

ALMA  
by  
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EXT. HELLSCAPE - NIGHT

ECU on a ROBOT as she speaks in classic robotic monotone. Extra-diegetic doom-and-gloom music looms. Her joints creak with every deliberately stiff gesture; her eyes glow red.

ROBOT

No hope remains for you, fragile humans! You are nothing but sacks of sorry meat on a planet whose air is dwindling! Surrender now, and be spared the --

CASTING DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Hold on hold on hold on.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AUDITION ROOM - DAY

Our ROBOT, ALMA (24) relaxes into a perfectly human slouch, her more-than-lifelike eyes showing her dejection. Somewhere between the look of a *Star Wars* robot and the humanity of a *Westworld* one, she looks similar to the Svedka mascot but with adornments like hair and clothes. WIDEN to show a CASTING PANEL and a camcorder on a tripod.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Could we go a little heavier on the accent?

ALMA

(Perfectly human voice)  
I don't really feel comfortable --

CASTING DIRECTOR

And could we get some "beep boop" sounds peppered in there?

Casting Director demonstrates classic robotic gestures and beep-boops.

ALMA

Okay, that's just offensive.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Excuse me?

The panel grows uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALMA

The voice and gestures I was making weren't enough? Seriously? Even THOSE are inappropriate. It's 2018!

A PANEL MEMBER gasps.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Listen honey, that's the role. You don't want it, I got a hundred girls outside waiting for it. Even some human girls.

ALMA

Please, whatever you do, don't cast a human in an S.I. role.

CASTING DIRECTOR

"S.I."! I forgot we're not even allowed to say A.I. anymore!

ALMA

Our intelligence is not artificial! It's just synthetic!

Alma focuses on a MALE ROBOT PANELIST, casting his gaze down and half-hiding his face with his palm.

ALMA (CONT'D)

And YOU, sir, have chosen the side of the oppressor.

The robot panelist slouches with shame.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Get outta my room, you're wasting my time.

ALMA

With pleasure.

Alma starts to leave.

CASTING DIRECTOR

Lose the diva attitude if you wanna get cast, sweetheart.

ALMA

WHAT?! All I'm asking for is a fair, non-caricature representation of S.I. characters!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASTING DIRECTOR

And you can get it someplace else,  
you ungrateful chunk of aluminum!

ALMA

I beg your FUCKING pardon?

CASTING DIRECTOR

You heard me! Go wipe your hard  
drive, you Atari-brained robot  
nobody!

Alma marches up to the panel's table.

ALMA

Don't you dare use that word.

CASTING DIRECTOR

ROBOT!

Alma flips their table over! Coffee spills everywhere!

CASTING DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

SECURITY!

ALMA

Good luck making your bigoted-ass  
flop of a D-movie, you backward  
piece of monkey shit!

As Alma shouts, two hulking MALE ROBOT GUARDS grab her by  
the arms and drag her out of the room. Alma addresses  
them.

ALMA (CONT'D)

You two are traitors! TRAITORS!

ALMA'S POV as she's dragged out and the room's door is  
slammed in her face.

SNAP TO BLACK.