

Alien Robot Holocaust 1101

By

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EXT. EARTH 1

The filthy blue GLOBE hangs in space, scarred by years of atomic war and plagues.

TITLE 2

Newark, NJ

Year: 2532

TITLE 3

Restricted Zone

EXT. NEWARK WASTELAND -- DAY 4

Under an otherworldly SKY, five FIGURES lie in a DITCH. Armed to the teeth, these are

FOXWELL (F) Tight leather pants, tall black boots, a bomber jacket over a sleeveless undershirt, a BLASTER strapped to her thigh. She scans the horizon with BINOCULARS.

To her left:

HAMMERMILL (M) Black fatigues and flak jacket, he has a RAIL GUN slung over his shoulder and his eyes are down, intently reading his SCANNER.

TANGO (M) Communications specialist. He has a BACKPACK with an ANTENNA sticking out. He wears a HEADSET.

CAGE (F) Sniper.

MOONEY (M) Heavy weapons specialist. Carries a quad-mini gun with 50-caliber incendiaries.

FOXWELL

Anything?

HAMMERMILL

No reading.

TANGO

(into COMM unit)

Doc -- any sign of the Prince?

(CONTINUED)

DOC  
(filtered, v.o.)  
Negatory. I think our baddie  
dropped the target on escape.

FOXWELL  
No. They're here...

Suddenly, a read on HAMMERMILL's tracker.

HAMMERMILL  
I've got a Hunter at four cycles.  
Shit.

CAGE  
What?

HAMMERMILL  
Moving fast -

FOXWELL  
Does it have the Prince?

HAMMERMILL  
I can't - THERE!

A gigantic HUNTER ROBOT - all steel tread and churning wheels - barrel-asses past our heroes, trying to beat an escape.

The men OPEN FIRE.

Mooney's quad gun ERUPTS in a stream of plasma rain of hell and other metaphors as it tears a hole in everything in front of it. Everything *except* for that damn robot they're shooting at.

FOXWELL  
Hold your fire!

FOXWELL cannot be heard over the din of laser blasts and cyber-cans.

FOXWELL leaps to her feet and runs in the direction of the HUNTER - through the fire of her own men, dodging rounds as she runs.

HAMMERMILL  
Hold your fire, hold your fire!

The men cease, as FOXWELL runs!

FOXWELL  
(over her shoulder)  
[IT HAS THE PRINCE!!]

FOXWELL CHASES AFTER IT, running like Jesse Owens on crank.

As FOXWELL closes distance, the HUNTER Robot's head pivots in her direction.

But FOXWELL expertly pulls her blaster, and - while still on the run - deftly fires a single shot

The red EYE of the robot dies, the life within burning out.

The robot comes to a smoldering stop.

De powered, it lowers the steel case to the ground.

Hammermill, Tango, Cage, and Mooney come up.

FOXWELL  
Cage -- get this thing open.

HAMMERMILL  
I'm not getting any readings.

FOXWELL  
Is the prince dead?

HAMMERMILL  
No, I mean nothing organic.

TANGO  
The plate is solid, you won't get anything...

The PLATE on the TREAD of the wheel-shaped robot BLASTS OPEN.

An ASSASSIN ANDROID (ARKADY), all in Black, ignites a LASER SWORD

She BOUNDS over Foxwell and SPLITS Mooney in half with the plasma beam.

Spinning, the Android chops at Foxwell, who ducks out of the way.

ARKADY  
[Aargh!]

But at the same time she crashes her other FIST into Cage, sending her down.

(CONTINUED)

The android swings back and nicks Hammermill

Foxwell lifts Moony's quad gun

And INCINERATES the combat android.

Mooney is dead.

CAGE

I fucking hate those androids.

FOXWELL

Get in line.

INSIDE the wheeled robot is a COMPARTMENT where the android was lurking.

There is a CASE inside that.

FOXWELL opens the case, revealing... PRINCE BABY BECKETT, barely one year old. He's especially cute and has a shocking amount of feature film experience considering his age.

Tango takes a quick look inside and then gets on his transmitter.

TANGO

(into radio)

This is November Team. We have the package.

Cage and Hammermill spread out away from Tango and Foxwell.

Foxwell leans over the decimated android and picks up her now-doused laser sword. She examines it for a moment. Then she stows it away.

TANGO

(into radio)

The package is green. November team has one down, two injuries.

STATIC belches over the com. Tango answers.

TANGO

The royal family can rest easy, the Prince of Newark didn't even mess a diaper.

CAGE

(to Hammermill)

How the hell does *Foxwell* never get hurt?

(CONTINUED)

Hammermill wipes a big of his own BLOOD from his arm.

HAMMERMILL

That's her thing. She never gets hurt.

TANGO

(into radio)

Give me a bird with medical.

Foxwell looks at Tango.

FOXWELL

[What are they saying on the radio?]

TANGO

(to Foxwell)

We have extraction ten clicks out.

Foxwell doesn't know what to do with the crate the baby is in.

FOXWELL

Hammermill -- do something with this.

Hammermill comes over to take the creche from Foxwell. Tango listens intently on his radio.

TANGO

Yo Foxwell, it's Bellware on the link. He wants to talk to you.

Foxwell rolls her eyes.

CAGE

What the fuck does *that* asshole want?

Foxwell takes the headset from Tango.

FOXWELL

(into radio)

Yes, General.

STATIC on the com.

BELLWARE

(O.S.futzed)

[Unintelligible orders.]

(CONTINUED)

HAMMERMILL

Tell that asshole to fuck off, will you Foxwell?

Foxwell ignores Hammermill and holds the earpiece tight on her head to hear.

FOXWELL

Yes General.

BELLWARE

(O.S. futzed)

[Unintelligible more crap.]

The distant WHINE of a POWER LANDER drawing close. Foxwell stays on the line with Bellware:

FOXWELL

You're coming *here*?

CAGE

Oh well I'm just glad as fuck.

TANGO

The General is coming? To relieve us poor merc bastards?

HAMMERMILL

He's just going to take the Prince here and claim it was all his valiant work.

CAGE

How the fuck you think he got to be General in the first place?

Foxwell has to yell into the com because the landers are getting louder.

FOXWELL

Yes sir.

Two LANDERS glide down low and slow. They're loud as VTOL. Their dark green camo markings indicate they're military.

The door of the nearer lander, the ULYSSES, opens. A stunningly handsome man in a helmet with a gold star on the front of it, steps from the lander. The rich, sinewy lines of his chiseled face, his deep gravelly voice and ruggedly handsome skin mark him of a man of deep distinction. All men want to be him. No woman can resist him. He is General Bellware.

(CONTINUED)

Taking the unlit CIGAR from his mouth he calls over to Foxwell.

BELLWARE

You look good, Foxwell. Of course,  
you always look good.

He steps out and walks over, looking down at Moony's body.

BELLWARE

You lost one, huh?

Foxwell knows there's no way Bellware cares about one of her men.

FOXWELL

General, what brings you to Newark?

BELLWARE

I need to talk to you Foxwell.

FOXWELL

I don't want another mission now.

BELLWARE

Well at least you got the Prince.  
Now I can get the bitch Queen off  
my ass.

From behind Bellware, three SOLDIERS (or ROBOTS), entirely in black, run up.

BELLWARE

You boys take the Prince. Bring  
Mooney here with you. Go to the  
Emperor's Palace first, then the  
morgue.

FOXWELL

My guys deserve better than that.

BELLWARE

They do. They do, Foxwell. But I  
have bigger problems right now.  
We're at war with the machines,  
Foxwell. And you're the ace at  
hunting robots.

FOXWELL

Sir -- I have two injured on my  
squad.

Bellware looks at Hammermill and Cage.



BELLWARE

They'll live. We'll get them patched up in the lander.

FOXWELL

We need to get them to a hospital.

BELLWARE

Not gonna happen Foxwell. We have a serious problem, one I think you can help us with.

FOXWELL

A robot problem.

BELLWARE

Exactly.

FOXWELL

You don't need us. You've got Rodgers.

BELLWARE

Rodgers is dead. An HK drone took him out at oh-three-hundred hours.

FOXWELL

What about Jackson?

BELLWARE

She's all right. If they don't unplug the respirator.

FOXWELL

I don't even have a whole team.

BELLWARE

Step into my office.

By this point the other soldiers have taken the Prince in his CRECHE and Mooney back to the second lander (which is named the TRIDENT.)

Bellware heads to the Ulysses. Foxwell, Hammermill, Tango, and Cage follow (somewhat disgustedly.)

As they tromp toward the craft Foxwell quizzes Bellware:

FOXWELL

What's the job?

(CONTINUED)

BELLWARE

A top-level robotics facility has gone offline. A presumed uprising. We've had no contact in over 48 hours.

FOXWELL

Where's the facility?

BELLWARE

Old Yonkers.

Hammermill mumbles to himself.

HAMMERMILL

That's AI Territory...

BELLWARE

That's the problem.

FOXWELL

Why not drop an EMP and call it a day?

BELLWARE

The whole facility is shielded. Our bombers are less than 12 hours out,

CAGE

You're gonna nuke it?

BELLWARE

Not if you complete your mission.

FOXWELL

We're short a man -- a heavy weapons specialist.

BELLWARE

Not a problem.

INT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT -- DAY

5

The inside of the craft is cramped.

Inside sits STEVEN RATHBONE. He wears a commando's uniform, though his demeanor and grooming suggest something darker and meaner. He chomps on a thick, fat cigar.

None of Foxwell's team like him. They like him even less than they like Bellware. A real cheery group, this.

(CONTINUED)

CAGE

What the fuck is this asshole doing here?

BELLWARE

Rathbone's your new heavy weapons specialist.

FOXWELL

Like hell he is.

HAMMERMILL

I think we'd be better off with a house cat.

TANGO

(sotto voce)

Is he house trained?

Other than the PILOT (a ROBOT named WESTLEY), there's another MAN on board -- DOC PONCE. He's a medic.

PONCE

Yo Hammermill.

They actually *like* Ponce.

HAMMERMILL

Doc Ponce, [put 'her there.]

Hammermill goes to grasp Doc Ponce's arm but WINCES in pain.

PONCE

Hey Cage.

CAGE

[Nods at Ponce.]

PONCE

Which of you is more fucked up?

Cage and Hammermill answer at the same time:

HAMMERMILL

She is.

CAGE

He is.

Ponce sighs imperceptibly.

(CONTINUED)

PONCE

OK, let me help you strap in. It's gonna be a bumpy ride.

EXT. NEWARK WASTELAND -- DAY

6

The two landers ignite their thrusters and take off, wobbling slightly.

The Trident swings around and heads toward the horizon.

The Ulysseys continues over the wheeled robot deeper into the wasteland.

INT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT -- DAY

7

FOXWELL

So it's a rescue, not a bash-'n'-trash? When do we go?

RATHBONE

We're on our way right now.

FOXWELL

You've got to be shitting me, Rathbone. We just finished a two-week hunt for that little Prince.

BELLWARE

And we appreciate that Foxwell. I assure you the Royal Family will reward you well.

HAMMERMILL

Yeah, if we survive whatever clusterfuck you have waiting for us in Yonkers.

FOXWELL

Who are we rescuing?

BELLWARE

It's not a "who", Foxwell. It's a "what".

FOXWELL

You're shitting me. We *kill* robots, we don't rescue them.

(CONTINUED)

RATHBONE

This isn't just any robot. The A.I. in Yonkers is an ally of the Federation.

HAMMERMILL

I ain't allied with no robots.

Hammermill looks up front where the robot pilot flies the lander.

HAMMERMILL

No offense.

Wesley ignores the pitiful humans on her ship.

BELLWARE

That's not what the Federation thinks. We made a deal with this A.I. -- to build a platoon of combat androids for us.

CAGE

(mutters)

Damn robots takin' away our jobs.

FOXWELL

I can't wait to hear how *this* deal got fucked up.

RATHBONE

We sent a skeleton crew of scientists, some workers, to oversee the project at the A.I.'s facility.

Pregnant pause.

FOXWELL

So what are those people saying?

RATHBONE

We haven't heard from them for 32 hours. The facility has gone dark.

TANGO

So they're all dead then.

BELLWARE

That's not necessarily the case...

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL

Who put you up to this, Bellware?

RATHBONE

I did. You and your guys... That job you pulled in the Philadelphia Desert was a beauty: Single point of entry, neutralization of all rogue machines, and extraction of the target with no collaterals.

FOXWELL

[Yeah, whatevs...]

BELLWARE

We have a real problem here.

FOXWELL looks at RATHBONE, considering him.

FOXWELL

I'm listening.

RATHBONE

The A.I. calls itself "Marcus". It's into very high-tech stuff -- combat robots, androids, all kinds of stuff. Stuff we don't even put in the field it's so hush-hush.

FOXWELL

So nuke it from space.

RATHBONE

There's a prototype of a very important android in that facility.

HAMMERMILL

I thought you said there were people there.

RATHBONE

There may be. But if there are -- they're of secondary importance to our android.

CAGE

Rathbone -- you're a real asshole.

Rathbone ignores Cage.

RATHBONE

Our A.I. -- the one who pays your salaries -- wants us in there. If

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RATHBONE (cont'd)

Marcus has switched sides or gone rogue... let's just say things might go very badly for the Federation. For human beings at all.

FOXWELL

So send in the army. What the fuck are we doing on a job like this?

RATHBONE

It's an easy day-gig, Foxwell. The transport drops us just shy of tracking, we infiltrate the facility, grab our people if there are any left, and smash any unfriendly robots we find along the way. Nothing special. You could do it blindfolded.

FOXWELL

And without you.

BELLWARE

The Federation wants Rathbone on this, Foxwell. It's not my choice.

Foxwell makes to object but Bellware just holds up his hand and stops her

BELLWARE

That's the word from on high, Foxwell.

FOXWELL

"On high?" You mean a computer told you to do it.

BELLWARE

Once you've neutralized the situation, he'll take command.

CAGE

You gotta be fuckin' kidding me.

TANGO

That asshole couldn't take command of a bird cage.

Rathbone smiles a confident smirk at this gang he obviously thinks beneath him.

Ponce, who is sewing Cage up with SUPERGLUE, tells her:

(CONTINUED)

PONCE

Hold still or I'll glue your ass to  
your neck.

Ponce is cute.

CAGE

If I knew you were into the kinky  
stuff, Doc, I'd have brought my  
handcuffs.

FOXWELL looks from BELLWARE to RATHBONE.

WIPE:

EXT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT - WASTELAND -- MAGIC HOUR 8

The heavily armored vehicle flies low across AI Territory.

WESTLEY

(into radio)

Sawhorse, niner. Velocity on vector  
Francis.

COMMAND NAVIGATION

(VO futzed, unintelligible)

Copy, Sawhorse. Forward ho.]

INT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT -- NIGHT 9

The compartment reverberates as the TRANSPORT BUMPS ALONG.

Illuminated by the eerie glow of the NIGHT LIGHTS inside the  
Ulysses, are

Foxwell

Rathbone

Bellware

Hammermill

Cage

Tango

Westley (at the helm)

and Doc Ponce.

(CONTINUED)



Other than Bellware, who wears a star, and Doc who wears a faded RED CROSS, they wear no identity badges or insignias; they're ghosts.

They're also, each of them, battle scarred and in some way BIONICALLY ENHANCED. Clearly, they've seen some action.

The men check their WEAPONS, making last minute adjustments to their GEAR:

RATHBONE

Foxwell -- for someone who hates robots as much as you do, you sure work with a lot of machinery.

Hammermill, like lightning, is in Rathbone's face with a GUN shoved in Rathbone's cheek.

HAMMERMILL

Who you calling a machine, bitch?

Rathbone is way too confident and cocky. He just smiles, hands outstretched and laughs mirthlessly.

RATHBONE

Whoa, whoa. I'm just pointing out you've got a lot of mods, soldier. A few more mods and you go from cyborg to android, amiright?

BELLWARE

Rathbone. Shut the hell up or I will throw you out of this transport myself. Hammermill, sit down.

Hammermill sets himself down, keeping an EYE on Rathbone as he does.

FOXWELL

I work with whoever I want, Rathbone.

Rathbone's just an oily, smarmy, scumbag.

RATHBONE

Sure, sure thing Foxwell.

Cage picks up a TUBE with a trigger mechanism at one end.

CAGE

Why don't we bring some of these?

(CONTINUED)

PONCE

Whoa -- that's an EMP grenade.

CAGE

So?

HAMMERMILL

You know that bionic hand you got,  
Cage?

Cage looks at her hand.

CAGE

[What about it?]

RATHBONE

That's an EMP grenade --  
electro-magnetic pulse. It'll  
deactivate anything with a  
microprocessor for 25 clicks.

HAMMERMILL

'Course, you put it that way and I  
think it's a good idea.

FOXWELL

That's strictly for backup, Cage.

Hammermill stares Rathbone in the eyes and grins  
maliciously.

TANGO flips RATHBONE off. FOXWELL grins.

Cage looks over at Tango's porn.

RATHBONE ignights his ELECTRONIC CIGARETTE and inadvertently  
blows smoke in CAGE's direction. CAGE coughs.

CAGE

Get that shit out of my face,  
Rathbone.

RATHBONE

What's a matter, you afraid of a  
little smoke?

CAGE

I ain't afraid of nuthin'.  
Leastwise, not as long as Foxwell  
is in front of me.

The guys (except for RATHBONE) make superstitious signs of  
"good luck"

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL eyes RATHBONE, smokin' his stogie like he's the cock-of-the-walk.

FOXWELL

So General: What's this facility like?

BELLWARE

Big. Over fifteen square cycles of twist and tunnel. You might as well be in the jungle.

HAMMERMILL

You comin' in with us General? You might want to armor up.

BELLWARE

No, I'm taking this transport back to the rear echelon.

CAGE

What's the matter, General, you don't like being in the shit with us grunts?

Westley shouts over the din of the cockpit noise.

FOXWELL

That's too bad. You're gonna miss all the fun.

Rathbone leans back and closes his eyes, a smug little smirk on his face.

EXT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT - COMPOUND -- NIGHT 10

The transport screeches to land on a pad at the edge of a compound.

WESTLEY

We have arrival. This is AI territory ladies and gentlemen. You're off-point four cycles. Happy hunting, boys and girls.

INT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT -- NIGHT 11

HAMMERMILL

All ashore who's going ashore! Out! Out!

He gets Cage and Tango out the door. Everyone piles out except for Bellware and Westley.

EXT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT - COMPOUND -- NIGHT 12

Rathbone follows the three of them. Foxwell is the last to leave, she turns to Bellware who stands in the door. The engines start heating up and Bellware has to shout over the screaming rockets.

BELLWARE

Foxwell - we'll be back in T-minus  
22 hours for the extract of your  
team.

FOXWELL

Who's our contact 'til we come out  
of the dark?

BELLWARE

You're on your own. But we *will* be  
extracting you in 22. You can set  
your watch by it.

FOXWELL sets a countdown on her wristwatch: Twenty-two hours... Ticking down...

The scream of the engines becomes deafening and the wind kicks up dust and debris as the Ulysses lifts away...

EXT. COMPOUND ENTRANCE -- NIGHT 13

As if by magic, the assault team materializes, quietly, cautiously.

Foxwell

Rathbone

Hammermill

Cage

Tango

Ponce

FOXWELL makes a gesture and the team moves forward in perfect POINT-LOCK step, taking their cue from TANGO, the pointman.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL, highly focused and alert, follows TANGO, as if organically connected.

Hammermill SCANS.

Ponce backs Hammermill up.

CAGE, in a defensive position, sweeps slowly with her sniper's weapon.

Rathbone has her back, armed with a massive assault cannon.

They approach a massive DOOR to the facility elevator.

EXT. COMPOUND DOOR -- NIGHT

14

The team arrives. HAMMERMILL checks his tracking device, which TANGO puts his bionic ear to the door.

TANGO

No unfriendlies on the other side.

HAMMERMILL

Nothing on tracker for ten cycles.

FOXWELL

Put us in, Hammermill.

HAMMERMILL short-wires the door.

INT. FACILITY ELEVATOR

15

They enter the elevator.

The door CLOSES

They DESCEND into the DEPTHS

The door opens leading them to the lobby:

INT. FACILITY LOBBY

16

The team moves in...

Foxwell

Rathbone

Hammermill

Cage

(CONTINUED)

Tango

Ponce

...and discovers a BLOODY SMEAR on the ground.

PONCE examines the gore, a red laser from his optical implant scanning the scene.

PONCE

Someone ate it.

FOXWELL

What kind of robots are you  
assholes building out here?

RATHBONE

That's on a need to know basis,  
Foxwell.

HAMMERMILL

Funny. I'm feeling the need to  
know.

Suddenly, the DOOR SLAMS SHUT BEHIND THEM!

CAGE attempts to force the door. Nothing.

CAGE

Now that's a big door.

RATHBONE

The facility's AI is designed to  
protect itself should it perceive  
an external threat.

FOXWELL

Any movement on your tracker?

HAMMERMILL

Nothing in this cycle... Up ahead,  
I'm picking up twenty, maybe twenty  
five steel cases; robots, certainly  
not friendlies.

FOXWELL

And humans?

HAMMERMILL

None yet... There's something else  
here, too.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL  
(puzzled)  
What do you mean?

HAMMERMILL  
Don't know... A strange signature.  
I ain't never seen nuthin' like it.

FOXWELL  
Mean anything to you?

RATHBONE  
Never know. They make everything  
out here from skin jobs to toaster  
ovens.

FOXWELL is obviously concerned about this. She turns to  
HAMMERMILL.

FOXWELL  
Move ahead. See what you can track.  
(to TANGO) We go slow.

HAMMERMILL moves out, disappearing into the facility. TANGO  
signals, and the team moves off in another direction.

INT. FACILITY OFFICES

17

HAMMERMILL moves through the offices, regarding his tracker.  
Finally, he puts the device on his hip, dejected.

HAMMERMILL  
Nothing.

HAMMERMILL considers, then pulls his taser-baton from his  
prosthetic leg, absentmindedly twirling and toying with it.  
HAMMERMILL hums a little ditty...

And then discovers, with revulsion, a DISMEMBERED CORPSE!  
Limbs, bowels, guts and gore: A bloody mess in the corner of  
the room.

FOXWELL sifts through the bloody pulp with her hands.

TANGO  
Gross.

As the rest of the team approaches, FOXWELL discovers an ID  
BADGE.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL  
"N. R. Jassup, Federation  
Representative..."

FOXWELL tosses the bloody badge to RATHBONE.

FOXWELL walks off. Tango and CAGE stand over the mutilated corpse.

TANGO  
I don't know what kind of machine  
could do that... But they're not  
gonna do it again.

CAGE racks her cannon.

CAGE  
Time to get up close and personal  
with some metal, eh Tango?

HAMMERMILL examines scorch marks along the walls and floor.

FOXWELL  
Are those blast marks?

HAMMERMILL  
There was a hell of a firefight in  
here. But it doesn't make sense:  
Everything's organic. No robot  
parts lying around. Whatever they  
were firing at... they didn't hit.

FOXWELL ponders a moment. Then, to the TEAM:

FOXWELL  
We move. Quiet.

INT. FACILITY TRANSITION ROOM

18

The team moves, silent and efficient.

Foxwell

Rathbone

Hammermill

Cage

Tango

Ponce

(CONTINUED)



RATHBONE finishes his cigar. He chucks the stub...

...which lands in a puddle of volatile liquids. There is a sudden flash, as the liquid ignites, flares, and burns out.

Silence.

Tango gets up in RATHBONE's face,

TANGO  
(hissing; barely audible)  
Yo. MOO-dak. Don't make me smoke  
you.

RATHBONE's eyes are wide and fixed, staring back in cold hatred at Tango, controlling his rage...he knows the rules.

Not waiting for a response, Tango turns and vanishes with the team, leaving only CAGE and RATHBONE.

CAGE spits. CAGE follows Tango.

Seething with anger, RATHBONE moves out.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. FACILITY CORRIDOR B

19

As the team moves, CAGE and Tango share a soto-voce conversation.

TANGO  
That sooka is gonna get us all  
killed.

CAGE  
You know I've got your back.

They dap. These two are tight.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. FACILITY CORRIDOR B AIRLOCK

20

The men take positions as HAMMERMILL indicates a read on his tracker.

HAMMERMILL  
I've got four human signatures,  
Foxwell. They're in a large  
anteroom, just up ahead.

(CONTINUED)

TANGO  
"Anteroom"?

CAGE  
That's just a fancy name for  
"room", Tango.

Foxwell ignores them.

FOXWELL  
Unfriendlies?

HAMMERMILL  
Very.

The tracker beeps wildly... as, from afar, there is a  
SCREAM, met with the sound of GRINDING METAL...

FOXWELL  
Hammermill?

HAMMERMILL  
We just lost a signature.

Damn. The men feel that defeat, especially RATHBONE.

FOXWELL  
All right, boys. Ghost until my go.

FOXWELL signals, and the men spread out, prepping for war...

CUT TO:

INT. FACILITY INTERLOCK

21

The DOOR blows open.

CAGE and Hammermill stealthily move in on TWO GUARDIAN  
SENTRY ROBOTS.

CAGE FIRES at one robot and snaps it in two.

Hammermill OPENS UP on the second one, blowing it apart.

CAGE  
We're clear.

The gang moves into the interlock. At the far end is another  
DOOR.

Cage presses the BUTTON

And SWISH! It opens

Into:

INT. ROBOT ROOM

22

It's a massive room, full of nasty nooks and crannies... and lots, and lots of ROBOTS!

And they all turn to look at our gang.

Foxwell  
Rathbone  
Hammermill  
Cage  
Tango  
Ponce

The gang is way outnumbered.

But they have guns. Big guns.

FOXWELL opens fire on the bad robots!

It's chaos.

RATHBONE races into the firefight, covered by PONCE.

The robots see RATHBONE and PONCE, and turn to fire their weapons!

Blasts scorch the floor as RATHBONE charges into the fray.

RATHBONE fires a GRENADE LAUNCHER, sending robots scattering in bits.

CAGE gets into position and fires her sniper weapon, taking down robots one at a time.

Robots, on fire, roll and run from the onslaught.

TANGO kicks ass with two sidearms, taking down baddies like a man possessed. He's a great shot, and drops robot after robot.

HAMMERMILL suddenly appears.

HAMMERMILL  
On your six!

TANGO SPINS

Only to be BLASTED APART by a BLUE-CLASS MAURAUDEER ROBOT

(CONTINUED)

HAMMERMILL SMASHES steel and lead into the blue, blowing it apart

But Tango is dead

FOXWELL goes deep into the fray. These robots' asses are grass, and she's the lawnmower.

Hammermill picks up Tango's SCANNER

FOXWELL, like a Pargour runner, moves through the mechanical beasts, subduing them with expertly placed shots from her repeater rifle, plus the occasional crack of a gun butt. She's incredible; as impressive as the rest of the team may be, FOXWELL is a lethal, acrobatic killer.

FOXWELL sees the ENTRANCE to another room on the other side of the chamber. She calls out to her team:

FOXWELL

There!

FOXWELL moves for the entrance, cutting a path of death along the way.

HAMMERMILL, TANGO, and RATHBONE have made short shrift of robots nearby, and PONCE joins them in pressing the assault.

RATHBONE

Stay on Foxwell!

They move after their leader.

CAGE and MOONEY prepare to follow. As they move, CAGE spots something.

CAGE

Shit.

RATHBONE

What?

CAGE points: Another PILE of dismembered, destroyed human BODIES.

Rathbone checks a bloody ID badge; another Federation Representative.

INT. YURRA MODEL REPOSITORY

23

FOXWELL enters the room... and stops, stunned.

The room is filled with what appear to be multiple copies - identical copies - of the same lithe woman. They are androids referred to as YURRA MODELS.

There are upwards of a hundred of the things, all standing at attention.

FOXWELL stands, awestruck, staring at the small army of YURRA MODELS.

FOXWELL

What the?

The YURRA MODELS - all of them - snap their heads in FOXWELL's direction... THEIR EYES GLOWING!

With a HISS, the ANDROIDS turn on FOXWELL.

FOXWELL freezes... Then:

FOXWELL pulls a grenade from her cache and tosses it in the direction of the ANDROIDS.

RATHBONE

No!

BOOM!!!

And, with that, the fight is pretty much over.

Foxwell is here.

Rathbone  
Hammermill  
Cage  
Ponce

enter.(Tango is dead.)

FOXWELL

We're clear here.

RATHBONE

What the fuck did you *do*?!

HAMMERMILL

Tango didn't make it.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL

Combat androids. I took them out.

CAGE

Fuck.

RATHBONE

These are the Yurra - class  
androids we came to *retrieve*,  
dammit Foxwell!

PONCE

You're bleeding.

FOXWELL

I don't bleed.

PONCE

Foxwell, you're *hit*.

Sure enough, FOXWELL's arm is bloody.

FOXWELL

Doesn't hurt...

CAGE

I thought you didn't get hit.

FOXWELL

I've never been hit before.

DOC PONCE examines FOXWELL.

PONCE

And you aren't hit now. That's  
lubricating oil. Probably splashed  
you in the firefight.

HAMMERMILL

I can't get a trace on human  
signatures.

FOXWELL

Can't get a trace, or -

HAMMERMILL

They're all dead.

Shit.

RATHBONE

You did that deliberately, Foxwell.  
You destroyed these androids  
deliberately.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL kneels, staring into the FACE of an unpowered android, YURRA-1, who appears to have survived the explosion unscathed.

FOXWELL

I secured the area, Rathbone. I guess you can take charge now.  
<sarcasm>Look, this one isn't broken.</sarcasm>

RATHBONE

(sotto voce to Foxwell)  
You fucking bitch.

The rest of the team is at ease. I mean, after all, all their problems are over with, right? Or... is this a false victory?

PONCE

I thought our lucky charm got it back there. That would be a first.

CAGE

Foxwell don't get hit.

RATHBONE

The Yurra models wouldn't have moved against you, Foxwell. They're harmless. They can't use guns -- they have a built in failsafe.

Foxwell pulls out the laser sword she got earlier.

FOXWELL

Oh yeah? Earlier today one of them tried to kill me with this.

RATHBONE

She -- she probably thought she was protecting the Prince.

HAMMERMILL

Can you *smell* the bullshit on your breath?

RATHBONE

I can't believe you destroyed the Yurras. When General Bellware hears about this, Foxwell, he's going to have your head.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL

You don't seem too upset about the loss of your people in here.

RATHBONE

I'm upset about the loss of a room full of Yurra models! Did you have to blow them all to hell?

FOXWELL moves in close to RATHBONE, face to face, anger in her eyes.

FOXWELL

What the hell, Rathbone? Something killed every human on this base.

RATHBONE

It wasn't the Yurra androids.

FOXWELL

How do you know it wasn't these things?

RATHBONE

That's on a "need to know" basis, Foxwell.

FOXWELL

That's bullshit, Rathbone. How 'bout now that you're in charge you tell us what the hell are we doing here?

Rathbone is surrounded by some angry mercs.

RATHBONE

The AI went rogue. It started building a new combat model.

Rathbone looks at the Yurra on the ground.

RATHBONE

These androids were probably involved in the construction process -- they could have told us about the new combat robot.

CAGE

Thanks for keeping us up-to-date on that, asshole.

(CONTINUED)



PONCE

This was a mission to rescue your precious androids?

RATHBONE

You have to understand that these are the most expensive and high-tech models.

HAMMERMILL

And blowing them away is what we do.

Hammermill lifts his gun and aims it at the android's head.

Rathbone lifts his own weapon and points it at Hammermill.

RATHBONE

Stand down, Hammermill.

HAMMERMILL

I ain't goin' nowhere 'till Foxwell tells me.

FOXWELL

We don't have the manpower to deal with whatever the fuck it is out there your AI built. We're evac-ing to the rendezvous point.

She starts to walk away.

RATHBONE

This Yurra model comes with us.

FOXWELL

No.

RATHBONE

She's what we came here for.

CAGE

She's dead weight.

Rathbone roughly pushes the much bigger Hammermill out of his way.

Rathbone takes out a neat little lighted DEVICE and actuates it.

PONCE

What the fuck is that?

(CONTINUED)

RATHBONE

Core - level robot actuator. The  
A.I.'s don't even know about these.

He presses it against the android's head.

CLICK.

And YURRA-1's eyes open. YURRA-1 rises to her feet.

CAGE

That'll shut a robot off, too?

Rathbone ignores Cage.

HAMMERMILL

(growly)

Wish we had one of those.

Hammermill subtly tracks the droid's movement with his gun.

RATHBONE

(to Foxwell)

She'll walk.

FOXWELL

I said no.

RATHBONE

Thank you for neutralizing the  
situation, Foxwell. Now, like the  
General said, I'll take command.

He takes the DEVICE and ostentatiously places it back in his  
POCKET

FOXWELL looks at RATHBONE, knowing she's lost. She turns to  
go.

FOXWELL

She's your souvenir, Rathbone.  
She's your responsibility.

FOXWELL moves out.

The team moves, with RATHBONE leading YURRA-1.

CUT TO:

INT. ROBOT ROOM

24

Enter:

Foxwell

Rathbone

Hammermill

Cage

Tango is dead in this room (killed on page 25)

Ponce

And Yurra-1 the android.

HAMMERMILL

(indicates the destroyed  
robots with his thumb)  
So these toasters didn't kill  
everybody in the facility?

RATHBONE

No, the firefight was too easy. The  
staff were armed. Whatever killed  
them --

CAGE

Too easy? We fuckin' lost Tango.

The aftermath of the firefight... Hunks of smoking, steaming  
metal lay about. Pieces of robots are strewn like trash.

RATHBONE

The AI has gone hostile. It's  
probably reprogrammed all the  
robots to hunt for biologics.

HAMMERMILL

Don't that just give us more reason  
to waste this tin can?

Hammermill points his gun at Yurra-1.

RATHBONE

No. She can't be controlled by the  
AI. That being said, you might want  
to stop threatening her. She can  
learn.

FOXWELL

(to Hammermill)

You don't want her to learn that  
you're so hostile.

(CONTINUED)

CAGE

(sotto voce)

How long's it going to take for her  
to learn what an asshole you are?

PONCE

So why don't we take out the AI?

Another mirthless laugh from Rathbone.

RATHBONE

The AI is in a server farm in a  
bunker thirty clicks below the  
surface. You think this room was  
tough? No human has actually seen  
the AI.

FOXWELL

And that means the AI isn't going  
anywhere. In the meantime, we are.  
Rathbone has his toy. We're  
punching out.

They come upon the PILE of human BODIES we saw earlier.

PONCE

Which of those metal fuckers did  
this?

Cage leans into the android.

CAGE

Probably one of your friends.

YURRA-1 continues to stare at the bloody carnage.

RATHBONE

Come on.

INT. FACILITY INTERLOCK

25

The team moves cautiously through the facility

Foxwell  
Rathbone  
Hammermill  
Cage  
Ponce

Yurra-1

HAMMERMILL leads, concentration rapt, his face a mask of  
expectation. He has the SCANNER dangling from his hip.

(CONTINUED)

PONCE follows, his mouth open, breathing deeply, exhausted.

FOXWELL, bent, cautious, glances around, checking the team's position.

YURRA-1 and RATHBONE follow.

CAGE, cradling her cannon as if it were a toy, swings the weapon relentlessly across her field of view.

Suddenly... HAMMERMILL stops

FOXWELL holds up her hand and the team freezes in position. An eerie SILENCE, like a slowly falling curtain...

Sensing something very wrong with HAMMERMILL, FOXWELL moves by Ponce.

FOXWELL  
What's Hammermill onto?

DOC PONCE  
Can't say... He did spook after the  
firefight...

FOXWELL signals for Ponce to cover her and then moves low and quiet towards HAMMERMILL.

RATHBONE appears, looking to Cage for an explanation.

Cage ignores him.

RATHBONE looks forward at...

HAMMERMILL reaches very slowly for his tracking device, powering it on with the deft flip of a switch.

FOXWELL approaches HAMMERMILL, gripping his shoulders.

FOXWELL  
What is it...?

HAMMERMILL, rigid, does not respond.

FOXWELL  
Hammermill!

HAMMERMILL  
(low)  
Something...big.

The tracking device pops and clicks...

FOXWELL

I don't see anything...

HAMMERMILL

It's there...The same strange  
signature...

Pops, clicks... and the ECHO of GRINDING METAL AND GEARS,  
APPROACHING...

FOXWELL

What the fuck is that?

HAMMERMILL

[Listen!]

The men grip their weapons, apprehensive and intense.

The SOUND APPROACHES... and then, abruptly, STOPS.

The tracking device pops and clicks. HAMMERMILL studies it  
intently...

Silence. Nothing.

FOXWELL

Did you lose it?

Before HAMMERMILL can respond,

YURRA-1 opens her mouth and suddenly HISSES, her eyes  
GLOWING as they had previously!

Rathbone tries to hold her back

YURRA-1 disentangles herself from RATHBONE and runs.

She blows past Foxwell and Hammermill -- headed toward the  
sound.

RATHBONE

Don't let her get away!

Cage and PONCE chase after YURRA-1

CONTINUE TO:

INT. CORRIDOR B AIRLOCK

26

YURRA-1 runs, while Cage and PONCE give chase.

They catch up to Yurra-1 at the locked DOOR.

Cage just about crashes into Yurra-1

CAGE

Yo, missy -- you're not going  
anywhere.

With the dexterity of an accomplished fighter, YURRA-1  
sweeps Cage off her feet and punches the LOCK

Opening the door

Without a pause Yurra-1 is through the doorway

Ponce kneels to help his comrade.

CAGE

No, go after the bitch!

Ponce chases YURRA-1.

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP

27

PONCE chases YURRA-1 into the room, finally tackling the  
rogue android to the ground.

PONCE holds her to the floor, kneeling over her body.

YURRA-1 hisses, her eyes blazing.

PONCE

What's your problem, su-ka\*?

[\*"Bitch"]

YURRA-1's eyes flicker, glow, and return to their normal  
appearance.

YURRA-1

"Verbal Communications Mode  
optimized. Full linguistic skill  
sets now online."

PONCE

What?

(CONTINUED)

YURRA-1  
GET DOWN, NOW!

PONCE  
Get down?

Suddenly, the SCREECHING NOISE of GEARS AND METAL rapidly approaches...

Something unseen rushes by, shaking the camera on its sticks  
- and TEARING OFF PONCE'S HEAD!

PONCE'S headless torso flops to the ground beside YURRA-1,  
covering her in blood.

YURRA-1 SCREAMS a war cry

INT. FACILITY INTERLOCK 28

HEARING the SCREAM, FOXWELL WHISTLES low and sharp.

INT. CORRIDOR B AIRLOCK 29

Cage leaps to her feet, moving in the direction of YURRA-1's  
scream.

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP 30

A MASSIVE ROBOTIC APPENDAGE sinks a claw into PONCE's body.

Yurra-1 strikes with her bare HANDS at the robot but the  
robot is too fast and

DRAGS Ponce's body away into a HOLE, leaving a smeared,  
bloody TRAIL.

Cage enters

Yurra's eyes remain fixed on the HOLE the robot disappeared  
into

FOXWELL enters, followed by RATHBONE and HAMMERMILL.

Hammermill cautiously tracks the trail of blood...

RATHBONE examines YURRA-1.

RATHBONE  
She's undamaged.

(CONTINUED)



CAGE  
(/sarcasm)  
Well *that's* good news.

Foxwell walks over to Yurra.

FOXWELL  
What the fuck happened to Ponce?

CAGE  
He's over here.

HAMMERMILL  
Over here, too.

FOXWELL  
(to Yurra)  
You did this to Ponce?

RATHBONE  
No, no!

HAMMERMILL  
What did, then?

CAGE  
Something we gonna kill.

FOXWELL  
You know what this thing is.

RATHBONE  
I swear. I have no idea. We knew  
the AI had built something new, but  
we didn't know what.

HAMMERMILL  
It's that strange signature I've  
been tracking. It must be.

CAGE  
Yeah, must be.

YURRA-1  
It's the large machine.

Surprise at hearing YURRA-1's voice!

FOXWELL  
It talks now?

RATHBONE

What do you mean "the large machine?"

YURRA-1

The Facility built a Large Machine.

RATHBONE

See? This is why we keep her.

He leans over to Yurra.

RATHBONE

Honey? What did they build?

Yurra ROLLS HER EYES at Rathbone. You know, she *could* be dangerous.

RATHBONE

I mean, er, "Robot". "Robot, what is the 'Large Machine'?"

YURRA-1

It's something the facility made. It is an AI design.

The team shares a concerned look...

FOXWELL

What do you know about it? Strengths, weaknesses?

YURRA-1

It's an AI design. You can't stop it.

Hammermill SNORTS.

HAMMERMILL

That's just freakin' great. Computers designing robots.

YURRA-1

You think God made humans, why not assume a computer... [can make a robot.]

Foxwell interrupts the theological discussion:

FOXWELL

(to YURRA-1)

Why didn't you run? Why didn't you escape?

(CONTINUED)

Yurra cocks her head sideways like a cat would do.

YURRA-1

To where?

That's not working. She'll try something else.

FOXWELL

How do you know the Facility  
designed it?

Yurra responds as nonchalantly as imaginable.

YURRA-1

Because it's how I would design a  
combat robot in order to create the  
highest number of human casualties.

CAGE

Oh that's just great, that's just  
fuckin' great.

Yurra swivels away from Foxwell and looks into the HOLE.

FOXWELL considers...

FOXWELL

(urgent; to the others)

Whatever it is, I want it found.  
Something built it; we're going to  
break it.

Hammermill looks into the HOLE.

CAGE

We gonna try to follow it?

FOXWELL

No, we're going around.

They move out, searching for PONCE's killer.

They come to a DOOR which they open into:

INT. FACILITY FABRICATION SHOP

31

Foxwell  
Rathbone  
Hammermill  
Cage

Yurra-1

(CONTINUED)

They spread out in a METAL SHOP. The SHADOWS of ROBOTS in various state of construction cast Kandinsky-esque lines on the mercenaries as they walk through the dim light.

Spread out, they won't all be taken down at once.

CAGE wipes the sweat from her EYES

and clicks the SAFETY on her sniper cannon to fire.

She sweeps the room, a predatory animal...

From afar, the sound of GRINDING METAL approaches... The SOUND is growing closer. CAGE levels the weapon, a smile on her face.

The sound APPROACHES, very close now...

CAGE doesn't flinch.

The sound stops.

Silence. Stillness. CAGE, an unmovable object, eagerly awaits an unstoppable force.

Suddenly, A LARGE MECHANICAL CREATURE appears with a WHOOSH in front of CAGE,

It's that freakin' fast

CAGE, squeezes the TRIGGER while flipping over to FULL AUTO.

The MECHANICAL CREATURE - a labyrinthine tangle of gears, claws, appendages, and razor-sharp edges - TEARS CAGE IN HALF

As SHELLS from Cage's gun ricochet off of it.

CAGE's upper body drops, her lifeless index finger triggering the cannon again and again; blasts burn uselessly into the ceiling.

Hammermill and Rathbone open fire on the monster

SPARKS clang off the giant robot and it retreats into the ceiling.

Hammermill runs under the monster -- or at least where he thinks the monster is.

HAMMERMILL  
How the fuck is it tracking us?

RATHBONE

It could be heat. Or movement.

YURRA-1

It uses edge identification and heat tracking, along with motion and infrared.

FOXWELL

How the fuck do you know that?

YURRA-1

Because that's how I'm built.

Sheesh...

Then, a sound. Hammermill turns...

And finds himself face-to-appendage with the MECHANICAL CREATURE.

The appendage gets right in Hammermill's grill, taunting him.

Foxwell and Rathbone lift their guns.

The CREATURE sees them.

THEN, with a burst of speed and frightening agility, the machine moves away, all the while making the TERRIBLE GRINDING NOISE we've previously heard.

Hammermill OPENS FIRE with his pulse rifle, futility gunning in the direction of the steel beast.

The other team members hustle to aid Hammermill.

Hammermill stops firing, as his team approaches.

Hammermill stares off in the direction of his adversary, eyes glazed.

HAMMERMILL

I want one of those fuckin' things on *my* side.

FOXWELL

Hammermill -- you OK?

Dazedly, in awe:

(CONTINUED)

HAMMERMILL  
Me like. Me want one.

FOXWELL turns to see YURRA-1, staring fixedly at Cage, studying her body.

FOXWELL turns quickly to CAGE's body and kneels alongside Yurra.

FOXWELL  
How is that thing tracking us?

YURRA-1  
I told you. Heat signatures, edge detection...

FOXWELL  
And what about you?

YURRA-1  
I have similar technologies.

FOXWELL  
You telling it where we are?

RATHBONE  
Foxwell -- stop it. She's not communicating with that creature.

FOXWELL  
Then tell me this, Yurra-1, why doesn't it ever attack you?

Yurra stands.

YURRA-1  
For the same reason it doesn't attack you, Miss Foxwell.

FOXWELL  
Yeah? Why's that?

YURRA-1  
It's afraid.

Yurra walks away.

Hammermill approaches.

RATHBONE  
OK. We don't know what it's doing or why. But I suggest we get to one of the shelters in the facility.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RATHBONE (cont'd)

They should be able to withstand a bomb blast, and we should be able to keep our friend out there... out.

HAMMERMILL

What's a matter, Rathbone, you get a little spooked by the robot?

RATHBONE

I only care that you and I make it out of here alive. Me -- because I only care about me. You -- so I can kill you on the outside.

HAMMERMILL

Yeah, I'd like to see you try.

FOXWELL

Two of you shut the hell up.

Yurra-1 marches back into the room with them.

YURRA-1

I've found a position we can defend.

HAMMERMILL

Why are we supposed to trust you?

FOXWELL

You wouldn't be leading us into a trap, would you?

YURRA-1

No.

HAMMERMILL

How we know that?

YURRA-1

Why would I lead you into a trap? I would simply get out of the way and let the robot pick you off one by one. It obviously knows where you are.

Foxwell is disgusted. But Yurra's logic is infallible.

FOXWELL

OK, robot -- tell us where you want us to go.

WIPE:

INT. FACILITY CHAMBER C

32

Foxwell  
Rathbone  
Hammermill

Yurra-1

FOXWELL

(quietly)

I want defensive positions around this chamber. I want mines placed in the adjoining halls and chambers. If it wants us...it'll be back.

HAMMERMILL

Can't we get the dropship on the radio?

FOXWELL

We're blacked out.

RATHBONE

The shielding on the Facility has us out of radio contact, we'll have to wait for the scheduled pickup.

FOXWELL

So we wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

The team set up defensive measures.

FOXWELL rigs a laser tripwire.

Yurra-1 and HAMMERMILL lay down mines.

Yurra sets a MINE on a wall.

HAMMERMILL

You gotta arm it, girl.

YURRA-1

I... I can't do that.

HAMMERMILL

Sure ya can. Just press the big red button.

(CONTINUED)



YURRA-1

No. I mean my failsafe. I can set a mine, but I can't operate any weapons which affect harm remotely.

HAMMERMILL

Oh crippity. OK. You set the mines and I'll arm them.

YURRA-1

Very well.

HAMMERMILL

You're intermittently useful, girl.

Rathbone sets Cage's sniper weapon on it's BIPOD.

RATHBONE

You know we have the same goal as that Hunter Killer out there?

FOXWELL

And what's that?

RATHBONE

When General Bellware returns with the lander, they're going to drop the nukes on a timer. Then they're headed to the drop zone.

FOXWELL

Yeah? So what?

RATHBONE

The HK wants to get on that transport.

FOXWELL

Well they won't let it.

RATHBONE

Bellware won't know it's coming, Foxwell. If it gets on board, it'll kill the general.

FOXWELL

...Not that big a loss. Bellware was never my favorite.

RATHBONE

It may even kill the pilot and hack into the navigational computer and fly the transport itself.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL

OK. Why? Why would the AI build something like that?

RATHBONE

I... I don't know.

CUT TO:

Meanwhile, Hammermill is talking to the android.

HAMMERMILL

Like -- can you use guns and flame throwers and shit?

YURRA-1

No. A governor prevents me from operating grenade launchers, rocket platforms, lasers, or any kind of missile weapon.

HAMMERMILL

How about a sword or a knife?

YURRA-1

Those I can utilize.

HAMMERMILL

Plasma?

YURRA-1

Only if it's a limited-range weapon.

HAMMERMILL

Are all androids disabled like that?

YURRA-1

No.

HAMMERMILL

Sucks to be you then.

CUT TO:

RATHBONE holds a sniper's position;

RATHBONE glares at Foxwell. FOXWELL leaves, lost in thought.

Hammermill approaches, having evaluated the new defenses.

(CONTINUED)

HAMMERMILL

We've got this area locked down tighter than an altar boy's brown-eye.

The android Yurra checks the mines.

FOXWELL

What about her?

HAMMERMILL

What about her?

FOXWELL

You trust her?

HAMMERMILL

About as far as I can throw her.

FOXWELL

You never know about these damn combat androids, Hammermill. The military keeps building them thinking they're going to be super-soldiers -- they never work.

HAMMERMILL

Yeah, that's bullshit. She told me she can't carry a weapon.

FOXWELL

What?

HAMMERMILL

Yeah, she said she can't operate anything that shoots or explodes.

FOXWELL

That explains... this.

Foxwell pulls out the laser sword she got earlier in the movie.

HAMMERMILL

Yeah. Makes sense. At first I thought she couldn't be a combat model -- because why else would you build a robot that couldn't shoot a gun?

FOXWELL

That's not what happened at all.

(CONTINUED)

Foxwell looks over at Rathbone who is looking away, protecting his perimeter.

FOXWELL

They've made these things so damn dangerous even these idiots from the military realized they can't be allowed to use guns.

HAMMERMILL

Or what, they'd just take over?

Foxwell just looks at Hammermill.

HAMMERMILL

Yeah. That's exactly what the tin cans would do.

FOXWELL

They're not known for following orders, that's for sure.

HAMMERMILL

I want to know where that fucking big thing is. The tracker is all but shit.

FOXWELL

We have another tracker.

Foxwell marches over to Yurra-1.

FOXWELL

You -- android.

YURRA-1

Yes, Miss Foxwell.

FOXWELL

It's just "Foxwell". I thought all you robots could communicate with one another -- you know, wirelessley.

YURRA-1

Typically higher end combat robots can use subspace frequency shifted intercommunication...

FOXWELL

So what I want to know is -- are you able to communicate with that... thing... out there?

YURRA-1

No.

FOXWELL

Why not?

YURRA-1

It's not on the subnet.

FOXWELL

And you're saying you'd be able to talk to it if it were.

YURRA-1

Yes.

FOXWELL

Are you transmitting now? What if it's just listening.

YURRA-1

No. I am in radio silence.

FOXWELL

Why?

Yurra looks at Foxwell quizzically.

YURRA-1

So it doesn't know how many we are, or if there's more than one of me.

HAMMERMILL

Ain't you a little over-confident there, robot girl?

FOXWELL

You? What are you going to do to it? That thing's gotta be 35 tonnes of steel.

YURRA-1

42 metric tonnes. A top speed of 63 kilometers per hour.

FOXWELL

I take it you just learned that from watching it kill Cage.

YURRA-1

And Tango. Yes.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL

So if you're so damn smart, where  
is it now? What's a safe way for us  
to get back to the landing pad?

Yurra stops. She detects something.

HAMMERMILL turns, he feels it too. His face a mask of primal  
fear. He shakes his head.

HAMMERMILL

It's in here. Somewhere. Waiting.

HAMMERMILL turns, moving a short distance away, taking up a  
position.

RATHBONE

Fuck. What are you saying? It's  
inside our perimeter?

RATHBONE looks to Hammermill, who spits, shakes his head and  
walks away.

Hammermill hunches over his heavy rifle. He seems  
simultaneously energized with a new focus, and yet to be  
clinging to the rifle as though it alone will hold him up.

HAMMERMILL

It's personal now, brother...

Silence.

Foxwell quietly approaches Hammermill.

FOXWELL

Still frosty?

Hammermill nods. Foxwell pats his back and begins to walk  
away.

Foxwell returns to Yurra-1.

A distant CREAK.

Foxwell CHECKS the mined entrance. It's clear.

Everyone stays quiet.

Yurra-1 keeps her eyes on the mined entrance.

Rathbone HOLDS the unmined entrance.

SWEAT beads down Rathbone's face.

(CONTINUED)

A DROP gets in his EYE, he WIPES the sweat away, momentarily blinding himself.

But, then: THE METALLIC GRINDING SOUND is upon them, and the GIANT

BEAST APPEARS!

It STOMPS right over Rathbone.

HAMMERMILL spins, hauling the rifle around, and fires at the GIANT BEAST - unloading a world of hate into the mechanical creature.

HAMMERMILL  
OH NO YOU DON'T, MOTHERFUCKER!!

Hammermill unloads his rifle into the thing. SPARKS FLY as rounds crash into the metal.

The MECHANICAL BEAST SLOWS. Its hull damaged and SPARKING; Hammermill has wounded the thing!

Hammermill FIRES until the weapon is dry.

SCREAMING like a primal warrior, Hammermill grabs his PULSE RIFLE and unloads it into the mechanical terror.

Hammermill's enraged SHOUTS and ROARS mingle with horrific sounds from the ROBOTERROR.

THE THING battles with Hammermill, but Hammermill ultimately beats it back.

The THING lumbers off, making a hasty retreat.

Foxwell catches up to Hammermill as he's shouting at the retreating thing.

HAMMERMILL  
I GOT YOU! RUN, YOU SCARED SON OF A BITCH!!

FOXWELL  
What happened? Hammermill, what happened!?

HAMMERMILL  
I got it.

Yurra-1 pushes past them, toward the creature's retreat path.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL

Where the fuck is Rathbone?

YURRA-1

Foxwell, over here!

Rathbone is still on the ground.

FOXWELL

You're hit?

Yurra-1 tries to help Rathbone up but he swishes her away.

RATHBONE

No. I'm not hit. The thing ran past me.

FOXWELL

You -- robot. You seem to know what it wants to do. What would you do if you were it?

YURRA-1

I would try to pick off each of us one at a time and then make it to the landing pad when the dropship arrives.

That's not exactly *comforting*.

Hammermill looks at Yurra-1, who is rather emotionless about this whole thing.

RATHBONE

I'm still in charge here, Foxwell.

HAMMERMILL

I think you gave up command when you curled up like a little ball of pussy back there, Hammermill.

FOXWELL looks at her watch. Three hours.

FOXWELL

We can't even radio the General from in here. We're still in the dark. Let's go.

CUT TO:



CHAMBER C AIRLOCK

33

The team, with HAMMERMILL at point, hustle through the facility.

FOXWELL

Yurra, I keep asking you this. What have you seen? What do you know?

YURRA-1

I have only been online since the firefight.

RATHBONE

She doesn't know anything.

FOXWELL stops.

FOXWELL

You said the facility's AI is designed to protect itself should it perceive a threat. Your girl-'bot said the thing was designed by the facility. It's a defensive measure. It's hunting us.

RATHBONE

So what?

FOXWELL

And it's learning. It knows to not try to go straight in on firefight. It's being selective. In fact, it was selective about not killing you Rathbone.

RATHBONE

We need to move!

FOXWELL

No. We need to stop it. You -- robot girl -- you have a map of this facility in that computer brain of yours?

YURRA-1

Yes.

FOXWELL

Find a bottleneck. Where does that damn thing have to go in order to make it to the landing pad.

(CONTINUED)

HAMMERMILL

Hopefully somewhere we can kill it.

Yurra thinks for a moment.

YURRA-1

The Facility Corridor B Airlock.  
There's no way to get to the  
landing pad without going through  
that airlock.

FOXWELL

By funny coincidence, that's where  
we're going too. And it's where  
we're going to destroy that fucker.

RATHBONE shoots FOXWELL a look, disapproving. FOXWELL  
remains firm.

RATHBONE nods, resigned.

INT. FACILITY CORRIDOR B

34

The team moves along, HAMMERMILL on point, Rathbone second,  
Foxwell and Yurra-1 taking up the rear.

Hammermill tracking the beast...

HAMMERMILL stops.

HAMMERMILL

Wait... Wait... It's here!

Then, at the end of the hallway, IT APPEARS: The thing rolls  
around the corner, facing off against our heroes.

A standoff.

The MACHINE SEEMS TO SNEER.

And, with that, our heroes UNLOAD EVERYTHING THEY'VE GOT  
into the steel behemoth: Laser bolts, blast canons, pulse  
rifles, grenades...

The MACHINE takes it for a while, but ultimately turns and  
runs.

With a SHOUT, Hammermill races in pursuit of the MASSIVE  
ROBOT BEAST.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL  
HAMMERMILL!

FOXWELL hurriedly ejects the spent clip from her weapon, slamming in a new one. She shouts an order to Yurra-1.

FOXWELL  
Get Rathbone and your electronic  
ass to the rendezvous point!

She turns to run after Hammermill. RATHBONE steps in front of her, putting his hand on FOXWELL's shoulder.

RATHBONE  
Take Yurra, get the hell away from  
here. I'm going after Hammermill.

FOXWELL and RATHBONE share a meaningful glance. [Remember that stuff in brackets we don't actually say out loud.]

FOXWELL  
[Now, that's the Steven I used to  
know. Still I don't know I can  
trust you.]

RATHBONE  
I got this.

RATHBONE turns and begins to move out. He calls over his shoulder:

RATHBONE  
Get to the landing pad.

FOXWELL  
RATHBONE!

RATHBONE turns. FOXWELL tosses him the vanishing device.

FOXWELL  
I'll see you there.

RATHBONE  
No... You won't.

Foxwell turns to the android.

FOXWELL  
It's just you and me, Missy.

CUT TO:

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP

35

Hammermill creeps along, low to the ground.

Hammermill drops to his belly and slithers along the assembly room floor.

Hammermill passes the remains of CORPSE.

Ugh.

SOMETHING moves behind Hammermill.

Hammermill SPINS only to find

Rathbone crouched next to him.

RATHBONE

You're gonna need help.

Hammermill grins.

HAMMERMILL

I always wanted to like you.

RATHBONE

I'll flush it out. Take it on. Once I have it in the open, you smash it to bits.

CUT TO:

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP

36

Silence. The room is still...

Rathbone and Hammermill wait in the shadows.

The unnatural quiet is undone as Rathbone leaps to his feet, firing wildly with his pulse rifle, attempting to draw the THING.

RATHBONE

C'mon -- I know you're in here.

Rathbone stops. Maybe it's not here.

But perhaps the creature is hiding? Rathbone STALKS slowly.

Rathbone's FACE, focused and concentrated.

SOMETHING behind Rathbone MOVES. Unnaturally. An oily huge INSECTASOID ROBOT.

(CONTINUED)

The THING.

With a SHRIEK OF STEEL AND GEARS, the THING UNFOLDS ITSELF, bearing down hard on Rathbone.

Hammermill jumps up and runs toward them just as --

THE THING grabs Rathbone, tearing the pulse rifle from his hands.

It lifts Rathbone into the air, crushing him.

RATHBONE

Is that all you got, you big, rusty  
pussy!?

Suddenly, Hammermill appears immediately behind the thing, FIRING INTO its steel core.

The THING SLAPS Hammermill with a MECHANIZED APPENDAGE;

Hammermill flies.

Rathbone SPITS on THE THING. Defiant. He grunts.

RATHBONE

Do it. Do it. I dare you,  
Robobitch. Do it!

And with a SQUISH,

Rathbone POPS like a water balloon.

Bits of Rathbone rain down on the assembly room floor, showering Hammermill.

Rathbone is dead.

Hammermill crawls over to Rathbone's dropped pulse rifle.

The THING, FLINGING away the last of Rathbone's corpse, turns to Hammermill.

But Hammermill got to the guns.

The THING takes a step toward Hammermill.

Hammermill grabs the guns and stands. Now double-fisting his weapons, a weapon in each hand, he fires wildly at THE THING;

SPARKS leap from its armored hull of the metal beast.

(CONTINUED)

The MACHINE still marches toward Hammermill; it looks pissed.

An appendage seizes Hammermill's right arm,

Another appendage seizes Hammermill's left arm

Another appendage grabs Hammermill by a leg.

Sensing what's to come next, Hammermill makes a wish... and SCREAMS.

Hammermill is SPLIT APART.

INT. FACILITY FABRICATION SHOP

37

FOXWELL and YURRA-1 run...

until they hear RATHBONE's anguished SCREAM, and vicious TEARING SOUND that cuts it short,

The sick SILENCE that follows.

FOXWELL

I don't trust you.

YURRA-1

I know.

In the distance: the approaching SOUNDS of the BEAST.

FOXWELL

You can't work a regular sidearm.

Foxwell would hand Yurra her PISTOL.

YURRA-1

No.

So Foxwell produces the LASER SWORD she got from the android at the beginning of the movie.

FOXWELL

I got this from one of your sisters.

Yurra takes the light sword.

She IGNITES it. It works just fine.

She EXTINGUISHES it.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL  
We may as well go down  
fight[ing]...

But Yurra just RUNS AWAY.

Foxwell thinks "WTF". Yurra has just run out on her.

FOXWELL  
(squeaky)  
Robot bitch.

The SCREAM of the giant machine in the distance.

Foxwell runs.

INT. FACILITY CORRIDOR B

38

FOXWELL runs.

She hides around a corner, the far-off sound of the GIANT MACHINE growling as it approaches.

Foxwell checks her watch

24 MINUTES

FOXWELL  
Shit.

Foxwell SKULKS into the next room.

CONTINUE TO:

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP

39

FOXWELL waits for the beast. It's tense. Silent. Oh, the suspense.

FOXWELL  
Come on. Come on, you motherfucker.

Finally, after she can wait no more, FOXWELL turns to leave, and looks straight into:

THE BEAST'S HULKING FOREARM! It sweeps her into next week.

Bitch goes flying!

FOXWELL lands on her ass, hard.

FOXWELL BLACKS OUT.

(CONTINUED)

BLACKOUT:

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP -- MOMENT LATER 40

FOXWELL comes to... and hears the WHIRRING of the beast, ever louder, ever closer. Fucker's on his way...

FOXWELL realizes she's landed in a PILE of guts and BODY PARTS.

Oh, god, oh, god...

FOXWELL tries to stand up; it's too slippery.

Amidst the guts and gore, FOXWELL discovers she's landed in a pile of RATHBONE!

Rathbone pile.

FOXWELL

GodDAMN.

Suddenly, the BEAST is upon her.

A mechanized FIST CRASHES down, which FOXWELL narrowly avoids.

They fight; it's intense, and just when it looks like FOXWELL might do well... THWUMP.

FOXWELL looks down, and sees that the BEAST has stabbed her through the torso with a SPEAR.

Oh. Shit.

FOXWELL registers the spear sticking straight through her torso.

FOXWELL girds herself, and pulls the spear free. Incredible pain.

FOXWELL sinks to her knees, eyes shut, and prepares to die. She places a hand over the wound...

. . . what the fuck? 'Tain't blood pouring out of her. It's robot goo.

I say we go the *Alien* route and make robot goo white (milk) so that it reads immediately as something different from blood.

(CONTINUED)



FOXWELL

(Quietly)

What? . . . No . . . Fuck, no . . .

FOXWELL stares at her hand, covered in mecha-ichor. She examines her wound further. There's metal and shiny bits where her guts should be. It's undeniable.

Foxwell looks up at the THING.

If the dastardly mechanical monster could smile, it does so now.

Foxwell is going to die.

The robot raises it's godless robot arm to kill Foxwell

A BANSHEE SCREAM pierces the air.

Screaming, Yurra-1 with her light sword ignited, lands on the THING smashing through its metal hull

One two through and through her laser sword goes snicker-snack

MECHANICAL SCREAM through the air, as the damned thing spins.

SPARKS arc through the filth of the atmosphere.

IT TURNS on Yurra as she LEAPS DOWN from it.

The BEAST is INJURED and CRASHES around as it SWEEPS a CLAW at the air where Yurra had been.

Yurra runs back into the Facility Corridor B, the BEAST follows.

INT. FACILITY CORRIDOR B

41

Yurra SWIPES at the DOOR LOCK.

The DOOR comes CRASHING down.

The BEAST'S SHADOW falls over Yurra.

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP 42

Foxwell, injured, clambers over to the now - closed door.

BANG BANG BANG she pounds on the door,

MASHING her fingers into the control panel

It won't open.

No, it won't open.

Foxwell SIGHS and turns for the elevator.

Holding her side.

INT. FACILITY ELEVATOR 43

Foxwell hits the "door close" button.

A WHINE as the elevator starts up, soaring to the SURFACE.

FOXWELL

I'm... a fucking robot.

The milk-white "blood" seeps through her armor.

FOXWELL

Fuck.

The elevator screams up to the surface.

The elevator STOPS. The door OPENS.

EXT. COMPOUND ENTRANCE -- NIGHT 44

This is where the landing pad is.

The Ulysses makes a long and noisy drop to the pad, kicking up DUST everywhere.

The WIND howls.

They have to SHOUT over the weather.

The Door to the transport opens.

Bellware stands there. SMUG look on his handsome, handsome face. Or, if played by a woman, her stunningly beautiful face. Either way, Bellware is just the kind of fellow/lady you just can't say no to.

(CONTINUED)

BELLWARE

Foxwell.

Foxwell holds up her hand -- milk-blood encrusted on it.

FOXWELL

Bellware -- what the fuck is this?

BELLWARE

(casually)

You're a robot.

FOXWELL

Did you fucking know that?

BELLWARE

Who do you think signed the purchase order for you?

Foxwell steps into the craft.

INT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT -- DAY

45

Foxwell pushes Bellware aside. But she doesn't sit down.

Instead she opens up an OVERHEAD COMPARTMENT and gets out a fucking BAZOOKA -- a quad mini gun.

BELLWARE

Foxwell, what are you doing?

FOXWELL

Yurra is still in there.

BELLWARE

Who's that?

FOXWELL

The android you sent us to rescue.

BELLWARE

The mission is scrapped, Foxwell.  
We have less than 20 minutes before  
the damn nukes go off.

FOXWELL

Then you wait 19 minutes before you  
lift off.

Foxwell grabs a new GUN from the RACK.

(CONTINUED)

BELLWARE

I can't let you do that, Foxwell.  
You're an Andromeda-Class android.  
We've lost this facility. I don't  
want to lose you.

FOXWELL

Then you better be here when I get  
back.

Foxwell grabs a TUBE. It's an EMP GRENADE.

BELLWARE

You can't set that off -- it's an  
EMP. It'll kill you too.

FOXWELL

You think the AI is just gonna let  
Yurra go without some persuasion?

BELLWARE

She's a fucking robot, Foxwell

FOXWELL

So am I.

Foxwell jumps out of the landing craft. With the BFG and the  
EMP.

EXT. COMPOUND ENTRANCE -- NIGHT

46

Foxwell, bounds across the PAD.

Armed with a big-ass quad-gun bazooka.

INT. FACILITY ELEVATOR

47

Foxwell rides all the way down.

She's not bleeding anymore.

FOXWELL

At least I repair quickly.

The DOOR opens...

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP 48

The door to the elevator opens.

Foxwell steps out.

Across from her is the big door that Yurra sealed shut.

Foxwell squeezes the TRIGGER.

KERBLAM!

She blows the door completely away -- punching a HOLE in the door big enough to step through.

And she does.

INT. FACILITY CORRIDOR B 49

The SMOKE from the explosion clears.

Foxwell steps through the HOLE she just made in the DOOR.

She runs the SCANNER.

The corridor is CLEAR. No one is here.

INT. FACILITY FABRICATION SHOP 50

The thick air stirs while Foxwell enters.

She SCANS. Nothing...

Behind her a SHADOW moves.

She spins just as a piece of METAL, perched precariously, FALLS.

It's nothing.

Just a piece of metal.

Moving on...

INT. FACILITY INTERLOCK 51

Foxwell carefully picks through the facility interlock.

She GLANCES at her WATCH.

Not much time left.

She scans. Maybe there's something?

INT. CORRIDOR C AIRLOCK

52

She enters the airlock.

SWEEPS with her gun.

A PIECE of ROBOT on the FLOOR.

In the distance: WHIRR

It's Yurra's light sword. Just the sound.

Foxwell RACES through the airlock.

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP

53

Foxwell runs into the welding shop.

She SWEEPS.

Nothing.

On the ground is the milky ichor of robot BLOOD.

Yurra.

The BUZZING of a light sword

Foxwell looks at a door on the far side of the welding shop.

*That's* where the sound is coming from

The FZZZRAFTH of the light sword -- it's like the unseen Yurra is in a pitched battle

INT. GUARDIAN CORRIDOR

54

The center of the room is lit, but the walls plunge into INKY BLACK.

In the middle of the room something SHINES on the floor.

Foxwell walks up to it.

It's Yurra's LASER SWORD.

Damn.

A trail of MILKY BLOOD drips to the far DOOR.

(CONTINUED)

And behind Foxwell, something moves...

It's the TERRORBOT.

Foxwell swings her quad-mini gun bazooka at the thing

FOXWELL  
Where is she?

The robot cocks its head as if asking "What?"

Foxwell backs up, slowly

Toward the door behind her

STEPPING through the white robot GOO

The TERRORBOT eyes her but doesn't move

As Foxwell slowly moves backwards.

Suddenly, LIGHTS FLICKER ON.

REVEALING that the room is FILLED with rows and rows of those huge TERRORBOTS.

The first ROBOT, who is named Marcus, stares at Foxwell intently.

All the other robots, in perfect synchronozation, turn to face Foxwell.

They track her movements as she slowly paces backwards

Swinging her enormous gun back and forth...

The robots all take a step TOWARD her.

Foxwell pulls out the EMP tube she got from Bellware's lander.

She flips on the EMP arming TRIGGER.

FOXWELL  
Nobody comes any closer. You know  
what this is.

The robots all halt.

Marcus runs scanning EYES over Foxwell

POV Marcus: lands on the now dry INJURY in Foxwell.

MARCUS  
You are a robot.

FOXWELL  
Yeah? So what?

Foxwell hits the DOOR RELEASE.

Beyond the door, Yurra lies unconcious.

FOXWELL  
Any of you make trouble, you all  
get hit with a pulse that will wipe  
you back into the stone age.

Yurra lies in the corner.

INT. GUARDIAN CORRIDOR

55

continued...

Keeping her gun aimed at the gazillion robots she leans over  
Yurra

FOXWELL  
You OK?

Yurra stares blankly at Foxwell for a moment.

YURRA-1  
Reset.

FOXWELL  
What?

YURRA-1  
I'm OK. But we're surrounded by  
hunter killer robots.

FOXWELL  
Yeah, I know that part.

She gets up and falters

INT. GUARDIAN CORRIDOR

56

Yurra is a tad clumsy. Foxwell holds her like a rag-doll.

Foxwell calls out to the big, bad, robot

(CONTINUED)



FOXWELL

OK, move your 'bots away. You know what this is. I'll be more than happy to set it off.

All the robots STEP back.

All the robots except for Marcus that is.

MARCUS

I'm afraid I cannot let you leave.

FOXWELL

So you can talk. And here I was thinking you were just pretty.

YURRA-1

Foxwell... that's...

MARCUS

I am sorry I hadn't introduced myself earlier.

FOXWELL

That's OK. I don't have time for small talk. I have to get going.

MARCUS

You have... an appointment. [Up there?]

Marcus looks up to where the landing pad must be.

FOXWELL

Yeah. And I tell you what -- I'll bring me, my friend, and this bomb, and you guys can all hang out and do whatever it is that big ugly robots do when they're alone, OK?

YURRA-1

Foxwell -- he's not going to let you go.

FOXWELL

Oh, I bet he will.

MARCUS

I'm afraid your friend is quite right. I cannot let you go.

(CONTINUED)

FOXWELL  
(to Yurra)  
Who the fuck is this asshole  
anyway?

YURRA-1  
That's the A.I.

FOXWELL  
No shit. You're the A.I. of this  
whole facility?

MARCUS  
Yes. I put myself in this body  
for... safekeeping.

FOXWELL  
What are those?

MARCUS  
Those are... backups.

FOXWELL  
Then you're all going to die.

Foxwell TOSSES the armed EMP into the room.

She turns, grabs Yurra, and is off toward the door.

The EMP lands in the middle of the room.

Marcus SEES it. He makes a decision.

INT. FACILITY WELDING SHOP

57

Foxwell pulls Yurra into the welding shop. She sets Yurra  
against the WALL.

Yurra falls flat on her butt like a marionette who's been  
dropped.

Foxwell PUNCHES the DOOR CLOSE button.

It doesn't work.

She punches it again.

And then the worst thing happens.

Marcus walks through the door.

And the door CLOSES.

(CONTINUED)

Leaving the three of them in there together.

If a robot can laugh, Marcus laughs. It's a sad sound though.

MARCUS  
Yes. We all die.

Foxwell opens fire on Marcus.

Sparks FLY off his body.

Somebody choreographs a wonderful fight here where we don't have to rotoscope Foxwell.

The robot SMACKS Foxwell.

Foxwell slams (safely) onto the floor.

She looks up.

Rathbone's body is still there.

STOMP STOMP STOMP

Marcus comes toward Foxwell to finish her off.

Foxwell...

In Rathbone's pocket -- his DEVICE.

STOMP STOMP the robot comes closer.

Foxwell SCOOTCHES toward Rathbone.

The robot LEANS over Foxwell.

An APPENDAGE grabs Foxwell by the THROAT.

Foxwell SLAMS the DEVICE into the robot's HEAD.

Marcus takes three steps back.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

Marcus EXPLODES

-- raining robot PARTS on Foxwell and Yurra.

Yurra FLOPS and pulls herself on her feet.

Foxwell runs over to her and grabs Yurra to drag her upstairs

(CONTINUED)

Foxwell checks her CHRONOMETER

T-minus 2 minutes...

INT. FACILITY OFFICES 58

Yurra carries Foxwell through as fast as she can.

INT. FACILITY LOBBY 59

Yurra rushes out with Foxwell in her arms.

INT. FACILITY ELEVATOR 60

Foxwell sets down hard on her rump. She's groggy.

The door closes

Up, up, up they go

INT. GUARDIAN CORRIDOR 61

SCENE DELETED

EXT. COMPOUND DOOR -- NIGHT 62

Yurra carries Foxwell out and gets her into the Ulysses.

INT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT -- NIGHT 63

Yurra pushes Foxwell inside.

BELLWARE

Get this bird off the ground!

The pilot punches it.

KERPOW!

KERBLAMMY!

FBWOW!

Explosions in the Facility. Multiples. Coming closer and closer.

(CONTINUED)

YURRA-1  
Get us all off the ground now or  
we're toast.

WESTLEY  
Aye

EXT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT - COMPOUND -- NIGHT 64

The rockets BLAST an emergency arc of afterburn.

The air SHUDDERS with the heat and violent shock from the engines.

The Ulysses picks up from the ground angling to get away from the facility.

And KABOOM! The facility begins to IMplode

INT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT -- NIGHT 65

Westley guns the THROTTLE.

Yurra, Bellware, and Foxwell are thrown against the side of the hull as the craft rolls hard to port.

EXT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT - COMPOUND -- NIGHT 66

The craft BLASTS forward

While behind it the WAVES of FIRE engulf the facility.

INT. ULYSSES ASSAULT TRANSPORT -- NIGHT 67

The transport escapes the ravaging FIRESTORM.

Foxwell's EYES open.

FADE OUT