

PROXY

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BAR- DAYTIME

ANDI and SILAS are sitting on opposite ends of a booth while Andi is twiddling his thumbs slowly and methodically.

If he was human, Andi would look to be 15-16 years old. Regardless of how indistinguishable he is to a teenager, Andi is a highly intelligent android.

His hoodie, pants, and shoes are a once-bright white now faded by exposure to the outdoor elements.

Andi is rigid in language, robotic in movement, but always sincere, always learning.

Silas, on the other hand, is between 14 and 15 with a dark red hoodie on. He's tense, aloof, and a bit condescending.

SILAS:

Look, all I'm saying is if we want to find your field--

Silas leans in from across the table.

SILAS: (CONT'D)

We might have to get a bit creative.

He sits back down with his arms firmly crossed.

ANDI:

I'm sure if we keep heading west--

SILAS:

I know, I know-- "Somewhere in the Midwest." We've got to keep moving, though. That's what's important.

Andi keeps twiddling his thumbs.

ANDI:

But Silas--

Silas reaches over and yanks Andi by the collar of his hoodie. A slight rip is heard coming from the hoodie, but Andi himself doesn't budge from the tug.

SILAS: (AUTHORITATIVELY WHISPERED)

You wanna go back to that facility?

Andi looks down at the table. Silas is shocked. Seeing the damage, he quickly retracts his grip and stands up.

SILAS: (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm gonna go to the bathroom.

Silas looks back, hesitantly.

SILAS: (CONT'D)
Jus--just don't do anything you'll regret.

As Silas runs off to relieve himself and Andi looks down at his hands. He tightens his knuckles into fist and releases them, seeing the tendons and muscle move like pistons.

He then moves his attention towards a large man that looks like he belongs in a motorcycle gang with his skull themed jean jacket vest.

The MOTOR-CYCLER is a grizzled man in his late 30s. Andi's eyes are fixated on the man's movements.

First, he stretches his arms and legs, once he finds a stool to sit on. Andi mimics his stretches.

He slams his fist on the bartender's counter.

MOTOR-CYCLER:
Double Whiskey.

Andi echoes his loud hand against the table, but the man turns to see him mirror, even his posture, while sitting. He turns around to his drink.

MOTOR-CYCLER: (CONT'D)
There a problem, kid?

His back to Andi, he wouldn't take his eyes off his drink as he rebuts.

ANDI:
Not at all, sir.

Andi forms a crude smile as other patrons begin to chuckle at his flat tone.

INT. BAR'S BATHROOM STALL- DAYTIME

Silas is sitting on the toilet lid as he soothingly rubs at the numerous scars up his right fore arm.

He tries picking at one of his faded ones only to see blood graze his finger nails.

SILAS' MOTHER's voice booms in his head. Her voice is cold and distantly condescending.

SILAS' MOTHER: (IN SILAS' HEAD)(V.O.)
You know God loves you, right?

He jerks back to look at the ceiling as he holds his head in his hands.

He takes deep breaths.

In.

And out.

In.

And out.

CUT TO:

Silas comes out of the bar's bathroom.

On the wall between the different gendered bathrooms, there's fliers for a "SCI-FI MOVIE MARATHON AT THE NOX TOWN COMMUNITY CENTER COMING JUNE 3RD", a "THEATER PRODUCTION OF ROMEO AND JULIET THIS WEEKEND; APRIL 25TH-27TH", and "THE DRACO CITY PIER CARNIVAL FOR ALL OF APRIL AND MAY, 2035."

Silas speaks to himself as walks out.

SILAS:
---and how the fuck do you not know
what personal space is?

MOTOR-CYCLER: (O.S.)
You think you're funny, kid?

SILAS:
Oh, for fuck's sake...

Silas runs over to the pair as the motor-cycler tries several times to grab Andi by the collar. The android's clothes stretch higher than he does, which is not at all.

MOTOR-CYCLER:
You're heavier than you---

Silas squeezes between them.