THE PLASTIC FACTORY

screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. REDWOOD FOREST – DIRT ROAD – DAY

A pair of hands quickly opens a LAPTOP COMPUTER on the roof of an unseen vehicle. As it BOOTS UP --

Another pair of hands opens a hummer's large rear door as we reveal an arrangement of HIGH TECH WEAPONS and PERSONAL PROTECTIVE EQUIPMENT.

The hands snatch up a KEVLAR VEST.

GEOFF WHITLOCK (40s), hard as nails military type, straps on the kevlar, throws a second vest to partner --

ANDREW MUNZ (30s), prescription goggles, communications officer, computer expert. Munz straps on his vest as he keeps a close eye on the laptop.

INSERT – LAPTOP

A sophisticated MAP OF THE REGION covers most of the screen. A twisted medusa of highways, roads and interstates. A flashing RED DOT near the upper left corner.

In a smaller window, hundreds of local addresses travel up and down the screen at great speed.

    MUNZ
    You see this? He knows we're close.
    He's scrambling radar.

    WHITLOCK
    Well, unscramble it.

    MUNZ
    I'm working on it.

Munz connects an external device with a dish-like apparatus as a new smaller window appears on the map.

    WHITLOCK
    What the hell is that?

The dish rotates back and forth.

    MUNZ
    Well. It's kind of like a really sophisticated GPS. It's the same exact compass installed in every synthetic. Kind of like their way of communicating.
Whitlock watches what looks like a directional compass on the smaller second window.

There are five horizontal lines which shoot across the compass as WAVELENGTHS OF ENERGY dance along like a heart monitor.

    WHITLOCK
    What's it doing?

    MUNZ
    Reading.
    (beat)

    WHITLOCK
    Or just pick up a bird crapping on a power line.

    MUNZ
    Doesn't work that way.

    WHITLOCK
    How does it work?

    MUNZ
    Every human has a heartbeat, right?

Whitlock nods.

    MUNZ (CONT’D)
    Well so do synthetics. Only there's follows a different pattern. It's how they're able to differentiate humans from one of their own.

    WHITLOCK
    Okay. So what?

    MUNZ
    So if we pick up a strange pattern, we can record it and play it back.

Whitlock is still confused. Munz notices and points at the external device.

    MUNZ (CONT’D)
    Look. Anything that comes in through the dish can also go back out.
    (beat)
    Get it now?
Whitlock slowly comes around, cracks a slight grin.

WHITLOCK
He'll think we're one of them
making contact.

MUNZ
Precisely.

Whitlock spots an irregularity in the monitor as the censor skips a couple beats.

WHITLOCK
I think we got something.

Munz also watches as the white censor dances across the screen in a strange but steady pattern.

MUNZ
It took the bait.

Munz hits a stop button on the external device, minimizes the screen. He opens a

NEW WINDOW

A similar wavelength pattern dances across the screen in a steady beat. Munz switches on

THE DISH

which once again moves back and forth along with the sound of the recorded energy reading.

Munz smiles as he maximizes the MAP OF THE REGION and watches closely as the addresses travel the screen.

Whitlock also watches as the screen suddenly FREEZES.

The SCREEN GOES BLACK.

And then --

A message: TARGET ACQUIRED. PERIMETER SECURED. AWAITING FURTHER INSTRUCTION

WHITLOCK
You did it.

MUNZ
I didn't do anything yet.

Munz types in a response: ABORT THE MISSION
The two wait. And then --

NEGATIVE. PERIMETER SECURED. AWAITING REINFORCEMENTS

WHITLOCK
Damn thing knows you're lying.

MUNZ
It doesn't know anything, Sarge. It's not programmed to think. Just obey orders.

Munz types in another response: WHAT IS YOUR LOCATION? NEGATIVE. LOCATION ALREADY KNOWN

WHITLOCK
Are you kidding me?

MUNZ
I was afraid he'd say that.

WHITLOCK
Why's that?

MUNZ
Every synthetic in the field is pre programmed as to the exact location of any and all targets. (beat) Even ones they're ordered to protect.

WHITLOCK
Like I said. It knows you're lying.

MUNZ
They're programmed to keep communication to the absolute minimum. They do that, the less likely they are to be intercepted by the enemy.

Munz types: GIVE ME YOUR LOCATION

The two wait for a response:

MUNZ (CONT’D) Come on. Let's see it.

And then -- SYSTEM OVERRIDE NEEDED flashes on the screen in RED LETTERS.
MUNZ (CONT’D)
And there it is.

Whitlock talks into a special headset communicator.

WHITLOCK
Request system override on synthetic PLSTIC-86.

OPERATOR (O.S.)
Roger that, Sergeant. Awaiting instruction to transfer file.

Whitlock and Munz share an aggravated stare as they await their official confirmation.

OPERATOR (O.S.) (CONT’D)
Upload is complete, gentlemen. System override confirmed. I repeat, system override is confirmed. Confirmation number 9091-86

WHITLOCK
That's it. Hurry. Hurry!

Munz types in another request: 9091-86

He hits enter. OVERRIDE CONFIRMED. AWAITING INSTRUCTIONS

MUNZ
Bingo, baby.

Munz types in: WHAT IS YOUR LOCATION?

The two wait. Anxious.

297 DUNBERRY ROAD Oroville, CA

Munz and Whitlock clap in celebration.

MUNZ (CONT’D)
That's it. Let's move.

Munz quickly packs up his equipment as if he's done this a few hundred times. Whitlock jumps behind the wheel.

INT. LOG CABIN – WOODS – DAY

The front door of this quaint little out of the way two-story cabin has been completely ripped off the hinges as shards of it are strewn across the carpeted foyer.
A TEA KETTLE WHISTLES from the nearby KITCHEN
as the THICK STEAM has set off the SMOKE ALARM.

INT. LOG CABIN – UPSTAIRS BEDROOM – DAY
A young MOTHER lay dead on her carpet, eyes open and glancing blankly at the ceiling. A series of perfectly grouped entry wounds in her chest and a pistol near her hand.

The sound of SOFT WIMPERING can be heard from a nearby shuttered hanging closet.

INT. SHUTTERED CLOSET – DAY
A YOUNG BOY and his OLDER SISTER are handcuffed together wrist to wrist, arms elevated in the air with the center chain hung over a clothes railing.

The boy grabs at his sore wrist as the sister fights to break free of the railing.

INT. LOG CABIN - GRANDPA'S ROOM – DAY
The young mother's father is tied to a chair and gagged as he fights to break free. His wrists, arms, legs, tightly bound with thin rope.

He manages to rock the chair to the floor.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LOG CABIN - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY – DAY
The back of a man's BALD HEAD, wearing a military beret, as he glares out an opened stained-glass window and into the front yard. The man's skin is a strange powdery white as there is something a bit off about him.

And then --

The black, colorless eyes unflinching as they stare off into the green vastness of the deep woods.

We see bits and pieces of him -- a little bit at a time. His face, camouflaged uniform, gloved hands, high-tech rifle hung over his shoulder.
The constant THUMP of grandpa attempting to break free of the chair catches the soldier's keen attention.

He turns his head slightly to the right. Listens --

INT. LOG CABIN - GRANDPA'S ROOM - DAY

Grandpa, now on the floor, wiggles to break free of the tight ropes binding him to the chair.

GRANDPA'S POV - DUTCH ANGLE

In walks the soldier with a SYRINGE in his hand. He moves for the floor, for Grandpa, needle ready.

BACK TO SCENE

The soldier injects the needle into the kicking and squirming man's restrained arm. He stops resisting and slowly dips into a peaceful sleep.

The soldier steps out, shuts the door behind him.

EXT. LOG CABIN - GRANDPA'S ROOM - DAY

The soldier keeps a firm grip on the door knob as SPARKS OF BLUE shoot from the locking mechanism. The door now welded shut.

EXT. LOG CABIN - WOODS - DAY

Munz and Whitlock keep a safe enough distance from the home as they stay low and to the ground.

Munz spots the home between the trees, rests his backpack in the dirt and quickly sets up shop. Whitlock takes a look with his binoculars.

WHITLOCK POV - BINOCULARS

He checks downstairs windows. Nothing. And then upstairs as he spots the man in a BERET staring into the woods.

WHITLOCK
I gotta visual. Second floor window. Looks like the hallway.

Munz sets up his laptop and external tracking dish.

MUNZ
Is he armed?
WHITLOCK

Negative. Looks like he's waiting for the calvary.

Munz turns on the dish as it once again dances back and forth reading pulses from the air. He puts on a headset, plugs it into the laptop.

MUNZ

Munz, Andrew L. Dod number 1501748599. Request permission to enter perimeter.

As Munz speaks, it's communicated through the laptop, typed up on the screen.

WELCOME CORPORAL MUNZ. REQUEST GRANTED.

Munz turns to Whitlock. His turn.

WHITLOCK

Whitlock, Geoffrey R. Dod number 1501748599. Request permission to enter perimeter.

The two watch the laptop, await a response.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)

What's taking so long?

POW-POW-POW-POW! The RAPID FIRE of a MACHINE GUN -- as tree limbs fall, leaves are shredded, Munz jumps behind a large rock as Whitlock finds a tree trunk.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)

What the hell's that about?!

MUNZ

I don't know! You give him the right number?!

WHITLOCK

Of course I did!

POW-POW-POW-POW! More bullets strike the trees, the foliage and the dirt around Munz and Whitlock.

MUNZ

Are you sure?!

POW-POW!
Two shots barely miss Whitlock's head as he attempts to peek over the tree trunk.

    WHITLOCK
    (angry)
    No, obviously I'm not sure! He's shooting at us!

Munz keeps down, behind the large rock, out of sight.

    MUNZ
    We're gonna have to split up!

    WHITLOCK
    If we move, he'll kill both of us!

    MUNZ
    If we stay, he'll kill both of us!

    WHITLOCK
    Talk to it! Do something!

    MUNZ
    You're gonna have to cover me!

    WHITLOCK
    Are you crazy?!

    POW-POW-POW!

Three more bullets strike the ground near Whitlock.

    MUNZ
    You're gonna have to distract him so I can get closer!

    WHITLOCK
    Alright! I'll draw his attention three o clock! If he takes the bait, I'll draw his fire!
    (beat)
    Should buy you three...maybe four seconds, at best!

Munz nods, agrees.

    WHITLOCK (CONT'D)
    But when you move, you move like you never did before! You understand me?!

    MUNZ
    Roger that.
WHITLOCK
Pack all your shit and get ready!

Munz re-packs the laptop in his backpack, zips up, ready to run for it as he gives Whitlock the nod.

Whitlock pulls the pin on a GRENADE, throws as hard as he can to his right.

BAM! A huge CLOUD OF SMOKE ERUPTS IN THE TREES.

Munz makes a run for it.

INT. LOG CABIN - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The soldier spots the billowing SMOKE pour out from inside the forest, walks forward, aims his weapon.

Whitlock takes aim at the soldier -- now forced into the open and targeting the white smoke in the trees.

POW-POW-POW!

The soldier is hit with all THREE SHOTS and forced backward. He stumbles clumsily to the floor.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Munz slides behind a PARKED VAN like Pete Rose. He glances over the hood, stares at the hallway window. The soldier nowhere in sight.

INT. LOG CABIN - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - DAY

The soldier now gone.

INT. LOG CABIN - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

The shuttered closet still shut. There is movement inside as we see colors and light between the wooden slats.

INT. SHUTTERED CLOSET - DAY

The brother and sister still in cuffs, slung over the clothes railing. Both in tears. In a panic.

BROTHER
What's going on?
SISTER
I don't know.

INT. LOG CABIN – DOWNSTAIRS – DAY

The room is richly decorated with family portraits of fishing and hunting trips, a mounted deer, a few fish here and there and an array of rustic furniture.

Munz face appears through a rear kitchen door as he surveys the immediate area. No sign of the soldier.

And then --

A beret POPS UP from behind a kitchen counter - ASSAULT RIFLE IN HAND.

Munz DUCKS FOR COVER

POW-POW-POW-POW!

The rear glass door is RIDDLED WITH GUNFIRE.

EXT. LOG CABIN – BACK PORCH AREA – DAY

Munz is hit in the leg as he struggles to open his laptop and begin the upload process.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

FIELD OPERATIVE-86 PROGRAMS AND DIRECTIVES
  1. Weapons and Tactics
  2. Hand-to-hand Combat
  3. Modern Warfare
  4. Communication
  5. Interrogation
  6. Maps/Geography
  7. Language/Interpretation
  8. Aircraft Simulation
  9. Hostage Negotiation
  10. First Aid

Munz loads an external zip drive into the laptop and begins an upload into the computer.

INT. LOG CABIN – KITCHEN AREA – DAY

The soldier drops and reloads a new magazine as Whitlock peeks through the front window.

In the blink of an eye --

The soldier POINTS and FIRES.
The front window RIDDLED WITH BULLETS as Whitlock DUCKS TO THE GROUND.

EXT. LOG CABIN – FRONT YARD – DAY

Whitlock brushes some glass off his chest as he stays low and crawls to safety.

INT. LOG CABIN – LIVING ROOM – DAY

The soldier moves for the shattered window, rifle aimed and ready to finish off Whitlock.

He peeks his head out --

Whitlock is nowhere in sight.

EXT. LOG CABIN – BACK PORCH AREA – DAY

Munz grabs his transmitter, speaks into it:

MUNZ
You got eyes on our plastic?

EXT. LOG CABIN – DRIVEWAY – DAY

Whitlock hides behind a large van. He spots the soldier crawl through the broken window.

WHITLOCK
He spotted me. I'm a sitting duck.
Need a little help here, Munz.

The soldier fires round after round at the parked van – BLOWS OUT THE TIRES and riddles the frame with gunshots.

Whitlock makes a run for it and hides behind a long AIRSTREAM parked in the open field.

The soldier drops and reloads a new magazine.

FROM BEHIND THE AIRSTREAM

Whitlock, out of breathe, grips his machine gun in both hands as he moves to the rear of the vehicle.

WHITLOCK (CONT’D)
Munz, do you read me?!
EXT. LOG CABIN – BACK PORCH AREA – DAY

Munz finishes the upload.

MUNZ
Roger that!

INSERT – LAPTOP SCREEN

The same program as before appears but with one more addition.

DIRECTIVE 11: Prisoner of War: In the event of eminent capture by the enemy, the operative is required to initiate a thirty second self-destruct sequence. Multiple casualties preferred.

BACK TO SCENE

Munz switches on the dish as it once again reads electromagnetic pulses in the air. He speaks a command into his headset:

MUNZ (CONT’D)

The order is typed up on screen: UNDER EXECUTIVE ORDER. INITIATION OF NEW DIRECTIVE. IMMEDIATE ACTION REQUIRED

The dish apparatus moves left to right in attempt to communicate with the synthetic.

EXT. LOG CABIN – FRONT YARD – DAY

The soldier stops in his tracks, lowers his weapon.

SOLDIER’S POV

The words “EXECUTIVE ORDER” flashes before the soldier’s eyes in bright red detail. And then --

INITIATION OF NEW DIRECTIVE. IMMEDIATE ACTION REQUIRED

Beat.

The Prisoner of War directive is added to the soldier’s list of installed programs and primary directives.

BACK TO SCENE
The soldier tilts his head, computing, thinking.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOG CABIN – BACK PORCH AREA – DAY

Munz loads a second zip drive and opens a file which looks like a MAP OF THE REGION. Hundreds of SMALL WHITE DOTS move inward, toward the center of the map.

Munz watches as the dish apparatus moves faster and faster.

EXT. LOG CABIN – FRONT YARD – DAY

The soldier tilts his head left, still computing.

SOLDIER'S POV

The MAP OF THE REGION appears in his viewer. The hundreds of WHITE DOTS appear to be moving in on his location.

Directive 11 fills the screen in FLASHING RED.

COMPUTER VOICE

Initiating self-destruct sequence in thirty seconds. Twenty nine, twenty eight...

Whitlock is in full panic mode. He peeks under the airstream and spots the soldier’s stagnant legs and feet.

WHITLOCK

What's going on, partner?! Talk to me!

EXT. LOG CABIN – BACK PORCH AREA – DAY

Munz watches his laptop closely. He speaks into his transmitter:

MUNZ

Upload is complete, Sarge! Waiting for confirmation!

WHITLOCK (O.S.)

Hurry up!

Munz spots DESTRUCT SEQUENCE INITIATED on his laptop. And then the number 18, 17, 16...counting down.
MUNZ
It's started! I repeat! It's started! Get the hell out of there!

EXT. LOG CABIN - FRONT YARD - DAY

The soldier remains stagnant, in the field, as Whitlock makes a run for it, back into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Whitlock runs further and further into the trees, out of range as the countdown continues.

EXT. LOG CABIN - BACK PORCH AREA - DAY

Munz watches his laptop and waits:

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

5, 4, 3, 2...

BACK TO SCENE

MUNZ
One!

EXT. LOG CABIN - FRONT YARD - DAY

The soldier BLOWS INTO A HUNDRED PIECES as his legs, feet and other limbs and parts spiral into the air.

CUT TO:

INT. LOG CABIN - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - DAY

Munz stumbles in, wounded leg, spots the doors of the shuttered closet shaking, vibrating.

SISTER (O.S.)
Help! Somebody help us!

Munz drags his feet toward the closet, opens and scares the hell out of the two kids inside.

MUNZ
It's okay. It's over.

CUT TO:
INT. LARGE EVENT TENT – DAY

At the entrance --

An easel and poster board marked PENN AND LOUGHLIN SYNTHETICS: The Future Is Ours.

Inside --

A good crowd of fifty or so important looking SUITS sit in cheap fold out chairs. Their attention focused on the man behind the podium.

DAVID LOUGHLIN (30s), tall, well groomed, perfect hair and skin, old money and fancy suit.

    LOUGHLIN
    It's important to understand that what occurred this weekend was simply an exercise. A practice run, if you will, to point out possible bugs in the system...

    SUIT #1
    A woman was killed, was she not?

Loughlin stumbles - clears his throat. Standing at the back of the tent are Munz and Whitlock. They turn, stare at one another.

    LOUGHLIN
    Operative number eighty-six was given an order of protection. Once an order of protection is given, the subject will not always comply with the synthetic and will often times resist...
    (beat)
    Well, the synthetic will miscompute this as an act of aggression. It's what's known in the field as a misfire.

Whitlock whispers something in Munz's ear. He dips out of the tent, going unnoticed.

    LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
    When this occurs, our men are given the instruction to shut down. The further out of range the synthetic becomes, the more difficult to execute this order...

Suit #2 stands, quickly.
SUIT #2
Mister Loughlin. Excuse me. With all do respect, two of your men were almost killed on this so-called practice run. We're talking more than a few bugs here.

Some mumbling within the group as the crowd gets restless. Loughlin is visibly shaken.

Another man stands.

SUIT #3
You said you'd have an official prototype ready in six months. Now, here we are, eight months into the program and people are dying.

Loughlin shares a look with Munz.

SUIT #3 (CONT'D)
There's some of us in this room who feel they've just made a deal with the devil.

An eruption of applause and cheers within the crowd.

SUIT #3 (CONT'D)
What reassurances can you give us today that proves this isn't the case?

LOUGHLIN
Well, sir. It's our belief...that someone on the outside has overrided the system and made shut down a virtual impossibility. A fail safe, if you will. In other words, once instruction is programmed into the synthetic, no one can stop it.

The men all turn, stare at one another. In shock.

LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Not even us.

The crowd erupts with chatter. Another man stands.

SUIT #4
Wait just a minute. So I understand this correctly.

(MORE)
SUIT #4 (CONT’D)
Are you saying that the U.S. Military is responsible for what happened here and not your company?

Munz makes eye contact with Loughlin, shakes his head “no”.

LOUGHLIN
Yes, sir, that appears to be the case.

Munz shuts his eyes.

SUIT #4
Well, sir, from where I come from, that's what's known as passing the buck. And that's no answer.

The crowd all cheer him on.

LOUGHLIN
Gentlemen - I think what's important now is not pointing fingers but working together to find the source of this problem and fixing it.

Suit #4 shakes his head and sits down.

LOUGHLIN (CONT’D)
You can be reassured that Penn and Loughlin will be working closely with all four branches until this issue is resolved. That I can promise you.

EXT. LARGE EVENT TENT – CAMP SITE – DAY
Whitlock and Munz try to keep up with an angry Loughlin as they hump it to their jeep, away from the angry suits.

LOUGHLIN
Your men assured me that no one outside the company would tamper with my plastics. Now a woman is dead because, once again, the government feels it knows better. I guess I should’ve seen this coming.

WHITLOCK
Yes, sir, you probably should have.

Whitlock stares at Munz, rolls his eyes.
LOUGHLIN
Well guess who gets stuck holding the bag? That woman's family comes after us for damages we're looking at millions. Money that's supposed to be going towards our first run of prototypes.

Whitlock stops, sparks up a smoke, gives one to Munz who also sparks one up. Loughlin gets in their faces.

LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Prototypes that have already been paid for by every weapons manufacturer and defense contractor this side of North America.
(angry)
What do I tell them when I can't deliver?

WHITLOCK
Tell them to take it up with the Government. Maybe they can claim it as a tax write-off.

Munz laughs. Loughlin is put off.

LOUGHLIN
That's cute. You two think this whole thing is a joke, don't you? Synthetics taking your jobs.
(sarcastic)
That'll be the day.

Whitlock is visibly annoyed as he gives Loughlin the thousand yard stare and doesn't flinch about it.

LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Well, the world's changing, gentlemen. The people are tired of your government's rhetoric. They want safety. Security. They'd rather see their families behind a computer console...safe...and not on the battlefield getting cut to ribbons fighting the government's wars.

This hits home with Munz. Whitlock just smiles, unimpressed and unwilling to listen.

LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
So you can hate me if you want, Sergeant Whitlock.
(MORE)
LOUGHLIN (CONT’D)
But this is the future calling, gentlemen. I didn't choose it. I simply answered the phone.

Whitlock shakes his head, stomps out his smoke.

LOUGHLIN (CONT’D)
You can either come along for the ride and be a part of history, or stay the hell out of the way.

EXT. DIRT ROAD – WOODS – DAY
Munz and Whitlock speed along kicking up dirt and debris as they head back to base.

INT. MILITARY JEEP – DAY
Munz behind the wheel. Whitlock rides shotgun. Still visibly angry and put off. Munz notices.

MUNZ
Hey, Sarge. Can I ask you a personal question?

WHITLOCK
Absolutely not.

MUNZ
Well, sir, I can't help but notice you got a pretty big hard-on for Loughlin. Any particular reason.

Whitlock smiles and shakes his head.

WHITLOCK
He thinks he's got it all figured out. A push of a few buttons and you got a perfect soldier.

Munz bites his lip - a strong urge to speak up.

MUNZ
Sir, permission to speak.

WHITLOCK
Absolutely not.

Munz pauses. He can't let go.
MUNZ
Well, sir, these are military directives. There's nothing in these plastics that we didn't personally oversee putting there.

WHITLOCK
What's your point?

MUNZ
Well, aren't we as much to blame as Penn and Loughlin?

WHITLOCK
Let me ask you a question, Corporal.

MUNZ
Yes, sir.

WHITLOCK
You ever follow an order by a superior officer you knew was wrong? But you followed it anyway?

MUNZ
(smiles)
Oh, no, sir.

WHITLOCK
Well I have. At the cost of a lot of lives. Every day I wish I could go back and make a different decision. But I can't. But I had a gut instinct. At that exact moment, I knew it was the wrong call. I should've followed my gut.
(beat)
Instead, I chose to follow orders.

Whitlock turns to Munz.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)
What Loughlin wants to do is take that decision out of our hands. You can't predict or pre-determine what happens on the battlefield.

Munz thinks it all over. He nods in agreement.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)
That comes with experience. Loughlin and his cronies don't have it.

(MORE)
Munz turns to Whitlock, offended. Whitlock smiles.

WHITLOCK (CONT’D)
No offense, Corporal.

Munz shakes his head in frustration.

MUNZ
None taken, sir.

Whitlock cracks a secret grin as he pops a cigar in his mouth.

The jeep drives off, into the sunset.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECLUDED ROADSIDE - DAY

A pretty teen girl BECCA FORSTER (17) walks the soft shoulder with a book bag slung on her shoulder as the cars pass.

SUPER: RUPERT, CALIFORNIA - 2023

Becca stops at a long, dirt path where a MAILBOX sits. She slides what looks like a debit card into a slot to open the box. Grabs some bills and other junk mail.

She heads down the thin dirt trail. No home in the immediate vicinity.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORSTER HOME - WOODS - DAY

A young boy DANNY FORSTER (12) shoots some hoops on a cheap rim as his dog runs and plays in the nearby trees.

INT. WOODS - DAY

The dog sniffs around until he stops at a SEVERED HAND. Some long, electric wires dangle below the smoke damaged wrist.

CUT TO:
EXT. FORSTER HOME - WOODS - DAY

Becca heads for the front door and spots Danny at the basketball rim as he tosses a terrible brick.

BECCA
Nice one, Shaquille!

DANNY
Who's Shaquille?

BECCA
Someone who shoots like Michael Jordan compared to you.
(beat)
You talk to Mom?

DANNY
Yeah. I told her you were over at Leslie's getting drunk.

BECCA
Just wait if she calls me and gets pissed. I'll tell her I caught you watching porn hub on Dad's laptop.

DANNY
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Danny bounces his ball and goes back to his game.

Becca heads inside. Danny throws another brick that bounces off the side rim and hits him dead in the face.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Ouch!

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - DAY

Becca drops her book bag on the hard wood floor, opens the fridge and hand counts the several cans of beer.

BECCA
Hey, there's a beer missing!!!
(shouts)
Busted, you little shit!

Danny comes running in, ball under his arm.

DANNY
No there's not.
BECCA
Yes, there is.

DANNY
No, there's not.

BECCA
Yes, there is!

DANNY
So what if there is?

Becca smiles, arms folded.

BECCA
You don't think he's gonna notice?

DANNY
If he does, he'll probably blame you.

BECCA
I guess we'll have to see when they get back. I'm sure as shit not going down for this.

Danny drops the ball as it bounces across the hard floor.

DANNY
Come on, Becca. Don't say nothing.

BECCA
Why?

DANNY
Because. I'll do dishes for a week.

Becca thinks about it.

BECCA
A month.

DANNY
Yeah, right. I'd rather tell dad I chugged a beer.

BECCA
Okay, two weeks.

DANNY
Fine.
BECCA
And...I can have Leslie over. Tonight.

DANNY
Hey, you heard what Dad said...

BECCA
Nope. I keep quiet about the beer and you stay quiet about my friends coming over.

Danny thinks it all over.

DANNY
For how long?

BECCA
It's Friday, so all night long.

DANNY
What if they call and your friends and them are making all kinds of noise?

BECCA
Because we're gonna call Mom and Dad before they get here, smart guy.

Danny smiles.

DANNY
We order a pizza?

BECCA
We order pizza, breadsticks, and all the coke you can choke down. And you, you little stain, will keep your mouth shut.

DANNY
Deal.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY WOODS - DAY

Two pot belled corrections officers BUTCH and CRAIG tote shotguns and escort two handcuffed prisoners down an open patch in the woods.
They are CLAW (30s), wild black hair, creepy stache, beedy eyes, and SPIDER (30s), bald, spider and web tats on his chiseled face, dark, blank eyes.

BUTCH
Alright, how far?

CLAW
I told you I'll tell you when we get there.

Craig aims his shotgun at the back of Claw's head.

CRAIG
You better not be playing games. Or I swear to God you won't make it to that prison.

SPIDER
What a tragedy. And we have so much to live for.

Butch stops in front of Spider, blocks his path, gets in his face.

BUTCH
Those girls sure did. And you saw to it they died screaming. So I'm giving you one chance and one chance only. You show us where you buried them. And we won't cut your pricks off and leave you bleeding in the trees.

SPIDER
Sounds like a sensible offer.
(to Claw)
You heard the man, Ray. Let's show these nice gentlemen. After all. They do have a schedule to keep.

Claw doesn't quite follow but smiles just the same. Not too bright.

CLAW
Whatever you say, Spider.

Butch pushes Spider forward as they all walk further into the trees.

Spider stops, stares down at the leaves on the ground. Butch and the others also stop.
BUTCH
Ain't nobody told you to stop.

SPIDER
They're right here.

Butch and Craig share a look, both confused, suspicious.

CRAIG
The hell you talkin about?

SPIDER
It was right here.
(smiles)
You tend to remember these kinds of things.

BUTCH
Okay, smartass. Then get digging.

Spider holds out his cuffed hands.

SPIDER
It sure would go a lot faster without these.

Claw smiles as Craig watches him closely.

CRAIG
Don't do it, Butch. These guys are crazy.

BUTCH
I'm not digging those girls up! I want him to do it. I want the last thing this asshole sees is that girl's face.

Spider shoots him a nasty but calm stare.

SPIDER
I've made my peace. I suggest you do the same. It's not good to keep that much hate pent up inside. It will eat away at your soul if you let it. Believe me.

BUTCH
Thanks for the Sunday sermon. Now get digging.

Spider slowly kneels down as Butch follows with the shotgun. He starts shoveling dirt like a dog as Claw watches him.
Butch stares up at Craig for a split second as Spider throws dirt in his face and blinds him. Spider tackles him head on and wraps his cuffed hands around his throat as Craig moves in, shotgun in tow.

CRAIG
Get off him!

Craig takes aim but Claw grabs him around the throat and chokes him out.

CLAW
Ooo-weee! We got ourselves a live one here, Spider!

Spider holds Butch's face to the dirt as he slowly smothers him to death. He releases him as his body lay limp in the mud and leaves.

Spider snags Butch's sidearm, aims at Craig who is still fighting off Claw's grip.

SPIDER
Let him go.

Claw releases him and jumps out of the way. Spider fires a single bullet POW!

that strikes Craig between the eyes. He collapses. Dead.

SPIDER (CONT'D)
Well. They wanted to know where the bodies were buried.
(smiles)
I showed them.

Claw laughs his butt off.

CUT TO:

INT. STOP AND GO STORE - DAY

A hot young cheerleader type LESLIE DAVIS (18), hard bod, all blonde hair, hip huggers, snaps some gum as her boyfriend TEDDY ALLEN (21) snags two big cases of beer from a cooler and heads for the register.
LESLIE
Let's go already. I wanna get there before dark. Her road is effing creepy as shit.

TEDDY
Keep your tits on, would ya?

LESLIE
Your girl kiss you with that mouth?

Teddy rests the beer on the counter as the CASHIER spots Leslie by the candy rack.

CASHIER
Now you wouldn't be planning on giving alcohol to that young, underage girl, would you?

Teddy points over his shoulder.

TEDDY
Who, her? Just some chick who hangs out here. Keeps begging me to buy her beer and cigarettes. I think she's a hooker or something.

Leslie flips him the bird. The cashier offers a luke warm smile and rings him up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STOP AND GO STORE - DAY

Leslie and Teddy exit, beers in tow. They head for a beat up pick-up in the far end of the lot.

Teddy rests the beer in the truck's bed. He doesn't notice Claw and Spider hiding under some heavy blankets.

Teddy and Leslie crawl in, crank the engine and drive off, out of the lot and down a long two lane highway.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORSTER HOME - DAY

The dog runs back to the house with something in its mouth. It looks like the severed robotic hand from the woods.
INT. FORSTER HOME - DAY

Danny fixes some kool aid on the kitchen counter as Buckley runs in from outside. He spits the hand on the wood floor and stares up at Danny who is oblivious. He carries his kool aid to the living room but stops when he spots --

THE SEVERED HAND

on the floor. He SCREAMS OUT.

Becca runs in from the porch.

BECCA
What the hell are you screaming about?

Becca stares down at the hand and SCREAMS OUT. Her and Danny run from the house in a panic.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORSTER HOME - DAY

Becca and Danny face from the house and into the lawn. They stop, catch their breath and stare back at the house.

BECCA
Where did you get that?

DANNY
I didn't. Buckley drug it in from outside.

Becca and Danny stare behind them. The woods. They stare at each other and SCREAM. Run back into the house and shut the door.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - DAY

Becca and Danny hug each other tight, both still shocked and breathing heavy.

DANNY
Why does it look so weird? There's like guts hanging out.
Becca looks closer, squints. She sees the wires hanging from the severed wrist.

BECCA
Wait a minute.

Becca leans in, squats down near the hand. Sees the internal wires and the rubber nature of the hand.

BECCA (CONT’D)
It's not real. It's like it's from a puppet or something.

Danny keeps his distance.

DANNY
I dare you to touch it.

BECCA
I dare you to touch it.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Becca and Danny both grab a side of the hand as they hurry down the long hall and --

into the

BATHROOM

where they dump it in the sink.

BECCA
Why did we just do that?

DANNY
I have no idea.

BECCA
It's heavy. It feels...weird.

DANNY
Like a freakin robot or something.

Becca scoffs.

BECCA
There is no such thing. At least not like this.
DANNY
So what is it then?

BECCA
I have no idea. But maybe someone else will.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Danny and Becca hover over the hand now on the dining room table. She takes several pics of it with her phone.

BECCA
We're gonna stick it on Facebook. See how many hits we can get.

Danny thinks back.

DANNY
Maybe it's from that base.

BECCA
What base?

DANNY
The one Mom keeps saying isn't there. In the old plastic factory. The one where all those jeeps keep driving in and out of.

BECCA
You listen to Dad too much.

A finger twitches. Becca misses it but Danny quickly grabs her sleeve and points.

DANNY
Did you see that?

BECCA
See what?

DANNY
It moved!

BECCA
I think your brain moved.

Becca uploads the images.

DANNY
I'm serious! A finger moved! It's alive!
Becca stares at the hand. A mischievous grin as she thinks of something devious.

BECCA
Look. I'm gonna have some fun with Leslie when she gets here. Don't say anything okay?

Danny still in shock as he stares at the hand.

BECCA (CONT'D)
Do me a favor and go make a bowl of popcorn. The absolute biggest bowl you can find.

Becca ruffles his hair and heads for the stairs.

DANNY
Why?

She stops.

BECCA
Don't worry about why. Just do it.

Becca laughs as she rushes upstairs. Danny just keeps his eyes on the hand.

CUT TO:

INT. MILITARY BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Several men in camo gear and others in civilian clothes are gathered at a conference table. Printed papers before them. One of the men is Sgt. Whitlock.

Whitlock stares at the rap sheets of RAY "CLAW" DUNHAM and ALDEN "SPIDER" FRANCO.

MAJOR WILSON BARRET (50s), thin, gray, lean muscle, enters and joins them at the head of the table.

MAJOR BARRET
Thank you, gentlemen for coming in last minute. I know it's been a long week. Good Lord knows it's been a busy one.

Whitlock huffs at the thought.
MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
It appears our friends at Penn and Loughlin are ready for another trial run.

WHITLOCK
Already? The Mitchell woman's body isn't even cold.

MAJOR BARRET
And the United States government is gonna pay for that dearly. But it appears local law enforcement has a situation that's gotten out of their control. They're asking for reinforcements.

SOLDIER #1
A situation, sir?

MAJOR BARRET
Those two assholes you see before you raped and murdered two young girls up in Humboldt County. Yesterday, they were in a prisoner transfer van on their way to Susanville. That van never showed. Highway patrol spotted it hiding under some trees near the Glenn County border line on route 395.

SOLDIER #2
Any guess on where they were headed?

MAJOR BARRET
We got some intel on the van's driver. Turns out he was close with one of the victims. Real close.

The table of soldiers all turn and stare at each other.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
So far neither the driver or his partner's body have been found. From the looks of things, there's a good chance they took our friends Dunham and Franco for a walk in the woods. The fact that no one returned is of obvious interest to the police.
Whitlock is in deep thought.

**MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)**

Gentlemen, as you know all federal prisoners are implanted with a tracking chip. The only problem is, over the last several weeks, we've left these woods filled with plastics. Spare parts. Tracking devices. Even though the droids themselves have been destroyed, the components inside them are still in working order.

**SOLDIER #3**

So we could spend three days tracking these guys and end up walking up on some plastic we blew to a thousand pieces?

**MAJOR BARRET**

Exactly. It's their job to confuse the enemy. It's what they've been programmed to do. To respond to any and all forms of communication by throwing them off track.

Major Barret nods to Munz as he ducks in. Whitlock also spots him.

**MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)**

Corporal Munz will run us through the game plan. Corporal.

**MUNZ**

Gentlemen, as you know, the powers that be at Penn and Loughlin are claiming we've tampered with their plastics. That model 86 was acting on a directive implanted by military personnel. They believe this so much in fact that they're insisting we use two untested prototype models in the extraction of these two hostages.

**WHITLOCK**

Because that worked out so well the last time.

**MUNZ**

(to Whitlock)

Precisely the point, Sergeant.

(to all)

(MORE)
MUNZ (CONT’D)
They're looking at this as damage control. The people need reassurance that we haven't just armed a bunch of mindless killers.

Whitlock stares at Spider's emotionless mug shot.

WHITLOCK
So, in other words, we're sitting around with our thumbs up our butts yet again. Waiting on the very probable chance that these things go haywire and kill innocent civilians.

MUNZ
I wouldn't quite put it that way, Sergeant, but yes. All military personnel have been asked to stand down until further notice.

SOLDIER #2
And you think that's a good idea?

Munz stalls. Whitlock stares up at him as Munz avoids eye contact.

MUNZ
I do.

Whitlock huffs with disgust.

MUNZ (CONT’D)
I believe walking into those woods with dozens of plastics scrambling radar would be a major waste of time. Time we don't have.

WHITLOCK
And these new plastics. How will they be able to locate these guys any faster than us?

MUNZ
Because they'll be communicating with the other droids in the field. Attempting to locate the enemy together. Anything that's not a synthetic and within fifty yards, they'll record it and give the exact location over a closed frequency.
SOLDIER #4
And if these things go nuts again and two more civilians die? Then what?

MAJOR BARRET
Then we pack up shop and say our final goodbyes to Mister Loughlin. Because he'll be going away for a very long time.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORSTER HOME - AFTERNOON
Teddy's pick up truck arrives on the scene. Becca stares at them from the front window, a shit eating grin. She quickly ducks away, out of sight.

Teddy and Leslie crawl from the truck. Leslie stretches her back and heads for the door while Teddy -- reaches over and snags a CASE OF BEER from the truck's bed. Spider just inches away from his hand.

LESLIE
Come on. Don't worry about the other case. We'll get it later.

TEDDY
Yeah, don't break your arms helping or anything.

LESLIE
I won't. Thanks.

Leslie gives a short knock on the screen door, enters as the thin frame almost slaps Teddy in the face.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - AFTERNOON
Leslie stands in the living room, stares down at a huge bowl of popcorn on the dining room table as Teddy heads to the kitchen with the case of beer.

LESLIE
Hello! The fun has arrived!

Teddy stops by the popcorn bowl, grabs himself a quick handful.
TEDDY
She's probably upstairs in the shower. Waiting on me.

LESLIE
She was crushing on you for like ten seconds last year. So get over yourself.

TEDDY
Just saying. I'm a hot commodity.

Teddy chomps down on the popcorn. Leslie rolls her eyes and runs upstairs.

LESLIE
Yoo hoo!

Leslie reaches the top, heads for the nearest bedroom.

Teddy hears a toilet flush and out of a nearby bathroom steps Danny, laptop in tow.

TEDDY
Whachu doin in there, champ?

DANNY
I'm twelve and my parents aren't home. What do you think I was doing?

Teddy winks at Danny.

TEDDY
I got your back, bro.

CUT TO:

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - DUSK

Becca and Leslie stand at Becca's open window and stare out, into the nearby trees.

LESLIE
I don't see anything.

BECCA
I'm telling you a saw a guy walk around the corner. He was staring right at me.

LESLIE
He had to have been Teddy.
BECCA
It wasn't. This guy was creepy. Like he hadn't had a bath in a month.

LESLIE
Like I said. Teddy.

Becca ignores Leslie who is all smiles. Leslie nudges her arm but Becca's eyes are locked on the backyard.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Come on. That was funny. What's the matter with you?

BECCA
I'm gonna call the cops.

Becca reaches for her cell on the mattress.

LESLIE
Whoa whoa. Think about why that's not a good idea for a sec.

Becca stops, stares up at Leslie.

BECCA
Okay, why?

LESLIE
There's two cases of beer downstairs. You know how tight your old man is with Witherspoon. You'll be on the phone with your dad getting grounded about two seconds after they leave.

Becca drops the phone, walks to the window.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Come on. This is boring.

The coast is clear as the woods are quiet and empty.

BECCA
Maybe it was Teddy. Probably thought he'd catch me undressing.

LESLIE
Probably. Want me to slap him for you?

Becca smiles, shuts her window. She fails to notice Claw peeking up at her from behind a wall.
INT. LARGE TENT - OPERATION SNATCH AND GRAB - DUSK

Whitlock and Munz step into the make shift operations center where several military types sit behind computer consoles with headsets.

Major Barret and David Loughlin stand near the front where a large flat screen is set up. On the screen is a satellite map of the region. Green forestry and brown rock structures fill the grid.

MAJOR BARRET
Sergeant Whitlock. Corporal Munz.

Major Barret points at the large screen.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
Welcome to the party, gentlemen.

Whitlock and Munz salute the Major.

WHITLOCK
Sir, yes, sir.

MUNZ
Sir.

MAJOR BARRET
We don't have much time so I'll get you up to speed.

Major Barret points at the long row of computers and the focused soldiers running them.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
For the last few hours, my men have covered every inch of this terrain via satellite feed. Every rock formation, cave, trail, backroad, or escape route. In the last hour, we've narrowed down what we believe are the two most likely scenarios.

Major Barret points at the flat screen before them. It is now in split screen. A thin two lane highway passes by a clearing in the trees.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
Highway Thirty Three re connects approximately one and half miles from where our guys ditched the van. No doubt about it, this is the quickest way out if our guys are looking for a ride out of town.

(MORE)
MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
There's also a rest stop, not even fifty yards from this clearing. A whole lot full of cars, just waiting to get taken.

MUNZ
If all they wanted was a car, they could've humped it back to the van.

MAJOR BARRET
Precisely.

Major Barret points at a thin path in the woods which leads to the highway.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
It's our belief that these two will most likely follow this straight path to the highway, get spooked and take the alternate route...

Major Barret points to a clearing in the trees which leads away from the highway, back into the woods.

He then points to the other side of the split screen. There are what appears to be three roofs on the map.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
There are exactly three homes in this region. Secluded. Out of the way. We believe they'll be holding up in the first one they come across.

WHITLOCK
In other words, we're looking at a house full of hostages.
(to Loughlin)
So much for a quick snatch and grab, huh, Dave?

Loughlin shoots him an ugly stare.

MUNZ
Sir, have we had any communication between our plastics?

LOUGHLIN
Nothing yet. It's possible, due to the severe trauma to their operative system, that their signals have been weakened.
WHITLOCK
Oh, it's possible, huh? Good to know. Thanks for telling us ahead of time.

LOUGHLIN
I won't pretend to know more than I do, Sergeant. But what we do know is that they're still operating. With a strong enough signal to still scramble radar.

WHITLOCK
And by the time they get within close enough range to get a clearer signal, our guys will be long gone.

Whitlock points at the three rooftops on the screen.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)
Sir, with all do respect, we should be setting up shop right around these homes. Not running around the woods, waiting to hear back from some broken plastic. Hoping we get a signal.

LOUGHLIN
You send a heavy military presence into that area, these guys are headed straight for the highway.

WHITLOCK
Great. Then we'll know exactly where they're headed.

LOUGHLIN
Or put a bullet in some poor bastard pumping gas into his car.

WHITLOCK
So we put a police presence at all the local rest stops and gas stations.
(to Major Barret)
Sir, if we hit them from every possible side we can drive them into the open.

Major Barret stares at the map, shakes his head, huffs with frustration.
MAJOR BARRET
Loughlin's right. With these things scrambling radar, I can't have any feet on the ground, running in circles. And God help us, I don't want anymore dead bodies on our hands. We want these guys getting nice and comfortable. If Franco's as smart as I think he is, they're not going anywhere for awhile.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - NIGHT

Leslie reaches her hand in the bowl of popcorn, grabs a fat handful as Becca watches and smiles. Her and Danny share a look as Danny plays Warcraft.

LESLIE
Hey, Danny. You ever play truth or dare?

Becca shoots her a back off look.

BECCA
Leslie, don't.

LESLIE
What?

BECCA
He's twelve.

DANNY
What's truth or dare?

LESLIE
It's a game. I ask you a question. And it can be whatever I want. And you have to tell the truth. Or... I pick a dare. And you have to accept the challenge.

TEDDY
For example. If I asked you if you were jerking it in that bathroom when we got here, you would say...

BECCA
Ewwww!
DANNY
Shut up.

Danny jumps from the carpet and heads for the popcorn. He takes another handful as the pile gets smaller.

One of the hand's fingers barely visible.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I'll be upstairs if you need me.

Danny heads for the steps.

TEDDY
Hey, Danny.

Teddy grabs his own cheek and shakes it. A nasty wet noise as he makes fun of the young masturbator.

Danny rolls his eyes and heads up.

BECCA
Thanks a lot. He's gonna be scared to show his face the rest of the night.

LESLIE
Hey. We got rid of him didn't we?

Becca shrugs her shoulders.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
So.
(smiles)
Where were we?

Leslie picks up the bowl, grabs another handful of popcorn as Becca watches on.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
I got one for you, Becca.

BECCA
Truth.

LESLIE
You didn't even know what I was gonna ask.

BECCA
I don't need to know. Whatever it is, I'm not doing it.

Becca takes a huge pull from her beer.
LESLIE
Okay, so truth.

Leslie stares back at Teddy.

LESLIE (CONT’D)
Ever fantasize about Teddy?

Becca rolls her eyes, sighs out loud.

BECCA
You'd like that, wouldn't you?

Teddy quickly sits up on the couch.

TEDDY
I would.

Leslie grabs another handful, tosses it at Teddy's face as he dodges the popcorn.

TEDDY (CONT’D)
Hey, you started it.

The hand now clearly visible in the bowl. Becca tries to hold it together.

BECCA
My secret's out. I want you, Teddy. I'm making this whole floor wet as we speak.

TEDDY
Nice.

Leslie laughs her ass off as she reaches into the bowl and touches hand. She stares down, three fingers poke out of the popcorn.

She SCREAMS -- drops the bowl as popcorn scatters the hard wood floor.

Becca spins in a circle laughing. Teddy almost falls off the couch as he spots the nearby severed hand.

TEDDY (CONT’D)
What the....!!

BECCA
Got you!

LESLIE
What the fuck!!!
BECCA
Gotta hand it to me. Good one,
huh?
(smiles)
Get it? Hand.

Teddy laughs out loud.

LESLIE
Where did you get that?

BECCA
I didn't. Buckley drug it in from
the woods.

LESLIE
What is it?

BECCA
Well obviously it's a hand, dummy.

LESLIE
I know it's a hand but where did it
come from?

Teddy walks over, joins them as they stare down at the hand.

TEDDY
It's one of them.

LESLIE
Them what?

BECCA
(to Teddy)
Not you too.

TEDDY
Those robots. Those things they've
been testing over at the old
plastic factory.

LESLIE
Don't know what you're talking
about actually but you're both
freaking me out.

Leslie folds her arms, walks to the fridge and grabs a beer.
Becca follows behind.

BECCA
The reason you haven't heard
is because it's bullshit.
TEDDY
Oh yeah? Well what's been going on over there? Because there's sure as shit something going on.

BECCA
Look, it's not a robot. It's like made of rubber or something. Like a toy. Or a Halloween prop. Quite freaking out. We're still years away from shit like that.

Becca drops her empty bottle in a garbage can. Leslie hands her a new beer.

TEDDY
You don't know that. The government's always kept shit like this from the public. Especially when it comes to military defense. Shit, they were testing stealth bombers at Area Fifty One all the way back in The Fifties. Everyone thought they were UFOs.

Leslie stares at it from across the room.

LESLEI
Whatever it is, throw it out. It's gross.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY WOODS - NIGHT

A combat soldier in camo and beret surveys the forestry with assault rifle in hand. This is PLSTC-88.

PLASTIC POV:

A computer grid shows an infrared map of the trees. On the side of this grid, a message prints up before our eyes.

Message: GREETINGS 88. WELCOME TO THE PARTY. SUBJECTS 783398 AND 783399 HEADED EAST. 5 KILOMETERS.

A glowing ARROW points east.

Plastic 88 humps it in that direction. About fifty yards to his left --
Plastic 89 follows his lead.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE TENT - OPERATION SNATCH AND GRAB - NIGHT

Major Barret, Whitlock, Munz and Loughlin all watch the flat screen as a glowing RED DOT moves through the trees.

The same message given to Plastic 88 is spelled out on a split screen.

Message: GREETINGS 88. WELCOME TO THE PARTY. SUBJECTS 73398 AND 73399 HEADED EAST. 5 KILOMETERS.

And before our eyes --

GREETINGS 89. WELCOME TO THE PARTY. SUBJECTS 73398 AND 73399 HEADED EAST. 5 KILOMETERS.

LOUGHLIN
It's working. They've made contact with both our plastics.

WHITLOCK
Five K. These guys are less than two miles out.

MUNZ
No, they've gone further.

Whitlock turns to Munz.

MUNZ (CONT’D)
Remember. Whatever plastic they made contact with is laying in pieces right now. It could be our guys passed through there an hour ago. Or maybe even longer.

LOUGHLIN
It could also mean they're close enough to these men that they've got a positive fix on their location.

Whitlock shakes his head.

WHITLOCK
Sure seems to me like running in circles, Dave.

Loughlin stares Whitlock in the eye.
LOUGHLIN
You can tell that to the tv cameras on the eleven o clock news. This will all be over within the hour, gentlemen.

Whitlock and Munz aren't so sure as they shoot each other a quick look.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - NIGHT

Leslie has her shirt tied in a knot as her tight belly is exposed and dances to a loud rock jam BLASTING from a STEREO.

Teddy smiles as he sits on the couch, three sheets to the wind.

Becca watches from her Dad's recliner, beer in hand.

BECCA
You're such a slut.

Leslie gives Teddy a seductive lap dance as Becca rolls her eyes and chugs her beer.

She looks up and spots Spider by the front door staring right at her.

Becca slowly sits up in her chair, scared to death as she watches an oblivious Leslie grind away at Teddy.

Claw walks over, shuts off the loud stereo.

CLAW
Party's over boys and girls! Popeye's here!

Claw laughs out loud.

CLAW (CONT’D)
What's the matter? Never saw French Connection?

Spider grabs Leslie by the arm and yanks her from Teddy's lap.

TEDDY
Who the hell are you guys?
SPIDER
The element of surprise, dickhead.

Teddy just stares back at him.

SPIDER (CONT’D)
You need instructions? Stand up.

Teddy slowly stands, hands in the air. Spider shoves him toward the middle of the living room floor.

CLAW
Well well well. Two of you and just one of him.
(to Teddy)
Aren't you happier than a puppy with two peters.

Teddy stares at the floor. Spider grabs him by the back of his hair and yanks his face forward.

SPIDER
Didn't anyone teach you it's impolite to not look someone in the eye when they're talking to you?

TEDDY
Sorry.

SPIDER
Yeah, I know you're sorry. That's why you're not gonna give us any trouble. Isn't that right, boy?

TEDDY
Yeah, sure.

Spider yanks his hair back as Teddy yelps like a dog.

SPIDER
What was that?

TEDDY
Yes, sir. You're in charge.

Spider and Claw smile.

SPIDER
Good boy.

Spider lets go.
SPIDER (CONT’D)
What is this, some kind of weird sex thing?

BECCA
They're my friends. Just having some beers and hanging out. That's all.

Spider spots the video game console on the floor.

SPIDER
Where's the kid?

BECCA
What kid?

SPIDER
The kid who left his toys all over the floor. The kid you're babysitting. Otherwise you'd be at some campfire instead of spilling beers all over Mom and Daddy's living room.

LESLIE
We were just playing some video games. That's all.

SPIDER
I don't know. Didn't look like you were playing no games.

Claw laughs.

CLAW
You were playing games alright. Like hide the baloney.

SPIDER
Looks like things got a little awkward for our young one. He drops his game where he left it and tears ass upstairs.
(to Becca)
So, for-the-last-time...

Spider gets in her face.

SPIDER (CONT’D)
Where's the rug rat?

Becca's lips quiver with fear.
CLAW
(to Becca)
I'm sorry. Could you speak up, please?

BECCA
(to Claw)
Upstairs in his room.

Spider smiles. Claw gives him a wink.

SPIDER
Collect their phones. I'm gonna go get the kid. Anyone moves, shoot them.

Spider heads up the steps.

CLAW
(to all)
What are you, deaf? Empty those pockets.

They all dig out their phones.

CLAW (CONT’D)
Real slow like. Like your asses depended on it.

Claw laughs.

CLAW (CONT’D)
John Saxon. Nightmare on Elm Street.

TEDDY
We're being held hostage by Siskel and Ebert.

LESLEY
(squints)
Who?

Teddy shakes his head.

TEDDY
Nobody. Never mind.

CUT TO:
INT. LARGE TENT - OPERATION SNATCH AND GRAB - NIGHT

Major Barret points to the two dancing RED DOTS on the flat screen. They are drawing very close to the first of the three secluded homes.

Munz checks the other side of the split screen. A DISTANCE meter clocks 2 KILOMETERS.

MUNZ
Our plastics are at two kilometers.

MAJOR BARRET
Looks like we found our hideout.

Major Barret turns to his men at the computer consoles.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
What's the address on that house?

One of the computer techs turns in his chair, grabs Major Barret's attention.

TECH #1
Major, I got a fix on the address.
Four Twenty Nine Windmar Road.

The Tech reads the owner's name from his screen.

TECH #1 (CONT’D)
A Mister and Mrs. Jeremy Forster.

WHITLOCK
We got a phone number?

TECH #1
No, sir. Give me two minutes and I'll have one.

The Tech goes back to his computer as Whitlock, Munz and Major Barret all stare at each other with concern.

Loughlin keeps all eyes on the map before him. The two RED DOTS draw closer and closer to the home.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - NIGHT

Danny sits at the dining room table, eyes down, scared. He peeks up at Becca who sits next to him.
Leslie and Teddy at the other end of the table as Claw hovers behind them, shotgun rested on his shoulder.

Spider slowly walks in circles around the table.

    SPIDER
    You wanna know what the secret is to taking multiple hostages?

They all stay quiet, stare at one another.

    SPIDER (CONT’D)
    Eye contact. Let them know you're always watching. So when they start thinking because there's more of them they can take you...

Spider leans in nice and close to Teddy's face.

    SPIDER (CONT’D)
    ...all you gotta do is give them that stare. And you can see their balls shrink right before your eyes.

    LESLIE
    What do you want?

    BECCA
    If it's money, you're shit out of luck. My Dad left me fifty bucks for three days.

    CLAW
    Maybe we just want the pleasure of your company.

    TEDDY
    Whatever it is, just take it and leave.

    CLAW
    You're awfully talky all the sudden, Jim Bob.

Claw pokes the barrel of his shotgun into Teddy's face. He sweats like a pig.

    CLAW (CONT’D)
    You're not thinking of growing a pair, are you?

    SPIDER
    Looks that way.
Spider spots a linen napkin draped over a bulky object on the table.

    SPIDER (CONT’D)
    Now what do we have here?

Spider reaches down, pulls the napkin to reveal the severed robot hand.

    CLAW
    What-in-fuck's name-is that?

Danny is still creeped out by it.

    SPIDER
    Hey. This looks like part of that wreckage we saw back at the river.

    TEDDY
    What wreckage?

    CLAW
    You should've seen it. This big ass steal arm and torso. Looked like something out of The Terminator.

Claw stares at the hand, a giant grin.

    CLAW (CONT’D)
    Yo, I heard about them testing in these woods. I see it but I still don't believe it.

Claw walks closer to the hand, a bit reluctant, but more fascinated than anything.

As they all stare at the hand -- a FINGER TWITCHES.

    CLAW (CONT’D)
    Holy shit. You see that?

    SPIDER
    We all saw it you idiot.

    DANNY
    Becca.

    BECCA
    I know. So I was wrong, okay?

Claw leans in nice and close, kneels to table level and inspects the electrical cords protruding from the wrist.
SPIDER
Better be careful with that thing.

CLAW
Or what? Is it gonna reach out and grab me?

The hand leaps at Claw's throat, squeezes and chokes him as he falls to the hard wood floor.

They all watch in horror. Spider pulls a pistol from his pants and aims.

CLAW (CONT’D)
(gasps)
Get it off me.

Claw pulls the hand from his throat and tosses it at the table.

Becca, Teddy, Danny and Leslie all drop to the floor as the hand bounces off the wooden dinner table and across the room.

Claw gasps for air as he chokes on the carpet.

Spider runs to the hand, now motionless on the floor. He aims his gun but --

A METAL WIRE
shoots from the wrist of the severed hand and wraps around his gun.

The gun is jerked from his hand and tossed into

THE KITCHEN SINK

Teddy spots the gun in the sink and runs to it.

Spider tries to beat him to the punch as the two reach the sink at the exact time and fight for control of the gun.

Spider makes short work of Teddy and chucks him to the floor. He aims the gun at his head.

LESLIE
NO!!!

Spider stares up at Leslie.

SPIDER
Everyone back at the table or I'll do him.
Becca wraps her arms around Danny's neck as to protect him. Leslie stares down at Teddy with tears in her eyes.

Claw holds his shotgun on the three hostages while he uses his free hand to rub a sore neck.

    CLAW
    You heard him. Sit down.

Becca stares down at the floor where the hand USED TO BE.

    BECCA
    It's gone.

    DANNY
    What is?

    BECCA
    The hand. It's gone! It ran away or something!

Claw checks his feet. Behind him. The floor. All around.

Spider has Teddy by the neck and a gun to the back of his head as he joins Claw in the living room.

    SPIDER
    Where is it?

    CLAW
    I don't know, man. Did you see that shit?

    SPIDER
    Yes, I saw it, asshole. Now go get it.

Claw rubs his neck. Stalls.

    CLAW
    Why me?

    SPIDER
    (smiles)
    Because it likes you.

Spider points his gun at Claw.

    SPIDER (CONT'D)
    And because I said so.

Claw puts his tail between his legs and does a quick sweep of the first floor.
Spider shoves Teddy to the couch and aims at the others.

SPIDER (CONT’D)
Whatta you say we all take a seat
on the couch. Relax for a bit.
Get to know each other.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE TENT - OPERATION SNATCH AND GRAB - NIGHT

Into the tent runs SHERIFF WITHERSPOON (50s), big ponch, out of shape, bald and his right side guy DEPUTY PARKER (30s), tall, large build, tough.

Major Barret spots him coming and meets him halfway.

MAJOR BARRET
Sheriff. We got a fix on an
address. Our guys are about a
quarter mile out.

SHERIFF
Yes, I heard. The Forster home.
That's why I'm here.
(to Loughlin)
I need this is all very exciting
for you but you to order your toy
robots to stand down.

LOUGHLIN
What the hell for? We have a lock
on their position. Another twenty
minutes and these guys are as good
as dead.

SHERIFF
Yeah, well I'm real sorry but
you're gonna have to find yourself
another test subject. I happen to
be close with the family.

WHITLOCK
You know these people?

SHERIFF
Every time Forster leaves home, he
tells me to watch after his kids.
(to Loughlin)
And I'm not about to let C3PO fill
them full of holes so you can land
a government contract.
LOUGHLIN
I'm afraid that's not your call, Sheriff.

MAJOR BARRET
And neither is it yours, Mister Loughlin. It's mine.

Loughlin turns his back on them, put off. Whitlock smiles at Munz. Loughlin finally comes around, bites his lip in protest.

LOUGHLIN
Okay. It's your call, Major.

MAJOR BARRET (to Sheriff)
Witherspoon, I know your concerns. But it's pitch dark out. The new model plastics have infrared capabilities.

The Sheriff won't have it as he also turns his back. Major Barret blocks his path, demands his full attention.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT'D)
They can see ten thousand times sharper than a human eye from a hundred yards out.

(beat)
These guys won't have time to scratch their ass let alone kill a hostage.

SHERIFF
Well, I'm sorry, Major. But I just can't take that chance.

The Sheriff and Deputy Parker storm out.

LOUGHLIN
Aren't you gonna stop him?

MAJOR BARRET
He's still twenty five minutes out, Mister Loughlin. That gives your plastics exactly twenty four minutes.

Major Barret turns back to the flat screen. The two RED DOTS almost on top of the first home. The Forster House.

CUT TO:
INT. FORSTER HOME - NIGHT

The four hostages on the couch as they watch Spider use a sharp steak knife to dig into the back of

CLAW'S NECK

and pull out a TRACKING CHIP. He hands the bloody chip to Claw, in tears from the pain.

CLAW

Look at that. This thing was in my head this whole time?

Claw hands him the chip. Spider walks them to the

KITCHEN SINK

and dumps them in a garbage disposal. He flips a switch as the small computer chips are torn into a hundred pieces.

LESLIE

What are they?

SPIDER

ID chips. Prison numbers. Im planted the first day of our incarceration.

TEDDY

Tracking devices.

CLAW

No way, bro.

SPIDER

That means you guys are in luck. It appears, given our new freedom, we'll be leaving you after all.

BECCA

My heart's broken.

Spider and Claw laugh.

SPIDER

Figured you might be sad to see us go. That's why you're taking us to that old bridge I've been reading about. The one off of Cottonwood Trail.

This panics Teddy.
TEDDY
Why are you taking us to a bridge?

SPIDER
Don't shit your britches, junior. We're not throwing you into the river.

Teddy checks with Leslie who is equally scared.

SPIDER (CONT'D)
We got a train to catch. From what I hear, there's a cargo line that passes through there as slow as fifteen miles an hour. We'll be headed back upstate while the cops will be looking in the wrong direction.

BECCA
How do we know you're not just taking us up there to toss us over the bridge?

Spider laughs.

SPIDER
Well, when you put it that way, I guess you don't.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORSTER HOME - WOODS - NIGHT

Plastic 88 and 89 sneak up on the outskirts of the home. Quiet, smooth, fast and efficient.

PLASTIC 88 POV:

An infrared view of the home. The bright red frames of several figures move inside.

A message is typed up before our eyes: WHERE ARE SUBJECTS? LOCATION REQUESTED.

And then --

LOCATION UNKNOWN

flashes below the text.

Plastic 88 touches a button behind his ear as --
PLASTIC 88 POV:

We see another message type before our eyes: PLSTC-88 TRACKING NUMBER REQUESTED. SUBJECTS NOT IDENTIFIED.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE TENT - OPERATION SNATCH AND GRAB - NIGHT

Whitlock, Munz, Major Barret watch the large flat screen.

LOCATION UNKNOWN

flashes over and over again. They watch on as a message is typed before their eyes.

PLSTC-88. TRACKING NUMBER REQUESTED. SUBJECTS NOT IDENTIFIED.

WHITLCOCK
What the hell does that mean?

LOUGHLIN
It means they can't identify our two targets.

MAJOR BARRET
And why is that?

LOUGHLIN
I don't know. It could be a glitch in the system. It could be they can't access Dunham and Franco's file.

(to Munz)
Resend them. With their prison identifications, there's no reason they can't lock in on their exact location.

Munz walks to one of the smaller computers, hovers behind a computer tech.

MUNZ
You resend the tracking numbers?

TECH #2
Tracking numbers just transmitted to Plastics Eighty-Eight and Eighty-Nine. Waiting for confirmation.
Major Barret and Whitlock watch the screen closely as they await an answer.

PLSTC - 88. NEGATIVE. LOCATION STILL UNKNOWN. REQUEST ALTERNATE STRATEGY.

   MAJOR BARRET
   What the hell's it talking about?
   Alternate strategy?

   LOUGHLIN
   I don't know. For whatever reason, they can't get a fix on your guys.
   It's almost as if...

Loughlin stalls.

   WHITLOCK
   If what?

   LOUGHLIN
   There's no way they locked in on their location and all of the sudden they've up and disappeared.

   WHITLOCK
   Okay. So what then?

   LOUGHLIN
   There is one very remote, outside possibility.
   (stalls)
   They may have cut out their ID chips.

Major Barret rubs his tired eyes.

   LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
   To do that, they'd have to cut three to four inches into their own necks and risk hitting a poison capsule that could kill them within ten seconds! They'd have to be completely out of their minds!

   WHITLOCK
   Well, guess what, Dave! We're in luck because they're bat shit crazy!

   MUNZ
   Alright, Major, what's the plan?
MAJOR BARRET
Get me Witherspoon on the horn.
Tell him backup is on the way.
(to Loughlin)
I'm calling off your plastics,
Mister Loughlin.

LOUGHLIN
I read their sheets, Major. If
these men even smell anyone coming,
these people are dead.

A new message types up on the screen:

PLSTC-89. SUBJECT 73399. TARGET ACQUIRED.

Major Barret, Whitlock and Loughlin stare at the upper left
hand corner of the screen as a

LIVE FEED of the Forster's front window plays out. They

watch --

Claw with his hand on Teddy's back and pistol to his head.

MAJOR BARRET
Sonofabitch. It worked. We got
eyes on Dunham.

LOUGHLIN
As soon as Eighty-Eight locks in on
Franco, they're as good as dead.

MAJOR BARRET
(at Loughlin)
Listen to me. Your plastic doesn't
fire until Franco's in our sights.

LOUGHLIN
He can't. His program won't allow
it. One won't act without the
other's consent. Only when both
targets have been confirmed can he
take the subject down.

Munz and Major Barret watch the screen and await Plastic 88's
confirmation.

PLSTC-88. NEGATIVE. TARGET NOT ACQUIRED. CEASE FIRE.

As Plastic 89 answers --

PLSTC-89. I REPEAT. TARGET ACQUIRED. AWAITING YOUR COMMAND.
MAJOR BARRET
It's like your plastic's not
getting the message. What the
hell's the matter with it?

MUNZ
I got a better question. If they
ditched their ID chips, why is
Eighty-Nine still confirming his
target?

LOUGHLIN
I don't know. It's like his
tracking system is frozen or
something.

MUNZ
(to Tech #1)
Seven-Three-Three-Nine-Nine. Is
that Dunham or Franco?

TECH #1
It's Franco, sir.

Munz watches the LIVE FEED as a FLASHING RED CROSSHAIRS
lights up both Claw and Teddy.

MUNZ
That's not Franco in his sights.
He's locked in on the wrong guy.

Claw steps aside as the target remains locked on TEDDY'S
HEAD.

MUNZ (CONT'D)
He won't move.

WHITLOCK
He's targeting the fuckin hostage!

LOUGHLIN
Like I said. He will not fire
unless ordered to by Eighty Eight.

Munz gets in Loughlin's face.

MUNZ
He will if his system's frozen! He
won't know one order from the next!
(to Tech #1)
Tell Eighty-Nine to stand fast.
We're aborting the mission.
LOUGHLIN
That's not your call, Corporal.

WHITLOCK
DO IT!!!

The tech checks with Major Barret gives his soldier the go ahead.

TECH #1
Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - NIGHT
Leslie, Becca and Danny in the middle of the living room as they watch Spider chug a beer.

Claw enters the room with a box of shotgun shells.

CLAW
We're in luck. This oughta hold them assholes off if we run into trouble.

TEDDY
Looks like you're planning on running out of ammo. Any reason?

Danny hugs Becca's waist, scared to death. Spider watches him.

SPIDER
Easy now. You're scaring the kid.

Danny cries.

CLAW
(to Danny)
Hey. Stop being a little bitch. We're not gonna hurt you. We just don't trust you.

TEDDY
And we're supposed to trust you?

SPIDER
We haven't killed you yet, have we?

Teddy thinks it over.
TEDDY

No.

CLAW
If we wanted you dead, we'd dump you in the trees and call it a day.

BECCA
Then why are you here? You don't need us.

SPIDER
There's a lot of things I don't need, sweetheart.

Spider touches her face. She retracts.

SPIDER (CONT'D)
But we're going on a long trip. Those trains can get pretty cold at night.

Spider smiles at Claw.

SPIDER (CONT'D)
We all know Ray likes to cuddle and all. But what can I say? I'm sort of old fashioned.

IN THE LAUNDRY ROOM

The severed hand rests on the tile near a washer and dryer. Some BLUE SPARKS shoot from inside the wrist. The index finger twitches in a peculiar but steady beat.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORSTER HOME - WOODS - NIGHT

Plastic 89 keeps his rifle aimed at Teddy's head through the front window.

PLASTIC 89 POV:
A new message types up before our eyes.

PLSTC-86. CAPTURED. MULTIPLE CASULTIES PREFERED. LEAVE NO SURVIVORS.

Plastic 89 touches a button behind his ear.

PLASTIC 89 POV:
A new message types on his viewer: PLSTC-89. ORDER RECEIVED. AFFIRMATIVE.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE TENT - OPERATION SNATCH AND GRAB - NIGHT

Whitlock, Munz, Major Barret and Loughlin all observe the new messages being typed on the large screen.

PLSTC-86. CAPTURED. MULTIPLE CASUALTIES PREFERRED. LEAVE NO SURVIVORS.

PLSTC-89. ORDER RECEIVED. AFFIRMATIVE.

LOUGHLIN
Eighty-Six is communicating. And he's doing it from inside the house.

WHITLOCK
We blew Eighty-Six into a hundred pieces. What the hell's it doing in the house?

LOUGHLIN
I don't know. It could be they found a piece.

Munz reads the messages carefully.

MUNZ
Don't you see what he's doing? He's telling your men that they're holding him hostage.
(angular)
Damn thing doesn't know he's dead!

Whitlock reviews the messages.

WHITLOCK
Multiple casualties.
(to Major Barret)
They're gonna blow them all away.

MAJOR BARRET
But he isn't doing anything. He hasn't fired. He's just sitting there.

MUNZ
That's because he can't. He's waiting for confirmation.
(MORE)
MUNZ (CONT’D)
As soon as Eighty-Eight confirms the message as authentic, he'll give the order to open fire.

MAJOR BARRET
Get your asses over there. I want those things shut down or blown up.

Whitlock and Munz hump it out of the tent. Loughlin slowly backs away from the scene. The color drops from his face as he grabs his upset stomach.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
(to Techs)
We're aborting the mission! Keep talking to those damn things until they answer you! Just keep their fingers off those triggers!

The computer techs type away on their consoles. Loughlin paces in a circle.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

The severed hand's index finger still twitches to the beat of morse code. Several more BLUE SPARKS shoot out from the charred up wrist.

LIVING ROOM

Spider runs his fingers down Leslie's back all nice and slow as Becca hugs Danny.

SPIDER
No. You're not gonna give me any trouble either. Are you darling?

Leslie swipes his hand away.

SPIDER (CONT’D)
I'm sorry. Does that tickle?

Claw laughs it up.

SPIDER (CONT’D)
You're right. Play time's over. For now. We got a train to catch. Isn't that right, Ray?
CLAW
You're always right, boss man.
This is your show.

Spider laughs.

SPIDER
And that's why we make such a great pair.

Spider loses his slick smile. Turns deadly serious.

SPIDER (CONT'D)
Alright. We're leaving. Just like I said. Anyone tries anything cute gets to watch me open up their friends.

Spider holds a bloody steak knife in the air.

SPIDER (CONT'D)
Let's move.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORSTER HOME - WOODS - NIGHT

Plastic 88 touches the button behind his ear as he hides behind some shrubs.

PLASTIC 88 POV:

A message types up on his viewer: PLSTC-86. CAPTURED. MULTIPLE CASUALTIES PREFERRED. LEAVE NO SURVIVORS.

Plastic 88 answers.

PLSTC-88. ORDER RECEIVED. AFFIRMATIVE.

And then one last message:

PLSTC-88. OPEN FIRE. LEAVE NO SURVIVORS.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - NIGHT

Spider has a pistol to Becca's back as she and Danny head to the door. Claw keeps his shotgun on both Teddy and Leslie as they all walk to the door.
RAPID GUNFIRE absolutely destroys the GLASS WINDOWS as both Teddy and Leslie are riddled with shots and Claw is struck in the arm.

Becca and Danny are halfway out the door when they spot a BEAMING RED SCOPE LIGHT from within the trees.

BECCA
Danny!

Becca tackles Danny to the floor as PLASTIC 88 unloads a barrage of rapid gunfire toward the front door.

PLASTIC 89 runs like a bolt of lightning toward the home. As fast as a flash of light as he -- CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW and into THE LIVING ROOM where he spots Claw on the carpet, a wounded arm. With quick precision, he tosses his rifle on the couch, picks up Claw and TWISTS HIS HEAD in a complete three sixty.

Becca and Danny watch from the floor. They SCREAM out and run down a long hallway.

LAUNDRY ROOM

Becca and Danny open the laundry room door, run inside and lock it.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

The severed hand crawls under the washing machine and goes unnoticed as Becca turns off the light and she and Danny stand in complete darkness.

DANNY
I'm scared.

BECCA
(whispers)
Quiet.

Spider grabs his wounded shoulder as he struggles to stand. Before he can get to his feet --
Plastic 88 CRASHES THROUGH A WINDOW with rifle in hand. Spider runs off, away from the soldier and toward the LIVING ROOM where he's quickly met with a PISTOL TO HIS HEAD. POP! Dead as he drops to the carpet. Plastic 89 and 88 stare at each other. Leslie and Teddy bloody and dead on the hard wood floor. Spider and Claw lay near them.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE TENT - OPERATION SNATCH AND GRAB - NIGHT

Major Barret hovers over a computer console as one of his men tries to communicate with the plastics.

TECH #2
(into headset)
Major Barret. DOD number One-Two-Seven-Six-Five-Four-Four-Five. Abort the mission. I repeat. Abort the mission. Please confirm.

ON THE COMPUTER:

MAJOR BARRET. DOD 127654-45. ABORT THE MISSION. PLEASE CONFIRM.

The words AWAITING TRANSMISSION flash on and off below the message.

MAJOR BARRET
We're still out of range! We don't have time for this! Another two minutes and they're all dead!

LOUGHLIN
You're wasting your time.

Major Barret turns to him. No longer in the mood.

MAJOR BARRET
Hell are you talking about?
Once an order is given and confirmed by all members of the unit, the order cannot be overrided. The code is written that way to keep the enemy from hacking our system.

MAJOR BARRET
You are a hack, Loughlin. And an asshole.

Major Barret grabs a spare headset and throws it on.

MAJOR BARRET (CONT’D)
(into headset)
Witherspoon! Witherspoon, do you copy? This is Barret!

CUT TO:

EXT. WINDMAR ROAD - WOODS - NIGHT

Three marked SHERIFF'S DEPUTY PATROL CARS barrel down the road at high speeds.

INT. SHERIFF'S CAR - NIGHT

Deputy Parker behind the wheel and Witherspoon rides shotgun.

MAJOR BARRET (O.S.)
Witherspoon! This is Barret! Do you copy?! Pick up!

Deputy Parker isn't sure, checks with Witherspoon.

DEPUTY PARKER
Are we answering?

MAJOR BARRET (O.S.)
The house is under fire! I repeat! It's under fire! Stand down! I know you can hear me so respond!

Witherspoon shuts off the radio as Deputy Parker shoots him an unsure look.

WITHERSPOON
You heard the man. Step on it!
Deputy Parker floors the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

The room is pitch black as we hear the heavy breathing of Becca and Danny.

BECCA
Danny. Since when do you have three hands.

DANNY
What're you talking about?

BECCA
Hold on.

Becca holds a bic lighter to her chest and spots THE SEVERED HAND, upside down with wrist aimed at her face.

Her and Danny SCREAM OUT.

And from inside the open wrist shoots out a GREEN ACID that hits Becca's face.

EXT. LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Danny and Becca trip and face plant as they attempt to run from the laundry room.

Becca wiggles and twists on the tile as she touches her scarred face in terrible pain.

From the floor, Danny stares at her sister and then turns to see --

A pair of COMBAT BOOTS. He stares up at Plastic 88.

DANNY
Hi. What's your name?

Plastic 88 just stares down at him. He holds a PISTOL to his head.

Becca watches.

BECCA
Oh my God.
And then some SIRENS and POLICE LIGHTS distract Plastic 88 as he turns, stares out the window.

Both Becca and Danny are frozen with fear.

Plastic 88 quickly heads for the door.

Becca and Danny exhale with tired relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINDMAR ROAD - WOODS - NIGHT

The three cop cars come to a halt as several armed deputies jump from their seats.

Both Plastics pop up from behind some shrubbery and RIDDLE THE MEN WITH BULLETS.

They're all dead in seconds.

The two Plastics admire their handy work as they hear a VOICE come over a POLICE RADIO.

    MAJOR BARRET (O.S.)
    Witherspoon! We're sending reinforcements! I'm ordering you to stand down until back up arrives!

The two Plastics stare at each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEARBY WOODS - NIGHT

Whitlock and Munz hurry and cower behind a large tree trunk as Munz sets up his laptop. They wear TRACKING DEVICES on their sleeve like a jogger wears an MP3.

Whitlock has some trouble with the velcro arm band. Munz notices.

    MUNZ
    As long as we're wearing these factory communicators, they'll think we're one of them and won't shoot us on sight. So whatever you do, make sure it's on tight.
WHITLOCK
That's good to know. And by the way, how come nobody thought to do this before? I've almost gotten my ass blown off three times for nothing.

MUNZ
You really wanna argue that now, Sarge? If we're lucky, one or two of those hostages is still alive.

WHITLOCK
Point taken.

Munz opens his laptop. He throws on a headset and starts talking.

MUNZ
Dod number PLSTC dash Ninety.

PLSTC-90 appears on the screen.

MUNZ (CONT’D)
Under attack. Facing eminent capture.

His words typed up on the screen. UNDER ATTACK. FACING EMINENT CAPTURE.

MUNZ (CONT’D)

Whitlock and Munz await a response. The screen stays blank as a CURSOR flashes.

WHITLOCK
What reinforcements?

Munz points at the tracker strapped to his bicep.

MUNZ
Us. Like I said, they won't shoot us as long as they think we're one of them. All I need is for them to stand down long enough to upload directive eleven.

Still no answer from the plastics. A blank screen.

WHITLOCK
Why won't it answer?
Munz rubs his face, looks worried.

MUNZ
Shit.

WHITLOCK
Shit? What's that mean?

MUNZ
I was afraid of this. Like Loughlin said, once an order to attack is confirmed as authentic, the system can't be overridden.

WHITLOCK
(angry)
Since when?!

MUNZ
Probably since Loughlin decided we can't blow up anymore of his plastics.

WHITLOCK
Okay, great, so now what?

Munz thinks it all over.

MUNZ
We're gonna have to blow them ourselves.

Whitlock cracks a smartass grin.

WHITLOCK
You mean fight?

Munz slowly turns to him, tail between his legs.

WHITLOCK (CONT’D)
Just like they did way back in the stone age? With real live people?

Munz rolls his eyes.

MUNZ
Point taken. Look, we're out of time. If there's anyone alive in there, we gotta move now.

WHITLOCK
Where are the Plastics?
Munz opens a new window on his laptop. A map of the region shows TWO RED DOTS. A distance meter reads 1 KILOMETER.

MUNZ
They're one kilometer out. Not even in the house. What the hell are they doing back in the woods?

WHITLOCK
Maybe they had some company. You see The Sheriff anywhere?

Munz realizes what's happened.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)
I can still smell the gun powder in the air.

MAJOR BARRET (O.S.)
Whitlock or Munz. Come in.

Whitlock talks into his headset.

WHITLOCK
Yeah, we're here. Over.

MAJOR BARRET (O.S.)
911 just got an emergency call from inside The Forster home. We still have two live ones.

WHITLOCK
Roger that. Over.

Whitlock unzips his back pack, grabs a CLAYMORE and smiles at Munz.

MUNZ
What the hell are you doing?

WHITLOCK
Take that damn thing off your sleeve.

Munz removes the tracking device from his arm band.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)
We do this one my way.

CUT TO:
INT. FORSTER HOME - NIGHT

Munz enters, AR-15 in tow. He does a quick sweep of the first floor.

    MUNZ
    Hello???

    BECCA (O.S.)
    Upstairs! Up here!!

Munz heads for the staircase. He charges up the steps like a pro.

INT. BECCA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Becca and Danny sit in the dark. The window wide open. The door knob rattles.

Becca quickly unlocks as Munz enters and locks behind them.

    MUNZ
    Help is here. I need both of you to listen to me very carefully.

Munz tosses Whitlock's arm band to Danny. He takes his off his sleeve, gives to Becca.

    BECCA
    What is this?

    MUNZ
    Never mind what it is. I need you to put it on. Both of you.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORSTER HOME - WOODS - NIGHT

Whitlock stakes a claymore into the soil near a tree trunk, runs a long wire across an open field and hooks to a low hanging branch.

He runs out into the open. Raises his rifle in the air and UNLOADS an almost full magazine.

    WHITLOCK
    Come on, you bastards! I know you're out there! Let's go!

From Becca's bedroom window crawls Becca and Danny. Both wear the tracking devices on their sleeves.
Munz watches them closely. He keeps another eye on the bedroom door.

Whitlock watches as both Plastic 88 and 89 appear from both sides of the house and walk towards him.

WHITLOCK (CONT’D)
That's it, dumb shits. Right this way.

Whitlock runs off, into the woods and JUMPS the claymore wire as both Plastics run his direction.

Plastic 88 TRIPS the wire as
Whitlock witnesses an EXPLOSION behind him.

Plastic 89 turns his head as --

Danny and Becca crawl off the roof, hit the grass.

Munz spots him.

PLASTIC 89 POV:
A message types up in his viewer: IMPOSTER. TERMINATE IMMEDIATELY.

Plastic 89 raises his weapon.

MUNZ
Shit. They've been targeted.
(to Becca/Danny)
RUN!!! GET TO THE TRUCK!!!

Becca and Danny run around the house, head for the front lawn and to the truck.

Plastic 89 gives chase. Whitlock runs out of the trees and back onto the lawn.

MUNZ (O.S.) (CONT’D)
(muffled)
Sarge, they've been targeted! I need back up!

Whitlock runs for the front lawn.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - NIGHT

Munz chases down the steps at full speed and out the --
as he spots Becca and Danny locked in the pick up truck. Plastic 89 stops at Becca's door. He reaches back and SMASHES out the driver's window.

Becca SCREAMS OUT.

MUNZ
Hold it!

Munz aims his AR-15 and RIDDLES Plastic 89 with multiple gunshots as he's thrown some fifteen feet back and finally to the ground.

Munz walks closer to the truck but spots

Plastic 89 jump to his feet. Munz fires the remainder of his magazine. Out.

MUNZ (CONT’D)
Shit!

He drops the rifle, pulls his pistol and empties a clip into Plastic 89 as he drops to his knees.

Whitlock takes aim and open fires.

Plastic 89 hit with several dozen more shots until he bleeds SMOKE from multiple holes.

Whitlock and Munz watch as the limp android falls face first to the lawn.

Munz runs to the truck and opens Becca's door. She and Danny crawl out.

Becca spots the huge ball of billowing smoke that lay dead on the ground. She gets a closer look.

WHITLOCK
Careful.

BECCA
What are they?

WHITLOCK
What were they is more like it. It's over.

Plastic 89 grabs Becca's ankle and trips her. She SCREAMS as she face plants in the dirt.
Munz grabs it from behind but the Plastic THROWS HIM against the pick up truck which knocks him to the ground.

Whitlock puts it in a tight HEADLOCK as Plastic 89 runs around the lawn with the soldier wrapped around his back and legs.

The two FALL THROUGH A WINDOW and INTO THE LIVING ROOM

As they continue to wrestle on the hard wood floor. Whitlock manages to roll on top of him. Presses his forty five into the eye of the droid and PULLS THE TRIGGER.

POW!

The Plastic falls limp. Whitlock almost doesn't notice the robotic arm gripping a grenade pulled from Whitlock's chest belt. A lone pin dangles from his fatigues.

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)

SHIT!!

Whitlock quickly LEAPS through the OPEN WINDOW and to the lawn outside.

BOOM!

A FIERY RED CLOUD OF SMOKE from the other side of the window as Plastic 89 meets his demise.

Whitlock gathers himself and smiles up at Munz.

MUNZ

Once a show off, always a show off.

Whitlock flips him the bird.

Becca and Danny smile. It's over.

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE EVENT TENT - DAY

Loughlin stands behind a podium, reads a carefully worded speech.

LOUGHLIN

I stand before you today to humbly apologize for these recent tragedies.

(MORE)
LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Operation Stormtrooper has failed.
It failed for the wrong reasons.

Loughlin reads his speech.

LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
It failed because of eagerness.
And because of my own arrogance.

Loughlin clears his throat.

LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
I'm standing before you today,
asking that you not excuse my
behavior...but to recognize the
hard work of so many people who
have given their time and efforts
to help create a better, safer
tomorrow. I am sincerely hoping
that you overlook the bad and see
the good.

Loughlin once again clears his throat. He takes a drink of
water.

LOUGHLIN (CONT'D)
This isn't sounding so great from
up here.

The entire room is empty with the exception of one man in the
front row with his arms rested on two chairs. CHARLES PENN
(60s), distinguished, nice suit and tie.

Penn stands, adjusts his three hundred dollar tie.

PENN
And it will sound even
worse tomorrow. Let's face it.
Millions will never forgive what
happened here this weekend.

Loughlin hangs his head low as he takes a generous chug from
his flask.

PENN (CONT'D)
The rest of the world won't care.
They won't care because we're only
in the early stages. Because they
know as soon as we work out the
bugs in the system, thousands of
lives will be spared. All our
troops on the ground can come home
to be with their families.
Loughlin cracks a hopeful smile.

   PENN (CONT’D)
   I think you know this isn't over. That you did a good thing here. But you're beating yourself up over what happened. Well...

Loughlin looks up.

   PENN (CONT’D)
   You should because you screwed up. Big time.

Loughlin loses his hopeful smile.

   PENN (CONT’D)
   We weren't ready to show the world our perfect weapon. Because it wasn't perfect yet. But you showed them anyways.

Loughlin folds his arms in protest like a kid.

   PENN (CONT’D)
   That's something you're gonna have to live with. But when the dust clears and it's all said and done and we've saved thousands of lives in battle...something tells me you'll get over it.

Penn walks to the stage, taps him on the foot.

   PENN (CONT’D)
   Keep your chin up. We're only getting started. I'll see you back at the office.

Penn heads out. Loughlin cracks a new, hopeful smile but quickly loses it as he reflects.

   CUT TO:

EXT LARGE EVENT TENT - DAY

Munz sits in the passenger side of a jeep and watches Whitlock salute Major Barret. The two shake hands and part ways.

Whitlock heads for the jeep. Crawls in next to Munz.
MUNZ
Okay, let's hear it. Get it over with.

WHITLOCK
Hear what?

MUNZ
Oh, so we're gonna play that game?

Whitlock plays as if he doesn't follow.

WHITLOCK
Oh, you mean all that about not being able to predict what happens on the battlefield and how experience trumps technology and so on and so forth...

MUNZ
Yeah, yeah. All that.

WHITLOCK
Well, given the events of this weekend, I figured it unnecessary to press the issue.

MUNZ
Well, I sure appreciate that, Sarge.

WHITLOCK
Don't mention it.

Whitlock smiles, chomps a cigar as they speed off, into the sunset. As they drive away, we listen in on their conversation from a distance.

MUNZ (O.S.)
Hey, Sarge. Can I ask you a question?

WHITLOCK (O.S.)
Absolutely not.

MUNZ (O.S.)
It's just that I heard Eighty-Six was still missing.

WHITLOCK (O.S.)
Yeah, so?
MUNZ (O.S.)
Well...doesn't that concern you at all?

WHITLOCK
Everything concerns me, Munz.

MUNZ (O.S.)
It's just that I thought of something really messed up. It's probably nothing. Forget I mentioned it.

WHITLOCK (O.S.)
What is it? Out with it.

MUNZ (O.S.)
We may have to turn the jeep around.

CUT TO:

INT. FORSTER HOME - DAY

MRS. FORSTER checks a roast in the oven as MR. FORSTER rests on the couch and watches the news.

Becca and Danny are seen through the window shooting some hoops and goofing off.

MRS. FORSTER
Another ten minutes and we're ready. You wanna call in the kids?

MR. FORSTER
Sure, honey.

As Mr. Forster crawls off the couch --

We move through the home --
down the hallway --
around a corner and into a

BATHROOM

where the SEVERED HAND sits on the tile. The index finger taps a new message in morse code.

CUT TO:
EXT. NEARBY WOODS - DAY

Several RED DOTS glow and BEEP within these woods. They are in the hundreds. All over the place.

An ANDROID ARM crawls through the dirt. Slowly but surely.

Another SEVERED ARM comes to life. The fingers twitch as a RED DOT glows and beeps from an exposed wire.

A badly burned and charred up ANDROID TORSO sits up as his LEFT EYE glows RED with the BEEP of the morse code.

He turns and stares dead at us.

FADE OUT.