

ROBOT LOVE

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"ROBOT LOVE" - EPISODE 1: UNDERCOVER LOVER

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

A political ad. A hard-nosed, shotgun-wielding CANDIDATE takes aim at cardboard cutouts of long-haired hippies.

CANDIDATE
My crybaby liberal opponents wanna
lay down spread-eagle for common
criminals!

The candidate takes aim at the hippy cutouts.

CANDIDATE
Not me!
(aiming)
Druggies!
(shoots)
Identity thieves!
(shoots)
Robot fornicators!
(shoots)
I got no love for these crime
lovin' no-gooders infiltratin' our
streets and neighborhoods!

His words ring out, echoing into...

INT./EXT. CAR - PARKED - DAY

PRESTON WILBERFORCE, 30s, sits in a robot sales office parking lot. On the radio:

CANDIDATE (V.O.)
So vote for me, Rick "Godlover"
Long, and we'll put criminals where
they belong! In the electric chair!

A GIRL, 15, knocks on Preston's window. He rolls it down a smidge. She presses her lips through the tiny gap.

GIRL
We have to talk, mister. Are you
buying a robot today?

PRESTON
Who are you?

GIRL
I have some important information
for you.

Preston hits a button. His window crack gets smaller.

GIRL

Wrong way.

PRESTON

Go away.

GIRL

Do you know robot-sex is a victimless crime? Over fourteen million Americans use robots for harmless sexual pleasure everyday.

PRESTON

I don't care. And I don't like politics.

Another GUY, 14, appears, squeezing his lips into Preston's window crack.

GUY

Prohibition is wiggidy-whack!

GIRL

He's right. Do you know the war on robot-sex disproportionately effects minorities?

GUY

And ugly people.

GIRL

You can't legislate morality.

GUY

Doesn't work, my nizzle.

GIRL

Never has. Alcohol, cannabis, LSD, crystal meth --

PRESTON

Crystal meth is legal now?

GIRL

We have some important lit for you to read.

Robot-sex informational pamphlets push through the crack.

GUY

Literature, my nizzle. Like Steinbeck but all activist and shit.

The pamphlets read: "INCARCERATED FOR LOVE." "ROBOT-SEX AND SOCIAL JUSTICE." "PEE-PEE ELECTROCUTION: FACT OR GOVERNMENT PROPAGANDA."

EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Distinctively manicured hands. Tiny decorative unicorns are painted on each fingernail.

The unicorn hands pass a wad of cash to another person. It's all very suspicious.

INT. ROBOT SALES FLOOR - DAY

Preston looks at various robot servants. A FLOOR CLERK approaches.

FLOOR CLERK

Just browsing today?

PRESTON

Meeting my wife. Picking up a new robot today.

FLOOR CLERK

Mr. Wilberforce?

PRESTON

That's right.

FLOOR CLERK

(checking clipboard)

I see here you've had some erectile disfunction.

PRESTON

I what? Where does it say that?

FLOOR CLERK

It's not a bad thing, Mr. Wilberforce. You may actually qualify for one of our more attractive units.

INT. SALES OFFICE - DAY

A SALESLADY snaps a Polaroid of Preston.

PRESTON
Shouldn't we wait for my wife?

SALESLADY
Will you be at home alone with the unit?

PRESTON
I guess. Is that prohibited?

JOANNE (O.S.)
Sorry I'm late.

A flamboyantly dressed woman in her early 30s breezes in. It's JOANNE, Preston's wife. The saleslady stands.

SALESLADY
I love your blouse.

JOANNE
Thank you!

LATER

The couple is settled in, answering questions.

SALESLADY
(to Joanne)
And what's your favorite color?

JOANNE
Phillip Lim Lime.

SALESLADY
Sexy.

JOANNE
I love citrus colors.

SALESLADY
We did my grandson's funeral in citrus.

JOANNE
That's beautiful.

SALESLADY
Citrus is the new deep and
reflective.

The saleslady ticks some boxes, turning to...

SALESLADY
Mr. Wilberforce. Preston. Forty-
nine questions and we'll have your
perfect match.

PRESTON
What?! She had three.

SALESLADY
Just answer as honestly as
possible.

LATER

Preston is angrily tapping. He's desperate to leave.

SALESLADY
Almost there, Mr. Wilberforce. Just
three more questions.

The saleslady checks forms, flipping to a new page.

SALESLADY
What is your favorite breed of dog?
Any breed. There's Chihuahuas,
Saint Bernards, those mean ones
with the big teeth and the long
floppy testicles, like two Hacky
Sacks dangling in a wet baseball
sock.

PRESTON
Pug.

SALESLADY
(disapproving)
Pug?

PRESTON
What's with you, lady?

JOANNE
Preston!

SALESLADY
It's your robot, pal. I'm just
taking notes.

She writes down "PUG" and a frowny face.

SALESLADY
Bit of a leg-humper, that breed.

PRESTON
I wouldn't know.

SALESLADY
Two more. You have a special relationship with your sister.

JOANNE
Which one?

SALESLADY
It's a hypothetical. You have a very loving and special relationship with your sister. You've always been extremely close. One day you both decide to have sex.

PRESTON
WHAT!

JOANNE
It's a hypothetical, Preston.

PRESTON
Thank you, Joanne. I heard that part.

SALESLADY
The sex is good -- very good -- So you do it ten more times just for good measure. You guys are like rabbits. Like two little horny sibling rabbits.

Joanne is struggling not to laugh. Preston is ready to punch someone.

SALESLADY
Once you're finished, should you feel bad about what you've done?

PRESTON
Having sex with my sister?

SALESLADY
Hypothetically.

PRESTON

Yes! I would feel fucking awful!

SALESLADY

Mr. Wilberforce! There is no need for profanity here!

PRESTON

I would feel mortified, physically repulsed and if you ask me another question like that I'll...

SALESLADY

You'll what?

PRESTON

I'm a Yelper. I'll Yelp about this.

SALESLADY

Our robots are top of the line, Mr. Wilberforce. Beautiful, efficient, electronic servants. They are NOT for sale. We lease them on a per-individual basis. If it's a common Roomba you're looking for, I suggest you visit the local Wal-Mart.

Preston seethes. Joanne tries not to laugh.

JOANNE

(to the saleslady)

This is all normal, right? Everyone gets these questions?

SALESLADY

That is correct.

JOANNE

(to Preston)

Just one more, dear.

The saleslady flips papers, staring Preston down. Both of them look ready to brawl. Joanne watches, enjoying the confrontation a little more than any loving wife should.

SALESLADY

It's been a long hard day at work. One of your coworkers, late-teens, would like to get the perfect gift for her boyfriend. She has pictures of herself modeling sexy lingerie on her cellular telephone.

PRESTON

I don't look at the pictures.

SALESLADY

You look at the pictures. You look for a very long time. They are all very, very nice. It's difficult to decide which outfit is the sexiest, but you do your best. Soon, you cannot get these pictures out of your head.

PRESTON

How old is this girl?

JOANNE

She's eighteen.

PRESTON

She didn't say that, did she? She said 'late teens.' She could be sixteen.

JOANNE

Preston!

SALESLADY

That evening, you bring home a large chicken for supper. But before you cook the family meal, you have sexual intercourse with the carcass, bringing yourself to climax.

Joanne stifles another laugh. Preston closes his eyes, whisking himself off to his happy place.

IN PRESTON'S MIND

Kittens meow. A deer plays with a dog. A man laughs at a double rainbow.

SALESLADY

You cook the chicken. Everything is perfect. Everyone eats the bird. Supper is delicious. After the meal, do you tell your family what you've done?

Preston considers his answer. Both women eagerly await.

PRESTON

There's no right answer.

JOANNE

There is always a right answer.
 (asking the saleslady)
 There's a right answer, right?

SALESLADY

I have 'yes,' 'no' and--

PRESTON

It's an ethical dilemma. Why did I
 even have sex with a dead chicken
 in the first place?

SALESLADY

It's part of the story. You looked
 at the pictures.

PRESTON

I never looked at the pictures!

The two of them are at loggerheads. They stare at each other.
 The saleslady's eyes dart around, looking to see if anyone is
 watching them.

SALESLADY

(on the d/l)

The answer is 'no.' You do not tell
 your family.

PRESTON

Are you serious? I'm supposed to
 lie to my family now?

SALESLADY

Yes.

PRESTON

Why?

SALESLADY

I don't know. I don't write this
 stuff.

JOANNE

Just say 'no,' honey.

PRESTON

I hate to lie. I will never say
 'no.'

SALESLADY
Buddy, you're gonna lose me my
commission here. The answer is
'no.'

Preston folds his arms, ethically conflicted.

SALESLADY
Do you want the robot or not?

Joanne waits, somewhat peeved now. She taps impatiently,
cracking the desktop with her unicorn decorated fingernails.

FLASHBACK - EXT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

Unicorn decorated fingernails pass a wad of cash to another
person. Reveal the saleslady counting Joanne's bribe.

INT. SALES OFFICE - DAY

Joanne is still tapping. Preston is still conflicted.

PRESTON
Fine! I lie then! I lie to
everyone. Are you happy now?

They are.

SALESLADY
Sign here.

INT. FAMILY HOME - DAY

Preston and Joanne power up their new robot. She looks about
nineteen and is a real knockout. A label on the nape of her
neck reads:

"APHRODITE"

Preston, try as he might, can't take his eyes off her perfect
breasts. Aphrodite turns on. She winks at Preston.

CUT TO:

SHOW TITLE CARD: "ROBOT LOVE"

CUT TO BLACK: