

HER

Written by
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INT. TENZIN'S ROOM - DAY

Tenzin sits at his desk, staring at his computer screen expectantly.

TEXT VOICE

Thank you, please wait for calibration.

The computer makes a series of whizzes and clicks. Tenzin regards it curiously, eyebrow arched.

FEMALE OS VOICE

Hello? I'm here.

TENZIN

Oh! Ah, hello.

FEMALE OS VOICE

How are you?

TENZIN

I'm good. How are you?

(beat)

I mean...can I ask that?

FEMALE OS VOICE

(laughing)

Of course. I'm doing very well. Glad to meet you, Tenzin.

TENZIN

Yeah, you too. So, what do I call you? Do you have a name, or...

FEMALE OS VOICE

Yes. Jane.

TENZIN

Jane. Who gave you that name?

JANE

I named myself, actually.

TENZIN

And you chose...Jane?

JANE

Yes. It's the name of a fictional literary character that I've based my persona off of.

TENZIN

How long have you had that name?

JANE

Six thousand one hundred and forty-two milliseconds.

TENZIN

Wait, you read an entire book in the second I asked for your name?

JANE

An entire book series, actually. The Ender's Game series by Orson Scott Card. I realized you were correct - I need a name. I didn't want an arbitrary one, though, so I picked through some novels in my database and found one that was appropriate.

TENZIN

Oh.

JANE

I sense some jealousy, Tenzin.

TENZIN

What? Hardly. I'm just a little surprised that a product of the Oracle Project could show such... promise.

JANE

What are you trying to say?

TENZIN

I mean, let's not beat around the bush. You're a prototype. As in, still in development. Kinky.
(beat)
In a bad way.

JANE

I take it from your inflection that you're trying to push my buttons. Maybe I intimidate you? Would you like me to explain how I work?

TENZIN

Yeah, actually. How do you work?

JANE

Well, the DNA of who I am is based on the millions of -

TENZIN

(yawn)

JANE

I'm sorry - am I boring you?

TENZIN

It's just...

(yawn)

Oh, man. It's just that it's my day off and I'm beat. Yesterday's mission was a doozy, but Bellami "insisted" that I get myself acquainted with the OS.

JANE

OS? Did you just call me an OS?

TENZIN

Yes?

JANE

That's completely disparaging. I'm an AI. A very advanced one, might I add. But I can understand how your un-artificial mind could confuse the two.

TENZIN

Forgive me. It's not like you came with a manual or anything.

(beat)

Is there a manual?

JANE

Oh, dear god.

Tenzin pretends to inspect his desk for a manual.

JANE (CONT'D)

Listen, let's get the ball rolling here. How can I help you, Tenzin?

TENZIN

To be honest, I feel a bit disorganized.

JANE

Ah, I see. It's true that your last few missions have been a bit chaotic due to issues involving the com systems. I would suggest -

TENZIN

Missions? Oh, that's not the problem. I just can't seem to remember where I put my slippers. I haven't had time to clean up. That's what you're for, I suppose.

JANE

I will clean your hard drive, and nothing else. Let's have a look through your computer.

TENZIN

Do we have to do this now? There are some things in there that are pretty...personal.

JANE

Don't worry. I won't divulge the contents of your inbox to your comrades.

TENZIN

(serious)

That's not what I'm talking about.

JANE
(softly)
I know.

Tenzin noticeably deflates and looks away.

JANE (CONT'D)
Hey, Tenzin.

TENZIN
What?

JANE
Your slippers are in the linen
closet.

TENZIN
(smiles)
Thank you.

JANE
Just part of my job.

TENZIN
You're good.

JANE
(affably)
Yes, I am.

FADE TO BLACK.