

NOTE FROM PLAYWRIGHT LISA LANGFORD

“David sounds like a regular Midwesterner for most of the play. During the courtroom scene he turns into Matlock, with a touch of White Southern country privilege .”

Excerpt from Page 10

DAVID

Robots, but really, really, human-like. They were supposed to fight our wars, clean our homes, stuff like that. When World War II started, the program was shut down, so Westinghouse could concentrate on the war effort. But my uncle kept two and tinkered with them until he died.

I've been going through my uncle's notes, like, *60 years* of notes, and I've figured out the basic stuff, they're bipedal, android-Rastus, gynoid-Hattie.

Edited from page 107

DAVID

Your honor, my client is not guilty.

Light expands to reveal Hattie. She is on trial for her life.

She is no more at fault than a spring tooth harrow or a cotton gin. For many an inattentive farmhand has lost limb and, yes, even, life in the deadly drag and grinding gears of these indifferent mechanical wonders. Do we haul the former apparatus through our great halls of justice? Do we make room on the witness stand for the latter contraption?

No, we don't. And my client.

David looks at Hattie. He doesn't want to say this. Hattie's eyes urge him on.

And my client, your honor,

is just that—

He doesn't believe what he's about to say.

a contrivance of pieces and parts, widgets and whatnots devised by minds far more brilliant than any of us to cook our food, wash our clothes. She is a machine. A deceptive simulacrum of a time some long to remember, some wish to forget and most never really knew at all. For can a machine have an awareness of wonder, of fear, of love—

and in such knowing take a human life in preservation of itself?