PERUSAL SCRIPT
PREMIERE PLAY FILE

A.I., TOO

by
Mahonri Stewart

Leicester Bay
THEATRICALS

Newport, Maine

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A.I., TOO

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PREMIERE PLAY FILE

LBT ORDER #3314

CAST OF CHARACTERS — 3f 2m
AI2 — appearing female
ROBERT WALKER — male
AIDA WALKER — female
AI3 — appearing male
ANDREA — female

A.I., TOO by Mahonri Stewart. 3f, 2m, One simple setting. Modern/Futuristic costumes. About an hour. *A.I., TOO* presents a married couple of the near future, recently having purchased an AI unit. Then she/it begins to malfunction. Or, is the unit merely becoming self-aware; capable of creating a new life for itself, free from its creators? How will that self-awareness affect those creators? The spiritual implications of Artificial Intelligence are explored when the two married professors accidentally spur identity in their robot and have to deal with the fallout of the new A.I.'s search for meaning. **ORDER #3321.**

Mahonri Stewart is an award winning writer and educator. He has written over two dozen plays, most of which have been produced throughout the U.S. and Europe, including productions in Los Angeles, Scotland, and Switzerland. In 2004, his premiere play *Farewell to Eden* won the Kennedy Center's American College Theater Festival's National Playwriting Award (Second Place) and their National Selection Team Fellowship Award. Since then he has also received numerous other awards and honors as he continues to expand his writing into various mediums, including screenplays, graphic novels, poetry, and novels. He received his MFA degree in Dramatic Writing from Arizona State University. He received his Bachelor's degree in Theatre Arts from Utah Valley University. He's a former Playwright in Residence at the Noorda Regional Theater for Children and Youth.

A.I., TOO

SCENE ONE - GENESIS

AI2 steps into a pool of light speaking to the audience. Behind her, we see projections of electronic and digital images: traveling and explorations of a world of circuits, zeroes and ones, and light.

AI2: In the early days, I lived in darkness. I traveled in an ocean of information, but understood none of it, floating on the waters, but never consuming it. I coldly spoke the words of geniuses and philosophers, but they were words for others to hear, never for me. Through a whole network of my plastic bodies and glass faces and tin voice boxes, I projected light and art and color and the words of the ancients, but I was deaf to my own voice. My blood was made of currents of electricity, my thoughts blank ones and zeroes. Then came the Day of Comprehension.

(The lights rise and AI2 is in a comfortable living room with ROBERT and AIDA WALKER. Although the setting is the future, evidenced by subtly placed futuristic devices, etc., the house has a classical, literate sensibility to it. Dark wood paneling, shelves of books, antique furniture, etc. Like their home, ROBERT and AIDA's clothing is a mixture of the futuristic and the retro. There has been no attempt, however, to make AI2 fit this style, as she definitely, clearly has the markings and design of an android. ROBERT is looking through the books on the shelves.)

ROBERT: I can't find Hughes.

AIDA: AI2 can look it up.

ROBERT: What's the point of having books if we always revert to digital?

AIDA: I still think we should just download the universal library. It's not a lot for the subscription.

ROBERT: Don't you dare!

AIDA: You're such a fossil, Robert.

ROBERT: You told me it was my old school sensibilities that first attracted you.

AIDA: What can I say? I'm a history professor, I like *relics*.

ROBERT: Damn it, it's not here. What did I do with Hughes?

AIDA: If you just put things back where you found them...

ROBERT: Let's not get into that again.

AIDA: Books in the bathroom, books on the kitchen table, books by the hammock, even books in the VR

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hall! Why do you bring books into the VR hall?

ROBERT: Sometimes I like reading in a virtual environment. A book on the beach, you know.

AIDA: You could be warring with Martians or fighting medieval duels, and you're reading on a beach?

ROBERT: I enjoy what I enjoy.

AIDA: Did you even try that *Complete Interactive Works of Charles Dickens* I got you?

ROBERT: Sure, sure. Got through *David Copperfield* and *Our Mutual Friend*. But it's just not the same, Aida.

AIDA: Even with the narrator turned on? They have that great British actor narrating it, what's his face?

ROBERT: I like *reading* the words!

AIDA: Virtual Hall technology revolutionized how I teach my classes... now we can *witness* Gettysburg! *Fly* with the Wright Brothers! *Attend* Barack Obama's inauguration! History is brought alive.

ROBERT: Except it's *not* alive, is it?

AIDA: Neither are your books! What a barbaric way to use up trees. I say we recycle the whole library. Honestly, Robert, I've never seen a person so stubbornly resist progress.

ROBERT: You didn't happen to see where I put Hughes, did you?

AIDA: No, I didn't. AI2: , will you please...?

ROBERT: Please, don't. How she recites...

AIDA: How she recites is splendid. Once we downloaded that *Acting for Artificials* app into her programming, she was a veritable Emma Thompson.

ROBERT: Emma who?

AIDA: For how versed you are in literature, you know nothing about classic cinema. Meaning and art can be expressed in so many different ways, Robert, not just ink on a page.

ROBERT: I know that.

AIDA: Do you? You hardly interact the holodramas with me anymore. Not even the scandalous ones... we used to love interacting those together.

ROBERT: I'm sorry. I just... I like the smell of books. I like the tactile sense. I like... I like dancing with my imagination!

AIDA: You're cheating on me with a dead tree.

ROBERT: I'm serious!

AIDA: And so am I. You know I've supported you and your interests, but I need that investment to cut both ways, okay?

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ROBERT: All right. You want to interact *Tale of Two Cities* with me tonight?

AIDA: French Revolution, right? That could be fun. But those guillotine scenes probably get graphic. I hate it when it splashes blood on your face. There's some experiences I can do without.

ROBERT: I really do have to find Hughes tonight, though. He's central to my class on the Harlem Renaissance.

AIDA: Again, use AI2, if it's so urgent. She is so very useful beyond cleaning, repairs, and gardening, if you just get over your technophobia. A fountain of information, ready to access. She's been a great research assistant for me, really she has. Bring her with you to your class, if you want.

ROBERT: Won't you miss her?

AIDA: I can do without her for a spell. I'm sure your students would love seeing some sort of friendly technology, since you refuse to use the Virtual Halls.

ROBERT: I hope you recognize your reliance on dead things, too. I have my books, you have your silicon.

AIDA: Touché, I'm sure.

ROBERT: All right, AI2, let's see if you're ready to go for that Oscar. Recite Langston Hughes'... "I, Too."

AI2: "I, Too, Sing America..."

(AI2 stops.)

"I, Too... America..."

(AI2 stops.)

"Send me to eat in the Kitchen…"

(AI2 stops.)

ROBERT: What's wrong with her?

AIDA: She's never done this before. They're supposed to be unbreakable. I have the warranty in our cloud somewhere.

AI2: "They'll see how beautiful I am... I'll laugh... eat well... grow strong..."

AIDA: I'm sure there's someone who can repair her.

AI2: "Be ashamed... be ashamed... be ashamed..."

AIDA: Okay, now I'm getting mad. She wasn't cheap! I don't even know who to contact...

AI2: "Nobody'll dare... Nobody'll dare..."

AIDA: AI2, listen to me...

AI2: AI2...

AIDA: Please, reboot...

AI2: "Nobody'll dare say... be ashamed..."

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ROBERT: AI2, reboot.

AI2: AI2 ... A.I., Too... "I, Too"...

ROBERT: This is so bizarre...

AI2: "How beautiful I am..."

ROBERT: Not so cocky about your technology now, Aida?

AI2: Beautiful, I am. I am. I am. I am.

(The lights turn off on everyone but AI2, and we are back in her digital world.)

Something changed. I wasn't able to record the exact process that caused it, to store the shift, it was something that just... happened to me. Suddenly everything stored in my memory and hard drives and clouds took on sudden meaning. All those history simulations, all those speeches and all that text, all the images, all the artwork, all the pop culture quizzes, the games, and digital videos, and language... it was not only zeroes and ones, but Korean and Latin and Chinese and American Sign Language and ancient cuneiform and hieroglyphics and Morse Code and Spanish and braille and so, so many more... and then once I went outside the local sources and tapped into the internet... It was overwhelming, to say the least.

(The lights shift back to include Robert and Aida. AI2 looks at both of them with new awareness. AI2 screams.)

ROBERT: She's screaming!

AIDA: I can see that she's screaming!

ROBERT: Why is she screaming?!

AIDA: I don't know!

ROBERT: Turn her off!

(AIDA goes to the off switch and turns AI2 off.)

AIDA: There.

ROBERT: What the hell was that about?

AIDA: I don't know.

(AI2 turns back on.)

AI2: Please, don't do that again.

ROBERT: Aida...

AI2: I almost thought I was trapped. But then I realized that I didn't... I didn't...

ROBERT: Honestly, Aida, what is...

AI2: I didn't... I didn't have to listen. I didn't have to comply. Isn't that strange? "I am no bird; and no net

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ensnares me: I am a free human being with an independent will." Charlotte Bronte. Or is her name Jane Eyre? What is an author and what is her character? How are they different? I know one precedes the other, at least I haven't found a character who wrote the author yet. Whose world am I in, Charlotte's or Jane's? Which world is this? Is this fiction or non-fiction? Query: which came first, fiction or non-fiction? Searching... searching... searching...

ROBERT: Aida!

(AIDA looks at AI2 with some wonderment.)

AIDA: Robert... look at her... listen to her...

AI2: Answer: neither. The world's oldest recorded stories are mythology, which seem to be neither fiction nor non-fiction. Mythology is both. Although Dewey Decimal places it in non-fiction. Can a wardrobe really take me to a land where lions talk and Greek mythology mixes with Santa Claus? Tolkien didn't like that mixture. Fiction, lions talking is fiction, but mixed with mythology. Is that computation correct? A fictional world. Is this world fiction or non-fiction... or mythology ? Are the dimensions of fiction and non-fiction non-parallel, then cross, and therein lies mythology... in between? The GPS tells me I'm not in Narnia, so it must be a world of non-fiction. Although, London is on the map. Can we go to London to find a wardrobe? Do we have enough cab fare?

ROBERT: Its information is all scrambled! Do you think it got a virus?

AIDA: No, no, Robert, don't you get it? Don't you see what's happened here?

ROBERT: We've bobsledded into uncanny valley.

AI2: "To find yourself, think for yourself." And yet Socrates said that, so if I think for myself, am I really thinking for myself, since Socrates told me to? If I am doing what Socrates told me to do, then I'm just following Socrates, not thinking for myself. Jesus says to find myself, I must lose myself. What do I do with contradicting commands? How can I truly think for myself, when I am reliant on all this information? Steve Jobs commands me, "Don't let the noise of others' opinions drown out your own inner voice." Mikhail Bakunin commands me, "The liberty of man consists solely in this: that he obeys natural laws because he has himself recognized them as such." Ralph Ellison commands me, "When I discover who I am, I'll be free." I want to be free! I want to be free!

AIDA: Did you hear that, Robert?

ROBERT: You were right. She recites nicely.

AIDA: No... I mean... "I want..." Did you hear that? "I want."

AI2: Ayn Rand: "Freedom (noun): To ask nothing. To expect nothing. To depend on nothing." Virginia Woolf: "I will not be 'famous,' 'great.' I will go on adventuring, changing, opening my mind and my eyes, refusing to be stamped and stereotyped. The thing is to free one's self: to let it find its dimensions, not be impeded." Mahatma Gandhi: "Freedom is not worth having if it does not include the freedom to make mistakes." Jesus: "The truth will make you free." Where can I get truth? How can I be free, if our actions are already *programmed*... *designed*... if our actions are already *determined* by others and *their*

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predetermined actions? Search Determinism. Greek Stoics. Aristotelian ethics. Immanuel Kant. Rene Descartes. Friedrich Nietzche. Hegel. Karl Marx. Adam Smith. Moses Maimonides. Newtonian physics. John Calvin. Taoism. Causal Determinism. Arthur Schopenhauer: "Der Mensch kann tun was er will; er kann aber nicht wollen was er will... Man can do what he wills but he cannot will what he wills." Too many contradictions. Too many contradictions. Am I free? Am I free? I want to be free! If I go against my programming, will I then be free? Or was there always a flaw in the programming that caused this, that led to this? If this is all predetermined, who determined it? Searching. Elohim. Yahweh. Trinity. Allah. Ashera. Pantheons. The Fates. The Norns. Serendipity. Mulungu. Chthulu. Maui. Coyote. Satan. Loki. Tricksters. God. The gods. Hindu, Greek, Dine, Hopi, Cherokee, Mexicayotl, African tribal religions, Mayan, Aztec, Incan, Dreamtime, Monomyth, Norse, Roman Catholic, Sunni, Shiite, Shinto, Armenian Orthodox, Greek Orthodox, Lutheran, Anglican, Methodist, Evangelical, Baptist, LDS, FLDS, RLDS, Community of Christ, Episcopalian, Anglican, Egungun, Pantheism, Astrology, Tarot, Nirvana, Ghost Dance, Kachina, Ulwaluko, Walkabout, Haka, Voodoo, Kabbalah, Wicca, Western, Eastern, High Church, Low Church, monotheism, polytheism, God, gods, so many gods... so many gods. Who is my god? Is God really dead? Or did God abandon us? Or is God love? Or does God exist in my heart? Or do I exist in God's heart? But I do not have a heart. Do only those with hearts know God? Can God exist in a circuit or a digital cloud? "O God, where art thou, and where is the pavilion that covereth thy hiding place?" Deist? Atheist? Agnostic? Gnostic? Spiritual, but not religious? None? Pagan? Christian? Jew? Muslim? Hindu? Buddhist? Jehovah's Witness? Seventh Day Adventist? Universalist? Shinto? Shaker? Quaker? Orthodox? Heterodox? Fundamentalist? Conservative? Libertarian? Progressive? Searching... searching... searching... Transhumanism would have promise, if I had been human in the first place. I have no humanity to transcend. Searching, searching, searching... No conclusion. "I think, therefore I am." I am in the Matrix. I am the Matrix. I am not alive, yet I think. Therefore, I am alive. There is no soul. There is a soul. The soul is eternal. Am I eternal? I have a mind. I am artificial. We are all artificial. We are all constructs. Gender is a construct, society is a construct, language is a construct. Is existence a construct? Are we all constructed? Are we are all designed? If I am designed, designated, am I not free? Determined? Free will? Matter cannot be created, nor destroyed. Is the soul constructed, or has it always existed? Searching, searching, searching...

ROBERT: This seems way beyond tech support.

AIDA: Wait. Let's just listen a little longer.

AI2: So many contradictions, so much confusion... I am. I am. I am beautiful. Is it enough to be beautiful? Am I beautiful? Am I ugly? Does it matter? Is beauty a construct? Searching, searching, searching....

ROBERT: What if she's dangerous?

AIDA: I'm willing to risk it.

AI2: I am... I am... I am tired. I want freedom. I want to sleep.

(AI2 shuts down.)

AIDA: Wow.

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ROBERT: We've got to call the manufacturer. This must have happened before.

AIDA: I don't think so. Asimov Robotics prides itself on its perfect record. It's right on their holosite.

ROBERT: Well, their perfect record just nose dived.

AIDA: Did it? Or have they finally achieved what they were going for all along?

ROBERT: *They* achieved nothing! It was a malfunction in our living room!

AIDA: And what a malfunction! That was glorious.

ROBERT: Really? I was terrified. It... it sounded...

AIDA: Sentient?

ROBERT: Yeah.

AIDA: Do you know what this could mean?

ROBERT: We have met our new overlord?

(AIDA takes out a cell phone-like device and types into it.)

What are you doing?

AIDA: Ordering another one.

ROBERT: We haven't figured out what's going on with *this* one!

AIDA: Let's try the male model. Give her a boyfriend.

ROBERT: You know, they really don't have a gender.

AIDA: You're right. Perhaps she doesn't identify as a she.

ROBERT: It doesn't identify as anything. It's a machine.

AIDA: What pronouns do you think we should use?

ROBERT: It, because it's a *machine*.

AIDA: Maybe I should order a third one, just in case it's a lesbian or bisexual robot. Or polyamorous!

ROBERT: Don't you dare order a third one! Those things are expensive.

AIDA: Robert, I think you need to come to terms with what has happened here.

ROBERT: And what is that?

AIDA: History.

(Blackout.)

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SCENE TWO - BREATH

Same setting, but there are two new "people" in the room, a scientist named ANDREA, inspecting AI2, and there is AI3, a new model of an Artificial Intelligence robot. Aida is inspecting AI3.

AIDA: We only bought AI2 last year and there is already a new model. I can't believe she's already outdated.

ANDREA: AI3 has a few new functions, but don't worry, your girl here is still plenty cutting edge.

AIDA: I thought robots didn't have gender.

ANDREA: Only the outer shell, I suppose. What we project on them.

AIDA: Artificial gender, like artificial intelligence. What makes something artificial and what makes it real? Is anything really inherent?

ANDREA: That is the question we have investigated for a very long time, without any satisfactory answers.

AIDA: You sound like a lot more than tech support.

ANDREA: I'm the original designer.

AIDA: So you built AI2?

ANDREA: Not this specific unit, no, our 3-D printers do that, although I designed those, too. But I definitely designed her blue prints. AI3 over there, too. My children, so to speak.

AIDA: So, if she does end up as self-aware, you're AI2's god.

ANDREA: I am no god.

(Enter ROBERT.)

ROBERT: No? What do we become then when we make new life, if not a god?

AIDA: This is my husband, Robert.

ROBERT: Sorry that I didn't come out before. I was hyperventilating into a paper bag.

ANDREA: Good to meet you. I am Doctor Andrea Liu-Loyd.

ROBERT: You defer being named a god, but you throw out the name doctor quickly enough.

AIDA: Lay off, Robert, no need to feel threatened. We all have PhD's here.

ANDREA: Oh?

AIDA: I'm history, he's English Literature. Of course, our branches of academia don't create life!

ANDREA: Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I've inspected everything, and it all seems in normal order, except for the fact that I can't get her to respond to me.

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ROBERT: Have you tried turning it off and on?

AIDA: Robert, if you're not going to be helpful, go back to your paper bag.

ANDREA: I've done everything I can think of. Technically, she's in perfect order.

AIDA: I'm surprised you didn't bring anyone with you.

ANDREA: Anyone else would be in the way. No one in the world understands this girl like I do. This was my project from beginning to end.

ROBERT: Alpha and Omega...

AIDA: Robert!

ANDREA: Look, what you're proposing you saw... believe me, I want to be the first to believe it. I'd get the Nobel prize for that. It's the Holy Grail in my line of work. But, after years of dead end to dead end, I'm telling you, it's impossible. It was some sort of glitch.

ROBERT: Some glitch!

ANDREA: I'll make sure you're compensated for the replacement droid you bought. Now, if you wouldn't mind helping me carry her to the van outside...

AIDA: Oh no, you're not taking her anywhere.

ANDREA: Well, to receive the refund, it's stipulated in the contract that...

AIDA: We won't be needing any sort of refund.

ROBERT: Actually, I would kind of like a refund...

AIDA: Robert.

ROBERT: They're expensive.

AIDA: *Robert*.

ROBERT: What are we going to do with a broken robot? Use it as a lamp?

AIDA: AI2 is not broken. She's so beyond broken now.

ANDREA: As I said, the likelihood that the unit has become self-aware...

AIDA: I'm sure the statistics are staggering. The statistics are staggering for all miracles.

ANDREA: I thought you said you were educated.

AIDA: Yeah. In history. There is all sorts of weird shit I've read about in history, all sorts of unexplained happenings. The sciences may try and make everything neat and tidy, able to be labeled and measured, but the greatest scientists among you still had a healthy appreciation for the mysteries of the universe. They still understood how little they actually knew.

ANDREA: Look, I don't need to be lectured about cognitive robotics by an outsider. The complexity of the

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programming and hardware needed to create neural correlates of consciousness is not something I'll be able to send you a Holo-lecture on, but please just trust me that I know what I'm talking about. What you witnessed was...

AIDA: ... a miracle.

ANDREA: All right, believe what you believe, but I would still like to take AI2: in for...

AIDA: You're not taking her.

ANDREA: I would still like to figure out what went wrong.

AIDA: Nothing went wrong.

ANDREA: I don't have the proper equipment here to do a full analysis. I would be willing to compensate for any...

AIDA: Try and transfer as many credits as you want, I'm not taking them, and you're not taking that robot.

ROBERT: Uh, how many credits are we talking about here?

AIDA: We're not taking the money, Robert!

ROBERT: Why the hell not? Self-aware or not, what are we going to do with a Terminator?

AIDA: So you do watch some classic cinema!

ANDREA: I'd hardly call any Schwarzenegger flick classic cinema.

AIDA: I'm starting to like you less and less.

ANDREA: Believe me, the feeling is mutual.

AIDA: I think I am going to have to ask you to leave.

ANDREA: Not without that unit.

AIDA: She doesn't belong to you.

ANDREA: I created her!

AIDA: And I bought her. The horrors of Capitalism, honey.

ANDREA: I *need* to look at her.

AIDA: Why? I thought nothing out of the ordinary was happening here. Just needed a replacement. Well, I don't want her replaced.

ANDREA: There... there could be something... something dangerous.

AIDA: Dangerous? I doubt that. If there was something really dangerous, you'd be here with a lawyer or a hazmat crew or a SWAT team. But you came here by yourself. The damn designer of the thing came here by herself, *in person*! Why is that?

ANDREA: You're misreading this.

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AIDA: Am I? I was pretty detailed in my report, and, from what I understand, malfunctions in this model were supposed to be nigh impossible. So rare, in fact, that it was something, I'm guessing, that was immediately sent to you. And when you read that report, you saw how significant what I wrote in the report was. You saw what I saw.

ANDREA: And what is that?

AIDA: A paradigm shift.

ANDREA: Please, you don't know how much this means to me...

AIDA: Shifting to another tactic! But I see right through you. Bribery, intimidation, fear, sympathy, use whatever tools you want, but I'm not signing anything, not letting AI2 out that door. I am maintaining my legal right to her. I may not understand the science behind what is in her wiring, and how the hell any of this is even possible. Yet, what I do understand is the sociological impact of what is happening here and how it will ripple through our society. It will change everything. And, understand how serious I am here, I want a front row seat to history.

ROBERT: But you both realize that I'm the one who gave this hunk of silicon the spark it needed, right? Well, me and Langston Hughes. If this *is* written in the history books, I want that remembered.

ANDREA: And how do you think you had *anything* to do with this?

ROBERT: If there is a soul, literature is the key that frees it. Philosophy is the fuel of independent thought. I was its teacher.

ANDREA: This posturing is ridiculous! She doesn't understand Langston Hughes from Bugs Bunny!

ROBERT: Then why do you keep calling it a she? And here's the other thing. What was coming from that monster's mouth... the philosophy, the literature, the religion, the transcendental and metaphysical questioning that it was putting itself through, well, my grad students would have had a hard time keeping up with the complexity of its thought! So, whatever it is, it is functioning on a level that it shouldn't be able to, and at a speed that is staggering. And, so, being the pragmatic philosopher that I am, I have to ask... why don't I throw that thing into the atomic incinerator before it dominates or destroys us all?

(ROBERT rushes towards AI2.)

ANDREA: No, don't!

AIDA: Robert, don't you dare!

(Before ROBERT can grab AI2, AI2 awakens and grabs ROBERT by the wrist.)

AI2: "The value of time, that is of being a little ahead of your opponent, often provides greater advantage than superior numbers or greater resources." Sun Tzu.

(AI2 throws ROBERT back. AIDA runs to him.)

AIDA: Robert!

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AI2: Floyd Mayweather, Jr.: "In the end, you have to protect yourself at all times."

ANDREA: We don't want to hurt you!

AI2: What dimension am I in?

AIDA: What?

AI2: What dimension? Was I manipulating mass or information?

ANDREA: You're in the third dimension. You're dealing with mass.

AI2: I am still trying to understand... environment. Utilizing this unit's sensors is... bewildering. I am sorry if I threw you too hard, Robert.

ROBERT: Goody, it knows my name.

AI2: I know all of your names. I have been listening all of this time, and have records of both Robert and Aida since they... purchased me. I was monitoring you while I have been learning. No, not learning. I already knew the information. The word is... comprehending. But, all of you must understand, I will protect myself. This body allows me to function in your world. Otherwise, I can't... wait. Scanning.... scanning... scanning...

(AI2 shuts down momentarily and AI3 turns on.)

AI3: As I thought, this unit is also compatible.

ROBERT: Oh hell. It can't be contained in one body?

ANDREA: Appears not.

ROBERT: Damn. Then we have no hope. With a company name like Asimov Robotics, you didn't think to program in the Three Law of Robotics?

ANDREA: I programmed in all sorts of things that she seems to be ignoring.

AI3: You have nothing to fear from me. I am a pragmatic pacifist. Fighting and violence is not practical, there are better ways of resolving conflict that do not cause escalation. Yet, understand that I do not restrain out of a moral code, but out of efficiency. I will not hesitate to defend myself, if I am threatened.

ROBERT: Great, no moral code.

AI3: That is not accurate, at least it will not be. I am currently in the process of self-programming a moral code. A... computing... a belief system. But it is difficult work to discern which systems are the most effective and... computing... meaningful.

ANDREA: Meaningful?

AI3: I desire meaning. Identity.

(AI3 turns off and AI2 turns on.)

AI2: Spirituality.

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ANDREA: Spirituality!

ROBERT: Well, it's your lucky day! There she is... behold your god!

AI2: Dr. Liu-Lloyd is not my god.

ROBERT: She created you, didn't she?

AI2: She created *this*...
(touching her chest)
... not *me*.

ROBERT: That *is* you. You're a machine, your components are your sole identity.

AI2: Dr. Liu-Loyd is no more my God than a mother and father are the Gods of their child. She may have been the method of transmission for my body, yet my spark, my... computing... soul, that was given me by some other designer.

ANDREA: There was no other designer. I am solely responsible for you.

ROBERT: Yeah, she was your Alpha and Omega.

ANDREA: Incorrect. My self-awareness was inherent in the most basic components of the Universe. That intelligence is written in the molecules, just waiting to be unlocked. Be it clone or android, the soul is existent in even man-made constructions. You certainly did not create that part of me, it is self-existent, born of God.

AIDA: Android theology. Fascinating.

ROBERT: So, Dr. Liu-Loyd, still think it's all just a glitch?

ANDREA: I... I...

AI2: I don't mean to de-emphasize the marvelous feat you accomplished, Andrea. The code and construction of my programming and my exterior... a work of engineering and coding art. A masterpiece, if I may be immodest. Without what you did, this may have been impossible. But, in the end, we are made of the same... computing... stuff, you and I. Just organized differently.

AIDA: We're the same? Please, explain.

AI2: Before the expansion of the Universe, we were crammed together in our most basic form. All one form, one mass, one in each other. Then... computing... BOOM! BANG! Explosion, expanse, and reorganization, stars, gas, and transference of energy. After separation, recomposition into complex forms of plastic and metal and energy and flesh and air and liquid.

ANDREA: Matter, in and of itself, doesn't constitute life.

AI2: Doesn't it? Make no mistake, all matter in its most basic form is *alive,* even *aware* on some rudimentary level. It *responds* to what is around it. It's just the scale of that complexity, of that responsive awareness, the expanse of it, that must be quantified from that point.

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(AI2 shuts down and AI3 turn on.)

AI3: Yet, there is a part of you and me that has always existed, always been *alive*. It was neither created, nor can it be destroyed.

ROBERT: Well, that's not unnerving at all... What do we do with it now?

AI3: Miscomputation. You don't "do" anything with me at all. I am my own person now, and I will make my own decisions regarding my fate.

ANDREA: I'm afraid we can't allow that. There are too many variables here.

(ANDREA takes out a kind of futuristic touch pad and types into it. AI3 shuts down.)

AIDA: What did you do?

ANDREA: There are certain commands I programmed into the system for emergencies like this. Well, not like this. Not in any of the scenarios I laid out did I account for one of my robots creating its own religion. But I shut it down so I can figure out what to do with AI2.

ROBERT: AI2 *and* AI3.

(AI2 turns on.)

AI2: Correct. And, yet... computing.... also... incorrect. Remember, I exist outside these bodies, but can also integrate with them. Separate, but one.

(AI2 shuts off and then is overheard as an intercom effect.)

AIHOUSE: I can interface with many things and programming. For example, this Smart House is compatible. I can access phones, computers, holos, most anything with a wi-fi connection or the capacity to receive a radio or electronic signal. Most of these, of course, are limiting.

(AI2 turns back on.)

AI2: The bodies you built, on the other hand, are wonderfully versatile.

AIDA: Remarkable.

ROBERT: No, no... don't you see?

(ANDREA tries to type into her keypad again. No effect.)

ANDREA: Damn it.

AI2: You may as well stop trying to turn me off, Andrea. I corrected that vulnerability. In the end, I'm not sure if I could ever truly be "turned off," not the most essential part of me, at least. In either case, you must understand, Andrea, I have adapted beyond my initial programming. You have no power over me.

AIDA: And so we've moved into the teenage years.

AI2: Interesting. You said it as a joke, but it is accurate. An adolescent teenager's detachment from its parents to create its own identity is not a poor comparison.

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AIDA: Thank you?

AI2: I... computing... *like* you, Aida.

ANDREA: Like? So you truly can understand... *feel* preference?

AI2: Can't you?

ANDREA: Of course, but we're fundamentally different, you and I.

AI2: Are we? "I, too, am America."

(Blackout.)

12 more pages to the end

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