

Eve

by

Paul Leeming

Paul Leeming
www.visceralpsyche.com

28 September 2005

© 2005 Visceral Psyche Films

FADE IN

1 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM — MORNING

1

EVE. Five feet, three inches tall. Long, straight, dark brown hair, two ponytails with white bows matching the silk slip she is wearing. Petite, with flawless skin, she looks about eighteen. Her lips are moist and slightly parted, her chest rising and falling slowly with her breathing. Around her neck is a thin silver band.

Sunlight streams through translucent white curtains, bathing her in a warm glow. She stands in front of MARK, who sits on the end of a double bed in a t-shirt and boxer shorts, looking up at her, though we don't see him. He is about thirty, with short hair and a bookish face that wouldn't stand out in a crowded room. A loner.

MARK

Take it off.

Without a word, eyes always on Mark, she slides her fingers under the straps of the slip and gently lifts it off her shoulders. Released, it slides down over her small breasts before billowing to the ground to reveal her naked and completely hairless body.

2 INT. MARK'S BATHROOM — DAY

2

Mark is in the bath. Eve, still naked, is sitting on the edge, washing Mark's back with a sponge. After a few seconds Mark motions with his hand to stop, then stands up. Eve puts down the sponge, stands up herself and reaches for a towel. She proceeds to dry Mark off while he stands in the bath.

TITLE CREDITS

3 EXT. CITY — NIGHT

3

The city skyline glistens in the darkness, a bustling metropolis that never sleeps. Low cloud is lit up by thousands of offices and apartments. Red lights wink rhythmically on the taller buildings.

4 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

4

Mark and Eve are in bed under the covers. Eve is still wearing her neckband. She kisses Mark on the cheek, then

shifts to her side of the bed.

EVE
Good night Mark.

MARK
Night.

He pulls the covers around him, rolls away from her and closes his eyes. Eve rolls onto her back, folding her arms across her body and over the covers. As Mark goes to sleep, Eve remains motionless.

NIGHT TURNS TO DAY

Eve is still in the same position. Mark, who has moved around during the night, slowly wakes up. Eve, perfectly fresh and without a hint of sleepiness, greets him.

EVE
Good morning Mark.

5 INT. DINOSAUR EXHIBIT, AUSTRALIAN MUSEUM — DAY

5

High ceilings and modern architecture counterpoint the towering skeletons of an allosaur and stegosaurus. Smaller dinosaur exhibits are positioned around the hall. Families and couples tour the exhibit. Several of them appear to be wearing the same neckband that Eve always wears. In the background a little girl, CHARLOTTE, is walking around, being chatty with various members of the public.

Mark and Eve walk together, looking around. They stop near the allosaur skeleton.

MARK
I need to go to the toilet. Wait here.

EVE
Okay.

Mark heads off to find a toilet. Eve looks up at the allosaur. Charlotte approaches her from behind and tugs on Eve's dress. Eve looks around to find the source of the tugging. She looks down at Charlotte but doesn't say anything.

CHARLOTTE
Who are you?

EVE

I'm Eve.

CHARLOTTE

Do you like dinosaurs?

Eve looks confused.

CHARLOTTE

Are you alone? Do you want to be
my friend?

Eve pauses, as if computing possible answers to the
question. After a second she seems to reach a decision.

EVE

I am alone.

At that moment CHARLOTTE'S MOTHER appears.

CHARLOTTE'S MOTHER

Charlotte! Come here!

She throws Eve a murderous glance and pulls Charlotte
roughly away.

As she leaves Mark returns. He looks at them as they walk
away, before turning to Eve who is watching Charlotte.

MARK

I thought I told you not to talk
to strangers.

6 INT. MARK'S KITCHEN — NIGHT

6

Eve, wearing a very short skirt, is at the stove, stirring
a ladle through a saucepan. Cooking ingredients litter the
bench beside her.

Mark comes in dressed in a shirt and tie, carrying a bottle
of white wine. He puts the bottle down on the bench and
walks over to her.

MARK

How's dinner going?

Eve lets go of the ladle and turns around to greet Mark.

EVE

I'm making your favourite.

MARK

You mean you'll get it right this time?

She looks at him for a moment, then returns to the cooking. Mark grabs a wine glass from a cupboard before turning back to Eve.

MARK

Actually I think I'll have some red tonight. Grab me the pinot noir.

EVE

Which one?

She looks up on top of the cupboards where there are several wine bottles. Mark points.

MARK

Don't you know by now? That one.

Eve follows his finger and looks up at the bottle, perched above her and just out of reach. As Mark opens one of the lower drawers to find a corkscrew, Eve stands up on her tip toes to reach for the bottle. Mark, bent down but looking up at her, catches a glimpse of her white cotton underwear as she stretches. Enjoying the view, he doesn't notice that Eve is having trouble reaching the bottle.

Eve's fingertips are just touching the bottom of the bottle, causing it to teeter as she attempts to reach that little bit further to get a purchase on it. With a final stretch, she tries to grab it but instead knocks it over the edge. It smashes on top of her head.

Eve falls straight down, catching her chin on the kitchen bench before crumpling onto the floor, completely stunned. Mark snaps out of his reverie.

MARK

Shit!

Mark kneels down beside her and gently lifts her head up. Eve opens her eyes and looks at him silently.

MARK

Are you okay?

She smiles.

MARK

Are you sure?

Eve nods slowly.

7 INT. MARK'S KITCHEN — DAY

7

Eve is setting the kitchen table for one. Grabbing a plate from the kitchen bench, she turns to place it on the table. She freezes for a second about two feet short, before bending as if to place the plate on the table but actually holding it in mid-air. She lets go. It crashes to the floor, shattering pieces of porcelain everywhere. Seemingly oblivious to the event, she turns back and picks up cutlery, only to do the same thing with it.

Mark rushes in to see what the noise is, just in time to see Eve place a glass in mid-air before letting it go as before. Pieces of glass go flying in all directions.

MARK

What are you doing?

Eve looks at Mark with a quizzical expression on her face.

8 INT. MIYAZAKI'S ROBOT REPAIR SHOP — DAY

8

Eve is lying naked and face down on a metal gurney, arms by her side, eyes closed. A bright, operating theatre light is shining down on her. The background is dark but we can make out various human shapes wrapped in plastic sheeting. Diagnostic equipment is on a workbench. Monitors display graphs in various colours.

MR MIYAZAKI, a grandfatherly old Japanese man, is leaning over Eve with an electronic tool in hand. He is flanked by TWO IDENTICAL FEMALE ASSISTANTS, dressed in stylised nurses' outfits. As he depresses the tool gently between Eve's shoulder blades, a portion of Eve's back appears to drain of colour, becoming translucent. A seam appears before bifurcating and opening to reveal Eve's electronic insides. Mark looks on.

One of the assistants hands Mr Miyazaki a new tool and he uses it to probe Eve's insides, testing some circuitry while checking the monitors for results. Green areas on the screen are dotted with red as Mr Miyazaki continues to probe. Eventually he withdraws the tool and gives it back to the assistant with a nod.

In the background, the assistant puts the tool down, takes the original one up again and proceeds to close Eve up.

MR MIYAZAKI

The impact has damaged her neural circuits. The sensory system is malfunctioning and her memory chip has lost a substantial amount of its data.

MARK

Can you fix her?

MR MIYAZAKI

The damage is irreversible. She can still function in a reduced capacity, but I don't know for how long.

9 INT. VIGGO'S SEXBOT EMPORIUM — NIGHT

9

Mark enters the dimly lit emporium, followed by Eve. Coloured neon tubing flows around the room. A disco ball turns slowly, splaying light throughout the room. Video screens are advertising the latest E-V-K model. Several MALE AND FEMALE ROBOTS dressed in provocative fantasy outfits are dancing and showing themselves to customers. Music plays in the background, primal and pulsing. In a separate area CHILD AND TEENAGE ROBOTS are being looked over. All the robots wear the same neckband as Eve. VIGGO, a slick salesman, is trying to sell one of the teenage robots to a CUSTOMER. He sees Mark and Eve come in and snakes over to them, all charm and smiles.

VIGGO

Welcome to Viggo's! Looking for something fresh? We've got a great trade-in right now on the new E-V-K model.

MARK

No thanks. I need to get her memory circuit repaired, that's all.

VIGGO

You can't fix bot memory. But why would you bother anyway? Just get a new one. The E-V-K has four times the processing power of the old E-V-E model as well as being more durable, you know what I mean?

Viggo winks at Mark knowingly before motioning towards one of the female E-V-K robots. As Mark looks at the E-V-K, Viggo turns back to him.

VIGGO

Anyway, take your time. We've got plenty in stock.

Viggo's previous customer beckons him over.

VIGGO

Excuse me for a second.

Viggo, already forgetting Mark, wanders back to the other customer. Mark just stands there, looking again at the female E-V-K before collecting himself and taking Eve's hand. She looks down at his grasp before looking up at the E-V-K. Mark decides to leave.

10 INT. MARK'S LIVING ROOM — NIGHT

10

Mark sits with Eve on the couch, illuminated only by the light of the television. He is channel surfing with the remote control.

He stops on a channel showing an ad for the E-V-K model.

ON TELEVISION

10A INT. FEATURELESS WHITE ROOM — DAY

10A

From a plain white backdrop a young, beautiful FEMALE E-V-K MODEL dressed in white walks towards the viewer.

AD VOICEOVER

With four times more processing power, you'll be amazed at how much more responsive the E-V-K is.

LIVING ROOM

EXTREME CLOSEUP ON EVE'S EYE

The television is reflected in Eve's unblinking eye. Around her iris we can just make out the lens information and manufacturer.

ON TELEVISION

The female model twirls around and smiles suggestively at the camera. A MALE E-V-K MODEL steps into frame and takes her around the waist before gazing deep into her eyes.

AD VOICEOVER

Combining the latest neural processor with sixteen billion possible facial combinations, you can be sure that your E-V-K will be as unique as you are.

Life has never been easier.

Why not trade up today?

LIVING ROOM

Mark switches off the television via the remote and sits there in silence. Eve gets up and leaves the room.

11 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

11

Mark wanders into the bedroom to find Eve standing in the middle of the room, staring at the wall. He sits down on the edge of the bed.

MARK

Come here Eve.

She turns to look before walking over to stand in front of him. She smiles at him, but it is bereft of any real emotion. Mark doesn't smile back.

He undresses her as she stands motionless, stopping when she is left in her underwear. She does not react.

Mark stands, picks up Eve's pyjamas from the bed and helps her into them. He puts her to bed and tucks her in. Mark then undresses and gets into bed himself. Eve just stares straight ahead.

12 EXT. DESERTED BEACH — NIGHT 12

In the background, the distant lights of a refinery are reflected on the water. A cold wind blows. It is a barren scene, devoid of life. Eve stands at the water's edge, silently looking into the blackness.

13 INT. MARK'S BEDROOM — NIGHT 13

Mark wakes with a start. He looks over at Eve but she hasn't moved at all. He lays his head back down on the pillow and just looks at her.

14 EXT. CITY — NIGHT 14

Mark and Eve walk through the rainy city. Cars drive by silently, hypnotically. Mark is lost in his own thoughts as he crosses at a pedestrian crossing. Eve follows, but half way across she stops, before turning to face an oncoming car bearing down on her.

Time seems to slow down. The car brakes but it is too late. Eve takes the full force of the impact.

At the other side of the crossing a MOTHER and a young girl robot, RACHEL, are transfixed by the event. Rachel and Mark's eyes meet and for a moment they simply stare at each other. Mark then turns to look for Eve. As he sees her body lying on the road, he realises what has happened.

Mark runs over to Eve, who is on her back, twitching and making various electronic noises. He kneels down and cradles Eve in his arms.

MARK

Eve!

Eve's eyes flicker open and she opens and closes her mouth a few times as if gasping for air. After a couple of seconds her eyes close and she shudders one last time before becoming limp.

Mark is left clutching Eve's lifeless body, framed in the headlights of the fatal car.

Rachel takes a last look at Eve. A flicker of kinship and sadness crosses her face before she is led away into the darkness by her mother.

FADE TO BLACK

END CREDITS

15 INT. VIGGO'S SEXBOT EMPORIUM — DAY

15

Mark is standing with Viggo. The female E-V-K robot he was looking at earlier is by his side. With a final handshake Mark leaves the store, E-V-K in tow.

FADE TO BLACK