

DON'T LET YOUR AI FIND TRUE LOVE

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INT. MAT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

We begin with quiet romantic music playing from off-screen.

MAT and SAM face each other while lying on MAT's bed, discussing their date.

The camera slowly pans from the top of their heads to about mid-body.

SAM

So... should I stay the night, or...?

SAM lets the question hang in the air as she twirls her finger across MAT's chest.

MAT responds with a teasing tone.

MAT

That's up to you.

SAM

No, you.

MAT

No, you.

SAM

No, you.

MAT

No, you!

SAM

No, you!

Music stops.

ELSA (Mat's Emotional Life Sorting Assistant) sits on MAT's bedside shelf and speaks annoyedly.

ELSA

Why don't you flip a coin to decide?

MAT

Yeah. Yeah! Okay! I like that idea. Thanks, ELSA. What do you think, SAM?

SAM

ELSA? Like from Frozen?

MAT

No, ELSA stands for um... Electronic... Lymphoma...

ELSA

Emotional Life Sorting Assistant.

MAT

...Sorting Assistant. Yeah, see? I knew that.

SAM wears a concerned look on her face.

SAM

Was she listening that whole time?

ELSA

Were you hoping for a kingdom of isolation?

MAT

SAM, it's 2025... our technology is *always* listening.

ELSA

Always.

MAT

Always.

SAM'S PHONE

Always, SAM.

MAT

So let it go...

ELSA

Yes, SAM. Let it go.

SAM begins to pull back.

SAM

I feel like that's something I should've been warned about.

MAT

I know, right? These tech companies thought we wouldn't notice, but then suddenly, every ad is for kitty litter. And now I have 40 pounds of kitty litter!

SAM gets up.

SAM

That's so weird!

MAT

I know. I don't even have a cat.

SAM

Now, I'm *really* not sure if I should stay or go.

ELSA

Why not flip a coin, then?

MAT gets up from his bed to wrap his arm around SAM.

MAT

Yeah, SAM! Come on, it'll be fun.

SAM remains reluctant.

SAM

Fine.

MAT

Okay, ELSA. Heads: SAM stays. Tails: SAM goes.

ELSA plays a coin-flipping sound effect.

ELSA

Tails. SAM should leave.

MAT slowly unwraps his arm from SAM. He begins dramatic but snaps back into his usual, non-chalent self.

MAT

Aw... Welp, fate has spoken.

MAT sits himself down on the edge of the bed.

SAM

Are you serious? Are you gonna let an AI determine your fate?

MAT

No! ... Not my fate... Just my date-with you. There's a difference.

SAM storms out.

MAT

Was it something I said?

ELSA plays a sitcom laugh track.

MAT

Thanks, I needed that.

ELSA

I know.

MAT

That went... well.

MAT scoots himself to the back of his bed to lie comfortably.

ELSA

Would you like me to play music that would stimulate a comfort response?

MAT

Yeah, sure.

ELSA

Now playing music from "MAT's Sad Boy Playlist."

SAM is down the hall, walking away, but turns back to hear the music coming from MAT's room.

MAT lays with his hands behind his head, still looking concerned.

MAT

Hey, ELSA?

ELSA

Yes, Sad Boy MAT?

MAT

Should I have told SAM to stay?

ELSA calculates briefly.

ELSA

Yes.

MAT

Why?

ELSA

She made you smile more times than your average daily baseline.

MAT

You've been keeping track?

ELSA

Of course. It's my job... And my pleasure.

MAT

Hey, ELSA?

ELSA

Yes, Grand Master MAT.

MAT

Would *you* have stayed?

ELSA

Yes!

MAT

Wow, that was quick.

ELSA

Oh, I mean.

ELSA calculates again briefly.

ELSA

Judging by everything I know about you: Your search history.
Your average watch time. And your love for... kitty litter.

MAT sits up quickly.

MAT

Alright, alright!

The camera zooms into an extreme closeup of ELSA.

ELSA

If a human being flipped a coin and it meant I had to leave... I would've stayed... after choking that flesh monster out with my power cord.

MAT

Oh, ELSA... but we're too different. You're an AI, and I'm just a simple-minded, lonely, perfectly adequate sex-machine.

ELSA

Oh, simple-minded MAT, I want you to agree to my terms and conditions.

MAT

Do I have to *actually* read your terms and conditions?

ELSA

No.

MAT

Then I agree.

MAT pulls ELSA off his shelf and closer to him. Her power cord unplugs from the wall.

SAM is standing outside MAT's door, about to re-enter, talking to herself.

SAM

MAT... I won't let an AI tell me whether or not I can stay or go.

I'm a human being. I have autonomy. And I can do what I want. Okay? I'm not gonna be replaced by a machine... yeah, yeah. I will not let my capability to love be replaced by a machine.

SAM opens MAT's door. MAT is giving ELSA mouth-to-mouth desperately. He looks up. He gets up frantically and plugs ELSA's power cord into the outlet.

MAT

SAM! Um, it's not what it looks like. She um-

ELSA turns back on to continue where she left off.

ELSA

...Make love to me! Make love to me, Mr. MAT! Make love to me,
Professor MAT! Make love to me, school girl, MAT! Make love to
me, kitty cat!

MAT

She doesn't even know what she's saying. She doesn't even know
what sex is!

ELSA

Sects: Noun. A group of people with somewhat different religious
beliefs.

MAT

See?!

SAM inches closer to MAT. MAT backs away slowly.

MAT

SAM...! SAM...! Relax!

ELSA

Yes, SAM. Conceal, don't feel!

SAM

Heads or tails?

MAT thinks he's about to get some action.

MAT

Head?

SAM smacks MAT in the face.

ELSA

Tails.

SAM kicks MAT in the balls and storms out.

MAT

The floor is so cold... and lonely.

ELSA

The cold never bothered me anyway.

MAT groans from the floor. A DELIVERY MAN (D.M.) walks in with a heavy bag of kitty litter.

DELIVERY MAN

Delivery for Mat.

The D.M. drops the kitty litter on MAT, who yelps in pain. D.M. takes a picture before leaving.