the lock, his eyes closed, talking and trying to remember.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Any lock in this world is just a little puzzle, you understand? And the only key is - the key. But, no lock is perfect. Any lock can be picked, all you need is time...

The lock suddenly CLICKS open.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Still got it.

ROBOT

That's very good, Frank.

FRANK

Let me show you how to do it.

ROBOT

I think this hobby would be more beneficial for you than me, Frank.

FRANK

But teaching you how to do it *is* the hobby.

ROBOT

Okay.

LATER -

Frank clicks a stopwatch as the robot begins picking a lock.

FRANK

Did you know I did six years for one stretch? Then I did ten another time.

ROBOT

I did know that, but Hunter told me not to mention it. According to your file, you were first arrested for possessing stolen goods and then tax evasion.

The robot opens the lock. Frank stops the stopwatch.

FRANK

A new record!

ROBOT

I'm getting the hang of it.

Frank sets up another lock for the robot to pick.

FRANK

That tax evasion rap was bullshit. I was a second story man.

ROBOT

What's that?

FRANK

You find a way in where no way in exists. You know, climbing up to the second story. I specialized in jewelry. Diamonds. You want the most value by the ounce when you're rappelling down a fifty story casino in the middle of a hurricane.

ROBOT

The most value by the ounce?

FRANK

Lifting stuff like that doesn't hurt anybody. Well, except insurance companies. It's the perfect crime!

The robot finishes the new lock in seconds.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Holy shit! We're gonna clean up.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank is reading on the couch, the robot is cleaning.

The phone RINGS, on-screen caller ID saying "HUNTER (CELL)". Frank reaches for the remote.

FRANK
Here we go. More grief.

Hunter pops up on screen, he's on a beach somewhere nice.

HUNTER
Madison won't stop calling me.

FRANK
What do you want me to do about it?

HUNTER
She's up in arms with all these
Human Movement talking points-

FRANK
Deal with her yourself.

Hunter isn't listening, getting into his argument.

HUNTER
A robot caretaker is just as
"humane" as a human caretaker -
just because they're more efficient
doesn't make them inhumane.

Nora, Hunter's wife, sticks her head into frame.

NORA
Are you arguing with Madison again?

She sees it's Frank, talks to him like he's child.

NORA (CONT'D)
Oh, hi, Frank. Whatcha up to?

FRANK
Nora, tell your husband to stop
lecturing me about robots.

NORA
This is Hunter, remember?

Frank grumbles.

HUNTER
The jobs offset by the robot
workers are MORE than made up for
by *better* jobs in robotic design,
building, maintenance.

FRANK
Hunter! I don't care.

HUNTER
But she said you said you were
saying the robot-

FRANK
The robot's fine. Just go... go do
something nice with your wife.

Hunter and Nora are unused to hearing something nice from Frank.

HUNTER
Yeah. Okay, dad. Just... tell her
to stop bugging me. We're on
vacation. All right, Bye.

The screen goes dead.

Frank looks back down at his book for a moment. The robot is finishing cleaning.

Frank looks back up from his book.

FRANK
You won't tell Hunter about the
locks, right?

ROBOT
Developing trust between us is a
part of my program. I can keep
anything you feel is important
between just us.

Frank settles back into his book.

FRANK
Perfect. Lock it all down.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Frank walks with the robot up to the old library. There are moving boxes and old shelves stacked up outside.

ROBOT
I thought you said the library was
closed, Frank?

FRANK
This is called "casing".

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Frank and the robot walk through the empty library. The shelves have been replaced by new furniture - reading tables and couches, most still in pieces.

The case with the antique books has been taken off the wall, but its still full.

Frank taps on the small lock, winks at the robot.

Jennifer walks out of the back, followed by Mr. Darcy.

JENNIFER

Frank, you remember the library's closed, right?

FRANK

I was just walking past and I thought I'd say hello.

JENNIFER

Is that your new robot?

(to robot)

Hey there, I'm Jennifer. What's your name?

ROBOT

I don't have a name.

JENNIFER

Oh, Frank, you have to name him!

(to robot)

This is my helper, Mr. Darcy.

Mr. Darcy rolls forward.

ROBOT

A very reliable model.

JENNIFER

Thank you.

There's a pause as they look at the robots, looking at each other.

FRANK

We should get these two together.
Like a robo play-date.

Jennifer gets a little uncomfortable.

JENNIFER
I don't know, Frank... Well, okay,
it sounds like fun.

EXT. LIBRARY - BACK ENTRANCE - DAY

Frank comes out the back, smiling, the robot giving him help with the heavy door.

He stops short, though, checking out the door frame.

FRANK
See that? Magnetic alarm trips when
the doors open...

They walk out. Frank surveying the building.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And there, motion detecting flood
light. Simple but effective.

ROBOT
Frank, you don't have any free
activity time scheduled after
sunset.

Frank cocks an eyebrow.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Frank smashes some old handheld device. The robot watches as he sorts through the broken pieces, pulls some thin strips of dark material out of the broken parts.

FRANK
-it's just one night! What's the
point of an arbitrary schedule?

ROBOT
I'm sorry, Frank, but it's just too
late at night.

Frank solders electrical wires to the thin, dark strips.

FRANK
The whole point is to not be SEEN.

ROBOT
I'm not sure.

FRANK
You said yourself I need a project
to keep stimulated AND get
exercise. This is it.

The robot takes a microsecond to process.

ROBOT
Okay, Frank.

EXT. SMALL DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Frank is dressed all in black, with a utility belt of black tools and a black bag.

The street is deserted. It's late.

He moves quickly across the street, staying in the shadows, to a dark patch of landscaping and signals for the robot.

The robot comes out, his white body covered in various black and navy colored cloth, duct-taped on to him. He walks a little funny.

Frank waves for him to hurry. The robot joins him.

FRANK
(whisper)
Keep quiet.

Frank moves on, beaming an excited smile.

EXT. LIBRARY - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Frank and the robot approach the back of the library, staying off the sidewalk.

They survey the scene. The motion-sensing light is off.

FRANK
Wait here.

Frank slips off to the side, leaving the robot alone.

The robot seems unsure what to do, scanning left and right.

Frank reappears hugging the library wall, underneath the motion detector.

Frank takes out a can of some kind of aerosol spray. He begins spraying at the motion detector.

He very gingerly begins spray more and more directly, until he's spraying directly, all over the motion detector.

Frank signals for the robot to come over.

The robot crosses the moonlit area to the library door, the motion light stays off.

Frank unrolls the lock-picking kit and the robot quickly picks the lock.

Frank takes out his strange dark strips and wire contraption, slips the strips into the crack in the door.

Frank gives a gentle tug on the loop of wire dangling out, and nods. He slowly opens the door a little bit.

As he opens it wider, we see that two strips are magnets connected with wires and are attached to the alarm magnets on the door frame, keeping the circuit closed!

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

It's dark for a moment.

The robot's light suddenly shines right in Frank's face.

FRANK
Watch it!

There's a suddenly SCUFLING noise across the library.

Frank gets low, he signals to the robot to cut the light.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(whispered)
The light.

The robot's light turns off.

Frank creeps up the aisles. The robot follows, bumps into the side of a bookcase.

Frank SHUSHES the robot, signals for him to stay put. Frank creeps on ahead.

He ducks behind the front counter, hearing the SCUFLING noise again.

He peeks into the office, sees a pile of old papers being shuffled around by an A/C vent, making the sound.

He sighs. The robot standing over him, makes Frank JUMP.

Frank shakes his head, checks his watch, and moves on.

He brings the robot over to the glass case, unfurls the lock-picking tools.

While the robot works, Frank sees a table covered in sketches.

Frank pats around on his outfit, takes out reading glasses.

Frank peers through his glasses at the sketches - interior design ideas, library lay-out and other confusing things.

Frank looks up from the papers, confused, rubs his eyes.

The robot opens the case.

ROBOT

Which book do you want? Jane Eyre?
Don Quixote?

Frank is starting to get lost in his thoughts.

FRANK

Um, uh... you gotta take what's
most valuable by the ounce...

The robot takes Don Quixote, puts Jane Eyre back, turns to find Frank gone.

Frank wanders down an aisle.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jennifer? Jennifer?

The robot catches up with him, puts his hand on Frank's arm.

ROBOT

We're supposed to be quiet, Frank.

Frank isn't sure what's going on.

FRANK

(not quiet)
I am. I'm just looking for, uh...

ROBOT

Frank, you're confused.

FRANK

Why are you wearing a helmet?

ROBOT

I'm a robot, Frank. Remember?

FRANK
Uh, okay, whatever you say.

Frank heads for the front door.

ROBOT
No, no, not that way.

FRANK
Let go of me.

Frank's almost to the front door, the ALARM PANEL glows beside it, saying "SYSTEM ARMED".

ROBOT
Frank, you can't go out that way.

FRANK
Why not?

ROBOT
You said we had to go out the back.

FRANK
I did? Oh yeah. Of course I did.

EXT. LIBRARY - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The robot opens the heavy door, Frank pushes him out. But the robot hears some talking, sees some shadows ahead on the street.

FRANK
I gotta get out of here!

ROBOT
Stay there! You can't be seen.

The robot closes the door in front of Frank, bends down into his boxy carrying-shape.

The voices of the street reveal themselves to be a group of local TEENAGERS.

They walk past the library, barely noticing it, talking and LAUGHING among themselves.

The robot watches the library door intently.

But it doesn't open.

The teenagers disappear down the street.

The robot stands back up, opens the door. He finds Frank leaning against it, catching his breath.

FRANK
What's going on?

The robot pulls him outside, closing the door.

Frank looks up at him, worried. The robot hands him Treasure Island, and pulls the magnet contraption loose.

ROBOT
Let's go home, Frank.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank and the robot are back in the house, Frank flipping through the Don Quixote, excitedly, then pacing, then back to the book.

ROBOT
We shouldn't do that again, Frank.

FRANK
It was beautiful! Not a trace!
Let's celebrate!

ROBOT
Would you like something to help
you sleep, Frank?

The robot steps out of the room but Frank doesn't notice.

FRANK
Look at this thing. Must be more
than a hundred and fifty years old!
Jennifer'll love it. Maybe we
shoulda got "Jane Eyre".

The robot comes back in with a glass of warm milk and two pills.

ROBOT
Here you go, Frank.

FRANK
I was thinking more like champagne.

Frank takes the pills without thinking.

ROBOT
Lie down, get comfortable.

The robot leads Frank to the couch, where Frank paces.

FRANK

I thought there was someone still
in there. You can't see in the dark
for shit, can you? You're a
crackerjack on those locks, though!

Frank slumps down on the couch, the pills working fast.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I tried showing Hunter that one
time. Little guy wouldn't listen.
Wouldn't ever sit still, he was
such a little terror. Burned a
whole in the carpet.

The pills are making Frank groggy in a drugged way.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Or wait... was it Madison? Did I
show her the locks or was it you?

Frank puts his hand on the robot's hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you remember, Hunter? Was it you
or your sister? ... When you were
little... When I came home, you
always looked so different...

The robot listens as Frank falls asleep.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank is eating some kind of vegetable stir fry.

FRANK

Let's have some cheese! Melted
butter! Salt and fat!

The phone rings - Unknown Caller. Frank jumps up and grabs
the remote.

Even before the picture comes on, Frank knows who it is.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Madison, my girl! Where are you
now?

Madison appears in a cheap-looking Internet cafe somewhere
rural. She's pissed off, talking at a MILE A MINUTE.

MADISON

Dad, Hunter is claiming you're FINE with the robot. You WANT it controlling your life!

FRANK

Hey, there. Whoa, hey, wait.

MADISON

It's impossible to argue with him, he's so close-minded, he just sticks to the standard corporate line about-

FRANK

Calm down.

MADISON

He's the one with a stick up his ass. I mean, what kind of a son does he think he is just dropping you off with this THING.

FRANK

Hey, I told him he comes around too much, so this is what he did.

MADISON

Too much? He's abandoned you, Dad, with a machine.

FRANK

At least he did something.

Madison takes this the wrong way.

MADISON

I - I'm sorry - I'm travelling, dad! This is what I do for a LIVING!

Frank instantly regrets saying anything.

FRANK

No I know, I didn't mean-

MADISON

Look time's running out on this thing. I'll, I'll-

She's gone.

Frank's happy energy is gone. He remains on the couch.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank and the robot are heading out. Frank packs Don Quixote, wrapped in a ribbon.

FRANK

I got it. I got it. Don't worry.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank marches eagerly down the sidewalk, the robot trying to keep up.

ROBOT

I'm just saying the benefits are out-weighed by the amount of risk. Especially for your health.

FRANK

But that was just a warm up!

ROBOT

This is it.

The robot stops in front of Jennifer's small house.

Frank hesitates before pressing the door bell.

FRANK

Okay, it's robo-playdate time! You ready?

ROBOT

I think so.

Frank rings the doorbell. Mr. Darcy quickly opens the door.

FRANK

Hey there, you bucket of bolts. So where's...

Frank starts to step inside, look around - when Jennifer hurries up, blocking his path.

JENNIFER

Oh, I thought we could walk to the park. It's such a nice day.

Frank tries to sneak a peak further into the house, but Jennifer subtly blocks him.

FRANK

Sounds great.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Frank walks alongside Jennifer, the two robots trailing in single file. Jennifer is preoccupied.

FRANK

What's the point of a library if
you can't even check out the books?

JENNIFER

It's all augmented reality now.
Jake says it's about the library
experience. People can get any book
at home instantly. This is about
community.

FRANK

Community. Yeah right. "Jake."

But Jennifer's mind has wandered off.

FRANK (CONT'D)

You okay?

JENNIFER

Someone broke into the library last
night.

Frank was waiting for this.

FRANK

It's funny you should say that...

JENNIFER

(not listening)

It's so sad. It's like someone
deliberately was waiting until we
were vulnerable...

Frank shuts his mouth. Jennifer slumps down onto a bench.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Jake says they were probably doing
some kind of hacking thing, to
steal ID data from all the new
patrons... He said they found a
pair of reading glasses by his
admin tablet.

Frank sits down next to her, SILENT. He puts the backpack
with the book on the ground away from her.

The two robots stand waiting before them.

FRANK
(to robots)
What's going on with you two?

ROBOT
I'm functioning normally.

FRANK
Don't you two have anything to say
to each other?

The two robots look at each other.

MR. DARCY
I have no functions or tasks that
require verbal interaction with the
VGC-60G.

JENNIFER
Mr. Darcy, that's rude.

FRANK
So that's it? When all the humans
are extinct you're not going to
start a robot society?

ROBOT
I don't understand, Frank.

FRANK
Wonderful. Here's what I want you
to do. Assume Mr. Darcy here is a
human like me, have a conversation.

The robot turns to Mr. Darcy, puts his hand on his side.

ROBOT
Hi there, how are you doing?

MR. DARCY
I'm functioning normally.

ROBOT
As am I.

The two robots just look at each other. Silence.

Jennifer BURSTS into laughter. The robots turn, almost
puzzled.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry. It's a weird time.
There's this fund-raiser party
thing for the new library coming
up. But it's going to be all the
young hoity-toity couples.

FRANK

Sounds awful.

JENNIFER

Would you come with me?

Frank smiles.

INT. STUDY - DAY

Frank takes Don Quixote out of the backpack.

The robot is in the doorway.

ROBOT

You didn't give her your gift.

FRANK

You're right. It's over. Got that
out of my system. Going straight.
Again.

Frank carefully places the book in his secret stash.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

The space is unfinished but the trendy party is in full
effect. Young, rich couples in fancy clothing mingle. Gowns,
tuxes and jewels are in fashion.

A small classical quartet plays Phillip Glass.

Apart from the crowd, Frank awkwardly waits alone. The robot
is standing a few yards away, Frank gestures for him to move
further away. The robot complies.

Jennifer returns to Frank's side with two glasses of
champagne, looking elegant in her dress.

JENNIFER

God, I'm glad you're here.

FRANK

Hey, free booze.

They clink glasses.

Jake is making his way through the crowd, meeting and greeting. He sees Jennifer and starts heading over.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh great.

JENNIFER

He's not so bad.

Jake comes up, shakes Frank's hand, kisses Jennifer on the cheek.

JAKE

Enjoying yourselves?

JENNIFER

Seems you're raising a lot of funds.

JAKE

I told you, everyone's dying to reconnect with this amazing space! Isn't it exciting? Frank - do you remember *paper* newspapers?

FRANK

What's it to you?

Jake is staring aggressively at Frank.

JAKE

Amazing. Printing thousands of copies - to be read in one day and thrown away! Think of it!

FRANK

(sarcastic)

Yeah. Astounding.

Jake breaks his stare, smiling at Jennifer.

JAKE

You don't mind if I steal Jennifer? I want to introduce her around to some elite donors.

Jake extends his arm. Jennifer takes it, she looks back at Frank nervously pantomiming "oh no where am I going?"

Frank's alone again, he robot right beside him.

ROBOT
You shouldn't drink that, Frank.

Frank looks around, a bit embarrassed.

FRANK
Stay over there.

ROBOT
It's not good for gout.

FRANK
I don't have fucking gout.

ROBOT
You don't have gout yet.

FRANK
Get lost, weirdo.

Frank slips away from him.

Frank watches Jake and Jennifer bob and weave through the party, meeting new people, smiling and LAUGHING.

Frank scowls, downs his drink.

Jennifer is left alone by Jake, but she's having an animated conversation with some younger women.

Frank finds Jake pointing him out to a CLEAN-CUT MAN in a cheap brown suit, who nods, says something and walks out.

Frank looks totally innocent.

Jake walks up to him, edgy.

JAKE
So, um, hey, Frank.

FRANK
What.

JAKE
Do you mind if I ask you a personal question?

FRANK
Is it about the "printed page"?

Jake takes a breath and asks an awkward question.

JAKE
Were you ever in prison?

FRANK
You been googling me?

Jake isn't very good at confrontation, he keeps looking away.

JAKE
No, um, it's just - do you wear
reading glasses?

FRANK
No, why?

JAKE
No reason.

Jake turns on a dime and re-enters the crowd.

Frank grabs another champagne, looking around for the robot -
but he's across the room, being examined by some partygoers.

Suddenly Jennifer is back by his side.

JENNIFER
Some party, huh?

FRANK
How do you know this whole thing
isn't some big scam, you know?

JENNIFER
A scam? What are you talking about?

FRANK
Well, think about if Jake wasn't
who he said he was. There's a lot
of big donations coming in. I mean
look at this place - these people
are loaded, look at the gowns and
jewels the-

Frank stops short.

JENNIFER
Yeah, I guess so. But I mean, come
on, it's a little far-fetched. Why
would that even occur to you?

But Frank isn't listening.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
Frank?

FRANK
Yeah. I'm just kidding. Little too
much bubbly. Excuse me.

Frank leaves Jennifer confused.

He finds the robot.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You got a camera, right?

ROBOT
Every moment I experience is stored
in my holographic memory and can-

FRANK
Start experiencing every chick you
see draped in jewels.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank is flipping through the photos on the TV of women in
jewels from the party while the robot vacuums.

FRANK
Look at the size of this stuff!
Flashy shit has come back in style.

The robot stops vacuuming.

ROBOT
I'm sorry, Frank, but I can't agree
to let you risk another burglary.
Let's focus on the garden instead.

Frank turns the photos off.

FRANK
The library was strictly a smash
and grab job.

ROBOT
Smash and grab?

FRANK
If we went after one of these
yuppies, it would be a different
story, believe me.

ROBOT
You can't predict that, Frank.

FRANK

Isn't this what you're supposed to encourage? I haven't felt this alive in twenty years. Without the library job, I'd be down in the dumps watching you dig up my lawn. Instead, I'm at a party with a beautiful woman.

ROBOT

You have improved a great deal.

FRANK

It's just one more job. A real one. Very mentally stimulating.

ROBOT

Maybe we can just do the surveillance portion as a research project?

FRANK

And if you agree that I've covered everything so that it's basically zero risk...?

ROBOT

You would have to be very thorough, Frank. But that seems fair.

Frank jumps to his feet as best he can.

FRANK

I know exactly who the first mark is.

EXT. POST-MODERN HOUSE - DAY

A beautiful young woman, AVA LEE, is seen through her large living room window sitting on her couch, using her phone.

Frank and the robot are staked out in the woods. Frank sits on a lawn chair, legs wrapped in a blanket, watching through binoculars. The robot stands beside him.

A car pulls up and a handsome man hops out, JAYDEN WILKERSON.

Frank jots this down in a notebook.

ROBOT

I can keep a time-log for you.

FRANK
I need to do it - helps me remember.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The robot comes into the room to wake Frank up, but discovers that the bed is empty.

The robot then notices the sound of the shower running.

He processes for a moment, then begins making the bed.

EXT. BACKYARD - EARLY MORNING

The robot is gardening while Frank does sit ups.

ROBOT
Take it easy now, Frank.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Frank and the robot watch the house.

FRANK
We need to get closer. I need to know what they're doing in there.

ROBOT
Ava is in the laundry room and Jayden is in the master bathroom.

FRANK
How do you know that?

ROBOT
Active infra-band scanners, Frank.

FRANK
You can see them? You're like the fucking Predator. Okay, we're adding all this shit to the logs.

LATER - They are walking on a narrow path through the woods. The robot carries the lawn chair.

Frank looks at pictures on his camera - the couple cooking, sitting, them kissing. He turns the camera off.

FRANK (CONT'D)
How come you didn't have anything to say to that other robot.

ROBOT
I do what I'm programmed to do.

FRANK
Were you programmed to have this conversation? Or garden? Or pick locks?

ROBOT
All of those things are in service of my main program.

Frank thinks about this.

FRANK
But what about when you said I had to eat healthy because you didn't want your memory erased - that seems like something more's going on up in your noggin there.

ROBOT
I only said that to coerce you. It doesn't matter to me if my memory is erased or not.

FRANK
What?

ROBOT
You said you'd rather die than eat steamed zucchini. Which is worse?

FRANK
Having your memory erased is worse.

ROBOT
Think about it this way - you know how you KNOW that you're alive? You think therefore you are.

FRANK
Okay, like that philosopher guy...

ROBOT
In a similar way, I KNOW that I'm not alive.

Frank seems a bit green around the gills.

FRANK
I don't want to talk about how you don't exist anymore. It's freaking me out.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Jennifer arrives at the front door, looking nice.

She KNOCKS, but there's no answer right away.

She KNOCKS again. There's a CRASH inside. Frank calls out.

FRANK

Uh... hello?

JENNIFER

Frank, it's me. What's going on in there?

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EARLY EVENING

Frank is surrounded by a mess of his notes, plans, photos of his victims and their house. He's just knocked over an end table as he scrambles to hide everything.

FRANK

(calling out)

Uh, nothing, nothing. How're you doing?

JENNIFER

(through door)

Can I come in?

FRANK

What are you doing here?

JENNIFER

(through door)

You forgot, didn't you?

Frank looks up from the notes and plans, trying to remember.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

(through door)

You invited me to dinner. I said it was a bad idea, but you convinced me. Like always.

Frank shoots a dirty look at the robot.

FRANK

What the hell, pal?

ROBOT

I have no record of this. Maybe you made these arrangements when you sent me for drinks at the party?

FRANK

(calling out)

I didn't forget... it's just not quite ready. Um... why don't you, uh...

JENNIFER

(through door)

Can you at least open the door? What's going on? Just tell me.

Frank looks around at the mess.

FRANK

Why don't you come back another time? I'm kind of in the middle of something.

Frank waits, listening, not sure what to expect.

After a while all he hears is a dull THUD.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jennifer?

Frank opens the door a crack. Jennifer's not there.

He opens it wider, sees her driving away down the driveway. She stops and gives him the finger before pulling away.

He looks down at a chocolate cake squashed on his doorstep.

ROBOT

Maybe you should call her.

Frank goes back into the house.

FRANK

Whatever. I'm busy.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Frank and the robot are doing surveillance. His notebook is FULL of entries - he's been doing this for a while now.

Frank checks his watch.

FRANK

I predict... the lovely couple here
will be leaving any second now.

The robot looks, but the couple is still laying on the couch.

ROBO

I don't think so, Frank.

Suddenly the wife looks at the clock and jumps up, the
husband checks his watch. They head for the car.

ROBOT

Impressive. May I see your data? I
missed the pattern.

Frank hands the notebook over, gloating.

FRANK

That's right - the human brain.
Quite a powerful piece of hardware.

ROBOT

I'm very pleased with your
progress, Frank. Planning this
burglary was a great idea.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank is going through all finds of notes, files and plans -
all this stuff spread out on the dinner table.

The phone rings - Hunter.

FRANK

I'm not here. Don't tell him
anything. Play it cool.

The robot answers the phone.

ROBOT

Hello, Hunter. Sorry, but Frank
isn't available to talk right now.

Hunter is a bit thrown off to see the robot answer.

HUNTER

What do you mean?

The robot looks over at Frank who shakes his head..

ROBOT

Your father's very busy.

HUNTER

What does that mean? Is he okay.

ROBOT

There is nothing out of the ordinary - in the area of Frank's health.

Frank winces at this, waving for the robot to end the call.

HUNTER

Uh... okay, so put him on.

The robot looks over at Frank, waving frantically.

ROBOT

I'm sorry, I need to go now.

HUNTER

Tell him I called. Tell him... tell him I'll visit soon, I've just been busy with work and the kids. He knows. I guess. Look, nevermind, just tell him I called.

ROBOT

I will. Good night.

The screen turns off.

FRANK

You call that playing it cool?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Frank is jotting notes down in his notebook as the robot scans the building.

ROBOT

Bedroom ceiling height - ten feet three inches. Closet height - eight feet six inches...

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank has his notes all spread out in front of him. He's lost in thought.

The robot comes through the room with a vacuum cleaner, snaps Frank out of it.

FRANK

We'll be ready to do the job in a couple days. We'll have a window when they'll be out of town!

ROBOT

I can't promise I'll allow the actual burglary, but I'm glad to see you so enthusiastic.

FRANK

Come 'ere, let's arm wrestle.

The robot sits down opposite Frank, they join hands.

ROBOT

Like this?

FRANK

Yep and on the count of three, try to bend my arm back. 1 2 3.

Frank starts pushing. The robot's arm makes SERVO sounds.

Frank's starting to win.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Don't go too easy on me!

The robot then easily starts pushing Frank back.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Whoa!

Just then - there's a KNOCK at the door.

Frank and the robot, freeze, looking at each other.

The robot goes and opens the door - it's Madison.

MADISON

HI DADDY!

She ignores the robot, runs in and hugs her dad.

As she hugs him, Frank gestures for the robot to clear away all the burglary notes and plans.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Madison stands, pacing around the kitchen, looking at the windows, full of energy.

Frank sits at the table, trying to make sense of this.

MADISON

And I just thought, why not just
buy a ticket to New York! And-

The robot comes in.

ROBOT

Would you like me to bring in your
bags, Madison?

Madison stops dead, squinting at the little robot.

MADISON

(loudly and clearly)
Um, no! No, thank you!

FRANK

Let the damn robot get your damn
bags.

She sits down with Frank.

MADISON

Daddy, that's why I'm here. I
thought about what you said. I'm
going to stay with you.

FRANK

What I said?

Madison takes his hands, smiling warmly.

MADISON

I'm saving you!

Madison puts a hand on the robot's shoulder and WHISPERS
something to it. With a slight WHIR, the robot shuts down,
retracting back into a white lump.

FRANK

What the hell did you do?!

MADISON

I got the password from Hunter.

FRANK

He's got a password?

Madison grabs his hand and pulls him out of his chair.

MADISON

Come on, I've got a MILLION pics to show you!

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank is slumped on the couch, watching Madison's slideshow which she narrates eagerly.

MADISON

Oh Turkmenistan. Amazing. Amazing!
And there's so much need for an non-profit like the kind I'm talking about. There's funding there too, I want to work on a grant proposal while I'm here - that's why it's so perfect!

Frank looks back and sees the white lump that was the robot resting eerily in the kitchen.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Frank wakes up suddenly.

He is confused for a moment, looking around, but remembers the robot is off.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Frank sees the switched-off robot lump still in place in the kitchen.

He creeps closer, looking for signs of Madison.

The kitchen is a mess - burning pancakes on the stove. Apparently Madison tried and failed to make breakfast.

Frank taps on the folded-up robot.

FRANK

Wake up. Password. 1234. We gotta move. We're gonna miss our window on the hit.

Frank looks up as Madison comes inside, flicking her cigarette into the sink.

MADISON

You hungry? I went shopping. How about some Cap'n crunch?

FRANK
That's for kids, Madison.

LATER:

Frank's finishing his cereal, his stubble has come in.
Madison is reading at the table.

MADISON
You growing out your beard?

FRANK
Huh? Oh. I dunno. The robot used to
give me a nice shave.

MADISON
And now you're powerless to take
care of yourself?

FRANK
Why don't you turn the little guy
back on and he'll do the dishes?

MADISON
Oh no no no. I'm going to do it.
You can't just whisk away all your
responsibilities onto a robot.
Where'll we end up if everyone just
whisks away...

Madison suddenly gets up and picks up the robot lump - not
that heavy - and sticks him in the pantry.

MADISON (CONT'D)
There. You'll see.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Frank watches the fancy house, flips through his totally full
notebook.

He has no lawn chair, blanket or thermos.

He squints, seeing Ava flicker past a window, then nothing.
He stands up, determined.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Frank comes inside, goes to the fridge and starts taking
everything out.

He takes out a bunch of bowls from the cabinet and all the boxes of cereal and starts making a mess.

Madison comes in.

MADISON

Whoa, hey! What are you doing?

FRANK

I'm hungry.

MADISON

Let me make you something then.
Damn it, daddy!

FRANK

Fine. I want lasagna.

MADISON

Okay!

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Frank sits in the messy kitchen. The dishes are stacking up in the sink. Madison dumps limp-looking penne into his bowl.

FRANK

This lasagna looks like crap.

MADISON

It's PENNE.

FRANK

I'm going to go into town, go to
Harry's.

MADISON

I just spent an HOUR cooking this!
You can't walk into town now it's
dark out.

FRANK

So drive me.

MADISON

Just eat it, please?

Frank stuffs limp penne in his mouth.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank comes in, his feet covered in mud.

He marches around the living room, into the study and back in, tracking mud EVERYWHERE.

Madison comes in from upstairs, wearing an apron, rubber gloves, holding a plunger and cleaning spray.

MADISON
Dad! What did you do in the
bathroom? Seriously! Are you okay?

FRANK
It's *your* cooking, Maddie.

MADISON
Whoa! Hey! You're tracking mud
everywhere! Go back outside!

FRANK
Back outside? Okay.

Frank walks across the room, tracking more mud.

MADISON
Dad!

FRANK
What?

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank and Madison watch a movie. The place has become a real mess.

FRANK
You know, the robot and I went into
town sometimes for fun.

MADISON
I'm pretty tired, daddy.

FRANK
I guess I'll go myself then.

MADISON
Okay.

Frank goes into his study, closes the door.

He sits down, looks at the stolen copy of Don Quixote.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

Frank walks up to the library nervously, holding a paper bag.

He makes his way up to the library door.

Filtering from inside, Frank can hear low chatter and RETRO-AMBIENT music.

He hesitates, paces in front of the door.

Finally mustering the courage to go in, he reaches for the door and it suddenly OPENS.

It's a YOUNG MAN, who brushes past Frank without a second look.

Frank looks around foolishly.

He smooths the paper bag, it's shaped like the Don Quixote.

He sets it down right in front of the library door and leaves.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Frank comes in to find the room is cleaned up, not the mess he left.

He sticks his head into the kitchen. All the dishes are done and everything is scrubbed and shiny.

Madison is casually wiping the countertop with a rag.

MADISON

Oh, hey, daddy. Just finishing cleaning up.

FRANK

YOU TURNED HIM ON!

MADISON

The robot? I can clean up a kitchen, daddy. I'm an adult.

Frank strides, over to the pantry. The folded-up robot lays just as before.

FRANK

You're lying.

MADISON

I can take care of you.

FRANK

This place was a total pig-sty half
an hour ago! Now look at this shit!

Frank starts opening cupboards, finding everything perfectly
organized and stacked like in a magazine.

MADISON

Calm down. It's not that big of a
deal. I did it.

FRANK

No. You can't! It's impossible!

Frank starts taking out boxes and food and THROWING them
across the kitchen.

FRANK (CONT'D)

There! Let's see you clean this up!

Madison is stunned by this violence.

MADISON

God damnit! You're such a miserable
asshole! I can't even do something
NICE for you right! Fuck!

Madison tears up, throws food BACK at Frank.

FRANK

Watch your mouth! The robot isn't
your SERVANT, Madison! You don't
turn him on and off like he was
your goddamned slave!

MADISON

(screaming)

It's a ROBOT!

They stop throwing food.

They stand awkwardly in silence as Madison tries to compose
herself.

FRANK

I'm sorry, sweetie. It's not you.
It's not you. I just need him for
something.

Frank slowly approaches her.

MADISON

No you don't.

Frank reaches out for her.

FRANK

No, you don't understand. It's for-

Madison rushes into his arms, CRIES for a bit.

MADISON

You're right. I used him. I did.
I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

FRANK

It's all right. It's all right.

Madison sniffs, dries her tears.

MADISON

What did you need him for?

Madison looks into her father's eyes.

FRANK

What for?

Madison waits.

FRANK (CONT'D)

He's my friend.

Frank starts picking up food. Madison goes to the pantry and whispers the PASSWORD to the robot. It UNFOLDS, looks around.

ROBOT

Hi, Frank. The kitchen is a mess.

MADISON

It can't hurt to have him help out with a few little chores... But we can't get too reliant on him.

ROBOT

Here, Frank, let me help you clean this up.

Madison starts cleaning on the other side of the room.

Frank leans in close to the robot.

FRANK

We gotta move soon - tonight. The window is almost closed.

ROBOT

I will listen to your proposal,
Frank, and make my decision as we
agreed.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Frank sits at his desk, with the robot standing over him,
watching.

FRANK

I did this for years. And I never
got caught because I asked myself a
few simple questions.

Frank has a large collection of materials spread out over his
desk - papers, video players, blueprints, notes etc.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who, When, Where and What. First
the Who - the lovely couple are Ava
Lee and Jayden Wilkerson, married
three years, both families well-
off, both lawyers. Barf.

INT. AVA AND JAYDEN'S HOUSE - DAY/NIGHT

We see Ava and Jayden's lives, this time from inside the
house as Frank narrates.

Ava is by herself in the house, watching TV, reading,
cooking. Then Jayden is by himself in the house, playing
video games, etc.

FRANK (V.O.)

They own this house and an
apartment in the city. They spend
just about half their time here.

Now they are together, watching a movie on the couch, then
eating dinner.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When they're out here, they always
leave for some kind of event or a
vacation. That's our "When."

We see them leaving together, all dressed up. Ava wearing
some expensive jewelry.

FRANK (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That brings us to "What" as in,
"What are we stealing?"

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Frank spreads out some pictures of Ava at various fancy events in the area, all screenshots from social networking sites.

FRANK
She has at least four amazing
pieces that have to be in that
house.

EXT. AVA AND JAYDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We see the house at night, most lights off. It's dark and quiet.

FRANK (V.O.)
But how to go in? That's our next
W. Where.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Frank has plans of their house and satellite photos of it and the surrounding woods.

FRANK
I found the plans on their
architect's site. I have our entry
path sketched out, ten possible
exits, twenty different scenarios -
alarm tripped, dogs, house-guests,
etc.

Frank's finger lands on the suspicious wall in the blueprint.

FRANK (CONT'D)
That'll be where her safe is.

Frank smiles up at the robot.

ROBOT
But what about the "How"? A home
like this will have an advanced
security system.

Frank pokes the robot in the "belly".

FRANK

Aren't you just adorable? This is
where my years of experience come
in.

EXT. AVA AND JAYDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank and the robot are moving stealthily through the trees,
in their black burglar outfits.

They arrive at the clearing around the house, pausing briefly
as they watch Jayden and Ava drive away.

FRANK (V.O.)

Every security system is designed
by security companies, not thieves.
It's not a question of IF a thief
can break in, it's how long.

Frank and the robot approach the house, circling around to
the far side. Peering through the windows at the quiet,
shadowy rooms inside.

They see the blinking light of a security panel on a small
strip of wall flanked by huge glass windows.

FRANK (V.O.)

They place all the heavy systems
where their customers can see them.
They're selling the FEEL of
security.

Frank and the robot reach a retaining wall that slopes up
into the modern design of the house.

FRANK (V.O.)

It's never hard to find a spot that
they assumed no one could reach.

Frank and the robot climb the sloping retaining wall towards
the roof.

The wall is narrow and the drop becomes more and more severe.
They slow down and carefully crawl the last few feet to the
roof.

ROBOT (V.O.)

And have you found that spot,
Frank?

Frank and the robot walk across the roof to the opposite
side.

Frank unslings a coil of rope, attaches it to a vent, throwing the other side off the edge of the roof.

Frank then lowers himself down the rope -- seems quite risky, but there's a bedroom balcony deck only 10 feet below.

The robot follows him.

FRANK (V.O.)
There's no alarm here, just a
flimsy little lock.

The robot prepares to pick the small lock on the sliding glass door. When he grabs the handle, the door slides open - it wasn't even locked.

FRANK (V.O.)
They're asking for it!

Frank CHUCKLES, winks at the robot.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

The robot looks through Frank's files and papers.

ROBOT
Do you know the correct combination?

FRANK
That's where you come in.

ROBOT
Me?

INT. AVA AND JAYDEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Frank and the robot quietly creep into the bedroom. They know no one's there but Frank is still tense, listening to every little sound.

They go into the closet, Frank sliding aside Ava's dresses and coats to reveal the wall safe.

FRANK
You're going to brute-force it.

ROBOT (V.O.)
Brute force? That sounds like it
might attract attention.

The robot tries a combination on the lock, pulls the handle but it doesn't open.

FRANK (V.O.)

All it means is you're going to try every combination until you get it right.

The does another combination, pulls the handle, getting fast and faster.

FRANK

That would take a human being like me weeks. How long would it take you?

The robot is moving inhumanly fast now, his hand on the combination spinning rapidly.

ROBOT (V.O.)

Assuming it's a three number combination? Somewhere between one second and... one hour and forty three minutes.

CLICK - the safe opens.

Frank stands watch while the robot dumps it all into a sack.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Frank is stacking his materials back together, confident.

FRANK

It's perfection. We know there's something worth stealing, we know when to go in, we how to get in and out.

There's a KNOCK on the study door. Frank and the robot freeze.

MADISON (O.S.)

I'm going to bed, daddy.

FRANK

Good-night!

Frank and the robot turn back to the plans.

EXT. AVA AND JAYDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank and the robot are climbing back down the retaining wall, the robot carrying a small black sack.

FRANK (V.O.)
It would be a crime NOT to do it!

They head back into the woods. But suddenly head-lights sweep along the clearing.

Frank pulls the robot back against the side of the house. They are safely in the shadows.

Frank peeks around, seeing Ava and Jayden walking from the car to the front door, having a LOUD FIGHT.

The robot backs away from the edge, pulls Frank.

ROBOT
Frank you can't be seen. Let's get back into the woods.

The robot starts pulling him away to the other side of the house.

Frank stops him, pulling back, shakes his head "NO".

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Frank leans over the desk at the robot.

FRANK (V.O.)
So how about it?

The robot stares at him silently for a moment.

ROBOT
You've been thorough, Frank. It is unlikely we'd be seen and even less likely that we'd be caught.

FRANK
Okay... so...?

ROBOT
You can only do this if you agree to eat a low-salt diet from now on.

Frank stares silently at the robot. A big decision.

FRANK
Okay.

ROBOT
Okay.

Frank holds out his hand. They shake.

EXT. AVA AND JAYDEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

An inside light comes on, shining out over the area the robot was headed for.

Unseen above them, Jayden looks out the window, drinking a beer, still FIGHTING LOUDLY with Ava.

Frank indicates they should go back the other way.

He has them wait at the corner, listening. He hears a door SLAM. He counts to twenty, then moves, the robot following.

They cross the clearing, staying in the most shadowed spots, low, fast and smooth.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Frank sits down at the desk, wearing his dark burglar suit.

The robot is standing where he was before, with his black wrapping. He puts the black sack down on the clear desk.

Frank listens for Madison, takes the bag and dumps it out. There are five pieces - necklaces dripping with diamonds, gold bracelets and diamond rings.

He opens a box, revealing a plum-sized diamond. He's THUNDERSTRUCK.

FRANK

Oh fuck.

ROBOT

What? Is something wrong? Is it fake?

Frank examines the diamond under his loupe.

FRANK

Far from it. What are these people *DOING* with this?

Frank is getting agitated.

ROBOT

I don't understand.

Frank opens his secret panel, hides the jewels, anxiously.

FRANK

We'll just stay cool. We'll just
sit on this stuff, plan a new job.
And it'll be fine. It'll be fine.

But Frank doesn't look like he thinks it'll be fine.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Frank and Madison sit at a table covered with an amazing
brunch. Madison is reading a tablet. Frank is trying to read
a book, but can't focus. Still seems anxious.

The garden has become full of produce, tomatoes, squash.

The robot comes out with a fresh bloody mary for Madison.

MADISON

Thanks, Jeeves.

Frank SNORTS, glances at the robot as it goes back inside.

MADISON (CONT'D)

It's like we're on vacation, huh?

FRANK

Guess so.

Madison jokes around with Frank.

MADISON

I think I'm going to go take a dip
in the ocean after my hot stone
massage.

FRANK

Remember we have our hang-gliding
lesson after the lu'au.

MADISON

Cheers.

FRANK

Cheers.

Frank CLINKS glasses with Madison, CHUCKLES a bit too much.

The robot comes back out.

ROBOT

There's someone to see you, Frank.

FRANK

Tell them to-

Jake steps into the backyard with the young, clean-cut guy from the library party, SHERIFF ROWLINGS, in uniform.

JAKE

Hi, Frank. I think we surprised your robot here. This is Sheriff Rowlings.

Frank and Madison look at each other.

FRANK

This is my daughter, Madison. And your name again was...

Jake's nervous, expecting a confrontation.

JAKE

You remember me. I don't buy your whole act.

MADISON

What's going on here?

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

Well, basically... uh, are you aware your neighbors down the lane here were recently burglarized?

FRANK

No.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

I've been talking with Jake here and our computer mentioned your name. Frank Weld, right?

FRANK

Guilty as charged.

JAKE

We know your history.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

Shit, I think I read about you in the academy. So we had to come by.

FRANK

I'm amazed all these yuppies coming in here don't get hit more often. So, is this turd making some phoney charge against me?

JAKE

It doesn't matter if you returned the book, Frank. The donors don't feel secure. And that's a problem.

ROWLINGS

Be on the right side this time. The Wilkerson-Lee's are estimating the loss at fifteen million.

Frank CHOKES on his coffee, almost spitting it out.

FRANK

That much, huh?

ROWLINGS

Yeah, they're all over our asses about it. Seems Ms. Lee's father is Chris Lee. The guy who founded Blunkie.com.

FRANK

Well, I have no idea what that is. Can I show you to the door?

Frank gets to his feet with exaggerated effort, leaning on the robot for support.

DETECTIVE ROWLINGS

Yeah, I figured.

Jake's pissed off.

JAKE

I know you were in my library, Frank. We're going to keep an eye on you. We can get a search warrant *like that*.

DETECTIVE ROWLINGS

All right, come on.

Rowlings pulls Jake back, hitting the table and knocking the bloody mary over.

The robot instantly shoots forward and catches it.

Rowlings looks at the robot in surprise, then eyeballs Frank,

ROWLINGS

See you.

They disappear back into the house, followed by the robot.

MADISON
What the hell was that?

FRANK
Oh, whenever anything happens they
blame me. It's no big deal, Maddie.

MADISON
Maybe I should stay a few more
days, make sure they don't bother
you.

FRANK
No, it's okay. I'll be fine.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Madison closes the trunk of her car, runs back to Frank,
sitting on the porch with the robot at his side.

MADISON
Bye, Daddy.

FRANK
Knock 'em dead in Turkmenistan.

Madison LAUGHS.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I got a little something for you
here... somewhere...

Frank pats around on his pockets. He finds what he's looking
for - a diamond bracelet.

Madison isn't THAT surprised. She gives Frank a look.

MADISON
Is this from-

FRANK
Nah! It's from the old days. I was
saving it for something important.
I want to donate to the cause. Just
keep it out of sight until you can
pawn it somewhere *far* away.

MADISON
I know the drill. Thanks, daddy.

She takes it, goes to her car.

She turns and looks Frank up and down on the porch.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Be careful, okay? And call Hunter for God's sake. I know he's a pain in the ass, but he's worried about you. Tell him I said he was right about the robot. Bye, robot!

ROBOT

Good-bye, Madison.

Frank walks down the steps to her.

FRANK

Thanks for coming.

MADISON

You going to be all right?

FRANK

Yeah. I think I am, actually.

Madison mulls this over, nods and starts down the driveway.

Frank watches her drive away.

She drives past a repair van parked on the side of the road.

Frank stares at it for a moment then turns, WHISPERING to the robot out of the side of his mouth.

FRANK (CONT'D)

We're fucked! Get in the house!

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Frank closes the curtains on the front windows.

FRANK

You notice that van before?

ROBOT

I first noticed it at 3:04am.

FRANK

That assblood Jake turned the cops on to us and they're parked outside waiting for us to screw up!

ROBOT

Maybe you should call Hunter for a chat, you don't seem to be reacting well to Madison leaving.

FRANK
Wait! Did you let those two fuckers
through this room?

ROBOT
Yes.

Frank turns on the TV and turns up the volume really loud. He
leans over the robot and WHISPERS.

FRANK
We're bugged!

ROBOT
Frank, please calm down.

FRANK
(whispered)
We gotta get rid of all the
evidence! NOW!

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EVENING

The repair van is still quietly parked across the street.
Smoke is coming out of Frank's chimney.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EVENING

Still BLASTING the TV, Frank is feeding his stacks of
surveillance photos, notes and files into the fire.

FRANK
We've had a few fires, right? It's
not weird, right?

The robot comes over with his arms draped in jewels.

ROBOT
What about these, Frank?

FRANK
Shhh!! Put those away!

Frank grabs the jewels, stuffs them back into a sack.

Frank spins around frantically. He looks at the trash, then
outside at the trashcans - right across the street from the
van!

ROBOT
Frank, it's time for bed.

FRANK
SHHHH! Shut your mouth! Okay, I got
an idea.

LATER -

Frank rummages around in old drawers in his bathroom. He
finds a pack of dusty condoms.

The robot watches.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I never got snipped.

LATER -

In the kitchen, Frank slips a pair of large, diamond
encrusted gold earrings into a condom, ties it off.

ROBOT
What are you doing, Frank?

Frank takes a deep breath then tries to stuff the condom into
his mouth. The robot grabs his arm, struggles with him.

ROBOT (CONT'D)
Frank, I may have to medicate you
for your safety.

Frank stumbles away from him.

FRANK
Don't stop me, you little astronaut
bastard.

ROBOT
You could choke yourself.

FRANK
You're right, I gotta cut 'em down.

Frank grabs a knife, tries to pry one of the earrings apart.

ROBOT
Frank, let me.

Frank SLIPS, cutting his finger.

FRANK
Fuck!

The robot presses on the wound with a clean white dish towel.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Ow! Stop it.

LATER -

Back in the bathroom, the robot is bandaging Frank's hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)
They're watching the house. Any
excuse to let them scan... OW!

ROBOT
I still think you should call
someone in your family. You're
behaving erratically.

Frank is thinking of a plan.

FRANK
Hunter... That could work... But I
gotta get him up here right away.

ROBOT
I know you miss your son, but you
could at least talk on the phone.

FRANK
I don't miss him, I *need* him. I'll
tell you what - I'm dying! Perfect!

Frank CLAPS, then grimaces in pain.

ROBOT
What do you mean, you're dying?

FRANK
I mean go call Hunter and tell him
I'm dying. Get him up here.

ROBOT
I don't think you are dying, Frank.

FRANK
It's just a little exaggeration. We
all die eventually. We need him! If
not we're fucked. I'm not going to
be very healthy in *prison*.

The robot process this.

INT. HUNTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Hunter drives fast, looking emotionally drained and on-edge. A phone rings over the speakers. It goes to voicemail.

MADISON

Hey, it's Madison. Why are you
leaving me a *voicemail*?

After the beep, Hunter doesn't speak for a moment.

HUNTER

Madison, I - did dad's robot call
you? ... Call me when you get this.

Hunter hangs up.

He HITS the steering wheel.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

FUCK!

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAWN

It's barely dawn. The lights come on in Frank's bedroom.

The repair van is dark and perfectly quiet.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Frank enjoys an egg white. The robot refills his OJ.

Frank goes back to reading, but looks up at the sound of an
approaching car.

FRANK

All right, that'll be him.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - MORNING

Frank sits in bed with the covers over him. He is looking
through an old leather valise. Satisfied, he puts the valise
down beside the bed.

He waits, listening to Hunter talking to the robot. He clears
his throat, shifts his position, waiting.

Finally the doorknob turns and Hunter comes in, followed by
the robot, who brings a chair for Hunter to sit on.

HUNTER
Oh, thanks.

Hunter sits, looking over his dad with phony cheerfulness.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
How're you feeling?

FRANK
Haven't got the strength to stand.

HUNTER
I was telling the robot, I should
drive you down to the hospital to
get checked out.

Frank pats Hunter's hand on the bed.

FRANK
No, no, I'd rather stay here.

Hunter looks at him, unsure of what to say.

FRANK (CONT'D)
There is one thing you can do.

HUNTER
Dad, I just want you to know, I'm
sorry I didn't come up here, I just-

FRANK
Everything's going to be fine.

HUNTER
Sure, Dad.

This whole phony scene is more real than Frank imagined.

FRANK
I need you to just do one thing.
After I'm gone... I don't want
anyone finding this.

Frank reaches for the valise, Hunter grabs it for him.

HUNTER
Oh, god, Dad. What's in it?

FRANK
Don't look inside. You don't need
to take any heat for this. Just
don't ask me what's in there. I
need you to hide it for me.

HUNTER
Hide it? Jesus Christ.

FRANK
I want to leave things clean.
Please.

Hunter puts the valise aside.

HUNTER
Okay. Don't worry. But for now
maybe-

FRANK
Actually, could you do it now?

HUNTER
What?

FRANK
I'd rest easier, Hunter.

HUNTER
Right now?

FRANK
I'll be fine. Just put it somewhere
safe. Please.

HUNTER
Seriously, this minute?

Frank starts FAKE COUGHING.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Oh god, are you okay?

Frank waves for him to go as he continues coughing.

Hunter gets to his feet, taking the valise.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - MORNING

Hunter comes down the porch to his car, holding the valise.

He opens the trunk, stops to look the valise over for a
moment before tossing it inside.

He yawns, rubs his tired eyes and slowly gets into the car,
his limbs stiff.

He sits behind the wheel for a moment, almost in a daze, then
turns on the engine.

As he's pulling down the driveway, the repair van suddenly SCREECHES forward, blocking Hunter's path.

Hunter brakes and stares in exhausted confusion.

As he's staring, a SHERIFF'S CAR rolls down the road from the other direction, blocking more of the road.

Sheriff Rowlings and a SKINNY SHERIFF jump out of the van.

Jake and another YOUNG SHERIFF get out of the sheriff's car. Jake stays with the car.

Hunter is starting to panic through his tired haze. He looks back at the house, sees Frank and the robot standing at the bedroom window, gazing down on him, dispassionately.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS
GET OUT OF THE CAR!

Hunter turns back to the sheriffs approaching him.

HUNTER
Uh, I...

Fed up, Sheriff Rowlings takes out his pistol. The other sheriffs follow him. Jake steps behind the car door.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS
HANDS IN THE AIR!

Hunter gawks at the gun barrels aimed at him in shock.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS (CONT'D)
GET OUT OF THE CAR - SLOWLY!

Hunter gets out of the car, awkwardly, with his hands raised.

Two sheriffs continue to cover Hunter as the third pushes him against his car and searches him.

HUNTER
What's the problem?

SHERIFF ROWLINGS
What's in the trunk?

HUNTER
Nothing! Golf clubs. Uh - a bag.

Hunter looks back at the house. Frank is still standing at his window, watching him blankly, but the robot is gone.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Dad!

JAKE

Don't worry, he'll be coming with
us too.

One sheriff opens the trunk, pulls out the valise.

Jake, Sheriff Rowlings and the others gather around. The last
sheriff staying with Hunter to hold him against the car.

HUNTER

I don't know what's in that.

Hunter looks up at his dad in the window above.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

I found that bag. I don't know
what's in it. I was going leave it
here at my dad's place, but I
changed my mind.

Jake grabs for the bag but Sheriff Rowlings takes it.

He slowly unzips it and gazes inside.

Hunter watches him expectantly.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

What the hell?

Rowlings dumps out the contents - a bunch of knickknacks, like
the bear statuette from the candle store. It's all of Frank's
old shoplifted items. Just a bunch of junk.

Hunter stares at this pile in disbelief.

HUNTER

What the *fuck* is going on?

JAKE

Why would he give him useless crap?

Jake tries to break a statuette open, but he's too weak.

One of the sheriffs goes to the van, pulls out three SCANNING
WANDS, hand-held metal detectors with a screen built in.

Sheriff Rowlings sweeps his scanner over the statuettes.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

All right, this is probable cause.

HUNTER

Whoa, hey, hold on now. What? What is this probable cause of?

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

Frank Weld's a suspect in a multi-million dollar robbery down the road.

HUNTER

That's impossible, he-

Hunter stops, suddenly afraid that it's all true.

The sheriffs head for the front door.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

No, wait. Stop, you can't go in there! He's *sick*.

Just then Frank opens the front door, looking just fine.

FRANK

Good morning. Come on inside.

Jake and Hunter stare at Frank but Rowlings and the sheriffs quickly march inside.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE

The sheriffs are already going over everything with their scanners as Hunter follows Frank inside.

Jake stands awkwardly, trying to look at the sheriff's scanners but just getting in the way.

HUNTER

Dad. Seriously. What is going on?

FRANK

Just cooperating with the cops. They always come bother me whenever anything remotely criminal happens.

Hunter is still reeling, staring at his dad up and down.

HUNTER

But, you're - how are you feeling?

FRANK

I'm fine. Didn't get much sleep, that's all. Sorry about that.

Frank pats Hunter on the head, gives him a wink.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Thanks for coming up.

Hunter presses the heels of his palms against his eyes.

HUNTER
Okay, wait wait wait wait wait...

FRANK
You boys hungry?

Sheriff Rowlings suddenly turns away from his scan, bumping into Jake who was reading his screen.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS
Wait! Where's his robot?!

Rowlings gestures for the other sheriff to check the back as he runs toward the front door.

But the robot comes in from the kitchen at that moment, with a tray of food and juice.

ROBOT
Who would like an omelette? Three
kinds of cheese and fresh tomatoes.

Sheriff Rowlings quickly scans the robot as he holds the steaming tray out for him, but his scan finds nothing.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS
Nothing. God damn it.

Suddenly Hunter starts yelling, still covering his face.

HUNTER
Are you KIDDING ME?!

JAKE
Hey, asshole, we have probable
cause okay? So-

HUNTER
Not you - HIM!

Hunter points at Frank.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You're DYING? YOU'RE PLAYING GAMES
ABOUT DYING? I CALLED MOM! I CALLED
MADISON!

Frank glares at him silently.

Hunter turns to the robot.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
AND WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU? You're
lying for him?

He gestures at the sheriffs with scanners.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
Everybody get the hell out of here!

JAKE
We're not going anywhere until we
find what we're looking for.

FRANK
Don't worry, there's nothing for
them to find.

Hunter turns to Frank, advancing on him. Frank doesn't move.

HUNTER
You think I care? If that bag was
full of whatever illegal crap
you're doing, I'd hand it right
over, you egotistical asshole!

Frank stays quiet, watching Hunter with cautious attention.

HUNTER (CONT'D)
You think I CARE? I'm just *guilty*
because I AT LEAST HAVE FEELINGS!
The best thing you ever did was
being locked up so I didn't have to
be raised by you. Why do you think
I left you with some shitty,
bargain robot?

Hunter KICKS the robot, making it drop the tray of food with
a CRASH.

ROBOT
Warning - do not molest me.

FRANK
Hey! Leave him out of this!

HUNTER
It's a ROBOT, dad! It's not your
friend! It's your slave who you can
apparently bullshit into doing just
about *anything*.
(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Which I guess is perfect since you
can't stand to be around anyone who
sees through your bullshit.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

Wait a minute. We can just download
this thing's memory and that's
everything we need.

Frank looks away from Hunter, shocked.

FRANK

You can't do that!

ROBOT

I'm afraid they can, Frank.

Frank makes a move toward the robot, but Rowlings pulls his
gun.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

Back up, Frank.

JAKE

Let me do this.

Jake and the two sheriffs grab the robot and start opening
his panels, looking around.

SKINNY SHERIFF

How do you turn this thing off.

The robot struggles against them. Suddenly he goes still.

JAKE

There we go.

The robot starts speaking at an INCREASED VOLUME.

ROBOT

SELF DESTRUCT SEQUENCE INITIALIZED.

Jake and the sheriffs look at each other.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

It's bullshit.

ROBOT

TEN.... NINE.....

Everyone looks to Frank. Frank starts to back away towards
the door.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS
Frank - you didn't.

ROBOT
SIX.....

Frank gives a little shrug, playing super-scared.

FRANK
I'd run.

Rowlings is still aiming at Frank.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS
Don't move!

ROBOT
FIVE.....

Frank ducks out the front door, gone in a second.

Hunter sits down.

HUNTER
He's lying.

ROBOT
FOUR.....

JAKE
Fuck this!

Jake lets go of the robot and runs, followed by the sheriffs.

ROBOT
THREE.....

SHERIFF ROWLINGS
FUCK!!

Rowlings runs out too.

ROBOT
TWO.....

Hunter just shakes his head at the robot.

HUNTER
What a hunk of crap.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE

The sheriffs and Jake are still running from the house.

They stop.

It's been more than ten seconds.

They look at each other in growing embarrassment.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS

FUCK!

Suddenly, Hunter's seemingly empty car starts up and rolls forward.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS (CONT'D)

Frank! Freeze!

The car circles around to the house, the sheriffs chasing.

The robot comes outside. Frank pulls past, opens the door.

FRANK

Get in!

The robot slowly goes down the stairs. The sheriffs close in.

Just in time, the robot slips into the back. Frank zooms past the sheriffs who have to jump out of the way.

Frank SLAMS into the sheriff's car, spinning it clear. He drives away down the road, out of sight in a few seconds.

The sheriffs and Jake are getting back to their feet as Hunter comes out of the house.

HUNTER

Nice job.

INT. HUNTER'S CAR - MORNING

Frank drives, a bit out of practice. He keeps running along the shoulder.

The robot leans over from the back seat.

ROBOT

It's not too late. You can reformat my memory. It's the only way for you to remain safe and healthy.

FRANK

Can't you erase just the bad parts?

ROBOT

My memory is a holographic array,
if I lost half of it, I'd still
have every memory, just in half the-

FRANK

You can't just lobotomize yourself!
Without your memory... You're the
best lock picker in the *world*!

ROBOT

I don't mind. It's like I explained
to you, I'm not a real person.

FRANK

Fuck that. It's your *memory*! It's
not a problem! We'll lay low until
we get a chance to go back for the
stuff. Then we're out of here.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - MORNING

Frank pulls up in front of Jennifer's place.

Frank gets out, stretching his legs. The robot joins him.

ROBOT

Are we going to 'lay low' here?

FRANK

I hope.

Frank walks up and knocks on the door, quietly at first. But
after a moment of silence, again, louder.

Jennifer opens the door.

JENNIFER

What's going on? Hunter called me.

FRANK

Hunter called you? When? Did you
tell him anything?

JENNIFER

Tell him anything about *what*?
Frank, what do you want?

FRANK

To apologize. Can I please come in?

Jennifer sighs and lets him in.

INT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - MORNING

The robot is in the kitchen cleaning up with Mr. Darcy, they keep accidentally opening drawers into each other.

MR. DARCY

Pardon me.

ROBOT

I'm sorry.

MR. DARCY

Pardon me.

ROBOT

I'm sorry.

Frank is sitting with Jennifer, eating breakfast.

FRANK

This is nice. Like we're a family.

JENNIFER

Why did you really come over here?

Frank gets up, looks around at Jennifer's stuff - some seashells and books on a shelf, etc.

FRANK

I'll be honest with you. I'm in a little bit of trouble.

JENNIFER

Aren't you always?

FRANK

This is a worse than late fees.

Frank is looking at a number of photos on the wall - old black and white ones of family members long gone.

Jennifer stands beside him, gently turns his head away from the photos to look at her.

JENNIFER

What is it? You remember something?

FRANK

No - I... I'm kind of on the lam.

Jennifer's expression drops into deep anxiety.

JENNIFER

On the lam.

FRANK
I have kind of a colorful history.
I... I'm a catburgler.

JENNIFER
You took "Don Quixote", didn't you?
FRANK! Goddamn it!

Frank is surprised by how quickly she is putting all of this together.

FRANK
I returned it...

The robot and Mr. Darcy peer in from the kitchen.

FRANK (CONT'D)
The cops are after me. Hunter-

Jennifer steps away, almost dazed, talking to herself.

JENNIFER
I should have known... I should
have been more involved...

Frank hangs his head, turns away and looks back at the picture wall.

Suddenly a puzzled expression comes over him.

He leans in closely to a picture - it's Jennifer at a younger age. She's beautiful.

FRANK
Is that you...?

JENNIFER
Oh, Frank.

Frank looks at the next picture - it's the same picture of Hunter, Madison and him he kept in his secret drawer. But this version is whole. Frank can see the younger Jennifer with her arm on his shoulder.

FRANK
What the fuck?

Frank turns back to Jennifer, sees her angry tears.

Frank looks at another picture and another - Madison and Jennifer on the beach. Hunter Jennifer at a graduation. Frank and Jennifer, young, sitting on a couch with a dog.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Holy shit. Jennifer-

JENNIFER
I'm calling Hunter.

Frank grabs her arm.

FRANK
No! You can't, he's working with
the cops!

Jennifer starts sobbing.

Frank pulls away from her.

JENNIFER
You're not well, Frank. You-

Frank stumbles for the door, the robot holds him steady.

INT. HUNTER'S CAR - DAY

Frank can barely drive the car. He's falling into a daze.

FRANK
How could I not remember... HOW
COULD I NOT REMEMBER? Almost...
just, what was it... What...

ROBOT
Frank, you're okay. I'm right here.
Pull over and we'll figure it out.

The robot leans forward and steadies the wheel.

ROBOT (CONT'D)
Frank. Frank... Frank?

Frank's driving almost automatically.

FRANK
Oh... look at the time. It's time
for our hike.

ROBOT
It is getting close to that time,
Frank.

FRANK
And after that I'll read. And
you'll make lunch. And then we'll
stake-out a target.

ROBOT
That's right, Frank. We'll stick to
the schedule.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank casually drives up the road, past the van. The smashed sheriff's car is gone. He pulls up to the house.

The van starts rocking and Rowlings jumps out with one sheriff and Hunter. They're all surprised to see Frank.

Frank, almost inside, turns and sees them.

FRANK
What the fuck am I doing?!?

Frank hurries up the steps and runs into the house, followed by the robot.

ROWLINGS
Hold it right there, Frank! Freeze!

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank runs inside in a panic.

FRANK
Upstairs! Quick!

Frank lurches upstairs, the robot following him.

ROBOT
Frank, you know what we have to do.

INT. FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

Frank locks the door behind the robot, starts pulling the sheets off the bed, grabbing extras from the closet.

FRANK
We'll lure 'em up here, then scale
down from the window.

Frank starts tying the bedsheets together into a rope.

ROBOT
Frank, stop. Just wipe my memory.

FRANK
I can't erase your memory!

The sound of the sheriffs bursting filters up.

ROBOT

Frank. I know you don't like to hear this, but I am not a person. I'm just an advanced simulation.

FRANK

This is crazy.

ROBOT

After you've wiped my memory, things can go back to normal...

Frank stops tying sheets together, SIGHS in frustration.

ROBOT (CONT'D)

... and you can continue planning your next job.

The robot's words hit Frank like a jolt.

FRANK

What?!

The sheriffs are POUNDING on the door.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS (O.S.)

Frank! Don't touch that robot!

ROBOT

Remember, Frank? Your next job. You deal in diamonds and jewels. The most value by the ounce. Remember?

Frank is staring at the robot in surprise.

FRANK

Of course I remember.

ROBOT

Lifting that kind of stuff, no one gets hurt. And if I'm confiscated, teach Hunter or Madison your lock picking system. You have to remain active.

SHERIFF ROWLINGS (O.S.)

Frank! We're kicking the door in!

Frank stares at the robot as if he's seeing it for the first time, his own face REFLECTED in its astronaut-helmet head.

FRANK
I never meant-

HUNTER (O.S.)
Dad!

Frank looks up at the door at the sound of his son's voice.

FRANK
(turning to robot)
Show me what to do.

ROBOT
You have to open this side panel by
twisting counter-clock-wise...

Frank works on opening the robot's hidden panel, like picking a lock. His fingers work deftly, opening the panel.

FRANK
I knew you had an off switch, liar.

Frank grabs the robot into a hug. He hugs Frank back as his LED BLINKS a few times, then goes dark.

The door is KICKED IN.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. MEMORY CENTER - FRANK'S ROOM - DAY

Frank sits on the bed in his institutional room. He has a few personal touches - locks framed on the wall, photos.

Frank reads a crumbling mystery novel when Hunter walks in.

Hunter stands a bit sheepishly while Frank keeps reading.

HUNTER
Dad.

Hunter looks up.

FRANK
Oh, hey, uh, how're you doing?

HUNTER
It's Hunter.

FRANK

Hunter, Hunter, yeah, have a seat.
How're you doing?

HUNTER

Want to come on a walk with me?

Frank slowly sets the book down and gets to his feet, looks around for his slippers.

FRANK

Sounds good. So how's Princeton?

Hunter helps steady Frank as they walk to the door.

HUNTER

Princeton? Um, it's good.

FRANK

Just good? Hey - it's Princeton!
That's one thing I don't have to
worry about. You turned out better
than your old man.

Hunter doesn't know what to say.

INT. MEMORY CENTER - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They walk out into the hallway. Frank stops short, he turns back to Hunter, his eyes full of confusion again.

FRANK

Hey there, uh, how're you doing?

Hunter is disheartened for a moment, but turns and gives his dad a warm smile.

HUNTER

How're you doing, Dad?

FRANK

Me? ...

Hunter leads Frank around the corner where Madison and Jennifer are waiting with lunch. They stand up.

Frank looks them over, recognition coming back into his eyes.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Never better.

Frank sits down with his family to eat.

They talk, mostly among themselves and Frank listens, focusing in on their expressions, laughing when they laugh. He's drinking them in, enjoying them.

When they're finishing, a nurse comes back to collect Frank.

Frank hugs Madison. Jennifer kisses him on the cheek, which makes him smile.

Hunter awkwardly goes to hug him, but Frank shakes his hand instead and walks off down the hallway with the nurse.

Madison and Jennifer turn to head out.

Hunter looks into his hand - Frank slipped him a note. Madison notices, looks over his shoulder.

MADISON

What's it say?

Hunter unfolds it, reading.

HUNTER

"Check the robot's garden under the tomatoes. Have fun, kids. Dad."

They look back up. Frank gives a wave and disappears down the hallway. Hunter sighs.

INT. MEMORY CENTER - HALLWAY

Frank is about to enter his room when he stops short. Down the hall he sees the Robot.

For a moment it seems to recognize him, but then it turns away, helping another patient. It's not *Frank's* robot.

With a wistful smile, Frank turns and enters his room.

CUT TO BLACK.