

GREEN LIGHT RED LIGHT

an original screenplay by

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FADE IN

INT. ZENO'S SUITE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A green light shines from a security camera. Watching.  
Another shines from a smoke detector. Active.

A red light glows on the entry door where the doorknob should  
be. Locked. Passive.

Moonlight illuminates the wood and granite sitting room.  
It's well-appointed with a nerd aesthetic: sci-fi models,  
Marvel action figures, a sleek manga poster.

A small, recessed flat screen glows on the wall. 68°F.  
1:19 a.m. It notes two human inhabitants. Breathing and  
pulse rates elevated.

BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LIAM (30s) enters. A green light on the motion sensor blinks,  
catching the sweaty sheen of his sturdy frame.

LIAM  
(sotto voce)  
I need a little light.

Searing light blasts the room.

LIAM  
Light to 25%!

The light dims. Liam swears under his breath. Examines his  
crinkles of crow's feet in the mirror. His creased brow.

He finds a wash cloth. Holds it under a tap-less faucet.  
Water flows.

LIAM  
A little hotter.

It gets hotter - then too hot. Liam yanks the cloth away.  
Wrings it out with some difficulty. Rinses his chest,  
stomach, crotch. His ornate tattoos. Scars. A pierced  
nipple. A working man's body.

ZENO (O.S.)  
Numbers, Liam.

ZENO (30s) leans against the door jamb. He is Liam's height. Bearish, with a cropped beard and tossed hair. Beefier toned body. Amused smile.

ZENO

Water at 90 degrees. Air at 68.  
Lights at 50%. It doesn't understand  
ambiguous quantifiers: a few, a  
little.

LIAM

A few inches. A little deeper.

ZENO

Don't tease.

Zeno presses against Liam. Kisses Liam's neck, sliding hands around his waist. Liam gently pulls away. He hands the wash cloth to Zeno and begins to dress.

BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zeno sits beside Liam. Reaches for him. Liam moves to the patio door.

ZENO

Will friend with benefits ever..?

LIAM

-- I have an early morning.

ZENO

I have a front door.

LIAM

You said they don't need to know.

ZENO

She knows.

Liam pulls a small round medallion on a chain from his pocket. Hangs it around his neck. A green light glows from it.

A moment hangs between them, then Liam leaves.

COMPUTER VOICE

(girl-next-door voice)

One heat signature detected. Pulse  
rate is normal.

ZENO

Fuck off.

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Liam plods down a gravel path. Contemplative.

A large drone unexpectedly drops toward him. A formidable, saucer-shaped machine with a copter-like blade, it sears Liam with a stark light.

Liam shields his eyes.

LIAM

Easy, tiger.

DRONE

(male Australian accent)  
My security protocols demand vocal  
identity confirmation after midnight.

LIAM

I'm not a bad guy.

The drone turns on another inquisitorial light.

LIAM

Liam Oakley. Employee number 1725.

DRONE

Thank you, mate. Enjoy your stroll.

The drone flies away, lights off, returning quiet to the pathway. Crickets chirp. Liam stands alone in the dark.

EXT. TOPIARY GARDEN - MORNING

An English topiary garden. Ornate hedges, sculptures and fountains. Behind it, a vast Prairie-style structure of concrete and glass juts from a craggy rock face.

A 7-foot droid festooned with blades and scissors snips at a hedge of boxwood with machine precision. Liam watches.

LIAM

You missed a spot.

The droid pauses. A sensor turns, its green light examining Liam like a science specimen. It scans the bush – a wee twig pokes out.

The droid snips it off. It turns to Liam again for one brief moment of assessment – then continues its trimming.

Liam smugly chews his gum. Scans the immaculate garden.

LIAM  
Turn on Zone three.

He seems to speak to the bushes around him. Nothing happens.

LIAM  
Hello? Zone three?

COMPUTER VOICE  
(male Australian accent)  
It's not time to water that zone,  
mate.

The voice seems to come from nowhere.

LIAM  
Well, I want it watered.

Liam accesses a panel on the droid and his fingers fly over the display. In a moment, a set of sprinklers turn on.

COMPUTER VOICE  
According to weather, climate and  
wind data...

LIAM  
-- Whatever. Did you check the soil?  
The wilt of the leaves?

The sprinklers suddenly turn off.

LIAM  
Oh, we're going there, are we? And  
this is progress?

Liam marches to a shed and yanks open the doors. Grabs a handful of hose and a sprinkler. Pulls them into the garden.

LIAM  
I'll do it the old-fashioned way.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A vast kitchen with walk-in refrigerators, a commercial range, a huge marble island and an eating area. It looks out on a broad terrace and the ocean beyond.

Green and red lights indicate the status of the appliances.

TREVOR (mid 50s), a severe man in a scientist's lab coat, stares at the water.

HILDEGARD (O.S.)  
I want American pot roast.

Trevor feels a headache coming on.

HILDEGARD (40s), a short jolly woman, adjusts her chef's coat irritably.

HILDEGARD  
American. Slow braised, carrots,  
potatoes --

VOICE  
(a Frenchman)  
I will add chanterelles and leeks.

HILDEGARD  
-- NO! You won't!

TREVOR  
Enough!

Trevor marches to Hildegard.

TREVOR  
We have discussed this. You need to  
let it learn.

DANIELLE (30s), a radiant woman in a casual but functional butler uniform, listens at the island.

DANIELLE  
Let's set aside dinner for a moment.  
GALE: show us your selections for  
wine and spirits.

A cabinet door opens. Several bottles appear via pneumatic tubes. Danielle and Hildegard examine them.

HILDEGARD  
It apparently likes Bordeaux.

TREVOR  
It's anticipating my guests.

HILDEGARD  
Cliff loves pot roast.

TREVOR

It's programmed with hundreds of cookbooks, culinary journals, periodicals – and my guest's preferences. Let it choose.

HILDEGARD

It should be working with me --

TREVOR

-- It's designed to replace -- to reduce your tasks through the process.

DANIELLE

Your wife's scotch is correct.

Liam enters from the patio, soaking wet.

LIAM

I'm at sixes and sevens with your ones and zeros.

DANIELLE

It appears to be a good bartender.

TREVOR

-- I've worked for years to develop this learning system and this week – this party – is my vindication. It MUST go smoothly, so let it do its job and stay out of its way.

(to Liam, mostly)

Don't make me regret hiring you.

Trevor sweeps from the room with authority.

HILDEGARD

His vindication. Lovely.

She moves to enter a walk-in freezer. Crashes into the glass door. Swears ribaldly. Waves her medallion wildly in front of it and gets a green light.

The door opens. She enters it, fuming.

LIAM

Nobody appreciates cheap labor.

DANIELLE

I do, but nobody cares what I think.

Hildegard slams a frozen roast on the counter.

HILDEGARD

Work with it. If it doesn't kill me  
first.

EXT. TERRACE - MOMENTS LATER

An insect-like service drone hovers above a collapsible table. It maneuvers a tray with four spidery arms. Glowing green sensors gleam on its body.

JOHN (40s), a focused all-American guy in a special-ops body, studies it with interest.

JOHN

Salt.

The drone picks a salt shaker from the tray. Extends it toward John.

JOHN

No, I think pepper.

The drone replaces the salt and offers the pepper. John takes it and sets it on the table.

Liam saunters from the house. Pauses to observe, chewing his gum thoughtfully.

JOHN

Thank you. What's the forecast for  
today?

DRONE VOICE

(male military voice)

Warm and breezy, sir. High of 82°F.  
Westerly breeze at twelve MPH. Cooler  
tonight. 60°F. No rain forecast.

LIAM

-- Bring me some water. A printout  
of *City of Night*, chapter two. And  
a condom.

DRONE VOICE

(male Australian accent)

Still or sparkling? Smooth or ribbed?

LIAM

Perrier. Ribbed.

The drone revs up and moves off over the house.

JOHN

You're a pain in the ass.

Liam pops his gum. Chews.

LIAM

It gets this right, you'll have a drink and tonight's entertainment.

JOHN

I'm eating with the family tonight. Gourmet grub, top-shelf hooch. And you're not.

LIAM

My invitation got lost in the e-mail. And I'll skip the family drama, thanks. Speaking of: Hilde can't access the freezer.

JOHN

That's odd. I'll talk to Zeno.

LIAM

All that rich food adds pounds, jar head. You're gonna spoil my view.

JOHN

I was Navy, petunia. Keep your fucking eyes on your clematis.

John dismisses Liam, looking for the drone. Liam gives his back the finger and saunters toward the garden.

INT. RADIO ROOM - LATER

BILLY (20s), a beefy stud with a flat top, tweaks knobs on a HAM radio.

BILLY

"Big party tonight and preparing for family drama. Stop. Hating it but at least it pays the mortgage. Stop. Keep up the PT even though I know it hurts. You'll be walking next time I see you, Sam. Stop." You got that?

HAM RADIO REPLY

Roger that AG5AXL. I'll relay to Sam via e-mail. Back to you.

BILLY  
Thanks. W6TLG 73, this is AG5AXL,  
clear and QRT.

He hangs up the speaker. Danielle squeezes his arm.

DANIELLE  
My husband thanks you.

BILLY  
I shoulda sent hugs and kisses or,  
or somethin'...

DANIELLE  
He knows all that.

BILLY  
Sucks about Sam's accident, being  
he's a war hero and all. Paraplegic?

DANIELLE  
Water under the bridge. I wanted to  
return to work anyway.

BILLY  
Yeah, I guess. Sorry though...

Danielle stands. Billy's eyes roam over her.

BILLY  
Analog connection to the mainland is  
a bitch, eh? Otherwise you could,  
like, e-mail him directly.

DANIELLE  
Indeed. But he really doesn't need  
me harping at him.

She pecks his cheek. Grateful. He smells her perfume.

BILLY  
Yeah, so, anytime you need, you know,  
anything? I'm your guy.

Danielle caresses a locket that hangs from her neck. She  
meets his gaze.

DANIELLE  
I'll keep you in mind.

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

A windowless concrete and glass room. Computer work stations. White boards with flow diagrams. Computer servers with glowing green lights.

A glass schematic wall of charts, graphs and other data centers the space. Prominent is a large diagram of green concentric circles representing GALE, the Global Artificial Life Entity. The inner circles represent systems that it manages: communications, HVAC, water, etc.

A map of the island indicates heat signatures and locations for each resident with associated vital signs.

A column of computer code begins to run up the right side of the movie screen, overlaying the action.

GALE is learning.

John compares the schematic wall to his iPhone display.

JOHN

It's a denial in her access protocols.  
Really odd.

Zeno - stylish in a vintage Hawaiian shirt and a pork pie hat - leans back in his chair. Studies a computer screen.

ZENO

Knight takes queen.

COMPUTER VOICE

(girl-next-door voice)  
Check mate.

A bold instruction inserts into the running computer code as Zeno's incredulity gives way to keen admiration.

JOHN

Some chess champion you are.

ZENO

It used under-promotion to win with  
a pawn-mate. That's -- it's...

A door slides open behind them. Trevor strides in.

TREVOR

Status?