

A SHOT IN THE EYE

Written by

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THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF A DESERTED SOMALI SHANTY-TOWN - DAY

A lone, hungry antelope. Perfectly still. On the outskirts of an abandoned shanty-town, next to an abandoned city.

MAN'S VOICE/FRANK (V.O.)

Antelope can run forty miles an hour. In very short bursts they can get up to sixty miles an hour. But they can't run fast for very long. They have to stop to catch their breath. They have to cool down.

A burst of MACHINE-GUN FIRE from far off, inside the city. The antelope takes off into the dry savanna.

EXT. DESERTED DROUGHT-RAVAGED SOMALI SHANTY-TOWN - DAY

If you've played KILLZONE or ASSASSIN'S CREED, you know THIS SHOT: POV through the eyes of a soldier/assassin as he RACES swiftly through a deserted African town, hunting ARMED MEN through buildings, down alleyways.

THE DIFFERENCE IS THIS: The buildings, the dirt, the armed MEN running away and screaming as blood sprays out of them when they're shot - all of this looks very very real.

MAN'S VOICE/FRANK (V.O.)

People, on the other hand, sweat through their skin, so they're always cooling down.

OUR POV: racing through abandoned houses in a shanty-town, knocking down doors, speeding through passageways, all at *speeds much faster than a human could run.*

MAN'S VOICE/FRANK (V.O.)

They also stand upright, which allows the lungs to expand and take in a lot of air.

We get the sense that there are a number of assassins chasing these men.

Sounds of GUNSHOTS all around. Several of the pursued men are shot. They go down roughly, crashing into the sides of buildings, hitting the hard dirt.

MAN'S VOICE/FRANK (V.O)  
People can run for a long, long  
time. They're just not that fast.

OUR POV: off to the left side, one PURSUED MAN runs frantically out of the shanty-town, into a more built-up section of the city.

OUR POV STOPS on a dime. Turns left. Pursues the man. Out of the shanty-town, into the deserted city...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE YARD/U.S. PENITENTIARY, TERRE HAUTE, IA - MORNING

A big motherfucking prison. Like an overcrowded city. There are way too many prisoners - 10,000 aggressive males abundantly pissed off that the government has squeezed them into two square miles of concrete and concertina wire.

They eat in shifts, they sleep in shifts, they exercise in shifts - though this last is more an opportunity to kick in the head of a rival than to play handball.

In the vast cement YARD, we see SHOTS of several Korean inmates either handing off small packets to various prisoners, or receiving a small wad of folded up cash. Each of the Koreans has a TATTOO of a LITTLE CIRCLE WITH FOUR SHORT LINES beside it next to his left eye.

In the corner of the yard, one KOREAN inmate (with the same tattoo) has been cornered against the fence of the vast cement yard by a group of five Hispanic guys. Very quickly, he starts getting his head kicked in. He fights back - HAPKIDO-style - but there are too many men attacking him.

Three of the Hispanic guys stand out: ABRAHAM, extremely large dude with cornrows who's doing most of the kicking; PACO, vicious bulldog with one eye; and ORBIT SANCHEZ, a Che Guevara long-hair with glasses. He watches. Probably the leader.

INT. CELL/TERRE HAUTE - SAME TIME

C/U on the closed eyes of a WHITE INMATE. FRANK DALEY. 32 years old. He's sleeping on his back in his tiny cell. He's got the same CIRCLE/FOUR-LINE TATTOO next to his left eye as the Korean inmates.

INT. HALLWAY/TERRE HAUTE - SAME TIME

Embedded in the wall opposite every cell is a battered TV SCREEN protected by wire mesh. The volume low, CNN is reporting news of ANOTHER NUCLEAR DISASTER in California...

INT. TECH ROOM - DAY

A large sterile room. Standing in it are THIRTY YOUNG MEN (some late teens, some early 20s) - all wear an updated version of VIRTUAL REALITY GLASSES and all are swiftly moving their hands over VIRTUAL KEYBOARDS that only they can see - tapping buttons, sliding trackpads - lightning speed across scores of controls...

It's an eerie sight. All in a room together, yet all in their own worlds.

One of the teenagers - preternaturally focussed, ruthless - WEARS a day-glo titanium rope necklace. His hands tap and race over a VIRTUAL KEYBOARD. CAMERA SWOOPS towards his face and behind his glasses, so we SEE what he SEES:

VIRTUAL REALITY GLASSES POV: it's our OUR ASSASSIN'S POV as he races through an abandoned building in the African city, crashes through a door, searches the room, charges out the back.

(THROUGH THE GLASSES, the image is slightly less than real - not animated, as video games are, but just off from reality.)

POV now FILLS THE SCREEN... OUR POV spots the pursued man sprinting down an empty alley, ducking into the doorway of a building. POV races after him, through the ground floor of the building, out the back, looks one way down the alley, looks the other... towards the end of the alley, the pursued man - he's got an old M16 and a bandolier of bullets - is desperately scrabbling up the side of a crumbling three-story cement building.

POV takes off after him down the alley, then leaps swiftly, smoothly, up the near side of the building.

PRELAP: A SIREN WAILS...

INT. FRANK'S CELL - SAME TIME

Frank's EYES OPEN. The siren wails.

EXT. PRISON YARD - SAME TIME

A SIREN wails as the Korean guy with the circle tattoo goes down -- gets stomped on the ground. GUARDS in the towers flip down their riot visors, get out the tasers.

INT. FRANK'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Frank grabs onto the metal cage covering the overhead bulb in the ceiling. He pulls himself up off the ground so he can peer out the small, high window of his cell.

FRANK'S POV: through the window - the Prison Yard: Guards taser and handcuff ABRAHAM and the other Latinos involved in the ass-kicking. ORBIT SANCHEZ watches from the side. The KOREAN on the ground is totally unresponsive. He's cuffed too.

IN FRANK'S CELL: Frank hangs from the metal cage, watching. His emotions hard to read. He starts doing PULL-UPS.

MAN'S VOICE/FRANK (V.O.)

My Dad used to put me to bed by telling stories about the Raramuri Indians. The Goshute. "They were the greatest runners in the world," he'd tell me. "They could hunt down a gazelle, outrun a deer. Not by running faster, but by running longer." Persistence hunters. Endurance runners. The best runners in the world.

ON THE TV SCREEN in the hall outside his cell: a news report of uprisings against the DICTATORSHIP in VENEZUELA: protestors seizing government buildings, attacking police; switching to a report of DROUGHT continuing into a 20th year across Central Africa...

Frank's not watching, he's doing a HUGE SET of pull-ups.

EXT. ROOFTOP/DESERTED SOMALI CITY - DAY

The PURSUED MAN drags himself onto the roof. He's drenched in sweat, bleeding. He looks up. Freezes. Terrified of what he sees in front of him:

We finally get a view of what's been pursuing him: A LIQUID-METAL-SKINNED ANDROID gleams in the sunlight 30 feet away. Tall, sleek - currently holding a machine gun in one hand and a grenade launcher in the other.

On its smooth, metallic, 6'5" body, it wears: Detroit Pistons basketball shorts, a day-glo titanium rope necklace; Graffiti-tagged across its bare torso: "D, MOFO". And there's a PEACE SIGN painted on its arm - on the arm that it raises to POINT THE GRENADE LAUNCHER at the man.

The man raises his hands, scared out of his mind. Beat. The Android PULLS the trigger, blows a hole through the man's chest. The man flies 20 feet off the roof onto another building below. That building collapses under his weight.

The Android trots over to look down from the roof on the dead man in the collapsed building. He points his MACHINE GUN, FIRES several rounds into the dead man's body.

The droid turns to gaze out over the desolate city. HIS POV: Some movement in the shanty-town. Men running, droids hunting, the sun glinting off their silver skin. The droid leaps gracefully off the three-story building, hits the ground mid-stride, sprinting toward the action...

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA/TERRE HAUTE - DAY

Frank sits at the Korean table. He's caucasian. They're not. All have the same CIRCLE TATTOO next to their left eye. There's an EMPTY PLACE where their stomped-on friend used to sit. Frank starts to eat; they all start to eat.

In the cafeteria, blacks eat with blacks, skinheads with skinheads, Latinos with Latinos, and the unaffiliated eat quickly and get the fuck out of there.

The guards keep glancing over at Frank's table because of the beating earlier that day. At the Latino table, several inmates are missing - including ABRAHAM. Probably in solitary. ORBIT SANCHEZ is there.

As Frank eats, he speaks quietly, in Korean, looking straight ahead. No one at his table looks at him, but they're all listening.

FRANK  
(in Korean)  
Left side is weak.

Frank finishes eating, stands to clear his tray. They all stand. They follow him to the garbage cans and slop buckets. Just as it seems they may leave without retaliating -

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(quietly, in Korean)  
Go.

Koreans charge the Latino table - bashing heads in, gouging at eyes with their utensils. Guards rush in. ORBIT stands up and away from the table - Frank grabs and flips him - quickly, expertly, Hapkido-style - SMASHES ORBIT'S head into the floor, opening a huge gash --

FRANK (CONT'D)

*Think you can give orders and not get dirty?!*

Smashes his head again. Frank gets TASERED by a Guard.

INT. PRISON BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

ON THE MOVE: Frank - bloodied, cuffed - is dragged roughly down the hall by two white Guards - taken to one of the solitary cells in the Hole.

GUARD 1

The fuck you doing with the Chinks, asshole?

FRANK

I don't think anyone's said Chinks since last century. You're a historian.  
(then)  
And they're Korean.

GUARD 2

What you doing with them?

FRANK

My Dad was Korean.

Guard 1 backhands Frank across the mouth.

GUARD 1

You're a fucking mick.

Guard 2 unlocks the cell door, Franks spits out blood.

FRANK

Okay. But he did like Korean food.

They throw him in the cell. His head SLAMS on the edge of the metal bed. He tries to blink away the pain.

GUARD 1

Spend time with your own.

FRANK

I don't do skinhead.

GUARD 1  
Start doing it.

FRANK  
My hair's too nice.

The Guards slam the door shut. Frank glances at Abraham - with the cornrows - staring at him from cell across the hall.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Maybe I'll go Spanish. At least they appreciate good grooming.

GUARD 2  
Hands.

Franks holds his hands through the small opening in the door.

FRANK  
(to Abraham)  
You owe us money.

Guard 1 YANKS Frank's hands toward him, crushing Frank's face against the inside of the door.

GUARD 1  
You been here seven years. I'll make your next seven miserable as possible you don't change things up.

FRANK  
(face crushed against door)  
It's been pretty miserable so far. I'll be curious to see what you come up with next.

Guard 1 cracks his slapjack across Franks hand, breaking a finger. As Frank screams in pain --

EXT. DESERTED SOMALI CITY - DAY

Three sweaty, filthy men run out of the shanty-town, sprinting for their lives into the open desert. They each carry an outdated M-16 and a bandolier of bullets.

200 yards behind them, 25 gleaming androids emerge from the shanty-town, chasing them. We don't get a good look at all the androids yet - but it seems as if each is wearing something different.

One of the sweaty men is SHOT in the back. He falls chest-first into the hot dirt. The two remaining men fire behind themselves as they run.

One of the droids lifts its grenade launcher. Fires. The grenade blows a HOLE clear through one of the men.

The last man sprints for his life. He's hit in the shoulder, falls. He gets up, runs, desperate. He's hit by several bullets from different directions. He goes down hard.

The androids catch up and gather around the man, looking down at him.

The android from the roof - with the Pistons shorts - keeps firing, drilling bullet after bullet into the dead body.

We finally get a good look at the other androids standing in a semi-circle, watching the Pistons droid shoot: They're all 6'5", gleaming silver, superhuman. Loaded up with firearms and ammo, they all wear something distinctive: one wears a yellow BIKINI; another a PINSTRIPE SUIT AND TIE; another has a rather beautiful skeleton painted over its skin; another a JOSE REYES Blue Jays baseball shirt and DREADLOCKS WIG; another just a BKLYN HAT; another a STRAP-ON DILDO.

They all stare blankly at the PISTONS droid who keeps firing into the dead man's body.

INT. TECH ROOM - DAY

The THIRTY YOUNG MEN stand silently staring at one of the gamers, DEREK (with the day-glow titanium rope necklace), punching his VIRTUAL KEYBOARD again and again. Finally, one of them (who wears a "BKLYN" hat) speaks.

BKLYN HAT

D... Chill.

Derek keeps firing.

BKLYN HAT (CONT'D)

*Derek.*

Derek keeps firing. A BLACK KID with a FEDORA and pin-striped blazer calls out -

FEDORA

*Motherfucker. Calm yourself. Game's over.*

Derek looks up, stops firing.

A MAN IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM beneath an ACCU-TECH logo, watches all of this. He's 50, well-dressed, impassive. He looks like an older, well-dressed version of Derek.

Derek looks at a SCREEN on the front wall. It says "KILLS" across the top and has a list of names and a number beside each name. At the top: DEREK - 8.

DEREK  
(flat)  
I win.

Derek TOSSES his VIRTUAL GLASSES onto the table in front of him. He walks out, past the MAN, not acknowledging him.

The other gamers take off their GLASSES as well.

EXT. DESERT OUTSIDE SOMALI CITY - DAY

The PISTONS DROID folds in on itself, crumpling down, until it's seated cross-legged - head resting on its chest.

The other droids follow suit - folding down, sitting cross-legged, IMMOBILIZED on the desert floor. Silence.

The DEAD MAN'S BODY lies several yards away, bleeding out in the dirt.

PRELAP: an ANNOUNCEMENT playing over shitty speakers:

ANNOUNCEMENT (OVER SPEAKERS)  
If your number has been called, if  
your cell door has been opened...

INT. PRISON HALLWAY/TERRE HAUTE - DAY

ANNOUNCEMENT (OVER SPEAKERS)  
... please proceed peacefully to  
the northwest meeting area.

Hundreds of inmates file along the hallway. Guards in riot gear direct traffic. Frank - his finger taped, his wounds largely healed - walks with the crowd.

The TVs in the walls silently play news coverage of the continuing NUCLEAR DISASTER in California.

ANNOUNCEMENT (OVER SPEAKERS) (CONT'D)  
...If your number has been called -

INT. LARGE ROOM/PRISON - DAY

A huge fluorescent-lit room with hundreds of inmates on benches, including Frank. More stand at the back and on the sides. The WARDEN speaks from a platform at the front. Armed Guards stand behind him.

WARDEN

None of you all done anything to deserve this. You just happen to live in a country can't pay its bills - can't afford to house and feed you.

(holds up a red folder)

There's some work pay in your folders. Should be enough to get you home - so long as home isn't too terribly far away.

On a screen behind him, a US ARMY recruiting image is projected. Its motto: "Always Looking For New Soldiers!"

WARDEN (CONT'D)

As you know, jobs is scarce. That's just the facts.

(holds up a pamphlet)

You'll find some literature from the U.S. Armed Forces. If your crime wasn't too violent you might get a career path going with the Army.

He looks out at the crowd of hardened, maximum security inmates - that rules out most of them.

WARDEN (CONT'D)

Okay, then.

He tosses the pamphlet down on the podium.

A cartoon image of a MAN IN A BIOHAZARD SUIT with a NUCLEAR ENERGY SYMBOL and a big mop and pail comes up on the screen behind him. Below the image, a motto: "SCRUBBING THE WORLD!"

WARDEN (CONT'D)

(another pamphlet)

The International Nuclear Disaster Clean-up Committee's always hiring new workers -

ANGLE ON: A PASTY-LOOKING GUARD whispers to another Guard:

PASTY-LOOKING GUARD

- Cuz the old batch keeps getting  
fried up -

WARDEN

- And there's another big spill out  
on the West Coast right now. Bad  
news for them, maybe good news for  
you. I think you'll find the Clean-  
up folks're less concerned about  
violent records. So that's a plus  
for you all right there...

INT. EXIT HALL/PRISON - DAY

Frank's in a long line. He reaches the front. Presents his  
papers to one of 20 exit guards seated at desks processing  
inmates out of prison. The Exit Guard checks his list. Hands  
Frank a thin envelope.

EXIT GUARD

Work pay.  
(gestures to a room off to  
the right)  
Go to the Holding Area.

FRANK

I'm supposed to be getting out.

EXIT GUARD

Holding Area.

INT. HOLDING AREA/PRISON - DAY

A smaller room. Rows of chairs bolted to the floor. 40  
inmates sit, including ABRAHAM (the huge, cornrowed Latino);  
ORBIT SANCHEZ (his head heavily bandaged); PACO (one-eyed  
Latino); several skinheads; others. Guards line the walls.

A 40-year old, well-dressed businessman with a buzz-cut  
(C.J.), has been talking from the front of the room.

Frank ENTERS. Everyone looks over. C.J. stops, looks at the  
Warden, standing nearby.

WARDEN

(to C.J.)  
Frank Daley.

C.J. looks down a list of names. Makes a checkmark.

C.J.

Mr. Daley. Please. Take a seat.

Frank looks around. PACO makes eye contact - forms fingers into a gun, shoots Frank. The only seat is next to an elaborately TATTOOED SKINHEAD. Frank sits.

C.J. (CONT'D)

As I just started telling these gentlemen - we've been working with your fine prison officials -

Frank glances at the Guard who broke his finger a week ago -

C.J. (CONT'D)

- reviewing each of your personnel profiles in order to identify those who might be valuable assets for our company. We've looked at your age, health, intelligence testing, psych profiles, and think each of you could potentially be of significant help to our company.

He points to an ENORMOUS SKINHEAD who's got his finger up.

C.J. (CONT'D)

Yes, sir?

ENORMOUS SKINHEAD

English.

C.J.

I'm sorry, I -

ENORMOUS SKINHEAD

Speak English.

C.J.

(nods)

Sure. Okay. Open up your folder. We put a card in there. It's called a business card.

As he speaks, Frank fishes out a business card from the folder. On one side it says ACCU-TECH. On the other is a phone number. That's it.

C.J. (CONT'D)

We have work for you. It's dangerous work. But it can be highly lucrative.

(looks at Skinhead)

It pays well.

TATTOOED SKINHEAD  
 (mutters under his breath)  
 It's fucking suicide, but it pays  
 well.

FRANK  
 (whispers)  
 Suicide how?

Tattooed Skinhead shrugs.

C.J.  
 If you're interested, call me.

FRANK  
 (to Tattooed Skinhead)  
 Suicide how?

TATTOOED SKINHEAD  
 Call him and find out.

EXT. PENITENTIARY - AFTERNOON

Frank walks out the prison doors. Released inmates mill about, though most are gone by now. He carries a small plastic bag with all his belongings in the world. He scans the stragglers for some Korean buddies. None.

He glances behind. ABRAHAM comes out the doors. Frank picks up his pace down the long cement path to the road. Abraham picks up his pace. Frank starts to run. Abraham starts to run.

FRANK  
 Shit.

Frank takes off, sprinting. He weaves in and out of the bodies - Abraham's running too. Frank reaches the street and takes off down the sidewalk, full speed - this is not how he wants to start his freedom - beaten to a pulp. He sprints the long block to the corner, gasping. Looks behind him: NO ONE IS FOLLOWING.

FRANK'S POV: Abraham's down the block, hugging a woman, lifting a kid high in the air. He wasn't chasing him at all.

Frank watches, catching his breath. No one's waiting by the curb to pick him up.

ON THE SOUNDTRACK: "Freedom Hangs Like Heaven" by IRON & WINE starts to play.

FADE INTO:

VARIOUS: FRANK TRAVELING HOME:

"Freedom Hangs Like Heaven" PLAYS.

Frank hitches by the highway; sleeps in bus stations - hardly eating - conserving his little packet of cash.

As he rides a shitty Greyhound bus, out the window we SEE the devastation of an economy gone over the cliff: boarded up businesses, tent cities of people chucked out of their homes.

Frank's dropped on the far outskirts of Detroit. The Comerica Tower looms in the distant skyline.

EXT. RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD/DETROIT - AFTERNOON

Franks walks up the sidewalk of an abandoned neighborhood. Rusted out cars on tiny lawns, boarded up windows of dry-rotted bungalows. If you worked in the auto industry 60 years ago, you'd have lived here. Now there's no industry.

Towards the end of the block there are a few homes that still look occupied. Falling apart, but occupied.

ONE HOUSE: On the dirt front yard, behind the twisted chain-link fence, a 7 YEAR-OLD GIRL plays with a broken-down toy stove and cabinets, pretending to make dinner with dried twigs and grasses. She looks HALF-ASIAN.

Frank watches her - silent, fascinated. The GIRL senses his presence, LOOKS at him. If she's scared, she doesn't show it.

FRANK  
(in Korean)  
You're a good chef.

Silence. She's completely still. Staring.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(in Korean)  
What are you making?

GIRL  
(in Korean)  
They're sticks and leaves.

They continue to SPEAK IN KOREAN:

FRANK  
It looked like you were pretending to make something.

GIRL  
I don't pretend.

FRANK  
All right.

GIRL  
You have a terrible accent.

FRANK  
You're short.

GIRL  
Someone wrote on your face.

FRANK  
It's a tattoo.

GIRL  
It's not a good one.

FRANK  
I'll tell the guy who did it.

GIRL  
Your eyes look like mine.

This hits Frank like a ton of bricks. Silence. Frank takes a tiny STEP forward.

Suddenly, the door of the house is BANGED open by an ASIAN WOMAN (late 20s, small, beautiful, tough) holding a SHOTGUN and pointing it at Frank. She speaks perfect English -

WOMAN  
Don't move.  
(to Girl)  
Sula, get in the house.

Sula goes quickly up the steps to the front door.

FRANK  
(in Korean, to the girl)  
Nice to meet you.

The girl stops, looks at him.

WOMAN  
Get in the house.

The girl goes. A long moment.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
When did you learn to speak Korean?

FRANK  
(Korean)  
She's beautiful.

WOMAN  
(in English)  
I speak English.

FRANK  
(quietly, in English)  
I know you do.

Beat.

WOMAN  
What do you want?

FRANK  
To see how you are. To meet my  
daughter.

WOMAN  
You've met her before.

FRANK  
She's grown since then.

WOMAN  
Seven years will do that.  
(beat)  
You need to leave.

FRANK  
When can I come back?

WOMAN  
You can't.

FRANK  
She's my daughter.

WOMAN  
You sold heroin for years and lied  
to me about it. You got thrown in  
prison the moment she was born. You  
lost the right to call her that a  
long time ago.

Frank doesn't have an answer.

He takes the envelope of prison money out of his jacket. He removes the cash and holds it out for her. She doesn't move.

FRANK

Carly. Take it.

WOMAN/CARLY

I don't take drug money.

FRANK

It's not. They make you work in prison. It isn't much, but I earned it.

(Carly doesn't move)

You've been paying for everything for a long time. Let me do something.

CARLY

What're you expecting in return.

FRANK

Nothing. I just want to help. Let me help you. For once.

Beat. She walks over and takes the cash across the fence.

CARLY

I'm taking it because we'll get evicted if we don't pay some rent.

(then)

But this doesn't earn you the right to come around here. If I never see you again it'd be a good thing. You stay away from us.

Long beat. Frank turns and walks away. She watches him go. Then she calls after him --

CARLY (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing with a Korean flag next to your eye?

FRANK

(without turning back)

It's a long story.

He walks off down the street.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank breaks a back window of an abandoned house. He climbs through. Rats scatter. The house has been entirely stripped of wires, pipes, fixtures - anything of value.

He finds a relatively dry section of floor in the corner of one room. He lies down, his head on the plastic bag holding his few belongings. He closes his eyes.

EXT. VARIOUS/APPLYING FOR JOBS/DETROIT - DAY

CLOSE ON: a job application -- Frank fills in some information, then pauses at the question: "Have you ever been convicted of a felony?" After a moment, he checks YES.

ANOTHER APPLICATION: Same question. Frank checks YES.

EXT. UNEMPLOYMENT OFFICE - DAY

Frank approaches the long job-help line snaking out the door and down the block. Suddenly, he stops.

FRANK'S POV: The one-eyed Latino, PACO, is talking to someone on line. PACO moves on and approaches someone else.

ON FRANK: Puzzled, concerned: Does Paco live in Detroit? Is he looking for him? Frank turns and walks away.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Frank huddles against the side of a house across the street. He watches Carly come out of her house with cleaning supplies - mop, bucket, bottles of cleanser, vacuum cleaner - and walk with Sula down the street.

EXT. VARIOUS/DETROIT - DAY

Frank's hands in work applications at Pep Boys; Denny's; Car Wash outlets. Nothing. No work.

EXT. CHURCH SOUP KITCHEN/DETROIT - AFTERNOON

Frank stands in a LONG LINE outside a soup kitchen. Homeless men and women; mothers with children. It's the only meal they'll get that day; Frank trudges slowly forward in line.

A tricked-out white Toyota 4-Runner SCREECHES a u-turn across the street and pulls up.

JAMAICAN

Frankie!

Frank looks over, startled. A Jamaican wearing a lot of gold - including several teeth - leans out the passenger window -

JAMAICAN (CONT'D)

Why you waiting in line for watery soup?

Frank walks over to the car, hugs the man through the open window.

FRANK

Lefty Jeff, how you been?

JAMAICAN/LEFTY JEFF

How you been, bra? When you return to our beautiful metropolis?

FRANK

Couple days.

LEFTY JEFF

And you don't call me? You my best boy. When you come back to work?

Frank glances at the muscled driver, and at the bodyguard in the back seat -- holding an AK-47. Another AK is bolted to the interior roof of the car.

FRANK

I'm trying to do something different. Trying to live a little different kind of life. No offense, just.... Now that I got a kid.

LEFTY JEFF

(beat)

You know, someone come around looking for you. Someone you know.

FRANK

Who's that?

LEFTY JEFF

One-eye Spanish from down in Cleveland.

FRANK

What's he want?

LEFTY JEFF

I think you know. You come back and  
work with me I tell you everything.  
Protect you. From everything.

Beat. Frank looks off down the street.

LEFTY JEFF (CONT'D)

Where's your girl now? And Miss  
Carly?

Frank looks back at him. *Was that a threat? Concern?*

LEFTY JEFF (CONT'D)

Still down in Boynton? Pepper  
Street?

(beat)

Enjoy the soup. You call me you  
change your mind.

Frank nods. The window slides up. The 4-Runner screeches a u-  
turn and drives off down the road.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Frank - from a driveway across the street - watches Carly  
open the front door, usher Sula inside, then carry her  
cleaning supplies into the house after a long day of work. He  
can see her flip on the lights, double-bolt the door. Frank  
glances up and down the block: no one around. Good.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Cold. Frank's bundled in his thin coat and some garbage bags.  
He sits in front of a SMALL FIRE of sticks and trash he's got  
burning in the upturned metal top of a garbage can.

He pulls out his wallet. No cash. He fishes inside, finds a  
BABY PHOTO of Sula. He studies it, places it carefully back.

Frank pulls out the ACCU-TECH CARD. Stares at it. Flips it  
over, looks at the number.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - NIGHT

Frank's got his beat-up cellphone to his ear. We can HEAR the  
line ringing. Someone answers (it might be C.J. - the  
businessman from the prison. We never see him.)

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

Do you have the card with you?

FRANK

The -?

MALE VOICE

- The business card. With the number.

FRANK

Yes I do, I just -

MALE VOICE

Dispose of it. Eat it. Burn it. Just dispose of it. I'll call you back.

FRANK

Do you need my -

CLICK. Long pause. Frank holds the card in his hand, not sure what to do.

He looks at his cell phone CALL HISTORY, at the NUMBER he just called. The number is on his screen... and then it DISAPPEARS. He clicks through the call history, but it's gone. Completely.

Frank DIALS the number again, listens.

RECORDED VOICE (ON PHONE)

This number is no longer in service. Goodbye.

DIAL TONE. Frank's a little freaked out.

He throws the card into the fire. *As soon as it starts to burn*, his PHONE RINGS. It's a RESTRICTED NUMBER.

FRANK

How did -

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

- You can no longer access that number, from any phone. We will always call you.

FRANK

(beat)  
Okay.

MALE VOICE

Are you interested in work?

FRANK

I've heard that it's dangerous.  
What does -

MALE VOICE

- We told you at the prison it was dangerous. Are you interested in work?

FRANK

I'm interested in you telling me some more about -

MALE VOICE

- Make your decision. When I hang up, the offer's no longer available.

Frank doesn't know what to say.

MALE VOICE (CONT'D)

You were dishonorably discharged from the Marines 10 years ago. You were convicted of Federal narcotics trafficking 7 years ago.

(beat)

Goodbye, Frank. Good luck finding -

FRANK

- Yes.

MALE VOICE

I'm sorry?

FRANK

Yes. I'm interested.

(beat)

Hello?

MALE VOICE

All right.

FRANK

How much do you pay?

MALE VOICE

Enough.

FRANK

What does -?

MALE VOICE

- More than you expect. More than you've seen in a long time.

FRANK

(beat)

Okay.

MALE VOICE

If you accept payment and don't show up, you will be disposed of. If you tell anyone about this endeavor, you will be disposed of. The persons you told about this endeavor will be disposed of. Do we understand each other?

FRANK

You use the word *disposed* a lot.

MALE VOICE

Do we understand each other?

FRANK

We do.

MALE VOICE

You'll receive payment and instructions in the morning.

FRANK

You need the address of -?

MALE VOICE

- We know where you are.

Click. Frank sits, staring at the phone in his hand.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - VERY EARLY MORNING

Still dark. Frank sleeps, bundled in the dry corner. The fire's gone out. Frank WAKES UP with a start -

FRANK

Who's there?

Silence. Then some footsteps. Frank scrambles to his feet.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who's there?

Heart slamming in his chest, Frank grabs a large stick from the pile of firewood. He tiptoes toward the front door. Silence. Takes a breath, pulls open the door. No one. The sidewalk, the street - empty.

Then he notices - in the moonlight on the stoop: AN ENVELOPE.

He picks it up, opens it. Inside, a stack of \$50 bills. Fifteen hundred dollars or so - and a typed note: "7am. WEST VERNOR HIGHWAY AND CASS AVENUE."

EXT. RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

Frank walks down Carly's street. He silently hops the chain-link fence, walks up the steps. He slips the envelope full of cash through the mail slot.

He turns down the steps and walks off into the growing light.

FADE OUT.

CLOSE ON: a black-on-yellow NUCLEAR RADIATION SIGN.

We HEAR the sound of an APPROACHING AIRPLANE.

EXT. SKIES OVER ABANDONED DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

A SHITTY OLD CARGO PLANE above the abandoned city.

The PLANE descends through heat waves rising off the CRACKED-ASPHALT 110 FREEWAY, touches down near the RADIATION SIGN.

EXT. SHITTY CARGO PLANE/110 FREEWAY - MINUTES LATER

The tail of the plane is opened up. From a large ramp, Frank and 30 men file off. (We may recognize one or two from prison.)

As they exit, they're each handed an M-16, a bandolier of bullets, a hunting knife, and a pair of binoculars.

C.J. (the buzz-cut businessman who gave the speech in prison) stands off to the side, watching.

EXT. SHITTY CARGO PLANE/110 FREEWAY - MINUTES LATER

A JEEP is backing off the airplane as a large EX-SHERIFF (65), now paid by Accu-tech, speaks to the men.

EX-SHERIFF

Since the meltdown a few years back at Dana Point, we rent the city from time to time for urban simulations. It's a great city. Nobody lives here anymore, obviously, but it's a great city.

(then)

(MORE)

EX-SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Don't worry about the nuclear signs. They're warnings for the folks who used to live here to not come back and try to actually live here no more - to not actually spend some actual time here. Don't worry - there's no good evidence that an afternoon will cause you much in the way of serious harm. In any kind of a real serious way.

(consults a notepad)

Some things to avoid, just to be on the safe side: if you were to drink the water - probably something to avoid... or put on some of the clothing that's been left behind, or touch any of the animals that're wandering around, or roll yourself in the mud. That sort of thing. I'd probably avoid that.

(the Jeep is off the plane)

Your objective is simple: stay alive for 2 hours. That's it. That's all you have to do. At the end of 2 hours, that wristband you all got on will start beeping out a signal. We'll come pick you up. Wherever you end up.

C.J. climbs in the jeep's passenger seat, beckons to him.

EX-SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Anyhoo. My chariot does await.

(looks at his watch)

And the fun begins... Now.

(looks at them, shrugs)

Good luck.

He climbs in the back of the jeep. The jeep screeches off, heading south, disappearing in the distance.

The 30 men stand in the middle of the 110 freeway looking at each other. Silence. Nothing seems to be happening.

Frank looks at his WATCH: 12:01 P.M.

The city is completely empty. No people. A few pigeons and sick-looking stray dogs.

One of the men - wearing a WIFEBEATER and adidas sweatpants - walks over to the elevated-freeway railing, near a Nuclear Radiation Sign.

WIFEBEATER

The place can't get more polluted  
than it already is.

He PISSES over the side in a long arc.

WIFEBEATER (CONT'D)

I've been holding that in since we  
got on that fucking plane.

Some of the men smile, start to relax.

WIFEBEATER (CONT'D)

(still pissing)  
That is relief, boy, that -

He's SHOT in the head. His body FLIES over the railing.

FROM THE SOUTH: GLEAMING FIGURES run toward them on the  
highway - incredibly fast - racing each other, jostling for  
position, firing volleys of bullets at the men.

Some men hit the ground. Other start FIRING WILDLY. Mayhem.

The bullets that hit the droids push them back for a moment,  
as if they've been punched, but essentially just bounce off  
their skin.

Most of the men take off, sprinting north on the 110 freeway.  
Several are mowed down immediately, sprayed in the back with  
bullets, pitched face-down on the hot concrete.

Frank runs full-tilt along the railing, looking over the side  
for a place to jump. The droids are gaining.

Frank leaps over the side railing toward a dead tree standing  
near the freeway. He catches one of the branches, swings  
wildly - the branch snaps, dropping him onto the roof of a  
rusted-out car. The metal gouges his leg as he bounces off  
onto the street pavement. It hurts. He's bleeding.

He scrambles painfully to his feet, SEES: 300 yards down the  
freeway, one of the droids LEAPS over the railing at a full  
run, drops the thirty feet to the pavement below, and hits  
the ground running. It's mesmerizing and deeply terrifying.

IT'S THE DROID wearing Pistons basketball shorts - "D-MOFO"  
graffitied on its chest - a PEACE sign tattoo on its arm -  
(we've seen him before, though Frank hasn't.)

Frank sprint/limps, bleeding, toward the corner building. A  
VOLLEY OF GUNSHOTS behind him. He hits the ground, expecting  
to be shot, but isn't...

He crawls to hide behind the building, then peeks back around the corner. He sees the droid standing over the body of the WIFEBEATER man who pissed over the side, drilling bullet after bullet into his dead body. The Pistons droid COCKS HIS HEAD SO HIS LEFT EYE is pointing directly at the body, leaning slightly over him.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME/INTERCUT

Derek leans forward slightly, looking at the image in his virtual reality glasses: DEAD WIFEBEATER MAN. He shoots the dead man one more time for good measure, then straightens up. Glances at the KILL BOARD. **Derek - 1**. He goes back to work --

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - SAME TIME/INTERCUT

The droid straightens up, LOOKS around for more prey - its head spins 360 degrees on its shoulders.

Frank ducks back behind the building, looks down his side street: rusted/stripped cars. He RUNS down the block, looking at each car as he passes, turns the corner, trying to find a car he might be able to hotwire. He can hear machine gun fire, shouts, screams, all around him.

Sees a MOPED, locked to a post. It still has tires, a seat...

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT/LOS ANGELES - SAME TIME/DAY

Two men from the plane race frantically down a pot-holed street, past abandoned warehouses, bullets whizzing around them. The YELLOW BIKINI DROID chases, firing round after round as the men turn down an alley.

The men duck into the open side door of a brick 5-story. They tear up the stairwell.

Bikini droid races past the door, turns one way, the other, down a side street. Empty. It turns, looks back up the alley.

Android POV: the side door.

I/E. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY/CONTINUOUS

The men race up the last flight of steps, through the fire door and onto the abandoned roof. They peer warily over the sides of the building: no Android.

They trot around the perimeter of the roof. The surrounding buildings are all 2 or 3-story. The closest is a 3-story across the side street. It's a long way over and down.

One of them goes back to the fire door, listens. He HEARS FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

The man backs away from the door, looking around for how to get the fuck off this roof. FOOTSTEPS pounding up the stairs. He makes a decision... takes off for the side of the building. He LEAPS. Arms and legs flailing, trying to make it across the side street to the 3-story roof. He slams into the side of the 3-story, crashes to the pavement below.

The other man hesitates, scared out of his mind, unsure what to do. The FIRE DOOR CRASHES OPEN. The man sprints to the side of the building, leaps off. He sails through the air, HITS the side of the 3-story, just below the roofline, grabs onto the top of the wall. He's hurt, hanging off the brick building. He looks back at the 5-story building across the street: PEERING ACROSS at him is the Bikini droid.

The man struggles desperately to drag himself onto the roof. He looks back again --

Man's POV: The droid walks away from the edge of the roof, out of view. A few still moments... Then, the droid comes soaring gracefully through the air, sailing over the street. The man watches the silver droid sail over him. It lands on both feet on the roof of the 3-story, momentarily out of sight.

The droid returns, walks over toward the man at the edge of the building.

The man looks down, ready to let go and fall off. The droid puts one silver foot on the man's hand, pinning it to the roof. We can hear the bones crushing beneath the metal. As the man screams, the droid raises its grenade launcher to point at the man's head...

EXT. SIDE STREET/LOS ANGELES - DAY

Frank's startled by the loud explosion of the grenade launcher several blocks away. He's pried open the casing on the moped engine block with his KNIFE. He's trying to strip the wires enough to jump the engine, but it's dirty, rusted.

Finally, the moped shudders to life, the exhaust pipe emitting a cloud of black smoke and BACKFIRING LOUDLY.

FRANK  
(under his breath)  
Shut up. Shut up.

Frank turns his attention to the lock, trying to pick it with his knife, when BULLETS start whizzing all around him, hitting the buildings, the streets, shattering windows. He sees 3 droids charging towards him from several blocks away, firing wildly. They'd hit him if they weren't pushing each other for position, fighting to be the one to kill him.

He SHOOTS THE CHAIN LOCK with his machine gun, exploding it. He jumps on, and peels away from them in a hail of bullets.

He screeches around a corner - the droids following, shooting at him - then another corner, and SEES:

RUNNING TOWARDS him in the middle of the road: the Pistons droid, grenade launcher pointed directly at him.

Pistons droid FIRES, Frank ducks, skidding down the street. The grenade whizzes just over Frank - it hits one of the droids pursuing from behind, exploding, BLOWING THE DROID TO PIECES, sending the others flying.

Frank's bike skids, smacks into the Pistons droid, flipping it ass over teakettle. The droid's weapons go flying.

Frank keeps on skidding, tearing his jeans to bits, shredding the skin on his leg. SCREAMING, he plows through a glass storefront, shattering the window, slides to a stop inside the store.

He scrambles to his feet, bleeding, limping - lifts the bike. The droid is grabbing for his weapons, finding them, firing, spraying bullets toward Frank as Frank jumps on and guns the bike through the far window of the store, crashing out onto the street and speeding north toward Chinatown.

The Pistons droid RIPS THE HOOD off a Lexus, finds the battery, touches his two index fingers to the charge posts. Nothing happens. He moves to an OLD PICKUP TRUCK, tears off the hood, touches the battery posts. SPARKS. He rips off the driver's door, tears off the ignition column cover and touches wires together. Pickup sputters to life. The droid GUNS the engine, screeches off in pursuit of Frank.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

WIDE SHOT: Small sea of gamers, close to each other, but in their own worlds. The KILL BOARD registers kill after kill.

CLOSE ON: Derek's hands on his VIRTUAL KEYBOARD - guiding his droid in pursuit of Frank. Derek's determined face, focused --

EXT. 110 FREEWAY/LOS ANGELES - SAME TIME

Several droids on the elevated 110 peer over the side as they hear the PICKUP TRUCK roar north on Beaudry Avenue. One after another, the droids LEAP from the overpass, land in the bed of the pickup, or on top of the roof. The droids BATTLE each other, trying to push each other off the truck. As he pursues Frank towards Chinatown, the Pistons droid swerves back and forth on the road - cornering sharply - trying to shake the other droids off. One or two of the droids FALL OFF the truck - SKIDDING in a hail of sparks... then they stand and run after the pickup - almost as fast - trying to keep up, but finally dropping behind.

WITH FRANK: He's pushing the moped as fast as it will go, trying to lose the Pistons droid's truck. Androids come at him from side streets - he swerves and weaves, down Olvera Street, knocking over abandoned trinket booths, taco stands - north into Chinatown. He looks over his shoulder, SEES:

The droid's truck is closing in. Frank slams up Broadway, swerves down the alleyway to the Chinatown Central Market (outdoor mall). Droid's truck follows, scraping against the brick walls of the alley in a hail of sparks. Franks swerves down another alley.

EXT. CHINATOWN ALLEY - DAY

This alley's thinner.. Frank barrels through. The Droid's truck won't fit - it slams into the walls, FLIPPING, flinging all the droids from the bed, and EXPLODING in a ball of fire.

Frank guns the moped ahead of the fireball. He turns up the hill toward Dodger Stadium... maybe he's finally safe...

Then, he LOOKS behind him: SEVERAL DROIDS RUN OUT OF THE FIRE and SMOKE: The JOSE REYES DROID and the SKELETON DROID among them... and... the Pistons droid chasing from behind.

EXT. STADIUM WAY - DAY

Frank's got six or seven droids chasing him, running after him up the hill. One of Frank's tires is punctured. The droids are gaining. He guns the engine, shredding the tire. He races through the parking toll booths into the Stadium lot. The moped's konking out, the rim beat and bent...

EXT. DODGERS STADIUM/ENTRANCE - DAY

Frank drops the bike at the torn-down front gate of the stadium, runs through the cracked-concrete entrance hallway.

INT. DODGERS STADIUM - DAY

Anything of value has been looted and ripped out - most of the seats, the large-screen tv's, the lights - the grass is brown, pigeons flutter in the rafters.

Frank sprints down the stairs toward the field, tumbles over the fence, lands on the browned infield behind home plate. He runs toward the first-base dugout...

INT. DODGERS STADIUM/ENTRANCE - SAME TIME

Six droids pour through the front gate and turnstiles. The droid with the PAINTED SKELETON, rounds the corner into the stadium. He spots Frank sprinting for the dugout, raises his machine gun, fires. Frank DIVES into the dugout as bullets shower the dirt, the concrete roof.

The Pistons droid rounds the corner, fighting with the JOSE REYES droid for position - kicks him out of the way into the wall. Pistons droid FIRES his GRENADE LAUNCHER at the dugout, exploding the cement roof in a shower of rocks and dust.

INT. DODGERS STADIUM/DUGOUT - DAY

Frank THROWS HIMSELF into the tunnel headed toward the locker room as the dugout explodes. Filthy, hurt, eyes burning, he crawls up the tunnel away from the field.

INT. DODGERS STADIUM/INFIELD STANDS - DAY

Jose Reyes droid is pointing his grenade launcher at the Pistons droid. Pistons droid has his HANDS UP, backing away.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

Derek (who controls the Pistons droid) is shouting at the gamer a couple tables to his right (the one wearing a BLUE JAYS JERSEY).

DEREK

Shoot me! Go ahead shoot me! -

The MAN IN THE BACK of the room watches.

DEREK (CONT'D)

My Dad'll fire your ass! Where the fuck you gonna get a job now, dickwad?!

WE SEE WHAT DEREK SEES through his VIRTUAL GLASSES: the Jose Reyes droid lowers his grenade launcher as he seems to be STARING at something...

WE SEE, in the tech room: the BLUE JAYS GAMER isn't paying any attention to Derek, but is staring, slack-jawed, at his own POV through his VIRTUAL GLASSES:

BLUE JAYS GAMER'S POV (Jose Reyes droid's POV:) *Dodgers baseball field*. It's brown and torn up, the stadium's a wreck, but it's still *Dodgers field*...

INT. DODGERS STADIUM - SAME TIME

The Jose Reyes droid has LOWERED his grenade launcher to STARE at the baseball field. The other droids TURN TO LOOK at what Jose Reyes droid is looking at... *Dodgers field*.

INT. DODGERS STADIUM/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Frank limp/runs through the locker room and turns down a hallway, away from the field.

INT. DODGERS STADIUM/HALLWAY - DAY

Frank limps along the hallway toward daylight at the end of the tunnel. He's filthy, bleeding, incredibly thirsty.

He reaches the end of the tunnel: it's the outfield BULLPEN.

He raises his M-16. Carefully - slowly - he peeks around the corner to check for droids. WHAT HE SEES shocks him:

INT. DODGERS STADIUM/FIELD - SAME TIME

Frank's POV: On the baseball field, the Jose Reyes droid sprints toward second base, then SLIDES headfirst into the spot where the bag would be.

Other droids PITCH rocks to each other, BAT with their machine guns, run the bases.

One of the droids hits a long fly ball into left field.

Another droid chases it down, catches it, crashing into the wall. The wall falls over. The droid raises his arms, does a back flip.

Gleaming silver machines with bizarre outfits playing America's pastime...

INT. DODGERS STADIUM/BULLPEN - SAME TIME

Frank stares for a moment. Then he tears himself away from the spectacle. He spots a break in the wall behind him that seems to lead outside. He squeezes through it towards the PARKING LOT.

INT. DODGERS' STADIUM/INFIELD STANDS - SAME TIME

The Pistons droid stands exactly where he was. He's watching the other droids play on the field, not participating at all.

EXT. PARKING LOT/DODGER'S STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank stands in the shadow of the stadium. He hears GUNFIRE from the south, in the heart of downtown. He raises his binoculars and SEES the sun glinting off running droids, flashes of automatic gunfire, explosions of grenades... all probably the killing of the remaining men.

He looks behind him, then heads quickly across the lot, jogging/limping to the northeast, towards the L.A. River.

EXT. L.A. RIVER - DAY

Frank limps along the bushes near the L.A. River's concrete basin. He's a filthy wreck - and absurdly THIRSTY. YELLOW/BLACK RADIOACTIVE SIGNS are posted every 100 yards along the river.

He watches a sickly-looking DEER drink from the trickle of radioactive water. Further up the river, COYOTES and CROWS battle over the corpse of another DEER.

A PACK OF COYOTES charges the first deer, who runs off, clattering up the embankment.

Frank looks at his watch: 1:48pm. Twelve minutes to go.

He raises his binoculars and PANS across a surrounding hill. Nothing. He pans to the next hill. Nothing... then, A GLINT OF METAL.

He PANS back, focuses - a droid is coming down the hill from Echo Park towards the river. It's still in the high overgrowth so it can't see him, but... Fuck. *Fuck.*

Franks looks around. Where to hide? Where to hide? There's nowhere - just some scraggly bushes. Fuck.

He LOOKS AT: the DEAD DEER being eaten by the crows and coyotes...

EXT. L.A. RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

Several COYOTES growl at Frank. He kicks at them.

FRANK  
(quiet)  
*Get! Get away...*

He CUTS OPEN the heat-swollen carcass of the dead deer. It smells incredibly foul. He reaches inside, scoops out the GUTS with his arms. It's putrid, gruesome. He tries not to retch. Crows swoop down to peck at him. Frank BATS them away.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Get the fuck away from me.

He tosses armloads of guts and entrails several feet away.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Eat that. Go.

The coyotes run to the deer guts. The crows swoop. Frank glances up at the hill. No sign of the droid. Then... a FLASH of metal down the river.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Damn it. Fuck fuck fuck...

He scoops out a last armload of deer guts, tossing them away. He dry heaves. Looks at his watch: 1:57pm. Three minutes.

He holds his breath and SQUEEZES himself inside the carcass. It's awful. Black flies buzz around his face. He's curled up like an infant, cradling his M-16, eyes tearing, breathing as shallow as he can, trying not to throw up.

FRANK'S POV through the slit in the deer's belly: The Pistons droid makes its way up the river, looking from side to side. Maybe 50 yards away.

The droid sees the pack of COYOTES feeding on the raw guts, fighting off the crows and buzzards.

A coyote runs up to bark and growl at the droid. The droid looks at it calmly, then raises its gun, and SHOTS it.

The droid looks over at the other coyotes feeding on the deer guts. The droid LOOKS AT THE DEER CARCASS. Back at the coyotes. Back at the deer carcass.

INT. DEER CARCASS - SAME TIME

Frank looks at his watch: 1 MINUTE TO GO.

FRANK  
(whispering to himself)  
*Please please please...*

FRANKS'S POV: The droid stands, looking at the dead deer, trying to figure out what's going on.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
*...just walk away...*

The Pistons droid starts walking TOWARD the carcass.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(closing his eyes)  
*No. God...*

Inside the carcass, Frank holds his breath... He's as still as humanly possibly.

THEN... Frank's WRISTBAND STARTS BEEPING. LOUDLY.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(quiet)  
*Oh Jesus! Fuck. Fuck.*

Frank is frantically trying to turn it off --

FRANK'S POV: the Droid starts RUNNING toward the deer, machine gun pointing. The BEEPING is really loud.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
*No no no no no...*

Frank can't get the wristband to shut the fuck up -

The droid's still running toward him. It SHOTS the deer carcass. The bullet HITS Frank in the shoulder.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
*AAAHHH! What are you - Time's up!  
What the fuck are you doing?!*

The droid gets to the deer, KICKS it. Hard. Frank screams in pain. The deer carcass slides several feet from the force of the kick. The droid kicks it again. Frank screams.

Then, the droid uses the barrel of the gun to lift back the side of the deer, exposing Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
*No. Please, no.*

The droid tilts its head to angle its left eye at Frank...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
*Stop! Two hours. We're done.*

A long moment where the droid seems to be studying him. Then it straightens up and POINTS the machine gun DIRECTLY AT HIM.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
*Don't you do that! Don't you do that!!!*

Frank's screaming at the droid --

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

FROM OVER DEREK'S SHOULDER: We can SEE what Derek sees on his VIRTUAL GLASSES: Frank SCREAMING directly at us... but it's SILENT. (Derek's glasses have EARBUDS... he surely hears Frank screaming, but we don't):

FRANK (SILENT ON VIRTUAL PICTURE)  
*No! It's done! It's done!*

On Derek: He's focused entirely on the figure of Frank in his glasses.

On the other gamers: They're all staring at Derek.

Derek points his virtual keyboard directly in front of him... he's about to press the FIRING buttons...

A LARGE HAND grabs Derek's hand. HOLDS IT STILL.

MAN/DEREK'S FATHER  
(gently)  
Time's up.

The MAN removes Derek's glasses from Derek's head.

MAN/DEREK'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Derek. Game's over.

The MAN places Derek's GLASSES on the table.

Derek stares at his father, blinking his eyes, as if coming out of a trance... A long silent moment. Then Derek walks out of the room.

EXT. L.A. RIVER - SAME TIME

Frank's covered his head with his arms, convinced he's about to be shot.

Then - a CLATTER OF METAL.

Frank's POV: the droid has DROPPED its MACHINE GUN on the cement.

Frank watches the droid CRUMPLE down to sit cross-legged, RIGHT NEXT TO HIM. The droid's face seems to be looking at him, then slowly, its head tilts down to rest on its chest. Immobile. The droid is completely STILL.

The CAMERA holds on Frank for a long moment -- then, it pulls back -- back and up into the sky above the concrete banks of the LA River: one dead coyote; a pack of crows and coyotes feeding on the guts of an animal; a man lying in the open carcass of a deer; and, sitting cross-legged right next to him, a gleaming silver Android, completely still.

INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

On Frank. He's strapped into a seat along the side of the plane. He's bloody, filthy, foul-smelling. Shell-shocked.

WIDER SHOT REVEALS: Frank's sitting next to, and across from, all the QUIET, DECOMMISSIONED DROIDS. The droids are all still, silent, strapped into the seats where the men used to be. The men who are all dead. Except Frank.

Frank looks at the droids: the one with the DAY-GLO YELLOW BIKINI - now torn and partially burnt; the one with the STRAP-ON DILDO; the one with the now INFIELD-DIRT-STAINED JOSE REYES JERSEY. And the one with the Pistons shorts with "D-MOFO" on its chest and a PEACE SIGN painted in its arm.

The EX-SHERIFF and C.J. are at the front of the plane, SEATED near the closed cockpit, facing backwards, watching Frank. They're completely encased in BIOHAZARD SUITS.

INT. TILED SHOWER ROOM - LATER/DAY

Frank stands NAKED, in the middle of a large, white-tiled room with a drain in the floor. He has one hand over the (newly stitched up) wound on his shoulder, and the other over his genitals. He's being SPRAYED DOWN by 3 MEN in BIOHAZARD SUITS. It hurts when his shoulder is sprayed.

C.J. and the EX-SHERIFF watch through a thick glass window.

The men stop spraying Frank. A FOURTH MAN in a biohazard suit approaches Frank, passes a GEIGER COUNTER over Frank's body. It CRACKLES and BEEPS. The man steps back, and the 3 other men start spraying Frank down again.

INT. DARK SEDAN/MOVING - EVENING

Frank sits in the backseat of a TOWN CAR. He's blindfolded. He's been given some clothes. He looks wrecked - bruised, bandaged - leaning, maybe sleeping, against the door. C.J. sits on the far side of the backseat.

The car comes to a stop on a rundown street in a rundown neighborhood. Beat.

C.J.

This where you want to go?

FRANK

(he's blindfolded)

Um...

C.J.

Oh, right. You can - sorry - you can take that off.

Frank takes it off. Looks out the window. Beat.

FRANK

(flat)

Yah. This is it.

C.J. hands Frank a fat envelope.

C.J.

So.

(beat)

No one's ever gotten this far.

Frank looks inside the envelope: a large wad of bills - some THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. Frank hasn't seen that much money in one place in a very long time.

FRANK

Gotten this far in what? What was that I just went through?

C.J.

I'm not at liberty to discuss that.

(then)

But it's legal. And it's good to be earning some money, isn't it?

Particularly given your options.

Good to be doing some honest work.

Good to be a breadwinner again.

Beat. Frank closes his eyes. Then he nods.

FRANK

It is.

His face reddens, emotional. In spite of how terrible that was, he desperately needs money. For himself, Carly, Sula.

C.J.

You just need to keep your mouth shut about it.

Frank nods.

C.J. (CONT'D)

Well done, Frank.

He extends his hand. After a moment, Frank shakes it.

C.J. (CONT'D)

We'll call you soon.

Frank gets out of the car.

EXT. RUNDOWN NEIGHBORHOOD/STREET - EVENING

The car drives off. Frank limps slowly up the rundown street. It's cold. Everything hurts.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - EVENING

Frank limps up the last step to the porch. He RINGS the doorbell. A LONG SILENT MOMENT.

CAMERA SHOT FROM ACROSS THE STREET:

Beat. Frank SLOWLY SINKS to his knees. Another moment, and he tips over, collapsing onto the porch. Frank lies on his side, unconscious in front of the door. Silence.

The PORCH LIGHT comes on. Carly opens the door.

CARLY  
Oh my God.

She drops to her knees.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
Frank.  
(beat)  
*Frank...*

FADE OUT.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - DAY

OVER BLACK: We hear Sula speaking very close in Korean -  
(English subtitles) - and Carly speaking from farther away.

SULA  
(Korean)  
His beard is longer.

CARLY  
(Korean)  
Let him sleep.

SULA  
(Korean)  
There's a big hair coming out of  
his nose.

CARLY  
(Korean)  
Sula, leave him alone.

SULA  
(Korean)  
I can open his eyelid with my  
feather.

CARLY  
*Sula.*

FRANK'S POV: As his eyelids flutter open, he can see a  
tattered bright blue bird feather pointing directly at his  
eyeball. He flinches, jerking awake.

SULA  
I think the man woke up.

INT. CARLY'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING/LATER

Frank's sitting on the couch, sipping a mug of tea. He WINCES when he moves. Carly sits in a chair across the coffee table from him. She's extremely wary of Frank. They're alone in the room. They speak quietly.

CARLY

I thought you were dead.

FRANK

I just needed a good night's sleep.

CARLY

You've been sleeping for 36 hours.

FRANK

(disturbed to hear that)  
Really?

Carly notices Sula peeking out from the hallway door.

CARLY

Sula. Back to your room.

SULA

I want to see if the man is okay.

CARLY

The man is okay. Go.

Sula goes. Frank takes the ENVELOPE out of his pocket. He removes the money, holds it out to her. She doesn't touch it.

CARLY (CONT'D)

And now that the man is okay, the man needs to go.

She stands and walks away.

FRANK

It's clean.

CARLY

Ah.

FRANK

It doesn't come from meth or smack  
or - I promise you -

CARLY

- Where else would you get it?

He doesn't know how to answer that. He's been told not to.

CARLY (CONT'D)  
 You need to go, Frank.  
 (Sula is spying from the  
 hall)  
*Sula.*

She leaves.

FRANK  
 I can't tell you where it came from  
 -

CARLY  
 - Or the money you left here two  
 days ago -

FRANK  
 - I can't. But I promise it's  
 legal... It's a job the Warden  
 recommended for some of us when we  
 got released.

CARLY  
 Because you're so reliable. Honest.  
 Hard-working.

FRANK  
 As far as the animals in prison go,  
 you could say that.

CARLY  
 Good for you. You've evolved.

FRANK  
 Maybe I have -

CARLY  
 - Well, I'll write you a  
 recommendation for future jobs,  
 future girlfriends, future kids.  
 I'll let them know you never lie  
 about how you spend your time, how  
 you earn your money -

FRANK  
 - Carly -

CARLY  
 - You're nothing like the person I  
 used to share my life with seven  
 years ago -

FRANK  
 - I'm not -

CARLY

- Great. That'll be great for them. I'm happy the last decade has been a transformative experience for you. I know it has been for me. Get your fucking shoes on.

Frank can see how much he's hurt her, how hardened against him she's become. He puts the money back in his pocket. Reaches for his shoes, wincing as pulls them on. As he ties the laces, he speaks quietly -

FRANK

In prison you pick sides. You have to. I got in with a group of Korean guys - not because they were better or worse than anybody else. I wanted to learn the language. I wanted to speak to you and to Sula in our own private language. And hardly anybody else around here would be able to understand.

Carly doesn't respond. He stands slowly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Can I say goodbye to her?

CARLY

(calls to her)

Sula.

They wait for a moment in silence. Sula comes in.

CARLY (CONT'D)

Say goodbye to the man. He needs to leave.

SULA

Why do you need to leave?

Beat. He kneels, painfully.

FRANK

This is your house with your mom. I live somewhere else.

SULA

Did you come here because you got hurt?

FRANK

I'm okay now.

SULA  
You got better?

FRANK  
I did. I'm getting better.

SULA  
Did my mama tell you to leave?

Beat. Carly's watching him.

FRANK  
No. I decided I got better enough  
to go.  
(then)  
Your mom only wants what's best for  
you. That's all she's ever wanted.

SULA  
Do you want a blue feather?  
  
She holds out her bright blue feather.

FRANK  
I couldn't take your blue feather.

SULA  
Why?

FRANK  
What would you do without it?  
How're you going to fly around?

SULA  
I'll pluck another one.

FRANK  
From where?

SULA  
My blue chicken.

FRANK  
You have a blue chicken?

SULA  
(she nods)  
Do you?

FRANK  
(beat)  
I don't.

Frank looks like he's about the cry. He reaches out and accepts the feather.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He turns and limps to the door. Then through it and out to the porch.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WIDE SHOT from across the street: Franks hobbles down the steps, through the gate, and off down the sidewalk. We HOLD THE SHOT, watching Frank make his way down the block.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Carly turns away from the door to face Sula, staring at her. They look at each other for several moments.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

WIDE SHOT: Frank walking away down the block. Then, Carly emerges onto the porch.

CARLY

Frank.

We're still in the WIDE SHOT as Carly trots over to him. They talk for a few moments. We can't hear what's being said. Then they both start walking back toward Carly's house.

REVERSE ON: We see from whose POV we've been watching this. PACO watches from beside an abandoned house across the road.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE/YARD/VARIOUS - THE FOLLOWING DAYS

Frank builds a wooden toy kitchen and cabinets with Sula in the front yard, teaching her how to use the tools. Carly watches through the kitchen window as she cooks dinner. Frank moves more easily - he's healing.

In the backyard, Frank and Sula collect eggs from a couple of chickens pecking around their coop. One of the HENS actually does have feathers that have been COLORED BLUE.

Sula chases the BLUE HEN around the yard, laughing.

Sula carries the eggs into the house. Frank, alone in the backyard, checks to see if he's being watched, then places his ROLL OF CASH in an empty coffee can and stashes it under a loose board in the chicken coop.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE/VARIOUS - PRE-DAWN

Sula SLEEPS on the small bed in her small room. Frank LIES AWAKE on the living room couch. Carly lies on her side, AWAKE in her bed, gazing through the gap in the curtains at the streetlamp. The streetlamp switches off.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - SUNRISE

Frank is asleep on the couch.

A cell phone BUZZES. Frank startles awake. The cell buzzes again. He grabs his jeans off the floor and rummages the pockets for the phone. Buzz.

FRANK

Shhhh....

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE/PORCH - EARLY MORNING

FRANK (ON PHONE)

Yeah.

He answers as he steps out onto the front stoop, still pulling on his jeans, closing the door quietly.

MALE VOICE (ON PHONE)

Tomorrow morning. 7AM.

Frank looks back at the house. As he walks around the house to the side - away from the bedrooms - he sees a MAN walking quickly away from house, down the block -

FRANK

I can't tomorrow.

MALE VOICE

Same place. 7AM.

Frank follows the man down the block - keeping an eye on him but also keeping his distance -

FRANK

I heard what you said. I need another few days.

MALE VOICE

Cash will be delivered tonight.

FRANK

Don't do that. Don't deliver anything to me.

MALE VOICE

We deliver tonight. If you don't show up, there will be consequences.

FRANK

*Do not deliver tonight.* I'm not accepting it. I need more time.

MALE VOICE

7am. Tomorrow morning. Delivery tonight to your current location -

FRANK

- *No! You do not have permission* -

MALE VOICE

- the block where you're speaking from now -

FRANK

- *Let me fucking speak for a second. Do not come to where I am.*  
(takes a breath)  
You can deliver to me at the same place you came last time. Okay?  
(beat)  
Hello?

MALE VOICE

- That's fine -

FRANK

- I'll be -

CLICK. He's been hung up on. Frank - pissed, still in bare feet, just wearing his jeans - puts his phone in his pocket. He's furious, but has something more immediate to deal with: he quickens his pace after the MAN, who's crossed the street -

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey.... Hey.

The MAN starts to run, turns down a driveway. Frank sprints after him, turns down the driveway, sees the man disappear around the back of the house.

Frank stops. He walks slowly toward the back edge of the house. He can't hear any movement. He picks up a stray clapboard that's fallen off the house.

Just a few feet from the back edge of the house he stops, listens. Nothing. He slowly extends the board past the edge of the house. It's SHOT OUT OF HIS HANDS. Thing happen very fast now:

A GLOCK G21 comes around the corner of the house - Frank kicks it out of the MAN'S hands, grabs his wrist and very swiftly, expertly flips him to the pavement, BREAKING his arm. He sinks his knee into the MAN'S back. It's PACO. Frank twists the arm -- Paco screams, in terrible pain -

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who sent you?

(nothing - Frank grabs his  
other arm and twists)

*Who sent you?!*

PACO

Sanchez.

FRANK

Prison is over. He wants to see me  
he comes to me personally. Stay  
away from my family. If I see you  
again I will kill you. Understood?

Paco nods. Franks BREAKS his other arm.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Don't come back here.

Paco writhes and groans in pain. Franks picks up the gun, and walks back down the driveway toward the street.

EXT. MILLIKEN PARK/DETROIT - AFTERNOON

People fish. Milliken Park - run-down and overgrown, but still grassy, peaceful - has a pretty view of Canada across the Detroit River.

Sula chases a butterfly around the rusted lighthouse. Frank and Carly sit on a bench, watching her.

FRANK

I don't remember so many people  
fishing the river.

CARLY

It's not for fun these days. It's  
for food.

Frank watches Sula climb on a big statue of an anchor.

FRANK

I put the money under a floorboard  
in the chicken coop.

Carly looks at him, not sure where he's going with this.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have to go away again. For a day  
or two.

CARLY

Okay... Where?

FRANK

I honestly don't know.

CARLY

(shakes her head)

If you were to take a step back  
from what you just said, you might  
realize what it sounds like -

FRANK

- I know what it sounds like.

CARLY

Are you planning to tell me *why* you  
have to go?

FRANK

Work. I can't say any more than  
that.

CARLY

Frank. You understand the position  
this puts me in? I'm letting you  
stay with us because Sula seems to  
want to connect with you -

FRANK

- I understand, I -  
(he stops, watches Sula  
play for a long moment)  
Just please stay safe. I know you  
lock the doors and you've got the  
shotgun. If anyone comes around  
they'll be looking for me, not you.  
(she stares at him)

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I think I also need to tell you:  
What I'm doing... it's dangerous.  
If I don't come back it's not  
because I didn't want to. All I  
want is to be here with you and  
Sula.

Carly looks away from him, over at their daughter playing.

CARLY

When do you leave?

FRANK

Tonight. I don't know what to tell  
her -

CARLY

Don't. Leave after she's gone to  
sleep.

FRANK

Carly -

CARLY

- *Tell her nothing.*  
(glares at him; after a  
beat, he nods)  
I'll talk to her in the morning.

Frank watches Carly walk away from him, over to Sula.

INT. GAMER DORM - 5AM/STILL DARK

Like a very sleek college dorm. Standard Hotel crossed with a  
frat house.

QUICK SHOTS of various gamers dressing, deodorizing, punching  
each other, checking out some early morning porn.

INT. DEREK'S ROOM/GAMER DORM - SAME TIME

Derek lies on top of his bed, fully dressed - with his day-  
glo titanium rope necklace - headphones on, eyes closed.

The door bangs open. A gamer in a pinstripe jacket and shorts  
leans in.

PINSTRIPE

Yo. Breakfast.  
(no response)  
Derek! Your father's speaking at  
breakfast.

EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - 5AM/STILL DARK

Frank sits on the front steps, waiting for his delivery. He hasn't slept. It's quiet. Nothing's happening. A dog barks.

PRELAP:

DEREK'S FATHER

The kill board is gone. We're no longer keeping track of individual kills...

INT. GAMER CAFETERIA - PRE-DAWN

Upscale corporate cafeteria. White, stainless steel. Derek's father speaks at the front of the room as the gamers eat.

DEREK'S FATHER

- You're all expert with your machines. This is a group effort -

Derek walks in late, loudly steaming himself a latte as his father speaks -

DEREK'S FATHER (CONT'D)

The only goal is how quickly and effectively we can wipe out the entire target squadron. That's it. That's what our potential clients will want to know. How fast we can get the job done.

DEREK

There's a bonus for the guy who escaped last time? Bonus kill?

DEREK'S FATHER

There's no bonus for anyone.

DEREK

I had him in the deer. But you stopped the fucking game.

DEREK'S FATHER

- There's no bonus for individual kills. Your goal as a group is total wipeout before time elapses. End of story. Let's not review prior expeditions.

(then)

(MORE)

## DEREK'S FATHER (CONT'D)

But I will say this: the man you're talking about has proved hard to kill. So don't anybody hesitate to take him out.

## EXT. ABANDONED HOUSE - PRE-DAWN/5:20AM

Still dark with a bit of glow on the horizon. Frank checks his WATCH: 5:20AM. He walks down to the sidewalk. Peers up and down the block. No sign of life.

Frank HEARS something drop on the porch behind him. He turns around quickly: AN ENVELOPE. How?

He runs over toward the porch, looking, then continues AROUND THE HOUSE. Searching for some movement. Nothing.

He's back at the front of the house, standing over the envelope. He looks out at the street, the yard - SPINS slowly around... looking for something, anything... some sign of how it got there...

PRELAP: Sound of a HELICOPTER...

## EXT. HIGH ABOVE THE SOUTH BROOKLYN WATERFRONT - DAY

SPINNING helicopter rotors, in the air over Brooklyn.

## I/E. HELICOPTER OVER BROOKLYN WATERFRONT - DAY

VIEW through the helicopter window: We're passing over South Brooklyn - now mostly underwater. Rising ocean waters have reclaimed the land. Coney Island is gone - only the top of The Cyclone and the Wonder Wheel peek out above the waves. Waterfront houses sit under 20 feet of water. Brick buildings close to the waterfront have their bottom halves underwater and look like giant, mold-encased trees growing from a swamp.

HELICOPTER APPROACHES New York Harbor: a VERY HIGH WALL has been built across the bottom of Manhattan island, extending east toward the Brooklyn Bridge, and west to New Jersey. In order to save Manhattan, Brooklyn has been sacrificed.

## EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PROMENADE - DAY

Two Chinook military transport helicopters descend towards the ALGAE-COVERED Brooklyn Heights Promenade. The Harbor waters have completely submerged the BQE and the Piers. The waves splash only several feet below the Promenade wall.

EX-SHERIFF (V.O.)  
 Water sports. Could make for a  
 interesting ninety minutes --

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PROMENADE - DAY

EX-SHERIFF (V.O.)  
 The ice caps melted and I guess the  
 Wall Street folks decided to save  
 themselves --

The Ex-Sheriff and C.J. stand in between the TWO HELICOPTERS used to transport the 30 men (including Frank). Each of the men is handed an M-16, a bandolier of bullets, flashlight by an assistant as they exit one of the helicopters.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PROMENADE - MOMENTS LATER

The assembled men stand, listening to the Ex-Sherriff.

Frank glances at the other men - TWO in particular: ABRAHAM (huge, corn-rowed) and ORBIT SANCHEZ, Latinos from prison. They look at him. Not friendly.

FRANK  
 (mutters to himself)  
 Terrific.

EX-SHERIFF  
 -- Well, that just raised the sea  
 level on the other side of the  
 harbor. Talk about trickle-down.

Ex-Sheriff laughs - which turns quickly to uncontrollable COUGHING - hacking up years of cigarette tar and phlegm. He spits on the mossy pavement. Frank moves away the Latinos.

EX-SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
 We're on semi-dry land now 'cause  
 it's low tide. Won't be dry in a  
 few hours - the sea rises ten,  
 fifteen feet 'cause of the wall.  
 But, look, we paid the City and we  
 got ourselves ninety minutes to do  
 our thing.

C.J. signals him to wrap it up. The Ex-Sheriff seems, oddly, to feel a bit badly for these men.

EX-SHERIFF (CONT'D)  
 All you all got to do is stay  
 alive. Ninety minutes. That's it.  
 (MORE)

EX-SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Your watch'll beep when the time's  
up and we'll come grab you.  
Aboveground, underwater, sunbathing  
by the Gowanus Canal. Wheresoever  
you may be.

The ROTORS on ONE OF THE CHINOOKS starts up. C.J. climbs in.

EX-SHERIFF (CONT'D)

The, uh, "chasers" of you have good  
eyesight, they're decent shots, got  
good footspeed, heat-seeking  
technology, that sort of thing -

C.J.

(from the helicopter)

- Let's go! -

EX-SHERIFF

- but you just got to stay alive.  
Simple, right?  
(he glances at Frank, then  
quickly away)  
Just stay alive.

He's at the open door of the Chinook - the rotors are LOUD.  
He has to SHOUT to be heard by all the men.

EX-SHERIFF (CONT'D)

I was just kidding about the  
Gowanus Canal. You probably want to  
stay away from there. It was a  
superfund site the Feds never got  
around to cleaning up. Lord only  
knows what's under that water.  
There's also some sinkholes  
scattered around from all the extra  
groundwater -

C.J.

(yells from Chinook)

- Let's move! Let's roll!

Ex-Sheriff climbs in and the Chinook starts to lift off.

EX-SHERIFF

Good luck, men...  
(looking at watch)  
And... Go.

The helicopter rises quickly away from the Promenade, speeds  
off across the harbor toward New Jersey, leaving the men (and  
the other Chinook helicopter) behind.

The men stand around, confused, toying with their M-16s. It's quiet, except for the seagulls.

Abraham and Orbit talk quietly, glance at Frank. Ignoring them, he gets down on his knees, clears a patch of algae, PUTS HIS EAR to the pavement, listening. He doesn't hear anything -- he picks his head up, looks around, scanning all directions. Nothing. He puts his ear back to the pavement.

Abraham and Orbit walk over to him.

ORBIT

Que haces?

Frank keeps listening to the ground.

ABRAHAM

Hombre -

FRANK

- Can you be quiet please.

ABRAHAM

My friend wants to know what you're doing.

FRANK

Thank you, I understand what *que haces* means. We are all about to be descended on by living hell. I'm trying to figure out which direction it's coming from. Can you let me do that?

ABRAHAM

How do you know what's -

FRANK

- I've been through this - it's not pretty. Can you shut up please? For just a minute?

He leans down to listen another moment -- doesn't hear anything. He straightens, still kneeling.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(to himself)

I don't get this... Where are --?

He STOPS suddenly. TURNS TO LOOK at the HARBOR WATER lapping just below the Promenade, a few feet away from them. His eyes scan the water...

Frank's POV: Forty feet offshore - what looks like a school of sharks swims rapidly, just below the surface, DIRECTLY TOWARD THEM.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(standing, backing away)  
Oh, fuck... Run!

A gleaming ANDROID SURGES from the water, its metal hand CLANKING as it GRABS the Promenade railing. ANOTHER DROID surges, grabbing onto the first, trying to climb over him, its automatic rifle already FIRING wildly.

Frank TAKES OFF directly east - away from the Promenade and into the heart of Brooklyn Heights. Abraham and Orbit sprint after him, Abraham firing bursts of machine-gun fire behind him as he runs. The bullets bounce off the droids clambering up the wall, pushing them back a bit, but not hurting them.

Droid after droid surges over the wall.

ONE of the MEN inexplicably CHARGES DIRECTLY at the droids, kicking one, trying to knock it off the wall. The DROID grabs the man's leg, lifts him like a rag doll, and smashes him repeatedly on the railing. Then he's flung, 50 yards into the Harbor.

Most of the other men have taken off, running away from the waterfront. Several are hit by spraying gunfire - they tumble to the pavement, skidding lifeless on the algae.

A BLOCK SOUTH OF THE OTHER DROIDS, the PISTONS DROID surges up out of the water and over the wall. It turns to look at the grid of mossy streets extending away from the water...

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

Over Derek's shoulder, we see his POV in his VIRTUAL GLASSES: He spots men running into the streets of Brooklyn Heights...

DEREK'S FATHER watches from the back of the room. He taps his VIRTUAL REMOTE DEVICE so that Derek's POV projects on the screen in the front of the room.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PROMENADE - SAME TIME

PISTONS DROID levels its automatic weapon and fires one short volley - sending a man slamming into a townhouse iron gate, impaling him on the black metal spikes.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

DEREK'S FATHER has clicked another gamer's POV onto the screen at the front of the room: RACING THROUGH BROOKLYN STREETS.

He CLICKS on another POV: KICKING IN the door of a brownstone - searching inside.

DEREK'S POV THROUGH HIS GLASSES: He touches a button on his VIRTUAL KEYBOARD and his vision changes to a THERMAL PICTURE. Several RED (WARM) moving masses move among the buildings in his field of vision, some of them chased by other DROIDS.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PROMENADE - SAME TIME

PISTONS DROID runs into the Heights, chasing the warm bodies.

EXT. REMSEN STREET - SAME TIME

Frank races down Remsen Street, followed closely by Abraham and Orbit.

Moss and algae cover the pavement and climb the townhouses, some of which are partially sunk into sinkholes.

The JOSE REYES DROID is gaining on them from behind. The droid SHOTS, and Frank makes a hard right onto Hicks Street as moss and pavement fly up around him. Abraham and Orbit peel off the other direction. Frank SLIPS on the moss, but makes the turn, charges down the block. The droid follows Frank - it tries to turn the corner at full speed but its feet SLIDE from under and it skids on its side, crashing through a bottom-floor window into a townhouse.

Frank turns onto dead-end Grace Court Alley, as the DROID smashes back through another window and takes off after him.

EXT. GRACE COURT ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Frank reaches the end of the street and clambers up the iron fence, flinging himself over onto the muddy yard. Bullets SPRAY behind him as he scrambles across several backyards, jumping broken fences.

Jose Reyes droid sprints after him, LEAPING clear over the 10-foot iron fence.

Frank turns down an alley to Henry Street. He races out onto the sidewalk and he's practically BOWLED OVER by FIVE MEN racing from a pack of droids. He joins them and they tear AROUND A CORNER onto Montague Street.

Just a couple of steps down Montague Street, Frank flings himself down a flight of stairs to the entrance to an abandoned lower-level shop - into a bed of mud and garbage. The other men continue running down the block. Franks hides under the stairwell, watches DROIDS racing past above him.

ON THE STREET: The men run. Another pack of droids COMES AROUND THE CORNER at the far end of the block.

The men are stuck between the two sets of droids. SILENCE. STILLNESS. Then the men are riddled with gunfire from both sides - tearing them to shreds.

The droids walk over to inspect their prey - each bending slightly and turning a left eye to better view the bodies.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

Of the thirty gamers in the room, eight or so start to call out, claiming the kills -- *"That one's mine" "I dropped blue-shirt" ...*

DEREK'S FATHER, in the back of the room, watches silently.

EXT. MONTAGUE STREET - SAME TIME

The DROIDS disperse - searching for other targets.

UNDER THE STEPS: Frank listens for any further movement on the street. He slowly peeks out above-ground, DUCKS BACK DOWN as a DROID races up and past on Henry Street.

He peeks out again. The street is empty, except for the dead bodies of the five men. Then he freezes.

FRANK'S POV: At the end of Montague Street, sitting on the Promenade, is the other CHINOOK HELICOPTER.

EXT. BROOKLYN HEIGHTS PROMENADE - SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER

Frank runs quickly across the Promenade and throws himself into the open bay of the helicopter.

He peers out one of the porthole windows: no one following him. Frank closes the door and makes his way to the cockpit.

He flips switches on the dash - seems to know what he's doing (from his days in the Army.) He reaches for the overhead panel for the IGNITION SWITCH. It's COVERED BY A KEYPAD-LOCK.

He tries prying open the keypad with his hunting knife. It won't open.

EXT. NORTH PROMENADE - SAME TIME

Pistons droid stands over a man he's just killed. Then he looks south toward the helicopter. No movement. It switches vision to INFRARED: there seems to be SOME HEAT emanating from the helicopter.

INT. CHINOOK HELICOPTER - SAME TIME

Frank opens a panel in the body of the helicopter where there's access to the transmission, the battery. There's no way he can jumpstart this thing.

He moves back to the cockpit. Types in "ACCUTECH" into the keyboard lock. The display blinks and goes blank again. He types in "ACCU-TECH". Display blinks and goes blank.

A METAL GLINT through the windshield catches his eye. Far off down the Promenade, the PISTONS DROID is running towards him.

FRANK  
(to himself)  
No no no no...

He types "ACCU" on the keypad. It blinks and goes blank. The PISTONS DROID is getting closer. Frank closes his eyes.

WE SEE what he's trying to visualize: the business card from Accu-tech, just before he threw it in the fire. What was the number? What was the number?...

The PISTONS DROID is just four or five blocks away. It fires at the Chinook. Bullets slam into the windshield, bouncing off the bulletproof glass.

Frank opens his eyes and PUNCHES IN THE PHONE NUMBER on the key pad..... the display blinks and goes BLANK.

Bullets slam the windshield. The droid is three blocks away.

Frank picks up his machine gun, points it at the keypad, FIRES - blowing it to bits. He rips off the stray pieces... he's shot up the ignition switch as well. He grabs the stray wires - shocking himself - then touches them together.... and the console panel LIGHTS UP, the engine FIRES.

Both ROTORS on the outside of the helicopter start spinning incredibly fast (Chinooks have two roof rotors, fore and aft). He GRABS the steering arm.

The droid is a block away and closing, firing round after round off the side and windshield of the helicopter.

Frank pulls back on the arm and the helicopter lifts directly up and over the DROID, who fires and fires at the underbelly of the Chinook, pounding the metal but not piercing it. Frank flies North along the Promenade, then begins to bank the helicopter West across the bay... he's made it out...

AND THEN HE SEES: ABRAHAM and ORBIT run out onto the North end of the Promenade, waving for him to come get them.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
No way. No fucking way...

He ignores them, guiding the aircraft over the water. But... he CAN'T DO IT...

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Damnit.

He VEERS the Chinook steeply BACK AROUND toward the Promenade, plunging and swooping. He hovers the craft just above the pavement, in between the men and the PISTONS DROID.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Get in!

The DROID races towards them, faster and faster, firing as he runs. Bullets slam into the sides of the helicopter, and also bounce under it, skidding on the mossy pavement. Abraham dives headfirst through the side door, Orbit's behind him...

Orbit is HIT by a bullet that skids under the helicopter. His knee shatters and he collapses to the ground, screaming in pain. Abraham jumps back out, grabs his friend and lifts him into the bed of the helicopter. The PISTONS DROID is two blocks away, running incredibly fast.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
*Let's go, let's go -*

Frank pulls back on the yoke, lifting the Chinook up. The DROID LEAPS from a block away...

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER: Frank is guiding the aircraft up, as Abraham tends to Orbit - in pain - on the floor... They HEAR a CLUNK as the helicopter SHUDDERS.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 What the fuck was that?

OUTSIDE THE HELICOPTER: the Pistons Droid is HANGING onto one of the landing wheels as the helicopter rises over Brooklyn. The Droid starts to pull itself up, then CLIMB the outside of the helicopter - its weapons strapped across its back.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER: Frank steers.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
 What's out there?

Abraham looks out one of the porthole windows.

ABRAHAM  
 I don't know.

Abraham moves to the next window. Nothing.

Suddenly, the REAR DOOR of the helicopter is TORN OFF its hinges. The Pistons droid swings itself inside, reaching for its weapons. Abraham starts FIRING. The bullets bounce off the droid, PUSHING it backwards. Abraham keeps firing over and over. The droid falls out the rear door, just catching itself on the floor by its fingertips.

Abraham FIRES round after round at the droid's hand gripping the floor - walking towards it, firing and firing. Finally, the bullets propel the droid fingers off the ledge - it falls from view.

Silence. Abraham moves slowly toward the open rear door. He LOOKS out... and his head is almost RIPPED OFF by a BURST of gunfire.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
*Puto infierno...*

The droid hangs from the landing gear on the bottom of the Chinook, high over New York Harbor.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
 (to Frank)  
 ... It's on the runners.

FRANK  
 Hold tight!

Franks FISHTAILS the helicopter, trying to shake the droid off. Orbit and Abraham are flung around the inside of the Chinook, slamming into the walls. Orbit SCREAMS in pain, holding his shot-up knee.

FROM OUTSIDE: the Droid swings wildly, hanging on by an arm as Frank TIPS the helicopter violently from side to side, swinging the Droid through a full 180 degrees...

And then, THE DROID LETS GO... it SAILS up in the air, over the Chinook, and LANDS on the roof.

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER: the men hear the LOUD CLATTER of something landing on top of them.

ABRAHAM

What the -

He turns to the open rear door. He steadies his gun, ready to fire again. As Frank flies over South Brooklyn, they all WAIT with dread for what will happen next. They hear the droid scramble on the roof toward the rear of the helicopter.

OUTSIDE: The droid leaps from the roof to the stem of the rear rotor. The rotor blades whirl incredibly fast. The droid lifts its hand up toward the rotor. It CATCHES a rotor blade, completely STOPPING it, sending sparks and smoke billowing -

The helicopter SPINS OUT OF CONTROL, windmilling over Court Street.

Frank tries desperately to get control of the helicopter as it plunges toward the crumbling Federal Court building. With every bit of strength, Frank yanks the steering arm towards his body, pulling up the helicopter, finally righting it. It sails up - heading out over downtown Brooklyn, whizzing over a flooded Flatbush Avenue, toward the Barclay's Center, now half-sunk in an enormous sinkhole.

OUTSIDE: the droid rips the blades off the burned-out rotor. It leaps forward on the roof, reaching to grab the front rotor blades. As it reaches and GRABS them...

The helicopter pitches forward - down toward the top of the Barclay's Center - Frank has no control of the aircraft. He flips switches on the dashboard, reversing the front rotor, then reversing it again...

The droid is FLUNG OFF the helicopter - careening through the air and bouncing off the rusted side of the stadium.

The helicopter plunges toward the stadium roof, bounces and skids along it, sparks flying, flipping once, twice, then coming to rest on its side.

Finally, stillness.

In the cockpit, Frank, bloodied, kicks out the crushed and shattered windshield.

He grabs his machine gun and climbs from the wreckage. He limps off across the roof of the stadium, hiding behind some girders to check his wounds.

Abraham crawls out the open rear of the helicopter. Orbit has been flung several feet away from the aircraft. He's broken -- bleeding and immobile. Abraham leans down to pick him up and Orbit flinches in deep pain.

ORBIT

Nah!

ABRAHAM

Let me -

ORBIT

*Vete! Salvate.*

They can hear the CLANK-CLANK of the droid as it climbs the rusted steel girders on the side of the stadium.

ORBIT (CONT'D)

*Pensar en su hija. Vete ahora.*

Abraham is crying. He picks up his machine gun and leaves his friend to go and hide.

The Pistons Droid climbs onto the roof. It sees the wrecked helicopter. It sees Orbit lying nearby. It walks over to him. Orbit stares down the barrel of the automatic weapon, then closes his eyes. The droid fires. Again and again.

Frank can see Abraham hiding and crying quietly. Frank watches - from behind - the droid turn its left eye to Orbit's body and lean over him - then straighten up and shoot the dead body again and again.

Frank can't take it. He's seen this before. He can't take it. He stands and strides toward the Pistons droid.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

Over Derek's shoulder, we see his view through his VIRTUAL GLASSES: firing repeatedly into the body of the dead man.

IN THE BACK OF THE ROOM: Derek's father has his son's POV up on the MAIN SCREEN at the front of the room --

EXT. ROOF OF BARCLAY'S CENTER - SAME TIME

Frank strides toward the back of the Pistons droid. He's got his gun out. The droid still shoots into Orbit's body.

Frank comes quickly around the droid and points his gun in its face. The droid looks up and Frank FIRES.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE ON: Derek's POV. We see the bullet RACE TOWARD US down the barrel - the effect is tremendous -

- Derek's head flinches back violently -
- Derek's glasses go BLACK.
- The MAIN SCREEN fizzles and goes BLACK.

EXT. ROOF OF BARCLAY'S CENTER - SAME TIME

Pistons Droid has been shot in the eye. It FALLS flat on its back. Frank stands over it. He drills bullet after bullet from his M-16 into its left eye.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

The gamers are stunned. SILENCE. Then -

FEDORA

Dawg.

BKLYN HAT

You got popped.

Derek stands there, shocked. His father watches.

EXT. ROOF OF BARCLAY'S CENTER - SAME TIME

Abraham comes up to Frank, puts his hand on Frank's arm.

ABRAHAM

Okay. Hombre. Okay.

The Droid's head is smoking, half-blackened. Frank looks at Abraham, dazed. Frank nods, then looks east, up Flatbush Avenue. He can see glints of metal moving down from Prospect Park... coming towards them.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

We should go.

INT. TECH ROOM - SAME TIME

Derek, stunned, removes his virtual glasses.

DILDO gamer and YELLOW BIKINI gamer both have their virtual glasses switched to infrared. THEIR VIRTUAL GLASSES POV (as they charge down Flatbush Avenue from Grand Army Plaza): In the far distance, two HOT RED SPOTS run off the Barclay's Center roof and disappear down a subway entrance.

INT. SUBWAY TRACKS - MINUTES LATER

Frank and Abraham run through the dark tunnel, rats scatter, light spills intermittently through the subway grates above. More light spills down from a subway entrance up ahead --

EXT. UNION STREET SUBWAY/4TH AVENUE - DAY

Frank and Abraham run out of the subway. We can hear gunfire behind them, north on 4th Avenue. They see the glint of droids coming their way. Frank and Abraham duck and run west -  
- toward the Gowanus Canal.

EXT. GOWANUS CANAL - DAY

Chemical-slicked, hugely overflowing body of water. It extends for a long way on both sides of them. Warehouses crumble into it. Frank looks around desperately. He rips two old drainpipes off the gutters of rotting houses. He hands one to Abraham, keeps one for himself, moves to the water.

ABRAHAM  
What're you doing?

FRANK  
(glances at watch)  
Twelve minutes. No choice.

Frank moves to the edge of the water.

ABRAHAM  
No.

Frank lifts his drainpipe.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
Wait.  
(Frank looks at him)  
I... I can't swim.

Beat. Then Frank starts laughing.

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)

What? I can't swim. I never learned to swim.

(Frank can't help but laugh)

It's the truth, man. I never learned -

FRANK

- We're not swimming anywhere. Just jump and sink.

(gestures at filthy water)

And don't worry - the chemicals'll probably kill you.

Frank looks up, puts one end of the 15-foot drainpipe to his face - the other end pointing high in the air - and jumps in.

IN THE WATER: He sinks down into the murky filth, grabs onto a rotted piling, breathes through the pipe (which sticks up above the surface.)

After several moments, Abraham follows, FLAILING and SINKING ... Frank grabs his arm, settling Abraham beside him, both of their faces pointed up, breathing through the pipes.

OUTSIDE THE WATER:

CAMERA is above the canal now, two hardly noticeable pipes sticking from the putrid water. The CAMERA starts to pull up slowly, showing more and more of the drowned Gowanus section of Brooklyn, several DROIDS running through the streets, trying to find the last of their prey. CAMERA pulls higher and higher -

PRELAP: SOUND OF HELICOPTER ROTORS -

INT. CHINOOK HELICOPTER - DAY

Frank and Abraham - soaked - sit side-by-side, strapped into their seats lining the walls of the cabin. They sit amidst the QUIET, DECOMMISSIONED DROIDS who, minutes before, were trying to kill them. The Pistons droid's LEFT EYE is blown out, its entire head is CHARRED BLACK, DENTED. The DILDO DROID, JOSE REYES, YELLOW BIKINI... all the rest, sit silently, still, all around them, strapped into seats.

INT. TILED SHOWER ROOM - LATER/EVENING

Frank and Abraham stand, NAKED with hands over their genitals, in the middle of a white-tiled room. They're hosed down with soapy water of all the accumulated filth.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE - NIGHT

Two town cars idling. The men are clothed and clean. Abraham - exhausted, emotional - stands in front of Frank. Shakes his hand.

ABRAHAM  
Gracias. Thank you.

FRANK  
You take care.

ABRAHAM  
I have to tell you. There's someone we sent looking for you last week. Paco. I'll tell him to stop. To come back.

FRANK  
I already sent him back. Hurt. But he'll be alright.

ABRAHAM  
Okay. Okay.

FRANK  
I'm sorry about your friend, Sanchez.

ABRAHAM  
Thank you.

Abraham pulls Frank into a hug. Emotional:

ABRAHAM (CONT'D)  
You call me you ever need anything. Gracias, hermano.

INTERCUT: Derek's father watches this on a closed circuit monitor in his sleek office.

BACK IN THE GARAGE: Abraham and Frank separate. Abraham hands Frank a piece of paper with his phone number.

FRANK  
Thanks.

A blindfold is put on Abraham. He's put into the back seat of one town car and driven out of the garage.

A blindfold is put on Frank, and he's put into the other car.

INTERCUT: Derek's father watches -- he's hard to read, though it's clear he's thinking seriously about something.

EXT. CARLY'S BLOCK - VERY EARLY MORNING

A TOWN CAR pulls away down the street, leaving Frank standing on the sidewalk down the block from Carly's house. He's holding the THICK ENVELOPE he's been given.

INT. BACKYARD/CHICKEN COOP - VERY EARLY MORNING

Frank opens the envelope: a lot of cash - maybe twenty thousand dollars. He separates out about fifteen thousand dollars and puts the rest back in the envelope and into his front pants pocket.

Frank puts the fifteen thousand dollars in the coffee can and stashes it under the floorboard.

He looks through the chicken coop door at the back of the house - rundown but calm and peaceful. Sleeping inside are the two people in the world he cares about.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER THAT DAY

Sula trots barefoot around the small backyard, scattering the chickens. She's running on the balls of her feet. Frank sits on the back steps sipping coffee.

SULA

Like this?

FRANK

That's right.

SULA

Raramuri?

FRANK

It means "runners on foot."

SULA

Like me.

FRANK

Just like you. You run on your two feet. Standing up. That's why you can run for a long time.

SULA

Longer than an antelope?

FRANK

Much longer than an antelope.

EXT. BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER

Sula's sitting on Frank's lap, leaning against him, peaceful.

FRANK

I used to dream all night about going back in time. Living that kind of life. Like the Raramuri. Just your family. A few people out on the prairie. Running after antelope.

SULA

You think you could catch one?

FRANK

I'd like to try. You chase it all day - running at a steady pace. It can run really fast, but then it has to rest, so you track it through the heat of the day until it gets so tired and overheated it just lies down and gives itself to you. Gives itself to you and your family. Can you imagine that?

In the window behind them, we see the curtains move. Carly WATCHES Frank and Sula sit and talk together. She watches her daughter - peaceful, safe.

SULA

Then you eat it?

FRANK

You carry it back - the deer, the elk - whatever you're chasing. You bring it back to your family for dinner. You cook it over a fire.

He tucks a wisp of hair behind her ear.

SULA

Where is your family?

Frank takes a moment, looking at his daughter.

FRANK

I don't know.

SULA

Where's your Dad?

FRANK

He died when I was twelve.

SULA  
You should have a family.

FRANK  
I think so too.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - NIGHT/ESTABLISHING

The quiet, lonely house on the dark street.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Frank sleeps on the couch. He WAKES UP with a START.

FRANK  
Who's there?

Carly stands at the edge of the couch down by his feet.

CARLY  
(whispers)  
Sorry. I didn't mean to scare you.

Frank sits up.

FRANK  
You okay? Is Sula okay?

CARLY  
Everything's fine.

Frank rubs sleep from his eyes. Looks at her. She sits on the coffee table. They speak VERY QUIETLY so as not to wake Sula.

FRANK  
What's going on?

CARLY  
How much Korean did you actually  
learn in jail?

FRANK  
Honestly, it felt like a lot, but,  
you can imagine, you have pretty  
limited needs for conversation. A  
lot of threats, a lot of talk about  
where to meet up, who to keep an  
eye on.  
(then)  
But I also had them teach me some  
extra stuff. That I could use once  
I got out.

CARLY  
Stuff like what?

Beat.

FRANK  
Like: *I missed you so much it hurt me physically.*

CARLY  
Say it.

FRANK  
(after a moment, in  
Korean:)  
*I missed you so much it hurt me physically.*  
(then, in English)  
It was a little uncomfortable asking them to teach me that.

CARLY  
What else?

FRANK  
*I can't believe I hurt the person I loved most in the world.*

CARLY  
Say it.

FRANK  
(in Korean)  
*I can't believe I hurt the person I loved most in the world.*

CARLY  
There's not much use for that sentence in prison?

FRANK  
Maybe for some there is.

CARLY  
What else?

FRANK  
*We made a beautiful baby together.*

CARLY  
Tell me.

FRANK  
(in Korean)  
*We made a beautiful baby together.*

CARLY  
We did do that.

She climbs on top of him. He pulls her tightly to him. They kiss deeply. He rolls on top of her as she wraps her arms around him.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight sneaks through the curtains. Frank sleeps soundly. Carly slips out of bed naked. She puts on a robe, picks up her and Frank's clothes that are scattered around the room.

INT. SULA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Carly picks up Sula's dirty clothes from the floor.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

Carly loads the clothes into a battered second-hand washing machine. She STOPS when she feels something in the pocket of Frank's jeans. She pulls out the THICK ENVELOPE, unfolds it, and looks inside: thousands of dollars in CASH.

INT. CHICKEN COOP/BACKYARD - NIGHT

Carly lifts the loose floorboard and pulls out the coffee can. She takes out the THICK ROLL of bills inside: fifteen to twenty thousand dollars.

She stares at the money, motionless, stunned. The first wave of betrayal, anger...

PRELAP:

CARLY  
It's just a couple hours. Then I'll  
come and take her off your hands.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE/SIDEWALK - MORNING

Carly's handing Sula off to a Mom-friend with a daughter slightly older than Sula.

MOM-FRIEND

She can stay as long as she wants.

CARLY

Thanks.

(to Sula)

You be good, all right?

SULA

Yup.

Sula's running in place, bouncing on the balls of her feet.

MOM-FRIEND

We'll see you later.

As they walk away, a WHITE TOYOTA 4-RUNNER SLOWS as it passes Carly's house. She turns, and sees:

LEFTY JEFF, in the passenger seat, lowering his window. He nods at her as he passes. The 4-RUNNER drives off.

Carly stands there, staring, with mounting fury. She knows exactly who Jeff is.

INT. CARLY'S HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Carly BANGS OPEN the front door, moving quickly into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Carly stands on top of the counter by the sink. She's got a panel of the ceiling open and is pulling out her SHOTGUN.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank wakes up with a start to find the BARREL OF A SHOTGUN pointed directly at him from the foot of the bed.

FRANK

What -

CARLY

- Get out.

She pumps the fore-stock -

CARLY (CONT'D)

Get your clothes on and get the fuck out.

The clothes she washed last night are neatly folded next to him on the bed. On top of his jeans is the ENVELOPE OF CASH.

FRANK

Carly -

Carly FIRES the shotgun, BLOWING A HOLE through the wall next to the bed.

FRANK (CONT'D)

WHOA WHOA WHOA...

CARLY

Twenty thousand dollars in fifties  
I find last night?! Your dealer  
friend Jeff drove by the house this  
morning for the first time in seven  
years! Coincidence?

(pumps the shotgun)

Get yourself out of my house.

FRANK

Carly -

Frank's CELL PHONE RINGS. Beat.

Carly and Frank look at each other, the shotgun between them. Silence. The cell RINGS again.

CARLY

You gonna get that?

FRANK

Sorry. Just -

Frank reaches over to the bedside table, looks at the cell screen: RESTRICTED NUMBER. He presses SILENCE to stop the ringing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jeff drove up to me the other day.  
He -

Frank's CELL PHONE RINGS again.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Goddamnit.

He presses TALK.

FRANK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

*Not now! I cannot talk now!*

He HANGS UP. Turns to Carly -

FRANK (CONT'D)

Jeff asked me to start working for him again. *I said no, I told him -*

Carly FIRES the shotgun, blowing a hole in the wall on the other side of Frank.

CARLY

In what world would you go away for 24 hours and come back with twenty thousand dollars?!

She PUMPS the shotgun.

CARLY (CONT'D)

You just got out of prison, Frank! There are no jobs! WHO ON EARTH WOULD HIRE YOU?

Points the shotgun DIRECTLY AT HIM. They stare at each other. Frank's PHONE RINGS. Silence. It RINGS again.

FRANK

I'm sorry --

He answers the phone.

FRANK (INTO PHONE) (CONT'D)

You having a hard time hearing me when I say it's not a good-?... I'm not available to you today.... No, I am not doing another... I have only been home for a day and a... *No! You cannot pick me up in five minutes, you --*

They've HUNG UP. He looks like he might explode. He's trying to keep it together, trying to scroll for the number to call them back -

FRANK (CONT'D)

Godamnit. Godamnit.

Carly's still looking at him over the barrel of her shotgun.

CARLY

Unless you can tell me right now how you made that money legally -- If you've got a ride coming in five minutes, I suggest you take it.

Frank simply can't tell her. He's been warned what the consequences will be.

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE - FIVE MINUTES LATER/DAY

Frank walks out the front gate to a waiting town car. His shoes are untied, shirt is open; he's got the rest of his clothes in a PLASTIC BAG. Frank turns to look at Carly, watching - stone-faced - from the living room window.

INT. TOWN CAR/SUBTERRANEAN GARAGE/ACCUTECH - DAY

Frank's in the back seat. The divider between him and the driver is blacked out. The windows are blacked out. All at once they start to open, and Frank can see out.

DRIVER

Here we are. Sorry about shutting  
you in there - security directive --

Frank sees C.J. waiting by the elevators. Before the car even stops, Frank opens the door, heads quickly toward him --

FRANK

You. Yeah. You the one who keeps  
calling me?

C.J. backs away from him, presses the elevator buttons.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Who taught you manners,  
motherfucker?!

Frank punches C.J. hard in the side of the head.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Did I or did I not tell you I  
couldn't talk!  
(hits him again)  
Have you never learned patience?!  
You need me to teach you some  
fucking patience--?!

The driver and two security guards grab Frank, pull him away. Derek's father has been WATCHING from the stairwell.

DEREK'S FATHER

I like it. I like the spirit.  
That's what kept you alive.

He comes toward them.

DEREK'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Andrew Rapp.  
(extends his hand)  
Welcome to Accutech.

Beat. Frank calms down enough to shake Rapp's hand.

FRANK  
Frank D-  
RAPP/DEREK'S FATHER  
- Daley. Yes, I know.

RAPP/DEREK'S FATHER (CONT'D)  
Don't attack C.J. He just does what  
I tell him.  
(still gripping Frank's hand)  
But don't come after me like that.  
I'll have to have you killed.

He releases Frank's hand and heads into the open elevator. CJ  
nurses a cut eyebrow.

RAPP  
Though, as we've experienced,  
that's easier said than done.  
(smiles disarmingly)  
Come on upstairs. We should talk.

INT. RAPP'S OFFICE/ACCUTECH INDUSTRIES - DAY

Sleek, minimalist. Frank stands, holding his plastic bag of  
clothes, at the interior, floor-to-ceiling windows looking  
down onto a football-field-sized laboratory floor divided  
into discrete sterile areas. Experiments and repairs are  
conducted by scores of engineers. Rapp approaches, sipping a  
drink.

RAPP  
Quite an operation, yes?

Frank turns to look past Rapp - at the BLACKED-OUT windows on  
the other side of the room.

FRANK  
What's behind the other windows?

RAPP  
The great outdoors. But letting you  
see that would be letting you know  
where we are. And I'm not prepared  
to share that information with you.  
Yet.

Below them, the PISTONS DROID is being repaired in a sort of  
operating room, sealed off by glass walls and ceiling. The  
CHARRED HEAD with the blown-out eye has been removed and lies  
on one table. The body lies on another.

Scientists/technicians stand in front of a 3-D printer, which is forming a new metallic skull for the Droid.

RAPP (CONT'D)

You did a number on my son's drone.

Down on the floor, face pressed against the glass of the sterile room - concerned, forlorn - is Derek (though Frank doesn't know who he is.) He WEARS his day-glo titanium rope necklace and a PISTONS JERSEY.

RAPP (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We'll fix him.

Rapp nods to an adjoining sterile area of the warehouse floor, where technicians are stretching, testing, modifying what looks like an incredibly strong sheet of saran wrap.

RAPP (CONT'D)

They're devising a new plastic for the cornea which'll be just as pliable, but a hundred times stronger. Though that may take some time.

Frank's trying to process what's being said to him.

RAPP (CONT'D)

But that was half the reason, right? To discover the vulnerabilities. And to fix them.

FRANK

Half the reason for what?

RAPP

Our field missions. Our military excursions.

FRANK

Is that what those were?

(Rapp sips his scotch)

What does that mean, your son's drone? How is it his?

RAPP

He controls it.

FRANK

Your son was trying to kill me? Why would he do that?

RAPP

It's his job. Along with all the others controlling their drones. You did remarkably well to avoid becoming one of their targets. Remarkably well.

FRANK

What is this place?

RAPP

(indicates Frank's plastic bag)  
Why don't you put your things down, make yourself comfortable. Then we can talk.

Frank drops his bag on the floor.

FRANK

Talk.

RAPP

You certain I can't get you something to drink?

FRANK

What was the other half?

RAPP

The other half.

FRANK

You said half the reason for the missions was to find vulnerabilities. What was the other half?

Rapp is looking straight at Frank.

RAPP

To find you.

A long beat, as they look at each other.

FRANK

If you're asking me to join in manhunts, I don't do that. I don't hunt people.

RAPP

No. We're done with that.  
(then)

(MORE)

RAPP (CONT'D)

You were a military officer before  
you got on the wrong side of the  
law -

FRANK

- That's a long time ago -

RAPP

- No one before you ever survived  
even one of our missions. What you  
did the last time out - risk your  
life to save the life of another  
man... People don't do that kind of  
thing anymore.

FRANK

You've been spending time with the  
wrong people.

RAPP

Then so have all the young men who  
work here. You're a born leader.  
They need someone they respect - to  
look up to, to work with, to take  
orders from. They need you. We all  
do.

INT. ACCUTECH/ESCALATOR - DAY

Frank and Rapp on a long sleek ESCALATOR, going down towards  
the lab floor.

RAPP

The Pentagon started developing the  
R.A.I.D. Program - Remote Access  
Individual Drones - a decade ago.  
An early version of the Android  
drones you encountered. But with  
the tanked economy and the series  
of natural disasters, the  
government couldn't afford the  
program anymore - they sold the  
technology to a private company for  
a lot of money. I'm that company.  
And I've brought it to the next  
level. The next several levels...

INT. ACCUTECH/LAB FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The escalator lets out onto the vast LAB FLOOR. Frank follows  
Rapp past the individual, sterile, glass-enclosed work areas.

RAPP

Countries have ongoing terrorism problems they can't figure out how to deal with. We can deal with them. They have problems with violent drug lords they're scared to confront. We'll confront them. We're an elite, mechanized task force, available for hire anywhere in the world. We'll make the world a safer place. But we're in search of a leader...

Turning a corner, they walk past another glass enclosure - in which an ARTY GAMER is RE-PAINTING the beautiful skeleton on the metal skin of his Droid. Frank recognizes the Droid from his missions. He watches the bizarre scene as they walk past -

RAPP (CONT'D)

I encourage all of them to personalize their drones, learn them inside and out, decorate them if they wish. Make them an extension of their bodies, which in a way they are --

They're approaching Derek - who stands watching through a glass wall as his Pistons Droid is repaired.

RAPP (CONT'D)

Son. There's someone I want you to meet.

Derek turns. He stares Frank.

DEREK

What's he doing here?

RAPP

Derek. Meet Frank Daley. Though, in a way, you two have met before.

DEREK

*Why is he here?*

RAPP

(to Frank)

Manners are not his strong suit. This is my son, Derek. He's one of the more accomplished gamers on staff - very adept, skillful --

DEREK

- He gets lucky twice and you bring him inside? What the fuck is that?

RAPP

Mr. Daley may have some valuable lessons to teach all of us.

DEREK

Go screw yourself.

Derek turns to the window to watch his droid being repaired. Rapp glances briefly at Frank -

RAPP

Come. There's more I want to show you.

Rapp turns and walks off down the corridor. It's unclear whether he's embarrassed by his son or not. After a moment, Frank follows. Derek CALLS AFTER them.

DEREK

The only lesson he's got for me is I shoulda gat him quicker in L.A. - before time ran out.

Frank stops. He turns and walks right back at Derek, coming close - not touching him, but backing him against the glass.

FRANK

(quiet, close)

Were you in L.A.? I didn't see you in L.A. I saw your robot in L.A. And now I see it charred and burned out on the table behind you.

A long beat. No one speaks to Derek like this.

DEREK

(unnerved)

Stay away from me.

FRANK

Is that a threat?

(silence)

Unless you're willing to do something personally. With me right in front of you. Don't make threats.

After a moment, Derek breaks eye-contact. Frank walks away, following Rapp, who heads off down a side corridor.

ON DEREK: watching Frank walk off after his own father --

INT. CORRIDOR/ACCUTECH - SECONDS LATER

Frank approaches Rapp, waiting for him down the hallway.

FRANK

I'd say cute kid, but...

RAPP

No. I understand who he is.

They walk past a huge plate glass window that looks onto the GAMING ROOM: Two gamers at their stations, VIRTUAL GLASSES on, working their VIRTUAL KEYBOARDS -- IN THEIR OWN WORLDS. The large central monitor clicks through coverage of their Droids being worked out in a vast yard - scaling walls, doing flips, swinging across ropes and wires, FIRING at targets that appear and disappear. Frank stares as they pass -

RAPP (CONT'D)

They're each utterly in control of their drones. But they're in it for themselves. They compete with each other. With your help we can make them a team.

FRANK

My help how?

Rapp pushes open a door in the wall. Frank follows -

INT. OPERATING THEATER/ACCUTECH - CONTINUOUS

RAPP

You'll lead them on the ground, in combat -

A large room, sterile, with a metal operating table in the center. Rapp presses a button.

A mechanical arm lowers a MARBLE-SIZED VISUAL SENSOR with several FILAMENTS emerging from the back.

RAPP (CONT'D)

A simple procedure implants this in a human eye. When you're commanding the drone force, we'll be able to see everything you see.

Frank STOPS just a few steps inside the room.

RAPP (CONT'D)

This sensor also jams the firing mechanism of all our artillery. If one of our weapons is pointed at you, it won't go off. You'll be safe from friendly fire.

Behind Frank: C.J., four GUARDS, a DOCTOR, two NURSES appear in the doorway. *For the first time, he feels threatened.*

RAPP (CONT'D)

(soothingly)

Frank. We will make your life an incredibly comfortable one. You'll come here, live here, join us. You'll never have to worry about money again.

FRANK

I have a girlfriend and a child I'm trying to make a life with.

RAPP

No.

FRANK

What does that mean?

RAPP

Carly's done with you.

FRANK

What do you know about that? How do you know her name?

RAPP

I know everything about you.

(beat)

Please. Call her. Go ahead.

Beat. Frank takes out his cell and dials Carly. As he get a *"This number is no longer in service"* message in his ear:

RAPP (CONT'D)

She's switched her cell number, changed the locks, she's on her way to Criminal Court to get a Restraining Order against you.

(beat)

I'm sorry, Frank. It's over. This is the best way for you to care for your daughter. We'll funnel more than enough money into Carly's bank account.

(MORE)

RAPP (CONT'D)

She and Sula will finally have a better life. Sula can enroll in a good school.

FRANK

Don't tell me how to care for my family.

RAPP

They're not your family anymore. We are.

Frank glances at the people behind him in the doorway -- C.J., the Guards, the doctors.

FRANK

You're not giving me much of a choice.

RAPP

What are your choices? Seriously.

Frank doesn't have an answer.

RAPP (CONT'D)

We need you, Frank.

Rapp glances over at C.J., then back at Frank.

RAPP (CONT'D)

Take a moment. We're going to leave you alone. Why don't you think things over.

Rapp, C.J., and the rest walk out of the room.

CLOSE ON Frank's face. Tortured. It's true. He has no options. No way to make money. No way to convince Carly he's not dealing. No way to help his daughter.... Except this.

CAMERA IS ON FRANK, BUT PULLS AWAY, SLOWLY UP and OVERHEAD... It continues to pull up and up, through the glass ceiling of the operating room, until we're looking straight DOWN from HIGH OVERHEAD, looking down at the vast lab floor:

FRANK stands alone in one room; DROIDS are being worked on/repared in other glass rooms; several gamers operate their virtual keyboards in the GAMING ROOM, each in their own world... activity upon activity in this vast enterprise...

EXT. CARLY'S HOUSE/PORCH - DAY

C.J. stands on the porch as Carly SILENTLY READS a letter he's delivered to her. Sula watches her through the front window.

FRANK (V.O.)

Dear Carly. What I want more than anything: for Sula to be safe and provided for...

OVER FRANK'S V.O. OF HIS LETTER, WE SEE THE FOLLOWING IMAGES:

- *Frank, under anaesthesia, lying on the operating table, as the motorized arm lowers from the ceiling, towards his eye --*

FRANK (V.O.)

I'm better able to make sure that happens from here than from there.

- *Carly walks Sula, in a new school uniform, into a PRIVATE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL in a good section of Detroit --*

FRANK (V.O.)

Whatever else you tell Sula about me, I want her to know that I'd gladly spend the rest of my days chasing antelope with her.

- *Frank sitting in an examination room as a DOCTOR removes a bandage from his right eye. There are small scars around the eye, and the eyeball looks slightly mechanized.*

FRANK (V.O.)

But we can't do that.

*The Doctor points a penlight towards Frank's pupil.*

FRANK (V.O.)

I love you both. I understand that you don't want to hear that from me, but it's the truth.

- *Frank stands at the floor-to-ceiling penthouse windows of a high tower in downtown CHICAGO. The penthouse apartment is modern-industrial, high-tech, sleek. It's where he lives now. He looks out over Lake Michigan far below him --*

FRANK (V.O.)

I'll remember the few days the three of us spent together as the best of my life...

- Carly hands the letter back to C.J. She turns and walks inside the house, shutting the door behind her.

FRANK (V.O.)

I saw what life could have been.

- Frank looks up to the stainless-steel fire-sprinkler pipes which track along the ceiling. He jumps up and grabs them. Starts a huge set of pull-ups high over the city of Chicago.

INT. GAMER CAFETERIA - MORNING

FEDORA (O.S.)

You an ex-con?

Filled and rowdy. Frank pours himself black coffee. Takes steak and eggs. FEDORA and DILDO GAMERS hover nearby.

FRANK

I'm an ex a lot of things.

FEDORA

But you were in prison, right?

Frank walks over to an empty table to sit down. Fedora and Dildo follow him. Frank sits.

FEDORA (CONT'D)

Where?

Frank sips his coffee.

DILDO

Where was the prison?

FRANK

As you become more experienced dealing with actual human beings you may realize that when someone doesn't answer it's not necessarily because they can't hear you.

DEREK

(from two tables over)  
Hazelton, West Virginia.

Frank impassively takes a bite of his eggs.

DEREK (CONT'D)

Conspiracy to distribute Class A narcotics. Distribution of Class A narcotics. Illegal possession of firearms.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

Assault with a deadly weapon. The only reason he's outta lock-up is the U.S. can't afford to feed its scum any more. So my Dad has to feed em.

(the room is silent now)

How many people you killed in your life?

(no answer from Frank)

You adding it up? The number in the Army plus the number in prison. Keep counting...

FRANK

(calm, quiet)

I did kill people when I was in the Army. We were attacked. Or we were ordered to attack. That's something you wouldn't know about. Killing someone face to face.

DEREK

I got a hundred-eight kills here. More than anybody. I look em in the eye and I do em.

FRANK

Is that right?

DEREK

That's what I said.

Frank puts down his fork, wipes his mouth with his napkin. He picks up his STEAK KNIFE. Frank walks over until he's directly across the table from Derek -

FRANK

Look me in the eye. Look at me.

Derek ignores him, looking away. Frank shoves the table across the floor and into the wall. Dishes clatter and break.

Frank's standing directly over him. Now Derek's looking. Frank pulls his shirt up. He holds the sharp knife, handle-out, to Derek.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Take it. You will never have this opportunity again. Take it.

A long moment. No one moves.

Frank TOSSES THE KNIFE in the air and moves away. Derek has to scramble to get out from under the falling blade.

Frank's in the middle of the room and the CAMERA'S CIRCLING him as he turns and speaks to all the gamers -

FRANK (CONT'D)

I am here now and you will deal with me. I told the boss to shut down the gaming room. You'll be split into your own rooms. Everything you do out in the field will be through me. You'll see what you see; you'll see what I see; and you'll listen to me. That's it. Understood?

CAMERA reveals gamers: some nod, some gape, but every last one seems thrilled to finally have an Alpha leading their pack -

EXT. SMALL ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL CITY/TRAINING SESSION - DAY

MUSIC OVER: Frank scratches out a plan of attack on the pavement for storming the city. The 30 Androids are gathered around him. Only the PISTONS DROID (Derek's) hangs outside the circle, staring the other way.

Franks mounts his motorcycle and the Droids move into position. Pistons Droid doesn't move. Frank gets off his bike, walks toward the Pistons Droid, pulls out a revolver and SHOOTS it in the eye.

INT. DEREK'S CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Derek - in his now-individualized gaming room... His head SNAPS BACK.

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL CITY - DAY/CONTINUOUS

MUSIC CONTINUES: Frank gets back on his bike. He and the rest of the Droids take off, leaving the Pistons Droid lying, charred and smoking, immobilized on the pavement.

INT. GAMER CAFETERIA - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES: Frank eats at a table surrounded by Gamers. They're all interested in talking to him, being near him. Derek eats alone at the far side of the room.

EXT. EMPTY DESERT TOWN/TRAINING SESSION - DAY

MUSIC CONTINUES: Frank drives an armored motorcycle, fast, spraying dust and sand in a long plume behind him. He's flanked by a number of Droids - PISTONS DROID on the far right flank - he hand-signals for them to split to the right... They fan out.

Frank zooms around a building and now we're in:

EXT. RAINY MUD-SLIDE ENGULFED TOWN - DAY/CONTINUOUS

MUSIC CONTINUES: Another town, same action: Frank comes around the building and is joined by fifteen Droids from the left, moving incredibly fast, in a tight V-formation. Several hand-signals and they split up, some charging through various buildings, some leaping up and over -

INT. INDIVIDUAL GAMING ROOMS/VARIOUS - SAME TIME

MUSIC CONTINUES: We cut quickly into various now-individualized gaming rooms, each gamer in their own space, working their virtual keyboard quickly and efficiently, each with their own VIRTUAL GLASSES-POV, and each checking their lines of sight and earpieces for signals from Frank -

EXT. FLOODED COASTAL INDUSTRIAL TOWN - DAY/CONTINUOUS

Another town, same action: Frank's alone now, riding fast, a plume of water flying out behind his wheel. He corners sharply around a building, SKIDS TO A STOP. Beat.

FRANK'S POV: Ten yards in front of him: THE PISTONS DROID, its automatic weapon out. It levels the weapon directly at Frank. Beat.

Pistons Droid PULLS THE TRIGGER. CLICK. CLICK. It won't fire.

Pistons Droid points the weapon at the sky, FIRES SEVERAL ROUNDS. It lowers the weapon at Frank again, tries to fire. CLICK.

Pistons Droid throws its weapon to the ground, walks toward Frank, ready to throttle him with its bare hands. Frank is weirdly still, staring at the Droid as it comes toward him.

Suddenly, BIKINI DROID drops from the building - LANDING directly on top of Pistons Droid. FOUR OTHER DROIDS converge on him from all sides, joining the battle.

They fight viciously; Pistons Droid is SCREAMING and WAILING (the voice sounds a bit like Derek's, but deeper, electronic). It's an animalistic fight, brutal... The five Droids tear Pistons Droid limb from limb, sparks flying, electrical currents boiling though the water.

INT. INDIVIDUAL GAMING ROOM - SAME TIME

Derek stands alone in his room screaming his head off.

EXT. FLOODED COASTAL TOWN - DAY/CONTINUOUS

Bikini Droid RIPS Pistons Droid's HEAD off. The screaming stops abruptly, as if a sound system has shorted out --

The FIVE DROIDS stand over the dismembered body of Pistons Droid. Bikini drops Piston's head in the water. Splash. It bobs and floats away. They turn to look at Frank - their leader. He nods and they all move off together.

INT. INDIVIDUAL GAMING ROOM - SAME TIME

Derek stands alone in his room, breathing heavily, staring straight ahead... His screen is BLANK.

MUSIC ENDS.

INT. HALLWAY/ACCUTECH DORMS - NIGHT

CAMERA is right behind Frank as he walks down the dorm hallway. The gamers who pass him move out of his way and nod to him with respect.

Frank stops, knocks on a door, enters.

INT. DEREK'S DORM ROOM - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

Bedside lamp on. Derek lies on his bed, fully clothed, headphones on. Frank closes the door behind him. A long beat as they stare at each other. Frank motions for Derek to take off his headphones. Derek does, betraying nothing.

FRANK

How you doing?

(Derek just stares)

I talked to your father. He said if you were in the Army you'd be court-martialed and possibly executed.

DEREK

(flat)

We're not in the Army.

FRANK

No. We're not. But your father thinks we should go tomorrow without you. You should be left off our first mission.

Derek casts his eyes down, trying not to betray any emotion. Frank watches Derek for a long moment, then:

FRANK (CONT'D)

I asked him to let you come.

(silence)

You have a singular talent. A strange one, but a talent. You've got a chance now to be a part of something - to work as part of a team and - according to your Dad - do some good in the world.

Derek's listening, but can't bring himself to look at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)

When you're at war - or in prison, which is not so different - you make a commitment to protect each other. It's like a holy pact. A promise.

(beat)

You think about whether you're ready to make that promise.

Frank walks out the door, shuts it behind him. On Derek,

EXT. FRANCISCO DE MIRANDA AIRBASE/VENEZUELA - DAY

A C-130 TRANSPORT PLANE descends through the heatwaves toward the military airfield ten miles outside Caracas.

EXT. AIRFIELD - LATER/DAY

Frank, C.J., VENEZUELAN OFFICERS huddle around a folding table on the tarmac. Several MAPS spread out on the tabletop.

The CHIEF OFFICER jabs at RED LINES ON THE MAP marking the nearby front lines of the INSURGENCY, between the airfield and the capital city.

VENEZUELAN CHIEF OFFICER  
 ...threat to the rightful  
 government of the Republic of  
 Venezuela. El Presidente Machado is  
 in safety and hiding but los  
 terroristas must be put down. They  
 must not be allowed to take the  
 airport...

FRANK  
 (quietly, to C.J.)  
 There are terrorists in Venezuela?

C.J. ignores him, keeps his focus on the General. Frank looks behind him at:

The Droids are filing off the C-130. Frank NODS at Pistons Droid, who - almost imperceptibly - NODS back. They all wear ARMY FATIGUES, but still personalized in some way: BKLYN hat; PISTONS SHORTS over the fatigues -

VENEZUELAN CHIEF OFFICER  
 ...We have considered chemical  
 weaponry, but have decided no.  
 Airborne bombing strikes would also  
 provoke feelings against our  
 nation. You must achieve victory  
 with swiftness, before any news  
 will get out --

C.J.  
 (a hand on the Officer's shoulder)  
 - General. That's what you're  
 paying us for. In and out, Senior.  
 Superquiet. No muss no fuss.

He nods to Frank -

C.J. (CONT'D)  
 Let's move.

As they walk away -

FRANK  
 Who exactly we fighting against?

C.J.  
 You heard the man - a threat to the  
 rightful government of Venezuela.  
 We fight who we're paid to fight.  
 Let's do it.

EXT. DRY DIRT FIELD OUTSIDE AIRPORT - DAY

Frank revs the engine of his ARMORED MOTORCYCLE. The DROIDS fanned out on either side. As they start to move --

The C-130 lifts off in the background behind them, flying back towards the US - out over the gleaming gulf water.

Frank signals to his droid troops, guns the engine - they accumulate speed - faster and faster, finally charging at full speed across the flat, dusty land.

Frank signals to TWO OF THE DROIDS to continue charging straight -- the rest he leads out to the right.

SHOT FROM HIGH OVERHEAD:

The TWO DROIDS, like tiny fast-moving specks, race across the flatland toward what looks like several thousand insurgent troops, over a small rise in the field, a MILE AWAY -

Frank and the other DROIDS charge in a WIDE ARC to the right, swooping around the front lines.

INT. GAMERS' STATIONS/VARIOUS - SAME TIME

QUICK CUTS of several of the gamers ALONE in their small rooms - virtual glasses on, working their virtual keyboards - their only common point of contact is Frank.

EXT. INSURGENT FRONT LINES - DAY

Over the rise, several thousand rebel troops, massing for an assault on the airport. Loading hand-held machine guns, gun turrets on jeeps, live shells in tanks.

A LOOK-OUT on top of the rise peers through binoculars. His POV: Less than a mile away, what look like two tall soldiers running straight at them, leaving a trail of dust.

LOOK-OUT  
*Comandante. Mira.*

The COMANDANTE looks through his binoculars. Then he raises his rifle with scope to his eye:

COMANDANTE'S SCOPE POV: two SILVER-FACED soldiers run at them - one with a SKELETON painted on its uniform, the other wearing a DILDO outside its pants.

COMANDANTE SHOOTs. The bullet bounces off the SKELETON DROID. The COMANDANTE shoots again. And again. Bullets ricochet off the Droids as they keep charging.

The front lines are moving to the top of the rise.

Skeleton Droid pulls the GRENADE LAUNCHER from its back; DILDO aims its MACHINE GUN.

Fifty insurgents open fire. Bullets pelt the Droids, but they keep on coming.

The Droids OPEN FIRE. Insurgents are mowed down; Skeleton Droid's rocket grenade plows into a jeep, exploding it in a ball of flame and shrapnel.

An INSURGENT TANK fires SHELLS at them. CAMERA is perched on the top of one of those shells, hurtling towards Dildo Droid... just before impact, the Droid HURDLES OVER it...

And the two Droids keep on coming...

FROM ABOVE: The wings of the insurgent front line converge on the Droids, and it looks for a moment as if, just by sheer numbers, they may envelop and overwhelm the two...

Suddenly, Frank and the rest of the Droids ATTACK from the right flank, behind the front lines.

Rebel bodies are ripped apart by bullets, torn in half by rocket grenades. As the Droids plow through the front lines, they slap ADHESIVE EXPLOSIVES on the rebel tanks and trucks - which explode massively just moments later.

Within minutes, the front lines of the insurgency are in full retreat. Running for their lives on foot, or hanging onto open jeeps and trucks.

PISTONS and JOSE REYES Droids take off after the retreating troops, racing to catch up - they shoot insurgents off the roofs of vehicles, shoot out tires and gas tanks, SLAP explosives on retreating vehicles, veering away seconds before they erupt in plumes of fire and scrap metal.

The insurgents are racing for the edge of a plateau, then spilling over the side down the slope. What's down the hill from there is hidden from view.

FRANK speaks into a MIC inside his helmet:

FRANK

Point zero. Return to point zero.

Immediately, every Droid STOPS and tracks back to Frank.

Pistons Droid HESITATES, lured by the retreating rebel targets. After a moment, he comes back toward Frank...

MOMENTS LATER: the Droids all converge around Frank's armored motorcycle.

PISTONS DROID/DEREK

The fuck? Let's do this.

Frank looks at him -

INTERCUT: Rapp standing alone at the back of the GAMING ROOM, watching Frank and his son on the big screen -

INTERCUT: Derek in his SMALL CONTROL ROOM. He sees Frank looking hard at him in his virtual glasses. After a moment, he puts his hands up in apology -

INTERCUT: Back on the battlefield, Pistons Droids hands are up, acceding to Frank. Frank turns to point at three Droids -

FRANK

You, you, you - torch every vehicle left behind. You'll rendezvous with us after.

(to the others)

The rest move out slowly to the top of the ridge. We need to see what's out there - who we're up against. Derek - on my right. Everyone else fan out.

Droids respond immediately. They've become a well-oiled machine. They start across the plateau, Frank rides his motorcycle at the center, Pistons Droid in line next to him.

IN THE BACKGROUND: the three Droids chosen by Frank explode vehicles left behind by the insurgents... EXPLOSION after EXPLOSION... huge balls of fire that lick at their heels...

EXT. BATTLEFIELD PLATEAU - DAY/CONTINUOUS

Frank and the Droids move at a steady 25mph across the plateau, through the smoke from burning vehicles and the dust-cloud stirred up by the retreating troops.

FRANK'S POV through his bulletproof windscreen: For brief moments - the wind clears the smoke and dust to show the edge of the plateau approaching.

And then: THUNK. A large stone SLAMS into his windscreen. THUNK THUNK. Two more.

They're at the edge of the plateau. The smoke and dust clear:

A HUNDRED TEENAGERS on the downslope of the hill. Some barely twelve or thirteen. They hold rocks and sticks and the occasional gun.

BEHIND THEM: The last of the ARMED INSURGENTS are retreating back into the population of a tent village of thousands of unarmed refugees. The teenagers are the last stand between the Droids and the tent city. Once the Droids mow them down, it will be a quick and bloody slaughter.

THUNK. Another rock hits Frank's windscreen. Thrown by a 15-year-old girl.

A BULLET pings off one of the Droids. Then another. An older boy towards the side has a handgun.

Several of the Droids - including Pistons Droid - raise their weapons -

FRANK  
(into MIC)  
*Hold fire.*

FRANK'S POV: He looks at the assembled teenagers: ragged but brave - desperately trying to change their lives. He LOOKS BEYOND THEM to the refugee camp: A tent city with parents and children and grandparents - now in chaos as the masses try to grab their belongings and beat a hasty retreat. Now Frank understands who they were ordered to fight.

INTERCUT: Rapp in the control room. He speaks into a headset:

RAPP  
What's happening? Let's move.

BACK WITH FRANK: His windshield is HIT with another bullet. He hears Rapp speaking into his earpiece:

RAPP (IN EARPIECE) (CONT'D)  
Get the job done. Everything destroyed, then we airlift you out. Let's go.

A moment, then Frank starts to back up his bike.

FRANK  
(into MIC, to the Droids)  
On my lead. Pull back.

RAPP (IN EARPIECE)  
*What are you doing?*

FRANK  
 (in his MIC)  
 Fall in! Now.

All the Droids follow as he motors his bike back in the direction they came.

CLOSE ON: Frank, as he drives.

RAPP (O.S.)  
 (in Frank's earpiece)  
 Turn around and attack.  
 (Frank won't)  
*Turn around. Do your job!*

Frank keeps driving.

INTERCUT: Rapp in the Gaming Room. He's apoplectic. Yelling into his headset - he can see Frank's face (from a small camera mounted on the cycle's handlebars) on the big screen at the front of the room -

RAPP (CONT'D)  
*You are on my payroll. I own you.  
 I'm ordering you to follow attack plans!*

FRANK  
 (continuing to drive, not even  
 looking down at that camera)  
 You lied to me about who we were  
 fighting. Those are children down  
 there. You can fuck yourself.

INTERCUT: Rapp presses a button on his control pad.

Frank PITCHES OFF THE MOTORCYCLE into the dirt - he SCREAMS IN PAIN, doubled over, holding his head. He tears off his helmet, clutching at his eye, as his body starts convulsing, wracked by electric shocks.

INTERCUT: Rapp lifts his finger from the button.

Frank stops screaming. Silence.

RAPP  
 I bought you, Frank.

Frank is woozy - can't move - he's lying on his back.

Frank's POV: 30 DROIDS gathered around, looking down at him.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM:

RAPP (CONT'D)  
 (into headset)  
 I own you. Finish the job I'm  
 paying you to do.

A moment, then Frank struggles to stand. Several of the Droids help him to his feet.

FRANK  
 I'm good. I'm good. Thank you.

Frank hobbles over to the motorcycle, which lies in the dirt.

As he lifts the bike, he quietly reaches into one of the side rucksacks and REMOVES an EXPLOSIVE DEVICE. As he leans over the bike to set it on its kickstand, he STICKS the device onto the gas tank. Then he walks away.

HE'S WALKING DIRECTLY TOWARD CAMERA AS WE HEAR, through Franks earpiece:

RAPP (O.S.) (THROUGH EARPIECE)  
*Frank. Get on the motorcycle. Get  
 back to your mission. I'm ordering -*

The device on the bike EXPLODES. The Droids are engulfed in flames.

Rapp PRESSES the button.

Frank CONVULSES VIOLENTLY, pitching onto the ground. It's as if he's having a seizure. The smoke courses over him.

After a moment, the smoke clears. The Droids' clothes are singed, but they're unscathed.

Frank lies limp on the packed dirt. Unconscious. It's eerily quiet.

Pistons Droid walks over to Frank's unconscious body. Reaches down and lifts him by the back of his belt, then turns and carries Frank like a sack of dirt back toward the airfield. The rest of the Droids follow.

FADE OUT.

EXT. TENT/NEAR CARACAS AIRBASE - NIGHT/ESTABLISHING

A small canvas military tent on the far outskirts of the airfield. Twenty yards away, the Droids stand guard in a long line facing the direction of the insurgents, protecting the airfield.

INT. TENT - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

Frank lies on the dirt floor, unconscious. Pistons Droid sits cross-legged, submachine gun across its lap, keeping watch. Frank stirs. Shakes his head, trying to clear the cobwebs, immediately throws up in the dirt.

INTERCUT: Derek sits quietly in the dim light of his private control room, watching Frank through his virtual glasses.

Frank sits up, wipes his mouth. He faces the Droid. Beat.

FRANK

You got the plum assignment. Stay up all night and make sure I don't run.

PISTONS DROID/DEREK

They're flying back to airlift you. Less than an hour now.

(then)

Anyway, you can't run. Your eyepiece has GPS. My dad'll torture you and hunt you down.

FRANK

He'll probably also torture me once he gets his hands on me.

PISTONS DROID/DEREK

He might just kill you. He's a pretty busy man.

Frank studies him.

FRANK

What's your feeling about that?

PISTONS DROID/DEREK

Do I look to you like I have feelings?

FRANK

I mean you -- Derek.

INTERCUT: Derek in his control room. No response.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What'd you think about the battle today?

PISTONS DROID/DEREK

It was good. We crushed their front line, exploded the shit out of their vehicles. Then you told us to stop.

FRANK  
Why'd I do that?

No response. The Droid stares at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
What did you see when we looked  
down the slope to that tent city?

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
I saw what you saw. Like a hundred  
armed targets in our way -  
(Frank nods)  
- then behind them, five thousand  
more, getting ready to run. We needed  
to move at em, right away. They're  
gonna be harder to fight in the  
morning spread over the countryside.

FRANK  
That's not what I saw.

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
Well, that's what was out there. I  
don't know what the fuck you were  
looking at.

FRANK  
Does your father record what I see?

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
Yah, he does.

FRANK  
Are you able to access it?

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
It's all on the monster server under  
the parking garage next door.  
Everything is. I can get to it.

FRANK  
From where you are?

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
Yah.

FRANK  
Do it.

INTERCUT: Derek in his control room. Deciding whether he  
feels like taking any more orders from Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Or are you too busy right now?

Beat. Derek types on his keyboard. The view on his VIRTUAL GLASSES switches from DROID POV to scrolling computer code...

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
... Looking... okay... here.

Derek punches in a few more commands, and we SEE - sped up - FRANK'S POV from earlier, on Derek's VIRTUAL GLASSES: exiting the C-130; looking at the maps with the Venezuelan Generals --

PISTONS DROID/DEREK (CONT'D)  
Where you want me to start?

FRANK  
After we broke through the front lines. Moving toward the slope.

IN DEREK'S VIRTUAL GLASSES: sped up FRANK'S POV of battling the front lines; staring down PISTON'S DROID.... Derek slows down the images as Frank's POV moves across the plateau and nears the lip of the slope... Frank's windshield is hit by a stone -

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
You just got clocked by a rock.

FRANK  
Start there.

Derek watches Frank's POV: the dust clears and the view is down the slope toward the ragtag group of adolescents and the tent city behind them.

Frank talks to Derek, narrating what he remembers seeing --

FRANK (CONT'D)  
The smoke clears and I see teenagers below us. Most of them younger than you. Some of them hold rocks. A few have pistols.

WE SEE flashes of these images as Frank narrates: the rocks; the handguns; the faces of the teenagers --

FRANK (CONT'D)  
They're terrified, but trying hard to be brave. I remember looking at their feet.  
(we see this)  
Some have no shoes - others' are falling apart. That girl -  
(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

(we see her)

- how did she end up on this hill?  
What kind of life does she have  
that throwing rocks at a mercenary  
army is her best option? Did we  
just orphan her by killing her  
father on the front lines?

(beat)

I made a terrible mistake today.  
It's so easy. I didn't think about  
what I was doing. Slaughtering  
people. Seeing that girl snapped me  
back to myself.

Frank is looking at Derek's Droid --

FRANK (CONT'D)

When I look at a person - when I  
take the time to really look - I  
imagine their story. That's just  
what I do. I think it's a natural  
instinct.

INTERCUT: Derek in his gaming room, and Frank in the tent --

FRANK (CONT'D)

I worry that you've had that  
instinct trained out of you - that  
you don't imagine any stories at  
all.

(then)

Everyone has some story they're  
trying to live up to or trying to  
live down. Do you know what I mean  
by that?

A long moment. The Pistons Droid is staring at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What do you see when you look at  
me?

INTERCUT: Derek in his gaming room, VERY STILL, looking  
intently at Frank's image in his virtual glasses.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I think when you first saw me I was  
a target to kill. Then I was a  
threat to your standing at your  
father's company.

CAMERA is very close on Derek...

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now you know something about my story. You know I asked your father to let you come on this mission when he wanted to shut you out. You know I have a daughter. You know there's a woman I love. You know that as screwed up as my life has been, as many mistakes as I've made, I'm trying to live by a moral code that allows me to look myself in the mirror and not be ashamed. That's my story.

Frank and the Droid sit looking at each other. A long moment.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have to leave here.

He says this, but he doesn't move yet. Beat. Then Derek speaks, through the Pistons Droid...

PISTONS DROID/DEREK

(quietly)

They'll track you down.

Frank nods. He understands that. He takes Derek's answer as permission to keep going -

FRANK

In order to protect yourself, you need to erase this conversation from the server.

(silence)

I'm going to take your knife.

There's no visible response. Then, very slowly, Frank approaches the Droid. It's immobile, staring straight ahead - it could tear him apart if Derek chose to. Frank reaches down to the Droid's utility belt, slowly extracts the hunting knife. The Droid doesn't move. Frank also removes the Droid's PISTOL.

INTERCUT: in his control room, Derek looks straight ahead, and we can see in his VIRTUAL GLASSES Frank passing in and out of frame, coming very close to him... it's strangely intimate, and maybe we can somehow get the (true) sense that Derek himself hasn't been this physically close to another human being in a very long time.

THEN: Frank backs away from the Pistons Droid, cuts a slice in the back of the tent, and rolls out, leaving Derek's Droid alone in the tent...

EXT. TENT/CARACAS AIRBASE - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

The airbase is to one side, an expanse of woods to the other. Frank peers around the tent: DROIDS stand guard, facing the direction of the insurgents, out across the plateau.

Frank creeps silently, directly back from the tent, as far as he can go while still being hidden from the Droids' possible line of sight. Then, crouched over, he runs silently into the woods.

INT. DEREK'S PRIVATE CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Derek switches his screen to display the GPS tracking system that's wired into Frank's eye. We see a blinking red dot moving away from the tent.

EXT. VENEZUELAN WOODS - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

Frank runs fast through the woods, trying to stay quiet.

INTERCUT Frank running in the woods with DEREK IN HIS GAMING ROOM - switching between watching the RED DOT move on the screen, and Frank's POV on his VIRTUAL GLASSES.

Frank stops running. He listens intently. SOUNDS OF THE FOREST. He's not being followed.

Frank drops to his knees, removes his jacket, lays it on the ground. He rips the sleeves off the shirt he's wearing, ties them together, places them on the jacket. Takes the white handkerchief out of his pocket, places it on the jacket.

He pulls out the HUNTING KNIFE he took from Pistons Droid. He wipes it off as best he can with the white handkerchief.

He takes a breath. He raises the blade toward his eye.

INTERCUT: Derek watches Frank's POV. The knife-point approaches the screen of his glasses. Derek's head moves involuntarily back.

WITH FRANK: It's excruciating to watch. Frank screams silently as he slices his eyeball from its socket. When the mechanized eyeball is released, it plunges toward the ground, still attached and dangling from Frank's optic nerve.

INTERCUT: with Derek, who's slammed with vertigo watching the ground race up at him through Frank's POV.

Frank slices his optic nerve and Derek's screen goes blank.

EXT. VENEZUELAN WOODS - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

Frank, in searing pain, presses the handkerchief to his empty, bleeding eye socket. He ties the shirt sleeve bandage tightly around his head to hold the handkerchief in place. He presses it hard to stop the bleeding. It's agony.

JUMP CUTS as: Frank buries the mechanized eyeball in the dirt; gets unsteadily to his feet; scatters leaves on top.

EXT. AIRFIELD - NIGHT/MINUTES LATER

Frank runs silently, crouched, toward a line of fighter jets. His eye bleeds through the bandage.

He tries to pry open the door of a small jet. No go. Tries another. Same. He looks toward the CONTROL TOWER on the far side of the airfield - at the GUARDS stationed around it. Sees the blinking lights of a plane on its approach to the airfield. (It's very possibly C.J., in the cargo plane returning to pick him up.)

Frank takes out the Piston Droid's pistol and shoots the doorlock. As the jet door lifts open, the Venezuelan soldiers look over toward the jets. One of them hits the siren.

Frank swings himself into the cockpit, flips switches on the control board as the jet roars to life.

The soldiers race toward the jet, on foot and in jeeps, as Frank steers the plane onto the runway, blood dripping on his hands and the steering column. He guns the engines, heading down the runway toward the jeeps racing at him, bullets pinging off the windshield.

IN THE FLIGHT PATH APPROACHING THE AIRFIELD: The CARGO JET is descending for a landing -

Frank's hurtling directly at the cargo jet's approach -

Just before he slams into the army jeeps, Frank yanks back on the yoke and lifts off - though he doesn't have enough speed to maintain lift. He touches down again, racing directly at the cargo jet, descending toward the runway - a huge, lumbering metal ship that couldn't possibly change course if it wanted to. They're headed right for each other - Frank lifts the jet again - straight at the jet... just feet before they crash, he drags the jet - shuddering violently - upward, as the cargo jet dips for a hard landing, scattering the soldiers and jeeps on the runway.

## I/E. FIGHTER JET - CONTINUOUS/EARLY DAWN

Frank veers and guides the jet out over the Gulf of Mexico, oil rigs dotting the water. He checks his controls, fuel gauge -- everything's fine... except his eye, still dripping blood onto his hands and shirt... Then he notices:

Two large Venezuelan fighter jets gaining on him from behind. Frank drops steeply down, flying just feet over the water, clipping the tops of the waves. One fighter jet drops with him. The other stays overhead.

Frank roars toward one of the oil rigs -- huge, on four enormous pylons. He heads directly at it. He steers his jet just under the colossal rig, followed closely by the low jet, whose wings just clear the pylons.

Frank's being fired at from behind and above. He banks steeply right and left, serpentineing over the water, trying to escape the barrage. He sees another, smaller rig ahead. He banks toward it, taking fire from the jet gaining on him from behind. One of his engines is hit, flaming out. He's racing towards the next rig, much smaller, on smaller pylons. As he gets close, it's clear that his wing-span won't fit - that the wings will be torn from the body of the plane. He tips the plane diagonally, so that one wing skims the surface of the water, and the other just misses the girders of the enormous platform.

The trailing jet tries to follow, but the pilot realizes too late that the jet won't fit. Its wing slams into one of the pylons, exploding in a ball of fire, tearing open the leg of the rig.

Everything is SILENT for just a moment, as the other fighter jet sails toward and over the rig.... then the ENTIRE OIL RIG BLOWS, a huge conflagration of flaming oil and metal shrapnel that engulfs the other jet. Frank zooms just out of reach of the exploding cloud, heading north over the Gulf.

## EXT. VENEZUELAN WOODS - DAY

C.J. and the Droids search through the woods, C.J. holding his cell phone - it's PINGING loudly... some spot right where they're searching. Rapp is screaming in his earpiece -

RAPP (OVER PHONE)

It says he's right there. Right there!

C.J.

I know that's what it says -

RAPP

*So where the fuck is he?!*

C.J.

Sir, I...

A small pile of leaves catches C.J.'s eye. He walks over to it. The pace of the PINGING increases. Some of the leaves are bloody. He kicks them aside. Carved in the dirt is a LARGE CIRCLE with THREE LINES next to it (the design of Frank's tattoo.)

There's a small mound of soil in the middle of the circle. C.J. bends down, pushes the soil away with a pen. He peers more closely, then uses the pen to lift Frank's optic nerve, the mechanical eyeball still attached. It takes him a second to realize what he's looking at.

C.J. (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus Christ...

EXT. LOUISIANA GULF COAST/WINDFARM TURBINES - DAY

Frank flies just feet above the sea, below radar detection, as he nears the U.S. coast. He slolams in and out of the giant turbines of a defunct windfarm, then zips very low over the mouth of the Mississippi, towards a drowned New Orleans, and north, upriver, towards home.

INT. C-130 TRANSPORT PLANE/FLYING - DAY

Rapp's image is on a large screen at the front of the passenger section. He speaks to all the Droids and C.J.

RAPP

A malfunction in one of our Drones allowed Frank Daley to escape.

(we see PISTONS DROID  
watching, impassive)

One individual now threatens the stability of our company - our mission, our way of life. Our immediate task has shifted. We are search and destroy. Find him...

EXT. POINTE MOUILLEE STATE GAME AREA/LAKE ERIE - LATER/DAY

TWO AFRICAN-AMERICAN BOYS (9 and 11), fish alone on the shore, their old dirt bikes lying on the ground behind them. Something catches their attention, out above the water -

Frank's jet descends, banking toward the shore, then, slowing, hovering a yard or two above Lake Erie, 50 yards from the shoreline. It's still in the air, slowly lowering.

The boys watch, open-mouthed, as the jet descends, finally touching down on the water.

Frank ejects the front windshield, climbs out onto the wing as the plane slowly sinks. He walks off the wing into the water, swims to shore.

By the time he walks out of the water, the jet is completely gone. He approaches the boys -

FRANK

How you guys doing?

They STARE at this bloody, soaking man who just drowned his fighter jet in the lake. Finally, the older one speaks -

ELEVEN YEAR-OLD BOY

(very quiet)

Um... okay.

NINE YEAR-OLD BOY

(whispers fiercely)

Shut up...

FRANK

It's okay. I know that was kind of a weird entrance. I don't mean any harm.

(looks at the older boy)

I gotta ask you something. Is there any chance I could buy your bike from you?

The older boy looks at his rusted dirt bike, then back at Frank. Frank digs in his pockets. Pulls out a wet wad of bills.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've got - uh, two hundred bucks.

Wait, no - two-twenty. Is that enough?

(his eye bleeds down his cheek)

I really need to get home.

ELEVEN YEAR-OLD BOY

(nods, quiet)

All right.

FRANK

Thank you. Thank you.

Frank hands the wad of bills to the boy, then lifts the bike from the dirt. It's pretty beat up. \$220 will definitely buy this kid a better bike.

FRANK (CONT'D)

This is great. Great wheels. Thank you.

ELEVEN YEAR-OLD BOY

(quiet)

You're welcome.

Frank pedals up the path, north toward Detroit.

EXT. END OF CARLY'S BLOCK - EVENING

Frank drops the bike at the end of the block, walks carefully on the other side of the street, toward Carly's house. He takes the PISTOL out, checks the chamber. It's full.

Carly's house looks quiet, empty. Frank walks across the street, through the gate. The front door is ajar. He checks the doorframe: the door was forced open.

Frank quietly enters the house, gun out. The living room is empty, though it's been turned upside down.

FRANK

(soft)

Carly? Sula?

Nothing. He goes room to room. There's clearly been a struggle. And the house has been trashed - maybe by someone looking for something...

EXT. BACKYARD/CHICKEN COOP - NIGHT/MINUTES LATER

Frank's on his knees, pulling up the floorboard, grabbing the coffee can from underneath. The money's still inside. He takes it out, stuffs it in his pocket. He also finds inside the PIECE OF PAPER Abraham gave him with his phone number on it. He stares at it.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

Frank startles wildly, swings the gun around to point at...

LEFTY JEFF

(hands up, at the door)

Whoa, whoa. Calm it down.

(MORE)

LEFTY JEFF (CONT'D)  
 (sees his bloody bandages)  
 What happened to you?

FRANK  
 It's a long story.

LEFTY JEFF  
 Put the gun down, chief.  
 (Frank does; Jeff comes closer)  
 I gotta apologize. I come by last  
 night to check on your ladies. Some  
 men - they're taking them away.

FRANK  
 Who?

LEFTY JEFF  
 I don't know. In black town cars.  
 One of my boys got himself shot.

FRANK  
 Is he all right?

LEFTY JEFF  
 He be fine. Your girls looked all  
 right.

FRANK  
 You know, when you told me you were  
 gonna check on Carly and Sula I  
 thought you were threatening me.

LEFTY JEFF  
 (surprised and almost  
 insulted by this)  
 Why would I do that? You spend  
 seven years in jail, you never once  
 go talking about me. You my boy.  
 (beat, as he looks him over)  
 You need help. Tell me what I can  
 do.

ON THE SOUNDTRACK: "Bloodbuzz Ohio" by THE NATIONAL starts to  
 play,

On Frank, moved and relieved to finally not be alone in this,

MUSIC continues over:

MONTAGE OF THE GATHERING CREW:

- Abraham comes out of his crap garden apartment to greet  
 Frank - he hugs him tight, introduces him to his wife and  
 kid. Lefty Jeff waits at the curb next to his 4-Runner.

- Abraham, Frank and Lefty Jeff pick up several members of Abraham's gang from prison - from their run-down homes; from street corners.
- Frank and Abraham and the group pick up members of Frank's Korean gang. Same squalor, different race. They look at each other warily, then shake hands.
- Frank and Lefty Jeff and the others in a derelict warehouse by the Detroit River. Frank is handing thousands of dollars in cash to a gun dealer as the ten members of this newly-formed crew choose weapons -- submachine guns, handguns, as well as explosives and detonating devices.
- The entire group - white, black, Hispanic, Korean - rides in a convoy of Jeff's tricked-out 4-Runners down the highway. The city of Chicago looms in the distance.

EXT. PARKING LOT NEAR LAKE MICHIGAN - DAY

The 4-Runners are parked in an empty lot in South Chicago. All ten men are clustered around the hood of one of the cars, looking at a map of downtown Chicago.

FRANK

Accutech's headquarters. Here. The lab, offices, dorms are all in the tower above it. Carly and Sula have to be in there somewhere. The building'll be protected by a platoon of Drones.

(points at the map)

The computer server is under the garage across the street. That's what we need to hit. My guess is that'll be protected by just a few Drones, so they don't draw attention to it. We need to lure them away, lay the explosives, then get the fuck out.

(looks at them all)

The Drones will probably be easy to tempt away, but once they follow, it's like a dog on a bone, they will not stop. The gamers who control them want their kills. And they're indestructible. Please. Be careful.

EXT. ACCUTECH HEADQUARTERS/JACKSON BLVD - NIGHT

The street is quiet - the business district after hours.

Droids patrol the perimeter of the building, dressed as security guards, hats down low to obscure their faces. Some of them have kept a distinguishing feature: Blue Jays baseball cap and Reyes' dreads; Pinstripe suit pants below the blue security jacket; BKLYN hat....

EXT. GARAGE ACROSS JACKSON BLVD. - NIGHT

Two Droids patrol - both in security uniforms (one with his yellow bikini hiked-up and sticking out the back of his pants.) Each have holsters with SIG semi-automatic pistols.

One of Jeff's white 4-Runners drives down the block, a set of rollers attached to the roof, and CHICAGO P.D. written on the side. One of Abraham's Hispanic crew drives with one of Frank's Korean crew in the passenger seat. They nod at the Droids as they drive past, head around the corner.

Moments later, a MOPED with two of Frank's Korean crew drives down the block, plastic food delivery bags hanging from its handlebars. It stops at the curb in front of BIKINI DROID. One of the Korean crew hops off, holding a bag.

KOREAN CREW GUY

Four Be Bim Bop. Fifty dollar.

BIKINI DROID

What're you saying?

KOREAN CREW GUY

You order four Be Bim Bop. Fifty dollar. Plus delivery. Sixty dollar.

BIKINI DROID

I didn't order any -

KOREAN CREW GUY

You must tip. Seventy dollar.

BIKINI DROID

Get the hell outta here.

Korean Crew Guy throws a take-out container at the Droid's feet, splattering rice and vegetables everywhere.

BIKINI DROID (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

KOREAN CREW GUY

You pay me!

Bikini Droid swings at Korean Crew Guy, who ducks expertly, HAPKIDO-style, and feints a hard kick directly at the Droid's face. The Droid flinches back, then reaches for his gun.

OTHER DROID  
 (trotting over)  
 Hold up, man. Hold up. What's going  
 on?

Now that the two Droids are next to each other, the 4-RUNNER  
 POLICE CAR comes down the block again, 30-40 miles per hour.

BIKINI DROID  
 This fucker says I ordered take-  
 out.

KOREAN CREW GUY  
 Pay me silver fuckface!

BIKINI DROID  
*What did you call me?*

OTHER DROID  
*Just calm down --*

OTHER DROID beckons to the 4-Runner to drive toward them. He  
 turns to both Korean guys.

OTHER DROID (CONT'D)  
 You need to leave the area now.

The 4-Runner gets closer, moving quickly; the Koreans step  
 back a bit.

OTHER DROID (CONT'D)  
 It's off-limits. Just get your food  
 together and --

The 4-Runner PLOWS INTO THE DROIDS, slamming them to the  
 ground.

Both Koreans hop on the moped and speed away. The 4-Runner  
 revs back onto the road and follows, fast.

DROIDS scramble to their feet, chasing after them as the 4-  
 Runner screeches left around the corner, the MOPED goes right.

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

Frank and two of his crew run down the now-empty block and  
 into the unguarded underground garage, trailing wire,  
 carrying armloads of explosives.

EXT. ACCUTECH HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

SKELETON DROID notices the movement across the street in  
 front of the GARAGE. He starts walking, then running in that  
 direction.

EXT. CLARK STREET HEADED NORTH - NIGHT

Bikini Droid chases the moped north on Clark Street, firing at them, gaining ground.

EXT. CLARK STREET HEADED SOUTH - NIGHT

Other Droid races after the 4-Runner. It shoots out the rear window, shattering it. The Korean crew member fires his AK-47. The bullets bounce off the Droid's metal skin. It keeps coming, gaining ground. The Droid shoots out the rear tires, sending the 4-Runner fishtailing across the road.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Frank and his two crew finish laying explosives around the base of the concrete support columns. The two crew members run for the stairs. Frank hesitates.

CREW #1

Let's go, let's go -

FRANK

- One more level. I'll radio when I'm out.

Frank runs down the ramp, trailing more wire, carrying the bag of explosives.

The two crew head up the interior stairs.

Just then, SKELETON DROID runs down the garage entrance ramp, sees Frank disappear to the lower level, races after him.

EXT. CLARK STREET HEADED NORTH - NIGHT

BIKINI DROID shoots out the moped's rear tire -- it spins out of control, slamming into a low fence and flipping over it, onto the concrete plaza of the First United Methodist Church. Hurt and bloodied, the Koreans see the Droid racing toward them from less than a block away.

EXT. CLARK STREET HEADED SOUTH - NIGHT

The 4-Runner spins and slams, rear-first, into the side of a building. The Other Droid runs towards it.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Frank lays his explosives next to a huge electrical panel. A SPRAY OF BULLETS chews up the concrete wall near his head. SKELETON DROID is charging down the ramp, firing at him. Frank ducks into the stairway, slamming the heavy metal door behind him. He sprints up the stairs.

SKELETON DROID rips the door off its hinges, races after, shooting. Bullets ping off the walls and metal staircase as Frank runs frantically for the exit, two flights up...

EXT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

SKELETON DROID runs for the cornered Korean crew members, gun out, closing in -

EXT. CLARK STREET - NIGHT

OTHER DROID comes around to the drivers's side door, slams its elbow into the window - once, twice - shattering it. The Droid rips the door off its hinges, points the semi-automatic pistol straight at the Hispanic crew member -

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Frank races up the last several stairs, SKELETON DROID just a half-flight behind him. He yells into his walkie-talkie -

FRANK

Blow it now!

VOICE OVER THE WALKIE

You're still inside -

FRANK

*Now! Blow it now -- !*

A massive explosion erupts from inside just as Frank reaches the door. He's thrown thirty yards through the air by the shockwave -- fire coursing out the door and roof behind him -

EXT. FIRST METHODIST CHURCH - NIGHT

A tower of smoke rises behind the two Korean crew members as the massive explosion shakes the ground. BIKINI DROID runs toward them, gun out, but SLOWS, gun dropping slightly...

It trips on the low fence, topples over, gently somersaulting and coming to rest just feet away from them, sitting crossed-legged. Slowly, its head drops down; it's completely still. The Korean crew members are open-mouthed, stunned -

EXT. CLARK STREET - NIGHT

The OTHER DROID's gun points directly at the two men in the 4-Runner -- then it slowly tilts over, its metal body finally coming to rest in the lap of the Hispanic driver. He's frozen, completely freaked out -

EXT. ACCUTECH HEADQUARTERS/JACKSON BLVD - NIGHT

All the Droids patrolling the perimeter of the building - JOSE REYES DROID, PINSTRIPE, BKLYN HAT - sit down, cross-legged, heads tilting down to their chests.

EXT. JACKSON BLVD. - NIGHT

Frank stands painfully, brushes debris and dust off himself. SKELETON DROID lies nearby, face-down, security uniform charred. Frank nudges it with his toe. It doesn't move.

Frank looks over at the Accutech headquarters: sees the rear garage entrance.

INT. ACCUTECH HEADQUARTERS REAR GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Franks runs down the ramp, pistol out, toward the elevators and stairs where he first met Rapp.

EXT. ACCUTECH HEADQUARTERS/JACKSON BLVD - NIGHT

Lefty Jeff, Abraham and several others - guns out - stride across the plaza, toward the Droids and the front entrance. Lefty Jeff grabs the BLUE JAYS CAP and DREADLOCKS WIG off one DROID -

LEFTY JEFF

Jose Reyes? Are you shittin me?

He throws the cap on the ground, plants the dreadlocks wig on his own head, pushes the Droid over with his foot -

LEFTY JEFF (CONT'D)

Andrelton Simmons is the new motherfucka, motherfucka. *Andrelton Simmons.*

(MORE)

LEFTY JEFF (CONT'D)  
You can't get yourself through one  
season without snapping your  
hamstring -

BANG. Lefty Jeff is SHOT in the chest, slamming him backwards to the pavement.

Abraham and the others hit the ground and OPEN FIRE at CJ and several (HUMAN) GUARDS who are spilling out the front doors of ACCUTECH, shooting at them. CJ is shot in the head, blown back against the plate-glass windows of the building.

INT. ACCUTECH HEADQUARTERS REAR GARAGE - NIGHT

Frank runs to the stairwell, gun up and ready, whips open the door. INSIDE:

The PISTONS DROID is pointing AN AK-47 DIRECTLY AT HIM.

SILENCE. Frank is completely shocked to find a Droid functioning at all...

Frank FIRES at the Droid's eye, but the bullet bounces off...

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
Sorry. They fixed it.

Pistons Droid rips Frank's gun from his hands, slams him back into the wall, pointing the AK at his head --

PISTONS DROID/DEREK (CONT'D)  
You don't have your eyepiece  
anymore. If I pull this trigger  
it'll blow your fucking head off.

Frank's hands are up.

FRANK  
What do you want?

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
You're coming with me.

FRANK  
I just need my daughter back. And  
Carly. That's all.

Pistons Droid pushes Frank ahead, up the stairs.

PISTONS DROID/DEREK  
Move.

EXT. ACCUTECH HEADQUARTERS/JACKSON BLVD - NIGHT

Under fire on the plaza, Abraham crawls over to Lefty Jeff. He's dead.

INT. HALLWAY/ACCUTECH - NIGHT

Lights are flicking off and on because of the electrical explosion. Frank walks ahead of Pistons Droid, the AK-47 in his back.

PISTONS DROID/DEREK

Here.

He nods at a door in the wall. Frank opens it. Pistons Droid pushes him inside, follows, closes the door.

INT. DEREK'S CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

DEREK is in the small room. He looks up, past his VIRTUAL GLASSES at Frank. Beat.

DEREK

Before I erased the memory, I watched us talking together. I mentioned the server under the garage. So I routed my Droid through the computer here. I knew you'd come.

Pistons Droid is next to Frank, his submachine gun out.

FRANK

I came to get Carly and Sula. That's all.

Derek NODS. Then he removes his VIRTUAL GLASSES, places them on the desk.

DEREK

I know that.

Right next to Frank, the Pistons Droid folds down, sits, tilts its head down to its chest. Frank looks from the immobile Droid to Derek, wondering what the fuck is going on.

DEREK (CONT'D)

You're going to need to trade for them. Me for them.

FRANK

What are you doing?

DEREK

(re Pistons Droid)

Take his gun. Take me out front. I called my father and told him to meet us there.

FRANK

Derek. Why are you doing this?

DEREK

We made a promise, right? A pact. To protect each other.

(beat)

I've been thinking about your story. First we hunted you. Then my father forced you to work for us. Now we're threatening the two people in the world you care about.

(then)

Trade me for them. Then you can go.

FRANK

You could come with us.

DEREK

My father'd never stop looking for you if I did.

(a long beat as they look at each other)

Maybe I'll find you again some day.

EXT. ACCUTECH HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT/MINUTES LATER

Rapp walks out the front entrance behind Carly, who holds Sula. He has a handgun in Carly's back. They're surrounded by several guards.

Frank comes around the side of the building with Derek walking in front of him. Frank holds the Pistons Droid's AK.

They join Abraham and some of crew on the side of the plaza. (The rest of the crew are in the three Toyota 4-Runners idling on the street -- including Lefty Jeff, who's laid out in the back of one.)

RAPP

(calling out)

Derek. What's he done to you?

DEREK

Nothing. I'm fine. Just let them go and Frank'll do the same with me.

(MORE)

DEREK (CONT'D)

We'll walk toward each other at the same time. Okay?

(beat)

Dad. Okay?

RAPP

(to Frank)

You're going to pay for this.

Frank ignores him. His eyes are fixed on Carly and Sula. That's all he wants in the world. Derek sees this.

DEREK

(to his father)

Enough. You ready?

Beat. Then Rapp lowers his pistol, lets go of Carly. Frank holds onto Derek's arm for a last moment -

FRANK

Thank you. You're a good man.

No one's ever said anything remotely like that to Derek before. He smiles slightly, almost embarrassed.

DEREK

Take care of yourself.

He starts to walk towards his father. Carly comes toward Frank. Sula wriggles in her arms to get down. Carly lets her down and Sula takes off, sprinting across the plaza towards Frank. He kneels down to receive her and she runs full tilt into his arms. He holds her tightly to him as if he'll never let go, breathing her smell in.

SULA

What happened to your eye?

FRANK

Don't worry about me. So long as you're all right. You all right?

SULA

(looks at him and smiles)

You look like a pirate.

ON THE PLAZA, Derek passes Carly.

DEREK

Don't blame him. It's not his fault.

She nods as they continue past each other.

Carly arrives in front of Frank, who still holds Sula. They stare at each other. Wary, but filled with emotion.

Derek arrives in front of his father.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Dad.

Rapp barely looks at him. He's fixated on Frank.

RAPP  
Go inside.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PLAZA:

ABRAHAM  
(gently)  
Frank. Let's go.

Frank nods and they all turn toward the 4-Runners.

JUST AS THEIR BACKS ARE TURNED, Rapp raises his pistol to point at Frank -

DEREK  
No!

Derek leaps towards his father, flinging himself through the air, grabbing for the gun. It FIRES.

There's a STILL MOMENT as everyone turns. Then: DEREK FALLS TO THE GROUND.

RAPP  
(almost a whisper)  
*Derek...*

FRANK  
(shouts)  
*Derek!*

ABRAHAM  
(grabbing Frank, throwing everyone into the SUVs)  
Let's go! Now! Move!

RAPP  
No!!!!!!

Rapp starts firing at Frank and the crew. They return fire as they pile in the cars and screech away down the street.

Rapp drops to his knees over the lifeless body of his son.

RAPP (CONT'D)  
Derek.... Derek....

FADE OUT.

EXT. GREEN HILLSIDE NEAR PINE FOREST/WESTERN CANADA - DAY

FADE IN on a PRONGHORN ANTELOPE grazing on the side of a lush green hill deep in the wilds of Canada. It picks up its head, sniffs the air, then goes back to grazing.

EXT. ANOTHER HILLSIDE/WESTERN CANADA - DAY

An antelope roasts on a spit over an outdoor firepit. Frank turns the animal to cook its other side, then walks toward a vegetable garden where Sula and Carly pull carrots from the rich earth. Chickens run around a fenced-in yard.

A home-made picnic table has been set for six people next to a rough, but well-built log cabin. Not a telephone or electrical wire in sight. Clearly off the grid.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL: Abraham, his wife and daughter - and a new baby - crest the hill and wave to Frank and his family. Frank waves back. Sula runs up the hill to greet them.

CAMERA PULLS BACK FURTHER, UP HIGH, looking down on: We are in the midst of a vast forest of pine trees and rolling foothills - high snow-capped mountains in the distance.

THEN, SLOWLY, THE CAMERA MOVES OVER - past Abraham's cabin in the next valley - then SEVERAL HUGE VALLEYS OVER - and then starts DESCENDING.... toward a stream, running between large hills.

CAMERA comes to rest near two deer drinking from the stream. Peaceful. Then, all of a sudden, they startle and run, galloping away.

CAMERA turns in the direction they ran away from: COMING DOWN THE HILL, toward the stream, is the PISTONS DROID.

It holds an AK-47 and has an RPG-7 missile launcher strapped across its back.

INT. SMALL OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON: A man's fingers tap the keys of a VIRTUAL KEYBOARD.

PAN UP to reveal: Rapp, looking through VIRTUAL GLASSES, working the keyboard. He TURNS his head to the right, looking, searching...

EXT. BANKS OF THE STREAM/WESTERN CANADA - DAY

Pistons Droid is looking to the right. Then it looks to the left. Then, straight ahead... It walks into the stream, heading straight across it, then up the far hill... relentless... searching... searching...

THE SCREEN GOES BLACK.