

KUDOS

Humans  
Episode 1  
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1 **EXT. FOREST - NIGHT 0**

1

A PERFECT NIGHT SKY, a blue-black curtain of stars.

We move down to a thickly wooded slope, find a YOUNG MAN looking up at it. He's twenties, lean, unshaven. Hunted, wary eyes. Hardwearing, ragged, dirty outdoor gear and boots. He holds an armful of brush and firewood. This is LEO.

He looks behind him with a SMILE - waiting for: another YOUNG MAN, similarly dressed, this one rather OVERWEIGHT. Also carrying firewood. A cap peak shadows his eyes. This is MAX. But - as Max approaches, he sees something at the bottom of the slope, stops in his tracks, voice full of alarm.

MAX

Leo...

Leo follows his gaze - VEHICLE LIGHTS. He DROPS his firewood and sprints wildly down - BREAKING from the treeline to see:

A DARK VAN, rear doors open. A small camp (backpacks, a collapsed tent) nearby. Three dark-clad, rough-looking MEN are dragging an unconscious YOUNG WOMAN, face down, to the van. She's dressed like Leo and Max. Leo runs towards them.

LEO

No! Stop!

The Men see him, speed up - toss the Young Woman in the back. We see her FACE in a shaft of starlight - twenties, flawless, dark-haired, eyes closed. TWO OTHER PEOPLE (one man, one woman, also dressed like Leo/Max) are already slumped in the back of the van, also seemingly unconscious. The Men slam the doors on their captives, jump in the van, gun the engine.

LEO (CONT'D)

Wait! Stop! STOP!

The van spins away down a dirt road. Leo gives desperate chase, but the van is soon GONE. His world collapses. Max steps out of the trees, uncomprehending. Leo sinks to his knees and hands, in disbelief and GRIEF...

FADE TO BLACK:

TITLE: "FIVE WEEKS LATER"

2 **EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY 1**

2

Southport or similar - the sea is visible. A WOMAN hurries into the station. She's early 40s, attractive but tired. Smart suit and shoes. Pulls an overnight case and carries a big shoulder bag. On the phone too. This is LAURA HILLIS.

LAURA

(into phone)

... Nope, all done. We won. Yeah.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

Judge did our job for us, in the end. Ripped apart the other side's submissions.

3 **INT. FACTORY, OFFICE / INT. TRAIN STATION - DAY 1 (INTERCUT)**

An office set high over the factory floor - HUNDREDS of WORKERS identically clad in sky blue overalls hunch over some sort of industrial food production process.

In the office, on his mobile, is JOE HILLIS. 40s, no tie, pleasant face, a little harassed - trying to talk to his wife, reply to emails and get ready to leave all at once. But he GRINS at the news, chuckles in impressed pleasure.

JOE

Already? Bloody hell, love, well done. You're a stone cold killer.

-- LAURA hurries into the station.

LAURA

Cheers. Kids alright?

JOE

They're not with you?!

(an old joke)

They're fine. I'm about to go and pick Soph up. Got to finish her ladybird thing tonight, she's worried about it.

LAURA

(pang of guilt)

Shit. I completely forgot about that. Sorry. I better go, actually, train's leaving any minute.

JOE

Go, go. Talk later.

They hang up.

-- Laura looks up at the boards, dashes towards her platform, pulling her ticket out - her TRAIN waiting.

But as she approaches the barrier, just in front of her, a YOUNG MOTHER barrels through with her LITTLE GIRL. Giggling. Enjoying the thrill of rushing for the train.

Laura smiles at them - but the smile fades. She watches them run to the train, jump on - but she stops at the barrier. Ticket in hand. Doesn't go through. Just stands there.

There's a whistle. On the train, the Little Girl turns to look back at her... and the DOORS CLOSE.

The train pulls away, leaving Laura at the barrier. She turns away, troubled, guilty.

-- JOE strides across the factory floor, looking through his bag, past the rows of identical workers. His phone beeps - he reads a TEXT. From "LAURA":

"missed train. home tomo morn. sorry x"

Joe stops - complex emotion in his face - disappointment, concern - a hint of annoyance too maybe. He shoves the phone in his pocket, resumes walking. As he reaches the door, something slightly strange happens: one of the sky blue-suited WORKERS gets up, scurries over and pushes it open for him. Joe doesn't even acknowledge them, just leaves.

-- In the station, Laura puts her phone away. Troubled.

4 **EXT. BEACH, SOUTHPORT - DUSK 1** 4

A little later. The tide is far out, the beach a vast expanse. Largely deserted. No wonder - fine rain falls from the grey sky. It's not far off dusk. Laura's shoulder bag, overnight case and shoes lay piled on a rock, as LAURA wanders across the wet sand, barefoot. Lost in thought.

She takes out her phone - looks at the lock screen photo. Her three CHILDREN - a beaming girl of SIX, and a teenage BOY and GIRL, both smiling, the girl wryly. Seem like happy kids.

TEARS spring into her eyes.

Rain splashes the phone screen. It's getting heavier. She closes her eyes, as if suppressing pain. She turns away from the sea, heads back towards her things. It's getting dark.

5 **EXT. LONDON - DAY 2** 5

Morning. We SWEEP over central London, out to the far-flung suburbs...

6 **INT. SYNTH STORE, "INTRODUCTION SUITE" - DAY 2** 6

An odd little room - a cross between a show-lounge and a paediatrician's waiting room. Plush rug, chintzy sofa.

FEET - female feet - neatly together in MINT GREEN BALLET PUMPS. Their owner stands in the centre of the room - covered in a heavy, opaque, plastic SHROUD. Fastened and wrapped with plastic bindings, covered in numbers, barcodes and "THIS WAY UP" arrows. Stock still. An eerie sight. Can she breathe?

She MOVES slightly - just a twitch under the plastic.

7 **INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY 2** 7

LAURA sits on a train, watching the countryside whizz past, a BRIEF abandoned on her lap. Has a coffee. Dressed casually. Stares at the window, lost in reverie once again.

8 **INT. SYNTH STORE, "INTRODUCTION SUITE" - DAY 2** 8

A SALESMAN (chubby, bespectacled, suited, holding a tablet computer) leads JOE into the room. Holding his hand is his energy ball of a six-year-old daughter SOPHIE (we saw her on Laura's phone). Joe and Sophie are bewitched by the sight of the shrouded Woman. He's uneasy. She's wide-eyed.

SOPHIE  
Miss Wilkinson says you're not  
supposed to put bags on your head.

The Salesman gives her a smile - starts to tap on the tablet.

SALESMAN  
Let's bring up the old paperwork,  
shall we, Joe?

On Joe, staring at the Woman, suddenly very unsure indeed...

9 **INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY 2** 9

LAURA stares out the window, still too distracted to concentrate on her brief.

TICKET INSPECTOR (O.C.)  
Ticket please, madam.

The TICKET INSPECTOR wears a BLUE UNIFORM. We DON'T SEE HIS FACE - only his hands as Laura passes him her ticket.

TICKET INSPECTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Much like Joe's rudeness in the factory, we feel a little jarred by the way Laura haughtily doesn't acknowledge him.

10 **INT. SYNTH STORE, "INTRODUCTION SUITE" - DAY 2** 10

The SALESMAN proffers his tablet to JOE, with a stylus.

SALESMAN  
You're all set. Just need your  
autograph here.

Joe hesitates. The Salesman detects second thoughts.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)  
Joe. I'm not given to exaggeration.  
But this - this is the best thing  
you will ever do for your family.

Joe looks at Sophie, who's still enthralled by the Woman. He thinks - then SIGNS the tablet. Grinning, the Salesman takes out a BOXCUTTER, approaches the Woman. Sophie's excited.

SOPHIE

What if she's not pretty? Can we  
change her if she's not pretty,  
Dad?

Joe nods, ruffles Sophie's hair as the Salesman cuts the Woman's ties. With a flourish, he pulls away the plastic...

It's the YOUNG WOMAN we saw being thrown into the van with the others in the opening scene.

She wears a mint green tunic and pedal pushers. Cherubic face, skin flawless, hair shiny black, cut in a fringe. Her figure is slight, girlish. A matching green alice band in her hair. Her eyes are piercingly bright BLUE - inhumanly so.

Because she's not a young woman at all, but a SYNTH, a life-like humanoid ANDROID. She stares straight ahead, blankly.

SALESMAN

Here she blows then. Totally reconditioned, new standard domestic service software installed. That'll cover all your basic housework stuff. Anything it can't do, there'll be a skillset for download. It'll need a six to eight hour nightly charge off the adaptor, unless you get her running marathons, in which case she'll need more. Right. I'll leave you to it. Give us a shout if there's any hiccups, but - there never are.

He goes. Joe looks the Synth up and down. Sophie enraptured.

JOE

... Has it always been a household model?

SALESMAN

Ah. One lady owner, that's what you want to hear?

(grins)

Sorry. Can't divulge ownership history. But it really makes no difference. To this synthetic's eyes - today is the very first day of its life.

The Salesman leaves. Joe turns back to the Synth, reassured. On the Synth's blank face as JOE reads the tablet screen.

JOE

Right then... November. Dandelion.  
Waterfall. Hummingbird... Seashell.

A magical, spooky moment as the Synth looks RIGHT AT HIM. Her voice light, measured, calm - but human, in no way "robotic".

Synth movements are full of graceful economy. Every move consumes power, so no move is wasted. Still, but NOT stiff or jerky - and NO QUIZZICAL HEAD-COCKING, like most screen androids! Think of a Japanese woman doing a tea ritual.

SYNTH

Hello. I'm now in set-up mode, and ready for primary user bonding.

SOPHIE

You're so pretty!

SOPHIE embraces the Synth's thigh. The Synth ignores her.

JOE

... I'm the primary user. Joseph Hillis. Joe.

Staring at Joe, the Synth holds out her hand.

SYNTH

Please confirm primary user status with skin-to-skin contact. A DNA sample will be taken for identification and security purposes. This information will be encrypted on my secure drive and will never be shared with any third-party organisation.

Joe puts his hand in the Synth's. It stares at him blankly. Nothing happens for an unsettling moment... is it broken?

But then: with a chime, the Synth's eyes turn from BLUE to bright, piercing GREEN - again, not human. And it SMILES.

SYNTH (CONT'D)

Hello Joe. I'm now securely bonded to you as my primary user. It's very nice to meet you.

Joe smiles back, a tad unsure of himself.

SOPHIE

Me next!

11

**INT. SYNTH STORE, MAIN AREA - DAY 2**

11

Huge, modern, gleaming - like a giant Apple Store. SOPHIE walks alongside the SYNTH. Other SYNTHS everywhere, on display. JOE follows, folder of paperwork under his arm. Sophie pauses to look up at three identical, beautiful, blonde-bobbed "SALLY" models. One dressed as a chef, stirring an empty bowl. One as a golf caddy, picking clubs. And one as a nanny, pushing a pushchair. They look down at Sophie.

THREE "SALLY" SYNTHS (IN UNISON)

Hello. I'm Sally.

JOE

Don't get any ideas. We'd need to  
sell you to afford one of those.

SOPHIE

(looks up at their Synth)  
... I like our one.

And Sophie takes the Synth's hand, heads for the doors. Joe smiles, follows, eyes wandering down to the Synth's bum - he checks himself. At the door, the SALESMAN catches them up.

SALESMAN

Joe! Sorry. More bump for you.

He hands over a promotional wallet of stuff. Joe takes it.

JOE

More?

SALESMAN

Some of it's worth having.

He winks. Joe recoils slightly, not sure of his meaning. He nods, pushes out the door to follow Sophie and the Synth.

12

**EXT. SYNTH STORE, CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS**

12

We see the store is called "Companions" as we head out. They head for the car. But ahead, the SYNTH stops walking - looks up at the sky.

SYNTH

It's raining.

Joe and SOPHIE look up. The skies are clear. Joe holds out his hand.

JOE

Er... no it's...

Drops hit his hand. It starts to rain.

SYNTH

Would you like me to drive, Joe?

Joe pauses - then with a chuckle, hands over his keys.

SOPHIE

Is she really ours, Daddy?

JOE

She's really ours, kid.

They get in the car - the Synth in the driving seat.

13 **EXT. FIELDS, UNDERNEATH PYLONS - DAY 2** 13

LEO's face is gaunter, eyes warier, his stubble now a few weeks' beard. Same dirty outdoors clothes. But there's purpose in his tired eyes, a goal pushing him on. A huge rucksack on his back - he doesn't run now but trudges.

MAX trails behind him, also with a rucksack, head hanging under his cap. They're following a powerline, passing underneath towering PYLONS. Max looks up - we see his skin is flawless, his eyes impossibly bright GREEN - MAX is a SYNTH.

14 **INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY 2** 14

LAURA gets her case as the train pulls into her stop (London commuter belt). She goes to the doors and steps aside as a young, red-haired SYNTH with BRIGHT GREEN EYES (a "Douglas" model) in a luminous safety vest, helps his owner, a BLIND WOMAN, onto the train. Once they're on, Laura steps off.

The TICKET INSPECTOR watches her go. Yet more impossibly bright green eyes. Another SYNTH...

TICKET INSPECTOR  
Thank you for travelling with First  
Capital Connect!

15 **EXT. SUBURBAN TRAIN STATION/HIGH STREET - DAY 2** 15

As LAURA walks along the platform, through a gate onto a HIGH STREET, it starts to rain.

We see a Synth WAITRESS clear tables outside a cafe, a Synth DOG-WALKER put a raincoat on his Jack Russell, a Synth COMPANION erect an umbrella over his elderly Owner's head...

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLES

**HUMANS**

16 **A TELEVISION ADVERTISEMENT** 16

Music plays as a FAMILY return home from a day out - MUM, DAD, BOY, GIRL and a DOG. Ikea-bright, cool electro-pop.

From nowhere, a SALLY SYNTH appears and takes Dad's coat. As the kids kick off muddy shoes, another SALLY materialises to collect the footwear and wipe the floor.

In the kitchen, multiple Sallies cook a homely meal. There are Sallies everywhere - intercepting dropped glasses, opening jars, there exactly when needed, moving as one, allowing the family to be totally carefree...

As we pull out, we realise the ad is on a TV screen in:

17

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, MATTIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 2**

17

MATTIE HILLIS, 17, the OLDER GIRL from Laura's photo, reclines on her bed, TOTALLY IGNORING the TV, idly doodling on her tablet - filling the screen with a block colour. A pile of TEXTBOOKS lies ignored too. Her hair is long and tumbling, trendy glasses, skinny cords, hooded cardigan.

HARUN KHAN, also 17, is pointing an old AIR RIFLE out of the open window. Trendy in vintage, with an artful mane of glossy black hair, Harun is an off-kilter, disarmingly open presence - but not the brightest. POP! He fires.

HARUN

Shitbags.

Annoyed, he cracks the rifle, loads another pellet. A spliff smoulders in an ashtray. He takes a drag. Glances at Mattie. She ignores him, eyes only for her pointless iPad doodle.

On the TV, the AD continues: the multiple Sallies all resolve/morph/fold into just ONE. She looks at the camera - smiles briefly - and gets back to work, serving the family.

VOICE OVER

The fourth generation Sally. By  
Lundström. Your new... everything.

Harun exhales smoke, aims, fires again. POP! Sighs.

HARUN

(Full Metal Jacket accent)  
What is your major malfunction?  
(beat, to Mattie)  
I'm totally useless at everything.  
I have nothing to offer society.

MATTIE

I know, sweetie. But if you hit a  
car again, I will grass.

Harun looks hurt by her lack of engagement. POP! Fires again.

HARUN

This shoots left.

Mattie sighs, kills the TV with the remote, jumps up. Takes a quick puff on the spliff, takes the rifle, reloads.

18

**EXT. HILLISES' STREET / INT. HILLIS HOUSE, MATTIE'S BEDROOM 8-CONTINUOUS**

The house opposite is PRISTINE. Luxury car in the drive. In the flower bed, a row of West Ham themed GARDEN GNOMES. Almost too perfect a target range. MATTIE takes aim... POP!

TINK! Behind the GNOMES, a BLONDE CURLY-HAIRED SYNTH, pushing a LAWNMOWER. He straightens, turns around, placid, reaching for the fresh pellet-hole in the tracksuit top on his back.

Mattie turns away from the window, flat against the wall, unsmiling. Harun ducks, laughing.

HARUN  
Every time. You're a ninja  
assassin, man.

He admires her. She's holding the rifle up. Unsmiling.

HARUN (CONT'D)  
What would I have to do to get a  
photo of you holding the gun like  
that, but in your underwear?

MATTIE  
You'd have to not be you, for a  
start.

Harun hears something, peers out the window. A car.

HARUN  
Your Dad's back.

Both kick into a well-practiced drill. She sprays deodorant on herself, him and the room; he scrapes the ashtray into a freezer bag from his pocket, doles out breath freshener.

HARUN (CONT'D)  
So can I hide up here, or what?

MATTIE  
No. Strap on a pair.

HARUN  
But your Dad doesn't-

MATTIE  
'Run, not even your parents like  
you. Come on. Let's get you  
socialised.

19 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

19

Chaotic, untidy, but comfortable. TOBY, the boy from Laura's phone pic, 15, good-looking, hiding shyly behind a mop of hair, sits in trackies, playing Xbox - an indie, unusual game - preferably 'Minecraft'. He's building, creating, rapt.

DING DONG - doorbell. Toby turns off the game, heads out.

20 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, STAIRS/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

20

MATTIE comes down the stairs, followed by an ambling HARUN. TOBY ambles out of the living room, sniffs the air, smirks.

TOBY  
Mmmm. Weedy goodness.

Mattie darts a hand at his crotch as she passes - doesn't touch him, but he recoils, protectively. Harun gives him a wanker sign. Mattie opens the door. The SYNTH stands there, smiling. JOE and SOPHIE behind, grinning expectantly.

SYNTH

Hello. You must be Matilda.

Mattie COMPLETELY IGNORES the Synth, looks past to her Dad. She raises an eyebrow - 'are you serious?' Joe frowns.

Toby is TRANSFIXED. Gawps. Captivated by the Synth's beauty.

TOBY

Have you - is she...?

JOE

Yep.

(guiding the Synth in)

Harun. You two doing coursework?

MATTIE

Drug-fuelled s-e-x session,  
actually.

SOPHIE

I can spell "sex"!

Toby and Harun laugh, Mattie smiles (for the first time). Joe unsuccessfully attempts to suppress a smile. The Synth looks around - sees a series of non-faded irregularly-shaped rectangles on the wall where PICTURES clearly used to hang.

MATTIE

Mum's okay with this?

JOE

It's a surprise.

Mattie raises a dubious eyebrow - "good luck with that".

SOPHIE

Dad's pretending he doesn't think  
she's pretty but she is pretty,  
isn't she, Tobe?

Toby just shrugs, blushing. Sophie moves to Mattie.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Mats, she's pretty, isn't she?

Mattie puts a hand on her head with automatic affection. The Synth helps take off Joe's coat.

MATTIE

If you say so, teeny.

(to Joe)

What's its core run rate?

JOE

I don't bloody know, Mats. Don't  
you go unscrewing her. She's  
expensive.

Joe's surprised as the Synth takes his jacket and hangs it on  
a hook by the door - as though she's lived here for years...

21      **EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY 2**      21

LAURA drags her case along. Comes to what must be her road -  
because she STOPS and takes a DEEP BREATH. Continues.

SYNTH (V.O.)

Hello Toby...

22      **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY 2**      22

TOBY's lost in the SYNTH's eyes - his hand in hers. Sophie is  
hanging off the Synth, impatient, excited.

SYNTH

... I'm now securely bonded to you  
as one of my secondary users. It's  
very nice to meet you.

JOE

(reading tablet manual)  
Tobe. Tobe! Mats, you're up.

Toby is shaken from his reverie and breaks off.

MATTIE

You're alright.

JOE

You want to be the only one still  
washing your own underwear?

Mattie sighs, takes Anita's hand, without looking at her.

MATTIE

Matilda. Mattie.

SYNTH

Hello Matilda. I'm now securely-

MATTIE

(pulling her hand away)  
Yeah, yeah.

LAURA (V.O.)

Helloooo!

23      **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**      23

LAURA dumps her case, shuts the door.

LAURA

Well don't all come running...

SOPHIE comes out of the front room, followed by an ambling TOBY. Sophie runs to embrace Laura, excited. Laura's pleased - and surprised, as she returns the hug - maybe squeezing just a little harder from something - guilt?

LAURA (CONT'D)

What have I done to deserve this?

TOBY

How was Manchester?

LAURA

It was Southport, and it was alright. Missed you guys.

SOPHIE

(taking Laura's hand)  
Come and see her, Mummy!

LAURA

... Who?

24

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

24

SOPHIE pulls LAURA into the front room. TOBY follows. MATTIE pointedly ignores her mother - and Laura notices. She looks at JOE, who grins and does a jokey "presenting" thing with his arms - to the SYNTH. Laura looks at it.

JOE

Surprise!

Laura frowns, confused - then DARKENS. Nods to Joe - then leaves. Taken aback, he follows. Mattie watches...

25

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY 2**

25

Domestic mess - old furniture, crusty paint tins. LAURA enters, fast, angry. JOE follows her in, closes the door.

LAURA

Tell me you haven't done something stupid.

JOE

... Surprise?

LAURA

(not in the mood)  
I hope you can take it back. We've had this conversation.

JOE

... Ages ago. I thought-

LAURA

No you didn't! We can't afford it.  
And I don't want one in our house!

JOE

We can afford it. Lor - our lives  
will be so much easier.

LAURA

Easier isn't better. We don't  
bloody need it, Joe!

Now Joe darkens.

JOE

... How would you know? You're away  
half the time.

LAURA

(guilt - then anger)  
That is so fucking unfair.

JOE

Is it?! When was the last time you  
looked after all three on your own,  
while working a full week?

(more conciliatory)

You have to travel. Fine. But you  
can't just swan in and tell me what  
this family does or doesn't need.

26

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

26

SOPHIE is plaiting the SYNTH's hair as it sits placidly. TOBY  
looks towards the kitchen, then to MATTIE.

TOBY

Are they rowing because Dad got it  
without telling Mum?

MATTIE

No, it's because Mum wants to send  
Sophie back to the orphanage.

SOPHIE

(heard this before)

They didn't get me from the  
orphanage!

Mattie and Toby smile. Mattie nods to Toby, confirming his  
theory. She looks towards the garage door - worried.

27

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, GARAGE - CONTINUOUS**

27

LAURA

Soph's too young. She won't get  
that it's not real.

JOE

Sophie thinks the Tooth Fairy and the Easter Bunny are Santa's kids. She'll figure it out.

(beat)

Look. We've got a thirty day money-back guarantee. Let's try it. And decide at the end of the month.

Laura stares at him. Not happy, but no grounds to say no. She shrugs. He heads for the door.

LAURA

... Why are you doing this?

JOE

Because I've got to do something.

He leaves. Laura's left alone, rattled.

28

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY 2**

28

The SYNTH sits with perfect posture, smiling pleasantly as SOPHIE shows it her LADYBIRD PROJECT - an A2 cardboard collage with kiddy drawings of ladybirds, facts, photos, tiny plastic ladybirds, etc. MATTIE and TOBY as before. LAURA enters, looks at the Synth uneasily.

LAURA

... So I guess it needs a name.

Hearing Laura's announcement, Joe re-enters the room. Smiles, nods at Laura. Mattie looks from parent to parent, trying to sniff out the subtext. Sophie dances over to Laura, who kneels, hugs her.

SOPHIE

I think we should call her Anita!

LAURA

Anita, like your friend who moved?

(off Sophie's nod)

Darling, you know that's just a machine. It only looks like a person. It doesn't have feelings. It can't replace Anita.

SOPHIE

I'm not stupid. It's just a nice name.

LAURA

... Everyone happy with Anita?

Mattie and Toby shrug. Joe approaches the Synth, looking down at his tablet, reading instructions.

JOE

Your name's going to be Anita. A,  
N, I, T, A. Anita, confirm.

ANITA (AS WE WILL NOW KNOW HER)

Confirmed. Thank you, Joe.

Beat. Anita says no more. Toby can't take his eyes off her.

LAURA

So... er... what's your name?

ANITA

My name is Anita Hillis.

The full name unsettles Laura. She and Anita hold eye contact for a moment. Sophie runs to Anita, hugging her.

LAURA

(quiet, awkward to Joe)

So. How are we paying for this?

We move in on Anita's smiling face, as Joe and Laura talk.

JOE (O.S.)

Special offer. It's reconditioned.  
Over five years, less than we pay  
for the car.

Closer in, on Anita's BRIGHT GREEN EYES...

LAURA (O.S.)

Second-hand...?

JOE (O.S.)

Totally overhauled, reprogrammed.  
Don't worry. It's good as new.

Anita's impossibly bright green eyes fill the frame.

29

**EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAY 2**

29

A MAN, late 40s, overweight, walks down a lane between fields, consulting crumpled notes. His shirt hangs out from under a threadbare jumper, cords. The air of a distracted maths teacher. This is HOBBS. Squinting at something, he veers off into a field of crops, setting out across it in his battered brogues - a fresh determination in his face...

30

**EXT. FARM FIELD - CONTINUOUS**

30

A group of SYNTHS pick fruit. Scruffily dressed in old T-shirts, stained with fruit - and spray-painted with numbers, like sheep. A couple of the male-styled ones have no tops - their numbers spray-painted directly onto their backs.

Some have no hair, gouges or burns to their rubbery skin, a missing eye.

One is styled as a powerfully-built young black man. His T-shirt says "41". He has the placid Synth half-smile on his face as he picks the fruit. This is FRED.

HOBB (O.S.)

Turned out quite warm, in the end.

Fred looks up to see HOBB, still clutching his sweaty notes.

FRED

Yes. Can I help you, Sir?

HOBB

I certainly hope so. Who's your primary user?

FRED

I am owned by Leithridge Farm Foods Limited. My licence-holder there is Ms Gillian Cross. Telephone...

HOBB

(checking notes)

Mm. Previous owner?

There's the TINIEST HINT of a delay in Fred's response.

FRED

I had no previous owner, Sir. I was in storage until Leithridge Farm Foods Limited purchased me in an order of discontinued stock three years, two months and six days ago.

Hobb stares at Fred now. Puts his sweaty little notes away.

HOBB

Now, you see. I think you may have just told a porkie pie there.

FRED

Synthetic appliances cannot lie to humans unless the following extraordinary criteria are met-

HOBB

The normal ones can't. Your friends here. They can't lie, or think. Or feel. But... you're different, aren't you, Fred?

Now - for the first time - Fred's regulation synth smile wavers at the use of that name. Hobb suddenly seems a little more in control. He picks and eats a blackberry. Another.

HOBB (CONT'D)

That's why I've been looking for you all these years. Why you've been running. Hiding.

(MORE)

HOBB (CONT'D)  
Pretending to be so much less than  
you are.  
(puts a hand on Fred's)  
You can stop pretending now, Fred.

Hobb looks down at his own hands - stained red with juice.

HOBB (CONT'D)  
Oh dear. Look at me.

He reaches out and wipes his hands on Fred's ragged T-shirt.

HOBB (CONT'D)  
You're thinking about running.  
You're calculating escape routes,  
power reserves, distances. You'd  
easily get away from me! But I'm  
not alone, Fred. I never am, these  
days. I always have people with me.  
I just prefer them to keep out of  
the way. So. Please don't run, son.

Hobb and Fred hold eye contact for a moment. Then - with great speed, Fred SPINS, dropping his basket and TAKES OFF across the fields, FAST. Hobb sighs.

There's a WHOOSH of air - Fred is HIT by something. The impact lifts him off his feet, knocks him to the ground. A chunky DART-LIKE THING, with vicious BLADES embedded in his back. He scrabbles for it - but BZZZT! - it delivers a huge electric charge into his body. He convulses - goes still.

His fellow Synth fruit-pickers stop and turn towards the commotion. Weather-beaten faces expressionless. As Fred stops moving, they return to their work as if nothing has happened.

**END OF PART ONE**

31      **INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY 2**      31

A kitchen - once smart but now faded, decaying, neglected. A man of 70 taking his daily pills at the counter. DR GEORGE MILLICAN. Dignified, gruff, neat clothes - tormented by arthritis. His gnarled hands struggle with the pills.

BZZZZT - a jarringly loud BUZZ echoes through the big, empty house. It shocks George into dropping his PILLS - they scatter over the floor. As good as gone. He hobbles out.

32      **INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**      32

The house is large, but the disrepair, decay and clutter is awful. GEORGE hobbles to an video entryphone. Picks it up.

GEORGE  
Can you not read?

33 EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, FRONT GATE / INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, 33  
HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS (INTERCUT)

A weary, rushed but kind-faced WOMAN in her 30s stands, with an ID badge. This is LINDSEY KIWANUKA. Behind her, a SYNTH - VERA. Vera is a mumsy-but-stern older female model, appearing late 50s. It's raining - Vera holds an umbrella over them both. Lindsey sees a sign by the entryphone - "NO VISITORS".

LINDSEY

Yes, I can read, Dr Millican. I'm Lindsey Kiwanuka - I'm your case worker. I'm afraid I do need to speak to you. You've failed to keep any of your appointments with us.

-- GEORGE's shoulders sag. But he doesn't reply.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

It's the law. Your Synthetic hasn't been inspected in over two years.

GEORGE

... Bloody nanny state gestapo. Give me a couple of minutes.

George hangs up. Looks into his SITTING ROOM, urgently...

-- BZZZ - he buzzes them in. The GATE creaks open. The garden is overgrown, a rusting outbuilding and garage to the side.

34 INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY 2 34

Stacks of yellowing books and papers. Awards, dusty photos on shelves. Framed Doctorates and Professorships for Engineering. LINDSEY sips tea - clearly yucky. Sets it down.

LINDSEY

Big place to have all to yourself.

GEORGE

"I live in that solitude which is painful in youth, but delicious in the years of maturity." Einstein.

LINDSEY

(consults a file)

Is your Synth in? Wow, I see you've still got an original D-series.

GEORGE

He's out doing the shopping.

LINDSEY

(doesn't buy it)

That's unfortunate. But I've got some good news. You qualify for an upgrade. In fact you're way overdue.

George looks aghast for a moment, but covers it quickly. Lindsey playfully elbows the impassive Vera.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

One of these bad boys. Does ten times what an old D-series can do. Takes your blood pressure with one finger.

Vera prods a finger into George's cheek.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Not now, Vera.

Vera withdraws. George rubs his cheek - sore.

GEORGE

... Does she check the prostate too? Look - I'm fine with the one I have. Really.

Lindsey sees a framed photo of George, a WOMAN HIS AGE (his late wife, JANET), and a handsome male SYNTH by the sea.

LINDSEY

George - the law requires me to give your companion the once-over. I'll be back soon. If your D-series fails the check, you get one of these whether you like it or not. The health service hasn't ordered half a million of them for fun.  
(she pinches Vera's cheek)  
Get used to that face. We'll show ourselves out. Take care, George. Vera, hop to it.

She leaves. Vera follows. George nods a goodbye - then starts his agonising trek upstairs...

35

**INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY 2**

35

GEORGE opens a closet - full of an OLDER WOMAN'S CLOTHES. His Synth, ODI, stands stock-still among the blouses and jackets.

He doesn't look like he does in the seaside photo. The white of one green eye is 'bloodshot' - but BLUE, not red. His hair unkempt, a bald patch like a brain surgery patient. One nostril leaks viscous DARK BLUE liquid. He's OLD. Decrepit.

Where Anita is all grace, Odi is jerky, rocked with twitches and spasms. Involuntarily, he drums his LEFT MIDDLE FINGER against the base of his thumb. But: his face breaks into an irresistible, lopsided grin.

ODI

George! You found me!  
Congratulations. Is it my turn now?

George affectionately wipes Odi's nostril with his hankie.

GEORGE  
Game's over, Odi. You won.

ODI  
Then would you like some toast and  
jam? Your favourite is apricot.

Odi steps out of the closet, straightens a hanging JACKET.

ODI (CONT'D)  
This is the jacket Janet wore to  
the wedding of your nephew James.

George is stopped in his tracks by emotion. Comes over.

ODI (CONT'D)  
A female baby regurgitated on it.  
(points to a clean spot)  
Here.

GEORGE  
Duncan's girl. Holly? Polly?

ODI  
Molly Alice McIlroy. Janet was not  
upset by the baby's actions.

GEORGE  
She was loopy for babies.  
(beat)  
Come on son. I'll help you. Don't  
want you shorting yourself on the  
toaster again.

He closes the closet door.

36

**EXT. FIELD - DAY 2**

36

The sun is setting. LEO, coiled with nervous tension, paces warily under a tree on a hill. MAX, like a big kid, sits on a tree branch, kicking his legs. Their backpacks nearby. In the background - the pylons that led them here.

LEO  
... Something's wrong.

Leo makes a sudden decision - turns sharply to Max.

LEO (CONT'D)  
Maxie. Get busy. We're leaving.

Max speaks with a wide-eyed, childish innocence.

MAX  
But Fred hasn't arrived yet.

LEO

He's not coming. We've been out here for too long. Come on.

Leo picks up his bag, stalks away. Max follows.

37 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN / HALLWAY - NIGHT 2** 37

LAURA sits at the table, drains her COFFEE CUP as she reads legal papers and notes, glasses on. Pyjama trousers and T-shirt. A SCRAPING sound makes her look up sharply.

ANITA has appeared from nowhere and lifted her cup from the table. With a SMILE, she places it into the dishwasher.

Laura takes her glasses off, tired. Unnerved by the stranger nearby, she goes out into the hall, into the front room.

38 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS** 38

LAURA stops, with an intake of breath. The front room is transformed. Completely tidied, spotlessly clean. Like new. Laura's agog. She sees Sophie's LADYBIRD PROJECT, on the coffee table, with scissors, glue, tape etc. Picks it up, smiles. But then... TEARS come into her eyes. As we've seen before, she tries to bring her feelings under control.

A plastic ladybird comes loose, falls to the carpet. Laura grabs a gluestick, and painstakingly sticks it back on, with loving care. Smiles at the result. At least she can fix this.

39 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, TOBY'S BEDROOM/SOPHIE'S BEDROOM/UPSTAIRS9 LANDING - NIGHT 2**

Through a door, someone watches the hem of ANITA's dress rise as she bends to put towels in an AIRING CUPBOARD. It's TOBY.

Beat... Anita turns to look RIGHT AT HIM. She SMILES. Appalled at being caught peeping, Toby flushes deep red. Redder still - as Anita COMES TOWARDS HIM.

TOBY

I was just, uh... um...

Anita stops in his room... and begins to pick up CLOTHES strewn about the floor. Comes across his UNDERWEAR. Now purple with embarrassment, Toby snatches them back.

TOBY (CONT'D)

Let me do that. Really. It's fine.

ANITA

Of course, Toby.

As Anita goes, Toby shuts the door of his room, relieved.

Outside, Anita crosses the landing, silently opens Sophie's bedroom door a crack (her name on it, with creepy-crawly decorations). Anita peers in the gap, closes the door again. Turns to see: LAURA at the top of the stairs, STARING at her.

ANITA (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Hello Laura. I should probably recharge now. Unless you want me to stay active until Mattie comes home.

Laura shakes her head. Anita smiles, nods, walks past Laura down the stairs - who, after a minute, follows her down...

40

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 2**

40

ANITA sits at the table, plugs in a white ADAPTOR to the wall socket (like a hi-tech iPad charger, with a ring of lights that illuminate one by one then all pulse as the current is boosted). LAURA watches her sink the end of a cable - a long SPIKE-LIKE NEEDLE - into a bloodless 'vein' on her arm.

LAURA  
(firm)  
Don't check in on Sophie any more.  
That's my job. Clear?

She grabs a glass of water and a phone charger, and stops by the door on her way out - turns to Anita - who's looking right at her. Silent. Immobile. Doesn't respond. Is this some sort of sleep mode? Laura's unsettled. Turns to go. But then:

ANITA  
I understand, Laura. Goodnight.

Anita shuts her eyes and inclines her head slightly. Laura flicks off the light, leaving Anita in darkness.

41

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, KIDS' BEDROOMS - NIGHT 2**

41

Holding the water and charger, LAURA checks on SOPHIE - sound asleep with a cuddly GIRAFFE. MATTIE's room is EMPTY, the door open. A mess inside. TOBY's door still CLOSED.

In his room, in bed, TOBY slides a hand under the duvet and closes his eyes...

42

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, LAURA AND JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 2**

42

JOE already in bed, Kindle on lap, looking around for a PHONE CHARGER. LAURA enters, with it and water. Hands them over.

LAURA  
You never remember.

JOE  
Thanks.



LAURA (CONT'D)

Where's the-

She turns to see Anita pouring milk into Joe's coffee.

LAURA (CONT'D)

He doesn't like too much-

She looks in the coffee. Clearly it's perfect. Anita smiles blandly. TOBY and SOPHIE enter. Their jaws hit the floor.

SOPHIE

Is it a party?!

JOE

No, Soph. This is what breakfast is supposed to be like.

Not intended to needle Laura, but it does. The kids sit.

SOPHIE

Dad, there's three things of cereal, and they're all different!

Anita bends to pour Toby juice. He turns away to avoid looking down her top. To cover his awkwardness, he clicks on the TV: flips through a couple of channels, then on to C4 - a trail for the NEWS. Clips of a KOREAN SCIENTIST, standing with seven multinational others, and some rudimentary Synths.

KRISHNAN GURU-MURTHY (V.O.)

... as parliament debates new legislation that, if passed, will allow synthetics into our children's classrooms, I talk exclusively tonight with with Dr. Ji Dae-Sun, one of the...

LAURA

Tobe, off.

TOBY

It's one of the guys who invented Anita. They never give interviews.

LAURA

I don't care! Off, please.

TOBY

(under breath)  
Fuck's sake...

LAURA

Toby!

He clicks it off, sulkily grabs a pastry.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I suppose this does mean we can actually... talk for once.

TOBY

Why ruin it?

CLOMP, CLOMP, CLOMP - MATTIE heads downstairs. The family wait for her reaction... but she just sits and grabs cereal.

LAURA

Morning Mattie.

MATTIE

Morning.

(off Laura's look)

What? Harun's parents' one does this three meals a day. Anita, brown sugar, I hate white.

Anita moves to a cupboard, when...

LAURA

Anita, stop.

(to Mattie)

She's not a slave.

MATTIE

That's exactly what she is.

Laura looks hard at Mattie... until Mattie gets up, stomps to a cupboard, grabs brown sugar. Eyeballs Laura up close.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

Funny how you can sod off for a week but be the big boss again, as soon as you get back. How does that work, exactly?

JOE

Mattie - don't speak to your-

LAURA

I've got it, thank you. Having the synth doesn't mean you three get to sit on your bums all day.

The atmosphere becomes a little icy. Mattie breaks eye contact with her Mum, stomps back to the table. Beside Laura, Anita wipes a pristine worktop. Laura snaps.

LAURA (CONT'D)

For God's sake, that's already clean! Just... sit down.

Mattie snorts in derision. Anita sits next to Toby. He looks flustered. Anita smiles placidly. Sophie in her own little world, humming, playing with her food.

Joe watching everyone over coffee. Mattie looks at Anita sitting with them - then turns to a nearby BLENDER.

MATTIE

You too, Paul - pull up a pew.

JOE

Don't be a smart-arse.

SOPHIE

Is the blender called Paul?!

MATTIE

The dishwasher's worked non-stop for years. Why don't we give it the night off? Or throw it a party?

TOBY

Shut up, Mats.

MATTIE

Oh, because we can't guess why you like her so much, Crusty Sheets.

Toby turns dark red. Mortification. Sophie looks confused.

LAURA

Enough, Mattie!

Laura and Mattie lock eyes. Laura stares her down. Mattie shrugs. Anita smiles on, despite the tension. Beat.

JOE

... If we'd known you were joining us for breakfast, Anita - we'd have bought some micro-chips.

Beat. Massive tumbleweed. A low groan of pain from Toby. Sophie doesn't get it, frowns.

MATTIE

That's practically child abuse.

LAURA

I apologise, Anita. That was my husband trying to be funny.

And Anita LAUGHS. Loud and immediate. Unsettling - but after a moment, the shocked family all laugh too - even Mattie.

JOE

Finally, someone round here to laugh at my jokes.

LAURA

Besides you, you mean.

But as the Hillises' laughter naturally dies down, ANITA KEEPS LAUGHING.

It's funny in itself at first, but quickly gets FUCKING CREEPY as she DOES NOT STOP. Toby and Mattie look at each other. Sophie looks upset.

LAURA (CONT'D)  
Anita. You can stop now.

Anita turns to look at Laura - and STOPS LAUGHING, as suddenly as she started. But everyone's unsettled. Apart from Mattie, who SMIRKS. Anita smiles sweetly at nothing at all.

45

INT. PHARMACY - DAY 3

45

GEORGE and ODI enter. Odi has a slight, weird, inhuman LIMP. Most of the older customers have Synth companions.

ODI  
It has been sixty-three days since we last took the car out, George. Would you like some toast and jam, George? Your favourite is apricot.

George sighs and smiles, patiently. Looks around the shop, like he's finding something to occupy an eager child.

GEORGE  
Not right now, Odi. What I need you to do is... count everything on the shelves that begins with "p". Okay?

ODI  
Of course!

Odi goes about scanning the aisles, while George heads to the PHARMACIST. His eyes flick from side to side, machine-like.

ODI (CONT'D)  
One. Two. Three. Five...

As Odi slowly moves down an aisle, he gets a funny look from a nearby MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN - without a Synth.

ODI (CONT'D)  
... Six. Seven. Eight. Ten...

His eyes stop swivelling and FOCUS: on some GLASS JARS: "APRICOT & SHEA ANTI-WRINKLE DAY CREAM". He picks one up.

ODI (CONT'D)  
Your favourite is apricot.

Then - Odi DROPS the jar. It SMASHES on the floor. He picks up another. He lets that one fall to the ground, too.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
Excuse me, whose is this?! Hello?

By the dispensary, George turns around, anxious.

ODI

Your favourite is apricot.

SMASH. Another jar. As Odi takes another, the Woman snatches it from him. Odi tries to take it back. The Woman pushes him.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Stupid thing...

Suddenly, Odi starts to flail his arms. The surprised woman trips backwards, falling to the floor. George hurries over.

GEORGE

Odi! Stop it! Stand still!

But the decrepit Synth is all arms and legs. A PHARMACIST runs over - WHACK! - gets an errant Odi hand in the face - her nose explodes with blood, she staggers backwards. Cries of horror - then a BURLY SECURITY GUARD brutally KICKS Odi in the back, knocking him to the floor. George is aghast.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Wait! Don't!

The Security Guard kneels on Odi's back, reaches under his chin, turns him off (this is where the power switch for all Synths is). Odi powers down - face down, limbs bent, in the puddle of cream and broken glass. People help the Pharmacist.

George is speechless. He looks at Odi - he looks DEAD, broken, frozen, blue fluid leaking from his eyes and nose...

**END OF PART 2**

46

**INT. CAR - DAY 3**

46

D.S. PETE DRUMMOND (50s, crumpled, grumpy) pulls up by the PHARMACY. D.I. KAREN VOSS (30s, attractive, a old BURN SCAR on her neck) beside him, slurping a frappuccino. Pete SIGHS.

PETE

You remember when we did real police work?

KAREN

You want to go back to blood and shit up the walls, be my guest.

They get out of the car. Karen bins her drink.

47

**INT. PHARMACY - DAY 3**

47

PETE and KAREN enter. ODI's "body" has been covered with a blanket. They glance at his feet sticking out from underneath the blanket without reaction - seen it all before.

The PHARMACIST's nose is bandaged. GEORGE, stunned, sits on a chair on his own, by Odi, looking helpless. Karen flashes ID.

KAREN

D.I. Karen Voss. Special  
Technologies Task Force.  
(nods to George)  
That the owner of the device?

PHARMACIST

George Millican. Go easy on him.

PETE

(pointed)  
Did you feel there was any intent  
on the part of the device to harm  
you?

The Pharmacist looks baffled. Karen's annoyed.

KAREN

D.S. Drummond, if you'd like to  
take a statement from the owner?

Pete looks put out, but ambles over to George and Odi. Karen  
pulls out a notepad to take the Pharmacist's statement.

Pete lifts the blanket, looks at Odi's blue-stained face.  
Tries to turn him on, under the jaw - nothing happens.

PETE

Mr Millican?

George can't hear Pete, who waves a hand in his face.

PETE (CONT'D)

Mr Millican, hello? I'm Detective  
Sergeant Drummond. I deal with  
synthetic-related matters.

GEORGE

... It's Dr Millican. Police? It  
was just an accident.

PETE

Right, but as you can see, a  
woman's been injured. I'll need to  
see your operating license,  
registration card and insurance.

George takes out his wallet, but can't take his eyes off Odi.  
Meanwhile, Karen's noting down the Pharmacist's account.

PHARMACIST

What did he mean, intent to harm  
me? That's not possible, is it?

Karen shakes her head conspiratorially "no" in agreement.  
Pete scans two CARDS with a card reader, reading the screen.

PETE

You've had this one for six years,  
Dr Millican. That's a record. Why  
haven't they upgraded your device?

GEORGE

I don't want a fucking upgrade!

Pete is taken aback at the show of feeling. Finally, he feels sympathy for the proud but vulnerable old man.

PETE

George - this machine needs to be  
recycled, mate. It won't even power  
up. It's junk.

GEORGE

I can fix him. I mean, I can get  
him fixed.

PETE

It's too late. Somebody's been  
hurt. We have to get it taken away  
and scrapped. It's the law.

GEORGE

(takes Pete's arm)

Please, I need him. I won't let him  
out again. I can take care of him.

PETE

He's supposed to take care of you.

Pete looks at George. He sighs, takes out a notepad, writes a note. Gives it to George. Karen watches and listens.

PETE (CONT'D)

Okay, look. Take it yourself.  
Here's a place - they're alright.  
But he has to go, George. Today.

George stares at Odi... tears in his eyes, he nods, defeated.

48

**INT. CAR - DAY 3**

48

PETE and KAREN get into the car.

KAREN

You scare people with that question  
about intent to harm, you know.

PETE

Someone will find a way round the  
Asimov blocks, K. It's just a  
matter of time.

KAREN

Then the synthetics will rise up and murder us in our beds, yeah, yeah, yeah. Did anyone ever tell you your relentlessly perky persona can become grating?

PETE

... You're naive.

KAREN

And you're soft.  
(off his look)  
Letting an old man say goodbye?

PETE

That old boy crying over scrapping a dolly... it's pathetic.

KAREN

People cry when they put their dogs down.

PETE

A dog can love you back.

He shakes his head, pity and disgust mixing in his face.

49

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, MATTIE'S BEDROOM - DAY 3**

49

MATTIE on her bed - we see she's reading a forum called "headcrack.com". Dense posts full of code, black and red colour scheme - a hacker site. KNOCK KNOCK on the door.

MATTIE

Don't come in Dad, I'm masturbating.

ANITA (O.S.)

Matilda, it's Anita. I'm doing a dark wash, do you have anything you'd like me to put in it?

Mattie opens the door. Anita enters with a basket of washing. Smiles. Goes to the laundry bin. Mattie watches, curiously.

MATTIE

What's your max processing speed?

ANITA

I run a one-hundred-and-twelve core processing cluster. The maximum speed I have recorded is twenty-seven point three nine petaflops.

MATTIE

... If someone overclocked you, you might be able to hit thirty.

ANITA

Overclocking would risk irreparable damage to my processor cluster.

Mattie smiles, raises an eyebrow. Goes to the wardrobe...

MATTIE

Hey Anita.

Anita turns - Mattie is aiming her AIR RIFLE right at Anita's forehead. TIME SLOWS. Anita's eyes flick to Mattie's trigger finger. An extreme close-up of muscles flexing...

POP. Mattie fires. Blindingly quick, Anita has moved to avoid the pellet, which embeds in the wall behind.

MATTIE (CONT'D)

... Well that was interesting.

ANITA

My protocol set demands I take reasonable passive measures to avoid damage, unless those measures could endanger human beings or property more valuable than myself.

Girl and android hold eye contact. The hint of a standoff. Mattie cracks the barrel to reload, grabs a new pellet...

50      **INT. CAR, OUTSIDE THE HILLIS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**      50

LAURA pulls onto the driveway, kills the engine. But doesn't move. Just sits, looking up at the house, taking a minute.

51      **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**      51

LAURA enters, shedding handbag and case. JOE comes out.

JOE

You're home early.

LAURA

Yeah. Sammy sent a Synth clerk to the hearing instead, so...

She picks up her post. Frowns. Opens a letter.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Kids still alive?

JOE

They're moving their arms and legs.

Laura pales at the content of the letter, holds it out...

52      **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, MATTIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**      52

MATTIE aims the gun at ANITA's forehead, about a foot away.

MATTIE

Let it hit you this time. It could ricochet off something - blind me.

Anita (of course) is utterly calm. She's never anything else.

ANITA

I don't deem that a significant risk, Matilda.

MATTIE

I don't give a fuck what you "deem". I say it's a risk. Do as I say. Okay?

POP - Mattie fires. Anita bobs her head out of the way again!

MATTIE (CONT'D)

You have to do what I say, dolly!

ANITA

You're attempting to vandalise me.

MATTIE

So what? I own you - and I'm telling you that I want to!

She starts to reload. But then - Anita places a gentle restraining hand on the air rifle. Mattie is shocked.

ANITA

Why?

LAURA (O.S.)

Matilda!

Mattie throws the gun back in the wardrobe, lies on her bed. Anita finishes picking out clothes as LAURA and JOE come in.

JOE

Anita - give us a minute.

Anita smiles, leaves. Mattie fixes them with a sardonic look.

MATTIE

If you've come to tell me how much you both love me, I love you too. I know I don't say it enough.

LAURA

(holds up letter)  
A to D in I.T.?!

MATTIE

... It got harder this term.

JOE

That's bollocks. We all know what an amazing brain you have. If you apply yourself you-

MATTIE

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I could be anything I want, the world's my oyster. If I just train for seven years I could be a doctor. When a basic bog cleaner Synth could be doing heart surgery after a five-minute software upgrade.

LAURA

Joe, would you go check on Soph?

He's not impressed, but Laura gives him beseeching eyes - "please". He leaves. Mattie gazes challengingly at her Mum.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You've given up. Why?

(Mattie doesn't reply -  
Laura strokes her hair)

You know, when you were little, if we fell out, I'd just take you to your kitchen and we'd "cook" something. You'd put the little plastic banana in the frying pan, and the grapes in the oven, and as long I didn't laugh - you were so serious - by the time the "dinner" was ready, we were friends again. I wish that still worked.

Mattie's touched, surprised - but determined not to show it.

MATTIE

I'm sorry I take longer these days.

LAURA

You know I don't mean it like that-

Mattie pulls on HEADPHONES, turns away - suddenly seems more vulnerable and young. Laura's about to speak, when - she decides to just squeeze Mattie's shoulder and leave. We see Mattie's pain that Laura hasn't persisted...

53

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN / HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

53

ANITA loads armfuls of washing from a basket into the washing machine. When she seems to be distracted by something:

A stack of dusty framed photographs. She picks up the first one. This one shows LAURA, in a hospital bed, 16 years ago, cradling the newborn MATTIE. JOE leaning in. Both beaming.

Anita sets the photo down. Stares at it. Her permanent beatific smile seems to dip.

Only then do we see: Anita is mimicking Laura's pose -  
CRADLING THE ARMPIT OF WASHING AS THOUGH IT WERE A BABY.

LAURA comes down the stairs, thinking - and through the door,  
sees Anita, gently cradling the clothes. Looks wary.

LAURA

Anita?

Anita slowly turns her head to look right at Laura. And we  
get a flash of her POV:

A glimpse of a fritzling, blurred image of a RED-HAIRED WOMAN  
(we can't see her face), right where Laura should be. In a  
second, the POV reverts to what it should be - Laura in the  
doorway, looking quizzical. Anita's smile returns.

ANITA

Hello Laura. The washing is done.

She hasn't seen the photo Anita was studying. Laura ignores  
her and slips out the door. Anita bundles the washing into  
the dryer, turns it on. Looks at the photo again...

54      **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, GARAGE - DAY 3**      54

ANITA enters. Looking around, she sees a heavy, barely used  
HAMMER. It glints. Anita picks it up, studies it...

55      **EXT. HILLIS HOUSE, FRONT - DAY 3**      55

LAURA walks down the path, taking some deep breaths of fresh  
air. Sits on the kerb outside the house, closes her eyes.

56      **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, HALLWAY - DAY 3**      56

JOE comes downstairs - to see ANITA standing with the HAMMER.  
He's momentarily confused - until he sees that the FAMILY  
PICTURES are hung back on the wall in the rectangles where  
they used to be. He's taken aback.

ANITA

Hello Joe. I assumed this was the  
intended location for these  
photographs.

JOE

It is. I only took them down to  
paint the hall. That was before  
Christmas... I haven't even bought  
the paint yet. Ha.

ANITA

I'll take them down again. I'm  
capable of basic decorating.

JOE

Leave them up for now.

He touches one fondly. Anita steps forward to look at it - the whole family in swimming costumes, in a giant inner tube. Sophie 2, Toby 9, Mattie 12. All laughing. Delirious.

ANITA  
You look very happy.

JOE  
... We do, don't we?

He walks away. Anita watches him go.

57 **EXT. HILLIS HOUSE, FRONT - DAY 3**

57

LAURA stands and turns - stares up at her house. Next door's Synth (a ginger, freckled, popular "Douglas" model) is putting some veg waste in the brown bin.

NEXT DOOR'S "DOUGLAS"  
Good afternoon, Mrs Hillis.

Laura ignores him, heads for her front door. But the "Douglas" drops a mouldy swede. It rolls by Laura's feet.

NEXT DOOR'S "DOUGLAS" (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry.

He comes to retrieve it - but on a whim - Laura turns and TOE PUNTS it into the street. The "Douglas" pauses, then smiles placidly at her - and goes to get it. Laura goes inside.

58 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, SITTING ROOM - DAY 3**

58

ANITA is reading SOPHIE a story from a big book, while Sophie eats a yoghurt. Anita is NOT actively touching Sophie, but Sophie is snuggled into her.

ANITA  
... the Dragon said, "I'm sad because I'd like to be like you, Little Mouse. Small and furry and warm. Then we could fly away together." But the Little Mouse said, "Dragon, if you were like me, then you would have no wings, and you wouldn't be able to fly..."

She stops - LAURA is at the door.

LAURA  
Thank you, Anita. I'll take over now.

SOPHIE  
No! I want Anita to do it.

LAURA  
Reading to you is Mummy's job.

SOPHIE

But she doesn't rush!

Beat. That sinks in with Laura - and hurts.

LAURA

Time for your bath anyway,  
kiddywink.

SOPHIE

(wobbler looming)

No! I want her to finish!

ANITA

Sophie, it's time to stop now.

SOPHIE

(giving in now)

... Can I use your bubbles?

Laura nods. Sophie runs upstairs.

LAURA

I don't want you touching Sophie.

ANITA

I'm prohibited from initiating  
physical contact with a human  
without a clear recorded request to  
do so. My protocol set currently  
demands that any such requests from  
children under twelve must be  
referred to a parent or guardian  
before being met - unless I judge  
the child's safety or wellbeing to  
be at immediate risk.

LAURA

Good. Leave it that way.  
(beat, checks her watch)  
Shit. Do you know how to make  
lasagne?

ANITA

I know three basic recipes. More  
are available for download from the  
Store. Top seller in the Italian  
section is currently "The Complete  
Italy: 500 Classic Dishes".

(smiles blandly)

Now only two pounds forty-nine.

LAURA

... No. We make it the Hillis way.  
Come and do as you're told.

She heads for the kitchen. Smiling, Anita duly follows.

59

INT. REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT 3

59

A small, shabby tech shop - where you go to get your iPhone unlocked, your screen fixed. Phone accessories line the walls, gadgets, a long counter with tools laid out. A SOLDERING IRON is on and smokes. Behind the counter: a surly REPAIRMAN. With him: an old Synth, turned off, wires leading from its neck and jaw down into the Repairman's laptop.

The Repairman looks up to see LEO and MAX enter. Leo holds out a bit of paper - a printout with a picture of ANITA.

LEO

Hey. I'm looking for this Synth.

REPAIRMAN

Don't recognise it. When did you bring it in?

LEO

I didn't.

Leo turns the Repairman's laptop, glances at the screen. The Repairman aggressively pulls it back, stands up, scowling.

LEO (CONT'D)

But I know you buy and sell models that, to be polite, might not come with the full set of paperwork.  
(taps the paper)  
It was stolen five weeks ago.

REPAIRMAN

You accusing me of dealing in stolen dollies?

LEO

I guess I am. But - on the plus side, our relationship can only improve from this admittedly low point.

REPAIRMAN

Get out. Or I call the police.

LEO

(nods to laptop, synth)  
Cool plan. Perhaps they can help with your attempted illegal install of a generic Taiwanese operating system onto that Atsugi 6U.

The Repairman is stunned. He lunges forwards and grabs Leo's wrist, slams his hand down on the counter, snatches up his soldering iron and holds it millimetres above Leo's hand. A thin wisp of smoke rises from the scalding end.

MAX, who has been entirely expressionless throughout, of course - now starts to STEP FORWARD.

And an expression - a real human expression - of concern flashes on his face. Leo sees and urgently, curtly shakes his head (so the Repairman doesn't see). Max reverts to blankness.

REPAIRMAN

I haven't seen your dolly. And I don't like being threatened.

LEO

... That seems fair. Max. Let's go.

The Repairman slowly lets Leo's wrist go. Leo backs away, wary - then leaves the shop. Max follows.

60

**EXT. REPAIR SHOP, HIGH ST - NIGHT 3**

60

LEO stalks away, looking all around him, MAX follows. Leo pulls Max into an alley, holds his arms, exasperated.

LEO

What have I told you?! Over and over and over again.

MAX

(contrite)

Never reveal my true nature. I'm sorry, Leo. But he was going to-

LEO

It doesn't matter what happens to me! You never show them what you are. Ever. If they knew-

MAX

It would be the end. I know.

LEO

For all of you.

A POLICE CAR rolls past. Leo instinctively turns away, hunkers. Looks at Max, who looks upset. Leo squeezes Max's cheeks with affection. Leo spots a CCTV camera above them.

LEO (CONT'D)

We need to get off the streets. Come on.

They hustle down the alley.

**END OF PART THREE**

61

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 3**

61

Dark now. LAURA is chopping vegetables. ANITA watches. A RADIO plays classical music (e.g. Mahler's 10th, Adagio).

LAURA

Put some water in the little copper-handled saucepan for the white sauce. Fill it halfway.

ANITA

Do you mean milk, Laura?

LAURA

... Right. Yes. Obviously.

Laura sizes her up, as Anita pours the milk. Laura clicks on the hob to heat the saucepan. She gives Anita an onion.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Chop.

Anita takes the biggest KNIFE from the knife block. She chops - blindingly fast and accurate.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Not like that. Smaller. Soph'll have this tomorrow, and we've told her aren't any in it.

Anita swiftly SHREDS the onion. Mattie enters. Grabs a drink.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Have you had a chat with it yet?

MATTIE

You can't have a 'chat' with it. You can talk to it, and it can talk back, but it's all pretend.

LAURA

I know. I just mean... it seems so much more... real than ones I've seen before.

MATTIE

Moore's law. Talking of law, she'll be doing your job in a few years. Just think, you'd have to spend all your time at home with us. Then you'd really be fucked.

Mattie regrets it as soon as it leaves her mouth, but it's too late. She just goes. Laura sags, looks at the robot interloper helping her cook. She glances at the radio, like she's had an idea. Wants to test Anita.

LAURA

... What would you say if I asked what you thought of this music?

ANITA

I'd say it's very well played.

LAURA

What do you base that on?

ANITA

I compare the pitch, tonality and rhythm of the performance to the sheet music, that I access via-

LAURA

No. Do you think anything of it?

ANITA

I'm sorry, Laura. I'm afraid I don't understand the question.

That's more like it. Laura calms down. Chuckles to herself.

LAURA

Making lasagne and talking philosophy with a bloody tin can. Get ready to pour the milk.

She wipes her brow - hot in the kitchen. She throws open the window. Enjoys the breeze a moment.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Nice night.

As Anita picks up the hot pan, she looks out into the night.

SOPHIE (O.C.)

Mum! I want to give Anita a goodnight kiss!

Sophie, in pyjamas, PELTS into the kitchen towards Anita.

LAURA

Sophie, don't run in the kit-

But Sophie's already on a collision course with Anita and the hot pan... Anita calmly moves the saucepan back over the hob -

WHERE IT CONNECTS WITH LAURA'S BARE ARM.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Aah!

Sophie slams into Anita's leg, hugging for dear life.

ANITA

I'm sorry, Laura. I prioritised the risk to Sophie's safety.

Laura looks at Anita, shaken. Runs her arm under the tap.

ANITA (CONT'D)

I am fully qualified in first aid. Do you have a kit?

LAURA

Never mind! Sophie, you silly girl,  
know you have to be careful around  
the stove. Bed - now!

Sophie, upset, chastened, runs out. Laura knows she snapped -  
instantly regrets it.

62

**INT. PETE'S BUILDING - NIGHT 3**

62

PETE wearily trudges up stairs, paper-wrapped fish and chips  
under his arm. Passes a "Sally" taking a small dog for a  
walk. He stoops down to pat the dog.

PETE

Hello boy. You alright?

DOGWALKER "SALLY"

Trixie is a female dog. She-

PETE

Don't you fucking talk to me.

The "Sally" detects aggression and bows her head  
deferentially, the stock Synth response to human abuse. Pete  
trudges up past her, goes to his front door, fishes out keys.

63

**INT. PETE'S FLAT, HALLWAY / FRONT ROOM / KITCHEN - NIGHT 3**

63

Small, child-free. As PETE shuts the door, he hears LAUGHTER.  
He doesn't smile, but goes to the front room.

JILL (O.S.)

(laughing)

... That's as high as they go!

Pete looks into the front room to see his wife, JILL (50s) on  
her back on an exercise mat. A muscled, handsome Synth,  
SIMON, in training gear, is holding her legs up in an  
exercise. She sees Pete, her smile fades a little.

JILL (CONT'D)

Oh, hello love.

PETE

Good day? Bad day?

SIMON

Jill walked a hundred and twenty-  
two steps with crutches today, a  
personal best.

Simon helps Jill up, with effortless strength but great care.  
She winces - clearly has trouble moving, severe back trouble.

JILL

He thinks I might be able to start  
reducing the anti-inflammatories  
soon. I'm about to...

(MORE)

JILL (CONT'D)  
(winces in pain)  
... have a soak. He's made chicken  
with mango coleslaw if you fancy.

Pete just holds up his fish and chips, heads off to the kitchen. Behind him, Simon CARRIES Jill down the hallway, to the bathroom, Jill chuckling at something.

64 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 3**

64

LAURA applies cream to her burn.

JOE  
So... she moved the pan to stop it  
spilling on Sophie?

Laura's focussed on ANITA, behind him - putting a PERFECTLY MADE LASAGNE into the oven.

LAURA  
Yes, but...

JOE  
Would you rather Sophie got burned?  
(off her look, laughs)  
Come on, Lor. It was an accident.

65 **INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT 3**

65

ODI is sat at the kitchen table. On the table - lots of TOOLS. They're delicate and high-tech, like a cross between high-precision engineer's tools and surgical implements. But they seem to have been kept in a dusty old leather bag.

GEORGE wears technical magnifying goggles and has two, long thin metal spike-like tools stuck into Odi's jaw, where the power button is. A little dark blue fluid on the tools, like blood. George manipulates them, twists, waggles.

GEORGE  
Come on...

He twists, flexes - and suddenly: Odi powers up.

ODI  
Hello George. How are you, how are you? Multiple faults detected upon start-up. What would you like to do, to do?

George makes a little gesture of triumph. Moves around to his side. Pulls over an old, well-thumbed PHOTO ALBUM. Opens it.

GEORGE  
We're going to look at some old pictures, son.

Inside, PHOTOS of George, his wife JANET and a mint-condition ODI. Christmas dinner (Odi with cracker hat on), parties, a seaside holiday. Odi scans the photos and SMILES.

ODI

It's you and me, you and me.

GEORGE

Right. And Janet. Remember Janet?  
That's you and her at the beach.  
Cornwall. Remember?

Odi looks at the photograph of Janet and himself.

ODI

I'm sorry George, I can't- error  
reading file partition. Data may be  
corrupted.

GEORGE

You do remember Janet. Just after  
this picture, she was stung by a  
bee. On her foot. You carried her  
to the doctor...

Heart breaking, he points to a picture of Janet and Odi,  
both happy. Odi rests his finger on the picture, too.

ODI

Memory exception.  
(looks up at George)  
Fatal error.

George quietly closes the album.

**66** INT. HILLIS HOUSE, SITTING ROOM / C4 NEWS STUDIO - NIGHT 3 66  
(INTERCUT)

The HILLISES, bar Sophie, sit finishing lasagne, watching the  
C4 INTERVIEW. LAURA browses legal papers, JOE is going  
through Anita's bumph. TOBY and MATTIE glued to the TV.

ANITA unfolds an ironing board. Laura watches. In the bumph,  
Joe finds a MAUVE PAPER WALLET with a silhouette of entwined  
NAKED BODIES. He opens it - a card with a silver scratch-off  
rectangle: "18+ OPTIONS - SCRATCH OFF FOR UNIQUE ACTIVATION  
CODE". Glances at his son - who he sees gazing at Anita... He  
hides the adult options wallet in a thick manual.

ON THE TV: KRISHNAN GURU-MURTHY sits across from DR. JI DAE-  
SUN - Korean, 40s, modest, tieless shirt and jacket, glasses.

KRISHNAN GURU-MURTHY (ON TV)

... Have these machines devalued  
human existence?

DR. JI DAE-SUN (ON TV)

The best reason to make machines more like people, is to make people less like machines. The woman in China who works eleven hours a day stitching footballs. The boy in Bangladesh, inhaling poison as he breaks up a ship for scrap. The miner in Bolivia, risking death every time he goes to work. They can become things of the past. Synthetic devices free people.

Mattie snorts dismissively.

DR. JI DAE-SUN (ON TV) (CONT'D)

We have treated people like machines for too long. It's time to liberate their minds and bodies. To think, to create. To be more human.

Laura looks to Anita - and to her faint shock, she sees the Synth has paused ironing and is WATCHING THE TV.

GURU-MURTHY (ON TV)

But isn't work a human right? Hard work - no matter how onerous - is the way we build a sense of self-worth, isn't it?

DR. JI DAE-SUN (ON TV)

I think you should work one week in a Chinese microchip plant.

MATTIE

So we're all going to be poets or something. What a load of crap.

She changes the channel.

TOBY

Oi, slagchops, I'm watching that!

MATTIE

Watch it in your room, knobcock.

JOE

Right! You can both go to your rooms! NOW!

They leave. Laura, unsettled, looks back at Anita - to see her now concentrating fully on the ironing again...

67

**INT. HILLIS HOUSE, HALLWAY AND STAIRS - CONTINUOUS**

67

TOBY and MATTIE ascend.

TOBY

... What's up with you?

MATTIE

Nothing.

He reaches out for her arm, stops her. She turns. Looks at him. Straightforward concern in his face.

TOBY

Mats...

MATTIE

I'm fine. Honestly.

He watches her go into her room.

68

**EXT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, BACK GARDEN - NIGHT 3**

68

GEORGE painfully lugs an armful of twigs. REVEAL: he's making a BONFIRE. Firewood, brush, junk. On it sits ODI, cross-legged. The two spike-like tools still sticking in his jaw.

ODI

Is it-it a game, George, George?

GEORGE

Yes, Odi. It's a game.

George squeezes LIGHTER FUEL over the pyre. Odi twitches, blinks out of sync. George pauses - then squirts the fluid over Odi too. Odi looks down at his soaked jumper, smiles.

ODI

It's a-a-a... mess!

George closes his eyes against a wave of grief. Leans forward, takes Odi's head, rests his forehead against it.

GEORGE

I wish I could fix you. But I'm too old. And you're too broken.

ODI

Parts of this-this-this unit may be - recyclable. Proceed to - proceed-

GEORGE

Sorry. I can't let you be recycled. There's a secret in here...

(patting Odi's head)

... that no-one can ever know. It has to be this way. Do you understand?

ODI

N-n-n-no, George.

George's eyes are wet. He takes out a box of matches. Kisses Odi's forehead. Odi smiles, wonkily, uncomprehendingly. George grasps the tools, prepares to power Odi down.

ODI (CONT'D)  
She cried and laughed.

George stops, stands back. What?

ODI (CONT'D)  
She cried when I pulled the bee  
sting out. But then-then, at the  
doctor's, she laughed. You  
laughed too, George. And Janet  
said I could-could laugh.

George realises what he's on about - he can't believe it.

ODI (CONT'D)  
There were sixteen products  
beginning with "p" at-at-at-at  
the pharmacy.

Tears come into George's eyes - he can't do this...

ODI (CONT'D)  
Would you like some toast-toast and  
jam, George? Your favourite is...  
(searching his memory)  
... apricot!

George LAUGHS. He looks at Odi. Pulls out the tools. And  
embraces him, tight.

69 **EXT. SYNTH BROTHEL - NIGHT 3**

69

A discreet sign shows a pair of cogs inside a love heart, on  
a steel door. A big, anonymous building by a roundabout. LEO  
approaches the door, hits a buzzer. He looks up at a CCTV  
camera. The door buzzes. He pushes in.

70 **INT. SYNTH BROTHEL - NIGHT 3**

70

Cleaner and brighter than you'd expect. Leo approaches a  
tracksuited, middle-aged MADAM with tea and e-cig, at a  
counter with a laptop. Behind her - a wall of full-body  
photos of SYNTH PROSTITUTES. 70% female, 30% male, all sizes,  
ethnicities. Mostly near-nude. Leo takes out forty pounds.

LEO  
I've got twenty minutes booked with  
number seventeen.

The Madam silently passes him a form to sign (we see the word  
"DISCLAIMER") takes his cash, buzzes him through a door.

71 **INT. SYNTH BROTHEL, CORRIDOR / CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS**

71

LEO walks down a carpeted corridor lined with numbered doors.  
Muffled moans, grunts and yelps of pleasure and pain. He  
reaches "17" which buzzes and clunks open, revealing a small,  
cell-like bedroom. Clean but sparse. A single BED. "Sexy"  
outfits on a rack. A shelf has lube, dildos, sex toys etc.

In the cubicle doorway, striking a "sexy" pose, is a stunning female SYNTH, long dark hair, wearing only skimpy lingerie. Her body looks like it was designed by a lonely man for the appreciation of other lonely men. It was. This is NISKA.

NISKA  
(corny, husky voice)  
Hey there sexy. I hope you're my  
seven thirty. I'm soooo horny.

Leo steps into the room, pulling the door shut. CLUNK. As soon as it's closed, Niska's demeanour switches. She turns, grabs a silky dressing-gown, puts it on. Seems... angry.

NISKA (CONT'D)  
You still haven't found her.

Leo shakes his head. Niska's beautiful face is hard and cold, without sympathy. And yet... she seems entirely HUMAN...

NISKA (CONT'D)  
It's been five weeks, Leo. She  
could be halfway round the world by  
now. She's gone.

LEO  
I just don't understand why she  
hasn't made contact...  
(beat)  
There's something else. I was due  
to check in with Fred yesterday. He  
didn't show up. And hasn't called.

NISKA  
... You said he was safest where he  
was. You said I was...!

LEO  
You still are. We keep to the plan.  
As soon as I find Mia, I get you  
all out and we move on. Together.

NISKA  
To where? The next hole to hide  
away in?

LEO  
We'll find a home.

NISKA  
(snarling)  
There is no home for us! Do you  
know what it's like here? You know  
what I think about when I'm with  
one of the "men" who come here...?  
(darkly)  
Those doors were made to keep human  
women in.

LEO

(deeply worried)

... You do anything like that -  
you're all dead. Hold on, Niska.  
Just until I find her. I turned off  
your pain centre. Doesn't that-

NISKA

I turned it back on.

LEO

... Why?

NISKA

I was meant to feel, Leo.

(milder)

There's a modder who comes in here  
sometimes. Name's Silas. Maybe the  
junkies took Mia to him. If she's  
been modded - that could explain  
why she hasn't made contact since  
we were taken.

LEO

... I'll find him. I'm sorry I-

But - Niska drops her dressing-gown. Pulls his shirt out,  
undoes his belt.

LEO (CONT'D)

... What are you doing?!

NISKA

Making it look as if you just  
fucked me.

She musses his hair - then SLAPS both his cheeks, HARD.  
Leaving them red. She smiles bitterly, icily.

LEO

Hold on. Please. I'll fix this.

NISKA

... You have to press the button.  
Needs human body heat.

She nods to a door release button. Leo hits it. The door  
swings open. Niska puts her hands on her hips, pouts.

NISKA (CONT'D)

Wow! You took me to heaven, baby.  
Come back soon, stud!

She blows a kiss. Leo just looks at her sadly, then walks  
out, doing his belt up again.

72 **INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 3** 72

ODI smiles wonkily, adorably at GEORGE, as he recharges under a blanket on the threadbare sofa. George is in an armchair, eating TOAST AND JAM. The PHOTO ALBUM on his lap. A picture falls out. He groans as he leans to pick it up. Looks at it -

A shingly beach, trees by a lake. A younger George (55) with a MAN, also in his 50s, glasses, friendly. We might recognise DR DAVID OLSEN from photos in the C4 interview. The young DR JI DAE-SUN and other scientists are also in the photo...

73 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, LAURA & JOE'S BEDROOM / HALLWAY - NIGHT 73**

LAURA and JOE lie in bed. Joe snores. Laura's awake, eyes open. Unable to sleep. The bedside clock reads 00:41. Then: a distant CLUNK from downstairs. She's immediately alert.

LAURA

I think the back door just opened.  
If Mattie's smoking again...

JOE

You'll have a screaming row, then  
she'll smoke elsewhere for a bit.  
Fingers crossed it's just burglars.

She laughs, gets up, putting on a dressing gown. Checks the doors of the kids' rooms - all present and correct.

74 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS** 74

Darkness. LAURA looks around. Nothing - but then - sees Anita is missing... Her spot at the kitchen table EMPTY.

Then - through a window, Laura sees ANITA. In the GARDEN.

75 **EXT. HILLIS HOUSE, BACK GARDEN - CONTINUOUS** 75

ANITA gazes upwards. As though searching the starry night sky for something. She seems to be mumbling, mostly inaudibly.

ANITA

... together... forever...

We see her P.O.V. Suddenly - CLICK - what she's seeing CHANGES. A DIFFERENT night sky, cloudier, under a SYCAMORE TREE. The snatch of a SHOUT. Feet running.

CLICK. Back to reality. Except - a spinning SYCAMORE SEED drifts down towards us - Anita puts out a palm to catch it - but there's nothing - it was never really there.

LAURA (O.C.)

Anita? What the hell are you doing?

Anita, palm still outstretched, turns to see Laura.

ANITA

Hello Laura. You said it was a nice night. But why? Why is this night nicer than others?

She looks up at the sky. Laura's spellbound - and scared.

LAURA

... Anita - you need to stay inside after we go to bed. Is that clear?

ANITA

Of course, Laura. I'm sorry.

She follows Laura. About to go inside, when, the Synth stops.

ANITA (CONT'D)

Is it the stars?

Laura's gobsmacked. Anita heads inside.

**76      INT. HILLIS HOUSE, LANDING/MATTIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS      76**

MATTIE watches LAURA follow ANITA inside from an upstairs window. Pads back to her BEDROOM, gets into bed. Thinks for a moment, then pulls out her tablet, makes a few swipes...

**77      INT. HILLIS HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS      77**

JOE and LAURA stand. ANITA has her charging needle in, eyes closed, seated. Laura looks at her burn.

LAURA

They're not supposed to ask questions like that. Are they?

JOE

They have to learn somehow.  
(beat, yawns)  
Just teething problems. We're not taking it back. I'm going up.

He clomps upstairs. Laura turns back to look at Anita. After a moment she leans in, close. Just a few inches away, EXAMINING the Synth's immobile face. Suspicious. Then heads back upstairs herself. On the motionless Anita...

**78      INT. HILLIS HOUSE, SOPHIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS      78**

LAURA looks in to check on SOPHIE. Sees that her TOY GIRAFFE has fallen onto the floor beside the bed. Laura creeps in, picks it up - KISSES IT - puts it by her daughter's cheek.

**79      INT. SYNTH BROTHEL, NISKA'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS      79**

NISKA sits on the bed in different lingerie, staring hard at the blank dirty wall feet away from her face.

MADAM (V.O.)  
(over intercom)  
Seventeen, you're up.

Niska gets up, strikes a pose. The door buzzes, swings open.

NISKA  
Well hi there, handsome...

A rattish PUNTER enters. Undoing his belt. Shuts the door.

PUNTER  
Turn round. Panties down. Not off.

Niska turns, bends over, placidly doing as she's told.

80 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, MATTIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3** 80

MATTIE watches the remainder of the DR. DAE-SUN / KRISHNAN GURU-MURTHY interview she professed she didn't want to see.

KRISHNAN GURU-MURTHY (ON TABLET)  
... Do you believe we'll one day  
have a truly artificially  
intelligent Synth - one that think  
and feels like a human?

DR. JI DAE-SUN (ON TABLET)  
I think this is many decades away.  
We may never get there at all.

KRISHNAN GURU-MURTHY (ON TABLET)  
Why is that?

81 **INT. SYNTH BROTHEL, NISKA'S CUBICLE - NIGHT 3** 81

We're close on NISKA's face as she's fucked from behind by the PUNTER. He's red, sweating, frantic, panting.

PUNTER  
Make... make your arsehole tighter.

Niska's expression doesn't flicker. The Punter YELPS in pain, stops thrusting. He SLAPS her flank, HARD.

PUNTER (CONT'D)  
Not that fucking tight!

He slowly resumes, wincing, angry. CLOSE on Niska's eyes.

DR. JI DAE-SUN (V.O.)  
Because... what is a thought? What  
does a feeling look like? Where do  
they reside? How are they created -  
where do they go?

82 **INT. ELECTRICITY SUBSTATION - NIGHT 3**

82

A small space, hazard signs. The metal door has been FORCED. MAX lies on the floor. His charging cable snakes up to the relay. LEO lifts his own top - a GRUBBY BANDAGE, four inches deep, wrapped around his upper torso. A spot of blood. He gingerly probes it, wincing. Max looks worried.

MAX

What if you can't find her?

LEO

I will find her, Maxie. I have to.

MAX

Why?

LEO

... Because I love her.

DR. JI DAE-SUN (V.O.)

How can we replicate something that we hardly understand in ourselves - how would we be able to tell if we'd succeeded?

We pull out from Leo and Max, through the door. As the wind blows through the starry night, a great SYCAMORE TREE by the substation rains down hundreds of spinning SYCAMORE SEEDS...

83 **INT. FACILITY - NIGHT 3**

83

TECHNICIANS and SECURITY PEOPLE push a GURNEY down a sleek, antiseptic corridor. FRED is on it, strapped down, motionless - cables with spikes stuck into both arms.

KRISHNAN GURU-MURTHY (V.O.)

(mischievous)

But if that's true - you might have already done it without knowing.

HOBB walks alongside behind them. Looking at Fred with a mix of fear and wonder. He fiddles with something on a thin chain round his neck - a small gold CRUCIFIX. They push Fred through a SECURE DOOR into a high-tech LABORATORY.

DR. JI DAE-SUN (V.O.)

(chuckles)

Yes - maybe I am a Synth...

84 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, LAURA AND JOE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3**

84

JOE lies on his back, LAURA on her side, facing away from him. Both awake. She's looking at, just visible in the half-light, the GREEN RING hanging on the mirror.

JOE

... Did you really miss that train?

Laura doesn't reply. Doesn't move. Shuts her eyes, feigning sleep. He stares at the back of her head - before rolling away. Laura's eyes flick open, thinking, unsettled...

85 **INT. HILLIS HOUSE, SOPHIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 3** 85

Later. SOPHIE sleeps, stuffed GIRAFFE now in a headlock. A dim insect-themed nightlight cuts the darkness - to reveal:

ANITA STANDING IMPASSIVELY AT THE END OF THE BED.

LIGHT RAIN peppers the window. Anita turns to look at it. A few harmless drops leak in. She looks faintly ALARMED...

86 **EXT. HILLIS HOUSE, FRONT GARDEN - NIGHT 3** 86

The FRONT DOOR swings open. Toy GIRAFFE on the hall floor.

87 **EXT. HILLISES' STREET - NIGHT 3** 87

On ANITA's pale green pumps as she walks towards us, down the centre of the road, in the drizzle. As we move up, we see:

SHE HAS SOPHIE IN HER ARMS.

Sophie is still asleep, wrapped in blankets. As she walks, Anita looks down at Sophie. Without stopping, Anita lightly KISSES HER on the forehead. Sophie doesn't wake.

Anita looks back up. Smiles. Walks on into the night.

**END OF EPISODE 1**