

REGGIE

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A small, sterile office. Behind a desk, MR. MULLIGAN (40s) in a vintage-style sport coat reviews a RESUME. Dead silent.

Across from him, a large, bulky drone - REGGIE - sits still, observing. The flicker of light radiating from his visor, vaguely resembling an single eye, blinks nervously. He has grooves for a mouth and antennae for ears.

The Mr. Mulligan continues to review the portfolio disinterestedly. He occasionally squints between the resume and the robot opposite his desk.

MR. MULLIGAN
Remind me what relevant experience
you've had.

Beat. Reggie remains completely still.

An artificial-yet-innocent VOICE chirps up from somewhere within the drone.

REGGIE
I don't remember.

Beat.

MR. MULLIGAN
Mhm.

REGGIE
Not since the accid-

MR. MULLIGAN
The accident, right.

REGGIE
Did I mention that already?

MR. MULLIGAN
Quite a few times, Reggie.

Beat. Reggie drops his head in shame. Every movement comes with a high WHIRRING from his inner machinery.

REGGIE
I'm sorry.

Mr. Mulligan peruses the portfolio some more. He shuffles it around.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
It's been hard to remember things,
you know... ever since-

MR. MULLIGAN
Was the accident the reason you got
fired, Reggie?

Reggie looks down and rubs his bulky, metal thumbs together
in an attempt to dodge the question.

REGGIE
Possibly.

MR. MULLIGAN
Mhm.

Beat. Mr. Mulligan stands from his desk, his back cracking as
he rises. Reggie follows him with his giant, LCD eye as he
walks to his office window and stares out.

MR. MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
I won't lie to you, Reggie. There's
demand all over for cheap, mindless
labor.

Beat.

MR. MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Are you good at that, Reggie? Are
you good at cheap... mindless...
labor?

REGGIE
Yes, sir, I am. I wrote that on my
resume.

Reggie points weakly toward his portfolio, still on the Mr.
Mulligan's desk.

Mr. Mulligan sighs as he stares through his blinds.

MR. MULLIGAN
That, you did, Reggie. But truth be
told, I don't have that issue. I've
got all the help I need, right
here.

He opens a door and spots a young, lanky INTERN (20s) - sleep-
deprived, emotionally drained - clanking away at a typewriter
to the tune of 100-words-per-minute.

MR. MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Hey, Tony.

Without looking up or slowing his pace, Tony grunts in reply.

TONY

Mmgh.

MR. MULLIGAN

Get that timesheet to me by 4?

Still expressionless, Tony spastically nods his head at an unnatural rate. Mr. Mulligan smiles and gives a thumbs up, before turning back to Reggie.

MR. MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Tony's a good kid. And he's cheap, too. It's great for me, but pretty unfortunate for the market. Lotta automated jobs being lost to people, these days.

Reggie stares back, unmoved. His eyes SHUTTER close and back open.

2

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

2

Reggie steps out into the open world, purple and gold lights line the streets as neon signs decorate buildings on the strip. He shakes his head and walks down the sidewalk.

A HOMELESS MAN is sitting on the ground. He COUGHS.

Reggie is startled by the cough, but then looks at the sign beside him that says "Anthony Mechanical."

He looks down to the window, where a sign reads:

SCRAP YOUR METAL FOR CASH! ANY AND ALL ELECTRONICS, MACHINES,
AND WARES ACCEPTED!

The Homeless man pulls out a beaten-up, hole-filled shoe.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey- I'll give you this shoe if you
lemme sell your legs.

Reggie looks at the shoe.

REGGIE

Why wouldn't I just sell my own
legs for money?

HOMELESS MAN

(contemplating)
Cause I'll give you this shoe.

REGGIE
 (nodding)
 That is a nice shoe.

He looks back at the sign and squints.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 But not today.

2A **EXT. MONTY'S DISCO BAR - CONTINUOUS**

2A

He turns back around and sees a SIDEWALK SIGN in front of "Monty's Disco." The sign reads: "Trade tomorrow's happiness for tonight's FUNK."

Reggie walks toward it.

He stops in front of the bar, and looks inside to a bustling party. He enters.

3 **INT. MONTY'S DISCO BAR - CONTINUOUS**

3

Reggie walks through the crowds of extravagant patrons. All dressed in bright colors, bell bottoms, jean jackets, and an array of patterns. One smaller ROBOT in a bolo tie sits at a table with a very interested GUEST. They share a giggle as the Robot leans in closer.

Reggie looks around.

He finds an open seat at a table, but just as he reaches it a bar-goer cuts him off to steal it.

He looks back around, and in his POV, his sensors locate another open seat right at the bar.

He swiftly takes it. The BAR PATRON next to him notices his presence, and walks away. Reggie looks down at the bar in sadness.

The bartender, ARRI (28), comes over to him. She has a kind face set behind large glasses.

ARRI
 (kindly)
 Hello, Mr. Toaster Face. Whatdya
 looking for?

Reggie looks up.

REGGIE
 Isn't that insensitive?

ARRI
(chuckling)
I'm sorry, I didn't know robots
could get offended.

REGGIE
I mean, I don't even know if I'm
capable of feelings, but I think
I'm offended.

ARRI
(confused)
I'll be more careful next time.

Arri turns to walk away. Reggie looks to his side at the
empty chair.

Beat. He looks back to Arri's direction.

REGGIE
Wait!

Arri spins back to Reggie.

Reggie stares at her, awkwardly, for a beat.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
Nobody else will talk to me.

Arri smiles.

ARRI
Ah, classic story. Alright, you
wanna order a drink?

REGGIE
Sure.

He looks around and finds the small drink menu in front of
him.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
I'll have a Harvey Wallbanger.

Arri grabs a glass. She begins mixing the ingredients in
front Reggie.

ARRI
So, what's bringing you down.

REGGIE
Well. I have no job. And the job
search is pretty not-groovy.

ARRI

Ah, that's no big deal. People get fired and bounce back all the time. You look like a fine, uh, Regulator Drone to me.

Arri passes the drink to Reggie.

REGGIE

Thanks. And you seem less scary than the last humans I talked to.

ARRI

How'd you get canned - I mean - what does a Regulator Drone even do, anyway?

Reggie pauses, looks at the table, then to Arri, then back at the table, then back to Arri again.

REGGIE

I have no idea.

ARRI

Huh?

REGGIE

I don't know. They did a factory reset after an *accident*.

ARRI

Accident?

REGGIE

Yeah. Those particular ones and zeroes in my head are a bit blurry, so I don't remember. . .

ARRI

You've gotta be able to do something, though, right?

REGGIE

Well, I have HD vision sensors, 53 articulating parts, AM radio antenna, 13 buttons I haven't pressed, a cassette player that only takes the mini kind-

ARRI

(kindly stopping Reggie)
-I'm sure there's something out there for all that.

(MORE)

ARRI (CONT'D)
 But hey, I've gotta go take a few
 orders. See ya around, buddy.

Arri takes a few steps away.

REGGIE
 (under breath, wistfully)
 Buddy. . .

3A **HOURS LATER**

3A

Reggie sits still, for hours. Bar patrons shift from chair to chair as they start leaving the bar.

Arri walks back over to Reggie.

ARRI
 You're still here?

REGGIE
 I've got no other place to stay.

ARRI
 Today is just not your day.

REGGIE
 Do you need me to go? I can hide in
 the alley out back so that nobody
 tries to scrap me for parts.

ARRI
 No, no, don't do that. I mean, I
 live a pretty lonely life, too. If
 you need a place to crash-

REGGIE
 -You mean I can move in with you?
 Oh, wow, Thank you. I can do your
 taxes in return!

ARRI
 I don't need my taxes done.

REGGIE
 Oh, good. I don't know how to do
 taxes.

ARRI
 I mean, some robots clean, I'm sure
 you'd be fine at that - we'll call
 it rent. It'll be nice to have
 somebody to talk to regularly,
 instead of these drunks.

REGGIE
Thank you, Buddy.

ARRI
Arri, and anytime. I'll grab you
after my shift.

REGGIE
Oh, yeah, Reggie.

Reggie extends his hand for a shake, and Arri reciprocates.
Every shake lets out a SQUEAK from Reggie's joints.

ARRI
Clever, I like it.

Arri walks away, and Reggie nods his head in happiness. A BAR
PATRON sits down next to Reggie and looks at his drink, then
at his mouthless, metal head.

BAR PATRON
(to Reggie)
How are you gonna drink that?

Reggie looks at the man.

4

INT. ARRI'S APARTMENT - HOURS LATER

4

Reggie and Arri enter the small apartment. It's very 1970s,
with yellow-orange wallpaper and dingy furniture to match.
Arri sets her keys and jacket down as Reggie takes in the
scenery.

ARRI
You can stay in my computer room,
if you want. No beds or anything,
but there's a couple outlets, if
that's... something... you guys...
need.

Beat.

ARRI (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Am I not supposed to say "you
guys?" Is that derogatory?

REGGIE
Probably.

4A INT. ARRI'S APARTMENT - COMPUTER ROOM

4A

She approaches the door and steps inside. They enter a mostly empty room with shag carpet, a single Macintosh computer and a chair.

ARRI

I'm gonna turn in soon- I've got work in the morning. Just make yourself at home.

Arri walks out.

Reggie's eyes fixate on the computer. He approaches it gingerly, takes a seat at a rickety old CHAIR, and pushes a large power button on the PC TOWER.

A dim glow, then: a retro-style fighting game pops up on the desktop. Two pixelated fighters stand, ready to brawl. The computer prompts Reggie: **FIGHT**.

Reggie scrambles to find the right keys on the keyboard and begins hammering away.

5 INT. ARRI'S APARTMENT - NEXT DAY

5

Arri wakes up, her eyes break frost that lies on her eyelashes. She's a bit dazed.

She gets up and looks around the room, the whole place is iced and frosted up.

Arri, shivering , walks into the computer room.

ARRI

R-Reggie?

Reggie is playing on the computer, and doesn't respond to Arri.

ARRI (CONT'D)

(snapping)

Reggie? Reggie?

REGGIE

Oh, hello, Arri.

ARRI

What the hell happened?

REGGIE

I started playing this game. I'm gonna beat it.

Arri looks over Reggie's shoulder. He's still playing the fighting game.

ARRI

I don't know if you can beat this game.

REGGIE

I'm going to.

ARRI

(recollecting thoughts)

Ok, no, Reggie- why is it freezing in here?

REGGIE

Oh, yes. I turned the thermostat down so my circuits stay nice and smooth.

ARRI

I still need the heat, Reggie. I could've frozen to death in my sleep.

REGGIE

My sensors would have picked up your heartbeat trailing off. It almost happened a few times last night, but you were fine.

Arri raises her eyebrows in amazement.

ARRI

I'm turning it back up, don't touch it, please.

REGGIE

Ok, buddy.

Arri exits.

Reggie furiously types on the keyboard.

6

INT. ARRI'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - EVENING

6

Arri walks into the living room, dressed in her work clothes.

Reggie is draped on the couch, watching a robot soap opera on the television with a hand in a POPCORN bowl.

ARRI
Sup, Reggie, how's the job search going?

REGGIE
Good.

ARRI
What'd you do while I was gone?

REGGIE
Nothing.

ARRI
(nodding)
Place isn't clean, either.

Arri looks at the TV. Two robots are passionately embracing.

ARRI (CONT'D)
What is this?

REGGIE
The Processing Speed of Love.

Arri furrows her brow for a beat, then glances at the popcorn.

ARRI
Reggie, You can't even eat that stuff.

REGGIE
Boy, you humans sure do like telling robots what they can and can't consume.

Arri sighs, and shakes her head.

ARRI
Reggie, we gotta have a talk.

REGGIE
(focused on TV)
Yes?

ARRI
A talk about goals.

One of the robots on the TV admits to an affair with a blender.

Arri walks to the TV and shuts it off.

REGGIE

Arri! I was just about to find out
if BD-805 was gonna kill that
filthy blender!

ARRI

Reggie, what do you want to do with
your life?

Reggie looks down in thought.

REGGIE

...Well, I can-

ARRI

Don't tell me what you *can* do- tell
me what you *want* to do. What makes
you *happy*?

Reggie contemplates. He looks up to Arri.

REGGIE

Well, you seem happy, Arri. Do you
like what you do?

ARRI

I don't hate it.

REGGIE

That's what I want, I think.
Something I don't hate.

Arri thinks. Her eyes light up a little.

ARRI

You know, we could use a couple
extra hands at the bar.

REGGIE

But what if I have another
incident?

ARRI

We'll start you off with something
really simple, that you can't mess
up. You could be a bus boy!

REGGIE

Okay, but I don't know how to drive
stick.

7

INT. MONTY'S DISCO BAR - NIGHT

7

Lively music and dancing bodies fill the room. Reggie clumsily strong-arms a rag onto a table in a quiet corner. After a moment, he looks up at Arri, at the bar across the room, and gives a thumbs up. Arri nervously and half-heartedly reciprocates.

Reggie returns to his work, he walks over to the table with the small robot, V-80, and his date, ANGELA.

V-80

You know, I've got some screws at my place that could really liven this night up.

The two laugh.

V-80 notices Reggie.

V-80 (CONT'D)

Hey buddy, can I get a Harvey Wallbanger?

REGGIE

I just clean the tables. I don't know how to do that.

V-80 glares.

V-80

You don't know how to walk over to the bar, pick up a drink, and bring it over here?

Reggie looks back at the bar. Arri finishes up mixing a few Harvey Wallbangers. Reggie looks back at V-80 and Angela.

Angela puts her hand on Reggie's arm.

ANGELA

We believe in you!

Reggie nods and heads toward the bar.

V-80

Godspeed, cleanin' guy.

Reggie gingerly steps up to the bar. Arri slides him a drink and nods encouragingly. Reggie carefully grabs the drink and turns to face the table.

His two customers wait.

He takes a breath and walks in their direction, slowly and deliberately.

Finally having reached the table, he extends his arm.

REGGIE
One Harvey Wallb-

The might of his thrust sends the glass flying over V-80 and Angela, and through the air.

They watch the glass' flight, then sit there, dumbfounded.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
I'll get back to cleaning.

7A **MOMENTS LATER.**

7A

Reggie is mercilessly pounding the cloth into the tables as he cleans them.

Through his POV, we see his sensors go from a focusing on a table to a bald man's head. A pop-up reads "MATERIAL: GLOSS"

Reggie sprays the back of his head, and starts violently wiping.

The Bald Man stands up, bewildered.

BALD MAN
Did you just try to shine my head?

REGGIE
Yes.
(holds out hand)
I'm only allowed to accept tips in cash.

The bald man reels back for a punch, Reggie's eyes shrink, and the man swings.

8 **INT. MECHANIC'S - NIGHT**

8

Reggie is on a chair with a bandage wrapped around his head, looking depressed.

The MECHANIC walks in, writing something on a pad of PAPER.

MECHANIC
You got drone insurance?

REGGIE

Um.

(beat)

No.

The mechanic tears the page and hands it to Reggie. He walks away.

It reads "Bill: \$20,000"

Reggie slumps back into the chair. Arri walks in.

ARRI

How're you feeling, buddy?

REGGIE

I feel like I want to die.

Arri nods her head.

ARRI

I think it's okay to feel like that sometimes.

Beat.

REGGIE

I feel like I want to die all the time.

9

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

9

They walk down the strip. The homeless man stands on the sidewalk, shaking a credit card reader. Reggie and Arri walk past. Reggie mopes as his eyes stay on the ground.

ARRI

It's gonna be okay, so you're our \$20,000.

REGGIE

Arri, I don't even have a \$2 bill, and that's, like, hundreds of those. I'm gonna need to go to that scrapyards-

Just then, Mr. Mulligan, this time in a hat and coat, steps across the street. A sandwich in one hand, and a boxy cell phone with a hologram in the other.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Hey maybe I can beg to that guy-

Mulligan tosses the sandwich wrapper on the ground.

Reggie stops in his tracks. His eyes lock on the wrapper.

Through his POV, we see the screen go blood red, with alerts all around the wrapper.

Reggie's eyes turn from violet to a deep red. He walks over to Mr. Mulligan.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 (deeper voice)
 Sir, please pick up your trash.
 Littering is a crime.

The Mr. Mulligan turns around.

MR. MULLIGAN
 What?
 (looking down at wrapper)
 Oh. Tony! Come pick this up.
 (looking around)
 Did he get out of his leash again?

Mulligan shrugs and returns to his phone. Reggie pushes closer.

REGGIE
 (deeper voice)
 Sir, please pick up your trash.
 Littering is a crime.

Mulligan squints puts his hand out in confusion.

MR. MULLIGAN
 (honest confusion)
 Why would I do labor?

Reggie grips the hand. Mr. Mulligan's face turns to fear.

Arri watches as PUNCHES, the CLANKING of METAL, and the Mulligan's GRUNTS are heard.

Reggie lets off, his eyes fade back to violet. He stiffly turns around to Arri.

REGGIE
 (to Arri)
 Arri.

Arri stands, dumfounded.

REGGIE (CONT'D)
 I remember the accident.

ARRI

Y-yeah?

REGGIE

(calming down)

But I think I know what I want to do. I want to fight crime.

Arri squints at him.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

(looking up)

I'm gonna be a vigilante warrior!

Reggie takes off.

Arri is dumbfounded. The homeless man walks up beside Arri, also dumbfounded. Arri looks at the homeless man, then back to Reggie.

HOMELESS MAN

Did that Regulator Drone just beat the shit outta that rich fella?

ARRI

Yeah. He did.

Beat.

HOMELESS MAN

Aren't they just 'sposed to pick up trash?

Arri's eyes open wide. She looks at the homeless man, then at Reggie's direction and sprints to catch up.

ARRI

Reggie! Reggie, wait! There are other outlets for this!

REGGIE

WOOOOO!

THE END