

The Human Complexity

by
Gaige Broughton

Gaige Broughton
777 Willow Creek Rd. Akron, OH 43265
(740) 562-8172

INT. MANSION - GRAND HALL / STAIRWAY - DAY

A box sits in an empty grand hall with a staircase leading to a second floor. The room is made of marble and cherry oak wood.

The box opens and reveals MAX, an android robot made to look like a male in their 20s.

CATHY, female, 30s, picks up a large booklet inside the box. She skims the booklet and throws it aside.

She walks up and runs her hand up the back of Max's Neck. Max comes alive and blinks.

CATHY

Great, that wasn't so hard.

MAX

(robotic)

Hello, my name is Max, would you like me to change it?

CATHY

No, thank you, and please change that voice. My father will freak if you don't, at least, sound human.

MAX

(robotic)

Okay.

Max clears his throat.

MAX

(regular voice)

Well, what do you have planned for me?

CATHY

You're going to be a caretaker for my father. I need you to clean up and make sure his needs are met.

Cathy walks up the stairway. Max follows.

CATHY

My mother recently passed away, and I don't really have the time to make sure he's alright all the time.

Max shows no emotion.

MAX

I see. I shall make sure everything is okay.

Cathy guides Max into another room.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

CHARLES, male, 70s, lays in bed. A wheelchair sits next to the bed along with a side table with many prescription drugs that sit on the top. Trash litters the ground.

Cathy and Max enter.

CATHY

This is my father Charles.

CHARLES

Is that one of them androids? I told you I'd rather die.

CATHY

Dad, I told you I can't keep coming over like this anymore. I have a family to take care of.

CHARLES

So you leave me with a tin can.

MAX

Hello, Charles, is there anything I can do for you?

CHARLES

Kiss my ass.

CATHY

(to Charles)

Dad.

(to Max)

Look, you're in charge of Charles. Make sure he's comfortable and gets everything he needs.

Cathy checks her wrist watch. She walks to Charles.

CATHY

I've got to get going. Love you, Dad.

Cathy give Charles a kiss on the cheek. Max tilts his head.

CHARLES

Yeah... yeah.

Cathy exits. A door shuts.

Max grabs trash from the ground.

CHARLES

You can shove off now.

MAX

I can't do that.

CHARLES

I *need* you to shove off. Leave me alone,
or go screw a television.

MAX

If that is what you need.

INT. MANSION - GRAND HALL - DAY

Max walks to the front door and goes to grab the door knob. He stops and twitches his head and blinks rapidly.

Beat.

Max turns away from the door and looks back at the bedroom door.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

Charles gets on his wheel chair. Max enters and cleans again.

CHARLES

I thought I told you to shove off?

MAX

I'm here to take care of you.

Charles grumbles.

CHARLES

Thanks.

Max looks to Charles, and shows a look of contemplation.

MAX

I... I understand that older people are more likely to... end themselves after their significant other has passed away.

CHARLES

You know nothing about how I feel.

INT. MANSION - DINING HALL - DAY (MONTHS LATER)

Charles sits at the end of a long table. Fake plants decorate the room. Max walks in with a tray of food for lunch.

Max places the food in front of Charles. Charles shows a clear look of dissatisfaction.

CHARLES

Goddammit. Do you only know a few recipes up in that tin head of yours?

Charles throws the tray on the ground.

MAX

I'm sorry, did I make it wrong?

CHARLES

I can't keep doing this, having the same fucking day over and over. It's maddening.

Max picks up the mess.

MAX

I'm sorry... I didn't realize... I just assumed you enjoyed the meal.

CHARLES

Of course you didn't realize, you bot.

INT. MANSION - DINING HALL - DAY (NEXT DAY)

Charles sits at the table. Max walks in with a tray of different food for lunch.

Charles grunts.

CHARLES

I guess the Tin Can learned something.

Max gives a small smile.

INT. MANSION - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Max walks by Charles' bedroom door. WEEPING can be heard from the other side.

Max stops and listens. He knocks on the door.

MAX
Is everything alright?

CHARLES (O.S.)
I'm fine. Don't you have something better
to do than sit there stalking me?

Max moves away from the door and shows a look of
contemplation.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A new deck of cards and a game of chess sit on the coffee
table. Max wheelchairs Charles into the room.

CHARLES
What is this?

MAX
It seems that things can become boring or
lonely around here. I thought we could
play some games together.

CHARLES
So you went and bought games without my
permission?

MAX
I felt that these games could be
beneficial.

CHARLES
Felt? When have you ever *felt* anything in
your life.

MAX
I --

CHARLES
You have no right to go out and spend my
money on things that I don't want. I
should have you sent back as a defect.

Max is clearly defeated. Charles wheelchairs to another
room and exits.

CHARLES (O.S.)
Get in here and make me breakfast.

MAX
And what about the games?

CHARLES (O.S.)
What did I just say?

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY (MONTH LATER)

Charles sits on one side of a table next to a window. He looks at the game of chess on the table and marvels the designs of the piece in his hand.

Max enters.

MAX
I see you're starting to come around.

CHARLES
What are you talking about?

MAX
Come on, lets play a game.

Max pulls up a chair to the other side.

Charles places a piece back on the board.

CHARLES
Fine, but I ain't starting to come around anything.

Max chuckles.

MAX
Whatever you say.

MONTAGE - MAX AND CHARLES PLAY CHESS

- 1) Charles makes the first move.
- 2) Max knocks out one of Charles' knights
- 3) Pieces move and disappear.
- 4) Few pieces are left on the board. Charles appears to be winning.
- 5) Charles makes check mate.

END MONTAGE.

INT. MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Max and Charles laugh.

MAX

That was a good game.

CHARLES

It was an easy game. Are you sure you're all up there, Tin Can?

MAX

Oh really? Well next time I won't take it so easy on you, old man.

CHARLES

Yeah, don't hold your breath. I may be an old fart, but I still got stuff up here.

Charles pokes his head. They both laugh.

INT. MANSION - GRAND HALL / STAIRCASE - DAY

Charles wheelchairs to the edge of the stairs.

He moves the wheelchair out of the way.

He rolls the chair up to the edge. He takes a deep breath.

Max walks into the room. He runs over and grabs the handles of the wheelchair.

CHARLES

Dammit, Tin Can, just let me do this.

MAX

I can't do that.

Max rolls Charles away from the stairs.

CHARLES

Why won't you let me die?

MAX

I won't let you do that.

CHARLES

You're just a fucking robot taking orders.

Charles rolls into his room. Max follows.

MAX

I want to help you.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - DAY

CHARLES

You don't want anything. You're nothing more than a robot.

Max is taken a back. He opens his mouth, but nothing comes out.

CHARLES

What is it bot, you on the fritz?

MAX

I am more than just a robot.

CHARLES

Right, and I'm more than a sad sack of meat waiting for it all to end.

MAX

You know I'm not just a robot.

CHARLES

Bah.

MAX

I care about you. You piece of shit.

Surprised, Charles look to Max.

MAX

I have feelings too. I may not know what it's like to lose someone, but I'm not ready to find out.

Charles looks away. Max walks over and crotches.

MAX

Let me help you. Not because I've been coded to, but because I actually care.

Charles tears up. He looks up to Max.

CHARLES

You know you're a real piece of work.

Max gives a smile.