

Screenplay

Written by Nicholas J Pritchard

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

A cuckoo clock strikes nine, the small bird darting in and out of a well crafted house ornate bird house. The cuckooing noise echoes through a relatively large warehouse room which is littered with shelves and crates, all arranged in a homely manner and coated with various signs of habitation. Amidst a pile of these crates, Orin stirs into life, a blanket that was covering her falling to the floor. As she awakens the mechanisms within in her stir to life, various cogs and pumps activating and winding up to running efficiency. The iris's within her mechanical eyes adjust in and out of focus until they settle on an acceptable level, and her eyes roam the room scanning the environment. After a few moments she moves to stretch out, knocking a few nearby crates and objects to the floor. She seems to stretch without reason, as if mimicking the action more than actually stretching, but the imitation is crude and doesn't quite seem to fit the intention. After a few minutes she props herself against one of the shelves and rises to her feet, the mechanisms within her adjusting to allow her to balance and stand.

INT. WAREHOUSE KITCHEN - MORNING

She begins her daily routine, moving into a small kitchen area not far from where she was resting. The kitchen is small and very basic, a small gas stove sits against one wall with a set of shelves above and below it holding various containers and cooking utensils. To the left of this is a small pantry which hangs open, containing various scraps of food. Orin pulls a small pan out from under the stove, it is caked in previous meals she has made and looks fairly unsanitary but she doesn't seem to care as she places it on top of one of the stove rings. She lights the stove ring under the pan, then the one next to it. Whilst the pan heats up she moves over to a small fosset in the wall, and having grabbed a kettle from one of the nearby shelves proceeds to fill it to the brim, a small splash of water hitting the floor as the kettle overflows. She turns off the fosset, some water causing the machinery in her arm to spark, and moves back over to the stove placing the kettle on the second active stove ring.

Orin pulls some old grey looking bacon out of the pantry and throws it into the now hot pan, causing it to sizzle as it makes contact with the hot metal. A few drops of hot fat spit out at her, hitting her arm, but she remains ignorant to it, unable to feel pain. As she watches the bacon cook in the pan she begins to hum a song off-tune. It is clear she knows how the song should sound but is unable to recreate the exact notes, however she seems content with her own

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version and continues humming to herself happily whilst prodding the bacon with a spatula she retrieved from one of the shelves.

Eventually the bacon is burnt and blackened, at which point Orin takes the pan off the stove and puts it to the side. As the kettle starts to whistle she pulls out a dirty plate from under the stove and places the bacon on it with her fingers, the metal turning red as it touches the hot pan. She then retrieves a mug from the same place before pouring the hot water from the kettle into it and stirring it with a spoon, as if mixing tea but having forgotten the components. When the breakfast is arranged to her satisfaction she picks up the plate and mug and carries them through into the next room.

INT. WAREHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Carefully carrying the mug and plate, Orin walks across the warehouse from the small kitchen area to a well furnished living room. A small fireplace sits embedded against one wall, the warped floor boards around it slightly charred from their proximity to previous fires. In the center of the living room sits a large armchair with a tall back that towers over Orin, and long brass legs that dig into the worn shag rug beneath them which frame the legs of its inhabitant. The legs are all that is exposed as the rest of the chair conceals its occupant, but Orin seems extremely interested in the figure and does her best to present herself to him.

The living room is extremely cluttered, with various papers and tapes laying on both the floor and the small table that sits next to the chair. Orin walks over to the chair and places the plate and the mug onto the small table, carefully placing each item so as not to damage them. She drags a small wooden stool from across the room over to where the armchair sits, and places it down before sitting on it heavily, a thud sounding through the workshop at the collision between metal and wood. She leans over the armchair and pulls at a blanket that lays over the chairs inhabitant, straightening it. She does this precisely, like a well practiced movement, yet there is some form of affection present in the way she behaves, a distinct carefulness that separates this from the rest of the routine.

When the blanket is straightened to her liking she picks up the plate of bacon and begins to hand feed the figure in the chair, picking up each rasher individually and offering it to the chairs inhabitant. She offers each rasher, coaxing the occupant as if he were a child, and when her attempts

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are seemingly successful she moves onto the next rasher, repeating the process until the plate is empty. Satisfied with the feeding, she once again reaches across the chair, only to draw back when its occupant begins to cough loudly. The coughing is drawn and heavy, backed by the wheezing of an unhealthy man. As the cough subsides the occupant of the chair draws a sharp, deep breath, filling his lungs with such effort that the wracking of his body is almost audible. As his breathing returns to normal he begins to speak, and Orin sits on her stool staring attentively at him, enraptured by every word.

FATHER

My clockwork girl... my greatest triumph... my greatest failure. You are a masterwork of science, life incarnate within a mechanical host.

You were created to fill a void, to repair one of my greatest mistakes. Yet all I succeeded in doing was creating another machine with the emotional capacity of a toaster. To call you human would be a sick joke, and to compare you to her would be unthinkable.

It is my hope that one day you will become... more. Something even I cannot comprehend. Perhaps there is something of her buried deep inside of that clockwork shell, some scrap of humanity. I realize this is probably folly but still, I cannot help but hope, for it is all that keeps me going. Anyway, for now you know your purpose, continue as I instructed, that is all for now.

As the man stops speaking, Orin sits up from her attentive position. A flicker of what may be sadness crosses her otherwise emotionless face, but it quickly passes and she rises, taking the plate and the mug back to the kitchen, leaving the man in the armchair.

INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - MORNING

Orin stands in the middle of the a large open space on the warehouse floor, the living room and kitchen concealed by shelves stacked with various bits of habitation and detritus. She is busy cleaning up the room, using a worn and forlorn looking broom to sweep dust across the floor, but

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with little success. She seems to lack the understanding of the concept behind sweeping, and so merely moves the dust from one pile to the other. This seems to make her content however and she does so with what could almost be seen as calm grace.

Putting down the broom she begins to sort through various objects on the shelves and within the packing crates that lay scattered throughout the room, dusting the various objects or placing them in new positions on each shelf. As she does this a small rattling noise begins to emanate from within her right arm. Though at first this goes unnoticed, eventually her attention is drawn to the persistent rattling.

She pauses mid- cleaning and stares at the guilty appendage, her eyes focusing in and out as if trying to discern merely from looking at it what the issue may be. Having assessed the limb she moves swiftly over to a small table propped against one wall and unfolds a leather bound package, revealing a small yet intricate tool kit. Each tool is bound with gold and silver trimmings denoting their value and quality, yet this means nothing to Orin as she selects the one she wants and casts the others aside, causing them to clatter across the table.

Sitting down on a crate she begins to poke and prod at her arm, trying to find the source of the rattle. After a few minutes of exhaustive searching, a small screw falls loose from her arm, bouncing slowly across the warped wood of the floorboards before rolling to a stop in a neat circle in a dip of the wood. Orin watches it fall with fascination and sits for a moment staring at the rolling screw, when it finally comes to a stop she rises and walks slowly over to it.

In one fluid motion she bends down and picks the screw up in the hand from which it fell. Holding it up to a beam of light that streams through a crack in one of the walls she analyzes it carefully, eyes adjusting to the light levels as she focuses in and out on the object. What could be considered a mixture of concern, amazement, and love flits across her face momentarily as she stares at the screw that only moments ago was a part of her. She draws it close to her chest, bringing it to where on a normal girl the heart would be, and then moves carefully into the adjoining room, the screw clutched to her chest as if she fears it would try to escape again.

## INT. WAREHOUSE ORIN'S ROOM - MORNING

Orin walks through a tight wooden door, its frame warped out of shape so that her head almost clips the frame, and into a small yet well furnished room. A small bed sits in the corner, its bed spread neatly folded and tucked in, with several stuffed animals sat on top of it arranged in a careful and precise manner. Next to the bed lies a chest bound with iron framing, locked with a simple metal padlock strung between two metal hooks. Orin moves over to this chest and kneels before it, delicately placing the screw on the floor before picking a small key up off of a nearby dresser and unlocking the chest with a resounding clunk. She removes the padlock, leaving the key inside the lock, and places it on the dresser, then lifts the lid off the chest. Her arms seem to temporarily strain against the weight of the wood and metal, but they quickly adjust, some servos speeding up, and she lifts the lid with ease letting it fall back against the bed post. Inside the chest are various papers, pictures drawn by a child, and what seem to be other keepsakes from the owner of the chest.

In the middle of the chest sits small velvet box on a small raised podium, and it is this that Orin focuses on. Picking it up she flips the small catch on the box and lifts the lid with care. As she does so the clockwork of what is now revealed to be a music box stirs into life, the melody Orin was humming earlier playing out, filling the small bedroom. Orin stares at the contents of the box, watching the small spinning figure of a ballerina that spins on a raised, then moving to the various keepsakes that it guards. A few other fragments of Orin lay inside, several screws, a fragment of case metal, and some other more material keepsakes like a ribbon and a small toy dog. Orin reaches down and picks the screw she recently acquired off the floor, placing it with the others. She runs a finger across it and the other contents of the box, before snapping the lid shut, cutting the ballerina and her song off suddenly.

She gently places the box back into the chest and pulls the lid down with a muffled thud, before replacing the padlock and turning the key once again. As she goes to place the key back on the dresser a picture in a relatively ornate frame catches her eye. She goes to stand up and takes the picture with her, holding it with both hands as she admires the figure within the frame. A girl, roughly twenty years of age, stands smiling in the photo. She is not extraordinarily beautiful, but several features set her far above average, and this is complimented by her choice of clothing which matches both in tone and beauty. The smile illuminates her face somewhat, yet there is something else behind it, something sad.

With the photo in hand, Orin moves over to a closet that stands embedded in the warehouse wall, and stares in the mirror the hangs from one of its doors.

INT. WAREHOUSE ORIN'S ROOM - MID DAY

As she looks back and forth between her reflection and the picture of the girl, comparing every aspect of herself to the other, she begins to try to mimic certain traits that stand out to her. Orin begins to rummage through the nearby closet, throwing clothes everywhere before finally finding the dress she desires. Slowly she tries to pull it over her head, the fabric straining and catching on her uneven and unnatural figure, before giving way and tearing in several places allowing it to slide into place. She picks up the photo again, staring at it blankly, and attempts to recreate the posture the girl is holding, but the result is too sterile, too faked, and she sees it and gives up on the attempt.

She then traces the girl's face with a finger, as if recalling an old friend, before running the same hand across her own face whilst staring into the mirror. Metal scratches across metal as she traces the outline of her own features, and displeasure seems to mark her otherwise neutral face. Orin begins to try to imitate the girl in the picture's smile, her mouth attempting to maneuver itself against its own design.

Though at first it seems there may be some success in replicating the smile, the result quickly becomes awkward and the machinery in her face groans and sparks in protest at the unnatural position it has been forced into, turning what should have been an indication of joy into a warped grimace. After holding the smile for a few seconds, staring at herself in the mirror, she relaxes the machines around her mouth letting the awkward smile dissipate, her face returning to its standard neutrality. Her eyes seem to emote disappointment though the rest of her face remains emotionless, but even she seems unaware of this.

Eventually she gives up on the mirror, pulling the dress back over her head and hanging it up carefully in the wardrobe. She lingers a moment to stare at it as it sways from the motion of being placed back on a hanger, before leaving the room.

## INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - NIGHT

The clicking of an old projector reel echoes through the dark warehouse as it spins in place, the only light present either provided by the projector itself or seeping through cracks in the walls and floorboards from the outside world. The pale white light casts shadows all across the room, and only serves to make Orin's mechanical appearance more profound, the darkness emphasizing the joints in the metal that makes up her frame.

She stands in the center of the large open area of the warehouse where she earlier woke, within a cleared space, crates and shelves packed relatively neatly around her. Her eyes focus on a girl that dances across the wall, projected roughly against the warped wood. It is the same girl from the photo earlier, and Orin watches her with a mechanical fascination, as if analyzing her every movement, trying to work out the meaning behind her existence.

The girl laughs and dances, talking to a figure that stands hidden behind the camera, and it is obvious that he is someone close to her. She is standing in the middle of a green summery grove, tall grass and green trees behind her, the sun creating a stark contrast between her and the shadow bathed Orin. The environment seems to fascinate Orin almost as much as the girl, occasionally distracting her from her focus when there is a slight shift in colour or light, but her gaze is always drawn back to the girl.

A low musical track begins to play on the film, and the girl on the wall takes up the starting pose of a dance. Orin moves to attempt to mimic this, the fluid motions of the girl causing her sharp and erratic movements to be even more starkly unnatural. The girl then slowly begins to dance to the music, it is a graceful flowing piece and her dance moves mimic this perfectly, her body flowing with the notes as if they were one and the same. Orin watches every movement intensely and attempts to follow along, straining against the constraints of her mechanical body in an attempt to flow with the music like the girl.

To begin with it almost seems like she might succeed, as the slow music allows her time to adjust and compensate for the stiffness of her metal frame, but as the tempo of the dance speeds up, and the girl with it, Orin's dance becomes more erratic and frantic as she begins to lag behind the dancing girl, unable to keep up with her fluidity and speed. As the tempo continues to increase Orin begins to experience more and more frustration which is expressed violently on her face as the mechanisms within her twist and contort into a position of rage that they have never experienced before.

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As the music reaches its peak Orin stumbles falling out of the rhythm completely losing all pace with the girl in the movie, and with a shriek of rage she grabs the nearest set of shelves and flings it to the floor, shattering it and denting the frame, causing a stifling cloud of dust to rise up from the floor. The dust surrounds Orin causing her to cough and stumble back as her internal mechanisms become clogged. She trips over a some debris on the shelves and falls back onto her rear, ending up in a sitting position on the floor.

As she surveys the damage she has wrought a look of confusion crosses her face at the emotion she has just experienced, the first of its kind, and something she has no comprehension of. For a few minutes she sits simply staring into space, as if trying to understand the experience, her hands moving over her face, feeling for the change in alignment that came with her new found emotion. A small smile tweaks the corner of her mouth temporarily before vanishing as a loud banging noise sounds from the ground floor of the warehouse, startling her. Orin sits for a few seconds listening, and when she hears a creak sound below her, she moves over to a small hole that has formed in the floor between two warped boards, looking through it at the ground floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE GROUND FLOOR - NIGHT

Orin peers down through the small hole in the floor, supporting herself with two hands carefully placed around it so as not to make a sound. The room below is dark and poorly illuminated, the only light being a trickle of moonlight coming from what appears to be a broken board in one of the walls. She surveys the room for a few minutes, seeing nothing but the inky blackness of the ground floor.

Suddenly a shadow crosses the broken board in the wall and a small figure creeps through the hole into the warehouse, standing just beyond the edge of the crack and staring into the room ahead. Her eyes adjusting to the poor illumination, Orin analyzes the small figure, and as her eyes fix on a light level, it is revealed to be a young child, no more than ten. The child is dressed in fairly worn down clothes that look like they may have been handed down to him from an older sibling, and dirt is smudged across his face. Fascinated by the child, Orin raises herself from the hole and moves over to a large steel door in the wall, carefully drawing it open, vainly attempting to prevent the loud creak that rings out regardless. The child is startled by the noise and looks up towards the door which sits at the top of a winding iron staircase, the top of which, including the door, is obscured by the darkness.

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From the top of the stairs Orin looks out of the darkness and back at the child, studying him intently, aware he cannot see her. She then scans the room around him, noticing a small red ball listing lazily against one of the various packing crates strewn around the warehouse interior, its bright colour making it seem extremely out of place amongst the drab dusty containers.

BOY

Hello. Is someone there?

As she hears his voice Orin's attention is immediately drawn back to the boy, her head cocking as she listens to him in an almost bird like fashion, as if she were observing prey. He takes a few steps further into the warehouse.

BOY

I... I lost my ball.

Her eyes dart back over to the ball laying against the crate, and realizing the boy cannot see it she heaves herself over the edge of the stairwell towards it, falling through the darkness to land beside the ball with a loud thud, the mechanisms within her whirring and grinding with the strain of the movement and landing. The noise makes the boy start again and he moves back towards the hole in the wall, obviously scared by the loud noises with no obvious source. When he reaches the hole he almost leaves but then lingers, looking back into the darkness. Orin picks up the ball with both hands, slowly rolling it, studying it, as if she had never seen anything quite like it. Then with a slow smooth motion, or as slow and smooth as her body can manage, taking care not to make any noise to start the boy, she rolls the ball across the floor of the warehouse to him.

As the ball rolls out of the darkness into the pale moonlight the boys face lights up immediately and he runs over and grabs it, clutching it close to his chest. He moves to run out of the building and at the last minute turns shouting

BOY

Thank you!

before running out.

Orin sits in the shadows of the warehouse, staring after him.

## INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - MORNING

A cuckoo clock strikes nine and Orin wakes in the same spot as the day before, her eyes adjusting before she begins the exact same routine. After imitating her stretching she moves to make breakfast for the figure in the chair, this time placing an egg into the pan, cracking it before adding both the shell and the yolk in a shattered mess. As the egg cooks in the pan she hums her off-note tune, however this time it is slightly more accurate, and there is something more natural about her mannerisms as she makes the food.

## INT. WAREHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Orin sits by the feet of the figure in the chair as he speaks to her, occasionally she moves to pass him the mug of hot water she made earlier, or to spoon a scoop of the eggs for him, but mostly she just sits in silence, listening.

## FATHER

As I watched you, fading from me I found myself questioning the world around me more and more. Long since I had abandoned any belief in a.. a higher being or power, something in which I should have faith. If such a being should exist it is a monster for what it has done to you, no being with an ounce of morality would allow such a travesty to occur under his watch.

But death, death is constant, death is eternal. There is no avoidance of this truth, eventually everything must die, our mortal shells rotting from within, but why must that be the end.

If death is such a presence as to be tangible, maybe it can be reasoned with, maybe it can be manipulated. With this in my mind my thoughts were drawn to the rumors of necromancy, dark arts of resurrection. Though these seemed impure, too brutal for you. There had to be another way, I just had to find it.

Either way, if there was anything to draw from these thoughts, these

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FATHER (cont'd)  
melancholy clouds that haunt my  
every waking moment, it is that  
death rules over us all, and any  
attempt to avert his rules will  
have a cost.

As the figure ceases to speak, Orin slowly comes back to reality. She was so enraptured by the words of the figure that she forgot to feed him the egg, and it now lays as a congealed and sticky mess in the center of the plate. For a moment she seems to contemplate this, and having decided it is no longer worth feeding to the figure, she stands and carries it and the mug back to the kitchen.

INT. WAREHOUSE ORIN'S ROOM - MID DAY

A small woolen pad scrapes across a thin layer of make up in a small brass container, collecting a fine layer of white powder and it goes. Orin lifts the pad to her face and slowly applies the powder to what qualifies as her cheeks, dragging it across the slick metal. Most of the powder simply falls to the ground, unable to find traction against the metallic surface, however some sticks, creating a stark contrast between the white of the powder and the dark gold of her face plate.

As she does this she stares at herself in the cupboard mirror, comparing herself to the picture of the young girl that sits nearby on a small shelf as she applies more make-up of varying varieties. She pulls out a tube of black eye liner, and goes to apply it to her her eyelashes, but upon finding she has none pauses, as if unsure how to proceed. After a few seconds she instead decides to apply it around her eyes in dark circles, creating black rings that surround the glinting mechanisms of her iris. Finally she draws a stick of lipstick from the nearby chest, spinning the dial until the stick is so far out it almost falls off. She then proceeds to paint the stick around her lips vigorously, giving the impression of a circus clown with the end result.

She stares at herself again in the mirror, then back to the photo, and for a small moment a smile creeps onto her face, one that naturally fit the mechanisms of her face. When she notices it it is almost as if she startles herself out of the smile, and her face returns to the awkward grimace she managed yesterday. The joy is replaced again by frustration and she snaps the lipstick tube in her fingers, the red tip falling to the ground. She recovers from the rage and stares at the broken lip stick, a grimace of what could be remorse crossing her face. Carefully she picks it up and tries to

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put it back together, smearing the lipstick back into the tube so it roughly sits on its pedestal. When she is somewhat satisfied she carefully places it back with the make-up with a sigh. The sigh is clearly meant to be an imitation of the expression rather than an exhalation of air, something she has seen someone else do, and so she does not quite manage to desired effect, the sigh sounding flat and hollow. Her frustration returns at this failure and she storms from the room heading back into the main area of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - EVENING

Pushing past the narrow door frame that leads into the girls room Orin storms across the warehouse floor before coming to a small crate in the corner of the room, which she proceeds to sit on with a loud crunch, the impact of her sitting splintering the crates surface. She sits staring around the room, her hand still twitching in irritation, though she does not seem to notice this involuntary movement.

A low creaking noise, like that of a floorboard being compressed sounds from below her, only just audible but loud enough to draw her attention. She sits in silence, head cocked listening for the sound to repeat itself. After a few seconds it does so slightly louder than before and some light footsteps follow as a figure steps into the warehouse below her. She quickly and quietly moves over to the small hole in the floor and peers down below.

Her iris's once again adjust to the low light levels, the whirring and clicking of the mechanisms the only sound in the warehouse. As they settle Orin makes out the figure of the child from the previous night, stood once again by the small hole in the warehouse wall. He is stood perfectly still, staring into the darkness of the warehouse floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE DOWNSTAIRS - EVENING

Orin watches the boy, intrigue flitting across her face, and after a few moments he reaches into his jacket and pulls out the small red ball she retrieved for him. He rolls it gently between his hands, staring at it intently whilst taking furtive glances up into the darkness of the warehouse. Eventually he kneels down, and rolls the ball into the dark corner of the warehouse floor. As it rolls across the harsh wooden floorboards the ball creates a rolling grinding noise, intermittently interrupted by a small bump or hole in the floorboards which have been warped by age and weathering. As its momentum fades the grinding slowly lessens, eventually stopped completely as the ball collides

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with the opposing wall, rolling to a stop. Both Orin and the boy stare at it intently, waiting for something to happen, though only Orin can actually see the ball since it is shrouded in darkness for the boy.

Orin rises and moves to the door that leads to the lower levels, driven by an impulse even she does not understand. She pushes the heavy iron door open once more creating the grating noise that again startles the boy, and jumps from the top of the stairway into the darkness below, slowly moving over to the ball.

The boy stands staring into the darkness, only the sound of Orin's movements lending him any insight into the events occurring within the shadows. After a few moments the ball rolls back out to him once again, settling at his feet. When the initial shock passes a smile creeps across the boys face and he picks up the ball again, staring into the darkness. For a moment Orin is sure that he can see her, and she almost darts back upstairs, but after he makes no movement or acknowledgment of her she reasons that it is by sheer chance he is staring in her direction. He once again kneels and rolls the ball back into the darkness, directly at her, and it grinds its way along the floorboards until it makes contact with her foot, rolling to a stop nearby after it rebounds off of the metal with a clang.

The boy hops up and down excited by the door, and after a few seconds calls out

BOY

Comon! Roll it back!

Orin looks at him questioningly, then back at the ball. After a few seconds she does so, moving over to the small sphere and rolling it back to the boy, who immediately kicks it back to her. This time it misses, rolling into a corner on the other side of the warehouse. Orin stands staring after it but makes no attempt to move to it, instead she turns to the direction of the boy and utters.

ORIN

Why?

Her voice grates and squeals, as if it has been unused for many years, and the sound that comes out is barely audible for the cold mechanical sounds that accompany it. Gears long since disused in her body stir into life to produce the sound, and for a moment the darkness in the warehouse is filled with the sounds of mechanical life, a metal cacophony of grinding and squealing.

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Fear returns to the boys face and he suddenly seems very uncertain about his actions. After a few moments he stammers.

BOY

It's.... it's a game. Its fun.

ORIN

What is fun?

As she says this Orin walks out of the shadows towards the boy. He sees the movement and squints as Orin peels herself away from the shadows, and as the light exposes her metal carapace fear fills his eyes. The sharp cogs, metal prongs, and shiny metallic shell all seem terrifying to the young boy, and the accompanying voice does little to fill his confidence. Yet just as he is about to bolt in terror, the light reveals Orin's face, still coated in the make-up from earlier. For a moment the contrast seems to shock him and he is torn between fear and humour, but humour quickly wins out and he proceeds to fall to the floor laughing, Orin stood over him inquisitively, staring down at the strange human child rolling on the floor in tears.

INT. WAREHOUSE LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Orin sits on the stool next to the chair, spoon feeding what seems to be some kind of porridge to the figure in the chair. The lumpy oat mixture makes sickening slurping sounds as it is pulled away by the spoon, seeming to almost solidify on the implement before being fed to the figure. Something seems to weigh on Orin's mind heavily, she seems distracted from the task and several times misses the bowl with the spoon as she attempts to gain more of the porridge.

When the bowl is empty she places it down on the floor before reaching over the figure, adjusting its blanket somewhat, spreading it evenly as she does so. When she leans back on the stool, her eyes are cast down at the floor, as if she were a child in trouble waiting to be scolded.

FATHER

The world outside... I have not been a part of it for so long now. Know this my child, my creation, they would not accept you.

To them you are an abomination, a monster, something that should never exist. What I did in creating you was... wrong, and to some evil. They believe life is something man

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FATHER (cont'd)  
has no right to meddle with,  
something only the Gods can  
understand and control.

What it must be to have such simple  
view, such narrow vision. But no,  
not me, not us. You are no monster,  
but mark my words, you are not one  
of them... Not... her.... Promise  
me, promise you will not seek them  
out, they cannot see you, they  
cannot know you exist. You must  
stay hidden, stick to the shadows,  
and do not leave the warehouse.

I do not say this to be cruel, but  
out of the truth. People fear that  
which is different to them, that  
which is not human, and you my  
dear, are far from it.

Orin's head hangs in disappointment, her eyes fixed on the  
floor below her. She shuffles her feet somewhat, before  
moving to pick up the bowl and leave the room. As she  
crosses the threshold into the kitchen, defiance flits  
across her face, and she throws the bowl to the ground, the  
cheap crockery shattering across the floor. As she stares at  
the mess she has created, wiping small splatter of porridge  
from her legs, a smile creeps across her face, and she walks  
out of the room, leaving the broken bowl scattered across  
the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE DOWNSTAIRS - EVENING

The sound of running footsteps echo through the dark  
cavernous warehouse as the boy rounds the corner of a stack  
of crates, a look a panic and urgency on his face. His  
momentum causes him to slip somewhat and he falls to his  
knees rounding the corner, picking himself up in a hurry and  
looking around. One of the crates in a nearby stack is  
slightly damaged, an opening laying in its side just big  
enough for the boy to crawl through, and he immediately  
moves to do this squeezing himself into the box.

He sits in the darkness, the only sound the rasping of his  
own breath, which fills the crates making it seem even  
smaller than it already was. A few deep heavy set footsteps  
sound from above him, as something walks across the roof of  
the crate, before a mechanical crunch bellows from next to  
him as the hunter drops to the floor next to the crate. The  
air is filled with whirring clicking noises and the creature

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moves, and a shadow crosses the opening in the box as it walks past. The boy holds his breath, desperately trying not to make a noise, his body drawn into a nervous bundle so that no stray limb may give him away.

As the shadow passes and the mechanical crunching fades somewhat into the distance, the boy relaxes a little, leaning back against the wall of the crate. Too late he realises his mistake as the wooden crate frame lets out a creak that seems deafening in the closed small environment of the crate. He sits frozen, fear clouding his face, and stares at the opening of the crate.

A loud tearing sound deafens him as the roof of the crate is ripped from above him and tossed across the warehouse revealing a dark silhouette with red glowing eyes. The boy screams as it reaches into the crate grabbing him and lifting him out into the open.

The scream turns to laughter as Orin begins to tickle him under the arms.

ORIN

You have been located. Game is over. Surrender.

The boy squirms in her hold still laughing, desperately trying to get words out as he gasps for breath, tears running down his cheeks.

BOY

Ok... Ok... I surrender... Let me go... Please... hahahaha

She lets go dropping him roughly to the ground, then falls into a sitting position, the metal plates on her rear letting out a squeal as they take the brunt of the descent. The boy gradually recovers, rolling on the ground into a sitting position wiping tears from his eyes.

BOY

It's not fair, how do you keep finding me, you're cheating!

Orin cocks her head, the concept of cheating clearly beyond her, and sits in silence contemplating the boy, staring intently at him as if still trying to work out what makes him different to her.

BOY

I have something for you.

He moves over to the warehouse entrance, picking up a small pack with a worn leather shoulder strap. Carrying it carefully over, he places it in front of Orin gently, opening the small latch on the top and pulling out a plain plastic container. Orin studies the container in his hand, eyes twitching and adjusting to focus on it.

ORIN  
Plastic. Storage.

BOY  
No not the container, this.

He opens the lid on the container revealing two cupcakes carefully placed within. The cupcakes are haphazardly decorated, with various colours of icing and sprinkles scattered everywhere in a chaotic sprawl, yet to Orin, they are beautiful. Her eyes study every aspect of the cupcake, drinking in the vibrant colours and random swirls of the icing, for the first time experiencing anything brighter and fresher than the inside of the drab warehouse that has been her tomb.

ORIN  
Beautiful. Colours, never seen anything so pretty.

BOY  
Here, this ones yours, I made it myself. I.. I hope you like it.

He pulls out one of the cupcakes, decorated with pink and gold icing, sprinkles falling in a small colourful shower to the floor. Orin carefully reaches it out and takes it from the boy, cradling it in her hands as if it were the most precious object in the world. She hovers her fingers over it, as if desperate to touch it but terrified on damaging it and ruining the colours.

BOY  
Do you like it?

ORIN  
Yes. Beautiful. Thank... Thank you.

As he takes a bite out of his cupcake she stands, the mechanisms within her compensating to make the ascent as smooth and careful as she can, and turns towards to the stairwell moving back upstairs. She turns to the boy who has started to rise and holds out a hand in a stopping motion.

ORIN

No. Stay. Will come back. No follow.

He sits back down, a confused look on his face, and she moves up the stairwell slowly, taking care not to trip on any of the stairs, and heads back into the upstairs area of the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - EVENING

Orin walks across the warehouse room, still cradling the cupcake in her hands. She glances at the chair in the living room where the figure sits, and for a moment considers going and showing him what she has, but at the last moment hesitates, as if afraid of what his reaction might be. Turning away from the living room she carefully and quietly makes her way into the girls room, taking extra care not to touch anything that could alert the figure to her presence.

INT. WAREHOUSE ORIN'S ROOM - EVENING

As she enters the girls room Orin takes the cupcake and places it carefully down on one of the empty shelves, then draws out the chest from its storage place on the floor. She unlocks it, taking care when opening the lid to make as little sound as possible, a nervous glance at the door making sure no-one is there, and then pulls out the small box of keepsakes. Gently she opens the lid, the small mechanism activating within it, a whirring sound swiftly turning into the familiar melody. Taking the cupcake, she carefully places it inside the keepsake box, clearing the clutter within to the side so it has its own area where it will not get damaged, and takes a few moments just to stare at it again.

She is lost within its colours when a creak sounds from behind her causing her to start and let out a small mechanical cry. She turns rapidly, carefully placing the box back on its podium as she does so and sealing it and the cupcake within the chest, to see the little boy stood behind her.

BOY

Is this your room? It's really...

Orin stands and strides over to him, grabbing him roughly by the hand and dragging him out of the room.

(CONTINUED)

ORIN

NO! I said wait! Not allowed.  
Father will be mad!

BOY

But I just wanted to...

She turns to him, her face a mixture of fury and frustration, and shrieks.

ORIN

NO!!!

The mechanism that produce her voice crack and strain at the emotion and volume behind the cry making it sound completely inhuman and terrifyingly mechanical, the screeching of the metal and mechanisms overriding any sense of humanity.

She drags the boy by the hand into the general area of the upstairs room towards the stair well, panic and rage filling her every stride, the mechanisms responding in kind to her haste, straining and groaning. A creak from the living room causes her to freeze, her head snapping in its direction. The figure is sat clearly in its chair, unmoving.

BOY

Orin your scaring me, whats...?

She grabs him then, slinging him over her shoulder, and runs to the stairwell. As she reaches it she slams the door behind her, jumping over the railing straight down to the ground floor, her impact sending several crates sprawling in a dust cloud. Swiftly recovering she marches across the room to the warehouse entrance and puts the boy down, before turning and staring back at the stairwell door.

The pair stand in silence, both staring at the door as if expecting it to crash open. After a few moments when nothing happens, Orin relaxes and turns to the boy who is stood near the door looking terrified.

ORIN

No. No go upstairs. Father mad. Not supposed to talk to you.

BOY

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to get you  
in trouble. I..

The boy begins to sniffle, tears dripping down his face. For the first time Orin properly notices the tears, holding out a finger to catch one as it runs down the boys face.

(CONTINUED)

ORIN  
Damaged? What is?

Sniffling, his breathing made staggered by the sharp intakes of breaths as he cries, the boy tries to reply.

BOY  
Its a tear, i'm fine. People do it  
when they're upset.

He instantly tries to recover some bravado now that the shock of the incident has passed, wiping his sleeve across his face and taking a deep breath.

ORIN  
Damaged?

BOY  
No not damaged, never mind.

A clock chimes in the distances and the boy looks towards the entrance.

BOY  
I have to go, i'll.. i'll see you  
soon.

He says this hesitantly, the incident obviously having shaken him, and he quickly turns and leaves, grabbing the small satchel he bought with him on the way out. Orin stares after him, the tear still on her finger. For a moment she makes to follow him, moving towards the crack in the wall, but when the orange light from the sunset outside touches her foot she recoils as if it had burnt her, and that hesitation causes her to turn and move back into the depths of the warehouse, retreating from the outside world.

INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - NIGHT

As Orin reaches the top of the stairs, she hesitates somewhat before opening the steel door leading into the upstairs area of the warehouse. Quietly shutting the door behind her, she moves into the main floor area, staring towards the living room where the figure sits in its chair, next to a now cold fire. Picking up a few shattered fragments of crate she strides into the living room, her head raised in a form of pride and defiance as if refusing to justify herself. When nothing is said, the figure seemingly asleep, she kneels by the fire and lights the little kindling that she has, attempting to blow on it to aid the dwindling sparks in their quest for ignition, a futile act due to the fact she cannot exhale or inhale.

(CONTINUED)

After a few attempts the fire roars into life, quickly beginning to consume the crate chunks that she adds to it. As she moves to stand up she knocks into a shelf nearby, causing various bits of debris to fall to the floor around her with a clatter. She looks up at the figure, but when there is no response, she proceeds to pick up the various objects and place them back on the shelf.

A dislodged dusty box that fell among the debris catches her eye from where it lays near to the fire. She picks it up carefully and turns it over in her hands. The box is scarred, as if someone had deliberately damaged it, and from the denting it looks as if this is not the first fall it has taken. A small latch keeps it shut, a rusty padlock hanging limply from it, broken by the fall. Orin pulls the remains of the padlock off of the latch and flips the box open, revealing several photos and a film reel, one she has never seen before. The photos are of a man and the girl from the other pictures and movies, but this time the girl seems less filled with life and somewhat sickly, many of the photos featuring her laying in a bed. Orin studies each one carefully before turning to the reel of film. It is unmarked, the label on the front showing signs of wear and tear but never use. She carries it carefully into the main room where the projector sits on a crate, and sets it up to play.

INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - NIGHT

As the reel begins to play, light fills the room and the image within is splashed across the wall, a mixture of dull colours and black and white. The girl sits in a bed, she looks frail and the vibrance from the earlier tapes has faded somewhat. Some of her hair is missing, and her bones define themselves through the skin, giving her a skeletal appearance. Yet still she smiles, and the smile is still full of the life and joy that made her so beautiful in the other tapes.

The images flash through sequences of events, her father and her smiling and talking, him reading stories to her and her laughing with him, happiness filling her face even in what is quite obviously a dark situation. Then there are the tears, moments when both of them cannot uphold the facade of happiness, and they lay with each other crying. Orin stands, the images flickering before like fading memories, things she should remember, parts of her that were lost when she became what she now is. She reaches up to the projection, slowly walking over to the wall, placing a hand on the side of the image.

(CONTINUED)

On the projection, a birthday cake is bought to the girl in the bed, and she claps happily, her father cutting the cake and showering her with gifts. Various other figures come and go, visiting her and keeping her entertained on this special day. She smiles all the way through, and not once does the darkness of her plight show, only joy and the vitality of her spirit. And when night falls and it is just her and her father, they sit together and he reads to her once more, and she listens to him, warm and safe, and falls asleep gently to his words. He caresses her hair, before kissing her on the forehead and falling asleep in the chair next to her.

A new set of images flash up against the warped wall. The father working in what appears to be a lab next to the girls bed, mixing various chemicals and testing them on what appear to be small sample slates. As he continues to work frustration seems to build up within him at his continued failures, and he turns to where the girl is sleeping, as if reassuring himself of his purpose before diligently returning to his work.

The images flash back to the father reading to his daughter, but this time she merely lays in bed, barely seeming to live. She no longer smiles, and her eyes are half open. Harsh deep breaths wrack her body mixed with coughs that shake her entire being. He keep reading, stroking the little hair that remains on her head, and holds her hand when she whimpers from the pain wracking her body. She turns to him, the effort of turning her head evidently causing her great pain and determination. He looks up at her from the book, pausing mid sentence, and she smiles and him, the life briefly returning to her face and illuminating her drawn features, and whilst it the smile seems to speak of hope, it is merely the last goodbye. A series of coughs begins to wrack her body violently, causing the bed to shake with her, and the heart monitor next to her begins to rapidly beep out of sync. The father stands up leaning over her.

FATHER

No... no Orin, Orin can you hear  
me. Its gonna be alright sweety  
don't you worry. Everything's going  
to be alright.

But as he says this the heart rate begins to spike more rapidly and blood foams from her mouth.

FATHER

No Orin, ORIN! NO! Somebody help  
me! Somebody! Please. Orin, Orin  
baby please.

(CONTINUED)

The heart monitor spikes one more time and plummets to a flat line, the low whining of the machine ringing out consistently. The father continue to try to save his daughter over the deafening ringing of the machine, but as it becomes clear she has gone the tumult of emotions begins to overflow and he cannot hold it back any more.

FATHER

No.. no no no no no no.

The frustration builds up as he utters these words and at its crescendo he grabs the nearby table and flings it to the ground with a final scream of

FATHER

NO!

He rampages around the room, destroying the equipment he struggled with so desperately to save his daughter, but to no avail, and in the warehouse Orin too flings a shelf to the floor in rage, her words and actions mimicking his exactly as for the first time in her life Orin experiences every deep emotion, every dark aspect of her being, in this moment of watching the girl she was created to replace pass away.

The father eventually sinks to his knees in tears next to the girls bed, clutching her now lifeless hand, and Orin sinks with him as the projector reel ends, the image flickering and dissipating. She sits wheezing, her hands to her face shaking as her very being is torn by the rampage of the emotions she has just experienced. A single tear of black oil falls from her eyes, running to the ground unnoticed by Orin. This is how she remains, sat in the darkness, alone, afraid, and waits for the sun to rise, trapped in a turmoil of emotion she does not understand.

INT. WAREHOUSE DOWNSTAIRS - MID-DAY

Orin sits across from the boy, who is sat on the floor eating a sandwich. Both are silent and the impression is given that neither has truly spoken yet. Orin simply stares at the floor.

ORIN

What am I?

BOY

I dunno, some kind of machine?  
Didn't whoever made you tell you?

(CONTINUED)

ORIN

Why can I?

She motions to her chest, pointing at the area where a heart would normally sit.

ORIN

Strange.

BOY

What do'ya mean? Like feeling things?

ORIN

Feeling....

BOY

You're weird... I like you though.

Orin looks up at him, and a smile creeps onto her face, though this time the mechanisms simply move into position, no longer seeming to find it awkward.

ORIN

What is it like? Outside.

BOY

You've never been outside? Why? You should come out with...

ORIN

No... Father wouldn't like it.

The boy falls silent, staring at his sandwich, as if deciding how to proceed with the conversation.

BOY

It's big, really big, like huge! There's this whole city with lots of machines like you, but they don't talk and things, and none of them look like you do, they just do stuff. There's these ones called cars which you sit in and they go really fast and its like phwoosh.

He makes a driving motion with his sandwich, flying it through the air mimicking speed.

BOY

And after that there's a whole world of different things I guess, mountains and oceans, sky.

(CONTINUED)

ORIN  
What is sky?

BOY  
Sky is... It's...

His brow furrows as he tries to think of a way to describe the sky.

BOY  
It's blue, and... it's endless, and above everything. Oh and it's filled with birds, they're like these feathery things that fly everywhere in the sky.

He takes a bite of his sandwich, contemplating birds.

BOY  
I want to be a bird, they can go wherever they want, do whatever they want. Must be nice.

Orin listens enraptured, and over the next few hours he tells her more stories about the outside world, whilst she sits completely focused, a smile on her face the entire time.

Eventually the chiming of a large clock echoes through the warehouse, and the boy stands to leave.

ORIN  
No. Stay.

BOY  
I can't sorry. Mum will get angry if I stay out too late, and you don't wanna see my mum angry.

He moves to leave the building but Orin blocks his path, moving swiftly in front of him. He tries to side step her several times but she always blocks him.

BOY  
Move or i'm going to be late.

ORIN  
No. Stay. Fun. Tell me more.

BOY  
Let me go you weirdo.

He pushes her, causing her to stumble back a step. Aggression builds quickly on her face and she shouts

ORIN  
NO YOU STAY!

before pushing him back. The force of her enraged push sends the boy flying across the room into a pile of crates, that proceed to tumble down on top of him, burying him completely. Orin stands by the door, the mechanisms inside her stilling whirring furiously in recognition of her rage. But gradually as this subsides and her body calms down, concern seems to cross her face. After a few more moments when the boy does not emerge from beneath the crates, she moves over to the pile.

ORIN  
Ok?

When there is no response Orin starts to dig through the crates, pulling them off one by one and throwing them across the room. After a few moments she uncovers the body of the boy, which lays limply amongst the wooden crates. It is clear he is dead, a trickle of blood running down from a gash in his forehead, but Orin lacks this understanding and proceeds to try to make him move, grabbing him by his arm and pulling him up. When she lets go and he falls to the ground, she tries once more unsuccessfully to make him stand.

ORIN  
Broken. Damaged. Will find your  
father, he will fix.

She picks up the boy in both arms and moves to the door to the warehouse, but hesitates before crossing the threshold. Instead she turns and climbs the stairs back to the upper warehouse, carrying the limp body of the boy through the steel door.

INT. WAREHOUSE ORIN'S ROOM - EARLY EVENING

The boy lays across the girls bed, his arm hanging lifelessly off the edge of the bed. Several of the carefully arranged stuffed animals sits around him, and several others are scattered across the floor.

Orin stands in front of the mirror, staring at herself. She is wearing one of the dresses from the wardrobe, and it is clear she has put it on with great care, minimal damage to the dress being visible.

She has tried to apply make-up to herself once again, and this time has almost succeeded, with most of it looking fairly well applied and sculpted, though it does little more

(CONTINUED)

than accentuate the strangeness of her mechanical appearance. She regards herself carefully, checking every aspect of her appearance whilst comparing it to the photo of the girl she now holds clutched to her chest.

After a few moments she turns and stands in front of the boy, turning in a circle in front of him as if showing off her appearance, the dress twirling awkwardly with her jagged movements, one of the hems catching on her leg.

ORIN

Will find your father. He will fix.

She moves back over to the boy and picks him up, his lifeless body hanging over her arms, and moves to leave the room. Before she does so though, she takes the photo of the girl, staring at it intently as if trying to envision herself becoming the focus of the photo, before placing it in her pocket.

INT. WAREHOUSE DOWNSTAIRS - EVENING

As Orin nears the exit of the warehouse, her steps slow. She stands inches from the crack in wall, staring at it with the boy in her arms. She knows she must leave if she wishes to save him, but everything she was taught tells her not to. She glances back up at the steel door to the upper floor of the warehouse, then back at the crack in the wall.

The first step she takes echoes through the warehouse, and the mechanical whirring of her own body seems deafening to Orin. As she takes a second step, and a third, she almost hesitates and turns, but as she does so a female voice calls out from just beyond the warehouse.

VOICE

Tom? Tom where are you honey? Can you hear me? Tom!?

The voice is distressed and sounds pained, and it is joined by a second masculine voice shouting,

VOICE 2

Tom? Comon son it's time to come home, where are ya lad?

Orin looks down at the boy in her arms, and back at the crack in the wall. Without another hesitation, she shuts her eyes and crosses the threshold of the warehouse, crouching to leave through the small crack. With her eyes shut, all that greets her is darkness, and she stands in the open air for a few minutes just like this. A light breeze rustles

(CONTINUED)

through her, causing some of her mechanisms to quiver at the sensation. She slowly opens her eyes, and they are flooded with a barrage of colours, purples, oranges, reds and yellows produced by a sunset that stretches across a vast horizon, its light blanketing a huge city that lays below the warehouse. Orin's eyes frantically try to adjust to the barrage of sensations, and fear mixes with happiness across her face, the mechanisms in her trying to compensate for the mixture of emotions.

For what seems like an eternity she simply stands, staring at a world she has never seen, never even imagined, and all she can think is.

ORIN

Beautiful.

The beauty is shattered by a scream from nearby though, and as Orin looks around she sees a man and a woman stood only a few feet from her. The woman who uttered the scream is pointing at the boy in her arms, her other hand covering her mouth in horror, and the man stands with the colour drained from his face in shock.

TOM'S MOTHER

Oh my god. TOM!

Orin looks down at the boy in her arms, then back at the parents. She walks over to them, every step slow and methodical, seemingly sluggish. Fear and confusion bombard Orin as she is unsure how to react to the couples horror. Eventually she reaches them and holds the boy out to the father.

ORIN

Broken. Please fix.

With a sob, the father takes the boys body from Orin, cradling it as he falls to his knees. He holds the boys head in one hand and kisses it on the forehead.

TOM'S FATHER

Oh god Tommy.. What did you do...  
WHAT DID YOU DO!?

His rage and the violence of his reaction startles Orin who backs away from the couple, the mother sinking to her knees next to her husband and the body of her son. She bursts into tears burying her face in the boys hair, sobs wracking her body.

(CONTINUED)

ORIN

Please. Fix. I broke.

TOM'S FATHER

I'll make you pay for this. You  
monster! MONSTER!

ORIN

No please, normal. Fix.

TOM'S FATHER

You'll die for this, monster! You  
hear me, I'll kill you myself!

Orin terrified by their reactions, turns and runs into the warehouse, leaving the couple grieving over their son in the middle of the street. She takes a last glance over her shoulder, before ducking under the entrance into the dark warehouse, away from the outside world.

INT. WAREHOUSE ORIN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Orin is sat on the bed of the small room, staring into space. She pulls the worn photo of the girl out of her pocket and stares at it, longing resonating across her face. As she stares she flashes back to the father calling her a monster, the moment her dreams of ever being normal, ever living up to her fathers wishes, were shattered, and rage begins to consume her.

She tears the photo in half, pausing for a moment before beginning to tear it more and more rapidly, shredding the photo into tiny scraps which she flings to the floor as she flies across the room to cupboard of clothes which she proceeds to tear into pieces, shredding the beautiful dresses. She catches sight of herself in the mirror, and proceeds to tear the dress she is wearing off herself violently before reaching for the mirror and throwing it across the room with a scream of frustration, shattering it against a wall causing shards of reflective glass to fly everywhere.

With her rage subsiding, Orin falls to the ground in a heap, barely supported by her knees. In her hands she holds the tattered remains of one of the dresses, and remorse fills her face, along with a deep sadness and longing. A shard of mirror lays on the floor not far from her, and she reaches over, picking it up and turning it in her hands till its reflects her face.

(CONTINUED)

ORIN

Monster. Nothing more. Just a monster.

She drops the mirror shard to the ground causing it to shatter further, and hangs her head, tears running down her face. As they splash onto her legs, she takes notice, and fear grips her as she fears she has become damaged. Her hands trace her face, grazing the metallic plates as she looks for any sign of injury, but when none is found the realization that she is crying slowly dawns on her.

ORIN

People... cry.

A loud crashing sound from downstairs shakes her from her thoughts, followed by angry shouting and footsteps. Orin rises to her feet and strides out the the girls room, her dreams of being normal, being the girl she wanted to be, spread in tatters across the room.

INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - NIGHT

Orin runs across the warehouse to the crack in the floorboards, staring down just in time to see a group of men and women enter the warehouse carrying weapons and blazing torches. Her eyes recoil as they try to adjust to the sudden illumination provided by the torches, and she rises with this motion.

ORIN

Must protect. Father.

She moves quickly over to the steel stairwell door, and wrenches it open in one rough motion. As she comes to the top of the stairwell the mob below turns to face her. She leaps down from the stairwell to the ground floor, a few feet away from the mob, her landing kicking up dust around her accompanied by the usual mechanical groans and strain of the impact. She rises to face the mob who regard her with a mixture of horror, rage, and curiosity.

ORIN

Please. Leave. I mean no harm.  
Please.

MAN

You're a monster he was right. A bloody monster living next door!

(CONTINUED)

ORIN

Not monster. Please. Leave

Her arms are raised in a peaceful position as she tries her best to show them she means no harm, but all she receives for her efforts to negotiate is hatred and more people calling her a monster. Her eyes dart wildly around the room as the mob backs her into a corner, fear prominent on her face.

ORIN

Please. Don't want to hurt. Please.

At the back of the mob stand the parents of the boy, clutching each other watching the scene unfold, and Orin looks to them desperately, her eyes begging for help. The mother makes eye contact, and for a moment a flicker of hesitation seems to cross her face, but she quickly turns and buries her head in her husbands shoulder.

TOM'S FATHER

You'll get no mercy from us monster. You killed my son! Tear her to pieces lads.

At this command one of the men lunges at Orin, reaching for her arm with one hand whilst brandishing a short sword with the other.

ORIN

Please. No!

As he grabs her arm she flings him across the room in a single motion, and his body slams into the far wall of the warehouse. This only serves to motivate the mob into attack and several of the men charge Orin.

The fight is short but deadly, and as each of the men engage Orin she fights back with a strength even she does not understand. The first charges her, swinging his sword at her head, and she blocks it with one arm plate, the metal screeching as it collides, before grabbing him round the throat with the other and crushing his windpipe instantly.

As she drops him a second leaps onto her back, stabbing at her face with a dagger. The dagger fails to collide with any vital mechanisms and Orin grabs the man by his face, flipping him off her back in one short motion and throwing him into the mob sending of them sprawling.

A woman from the crowd fire a shot from a large cumbersome pistol that reflects off of Orin's shoulder, causing her to spin with the momentum, and as she does so one the mens

(CONTINUED)

blades finds its mark, digging to her side and cutting through several pipes and intricate systems. As the blade hits one of the bigger cogs it is snapped by the collision, and Orin grabs the shard of metal stabbing it into the mans neck. He falls to the ground and Orin staggers back, hands clutched to her side over which the slick black substance that once flowed through Orin pours.

Panicked by the damage and surrounded, Orin bolts for the stairwell, ramming her way through several of the mob members who take further blows at her causing more damage. She staggers as she reaches the stairwell before launching herself to the top in a single jump. Falling through the door way into the upper warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE GENERAL AREA - NIGHT

Tom's parents cautiously walk through the steel door, the father brandishing a short yet ornate blade. They survey the room in front of them, its dusty worn looking shelves and warped floor boards, over which a long black trail in splayed, giving the impression of something having dragged itself along the floor. A mechanical whimper from nearby makes the start, and they follow the trail through the large room into a small living room area. The area is neatly furnished and a small fire still glows in a modest fireplace. A large chair sits facing away from them, towards the fire, and from it emanates various mechanical sounds.

INT. WAREHOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The couple move around the chair, the husband brandishing his sword, his stance belying his readiness to engage in combat, and with a swift step and a yell the man makes the final corner, raising his sword high to strike, and pauses.

Before them in a the confines of the armchair, the mechanical girl lays curled up on her fathers lap. Her head rests on his knees with her hands, and the bottom half of her body drags brokenly below her. One of her eyes is severely damaged, hanging from its socket, and the other is somewhat shattered. The black substance flowing from her various wounds pools at the bottom of the chair, darkening the robes of her father who sits in the armchair.

Tom's mother raises her hand to her mouth and she regards the semi-mummified corpse of the father, obviously long dead and past decomposition. Bits of food from various meals lay scattered across his dressing gown, remnants of where Orin tried to feed him. As Tom's father lowers his sword, Orin weakly reaches for a tape player sat next to the chair,

(CONTINUED)

pushing play on the tape. The voice is garbled, as if the tape is damaged to begin with, but soon picks up mid-way through a speech.

## FATHER

... and all I have done was for you my darling, so that you could come back to me, but I now see that it was in folly. For what I have done, I can only hope damnation will take me. Not only have I perverted nature, but I have created a life in a world that will despise it. I have created the ultimate cruelty, her desire is to be you, I made it so, and I can only hope that one day she understands that though that is my wish, it is not possible. I know she wishes me to treat her as my daughter, as I loved you, but I cannot. She is not right, she is not you. And I know that one day I am going to have to leave her, and she will be alone, trapped in the confines I have set her.

Nothing I say will ever make this right, and nothing I can do will ever free her. I am sorry.. to both you and her. I am so.. so.. sorry.

The tape cuts out and Orin gargles as if trying to say something, but her throat is now filled with her own fluid. Her eye darts in its shattered case, and fear fills her face. The mother moves towards her, brushing Tom's fathers hand aside as he tries to stop her, and sits down next to Orin, the black blood staining her dress. She begins to sing to Orin, the same tune the music box played, and strokes her head gently. Orin tries to gurgle back the same tune, and though it comes across, the sound is disjointed as broken. And as they sing together, the mechanisms within Orin begin to slow down, and the light behind her eyes begins to dim, and that final song fades into nothingness as the little robot girl passes on, laying in the lap of the father she only wanted to love her.