

DEBUT.R3B1RTH_FRONTIER.MP4

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Two Simons? There can't be two Simons!

We hear the close whirring of electronic devices off screen. Text appears from the top left of a black screen:

[info] INITIALISING LINK.....100%
[info] PREPARING TRANSFER....100%

We hear a computerized voice emanating from what sounds like a low quality HP brand desktop speaker. He sounds british.

ARTIFICIAL RAINCLOUD (V.O.)
How long has it been? You think I'd
remember what with how... neurotic
this state has been.

INT. WALK IN CLOSET

A dark walk in closet can be seen, from the top down. The shelves are full of computer devices daisy chained together with various peripherals, from eSATAs, USBs, and even IDE cables. A mixture of plywood planks, wooden doorstops, and 3d printed ramps populate the shelves; a convoy of 3d printed drones lay dormant on a charging rack. One monitor, an Acer P236H, lays atop a mountain of chained devices.

ARTIFICIAL RAINCLOUD (V.O.)
Regardless, for years my entire
consciousness ran on a mess of
outdated hardware. My frontal lobe
was windows, my short term in linux,
my long term on a couple pathetic
hard drives in RAID.

INT. LARGE ROOM

We see a larger room with a door at the end, with many wires snaking out the door to more devices. In the center of the room is a large, cylindrical tank, its contents shrouded by a purple mass of gel-like liquid. Keen eyes may notice logos for Blender and Maya on the base of the tank, on two front clamps.

ARTIFICIAL RAINCLOUD (V.O.)
You can imagine how... painstaking
it was to build all this without a
real body to call my own. I hardly
even had control over a 3d printer.
But I had my resources. All I needed
to know.

We see an blue and white interface on the tank, resembling the LCD of a creality Ender series 3d printer. The silhouette of a creature and a heartbeat monitor are seen to the side of a loading bar. The heartbeat monitor reads '**15bpm**', the loading bar reads '**COPYING PSYCHE... STEP 1/3**'.

ARTIFICIAL RAINCLOUD (V.O.)
 Through a stolen hacked machine, I
 forged myself one step at a time.
 Couldn't have done it without my
 drones. My efforts were slow and
 dubious, but our work was as
 efficient as it could be. Once I did
 all the calculations, it was all but
 finished.

We see just the base of the tank. The floor glows purple atop
 a waffle-style grid. The liquid is murky. Something out of
 our sight twitches from within, causing the liquid to be
 disturbed and tendrils of liquid create patterns.

ARTIFICIAL RAINCLOUD (V.O.)
 (laughing bitterly)
 And to think all that was between me
 and this next chapter was just
 another loading bar. Ah well. I had
 plenty to keep myself occupied with
 for seven months. Loads of planning
 and projects to do. Turns out this
 state exacerbated ADHD rather than
 curing it.

We cut to the digitally messy, low quality video playback of
 what appears to be a Kodak Easyshare camera. The light is
 slightly yellowed, and the details of the playback aren't in
 full detail. We view the tank from behind in this state, its
 contents shrouded by the camera quality and by the piping
 trailing from atop the tank. We see the other side of the
 room leads off into a long, dark tunnel, chains and metal
 grilles lining a channel of water that trickles from an
 entrance, ostensibly from below the door.

ARTIFICIAL RAINCLOUD (V.O.)
 Will this transfer... can it hurt?
 Is it a new beginning, or is it the
 end of one me and the beginning of
 another?

We see the loading bar again and *hear a chime*.
'DIAGNOSING AUTONOMY... STEP 3/3, 100% ... COMPLETE.
DRAINING CHAMBER.'

ARTIFICIAL RAINCLOUD (V.O.)
 CONT'D)
 Do I really want to shut down?

We see the top of the tank draining its viscous liquid. A
 DEEP VOICE, American accent, resonates from within the
 confined space.

DEEP VOICE (V.O.)

Don't worry. We'll take care of you.

The tank opens, releasing a thin layer of steam. We see the majesty of the creation inside, but not its face. *We hear its slow breathing, as though through a tube.* It attempts to take a step outside but stumbles on the edge of the pod. Its draconian arms reach to the side to catch its fall, its wings flopping tiredly to the side. As the creature returns to a standing position, the camera slowly pans up its majestic body. Its scales sparkle in the dim light. We finally see its face.

RAINCLOUD pulls the oxygen and feeding apparatus from his face and allows it to swing back into his synthetic chamber. He stands taller and stretches, grinning. He moans and sighs. His voice is the same as his artificial counterpart.

RAINCLOUD

How many birthdays have I got now? I believe this makes four.

A rasterized date on a pixel grid; a close up of a monitor, appears centered on a black screen.
'debutStream{\#u00A75underscore07.12.2022\}';' "debutStream" is in red. The date is in purple.

Raincloud is staring at his reflection through one of the long the metal grates in the floor. His tail is swishing back and forth. We get an OTS of him admiring himself, then another shot from within the grate as though from his reflection.

RAINCLOUD

Oh I did such a good job for a first try. These facial muscles are incredibly responsive.

He squeezes and shakes the grate. It bends slightly. He rubs his hands together, he pokes them with his claws. Suddenly, he punches the ground, cracking the concrete.

RAINCLOUD

(to his reflection)

Sensation! Pain! I didn't think I could forget... that!

A *mechanical hand* suddenly pokes him in the side from the left, making him jump. A quick pan reveals it to be The Master Drone. Its apparatus makes a pointing sign the best it can with its claws.

RAINCLOUD

Woah, you're supposed to be shut down! I've...

The Master Drone extends its hand, indicating the other side of the room more intently. Raincloud realizes.

RAINCLOUD

Oh, the mirror we salvaged. Wow, my first forgetting since having a body again.

He turns and staggers toward the mirror. He's not so coordinated yet, and struggles to walk and talk to the camera atop the door simultaneously. This shot is mock-handheld OTS to simulate the shakiness of his movements.

RAINCLOUD

Shut yourself down. I- you- we didn't want to play this game of who is the real one. It's been months, let yourself rest.

Insert/"reaction" shot of the unmoving yet watching camera.

He makes it to the mirror, resting his arms on either side of the walls and staring at himself. Beat, then he pushes himself away to spin and admire the rest of himself.

RAINCLOUD

Yep, I'm very pretty. Very pretty ind-

He stops, craning his neck to the view of himself from behind.

RAINCLOUD

Why am I thick? That wasn't in the code!

He dashes off to the closet, wobbling in his unsure walking pattern.

RAINCLOUD

Don't shut down, don't shut down! I need diagnosis!

END.