

Man, Obsolete

Written by

Stephen Fouasnon

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Sgfouasnon@gmail.com - Sfouasnon.com

INT. QUALITY CONTROL - DAY. [TITLE SEQUENCE]

ECU, the safety goggled eyes of our protagonist SARAH SMITH (Female, 40/50s, a hardened factory worker with a Chicago accent, who dreams of a life beyond these gray factory walls).

WE PULL BACK, Sarah is in a taupe industrial smock, tan nurse's scrubs, and beige Crocs. She works on a factory assembly line but we cannot see what tedium she engages in.

CALIPERS SWING TOWARDS, then move past inspecting something unseen.

Sarah grabs an out of focus item from a box, moves it out of frame. She struggles with it, wipes sweat from her brow, IT'S DIFFICULT WORK.

AN ORANGE HYDRAULIC REMOTE is pressed. A WHIIR and CLANK as something on the factory line swings in front of her. She reaches off frame, A VIGOROUS BACK AND FORTH ACTION.

Sarah adjusts her glasses. REMOTE IS PRESSED. And again A WHIIR and CLANK. Sarah takes an in breath then goes back to it.

GALILEAN LOUPES, perched at the tip of Sarah's nose.

MICRO-PRECISION PAINTBRUSH quivers betwixt her fingertips.

AN EXTREME MACRO LENS, again EXTREME DEPTH OF FIELD, REVEALS A TINY RIVER on A DARK BACKGROUND. A gentle dab from a palette with SURPRISINGLY FEW COLORS.

FROM BEHIND SARAH - We finally realize that she is performing quality control on a series of a MALE SEX ROBOTS.

FURTHER BACK, we see the entire machines, top to bottom.

CRUDE AND ROBOTIC since they are lacking fake hair and faces, they're VERY UNSETTLING.

WE BOOM DOWN to find A METAL SPRING LOADED SHAFT. Sarah presses a button on a remote whose coil winds around the back of the machine, BOINK! The spring loaded shaft SPRINGS UPWARD. Sarah mundanely notes a check in a notebook. She unplugs her remote and moves on to the next.

A robot lies face down on top of a female mannequin. Sarah presses the remote...

ROBOTIC VOICE
Beginning pleasure sequence...
Prepare for penetration.

The robot vibrates like a coin operated bed, gyrating off the top of the mannequin and begins to skitter across the floor. C-CLUNK, C-CLUNK, C-CLUNK...

WE REVERSE - Sarah unaware, sighs, while staring off into the distance.

TITLE OVER:

*Man,
Obsolete.*

END TITLE SEQUENCE.

GRAY ASHTON (O.S.)
(Shouting)
Miss Smith?

Sarah yells over the noise, but doesn't turn.

SARAH
(Shouting, in return)
YEAH?!

GRAY ASHTON (O.S.)
Miss Smith!

Sarah whips her head around, annoyed.

SARAH
Whaddya want?! Oh, oh my god, Miss
Ashton. Hiya there.

Sarah presses the remote, the robot halts. GRAY ASHTON (50s, female, and CEO of Ashton Robotics. She is professional, neat, and sharply dressed) calls to her as she passes.

GRAY ASHTON
I'd like to have a chat please?

SARAH
Yeah-yeah, o-course.

Sarah embarrassed, sets the remote down quickly. Gray continues on, expecting her to match stride.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - DAY.

Sarah quickly catches up to Gray who stalks confidently through the noisy assembly line style factory. We see machine heads rolling past, legs and arms, and torsos in various stages of manufacture.

SARAH
(Yelling over the
noise)

Is uh everything uh all right Miss Ashton?! I-I know we're a little behind schedule, but that last batch of Turkish silicone warped in transit! Never seen anything like it! They came out looking like melted army helmets! Gerty said it took her four hours to get the first run back into shape!

WE SEE, GERTY (A woman with forearms like a blacksmith), who uses a BLACK RUBBER Mallet to hammer warped SILICONE MALE PARTS back into shape. BLAM-BUH-BLAM-BUH-BLAM!

GRAY ASHTON
No, no, this has nothing to do with your schedule.

SARAH
Oh.

GRAY ASHTON
I wanted to ask your opinion of your product line, Sex Bot Classic?

We pass rows of robots only constructed from the waist down.

SARAH
Ah the ole, S.B.C. huh? Well I probably shouldn't say. I know they say honesty is the best policy, but that ain't my experience. You could just tell me what you want to hear, and eh, I could just repeat it back, how's that there for ya?

GRAY ASHTON
How can we improve our products if we don't have honest feedback from our engineers and crafts people? Please, I'm a professional, my feelings won't be hurt I promise.

SARAH

Yeah. Okay then. Well, it's just, even with all the updates and modifications we've been making, at the end of the day do you really want that thing on top you? Initiating pleasure sequence! ZYT-ZYT-ZYT, prepare for penetration.

GRAY ASHTON

I've heard some feedback of that nature. Go on.

SARAH

And uh, I kinda feel like who is our clientele even? Like what respectable gal walks into one of those sex shops you see on the side of the highway, they see this thing and go "Oh ya, I just gotta have that thing inside me." Let me just slap down eight hundred and sixty four dollars. I guess when the deed is done, I slide it under my bed? I hope my Cocker Spaniel Bagel don't get a hold of it.

GRAY ASHTON

I see.

Sarah notices Gray's cold expression, her wheels start spinning, she glances right to a nearby half-complete robot.

SARAH

But hey, you know, they're definitely starting to look more realistic. That was a good idea you had outsourcing the pubes from that doll factory in Bangladesh. Saved us a ton of dough.

Sarah gestures towards it's hairy crotch.

GRAY ASHTON

Mmm. It was, wasn't it...

Gray combs through the fake crotch hair with her long manicured fingernails then abruptly walks away. Sarah feeling like she's failing an interview, jogs to catch up.

SARAH

If you're worried about our sales, there are some things I think we could try.

Gray turns, truly intrigued.

GRAY ASHTON
Really? Like what?

SARAH
I think that we're not addressing
what it is that women are really
looking for.

GRAY ASHTON
Which is what?

SARAH
A real connection, right?

This takes Gray happily by surprise.

GRAY ASHTON
You think that a person buying a
robotic sexual aide wants to
emotionally connect with it?

SARAH
Yeah, I do.

GRAY ASHTON
I'm so glad to hear you say that.

SARAH
I could say it again if you wanted?

GRAY ASHTON
Have you heard about any of our work
in the new facility then?

SARAH
I've never even been in this part of
the building... I figured this is
where they made the \$80 t-shirts and
ball caps you see in the front
office.

GRAY ASHTON
Shall we?

SARAH
This isn't one of those Willy Wonka
type deals right? Because I don't got
time to be turned into a giant
blueberry.