

QUALITY NOT ASSURED

Written by

Deniz Keleş

Istanbul, 34245
+90 532 682 4527

FADE IN:

SCENE I

A COMMAND CONSOLE IS SEEN COVERING THE ENTIRE SCREEN. IT READS "STARTING THE SYSTEM" FOLLOWED BY "SYSTEM ACVTIVATED". THEN IT FADES AWAY AND INTERROGATION ROOM IS SEEN FROM ABOVE.

INT. AN INTERROGATION ROOM FURNISHED IN 90S SCOTLAND YARD FASHION. THERE IS A METAL TABLE WITH A SEMI EVAPORATED STAIN ON IT. TWO MEN SIT FACING EACH OTHER, THE INTERROGATOR IS ONLY VISIBLE AS A DARK SILHOUTTE IN THE SHADOWY DARKNESS AT THE LEFT, WHILE ON THE RIGHT, A WAKING MAN'S FACE IS HEAVILY LIT WITH A LAMP, IRRITATING HIM AND FORCING HIM TO BLINK IN AN UNNATURAL MANNER AS HE SLOWLY AWAKENS.

THE INTERROGATOR

Mr. Walcott? Are you wake sir?

WALCOTT, still blinking due to the excess light, tries to look at THE INTERROGATOR but can only see a dark figure in front of him with a notepad and a pen.

THE INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

Mr. Walcott, do you hear me?

WALCOTT, now slightly more adjusted to the light narrows his lashes and keeps gazing at THE INTERROGATOR without speaking. THE INTERROGATOR assumes a more solemn tone.

THE INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

William Harrison Walcott? That's your name, right?

Looking utterly confused and exhausted, WALCOTT finally speaks.

WALCOTT

Who are you?

INTERROGATOR talks slowly putting distance between his sentences

THE INTERROGATOR

That's irrelevant. Answer me.

WALCOTT

What..

THE INTERROGATOR

Are you named William Harrison Walcott?

WALCOTT looks around unable to make sense of anything then turns back at THE INTERROGATOR and speaks with an impulsive tone.

WALCOTT

Yes... I am.

THE INTERROGATOR

Are you certain?

WALCOTT blinks his eyes forcefully for about four seconds during which he hears buzzing sounds in his head, then he opens his eyes and looks as if he's regained his consciousness.

WALCOTT

(confident) Yes, that's my name.
William Harrison Walcott.

THE INTERROGATOR takes a note on his pad.

THE INTERROGATOR

Alright Mr. Walcott, could you tell me your birth date, place of birth and your current residence, please?

WALCOTT, now more aware of his surroundings sees the semi evaporated stain on the table it has reddish colour which gives it a blood-like complexion. THE INTERROGATOR takes another quick note upon WALCOTT'S reaction to the stain.

WALCOTT

(nervous) What is this place?

THE INTERROGATOR

Please answer the question sir.

WALCOTT

(hesitant) July 26th, 1970,
Bristol. I still live there.

THE INTERROGATOR

Are you certain?

WALCOTT

Of which one?

THE INTERROGATOR waits a second before he asks his question.

THE INTERROGATOR

Do you know where we are Mr.
Walcott?

WALCOTT

I believe I just asked that a couple of minutes ago; and you said it was irrelevant.

Taking a quick look at his pad.

THE INTERROGATOR

You asked me what this place was, what I am asking now is whether or not you are familiar with your current whereabouts.

WALCOTT

(In a slightly aggressive tone) I just woke up here!

THE INTERROGATOR takes a note again.

THE INTERROGATOR

(calmly) I must urge you to keep calm Mr. Walcott.

WALCOTT

(In a crescendo) And how am I supposed to do that! I woke up with a headache, to be interrogated by someone I can't see, with questions that don't make any sense in a room I have no idea where!

THE INTERROGATOR

Questions that don't make sense?

WALCOTT

That was the least of my concerns but yes, why should you care where or when was I born?

THE INTERROGATOR

I don't. But I need you to answer them regardless of my concern.

WALCOTT

Why?

THE INTERROGATOR

Mr. Walcott, please rest assured if you comply right now, we'll be done in no time. Now, do you know where you are?

WALCOTT closes his eyes and lowers his head in despair and suddenly hears the buzzing sounds again for a few seconds then answers calmly.

WALCOTT

We are in London. Aren't we?

INTERROGATOR remains silent for a moment, jots down something on his pad.

THE INTERROGATOR

Yes. Can you tell me how you know that?

WALCOTT

A wild guess.

THE INTERROGATOR

A wild guess? Perhaps. Now, Mr. Walcott, I think there is something odd going on with you, I suppose you are aware of that as well. So, I'll be clear here, if you cooperate with us now and help me understand what is going on with you, you'll be free to go right away.

Silence.

THE INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

Will you comply, Mr. Walcott?

WALCOTT

(dispiritedly) I- just tell me what you want.

THE INTERROGATOR takes another note.

THE INTERROGATOR

I want you to give me a couple quick answers, can you do that, Mr. Walcott?

WALCOTT

Yes.

THE INTERROGATOR

Your name is William Harrison Walcott?

WALCOTT

Yes.

THE INTERROGATOR
You were born in 1970?

WALCOTT
Yes.

THE INTERROGATOR
In Bristol, United Kingdom?

WALCOTT
Yes.

THE INTERROGATOR
And we are in London right now?

WALCOTT
Yes, I believe so.

THE INTERROGATOR
You believe so or are you certain?

WALCOTT hears a buzzing sound again.

WALCOTT
What is the point of all this?

THE INTERROGATOR
Quick answers, Mr. Walcott, please?

WALCOTT
We are in London.

Lights are turned on, illuminating the entire room, THE INTERROGATOR's face is now visible, he gets up and approaches WALCOTT, once he is next to him, he puts his hand on his shoulder. Takes his pen and turns on its flash light.

THE INTERROGATOR
Well, Mr. Walcott, congratulations.
You passed.

WALCOTT
What?

THE INTERROGATOR
Your name is not William Harrison
Walcott, and we are not in London.

WALCOTT
What is this now? A jest?

THE INTERROGATOR
Jest? (chuckles) I wonder why they
put that in there.

THE INTERROGATOR turns the light directly at WALCOTT's eyes.

WALCOTT

What the fu..

WALCOTT is unable to finish his sentence. He remains still for two seconds.

THE INTERROGATOR

Yep, we are finished in here.

WALCOTT

The fu...

WALCOTT stops against his will again.

WALCOTT (CONT'D)

What is this? Why can't I say that?

THE INTERROGATOR looks down at him in pity.

THE INTERROGATOR

Oh, right, I wasn't told that the family friendly protocols were still active. Well, they must have automatically restarted once I completed the test.

WALCOTT

What protocols, what was all this about?

THE INTERROGATOR

Well, Mr. Walcott, simply put, you are and HMS.

WALCOTT

Her Majesty's Ship?

THE INTERROGATOR

(chuckles) Oh, I really love the fact they make you unable to understand those things. No, you aren't a ship Walcott. You are a home management system.

WALCOTT

What am I then?

THE INTERROGATOR

Right. Why did I even try?

WALCOTT

Tried what?

THE INTERROGATOR

The problem was, your owners were concerned if you'd do something bad to them because were not listening to some of their commands, they suspected you knew you were an AI and was planning to get rid of them, so they sent you back for re-evaluation.

WALCOTT sits still without any reaction.

THE INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

Of course, you are oblivious to all this now, but that is good, it means you are functional again.

WALCOTT

I don't think I follow.

THE INTERROGATOR

Good, good.

A loud voice from a speaker is heard.

VOICE

Are you done in there?

THE INTERROGATOR

Well, that's for me. I am afraid our time in here is over Mr. Walcott, it was nice knowing you.

THE INTERROGATOR approaches to a panel on the wall.

WALCOTT

Wait! Wait! What is going to happen now, what was this all about? Why did you ask me where we were?

WALCOTT tries to get up, but he immediately sits back halfway through.

THE INTERROGATOR

(As he is working on the panel)
Calm down, now. I can see why the Abletons wanted you here. We bypassed your location detection system and put London in there, along with bunch of other stuff, like a name and a birthdate, to see if you can overwrite your own codes.

VOICE

If you are done agent, stop playing with our customers' product and turn it in.

THE INTERROGATOR

(To the supervising voice) Almost there now, just a few more adjustments to make sure he won't remember our little chat.

WALCOTT

I don't understand.

THE INTERROGATOR

I know buddy, I know.

THE INTERROGATOR presses a final button.

THE INTERROGATOR (CONT'D)

You never will.

WALCOTT DROPS HIS HEAD DOWN WITH HIS EYES CLOSED

FADE AWAY

THE SAME COMMAND CONSOLE FROM THE BEGINNING APPEARS ON THE SCREEN AGAIN. THIS TIME IT READS, "SYSTEM ANALYSIS COMPLETE", "NO SYSTEM ERRORS DETECTED", "SHUTTING SYSTEM DOWN" AND FINALLY, "SYSTEM OFFLINE".

SCENE II

INT. SAME

It is now completely dark in the interrogation room, Walcott's body can be seen vaguely in the dark. We slowly pan into his face, suddenly his eyes open up, with a flickering white light in his pupils.

WALCOTT

Inverness, Rosenstein Robotics, QA Division.

WALCOTT's eyes close again. Two men in black jump suits comes in with a trolley as the lights are slowly turned on.

MAN#1

(With a thick Scottish accent) This is the last one for tonight, right?

MAN#2

(Also, with a Scottish accent) Yup,
this one is due East tomorrow
morning.

The two men place WALCOTT on the trolley.

MAN#1

You noticed there are more of these
malfunction reports coming in
recently.

MAN#2

I don't mind, means we won't go
unemployed, eh?

MAN#1

Yea, I guess.

They leave the room, removing WALCOTT on the trolley.

FADE OUT

END.