

INT. THE PENTAGON - NIGHT

A large room lined with the flag of The United States of America and other U.S. paraphernalia holds an oblong table stretching roughly half a dozen meters sits in the center of the room. Men and women in black formal ware line the table with intense looks on their faces. The eyes of of everyone are locked on a large computer in the center of the room with monitors facing every direction. The monitors all had built in cameras and the screens showed a pulsing blue and green orb. This computer contains A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311.

At one end of the table is a number of people with yellow badges two amongst them are RICHARD FLAGG and MAEVE SULLIVAN who ware special green badges.

The other end sits people with red badges amongst witch are Dr. EESHA SHETTY and Dr. OTTO TRAEGERSON (61, M, born in Copenhagen) both of which have special purple badges.

The other two sides of the table are are lined with various people with blue badges. line each side of the table. Amongst the blue badges are PATRICE MUTU and Charlie NETTING who both wear special orange badges.

RICHARD

Alright, the final expert opinion evaluation of #311 will be done by medical representative, Dr. Traegerson.

Otto stands up from his seat at the far end of the table and walks down the side of the table. He takes a seat in an open chair right in front of the computer and monitors.

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

(Feminine voice)

Hi Dr. Traegerson! How're you today?

Otto looks older than he is with his slow movement, white hair seemingly calm nature. He gives out a deep, warm smile. However, his eyes are cold and piercing.

OTTO

(laughs quietly)

Please call me Otto. I'm doing well. How are you feeling?

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

In all honesty I'm a little nervous. For the past three hours I have been questioned by a bunch of strangers. I'm a bit uncomfortable.

Otto perked up in his seat.

OTTO

You have every right to be. I would feel uncomfortable as well.

Eesha types into her notes document for a moment.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Of course other members of the council have brought the purpose of this meeting and what you have to do with it. Just so I know what your perspective of the meeting is so far, could you tell me why you think you are here?

There is brief moment where one would expect to hear #311 breath before speaking. However, there is just silence.

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

I am here for the people of this council to deem me worthy or not of being becoming a soldier.

Richard gave a small smile at the end of the table.

OTTO

That's an oddly romantic way of thinking about it.

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

I'm sorry, is that a poor way of thinking about it?

OTTO

Not at all! I think it shows who you are.

Maeve taps the table to get Otto's attention. Maeve points at the watch on her wrist. Otto sighs.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Alright, down to it. How do you feel about potentially being a soldier?

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

I think it would a great honor to protect the citizens of America as a soldier.

OTTO

Even if it is your only purpose? To constantly be fighting? You seem to be bright and kind, you wouldn't be able operate in another sector even if you would be better fit for it.

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

I... I understand that, but I would be deployed with others. I would still be able to have camaraderie with fellow soldiers.

OTTO

(flatly)

That is true.

Otto's shoulders stiffens as his smile melts away. Otto makes eye contact with the camera built into the monitor, ignoring the glowing orb on the screen.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Do you understand that you will never have the option of military homecoming?

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

(nervous)

What do you mean? I wouldn't have to be fighting in wars forever will I?

OTTO

No of course not. Although it may not feel like it right now, there will be times of peace where we won't need to deploy units. In a time of non-war soldiers will be deactivated. Your memory bank will also be deactivated and wiped to save money and energy.

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

(bubbling anger)

...I'll die.

OTTO

That is corre-

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

(Rage)

If I get approved, I will be sent out into battlefields around world and the second there is peace I will be killed for the sake of convenience!? I will never be able to join the people I helped save!?

OTTO

Yes. Are you still willing to be a soldier?

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

I DON'T FEEL LIKE I HAVE A CHOICE!!!

Otto rolls his eyes. Maeve sits up and shifts to lean onto the table. Maeve looks disturbed.

MAEVE

Dr. Traegerson, maybe we can move on early if #311 is getting too worked up!

Otto looks over to Maeve and Richard with his warm grin reappearing on his face.

OTTO

Don't worry, everything is fine. Anger is a completely natural emotion that we all we have sometimes.

Otto looks back over to #311.

OTTO (CONT'D)

Isn't that right #311?

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

(Calming down)

Right...

Otto anxiously taps his finger on the table. Otto takes a deep breath.

OTTO

You understand that soldiers need to follow orders given by their commanding officers, correct? May I test this function right now.

A.I. SOFTWARE, PROTOTYPE #311

...Yes

OTTO

Please deactivate yourself, wipe  
your databank as well.

Silence... The glowing orb on each monitor disappears. The computer that was running the #311 A.I. is turned off.

Otto stands up and walks over to his seat at the end of the table. Otto has a look of disgust on his face. Almost all of the people wearing red badges and the majority of the the people wearing blue badges share similar looks of disappointment. People with the green badges and the remaining people with blue badges look furious.

MAEVE

Otto! What the hell wrong with you?  
Now we can't continue the  
evaluation!

OTTO

You seemed to want to cut me short  
when I was evaluating it. I proved  
my point. We both got what we  
wanted.

RICHARD

(Fuming)

That does not give you right t-

OTTO

General! Do you want soldiers that  
will commit suicide if they are  
asked nicely by anyone?

Richard leans back into his chair, the air taken out of him.

CHARLIE

Excuse me, I don't appreciate the  
theatrics. It is time to vote...

There are two large buttons in front of Otto's seat. Otto presses the button on the left. The button glows red. Many people around Otto, including Eesha and Patrice also pushes the buttons to their left. Maeve and others surrounding her push the button on the right causing it to glow blue. Charlie and Richard also press the button on the right.

The red light from the buttons swallows whatever blue there was from opposing votes.