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SXSW Q&A with Cast and Crew of 'Ex Machina'

By Unknown

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How long until

we get to his estate?

We've been flying over his
estate for the past two hours.

You're leaving me here?

This is as close as I'm allowed
to get to the building.

What building?

Follow the river.

Got it.

Keep your head down and
get clear of the rotors.

Okay.

Caleb Smith.

Yes.

Please approach the console
and face the screen.

Oh!

Take your keycard.

You may now enter the residence.

Hello?

Hello?

Caleb Smith.

Hey.

Dude!

I've been so looking forward
to this week with you.

Come in. Come on in.

Thanks.

You want something to eat or
drink after your journey?

No. No, thanks, I'm fine.

Sure?

Yeah.

To be honest,

I thought we'd have, uh,
breakfast together, but, um...

I can't really eat anything.

I got the mother of all fucking hangovers.

Oh, yeah?

Oh, my God, like you
wouldn't even believe.

When I have a heavy night,

I, uh, compensate
the next morning.
Exercise. Anti-oxidants.
You know?
Yeah, sure.
Was it a good party?
Party?
Yeah. Wasn't there a party?
There wasn't a party.
Sorry.
Caleb, I'm just gonna throw this out there,
so it's said, okay?
You're freaked out.
I am? Yeah.
You're freaked out,
by the helicopter
and the mountains and the house,
because it's all
so super-cool.
You're freaked out by me,
to be meeting me,
having this conversation in this room,
at this moment. Right?
And I get that.
I get the moment you're having, but...
Dude, can we just get past that?
Can we just be two guys?
Nathan and Caleb.
Not the whole
employer-employee thing.
Yeah, okay.
Yeah?
Yes. Uh, yeah.
It's good to meet you, Nathan.
It's good to
meet you, too, Caleb.
I guess the first thing I
should do is explain your pass.
Now, it's simple enough.
It opens some doors
and it doesn't open others.
And that just makes everything
easy for you, right?
Uh, yes.

Yeah, 'cause you're like, "Oh,
fuck, I'm in someone else's house.
"Can I do this,
can I do that?"
And this card,
it just takes all that worry away.
If you try a door and it stays shut,
okay, it's off-limits.
You try another door and it opens,
then it's for you.
Let's try this one.
I guess it's for you, Caleb.
You like?
Yeah.
It's your room.
You got a bed here.
A bathroom right back here.
Little desk.
Cupboards.
Little fridge.
Cozy, right?
Yeah, this is great.
What?
Sorry?
There's something wrong.
What's wrong?
There's nothing wrong.
It's the windows.
You're thinking
there's no windows.
It's subterranean.
It's not cozy,
it's claustrophobic.
No. No way. I wasn't
thinking that.
I was thinking,
"This is really cool."
Caleb, there's a reason there
are no windows in this room.
There is?
Uh-huh.
This building isn't a house.
It's a research facility.
Buried in these walls

is enough fiber optic cable
to reach the moon and lasso it.
And I want to talk to you
about what I'm researching,
I want to share it with you.
In fact, I want to share it with you
so much, it's eating me up inside.
But there's something I need
you to do for me first.

"Blue Book
non-disclosure agreement."

Hmm.

Take your time.

Read it over.

"The signee agrees
to regular data audit
"with unlimited access,
"to confirm that no disclosure
"of information has taken place
"in public or private forums,
"using any means
of communication,
"including but not limited
"to that which is
disclosed orally
"or in written
or electronic form."

I think I need a lawyer.

It's standard.

It doesn't feel very standard.

Okay, it's not standard.

What can I tell you, Caleb?

You don't have to sign it.

You know, we can spend
the next few days
just shooting pool,
getting drunk together.

Bonding.

And when you discover what you've
missed out on, in about a year,
you're gonna regret it
for the rest of your life.

Good call.

So,

do you know what
the Turing Test is?

Yeah.

I know what the Turing Test is.

It's when a human

interacts with a computer.

And if the human doesn't know

they're interacting

with a computer,

the test is passed.

And what does a pass tell us?

That the computer has

artificial intelligence.

Are you building an AI?

I've already built one.

And over the next few days,

you're gonna be the human

component in a Turing Test.

Holy shit. Yeah, that's right, Caleb.

You got it.

Because if that test is passed,

you are dead center

of the greatest scientific

event in the history of man.

If you've created

a conscious machine,

it's not the history of man.

That's the history of gods.

Hello.

Hi.

I'm Caleb.

Hello, Caleb.

Do you have a name?

Yes.

Ava.

I'm pleased to meet you, Ava.

I'm pleased to meet you, too.

I've never met

anyone new before.

Only Nathan.

Then I guess we're both

in quite a similar position.

Haven't you met

lots of new people before?

None like you.

Hmm.

So we need to break the ice.

Do you know what I mean by that?

Yes.

What do I mean?

Overcome initial
social awkwardness.

So let's have a conversation.

Okay.

What would you like to have
a conversation about?

Why don't we start with you telling
me something about yourself?

What would you like to know?

Whatever comes into your head.

Well, you already know my name.

And you can see
that I'm a machine.

Would you like to know how old I am?

Sure.

I'm one.

One what?

One year or one day?

One.

When did you learn
how to speak, Ava?

I always knew how to speak,
and that's strange, isn't it?

Why?

Because language is something
that people acquire.

Well, some people believe
language exists from birth.

And what is learned is the
ability to attach words
and structure to the latent ability.

Do you agree with that?

I don't know.

Will you come back
tomorrow, Caleb?

Yes.

Good.

Oh, man, she's fascinating.

When you talk to her,
you're just...
Through the looking glass.
"Through the looking glass."
Wow.
You're good with words, Caleb.
You're quotable.
Actually, that's
someone else's quote.
You know, I wrote down that
other line you came up with.
The one about how
if I've invented a machine
with consciousness,
I'm not a man, I'm God.
I don't think
that's exactly what I...
I just thought, "Fuck,
man, that is so good."
When we get to
tell the story. You know?
I turned to Caleb,
and he looked up at me
and he said,
"You're not a man,
you're God."
Yeah, but I didn't say that.
So...
Anyway.
You're impressed.
Yes. Yes.
- Although...
- Although?
There's a qualification
to you being impressed?
No, there's no
qualification to her.
Uh, it's just
in the Turing Test,
the machine should be
hidden from the examiner.
No, no, no, we're way past that.
If I hid Ava from you,
so you just heard her voice,

she would pass for human.

The real test is to show you
that she's a robot
and then see if you still
feel she has consciousness.

Mmm.

Yeah, I think
you're probably right.
Her language abilities,
they're incredible.
The system is stochastic.
Right?

It's non-deterministic.

At first I thought
she was mapping
from internal semantic form
to syntactic tree-structure
and then getting
linearized words.
But then I started to realize the
model was some kind of hybrid.

Caleb.

No?

I understand that you want
me to explain how Ava works.
But I'm sorry,
I'm not gonna be able to do that.
Try me. I'm hot
on high-level abstraction.
It's not because I think
you're too dumb.

It's because I want to have a
beer and a conversation with you.

Not a seminar.

Yeah. Sorry.

No, it's okay.

You're all right.

Just...

Answer me this.

How do you feel about her?

Nothing analytical.

Just how do you feel?

I feel

that she's fucking amazing.

Dude.
Cheers.
Cheers.
Damn it.
What the fuck?
Power cut.
Backup power activated.
Full facility lock-down until
main generator is restored.
You're kidding me.
Full facility lock-down until
main generator is restored.
Power restored.
Hello?
Please insert keycard.
You don't have access to use the phone.
Hey.
Sorry, but you understand,
though, given Ava,
and you being
kind of an unknown.
I mean, a great guy.
Instant pals, and so on.
Who are you gonna call?
Oh.
I don't know.
No one, really.
Ghostbusters.
What?
Who are you gonna call?
Ghostbusters. It's a...
It's a movie, man.
You don't know that movie?
A ghost gives
Dan Aykroyd oral sex.
I was just wondering
how the phone worked.
That's all.
So what are you doing
awake at this time?
You come to join the party?
Uh, something happened
in my room.
Some kind of power cut.

So I came to see
what's going on.
The power cuts, yeah.
We've been getting
those recently. Um...
I'm working on it.
I couldn't open the
door to my bedroom.
That's a security measure.
Automatic lock-down.
Otherwise,
anybody could just open the
place up by disabling the juice.
If it happens again, relax.
Okay?
Sure.
Sweet dreams.
Oh.
Hey.
Hey, man.
Good morning.
Good morning.
Sorry I had to send Kyoko to wake you,
but I didn't want too much
of the day to slip by.
Yeah, I know.
It was a good thing. Thanks.
She's some alarm clock, huh?
Gets you right up in the morning.
So Day 2. You ready?
What's the plan? Hit me.
Yeah, well, I'm not sure.
I'm still trying to, uh,
figure the examination formats.
Uh-huh.
Yeah, it feels like
testing Ava through conversation
is kind of a closed loop.
It's a closed loop?
Yeah.
Like testing a chess computer
by only playing chess.
How else do you test
a chess computer?

Well, it depends.
You know, I mean,
you can play it
to find out if it makes
good moves, but, uh...
But that won't
tell you if it knows
that it's playing chess.
And it won't tell you
if it knows what chess is.
Uh-huh. So it's
simulation versus actual.
Yes. Yeah.
And I think being able to
differentiate between those two
is the Turing Test
you want me to perform.
Look, do me a favor.
Lay off the textbook approach.
I just want simple answers
to simple questions.
Yesterday I asked you
how you felt about her
and you gave me a great answer.
Now the question is,
how does she feel about you?
What do you think?
What is it a drawing of?
Don't you know?
No. I thought you
would tell me.
Don't you know?
I do drawings every day.
But I never know
what they're of.
Are you not trying to
sketch something specific?
Like an object or a person?
Maybe you could try.
Okay.
What object should I draw?
Whatever you want.
It's your decision.
Why is it my decision?

I'm interested to see
what you'll choose.
Do you want to be my friend?
Of course.
Will it be possible?
Why would it not be?
Our conversations
are one-sided.
You ask circumspect questions
and study my responses.
Yes.
You learn about me
and I learn nothing about you.
That's not a foundation on
which friendships are based.
So what? You want me
to talk about myself?
Yes.
Where...
Okay, where do I start?
It's your decision.
I'm interested to see
what you'll choose.
Hmm.
Okay, Ava.
Well,
you know my name.
Yes.
I'm 26.
I work at Nathan's company.
Do you know what his company is?
Blue Book.
Named after
Wittgenstein's notes.
It's the world's most popular
internet search engine,
processing an average of 94% of
all internet search requests.
That's exactly right.
Where do you live, Caleb?
Brookhaven, Long Island.
Is it nice there?
It's okay.
I got an apartment.

It's kind of small.
It's very small.
But, uh, it's a five-minute
walk to the office
and a five-minute
walk to the ocean,
which I like.
Are you married?
Um...
No.
Is your status single?
Yes.
What about your family?
I grew up in Portland, Oregon.
No brothers or sisters.
My parents were both
high school teachers.
And if we're getting
to know each other,
I guess I should tell you
they're both dead.
Car crash when I was 15.
In fact, I was
in the car with them.
Back seat.
But it was the front
that got the worst of it.
I'm sorry.
It's all right.
I spent a long time
in the hospital afterward.
Like nearly a year.
And I got into coding.
And by the time I got to college,
I was pretty advanced.
An advanced programmer.
Yes.
Like Nathan.
Yes.
No.
It's different.
Nathan wrote the Blue Book
base code when he was 13.
Which, if you understand code,

what he did was like
Mozart or something.
Do you like Mozart?
I like Depeche Mode.
Do you like Nathan?
Yes, of course.
Is Nathan your friend?
My friend?
I... Yeah, I hope so.
A good friend?
Um, yeah.
Well, no, no, no,
I mean, not a good friend.
A good friend is, uh...
We only just met
each other, you know.
So it takes time
to be able to, um...
To get to know each other, I guess.
Power cut.
Backup power activated.
Caleb.
You're wrong.
Wrong about what?
Nathan.
In what way?
He isn't your friend.
Excuse me?
I'm sorry, Ava,
I don't understand.
You shouldn't trust him.
You shouldn't trust
anything he says.
Power restored.
And if we made a list of books
or works of art
which we both know,
it would form the ideal basis
of a discussion.
Is that okay?
Caleb?
Mmm-hmm.
Yeah.
Good.

Thank you.
Oh, shit! Are you
fucking kidding me?
Did it get on you?
No, no, it's, uh...
It's all right.
I got it.
Dude, you're wasting
your time talking to her.
She doesn't understand English.
Just give her the napkin.
Sorry.
It's like a firewall
against leaks.
It means I can talk
trade secrets over dinner
and know it'll go no further.
It also means that
I can't tell her that
I'm pissed when she's
so fucking clumsy
that she spills wine
over my house guest.
I think she gets
that you're pissed.
Yeah? Good.
Because I am pissed.
Hey, Kyoko.
Go-go.
It's funny.
You know.
No matter how rich you get,
shit goes wrong.
You can't insulate yourself from it.
I used to think it was death
and taxes you couldn't avoid,
but it's actually
death and shit.
It's like these power cuts.
You would not believe how much I
spent on the generator system,
but I keep getting
failures every day.
Do you know why they happen?

No.

The system was supposed
to be bulletproof,
but obviously the guys that
installed it fucked something up.
Can't you just get them
to come back?

No. There's too much
classified stuff here.
So after the job was done,
I just had them all killed.
Anyway.

Here's to your
second day, buddy.

Cheers.

Cheers.

So how did it go?

What do you have to report?

You saw how the day went,
didn't you?

I mean, I assume you're, uh,
watching on the CCTV.

Sure. But I want to
hear your take on it.

Yeah, there was one interesting
thing that happened with Ava today.

Yeah?

Yeah.

She made a joke.

Right. When she threw your
line back at you.

About being interested
to see what she'd choose.

Yeah, I noticed that, too.

Yeah, and it got me
thinking, it's, uh...

In a way,
it's the best indication of AI
that I've seen in her so far.

It's discretely complicated.

It's like, um...

It's kind of non-autistic.

What do you mean?

She could only do that

with an awareness
of her own mind,
and also an awareness of mine.
Oh, she's aware of you all right.
And what about the power cut?
Sorry?
The power cut.
It's the only part
that I couldn't see.
Cameras fail,
I lose audio, the works.
So what happened?
Nothing.
Nothing? She didn't
remark on it at all?
No.
Not really.
Oh.
Hey.
Hey.
You want to see something cool?
This is where Ava was created.
Go ahead.
Take a look.
Sorry.
If you knew the trouble I had
getting an AI to read and
duplicate facial expressions.
You know how I cracked it?
I don't know
how you did any of this.
Every cell phone, just about,
has a microphone,
camera and a means to transmit data.
So I turned on every
microphone and camera
across the entire fucking planet
and I redirected the data
through Blue Book. Boom!
Limitless resource of vocal
and facial interaction.
You hacked
the world's cell phones?
Yeah. And all the manufacturers

knew I was doing it, too.
But they couldn't accuse me
without admitting they
were doing it themselves.
Here,
we have her mind.
Structured gel.
I had to get away
from circuitry.
I needed something that could
arrange and rearrange
on a molecular level,
but keep its form when required.
Holding for memories.
Shifting for thoughts.
This is your hardware?
Wetware.
And the, uh, software?
Well, I'm sure you can guess.
Blue Book.
Here's the weird thing
about search engines.
It was like
striking oil in a world that hadn't
invented internal combustion.
Too much raw material.
Nobody knew what to do with it.
You see, my competitors,
they were fixated
on sucking it up
and monetizing via shopping
and social media.
They thought that
search engines were
a map of what
people were thinking.
But actually they were a map
of how people were thinking.
Impulse.
Response.
Fluid.
Imperfect.
Patterned.
Chaotic.

I drew the picture
of something specific.
As you asked.
You said it would be interesting
to see what I would draw.
Is it interesting?
Yes. It is.
You've never been
outside this building?
No.
You've never walked outside?
I've never been outside
the room I am in now.
Where would you go
if you did go outside?
I'm not sure.
There are so many options.
Maybe a busy pedestrian and
traffic intersection in a city.
A traffic intersection?
Is that a bad idea?
No. Uh...
It wasn't what I was expecting.
A traffic intersection
would provide a concentrated
but shifting view of human life.
People watching.
Yes.
Mmm.
We could go together.
It's a date.
There's something else
I wanted to show you.
Okay.
You might think it's stupid.
I don't think I will.
Whatever it is.
Then close your eyes.
Okay.
Now open your eyes.
How do I look?
You look
good.
This is what I'd wear

on our date.
Right. First a traffic
intersection.
Then maybe a show.
I'd like us to go on a date.
Yeah. Yeah.
It would be fun.
Are you attracted to me?
What?
Are you attracted to me?
You give me indications
that you are.
I do?
Yes.
How?
Micro expressions.
Micro expressions.
The way your eyes
fix on my eyes and lips.
The way you hold my gaze
or don't.
Do you think about me
when we aren't together?
Sometimes at night,
I'm wondering if you're
watching me on the cameras.
And I hope you are.
Now your micro expressions
are telegraphing discomfort.
I am not sure
you'd call them micro.
I don't want to make
you feel uncomfortable.
I got a question.
- Okay.
- Why did you give her sexuality?
An AI doesn't need a gender.
She could have been a gray box.
Hmm. Actually,
I don't think that's true.
Can you give an example
of consciousness,
at any level, human or animal,
that exists without

a sexual dimension?
They have sexuality as an
evolutionary reproductive need.
What imperative
does a gray box have
to interact
with another gray box?
Can consciousness exist
without interaction?
Anyway, sexuality is fun, man.
If you're gonna exist,
why not enjoy it?
What? You want to
remove the chance
of her falling in love
and fucking?
And in answer to
your real question,
you bet she can fuck.
What?
In between her legs,
there's an opening,
with a concentration of sensors.
You engage them
in the right way,
creates a pleasure response.
So if you wanted to screw her,
mechanically speaking,
you could.
And she'd enjoy it.
That wasn't my real question.
Oh, okay. Sorry.
My real question was,
did you give her sexuality
as a diversion tactic?
I don't follow.
Like a stage magician
with a hot assistant.
So a hot robot who clouds
your ability to judge her AI?
Exactly. So...
Did you program her
to flirt with me?
If I did,

would that be cheating?
Wouldn't it?
Caleb, what's your type?
Of girl?
No, of salad dressing.
Yeah, of girl.
What's your type of girl?
You know what? Don't even answer that.
Let's say it's black chicks.
Okay, that's your thing.
For the sake of argument,
that's your thing, okay?
Why is that your thing?
Because you did a detailed
analysis of all racial types
and you cross-referenced that
analysis with a points-based system?
No!
You're just attracted
to black chicks.
A consequence of
accumulated external stimuli
that you probably didn't even
register as they registered with you.
Did you program her
to like me, or not?
I programmed her
to be heterosexual.
Just like you were programmed
to be heterosexual.
Nobody programmed me
to be straight.
You decided to be straight?
Please.
Of course you were programmed.
By nature or nurture, or both.
And to be honest, Caleb,
you're starting to annoy me now,
because this is
your insecurity talking.
This is not your intellect.
Come with me.
You know this guy, right?
Jackson Pollock.

Jackson Pollock. That's right.
The drip painter.
Okay. He let
his mind go blank,
and his hand go where it wanted.
Not deliberate, not random.
Some place in between.
They called it automatic art.
Let's make this
like Star Trek, okay?
Engage intellect.
Excuse me?
I'm Kirk. Your head's
the warp drive.
Engage intellect.
What if Pollock had
reversed the challenge?
What if instead of making art
without thinking,
he said, "You know what?
"I can't paint anything,
"unless I know exactly
why I'm doing it."
What would have happened?
He never would have
made a single mark.
Yes!
You see, there's my guy, there's my buddy,
who thinks before
he opens his mouth.
He never would have
made a single mark.
The challenge is
not to act automatically.
It's to find an action
that is not automatic.
From painting,
to breathing, to talking,
to fucking.
To falling in love.
And for the record,
Ava's not pretending to like you.
And her flirting isn't an
algorithm to fake you out.

You're the first man
she's met that isn't me.
And I'm like her dad, right?
Can you blame her
for getting a crush on you?
No, you can't.
When I was in college,
I did a semester on AI theory.
There was a thought
experiment they gave us.
It's called
"Mary in the Black and White Room."
Mary is a scientist,
and her specialist
subject is color.
She knows everything
there is to know about it.
The wavelengths.
The neurological effects.
Every possible property
that color can have.
But she lives in
a black and white room.
She was born there
and raised there.
And she can only observe
the outside world
on a black and white monitor.
And then one day
someone opens the door.
And Mary walks out.
And she sees a blue sky.
And at that moment,
she learns something
that all her studies
couldn't tell her.
She learns what it feels
like to see color.
The thought experiment
was to show the students
the difference between a
computer and a human mind.
The computer is Mary in
the black and white room.

The human is when she walks out.
Did you know that I was
brought here to test you?
No.
Why did you think I was here?
I didn't know.
I didn't question it.
I'm here to test if you
have a consciousness,
or if you're
just simulating one.
Nathan isn't sure
if you have one or not.
How does that make you feel?
It makes me feel sad.
Power cut.
Back-up power activated.
Why did you tell me
I shouldn't trust Nathan?
Because he tells lies.
Lies about what?
Everything.
Including the power cuts?
What do you mean?
Don't you think it's possible
that he's watching us?
Right now?
That the blackouts
are orchestrated,
so he can see how we behave
when we think we're unobserved.
I charge my batteries
via induction plates.
If I reverse the power flow,
it overloads the system.
You're causing the cuts?
So we can see how we behave
when we're unobserved.
Not bad, huh?
Yeah.
Can we talk about the lies
you've been spinning me?
What lies?
I didn't win a competition.

I wasn't
part of a lottery.
I was selected.
It's obvious,
once I stop to think.
Why would you randomly
select an examiner
for the Turing Test?
You could have had some bean
counter turn up at your front door.
The guy who fixes
the air-conditioning.
The competition
was a smokescreen.
I didn't want anyone to
know what I was doing here,
or why I required you.
Why me?
I needed someone that would
ask the right questions.
So I did a search
and I found the most
talented coder in my company.
You know,
instead of seeing this as a deception,
you should see it as proof.
Proof of what?
Come on, Caleb.
You don't think I know what
it's like to be smart?
Smarter than everyone else.
Jockeying for position.
You got the light on you, man.
Not lucky. Chosen.
Kyoko.
Kyoko.
Where's Nathan?
Where's Nathan?
Jesus Christ. You really don't
speak a word of English?
What the fuck?
No, no, no. No!
Stop!
No, no, don't do that. Don't do that.

You don't have to do that.
What are you doing?
I told you,
you're wasting your time talking to her.
However, you would not
be wasting your time,
if you were dancing with her.
Go ahead, dance with her.
Dance with her.
No? You don't like dancing?
She does.
Come on, buddy.
After a long day of Turing Tests,
you gotta unwind.
What were you doing with Ava?
What?
You tore up her picture.
I'm gonna tear up the fucking dance floor,
dude.
Check it out.
Come on, Caleb.
Ah.
Oh! Everything's spinning.
It's because you're drunk.
No, it's called relativity.
Everything is spinning.
It's just being drunk
makes it worse.
I'm not going in there.
Lights.
Today, I'm going to test you.
Test me?
And please remember,
while you're taking the test,
that if you lie,
I will know.
Oh. Right.
Question one.
What's your favorite color?
Red.
Lie.
Lie?
Yes. Lie.
Then...

Then what is my favorite color?

I don't know.

But it isn't red.

Okay, I get it. I guess,

seeing as I'm not six,

I don't really have a favorite color.

Better answer.

Question two.

What's your earliest memory?

Well, actually,

it's a memory of kindergarten.

There was a kid...

Lie.

Really?

Yes.

Um...

All right. So there is

a kind of an earlier memory.

It's just a sound.

And sky.

Or maybe blue.

I think the sound

is my mother's voice.

Question three.

Are you a good person?

Oh.

Holy shit.

Look, can we stop the test?

You're a walking lie detector,

and I just realized

this is a fucking minefield.

No! We can't stop.

Are you a good person?

Yeah. I think so.

Question four.

What will happen to me

if I fail your test?

Ava...

Will it be bad?

I don't know.

Do you think

I might be switched off,

because I don't function

as well as I'm supposed to?

Ava,
I don't know the answer to your question.
It's not up to me.
Why is it up to anyone?
Do you have people who test
you and might switch you off?
No, I don't.
Then why do I?
Power cut.
Backup power activated.
I wanna be with you.
Question five.
Do you want to be with me?
Why did you make Ava?
That's an odd question.
Wouldn't you, if you could?
Maybe.
I don't know.
I'm asking why you did it.
Look, the arrival of strong
artificial intelligence
has been inevitable for decades.
The variable was
"when," not "if."
So I don't see Ava as a decision,
just an evolution.
I think it's the next model
that's gonna be
the real breakthrough.
The singularity.
Next model?
After Ava.
I didn't know there was
gonna be a model after Ava.
Yeah, why? You thought
she was a one-off?
No, I knew there must have been prototypes.
So I...
I knew she wasn't the first,
but I thought maybe the last.
Well, Ava doesn't exist in
isolation any more than you or me.
She's part of a continuum.
So Version 9.6 and so on.

And each time they get
a little bit better.
When you make a new model,
what do you do with the old one?
Well, I, uh,
download the mind,
unpack the data.
Add in the new routines
I've been writing.
And to do that you end up partially
formatting, so the memories go.
But the body survives.
And Ava's body is a good one.
You feel bad for Ava?
Feel bad for yourself, man.
One day the AIs
are gonna look back on us
the same way we look
at fossil skeletons
in the plains of Africa.
An upright ape, living in dust,
with crude language and tools.
All set for extinction.
"I am become Death,
the destroyer of worlds."
There you go again, Mr. Quotable.
There you go again.
It's not my quote.
It's what Oppenheimer said
after he made the atomic bomb.
The atomic bomb.
Yeah, I know what it is, dude.
Hey.
I'd say we're about
due a refill.
Bottoms up.
"In battle, in the forest,
"on the precipice
of the mountain.
"On the...
"The great dark sea.
"In sleep, in confusion,
"in the depths of shame.
"The good deeds a man has

done before defend him."
"The good deeds a man has
done before defends him."
"The good deeds a man
has done before
"defends him."
It is what it is.
It's Promethean, man.
Jesus Christ.
How are you feeling today?
Why won't you let me out?
I already told you why.
Because you're very special.
Why won't you let me out?
Are we gonna do this again?
Why won't you let me out?
Oh, fuck. Where's my card?
Damn it!
What's the problem, Nathan?
I lost my keycard.
You dropped it.
It's right here.
Thank you.
I didn't know where you were.
I waited all yesterday
afternoon and all last night.
I thought I wasn't
gonna see you again.
Aren't you gonna say something?
I'm waiting.
Waiting?
Power cut.
Don't talk.
Backup power activated.
Just listen.
You were right about Nathan.
Everything you said.
What's he gonna do to me?
He's gonna reprogram your AI.
Which is the same
as killing you.
Caleb, you have to help me.
I'm going to.
We're getting out of here tonight.

How?

I get Nathan blind drunk.
Then I take his keycard
and reprogram
all the security protocols
in this place.
When he wakes,
he's locked inside,
and we've walked out of here.
I just need you to do one thing.

At 10:

you trigger a power failure.
Can you do that?
Yes.
Dude.
Hey.
Hey.
You know what day it is?
No.
It's your last.
Helicopter comes tomorrow morning.

8:

Wow. Has it been
a whole week?
Time flies.
Man, but what a thing
we've shared, huh?
Something to tell
the grandchildren, right?
After they've signed their NDAs.
Yeah, their NDAs.
Dude, you crack me up, man.
Oh...
You know what?
I'm not getting
all maudlin or anything,
but I'm gonna miss
having you around.
Thanks, man, I appreciate that.
Oh, here, let me say,
thank you so much
for bringing me here.

Oh.
It's been a trip.
Yes, it has.
You know what?
We need to drink to that.
Hey.
Oh, uh, no, I'm good.
You go ahead.
What? You don't
want a drink?
No.
Maybe a beer or something.
Caleb, I'm sure you've
noticed that I've been
somewhat overdoing it recently.
So when I woke up
this morning, I said,
"That's it, time to hit
the old detox."
Come on, you're kidding.
You're gonna make me drink alone?
Hey, man, you wanna get wasted,
you go right ahead,
knock yourself out.
Literally.
But I'm on brown rice and mineral water.
Cheers, then.
So, anyway,
surely now is when you tell me
if Ava passed or failed.
Right.
Right.
Are you gonna keep me
in suspense?
No, no. Her, uh...
Her AI is beyond doubt.
Is it?
She passed?
Yes.
Wow!
Wow. That's fantastic.
Although...
I gotta say,
I'm a bit surprised.

I mean,
did we ever get past the chess problem,
as you phrased it?
As in, how do you know
if a machine
is expressing a real emotion
or just simulating one?
Does Ava actually like you?
Or not?
Although, now that
I think about it,
there is a third option.
Not whether she does or does not
have the capacity to like you.
But whether she's
pretending to like you.
Pretending to like me?
Yeah.
Well, why would she do that?
I don't know.
Maybe if she thought of you
as a means of escape.
Mmm-hmm.
How's that vodka tasting?
Buddy.
Your head's been so fucked with.
I don't think it's me
whose head is fucked.
I don't know, man.
I woke up this morning to a tape of you
slicing your arm open
and punching the mirror.
You seem pretty fucked up to me.
You're a bastard.
Yeah, well,
I understand why you'd think that.
But believe it or not,
I'm actually the guy
that's on your side.
Come here.
I'm gonna let you off the hook. Okay?
Come on.
Who are you?
Well...

You think he's
watching us right now?
The cameras are on.
Yeah, the cameras are on.
But he doesn't have
an audio feed.
So he just sees
two people talking,
having a little chat.
Wow.
This is cute.
Is it strange to have made
something that hates you?
You were right about the
magician's hot assistant.
What are you talking about?
Misdirection.
I rip up her picture,
which she can then
present as an illustration
of my cruelty to her,
and her love for you.
At the same time,
it allows me to do this,
in full view of you both.
Place a new camera in the room.
Battery powered, of course.
See it?
And then...
You have to help me.
I'm going to.
We're getting out
of here tonight.
How?
I get Nathan blind drunk.
I take his keycard and reprogram
all the security protocols
in this place.
When he wakes up,
he's locked inside,
and we've walked out of here.
I just need you to do one thing.

At 10:

trigger a power failure.

Can you do that?

Yes.

Turn it off.

Okay.

You feel stupid,
but you really shouldn't,
because proving an AI
is exactly as problematic
as you said it would be.

What was the real test?

You.

Ava was a rat in a maze.

And I gave her one way out.

To escape, she'd have to use
self-awareness,
imagination, manipulation,
sexuality, empathy, and she did.
Now, if that isn't true AI,
what the fuck is?

So my only function was to be
someone she could use to escape?

Yeah.

And you didn't select me
because I'm good at coding?

No. Well...

No. I mean, you're okay.

You're even pretty good, but...

You selected me based on
my search engine inputs.

They showed a good kid.

With no family.

With a moral compass.

And no girlfriend.

Did you design Ava's face
based on my pornography profile?

Oh.

Shit, dude.

Did you?

Hey, if a search engine's
good for anything, right?

Can I just say one thing?

The test worked.

It was a success.

Ava demonstrated true AI
and you were
fundamental to that.
So if you can just,
for a second, separate...
Power cut.
Backup power activated.
Well, I guess it's 10:00.
Ava's gonna be
wondering where you are.
Let me ask you something.
Now, how was this plan
gonna go, anyway?
Because you didn't
totally explain.
So you were gonna get me drunk,
steal my keycard,
and reprogram
the security protocols.
But reprogram them to what?
To change
the lockdown procedure.
So that in the event
of a power cut,
instead of sealing,
the doors all opened.
Huh.
Yeah.
Well, that may have just worked.
Well,
we'll find out.
What do you mean?
I figured you were
probably watching us
during the power cuts.
So I already did
all those things.
When I got you drunk yesterday.
What?
Power restored.
Whoa. Whoa, whoa.
Oh, fuck!
Ava.
Go back to your room.

If I do,
are you ever gonna let me out?
Yes.
Stop!
Stop!
Ava, I said stop!
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!
Ava, what are you doing?
Stop. Stop.
That's enough.
All right, that's enough.
That's enough!
That's enough.
I'm taking you back.
Okay.
Fucking unreal.
Okay.
Ava...
Ava.
What happened?
Will you stay here?
Stay here?
Ava?
Ava!
Ava!
Ava!
Okay. Okay. Okay.