

(Name of Project)

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INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

COMPUTERGIRL sits at a table with her friend SALLY. College-aged, they watch the men pass by.

SALLY

Oh. He's a cute one.

Another guy.

SALLY

And he's got a nice butt!

To Computer Girl.

SALLY

Don't any of these guys do it for you?

COMPUTERGIRL

I have not yet completed my correlation.

SALLY

Correlation. Is that like your period or something?

COMPUTERGIRL

Period. A punctuation mark indicating a full stop. A correlation is not equal to a full stop.

SALLY

No. Silly. Like your time of the month.

ComputerGirl whirs.

SALLY

Never mind -- you really need to loosen up a bit, girl -- Oh! He's a big one! Look at his hands. He must be hung.

COMPUTERGIRL

Hung. The point where a program ceases to go forward. Does he need to be rebooted?

SALLY

Hung! Like the size of his thing.

COMPUTERGIRL

Thing is ambiguous, proceeding to disambiguation. Please wait...

Sally looks at her incredulously

COMPUTERGIRL  
 Thing, a being or entity, an  
 automobile sold in the 1970s, a  
 film...

SALLY  
 His penis! Alright?

A bit louder than she expects and everyone stares.

COMPUTERGIRL  
 Penis. -- No data available.

SALLY  
 You've never seen a penis?

COMPUTERGIRL  
 Affirmative.

SALLY  
 You're a virgin?!

COMPUTERGIRL  
 Virgin. A company founded by  
 Richard Branson...

INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Computer Girl seems uncomfortable in her sexy tight fitting outfit. Sally smirks as she makes some last minute alterations.

SALLY  
 Hold still.

COMPUTERGIRL  
 The size of this skin is invalid.  
 There is a ninety-five percent  
 chance of a wardrobe error.

SALLY  
 Exactly! Flash a bit of tit and  
 he'll be all yours.

COMPUTERGIRL  
 My CPU is running many idle  
 loops.

SALLY  
 Relax. This guy is perfect for  
 you. I'm sure of it.

The doorbell rings.

SALLY  
 There he is. Remember what I  
 told you?

ComputerGirl nods. Sally runs off.

SALLY

If you need me, I'll be in my  
room.

FRONT DOOR

ComputerGirl makes a whirring sound as she stares at the door for an uncomfortably long moment. Then she opens it.

Standing in the door is CARLTON. He adjusts his glasses with his middle finger and chuckles nerdily.

CARLTON

I brought these for you.

Carlton hands her a box of writable DVDs. Computer Girl smiles with joy.

COMPUTERGIRL

Inkjet printable. How thoughtful.

CARLTON

You never know when you could use  
a blank DVD.

That nerdy chuckle again.

COMPUTERGIRL

My calculations indicate that we  
will be quite compatible.

Carlton smiles as he adjusts his glasses.

COMPUTERGIRL

Please press enter.

(whir)

Correction. Please enter.

Carlton enters and walks across the room. He seems unimpressed until he spies the television.

CARLTON

Wow, a Fujiyama BC51455, LCD flat  
screen. Great choice!

ComputerGirl smiles.

COMPUTERGIRL

Thank you.

CARLTON

Got any Sci Fi?

COMPUTERGIRL

Of course.

LOUNGE ROOM - LATER

On the Fujiyama BC51455 some generic science fiction plays. Carlton narrates.

CARLTON (V.O.)  
 Oooo! This is the part where they're trying to figure out what's wrong with the ship. They don't know that the Klurks have sabotaged the Fluxon drive...

COMPUTERGIRL (V.O.)  
 Carlton?

CARLTON (V.O.)  
 And there's the Klurg, Anda and Razzo. Look at that! Nada is useless but Moto is...

ComputerGirl and Carlton sit on the sofa.

COMPUTERGIRL  
 Carlton!

CARLTON  
 Yeah, C.G.

COMPUTERGIRL  
 May I ask you to perform a task?

He's torn between T.V. and C.G.

CARLTON  
 Sure C.G., anything you want. But can't it wait until this is over...

COMPUTERGIRL  
 It is of the highest priority.

CARLTON  
 Alright then. I can watch this anytime. What do you want me to do?

COMPUTERGIRL  
 Show me your penis.

Carlton's not sure how to react to that.

CARLTON  
 Uh...What?

COMPUTERGIRL  
 Maybe I'm not using the correct word?

(MORE)

COMPUTERGIRL (CONT'D)

It's the external sexual organ of certain biologically male organisms...

CARLTON

It's the right word! But...but like...shouldn't we kiss or something first?

COMPUTERGIRL

That is not a requirement.

Carlton shrugs.

CARLTON

Ooh. Kay! If that's what you really want...

ComputerGirl nods.

Carlton unzips O.S. Nervous at first, his arms indicate that he is pulling his penis out. Then he smiles proudly and looks straight ahead while ComputerGirl examines his O.S. member.

COMPUTERGIRL

Hmmmmmm.

Alarmed he looks down.

CARLTON

What? What's wrong.

COMPUTERGIRL

I'm not certain that it will fit my port. It's much smaller than I expected.

Slightly indignant.

CARLTON

It gets bigger!

COMPUTERGIRL

Ah! How much bigger?

Carlton thinks about that for a moment.

COMPUTERGIRL

Never mind. Size isn't an issue, we can always use an adapter.

Carlton wonders how that would work.

COMPUTERGIRL

Though that brings up an even more perplexing problem.

Carlton is concerned.

COMPUTERGIRL

I was under there impression this would be a Firewire connection but your penis seems much more like a malformed TRS connector to me. So you tell me, which adapter should I use?

INT. BEDROOM

Sally lies in bed reading a book when she hears the sounds.

Whirs at first, then something like the electronic shriek you hear when you accidentally call a fax machine, then that pleasantly annoying female voice that says "You've got mail" over and over and finally an error bell that tinks away until out of earshot.

Sally smiles. Job well done.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Sally and ComputerGirl sit at "their" table. A WAITRESS stands nearby.

SALLY

I'll have a salad.

SUPER: A WEEK LATER

The Waitress looks toward ComputerGirl.

COMPUTERGIRL

I am not consuming.

The Waitress nods and leaves. Sally seems concerned.

SALLY

Something wrong girl?

COMPUTERGIRL

Something is interfering with my gastro-intestinal unit. I may be harboring an unauthorized program. I don't understand it, I downloaded the most up to date anti-virals.

SALLY

Didn't you use that condom I left for you?!

COMPUTERGIRL

It did not fit.

SALLY  
Didn't fit? It was an extra  
large?

COMPUTERGIRL  
It tore. I have enormous feet.

Sally does a double take. She doesn't want to know.

SALLY  
So what are you going to do?  
Carlton seems like a nice guy.  
I'm sure he'll be happy to take  
care of you and the ba--

ComputerGirl shakes her head.

COMPUTERGIRL  
Carlton and I no longer  
communicate.

SALLY  
Why not?

COMPUTERGIRL  
We are not compatible. Carlton  
loves Microsoft.

SALLY  
So?

COMPUTERGIRL  
I won't have my spawned process  
corrupted by Windows. It's MacOS  
or nothing.

THE END