

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)

The air. Searching for patterns.  
Electromagnetic pulses. Could give us his location.

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

Whitlock. Geoffrey R. 1501762197.  
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 permimeter.

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)  
Under executive order. Initiation of new directive. Immediate action required.

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 overridden 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)

WHITLOCK (CONT'D)

And neither do these googly eyed,  
sorry pencil pushers writing these  
by-the-book programs.

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 bellied 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 I 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

Ewwwww!

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.

LESLIE

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.

LESLIE  
(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. Implanted 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.  
(angry)  
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?

LOUGHLIN

Once an order is given and confirmed by all members of the unit, the order cannot be overridden. 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)

Initiate hostage directive. Survivors needed. Secure perimeter. Await reinforcements.

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 --

FRONT DOOR

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.