

INT. LAB - NIGHT

CD hammers at something as ALAN watches.

CD

With just a few more hits, I give you... a more efficient version of yourself. I call it "Al".

Closeup on a boxy robot made of junk, vaguely resembling Alan. "Al" is printed on the chest plate.

ALAN

I don't like it.

CD

You can't fight progress, Alan. Al is designed to make it easier for me to not use you for your various functions, which, in a way, benefits all of us.

ALAN

Seems like it's only designed for one function.

Full shot reveals Al is posed with arms menacingly extended forward, ready to strangle. There are no other moving parts.

CD

Hmm? Well, it's early days. Yes, right now he requires a significant amount of life force which is gathered from the user through these articulated grips--

ALAN

He chokes you?

CD

(sighs)

Alan, you're not looking at the big picture. Once all the kinks are worked out, Al will be an indispensable tool in countless industries. Come on, help me activate him.

CD places his neck between Al's hands.

ALAN

Captain, when we turn on this machine, it is going to strangle you.

CD

It's people like you that told  
Galileo he couldn't do the stuff  
that he was doing. Now, turn it on.

Alan sees a switch labeled "on".

ALAN

Where's the off switch in case  
something goes wrong?

CD

Where we're going we don't need...  
off switch.

Reluctantly Alan pushes the button.

Al's eyes light up, his hands grip tightly around CD's throat  
and lift him. CD grunts.

CD (CONT'D)

Argh! Ack! Turn it off! It's  
killing me!

Alan hovers, desperately trying to help as CD flails around.