Unavailable For Comment

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INT. BROTHEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

The dead bodies of a man and woman lay over one another, slumped together against the tiled wall of a wet room bathroom. They're covered in blood. On the hard stone floor, their nude corpses glint in the low light.

DET. GREGOIRE SOLOMON faces the victims and speaks to WOMAN behind him, without turning to look at her.

SOLOMON

And...

Can you recall the events resulting in these deaths?

She looks questioningly at the scene ahead of her.

WOMAN

Officer, the session for this customer has expired.

Solomon turns to look at woman.

SOLOMON

Nothing?

In her silken dressing gown, her arms hugged around herself as if cold, she shrugs awkwardly and shakes her head.

Solomon strolls past her and out into the bedroom.

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

SOLOMON reaches into his jacket to a retrieve a capsule of powder and disperses it into the room, watching as it magnetically clings to every surface. With a light hand motion he initiates a holographic interface, forming multiple translucent planes that press against every surface of the room, highlighting fingerprints and organic matter. Areas of the room sparkle with various glows.

SOLOMON

(Looking around room, speaking to O.S. woman)
But you recall reporting this? Who called this in?

The WOMAN pads timidly out into bedroom barefoot behind Solomon.

WOMAN

I did.

SOLOMON

Is any surveillance data held for these rooms?

The walls of the room shimmer around them, rippling and adjusting around the pathways of Solomon's gaze. He briefly appears uncomfortable, finding the self-voyeuristic effect of the walls' technology unsettling.

SOLOMON (V.O.)

I knew what the answer would be but found myself asking anyway. It's the kind of question I should be asking.

Solomon watches as the woman delicately sits at the end of the bedroom's unmade bed.

WOMAN

(Hollowly)

Surveillance here is restricted.

Solomon continues to watch the woman, but looking through her in distracted thought.

SOLOMON (V.O)

I knew her to be no more alive than the corpses in the next room. She was a synthetic, as were all the men, women, and the combinations of either or neither, in this district.

Here everything was allowed. No regulation, no surveillance. No one to be harmed. Not <u>real</u> harm.

SOLOMON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
These synths were painstakingly
programmed with an inability to
store memories of events beyond a
defined length of time - a kind of
stunted longterm memory. The
caution hinged on the theory that,
if something understands how to
respond to emotion, and how to
convincingly express it, to allow
it to then store memories and
attain experience... These three
elements in combination risked the
development of synthetic
consciousness.

Solomon sweeps a hand through the air, recalling his holographic scanners with their collected data

SOLOMON

That may be true.

Solomon turns to leave.

SOLOMON (CONT'D)

But your clients have the choice, do they not, of taking home with them a memorandum of their time spent with you?

Woman animatedly turns to look at him.

WOMAN

(Quickly)

Yes, but --

SOLOMON

I've already downloaded your last five recordings. I'll see myself out.

INT. BROTHEL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The room door seals shut behind SOLOMON, with no sound at first, and then a slight CLICK.

SOLOMON (V.O.)

The sex district. This just one of many throughout inhabited space, reference-able only by location code, and indistinct from any other.

Solomon reaches into his coat to place his collected evidence. His shoulders drop and he stands motionless in thought for a moment.

He walks along the corridor until he reaches an elevator door. The doors automatically open, with a soft CHIME.

Again he pauses for thought.

INT. BROTHEL ROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Soft CHIME of distant O.S. elevator.

Pause.

ELECTRONIC VOICE (O.S./V.O.)

Payment accepted.

Pause.

There is a gentle CLICK and the door slides open. SOLOMON enters.

WOMAN stands ahead, looking at him.

SOLOMON

Tell me something. Have we ever, and I mean ever, met before?

WOMAN

(smiling welcomingly)
I'm sorry, sir. I don't believe we
have.

Solomon looks sidelong into the bathroom. Through the open doorway, he sees the murder victims are still there. Taking a step, he reaches in and closes the door.

He turns back to the woman and begins to remove his coat.

FADE OUT.