

The Beta Test

By

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1 EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY 1

Welcome to suburbia. The sun is shining. The grass is neatly trimmed. The cars are nicely washed.

2 EXT. CLYDE HOME - DAY 2

We center on a house, getting closer. The door cracks open, white legs in fuzzy black slippers step out.

CLYDE WILLIAMS (20s, brown hair, an everyman) steps out down onto his lawn, scooping up the morning newspaper.

MALE VOICE

Hey Clyde!

Clyde turns to see JOHN FOX (burly, chubby, bearded) waving from his doorway, nearly spilling his coffee.

JOHN

Hey neighbor!

CLYDE

Morning John!

JOHN

Thanks for the photos, the wife loves them!

Clyde turns grabs the mail from the mailbox, waves and disappears inside.

3 INT. CLYDE HOME - DAY 3

The room is clutterless, a place for everything and everything in it's place. Clyde drops the newspaper on the dinner table and peruses the mail.

CLYDE

(riffling through mail)

I don't know why I bother to check this shit anymore, nothing but spam.

The mail is addressed to Clyde, he stops when he sees the name "Frank Molina" on a large manila envelope.

CLYDE

Ugh, that idiot gave me Franks mail again.

(CONTINUED)

RING! BUZZ! Clyde pulls out his iPhone, a gorgeous blond appears with the name JODY RIVERS.

CLYDE
(answering)
Hey baby sweetie!

JODY (V.O.)
Hey! Are we still on for tonight?

CLYDE
Sure thing. Pick you up around 5?

Clyde squints at the newspaper, the date reads March 23, 2011.

JODY (V.O.)
Sounds gre--

CLYDE
-- Today is the 24th right?

JODY (V.O.)
Uh, yeah. Why?

CLYDE
Idiot newspapers can't even print the correct date. Can't count on anyone to do their job anymore. Anyway, I'll see you at 5.

JODY (V.O.)
Kay. Love you.

Clyde scoffs, drops the paper.

4 EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

4

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Clyde knocks on his neighbors door, the weeds are overgrown, the lawn is brown and dead. If it weren't for the car in the driveway you wouldn't know anyone lived here.

CLYDE
(knocking)
Frank?!

He checks the windows, nothing in the kitchen. He checks another window, a shadowed figure is inside.

(CONTINUED)

CLYDE

Frank! I can see you in there man,
answer the door, I don't have time
for this.

Frank remains unmoved. Clyde shoves the envelope into his
mail slot, it doesn't fit.

CLYDE

God damnit Frank!

He walks around the house. Finding another window, he taps
on it, peering in.

CLYDE

Frank? What do you want me to...

Clydes voice fades, the package slips from his fingers
SLAMING into the floor, he stares inside the window at FRANK
MOLINA (late 40s.)

Frank is motionless, his shirt off, chest split open like
two saloon doors. He is attached to a machine with cables
running into the circuit board inside his exposed chest.

His eyes SNAP open, turning to see Clyde in the window.

Frank rips the cables out, he jolts towards the door.

Clyde sprints, stumbling. Frank exits to chase him.

Clyde SLAMS into his front door, hands shaking, the door
swings wide and SLAMS shut.

5 INT. CLYDE HOME - DAY

5

Clyde stumbles over furniture, running to the bathroom.

Outside, we hear POUNDING on the door.

CLYDE

What the fuck... okay.. just.. what
the fuck? This is a dream er..
nightmare.. or something.

Splashing water on his face, he tries to wake up.

CLYDE

Come on, wake up! Wake up!

He slaps himself.

More POUNDING.

6 INT. NEIGHBORS HOME - DAY 6

A couple peer through the parted blinds.

FRANK
(in the distance)
Clyde? You in there buddy?

7 INT. CLYDE HOME - DAY 7

The POUNDING stops.

Clyde walks to the window, no Frank. He checks the door as Frank SLAMS into it, pushing it open.

Clyde runs to the backdoor, he hops a fence and runs to his neighbors door.

8 INT. KITCHEN - DAY 8

Clyde enters and turns around in time to --

-- SLAM into John.

JOHN
Woah buddy, what's the hurry?

CLYDE
Dude! -- Jesus, you scared me. It's Frank man, I don't know... what the fuck... it's like he was a robot or.. whatever the fuck those things are called... cyborgs or terminators. I don't know.

JOHN
You been smoking some of that good shit I sold you? Man I told you to be careful, that shit will fuck you u--

CLYDE
-- No man! This is real, the dude fucking broke down my front door. Look!

Out the window, his door is intact. Frank is no where in sight.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Man you need to settle down! Let me get you some herbal tea, the good shit not that shit you buy at Whole Foods.

Clyde nods, puzzled. Did that just happen? He pulls out his iPhone.

JODY (V.O.)

Hell--

CLYDE

(whisper yelling)

Jody! Listen to me, I am freaking the fuck out. I just saw my neighbor hooked up to some kind of mach...

Clyde fades off, he sees cables and a similar machine to Franks house.

The HISS of the tea kettle becomes increasingly louder.

JODY (V.O.)

A what? Honey your breaking up, I can't hear you.

CLYDE

(still whisper yelling)

Listen.. just.. somethings up. Come and pick me up, please. I love you.

JODY (V.O.)

Okay b...

CLICK.

John appears with two mugs. He hands one to Clyde.

Clyde is hesitant, but takes it.

JOHN

Everything okay dude?

Clyde is visibly shaken.

CLYDE

Yeah uh.. listen, John. I saw these...these cables and uh.. what are these man?

JOHN

Oh those? Those are for my
diabities, dude. Shits a bitch but
I do love me some Krispy Kream.

Clyde, obviously not listening, tries to process everything.

CLYDE

Listen John, this might seem weird
but...can you show me your chest?

JOHN

(laughing, turns to serious)
You serious dude? Not even going to
buy me dinner fi--

CLYDE

-- Just show me your chest!

JOHN

Yeah, fine, whatever gets you off
my back, dude. You need to take a
serious chill pill or something.

He lifts his shirt, regular skin. Clyde sighs.

JOHN

Happy?

CLYDE

Yeah, thanks. I'm just, you know
freaking out.

Clyde's eyes light up, he has an idea.

CLYDE

Um, hey do you have any honey for
this?

John nods and turns for the kitchen. Clyde grabs a shelf,
reaches back and SMASHES it against Johns back. He doesn't
flinch as it splinters around his body, tearing his shirt
and skin to reveal: SHINY METAL.

Clyde drops the wood. Backs up slowly, John turns around.

JOHN

(glitching)
You sh..shouldn't have do..done
that Clyde.

Clyde scrambles.

John grabs his shoulder, easily throwing him into a bookshelf.

SMASH. Books fall on Clyde. He squirms in pain.

John closes in. Clyde stands up, pulls the bookshelf down.

SLAM. John climbs over it slowly.

Clyde bolts for the door.

9

EXT. SUBURBIA - DAY

9

Clyde sprints full speed into the street.

SCREEECH. A blue Prius slams on its breaks. Narrowly avoiding Clyde, he puts his hands on the hood. Inside, it's JODY (20s, gorgeous blond)

CLYDE

Oh thank god!

He jumps in.

10

INT. PRIUS - DAY

10

The inside is prestine. Jody is beautiful in her black spagetti strap shirt and tight jeans. Clyde slams his seatbelt in.

CLYDE

Go! Go! Go!

JODY

What the hell Clyde?

CLYDE

Just go! Come on! Come on!

Out the window, Frank exits his house, his smile never fades as he walks towards the car, waving. Robotic.

John exits his house, still glitching, he's pissed.

They both close in.

CLYDE

(near tears)

Baby, go! Please!

John and Frank get closer.

JODY
Hon, it's just your neighbors. How
bad can two old guys be?

Jody rolls the window down.

JODY
Hi Mr. Fox, Mr. Moli --

Frank and John are rigid. Clyde panics.

CLYDE
Go!

He SLAMS his foot into the gas.

SCREECH! Jody swerves, narrowly avoiding hitting a car.

JODY
What the hell Clyde?

Clyde sighs, relaxing back into his seat.

CLYDE
Baby, I'm sorry. I... those guys
are cyborgs or something. John
threw me across his damn living
room and --

JODY
-- listen. Calm down. I'm taking
you to the ER.

CLYDE
Nothings wrong with me Jody, I know
what I saw and I definitely sa...

Clyde looks at Jody.

BEAT.

He pinches her quickly.

JODY
Ow! The fu--

CLYDE
(sighs)
Thank god. I just.. I had to make
sure.

JODY

Jeez, hon. It's gonna be okay.

Jody pets the back of his head. Clyde closes his eyes. Jody reaches into the back, pulls out a handheld rod with a small needle on one end, almost like a blood tester.

JODY

You can trust me.

She brings it to the back of his neck and pushes the button.

CLICK. WHOOSH.

CLYDE

What the fuc...

Clydes vision blurs, he gets woozy, passing out.

BLUR FADE TO:

11 INT. UNKNOWN CAR - DAY

11

FADE IN:

Still blurry, Clyde makes out the back of a pick up truck. Two figures sit in the front.

DRIVER

I can't believe it, six god damned years of preperation and this fuck ruins it in two weeks.

PASSENGER

So what now?

DRIVER

Now the test is over, these guys aren't ready for the mass market and there is no way we pass government regulations.

PASSENGER

So, are we giving up or starting over?

DRIVER

Who the fuck knows, or cares. They don't pay me enough to really give a damn.

BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. The driver pushes a button on the dashboard.

(CONTINUED)

DASHBOARD VOICE
Where is the beta tester?

DRIVER
Twenty minutes out.

DASHBOARD VOICE
Good. Get him to holding cell C
when you arrive.

BEEP. Clyde GRUNTS. The passenger looks back at him.

PASSENGER
Shit, he's waking up.

DRIVER
Nah, the sedative is enough to keep
him out, he's probably just
dreaming or something stupid.

PASSGENER
Go back to sleep buddy, you aren't
going to want to remember what is
about to happen to you.

12 EXT. DESERT - DAY

12

A barren desert, nothing for miles.

A truck speeds past. We turn to see the familiar LAX block
letters dug into the sand, dirty and decrepit.

In the distance, a futuristic city floating above the
ground, obviously the trucks only destination.

FADE OUT: