

ARTIFICIALLY YOURS

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Christmas decorations adorn the area. The very few PEDESTRIANS are all masked while trying to maintain social distance.

A billboard reads:

"SAVE LIVES. STAY HOME FOR THE HOLIDAYS... AND INVITE ONE (OR MORE) OF OUR "HO HO" HOT, (COVID-FREE) AI ESCORTS OVER!"

Below the text is the name of the company:

"ARTIFICIALLY YOURS"

The billboard also shows an image of an AI escort. She looks human and she's dressed in a provocative Ms. Claus outfit.

A vibrant, modernized version of the popular CHRISTMAS WALTZ fills the air, but it's not (really) the opening theme music to this movie, though...

It's actually coming from inside this apartment building...

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BASEMENT APARTMENT - DAY

A CD player plays the modernized CHRISTMAS WALTZ inside this cramped, cheap looking place that someone making minimum wage could barely afford to live in.

A FLYER for a mental health crisis support hotline lays among the clutter on the desk next to the wall.

A half-eaten TV dinner, along with some silverware sits on a worn out coffee table.

OLIVER (male, 20's, goofy dork) is having a blast dancing with MEAGAN (20's), the attractive female who is actually an AEU (Android Escort Unit) from *Artificially Yours*.

Meagan is an amazing dancer who can flat out move. Oliver is just flat and awkward. Meagan doesn't seem to mind.

They both dance their way over to that cheap looking MISTLETOE that Oliver just happens to have hanging from the ceiling. They are about to kiss when suddenly...

The TIMER on Meagan's fancy looking watch goes off. She turns off her timer, walks away from Oliver and heads toward the door.

MEAGAN  
(leaving)  
I really enjoyed our time together,  
Oliver. Happy holidays. Goodbye!

OLIVER  
Wait... Meagan! Where are you  
going?

MEAGAN  
Back to my owner. My time is up.

OLIVER  
Stay a little longer... please?

MEAGAN  
Sorry, but you were only allotted  
an hour's worth of companionship  
time with me.

A desperate Oliver snatches a KNIFE off the coffee table and jumps between Meagan and the front door.

Don't worry (too much). He doesn't plan on using the knife on Meagan. This isn't *that* type of movie.

Instead, he points the knife at himself.

OLIVER  
If you leave, I'll stab myself. I  
swear, I'll do it!

It's *that* type of movie.

If Meagan was human, she would probably be freaking out and calling the cops right about now. But, she's not. So...

MEAGAN  
I wish you luck with that. Bye!

Oliver stops her from leaving.

OLIVER  
Meagan, look... I'm sorry. It's  
just that, this whole quarantine  
crap is driving me nuts--

Huge understatement.

MEAGAN  
I see that.

OLIVER  
And now, with the holidays and all,  
I've been kind of... you know...

MEAGAN  
Suicidal.

OLIVER  
Yes... no...  
(puts the knife away)  
Lonely!

MEAGAN  
Which may lead to suicide.  
Unfortunately, I'm not designed for  
those types of interventions.

OLIVER  
Could I have just five more  
minutes... please?

MEAGAN  
Absolutely!

Oliver is excited!

MEAGAN  
Will that be cash or charge?

So much for that.

OLIVER  
What?

MEAGAN  
Company policy forbids us offering  
of free companionship.

OLIVER  
But, it's Christmas!

MEAGAN  
Including Christmas.

Bah, humbug! Oliver reluctantly hands Meagan his credit card,  
which she runs through a slot on the side of her fancy watch.

The screen on her watch reads: "INSUFFICIENT FUNDS."

MEAGAN  
(hands card back)  
Sorry. Your card declined.

OLIVER  
Can't you give me *anything* for  
free?

MEAGAN  
We are allowed to provide a  
complimentary hug at the conclusion  
of each session if the client so  
requests.

OLIVER  
I so request!

They embrace.

MEAGAN  
I really enjoyed our time together,  
Oliver.

That's when Oliver notices a COMPARTMENT DOOR located behind Meagan. He is tempted and thinks about it for a moment, only to succumb to his urges as he slides his hand across her back, over to the compartment.

Meagan senses Oliver is up to something.

MEAGAN  
...Oliver?

Oliver doesn't reply. Instead, he acts quickly, prying the compartment door open to reveal a mesh of WIRES and CIRCUITRY inside.

MEAGAN  
What are you doing?

Before Meagan can react, Oliver unplugs a wire.

MEAGAN  
Oliver!  
(slur)  
N--N--nooo...

Meagan's body twitches for a brief moment before she slumps motionless into Oliver's arms.

OLIVER  
I'm really sorry, Meagan...  
(lays Meagan down)  
All I want is five more minutes.  
Then I'll let you go. I promise.

He's about to reset the timer on her fancy watch when his phone rings. The Caller ID shows:

ARTIFICIALLY YOURS, LLC

Oliver panics and nearly drops Meagan as he carries her back to his couch with all the skills and grace of someone who has no skills or grace, then props her on the couch and checks his voice-mail.

ARTIFICIALLY YOURS STAFF (V.O.)  
 This is Stephanie from Artificially Yours. We are calling to let you know that we have lost track of our AEU, Meagan, which was last dispatched to your address. Please call us at 888 555 3000 regarding the status of Meagan. Thank you and happy "ho ho" holidays.

With no other options, Oliver opens Meagan's compartment, JAMS the wire back in and waits.

Meagan's arms jerk. Then, her legs. Her eyes open. So far, so good...

OLIVER  
 (hopeful)  
 ...Meagan?

But, something's wrong with her.

MEAGAN  
 ...Own--er. Must re--return to...  
 owner...

There is static in her speech while her movement appears more rigid. Her gait is unsteady as she awkwardly gets up and staggers toward the door.

Oliver can't allow Meagan go back to the agency like this.

OLIVER  
 Wait, Meagan, no!

He drags Meagan back in an attempt to try to fix her, but she resists while trying to make it to the door.

There is a STRUGGLE that ends with both stumbling onto the couch where they wind up in a rather comical and contorted position that resembles...

MEAGAN  
 ...Kinky foreplay. Not... designed  
 for... such activities.

Oliver, who is now exhausted and in obvious discomfort...

OLIVER

I think that makes... two of us!

Somehow, from this goofy, yoga-like position, Oliver manages to reach behind and open Meagan's compartment.

He notices the wire is not inserted all the way because the end plate is loose.

Oliver tries to pop the end plate back in, but only damages it further, causing Meagan to shake more.

MEAGAN

...T--time's up!

Meagan breaks free from the awkward position and sends Oliver flying over the couch.

Oliver struggles to his feet. He is in too much pain to catch up to Meagan and can only watch as she staggers out the door.

MEAGAN (O.S.)

Must... find owner...

In a last ditch effort, Oliver calls out after her...

OLIVER

Meagan, your owner's in here. I am your owner... Meagan!

BEAT. Meagan staggers back inside.

MEAGAN

AEU... M--Meagan... returning from... duty... owner Oliver.

INT. OLIVER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - LATER

Meagan sits on the couch with Oliver, who's checking his voice-mail. Meagan looks a little "roughed up" after her ordeal with Oliver.

ARTIFICIALLY YOURS STAFF (V.O.)

Happy "Ho Ho" Holidays! This is Stephanie from Artificially Yours. I left you a message earlier regarding our AEU, Meagan. Your session ended at 3:45pm and she still has not returned. Be aware, that you are financially responsible for any damages incurred on her.

(MORE)

ARTIFICIALLY YOURS STAFF (V.O.)

If she does not return to us by  
5:30pm at the close of business, we  
will be forced to send authorities  
to your residence. Please call us  
at 888 555 3000 *immediately*  
regarding this matter.

The clock on the wall shows 4:30pm.

Oliver looks defeated as he comes to grips with the  
inevitable.

MEAGAN

...Who... was... that?

OLIVER

Your owner.

MEAGAN

(puzzled)

...Owner?

OLIVER

Your *real* owner. The one who's  
gonna kick my ass and probably send  
me to jail in about an hour. At  
least I'll have a cellmate to keep  
me company... maybe.

MEAGAN

...B-But... *you* are owner.

Meagan just gave Oliver a glimmer of hope.

INT. OLIVER'S STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

Oliver is standing six feet away from a masked SERVICE  
TECHNICIAN, who is documenting the conversation.

OLIVER

...So, as we were dancing, that's  
when she started acting all weird.  
Watch this...

(to Meagan)

Meagan, stay here while I call your  
owner.

MEAGAN

...B--but, *you* are o--owner...  
Oliver.

Oliver turns to the Service Technician.



OLIVER

See? She keeps insisting that *I* am the owner. I tried to call you guys but she wouldn't let me. I had to lock myself in the washroom in order to make the call and that's when I noticed your messages.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN

(documenting)

I'm really sorry for your inconvenience. It's not like our AEU's to act in this matter...

As the Service Technician performs the diagnostic...

SERVICE TECHNICIAN

Her gross motor functions and memory databanks are fried.

He completes a damage estimate and shows it to Oliver.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN

According to the contract, you are responsible for this...

Oliver nearly has a heart attack.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN

But, after what happened... I think we can just let it slide.

Oliver is relieved. The Service Technician goes to toss the damage estimate into the waste paper basket.

That's when he notices the mental health crisis support flyer sitting among the clutter on the desk, but thinks nothing of it.

Oliver is overcome with a feeling of emptiness and sadness as he watches the Service Technician walk over to Meagan and initiate her deactivation protocol.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN

...I heard they're gonna ease up quarantine restrictions soon. I bet you can't wait see all your friends again!

OLIVER

(dispirited)

...For sure. I got tons of them.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN  
But, hey... if ever you get too  
lonely, just give us a call.

OLIVER  
(sotto voce)  
Wish I had the money...

The Service Technician is bothered by the despair in Oliver's tone. He looks over to where he saw the mental health flyer then back to Oliver and starts to worry.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN  
...Are you... okay?

OLIVER  
Sure. Why?

SERVICE TECHNICIAN  
Nothing...

Megan is now fully deactivated.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN  
Well, I'll be going now.

He consoles Oliver one last time before he leaves.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN  
Don't worry. Everthing's gonna be  
fine. You take care of yourself and  
happy holidays.

The Service technician walks out with Meagan.

Oliver is now alone.

BEAT. He breaks into tears.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Modernized CHRISTMAS WALTZ plays from the CD player, but the place is a mess.

That TV dinner is still on the coffee table. Not sure how long it has been there, but it looks really gross right now. The dirty silverware is still there as well.

As the CHRISTMAS WALTZ continues to play...

A TREMBLING HAND snatches the knife off the table.

Oliver is slouched on the couch. A broken down, disheveled mess. There is no joy in his expression. No will to live.

All he cares about is that knife which he now secures in his trembling grasp before he turns the it towards himself...

The doorbell RINGS.

Oliver ignores it as he THRUSTS the knife towards his chest and...

The doorbell RINGS again.

Oliver stops just as the knife is a mere fraction of an inch from his chest.

Annoyed, Oliver throws the knife down, gets up and storms toward the door.

OLIVER

Cant even end my life in peace...

(screams at door)

Whoever you are, you better be at least six fucking feet away by the time I open that damn...

He opens the door...

And is awestruck.

There, standing six feet away from the door (she must have heard him screaming his head off)...

Is the "new and improved" Meagan.

OLIVER

Damn...

So, remember that scene in "Grease" where Olivia Newton John gets a makeover and becomes this sexy woman near the end?

Well, Meagan must have undergone some sort of "Meagan Makeover" because - while she was definitely attractive before - she looks absolutely STUNNING now...

And that brand new dress just adds the exclamation point!

MEAGAN

Hello, Oliver...

Her speech is no longer static!

OLIVER

...M--Meagan?

Meagan looks concerned at Oliver's shabby appearance.

MEAGAN

Oliver, is something wrong?

OLIVER

...No. But, what are you doing here?

MEAGAN

I apologize if our last meeting was not to your satisfaction. Please... allow me make it up to you.

OLIVER

(overjoyed)

Oh, Meagan! Absolute...

Even though Meagan is just an android, Oliver's guilt kicks in as he remembers how he took advantage of her.

OLIVER

...But I can't. Not because of you... *definitely* not because of you! I just can't afford--

SERVICE TECHNICIAN (O.S.)

Buddy... it's okay! I spoke with the boss.

Oliver looks over Meagan's shoulder and sees the Service Technician leaning against his van as he motions him to invite her inside.

SERVICE TECHNICIAN

Merry Christmas! I told you everything's gonna be fine and to not worry.

INT. BASEMENT APARTMENT - LATER

Oliver and Meagan dance to the modern CHRISTMAS WALTZ we heard near the beginning of this scene.

Oliver still sucks at dancing, but who cares? It's Christmas, he's happy and no longer wants to kill himself.

Meagan is still as graceful and as fluid as before... if not even more so (probably part of that "*Meagan Makeover*")!

They both dance (or, in Oliver's case... *bumble*) their way over to that crappy looking mistletoe hanging above them...

Where they finally share their well-deserved kiss as the scene...

FADE TO BLACK:

ROLL CREDITS OVER:

SERIES OF SHOTS - DANCE SEQUENCE OVER CREDITS

As the familiar, modern CHRISTMAS WALTZ plays over a Christmas themed green screen:

-- Meagan performs this spectacular dance solo.

-- Oliver does some kind of weird, comical dance.

-- The Service Technician performs whatever dance routine a service technician normally performs.

-- There's also this GIRL. The text on her ugly Christmas sweater says:

"HAPPY 'HO HO' HOLIDAYS - STEPHANIE FROM 'ARTIFICIALLY YOURS'!"

-- Each of the "behind the scenes" CREW MEMBERS perform their own unique dance solo.

-- Finally, Meagan and Oliver conclude with a partner dance that's breathtaking to watch...

As long as you're only watching Meagan.

THE END