

FINAL RUN

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARK - LATE AFTERNOON

As the sun begins to set, trees and bushes cast long shadows on the lawn of this scenic, quiet park.

Two MALE JOGGERS (40's), run side by side along a dirt path.

Alone on a bench sits ARTHUR (65), straggly hair and dated brown suit. He's a forever nerd complete with black rimmed glasses and pencils in his shirt pocket.

He watches the two joggers round a bend, momentarily disappear behind a large bush, then reappear and continue on.

No one else is around, except a squirrel. It jumps up next to Arthur and sticks its head in a small, wrinkled brown bag.

ARTHUR

Sorry squirrely, no seeds left.

The squirrel cocks it's head. Arthur chuckles. He crumples the bag, tosses it toward a trash can a few feet away but misses. The squirrel scurries over to it.

In the distance, a FEMALE JOGGER (30's) approaches.

Arthur watches as she rounds the bend, then disappears behind the large bush.

The bush rustles, followed by a quick scream.

Stunned, Arthur squints, tries to focus on the bush.

For a few seconds, the bush thrashes violently, then stops.

Branches part, and a shiny, metallic face with glowing yellow eyes appears. Blood drips from it's sharp, metal teeth.

Arthur quickly stands, grabs his cell phone. As he punches in numbers he makes eye contact with the metal monster.

They stare until...the monster lunges out of the bush. The limp, bloody female jogger in his robotic arms.

It sprints toward Arthur.

Quickly, Arthur turns and runs as fast as he can but he's no match for the monster's speed. It closes in.

Heading toward a van parked in a small lot, Arthur fumbles in his pocket for his keys.

He pushes a button on the fop, the van door slides open.

Monster only a few feet behind him, Arthur dives in the van head first.

He turns over, struggles up to the driver's seat as he pushes the door button on the fop.

The door begins to slide close but it's too late.

Jogger still in his arms, the monster jumps in.

The van door closes.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

With those glowing yellow eyes, the monster glares at Arthur as he pushes a code into his cell phone.

Suddenly, the monster's eyes go dark, it's body shuts down, it's arms release the jogger.

Arthur reaches back, checks the jogger's wrist for a pulse.

ARTHUR

Killed another one. Son of a bitch.

Frustrated, he looks at the lifeless monster.

ARTHUR

I need them alive, dammit! How do I program you to keep them alive?

Arthur flings his cell phone to the back of the van. He looks through the windows toward the park and the lot.

No one is around. He hits a button on the fop. The van door slides open.

He crawls out of the driver's seat to the back. Hunched over he rolls the jogger out the door.

With a sickening thud, her body lands on the pavement.

The van door slides shut.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SUNSET

The van drives off, leaving the dead, female jogger behind.

FADE OUT.