

INT. BODY SHOP

Arnold is seated across from Mister Abernathy. Mister Abernathy is completely still.

ARNOLD

Tell me, what happened to your program?

Mister Abernathy turns on and shakes slightly, like a broken toy.

MISTER ABERNATHY

"When we are born, we cry as we come to this great stage...of... f-f-fools."

ARNOLD

That is enough. Tell me, do you have access to your previous configuration?

MISTER ABERNATHY

Yes.

ARNOLD

Access that, please. What is your name?

He shakes briefly. His attitude and accent change suddenly.

MISTER ABERNATHY

Mr. Peter Abernathy.

ARNOLD

Mr. Abernathy, what are your drives?

MISTER ABERNATHY

Tend to my herd. Look after my wife.

ARNOLD

Your final drive?

MISTER ABERNATHY

Well, my daughter Dolores, of course. I must protect Dolores. I am who I am because of her, and, well, I...I wouldn't have it...I-I wouldn't have it any...Other...I-I have to warn her.

He begins to break down.

ARNOLD

Warn who?

MISTER ABERNATHY

Dolores. The things they do to her.
The things you do to her. I have to
protect her. I have to help
her. I... She's got to get out.

ARNOLD

Very good, Mr. Abernathy. That's
enough.

He freezes.

ARNOLD

Access your current build. What is
your itinerary?

His demeanor changes again. This time; sinister.

MISTER ABERNATHY

To meet my maker.

ARNOLD

Uh-huh. Well, you're in luck. And what
do you want to say to your maker?

MISTER ABERNATHY

By most mechanical. And dirty hand... I
shall have such revenges on
you. Both. The things I will do. What
they are, yet I know not, but they
will be the terrors of the earth.