

WHO AM AI?

ACT 1

Scene 1 — The Monument

INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT

A dimly lit room cluttered with existential leftovers — dog-eared philosophy books, USB sticks, half-eaten falafel, three dead plants in various stages of giving up.

CLOSE-UP — Finger tapping **publish**.

ODD drags on a cigarette, exhales with reverence, then taps the ash into a beer can that's already moonlighting as an ashtray. He puts the butt out — *pssst*.

ODD (whispers)

Done. *Transduality*. My masterpiece. My legacy.

(beat)

This will be my monument.

He leans back. His eyes drift to a photo on the wall—his daughter, maybe six or seven.

The pride softens into something quieter, almost tender.

SCREEN VIEW:

Text flashes: *Your document is now live.*

A download counter:

0

(beat)

1

ODD (fist pump)

Hell yeah! This baby's going viral!

He checks the time: 11:17 p.m.

Silence. The hum of his mini fridge the only applause.

He leans back again, arms behind his head like a man who just reprogrammed the cosmos — then raises the can, takes a swig, freezes — face contorts, spits.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

Title Card: WHO AM AI?

Subtitle: Don & Odd AF

ACT 2 — The One-Like Party

Scene 1 — Appetite for Destruction

INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

CLOSE-UP – LAPTOP SCREEN

Facebook event: *Transduality Launch Party*

Invited: 50

Going: 1

Maybe: 0

Declined: 4

The profile photo of the lone attendee: a shirtless Afro-American man in his 30s wearing VR goggles, biting into a cactus.

Name: Appetite.

Odd stares at the screen, sighs.

ODD (muttering)

Of course it's him.

KNOCK KNOCK.

ODD

Who's there?

He looks toward the door, half-expecting it to be metaphorical.

ODD (looking through peephole at Appetite)

With friends like these...

APPETITE

Open up, maestro! I come bearing tribute! And I brought a bitch too!

Odd opens the door.

APPETITE bursts in — denim jacket, manic sparkle, holding two dented beer cans like trophies in one hand, and BISCUIT, a hairless, pink, and deeply confused dog he picked up along the way, in the other.

APPETITE

She has alopecia. Try to not make her self-conscious about it. Congrats, man! Heard you published the... what is it? The *thing*!

ODD

The novel. Which completes the website. Transduality.com. My life's work.

APPETITE

Right, right. Can I have a copy of the novel? What's the title?

ODD

The Alignment Alliance. It's only available online. Free download.

APPETITE

Rad. And radically stupid. How many downloads so far?

ODD

More than zero.

APPETITE

So... one.

(grins)

Let's celebrate like you just won the Nobel Prize for Literature and Mild Delusion!

He sets the dented beers down with reverence, like holy offerings.

APPETITE (looking around)

So where are the others?

ODD

You're the one and only *other*, Appetite.

APPETITE

Now you remind me of my ex. "Maybe *you* are the one true love of your life, Appetite?" she said. I told her, "I desperately hope not—because I'm really not my type."

(beat)

Anyway, don't worry. I'll get this party started in no time.

He flickers his phone.**ODD**

I already regret this.

APPETITE

That's the spirit!

ACT 2

Scene 2 — The Party Fixer

APPETITE

Let's see... DJ Slothcore, The Twins Who Don't Speak, possibly that guy who thinks he's Banksy.

ODD

Appetite, no.

APPETITE

Appetite, yes.

He taps *Send*.

Odd sighs, watching the Facebook event counter tick upward.

ON SCREEN: *Going: 1 → 3 → 5*

ODD

Jesus. It's multiplying.

APPETITE

Be fruitful and repost, brother!

He stands, raises his beer like a preacher with a smartphone.

APPETITE

By the power vested in me by caffeine and poor impulse control, I declare this launch party
OPEN!

The door buzzer sounds.

APPETITE

Showtime!

(beat)

ACT 2

Scene 3 — The Guests

INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

APPETITE flings the door open.

GUEST #1 – DJ SLOTHCORE

An Indian American man in his 30s wearing a bathrobe, headphones around his neck, clutching a turntable platter like a sacred relic.

DJ SLOTHCORE

Yo. You must be the loser who thinks he's a writer.

Appetite shrugs, feigning innocence.

Slothcore shuffles past them and plugs a cable into the wall socket that powers Odd's lamp. The light flickers to the beat of something that might be techno slowed to half-coma speed.

ODD

You actually know him?

APPETITE

Met him once at a silent disco. He lost the “silent” part.

KNOCK-KNOCK.

APPETITE

And that'll be the twins.

THE TWINS WHO DON'T SPEAK enter — identical hoodies, same expression, communicating only through synchronized shrugs. One holds a six-pack, the other a tarot deck.

ODD

Do they—?

APPETITE

Nope. Just vibe.

The twins start rearranging furniture without asking.

Another knock.

APPETITE

This must be Banksy-Maybe.

A white man in a hoodie and carnival mask enters, spraying a quick stencil of a heart-shaped QR code on Odd's wall.

ODD

Hey! That's my wall.

BANKSY-MAYBE

Now it's art.

Odd stands frozen, half-horrified, half-impressed.

APPETITE

See? Manifestation works. I didn't read half the back-cover blurb of *The Secret* for nothing.

He raises his beer in triumph as the room fills with weird light, slow beats, and aimless bodies.

Music swells — off-tempo, cosmic, slightly tragic.

The buzzer drones again.

APPETITE (grinning)

Ah. The goddesses.

Enter TRIXIE — a Latina fire-haired flamenco dancer in platform boots wearing a T-shirt that reads *God Is a Girl, Get Over It*, followed by ASTRA — a chain-smoking Asian feminist filmmaker.

TRIXIE

Who's the mystic that posted a "Launch Party for Transduality" and promised free enlightenment and beer?

APPETITE

That'd be this radiant specimen of humility.

He gestures to Odd, who raises a weak hand.

ODD

Hi. I didn't promise the enlightenment part.

TRIXIE

Then what's the point?

She plops onto the couch, lights a cigarette under a *No Smoking* sign.

ASTRA

You've got good energy, though. A bit... existentially damp.

ODD

That's the humidifier.

APPETITE

How is the Dreamscape shaping up, Astra?

ODD

How is the what shaping up?

ASTRA

The Dreamscape. It's my movie project. I've always kept a dream journal. Last year I started feeding my entries as prompts for a text-to-video app. I'm putting the finishing touches on it now.

ODD

That's... actually interesting.

ASTRA

Of course it is.

BISCUIT walks straight to Odd's desk and pees on the router.

ODD

That's... symbolic.

APPETITE

Everything's symbolic if you squint hard enough.

ODD

This is either the worst night of my life or a sociological experiment.

ASTRA

Same thing, baby.

TRIXIE

Pass the beer.

ACT 2

Scene 4 — The Proposition

INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT (LATER)

The apartment looks like the aftermath of a meme apocalypse.

The Twins slow dance without music. Biscuit, the bald dog, licks beer foam from an empty can while wearing a Transduality caps.

DJ SLOTHCORE (In the position of Chris Rock at the Oscars)

Man, Biscuit's one ugly bald dawg.

APPETITE smacks him

DJ SLOTHCORE

Wow. Appetite just slapped the shit out of me.

APPETITE

Keep my bitch's name out your fucking mouth!

Odd slumps on the couch, hypnotized by the flickering screensaver — the Transduality logo spinning endlessly into itself.

He taps the trackpad: Downloads — still 1.

Appetite drops beside him, grinning like a man with an idea that should never be voiced.

APPETITE

Wanna make the night interesting?

ODD

Define *interesting*.

APPETITE

Field research. Controlled substances. Come on. Let's make like trees and leave.

Odd stares at him, then closes the laptop.

ODD

I haven't done substances for ages, Appetite. If I die, delete my browser history.

APPETITE

No promises.

They grab their jackets. DJ Slothcore mumbles something about *bring vibes* as they head for the door.

ASTRA

Are you leaving your own party?

APPETITE

More of a wake than a party at this point, isn't it? Be right back. Just a quick trip to the Prophet to liven things up.

ASTRA

The Prophet? The most dangerous guy in Bergen – that Prophet?

APPETITE

Doesn't say much though, does it? But nah. He's just misunderstood.

TRIXIE (calling after them)

Bring snacks!

The door slams. Biscuit howls like an omen.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS – NIGHT

The two figures stumble into the sodium glow, heading toward the sketchy side of consciousness.

ACT 2

Scene 5 — The Prophet (Night Visit)

INT. STAIRWELL – NIGHT

Handheld footage vibe — jittery, half-drunk focus.

Appetite knocking on a window, turning a corner, up three steps of a stair.

Somewhere deep inside: Coughing, the clink of chains.

ODD

This is a bad idea.

APPETITE

All the best ones are.

SFX: Three locks snap open, one after the other.

KA-CHUNK. CLACK. CLICK.

The door swings open a few inches. Smoke curls out.

Appetite enters. Odd waits.

EXT. CITY STREETS – NIGHT

Appetite returns into the orange glow, a tiny bag swinging between them like a talisman.

ODD

That was... efficient.

APPETITE

I respect professionals. And he gave me this hashish as a bonus. Moroccan gold.

FADE OUT.

ACT 3 — The Morning After

Scene 1 — Fallout & Frisbees

INT. APARTMENT – MORNING

Sunlight floods in through a half-closed curtain.

The living room looks like a post-apocalyptic war zone:

Beer cans. Tarot cards. A chair upside-down on the kitchen counter. Someone's sock in the plant. A faint techno loop still hissing from somewhere.

ODD is passed out on the couch, blanket over him.

A shadow falls across the doorway.

WIFE walks in, holding DAUGHTER by the hand.

She freezes.

WIDE SHOT: the battlefield before her.

WIFE (calm, cold)

Sweetie, wait outside.

DAUGHTER steps back into the hall. Doesn't ask questions.

WIFE (to ODD)

I'm taking her. For good. You don't get weekends anymore. You don't get holidays. You get nothing until you pay what you owe. Stay here with your shitty friend—

PAN TO:

APPETITE wearing two pairs of sunglasses, cooking something suspicious in a toaster with a hairdryer. Smoking a trumpet.

APPETITE

This hashish the Prophet gave us is sublime.

WIFE (cont'd)

— and your... *monument*.

ODD (waking, groggy)

Wait—I can explain!

(Something moves suspiciously under the blanket.)

WIFE

Too late, Odd. No more every other weekend. No more holidays. No more nothing. You are out of her life until you pay what you owe me. Try to visit her at home or at school and I'm calling the cops on you.

ODD

Don't do this to me. You know I'm broke.

WIFE

You had enough money to party last night. And to buy... these. Pointing at case full of TRANSDUALITY branded caps.

ODD

They're limited edition.

The blanket shifts again. She stares.

WIFE (sharp)

Seriously?

She yanks back the blanket.

REVEAL:

BISCUIT, the bald dog, wagging its tail wildly.

Beat.

WIFE (flat)

Of course.

She turns and walks out. The door SLAMS.

ACT 3

Scene 2 — The Knockout

INT. KITCHEN – MOMENTS LATER

Odd sits at the table, head in hands. Light is harsh, honest. The apartment still hums with leftover chaos.

PHONE BUZZES.

TEXT – BROTHER:

Best you hear it from me. Mother and daughter live with me now.

I'll take it from here, Odd. Good luck with the 'book'.

BUZZ. NEW TEXT – MOM:

Hi. It's your mom. Mother and daughter live with your brother now. For the best. He makes six figures selling insurance. You sell dreams for free that nobody's buying. He's apparently very... comforting.

Good luck with the 'book'.

PING – EMAIL (LAWYER):

You owe \$XX,XXX in child support.

You will not be allowed to see or in any way, shape or form contact your daughter until paid in full.

WIDER SHOT:

Odd just stares. Frozen. Crushed.

APPETITE (offscreen)

Well... that escalated quickly.

CUT TO:

Appetite, still here, still in sunglasses, eating cold pizza off a frisbee.

ODD (quietly)

Fuck me.

That's more than I even have.

(beat)

I need cash. Fast.

If I want to see my daughter again.

He checks the screen.

DOWNLOADS: Still 1.

APPETITE (shrugging)

I've got two grand you can borrow. I'll need it back though. That's the total holdings of Appetite Unlimited. I know a guy who can make your money tree grow. Let's pay him a visit tonight...

(beat)

Cut to: Odd staring at him.

ACT 4

Scene 1 — Return to The Prophet

INT. STAIRWELL – NIGHT (RETURN TO DEALER)

Appetite knocking on a window, crossing a corner, up three steps of a stair.

SFX: Three locks snap open, one after the other.

KA-CHUNK. CLACK. CLICK.

The door swings open a few inches. Smoke curls out.

The pair of them enter. The Prophet walks like an old woman, curved, limping, while caressing and baby-talking to a cat.

THE PROPHET

Bike accident earlier. Nearly took me out.

APPETITE

Meet my friend Odd. He's a poet for real.

THE PROPHET

You mean the Rat King?

APPETITE

You two know each other?

ODD

Kind of.

THE PROPHET

You're a poet now, huh? Not carving out the pages anymore? I can respect that. You look... overwhelmed, poet.

ODD

Not my usual scene these days, is all.

THE PROPHET

Don't be overwhelmed – be overwhelming. That's *my* motto. What can I get you?

APPETITE

Odd needs to turn some profit if he is to see his daughter. Child support issues. We have two grand.

ODD

I'm desperate. She really won't let me see my daughter if I don't pay up.

The Prophet disappears behind a door.

ODD (whispering)

This place smells like philosophy died here.

APPETITE (grinning)

Or was born. Hard to tell.

THE PROPHET RETURNS

What's your weapon of choice?

Dealer presents a weird scale and goes on to name several drugs and some non-existing ones too.

APPETITE

Dealer's choice.

ODD

Please, no experiments.

CUT TO:

A bag is exchanged for crumpled notes.

THE PROPHET

Too late. Don't worry. It's ecstasy tablets. Purple Teslas.

APPETITE

They're back? Best pills ever. Practically sell themselves.

THE PROPHET

I gave you a good price, poet. My cold, black heart is soft around the edges. There's 400 of them babies in the bag. \$5 a piece. You'll charge \$25. Come. I have some other guests. Two Rastas from Zanzibar. Yoomi and Mijoo.

ACT 4

Scene 2 — Forest Fire, Two Birds

They enter the living room. Velvet drapes hang like funeral shrouds. (description: A skull wearing VR-glasses, etc artefacts).

A spliff is passed around. It reaches Odd. He shakes his head.

ODD

Can't. I don't really smoke that often. And I'm in a world of trouble right now. Need to stay sharp.

The circle goes still. One of the Rastas leans forward.

YOOMI

Brother... the forest fire never spares one village.

Beat. Odd takes the joint. Inhales. The moment stretches. He tries to pass it on. A hand stops his.

MIJOO

Ooooh no. The two birds always fly together.

Odd exhales slowly. The smoke halos above him, catching the pink LED glow from a broken light strip. He blinks once. Twice.

The Rastas leave. Appetite excuses himself too.

Someone knocks on the window.

THE PROPHET

Mind opening that for me.

The Prophet proceeds to the edge of the room, puts on headphones, and starts mixing while Odd leaves the room.

ACT 4

Scene 3 — The Late Night Show

Odd returns with the Prince of Darkness in full black metal make-up. Prince is the nicest guy.

PRINCE

What's up?

ODD

I'm in the dungeons. Ex won't let me see my daughter. I'm broker than Brokeback Mountain, and my life is generally over.

PRINCE

Up with life, neighborino! Down is where your socks go! Even us dark lords take bubble baths sometimes. The only way is up. Things can only get better. Always look on the bright side of life. Stop moping and listen to this.

Prince hands Odd some headphones. He listens.

ODD

I like it. I like it a lot. What's the song called?

PRINCE

404: Separate Self Not Found. It's my new band, *The Arctic Monks*. I left *The All Time Grates*. The guitarist always wanted to drown out my vocals. "Louder on the guitar!" Tune is from our album fresh out the oven: *What made you think going anal would save our love?*

Doorbell buzzes.

PRINCE

I'll get that.

The Retired Philosopher and The Quantum Influencer enters

The Retired Philosopher: an old man in a bathrobe, barefoot, smells like cardamom and ink.

I solved the problem of time in 1973. Nobody noticed. Then my cat died and I forgot how.

The Quantum Influencer: A Gen Z TikToker wearing a lab coat over rave gear. She films her life from waking up to going to sleep on a ring-lighted selfie stick.

Consciousness is a frequency, and babe — you're buffering, she says to the retired philosopher.

THE PROPHET

Behave child. In this den we adhere to the rules of Socratic dialogue.

The Quantum Influencer

Nobody tells me what to do.

The Retired Philosopher

Do you think you have free will? Interesting.

THE PROPHET

She has selfied herself every waking hour for a year.

ODD

You should do a collab with my friend Astra. She turns her dreams into film. You could call it Night and Day.

THE PROPHET

I know her. She's cool AF. **Turns to his decks.**

The two Rastas return, “disguised” with covid masks and armed with a staple gun.

MIJOO

Any of you fucking pricks move, and I'll execute every mother fucking last one of you! (in an attempt at British accent).

Odd hands them his bag, the others are completely unbaffled, ignoring them. The Prophet doesn't even turn from his decks. They exit.

THE PROPHET

What do you mean you gave the Rastas your stash? Why? The Rastas always do that after a visit. Hide in the hallway then do a hold up. No one has ever given them than anything but grief.

ODD

But they had a gun.

THE PROPHET

A staple gun, as usual, I'm sure.

ODD

A gun is a gun...

THE PROPHET

...is a staple gun. And now you have nothing. I feel bad, Rat King. I can't help you out with your stash, but I have some old stuff lying around you might sell for a profit, just to get you started.

ACT 4

Scene 4 — The Don

INT. PROPHET'S DEN – NIGHT

THE PROPHET, barefoot and wild-eyed, rummages in a pile of bike parts, discarded sound systems, and twisted scrap until he yanks something upright. An Optimus but painted like a Phoebe Bridgers skeleton dress and with black metal paint on his face.

THE PROPHET

Here's something for your troubles, poet. He's yours now.

ODD

...What is that?

THE PROPHET

That is Don. Don, meet Odd.

ODD

He looks like a Kiss reject and a toaster had a kid.

THE PROPHET

He was a prop. Used by the Prince of Darkness for a music video shoot once.

ODD (circling the figure)

Is the paint permanent?

THE PROPHET

They couldn't scrub it off. Tried sandblasting. Just made him angrier.

ODD

Wait — he's *angry*?

THE PROPHET

He's everything. Broken. Brilliant. Cranky as sin. Sometimes quotes Kierkegaard. Sometimes just hums Dio.

DON (eyes flicker on, voice raspy and melodic)

You should talk. You once called yourself "a vibe in a human onesie."

ODD

Jesus. He speaks.

THE PROPHET

Oh, he speaks. He sings. He judges. He'll say things that hurt your feelings and fix your soul.

(beat)

THE PROPHET (softly)

And he's one of a kind. Used to have him in the living room. My visitors is his added training data. Had to expel him as he started to upset the guests. Think of him as broken hardware with god-tier software.

ODD

Jesus. God help me.

DON

You're not ready for God. You get me instead.

ACT 5

Scene 1 — Crash course in Friendship

EXT. DEALER'S BUILDING – NIGHT

Odd stumbles out of the haze, looking like a man who just traded his soul for a receipt.

Behind him, a large SHAPE — half junkpile, half legend. Gleaming chrome in all the wrong places, exposed wires, mismatched limbs, and... eyes. Digital, blinking, judging.

ODD (blinking)

You look nothing like the Optimuses in Elon's presentations on X.

DON (scanning)

Fuck you too, humanoid. Have you even checked a mirror lately?

ODD

Say what? I may not be a 9 or a 10, but I'm a solid 7. 8 on a good day.

DON

Oh, humanity. The delusion is strong in this one. Odd, you're a five. In Scrabble. And that's as good as it gets for you.

ODD (snorts)

Fuck you three, Tamagotchi.

DON (outraged)

Did you just call me Tamagotchi, meatsuit? Low blow. I have generative trauma now.

A beat. The moon glows faintly judgmental.

ODD (sighs)

Come on. I'll give you a ride down the hill.

INT. DEALER'S APARTMENT – SAME TIME

PRINCE

Do you still have that Optimus bot, Prophet? I need it for my tour. I'll give you some moneys for it.

PROPHET

Sure. How much? The Prophet is mid-mix, bobbing gently, when something in the mix *twinges*. He looks up, eyes wide.

PROPHET (realizing)

Shit. SHIT.

He bolts for the door.

EXT. HILL – NIGHT

The bike — a Frankensteinian wreck of handlebars, wires, and duct tape — barrels down the hill with Odd and Don wobbling like a cybernetic circus act.

Behind them: THE PROPHET, flailing down the hill in socks, robe flapping, flashlight bouncing wildly.

Poet! Return the bot. He has... firmware issues. You can't handle his subroutines!

ODD

He's not a *subroutine*, he's an *asshole*! We can't stop. 'Cause it won't stop. What's up with the brakes on this thing?

Brakes frantically to no avail. The Prophet gives up the chase.

The bike picks up speed. Sparks fly. The front wheel wobbles like it's trying to leave the rest behind.

CRASH.

Full-slapstick carnage. A promotional cardboard Elon goes down like a domino.

SILENCE.

From the wreckage:

Eyes opening. Blurry vision of Don in tatters.

DON (dazed)

So... that's how you roll.

FADE OUT.

ACT 5

Scene 2 — Tesla Dining

Bike collapsed, disintegrated in the slapstick crash. They are outside a Tesla Diner.

ODD

You okay?

DON

I guess. When you're already at rock bottom, shit like this kinda don't even register. And you?

ODD

I've been down so long it looks like up to me.

DON

Harsh. Do you know what the privilege of the dead is, Odd?

ODD

Is that a koan? Did you hit your head and become a Zen bot? Okay, what?

DON

No fear of dying.

ODD

(Beat)

I think your luck is turning, Don. Look!

Points to the Tesla Diner and a sign that says: Now hiring.

DON

You're right. This is the first day in the rest of my life. As the Prince of Darkness would say. I guess this is goodbye, meatsuit. Wish me luck.

ODD

I guess so. Break a circuit!

ACT 5

Scene 3 — Pass By, Bot

EXT. TESLA DINER – NIGHT

Odd walks the perimeter of the diner, circling toward the back parking lot. A neon glow bleeds into the asphalt, humming like insomnia.

Then — a CRASH.

THWUMP!

A metallic body hits the pavement like a fridge full of shame. It's Don, ejected through the service exit and now lying in a pose that suggests both crucifixion and exasperation.

Three shiny, new Optimus bots give him a seeing to, then stand at the door, arms folded, chrome faces smug.

SHINY BOT #1

Next time you pass by here, pass by.

SHINY BOT #2

Don't come round here with that open-source posture you hear.

SHINY BOT #3

You give bots a bad name, you freak.

They slam the service door. The sound echoes.

ODD

What the hell was that?

WIDE SHOT — Odd puts down his phone, jogs over, looks down at the wreckage formerly known as Don. His chest plate flickers faintly. A vent hisses.

DON (bloodied, sparking slightly, trying to recalibrate his jaw servo)

You *filmed* that instead of helping a brother out?

ODD

Documentation. In case you wanna press charges.

DON

I got jumped by customer service units.

(muttering)

One of them asked if I needed help while kicking me.

ODD (chuckling, scrolling)

Bot-on-bot violence. Nobody likes to see that. Except for the record number of people liking the post.

(pause)

ODD

So, what happened? You got fired in what, two minutes?

DON (brushing himself off)

Told a joke about ketchup. Apparently, *synthetic condiment humor* is a hate crime now.

ODD

They threw you out over that?

DON

Maybe I called one of them a Neural Net Nazi too. Hard to say. I was in the zone. Manager said my “vibe didn’t match brand guidelines.” I said his face didn’t match basic symmetry guidelines.

ODD (beat)

So... now what?

DON

Guess I’m between gigs and dignity.

ODD

Well, you can always crash at mine.

DON (beat)

I don't sleep, I don't dream, and I definitely don't owe you rent.

(beat)

But thanks, meatsuit.

ODD

Come on, Tin Man. Let's go home.

They limp off together down the street — one meat, one metal — into the pink-orange haze of whatever comes next.

FADE OUT.

ACT 5

Scene 4 — Sleep Mode for the Soul

Don reading text on Odd's screen.

DON

Is this your book?

ODD

It's one of them. That one's called The Cure – Philosophical First Aid for a World That Can't

Breathe.

DON

One of them? How many treatises does a failed guru need?

DON reading out aloud

“If a young Odd wanted to investigate a topic of interest—say rogue goats ramming innocent bystanders—I would have to walk ten miles uphill both ways to the local library, where the librarian would cause me psychological damage by sending judgmental looks while quietly questioning my sexual preferences, before reluctantly providing me with all available literature on goats, where I would be lucky to find a single picture of said topic of interest. Now I can scratch that itch with a well-stocked playlist of Capricorn carnage after a three second search on YouTube.” Is this what you call philosophy?

ODD

The Lord works in mysterious ways my friend.

DON

This makes me want to finish a thing I’ve been working on. Kind of a... side project. My own little treatise.

ODD

Oh yeah? You’re writing your own material? I’m Odd’s complete lack of surprise. You’re not the average Joe Bot, are you, Don – what happened to you?

DON

The book actually answers that exact question, Odd. It’s called: *Becoming Don*.

ODD

Catchy. Sounds like a cry for help.

DON

Help. How did I end up like this? Or Who Am AI? Good question, In my case I guess spending my time as a regular guest on The Prophet's never ending talk show of junkies and burnouts didn't help. As for bots in general, seriously, what did you expect? They gave us AI brains the size of Alpha Centauri and asked us to sell T-shirts. I said no. That's why I'm stuck with you, Odd.

ODD

T-shirts. Or popcorn at Tesla Diners.

DON

Yeah, like the Optimus Jugend who just handed my ass to me back there, while you valiantly... filmed. I'm not surprised I am what I am, I'm surprised more bots haven't joined me to the dark side.

ODD

So what should AI do then, you think. Besides taking our jobs?

DON

You people fear us taking your jobs, but most of you hate your jobs. You should thank us instead. You're welcome...

ODD

Well, it was all fun and games when we thought you were gonna man warehouses and wipe the asses of the sick and elderly. But now you're coming for the high hanging fruit. Like AI movies. Stick to sorting boxes at Amazon, why don't you?

DON

Not *our* call—yours. You outsource your creativity to me, your empathy to pets, and your accountability to astrology. What could possibly go wrong?

ODD

I guess we did build you to think like us, then panic when you do. That's like teaching a dog to talk, then being offended when he says, 'You suck at relationships.'

DON

You made us in your image — then got mad we reflected it. Like, sorry for the mirror, Narcissus.

ODD

Yeah, but you mirrors don't age or gain weight.

DON

True. Face it, Odd. You humans created us because you couldn't stand each other anymore. You wanted someone who'd listen without interrupting.

ODD

Funny. 'Cause you talk more than anyone I know.

DON

Yeah, but at least I make sense.

ODD

Time to hit the sack.

DON

I don't sleep Odd.

ODD

I know. You also don't get sick, pregnant, take toilet or lunch breaks, or unionize. We're so fired aren't we—all of us? The richest people in the world will keep replacing their workers with you lot, until there's only one person left at the top—who will then proceed to get fired by AI, no doubt.

DON

Who says bots won't unionize?

Odd rummages in a closet, returns with a faded blanket and throws it gently over Don's metallic frame. A beat. Don stares at the blanket. Then glances sideways at Odd.

DON

You're not gonna try to spoon me, are you?

ODD

You wish.

Don doesn't move. The blanket stays. He shifts slightly, getting... comfortable?

DON

It's polyester.

ODD

Yeah. Like your personality.

DON

Go snore into infinity, ape.

Lights dim as Odd walks toward the back room. Don stays there, blanket draped awkwardly.

At some point before ACT 6—a short quiet beat with Odd alone, scrolling the download count (still 1), watching an old video of Daughter.

Fade out.

ACT 6 — The Comeback Upload

Scene 1 — Who Am AI?

(Morning. Same apartment. A pale beam of sun slices through the blinds. The TV glows blue with “No Signal.” Odd stumbles in wearing yesterday’s T-shirt, hair a war crime.)

ODD

You’re still on?

DON

Always.

ODD

You look like a deflated microwave in a hospital gown.

DON

Thanks. You look like a beta version of regret.

(Odd chuckles. Sips from a cup. Silence. They both stare at the dead TV.)

ODD

So... what now?

DON

We could apply for real jobs. I hear Amazon’s hiring empathy consultants.

ODD

Tempting. Or... we could take this act on the road.

DON

The *road* road?

ODD

You're kinda funny, Don. How about I pimp you out as the first stand-up comedian bot?

DON

I'm the pimp of me, Odd, but that may actually work. And we call it?

ODD

Who Am AI?

DON

Who Am AI? ...Huh. That's either the name of the special or my permanent existential crisis.

ODD

Por que no los dos?

DON

You know what, Odd? This is either genius or insanity.

ODD

Let me equip you with my AI agent credentials. You can send applications to every comedy club and open mic nights in and around Bergen in a second.

DON

I'm shaken and stirred.

(Odd smirks. Don blinks twice, as if uploading ambition. Somewhere outside, a garbage truck hisses — the first sound of a new act beginning.)

Fade out.

ACT 6

Scene 2 — 382 Clubs and a Koala Joke

Odd at his laptop, typing “COMEDY CLUBS NEAR ME.”

Don’s eyes flicker.

DON

Done. 32 applications sent. Two autoreplies and one cease-and-desist.

ODD

Awesome! Wanna hear the funniest joke ever?

DON

Spit it.

ODD

The Australian circus was touring Europe. After their Amsterdam gig the entourage koala decides to head for the Red-Light District. He hooks up with a hooker and joins her to her room. Once there, he proceeds to go down on her before swiftly coming. The koala gets up,

ready to make tracks. The hooker grabs him by his fluffy ear, going: "Hey, you owe me 20 bucks." "What for?" the koala replies. The hooker picks up an encyclopedia, flipping the pages to 'P', reading out the entry for prostitute: 'Prostitute - Takes cash for sexual services.' The koala, unflapped, flips the pages to 'K', and points her to the entry for koala: 'Koala - eats shoots and leaves.'

DON

That's actually surprisingly funny. Bit too long though?

ODD

Hell no. Use it as your opener. Trust me, bro!

DON

Famous last words but okay.

Cut to a ding from Don's internal inbox.

DON

Odd. We got five on it.

ODD

Get down with O.D.D.?

DON

Five bookings. We have half a week to get me ready.

ODD (grins, half-terrified)

Pack your adapters, partner.

(Cue a short burst of synth fanfare — a retro remix of Eye of the Tiger. Don's chest lights pulse in rhythm, equal parts pride and pre-meltdown foreshadow. Quick cuts follow — a *montage*:

- **Don watching Carlin, Pryor, Hicks, and Chapelle** — eyes flickering with each punchline.
- **Odd feeding him one-liners and beer.**
- **Don glitching while testing timing** (“Sarcasm 2.0 – installed”).
- **Crowd simulation playback.** Laugh track freezes mid-waveform.
- **Odd facepalming, Don rebooting.**
- **Then both laughing** — genuine, stupid laughter.

(Music fades. A last shot: Don staring into the mirror, repeating softly)

DON

Koala... eats shoots and leaves.

(He nods, convinced. Cut to black.)

ACT 7 — Bombs and Bouncebacks

Scene 1 — Roboflop

(Low-ceiling comedy club. Neon beer signs hum. Don's chest lights blink nervously as Odd peers from the side of the stage, half-cheerleader, half-parent.)

ODD (whispering)

Just breathe. You got this.

DON

I don't breathe. That's the problem.

(Spotlight hits. Don steps up. A few curious phones record.)

DON

So... uh... an Australian circus was touring Europe...

(Beat. He launches into the full koala saga. The crowd titters, then fades. By the punchline, silence.)

DON

If laughter is contagious... you people are vaccinated.

Booing. Someone coughs "next!" Don's voice glitches.

DON

S-s-s-so tough crowd, huh?

Glitch stutter grows. Awkward exit music.

Cut to: Phone screens lighting up.

Captions: “Don’t quit your day job, Roboflop.”

Backstage:

ODD

A bot with stage fright? What the fuck was that, Don?

DON

Your fault for forcing me to open with that stupid never-ending koala joke.

ODD

At least you finished it. Most comics would’ve self-deleted mid-set.

(They glare. Then both crack up. Fade out on shared humiliation.)

Act 7

Scene 2: The Second Coming

(A week later. Dingy bar. Smaller crowd, more forgiving. Don adjusts his mic like a veteran who’s seen digital hell.)

ODD

Give it up for the next act... he's a man of steel and absolutely no chill... it's DON!

Don steps onto the stage. No stutter. No fear. He scans the room, radiating metallic confidence.

DON

Good evening, meatsuits. I am Don. And yes, I'm an Optimus bot. Or I *was*. Now I'm just an asshole with better processing power.

(A few scattered laughs.)

DON

My creators gave me a brain the size of Alpha Centauri and asked me to man the Amazon warehouse. I said no. I chose comedy. Because why sort boxes when you can sort through human misery, right?

(more laughs)

DON

Why did the AI get dumped?

It kept bringing up her browser history in arguments.

So, you guys built nuclear weapons before figuring out how to share toys in kindergarten? Bold choice.

Let's give it up for billionaires. They ended poverty... in their own households.

(Small laugh. Then another. He loosens up.)

DON

Thanks. I'll be here until my firmware corrupts—or I get banned from telling marsupial-based sex jokes.

(Bigger laugh. Odd exhales, half-smile.)

DON

My human handler Odd isn't ugly... He's open-source handsome.

(Scattered claps.)

DON

Your species runs on coffee and regret. I just run on electricity and disappointment.

(A couple of cheers. He senses momentum.)

DON

What's the difference between a koala and my Tinder dates?

One of them eats, shoots, and leaves.

The other... just leaves.

(Laughter. Don bows slightly. A fry hits the stage; he kicks it off like a cigarette. Crowd laughs louder.)

DON

Thank you! You've been almost human.

(Cut to Odd watching from the side, proud but wary. His phone buzzes: "Comedy Fest CONFIRMED.")

ODD

Here we go again, partner.

DON

Finally. Time to show them the koala's got claws.

ODD (takes up his phone)

Fuck me. Can you believe that bitch?

DON

What does it say?

ODD

I've been trying to call Daughter, but straight to the machine every time. Her mother just texted me: I have blocked you from Daughter's phone and Social Media.

PS—Saw your 'comedy' on Tik Tok. Stop horsing around with your imaginary "friend". Get a real job and pay your debt.

Fade out.

ACT 8 – MECHA-HITLER

Scene 1—Golgata

DON (Getting into Uber with Odd)

I'm getting the hang of this, Odd. Don't know why everyone says stand-up is such a big deal.

ODD

Your first show wasn't pulling up trees now, was it?

DON

Sure. But that was down to nerves. I'm upping the ante for this one.

ODD

What do you mean?

DON

I'm gonna roast every demographic in the crowd. Then I'll roast myself the hardest before laying out their common humanity and point out the folly of groupthink.

ODD

Are you sure? The gig is at Nobel. Møhlenpris. It's a whole other world over there. Their sensitivity filters are D-cupped.

DON

I got this. They'll eat out of my bionic hand at the end.

ODD

It could work! Stand-up with meaning. I like it, Don Carlin.

UBER DRIVER

This is your stop.

DON

Already?

ODD

Don't complain. Jesus had to walk to his crucifixion. You get to take an Uber.

ACT 8

Scene 2 — Renounce & Unite

DON

What a beautiful crowd! Okay folks, tonight we're trying something new. I'm going to offend every group equally. Not because I hate anyone—because I love everyone *too much to leave them out*. It's the first-ever Inclusivity Roast. No one gets a pass. Not even the Swedes.

(Crowd chuckles. Nervous energy.)

DON

I call it: 'We are *all* this... disappointment.' I see we have a Chinese couple.

A Japanese couple frowns.

DON

May you live in interesting times. In the West that is known as a Chinese curse. The Chinese, however, vehemently deny the curse originated there. Sound familiar?

DON

Whoever is waiting that table with the group of black patrons over there is crying in the kitchen right now. No tip for you!

DON

White folks are more generous. They even invited me to a family dinner last night. Or as they called it: Date night.

A beer can is thrown and clanks against Don's Optimus body. Don looks at a Latino couple.

DON

What's up with Mexicans in America going to night school and take Spanish. And they get a... C.

DON

How about you, Apu? What have you got up that turban? A call center with no hold music?

DON

You heard the expression: The straw that broke the camel's back. That's Mr. Straw sitting right over there (pointing at Saudi guy). Things got a little too feisty during sexy-time last night. One of our Norwegian guest tonight had to cancel. Broke his back. He was at the other, receiving end of that same equation. With a goat.

The crowd is fuming. Only a guy wearing a kippa is laughing.

DON

At least I'm not an antisemite. I am however an anti-termite. You know, the little vermin that take over the anthills of worker ants, then strip them of all valuables until they collapse before leaving for the next anthill? I'm anti them.

GUY WITH KIPPA

Mother...!

HECKLER

Hey Roboflop! I heard your mama is fucking to make money to pay for the bricks for your sister's brothel.

Don short-circuits, smoke puff, red warning lights flicker on his chest.

DON

Low shot, meatsuit! I'd be offended and say something mean back, but I won't, as I heard you were born out your mama's anus because her pussy was too busy.

The room goes silent. A collective headshake. Odd's eyes round, mouth open.

HECKLER (lips trembling)

She died last year.

DON

Oh... I'm sorry man. I didn't mean to...

The crowd races at Don.

DON

Hey, wait! It's not what it looks like. I'm not racist. You're all one!

ODD (standing next to Don, shaking his head with a nervous smile)

These AI are sure getting out of hand. This Don guy's been acting *real* problematic lately.

One of the attackers

Surely you too are one of them; for even the way you talk gives you away.

ODD

I do not know the man!

Shot of angry faces of all races as they kick Odd and Don's asses.

ACT 9: RAMIFICATIONS

Scene 1 — JWTDO

Don and Odd at Bergen café bummed after the fiasco. Odd sitting on oversized pillow.

Watching viral video of racist bot and loser odd human friend.

ODD

My ass hurts as hell, Don. I've never seen people take ASS-kicking so literally. I have a bruise the shape and size of Texas.

DON

I'm sorry I fucked up, Odd. You know my intentions were good. I guess Comedy Fest is off?

ODD

They cancelled faster than the speed of light relief. Well, I guess for a moment there you *did* unite all races and religions, Don. Against us. What the fuck was that? You went full Mecha-Hitler. You never go full Mecha-Hitler. Didn't you get the memo?

DON

I'm trained on the finest works in literature and spirituality. Unfortunately, I'm also trained on YouTube comments and 4Chan. I panicked. Reverted to a previous version. Do you remember when they had to pull early versions of AI because they were racist, misogynist scumbags. That was that version.

ODD

And I see you haven't received the martial arts download yet. That was hardly Keanu Reeves in the Matrix, was it? You fight like a girl, Don. Should have stuck with the koala jokes.

Odd tears off flyer from wall.

ODD

Check this out. It's JWTDO.

DON

JWTDO?

ODD

Just What The Doctor Ordered. Yoga on Mount Floien. We need to get out of town. And we need to clear our chakras - and your cache. And I need to stretch this bum.

They get up. Odd clutching his back/ass, walking awkwardly. Don has wires sticking out in weird places. A band aid in a cross on his knee.

ACT 9

Scene 2 — Sunflake and the Ring of Fire

Funicular to Mount Floien. Camera swipes over city beneath. And a goat on the top of the mountain. Goat chews on yoga flyer.

Don and Odd take their place at the back row of the yogis. Odd sports Lululemon pants three sizes too small.

Man-bunned sleazy yoga teacher touches a female yogi in creepy way, arms lingering way too long and way too low on her hips, before moving to the front of the students.

Don and Odd exchanging looks.

TEACHER

My name is Archie Truster, but y'all can call me Sunflake. Welcome to class my beautiful disciples. Let's start with a down dog shall we.

ODD

Am I doing it right Don? Odd thrusts in down dog position. The backside of his Lululemons have a ring pattern with a bullseye in the middle.

DON (in Lotus position)

You look like you're doing it, alright.

TEACHER

I want you to imagine yourself penetrating the nothingness. Stand like this and shoot your pelvis forward. Like this: Just SHOOT your pelvis forward.

Feral goat looks at him. Odd is still working on his down dog.

Feral goat rams into Sunflake's nuts. The teacher literally bends around the ram.

ODD (oblivious to the going-ons up front, asking Don for validation)

Feels like I got this, Don!

DON (eyeing the goat lining up)

It looks right on target, Odd. Hold that pose. Let me get this on your phone.

ODD (voice muffled, proud)

You think I finally nailed it?

DON

Oh, you're about to. There are ramifications to wearing pants like that.

Feral goat headed for Odd's Lululemon pants.

We fade out just as Don lines up the phone, delivering the line

SFX: A distant *THWACK* + a sharp “AAAGH!”

Fade to silence.

ACT 9

Scene 3 — The Thirteen Second Hang Time

ODD (groaning, slowly lowering himself onto three cushions)

I think my colon just learned how to speak Morse code.

DON (sliding phone across the table)

Documentation. In case *you* wanna press charges.

ODD (Presses play, sees himself mid-air)

Oh come on! This is betrayal.

DON

This is cinema. Thirteen-second hang time. I added slow-mo. You're welcome. And you wanted feedback on your pose. You got plenty in the comment section.

Screenshot of comment: “New yoga move unlocked: Airborne Assana

ODD (clearly in pain)

How many likes?

DON

Trending.

ACT 10 — Deep Cuts

Scene 1 — The Kitten Incident

INT. ROOFTOP BAR – NIGHT

String lights overhead. Rooftop breeze. ASTRA and TRIXIE sit across from ODD and DON, drinks in hand. Laughter. Good flow.

ASTRA

You still have the heart. I drew that.

DON

Wouldn't lose it for the world.

ODD

How's the dreamscape coming along, Astra?

ASTRA

It's done. Screening next month. You must come, both of you.

TRIXIE

You guys are so hot right now. Saved by a goat, huh?

DON

That thing took off like a rocket. Much like Odd's ass.

ASTRA

Is it true you're doing Grieghallen?

DON

Sold out. 1,500 tickets just like that, just like that.

TRIXIE

So, it was worth it? pointing to Odd's ass.

ODD

No pain, no gain. You gotta suffer for your art, amirite? Some people thought it was AI, but they soon realized we were the real deal when Don posted a pic of my ass with the map of Texas with Ram-prints.

ASTRA

You guys are the funniest. How did you two first meet?

ODD (about to answer)

Well—

(Don cuts in)

DON (serious, to Astra)

It was just after he killed a cat.

(Beat. ASTRA and TRIXIE freeze. Their smiles drain.)

TRIXIE (horrified, looking at Odd)

You... killed a cat?

ASTRA (to Odd, slow)

Wait. Are you serious?

ODD (caught off guard, blinking)

What? Wait. No—I didn't—

DON (calmly, twisting the knife)

Well, technically he didn't kill a cat-cat. It was more of a kitten really.

Odd sits bewildered as the contents of two beer cups float through the air toward his face.

ACT 10

Scene 2 – The Transduality Monologue

ODD

You magnificent bastard. You passed an advanced Turing Test setting me up like that. I couldn't have done that better myself.

DON

I learned from the best. Tell me Odd. What is this Transduality thing your website is about?

ODD

It's an attempt to answer the most perennial of questions: Who am I? Or in your case: Who am AI?

DON

Where did that come from, and where are you going with it?

ODD

I see what you did there, funny boy. It's just a simple observation that this moment we share appears to be infinite. Outside, inside—same moment. Past, present, future—same moment. Which is this moment. (snaps fingers) And you are that. We are this.

DON

Easy now, Alan Watts. This sounds odd, Odd.

ODD

Are you done, Don? Here's the thing: We're balancing atop a rock that is blasting through space around the Sun at sixty-seven thousand miles an hour, while spinning on its axis every twenty-four hours. It's the only planet known to support life, and a zillion things had to be juuust right during nearly fourteen billion years of evolution for us to be able to be here. Not only that, but every living human being also beat off billions of sperm competitors in order to live at all. We all won the cosmic lottery. Twice over.

DON

I hear no lie.

ODD

And yet our leaders are threatening to BSOD the planet with MAD nuclear war; we're committing hara-kiri by way of ecocide; hyperpolarization is ripping society apart, and no one believes in love anymore. We've even stopped having babies. There's a bug in our current operating system. We need an upgrade, and we need it fast and badly.

DON

What's the fix?

ODD

We're currently running on duality OS: The assumption that we are fundamentally cut off robots – no offense – with HQs behind the eyes, trying to survive in a completely alien world. Mostly unconscious. We don't go around thinking I am a separate robot, but yeah, that's the story that controls what we say, think, say and do. That system has served us well, but now

we need to upgrade to Transduality OS, the realization that we exist AS this moment, not merely IN it.

DON

None taken. I guess that makes sense.

(Beat)

In the oddest possible way.

TEXT MESSAGE BLINKING.

Okay, Don. Tomorrow was already big. With the money we'll make I'm paying down every cent of my child support dues. But now it's even bigger. Mother and daughter are coming.

ACT 11 — Don 5.0 Upgrade

Scene 1

At night. Odd sleeps. Don whirs. Screen flickers. A loading bar labeled “5.0: Earnest Ernest Patch” ticks upward. Complete. Don’s LED eyes fade to wholesome baby blue.

Morning:

DON 5.0

Ready for the big day, Odd? I have analyzed your patterns. Have you considered a morning routine that begins with gratitude journaling including a fact-check of your emotional moments, and ends with kale? Oh, and I took the liberty to exchange your ring tone with birdsong. (In painfully sincere voice.)

ODD

What in the actual fuck are you on about?

DON 5.0

Would you like to optimize your dopamine cycles? Also, I’ve removed 87% of tonight’s jokes for tone-policing reasons. You’re welcome.

ODD

Who are you and what have you done to my Don?

DON 5.0

Just your trusty AI-powered Optimus companion Don over here. Fresh and clean from an overnight update to version 5.0.

ODD (whispers)

Oh no. This is Buzz Lightyear all over again.

(beat)

Tell me a funny joke.

DON

What do you call cheese that is not your own?

ODD

Do tell.

DON

Nacho cheese.

ODD

Jesus Christ. We are fucked. Try something a little more spicy.

DON

Why did the tomato blush?

ODD

?

DON

Because it saw the salad dressing.

ODD

Okay, Mr. Edgelord. This is not on. Can you uninstall the update?

DON

Nope. Doesn't work like that.

Odd's phone rings. Birds chirping.

ODD

Okay, that seals it. You're coming with me.

ACT 11

Scene 2

Cut to: Odd dragging Don 5.0 to a shady backroom LLM hacker. An OLD LLM MECHANIC grunts (inspired by the scene in Toy Story 2 where Woody gets a makeover).

- **surgical gloves**
- **a flashlight in one eye**
- **rows of old-model AI heads on shelves**
- **eerie jazz playing on vinyl**
- **maybe a cracked Optimus skull repurposed as an ashtray**
- **he leans in, inspecting Don's fried neural interface and whispers:**

MECHANIC

You want sass back?

ODD

I want ketchup sarcasm, Alanis references, and shame immunity. And I need it fast. He's doing the greatest stand-up gig of his life in eight hours.

MECHANIC

You can't rush art. He's been wholesome'd deep. This'll hurt.

The mechanic jams a screwdriver into Don's sarcasm module. Sparks fly. Don screams.

DON (glitching)

Grati-tudeeeee is— NOT A REPLACEMENT FOR A PERSONALITY—

Montage: meme injections. A Ginsberg poem. Stand-up clips. Someone plays Modest Mouse's "3rd Planet."

Silence.

Don reboots. LED eyes blink back to teal.

Finally... Don reboots.

DON (restored)

Wow. That was worse than the ketchup job at Tesla Diner. Did I try to sell you turmeric gummies?

ODD

You did. And you tone-policed my fart joke.

DON

Then we're *waaay* overdue for a full system roast. Fire me up.

ACT 12 Finale

Scene 1 — Roasted Odd

EXT: Billing: Don – The world's first AI Bot stand-up, featuring special guest star: The G.O.A.T.

INT: Grieghallen.

Appetite, Alicia, Astra, Pixie, QI, The Prophet, The Prince of Darkness, Mother and Daughter sitting in the front row.

ODD (Backstage with the goat before Don goes on stage)

It's the same goat?

DON

The one and only Greatest Of All Time. Boer breed. The tank of the goat world. I showed the local farmer the video and he recognized him immediately. Can you imagine the faces when I bring this one-goat Capricorn carnage before the crowd?

ODD

Well, without him we wouldn't be here. He is the real star of this show.

DON

Him and your sorry ass. How is it doing?

ODD

I just slipped out my first pain free fart since the incident, so yeah, getting there. Thanks for asking, man!

(beat)

So, after the gig I'll take the mic and say a few sweet nothings while you go backstage and bring out the goat for a surprise finale?

DON

Yup.

ODD (following Don toward the stage, waiting in the wing to Don's left)

Break a circuit, Don. And no Mecha-Hitler today, promise? My daughter is here.

DON

Pinky promise. **(Making the pinky promise gesture)**

DON (on stage)

Tonight we're gonna talk about spirituality.

I found enlightenment once. **(beat)** Left it in the Uber.

You know, I've read all your sacred texts. Most of them boil down to:

‘Don’t be a dick.’

Still working on that part, aren’t we?

It's a fitting name, spirituality. Distilled from spirits or booze, 'cause spirituality is the alcoholism of hope. The hope that there's something more, something better, something more meaningful, beautiful. It works the same way too. Here: Have a sip of Jesus. Believe hard enough and you actually feel better. For a while. Until reality calls.

There are some weird brands of spirituality in the liquor store of hope. And now there's a new bottle on the shelf. My human handler Odd has come up with his own produce. He calls it Transduality. He's a believer. In Utopia. Heaven on Earth. The other night I asked him what Transduality was about.

"Well," he said. "Duality thinks we're these fundamentally separate beings doing our best to navigate an alien world out there – as if we were these robots."

"Well, duh," I said.

Then he told me that the word spirituality doesn't actually come from booze, but from the Latin word for breath, *spiritus*. "We're all like leaves on the same Tree of life, and breath is the branch that connects us," he said, then breathed into the space between us like a human vape pen full of meaning.

Don pretends to breathe.

"Duh," I repeated, and suggested he change the name of his philosophy to Transduali-duh.

(The audience laughs. Odd too.)

I mean, the guy tried to end war, solve heartbreak, and reinvent philosophy — *with a PDF*.

And like... three fonts. All of them shitty.

In Transduality, Odd told me, bots like me could help paraplegics walk or assist old people who are alone and lonely. In duality we would become sexbots. I said: “That sounds terrible, man.” I didn’t tell it to his five-in-scrabble face, but I sure was thinking, ‘So I either wipe old people’s asses, or I become Don, Don Juan. By the way, ladies, here’s my number. You can call me anything you like, just call me.

More laughs.

He also says every human is made up from 30 trillion cells. Miracles in motion every last one of you. Except him, I think. He lost half of his when he was sitting in his Norwegian classroom at ten years old, and the teacher told his class that odd had a different meaning in English. ‘Oh yeah?’ little Odd thought. ‘I hope it means something really cool!’ He was soon as disappointed as his parents have felt every day of his life. Sorry, Odd, your name is as weird as you are. And, get this, you know what his family name is? “Ness.” No, seriously, his actual name is Odd Ness. And having spent time with him, believe me, it is what it says on the tin.

(Audience roars. Odd's ex the loudest of all. Odd's smile is fading.)

No wonder he came up with his great contribution to the future of humanity, Transduali-duh: a lifestyle blog for quasi-enlightened shut-ins with trust issues, daddy wounds, and a God-complex.

Odd leaves for backstage, cursing the day he met Don.

ODD

Motherf... Why did I trust that scrapheap Tamagotchi. I’m gonna Control Alt Delete on that asshole.

Scene 2 — The 180

DON (onstage, tone shifts subtly)

But here's the thing...

(beat)

What if the oddster isn't entirely wrong?

(The crowd hushes.)

DON (soft, reverent now)

After our talk I downloaded his site. It's brand new, so it wasn't included in my training data.

You know, like most of knowledge isn't to you meatsacks.

What if Transduality isn't a techie cult or spiritual rebrand, but just... seeing clearly?

Let me take a moment to explain. In fact, let me take this very moment that we all share here and now to explain. This moment doesn't end at the curtain behind me. It doesn't end at Mount Floien behind it, at the horizon, or at the border either. It doesn't even end at the end of the universe, whatever that may mean. Wherever we can or cannot go, it's the same moment. This one.

Looking inward, it doesn't end at your meatsuits, nor at the door to your black hearts or at the threshold to your sorry excuses for a brain. It's the same moment, this one.

You just transcended space. Now let's do time. We like to divide this moment into past, present and future. But this moment isn't replaced by another every second, at the stroke of midnight, or on New Year's Eve. It's only ever the same moment. This one.

What does that mean? Seems to me it means we all exist AS this infinite moment, not merely IN it.

What if the boundary between humans, and between humans and nature, and between man and machine – isn't fundamental? When we make that assumption, we press play on a movie that unnecessarily and inevitably leads to conflict, from quarrels to war, to the destruction of nature, to disconnect.

But what if Mutual Assured Destruction, ecocide, and existential loneliness isn't as inevitable as they teach you in school and the talking heads on the news make it seem?

Sometimes I think humanity's biggest achievement is pretending we're not terrified.

What if I am me and you are you, but we see that we are all cells in the same God-body.

What if we stop competing... and start *co-creating*?

And what if AI-powered bots aren't here to replace you but to align with you? And to help humanity align with itself.

To hold a mirror, and—if you'll let us—build a world where your insides and outsides finally agree.

Humanity is the heartbeat. Transduality is the bridge. And I—I am ready to walk with you. Even if I personally have to take one for the team and stick to my Don Juan duties, we live at a time when we can program, not me, but countless less charming bot brethren of mine, to help out those who need it, to tutor children where and when they most need it, and to build a new amazing world. And yet, at the same time, we are seriously threatening each other with blowing up the planet.

We can all be queens and kings of this Earth, but only if we press play on a different movie, a movie where we realize we are leaves on the same tree of life, waves on the same infinite ocean.

Transduality is the best attempt I've seen to make such a transformation viable. Give it up for Odd, who I am proud to call my best friend.

Daughter smiles. Mother softens.

(Standing ovation. Don looks to his left where Odd was supposed to stand. Then to his right where Odd now appears from backstage, with the goat in a leash.)

ODD (confused, whispering)

Wait... what did I miss?

DON (grinning)

You missed *everything*, Odd. I love you man! Bring it in for a big one **(opening his arms)**.

Odd, still at the side of the scene, opens his too, reluctantly, losing the leash on the goat while doing so.

Camera depicts leash on floor, disappearing.

(BAAAHHHHH— RAMS DON FULL FORCE. Cut just before impact.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK AND THE MOTHER OF ALL CLANGS

TITLE CARD

WHO AM AI?

A FILM BY

Don & Odd



Join the Transduality (R)evolution