

DOLL

(screenplay)

by

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"Beauty will save the world."

(But it will destroy mankind...)

FADE IN:

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM - DARKNESS

Silence...

Suddenly a telephone rings out.

An arm sticks out from the coverings. It gets hold of the receiver. Another arm stretches out and snaps on the night lamp next to the telephone. A soft light falls on the bed. The clock next to the lamp points to 5 o'clock in the morning.

MAX EVERYOUNG, age 40, a philosopher by profession and a writer by vocation (but a journalist in spite of himself) sits up in bed with half-closed eyes.

MAX

Yes.

BOBBY

- THE MAX'S BOSS

(O.S.)

*(excitedly and cheerfully,
but entreatingly)*

Hello? Are you sleeping? I am sorry
but... Come on, put something on and
pop over to the editorial office.

Max stays sitting in bed for a little while. He stretches out his arm and throws on reluctantly the white robe, spread out on the empty half of the large bed. He gets out of bed and goes into the bathroom.

PAN:

A large bedroom suite with white coverings. Two framed photographs hangs over it. In the photograph on the right Max stands together with Bobby and other official personalities against the background of the newly erected skyscraper of the information giant IC - INFORMATION CORPORATION. They both are among the company's foundation members.

On the left there is the other photograph: a university auditorium. Formally dressed personalities - in the university uniforms. Max is in the center, in a dark-red graduation gown and a black graduation cap, holding in his

hands the dissertation just defended on the topic of:
PROBLEMS OF RESURRECTION.

Between the two photographs there is a note stuck up with a text written in hand: MAN IS THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS.

(NOTE: the detailed description of the interiors, the computer effects, the nature, the music, the character's attire, appearance and temperaments, as well as the symbolism and some outlines are given separately. There are also available three-dimensional virtual sketches of each scene as well as the novel of the same name after which the script is done.)

Max comes out of the bathroom and turns the light on. Despite Bobby's urgent request, he doesn't make haste. He knows well the nature of his chief and friend - "a panic". He shakes his head. After being out of sight in the kitchen for a little while, he shows up with a cup in his hand. He sits down at the edge of the bed.

MAX
(V.O.)

...What does my boss need me for?
Most likely... hm, to fire me. And he will be right. Which employer pays an employee who lies idle all day and stays at home instead of going to work? Even if the employee is his best friend?

(he sighs)
All the same... I am going downhill without having found THE MEANING OF LIFE! There is not a single thing that could impress me.

He stands up and gets dressed (an elegant but casual suit: a thin black polo neck, a grey jacket and black trousers. He throws on his shoulders a long bluish-gray coat with the collar up around his neck). He checks his pockets, sighs tiredly and goes out without enthusiasm. The door of the room closes from the outside.

INT. BOBBY'S OFFICE

The door opens from the outside and BOBBY, age 50, (a black suit, a white shirt, a black necktie) leads Max into his office. His wry face betrays an ill hidden anxiety.

BOBBY

*(in a businesslike manner,
but friendly, predisposing)*

Sit down.

Max sits down on the sofa (opposite the door). He rests his hands on his chin and begins to look at Bobby with interest.

Bobby sits down in the armchair facing him and looks askance at him. For a couple of moments both of them look fixedly at each other.

MAX

(V.O.)

My boss is a decent man. One of those guys who are not very gifted but who manage to bring what they have started to an acceptable end with a little more work, nerves, failures, and a sense of duty. We are something like friends with Bobby, although each one of us interprets friendship in his own way. In short: we get along.

Bobby doesn't withstand against the "confrontation", he stands up and begins to pace nervously up and down room.

BOBBY

*(he seethes inside himself,
deep in thought about
something)*

Here is the problem. Serious accusations are being made against our editorial board. We are said to be negligent of our work...

Max sighs.

MAX

(V.O.)

He is going to fire me...

Actually, it's all one to me,
although who doesn't need money?

BOBBY

*(a bit calmed, as if
carelessly)*

Important events are slipping out of
our attention. You must have heard
about the new Frankenstein?

He turns round abruptly and takes an inquisitive look at
Max.

The question takes Max by surprise - he has expected a
different course of the conversation. At first he winces
but then he calms down and continues to watch Bobby with
curiosity, leaning his chin on his hands joined together.

Bobby cannot hide his anxiety, being affected by Max's
challenging look.

BOBBY

You would not feel so easy if you
were in my place. It has been a
whole week since they have been
pestering me. Especially those -
what was the name... - from the
peace movement. They have been
accusing me of hiding the truth.
Take a look at this.

*(he throws a folder with
materials on the table)*

They are threatening us that if we
do not take up a position, they will
boycott the work of the corporation.
I sent two talented boys to
investigate the problem. They came
back with beautiful black-eyed
faces...

Bobby mops up the sweat on his brow.

MAX

(he is genuinely surprised)
So they did not manage to find out
anything?

He goes through the materials. The folder contains newspaper clippings with various headlines: "Military robots - robots killers!", "War between machines and people?", "We are going to die but not from a man's hand!"

MAX

(reading aloud)
"...Revolutionary discoveries in
science! Technologies will change
our lives beyond recognition..."

*(he turns over the page and
begins to read another
material)*
"A robot capable of replacing
soldier has been created!" "THE MOST
PERFECT WEAPON!" "Machines already
have a way of thinking similar to
that of human beings..."

Max blinks in surprise, he goes through more pages, and shuts the folder. He turns away his head and looks over his shoulder with a faint smile.

Through the huge windows of the skyscraper - from the upper floor where they are - there looks in a blue morning sky. Further below - a vast park with trees spreads around on all sides. In the close proximity - a part of the city can be seen further down.

Bobby watches him nervously and somehow imploringly. After a while he sits behind the desk a little relieved.

Max turns his head. The azure of the endless sky has helped him to tear himself away from the small problem as it appears to be in his opinion. He puts the folder on the little table in front of him.

MAX

Fairy tales. I don't understand why
you are worried.

BOBBY

*(looking for appropriate
words a long time)*

It is a REALLY serious matter, Max!

MAX

*(for him the conversation is
over)*

I don't believe so.

He stands up and is about to leave.

Bobby jumps forward with a surprising for his figure
agility and blocks Max's way to the door.

BOBBY

(nervously, almost shouting)

Hey, wait, wait! Don't be so quick
about getting out of it just like
that! I thought you were my
friend?...

Max sighs. He sits down unwillingly.

MAX

(with reproach)

Well then, what do you want from me?

BOBBY

(breathing heavily)

To investigate the problem.

*(he bangs his fist on the
desk)*

To see what the hell is going on
there!

*(he grunts out, sits, gets a
little calmed)*

We couldn't find out where the
information had leaked from. Most
probably it is not from the
government. And you can't come close
to the military. However, the rumor
is afloat. It is our obligation to
inform the public. Otherwise they
are going to lynch us...

*(he coughs out and continues
slowly and pathetically)*

People are right. They give money
and they want the truth. We are the
eyes and the ears of public morals
and conscience. We cannot remain
impassive.

*(suddenly in a businesslike
manner)*

You have to go...

MAX

(in surprise)

To go? Where?

BOBBY

*(he is silent for a while in
triumph. He emphasizes)*

To the wasps' nest... In the
military base of THE GRAND PLATEAU.

MAX

The Grand Plateau? The most
inaccessible place for journalists
in the whole world? But who will let
me in?

BOBBY

(confidently)

Everything is arranged. You just
have to go there and find out what
they are engaged in...

MAX

*(he thinks over; then asks
calmly)*

When am I leaving?

BOBBY

When you think you are ready. Do not
worry about the payment. You will be
satisfied.

Max sighs with resignation, stands up and starts for the
door.

BOBBY

Max!

Max turns around.

BOBBY

(imploringly)

Make sure you find out what is going
on there... Max!

Max turns and leaves the room.

EXT. TOWNSCAPE

End of winter - snow slush. A busy morning. A wide pedestrian street between several-storied buildings with mixed architecture.

Against their background there towers above the contrasting thin outlines of an ultramodern bluish glazed skyscraper with a sign: IC. The morning sun looks from behind.

A workday bustle. The passers-by hurry for work. Max's figure appears among them. He walks at an easy pace on the opposite sidewalk, with his hands in his pockets and with the collar up.

He crosses the street on this side and stops at a newsstand. He buys some headlines and continues his way.

A picturesque little bookshop. Max is walk in. A short time afterwards he walks out carrying a packet of books under his arm.

A sliding glass door of a big supermarket. It opens and Max walks out - his luggage is supplemented by two many-colored paper bags.

INT. MAX'S BEDROOM

Max comes in, leaves the newspapers and the books on the bed and takes the bags with food into the kitchen. He takes off his clothes and slips on a robe. He lays breakfast on a metal tray and settles comfortably on the bed.

He pours some juice in a large glass and unwraps a sandwich. He stands still for a moment - a professional habit. Already concentrated, he reaches for the first issue.

MAX
(V.O.)

So... The Department of the Army places an order with a genius man of science - a certain Frank - to create a robot capable of replacing "the cannon fodder".

Max reaches for the remote control on the bedside table and turns on the television placed over the bookcase in the bedroom. They broadcast live - a demonstration against robots and military equipment begins in the town park.

There is a reporter in front of the camera who speaks at the microphone. Behind him - a wood of tents. People potter about in all directions. An improvised stage form where the frantic howl of a rock band comes.

The crowd waves slogans in the air: "Give support to the defense of peace movement!", "Make love, not war!!!", "Down with robots, long live people!" Something incomprehensible is shouted.

Some fat fellow dressed in suit and with sleek hair gets onto the stage.

ORATOR

(with aplomb)

These villains are violating the principle of the civil society! They are trying to do things, which they are not allowed to do! Have you heard? They are making robots-homicides!... But we will give them a lesson!

(he waves his fist about)
Aren't' we a force?

He makes a wide gesture with his hand, which reminds of the one made by Caesar standing up in front of his legions.

Max watches for a while. One can read boredom in his face, but his eyes betray anxiety. He rummages in the books he has bought. He pulls out a CD that says "Modern weapons", and puts it into the player.

Staggering demonstrations of weapons appear on the screen - from pistols and submachine guns to super modern tanks, airplanes, submarines, rockets, robots, commanding centers, drills of large dimensions, explosions, detonations, and so on.

Max turns the television off and goes through the heavy books - informatics, robotics, cybernetics. He takes a book, then he leaves it and takes a scientific magazine, then another one.

Towards evening. Max is still in bed. He closes his eyes and presses them - he is tired. He shuts the books with anger.

MAX

I am far remote from this subject
matter!

INT. ON THE NEXT DAY

Max gets ready slowly and unwillingly for a trip - he irons clothes and puts them in a suitcase, and he takes notes. At one time or another he pauses, stands up, and starts thinking.

MAX

(V.O.)

I am disturbing my own untroubled
life for the sake of a doubtful
piece of news?

(he sighs)

Well, it is about The Grand
Plateau...

EXT. A MOONLIGHT NIGHT

A silhouette of a huge transoceanic airplane hanging over the clouds.

INT. IN THE PLANE

It is half-empty and calm inside the plane. The engines roar, barely audible. Max's thoughtful face is lit up by dim lights. His head rests on his hand and his eyes are half-closed.

EFF: A rotating geographical globe. A red thread creeps like a snake and maps out Max's route. It crosses a great part of the globe - a long journey.

The perspective changes with ease. The red line disappears in a plain territory of enormous size where there is not a single trace of civilization.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. DESERT ROAD - FLAT COUNTRY - GREY SKY

A motorcar moves eastwards. On the windshield - a sign: RENT-A-CAR. The driver is Max.

INT. IN THE CAR

Max drives; now and then he takes a tired look out of the way to refresh himself. Pine groves and grass fields fly past the windows. Some raindrops threaten rain. The horizon is just in front of the windshield. As if THE END OF THE WORLD drew on.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - THE MIDNIGHT HOURS

The car has stopped at an improvised turning aside from the road. Max leans back and tries to get some sleep.

INT. EARLY IN THE MORNING

Semi-darkness. Max wakes up. He starts the car engine. He blinks and rubs his eyes to become fully awake. He sets off.

A plain. The day is dawns.

A big signboard passes by the road: THE GRAND PLATEAU.

MAX

At last...

EXT. A MILITARY POST - GREY SKY

A concrete sentry-box looms in the distance. A greenish fence - perpendicular to the road, reaches the horizon.

Max pulls up carefully in front of the greenish gate. He gets out, takes a few steps, and hands his documents to the duty officer (a camouflage uniform, a pistol on his waist) who has showed up in front of the sentry-box.

Without paying any particular attention to him, the officer takes up the pieces of paper and examines thoroughly their contents. He gives Max a piercing look with his gray expressionless eyes.

He goes inside.

Max watches him talk on the phone, sign, put some seals. He feels uncomfortable. He tries to not showing signs of nervousness. He runs his fingers through his hair, slightly bending down his head.

Finally the officer walks out firmly and hands him the documents.

THE OFFICER

*(with a tone permitting no
reply)*

Go straight until you reach the
first road fork, then you take it.
It will take you the place. On the
right. On the right!

Silent, Max turns back to the car.

The steel gates draw aside. The motor car heads for the gateway. It whizzes in the strictly guarded zone, and it leave a trail of dust behind.

INT. IN THE CAR - LATER

Max is not in the mood. He takes out a refreshing drink, opens the can and has a sip.

INT. IN THE CAR - EARLY IN THE MORNING

The car moves along an empty, deserted road, half-overgrown with weeds. Max looks intently in vain now on the left, now on the right, to see some military objects - pill-boxes, rocket seals, soldiers' buildings, and the like. However, there are no such. His face betrays despair - he feels like giving up this whole adventure.

The road, heading eastwards, takes a light turn to the north-east. Max notices a plain road fork on the right - a dirt road. He slows down so that he will not miss the turn. He slowly makes his way through the desolate fields.

A wild grove-brushwood gradually springs up before his eyes. Half-hidden by it - an oblong one-story brick-built HOUSE with several windows, facing east. Some of the walls are dug into the ground. A flat cement roof - a slate. Some aeri-als.

Further ahead the countryside begins to descend. Nothing else could be seen there besides the gray morning horizon.

The car pulls up 50 meters away from the building. Max gets out and direct his steps that way with hesitation.

Suddenly he catches sight of a solitary human figure. A half-bent elderly man (a brown house jumper, gray broadcloth trousers, on his feet - slippers) sweeps the yard with a long broom.

The man notices him, too. He stops working, rises to his full weight, rests on the broom, and looks the newcomer inquisitively from top to toe.

Max comes closer.

MAX

*(he clears his throat and
tries to speak in a loud
voice)*

Good morning, sir. I am looking
for... the military base of The
Grand plateau. I was wondering if I
had lost my way?

The man listens with distrust to all he says, but finally he waves to him in a friendly manner.

The experienced journalist catches on - that can't be anyone else. But FRANK! He snaps his fingers!

INT. IN FRANK'S HOUSE

Max sits on the sofa in a light and spacious living room. He is puzzled. Involuntarily he holds tight in his hand the pass, stamped by the officer.

FRANK

(distinctly, softly)

You are the journalist from IC. You have been sent to learn more about our base? Let me make some coffee and we will talk...

He taps the elbow-rest of the armchair, stands up, and disappears through the flying door.

FAST PAN:

The whole front wall facing east is a huge window made of thick glass (6/2,5m). It slides all the way down to the floor, thus serving as a front door as well - an avant-garde architectural decision. On the right - another, smaller window. The floor is covered with polished marble.

A sofa is set against the wall, which divides the living room from the other rooms in the house. It is opposite the window-door through which Max has entered. In front of the sofa - a small short-legged rectangular polished table. On its left and right sides - two armchairs, forming the suite of furniture, which is upholstered in greenish-brown leather.

Between the armchair on the right and the sofa there is a plant with huge leaves, put in a ceramic plant pot in natural color. Behind on the left - a flying door of real wood. It opens on to the premises in the house.

Between the window-door and the door to the premises there is a wall, formed somehow diagonally, all of it taken up by an enormous thin television screen with the size of a photo wallpaper.

Examining the room, Max takes a look at the piece of paper in his hand. He sees the stamp with the military signs, then he sighs, shakes his head, folds it and slips it into his pocket. He takes out a pen and puts them on the table, placing them parallel to each other - a habit.

Frank comes forward, bringing the coffee. He sits. Max sits on the armchair on the left. They take a sip.

MAX

*(cautiously, but in a
businesslike manner)*

Mr. Frank. The IC editors are disturbed by the news that experiments with humanoid robots for warlike purposes are being conducted here. The experiments are said to be in an advanced stage. We understand that the government stands for you and supports you, but the lack of information that would calm the public opinion, makes us think that things are not... likeable. There should be, of course, military secret. However, the taxpayers have the right to know where their money goes and whether the result of the experiments will not turn against them.

Frank listens attentively. He smiles as if to himself. Then he frowns. He stands up and goes to the window. He turns to face Max.

FRANK

I should like to inform you. The military base at the Grand Plateau... is actually not a military base.

*(he is silent for a while,
watching Max's reaction)*

We are a private company and we get help by the government for the protection of our activities. In return we offer access to our works and if the other side takes an interest, we assume the obligation to adjust them to the needs of the defense.

MAX

Can I see it for myself? To the present moment I was sure that machines designed for military operations have been produced here. How far in their improvement could it go if the subject of your work coincides with my preliminary notions at all?

FRANK

(calmly but emphatically)

We don't have the intention to make particular announcements... We are not against the press, but we do have the right to keep secret.

MAX

(persistently)

Well, but... What does this have to do with the weapons meant to kill? However secret they may be, they should not be left out of control.

Frank becomes thoughtful. His face betrays boredom. He starts looking at Max - he likes him. He resumes his seat. It is obvious that he is making an important decision.

FRANK

Weapons are a plague. Personally I would never take up their manufacture...

(he turns his head to the flying door that opens on to the rooms of the house. He calls out)

MA-UNI! It's time for breakfast. We got somewhat hungry. Besides, you should not stay in bed any longer.

Max looks around, but he sees no one except Frank.

FRANK

...You suppose that I am trying to evade responsibility by demonstrating only my negative attitude toward the military works. Of course, I could assert that surely someone must produce weapons and there is no reason that this someone should not be me. So I don't have to search for moral justification...

A light shadow walks past Frank and stops in front of the table. A GIRL'S SILHOUETTE in a delicate everyday dress holds a tray for serving in her hands.

FRANK

(he hasn't stopped talking)

...But do not think that some special weapons are being made here. If you ask me, the future of weapons lies in the creating of such weapons, which do not affect man's life and health, but which temporarily put out of action. I am totally "for" THE HUMANE WEAPONS, if there should be weapons at all.

MA-UNI, 20 years old woman, leans over and starts serving.

FRANK

(encouragingly)

Max, meet my daughter!

MA-UNI

(articulately and clearly)

Hi! My name is MA-UNI.

MAX

(in confusion)

Eh... Max.

The MORNING SUN, which has suddenly appeared from behind a cloud, starts shining right into his eyes. He blinks instinctively and turns his head. When he opens his eyes again, MA-UNI has already walked out.

MAX

(V.O.)

*(ironically bearing in mind
Frank's age and the woman's
youth)*

A daughter? We have seen that sort
of "daughters"... Frank's appearance
doesn't speak of perversity but...
who knows?

Max directs his eyes to Frank again.

MAX

(slightly irritated)

Do you really think that a weapon
could be humane? "Weapon" and
"humaneness" are incompatible.
Personally I cannot imagine such a
combination of words - "a humane
weapon".

Frank watches him furtively. He looks away and begins to
speak in a moralizing way.

FRANK

Peace has no alternative. However,
there have been and there will be
weapons. Systems that neutralize the
opponent with no harmful
consequences are being developed
now. The opponent's viability,
physical and mental condition should
not be affected.

MAX

(in a tired voice)

You are trying to persuade me that
the systems you are developing
satisfy these conditions -
humaneness and harmlessness. At the
same time you are claiming that you
are not able to show me samples of
your new technology because of the
requirement for secrecy. That is as
may be, but how am I supposed to
explain this to the ordinary people?

FRANK

(he takes a frowning look at his watch, talking as if to himself)

I have been looking for a solution to this problem all my life... In fact, I was in two minds about whether to take you around the base in order to show you particular samples of our new technology. But... I won't do it! Because I did more for you.

(with confidence)

Much more. I showed you what should actually be seen, and what nobody has seen so far. I did my best to be of use to you!

Frank stands up abruptly.

Totally surprised, Max finds himself obliged to get up, too.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA

Max gets into the car and takes the road back, angry at Frank's quick-tempered reaction.

INT. THE LARGE KITCHEN TERRACE IN MAX'S APARTMENT - SPRING AFTERNOON

Max sits down on the floor in a yoga pose. (Unbuttoned shirt with short sleeves negligently put on, in shorts.) With his body relaxed he basks in the warm sun shining from the cloudless sky, and looks with half-closed eyes into the daylight.

Around him there are titles scattered: "History of Egyptian Civilization", "Modern Concepts of Spirit", "Philosophy and Science", and the like.

EFF:

With closed eyes and a magazine in his hand Max is against the background of Pyramids and statues of Ancient Indian

gods floating in haze.

BACK TO SCENE

MAX (V.O.)

Well...

I sent the "hot" material to Bobby.
But I can't get Frank's words out of
my head. He has shown me "much
more"? "Much more" WHAT?...

INT. ANOTHER DAY - AFTERNOON

The sun looks in at the terrace. Max, tidying up the house, is seen – he dusts, collects the garbage, dumps the piled-up useless things, rearranges the rooms.

Accidentally he looks in the mirror and imagines himself as a chambermaid – with an apron and a bonnet. He smiles. This is not a job for him.

He gets dressed and goes out for a stroll.

EXT. A CITY STREET - SHINING SHOPS

Max walks about aimlessly. Women follow him with their eyes, but he doesn't pay attention to them. He passes by a café, notices a free table by the window and decides to go in.

INT. THE CAFÉ

Max sits alone at the table by the window. A waitress comes, takes his order with a formal smile and serves a shake with the same polite reserve. Around him customers chat quietly.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE CAFÉ

From inside the café Max watches the passers-by. His face rests on one hand, lost in thought.

After a while he sighs, rises and walks out.

Walking slowly down the same street, he passes the window display of another shop. His eyes fall upon plastic mannequins displaying women's underwear.

Max freezes. Hypnotized, he stares at the half-naked figures.

EFF:

Suddenly the background behind the mannequins explodes into brilliant white light.

BACK TO SCENE

Time passes. Passers-by begin looking at him. Some smile faintly.

Max shakes himself awake, turns away and walks on.

INT. LIVING ROOM IN THE APARTMENT – NIGHT FALLS

Max stands by the window. One hand rests on his waist; the other holds a glass with an amber-colored drink. He stares blindly at the skyscrapers outside. His face is tense.

PAN:

A spacious living room. Thick reddish carpet. Heavy curtains half-cover the window through which the lights of neighboring skyscrapers flash.

Opposite the window is the half-open sliding door leading to the bedroom. A broad low table dominates the center. To the left – a soft sofa beneath an authentic painting.

Between sofa and window stands a life-size statue of Venus – Max's ideal of feminine beauty.

Two armchairs stand opposite. Behind them stretch bookshelves filled with books and objects. A corridor door completes the composition.

Max leaves the glass on the table and begins pacing nervously around the room.

MAX

(scolding himself)

My assignment was to look for a
humanoid robot. HU-MA-NO-ID!

That was what Bobby kept hammering
into my head.

And I imagined a huge armored,
metallic, heavy, crude, stupid and
ugly...

MACHINE.

Max stops. His eyes lose focus. He half closes them. A
revelation.

MAX

SHE IS TOO PRETTY TO BE A PERSON!

INT. BEDROOM – MORNING

Max takes a shower. Dresses carefully. Packs a suitcase
with unusual determination.

He gives one final look around the apartment and leaves.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRWAY – CONTINUOUS

Max locks the apartment door and walks downstairs carrying
the suitcase.

EXT. NEAR FRANK'S VILLA – DUSK

Max gets out of the car and cautiously approaches the
villa. Fear and impatience fight on his face.

The illuminated windows cast long beams across the grass.

He reaches the entrance. The glass door senses him and
silently slides open.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Max stops on the threshold.

Frank and MA-UNI are seated in conversation.

Frank occupies his usual armchair. MA-UNI sits centered on the sofa, legs crossed. She faces Max directly.

Max is stunned. He cannot move.

CAMERA — MAX'S POINT OF VIEW

A. Face — astonishing beauty. Calm. Alive.

B. Eyes — enormous blue catlike eyes framed by impossibly long eyelashes.

C. Hair — straight golden blond, shoulder length, perfectly cut fringe.

D. Fingers — long, delicate, dark-red nails like weapons.

E. Body — impossibly slim waist, graceful proportions.

F. Legs — smooth pale thighs crossed lazily in fluffy slippers.

G. Skin — milk-white with warm ivory undertones.

H. Clothes — bright-red sleeveless leather jacket worn against bare skin and ultra-short shorts of the same material.

MA-UNI appears completely relaxed, yet every muscle suggests explosive hidden energy.

Frank and MA-UNI stop speaking and turn toward Max.

FRANK

Max! What a pleasant surprise!

(moving quickly)

Please, sit down.

Frank rotates the empty armchair toward the table. Max sits awkwardly, unable to take his eyes off MA-UNI.

MA-UNI studies him with open curiosity.

Silence.

MA-UNI rises.

MA-UNI

Well...

I'll prepare something special for
the occasion.

Her voice is deep, soft and slightly husky.

She walks past Max. His eyes instinctively follow her until
she disappears behind the inner door.

Frank gestures toward MA-UNI's former place. Max
immediately changes seats.

FRANK

I enjoyed reading your article.

Even I couldn't have written about
myself any better.

Max listens politely but absent-mindedly.

MA-UNI returns carrying a polished tray with crystal
glasses, an amber drink, and a slim metallic can.

She arranges everything with ritual precision.

MAX (V.O.)

I have never seen a woman of such
monstrous beauty.

A woman?

A woman???

That's not flesh... That's
impossible... A robot filled with
electronics? Hardly...

Every movement of MA-UNI flows like choreography. Graceful. Feline. Perfectly segmented. Beautiful beyond ordinary human movement.

She finishes serving and smiles politely.

MA-UNI

Please... Help yourselves.

She curls into an armchair, folding her legs beneath herself. Max cannot stop watching her.

FRANK

(raising his glass)

To our guest.

MA-UNI pours herself a strange blue liquid and drinks through a straw.

Max continues staring. Completely overwhelmed.

After a while MA-UNI quietly leaves.

FRANK

(with quiet pride)

A beauty.

It's a pity I won't be able to be useful to her much longer.

MA-UNI is the pride of my life.

Since you've come back... it means you've begun understanding certain things.

MAX

That's right.

Frank rises and walks slowly across the room.

FRANK

MA-UNI is not human.

MAX

This... is a machine?

FRANK

No.

No.

No.

MA-UNI is NOT a machine. That's exactly what I've been trying to explain to people.

Primitive thinking is extraordinarily difficult to eradicate.

MA-UNI returns again and quietly sits down.

FRANK

(lightly)

You'll stay with us for a while, won't you? After traveling this far there's no reason to rush home.

Our guest room is waiting.

MA-UNI looks first at Max, then at Frank. She seems genuinely pleased.

MA-UNI

Come.

I'll show you your room.

INT. INNER CORRIDOR

A brightly illuminated corridor opens before Max. Numerous doors. Several rooms. A winding staircase leading both downward and upward.

They stop at the first room.

MA-UNI

This is my father's room.

Antique furniture. Mahogany desk. Huge library wall.
Hunting trophies. Paintings. Couch beneath the window.

Next room.

MA-UNI

This is my room.

Everything is white. Bed. Mirror. Wardrobe. Rounded walls.
Soft leather covering every surface. No sharp edge exists
anywhere.

Final room.

MA-UNI

This is our guest room.

I hope you'll like it.

Small. Spotless. Completely unused.

MAX

You have a wonderful house.

I could happily live here.

They return through the corridor.

Max secretly watches MA-UNI walking ahead of him –
confident, energetic, irresistibly graceful.

INT. LIVING ROOM – LATER

Frank drinks quietly. They continue talking.

Foreground: Max watches MA-UNI clearing the table.

His temple pulses. Desire collides with fear.

INT. MAX'S GUEST ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Max collapses onto the bed without undressing. Exhausted. Motionless.

MAX

(whispering)

Dangerous weapons?

Self-propelled armored robots?

Poor Bobby...

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - SPRING MORNING (ABOUT 7 A.M.)

Max places a white plastic table and chairs onto the lawn. He sits waiting patiently for Frank and MA-UNI.

In front of him lies an open dictionary. The entry reads:

"Machine is a mechanism which performs some kind of work by transforming energy."

Inspired, Max turns to "Mechanism."

"The internal structure of a machine."

Max bursts into laughter at the circular definition and throws the dictionary aside.

INT. AN HOUR LATER - ABOUT 8 A.M.

Frank and Max sit outside.

FRANK

We've rewritten thousands of MA-UNI's kinematic programs simply because we weren't satisfied with how she stood, walked or spoke.

Today she cannot make an ugly movement. She cannot assume an ugly pose.

She simply doesn't know how.

MA-UNI walks out of the villa.

She crosses the grass with effortless sensuality and sits beside them.

Black hair. Mini skirt. Leather belt. Short shirt exposing her narrow waist.

She appears uninterested in the conversation. Eyes half closed beneath long eyelashes.

Max suddenly realizes – she is secretly watching HIM.

MA-UNI begins speaking animatedly. Her entire body participates in the conversation. Hands. Eyes. Shoulders. Torso. Every gesture becomes performance.

MAX (V.O.)

What word describes MA-UNI's behavior?

Dance?

No...

She performs drama.

MA-UNI suddenly returns into the house.

MAX

Frank...

Forgive me, but to me MA-UNI is
nothing more than a radio-controlled
doll.

Frank becomes thoughtful.

FRANK

I'll be working at the base during
the next few days.

MA-UNI will stay here with you.

I hope her company will convince you
otherwise.

EFF:

The camera rises into the sky. Frank's residence becomes a
map.

The lonely road cuts across the immense plateau. Eastward
it descends toward a distant complex — the research base
where MA-UNI was created.

North — scattered groves. South — endless wasteland. West —
the road toward civilization.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. A FIELD - GREY, BRIGHT SKY - ANOTHER DAY

Max and MA-UNI are out walking. They walk along some path in the field. The diminishing villa remains behind them.

MAX

(V.O.)

Hm...

MA-UNI and I left together alone?

This man has unbelievable confidence in me.

MA-UNI walks impatiently ahead. (dressed like Pippi Longstocking - her favourite. She has drawn a sock on one foot, on the other - a stocking reaching the upper part of the thigh, pulled up by a garter, which is hooked to her linen shorts. Her hair is in two plaits sticking up on one side)

She walks in a particular way - slightly leaping as if there are springs drew on her feet. The artificial muscles of her legs strain themselves, their outlines emerge clearly and every now and then Max gives them the eye.

They turn aside from the dirt road and cross a meadow flecked with flowers. MA-UNI rejoices nature - she jumps and fidgets as a fool, and her body surprises Max with poses not typical of the human physics.

She breaks into a run, imitates ballet pas, tries gymnastic figures - somersaults, leaps; she starts climbing a solitary tree, walks on her hands with her head downwards, dances.

She stops suddenly, takes an inquisitive look at Max in order to assess the effect she thinks she produces on him. Then she continues walking speaking all the time.

MAX

(V.O.)

What kind of machine is that? It thinks like a professor in logics, and it indulges in children's mischief. A crazy thing...

EXT. THE USUAL WALK

The sky is louring and overcast - dark low clouds, almost a night. There is a cold heavy rain. (Max - a black waterproof raincoat. Black gumboots. A big black umbrella in hand. MA-UNI - in a short blouse and a mini skirt made of red waterproof fabric. Hair - blond.)

MA-UNI slops barefoot through the muddy puddles. A big puddle. Suddenly MA-UNI jumps in it, squats, sits down in the muddy water, slaps hands, and shouts with laughter. Her body is covered with splashes of mud.

With his umbrella Max stands by the puddle, shivers with cold, and wonders what he is to do now.

MA-UNI stands up and shakes off the drops from her hair and body. They slips out of her skin because it is designed in such a way - to repel water.

She steps across the puddle and continues her way gesticulating and talking to him about something.

MAX

(V.O.)

Frank is amazing me with his vision
of the machine. No, this "doll" of
his is not a machine! It is...

(he stops to express his thought more precisely)

MAX

...WHAT COMES AFTER THE MACHINE!

Max watches after MA-UNI's silhouette who walks ahead and sways her hips in a sexy way going round the puddles.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Frank and MA-UNI are dressed in the base outfit. Frank leaves a video player on the table. The two of them say "Good bye" to Max and leave.

Max watches the receding little figures through the window. In the distance and a little below - perhaps about ten kilometers away, the roofs of tiny buildings gleam. The base where MA-UNI has been created.

Max lies back on the sofa, rests his elbows on his knees and his chin on the flat of his hands. There is a cup of steaming coffee in front of him.

MAX

(V.O.)

Frank and MA-UNI are going to the
base... For her last tests.

Max turns the video player on. The big screen lights up. On the screen there come one by one episodes revealing MA-UNI's making.

INT. A STAGE OF THE MAKING - DESIGNER STUDIO

A hall with walls covered by big photos; sketches and sculptures - of women only. Artists work quietly and with concentration in front of huge monitors. They are modeling the appearance of a female body centimeter by centimeter. There can be seen the first rough touches of a part of some organ.

They become more and more defined until the moment when they turn into three-dimensional images, which, in their turn, are transformed into living artificial flesh looking like something between rubber, mould, metal, and plastic. This "flesh" is shaped by a previously set algorithm, thus becoming gradually a part of some organ.

There it is - the body is ready. It has taken on the form of a semi-transparent virtual statue - on a rotating pedestal. Each organ is of a distinguishing color: the stomach - a basin located in the thorax - white, the nervous system - yellow, the brain - light gray. "The lungs" - light blue.

However, they serve only for cooling of the organism, not for breathing. The muscles - Max is concentrated and wonders why they are semi-transparent. The skeleton is aluminum-colored. It is not an exact copy of a human skeleton - it is more refined and stylized, it does not look frightful.

A new organ - white-coloured, in the form of a kidney, is located in the pelvis - "the black box". It contains a copy of MA-UNI's mind (soul), which is updated every minute by means of a cable, connected to the cerebrum. It can be seen how information circulates between the two organs.

Secretory system is missing. There is not a genital system either, except for the copulating organs, which are constructively worked out in detail.

There are inscriptions signs on each of the organs: the logo of the company that has produced them, date of manufacture, instructions for use - with tiny coloured letters.

INT. ANOTHER STAGE OF THE MAKING - TESTING STANDS

On special stands bones and muscles are twisted and winded. Arms are broken, tissues are torn or put into wash tubs with liquid nitrogen or boiling water. A hand bends and unfolds its fingers at such a great speed that only the movement itself could be perceived - this test will continue for millions of cycles.

INT. ANOTHER STAGE OF THE MAKING - A SPECIAL STAND

MA-UNI is put on a special stand where she is taught in the basic models of human behavior. A distinct voice gives short commands (like a head of an outer space mission).

On a big screen there can be seen a virtual counterpart of hers playing out various common situations on the street, in shops, establishments, cafes, at symposia, meetings, concerts...

Facial expressions, gestures, poses, conversations with acquaintances and strangers, ways of protection in tricky and dangerous situations, and so on, and so on...

**INT. ANOTHER STAGE OF THE MAKING - A PASSAGE-WAY IN A
RESEARCH CENTRE**

A team of scientists in sterile astronaut suits. They move quickly, the camera follows them. They stop at a lock-chamber. The door opens. They go in.

On a small stand there lies something like a not big gray rubber ball, creased in half, with an opening in the middle. MA-UNI's brain. Soft and yielding to pressure.

A hand in a sterile glove reaches out and touches it. The hand raises it - it weighs no more than one or two kilograms.

The camera approaches and gradually makes its way into the structure of the brain - as if it is an eyepiece of an electronic microscope. A comparison is made with the tissue of the ordinary brain - chaos of synapses and neurons.

It can be seen that the artificial brain is also complex but unlike the dendriform structure of the human brain, there is a greater order and perspicuity - the forms of the microelements are regular and simple. The artificial nature of the tissue is obvious.

Max is delighted, but frightened, too. He runs his fingers through his hair, puts his arms akimbo. He stops, fidgets. He shakes his head, continues walking.

MAX

(V.O.)

These scientists - are they aware of
the nature of their own plastic
doll? Computers control banks,
production, space machinery, the
Army... So she could control all
this, if only she feels like it?

INT. MAX'S ROOM

Max puts up on the wall a slip of paper saying: THE MAN OR THE MACHINE? But then he suddenly pulls it back. He looks around secretly.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Max and Frank sit on the sofa, respectively - in the armchair. MA-UNI takes the afternoon snack away from the table in front of the villa.

FRANK

(in a mood for sharing)

Just like every child, I also dreamt of doing something great in my lifetime. I was born poor. However, I discovered that I have a talent. And by saying talent, I mean TALENT. But then... hm, I was afraid of women. For me they were the most mysterious and inaccessible beings in the world. It seemed to me that it was easier to devise a woman myself than to touch a girl's hand... Well, Things have turned out that way. The company I started used to develop a product that could safely be called pornographic. For the sake of information: I started the production of a robotized female body fit for intimate experiences. And I made a fortune. Which let me take the problem seriously in hand. I studied what not - anatomy, computers, medicine, cybernetics. I moved on the fundamental sciences - physics, mathematics, biology... I don't have to remind you that I drew my inspiration from the female forms. However, there came a moment when I realized that they taken alone, in themselves, do not attract me any longer. You know how empty it is when there isn't a kindred soul by you who you can communicate with. That is why I began to complicate my invention. I set myself the task to create a person, AN ARTIFICIAL PERSON!...

Max listens carefully Frank's monologue. A gold mine for the journalist!

FRANK

...Not everyone who is taking part in the project MA-UNI knows about her! Everyone in the base is clear about the fact that humanoid systems are designed here. But that's all.

MAX

Impossible!

FRANK

For some of the staff "a humanoid system" means simply a robot. That is what the cleaning women, the craftsmen, the draftsmen, and the regular "soldiers" think. Further up in the hierarchy are the designers of the separate parts and details. According to them a robot for advertising purposes is being developed here... In the third group there come those who are well qualified. They believe that their work will be of use to sick people who need artificial organs. To them MA-UNI is an experimental model on which such organs are tested.

(he suddenly stops)

May be you will ask me whether I have scruple? I don't have scruples. These people are like brothers of mine, but I would not tell them the truth not for anything in the world.

(he sighs)

The next level of the hierarchy already knows that serious experiments with artificial brain are being made here. They participate in its development. But none of them is familiar with the final results of the research. They'd rather call their work "work on the creation of artificial intelligence", following the habit. And "artificial intelligence" and "artificial brain" are poles apart.

MAX

Aren't the competitors working on that problem as well?

Frank's face brightens up.

FRANK

We hold the lead as regards technology. They are also developing but with another purpose. The marketeering mechanisms pull them back. Whereas here we work with singleness of purpose - on this project only.

(he takes a look at Max)

Let me give you some advice. Don't try to be right. You will not be understood by anyone. Up there reigns dreadful loneliness.

(he continues on the subject)

Of all the levels of the hierarchy only two are familiar with the real nature of MA-UNI. The first level knows that revolutionary discoveries are being made here and that the aim is the creation of an equivalent of the natural man. But it is only the last level - the few colleagues who are immediately responsible for the complete development of the body - that is familiar with MA-UNI in details... However, there are few things that only I know. For all that, the great creator has the right to keep secrets.

MAX

Is it possible that no one has seen her? I suppose MA-UNI walks freely around the base and gets in the way of everyone?

FRANK

Oh, it is full with experiment samples there! In the laboratories, in the workshops, on the streets. There are analogies of hers everywhere. Some of them are with remote control. But only she is the real one. I have taken care of her safety. Nevertheless, I am worried about her future. I am old and I don't know what awaits her in the future. For the time being I find comfort in the intense security. However, the expenses are too heavy, and the news is spreading.

MAX

(cautiously, with alarm in his voice)

Frank, won't this machine slip out of our control?

Frank stands up and starts walking restlessly.

FRANK

(thoughtfully, but firmly)

It depends on us. We are her creators. If we turn out to be bad parents and if we let our vices pass over to her, nothing good is in for us.

(he turns to Max and looks into his eyes)

One must work on that problem, Max...

Max listens in silence, then he stares in the distance.

MAX

(V.O.)

I wonder what does Frank need me for? Obviously he is trying to shift some responsibility upon my shoulders...

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Frank and Max bustle about the desk. There are maps, advertising brochures, itineraries spread out on it. The two of them discuss some issue.

MAX

(V.O.)

Frank is going to test the qualities of his "machine" in real situation - in a trip around the world. And MA-UNI has chosen me to be her companion. Honest to God - I don't have a hand in this affair...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Now and then Frank steals glances at his interlocutor. Perhaps he feels envious of the young and handsome Max? It is hardly probable - he was the one who included him in the experiment.

The two of them work out plans, make out schedules, draw up itineraries. Outstanding scientists in white overalls show up on the screen talking to Frank. However, the conversations are held in a specialized language and they remain incomprehensible to Max.

The conversations finish. Frank and Max relax in the armchairs, each of them lost in thought about something. At one point Frank turns to Max.

FRANK

Well, Max. Do you still think that MA-UNI is a radio-operated doll?

MAX

But Frank, I know absolutely nothing of this... hm "machine". If something happens to her? She must be worth billions! If you ask me, a whole army must protect her...

(as if to himself)

No, I don't feel prepared for such a mission...

FRANK

(with smile)

Don't worry, Max. You forget that she is a WEAPON? The most perfect one. It is not you who will protect her, she will protect you...

EXT. THE GARAGE BEHIND THE VILLA

The door of the garage is open, a pick-up truck has been driven out of it and has just been washed - separate drops on the sheet iron surface glisten in the sun.

(NOTE: design of the car - elaborate development. A real, specially designed car, or a realistically rendered model.)

Max and MA-UNI carry aluminum suitcases from the villa to the garage. They arrange them in the open boot at an easy pace, talking about something, without bustling.

EXT. THE DAY OF THE SETTING OFF - SUNNY AFTERNOON

The pick-up truck rumbles faintly with its powerful engine. Max and MA-UNI are in the seats, Max - in the driver's place.

(Max - a light-coloured shirt, a light-brown jacket, light-coloured trousers. MA-UNI - a strictly formal suit - a gray jacket and a skirt. Her semi-transparent tights are black, and the low-heeled shoes - gray. A white starched blouse shows from under the jacket. Her hair - short cut, is chestnut-coloured, slightly fluffy, but cleanly "combed")

Frank is in front of the villa. He wishes "good riddance". MA-UNI waves a hand at him and they set out. From the rear window one can see how Frank and the villa gradually recede.

EXT. DIRT ROAD IN THE MIDDLE OF A DESERT FIELD

The pick-up truck winds about on the uneven road and jolts the passengers because of its hard shock-absorbers. MA-UNI's light body jumps in the seat. She finds this funny and laughs.

The dirt road ends. The powerful car goes on the asphalt. It goes faster and continues on the desert macadam road. Max drives and steals a glance at his companion.

MAX

(V.O.)

I wonder if someone could guess that MA-UNI is not a human being. A typical administrative employee. Or a businesswoman with business of her own.

MA-UNI has leant back in the seat with hands in her lap. She watches the sights of the countryside and shares excitedly some of the things with Max.

The camera approaches and fixes the subtlety of her plastic face on the background of the landscape flying past the window: wide-open, bright, lively eyes that half-close occasionally - like a cat prowling after a mouse.

Enormous doll-like eyelashes as black as coal, fine little nose, lips pursed in a child-like way, being impatient to stretch in a dazzling smile, uncovering snow-white resemblances of teeth.

Little wrinkles around the lips, light, soft, smooth skin of the face, crimson gleams of the hair... Complex and perfect is the artificial matter.

EXT. THE OUTSKIRTS OF A MEGAPOLIS - AFTER A WEEK

The car merges in a super wide, but almost desert HIGHWAY.

The highway is with about ten lanes in one direction, built entirely of PLASTIC or RUBBER. Extraordinary cleanness. Its particular sections are in different colors according to their functional purpose - pink, bluish, gray, red... Complex road facilities - the sort of clover interchanges.

The light signaling - huge light-emitting diode screens with information about the road are installed directly in the lanes. The highway leads to an architectural wonder - infinite, open, level spaces, vast plots, afforested with dark-green woods.

The silhouettes of separate super-high, super modern skyscrapers shine in the distance.

The car makes its way into the heart of the city. The sun going toward the horizon tints the windows of the buildings around in blood-red brilliance. The many-colored neon lights compete with it, casting back gleams in all the colors of the rainbow.

The old part of the city. Buildings from past centuries. Theatres, cathedrals, houses, factories, workshops, small shops. Traffic jam, bustle, noise, and smog.

Max looks steadily and thoughtfully ahead. His face betrays repressed excitement.

MAX

(V.O.)

The human "swarm"! Cold, alien, boring... Interesting! As if the buildings are repainted, the rain - washed away the dullness. An enormous living organism, pulsates, sighs, hurries somewhere...

Max doesn't pay attention to the drivers around him who show signs of nervousness, press horns, shout at the jams, pull cigarettes nervously.

MAX

(V.O.)

I feel free in this chaos, I don't
have a worry in this jostle. How I
wish the magic of this journey
continued forever!

MA-UNI sits leaning calmly against the seat, with her head resting against the cushion. The shapes of the buildings around are reflected on her sleek apple-like cheekbones.

She takes a look at Max and he understands that she is also delighted. MA-UNI averts her eyes and stares again at the movement outside.

EXT. PRETTY VILLAGES, MEADOWS, PLAINS, WOODS - SUNNY DAY

The two of them travel enjoying the agreeable warm day. (lightly dressed) With her arms around her uncovered knees, huddled up on the seat, MA-UNI looks outwards, collects impressions and at the same time analyzes "the living life". All this is new and interesting to her. Max watches her in secret.

The car passes slowly over a rusting bridge (of the "farm" type), under which a muddy, dirty, half-dried river meanders idly in its wide bed. Puddle and slime.

A straight road, cutting through fields covered with yellow wheat. Robotized combines gather rich harvest. Haystacks. There are birds alighted around, others are perched on the telegraph-posts.

The sky is bright, clear, blue. Mountain tops gradually rising from the plain, stand out white in the distance. The car heads for that way.

EXT. ALPINE PASS - SNOW-DRIFTS - CLOUDY - FOGGY

The car comes out from behind a snowbound turn. Through the windshield one can see how MA-UNI asks Max to pull over. The pick-up slows down and stops.

MA-UNI jumps out impatiently and plunges into the first snowdrift. Max follows her with hesitation. (MA-UNI - a many-colored cotton overalls, linen shorts, linen sleeveless jacket, gloves, scarf, sneakers. Max - a woolen polo-neck, a warm jacket, many-colored training suit, sneakers)

MA-UNI turns to Max and starts throwing snowballs at him. The two of them romp about - they throw at each other, chase, tumble.

Tired, they shake the snow off themselves, jump into the warmed-up interior of the car and resume their journey. Max is content. His eyes sparkle.

MAX

(V.O)

No, MA-UNI is not a radio-operated doll. Just look at the way she smiles...

INT. INTERIOR OF THE MOTORCAR

Max has stopped at an improvised car park by a big roadside supermarket. MA-UNI gets out of the car to do some shopping. Max waits for her to walk away and dials Frank's phone number.

FRANK

(pumping information)

Max, how is she received by the people around? Are they being suspicious of something?

MAX

(looking at MA-UNI walking away in an inquisitive way)

Being suspicious? Not exactly, although they feel some difference... I am sure that we can keep the secret for a long time. There is no way they can guess that she is not human being. It is unlikely to suppose it!

(he is silent for a while)

You have made her really well, Frank.

MA-UNI comes back and gets into the car. She carries some transparent bags. The contents of one of them - roller-skates. Max is surprised but sets off without asking questions.

INT. THE LARGE KITCHEN TERRACE IN MAX'S APARTMENT - SPRING AFTERNOON

Max sits down on the floor in a yoga pose. (unbuttoned shirt with short sleeves negligently put on, in shorts) With his body relaxed he basks in the warm sun shining from the cloudless sky, and looks with half-closed eyes in the daylight.

Around him there are titles scattered: "History of Egyptian Civilization", "Modern Concepts of Spirit", "Philosophy and Science", and the like.

EFF:

With closed eyes and a magazine in his hand Max is against the background of Pyramids and statues of Ancient Indian gods floating in haze.

BACK TO SCENE

MAX (V.O.)

Well, I sent the "hot" material to Bobby. But I can't get Frank's words out of my head. He has shown me "much more"? "Much more" WHAT?...

INT. ANOTHER DAY - AFTERNOON

The sun looks in at the terrace. Max, tidying up the house, is seen - he dusts, collects the garbage, dumps the piled up, useless things, rearranges the rooms.

Accidentally he looks in the mirror and imagines himself as a chambermaid - with an apron and a bonnet. He smiles - this is not a job for him. He gets dressed and goes out for a stroll.

EXT. A CITY STREET - SHINING SHOPS

Max walks about aimlessly. Women follow him with their eyes, but he doesn't pay attention to them. He passes by some café. He takes a look at it, sees a free table, and decides to go in. From the outside he is seen to take a seat by the window.

INT. IN THE CAFÉ

Max sits alone at the table by the window. A waitress comes, takes his order with a formal smile, and serves the ordered drink (a shake) in the same nice, but reserved way. The customers talk to each other.

EXT. THE STREET IN FRONT OF THE CAFÉ

From inside the café Max watches the passers-by. His face resting on his hand is lost in thought. He stays for a little while, looks around, sighs, rises to his feet, and walks out.

Max goes back the same street walking at an easy pace. He passes by the window display of the next shop. His eyes happen to fall on the plastic window-dolls, displaying women's underwear.

Max stops dead. Hypnotized, he watches the half-naked bodies.

EFF:

Suddenly the background behind the standing window-dolls flashes in a bright light...

BACK TO SCENE

Time goes by, passers-by starts looking at him. Some of them smile faintly.

Max shakes his head. He pulls himself together and walks away.

INT. LIVING ROOM IN THE APARTMENT - IT GETS DARK

Max stands by the window. His hand is on his waist, the other one holds a glass with an amber-colored drink. He has fixed unseeing eyes on the skyscrapers across the way. One can read on his face a great tension.

PAN:

A large room, on the floor - soft, thick, reddish carpet, heavy curtains half-covering a window, through which the lights of the skyscrapers opposite flashes forth. Opposite the window - the sliding door, half-open, giving on the bedroom. In the middle of the room - a wide short-legged table. To the left - a soft sofa. On the wall above it - an authentic painting.

Between the sofa and the window there is a plaster statue of Venus of the scale of one to one - Max's ideal of a woman's beauty. To the right - two armchairs. Behind them - bookshelves with books and small things on the shelves. Between the bookshelves and the window - a door to the corridor.

Max leaves the glass on the table and starts pacing up and down the room with growing excitement.

MAX

(he scolds himself)

My assignment was to be on the look out for a humanoid robot. HU-MA-NO-ID! This was what Bobby was hammering into my head. And I was picturing a big metal armored heavy crude stupid and ugly... MACHINE.

Max pauses. He looks around unseeingly, half-closes his eyes - an extremely important insight.

MAX

SHE IS TOO PRETTY TO BE A PERSON!!!

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Max takes a shower, wipes himself. He diligently packs a suitcase. He gets dressed. He takes a last look around and walks out of the room.

INT. THE ENTRANCE DOOR OF THE APARTMENT FROM THE OUTSIDE

Max locks the door and goes down the stairs with a suitcase in his hand.

EXT. NOT FAR AWAY FROM FRANK'S VILLA - AT DUSK

Max gets out of the car and sets off furtively for the building. His face betrays fear and impatience at the same time.

The windows of the villa throw sheaves of light upon the grass. Max gets nearer and stops in front of the entrance. The glass door "feels" him and slides down automatically.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Max stops at the doorstep.

Frank and MA-UNI have settled themselves on the upholstered furniture and talk to each other.

Frank sits in his usual armchair - with his back half-turned to the flying door that opens on to the rooms in the house.

Max is in shock. He stares with wide open eyes.

MA-UNI sits in the middle of the sofa, her legs crossed one on top of the other. Her little figure is right opposite the door.

CAMERA (from Max's position):

A) Face: Incredible, peculiar expression on the face. It manifests astonishment - a person surprised by something, which does not threaten him.

B) Eyes: bright blue, enormous, slightly prolonged eyes. Half-closed, stalking, catlike. Long, black, doll-like eyelashes.

C) Hair: blond, golden, straight, to shoulder length, with sharply outlined fringe.

D) Fingers: long, slender, fine; long, straight, dark-red manicure; Max compares it to a weapon.

E) Body: Exquisite flexible little. Waist - awfully slim; it gives the impression that it could break off upon an abrupt movement.

F) Thighs: uncovered, incredibly tender, frail, smooth, skinny. Legs - one on the top of the other, thrust into fluffy slippers.

G) Skin: light brown, almost milk-white, tender, delicate.

H) Clothes: A bright red leather sleeveless jacket of ultra fashionable design put on next to the skin and unbuttoned in front; ultra short shorts of the same silky fabric.

(NOTE: MA-UNI's character is computer-generated, but is conveyed hyper-realistically - indiscernible from a real

actress's appearance and conduct. Her detailed description is given separately.)

MA-UNI has leaned back relaxed on the sofa, but she creates the impression that any moment she can jump up with incredible energy.

Upon his entering the two of them turn heads in surprise and breaks off the conversation.

FRANK

Max! What a nice surprise!

*(he jumps up and suggests to
Max to sit down - he turns
the unoccupied armchair
toward the table)*

Sit down, please!

*(he bustles about around
him)*

Max nods his head in embarrassment and sits down heavily. He follows MA-UNI with the white of his eyes.

MA-UNI is fascinated by the unexpected visit. She watches the old-new guest inquisitively and with interest as well.

An awkward situation.

MA-UNI gets up.

MA-UNI

Well... I... mmm... I'll prepare something special for the occasion!

Her voice is hoarse, deep, soft...

She passes in front of Max. Her skinny light brown hips happen to fall in his range of vision for a moment. His eyes follow her until she disappears behind the door.

By a gesture Frank invites Max to take the seat which was occupied by MA-UNI a short while ago. Max changes his position readily.

FRANK

(with enthusiasm)

I've read your article with
pleasure. Even I could not write
better about myself...

Max listens to him politely, but absent-mindedly. His eyes are attracted by MA-UNI who walks in at the present moment. She carries a metal tray, on which there are crystal glasses, an amber-colored drink, a thin polished little can...

She stops in front of the table and starts arranging the things on its unruffled surface.

MAX (V.O.)

I have never seen a woman of such a
monstrous beauty!...

A woman? A woman??? That's not a
female body, it's not human flesh! A
robot stuffed with electronics? It
is hardly probable...

MA-UNI moves in a peculiar way - as if performing some mysterious ritual. Her movements are supple, catlike, expressive, flowing. However, one's eye can easily segment them in a multitude of simpler movements. This adds a particular charm to them, and they are not always possible to be noticed either.

MA-UNI finishes with the serving. With an elegant gesture of her hand she invites them

MA-UNI

Please, help yourselves!

She leaves the tray on the little table and sits down as among friends, tucking her legs under one in the armchair. Max cannot restrain himself and takes a look in between her legs.

FRANK

(he raises his glass)

To our guest!

MA-UNI has poured herself a strange blue liquid from a thin polished little can. She sucks from a glass through a straw.

Max cannot keep his eyes on her. Her beauty is stunning.

At some time she stands up and walks out.

FRANK

(he sighs with delight)

A beauty! It's a pity that I won't be able to be of use to her for a long time...

(he takes a sip from the glass and puts it down)

MA-UNI is the pride of my life.

(he is silent for a while)

Now that you are here, it means that you have formed a pretty good idea about some things...

MAX

(he clears his throat, then swallows)

That's right...

Frank stands up, walks about.

FRANK

(simply, but with confidence)

MA-UNI is not a human!

MAX

(he exclaims)

This is a machine...?!

FRANK

(he shakes his head with disapproval)

No! No! No! MA-UNI is NOT a machine. That's what I am trying to convince people of... However, primitivism in thinking is difficult to eradicate.

MA-UNI walks in and sits down. She takes a curious look at them.

FRANK

*(he throws in light-
heartedly)*

You will be staying with us for a while, won't you? Once you've beaten the hoof up to here, you will hardly feel like going back right away. There is room for you - our guest room is vacant.

MA-UNI takes a look at Max. Then at Frank. She seems excited.

MA-UNI

(cordially)

Come. I'll show you your room.

The door to the inner corridor opens. MA-UNI makes a gesture to him to follow her.

Max is surprised when he sees a lighted up corridor with many rooms and several doors. They pass by the first one on the left.

MA-UNI

(simply)

This is where my father lives.

They give a look in.

A study - brilliantly lit up. An antique style, with a heavy mahogany desk and an enormous bookcase, covering the whole opposite wall - from top to bottom, with books leather-bound of the same color.

On the left hand side of the desk - under the window, there is a simple couch. Behind the desk there hang original paintings, a short sporting gun, and a hunting trophy as well - antlers.

They continue and stop at the next door.

MA-UNI

This is where I live.

The whole in white: a big feather bed, an antique mirror, a white wardrobe - it seems that's all. But the most unusual thing about it is that there is not a single sharp edge.

All the pieces of furniture, including the walls, are upholstered in white leather over a thick layer of foam.

All the corners are rounded and soft, although the forms of the objects remain rectangular. The more miniature things, which are not rounded and soft, have strictly fixed places in the well-padded lockers, the doors of which are barred tight.

They go on. MA-UNI opens the last door on the left of the corridor.

MA-UNI

Here is our guest-room. It's small
but I hope you will like it.

They enter for a short time. Max looks round the little room with lack of interest.

MAX

You have a cozy house. I would feel
excellently here.

A bedroom suite, a cabinet, a little table, a wardrobe, mirrors, and the necessary trifles. A small bathroom. Everything is new and unused.

They go back the same way.

From the other side of the corridor there can be seen a winding staircase, which leads to the basement as well as to the roof. A big bathroom with an open door. A kitchen-bar - without a door, open to the corridor. A door opening on to a garage.

MA-UNI walks ahead of Max - firmly, vigorously, very sexy. He watches her secretly.

They go into the living room. Frank sits and takes a sip. they sit down and talking about something.

max (on focus, foreground) is looking at the (slightly filmy) figure of ma-uni clearing the table. his temple pulses with strain. his face shows the inner battle between the desire of a man and the fear of the unexpected.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - LATE IN THE EVENING

Max come in his room. Tired to death, he lies on his back, directly in his clothes, puts his hand behind his head and stares at the ceiling with unseeing eyes.

MAX

(in an undertone)

Dangerous weapons? Self-propelled
armored robots?

(he shakes his head)

Poor Bobby!

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - A SPRING MORNING - ABOUT 7

Max (in shirt) takes out white plastic little table and chairs and places them on the grass - a few meters away from the villa.

He sits down and patiently waits for his hosts to show up. Expression on the face and body's posture - a person, prepared for an important business meeting, but sure that it is certain to take place.

A "Monolingual dictionary" is spread open in front of him on the word "machine". Max casts a glance on the following text: "Machine is a mechanism, which performs some kind of work by transforming energy."

Being inspired, Max turns over the pages on the word "mechanism". There it says: "The internal structure of a machine." Max bursts over with the so found nonsense and throws the book on the table.

INT. IN AN HOUR - ABOUT 8

He and Frank sit on the chairs.

FRANK

*(he explains in a way
understandable to Max)*

...We have made thousands of remodellings in her kinematic programs just because we weren't satisfied with the way MA-UNI stood, walked, talked. Now MA-UNI cannot make an ill-looking movement, cannot take an ill-looking pose... She just... DOESN'T KNOW how to do it.

MA-UNI appears at the sliding glass door. She comes nearer with a sexy walk, as if to confirm Frank's words. She cuts cross the grass and sinks into the unoccupied chair crossing her legs. She leans her elbow on the table, resting her head on her hand, and gets ready to listen.

(clothing in the 60s style - a mini skirt, and over the big leather belt - a short cotton shirt, uncovering her slender waist. Light leather sandals. Her hair is black as tar, silky, to shoulder length, with a fringe so long that it almost covers her eyes)

They all are talking about something...

The camera comes nearer and shows her face in a close up. She looks at neither of them. Her eyes are half-closed by the big black eyelashes - this gives the impression that she sleeps and is not interested in the conversation. However, Max takes a more careful look at her and to his horror finds out that her pupils are directed to him - she secretly watches him.

She takes the floor. Her eyes brighten up - they open wide, roll about in all directions, blink impatiently, laugh, become serious for a moment, then laugh again. Her arms make gestures, helping her to express those words, which, according to her, should be the most important ones in her speech. They stretch out, withdraw, twist, reach out and draw back. Her whole body moves - it twists, bends, jumps up and down...

MAX (V.O.)

What words shall I use to describe
MA-UNI's conduct? Perhaps: "dances",
or to be more precise: "performs a
piece of drama"...

After a short time MA-UNI stands up for something and goes
back into the house.

MAX

Frank, I am sorry for speaking my
mind but to me MA-UNI is a radio-
operated doll...

Frank becomes thoughtful.

FRANK

I have some work to do in the base
these days. MA-UNI is going to stay
here. I hope in her company you will
come round to the opposite opinion.

EFF:

The camera goes up gradually and shows Frank's "residence"
from a bird's eye view, the landscape acquiring the nature
of a locality map.

The desert flat country is cut through by the thin thread
of the deserted road. Passing by near Frank's solitary
building, it leads to north-east, gradually turning
straight east and descending the plateau - the miniature
buildings of some town loom in the distance - the base-
company.

In the south there is wasteland - a plain the end of which
cannot be seen. In the north - again a plain; groves in
dark color can be seen here and there. In the west - the
meandering line of the road to the military post, and from
there on - to "civilization".

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. STREET OF A BIG CITY - SUMMER FORENOON

The car turns aside and parks between other parked motorcars. Max and MA-UNI get out of the car and go for a walk.

With her beauty MA-UNI attracts the attention of the passers-by. However, the serious expression on her face and her piercing look chill men's feelings.

Only one child looks confidently at her. He points a finger at her.

A CHILD

Mum, this young woman is a robot,
isn't she?

The mother looks startled at them, scolds the child and pulls at his the sleeve.

EXT. PARTICULAR SCENES

Max introduces MA-UNI to the achievements of world civilization. Flashes from their visits to the Pyramids of Egypt, The Great Wall of China, The Cologne Cathedral, The Colosseum, The Eiffel Tower, etc. The two of them are tourists, melting into the crowd. Nothing reveals MA-UNI's artificial nature.

(NOTE: If the filming of the given tourist points of interest is a matter of difficulty, they can be replaced by others, screenwriter's.)

A busy marketplace in a small American town. Max and Ma-uni stop in front of a colorful Indian articles shop. Ma-uni is seeing the exposed merchandise with curiosity. The seller - disguised in Indian cloths - takes a counting glance at her and hands a nice tomahawk with a wood-carved helve. Ma-uni smiles on his choice, turns to Max looking the weapon curiously and, out of bashfulness, nods assent.

INT. IN THE CAR - DAWNING

They travel in silence - MA-UNI is behind the wheel. (Max and MA-UNI - dark leather outfits with the same cut, specially made for them) They notice the sign THE GRAND PLATEAU. It can be seen that Max cheers up.

EXT. FRANK'S GARAGE

Sliding slightly, the car brakes to a standstill on the dewy grass. The sun is about to come up and separate drops shine in all the colors of the rainbow.

Max and MA-UNI take the suitcases out of the boot and head for the door.

INT. IN THE LIVING ROOM

MA-UNI goes in, turns the big screen on "with eyes", and talks about something with Frank, who is not in the house, but in the base. Meanwhile Max carries the rest of the baggage from the car.

After he finishes, he passes from behind MA-UNI on purpose, takes her unexpectedly and slings her over his shoulder (her body is very light - about 20kg.) He carries her to her room and throws her on the bed. She screams playfully and pretends to resist.

Max leaves MA-UNI and goes into his room. He takes his clothes off. He goes to the bathroom and takes a shower. He comes back, lies down, and falls asleep immediately.

INT. IN THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Frank sits and holds a compact wireless keyboard in his hands. Max stands up next to him. The two of them has fixed their eyes on the big screen.

FRANK

(talks to himself)

Now we are going to draw a general conclusion based on the results from the journey and are going to enter the necessary corrections...

On the big screen there can be seen how MA-UNI's virtual duplicate reacts in a particular everyday situation.

After the retouch made by Frank, duplicate's new reaction in the same situation is seen on the screen. Max stands nervous next to Frank, with his arms akimbo.

MAX (V.O.)

Frank is playing with MA-UNI's fate! Here - a small change in some program and she starts thinking differently, feeling more deeply or less, varying her behavior in one way or another.

EFF:

Max imagines Frank as an artist, standing in front of the easel with a palette in his hand. And who also touches up his creation, putting finishing touches on the canvas.

BACK TO SCENE

Max is afraid that Frank could make a mistake. He is fidgety without understanding what the latter is doing.

MAX

(mutters)

I wonder if it is possible that we make a mistake doing this?

Finally Frank's fingers click on the keyboard several words, which appear on the screen: PROJECT "MA-UNI" - COMPLETED!

Frank strikes one last key, lies back and heaves a deep sigh. It can be seen by the expression on his face that he is at the end of his physical and mental potentialities.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - AFTER A MONTH

Max goes into his room. He takes his outer clothes off. He studies the furnishings in the room as though he sees them for the first time.

MAX (V.O.)

The work on the project has been brought to an end. Frank and MA-UNI have retired to a well-deserved rest - to some acquaintances of Frank's. And I will have to go over my neglected work.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT

MAX

Shall I let Bobby know about my secret mission?... No, he will not understand me.

EXT. A TOWN PARK - FALL LATE AFTERNOON

Max has a walk along a deserted path and watches how the leaves of the trees waves and fall down, chased by the fall wind...

He stops, picks up a yellow leaf and tries to match it on his outspread palm.

MAX (V.O.)

I can't stand being in the "idyllic" atmosphere of the treadmill everyday, known to death to me. And the old age reminds of itself as well. I must pack my baggage.

INT. THE VILLA - AFTER DAYS

Max cleans the rooms. He polishes the floors, wipes the dust. He stocks the huge freezer in the cellar with foodstuff.

At last he settles down on the bed in MA-UNI's bedroom with a laptop on his knees and starts editing the texts. On the first page he enters the title: AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

He continues editing, but he is not in the mood for doing this requiring concentration work. He shuts down the laptop.

He takes more pleasure in lying and listening to the heavy raindrops drumming on the windows. He is seized with melancholy. He sleeps.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max sits on the sofa behind the table and writes something. Frank and MA-UNI come back from their vacation - they come in excitedly through the door. It snows outside and they bring in white puffs of chilly air.

The winter cold bites Frank's cheeks. MA-UNI does not look it. (Frank and MA-UNI are with the same outfits - "representatives" of the base: white fluffy warm coats buttoned up to the top, with collars up, light-colored sports trousers with laces on the ankles, winter shoes)

Max rises to his feet to welcome them. MA-UNI rushes to him. She jumps on him, puts her legs around him, and embraces him vigorously and impulsively.

Frank is not in the mood. He goes to the kitchen unnoticed to take a pill. He coughs.

INT. ANOTHER DAY

Frank and Max sit in their favorite seats drinking liquor. None of them is a heavy drinker, but they have decided to relax a bit.

Frank can hardly hide his irritation. His eyes are red. He looks fixedly at Max in a way, which shows that he has a problem. He talks about one thing, but thinks about another.

FRANK

*(he pretends to be smiling,
but with pain in his voice)*

Well, Max. You must be burning with
desire to know the reason you are
here?

Max pretends to be a little drunk, but his eyes stop
wandering.

FRANK

(he laughs forcedly)

You know, Max, the most negative
emotions of mine are associated with
women... What do you feel when your
first love suddenly announces to you
that she has found another
boyfriend, and offers to you a
friend of hers in return. Generous,
isn't it?

Well, I survived it. I also survived
the long years of life together with
a woman mutually deceiving each
other only because we didn't have
more suitable partners at hand.

And the last case. I did a good deed
- I put up an orphan, forced to
become a prostitute so that she
would not die of hunger. We drew so
close to each other that I imagined
true love had called on me... Then,
in a sublime moment, she decides to
give me a detailed account of her
most intimate experiences from her
rich sexual life! As if she was
hammering nails into my heart...

MAX

(knowingly)

That's why you've decided to create
MA-UNI - the perfect woman? So that
she will be only yours?

FRANK

Yes, I have created her, but... what
an irony! I grew old. I now love MA-
UNI - the daughter. And you are the
one who loves MA-UNI - the woman.

He smiles bitterly, but with resignation. Max also smiles
and pretends to be swaying but he is not in the mood to
smile.

FRANK

Do you know how I spent my vacation?
Among people. People! I've met these
"people" so many times...

*(he is silent for a while,
then says suddenly angrily)*

Max, perhaps you think of me as the
most philanthropic person ever
appeared on earth.

(quietly)

That's not right? I hate people! I despise that animal brood that imagines it is the wreath of creation. You can't call a "person" the one who lies to you, steals, kills because of her lower instincts. I can't put up with the social system, sustained by hypocrisy, lust for power, combined with primitivism and cruelty...

(he takes a breath and continues)

I know the question you are asking yourself, Max: "Why does Frank create weapons?" The answer is easy. Because weapon is meant to kill.

I really want to destroy mankind. Not by the "classical" way though. I am a human being and I want this to be done as a human being would do it, through THE MOST HUMANE WEAPON. What is it according to you?

Max is silent, startled by the sudden turn of the conversation. He has not seen Frank in this light of his...

FRANK

(triumphantly)

Guess it, Max: BEAUTY, KINDNESS, HUMANENESS!... What will you say? I've figured it out greatly! We are programmed to fight against the ugly and the bad but not against the beautiful and the good. What could we set against THESE weapons?

Furious and dripping with sweat, Frank throws himself heavily in the armchair.

Max sits still.

Frank realizes he has gone too far. He turns to Max, appeased a little and sobered down.

FRANK

Don't take me wrong. I can't stand people's suffering! What we call life is a tragedy. So many injustices... I had been thinking a lot and I finally came to the conclusion that the reason lies not in politics, not in economics... But in THE HUMAN BODY.

MAX

(on the look out)

And what is going to happen with us? After they have become numerous enough, aren't they going to sweep us away as with a broom, these - artificial creatures?

FRANK

You are asking me a question the answer of which I haven't found. For that, and for other reasons, I am sharing my view with you.

MAX

Is that the only thing that can be expected as a future for mankind?

FRANK

I'm afraid yes. Unless we destroy each other by then. I had been thinking a lot before I decided whether to leave MA-UNI live or to leave off my work on the project.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Max sits on the sofa, drinking coffee. All of a sudden the screen lights up. They call from the base.

A BASE REPRESENTATIVE

Max! Frank has received a hemorrhage. Come here immediately!

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA.

Max and MA-UNI stand on the doorstep. A helicopter lands. They board. The helicopter takes off.

INT. THE HOSPITAL OF THE BASE

A bustle. Frank is on a stretcher, surrounded by a group of physicians. They move along long corridors. Max and MA-UNI follow them. Nobody is interested in them.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

A surgery. In spite of the attempts for treatment, the worst happens to Frank. He sinks into a coma and dies.

**EXT. A FLAT COUNTRY NOT FAR FROM THE VILLA - A CLOUDY
AFTERNOON**

A solitary grave, newly dug. Several persons in formal wear, Max among them, too. Gravediggers drop the coffin with Frank's body and cover it with soil.

The bereaved leave. Only Max remains. He has fixed his unseeing eyes on the stone cross with a sign: HERE LIES THE MORTAL WHO HAS ATTAINED IMMORTALITY.

Watching the sigh, Max recollects...

FLASHBACK -

MAX'S MEMORY: Max and Frank sit in the armchairs and talk. MA-UNI serves them with her typical radiant smile, whereupon she goes out with an energetic, sexy step.

MAX

*(lost in thought, looking at
her while she leaves)*

Frank?

FRANK

Yes?

MAX

I have the feeling that from her
whole appearance there
streams...,hm, IMMORTALITY.

FRANK

(willingly)

Oh, that's right. She is immortal
INDEED, Max!

(with bitterness)

Unlike us...

MAX

*(he thinks over what has
been said)*

So, immo-o-o-rtal.

(he drawls)

How strange.

*(he starts thinking and as
if to himself)*

Well, I haven't thought of that.

(to Frank - admiring him)

Frank, you are the man! But aren't you wrong in your judgment? Is it so easy to achieve what has been thought to be unachievable? Nothing in this world is eternal...

*(he rises to his feet and
walks, gesticulating
excitedly)*

All that is born dies. Stars were born, and die, people too. Universe was born. And it is going to die.

(with a tone of finality)

I think you are wrong about this! It is hardly probable that the law of nature will let MA-UNI live forever.

He sits down.

FRANK

That's what you think? Under what circumstances is this law active? Always?

*(he stands up and walks in
his turn)*

No, it is not always and under any circumstances active? Birth, life, and death pass in the order familiar to us, but only for the material forms. This implacable law is not active as far as THE SOUL is concerned!

Frank looks at Max with strained attention, he wants Max to understand something alone, for himself.

MAX

The fact that I have a soul will not save me from death despite my complete unwillingness to meet it.

FRANK

That's right. That's why I have created MA-UNI - a being with a plastic body! Her body, unlike ours, can be changed when it gets worn out. However, her soul remains the same. Well, provided that we have put in her an appropriate algorithm...

BACK TO SCENE

MAX

(he tries to get to the bottom of what Frank has tried to suggest to him.)

Frank was going to die some day, but so suddenly? It is hard to get used to such a truth...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

A SLIGHTLY BLURRED scene. Silence. Some official personalities, Max among them. A notary holds a will in his hands. He reads it. Certainly, all the property remains to MA-UNI, and until she has the right to be master of it, a trustee must manage it. Max is named as a trustee.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max paces, nervous and tormented, and up and down the room.

MAX

A nice mess I've got myself in...
When I came here, I was so worried
that I couldn't get to sleep, and
now it seems to me that all this is
a bad dream.

(he sits down)

Let's make a recapitulation. What
have I inherited?

(he rises to his feet again)

A MA-UNI who I am extremely attached
to and who I love, a machine that I
am afraid of and I abhor, and a
dreadful weapon which Frank imposed
on me. All this - in one. "Three in
one" - a high quality coffee, but so
hot that I can get burned. What am I
supposed to do?

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Max sits tensely on the sofa and keeps a grim eye on the
news on TV. Scenes from press conferences related to
computer hardware, demonstrations of robotized weapons,
particular scientific achievements, laboratory tests.

MAX (V.O.)

After Frank's death things happen
like a ball that has been dropped.
And it rolls down right toward the
base!

He stands up and starts going about nervously.

MAX

(with an air of finality)

I must hide MA-UNI! No one must know
about this dreadful weapon! And
about... MY MA-UNI.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max walks about nervously. MA-UNI sits in Frank's place, leant back calmly, her legs crossed. His tension does not affect her. She watches him with curiosity.

MAX

*(he looks at MA-UNI with
great anxiety)*

MA-UNI. For your safety I will have
to hide you for a while.

MA-UNI

Hm, the never-ending man's
problems...!

*(for a moment she realizes
the gravity of the
situation. However, she
brightens up and waves her
hand)*

What do you suggest?

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

An open traveller's suitcase lies on the floor.

MAX

(slowly and emphatically)

MA-UNI, I want to make sure one more time that you've got me right. If I haven't looked for you by a year, it means that something has happened... You give instructions to the machines that they should take care of you. And you act as you see fit!

MA-UNI

*(with a slight
condescendence)*

Don't worry about me, Max. I'll be fine.

MA-UNI steps over and sits in the suitcase. (short shirt and shorts of thin stretchable fabric) She coils up in the inside and laughs at the situation. She waves a hand to Max.

At the last instance Max remembers something. He goes quickly in the Ma-uni's room and brings back the Indian Tomahawk which Ma-uni has bought during their trip together.

MAX:

Take it, just in case. If you are to open your suitcase single-handed...

Ma-uni takes the tomahawk in one of her hands, folds her arms together and settles herself into the suitcase. Then she closes her eyes and stands still.

With an anxious look he closes the suitcase.

EXT. FIELD - NOT FAR FROM THE VILLA

Max holds the suitcase in one hand and a spade in the other. He carries his luggage to a desert place in the lowering toward the horizon field.

He shovels certain amount of soil, lays the suitcase in the so formed pit and levels the ground.

It begins to rain heavily.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max goes into the living room, drenched to the skin.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Max paces the room lost in thought. He holds an unsealed envelope in his hand. Every other hour he raises it and looks at it with disbelief.

MAX

At the top they are fighting for power... What is most loathsome is that they are trying to turn our company into a scapegoat.

(he sits down a little calmed)

The president personally is going to visit the base!

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - AT DUSK

The windows are lighted up. Max is on the doorstep - he expects the high guests. Filled with energy...

The presidential helicopter is late and Max starts showing signs of nervousness.

At last a roaring is heard. Two heavy military machines lights up the area and land. The authorities demonstrate their power - everything all around shakes under the pressure of the heated air.

The president gets down. Max welcomes him. The three of them (the president is attended by a counselor) go inside.

**INT. A ROOM IN AN ONE-STOREY SMALL MOTEL IN A SMALL
HISTORICAL TOWN**

Max has settled himself comfortably in a chair, with his back half-turned toward the window. He reads a newspaper. The door of the room is open.

One can see the main street, though dusty and not covered with asphalt, with small picturesque workshops on either side of it. It is deserted.

At some time he looks over his shoulder and notices MA-UNI in the distance. She comes back along street, hopping about on one leg. Max shakes his head - the next boyish whim.

When MA-UNI gets closer, his head swims. She does not walk on two legs because she DOES NOT HAVE two. Her right leg above the knee is not in its place! MA-UNI holds it in her hand.

MA-UNI comes in through the open door, throws herself on the vacant chair and groans out in an affected manner.

MA-UNI

(excitedly, gesticulating)

...There was no one there - lunch
break. But it was open...

FLASHBACK - MA-UNI'S MEMORY:

Idling aimlessly in the street. A small antique workshop with its door open. A dusty room. Several machines are on without human supervision - a lathe, a cutter, a guillotine...

BACK TO SCENE

MA-UNI

(excitedly)

Just imagine, Max! Old machines!
Huge and... the sort of- good-
natured. However, they seem to envy
me. I slipped on a pool of machine
oil and... here is the result.

FLASHBACK - MA-UNI'S MEMORY - CONTINUATION:

MA-UNI takes a peek in here and there. And as she has leaned over to examine the rotating cogwheels and gears, she falls under the guillotine.

BACK TO SCENE

MA-UNI shows imperturbably her cut off leg to Max. He watches her dully. He cannot even smile.

MA-UNI sits on a table, covered with an improvised cloth - a widely spread white bed sheet. Next to her there is an open bag with tools and a suitcase with spare organs.

She makes sure that everything necessary is at her hand and starts with repairing. Max watches the operation with wide-open eyes.

MA-UNI

(in an instructive manner)

A brave fellow is bound to have wounds!

MA-UNI cleans the remains of her cut off limb. She unhooks the elements already useless, takes them off, pulls them out. There remain the good ones whose fitness she examines in a series of tests.

Then she takes a spare leg out of the suitcase and removes its sterilizing cellophane cover. She pokes the outlets for a while, then she starts joining bones, muscles, skin.

At last she sets her ready leg in motion, jumps on her feet, says "up!", and closes the suitcase with parts.

EXT. BIGGER CITY - LUXURY DAY BAR - IN THE AFTERNOON

The two of them enter through the flying doors of the bar.

INT. A BAR

A pub - classical type. A long wooden counter. Mirrors, bottles, glasses. At the front - high polished stools. A great number of tables, a half-full hall. On the right side - a stage with an orchestra. On the left side - windows facing the street. On the right there is a winding staircase leading upstairs. At the far end it is semi-dark.

Max and MA-UNI sit on the high stools. Max sits with his legs slightly apart, and his right hand on his knee - like a man. MA-UNI has crossed her legs. Her thighs are uncovered.

Max has a nonalcoholic cocktail and MA-UNI - a mineral water with a straw. The two of them examine atmosphere with interest.

The customers sit at the tables and talk. No one seems to have taken notice of them. The orchestra plays softly.

Before long several men - the local gang, come nearer and start staring shamelessly at MA-UNI. (some of them are in suits, others - in sleeveless jackets) The one smallest in build waddles on his toes, with his thumbs on the pockets of his jacket.

Max is not pleased with that.

THE SMALLEST

(maliciously)

Thank you, buddy, for saving us the trouble and bringing along this fresh little chit of a girl. You can go now. We won't charge you.

A mocking laughter, accompanied by indecent shouts. Max is pushed rudely out of the "scene". Things get complicated.

THE SMALLEST

(roguishly to MA-UNI)

Come here, pussy. You've got to be happy that you came across us. We are good guys. There is a cozy little room not far from here, we'll teach you some things...

He takes MA-UNI by the hand and draws her crudely to himself.

Max jumps to his feet to defend her. In this moment he sees some fist flying toward his nose. He staggers and falls to the ground. Though a little dizzy, he is non the less a witness of what follows.

All the time MA-UNI looks around with curiosity. Her smile does not leave her face even when they start pulling her and she founds herself surrounded by the stout male bodies.

After that, all of a sudden something happens... In less than a second - so vigorous until a little while ago, the men now lie on the floor, sprawling in various positions.

The orchestra has stopped the music. The customers' eyes are turned on "the site of the battle".

MA-UNI stands on her feet and obviously wonders what to do next. She jumps over the moaning men and finds herself next to Max.

Max sees MA-UNI's face from close by. She asks him something, but he cannot understand her. His eardrums have tingled from the punch. MA-UNI takes him by the hand and helps him stand up.

The two of them go to the bar. Max pays, but the barman gives the money back to him with the speed of lightning.

INT. INSIDE THE MOTOR CAR

They rush along the road. The wind pushes in through the open window, dishevels Max's hair and the tension from the unexpected experience vanishes - a faint smile appears on his thoughtful face. He recalls...

FLASHBACK - MAX'S MEMORY (SCENE 34):

The experimental artificial hand he has observed during the tests. Its movements - inconceivably fast.

BACK TO SCENE

Max's nose still bleeds. MA-UNI bustles about him. Something comes to her mind, she slips her snow-white underwear off and soaks up the blood with it.

Max pretends not to notice. He is content with the outcome of events and analyses the incident aloud.

MAX

(with a kind-hearted irony)

You know that you should not strike at a person. And you have thrashed seven people. What will happen with your overrated electronic protection of the type: THE THREE LAWS OF ROBOTICS?! Will it not have a short circuit and then I will have to take back a melted plastic skeleton to Frank?

MA-UNI has leaned back in the seat with her legs slightly apart and her hands tucked between them. Obviously she doesn't feel like talking on this subject. She responds by gesticulating with her right hand. Her bracelets jingle.

MA-UNI

(irritated and thoughtful as well)

A mere trifle! However, I can't understand why these grown up men acted in such an infantile way. Max, is that what they call "vulgarity"?

MAX

(reconciled)

No, MA-UNI. They are simply dying for beauty. They came down upon you because they liked you. However, they can't cope with their own primitiveness.

MA-UNI

(somewhat relieved, pitying)

I know. My question was rhetorical... Poor them!

For a while they travel in silence.

MAX

(as if playfully, but with concealed anxiety)

MA-UNI?

MA-UNI

Yes?

MAX

So you don't have the intention to obey THE THREE LAWS OF ROBOTICS.

MA-UNI takes an inquisitive look at him.

MA-UNI

(playfully)

I have read Isaac. A decent little old man. But do you really want me to have the rights of a domestic dog? I'd rather die.

INT. IN THE CAR - EVENING

Max drives and takes a secret look at MA-UNI who holds a plastic cup in her hand.

FLASHBACK - MAX'S MEMORY:

Max recollects flashes showing MA-UNI's brain function. The artificial synapses and neurons - miniature chips work in an amazing unison. One can hear the electronic noise, which these structures organized in a highly complicated way produce.

BACK TO SCENE

MAX (V.O.)

It makes my flesh creep and my hair stand on end. THIS - here, next to me, is not human being! Here is - she drinks her beverage at ease through a straw and she doesn't care a damn about the questions torturing me.

MUSICAL LEITMOTIF:

Unearthly, mysterious sounds. Deep, hardly perceptible waves mix with each other, modulate, and form a joint background under the impact of which everything shudders. Powerful bass registers, combined with soft, gentle, high-octave harmonies.

EXT. A LONELY, NEAT THREE-STOREY LITTLE HOTEL - SURROUNDED BY ROADSIDE WOODS

Max stops at the car park in front of the hotel. The two of them get out. They go in through the main entrance, each with a suitcase in hand.

INT. MAX'S HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Max has taken a shower and is about to leave the bathroom, with a white gown thrown on his shoulders.

In this moment he hears a rattling like that of a steam roller, coming from the living room.

He quivers alarmed and hurries up to get to the living room to see what is going on there.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

MA-UNI (who spends the night alone in the other room) has moved the armchairs to the walls to make room for practicing with her new roller skates.

She has fastened only two of the buttons of a light blue silk shirt that reaches only belly button - this was her ONLY CLOTHING. She is with arms akimbo; she watches herself in the huge mirror in the living room.

When Max sees her, he freezes. He is too weak to turn round and go back to his room. He slides down in the near sofa and watches her hypnotized.

MA-UNI pretends not to notice him.

MA-UNI

(lively)

Look! I'm going to do a pirouette now!

She turns round herself. At first slowly, then she put her hands to her breast and begins to look like a whipping top.

MA-UNI

(as though he is not there)

And now I am going to show you a jump with a turn.

She makes a dash. But it seems she fails on purpose. She falls down right over him.

MA-UNI

(her questioning eyes are right next to his)

It looks like I hurt you badly?

MAX

(dryly)

...I'm all right...

His hands have involuntarily turned out to be on her naked behind.

MA-UNI

(as if desperately)

Ugh, I will never learn how to
roller skate!

She sits familiarly on Max's knees. She raises her leg and starts unfastening the skate.

Max sees her little naked body from close by. He does not resist the tension. He reaches out his hand and folds her in his arms.

INT. MAX'S ROOM - MORNING

Max wakes up from a playful pulling of the covering. MA-UNI's face smiles, bending over him. Max is startled, jumps out of bed, and sets about making his morning toilet.

INT. INSIDE THE CAR

On the road again. (MA-UNI - a black suit of clothes of stiff leather with a great number of buttons, inscriptions, and badges. A jacket with a zip half undone, and put next to her skin, and boots with metal toe-caps and heels. Her hair is sleek, short, with a coppery-brown nuance. A boy-like, of a rocker, appearance)

A folding little table is installed in the control panel in front of MA-UNI. She snaps a button and the table comes out noiselessly. The lid of a deep automobile fridge is lifted between the seats. A little cloud of mist threads its way out of it.

Her long slender fingers fumble in it, until they find and pull out from its interior a vacuum-packed parcel, meant for Max, and a pink tube, meant for her. The products are covered with white frost. MA-UNI sets the morning table on the corrugated aluminum surface.

Max tries to drive with concentration, at the same time MA-UNI stuffs his mouth with a croissant filled with cocoa and raisins. For an hour she talks to him about something, but he does not listen to her.

FLASHBACK - MAX'S MEMORY:

A) A BLUISH-VIOLET FILTER: The wide white bed in Max's room. An evening light trickles through the dropped down blinds. MA-UNI's face over Max's face. Two naked bodies - in full face, from their right-hand side. Various poses - upright, seated, lying. MA-UNI's skinny body twists and coils like a snake. Slow and quick movements of the bodies. Delicately conveyed details.

B) Blue, white, yellow, red snowflakes run quickly in front of Max's closed eyelids. Objects fly by all around - chairs, cubes, trees, walls - he passes over them, past them, through them; they bend under, draw back, change places, open, melt away. He is the only one who remains unchanged in this fairy universe.

C) A long tunnel with walls of glossy cellophane. Max is in it and he moves with great speed. He goes out of the tunnel. Stars and whole galaxies run past him like white dandelions. He stops, takes a look around. It is supposed

to be a cosmic night but the sky is bright - like on a sunny afternoon. And against the background of this afternoon he sees the whole outer space in his feet, suffused with pale, indefinite light.

INT. IN THE CAR

Max shakes off his dreaminess. He holds the steering wheel tighter and turns his head to make sure that MA-UNI really exists. She sleeps, with her head rested on his shoulder. Max concentrates on the road and takes a deep breath.

It is quiet in the cabin of the machine. Only the engine purrs grumbles drowsily.

EXT. ON THE NEXT DAY - DESERT ROAD

Max stops the car. He gets out in no hurry and, going round, opens the door from MA-UNI's side. Meanwhile MA-UNI takes the driver's seat. She is happy. From now on she is going to drive the car.

**INT. IN THE CAR. PRETTY, THOUGH SKIPPED BY CIVILISATION
VILLAGE - BRIGHT MORNING**

MA-UNI drives the car with confidence - with her head up and her back closely against the seat. (A white starched blouse with rolled up sleeves, tied in a knot on her waist. Short, black, pleated skirt, which does not cover much of her bare thighs.)

The car moves carefully along the bumpy main street of some small village. Life here has not changed for the last centuries. Snotty kids peek through the doors of brick-built cottages, half-tumbled down. Geese and hens walk about along the road.

The village farmers take the cattle out to graze - cows, sheep, goats. Little old women with kerchiefs on their heads close creaking wooden gates and steal glances at the car passing by. Manure and straw are scattered on the road.

They are go out of the village and pick up speed.

Max has laid back in the seat, enjoying the landscape spinning past the road. He also steals glances at the smooth skin of her knees, or rather - at the caps of these knees. They are bulging out and give her a boyish look. What is to be done - a constructive decision.

They have to stop in the middle of the road. An enormous flock of sheep swings as a rough sea in front of them. The animals cross the road slowly and reluctantly.

The powerful engine rumbles quietly. MA-UNI watches them with her smooth hand rested on the wheel.

At one moment her delicate hand on the wheel is ON FOCUS - against the background of the blurred image of the sheep, at another - the other way round.

MA-UNI

(thoughtfully)

Max, they compare the human crowd to
a flock of sheep, don't they? Now I
see what they mean.

Max takes a anxious look at her.

MAX

(as if not seriously)
Explain it to me.

MA-UNI

Well, if I order the machines to
carry out my orders, they will act
just like these sheep...

In confirmation to her words, the flock comes dawdling
along, "urged" by the shepherd's crook - a ghostly shadow
that passes in front of the car.

MA-UNI

...However, I would not like this.

MAX

*(the subject is not to his
liking)*

Why?

MA-UNI

(calmly but explicitly)

Because I don't want to play the
dictator, being master of others'
destinies. I am worried about other
things... Max? I often think: God -
that almighty God who created the
Universe? He is lonely. All that he
has created is inferior to him, it
cannot help him in His terrifying
loneliness. What is your opinion?
You are an expert, aren't you?

She turns her head to him.

Max lets the air out of his chest and looks at her with
half-closed eyes.

MAX (V.O.)

I am finally in my element...

MAX

(a little relieved)

I don't think so. It is exactly why he is God - to solve his own problems. If I were God, I would probably devise a means of figuring out a way of saving myself from loneliness...

(he thinks a little)

...I don't know. I have never been God, and I will never be. You are asking me difficult questions, dear. I am afraid there is no one who could give you the answer. But you will definitely find the answer. Because you are very, very smart.

MA-UNI

(excitedly)

O, what a good thing would it be!

(she claps her hands)

I am sure I will find the answer. And I will share it with you. You will be the first man to know whether God is lonely or not!

Max cannot look at her calmly. He awfully likes her.

MAX (V.O.)

A robot in a skirt to think philosophically!

MAX

(he laughs at her kind-heartedly)

You are so kind! Thank you in advance.

MA-UNI

(she looks at him with suspicion)

It seems to that you don't believe me?

MAX

(with resignation)

I should like to believe you. But I
am a man. And no man has found the
answer yet.

MA-UNI sighs clearly.

**EXT. A TOWN SQUARE - A HALF-EMPTY CAFÉ WITH TABLES OUTSIDE
- SUMMER MORNING**

Max and MA-UNI have sit on one of the tables and, taking their time, they watch the building and the passers-by.

Max destroys a huge sandwich to make up for the calories, burnt during the night.

MA-UNI pours herself a special energy liquid from a can. She sucks through a straw and watches the people's movement through narrowed eyelids. A soft breeze swings gently her sheer artificial locks. (Max - a light shirt with long, rolled up sleeves, MA-UNI - thin white overalls and high-heeled boots.)

EFF:

Watching her, Max pictures her body as being X-rayed - the liquid passes through her mouth and goes into "the little stomach", located a little below "the chest". Once being there, it transforms into pure energy and feeds her brain and muscles.

BACK TO SCENE

MA-UNI

(thoughtfully)

Max?

MAX

Yes?

MA-UNI

(as if not seriously)

Don't you have the feeling that
HISTORY passes in front of your
eyes?

Max stops chewing and turns with full mouth to the street.

EFF:

The picture of the street bustle changes - as in a slow-motion cadence. People move slowly - each movement of theirs - of a hand, leg, face, look, attains universal importance. As a background there appears an enormous numerical clock with red numbers - "cosmic chronometer".

The years, minutes, and seconds of the time of the universe go by slowly one after the other.

BACK TO SCENE

EXT. STREET OF A BIG CITY - SUMMER FORENOON

The car turns aside and parks between other parked motorcars. Max and MA-UNI get out of the car and go for a walk.

With her beauty MA-UNI attracts the attention of the passers-by. However, the serious expression on her face and her piercing look chill men's feelings.

Only one child looks confidently at her. He points a finger at her.

A CHILD

Mum, this young woman is a robot,
isn't she?

The mother looks startled at them, scolds the child and pulls at his the sleeve.

EXT. PARTICULAR SCENES

Max introduces MA-UNI to the achievements of world civilization. Flashes from their visits to the Pyramids of Egypt, The Great Wall of China, The Cologne Cathedral, The Colosseum, The Eiffel Tower, etc. The two of them are tourists, melting into the crowd. Nothing reveals MA-UNI's artificial nature.

(NOTE: If the filming of the given tourist points of interest is a matter of difficulty, they can be replaced by others, screenwriter's.)

A busy marketplace in a small American town. Max and Ma-uni stop in front of a colorful Indian articles shop. Ma-uni is seeing the exposed merchandise with curiosity. The seller - disguised in Indian cloths - takes a counting glance at her and hands a nice tomahawk with a wood-carved helve. Ma-uni smiles on his choice, turns to Max looking the weapon curiously and, out of bashfulness, nods assent.

INT. IN THE CAR - DAWNING

They travel in silence - MA-UNI is behind the wheel. (Max and MA-UNI - dark leather outfits with the same cut, specially made for them) They notice the sign THE GRAND PLATEAU. It can be seen that Max cheers up.

EXT. FRANK'S GARAGE

Sliding slightly, the car brakes to a standstill on the dewy grass. The sun is about to come up and separate drops shine in all the colors of the rainbow.

Max and MA-UNI take the suitcases out of the boot and head for the door.

INT. IN THE LIVING ROOM

MA-UNI goes in, turns the big screen on "with eyes", and talks about something with Frank, who is not in the house, but in the base. Meanwhile Max carries the rest of the baggage from the car.

After he finishes, he passes from behind MA-UNI on purpose, takes her unexpectedly and slings her over his shoulder (her body is very light - about 20kg.) He carries her to her room and throws her on the bed. She screams playfully and pretends to resist.

Max leaves MA-UNI and goes into his room. He takes his clothes off. He goes to the bathroom and takes a shower. He comes back, lies down, and falls asleep immediately.

INT. IN THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Frank sits and holds a compact wireless keyboard in his hands. Max stands up next to him. The two of them has fixed their eyes on the big screen.

FRANK

(talks to himself)

Now we are going to draw a general conclusion based on the results from the journey and are going to enter the necessary corrections...

On the big screen there can be seen how MA-UNI's virtual duplicate reacts in a particular everyday situation.

After the retouch made by Frank, duplicate's new reaction in the same situation is seen on the screen. Max stands nervous next to Frank, with his arms akimbo.

MAX (V.O.)

Frank is playing with MA-UNI's fate! Here - a small change in some program and she starts thinking differently, feeling more deeply or less, varying her behavior in one way or another.

EFF:

Max imagines Frank as an artist, standing in front of the easel with a palette in his hand. And who also touches up his creation, putting finishing touches on the canvas.

BACK TO SCENE

Max is afraid that Frank could make a mistake. He is fidgety without understanding what the latter is doing.

MAX

(mutters)

I wonder if it is possible that we make a mistake doing this?

Finally Frank's fingers click on the keyboard several words, which appear on the screen: PROJECT "MA-UNI" - COMPLETED!

Frank strikes one last key, lies back and heaves a deep sigh. It can be seen by the expression on his face that he is at the end of his physical and mental potentialities.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT - AFTER A MONTH

Max goes into his room. He takes his outer clothes off. He studies the furnishings in the room as though he sees them for the first time.

MAX (V.O.)

The work on the project has been brought to an end. Frank and MA-UNI have retired to a well-deserved rest - to some acquaintances of Frank's. And I will have to go over my neglected work.

INT. MAX'S APARTMENT

MAX

Shall I let Bobby know about my secret mission?... No, he will not understand me.

EXT. A TOWN PARK - FALL LATE AFTERNOON

Max has a walk along a deserted path and watches how the leaves of the trees waves and fall down, chased by the fall wind...

He stops, picks up a yellow leaf and tries to match it on his outspread palm.

MAX (V.O.)

I can't stand being in the "idyllic" atmosphere of the treadmill everyday, known to death to me. And the old age reminds of itself as well. I must pack my baggage.

INT. THE VILLA - AFTER DAYS

Max cleans the rooms. He polishes the floors, wipes the dust. He stocks the huge freezer in the cellar with foodstuff.

At last he settles down on the bed in MA-UNI's bedroom with a laptop on his knees and starts editing the texts. On the first page he enters the title: AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

He continues editing, but he is not in the mood for doing this requiring concentration work. He shuts down the laptop.

He takes more pleasure in lying and listening to the heavy raindrops drumming on the windows. He is seized with melancholy. He sleeps.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max sits on the sofa behind the table and writes something. Frank and MA-UNI come back from their vacation - they come in excitedly through the door. It snows outside and they bring in white puffs of chilly air.

The winter cold bites Frank's cheeks. MA-UNI does not look it. (Frank and MA-UNI are with the same outfits - "representatives" of the base: white fluffy warm coats buttoned up to the top, with collars up, light-colored sports trousers with laces on the ankles, winter shoes)

Max rises to his feet to welcome them. MA-UNI rushes to him. She jumps on him, puts her legs around him, and embraces him vigorously and impulsively.

Frank is not in the mood. He goes to the kitchen unnoticed to take a pill. He coughs.

INT. ANOTHER DAY

Frank and Max sit in their favorite seats drinking liquor. None of them is a heavy drinker, but they have decided to relax a bit.

Frank can hardly hide his irritation. His eyes are red. He looks fixedly at Max in a way, which shows that he has a problem. He talks about one thing, but thinks about another.

FRANK

*(he pretends to be smiling,
but with pain in his voice)*

Well, Max. You must be burning with
desire to know the reason you are
here?

Max pretends to be a little drunk, but his eyes stop
wandering.

FRANK

(he laughs forcedly)

You know, Max, the most negative emotions of mine are associated with women... What do you feel when your first love suddenly announces to you that she has found another boyfriend, and offers to you a friend of hers in return. Generous, isn't it? Well, I survived it. I also survived the long years of life together with a woman mutually deceiving each other only because we didn't have more suitable partners at hand. And the last case. I did a good deed - I put up an orphan, forced to become a prostitute so that she would not die of hunger. We drew so close to each other that I imagined true love had called on me... Then, in a sublime moment, she decides to give me a detailed account of her most intimate experiences from her rich sexual life! As if she was hammering nails into my heart...

MAX

(knowingly)

That's why you've decided to create MA-UNI - the perfect woman? So that she will be only yours?

FRANK

Yes, I have created her, but... what an irony! I grew old. I now love MA-UNI - the daughter. And you are the one who loves MA-UNI - the woman.

He smiles bitterly, but with resignation. Max also smiles and pretends to be swaying but he is not in the mood to smile.

FRANK

Do you know how I spent my vacation? Among people. People! I've met these "people" so many times...

*(he is silent for a while,
then says suddenly angrily)*

Max, perhaps you think of me as the most philanthropic person ever appeared on earth.

(quietly)

That's not right? I hate people! I despise that animal brood that imagines it is the wreath of creation. You can't call a "person" the one who lies to you, steals, kills because of her lower instincts. I can't put up with the social system, sustained by hypocrisy, lust for power, combined with primitivism and cruelty...

*(he takes a breath and
continues)*

I know the question you are asking yourself, Max: "Why does Frank create weapons?" The answer is easy. Because weapon is meant to kill. I really want to destroy mankind. Not by the "classical" way though. I am a human being and I want this to be done as a human being would do it, through THE MOST HUMANE WEAPON. What is it according to you?

Max is silent, startled by the sudden turn of the conversation. He has not seen Frank in this light of his...

FRANK

(triumphantly)

Guess it, Max: BEAUTY, KINDNESS, HUMANENESS!... What will you say? I've figured it out greatly! We are programmed to fight against the ugly and the bad but not against the beautiful and the good. What could we set against THESE weapons?

Furious and dripping with sweat, Frank throws himself heavily in the armchair.

Max sits still.

Frank realizes he has gone too far. He turns to Max, appeased a little and sobered down.

FRANK

Don't take me wrong. I can't stand people's suffering! What we call life is a tragedy. So many injustices... I had been thinking a lot and I finally came to the conclusion that the reason lies not in politics, not in economics... But in THE HUMAN BODY.

MAX

(on the look out)

And what is going to happen with us? After they have become numerous enough, aren't they going to sweep us away as with a broom, these - artificial creatures?

FRANK

You are asking me a question the answer of which I haven't found. For that, and for other reasons, I am sharing my view with you.

MAX

Is that the only thing that can be expected as a future for mankind?

FRANK

I'm afraid yes. Unless we destroy each other by then. I had been thinking a lot before I decided whether to leave MA-UNI live or to leave off my work on the project.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Max sits on the sofa, drinking coffee. All of a sudden the screen lights up. They call from the base.

A BASE REPRESENTATIVE

Max! Frank has received a hemorrhage. Come here immediately!

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA.

Max and MA-UNI stand on the doorstep. A helicopter lands. They board. The helicopter takes off.

INT. THE HOSPITAL OF THE BASE

A bustle. Frank is on a stretcher, surrounded by a group of physicians. They move along long corridors. Max and MA-UNI follow them. Nobody is interested in them.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

A surgery. In spite of the attempts for treatment, the worst happens to Frank. He sinks into a coma and dies.

**EXT. A FLAT COUNTRY NOT FAR FROM THE VILLA - A CLOUDY
AFTERNOON**

A solitary grave, newly dug. Several persons in formal wear, Max among them, too. Gravediggers drop the coffin with Frank's body and cover it with soil.

The bereaved leave. Only Max remains. He has fixed his unseeing eyes on the stone cross with a sign: HERE LIES THE MORTAL WHO HAS ATTAINED IMMORTALITY.

Watching the sigh, Max recollects...

FLASHBACK - MAX'S MEMORY:

Max and Frank sit in the armchairs and talk. MA-UNI serves them with her typical radiant smile, whereupon she goes out with an energetic, sexy step.

MAX

*(lost in thought, looking at
her while she leaves)*

Frank?

FRANK

Yes?

MAX

I have the feeling that from her whole appearance there streams...,hm, IMMORTALITY.

FRANK

(willingly)

Oh, that's right. She is immortal
INDEED, Max!

(with bitterness)

Unlike us...

MAX

*(he thinks over what has
been said)*

So, immo-o-o-rtal.

(he drawls)

How strange.

*(he starts thinking and as
if to himself)*

Well, I haven't thought of that.

(to Frank - admiring him)

Frank, you are the man! But aren't you wrong in your judgment? Is it so easy to achieve what has been thought to be unachievable? Nothing in this world is eternal...

*(he rises to his feet and
walks, gesticulating
excitedly)*

All that is born dies. Stars were born, and die, people too. Universe was born. And it is going to die.

(with a tone of finality)

I think you are wrong about this! It is hardly probable that the law of nature will let MA-UNI live forever.

He sits down.

FRANK

That's what you think? Under what circumstances is this law active? Always?

*(he stands up and walks in
his turn)*

No, it is not always and under any circumstances active? Birth, life, and death pass in the order familiar to us, but only for the material forms. This implacable law is not active as far as THE SOUL is concerned!

Frank looks at Max with strained attention, he wants Max to understand something alone, for himself.

MAX

The fact that I have a soul will not save me from death despite my complete unwillingness to meet it.

FRANK

That's right. That's why I have created MA-UNI - a being with a plastic body! Her body, unlike ours, can be changed when it gets worn out. However, her soul remains the same. Well, provided that we have put in her an appropriate algorithm...

BACK TO SCENE

MAX

(he tries to get to the bottom of what Frank has tried to suggest to him.)

Frank was going to die some day, but so suddenly? It is hard to get used to such a truth...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

A SLIGHTLY BLURRED scene. Silence. Some official personalities, Max among them. A notary holds a will in his hands. He reads it. Certainly, all the property remains to MA-UNI, and until she has the right to be master of it, a trustee must manage it. Max is named as a trustee.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max paces, nervous and tormented, and up and down the room.

MAX

A nice mess I've got myself in...
When I came here, I was so worried
that I couldn't get to sleep, and
now it seems to me that all this is
a bad dream.

(he sits down)

Let's make a recapitulation. What
have I inherited?

(he rises to his feet again)

A MA-UNI who I am extremely attached
to and who I love, a machine that I
am afraid of and I abhor, and a
dreadful weapon which Frank imposed
on me. All this - in one. "Three in
one" - a high quality coffee, but so
hot that I can get burned. What am I
supposed to do?

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Max sits tensely on the sofa and keeps a grim eye on the
news on TV. Scenes from press conferences related to
computer hardware, demonstrations of robotized weapons,
particular scientific achievements, laboratory tests.

MAX (V.O.)

After Frank's death things happen
like a ball that has been dropped.
And it rolls down right toward the
base!

He stands up and starts going about nervously.

MAX

(with an air of finality)

I must hide MA-UNI! No one must know
about this dreadful weapon! And
about... MY MA-UNI.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max walks about nervously. MA-UNI sits in Frank's place, leant back calmly, her legs crossed. His tension does not affect her. She watches him with curiosity.

MAX

*(he looks at MA-UNI with
great anxiety)*

MA-UNI. For your safety I will have
to hide you for a while.

MA-UNI

Hm, the never-ending man's
problems...!

*(for a moment she realizes
the gravity of the
situation. However, she
brightens up and waves her
hand)*

What do you suggest?

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

An open traveller's suitcase lies on the floor.

MAX

(slowly and emphatically)

MA-UNI, I want to make sure one more time that you've got me right. If I haven't looked for you by a year, it means that something has happened... You give instructions to the machines that they should take care of you. And you act as you see fit!

MA-UNI

*(with a slight
condescendence)*

Don't worry about me, Max. I'll be fine.

MA-UNI steps over and sits in the suitcase. (short shirt and shorts of thin stretchable fabric) She coils up in the inside and laughs at the situation. She waves a hand to Max.

At the last instance Max remembers something. He goes quickly in the Ma-uni's room and brings back the Indian Tomahawk which Ma-uni has bought during their trip together.

MAX:

Take it, just in case. If you are to open your suitcase single-handed...

MA-UNI

Ma-uni takes the tomahawk in one of her hands, folds her arms together and settles herself into the suitcase. Then she closes her eyes and stands still.

With an anxious look he closes the suitcase.

EXT. FIELD - NOT FAR FROM THE VILLA

Max holds the suitcase in one hand and a spade in the other. He carries his luggage to a desert place in the lowering toward the horizon field.

He shovels certain amount of soil, lays the suitcase in the so formed pit and levels the ground.

It begins to rain heavily.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max goes into the living room, drenched to the skin.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

Max paces the room lost in thought. He holds an unsealed envelope in his hand. Every other hour he raises it and looks at it with disbelief.

MAX

At the top they are fighting for power... What is most loathsome is that they are trying to turn our company into a scapegoat.

*(he sits down a little
calmed)*

The president personally is going to visit the base!

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - AT DUSK

The windows are lighted up. Max is on the doorstep - he expects the high guests. Filled with energy...

The presidential helicopter is late and Max starts showing signs of nervousness.

At last a roaring is heard. Two heavy military machines lights up the area and land. The authorities demonstrate their power - everything all around shakes under the pressure of the heated air.

The president gets down. Max welcomes him. The three of them (the president is attended by a counselor) go inside.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

The president is seated in Frank's favorite seat. Max is on the sofa, and the president's counselor - opposite Max.

COUNSELOR

(self-confidently)

We can vouch for support but we assume that you are clear about the situation. You have at your disposal a highly technological weapon that remains a secret to us.

Max watches his interlocutors in his usual way - his head rested on his hands joined together. His head does not move, only his eyes wander quickly.

MAX

(he speaks Frankly, his tone of voice is firm, but there is a note of tease in it)

Yes indeed. A scientific and technological achievement of great importance is present. However, it has no relation to the military affairs and it is so far from them as white is from black.

The counselor and the president throw glances at each other. Their faces betray tension.

COUNSELOR

(he tries to keep his self-confidence, but his voice is hesitant)

Such being the case it is necessary that you should familiarize us with the problem in details...

Max secretly takes pleasure in the situation - the authorities are helpless before his childish stubbornness.

MAX

(firmly, but with ease)

No, that's impossible. Not before we have the necessary guarantees. Moreover, the subject of our conversation is not at hand. I mean... we can't exercise control over it; moral as well as other factors force us to take into consideration a number of circumstances, without which we could not have an absolute power over the subject.

The president and the counselor look like people who cannot make anything of what has been said to them. However, it becomes clear to them that an unbending and extremely intelligent person sits opposite them.

The president sighs. The man accompanying him looks at him with anxiety, then at Max.

The president decides to take the floor. His face betrays fatigue - it is a person standing in front of Max; the institution has receded into the background.

PRESIDENT

(he tries to be sincere)

Do you know... there are circles that do not consent to our politics. Including to our well-meaning attitude toward your activities.

Max watches him in silence.

PRESIDENT

(with resignation as he sees that Max does not believe him)

That's not the only problem... An anti-presidential campaign is under its way.

MAX (V.O.)

So, here is the magic key!

Although Max's face shows politeness, the expression that he is not interested that much in politics cannot be hidden.

The conversation continues for a while. Max sees his guests to the door. The helicopters take off.

Max goes back lost in thought.

MAX (V.O.)

Well, the president promised to do
WHATEVER is possible to arrange the
necessary protection of the
company's territories. And I made it
clear to him that the company will
notify the government about its
developments WHEN it becomes
possible...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Max paces up and down the room and keeps an eye on the news
- civil unrest (crowd scene).

All of a sudden something dreadful happens - on the next
flash there is seen how a man in a suit surrounded by a
crowd and bodyguards falls to the ground.

TV ANNOUNCER

(feverishly)

They have just shot at the leader of
the opposition!

MAX

(he shakes his head sadly)

A civil war will break out...

**EXT. A FIELD - SEVERAL KILOMETERS FROM THE VILLA - A GREY
DAY**

Max, standing on his feet but half hidden behind a bush,
watches the great movement of military equipment, making
its way to the base with the purpose of guarding it.

Tanks, heavy equipment transporters, trucks, and other
machines take a short cut through the field, not complying
with a previously chosen route. The greenish-brown machines
saturate the air with rumble and blast. (crowd scene)

EXT. ROOF OF THE VILLA - NIGHT

A battle in the vicinity of the base. Flashes of light in the distance. The rumble of the fight floats around.

Alarmed, Max lies on the flat concrete flooring and watches the battle with powerful night binoculars. Next to him there lies the single-barrel, taken from Frank's study. (camouflage suit of clothes, a thick warm coat, heavy soldier's shoes)

EXT. GROUNDS OF THE BASE - AFTER A FEW DAYS - CLOUDY

The battle is over. Max walks alone, desperate and angry along the desert field, watching the horrible consequences of the human outrages.

The base is entirely destroyed. At the place where until recently there was a flourishing town, full with laboratories and ultra-modern installations, now there are only smoking remnants sticking up.

The camera gets into Max's eye - MEMORIES OF HISTORICAL EVENTS from World War I and World War II pass on a cine-film. Authentic black and white flashes about man's atrocities - concentration camps, gas chambers, mass shootings down, mountains of human skulls, battle scenes - atrocious land, air, surface and sub-surface battles.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max paces the room in a wrought-up state, obviously reached some decision.

MAX (V.O.)

I am going to call BOB. He must know what is happening here. The truth about "the robot".

He picks up the phone.

MAX

Put me through to the editorial office of IC.

A man's voice answers - some deputy of BOB.

MAN

Oh, Max, is that you? Hm. I have to break some terrible news to you.

(he is silent for a short while)

Our boss BOB..., how shall I say it to you... He was said to have been in the base. He decided to go on the spot and see what was going on there. But at the same time the attack began...

Max swallows with difficulty, foreboding the bad news.

THE MAN

They have found him among the dead bodies...

Max sits motionless... He is greatly horrified at the events. He cannot associate his idea of the man as a wreath of creation with the atrocities of that same man.

He tries to say something, makes gestures, but there is not a single sound coming out of his mouth. A crucial change takes place in his soul.

MAX (V.O.)

No. We - people - will never solve our own problems. If after thousands of years of history we keep on waging wars and killing each other, what does the future hold in store for us? Machines are not the ones to blame. They are weapons in men's hands only.

INT. ANOTHER DAY

Max watches the news.

TV ANNOUNCER

The political and the military situation are under control. The power has restored its positions.

(separate flashes)

The situation is returning to normal.

INT. FRANK'S STUDY - AFTER A FEW DAYS

There hangs a note on the wall: THE CLEVER MAN SOLVES THE PROBLEMS, THE WISE ONE DOES NOT ALLOW THEM.

Max sits on the rocking chair and thinks, his head rested on his hand. He chews something for breakfast, but he does not know what. A pencil may? Oh, yes! He sobers up, stands up, leaves the pencil, and starts pacing the room.

MAX (V.O.)

My anxiety about MA-UNI's future is ungrounded... It's true - I don't know how to proceed in a situation like this. But then who else knows?

As he walks lost in thought, he suddenly stops, bends his head to one side and smiles faintly. He looks through narrowed eyelids.

MAX

Hm. I am being overcome with a new feeling! For power...

INT. MA-UNI'S ROOM - ANOTHER DAY

The sun peeps merrily. Max wakes up. His complexion is fresh, his eyes - clear. He makes himself a cup of coffee and drinks it slowly, with pleasure. He walks in a white robe, then stands by the window. He takes a look at the blues sky.

MAX

MA-UNI, you deserve to live!

EXT. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FIELD

Max digs. The earth is dry, however, cracked. Nevertheless, he manages to dig out the suitcase. He carries it to the house.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

The suitcase lies on the floor. Max raises the lid. He sees that mud has made its way through some crack during the rain, it has filled up the suitcase, then dried up - MA-UNI's body looks like a parched clay mummy. At first Max is startled, but then he calms down. He starts thinking.

MAX

Man is born from clay and dying, he
turns into clay. But this plastic
doll...? WHAT will she turn into?

He carries the suitcase to the bathroom and leaves it in front of it. He goes to his room and after a while he comes back undressed. He takes the body out with difficulty and carries it under the shower (as it is with clothes on) to wash away the dirt of it.

The light from the bathroom illuminates the light gray terracotta of the corridor. Little puffs of vapor crawl out. MA-UNI's washed and glittering body lies on the floor.

There appears Max dressed in a robe, carrying a many-colored plastic tube in his hand. He leans over, lifts her head, and squeezes the energy substance through her lips.

While waiting for Ma-uni to come round, Max looks absently around. His eyes fell on the tomahawk which he has taken out together with the Ma-uni's body and which lies nearby. Max is frightened. His eyes widen. His lips utter.

MAX

The tomahawk of war... which, alas,
IS BEGINNING ONLY NOW! And I can do
nothing to stop it!

*(he looks at the naked sex-
appealing body of MA-UNI
stretched in a seductive
posture. He is shaking with
desire and passion)*

A terrible weapon! It's the mankind
that'll have to stand the racket...

MA-UNI wakes up. She livens up and opens her eyes playfully. She sits up, takes a look around, and rises to

her feet. Then she shakes off her hair and her clothes and gives a big smile.

MA-UNI

Hello, Max. How are you feeling today?

INT. IN THE KITCHEN

The two of them sit on the little kitchen table and talk.

MAX

The military operations devastated the base. The authorities must take the responsibility for the barbarity - it's their fault. We must meet the president.

INT. THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - SUNNY AFTERNOON

The president welcomes Max and MA-UNI. They settle themselves on chairs in front of the desk. The president sits behind the desk. The sun lights up his back.

PRESIDENT

*(gallantly, but his voice
betray his agitation)*

So You are "the young lady", whom
there has been so much stir about
lately?

*(he tries to be polite but
at the sight of MA-UNI he
quails and turns helplessly
to Max)*

Now I see that there have been good
reasons for it.

*(he looks at her fascinated,
with examining eyes. He
fiddles with a black pen and
wonders what to do)*

So "the lady" is... a machine.

There enters the minister of justice, ushered by the
president's secretary.

MAX

*(quietly, leaning over to
MA-UNI)*

MA-UNI. I am going to lay an
additional claim - to your legal
status. You are not a person and
everyone might use you as they see
fit. This injustice must be put to
an end.

INT. IN THE PARLIAMENT

Debates reach their height. The chairman of the Legislative committee reads a bill.

CHAIRMAN

May I have your attention! Please keep quiet!

(he waits upon calling to order)

The bill that we are going to discuss today consists of two items.

- Item one. To the artificial self-aware system conventionally called "MA-UNI", there is given the status of a legal entity on a special regime.

- Item two. A moratorium is decreed over the development of such systems. Please vote...

The parliamentarians prepare to vote.

INT. THE VILLA'S LIVING ROOM

Max sits on the sofa and smiles faintly, half-buried his face in his hands. MA-UNI paces nervously in front of him, with arms akimbo. There lies a shining piece of cardboard on the little table - MA-UNI's personal identity card. Now and then she takes it, examines it, then throws it to the table again.

MA-UNI

(agitated)

I am definitely not an article for sale or a prisoner that they should label me with some kind of Social Security Number!

(but then she thinks a little and agrees)

Actually, that is the right thing to do. The world already knows that I exist.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA

Max has a walk and enjoys the landscape. (a jacket in light colors) He watches the blossoming of the plants, the crawling of the little creatures. He reaches down for a little stone, takes it and throws it far away.

Accidentally he turns his eyes at the distance. He catches sights of the remains of the destroyed base. His face assumes a worried look.

EXT. THE DESTROYED BASE

Intensive work is in full swing in the place of the destroyed town. Powerful bulldozers rumble. The waste from the war damage is trucked away, the earth is leveled. Planting workers bring up saplings. They plant a spruce forest. Noise, construction bustle.

Max drives around the estate with the pick-up truck. He stops, leaves it at a hillock, and goes for a walk along the site. He notices a badly cultivated parcel. He meets the chief of the workers. He demands that the adequate ameliorations be made. (gestures, facial expressions, a dialogue without words)

INT. MA-UNI'S ROOM - THE BEDROOM - SEMI-DARKNESS

MA-UNI sleeps with her little naked body pressed against Max's body. Max is reclining, half-covered with a bed sheet.

He reads: A GUIDE TO OPERATING A SELF-AWARE ARTIFICIAL SYSTEM. A thick, heavy book, A4 formatted, with lustrous covers and a picture of MA-UNI in full height on the front cover - sitting on the floor with her hand resting on her knee. A downright advertising model.

Every other hour he looks at MA-UNI, feasts his eyes on her, and thinks.

MAX(V.O.)

How I wish my thoughts were
organized in such a perfect way,
too! To take a look around on all
sides, to analyze, and only then to
make my next move... Not to be under
the influence of accidental moods.

INT. MORNING

Max wakes up and is about to slip out of the covering. MA-UNI senses his intention and does the same. The two of them set about doing their morning toilet.

MA-UNI slips on her red leather shorts, passes her arms through the red sleeveless jacket. She runs her fingers through her hair and the locks instantly freeze to the place where they have been set. With this her toilet is ready. She goes out.

Max is still in the bathroom - he takes a shower, shaves. He happens to look in the mirror where through the open door one can see MA-UNI preparing something in the kitchen. He turns his eyes back to his own face. He is irritated.

MAX (V.O.)

Ugh! Will I ever have the chance to change this coarse, beard-growing countenance? And this hairy, whitish body, advancing in age? My hair constantly gets greasy, gets flat. I sweat, go to the toilet... I'm fed up with it!

All at one, unexpectedly for himself, he throws away the glass he uses for having water while cleaning his teeth. The glass falls down on the floor and breaks.

Having heard the noise, MA-UNI peeks through and stares at him in wonder, opening her big eyes wide.

INT. FRANK'S STUDY

Max is alone and paces the room nervously.

MAX

She makes fun of us - people. She plays the perfect... Hm. That's humiliating!!!

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AFTER A MONTH

Max sits in a gloomy mood. He has a headache.

MAX (V.O.)

I didn't suppose that living
together with MA-UNI would exhaust
me to such an extent. I get
snappish, quarrelsome, envious,
revengeful... But how can I
neutralize her advantages?

He clenches his fists and shakes his head.

MAX

*(in a whisper, through
narrowed eyelids)*

This monster - Frank!

*(he looks at his
instinctively clenched fist,
relaxes, and sighs)*

No, I am too weak for such a
mission.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max sits on the sofa and casts sidelong glances at MA-UNI who walks around, talks and gesticulates vigorously.

MAX (V.O.)

MA-UNI wants to leave me. She is said to be a machine-personality now... Well! Let her act for herself. I am going to take the burden about her future off my shoulders.

MA-UNI

(angrily)

I'm fed up with your envy, selfishness and malice! Live your life. I'm getting out of here!

(she is off to her room to pack up her things. Only her voice is heard)

I'm leaving you the villa - do whatever you want. I can take care of myself.

MA-UNI comes in with a suitcase and a light green long coat in her hands. She takes a look around, puts the coat under her arm and gets out in silence.

Max sits on the sofa. He does not trouble to stop her.

MAX

(with relief)

At last! I've had enough of this... bioelectronic product.

INT. MA-UNI'S ROOM - IN A MONTH

A fall rain rattles on the windows. Max gets up. He is naked but he does not get dressed. Easy-going and carefree, he goes in the kitchen. He makes himself breakfast.

Then he gets back with a tray, well laden with delicious things. He settles himself back in the bed and throws a sheet on his shoulders.

A laptop lies on the bed. He opens it and starts writing. When he gets bored with writing, he stands up and walks naked around the house.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max sits naked on the sofa and watches the news. There is a program about some advertising agency. He pricks up his ears.

From the program one can see that the advertising face of the company is MA-UNI. The camera shows street billboards and magazines with MA-UNI's image that advertises goods and services - lingerie, clothes, women's accessories, household appliances, cars, etc. She appears at fashion shows.

FIRST APPEARANCE: MA-UNI is black-skinned (matted plastics). She wears a white shirt, stiff white leather jacket, white fashion sport shorts, white high-heeled boots, white bracelet, white earrings, a purse. Hair - black locks.

SECOND APPEARANCE: MA-UNI's skin is of metallic silvery color, unruffled, and it blends with the color of the clothes. The hair - the same. She has put on a small pleated jacket with a blouse tight-fitting under it, shorts, and close-fitting tights, high-heeled shoes - all of them metallic silvery. The whole MA-UNI glitters like a drop of mercury. Only her enormous eyes are light-blue and shine like emeralds.

THIRD APPEARANCE: MA-UNI's skin is semi-transparent, bluish. Clothes - transparent, resembling cellophane - a jacket, a short skirt. Muscles and bones are transparent - all the richness of her artificial anatomy. There can even be seen particular logos, made on the internal organs.

Max watches for a while, then stands up and goes to the bathroom in front of the mirror. He looks at himself in it and compares his organic body advancing in years with MA-UNI's super-technological plastic body. His eyes betray despair.

INT. MA-UNI'S ROOM - WINTER EVENING

The lights from the house fall on the snow. A dog passing by accident looks in at the window.

Max notices it. An idea flashes through his mind.

There starts hanging a note above the bed: BACK TO NATURE.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA

Max is without a stitch of clothing. He works out hard - he runs, does push-ups, sit-ups, yoga exercises. He jumps in the snow. He imitates animal's steps and barking.

INT. EVENING

Max has caught a cold. He lies on the bed in MA-UNI's room, with a warm downy covering over his head. He coughs, has tea, takes pills.

INT. SOME DAYS AFTERWARD

Feeling a little better again, he tosses the covering aside and gets dressed unwillingly. A hand moves angrily away the note: BACK TO NATURE.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

The big screen is turned on. Max is following the newscast on TV.

World news. Mass psychosis, a culture shock. A new social phenomenon has appeared, called "MA-UNI". MA-UNI has turned into an idol, a star, an example to follow. All women want to be like her, men - to have her.

On the streets - bustling, commotion. Goods with her name and image are offered - clothes, household appliances, posters - all sorts of fetishes. In the clinics they replace natural human organs with artificial ones on a mass scale for cosmetic purposes.

SPEAKER

Quite a number of technological companies turn to develop and manufacture plastic bodies. The profits are tremendous. It is believed that very soon the parliament will pass a law allowing in the brains of these bodies artificial self-conscious systems to be implemented which would turn 'the dolls' into complete personalities. The most famous experts in the field share the opinion that THE EPOCH OF THE SPIRITUAL MACHINES IS NEAR.

An artificial bodies shop. A shopping jazz. The amounts on hand are briefly running low.

SPEAKER

According to the recent surveys the sexual contacts between men and women have been drastically decreased. Men prefer using the perfect plastic dolls. Women direct to their male analogies...

Max is following an interview with a sociologist on TV.

SOCIOLOGIST

A demographic break is on its way -
soon a cease of children's bearing
on Earth is liable to occur.

MAX

(aloud, resigned)

It will turn out that Frank is
right. The machine will gain a
victory over us. Good old
Dostoevski? H'm. Beauty and kindness
are about to destroy mankind. And
not guns and tanks...

IN ITS PURSUIT OF PERFECTNESS MANKIND SETS THE BEGINNING OF
ITS END!

EXT. IN TWO YEARS

In the midst of wilderness a vast spot appears green -
where the base was before now there is a wood grown high
(with an area approximately one by two kilometers).

Max, grown a little old already, has stood up in front of
the tall trees (his small figure disappears among the
giants), listening closely to the peace and quiet. In the
background there can be seen the pick-up truck, left on a
small hillock.

Max IMAGINES vaguely a lane, cut through the woodland.
Smooth, long, and very wide - a whole boulevard.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Max paces nervously up and down. At last he goes to the
telephone and picks it up.

MAX

Hello? Is this the construction
company?

EXT. THE WOOD

Machines drone. Workers cut off parts of the trees to form a wide cutting. They level away the spot, pour concrete, and start putting marble.

Max walks around the construction site and gets irritated by every tile that has been carelessly put. The workers whisper unfavorably of him.

ONE OF THE WORKERS

(frowning)

This guy is crazy...A man of sound mind won't make a marble lane in the wilderness!

Max, happening to walk by, overhears him. Thoughtful, he goes on his way.

MAX

(V.O.)

I understand by those around that I am a rich, petulant and nutty eccentric who is to be sent to a specialized clinic...

Whatever. Let them think what they want. I feel excellent.

With his head up he continues his way.

EXT. AFTER A TIME

The lane of red polished marble is completed. The workers "pack up bag and baggage" and leave. The road machines move out of the site.

EXT. THE LANE - CLOUDY, BRIGHT DAY

Max stands in front of the complete lane - alone with the silence and the grandeur of the wood. The solitary pick up truck looms in the distance behind him.

Knitted woolen slippers "stand prominently" on his feet. Right next to him there is a small inscription engraved: "This path is a monument of the spirit of man".

With his eyes fixed ahead Max tries to see the end of the lane.

The lane cuts across the whole wood (its end can be seen in the far end). Smooth, straight, long (about a kilometer) and wide (20-30 meters). The crowns of the tall trees (poplars or spruces 15-20 meters tall) are reflected on its surface.

Max begins to walk quietly along the unruffled surface. He casts sidelong glances at the tall trees standing on either side of him as if at their posts.

EXT. THE LANE - NIGHT

Max takes a walk along the lane. The scenery is mysterious and a little frightful, too; the sky is clear and the stars of the Milky Way can be seen. The trees are wrapped in darkness and silence.

EXT. THE LANE - CLOUDY DAY

Max sits on a yellow plastic bench, placed at one of the lane's ends, and tries to not break the peace and the silence by making unnecessary movements.

A noiseless robot-cleaner (a machine looking like a vacuum cleaner, about a meter tall high), supplied by solar batteries, slides on the smooth surface. It does its work discreetly - it sucks the fallen needles. After that it takes its stand under a special shed and freezes up.

EFF: The leaves of the calendar tear off one after the other.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA

Max is a little older and unshaved. With a light-blue working overall on, he does the chores - sweeps up the yard. Tired, he sits for a rest on the bench in front. He enjoys nature - watches the sky, the flowers, the little creatures.

EXT. WASTELAND

Max takes long walks in the surrounding area. He holds Frank's single-barrel in his hands. The weapon gives him confidence. He sits on a randomly chosen rock and rests his head on his hand - Rodin's "The Thinker".

MAX

We've created something more perfect
than us. However, we can't
understand ourselves.

EXT. THE USUAL WALK

Max cuts across fields overgrown with grass, goes round single bushes. All of a sudden his ears catch a sound. He stops. A helicopter? He ribs his ear with his hand - he must have imagined it. He continues his walk.

The afternoon is toward its end. Max looks up toward the sun going down. He must go home.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA

Max is at the entrance. The front door slides. He goes in and stops - someone has left two aluminum suitcases in the middle of the living room.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max's knees give way beneath him. He sits in the armchair. He thinks. He fixes his eyes on the suitcases.

The flying door, leading to the interior rooms, suddenly opens. MA-UNI steps in energetically and gesticulates with animation.

MA-UNI

(as if they parted an hour ago)

Will you have a drink? I have already had one.

And without waiting for an answer, she goes back to prepare a drink for Max.

Max does not react - he appears to be calm. He takes a look at the gun, which he fiddles involuntarily with. He stands up to put it in its place - in Frank's office room.

INT. CORRIDOR - IN A FEW DAYS

Max walks in the corridor. The door of MA-UNI's room is ajar. Max peeks in, then he goes in quietly.

MA-UNI sleeps on her back with her head slightly turned to one side. Only a filmy nightgown covers her naked body. Her arms sink freely to her sides. So do her legs. Her long golden curls are fall loose on the bed.

Max comes closer, sits quietly near the bed and feasts his eyes on her.

MAX

(V.O.)

The parting with MA-UNI helped me change my mind... The fact that I can't oppose MA-UNI doesn't mean that I can't make use of her! Hm...

He looks at her arm resting freely on the bedside table. Her forefinger has almost touched Max's open laptop and gives the impression that it points to the laptop. Max makes a comparison between her synthetic arm and the technical design of the laptop.

INT. MAX'S ROOM

Max paces up and down the room and gesticulates.

MAX

She is more perfect than us, but she
is a descendent of computers. And
computers - naturally, they can be
RE-PROGRAMMED!

FLASHBACK - MAX'S MEMORY (SCENE 60)**:** the conversation
with MA-UNI about the divine. His subject!

MAX

(he walks around stunned)

That's why Frank needed me! He
couldn't program MA-UNI completely!
He didn't have the knowledge to do
that - about the supreme, the
spirit! And for that purpose he has
chosen me - the philosopher!

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

Max piles feverishly the enormous desk with books that he
takes down from the bookcase - in bionics, cybernetics,
informatics...

INT. AT DUSK

Max sits lost in thought with his head rested on his hand -
he tries hard to understand what is written. He is nervous,
stands up, walks around with his arms akimbo. He stops,
scratching his head.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max paces up and down the room and watches the big screen,
switching over archival recordings - talks between Frank
and experts from the base. He tries to analyze their
conversations. He sighs. His face betrays despair - the
subject matter is incomprehensible.

In the next moment he stops. He remembers something!

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - CLOUDY, BUT BRIGHT

FLASHBACK - MAX'S MEMORY: Sitting on the little table, Frank and Max talk, having a drink. MA-UNI serves them.

The sun, which cannot be seen behind the thick blanket of clouds, goes down. The sky to the east, however, is brighter than the sky to the west. An interesting atmospheric inversion! Max enjoys it, while listening to Frank.

FRANK

...Up to a certain moment an army of engineers deals with its programming. But only to a certain moment. After that the algorithms become much too complicated and the ordinary programming doesn't serve the purpose. We go on to stage education!

(Frank's eyes sparkle)

I am not programming MA-UNI, Max. I am already EDUCATING her. Hah!

He starts thinking about something.

The silent MA-UNI is not interested in the conversation. For her the subject is new. She finishes with the serving and disappears in the house.

FRANK

Do you know, Max? My competitors think that I have hidden some mysterious algorithm in her brain.

(laughs)

There is no such a thing...

INT. THE LIVING ROOM

Max sits on the sofa and thinks.

MAX

(through narrowed eyelids)

So, I don't have to study
programming? I should just drive the
ultimate aims of reason in this
plastic doll's brain!

FLASHBACK - MAX'S MEMORY (SCENE 1): On the wall in Max's
bedroom there hangs a photo of his awarding on the occasion
of the defense of his dissertation on the topic of:
PROBLEMS OF RESURRECTION.

BACK TO SCENE

Melancholy leaves Max. He stands up and starts walking with
vigorous strides in a circle.

MAX

Let's get down to work!

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - CLOUDY, BRIGHT DAY

He and MA-UNI talk, sitting on the chairs on the grass. A
copy of Max's dissertation lies in MA-UNI's hands. Max
confides to her - as if accidentally, his most cherished
dream. (his voice cannot be heard)

EFF: Graveyard. The graves open, the dead people's souls
rush out toward the sky. The idea of resurrection,
refracted by his imagination. The idea, on the realization
of which he has been working his entire life.

BACK TO SCENE

MA-UNI watches him through narrowed eyelids and with a
scarcely perceptible, well-meaning smile. From the
expression on her face one can see that, with the kind of
seriousness typical of her, she analyzes the carelessly
thrown out and naively presented idea.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE

MA-UNI rummages the bookcase, takes Max's dissertation out, sits on the rocking armchair and puts her bare legs up on the desk. The mini-skirt barely covers her sleek skinny thighs. She opens the folder and reads page after page by playfully trying to rock the heavy chair to and fro with her frail little body.

Max sits on the other chair with a newspaper in hand and feasts his eyes secretly on her.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - SUMMER EVENING

MA-UNI has bent double on the chair folding her knees with her arms. Fixing her eyes wistfully on the clear night sky, cut through by the nebula of the Milky Way. The light of the window falls on her bare arms and legs. Max sits on the chair opposite her.

MA-UNI

Do you know, Max? Earth is a lovely little place... Not for me though. I need space. Necessary for every creator.

MAX

(with a touch of irony)
And what do you want to create?

MA-UNI

A world! A whole world!

(she does not wait for Max's reaction, she answers herself)

The world you dream about... THE
WORLD OF FAIRY TALES!

MAX

*(with a concealed
condescension)*

And have you asked yourself if you could? Because there is a gulf between desire and capability?

MA-UNI

*(thoughtfully, but openly
and frankly)*

I don't know but I guess I could. Because I can perfect myself. While in case of you - people, evolution has stopped at the "biology" stage. Max, you are prisoners of Mother Earth. Do you really imagine that you will become a cosmic civilization? In space suits? I'm sorry for telling you this

*(she looks up at the
infinite space, then direct
her eyes to Max's body)*

but outer space... you are not up to
it. It belongs to machines.

MAX

(angrily)

Well, yes... But SOME beings will
never have the chance to... let's
say, well, to have children, to
watch them grow up, to listen to
their laughter, to feel the warmth
of their little hands, to have pain
from the problems these little
creatures create for them...

MA-UNI

You're right. I can't give birth to
a child...

*(thoughtfully. Then
enthusiastically)*

But I can CREATE them! Thus I will
be not only a mother, but also a
woman, and a daughter of my
children...

Max's eyes pop out, he opens his mouth, but remains
speechless.

MA-UNI

(she continues)

Because unlike you - human beings,
this will not be impossible, it will
not even be immoral. We will never
get old, neither will we die! How
are we supposed to live through an
entire immortality without shifting
the relations between us? How
horrible!

MAX

*(he decides to change the
subject)*

MA-UNI, don't you think that you will get sick and tired of immortality some time other? I don't know, in my opinion life would become pointless. It is valuable, because it is short. Doing one and the same thing a whole eternity: eating, sleeping, getting dressed, undressing, hating, loving, thinking, feeling..., won't you get tired of it?

MA-UNI

(thoughtful)

I don't know! But I have to live through it first to make my own judgment, don't I? I may be bored for a hundred thousand years, but imagine that in the one hundred thousand and first year a wonder happens for the sake of which it has been worth living so long?

MAX

(V.O.)

Crazy ideas! In fact... I'm lamenting not for her, but for my sorrowful future. I have never had MA-UNI free way of thinking, my mind has never generated prospects on such a large scale...

INT. SOMETIME LATER

Max sits on the sofa. MA-UNI walks in and laughs happily.

MA-UNI

Max, look what I have devised
myself!

The big screen switches on automatically.

Some vague outlines appear against a light background.
Gradually they take the shape of a particular image - a
design of a spaceship: framework, engines, equipment...

MAX

(delighted)

My Goodness! That's a real stellar
ship!

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAYS

Max sits on the sofa and watches the process of making MA-UNI's little stellar ship on the screen. There it is - the already finished project is sent to the factory-producer.

Industrial robots make the particular elements of the structure. The finished spaceship is put to aerodynamic, thermal, and other tests.

MAX

*(he shakes his head
bitterly)*

What does she need us - people -
for?

INT. CLOUDY DAY - IN A FEW DAYS

Max sits on the sofa doing something. Some flying shadow passes outside the window. It turns out that this is the finished stellar ship coming from the factory, flown by an automatic pilot. It makes a turn and lands on the grass - about 20 meters away from the villa.

The surprised Max leaves his occupation and goes out to take a look at it.

EXT. AT THE STELLAR SHIP

The stellar ship opens its hatch automatically, having sensed Max's presence. He looks cautiously in the two-seated compartment.

(NOTE: oblong soap-like body. Length - 4-5 meters, width - 2 meters, height - 1 meter. There are no wings, edges, or openings on its fuselage. The two-seated cabin is upholstered with heavy leather material. Some apparatus is installed at the front and that is all.)

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - SOME TIME LATER

Max stands against the background of the villa (with his back to the villa) and watches MA-UNI's flights through a special helmet for panoramic view. By it he receives signals from the TV cameras, installed on the surface of the machine.

It can be seen that MA-UNI flies this sophisticated device with ease. With sharp flights she nearly sweeps away the aerials set on the roof and the tops of the nearest young trees.

Max wonders how the building does not collapse by the powerful sound wave! The engines of the stellar ship do not produce sound, but its very movement in the atmosphere causes low-frequency rumble.

EXT. THE LAWN IN FRONT OF THE VILLA - MORNING

The sun has risen, but a small cloud still hides it.

Max has rested his hands on the wingless machine. The hatch is open. MA-UNI sits inside and checks up all the systems for the last time. Her eyes sparkle with joyful excitement.

Max stands desperate in admiration before her.

MAX

(V.O.)

MA-UNI is going to be away for years. This doesn't disturb her - the immortal don't care about time. For me, however, it's a problem...

MA-UNI is ready. She jumps outside and holds him tight in her arms.

MAX

(V.O.)

MA-UNI - my hope, my only hope, THE HOPE!!! What else can I hope for? My life runs out like sand through fingers...

He can see how MA-UNI talks to him, but he cannot hear her, her words do not reach his mind.

MAX

(moved)

MA-UNI! I don't know if I will live long enough to see you again. I just want to tell you that you are the being closest to me. Please, don't forget me. Never!

MA-UNI

(with compassion and love)

Oh, Max! I didn't suppose my journey would upset you so much. However, I have a program that I must fulfill. But I promise you I will never, Never, NEVER forget you!

Max looks at her through narrowed eyelids.

MAX

(V.O.)

She mentioned... A PROGRAM? Hm...

He holds her with his arms around her delicate little body; he cannot take his arms off her. He looks her in the eyes and wants to say something to her but he does not know what.

MA-UNI's eyes are enormous, pure, and bright. They watch him with love and tenderness. But at the same time the way she looks at him bore into him like glass. MA-UNI thinks about other things as well.

MAX

(starts sobbing)

MA-UNI. Think of me!

(he takes a breath)

How I wish I lived forever,
too!!!... In a world of my own - THE
WORLD OF FAIRY TALES...

MA-UNI

(sadly, but firmly)

Darling, don't worry! Trust me, I
will help you. Things should not be
left as they are.

MA-UNI smiles at him with resignation and boards the stellar ship. The hatch closes with ease.

After a while the machine soars up. Heavily, slowly and uneventfully it heads for the rising sun. Max fixes his eyes on the disc that blinds him until the little black dot disappears in the light.

He turns around and walks into the house.

INT. THE VILLA. SOME TIME LATER

Max writes, cleans, tidies, cooks... By chance he looks out of the window, sees Frank's grave and winces.

MAX

I must clean it. At all costs!

EXT. FRANK'S GRAVE

Max trims the lush grass.

EFF: Max imagines his own future grave next to Frank's.

INT. MA-UNI'S ROOM

Max returns to the room. He settles himself in his usual place and continues writing his book. At one point he starts thinking, writes down, stands up and puts up a note on the wall: NOT MAN, BUT SPIRIT IS THE MEASURE OF ALL THINGS!

INT. NIGHT

Max sleeps uneasily. He has a dream...

DREAM: IN MANY, MANY, MANY YEARS... Max is in the yard, staring at the rising sun. The light blinds him but he continues staring ahead. There - against the background of the shining disk of the sun - a little dot suddenly appears. Gradually it gets bigger and takes the shape of a stellar ship, which lands in the yard.

The hatch opens. Max gets closer and notices on the right seat a blue-eyed girl, all smiles. (golden hair, a fair complexion. Filmy spacesuit of completely transparent material, shining like cellophane - the flashes of light impede from seeing details of her naked body)

The girl looks like MA-UNI, but it is not her. She is even more beautiful, lighted up, one cannot catch details of her face - both real and immaterial. The girl is much younger than Max. However, she watches him with a smile, inquisitively, with mother's eyes. With a gesture she invites him to sit next to her.

Blinded by the sun and bewildered by the unexpected encounter, Max settles himself on the unoccupied seat.

The hatch closes. The stellar ship soars up slowly, heavily, majestically. It points at east. It picks up speelack dot.

FADE OUT

(END OF PART ONE)