

LORDS OF THE BORED

"A Westworld Story"

Written by

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Based on Westworld created by Michael Crichton

EXT. DESERT - NOON

A JANITOR stands in the sand amidst the sagebrush, broom in his hands. He sweeps the surface of the sand, tidying up his section of desert.

The name patch on his white overalls reads: S. KEETS

In the distance, a hovercart glides over the sand, distorted by waves of heat. It gets closer... closer...

EXT. DESERT, HOVERCART - FOLLOWING

Technicians JIMMY ROMAN (20s) and TADMON ELIGEE (40s) sit in the hovercart as it bounces across the desert. The Westworld "W" is emblazoned on the side of the sleek, utilitarian vehicle. Breaking the stoic, corporate design is a hula girl dangling from the rearview mirror.

They wear matching white overalls with name tags: J. ROMAN and T. ELIGEE

Tadmon drives.

JIMMY

Right in the middle of my birthday.
Sandy was going to kiss me. It's
not fair.

TADMON

Life isn't fair, Rome.

JIMMY

Well, thanks grampa.

TADMON

Your cake will still be there.

JIMMY

Doubt it.

TADMON

I'm sure someone will look after
your gifts.

JIMMY

Speaking of, what did get me?

TADMON

You really can't wait?

JIMMY

Gimme, gimme!

Tadmon pulls an envelope from his overall's breast pocket, the Westworld logo on the front.

Jimmy opens it, stares at the gold leaf coupon.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

A Birthday Bounty? You got me a trip to Westworld? I work here, for Christ'sake.

TADMON

We get an employee discount, and it's not a trip, just a day.

JIMMY

You cheap son-of-a-bitch.

TADMON

Next Saturday, go into town, find a nice lady, relax, play some poker, and then top it all off with a gun fight when they hunt you down to collect the bounty I put on your head.

JIMMY

You couldn't have sent me to Roman World? You know how much I like being fed grapes.

TADMON

You don't like it? I'll take it back.

JIMMY

No, no. I'll take it.

In the waving distance, the Janitor comes into focus.

TADMON

There he is.

Jimmy fiddles with the radio. Squelching and brief moments of Westworld announcements squawk from the speakers. He pries open a panel. Tadmon slaps at Jimmy's hands.

TADMON (CONT'D)

Don't do that.

Undaunted, Jimmy inserts a tiny storage device into the exposed radio.

TADMON (CONT'D)
That's company property, Rome.
Cullen will be quite peeved, I can
assure you.

Jimmy makes some final adjustments and closes the panel. As soon as he does, Dionne Warwick sings "Do You Know The Way To San José".

Jimmy grabs his lunch tote from the back of the cart. He pulls out a martini shaker and two gimlet glasses.

TADMON (CONT'D)
Christ, what now?

JIMMY
Our union-sanctioned break. We are
entitled to 15 minutes every four
hours.

He pours one for Tadmon and holds out the glass. Tadmon simply stares at him, incredulity resting comfortably on his face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
I'll just set this here if you
change your mind.

He places the glass in the driver's mug holder. Tadmon turns back to the road, shaking his head.

Jimmy pours himself a martini and sets his glass in a mug holder. He digs around the lunch tote and draws out an olive which he plops into his cocktail.

Tadmon looks up at the small camera lens in the frame of the hovercart's rearview mirror.

TADMON
They see everything, you know.

For a moment, WE SEE through the POV of the security camera. Tadmon stares into it, shrugs, and makes the "sorry, but he's crazy" finger twirl around his ear.

JIMMY
I masked the feed when I augmented
the radio. Anyone watching will see
a 20-minute loop of us driving
across the desert.

TADMON
You didn't.

JIMMY
I most certainly did.

TADMOM
You can't.

JIMMY
Oh, I can.

TADMOM
The radio, the camera. It's all company property. Cullen's gonna flip. I mean, the radio is bad enough.

JIMMY
I went to M.I.T., man. I have to pass the time between babysitting hookerbots and filling out incident reports. Hacking this thing to do something other than transmit the words of our fearless leader seemed like an appropriate use of my time and PhD.

TADMOM
You think that's appropriate?

JIMMY
Oh, I do.

TADMOM
Dr. Ford is a visionary who's created a new future. His words are inspirational and we're encouraged to take heed.

JIMMY
(mocking, robot voice)
Dr. Ford is a visionary who's created a new future. (regular voice) He's a total perv who creates sex robots that make Japanese business men weak in the knees.

TADMOM
You just don't get it, do you?
Westworld-

JIMMY
Orgyworld.

TADMON

-is an evolution of humanity. An exploration of the consciousness of the soul with the idea that it can be transferred and exist beyond our carbon constructs.

JIMMY

The horndogs that come here are looking under her petticoat for the vibration setting, not her life essence.

TADMON

(sotto)

Philistine.

JIMMY

Huh?

TADMON

Nothing.

Tadmon's ignores his cocktail and picks up his travel mug.

JIMMY

Kool-Aid?

There's a moment of uncomfortable silence.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You haven't said anything about the-

Without looking, Tadmon rips the hula girl from the rearview and throws it out into the desert.

DESERT

The helpless doll gets stuck headfirst in the sand. A nasty-looking lizard with black skin and red spots slinks over, grabs the doll's legs in its jaws and drags it away.

Dozens more slink out of the brush and fight over the doll, rend it limb from limb, shreds of its grass skirt fill the air, sharp teeth sink into the head... a feeding frenzy. The CAMERA sits above, floats away as the swirling, writhing pinwheel of black and red blurs.

JANITOR

The hovercart stops, the Janitor continues sweeping.

Both techs exit the hovercart. Tadmon walks around the back of the cart, Jimmy walks over to the Janitor, cocktail in hand. He squints at the name tag.

JIMMY
It's Keets, again.

Tadmon continues to dig around at the back of the cart.

TADMON
Who?

JIMMY
Skeet!

TADMON
Again?!

JIMMY
I just said that!

TADMON
Where's the attenuation kit?

JIMMY
It's back there. Hurry up, 20-
minutes to lower gain Alpha Two.
(to Janitor)
Cocktail?

Jimmy sees a figure in the distance, riding a horse toward them.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
(sotto)
Who the hell?

HOVERCART

Tadmon lifts the tool case out from the back of the cart.

TADMON
If you'd repack these cases
according to the chart, I wouldn't
have to go through this every time.
It shows you, in pictures, inside
the lid. (lifts out case) Got it!

He walks around to the front and sees the Janitor still sweeping. Jimmy, his hands in the air, cocktail hovering, faces an Old West GUNSLINGER dressed in black from the Stetson on his head to the boots on his feet.

The Gunslinger slides off his horse, arm extended, a Colt revolver in the hand pointed at Jimmy's forehead.

JIMMY
(to Tadmon)
No sudden moves, ok bud?

TADMON
I'll call control.

Tadmon reaches for the transmitter tucked into a pocket of his overalls.

The Gunslinger turns his head toward Tadmon.

GUNSLINGER
Hold it.

Tadmon freezes, nothing but the wind and the Janitor's methodical sweep makes any noise.

TADMON
That's a four-oh-six. Can you flash his optics? Shut him down?

JIMMY
You mean move any part of my body?
Uh, no!

TADMON
You have to try.

Jimmy slowly moves his free hand down toward the breast pocket of his overalls.

Just as slowly, the Gunslinger returns his attention to Jimmy.

The Gunslinger smiles, places his gun back in its holster, and steps back two paces.

TADMON (CONT'D)
I think he's just fucking with you.

JIMMY
Can they do that?

Jimmy lowers both arms to his side, seeming more concerned with spilling his cocktail than the killer in front of him.

GUNSLINGER
Draw.

TADMON
Flash him, Rome.

GUNSLINGER
Draw.

TADMON
Christ, flash him!

Jimmy looks from the Gunslinger, to his breast pocket, to his cocktail.

JIMMY
Aw, shit.

Jimmy throws the cocktail at the Gunslinger and pulls his the flash device from his pocket.

The Gunslinger draws. One shot. Jimmy goes down in a heap.

Tadmon crouches behind the Janitor as cover.

He peeks from behind and watches the Gunslinger effortlessly pick up Jimmy's body and throw it over the back of his horse. He tosses a piece of paper onto the ground before mounting up and riding away.

Tadmon crawls over to the piece of paper and picks it up.

The Birthday Bounty stares back at him.

FADE OUT