



EX_MACHINA

SCREENPLAY BY ALEX GARLAND



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EX MACHINA

Alex Garland



FABER & FABER

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CAST AND CREW

Ex Machina was released on 21 January 2015.

Universal Pictures International and Film 4 present A DNA Films
Production

PRINCIPAL CAST

CALEB	Domhnall Gleeson
NATHAN	Oscar Isaac
AVA	Alicia Vikander
KYOKO	Sonoya Mizuno

PRINCIPAL CREW

<i>Written and Directed by</i>	Alex Garland
<i>Produced by</i>	Andrew Macdonald and Allon Reich
<i>Executive Producers</i>	Scott Rudin and Eli Bush
<i>Executive Producer</i>	Tessa Ross
<i>Line Producer</i>	Caroline Levy
<i>Associate Producer</i>	Joanne Smith
<i>Director of Photography</i>	Rob Hardy B.S.C.
<i>Editor</i>	Mark Day
<i>Production Designer</i>	Mark Digby
<i>Set Decorator</i>	Michelle Day
<i>Music by</i>	Ben Salisbury and Geoff Barrow
<i>Costume Designer</i>	Sammy Sheldon Differ
<i>Make-up and Hair Designer</i>	Sian Grigg
<i>Visual Effects Supervisor</i>	Andrew Whitehurst
<i>Visual Effects Producer</i>	Tim Field
<i>Sound Designer</i>	Glenn Freemantle
<i>Casting by</i>	Francine Maisler

Ex Machina

Music starts.

Open on:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

A computer monitor.

Lines of code appear, as they are typed.

```
main ( ) {  
    extrn a, b, c;  
    putchar (a); putchar (b); putchar (c); putchar (!*n');  
}a 'hell';  
b 'o, w';  
c 'or
```

CUT TO

– a view above a huge open-plan office.

Just over the heads of the young men and women who sit at desks, in front of a computer screen and keyboard.

Each workstation is personalised. Photographs of friends or family, or pets. Cutting from magazines. Ironic superhero/video-game figurines.

CUT TO

– the hands of the young man doing the coding. He types fast, with two fingers.

CUT TO

– extreme close-up of a pinhole webcam lens in Caleb's monitor.

CUT TO

– the point of view of the webcam.

Looking back at Caleb.

Twenty-four. Glazed. Ear buds in, connected to cell phone. Head bobbing slightly to the music.

As we watch from the monitor point of view, we can see the computer's facial recognition system in operation. Imaged as vector boxes, which track Caleb's face, and the faces of all the people behind him.

CUT TO

– the computer monitor.

On which a message appears, in a small window, over the code.

VIP EMAIL RECEIVED
Subject: HIDDEN

CUT TO

– the monitor webcam point of view.

As Caleb stops typing –

– he gazes at the message. Then clicks on the link. Then mouths the word: ‘Fuck’. Caleb reaches for his cell phone.

CUT TO

– the cell phone point of view, seen from the tiny camera above the screen, as Caleb lifts the phone, and starts keying in a text.

We see facial-recognition software flickering over Caleb’s features, and reacting to shifts in his expression.

CUT TO

– the cell phone. The screen. The tiny camera nestled above it. Lens glinting.

On the screen, a time-bar extends next to the word:

Sending

A beat later, a reply text message appears.

WTF? seriously!?

CUT TO

– the webcam point of view, watching Caleb react to the arrival of the text.

CUT TO

– cell phone screen.

Caleb sends the word:

Yes

A beat later, a stream of text messages start appearing:

Buena estoria bro
omfg fucking AWESOME

:o
take me take me?!?
Caleb > ∞

CUT TO

– the computer monitor point of view.

A few of the people behind Caleb in the office are reacting.

One stands and applauds.

A girl comes out from behind her desk, runs over to Caleb, and embraces him from behind, planting a kiss on his cheek.

Caleb still looks dazed.

He still has his headphones in. Still in the audio bubble, which, despite the commotion around him, remains unburst.

Title:

EX MACHINA

EXT. MOUNTAINS – DAY

A spectacular mountain landscape. Waterfalls drop down massive rock faces to inland lakes. Rivers push through forest. Forest spreads across valley floors, which rise to snow peaks.

INT. HELICOPTER – DAY

Caleb wakes abruptly –

– to find himself in the front seat of a helicopter.

The pilot, Jay, is a man in his forties.

Outside the window is the mountain landscape.

CALEB

How long was I out?

JAY

You fell asleep almost as soon as we left the airport.

Caleb looks around. Wipes sleep out of his eyes. Gets his bearings.

CALEB

Damn. Can't believe I've been missing this. I was so psyched to be coming here, I was awake all night.

Jay smiles.

JAY

You're a programmer, right?

CALEB

Yeah.

JAY

Bay facility?

CALEB

Long Island. I work on algorithms for the search engine.

JAY

Algorithms. Nice.

CALEB

You know what they are?

JAY

Nope. But I knew you were a programmer. Soon as I set eyes on you.

CALEB

Is that a good thing?

JAY

Means you and Mr Bateman speak the same language. I'd say that's a good thing.

Beat.

CALEB

I guess you know him pretty well.

The pilot laughs.

JAY

I've never even met him. I only fly this shuttle between the airport and his residence. I did see him one time. Stood on one of these mountain ridges.

He shrugs.

Assume it was him, anyway. No one else around for a hundred miles.

He glances over at Caleb.

So how does a programmer from Long Island get to be meeting the CEO?

CALEB

~~I won a competition. It was kind of like a lottery, for employees. The winner got to spend a week with him.~~

JAY

The President can't get Mr Bateman on the phone, but you got the golden ticket.

CALEB

Yep.

JAY

Hell of an opportunity.

CALEB

Believe me. I know it.

Caleb looks out of the window.

Incredible here.

JAY

Alaska. Most beautiful place on Earth.

Beat.

CALEB

How long until we get to his estate?

Jay chuckles.

JAY

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

EXT. MOUNTAINS – DAY

The helicopter flies over a vast white glacier.

EXT. MOUNTAINS – DAY

A CCTV camera is hidden in the rock and snow.

As the helicopter glides past, the lens of the camera twitches.

EXT. MOUNTAINS – DAY

The helicopter flies over the lip of the glacier, revealing a valley.

The valley floor is a bright green meadow. Sunlit, like a jewel in the icy mountains.

A whitewater river runs alongside it, leading to a waterfall.

INT. HELICOPTER – DAY

Caleb looks down at the breathtaking view as the helicopter banks, turns and descends.

EXT. MEADOW/LANDING SITE – DAY

Meadow flowers whip in the rotor wash as the helicopter touches down in the vast meadow.

By the landing site is a collection of huge metal crates. All have Chinese characters on the side.

The rotor blades slow, but don't stop.

Jay exits.

EXT. MEADOW/LANDING SITE – DAY

Jay holds open the door as Caleb exits the helicopter cabin.

Caleb looks around, his eyes adjusting to the bright sunshine outside.

Jay goes to the side of the helicopter, pops open a hatch, and removes Caleb's luggage. A large suitcase with wheels.

Caleb looks around. Apart from the packing crates, there are no man-made structures to be seen.

Caleb shouts over the engine noise.

CALEB

You're leaving me here?

JAY

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

CALEB

... What building?

The pilot gestures vaguely towards the whitewater.

JAY

Follow the river.

Jay puts Caleb's bag on the ground.

Caleb reaches into his pocket.

Produces a wallet, and pulls out some crumpled bank notes.

~~No tip required. Please get a safe distance from the blades.~~

The pilot gets back inside the helicopter, and closes the door.

Caleb hurriedly retreats with his bag.

Moments later, in a roar of wind and noise, the helicopter is lifting off.

Equally suddenly, the noise is fading, and the helicopter is soaring upwards, and banking back towards the glacier.

Then it is gone. Birdsong and wind-rush replace engine noise.

Caleb suddenly looks very isolated.

EXT. RIVER – DAY

Caleb walks along the banks of the fast-flowing river, awkwardly bumping his wheeled suitcase over the ground.

The banks of the river start to climb, to an intimidating drop.

It feels that this can't be the right way.

Caleb reaches into his pocket and pulls out his mobile phone.

No signal at all.

He puts his phone back in his pocket.

EXT. RIVER/HOUSE VIEW – DAY

Caleb rounds a bend in the river.

Ahead, almost hidden in trees, there is a steel and glass structure.

EXT. CLEARING – DAY

Caleb walks towards the house through the trees.

In the ground, in a grassy clearing, he finds a circular window, reflecting the sky.

He walks up to the window, and looks inside.

It reveals what is effectively a glass-covered well – about four metres deep, with smooth concrete sides.

At the bottom of the well is a brightly lit room, which appears to be an office of some sort. There is a desk, with monitors, and a chair.

But apparently no one inside.

Beyond the clearing, in the tree line, Caleb sees – almost camouflaged by forest – the dark shapes and straight lines of a low, one-storey building complex.

EXT. HOUSE – DAY

Caleb approaches the building.

As he nears the entrance –

– he startles, as an automated voice speaks to him, from an unknown source.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Caleb Smith.

Caleb tracks the source of the voice.

Near what seems to be the front door, a pillar protrudes from the ground. Head-high, with a glass screen on one side.

Below the screen is a dispenser.

CALEB

... Yes.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Please approach the console and face the screen.

Caleb looks into the screen, and as soon as he has locked eyes with his own reflection, the screen flashes. A single bright strobe.

Almost immediately afterwards, something small clatters into the dispenser.

AUTOMATED VOICE

Take your keycard.

Caleb picks up the object. It's a credit-card-sized ID.

On it there is an embedded chip and a photograph of his face. He looks comically surprised.

CALEB

... Can we do another?

AUTOMATED VOICE

Your keycard now may be used to enter the residence.

Caleb walks up to the front door.

Beside the door, a keycard plate is set into the wall, with a red LED light.

He holds his keycard ID.

The red LED light changes to blue.

Caleb pushes the front door, and it swings open.

INT. HOUSE / MAIN ROOM – DAY

The front door opens to a glass-walled staircase, which leads down to an open-plan room.

At the bottom of the staircase, Caleb waits to see if he is welcomed, or noticed.

But he is not.

CALEB

Hello?

Silence.

After a few moments, he enters.

He walks across the white carpet.

Then suddenly stops.

Something under his foot has crunched.

He looks down, and sees that he has trodden on a wine glass.

Bright shards of glass are sprinkled in the bleached wool.

CALEB

... Shit.

He freezes, unsure whether to try to pick it up, or whether to simply pretend it never happened.

CUT TO

– Caleb on his hands and knees, hurriedly picking up the tiny shards of glass, and putting them into his open bag. On to his clothes.

As he does so –

– he is startled a second time, by the sudden commencement of a thumping sound.

Abrupt. Rapid. More or less rhythmic. From somewhere nearby.

Caleb finishes clearing up the glass, as the thumping continues.

Then he stands.

And exits in the direction of the noise.

INT. HOUSE/DINING AREA – DAY

Caleb enters a dining area.

Which now reveals –

– a huge glass door.

It presents an arresting view of a garden, river and the mountains behind.

The door is open, and through it we see the reason for the thumping sound.

Just outside, on a patio, in the sunshine, a man is working a punchbag.

EXT. GARDEN – DAY

Caleb exits the dining area to an area of neat garden, looking over the river, and surrounded by the mountain ranges.

The punchbag is suspended by a chain on an exterior flanking wall of the house.

The man working it is wearing shorts, and is shirtless. Bathed in sweat.

His hands are not protected by gloves. Only wraps. Spots of blood seep through the pale material around his knuckles.

This is Nathan Bateman. He's thirty.

After a flurry of punches, Nathan breaks off.

Breathing hard, he wipes at his eyebrows with the back of his wrist. Sweat droplets cascade down his face.

Then –

– Nathan senses the other presence.

He turns to see Caleb. Standing by the open glass wall.

NATHAN

Caleb.

Nathan beams.

Caleb Smith.

CALEB

... Hi.

Nathan starts unravelling his wraps.

NATHAN

Dude. I've been so looking forward to this.

INT. HOUSE/DINING AREA – DAY

Nathan walks past Caleb and goes to a bar area, where there is a jug of non-specific vegetable juice waiting, and a glass.

NATHAN

Come in, come in.

Caleb puts his bag down.

You want something to eat or drink after your journey?

CALEB

No. Thank you. I'm fine.

NATHAN

You sure?

Nathan pours himself a glass of the vegetable juice.

I'd been thinking we'd have breakfast together, but to be honest, I can't eat anything right now. gotta tell you – I woke up this morning with the mother of all fucking hangovers.

CALEB

Yeah?

Nathan laughs.

NATHAN

Like you wouldn't believe. And if I have a heavy night, I always try to compensate the next morning. Exercise. Juice. Anti-oxidants. You know?

CALEB

Sure.

Silence, as Nathan drinks.

Caleb feels he needs to say something.

Looking around, he sees a collection of empty beer bottles on the kitchen counter.

CALEB

... Was it a good party?

Nathan doesn't answer.

He's still drinking.

The silence extends a little. Verges on odd.

CALEB

Because, uh ...

Caleb hesitates. Wondering whether to be honest.

Decides to be.

CALEB

Actually there was a glass. On the carpet. One of your guests, maybe, left it, and –

Nathan puts his empty glass down.

NATHAN

Guests.

CALEB

I broke it.

NATHAN

Broke what?

CALEB

The glass.

Beat.

But I cleaned it all up.

Nathan looks at Caleb. His expression is unreadable.

NATHAN

Caleb. I'm going to put this out there so it's said.

Caleb waits.

You're freaked out.

CALEB

... I am?

NATHAN

Yeah. You're freaked out by the house, and the mountains, because it's all so super-cool. And you're freaked out by me. To be *meeting* me. In this room, having this conversation, at this moment. Right?

Caleb doesn't have time to answer.

And I get that. The moment you're having.

Nathan smiles.

But dude, can we get it behind us? Can we just be two guys? Nathan and Caleb. Not the whole employer–employee thing.

CALEB

Okay.

Beat.

It's good to meet you, Nathan.

Caleb holds out his hand.

Nathan beams.

NATHAN

It's good to meet you too, Caleb.

They shake.

When Caleb takes his hand back, there is a little smear of blood on his fingers.

He discreetly wipes it on his trousers.

EXT. HOUSE / ELEVATOR – DAY

Nathan and Caleb enter an elevator.

It has no buttons. Only a keycard plate.

Nathan swipes his card.

NATHAN

Down.

The elevator starts to move.

INT. GARDEN – DAY

Water flows over rocks.

INT. HOUSE/GLASS CORRIDOR – DAY

Caleb and Nathan exit the elevator into a glass corridor.

The floor is polished concrete. The walls and ceiling are glass, behind which diffused light glows.

At regular intervals glass doors are set, glowing with the same light, flush with the walls.

Beside the closed doors are keycard plates and soft red LEDs.

Caleb carries his bag, looking slightly encumbered next to Nathan.

NATHAN

So I guess the first thing I should do is explain your pass. It's simple enough. It opens some doors, but it doesn't open others. And that just makes everything easy for you, right?

CALEB

... Uh, yes.

NATHAN

Because you're like: oh fuck, I'm in someone else's house, can I do this, can I do that? And this card takes all that worry away. If you try to open a door and it stays shut: okay, it's off limits. If you try another door, and it opens: it's for you.

Nathan stops by a door.

Let's try this one.

Caleb hunts around in his pockets for his keycard.

Then swipes the card on the plate.

The LED turns blue.

NATHAN

Guess it's for you, Caleb.

INT. HOUSE/CALEB'S BEDROOM – DAY

Nathan follows Caleb into a bedroom.

~~You like?~~

It has the vibe of a mid-level business hotel. Bed, table, TV.

Except it has no windows.

It's your room. You got yourself a bed, cupboards, a little desk, and a bathroom through there. A little fridge.

Nathan opens the fridge. Inside it is full of bottled water.

Cosy, right?

Caleb puts his bags down.

CALEB

You bet. This is great.

NATHAN

What?

CALEB

... Sorry?

NATHAN

There's something wrong. What is it?

CALEB

There's nothing wrong.

NATHAN

It's the windows. You're thinking: there's no windows. And it's not cosy. It's claustrophobic.

CALEB

No. No way. I wasn't thinking that. I was thinking: this is really cool.

NATHAN

Caleb. There's a reason the room has no windows.

CALEB

... There is?

NATHAN

Uh-huh. In many ways, this building isn't a house. It's a research facility. Buried in these walls are enough fibre-optic cables to reach the Moon and lasso it.

He sits on the bed.

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.

Beat.

But there's something I need you to do for me first.

CALEB

... What?

Nathan reaches into his pocket, and pulls out a pen.

INT. HOUSE/CALEB'S BEDROOM – DAY

Caleb sits at the desk in his room, holding Nathan's pen.

In front of him is a sheet of paper, which reads, at the top: NON DISCLOSURE AGREEMENT.

CALEB

'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 ...'

Caleb glances back at Nathan on the bed.

I think I need a lawyer.

NATHAN

It's standard.

CALEB

It doesn't feel very standard.

NATHAN

Okay, it's not standard.

He shrugs.

What can I tell you? You don't have to sign. We could spend the next seven days shooting pool and getting drunk together. Bonding. And when you discover what you missed out on, in a year or so's time, you'll spend the rest of your life regretting it.

Caleb turns back to the desk.

Looks at the paper.

Then hesitates a final moment –

– and signs.

When he looks round, Nathan has moved from the bed, and is standing directly behind him.

~~Good call.~~

Nathan takes the piece of paper.

Folds it. Puts it in his pocket.

So.

Beat.

Do you know what the Turing Test is?

Caleb reacts – immediately knowing what Nathan has just implied.

CALEB

... Yeah. I know what the Turing Test is.

Nathan waits.

It's where a human interacts with a computer. And if the human can't tell they're interacting with a computer, the test is passed.

NATHAN

And what does a pass tell us?

CALEB

That the computer has artificial intelligence.

Beat.

... Are you telling me you're building an AI?

Nathan shakes his head.

NATHAN

I've already built one.

He stands.

And over the next few days, you're going to be the human component in a Turing Test.

CALEB

... Holy shit.

NATHAN

That's right, Caleb. You got it. Because if that test is passed, you are dead centre of the single greatest scientific event in the history of man.

CALEB

If you've created a conscious machine, it's not the history of man. It's the history of gods.

Nathan smiles.

NATHAN

I like you.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE/OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

What appears to be a neon-coloured jellyfish, tendrils like axons, hangs in a black-blue liquid space.

REVEAL

– the jellyfish is contained in a glass orb –

– which is held in an exposed cavity at the back of machined skull-shape –

– which is part of a robot girl.

Her name is Ava.

She's an extraordinary piece of engineering.

Proportioned as a slender female in her twenties, her limbs and torso are a mixture of metal and plastic and carbon fibre.

The carbon fibre is charcoal-colour. The plastic is cream. The metal has the yellow warmth of nickel.

The shapes of her body approximate the form of muscle. There are biceps and breasts. Her hands have five delicate digits.

Her body structure is covered in a delicate skin. The skin is a mesh, in the pattern of a honeycomb. Like a spiderweb, it is almost invisible unless side-lit.

The one part of her that is not obviously an inorganic construct is her face – which is that of a strikingly beautiful girl. Created in a defined oval, from the top of the forehead to just below her chin. Indistinguishable from a real girl in its appearance and in the way it moves – except for one thing –

– there is a very slight, almost imperceptible blankness in her eyes.

As we observe Ava, she fits a section of skull-plate to the back of her head, which obscures the glass orb and jellyfish structure.

Then –

– she half turns. As if having become aware of another presence in the room.

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