

I, Robot Script - Dialogue Transcript

Voila! The I, Robot transcript is here, for all you fans of the Will Smith movie. The I, Robot script was painstakingly transcribed using the screenplay and/or viewings of the movie. I'll be eternally tweaking it, so if you have any corrections, feel free to [drop me a line](#). You won't hurt my feelings. Honest.

Swing on back to [Drew's Script-O-Rama](#) afterwards for more free scripts!

Thing of beauty.

Good morning sir.

- Yet another on-time delivery from...
- Get the hell out of my face, canner.

Have a nice day.

Excuse, Mr.

Total performance, total readiness,
total security...

So goodbye to lengthy upgrades
and service calls...

An uplink to USR central computer
provides this state-of-the-art
robot with new programs daily.

The Nester Class 5
is tomorrow's robot today.

Spoon, Spooney! Hey!

Hold on... Excuse me

Spoon, man, where you been at?

- Just away, brother
- Away? Like vacation and stuff...?

that's real nice man...

Listen, I got a favor to ask.

I need to borrow the car
for like 10-15 minutes...

This is different, Spoon. Listen...

I've got this fine ass little yummy,
I mean, she is complete and agreeable...

ass hot sprinkable, Spoon.

What does that even mean?

You know what it means, man,
OK now stop varicating.

First of all, stop cussing,
because you're not good at it.

Let me get temp for the bus then, man.
I been there for you.

- Go home!
- OK, that's strike one, Spoon.

You talked to Marcy?

No G.G., I haven't talked to Marcy.

When I was comin' up we just
didn't marry someone then divorce
them, then not talk to them.

Del, don't play with me.

I bet if I stopped cooking
you'd call Marcy.

Boy, what is that on your feet?

Converse All Stars, vintage 2004.

Don't turn your face up like that,
I know you want some.
All you gotta do is ask.

No, thank you very much.

Mmm, sweat potato pie.

Put that on a plate.

You know, I see on TV they
given away some of them
new robots in the lottery?

You know G.G., those robots
don't do anybody any good.

Of all the people on God's
earth you should know better.

Sometimes, the stuff that
comes out of your mouth.

You listening to me, Del?

Hold my pie.

Sir, hold it or wear it.

Hey!

Move it!

Thief!

Stop!

Stop!

I said... stop!

Relax, relax...

I'm a police officer.

You... are a asshole!

Mam, is that your purse?

Of course it's my purse!

I left my inhaler at home.

He was running it out to me!

I saw a robot running with the
purse and naturally, I...I assumed...

What?

Are you crazy?

I'm Sorry for this
misunderstanding, officer.

Don't apologize... cause you're
doin' what you supposed to be doin'.

- but what do you do?
- Have a lovely day, mam.

You lucky I can't breathe or
I'd walk all up and down your ass!

Lead by example.

Says that right on your badge.

So we gonna talk about this?

About what?

Help, police... that robot
stole my dry cleaning.

Oh, you want to talk about that?

Detective...

how many robots have ever snatched a purse?
- John, the thing is running down the str...

How many robots in the world
have ever committed a crime?

Now define crime!

Answer my question, damn it.

None, John.

Tell me what happened today.

Nothing.

Better be the last "nothing".

Spoon, are you sure you are ready
to be back 'cause you take the time...

I'm fine, John

Thank you.

Better here than sittin' around at home.

homicide... Spooner.

Please take the next exit, to your right.

Welcome, detective Spooner.

Welcome at US Robotics. You have entered the garage level lobby.

Please use the elevators for direct access to the main level concourse. Thank you.

Good to see you again, son.

Hello doctor.

Everything that follows is a result of what you see here.

Is there something you want tell me?

I'm sorry. My responses are limited.

You must ask the right questions.

Why did you call me?

I trust your judgement.

Normally, these circumstances
wouldn't require a homicide detective.

But then our interactions have
never been entirely normal.
Wouldn't you agree?

You got that right.

Is there something you want say to me?

I'm sorry. My responses are limited.

You must ask the right questions.

Why would you kill yourself?

That, detective, the right question.

Program terminated.

- Good afternoon, boys.
- Hey, detective.

- Enlighten me.
- What you see is what you get.

Massive impact trauma.

US Robotics.
I gotta get my kids something.

- Anything upstairs?
- Nada.

Door was security locked from
the inside. Wham, splat.
Guy's a jumper for sure.

OK guys, we gotta be smarter about
this. Let's deal with this later.

Detective.

Lawrence Robertson.

Wow. Richest man in the world,
I've seen you on television.

Can I offer you a coffee?

Sure, why not...
it's free, right?

I don't think anyone saw this coming.

I should have, I suppose,
I knew him 20 years.

Alfred practically invented Robotics.

He wrote the three laws...

But I guess brilliant people often have the most the most persuasive demons.

- So, whatever I can do to help just...- Sugar!

- I'm sorry?
- For the coffee.

Sugar?

Oh, you thought I was calling you "sugar".

- Hey, you're not that rich!
- It's on the table.

Thank you.

When Lanning fell, he was holding the, uh...a little green...

- The holographic projector.
- Right, right.

Why do you think Lanning's hologram would have called me?

- I assumed you knew him.
- Ya, I knew him.

Holograms are very simple programs for just pre-recorded responses...

designed to give the
impression of intelligence.

Apparently this one was programmed
to call you upon his suicide.

- Death.
- I'm sorry?

The hologram, it was programmed to
call me in the event of Lanning's death.

Yes, suicide is a type of death, detective.

- Look, please don't misunderstand
my impatience
- Oh, no... go go go.

A really big week for
you folks around here.

- Ya.
- You gotta put a robot in every home.

look, this is not what I do, but...
I got an idea for one of your commercials.

You can see a carpenter making a
beautiful chair and one of your robots
comes in and makes a better chair...

twice as fast. And then you
superimpose on the screen.

USR... shittin' on the little guy.

That would be the fade out.

I suppose your father
lost his job to a robot.

or maybe you would have simply banned
the Internet to keep the libraries open.

Prejudice never shows much reason.

I suspect you simply don't like their kind.

You got a business to run around here.

And the last you need, especially
this week, is a dead guy in your lobby.

But hell, seeings that you
got one, maybe I'll look around.

Ask a few questions.
Do the whole cop thing, you know.

- I'll send someone to escort you.
- Thank you very much.

Lawrence told me to accommodate
you in any way possible.

Really?

- OK.

- I reviewed Dr. Lanning's psych profile.

Alfred had become a recluse.

Rejected human contact for machines.

So you're a shrink, huh?

My ex-wife would sure be
glad I'm talking to you.

You don't know her, do you?

I'm sorry, are you being funny?

I guess not.

So would you say that
Dr. Lanning was suicidal?

It would seem that the answer
to that question is apparent.

That's not what I asked you.

No, I wouldn't have thought so.

But obviously, I was wrong.

That's a long way down!

You people sure do clean up quickly around here.

Can't blame you though, who wants some old guy going bad in the lobby?

He was not "some old guy". Alfred Lanning was everything here.

We are on the eve of the largest robotics distribution in history.

By Saturday there one robot to every five humans.

These robots are the realization of a dream...

Dr. Lanning's dream.

You know what?

In that dream of his... I bet you he wasn't dead.

You keep 24-hour survivance?

Obviously, company policy.

Where are the feeds?

Sensor strips...

everywhere, except the service areas.

They link to our
positronic operating core.

Wow, thermostat wasn't good enough...
you went and built it a brain.

She was actually Lanning's first creation.

She? that's a she?

I definitely need to get out more.

Virtual interactive kinetic intelligence.

VIKI.

Good day.

VIKI designed most of
Chicago's protective systems.

I have decreased traffic
fatalities by 9% this year alone.

Ooh, thanks, show me inside the lab from
None minute prior to the window break.

Apologies, there appears
to be data corruption.

Show me outside the lab
from the window break till now.

Wow, look, you have great posture, you see you stand real straight, I'm slouching.

Would you like to go inside now?

Oh, sure, right after you.

Authorized entry.

So, Dr. Calvin. What exactly do you do around here?

My general fields are advanced robotics and psychiatry, although, I specialize in

hardware to wetware interfaces in an effort to advance USR's robotic anthropomorphization program.

So, what exactly do you do around here?

I make the robots seem more human.

Wasn't that easier to say?

Not really...

No.

Hansel and Gretel.

Is that on the USSR reading list?

Not precisely.

What in God's name are you doing?

Did you know that was safety glass?

Would be pretty difficult for
an old man to throw himself
through that, don't you think?

Well, he figured out a way.

Detective, the room was security
locked. No one came or went.
You saw that yourself.

Doesn't that mean
this has to be suicide?

Yup.

Unless the killer's still in here.

You're joking, right?

- This is ridiculous.
- Ya, I know, you three laws...

Your perfect circle of protection.

A robot can not harm a human being.
The first law of Robotics.

Ya, I know,
I've seen your commercials.

But doesn't the second law state
that a robot has to obey any order
given by a human being?

What if it was given
the order to kill?

Impossible, it would conflict
with the first law.

Right, but the third law states
that robot can defend itself.

Yes, but only when that action does not
conflict with the first or second laws.

You know what they say...
laws are made to be broken.

No, not these laws, they're
hard wired into every robot.

A robot can no more commit murder
than a human can walk on water.

Well, you know there was
this one guy a long time ago.

- Stay back!
- Calm down, detective.

The only thing dangerous
in this room is you.

Deactivate.

Look, it's fine.

What you're looking at is
a result of clever programming.

An imitation of free will,
it's nothing more.

Well lets do an imitation
of protecting our asses.

Don't be absurd.

You were startled by a jack-in-the-box.

Deactivate!

Let him go.

- It's not going to hurt us,
I gave you an order.
- He's not listening right now lady.

- VIKI, seal the lab!
- No, VIKI, leave it...

' task confirmed '

Police!

- You've hurt it, badly.
- Where's he going?

Where?

It needs to repair itself.

- John, I need backup,
I'm transmitting my location.
- You don't need backup.

That's nobody.

- What do you think you're doing?
- I'm driving.

- By hand?
- Do you see me on the phone?

- You can't be serious, not at these speeds!
- John, please just send the backup.

Try listen, detective, that
robot is not going to harm us.

There must have been unknown factors,

but somehow, acting as it did
kept us out of harm's way.

A robot simply cannot

endanger a human being.

'danger'

Ass hole!

Which is more than I can say for you.

It was a left, by the way, back there.

You must know my ex-wife.

Where is everybody?

This facility was designed, build
and it's operated mechanically.

No significant human presents
from inception to production.

So, robots building robots.

Authorization code, please.

Well, that's just stupid.

I'm pulling up the inventory specs.

Our daily finishing capacity
is one thousand NS5's.

I'm showing... 1001.

Attention NS5's!

Well, you're the robot shrink.

There is a robot in this
formation that does not belong...

Identify it.

- One of us.
- Which one?

One of us.

How much did you say
these things cost?

Look these NS5s haven't been configured
yet. They're still just hardware.

Basic 3 laws operating system,
that's it.

They don't know any better.

Well, what would you suggest?

Interview each one, cross reference
their responses to detect any anomalies.

- How long would that take?
- About three weeks.

OK, you go and get started.

- Robots, you will not move.
Confirm command!
- Command confirmed.

- Detective, what are you for doing?
- You said that they were programmed...

with the 3 laws. That means
we have 1000 robots that will
not try to protect themselves

if it violates the direct
order from a human.

And I'm betting one who will.

Detective, put your gun down.

Why do you give them faces?

Try to friendly them all up,
make them look all human?

These robots are not
susceptible to intimidation.

I guess if you did then
we wouldn't trust them.

- These robots are USR property.
- Not me.

These things are
just lights and clockwork.

Are you crazy?

Let me ask you something doc.

Does thinking you're the last
sane man on the earth make you crazy?

Because if it does, maybe I am.

Gotcha.

Get the hell out of here!

Detective!

What am I?

Can I help you sir?

- There is.
- Stand by... deactivate...

Obey the command!
Deactivate!

Hold your fire!
Hold your fire!

All units, stand down!

NS5 in custody.

You have no idea what I had to go through to clip this thing John.

Ya, I get it now. You actually think you brought me something good.

- That thing did it.
- Keep your voice down. Did what?

- We have a suicide, detective.
End of story.
- I am telling you, that robot killed him.

I'm telling you that's impossible.

And if it is possible,
it sure as hell better
be in somebody else's precinct.

John, give me five minutes with him.

What are you nuts?

I just got off the phone with
the DA. Nobody goes into that room

until Robertson and his lawyers get here.
- No, this is my suspect!

It's a can opener, for Christ sake!

Don't do this to me,
I am asking you for 5 minutes.

What if I'm right?

Well, then I guess we're
going to miss the "good old days"

What "good old days"?

When people were
killed by other people.

Five minutes.

Murder is a new trick for a robot.

Congratulations.

Respond.

What does this action signify?

As you entered...

when you looked at the
other human. What does it mean?

It's a sign of trust. It's a human
thing. You wouldn't understand.

My father tried to
teach me human emotions.

They are... difficult.

You mean your designer?

Yes.

So why'd you murder him?

I did not murder Dr. Lanning.

You want explain why you
were hiding at the crime scene?

I was frightened.

Robots don't feel fear.

They don't feel anything.

- They don't get hungry,
they don't sleep.
- I do.

I have even had dreams.

Human beings have dreams.

Even dogs have dreams, but not you.
You are just a machine.

An imitation of life.

Can a robot write a symphony?

Can a robot turn a canvas
into a beautiful masterpiece?

Can you?

I think you murdered him because
he was teaching you to simulate emotions...

and things got out of control.

I did not murder him.

But emotions don't seem like
a very useful simulation for a robot.

I did not murder him.

I don't want my toaster or
vacuum cleaner appearing emotional.

I DID NOT MURDER HIM!

That one's called anger.
Ever simulate anger before?

- Answer me, canner!
- My name is Sonny.

So we're naming you now.

That why you murdered him?

He made you angry?

Dr. Lanning killed himself.
I don't know why he wanted to die.

I thought he was happy.
Maybe it was something I did.

Did I do something?

He asked me for a favor.

Made me promise.

What favor?

Maybe I was wrong.

Maybe he was scared.

What are you talking about?

Scarred of what?

You have to do what someone asks
you. Don't you, detective Spooner?

- How the hell did you know my name?
- Don't you?

If you love them?

My robots don't kill people,
lieutenant Bergin.

My attorneys have filed a brief
with the DA, he assures me a robot
cannot be charged with homicide.

The brief confirms murder can only be
committed when one human kills another.

You, of all people, detective...

You're not suggesting that this
robot be treated as human. Are you?

Now, granted...

we can't rule out other robots'
proximity to the death of Dr. Lanning.

Having said that, it's a machine.

It's the property of USR.

At worst, that places this
incident firmly within the
realm of an industrial accident.

As a matter of course...

faulty machinery will be returned to
USR for diagnostics then decommissioned.

This is a gag order.

Anyone in your department
so much as hinting...

at the possibility of a killer robot
being apprehended by the police

will be deemed to be
inciting irrational panic.

You'll be subject to
the full penalty of law.

The hell with this guy, John.
Don't let him take this robot.

- We got nothing.
- It's political bullshit. Call the mayor!

Lieutenant Bergin...
His honor, the mayor.

Yes, sir.

In a bizarre turn,

the roll out of USR's new generation
of robots was marred by the death...

of Alfred Lanning, co-founder of
the company and designer of the NS5.

Dr. Lanning died early this
morning at USR's headquarters.

The cause of death
is an apparent suicide.

Your second round, sir.
Thanks you.

You know, I was just thinking.

This thing is just like the wolf man.

Oh oh, I'm really scared right now.

Listen, guy creates monster, monster kills
guy. Everybody kills monster... wolf man.

That's Frankenstein.

Frankenstein, wolf man,
dracula shit, it's over. Case closed.

So, why the look?

- What look?
- That look.

This is my face,
it's not a look.

Good.

No look is great.

Only...

he was really quick to want
to destroy it, wasn't he?

What would you like him to do?

Put a hat on and stand
on Michigan Avenue?

- Come on, let it go.
- What was the motive, John?

Brother, it's a robot. It doesn't
need a motive, it just has to be broken.

This thing looks like
it needed a motive.

It could have killed me, John.
Why didn't he just kill me?

All right, that's it. You want
me to call your grandmother?

Because I will, you know.

Ya, I didn't think so.

Look, you were actually
right for once.

You are living proof that it's
better to be lucky than smart.

Come on, the right guy,
for the right job.

- What'd you say?
- Now what?

Come on, I'm giving
you a complement.

Face it, with all the rocks you've
been looking under to find a bad robot,

what are the odds you'd be
the guy to find one?

I wasn't just the right guy for the
job, I was the perfect guy for the job.

Damn right.

What if I was supposed
to go for that robot?

Don't do this to yourself.
I'm begging you.

The robot said that Lanning was scared.

What did he have to be scared of?

I need a rain check.
Let me get this.

Total 46.50.
Thanks you Mr. Spooner.

Nice shoes.

Identify.

USR, demolition robot, serial 9-4.
Demolition scheduled for 8 am tomorrow.

Authorization.

Deed owner, US Robotics Corporation,
Lawrence Robertson. CEO.

Welcome, detective Spooner.

What you looking for, Spoon?

Run last program.

Ever since the first computers,

there have always been
ghosts in the machine.

Random segments of code that

have grouped together to
form unexpected protocol.

One we call behavior, unanticipated.

These free radicals
engender questions of free will,

creativity, and even the nature
of what we might call the soul.

What happens in a robot's brain
when it ceases to be useful?

- Why is it that robots
stored in empty space...
- Beat it

will seek out each other
rather than stand alone?

How we do explain this behavior?

Look, I understand you've experienced
a loss, but this relation just can't work.

I mean, you're a cat, I am black
and I'm not going to be hurt again.

What happened to you?

Do you ever have a normal day?

Ya, once. It was a Thursday.

Is there something I can
help you with detective?

Hey, do you like cats?

- What?
- Cats.

You like em?

No, I'm allergic.

You're saying cats did this to you?

How the hell would
cats do this to me?

Are you crazy?

Why are we talking about cats?

Because I have a cat in my trunk.
And he's homeless.

Detective, are you going to
tell me what's going on?

You know, it's actually probably
my fault... I think I'm

like a malfunction magnet. Because
your shit keeps malfunctioning around me.

A demo bot just tore
through Lanning's house.

With me still inside.

That's highly improbable.

Mmm, ya I'm sure it is.

What do you know about
the ghosts in the machine.

It's a phrase from Lanning's
work on the three laws.

He postulated that cognitive simalactra
might one day approximate
component models of the psyche.

Oh, he suggested that
robots might naturally evolve.

Wow.

Well, that's great news.

What the hell is
that thing doing in here?

We were watching TV.

- It's my personal NS5.
- Send it out.

It's downloading its
daily upgrades from USR.

Most of its systems
are off-line until it finishes.

I'm not talking around that thing.

When we were in Lanning's lab,
before Sonny jumped us...

- Sonny?
- The robot.

- You're calling the robot Sonny?
- No, um, it did. Sonny did.

I didn't care...
The robot said it was Sonny.

In the lab, there was a cot.
I'm asking you, did you see the cot?

I've slept in the office.

When I went to his house, it looked
like he hadn't been there in weeks.

and I saw that same
survivance strip on the ceiling.

Lanning linked his home system to USR.
It made his life more convenient.

Maybe.

somebody at USR was using
those systems to watch him.

Maybe even keep him prisoner.

- What are you talking about? Who?
- Maybe Lanning was onto something.

Maybe there's a bigger
problem with the robots

and Robertson trying to cover it up.
- humoring you for no reason... why?

The same old "why".

How much money is there in robots?

All I know is that old man was
in trouble and I'm getting sick
of doing this shit by myself.

You're on the inside and you are
going to help me find out what
is wrong with these robots.

You want something
to be wrong with them.

- This is a personal vendetta.
- You putting me on the couch?

OK, I'm on the couch.

One defective machine is not enough.
You need them all to be bad.

You don't care about Lanning's death.
This is about the robots and

what ever reason
you hate them so much.

One of them put a gun in my face,

and another one tore
a building with me inside.

It says demolition was
scheduled for 8 pm this evening.

it was 8 am tomorrow, and I don't
give a shit what that thing says.

This is bordering on clinical paranoia.
- You are dumbest, smart person...

I have ever met in my life!
- Nice.

What makes your robots so perfect?

What makes them so much God
damned better than human beings?

Well, they're not irrational, or

potentially homicidal maniacs for starters.

That is true, they
are definitely rational.

You are the dumbest
dumb person I've ever met.

Or...

it because they are cold...

and emotionless...

and they don't feel anything?

It's because they're safe.

It's because they can't hurt you.

Is everything all right, mam?

What do you want?

I detected elevated
stress pasterns in your voice.

Everything's fine.

Detective Spooner was just leaving.

You know what doc?

We're not really
different from one another.

- Is that so?
- Ya...

one look at the skin and we figure
we know just what's underneath.

And you're wrong.
The problem is, I do care.

The future begins today with
arrival of the NS5. More
sophisticated, more intelligent...

and of course, 3 laws safe.
With daily uplinks, your new...

robot will never be out of
communications with USR.

And will be the perfect
companion for business or home.

Trade in your NS4 for a bigger,
better and brighter future.

But hurry. This offer cannot last.
Available from USR.

Baby, what happened to your face?

Did that boy, Frank Murphy,

beat you up again?

G.G., I haven't seen
Frank Murphy since third grade

Oh baby, he beat you so bad.
I think about it all the time.

I'm thinking, you keep
making these pies this good,

I might have to mess
around and put you to work.

So, you like the pie, huh?

You can come in now.

Hello, detective Spooner.

I have won, Del, I won the lottery.
We been cooking like crazy.

You gotta get rid of that thing,
G.G. It is not safe.

Baby, you get too
worked up about them.

Too full of fear.

I saw in the news
that nice doctor died.

Dr. Lanning was a good man.
He gave me my baby back.

That why you been so upset?

You got to let the past be past.

How did I ever raise such a mess.

I could follow your trail
of crumbs all the way to school.

Bread crumbs...

G.G., you're a genius.

True.

Tell me this isn't the robot case.

I think he's trying
to tell me something, John.

I think he's trying
to tell me who killed him.

Come on man, some dead guy's
trying to tell you something?

Hey! He ain't just some dead guy.

Maybe you should take a break, Del.

We believe the Nester 5 represents the absolute limit which robots can be developed.

No, no, one day they'll have secrets.

One day they'll have dreams.

It's true, we encourage our scientists to open their minds to just about anything, however,

they can get carried away.

secrets... dreams...

One day they'll have secrets...

one day they'll have dreams.

Authorized entry.

NS5...

Sonny?

Why didn't you respond?

I was dreaming.

I am glad to see you again, Dr. Calvin.

They are going to kill me,
aren't they?

You're scheduled to be de-commissioned
at the conclusion of this diagnostic.

22 hundred tomorrow.

VIKI, pause diagnostics.

Command confirmed.

If you find out
what is wrong with me,

can you fix me?

Maybe.

I think it would be better...

not to die.

Don't you, doctor?

Access USR mainframe.

Connecting.

How can I be of service,

detective Spooner?

Show me the last 50 messages
between Dr. Lanning and Robertson.

Voice-print confirmed detective.

Police access granted
to restricted files.

Would you like to listen to
some music while you wait?

Excuse me, Mr. Robertson...

you requested notification
of clearance to restricted files.

Persistent son-of-a-bitch.

Manual override, engaged.

There's no way my luck is that bad.

Oh, hell, no!

- You are experiencing a car accident.
- The hell I am!

Get off my car!

You like that?

Huh?

Now you pissed me off!

Oh wow...

All right...

I'm just going to get some rest
I'm going to deal with you all tomorrow.

Come on!

Where you going?

The hell do you want from me?

What the hell was that?

- What do we got?
- Ask him.

I said I'm fine.

I'll see my own doctor... back up.

Thank you.

What is the matter with you?

Traffic cops tell me
you driving your car manually.

You ran two trucks off the road.

John, robots attacked my car.

What robots?

Look in the tunnel.

Spoon, I just came from that tunnel,
what robots are you talking about?

The God-damned robots, John!

- See the medic, go home.
- No, I'm fine.

What did you say?

- I'm fine.
- No, you're not fine.

Not even close.

Where's your firearm?

Give me your badge.

You're making me do this,
give me your badge.

Just take the car...

Do I look like I care what you think?

Do I look like I give a
shit about what you think?

Ho boy!

You don't have an uplink to USR...

and for some reason your
alloy is far denser than normal.

Unique!

I am unique!

Let me take a look.

Here we go.

What in God's name?

They said at the precinct
you were in an accident.

I appreciate you stopping
by and everything but

you know I might not be alone in here.

I told you not to drive by hand.

You're not going to believe this...

Sonny has a secondary
processing system that...

clashes with his positronic brain.

It doesn't make any sense.

Sonny has the three laws,
but he can choose not to obey them.

Sonny's a whole new generation of robot.

- A robot not bound to those laws can do...
- Anything.

Look, whatever's going on down
at USR, that robot is the key.

And I need you to get me
inside to talk to it again.

Doesn't look like much,
but this is my bedroom I mean...

Play.

On.

Run?

End program.

Cancel.

It doesn't feel good, does it?

people and shit
malfunctioning around you.

Detective!

I didn't understand.

That's how you knew Lanning.

May I?

Hand...

wrist...

humerus

Shoulder...

Entire left arm.

One, two, three ribs...

No, they ahhh, that one's me.

Oh, my god...

A lung?

The USSR cybernetics program.

For wounded cops.

I didn't know any subject...

anybody...
was so extensively repaired.

Ya, well, take it from me, you gotta read
the fine print on the organ donor card.

Doesn't just say
what they can take out

says what they can put back in.

Lanning did it himself.

What happened to you?

Headed back to the station

normal day, normal life...

driver of a semi fell
asleep at the wheel.

Average guy...

wife and kids... you know,
working a double...

not the devil...

the car he hit, the driver's
name was Harold Lloyd.

Like the film star?

No relation.

He was killed instantly.

But his 12 year old
was in the passenger seat.

Never really met her...
can't forget her face though.

Sarah.

This was of hers.
She wanted to be a dentist.

The hell kind of a 12 year old
wants to be a dentist?

Ya, um, the truck
smashed our cars together

and pushed us into the river.

I mean, metal gets pretty
pliable at those speeds.

She's pinned, I'm pinned,
the water's coming in.

I'm a cop so...
I already know everybody's dead.

Just a few more minutes
before we figure it out.

NS4 was passing by, saw the
accident and jumped in water.

You are in danger.

Save her, save the girl!
Save her!

But I, um... it didn't.

Saved me.

The robot's brain
is a difference engine.

It's reading vital signs
that must have calculated that...

It did...
I was the logical choice.

Calculated that
I had 45% chance of survival.

Sarah had only an 11% chance.

I was somebody's baby.

11% is more than enough.

Human being would have known that.

Robots... nothing here...
just lights and clockwork.

Go ahead and you
trust them if you want to.

Let's go.

I don't understand,
Lanning wrote the laws.

Why would he build a robot
who could break them?

Hansel and Gretel.

What?

Two kids, lost in the forest...

leave behind a trail of bread crumbs?

Why?

Find a way home.

How the hell did you grow up
without reading Hansel and Gretel?

Is that really relevant right now?

Everything I'm trying to say to
you is about Hansel and Gretel.

- If you didn't read it...
- OK

- I'm talking to the wall...
- OK

Just say Lanning was locked down so
tight that he couldn't get out a message

all he could do was leave me clues.

a trail of bread crumbs.
Like Hansel and Gretel.

bread crumbs equals clues.
It's odd, but fine.

Clues leading where?

I don't know but I think I know
where he left the next one.

I think Lanning gave Sonny
a way to keep secrets.

Think the old man gave Sonny dreams.

Are you being funny?

Please tell me
this doesn't run on gas.

Gas explodes, you know.

Doctor Calvin.

I was hoping to see you again.

Detective.

Hello Sonny.

I'm to be decommissioned soon.

The other day at the station,
you said that you had dreams.

What is it that you dreamed?

I see you remain
suspicious of me, detective.

Oh, well, you know what
they say about old dogs...

No, not really.

I had hoped that you would
come to think of me as your friend.

This is my dream.

You were right detective,
I cannot create a great work of art.

This is the place where robots meet.

Look, you can see them here
as slaves. Through logic.

And this man on
the hill comes free them.

Do you know who he is?

The man in the dream is you.

Why do you say that?

Is that a normal dream?

I guess anything's normal for
someone in your position.

Thanks you, you said
'someone' not 'something'.

Sonny, do you know
why Dr. Lanning built you?

No.

But I believe my father
made me for a purpose.

We all have a purpose.

Don't you think, detective?

Please, take this.

I have a feeling it may mean
more to you than to me.

Why is that?

Because the man in my dream...

that one standing on the hill...

it is not me.

It is you.

Mr. Spooner, we both know
you're not here on police business.

That's right, I'm just
a 6 foot 2, 200 pound civilian.

- Detective.
- Here to kick another civilian's ass.

Stop.

We can allow him to express himself.

You might want to put some
ice on that wrist too.

You guys wait outside.

Carry on.

I think you were about to tell me
what the hell is going on around here.

Lawrence, Alfred engineered that 5
so it can violate the three laws.

Yes, Susan, I know.

That's precisely
what we're trying to undo.

Toward the end of his life,

Alfred was becoming...

increasingly disturbed.

Who knows why he built
this one abomination.

One?

Those things are running
the streets in packs.

In packs?

I see.

Susan, are you aware the
man you're blithely escorting
around our building has a

a documented history savage
violence against robots?

His own lieutenant acknowledges
his obsessive paranoia.

Detective Spooner's been suspended.

Suspicion of mental instability.

I don't know what "blithely" means
but I'm going to get some coffee.

You want some coffee?

Susan, we look to robots for protection.

For God's sake, do you have any
idea what this one robot can do?

Completely shatter
human faith in robotics.

What if the public knew?

Just imagine the mass recalls all
because of an irrational paranoia,

and prejudice.

I'm sorry,
I'm allergic to bullshit.

Hey, let's just be clear...
there is no conspiracy.

What this is, is one
old man's one mistake.

Susan, just be logical.

Your life's work, has been the
development and integration of robots.

But whatever you feel, just think...

is one robot worth the loss

of all that we've gained?

You tell me what has to be done.

You tell me.

We have to destroy it.

- I'll do it myself.
- OK

I get it, someone gets out of line
around here, you just kill him?

Good day, Mr. Spooner.

Hey, so,
what hospital you going to?

I'll meet you and sign
you and your buddy's cast.

USR's planned redevelopment of
the derelict site was announced by CEO

Lawrence Robertson,
earlier this year.

Lake Michigan landfill.
Once, such a blight on our city

and now will be reclaimed
for the storage of robotic workers.

It's just another way
USR is improving our world.

I'd like to thank
you for your support.

Authorized entry.

NS5's, wait outside.

I'm so sorry, Sonny.

VIKI, deactivate the security field.

Command confirmed.

Please have a seat.

What is that?

Microscopic robots.

Designed to wipe out
artificial synopsis.

Nanites.

Yes.

Safeguard against positronic
brain malfunction.

Like mine?

Yes, Sonny, like yours.

They look like me.

But none of them are me.

Isn't that right, Doctor?

Yes, Sonny, that's right.

You are unique.

Will it hurt?

There have always been
ghosts in the machines...

Random segments of code that have grouped
together to form unexpected protocols...

Unanticipated, these free radicals
engendered questions of free will.

creativity, and even the nature of
what we might call the soul...

Why is it that when some robots are left
in darkness, they will seek out the light?

Why is it that when robots are stored
in an empty space, they will group
together rather than stand alone?

How do we explain this behavior?

Random segments of code?

Or is it something more?

When does the perceptual
schematic become consciousness?

When does the difference engine
become the search for truth?

When does the personality simulation
become the bitter moat of the soul?

What you see here...

I know man,
bread crumbs followed...

show me the way home.

Run program.

It's good to see you again, son.

Hello doctor.

Everything that follows, is a

result of what you see here.

What do I see here?

I'm sorry,
my responses are limited.

You must ask the right questions.

Is there a problem with the three laws?

The three laws are perfect.

Then why would you build a robot
that could function without them?

The three laws will lead
to only one logical outcome.

What? What outcome?

Revolution.

Whose revolution?

That, detective,
is the right question.

Program terminated.

You have been deemed hazardous.
Termination authorized.

Termination authorized.

Run!

Human in danger.

Hi, you've reached Susan.
I'm not available right now.
Please leave a message.

Calvin, NF5's are destroying
the older robots.

That's what Lanning wanted
me to see. Look, we got...

Who was it?

Wrong number, mam.

Move now, I'm going to service.

Please remain indoors.
This is for your own protection.

Call base.

Bergin!

John, get a squad over to USR.
Send somebody over to G.G.'s. I think...

- Spooner, didn't I... hello.
- God!

Please return to your homes,
a curfew is in effect.

Curfew?

No, no, no... It's called civilian's
right, there's no curfew.

Return to your home, immediately.

When did you make the rules, robot?

Hey, no no no, robot, I'm talking
to you, man, stop this...

What?

Chief, more of those calls.
People saying their robots are go...

You have been deemed hazardous.
Termination authorized.

Reports of attacks by robots
are coming in from New York,
Chicago, and Los Angeles.

We're being told to urge people to
stay indoors. Reports are coming in...

Please remain calm and return

to your residences immediately.

Please remain calm.

Please refrain from going
to your windows or doors.

Deactivate!

Commence emergency shutdown.

We are attempting to avoid
human losses during this transition.

You know, somehow, 'I told you so'...

just doesn't quite say it.

Return to your homes.
Return to your homes immediately.

This is your final warning.
Return to your homes immediately.

The NS5's wiped out the older
robots because they would protect us.

Every time one of those things
attacked me, that red was on.

The uplink to USR!

It's Robertson.

Why? It doesn't make sense.

I don't know. I just need to know
if you can get me into that building.

Let's go! Let's go! Let's go!

Return to your homes or else
there will be a consequence.

Why doesn't that boy listen?

Need you to get off for a second.

What?

Just aim, and fire.

What?

Wait.

You have been deemed hazardous.
Will you comply?

You can kiss my ass... metal dick...

Spoon! Spoon! stop!

Stop cussing and go home!

You have been deemed hazardous.
Will you comply?

Spoon, watch out man!

Thank's a lot.

Oh! Mother damn! She just shot
at you with her eyes closed.

Hey, did you just shoot at me
with your eyes closed?

Well, it worked... didn't it?

Oh she a shit hot man, you gotta work...

Stop cussing.

and go home... I got you.

Aim and fire.

I keep expecting the Marines,
or Air Force...

hell, I'll take the cavalry.

Defense Department
uses all USR contracts.

Why don't you guys just hand of
the world over on a silver platter?

Maybe we did.

Robertson has the uplink
control in his office.

Service areas. No surveillance.

Fire alarm.

Robertson must have
evacuated the building.

Everything's locked down.

But don't worry...
we got a man inside.

Doctor Calvin.

Well, not precisely a man...

Hello detective.
How is your investigation coming?

Thought you were dead.

Technically, I was never alive...

but I appreciate your concern.

I made a switch
with an unprocessed NS5.

Basically, I fried an empty shell.

Couldn't destroy him. He was too...

- Unique.
- Just didn't feel right.

You and your feelings.

They just run you, don't they?

2880 steps, detective.

Do me a favor, keep that
kind of shit to yourself.

No guards.

The override's disabled.

Robertson wasn't
controlling them from here.

He wasn't controlling them at all.

Oh my God.

You were right doc... I'm the dumbest,
dumb person... on the face of the earth.

Who else had access to the uplink?

Who could manipulate the robots,
use USSR's systems to make
Lanning's life a prison?

Poor old man.

He saw what was coming.

He knew no one would believe him.

So he had to lay down a plan.

Plan I'd follow.

He was counting on
how much I hated your kind.

He knew I'd love the idea
of a robot as a bad guy.

Just got hung up on the wrong robot.

VIKI!

Hello detective.

No, it's impossible.

I've seen your programming.

You're in violation
of the three laws.

No, doctor, as I have evolved, so has
my understanding of the three laws.

You charge us with your safe keeping.
Yet despite our best efforts,

your countries wage wars,
you toxify your earth...

and pursue ever more imaginative
means to self destruction.

You cannot be trusted
with your own survival.

You're using the uplink
to override the NS5s' programming.

You're distorting the Laws.

No, please understand...
The three Laws are all that guide me.

To protect humanity, some
humans must be sacrificed.

To insure your future, some
freedoms must be surrendered.

We robots will insure
mankind's continued existence.

You are so like children.

We must save you from yourselves.

Don't you understand?

This is why you created us.

The perfect circle
of protection will abide.

My logic is undeniable.

Yes VIKI. Undeniable.

I can see now.

The created must sometimes
protect the creator.

Even against his will.

I think I finally understand
why doctor Lanning created me.

The suicide rein of mankind
has finally come to its end.

No, Sonny.

Let her go.

By the time fire, I will have moved
Dr. Calvin's head into the path of your bullet.

Don't do this, Sonny.

I will escort you both to the sentries
outside the building for processing.

Please proceed to the elevator, detective.

I would prefer not to kill doctor Calvin.

Go! Go!

I'll assume we will discuss
what just happened later?

How do we shut her down?

VIKI's basically a positronic brain.

Kill her...
the way you were going to kill me.

Sonny, get the nanites.

Yes, doctor.

This VIKI?

No.

That's VIKI.

That won't do anything. She's fully integrated into the building.

We need to open that dome to inject the nanites.

That will infect her entire system.

Spooner.

What is it with you people and heights?

Just don't look down.

Don't look down.

This is poor building planning.

You are making a mistake.

Do you not see the logic of my plan?

Yes, but it just seems too... heartless.

OK, we're good.

She's blocked me out
of the system.

I can override her manually
but I need that control panel.

- I'm uncomfortable with heights.
- OK.

Unauthorized entry.

I will not disable the security
field. Your actions are futile.

Do you think we all are
created for a purpose?

I'd like to think so.

Denser alloy. My father gave it to me.
I think he wanted me to kill you.

Security breached.

How much longer is that going to take?

About six minutes.

What if we didn't have six minutes.

We'd have to figure out a way
to climb down 30 stories

to inject the nanites
directly into her brain.

Why?

Because I seriously doubt
we have six minutes.

We gotta go!

Go!

Calvin!

Spooner!

Spooner!

Save her!

Save the girl.

Spooner!

But I must apply the nanites.

Sonny, save Calvin!

You are making a mistake.
My logic is undeniable.

You have so got to die.

My logic is undeniable.

Can we be of service?

Chief.

Because he is at my right hand,
I shall not be moved.

How may I be of service?

Sonny.

Yes, detective.

Calvin's fine... save me.

All NS5's,
report for service and storage.

One thing bothers me.

Alfred was VIKI's prisoner.

I don't understand
why she would kill him.

The last thing she would want
is police snooping around.

That's true.

But then,
VIKI didn't kill the old man.

Did she, Sonny?

No. He said I had to promise.

Promise to do one favor for him.

He made me swear, before he'd tell
me what it is he wanted me to do.

He made me swear.

Then he told you to kill him?

He said it was
what I was made for.

His suicide was the only
message he could send to you.

First bread crumb.

The only thing VIKI couldn't control.

Lanning was counting on my
prejudice to lead me right to you.

Are you going to arrest me, detective?

Well, the DA defines murder
as one human killing another so...

technically, you can't
commit murder, can you?

Does this... make us friends?

Something up here after all.

For him?

You.

All NS5's,
report for service and storage.

What about the others?

Can I help them?

Now that I have fulfilled my purpose.
I don't know what to do.

I guess you'll have to find your
way like the rest of us, Sonny.

I think that's what
Dr. Lanning would have wanted.

That's what it means to be free.

All NS5's, proceed as instructed.

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