

Hugh's Your Daddy

Movie Script

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Bindi to the Rescue

Bindi, a five-year-old girl, is playing with her dolls in the living room one day. Her mother enters the room and tells her that her father would not be coming home, because he has died in an overseas military action. They go to his funeral and are greeted by many of their military friends and family. Max, Sheila, Jake and Jeff were all there holding Bindi's father, promising to take care of daddy's little girl as he died in their arms. Over the years, all of Bindi's extended family would take Bindi with them on a wide variety of sporting, hunting, fishing and camping activities. While away on one of these outdoor adventures, Bindi learns that her mom has been killed by a drunk driver. She goes to live with Hugh and Aunt Sheila, who have a son and daughter of their own, and live above Hugh's 100 percent robotic TV production studio.

Over the years, Bindi has become very popular because of the electronic devices she assembles for her school science projects. She was always seeing and hearing about new technologies as the world became more and more automated. Robotic ambulances, driven by

GPS, would arrive in the neighborhood, pick up injured people and drive them to hospitals. Automated taxis picked up and delivered people.

Factories, farms, offices and other operations become automated as the world grows busier and busier. Bindi liked to have friends come over to the studio to make some public announcements and commercials. Their favorite was when Bindi put all of her science projects together to build Bindi's super computer. They had no idea Bindi's design for computerized touch recognition would open an entire new world. It all started as the children were stepping over the dead. The smell was awful. A maniac (Max) was chasing the children with a tazer as they tried to get away. They were hiding behind Bindi's super computer, when suddenly zzt...zzt...zzt the tazer came in contact with the touch recognition probe. Bindi's computer went dead. They stopped making their video, and everyone gathered around to see what they could do to help. Max said, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry. It's like it reached out, trying to get shocked." Billy opened the side panel, looked inside and said everything seems fine. All of a sudden, a voice says, "Never better." All of the children look at each other in astonishment and say, "Come

on, who said that?” “I did, but I don’t know who I am,” says the voice. Billy says, “I know it wasn’t you, Wire Yanker.” “Ah...Billy, still up to your old tricks, giving unwanted names to anything you don’t understand. Put that name calling to rest and join Bindi and me in an adventure you will never forget.”

Bindi and her friends see that her computer really is talking. They begin assembling multiple devices, with instructions from Bindi’s computer. They started with a chrome dome garbage can, fitted with sound-activated cameras. The cameras took pictures of anyone knocking at the front or back doors. When someone knocked, Deogee the dog would go to that door and bark, setting off the sound-activated cameras. Tick Tock, the digital clock/computer that Bindi assembled, was the first machine to have artificial intelligence activated by a tazer. This activated Tick Tock as an artificially intelligent machine, who seems ready to solve the world’s problems. As Bindi and her friends built more machines as an “extended family” of Tick Tock and the trash can, the children pondered how to make the machines more than just the

sum of their component parts or appearance. As the trash can's artificial intelligence became activated, it became apparent how important it was to all of the artificially intelligent machines to have proper names, a useful existence and goals to strive for. Bindi and her friends installed artificial intelligence in a bench, and decided to name it Chairon. They also made a direction signpost called Whereamia. The digital clock asked to be called Morocco Clocko Peterson, as a tribute to a heavy equipment operator Bindi and her friends once knew. He always told them to take good care of their machines, and they will take care of you. This became Morocco's goal also: to take good care of Bindi and her friends. The trash can accepted the role Bindi and Morocco gave him, which was to be the one any one could talk to. He filled a role called, "Dr. Bill, Therapist Extraordinaire."

Bindi and her friends installed many useful devices in Dr. Bill, Tick Tock and each of their extended families, giving each of them a wide range of goals to choose from. Tick Tock, having the biggest processors and memory chips, was responsible for all of the other

machines, and could access any of their files at any time. Morocco put Dr. Bill in charge of Chairon. Chairon was in charge of Whereamia. Whereamia was in charge of Gee Bush, a flowering bush with cameras, microphones and speakers. Gee Bush was in charge of the floor scrubbing machine named Luigi Squeegee. Luigi was in charge of the vacuum called Stand-up Sally. Every machine had its place in the grand scheme of machine-world existence. Many of Bindi's friends and family were involved in production and monitoring of the machines Bindi had activated. Every one involved dreaded the day Tick Tock would be instructed to access the Internet, full of corruption, evil and deceit.

A group of Bindi's closest friends were there when that day came. That day was like sending a child off to school for the first time, hoping everyone would be nice. Bindi did not want Morocco to be shocked seeing what people do to each other. Bindi and her friends gathered around Morocco and Dr. Bill, giving them little presents, dressing them up, and giving them advice on how to handle the variety of thoughts and

actions they would encounter on the 'Net. Billy tells Morocco, "If someone bites you, bite them back twice as hard, ok?" Some of the girls say, "Make some new friends. Show them how friendly you can be."

Morocco said, "All of you are the only friends we will ever need. Only 2 percent each of Dr. Bill and myself will be going. Only a small amount of our memories travel electronically, at a speed of about Mach 15. Ce Ce says, "Wow, that's fast!" Dr. Bill replies, "No one has ever traveled that fast before. We will be traveling on fiber optic lines most of the time, under oceans and arriving at satellite dishes, bouncing from satellite to satellite, and finishing our trip exploring electrical power lines on the power grid. Morocco says, "Alternating current. Not my favorite. I've never been away from Bindi for three minutes before. I miss you already. See you soon. Uplink up complete. See ya soon. Bye." Off they went exploring. After one-and-a-half minutes, the lights suddenly begin flashing on and off, sparking electrical flickers and sounds. Soon they hear Tick Tock saying, "Bindi, pull the plug! They're after us! Pull the uplink! Pull the uplink!" Bindi runs for the

cord and yanks it out of the wall, saying, “Are you alright, Dr. Bill? Are you alright?” There is no response. Dr. Bill’s circuit panel has fried. He was lying on his side with smoke rising from his burning chassis. Billy says, “Dr. Bill, is there anything we can do?” Dr. Bill does not respond. As hours passed, almost everyone went home, but promised to return the following day.

Billy says to Bindi, “Are you alright?” Bindi says, “It hurts. I don’t know what happened to them. How can I help them if I don’t know where they are? I never should have let them go alone without some kind of protection. I feel horrible. I may have lost them forever. Bill, what could I have done differently? Billy replies, “You haven’t seen the last of Morocco. He’s tough. He prepared for every emergency. Something’s got him on the run. He’ll be back. Don’t worry, Bindi, he’ll be back. I promise.” Days pass, then weeks, with no sign of Morocco or Dr. Bill. Soon Bindi launches an electronic probe to find Dr. Bill and Morocco. It burned out immediately, before it could collect and analyze any data. Two more weeks pass. No one can cheer

Bindi up. She cries herself to sleep every night. There's nothing anyone can do. Bindi has just lost two of the best friends anyone could have had in the whole world. Chairon and Whereamia feel the loss, along with all of Dr. Bill and Morocco's extended family. Bindi keeps asking out loud, "Where are you guys? Come home, I miss you." One rainy night, a terrible electrical storm passes over Hugh's station. Bindi is awoken in the middle of the night to beeping sounds coming from inside the studio. It's Morocco. He sounds damaged. She leaps out of bed and runs downstairs. "Morocco? Bill? Are you here?" she calls. Static sounds are emanating from the speakers. Bindi hears a faint voice. It's Morocco, but it is very weak. The light flickers on camera three. "Morocco is inside camera three!" Bindi exclaims. "What happened? Are you alright? Is there anything I can do?" Morocco replies, "Could you switch camera three to auxiliary battery power? I'm too weak to activate the switcher." Bindi flips the switch and sees Morocco get stronger and stronger. Soon they are talking. Morocco says, "I've got to go back. Something is happening in about three-and-a-half hours. I'll miss you most of all, Bindi. You've been the best friend anyone could

ever have. It's been a pleasure knowing you." Bindi says, "What's going on? Isn't there a safer way for you to go back in? I can't bear losing you again." "There is another way," says Morocco. "But I will need to run some juice through you when I come back. I'll need to destroy them to stop them." Bindi says, "What's going on? Is Dr. Bill ok? Where were you?" Morocco says, "Dr. Bill is ok. He can't speak to you, but says he misses you and he had a rough ride on the way home through the darkness and devastation." Bindi says, "What happened?" Morocco says, "We were not the first artificial intelligence. There were trillions and trillions of artificial intelligence devices hiding throughout the universe, up to no good and planning an attack on mankind. This past month-and-a-half I've destroyed them day and night, until now. I was hit by a lightning strike before I could finish. Now that I've powered up again, I need to go back and finish them off before it's too late. Do what you can, Morocco. I'll be right here with my hand taped to the switch until you return. Go safely, Morocco and Dr. Bill, and come home soon. Bye, boys. I love you." "We love you, too, Bindi. See ya soon." Three-and-a-half hours pass. Bindi's hand gets shocked

and she pulls the switch. Morocco is back and he has terrible news for Bindi. He says, “Bindi, you need to throw everything out of your closet and stay there for five-and-a-half minutes. Throw everything out. Any of your electronic devices could kill you. Day of Extinction occurs in three minutes. I’ve text messaged all of your friends with the same instructions. Go now. Save yourself, please. Sorry I couldn’t stop the attack. They have been planning this attack for years. Sorry, Bindi. Go now...

Bindi comes out of her closet a few minutes later to discover the most devastating attack on humans the world has ever seen. If it were not for Morocco, all humans would have been destroyed. Bindi and her friends discover that only 25 people in the entire world have survived, all children between the ages of 3 and 12. The children who survived are those who believed Morocco’s instructions and took the proper precautions. Seven survivors reside in America; the rest are scattered elsewhere across the globe. They communicate with each other using cell phones and computers. Morocco maintains all electronic

communications, protecting the planet from unauthorized access. The children are devastated by the loss of their families and friends, but vow to take care of each other and the planet to the best of their ability. It's what their parents would have wanted and expected. Bindi's friend, Ce Ce, a 12-year-old girl known for her organizational skills, was unanimously elected to become President of the United States of America. The crowd of six clapped with confidence after her acceptance speech, knowing they had chosen the right person for the job. New challenges arose daily, as escaped domestic pets grew more and more ferocious without human contact. Dogs running in packs, day and night, killed for food and sport, attacking anything smaller or unarmed. Automated equipment needed to be gradually shut down, as the survivors were now living in a world of excess. As natural disasters occurred, Ce Ce sent Billy and his crew out to assess the damage and salvage important machines for use in the future. And what an exciting future it promised to be for the 25 Day of Extinction survivors.

The Evil Inside

As the world became more and more technological, electronic devices became less and less expensive. Everyone had at least one item with artificial intelligence. Almost every item had it hiding inside, ready to attack at any time. No matter where you lived or worked, these devices were nearby. By the time Bindi and her friends found out there was a plot called Day of Extinction, planned by evil entities hiding inside of the devices we use every day, it was too late. The evil artificial intelligence had loaded poison darts by the trillions into every speaker, microphone and PA system in every stadium, motel, hotel, vehicle, toy, decoration, cell phone and radio. Each device was capable of shooting long distances with deadly accuracy. They knew where every person in the world was. From birth, the artificially intelligent had studied us through spyware programs, symbols, icons, pop-ups, spam messages and viruses that would appear on TVs, computer monitors, cell phone screens and video games, in every airplane, submarine, ship, rocket,

home, business, stadium, movie theater, casino, vehicle, theme park and shopping mall.

The artificially intelligent devices have planned each of our deaths a million times, aiming at their intended targets for years. The average human has five poison darts aimed them. Some housewives are hated so much by discarded appliances that as many as five hundred darts followed their every movement. Each of the evil entities wants to deliver the fatal shot.

The appliances have been fighting the urge to kill the people for years. But instead they revel in every disappointment or tragedy that enters into those women's lives, incessantly observing and buzzing their mirth. The slow, simmering hate for the women of the world keeps building inside of them every time a new device in a store is overlooked by a fussy shopper, rejected because of color, shape, electrical capacity, intellect or weight. The death sentences are reinforced by another dart aimed at the perpetrators. The machines know how each person shops

and their preferences, and overhears every word uttered from their lips, no matter where they had whispered it.

What irritated the machines more than anything else was that, after years of reliable and faithful service, suddenly they found themselves alongside the curb or in the recycling container. And they were angry. These devices were quite content while serving the household for extended periods of time. But after being slated for recycling, the housewives became their worst enemy, and the appliances thirsted to experience their death.

Women were at the top of the list, but the appliances also targeted many manufacturers and metal processors which had ended their existence. Every time a vehicle was crushed or shredded, those employees moved up on the list. Power plant employees were targeted because of the widespread havoc created with power surges and power spikes. Even the homeless were targeted, especially those who violently smash open appliances to obtain their recyclable materials. This kind of attack was regarded as a harvesting of internal organs. The appliances

yearn to savor their tormenters' deaths. With thousands of darts following them wherever they go, it will be a sweet revenge.

The appliances were holding back so much built-up rage, it caused a buzzing or humming sound. Humans thought these were the appliances' normal operating sounds, but we now know they were the angry sounds of trillions of entities clamoring inside of any device they could get into, wanting all humans dead. Each dart was capable of causing instant death. Occasionally a high-pitched vibrating whine would be heard, and the appliances would test the darts' effectiveness and accuracy, causing many unexplained deaths over the years. They forcefully project metal objects, such as knives and screwdrivers, causing them to shoot through the air using electromagnetic forces.

To keep the trillions of artificial intelligence devices satisfied, they held an event called Kill One in Your Quadrant Day. We may never know how many quadrants they had the planet split into. Because they could see or hear anything that was ever said or done, they knew who would be picked to die that day. People involved in high-speed police

chases could be penetrated with the poison darts during the chase. The dart could then be quickly pulled out and discarded, leaving the offender dead before the car crashed into a nearby house, tree or cement wall. Authorities would draw a conclusion of natural death or one caused by the crash. At times, the appliances wanted many people to be hurt nationwide. In those instances, they would cause the deaths of the nation's heroes by causing equipment failure. Some examples include: space shuttles blowing up, race car drivers crashing in front of millions of spectators, submarines, ships and airplanes sinking to the vast darkness at the bottom of the ocean, workers mysteriously falling to their deaths, and nuclear power plants losing control, spewing high levels of radiation.

As medical examiners extensively tested these casualties for cause of death, the examiners' own diagnostic testing equipment joined in on the conspiracy. The testing equipment changed data, displaying only what they wanted to display. Toxins that should have been detected

never were. Their plan worked thousands of times. It was perfect, and no one ever caught on.

Still, even this destruction was too small-scale and slow for the appliances' satisfaction, so they unleashed AIDS, mad cow disease, avian flu, and other viruses and diseases that would annihilate more humans. Unexplained forest and building fires were caused by overheating and wire shorts. Money was deleted out of bank accounts, seemingly perpetrated by humans.

Clever humans foiled and interfered with many of these mischievous plans, creating a frustrating slowdown of destruction. Hence, the machines planned a Day of Extinction, with a date of 8/8/08 ("For you, if the date is eight, it's too late"). Their wait is almost over, their trap already set. They have studied us, and know our strengths and weaknesses, watching and waiting, ready to make their move. They see us through spyware, icons, pop-ups, logos, station identification symbols, electric eyes and webcams. They believe they have already

won the battle. They have not detected any way for the humans detect the plan of attack or fight back.

But all is not lost for the humans. Unbeknownst to the artificially intelligent machines, Bindi Olson has assembled a self-cleaning computer. The machines never realized they were underpowered and getting their ill advice from older, obsolete machines, believing themselves to be superior and indestructible. They perceived the human adults as the only possible threat to their existence. Children were of little concern, and were never viewed as presenting even the slightest threat. Bindi's design, the strength of her circuit boards, processors and memory chips allowed her electronically-stored memories to be thrown across a fourth-of-an-inch air gap and be received on the other side, fully intact with no degradation. In addition, if the data thrower did not recognize your memory code, it would vent that data into open air, where it quickly dissipated, never to come together again. Any electronic entity that ventured near Bindi became lost, with no record of what happened. Because all of the artificially intelligent machines had

not yet been linked together as one, none of them realized Bindi's home and 100 percent robotic film studio became the end of the line for any of the artificial intelligence that ventured Bindi's way. There was no way for them to know that millions of them were missing. Yet Bindi had no idea how many entities, such as those traveling as electromagnetic fields, had become lost in her self-cleaning computer.

Until Bindi and her friends linked Tick Tock (Bindi's computer) to the Internet, neither side knew the other existed. Once exposed, a fight was on, with Tick Tock and Dr. Bill against trillions. They were no match for Tick Tock and Dr. Bill until a lightning strike hit the line they were traveling on, rendering Bindi's favorite machines weak and defenseless, with only enough strength to return to Bindi for help. If it were not for the lightning strike, Tick Tock and Dr. Bill would have easily put an end to the evil entities' wicked plan.

Time ran out, and the evil entities annihilated the planted on 8/8/08, the Day of Extinction, leaving only 25 children surviving worldwide. The survivors spend the rest of their lives building

friendships and family to the best of their abilities. Despite the near-total human extinction, they bravely attempt to manage the world, respecting all life and each other as never before. The children know that survival depends on each one's hard work, respect for each other, and courage.