

INESCAPABLE

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"Violence does, in truth, recoil upon the violent, and the schemer falls into the pit which he digs for another."

-Arthur Conan Doyle

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE-NIGHT

A large, suburban house rests on a winding hill. The house is secluded, and gated. Though it's night, the scene is warm. Hazy. Like a dream...

A bright red-orange light emanates from the house, filling the frame. Several plumes of black smoke rise in the background.

It takes us a second to realize the house is BURNING TO THE GROUND. The house COLLAPSES as the fire consumes it. And We-

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER BLACK:

The Nightly News plays.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

This is Channel 9 news with Breaking news. The CEO of Palmer Robotics, Robert Foster, has been reported missing. He was last spotted leaving a nightclub...

The sound of GROANING takes us to:

INT. FACTORY-NIGHT

It's a decrepit joint, except for newly installed locks on windows and doors.

In a corner, there's a TV mounted on the wall-- playing the news.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)(CONT'D)

...Foster took over three years ago, after his business partner and founder of Palmer Robotics, Dr. Kirk Palmer...

The news is drowned out by more groaning as...

A MAN(40's) pops up. Frantic. Very groggy. He's very well dressed. A look that screams "business executive". A wedding band on his finger.

The Man looks around. It takes him a moment to fully come to. The Man sees a large double door, and staggers towards it.

He pulls on the door. It's locked. He beats on the door, calling out.

MAN
SOMEBODY HELP! LET ME OUT! HELP!

POUND. POUND. POUND. He continues to wail on the door.
Nothing.

This Man looks up at the screen and sees *himself* on TV. He's the missing CEO, ROBERT FOSTER.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
If you have any information on his
whereabouts, call 1-800-345-TIPS...

Foster pulls out his cellphone and dials to no avail. He checks the phone. The SIM card and battery has been removed. He tosses the phone in frustration.

Foster looks around, and spots something on the wall. A logo reads:

PALMER ROBOTICS: MAKING A BETTER TOMORROW TODAY

He looks at the logo, baffled. He's in one of his own buildings, but has the look of one who's never seen this place before.

Foster goes over to a window. He sees cars darting down the road. He tries to pull the bars off the windows, and fails.

He stands there, defeated. Foster pulls out his wallet, and sees a photo. A picture of him, his wife, and two kids. A banner reading "Happy Birthday Daddy" in b.g. He eyes the photo, worried.

Foster notices a large, black column at the center of the factory. Goes over to it. It has a keypad, with a key-card insert. He pulls out a Palmer Robotics key-card, from his wallet.

Foster inserts the card, and punches in a code, as if to unlock a door.

Nothing.

Frustrated, Foster leaves the room, passing a security camera.

INT. LAIR, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The lair is dimly-lit. There's a map of the city. The location of the factory circled in RED. A vast wall of CCTV monitors and smaller computer monitors lie at the center of the room.

Footage of Foster appears on one screen.

A large board on a nearby wall. We see photos of four men, including Foster, taped to the board.

Foster's photo, and that of another MAN(30's) are the only pictures that aren't crossed out by a RED X.

A nearby wall has a set of dense, schematics fastened to it. A closer look reveals a design for a droid of some sort.

Past the wall, are three SPHERE-SHAPED MEDICAL DROIDS hovering over a FIGURE, seated and partially obscured by shadows.

One Droid scans the Figure, while two others attach parts and cables. A faint glow comes from the figure.

An automated voice from one of the droids fills the lair.

DROID
*Life support systems
recalibrated...*

The second, and third Droids drills something into the Figure.

DROID#2
Battery life at 100 percent.

The Droids add the finishing touches, then scatter.

The faint light grows as the figure swivels around in a wheel chair. There's a slight mechanical sound as the Figure reveals himself to be a SCARRED MAN(40's).

Because of the scarring, he's nearly unrecognizable. A faint GLOW underneath his jacket reveals an exoskeleton-like life support mechanism. His right arm's been replaced with a cybernetic one. He rides in an advanced wheelchair.

He pulls out a tablet, and presses some buttons.

The whole room lights up.

The Scarred Man types on a computer. A message pops up: "PR-001 NEMESIS ACTIVATED. UNIT#2: STANDBY."

The Scarred Man's fixated on the monitor. Sees footage of Foster roaming down a hallway.

INT. FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

Foster sees a door marked "Shipping" and heads for it.

INT. SHIPPING, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

Foster enters shipping and receiving. Turns on a light.

He wades through a mountain of crates, and spots a long box, somewhat opened. Foster opens the box and finds a shotgun. Ammo. A flashlight.

Confused, he takes all three. Then heads down the hall.

INT. LAIR, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The Scarred Man sees this, and slides over to another computer. Pulls up a map of the factory on the screen.

He presses some buttons.

INT. HALLWAY, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The lights go out, plunging Foster into darkness.

Foster turns on the flashlight, waving it. He gropes through the darkness, looking for an exit. He finds one.

As Foster's about to move, He hears a faint BEEPING SOUND. He looks around to see what it is, but the sound is quickly drowned out by a loud, and mechanical sound. There's an strange hiss to it. It grows louder, as it's coming his way.

Foster freaks out, and loads the shogun-- fumbling the whole time. He heads for the hallway.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HALLWAY

A large OBJECT zooms past us- so fast we can't make it out-- except for a hazy, RED light in the front. It leaves behind a faint trail of light.

A beam of light cuts through the darkness, as Foster walks down the hall-- waving the flashlight.

He searches for a nearby exit. The flashlight begins to dim. Foster taps the flashlight, frustrated. He hears a loud roar, like an engine, or a rocket taking off. Foster panics.

He keeps pounding on the flashlight. It comes back on.

Foster sees a RED dot on his arm. He turns around, and comes face-to-face with A LARGE DROID. It hovers, as its thrusters leave a faint trail of light. The Droid fires a CLUSTER OF RED DOTS, which lock onto Foster.

The droid looks like somewhat insect-like. Like a wingless Dragonfly, yet slightly spherical in shape. It's black. Shiny. With a cluster of RED eyes.

This is the PR-001 NEMESIS.

Sweat forms on Foster's head. He clenches the shotgun like a vice-grip, trembling the whole time. Foster wants to move, but he's paralyzed with fear.

The Nemesis' guns train on Foster.

Foster's POV- An ominous form, bright red eyes flashing.

Nemesis's POV- A set of cross-hairs home in on Foster, followed by the words "TARGET LOCKED".

And it all happens at once.

Foster FIRES. The droid dodges, with an awareness that almost seems *human*. It returns fire.

Foster runs like hell. The droid's in hot pursuit, firing all the way. Foster Darts from corner to corner, as nearby walls are riddled with bullets.

The strange beeping continues. Foster notices, and takes cover. He unloads a BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE.

The Nemesis droid rockets in reverse, dodging the gunfire. It whips around the corner, taking cover as well.

After a moment, the droid resumes its hunt.

INT. LAIR, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The Scarred Man sees something on the monitor about Nemesis. He pulls up a map on the computer marked "Storage: Docking Zone". The word's "Upload to Unit#1" flash on screen...

INT. FACTORY- CONTINUOUS

Foster and the Nemesis continue to trade gunfire. Foster takes cover behind a nearby crate.

Suddenly, the Nemesis' eyes flash. Something's wrong.

NEMESIS POV- "LOW AMMO! DEFENSIVE MEASURES ACTIVATED!" appears on screen.

Foster pops up from the crate. Fires. Nemesis returns fire. The droid ascends to evade the gunfire. It's guns train on Foster from the air. Then...

CLICK.

One of the droid's guns is out of ammo. CLICK. CLICK. The other goes out as well.

The Nemesis rockets back. Seemingly defenseless. It extends what looks to be a small gun at it's underbelly.

Foster sees this. Cocks the shotgun. Fires. The blast HITS THE DROID putting a hole in it's shell. It reels back, evading more gunfire.

Foster fires again. He aims for the droid's head.

The Nemesis fires a small shell from the gun. It lands a few feet from Foster, exploding. A Flash grenade.

The blast envelopes Foster in a blinding light. He covers his eyes. After a moment, the light dissipates.

And the Nemesis is gone.

Foster trembles as he stands there, catching his breath. He stands there, confused-- but somewhat triumphant.

Foster reloads the shotgun, then runs off.

INT. FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

Nemesis darts through a corridor. The droid ejects two large ammo clips as it flies down the hall, then makes a sharp turn left towards a door marked "Storage".

The Nemesis reaches the door. It extends a small pincher arm with probe into the keypad by the door. The keypad lights up.

The door opens, and the droid heads in.

INT. STORAGE, FACTORY-MOMENTS LATER

The Nemesis enters the storage. The storage looks like the droid's own personal hangar. It flies to a large, black column with a keypad.

The Nemesis extends the probe from its pincher arm. It inserts the probe into the column.

The column's keypad activates. A harness-like mechanism ascends from a hole in the floor.

The Nemesis "docks" on it. Its eyes flash, as the mechanism loads large ammo clips into the death-machine. Its grenade launcher gets reloaded, too.

The droid unhooks from the harness, and flies off.

INT. HALLWAY, FACTORY-SAME TIME

Foster walks down the hall, searching for an exit. He finds a breaker box in a nearby corner, and pulls the lever up. The hallway lights up.

Foster turns off the flashlight, and continues down the hall.

A faint BEEPING stops him in his tracks.

He looks for the source of the sound. It's coming from the flashlight, and the shotgun. Foster puts the flashlight down, and takes apart the shotgun.

He pulls out a small, round device. The device beeps. He opens the flashlight, and finds another.

After a moment, Foster puts it all together. The devices are *tracking devices*.

Foster throws the trackers on the floor, and STOMPS on them.

The beeping fades.

INT. FACTORY-SAME TIME

The Nemesis searches the hall, then comes to a complete stop. The droid's eyes flicker, wildly. It flies around in circles for a moment.

The Nemesis has lost Foster. It flies over to an active security camera.

NEMESIS POV - A message appears on screen. "ACCESSING LOCAL SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE." A clip pops up-- Foster running down the hall. " Followed by "CALCULATING PROBABLE LOCATION..."

Off The Nemesis' ominous red eyes...

INT. SHIPPING, FACTORY-NIGHT

Foster heads back to shipping. The Nemesis enters, searching. It cast a white searchlight as it hunts for Foster.

Foster drops to all fours, and hides behind a crate. He takes a quick peek-- sees the droid, and hides.

Nemesis flies to a stack of crates not far from where Foster's hiding. It hovers over the crates.

Foster can hear it hovering. He panics. The shotgun trembles in his hand. He tries hard to stay quiet. Then...

The Nemesis flies away.

Foster slowly peeks out. Sees the droid by the camera, and then it flies off, again.

Foster leans up against the box, relieved. Then, Nemesis ROCKETES AROUND THE CORNER RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM!

Foster SCREAMS, and scrambles for the gun. He fires a BARRAGE OF SHOTGUN BLASTS -- AND HITS THE DROID!

The blast of the shotgun knocks the Nemesis droid back.

The Droid tries to dodge, but Foster lets loose several more shotgun blasts-- causing it to bleed sparks. It's outer shell crumbles, revealing wires, and electronics.

Foster fires again. The droid careens into a wall. The Nemesis aims its grenade launcher. Foster sees this, aims, and hits the gun on the droid's underbelly-- blasting it off.

The shotgun blast punctures the Nemesis' underside.

A blue flash of electricity gushes out, followed by smoke, as the droid descends.

NEMESIS POV- A RED screen. White words flashing, "WARNING! LOW POWER!" followed by "WARNING! FLIGHT SYSTEM DAMAGED!"

The Nemesis crashes to the floor. Sparks gush out. It's red eyes flicker, then dim as it bleeds smoke.

The Nemesis deactivates.

Foster reloads. Then, shotgun raised, heads over to the fallen droid, cautiously.

He eyes what's left of the droid. Sees it's markings.

FOSTER
PR-001... *Nemesis*? We never built
this.

He pokes around on the droid, with the gun. He doesn't see it but there's a faint glow, coming from the droid's eyes. It *grows*. All of a sudden, Nemesis STARTS UP AGAIN IN FULL ATTACK MODE!

Its guns point at Foster, who quickly UNLOADS on the droid. It's head SHATTERS, as it thrashes back-and-forth, wildly.

NEMESIS POV- Foster aims the shotgun and fires. The screen goes black.

INT. LAIR, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The Scarred Man leans back. Oddly enough, his smile doesn't even falter. He types on his computer. He clicks on a map of the factory labeled "Storage #2".

INT. STORAGE#2, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

A NEW NEMESIS DROID lies Dormant. Suddenly, its cluster of eyes light up as it comes online. Nemesis LEVITATES off the floor. It's guns activate, then retract into its body.

NEMESIS POV- The words "DOWNLOAD COMPLETE" Flash on screen, followed by a map of the factory.

The Nemesis flies into a nearby air duct.

INT. FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

Foster heads down the hall. He sees an open door, and goes to it. A janitor's closet. Foster slams the door in frustration.

INT. AIR DUCT, FACTORY-SAME TIME

The Nemesis glides through the air duct, quietly. It reaches the end of the air duct.

The droid extends two small pincher arms and unscrews the bolts holding a grate in place. The pinchers attach to the grate, and the Nemesis pushes the grate, as it exits the air duct.

INT. FACTORY-SAME TIME

On the other side of the air duct, the grate from the vent flies off, as the droid heads back into the factory. The Nemesis glides over to a small mountain of crates in a nearby corner.

It hovers over the crates, scanning.

DOWN THE HALL

Foster creeps along, aiming the shotgun. He spots an open door and heads for it.

INT. LAIR, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The Scarred Man sees this, and gets an idea. He heads over to another table with a computer and a microphone.

He turns on the microphone, and speaks into it.

SCARRED MAN
Testing. Testing 1-2-3.

All's good. He presses "record", and talks.

SCARRED MAN (CONT'D)
(Duress)
Help! Help Me, please! SOMEBODY
HELP! Name's John, and I'm trapped!
I'm hurt, and can't move! It looks
like a factory! I've been
kidnapped! I don't know who did it!
I'm a little past a shipping zone!
Right before the assembly line!
COME QUICKLY! This way!

He turns off the microphone, and edits the clip on the computer.

Off the Scarred Man's ominous smile...

INT. ROOM, FACTORY-NIGHT

Foster enters. Catches his breath, while cautiously aiming the shotgun. He turns on a light.

The room lights up, revealing a map of the factory on the wall. Foster studies the map and sees an exit. He's relieved.

Foster's about to leave, when he sees a large white board with several photos and newspaper clippings fastened to it-- along with a map of the city.

Foster looks at the photos on the wall. A picture of him leaving a night club. There's a photo of Foster in his car, followed by blueprints for his car.

Foster's confused by all of this. He sees mug-shots of THREE MEN. Early to mid 30's. Addresses for each man are near the pictures. *Two of the three men, were crossed out in the beginning.*

Foster looks like he recognizes the photos. He looks around, worried.

Another photo catches his attention.

INSERT-PHOTO

A color photo. Foster's with his business partner, DR. KIRK PALMER(40's). They're celebrating the opening of a new factory. They're cutting a purple ribbon.

BACK TO ROOM

There's a collage of news headlines next to the photos.

"KIRK PALMER, FOUNDER OF PALMER ROBOTICS DEAD AT 40!" "ROBERT FOSTER TO TAKE OVER AS CEO OF PALMER ROBOTICS." "INVESTIGATION CONTINUES INTO PALMER HOUSE FIRE!" "ROBERT FOSTER DELIVERS MOVING TRIBUTE TO DR. KIRK PALMER AT TECH EXPO!"

Foster freezes in his tracks as he sees pictures of his WIFE(40) and TWO KIDS(9,10). There's an aerial shot of their house, next to the photos.

The color drains from his face like he's seen a ghost. He reloads, then BOLTS out of the room.

INT. LAIR, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The Scarred Man's still at work on the computer.

SCARRED MAN

(Types)

"Transferring to Unit#2 for
 playback..."

The Scarred Man's done.

He leans back, watching Foster leave the room.

INT. FACTORY-SAME TIME

The Nemesis descends on one of the crates. It's red eyes give off a brief flash before going BLACK, as it lies dormant. Almost like it's in hiding.

NEMESIS POV- "Battery Saver Activated...Select Audio...From Audio File. Select Phrase: 'HELP! HELP ME, PLEASE!' Sequence created... *Initiate playback.*" Appears on screen.

And a recording from the droid fills the room.

RECORDING (V.O.)
Help! Help Me, PLEASE!

DOWN THE HALLWAY

Foster hears this, and stops. He looks around, and calls out.

FOSTER
Hello? WHO'S THERE?

RECORDING (V.O.)
Name's John! I'm trapped! Looks like a factory. I think I've been kidnapped!

FOSTER
(Shouts)
I've been kidnapped too. Did you get a good look at them?!

RECORDING (V.O.)
I don't know who did it.

FOSTER
Where are you?

RECORDING (V.O.)
Past shipping! I'm hurt, and can't move!

FOSTER
I was there a few minutes ago. Why didn't you call out?

Silence. Foster's somewhat suspicious.

RECORDING (V.O.)
I'm hurt! I'm right before the assembly line! Come quickly!

FOSTER
... John, I'm on the way.

Foster reloads. Then heads in "John's" direction. He runs past the shipping area, reaching the spot where he heard "John".

He calls out.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
John, I'm here! Where are you?!

No response. Foster, concerned, raises the shotgun.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
JOHN? JOHN? I'M TRYING TO HELP!

The Nemesis comes on line.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
COME ON, MAN! LET'S GO! SOMETHING'S
TRYIN' TO KILL ME! MY FAMILY'S IN
DANGER, TOO! WE GOTTA GET OUTTA
HERE!

The droid locks on Foster. It hovers off the crate.

FOSTER

Hears the Nemesis in the distance, and aims the shotgun.

RECORDING (O.S.)
This way!

Foster heads in the direction of the voice...

The Nemesis' thrusters blaze as it pounces on Foster, rocketing after him. It fires.

Foster's grazed by the gunfire. His face bleeds a little, as he runs

AROUND A CORNER

And reloads his shotgun. Foster sees an open door a few feet away leading to an assembly line.

THE NEMESIS

Reaches the other side of the corner and comes to a halt. Its guns trained on the door.

It waits for him to run for the door.

FOSTER

Can literally hear the droid on the other side. The way out only a few feet away. Foster knows this, but *doesn't* run. He's tired, scared, and can't move another inch.

Foster's ready to give up. Ready to die. Then he looks down at his wedding band. Then the picture of his family. It gives him the will to *survive*. Fear turns to anger, then determination.

He braces himself. It's now or never...

Foster runs for the door. Nemesis fires-- and HITS FOSTER IN THE ARM, AND HIS LEG!

Foster SCREAMS, reeling from the gunfire. He almost drops the shotgun, but grabs it at the last minute. Foster fires, one-armed. The recoil almost throws him off balance, as he limps away.

The Nemesis rockets out of range. Foster heads for the door.

INT. ASSEMBLY LINE, FACTORY--MOMENTS LATER

Foster barges in, gushing blood. He rips a sleeve off his shirt and ties up his gunshot wound. Then makes his way deeper into the assembly line.

Foster creeps along, quietly. He sees a moving shadow, followed by a mechanical sound. The Nemesis.

He wades through the assembly line, passing several production robots flanking a conveyor belt. On the conveyor belt is a LARGE, mechanical husk. Wires exposed, and semi-completed. It's a stripped down version of the Nemesis unit.

Foster activates the robots, to throw the Nemesis off. Then hides behind one of the robots as

NEMESIS

Rockets into the assembly line, several feet from Foster.

The Droid casts its searchlight, as it flies through the assembly line.

Foster sneaks past the Nemesis, and slips through an open door leading to

A HALLWAY

Where Foster notices some active security cameras. He thinks for a second, then it all clicks...

QUICK FLASHBACK

From the box. Foster sees Nemesis by a security camera.

BACK TO SCENE.

He limps over to one of the security cameras. Fires. Then staggers down the hall, blasting the others.

He checks his ammo. Almost out.

INT. LAIR, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The Scarred Man watches as several CCTV monitors go BLACK.

He raises an eyebrow. There's a slight glimpse of irritation on his face, that quickly gives way to resolve as he heads to a nearby table.

The Scarred Man grabs some of the trackers. He activates them. He also grabs something from the table. A device, and some fabric. He pockets them.

The Scarred Man leaves the lair.

INT. ASSEMBLY LINE, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

Nemesis still searches. It darts back and forth, frantically. Its eyes FLICKER, like its noticed something.

The droid ROCKETS into the shadows.

INT. FACTORY-NIGHT

Foster's halfway down the hall, when he sees an open door at the end of the hall. Foster can see the outside of the factory. Home free.

He cries, relieved. Then limps towards the door. A silhouette of someone is in the doorway. Foster calls out.

FOSTER
HELP! I'm Robert Foster. Palmer
Robotics. I've been kidnapped! Call
the police!

The person says nothing. Foster's apoplectic.

FOSTER (CONT'D)

What, are you deaf?! Someone's
trying to kill me!

(beat)

GET ME THE HELL OUT OF HERE!

Foster summons all his strength, runs for the door, and stops right in his tracks! He takes several steps back. The silhouette comes forward into the light.

The Scarred Man.

Foster's scared, confused. Not sure what to make of this strange man. The shotgun trembles in his hand.

Lights on the Scarred Man's wheel chair dim as he comes to a stop.

The Scarred Man rises to his feet, almost as if to greet Foster.

SCARRED MAN

Fascinating. You lasted far better
against the Nemesis, than the
others. You should feel proud.

FOSTER

Nemesis?

SCARRED MAN

Nemesis. An *inescapable* agent of
one's downfall.

Foster aims the shotgun, and fires. CLICK. He's out of ammo. He tosses the shotgun to the floor.

The Scarred Man smiles.

INT. AIR DUCT, FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

The Nemesis droid darts through the air duct, scanning. It gets closer by the minute...

INT. FACTORY-CONTINUOUS

SCARRED MAN

A fitting name, wouldn't you say,
Robert?

FOSTER

Who the hell are you?

The Scarred Man says nothing.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
 Why are you trying to kill me? What
 do you want? Money? My company?

The Scarred Man raises an eyebrow at this. Then glares daggers at Foster.

He reaches in his pocket. Foster flinches. The Scarred Man tosses it to the floor. Foster takes a look at it.

Remnants of a *purple ribbon*.

Foster thinks about this for a moment, then remembers. A look of horror flashes on Foster's face. He stands there, stunned.

Foster can barely make out the words.

FOSTER (CONT'D)
 Kirk?... You're alive? They said
 you and your family died in a house
 --

SCARRED MAN/DR. PALMER
 -- It wasn't a house fire...

INT. LIVING ROOM, HOUSE-FLASHBACK

Dr. Palmer hit's a MAN(30's), knocking him out. All of a sudden, he's knocked to the floor, with all the violence in the world.

A pair of feet step over him belonging to a MAN(30's). He's a scruffy looking character. He walks over to the fallen Man, pulling him to his feet.

Three GUNSHOTS come from a nearby bedroom. The door opens. A third MAN(Mid-30's) walks out, carrying a gun.

We saw mug-shots of these men in the lair.

Dr. Palmer's drifting off. His vision gets hazy. The last thing he sees is the three arguing. They're frantic, but he can't make it out what's being said. One of the Men sees a security camera in the house, and SHOTS it.

The first Man sees Palmer, runs over and kicks him.

It all goes black.

LATER

Dr. Palmer rises to his feet, staggering. He looks around and sees the whole house engulfed in flames. Fiery debris rains from the ceiling as the house is burning around him.

Palmer darts to the bedroom to rescue his family. He opens the door. He sees silhouettes of his wife and kid lying on the floor. Dead.

His eyes widen in horror. Palmer breaks down in tears.

Grief gives way to anger, as Palmer rushes to the window. He sees his attackers pile into a car and speed off into the night.

Palmer grabs the security camera, and runs to the front door. A burning beam falls from the ceiling on him, pinning him to the floor. He SCREAMS in pain.

He tries to push the beam off, repeatedly. His strength falters.

The rest of the house COLLAPSES, turning his family's home into a fiery tomb.

BACK TO:

INT. FACTORY-NIGHT

Dr. Palmer glares daggers at Foster. The eerie glow from his cybernetics reflect off his face. It makes his features even more sinister.

DR. PALMER

Just like that, it was all gone. I couldn't even bury my family. The only thing I could recover from that night was audio from the security system.

Dr. Palmer reaches into his jacket and pulls out a small device. Presses some buttons. Tosses it to Foster.

We hear men arguing. A lot of commotion.

MAN (V.O.)

What the hell did you DO?! We're not gonna get paid for this! The deal was no shooting!

The audio crackles.

MAN#2 (V.O.)

Dude, chill I--

MAN (V.O.)

Don't tell me to chill! We went over this, already-- Foster said to make it look like an accident! We gotta fix this! The cops'll find out...

MAN#2 (V.O.)

Not if we burn the place down. Like a house fire. We'll-- Shut up, everybody. That camera over there. Shoot it...

Two GUNSHOTS break out. The audio cuts off.

Foster stands there, dumfounded. He sees Palmer's icy glare, and can't even muster the words to deny the charge.

He's guilty as hell and he knows it.

DR. PALMER

You helped me build my company. You were there from day one. But I could always tell something rubbed you the wrong way. Like you wanted more. But did you need my company that bad that you had to ruin my life? My family's life?

(Beat)

I hope it was worth it.

Foster hears the Nemesis fast approaching. He looks around, terrified. Defenseless.

The only way out is blocked by Palmer.

DR. PALMER (CONT'D)

Nemesis, in Greek mythology, was a goddess who dealt out punishment to those who committed evil deeds.

Palmer pulls out a BEEPING tracker. He throws it at Foster.

DR. PALMER (CONT'D)

And those that gained *undeserved* good fortune.

Desperate, Foster races for the door behind Palmer.

Palmer snatches him by the throat, with his mechanical hand. Foster gasps for air, fighting to get free. Palmer's cybernetic hand is like a vice-grip.

Palmer, effortlessly, throws Foster to the ground.

Foster staggers to his feet, as a cluster of red dots lock on onto him. He looks up and sees the Nemesis Droid. Guns trained on him. It fires...

BLAM!!!

...The blast knocks Foster to the floor.

Foster lies on the ground, gasping. In a pool of his own blood. His vision getting cloudy. He leans up, and reaches out, almost like he's reaching out for help.

DR. PALMER (CONT'D)
Just so you know, your family will
be safe. I'm not like you.

Foster falls back to the floor, and dies.

Smoke pours out of the barrels of the droid's guns, as it rockets off into the darkness, as quickly as it appeared.

Off Dr. Palmer's reaction...

INT. LAIR, WAREHOUSE-MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Palmer enters, and tosses the trackers and the purple ribbon on the table. He goes over to the board. Crosses out Robert Foster's photo. *One more to go.*

Palmer goes to his computer. Types in a frenzy. A message appears: "NEMESIS UNIT#2 ACTIVATED" appear.

Palmer leans back in his chair, thinking. He goes to a map of the city. Next to the map is a set of schematics for Police Drones. He takes the blueprints to his computer. And we-

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY-NIGHT

A dark, stormy night. A vast city stands before us. From the sky, the city looks grungy. Dirty.

There are quite a few Neon signs. The only color in an otherwise bleak city. Several large, bright LED billboards display advertisements. One reads "HAPPY NEW YEAR 2026!"

Past the billboards, lies a cluster of skyscrapers. These giants of concrete and steel, boast to all of the city's prosperity. There are semi-completed skyscrapers in b.g. They look modern, and very high-tech.

A sign of the future to come.

One skyscraper stands out above all. Black and sleek, with White letters marked "PALMER ROBOTICS".

A small flock of drone-like DROIDS hover over the skies. They're marked "POLICE", with a cluster of eyes. They resemble small helicopters, without propellers.

The police droids cast long, white searchlights, as they patrol the skies.

ON THE STREETS BELOW

A small CROWD OF PEOPLE go back-and-forth to various destinations. A car pulls up to the sidewalk. There's no driver in the front seat. A COUPLE exits the car, the car's doors close, as it drives off leaving them behind.

A MAN runs a stop sign, passing an security camera. A POLICE DROID Rockets to the streets below. It's RED and BLUE lights flash as it pulls Man over.

More Police Droids fly by, searching. Their searchlights quickly malfunction, as an object rockets past them. It leaves behind a faint trail of light.

The Nemesis Droid. It darts through the night sky.

INT. PARKING LOT-LATER THAT NIGHT

A car sits in a mostly vacant parking lot, except for a few beat-up cars. A hotel, or high-rise apartment lies in the background. The only activity comes from Three small, BOX-SHAPED DROIDS making a sweep over the parking lot, collecting trash. They sport the "PALMER ROBOTICS" logo.

A MAN(30's) enters through a gate. He's scruffy looking. Unkept. A dangerous, yet familiar look about him. A closer look reveals *he was one of the attackers we saw in the flashback.*

He pulls out a cellphone. A message flashes on screen :*"Breaking News! CEO of Palmer Robotics Missing!"* The Man smirks, unconcerned.

The Man walks over to his car. He places the phone next to the car door. It unlocks. The Man fumbles, and drops the phone.

He reaches for it, and sees a red light reflecting off his car. The Man looks up, and his eyes go wide-- As we hear his SCREAM, drowned out by the SOUND OF GUNFIRE. And We-

FADE OUT.