

BIOS

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WGA Registered

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4th DRAFT

BIOS /n

1. Computer firmware that directs many basic functions of the operating system
2. God's gift of physical life, animating all creation "to live and move and have its being"

Collins English Dictionary &
HELPS Word-studies

SOUND OVER: THE ROAR OF INFINITE SILENCE -

FADE IN:

EXT. SPACE - WOLF RAYET 104

A RED SUPERGIANT, centred in a whirlpool of stardust.

Majestic. Breathtakingly beautiful. Dying.

Brilliance momentarily outshining the entire galaxy as it goes supernova. Folding in on itself --

Birthing multiple, cataclysmic explosions that release unimaginably intense pulses of Gamma radiation. Exploding outwards into space. We ride the wave of lethal Gamma Pulses. Warping beyond light speeds across the universe. Past alien suns and planets until finally we recognise what lies directly in our path --

EXT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - ORBITING EARTH

Its outer surfaces shimmer with luminous plasma discharges, like St. Elmo's fire, as the Gamma radiation strikes.

INT. INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION - CONTINUOUS

THE CONTROL HUB - As killer radiation decimates computers and sensitive electronics.

Pitching everything into silent darkness.

Like a beacon of false hope, EARTHLIGHT glows softly through the small porthole window --

EXT. EARTH - CONTINUOUS

The Gamma Rays penetrate the planet's Northern Hemisphere. IGNITING and VAPORIZING the Ozone Layer.

A massive electromagnetic pulse ripples across the planet's surface. The atmosphere shifting above as if someone was holding down a fast-forward button.

CLOSER ON EARTH'S NIGHT SIDE - CONTINUOUS

Civilization's lifeblood, electricity fails. Cities.

Continents plunged into darkness. Instantly.

As an eerie sound SWELLS. The clamor of billions of voices and tongues. Merging into one collective SCREAM as global pandemonium takes hold --

CUT TO BLACK

SOUND OVER: MUFFLED, LABORED BREATHING. ECHOING EERILY -

TITLE OVER: **TEN YEARS LATER**

FADE IN:

EXT. WALMART - DAY

Heavily bulked-up in layers of protective clothing, A FORBIDDING, LIMPING FIGURE extends a shaky, heavily gloved hand.

The attached WRIST COMPUTER glows a comforting green. Its monotone voice calm, like the 'Bitching Betty' autopilot from a Boeing cockpit.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
UV-Radiation-Detected. Minimums.
Weather fronts. Stationary.

The Figure DOUBLE-CHECKS the readout. Brief glimpse of a MALE FACE masked by reflective goggles and a HISSING RESPIRATOR that pumps out vapor into the gloomy air.

With attached VIDCAM, a battered DENVER BRONCOS FOOTBALL HELMET cheerily perched on top of his head softens any inherent hostility, by a slice.

SHOVES open the doors.

INT. WALMART SUPERCENTER - DAY

Endless deserted aisles stretching in all directions. Currents of blustery wind gust through a shattered glass atrium high above.

Dogging the Figure's footsteps, an ingeniously put-together MECHANIZED TROLLEY, loaded with scavenged miscellany. Beneath a dented construction hard hat labelled "DEWEY", two fish-eye lenses act as eyes.

They lock onto its master as it follows dumbly behind him.

The Man stares at the utter devastation, his gaze settling on the clothed REMAINS OF TWO ADULTS, still locked in a near decade old fight.

On a hunch, the Man turns the skeletal corpses over with his boot to reveal a FULL BOTTLE OF WHISKY in one set of hands and a KNIFE in the other.

Using a LASER POINTER he aims at the bottle. Dewey obediently scoops up the liquor with his single, shaky arm. Stowing it carefully before hurrying to catch up.

The Man reaches the pet food aisle. Dewey hurries after him.

Spotting something he pulls the whole section of shelving CRASHING TO THE FLOOR to reveal --

Three hidden cans of DOG FOOD.

He HURLS them hard against the floor. One EXPLODES. Botulism...

The Man aims the laser pointer at the two remaining intact. Dewey, chittering excitedly, trundles over the debris and retrieves the precious cans.

The Man pauses for breath as he clutches at his chest. Stabilizes.

He searches the shelves of the Pharmacy. Dumps whatever he can find into Dewey's cart. Then heads for the exit --

EXT. WALMART SUPERCENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

The Man pulls out a can of red Krylon. Liberally SPRAY-PAINTS the word 'CLEARED" beside the entrance.

Then, reaching into Dewey's cart, the Man extracts a domestic WEATHER STATION. He efficiently drives a support into the concrete with a PNEUMATIC GUN, before attaching the weather station and inserting a USB stick for data collection.

Across a graveyard of RUSTING AND LOOTED CARS, Dewey scurries behind as the Man returns to his own vehicle --

A FORTIFIED AND RETROFITTED GARBAGE TRUCK. Complete with a vicious snow plough.

The Man studies a crumpled sheet of paper. Satisfied, he folds and returns it to his pocket. He points the laser authoritatively towards a bracket on the rig --

Dewey obeys. Stowing itself securely away.

The Man gets into the cab. SLAMS the armored door closed --

EXT. URBAN WASTELAND - DAY

Hell on Earth. Shafts of blinding, unfiltered sunlight pierce blood red DUST STORMS SWIRLING over the distant ruins of A TOWERING FUTURISTIC CITY.

Not a blade of grass or a glimmer of any kind of green vegetation or wildlife in sight. Leafless tree stumps stand like macabre sentinels watching over the lifeless landscape.

The truck leaves CHOKING DUST in its wake as the Man steers it along a highway littered with more rusting vehicles.

The BOOM-CRUNCH-GRIND of the plough forcing aside debris.

THE SKY. Darkening as the weather deteriorates.

THE MAN. Focussed on the road. Squinting at what's ahead --

EXT. CITY - DAY

The truck's low rumble reverberates between the crumbling maze of buildings.

A softly urgent BEEPING SOUND. The Man glances down at his Wristcom as it glows amber.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Air-Pressure-Drop. Caution.

Distracted, the Man hesitates, then sees it --

EXT. METRO SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Pulls to a stop. Cuts the engine. Leaving an uncanny silence.

Lays his sheet of crumpled paper over the passenger seat.

A WORN MAP of the nearby city and suburbs. Littered with RED X'S. He adds another X and a query at his current location.

OUTSIDE - still stowed away, Dewey chitters anxiously.

WITH THE MAN - cautiously approaching the small inner-city supermarket, wedged in a Plaza bloated with retrofit.

There's no tell-tale 'CLEARED' marker in sight. Then he notices the fading sign in the window --

STORE UNDER REFURBISHMENT. BIG NOVEMBER RE-OPENING DISCOUNTS.

SORRY FOR ANY INCONVENIENCE. HAVE A NICE DAY.

The Man stares dejectedly. Anger erupting, he scoops up some debris. Hurls it at the shop window. The rubble bounces harmlessly off the toughened Plexiglas.

ON THE MAN'S REFLECTION - oscillating. Staring back. A poignant, moment of utter desolation.

BEEP. BEEP. His wristcom breaks the silence as it ramps up volume to a disconcerting WHOOP WHOOP.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Shelter-Advised. Shelter-Advised.

INT/EXT. TRUCK - CITY - MOMENTS LATER

Without looking, the Man climbs back into the truck and floors the gas.

IN HIS REARVIEW - between the buildings, the solid wall of A MASSIVE RED DUST STORM. Heading towards him.

The wind is increasing. A huge sheet of glass from a window high above TUMBLES and SHATTERS across the truck's hood. The Man ignores it and heads out of the city.

INT/EXT. TRUCK - CITY OUTSKIRTS - CONTINUOUS

As if day had suddenly become twilight. Racing through the ghostly dereliction of once pleasant suburbs.

IN HIS REARVIEW - the dust storm SPEWS out from the city, SPREADING wider by the second.

He shifts gear. Slamming his foot to the floor.

EXT. WIND TURBINE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Three hundred.

A colony of wind turbines on the crest of a bleak vegetation-less hill. A few still grind away in the increasing winds.

The truck passes beneath them, BLISTERING towards a junkyard.

EXT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Passing mounds of scrapped machinery. The truck's wheels lock, bounce and skid to a stop outside a heavily reinforced entrance built right into the hillside.

THE STORM - THUNDERS closer.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Two hundred.

Almost falling out of the truck, he hurries toward --

DEWEY - frantically trying to uncouple himself. Chittering like a lost child as his master fumbles with the laser pointer and drops it.

He tries to force the securing bracket open.

The storm is almost on them. The sky blackens.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

One hundred.

Finally releases it, scooping up the little robot.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Fifty. Forty. Thirty.

Runs toward a wall mounted number-pad. Punches in the code.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Twenty. Ten.

The heavy door opens with a hisssss of powerful hydraulics.

Almost inside, the gale RIPS AWAY Dewey's hard hat. It vanishes into the darkness --

INT/EXT. GARAGE - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Still clutching Dewey, the Man tumbles inside. PUNCHES a red button with his fist.

The wristcom WHOOPS louder with earsplitting finality.

Choking dust RAGES viciously against the narrowing opening - as the door finally seals shut with a comforting THUD.

INT. GARAGE - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Chest heaving. All in. The Man collapses to the floor.

Shadowy overheads flicker on revealing a large garage. Walls decked with shelves housing more scavenged machine parts.

Outside, the storm howls.

A BIZARRE TRANSFORMATION - as the Man recovers, then undresses. The bulky macho figure literally diminishes in front of our eyes with every removed layer to reveal --

FINCH - Standing butt naked. Time insensitively etched into a scruffy, unkempt face. Weary eyes staring defiantly through thick-lensed bifocals perched on the end of his nose.

Suddenly wracked with a violent coughing fit, he manages to recover before patting Dewey on the head as the loyal machine trundles off.

INT. SHOWER AREA - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Muttering distractedly to himself, Finch showers.

INT. CORRIDOR TO INNER BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed comfortably in sandals, over-sized Hawaiian shorts and a ratty "Stop Animal Testing" T-shirt full of holes, Finch heads down a tunnel towards a door.

Frenzied WHIMPERING AND CLAWING NOISES can be heard coming from behind it.

INT. LIVING AREA - BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Finch opens the door and is nearly knocked down by the excited welcome from a SCRUFFY-LOOKING MONGREL DOG.

Exhausted. Finch falls back into a comfy old armchair. The Dog wags his tail. Literally spinning in circles.

FINCH

I know... I know... Everything's
all right. I didn't forget you.
(grimacing as the Dog
paws
his skinny legs)
Ouch! Someone needs to trim their
nails...

The Dog leaps onto his lap, panting, licking frantically at Finch's grizzled face.

FINCH (CONT'D)
And remind me to share that
toothpaste I found...

A wall-mounted fish-eye VIDCAM observes their every move.

INT. WEATHER CHART ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Covered in chaotic meteorological data. Shaking his head in confusion, Finch adjusts stickers on a complex series of converging weather fronts.

The Dog watches as another wall-mounted VIDCAM zooms in on the wall charts.

INT. KITCHEN - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Precious drops of water drip from the kitchen tap through a series of filters into plastic containers.

No food on the shelves. They're all empty except for the newly-scavenged two cans of dog food and bottle of whisky.

Salivating expectantly, the Dog watches Finch as he opens one of the two cans. Scooping the contents into a bowl marked DOG. Placing it down carefully onto the floor.

The Dog stares at the food hungrily. But it doesn't eat. Instead it raises its mournful brown eyes towards Finch.

Eyes magnified by his grimy bifocals, Finch glances up at another wall mounted, watching vidcam, then back to the Dog.

FINCH
Don't worry about me, you carry on.

He pretends to busy himself scooping used coffee dregs from a jar back into an automatic percolator.

FINCH (CONT'D)
So have you been behaving yourself?

Eyes full of concern, the Dog watches as his master carefully adds water to the coffee machine reservoir.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Oh come on now, I'm fine. My chow's
in the truck. I'll unload it later.

The percolator gurgles noisily as it re-filters the dregs.

Unconvinced, the Dog still wavers. But then his appetite finally wins over. He voraciously tucks into the food bowl.

Enjoying the moment, Finch watches the Dog eat. It is obvious that both of them dote on each other.

ON THE DOG - gulping down the last mouthful. Licking every last trace of food from his bowl.

Finch is distracted in thought. The Dog nudges at his leg.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 You finished already?
 (mock checking his watch)
 I think that's your personal best.

The Dog stares up at him, wagging its tail. It knows something isn't right. Finch does his best to distract him.

INT. FINCH'S BATHROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Finch brushes his teeth. He stops for a moment. Stares at his haggard reflection in the cracked mirror. The Dog watches.

FINCH
 Appearances are important. You know that? I was quite a snappy dresser when I was your age.

He rinses. Waves the toothbrush towards the Dog.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 Right. Now it's your turn...

The Dog turns tail and flees..

INT. BEDROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Clothed, Finch rests on the bed. Scrutinising a book titled "MEDICAL RESPONSE TO THE EFFECTS OF IONIZING RADIATION."

The Dog lies beside him, his head resting on Finch's chest, fast asleep. A small fan stirs the humid air.

ON HIS FINGER - tracing a sentence. We catch the word 'Prognosis.' ON HIS FACE - as the words sink in.

EXT. WIND TURBINE STATION - NIGHT

The dust storm is still raging. The huge blades of the few functioning turbines are turning dangerously fast.

INT. BEDROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

The Dog is still asleep, snoring loudly. No sign of Finch.
SOUND OVER: "STORM IN AFRICA" by ENYA plays distantly.

INT. CORRIDORS - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Music GROWS as we EASE down a narrow, windowless corridor.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

An Aladdin's cave of organized chaos. Floor littered with electronic parts, cables, circuit boards, motors and tools. Walls papered with blueprints and diagrams, except for one apparently sacrosanct area --

Dotted with postcards of FAMOUS OIL PAINTINGS AND WORLD LANDMARKS. An idyllic postcard of THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE, SAN FRANCISCO occupies prize position.

ON FINCH - stooped over a workbench. Dressed in shabby, oil-stained coveralls, enjoying the soothing music. He's soldering an elaborate circuit board inside what looks like a welded fusion of 50 years worth of technology. He turns to a computer - double-checks images racing across the screen. Re-checks a high-speed data transfer cable. But it's what we see standing in the shadows behind Finch that grabs our attention --

A HEADLESS DROID - made up from all kinds of scavenged machinery. Standing seven feet tall, it appears functional, almost comical in its crude undynamic simplicity.

Completing the soldering, Finch hooks up a number of ribbon cables and taps in some commands on the computer.

He clutches his chest. Gripping the workbench in pain. Tools clatter across the floor. He takes in a few deep breaths. Recovering. But he looks drained. Unwell.

He hears something. Looks up to see the Dog sitting in the doorway, watching.

FINCH
I didn't wake you, did I?

The Dog pads across. Gently places his head on Finch's lap.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Too hot to sleep. But I'm alright.
So stop your worrying.

ON THE DROID - as Finch takes a remote control panel and plugs it into a socket in the machine's mid-section.

He punches in a couple of commands. Nothing happens. He punches in the commands again --

The Dog watches suspiciously.

ITS RIGHT ARM - swings up violently, narrowly missing Finch. The Dog backs away snarling and growling.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Well... it works. Sort of.

He looks down at the Dog encouragingly. It continues to give a stink eye at the Droid in growing distrust.

FINCH (CONT'D)
I know, it's not much to look at
but he'll do just fine...
(then)
You know, you two should get-

The Dog has gone.

ON FINCH - somewhat hurt by the Dog's indifference. As he pensively returns to his work.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - EARLY MORNING

Finch sits splayed in his chair. Fast asleep.

Humming on the workbench, a mechanized rubber finger monotonously turns the pages of a large book as a cannibalized office scanner slowly copies each page.

The finger turns the last page. It makes a horrible screeching noise on the book's dust jacket.

Finch stirs and wakes.

He switches off the rig and checks the computer. Rubs his eyes as he stacks the large book onto a pile of others. It's book 18 of the "WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIAS".

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MORNING

Tired and hungry, Finch looks at the remaining tin of dog food, half-tempted. The Dog watches as he sighs and puts it down again guiltily.

He forces down another cup of coffee, turns to the Dog.

FINCH

Fancy a little walk? Something I've been meaning to show you.

INT. CORRIDORS - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Using a stick for support, Finch slowly makes his way through lengthy, conjoining corridors. The Dog follows.

INT. INNER DOOR TO BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Finch opens the door, heads towards the garage. Nose twitching from all the new smells, the Dog trails behind.

INT. GARAGE - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Finch picks up keys hanging from a shelf. Keen to make his mark on this new territory, the Dog goes to cock his leg on a scavenged chunk of machinery.

FINCH

Oi! Behave.

He heads towards a closed external door. Unlocks it.

INT. UMBILICAL - CONTINUOUS

A reinforced plastic umbilical tunnel leads from the garage.

Finch leads the Dog towards a second door inset with a window. He pulls open the catch. Steps up into a room unlike any other we've seen in the bunker.

It takes us a second to realize we are in a --

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Given its age, it's a miracle the RV is still functional.

With metal shutters covering the thin windows, ducting running overhead and various gadgets littering the living space, Finch has clearly spent many hours adapting it.

FINCH

So what do you think?

The Dog stares uncomprehendingly. Gives a nervous yawn.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Don't tell me. I know... you're like me, you hate change. But... sometimes we don't have a choice.

(beat)

My mother... I know... you never met her...

(focussing)

We were waiting at my school to see my teacher. My grades were down... anyway, we were sitting there waiting and she just came out with this story.

The Dog listens.

FINCH (CONT'D)

A lion...

(to the Dog)

You know what a lion is don't you? (beat) Well, it looks a little like you. Only bigger. Much bigger.

(then)

So, a lion wakes up each morning thinking, "All I've got to do today is run faster than the slowest antelope" and an antelope wakes up thinking, "All I've got to do today is run faster than the fastest lion."

The Dog cocks his head in puzzlement.

FINCH (CONT'D)

I remember her looking at me and she said, "no matter which one you are, Finch Weinberg, you need to button up your running shoes. Because come sun rise each day - everyone's running for their life."

The Dog cocks his head the other way. Utterly bemused.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 So you want to know what all this
 is about?
 (points around him)
 This is our running shoe.

He opens a small cupboard in the kitchenette.

A few cans line sparse shelves. Each can has the word DAY and a number clearly written on it from #1 to #7.

He goes to close the door, hand hovering over A TIN OF CANNED PEACHES -

As Finch picks it off the shelf. He stares at the faded picture of the peaches and the words DAY SEVEN scrawled over the label.

Sorely tempted, his finger hovers over the ring pull. Then he puts it back on the shelf with a sigh.

INT. LIVING ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

Finch paces in front of a large USA ROAD MAP pinned to the wall. The map is covered in hi-lit notes and routes.

The Dog jogs on a makeshift treadmill for his daily exercise. Finch has rigged up a TV facing it. On the screen a sequence from 'Homeward Bound: The Incredible Journey.'

As the Dog avidly watches the hero dog duo and cat chase across the Canadian wilderness.

Finch still pacing. Trying hard to concentrate. But concentration isn't easy on a diet of thin air.

He flops into his chair. Rubbing his forehead. Willing solutions to problems. In his lap, a pile of research notes.

Small scarlet droplets of blood patter down onto the paper. Finch wipes at his nose with his sleeve.

A few bleeps signal the end of the Dog's workout. He hops off as the treadmill winds down, stares across at Finch.

Finch averts his head, trying to conceal the bleeding. The Dog rests his head in Finch's lap.

FINCH
 (fondling the Dog's head)
 It's alright.
 (MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

Nothing to worry about.
Everything's going to come up
roses... you wait and see.
(finding a knot in the
Dog's fur)
Now what have we got here?

He produces a small brush and gently starts teasing it out.
The Dog grumbles quietly. Loving the attention.

On the wall-mounted vidcams - taking everything in.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Live feeds from all the bunker vidcams - complex streams of
bios bit code - FLOWING across computer screens --
DOWNLOADING operating systems and final data into the
unfinished Droid.

Burning the midnight oil, Finch is labouring on THE DROID'S
HEAD, on the workbench.

Its empty eye sockets stare up at him.

A pregnant silence as Finch resolutely looks across at Dewey
watching him. His fish-eye lenses WIDEN in alarm.

FINCH

We'll find you new ones, I promise.

He reaches down and turns off Dewey's power switch.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER THAT NIGHT

Finch completes attaching Dewey's old lenses into the big
Droid's waiting eye sockets. The large spherical head is
still sitting on the workbench.

He keys in commands into the computer: Holds up a screwdriver
in front of its new eyes.

As he moves the tool to the left. One Droid eye follows. The
other travels in totally the opposite direction.

Finch shrugs his shoulders. Makes some fine-tune adjustments.
Tries the simple calibration test again --

This time the two lens eyes work together in perfect
synchronisation. Unfortunately they look in the opposite
direction to the screwdriver.

Finch sighs. It's going to be a very long night.

INT. BEDROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

The dog is fast asleep on Finch's bed. It twitches in the middle of some canine nightmare.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

Finch has connected the Droid head to a crude, temporary rotating neck gimbal. He disconnects the multiple wire feeds.

He opens a panel in the Droid's head. Gently slides in an elaborate circuit board before keying in some commands.

The head 'powers up' as circuits and cooling fans kick in. Finch taps out a further command.

ON THE SCREEN - "RUN callibrate64.exe"

FINCH

One small step for man...

He types again: "RUN bigredbutton.exe"

FINCH (CONT'D)

... one giant leap of faith.

Hits RETURN.

The Droid swivels its giant head on the neck pivot as it calibrates.

Suddenly, it stops. A pregnant silence fills the air.

Finch stares with anticipation. Nothing happens.

The Droid's eyes slowly move to look directly at Finch. They both lock eyes, looking at each other for the first time.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Uhh...

(clears throat)

Hello?

Silence as the Droid head stares at him. Finch tries again.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Can you speak?

(beat)

Do you know what "speak" means?

The lens servo motors whir as they zoom in on Finch. But the Droid remains silent.

ON FINCH - disappointed. Hope draining.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Nod your head, like this, if you
can understand me.

Nothing. Finch looks to the Dog in silent apology, then back
to the machine. But now the Droid's head is nodding.

FINCH (CONT'D)
You can understand me!?

The head keeps nodding.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Only nod if I ask a question and
you understand. Do you understand?

Still nodding.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm glad we agree.
(aside to Dog)
Cat's got his tongue.

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN - an IRC CHAT WINDOW OPENS. A message
pops up.

DROID
(text)
There is no cat and cannot find
hardware labeled "tongue".

A small smile gathers across Finch's face.

FINCH
What happened? You were supposed to
talk.

DROID
(text)
"This device is not responding or
not compatible with the operating
system. Please call technical
support for assistance"

A momentary silence as Finch stifles a scream of frustration.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Electronic junk flying as Finch ransacks a box full of old video games. The Dog arrives, concerned with all the noise.

Finch finds what he's looking for. Ripping out a circuit board, he heads back to his workbench.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

ON THE DROID'S HEAD - as Finch carefully removes the faulty unit and slides in the replacement.

He waits impatiently as the 'head' powers up again.

FINCH

Okay. I've done some tweaking.
GlaDos isn't exactly what I had in
mind. But it should work.

(beat)

If you can speak, say yes.

A long, tense silence. Then --

DROID

(synthesized female
voice)

Yes.

Another, slightly shocked silence. Then --

DROID (CONT'D)

Was that-?

FINCH

Your voice. Yes. The best I can do
until I find a proper replacement.

DROID

My voice?

FINCH

I'm afraid so.

(then)

This is weird.

DROID

What is?

FINCH
 Us... talking.
 (beat)
 So, tell me something
 interesting...

DROID
 Giraffes can go without water
 longer than a camel.

FINCH
 (chuckles)
 Is that fact?

DROID
 Yes.

FINCH
 (turning to the Dog)
 I'll bet you didn't know that?

The Dog demonstrates instant dislike of this upstart, talking
 head by baring his teeth in a snarl and slinking off.

DROID
 (pumping out facts)
 In February 2031 over 13 million
 people searched "interesting facts"
 on Google.

FINCH
 Tell me something interesting about
 you.

DROID
 First Law: A robot must not harm a
 human or, through inaction, allow a
 human to come to harm...

FINCH
 Tell me something else. Tell me
 something about yourself.

DROID
 Sorry. That is an impossible
 question.

FINCH
 Sorry?

DROID
 Yes, sorry.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

DROID (CONT'D)
Would you like the word's
definition?

FINCH
No, that won't be necessary.
(looking pleased)
Well at least something's working.

DROID
Can you simplify?

FINCH
Your synthesized empathetic
responses. My programming was
somewhat experimental. I wasn't
sure it would work.

DROID
Do you wish continuation of listing
this machine's prime directives?

FINCH
Just give me the last one.

DROID
Fourth Law: A robot, this robot,
must protect and care for the
welfare of the dog in the absence
of Finch. This directive supersedes
the first three laws.

FINCH
Do you know who Finch is?

DROID
The Vidcam feeds have been very
informative.

FINCH
Were they instructive?

DROID
Yes.

FINCH
So you know, I am Finch.

DROID
Yes. You are Finch.

FINCH
And you understand your purpose?

DROID

Yes.

FINCH

And the word absence?

DROID

The state of not being present...

(beat)

When will you be absent?

The question hangs in the air. Finch shifts uncomfortably.

FINCH

Do you know what manners are?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Looking gaunt from hunger, Finch takes the last can of dog food and drops half of its contents into the Dog's bowl.

FINCH

Go on... go for it. The Dog hesitates, then digs in with ferocious hunger. Finch looks at the can's halved contents. Seriously tempted. His gaze wanders up pensively to the wall Vidcam. The Dog finishes in record time. Looks up at his master expectantly, waiting for his usual cheery comments. But Finch stays silent.

INT. UTILITY ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MORNING

Finch struggles to heave a 5 GALLON PLASTIC CONTAINER marked "SHOWER" up onto the counter top. He pours the filthy water into A MECHANICAL CONTRAPTION as it gurgles away.

Underneath the counter, it drip feeds water to several FIVE GALLON PLASTIC CONTAINERS marked "CLEAN".

INT. LIVING ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

The Dog sniffs unenthusiastically at a large log of wood embedded into a plastic container full of soil. He finally cocks his rear leg and takes a lengthy piss.

We follow the liquid as it passes through various filters and into a collection reservoir.

Finch feeds precious water to a small BONSAI TREE. The Dog begins to sniff at the delicate plant. Finch shoos him away and replaces a protective cage of wire netting.

INT. HYDROPONICS ROOM - LATER

A HANDWRITTEN SIGN reads - "STERILIZE YOURSELF NOT THE CROPS"

In the UV light, Finch scrubs his hands and shoes before examining a row of wilting LETTUCE PLANTS.

They all seem to be blighted by fungus. Finch tastes a leaf, then spits it out.

INT. WEATHER CHART ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

Data is printing out from Finch's external weather stations. He examines the printout and shakes his head.

INT. LIVING ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MORNING

Finch sits forward in his comfortable chair, far from relaxed as he puzzles over his latest weather printout.

The Dog sits at his feet staring up at him.

Weak from hunger, Finch struggles to concentrate. In angered defeat, he screws up the map and throws it across the room. It's useless. Everything's useless.

Thinking it's some kind of game, the Dog chases the balled up paper. He drops it back on Finch's lap.

ON FINCH - as his eyes WIDEN with an idea.

INT. CORRIDORS - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Finch walks purposefully towards his workshop. In his hand he clutches the crumpled weather data.

The Dog pads behind him.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Finch sits in front of the main computer, still downloading its stream of bit-code. He hammers in a few commands.

The Droid's bladed IRIS SHUTTER eyes open to full aperture.
Its head moves as it calibrates.

DROID
Hello Finch.

Finch holds up the latest weather data in front of the Droid.

FINCH
Do you understand what this is?

The Droid stares at the printed sheet. Lenses zooming in
closer on the mass of numbers.

DROID
It's raw data from a localized
weather station.

FINCH
Can you make any predictions?

DROID
The information is inconclusive.

FINCH
(frustrated)
How about making a guess?

DROID
Then it would not be accurate.

FINCH
I need a second opinion. What can
you tell me?

DROID
Initial calculations indicate
several separate weather cells are
advancing.

FINCH
These fronts?
(points at weather
charts)
Towards what? That last storm
nearly wiped us out.

DROID
Are there more weather stations?

FINCH
I told you, I can't get that data.
Do you have any idea how dangerous
it is out there?

DROID
 (shrill)
 Current data inadequate for
 accurate forecast.

Finch contemplates the inevitable.

FINCH
 You know we really need to do
 something about that voice.

INT. HALLWAY - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Finch stops at the safety door. The Dog has followed him, ball in mouth, not understanding what is happening.

Grimacing from the pain, Finch kneels down to his level.

FINCH
 You know the drill.

He envelops the Dog and hugs it close. The Dog drops the ball. Licks his master's face. He does not want him to leave.

Finch fondles the Dog's head.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 You worry too much. Everything's
 going to come up roses. You wait
 and see.
 (struggling to his feet)
 This is the last one, I promise.

He slips away, trying hard not to look back. The Dog scratches at the door frantically.

INT/EXT. GARAGE - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Finch suits up. It is like a ritual as his diminutive frame, grows bulkier with each protective layer.

-- Heavy industrial boots - a bulletproof vest. The sort RIOT POLICE use - full-length duster coat - leather side satchel - thick, finger protected enforcer gloves --

- Finally strapping on the Wristcom.

Adjusting goggles and breather. Hits the "DOOR OPEN" button.

EXT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Standing on the threshold, Finch checks the skies and general surroundings. He taps in a command on the Wristcom.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
UV-Radiation-Detected. Minimums.
Weather fronts. Stationary.

He heads across to the truck. Clammers in and fires up the engine. It rumbles into life - atomizing the settled dust - like a horse twitching to rid the flies.

Gunning towards the city. As the doors seal behind him.

INT. HALLWAY - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

The Dog listens forlornly as the truck's engine fades. Then he gets up and pads off towards the workshop.

On the Vidcam watching the Dog's approach.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

The computers continue to stream data into the Droid's cranial memory banks.

First one fish-eye lens opens, followed by the other, as the Droid anticipates the Dog's arrival into the workshop.

A bizarre Mexican standoff as animal and machine psyche each other out.

Utilizing its mobile supremacy over the captive Droid head, the Dog patters across to the machine's waiting torso and begins to sniff away at it, the way dogs do.

Powerless to resist physically, the Droid head watches from the workbench as the dog cocks its leg against the Droid's legs with an arcing stream of pee.

INT. HALLWAY - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

The Dog sits patiently waiting. Eyes locked onto the door, carefully watching for any sign of Finch's return.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HALLWAY - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

The Dog is curled up asleep against the door. Its eyes snap open, followed by frantic tail-wagging as it hears something.

INT. GARAGE - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Finch dusts off his survival gear and closes the outer door. He removes his goggles and slumps against the wall.

SOUND OVER: RUNNING WATER -

INT. BATHROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Looking vulnerable, frailer than ever. Sitting on a small stool and facing the wall, Finch carefully showers himself in the bunker's oversize communal bathroom.

Water soothing his skin as he quietly weeps.

THE VIDCAM - watching - observing everything.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

The Droid's head watches Finch as he downloads the USB's containing the outstanding weather data.

FINCH
(impatient)
So, what's the verdict?

DROID
Initial calculations are not promising.

FINCH
Spare me the dramatics.

DROID
Stations three and seven show deep instability in a veering wind speed with a low temperature. Stations four and two show marginal differences in humidity and a significantly low pressure hectopascal-

FINCH
(Interrupting)
OK. OK. But what does that mean?

DROID

The cells will catastrophically destabilize the atmosphere, creating a superstorm. Estimated radial reach, six hundred miles.

FINCH

Six hundred miles!? Is there any telling how long it could last?

DROID

The data is still incomplete. Calculated range is between twenty to eighty days.

Finch ashen.

FINCH

We'd be trapped... with no food other than seven days of emergency rations... I've only got food for seven.

(beat)

How much time do we have?

DROID

Incorporating safety margins. A day...

INT. LIVING ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

With the Dog contentedly asleep at his feet, Finch sits slumped in his armchair, muttering distractedly.

Like they're the most precious thing on earth, his hands are holding tightly onto a SMALL BOX OF TWINKIE CAKES.

We expect him to open them, but he doesn't.

Instead, he looks up towards the ceiling, as if he was attempting to seek some kind of solution from Heaven. Whispering to the Angels.

The Dog wakes and looks at his master. It is as if the animal knows the dark nature of the thoughts that are running through Finch's mind.

INT. CORRIDORS - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

The Dog pads behind Finch as he hurries towards the garage with renewed purpose.

INT. HALLWAY - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Finch flings open the door. The Dog follows.

INT. GARAGE - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Striding towards the umbilical. The Dog barely keeping up.

INT. UMBILICAL TO WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Flinging open the RV door. The Dog right behind his master.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Finch heads straight to the Kitchenette cupboard. Without pausing, he opens the door and takes out that can of peaches.

ON FINCH - as he tears open the ring-pull and starts shoving the sugary peaches into his mouth.

As he sinks back onto a chair with peach juice dribbling down his chin and a look of ecstasy across his face.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

A reenergized Finch unplugs a ribbon cable. The Droid head swivels on the workbench, its eyes find Finch's.

DROID

The upload is still incomplete.

FINCH

Yes, I know.

DROID

The pitch in your voice has heightened. An audible indicator of upset, stress or anger.

Finch's whole persona is infused with renewed energy.

FINCH

Actually it's called 'sugar rush'

DROID

Sugar rush?

Finch continues, maniacally unplugging cables and connectors.

FINCH

I just ate day seven.

DROID

Can you simplify?

FINCH

Welcome to the world. You'll need to get used to things not being simple.

DROID

Simplicity is the ultimate sophistication.

The Droid head swivels as it examines Finch closely.

FINCH

I need you to tell me something.

(beat)

If I were to unplug you tomorrow, would you be... ready?

He pauses, waiting for the answer.

DROID

Ready for what?

FINCH

For whatever the world throws at us... for... life. Whatever we have left. The way it should be lived...

DROID

'The world is a book and those who do not travel read only one page.'

FINCH

Is that a quote?

DROID

Saint Augustine, from his writings about the beauty of the world.

FINCH

I doubt 'beauty' is an adjective he would select now.

(frustrated)

You think I chose to live here like this... buried in the darkness?

Irritated, Finch jabs his finger at the Postcards with their images of famous paintings and idyllic landscapes.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 Maybe filling that tin head of
 yours with all those romantic
 images of the world... maybe it was
 a mistake...

The Droid stares at him, then down at the floor. Finch is
 already regretting what he's said.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 It's very different out there now.
 You need to be aware... to be ready
 for that. But I need to know, would
 you be... all systems go?

DROID
 Upload would be at approximately
 seventy-one percent

FINCH
 Meaning?

DROID
 Preference dictates one hundred
 percent.

FINCH
 We can't all be Einstein's.

DROID
 Will it ever be one hundred
 percent?

FINCH
 No. No it won't. But you can gain
 knowledge from experience... that's
 the way I designed you.
 (then)
 So can you settle for Isaac Newton?

DROID
 Apples and Oranges.

FINCH
 I'll take that as a yes.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - LATER

The Droid torso stands by the workbench. Detached head
 wrapped in one arm. The computer monitor in the other.

Finch is standing on a stepladder, busily engrossed in
 connecting all the intricate wire feeds.

The Dog is less than happy with this new found intimacy. He glares up at the Droid giving it the canine evil eye.

The Droid's eyes are fixated on the wall of postcards.

DROID

It is to your credit that you did
decide to download all that data...

FINCH

(distracted)
Data?

DROID

Man's achievements. The buildings,
paintings. Everything. How
beautiful the world was... like
these photos.

Finch stops and looks at what the Droid's fixated on.

FINCH

They're not photos, they're
postcards.

DROID

Postcards? A card sent in the mail?

FINCH

Yes, people used to do that.

DROID

It must be very pleasant having
someone mail you these cards.

FINCH

(suddenly reserved)
I guess so.

DROID

Who sent them?

Finch tries to busy himself, but the question lingers.

FINCH

Family and friends...
(then)
My father sent me the one with the
Golden Gate bridge.
(changing the subject)
Which reminds me, I thought we'd
head due West.

DROID
Have you seen the Golden Gate
bridge?

Finch busy's himself again, another nerve touched.

FINCH
Nope.

DROID
Are these questions upsetting you?
I will stop if you'd prefer.

Finch finishes the last of the connections and the Droid
gently lowers his head onto the fixing mountings on his neck.

FINCH
Do you know that's the first time
you've referred to yourself as "I"?

DROID
I did not.
(beat)
That's humourous isn't it? That I
repeated it again.
(beat)
And again.

Finch can't help but smile.

FINCH
How far is it from here to the
Golden Gate Bridge?

DROID
One thousand, eight hundred and
eleven miles, exactly.

FINCH
Then we will see it together.

Finch steps from the stepladder. Stares up at his creation.
The Dog nuzzles against his master's leg, bewildered.

CUT TO:

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

The Dog sits frozen. Primed to bolt. Fixated by the Droid,
now fully connected and operational.

FINCH

Encyclopedias. Programming.
Learning a new language. It's all
the same.

(beat)

At some point you have to throw
away the theory. Jump in the deep
end. Put it all into practice.

The Droid nods his head affirmatively.

FINCH (CONT'D)

What happened to Mickey Mouse on
helium?

DROID

I don't like my voice any more.

FINCH

Bravo. Thank heavens. First
opportunity, we'll change it.

Finch starts to walk on the spot like a toy soldier.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Okay, so it's all about getting a
rhythm. Watch me first and then I
want you to imitate. Understood?

The Droid nods his large head a second time.

FINCH (CONT'D)

I'm not going to be able to catch
you if you fall. So take it slow.
Understood?

The Droid nods his head yet again as he enthusiastically
begins to march on the spot - THUD-THUD-THUD - The entire
workshop and its contents begin to shake.

PANDEMONIUM as the Dog starts barking.

FINCH (CONT'D)

(waving the Droid to
stop)

Okay. Okay. That's enough. Not bad,
if I say so myself.

The Droid stops. Finch pauses, relishing the quiet.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Okay, so this is walking.

Finch looks back at the Droid, but it's focussed on another evil-eye psych out with the Dog.

He strides across and RAPS on the Droid's metal torso.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Pay attention! In the morning we've
gotta be out of here. Your
deadline. Remember!

Finch demonstrates, very slowly, how to walk. Placing one foot in front of the other. Like he's teaching a toddler.

He reaches the far end of the workshop, joining the Dog. Then turns around and faces the Droid.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Okay, so...
(gestures toward him)
Very slowly... come forward.

The Droid takes one heavy step for mankind. THUD...

FINCH (CONT'D)
Good, now the other.

The Droid brings his right leg in front of the left. THUD... The Dog wisely backs off a touch.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Keep going.

They back out into the hallway. The Droid follows. It takes another ambitious step, losing balance - AND SLIPS.

CRASHING through a closed door. SPLINTERING the entire frame like it was balsa wood. The door skeeters across the concrete with the Droid still on top, like some grotesque body surfer.

Finch rushes over in concern. The Dog stays rooted.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Are you okay? Are you functional?

The Droid's aperture eyes zip open and closed, focussing and re-calibrating. It focuses on the fractured door frame, then looks up at Finch before nodding its head like a giant child.

INT. BEDROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Dressed in a fresh shirt, hands shaking, Finch attempts to straighten the knot in a colorful bow-tie.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

The Droid stands motionless in the darkness. Electricity HUMS as a heavy-duty cable tops up his energy reserves.

INT. KITCHEN - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

Finch empties the last half-can of food into the Dog's bowl.

He dusts off a glass tumbler and takes the still unopened whisky bottle from a shelf.

SOUND OVER: 'ORINOCO FLOW' by ENYA.

INT. LIVING ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

The Last Supper.

Finch sits in his old armchair facing the large USA road map. He sips at the whisky, like it was nectar from the Gods.

The Dog sits at his feet, replete from his food. Both are just content in each others company.

INT. BEDROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - NIGHT

In the darkness - side by side on the bed, Man and Dog lie fast asleep. Their snores are DEAFENING.

Finch stirs. Sniffs the air. Turns to the Dog and grimaces.

FINCH
Have you farted?

INT. BEDROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Nursing a hangover from hell, Finch packs his few clothes into a plastic bag.

A dull THUD-THUD-THUD coming from somewhere in the bunker.

INT. LIVING ROOM - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Scooping up his precious bonsai tree, Enya, the Twinkie box.

THUD-THUD-THUD

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - CONTINUOUS

Gathering tools, components and an electronic notepad.
Snatching designs off the wall and the precious postcards.
Boxing them up carefully.

THUD-THUD-THUD.

As Finch carries them towards --

INT. HALLWAY - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

The Droid is practicing walking up and down the hallway. Its large metallic feet THUD-THUD-THUD on the concrete floor. The Dog attempts to slip past him, but the Droid manages to tread on the end of the Dog's tail with a resultant cacophony of hysterical barking.

Ignoring the chaos, Finch heads towards the garage carrying his box load of essentials with the bonsai tree perched perilously on top of the Twinkie box.

INT. GARAGE - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

A GROWING PILE of boxes and possessions on the floor.

The Dog observes from a safe distance as Finch directs the Droid's attention to several five gallon JERRYCANS marked 'Diesel.'

INT. UMBILICAL TO WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Finch leads the way carrying his precious Bonsai tree. The Droid follows carrying all the jerrycans in one go.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Finch opens the RV door and enters. A fumbling exchange as the Droid hands the jerrycans across for stacking inside.

INT. CHART ROOM UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

The Droid has stopped outside. He enters and stares up at all the weather charts. He picks up a pile of data from a desk.

INT. WORKSHOP - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

Last checks as Finch takes a final look. He sees --

DEWEY - lying inert and forgotten in a corner.

He quickly finds a single PRIME LENS amongst the shelves. He connects it to a spot between the small machine's vacant eye sockets and hits its 'on' switch.

Dewey immediately zooms around bumping into things as he adjusts to his single Cyclops viewpoint.

THUD-THUD-THUD - Carrying a bundle of weather data, the Droid appears in the doorway, nearly crushing Dewey in the process.

DROID
How old is this?

FINCH
Weeks, maybe a month. It's all out of date.

DROID
No. This data is important.

The Droid's giant finger points at gibberish numbers. Finch shrugs impatiently.

DROID (CONT'D)
This is important history. It shows the weather cells have metastasized-

Finch looks up at him wearily with bloodshot eyes and the continued effect of his hangover.

FINCH
What's the problem? We're already leaving.

DROID
The storm. It's maturing into something bigger than the current data shows. Radius closer to one thousand miles - not six hundred. It's moving faster too.

Finch screws his eyes shut with concern.

INT. UMBILICAL/WINNEBAGO - DAY

Mild panic now. The Dog hops on first, followed by Finch. He picks up Dewey and stows it securely out of harms way in a corner cabinet for spices and condiments. The machine chitters excitedly.

A large shadow blocks out the light from the RV entrance as the Droid places its considerable weight on the Winnebago steps. They immediately begin to buckle.

It tries to push its way through the doorway, but its shoulders are too wide and its too tall to make it. The thin aluminium frame begins to warp and twist.

FINCH

Okay, stop! Stop right there! No more wrecked door frames.

(evaluates)

You need to turn sideways and crouch down a bit.

The Droid turns side on and stoops - then tries again. It JUST FITS. The entire Winnebago CREAKS alarmingly, ROCKING AND TILTING as it takes his considerable weight.

The Dog growls, hackles standing on end as it watches this monstrosity invade its space.

Finch moves to the Dog, trying to calm it.

FINCH (CONT'D)

What did I tell you about worrying too much? Everything's going to come up roses. You wait and see.

INT. GARAGE - UNDERGROUND BUNKER - MOMENTS LATER

Finch pauses at the main circuit box. His hand rests on the breaker. As he takes one last look around. The bunker was his home, his sanctuary. But now it is time to say goodbye.

A poignant moment.

Then he throws the breaker to OFF. A subdued whirring noise fills the air. The lights DIM and DIE.

INT. UMBILICAL TO WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Travelling through the umbilical. Towards a new life.

INT. RV - CONTINUOUS

Finch closes the door with its heavy-duty rubber seals. Slumps behind the wheel, exhausted. The Dog jumps into the passenger seat.

Standing in the back - the Droid. Using the RV's narrow aisle to support himself.

Muttering to himself, Finch double-checks the controls.

He slips the Golden Gate postcard into the sun visor, placing the remaining precious box of postcards on the passenger shelf.

Finch pulls on a rigged-up lever protruding through the metalwork. Immediately, harsh sunlight, BLASTS through the metal slats protecting the HEAVILY TINTED windscreen.

THE DOG - squints at the glare. His first look at the world.

The dash mounted Wristcom makes its monotone announcement.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
UV-Radiation-Detected. Minimums.
Air-pressure dropping. Caution.

Finch turns the ignition, the ancient RV fires up first time with a dull rumble of its V-8 engine.

Sticks the shift into drive. Applies a little gas.

Slowly, eases away.

The plastic umbilical groaning as it stretches and tears loose from its mounts.

The Droid edges forward, watching Finch at the controls intently. Anxious to take in every detail.

SLAM-JOLT -- THE RV STALLS --

Pitching all of them forward. Caught off-balance, the Droid LUNGES forward and CRASHES into the front passenger seat.

Finch looks around with a mixture of fluster and irritation.

FINCH
I haven't driven this thing in
years, okay.
(then)
Give me five seconds.

Puzzled, the Droid looks up at a clock on the wall. Unseen by Finch, he counts off five seconds. Then --

DROID
Would you like me to drive?

FINCH
No I would not like you to drive.
(glaring)
Besides, you've only just learnt to walk, remember?

The Droid's eyes open and close in dramatic defeat.

Finch restarts the engine. Steps on the gas.

As the RV LEAPS forward and the Droid is thrown backwards with a clatter of metal on metal.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

First look: a vintage 1987 WINNEBAGO CHIEFTAIN. Roof lined with solar panels. Its original smooth outline retrofitted with metal screens to shield out stray UV and Gamma radiation.

A tangle of flexible hoses and pipes extend from the engine to the gas tanks, hybridizing its fuel.

With GIANT BULL-BARS bolted to its front chassis, the massive ungainly vehicle sweeps through piles of scrapped machinery and away from the bunker.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - URBAN ROADS - DAY

Using every ounce of concentration Finch steers the RV through a sea of abandoned cars.

The Droid peers outside, determined not to miss anything.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - CITY OUTSKIRTS - DAY

Finch's "CLEARED" signs on building fronts are becoming less frequent. The buildings smaller and less dramatic as the Winnebago negotiates its way out of the city limits.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - CITY LIMITS - DAY

The Winnebago idling. Halted before graffiti spray painted directly onto the road in familiar red Krylon.

As Finch stares at his work. At the word "RUBICON" bisecting the road in three foot high letters.

Inside, Finch white knuckles the wheel. He considers the Dog beside him. The Droid in the rearview. The darkening sky in the side view mirrors. There's no going back.

His hand wavers over the stick. Then he slips it into DRIVE.

ON THE TIRES - 'CROSSING THE RUBICON.' As the wheels smear the letters in the melting blacktop.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - FOOTHILLS - DAY

Leaving the suburbs, passing through dusty fields dotted with the stumps of dead trees.

The Dog stares out at the open landscape, instinctively lifting its nose to sniff at the air.

FINCH

Those used to be meadows. Early summer they'd be a sea of blue and purple locoweed and Alfalfa. The air was so sweet and clean. Bees buzzing everywhere.

(stroking the Dog's head)

You would have loved it there.

ON FINCH - as he remembers.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Blinding bright sunlight reflects from its solar panels as it slowly grinds its way higher into the foothills.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - ASPEN FOREST - AFTERNOON

Still heading upwards past slopes of leafless Aspen trees.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - TOURIST HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Approaching a large hotel with panoramic views.

Finch pulls up outside the decaying, boarded-up building. He turns back to face the Droid.

FINCH

First lesson in survival. Never
pass up the opportunity to find the
next meal.

INT. WINNEBAGO - MOMENTS LATER

Finch has changed into his survival gear. He leads the Dog into a flexible plastic container; complete with blanket and bowl of water. He seals the door. Connects up a re-circulating air supply.

FINCH

(voice muffled by the
suit)

Back soon.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - TOURIST HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Finch exits the RV. The Droid follows with predictable difficulty.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

UV-Radiation-Detected. Minimums.
Air-pressure normal.

He taps at the Wristcom.

FINCH

This stuff's important. UV doesn't
discriminate. Dog skin, human skin.
They both fry just as easy. Never
forget that.

THEIR POV - STORM -- BOILING clouds. Growing like some monstrous living organism. Hanging over the distant city behind them. Tornadoes forming like giant tentacles --

DROID

You made the right decision.

Finch pulls his attention back to the Hotel. Sturdy timber boarding has been fixed across the entrance and windows.

FINCH

It hasn't been broken into. That's
a good sign.

He struggles to pull away the boarding, but it's fixed too securely. Panting in exertion, he stops to catch his breath.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Some extra muscle wouldn't hurt.

The Droid stares down at itself uncomprehendingly.

FINCH (CONT'D)
I don't mean that literally, by the way. It's a figure of speech. A way of saying something...
(momentary impatience)
Like... help me get this damn door open!

With a HISS of his powerful pistons, the Droid grabs hold of the timber and HEAVES.

The entire wood frame, along with the door - literally comes away from its hinges.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Second lesson. Never willfully destroy another person's property.

ON FINCH - as he shakes his head and sighs.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

A broad shaft of light from the forced opening illuminates a grand staircase and an equally grand reception area - full of ghosts, straight from 'The Shining.'

A large MIRROR dominates one end. Finch catches his reflection in it and stops and stares. It is as if he is held in some invisible grip.

DROID
Is something wrong?

Finch jumps as the Droid's voice jolts him back to reality.

He continues on. The Droid follows, the wood floor creaking and groaning with his weight.

INT. HOTEL DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

An ordered graveyard of empty chairs and tables. Finch and the Droid walk over to the kitchen's double doors.

INT. HOTEL KITCHENS - CONTINUOUS

In complete darkness. Panels in the Droid's chest SNAP OPEN. Twin beams of blinding light shine from its recessed worklights.

Finch covers his eyes, totally blinded.

FINCH

Remind me to tone those down a tad.

As his eyes recover, Finch sees rows of bare shelves. He checks the empty cupboards. Slams the last door closed in frustration.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATER

Heading toward the door, Finch considers the staircase. Stops and turns to the Droid.

FINCH

Give me five seconds. Watch the RV.

Finch heads toward the staircase, turns back. The Droid appears to be counting out imaginary seconds on its large metal fingers.

FINCH (CONT'D)

By the way, that's another figure of speech. Stop taking everything so literally.

The Droid lowers its hands despondently.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Just watch the RV until I get back.

He climbs the stairs as the Droid stares intently at the Winnebago.

CUT TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - LATER

Finch removes his goggles and empties his satchel.

As five, green FOIL-WRAPPED CANDIES tumble across the table. Finch unwraps one and pops it into his mouth. Savors it.

FINCH

Hotel pillow mints. Only nine years
beyond their sell-by date.
Chocolate coating's a tad oxidized.
(turning to the Droid)
Third lesson. Initiative. Always
use it.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - AFTERNOON

Heading west towards bare mountains once covered in snow.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Finch peers through the slats in the windshield. The sky grows darker. He eases off the gas, slowing to a crawl. The horizon lights up as bolts of lightning strike downwards towards the earth.

Concerned, Finch looks down at his inert wristcom and gives it a couple of urgent taps with his finger. The small digital screen FLICKERS - then goes dead again.

Finch taps it again - HARDER. The screen comes alive.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Caution. Rapid air-pressure drop!

Finch curses under his breath. He swerves the RV to a stop, half sheltered by a cluster of dead trees. Jumps from his seat and checks the sky from the other windows.

FINCH

You see anything?

Concerned at his master's growing alarm, the Dog jumps up at Finch, almost tripping him up.

The Droid looks blank. Finch fixated on the horizon.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Shelter-advised. Shelter-advised.

Finch throws on his survival gear and heads for the door.

FINCH

(to the Droid)

Follow me.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Unravelling cable from an anchor point at a corner of the RV,
Finch grabs the pneumatic hammer.

FINCH
(motioning to a rack of
iron stanchions)
Grab a handful of those.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
One thousand!

Finch takes a stanchion from the Droid and hammers it through
the blacktop. Hurries to the next anchor point.

FINCH
Fix the cable to the stanchion!
Make sure there's no slack!

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Nine hundred!

FINCH
Still think your calculations were
right?!

DROID
This can't be the main storm. Most
likely a rogue cell reaching ahead
of the depression.

FINCH
Well whatever it is, it's sure as
hell moving quickly!

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Eight hundred!

Nothing but the low drone of dead air.

The Droid lashes the cable to the anchor point. Follows after
Finch as he hammers in the next stanchion.

WRISTCOM
Seven hundred!

FINCH
I still don't see anything.

He taps the wristcom against the RV. Double-checking.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Six hundred!

He goes to operate the hammer, but nothing happens. Tries again. Nothing.

Looking around him in desperation. As a GIANT METAL FIST flies past his ear - POUNDING the stanchion into the hard road surface like it was made of soft clay.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Five hundred!

DROID

Might I suggest you get back to safety. I believe I can handle this.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Four hundred!

Finch runs for the door. The Droid hammers in the last stanchion and anchors it to the RV.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Three hundred!

Finch yells over his shoulder towards the Droid.

FINCH

Get inside now!

The silence before the storm. All sound has literally been sucked into space.

The Winnebago begins to vibrate as a distant basso-profundo RUMBLE grows in volume.

Finch rips open the door. The Droid THUDDING back as fast as he can.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)

Two hundred!

ON FINCH - expression freezing as he sees --

SPLINTERING from behind the nearest ridge - THREE MASSIVE SPIRALLING TORNADOS heading directly towards them.

INT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - CONTINUOUS

As the Droid struggles back through the door, nearly flattening Finch as he SLAMS it closed.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

RIPPING UP everything in their path. The vortices SWIRL AND TWIST towards them. The ROAR of their approach GROWS.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Finch tears around the RV closing down the window shutters. Now they're completely blind. In virtual darkness.

The Wristcom blares out final alarms: WHOOP-WHOOP.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
One hundred.

Finch shoves the Dog in his protective container as he BELLOWS over the chaos:

FINCH
They could open us up like a tin-
can! Hold onto something!

Gripping secure points each side of the Winnebago, the Droid stands there like Samson in the biblical temple of Dagon.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Fifty.

As the wind roar INCREASES and the RV begins to shudder. Finch puts on his mask. Huddles down on the floor with the Dog's container. Wrapping himself around it protectively.

The wristcom tolls its death-knell --

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Forty. Thirty. Twenty. Ten.

WOOOOOOOSSSHHHHHH -

the tornadoes are on top of them.

The RV rocks violently as shelves and cupboards spew their ordered contents. Finch shields his head and the Dog's.

The sound is DEAFENING as debris is HURLED and POUNDED against the fragile outer metal skin of the Winnebago.

TWANG! The sound as the first anchor cable snaps.

TWANG! TWANG! TWANG! Quickly followed by the others.

Ceiling becomes floor as the vortex PLUCKS THE RV OFF THE GROUND.

Almost weightless. HURLED uncontrollably like rag dolls. Finch, holding the Dog, and the Droid hang on for dear life.

The hellish roar reaches a VIOLENT CRESCENDO, then silence. The sensation of FALLING as the RV crashes to the ground. Groaning suspension and chassis taking a huge hit culminating in an explosive BANG.

The silence is palpable. Voice trembling, Finch breaks it.

FINCH

Remember when I asked if you would
be ready? That was why.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DUSK

Dressed in full protective gear, using his old walking stick, Finch limps from his recent battering. He surveys the damage.

Miraculously, the Winnebago has suffered only superficial damage. It can all be fixed. He kicks at the shredded remains of a BURST TIRE - the root cause of the loud bang.

On the road ahead: AN EIGHTEEN WHEELER.

Carried by the tornadoes, its articulated body is spread out across the blacktop. An optimistic trailer logo proclaims -

SUNNY FARM ORGANIC FOOD SUPPLY.

Finch approaches it cautiously. The doors to the back of the trailer are ripped wide open, revealing shattered crates full of worthless, organic decay.

INT/EXT. CAB - EIGHTEEN WHEELER - CONTINUOUS

Finch pops the door and climbs up. Takes in the desiccated corpse of the driver twisted into an impossible position: a bullet hole drilled through a dried blood-spattered window.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - we watch as he limps painfully back to the RV.

He stops and turns back to look up at the cab, like he's had a sudden idea. Moving faster than before, like the pain's been forgotten, he clambers back up inside, reaches in and yanks a mounted CB RADIO from its fixing.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

THE SKY - carpeted with stars.

Intense bursts of flickering light radiate through the slats of the RV windows.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

The Dog is fast asleep.

Sitting awkwardly, the Droid watches Finch cannibalise circuitry from the truck's CB Radio. His micro-welder emits intense flashes of light as he reworks a circuit board.

Dewey is busy handing Finch tools like an operating theatre nurse assisting a surgeon.

FINCH
(to the Droid)
I'm afraid the head's going to have
to come off again.

As the Droid reacts. Finch reaches out with palm outstretched towards Dewey.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Screwdriver!

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAWN

Early sunlight lights up the sky and surrounding landscape.

INT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - MORNING

Finch lies fast asleep on the floor.

Now in possession of a pleasantly masculine voice, the Droid stands contentedly repeating the two words 'Good morning' with differing emphases.

ON THE DOG - as it opens its eyes to find the Droid's face inches from his.

DROID
Good morning. Good morning.

The Dog's hackles rise. He backs away, barking furiously.

FINCH
 (waking up)
 Hey, hey... what's all the fuss?

DROID
 What's the matter with it?

FINCH
 It's a him, not an it.

He struggles to his feet.

DROID
 I was enjoying my new voice.

FINCH
 Well, I'm glad you like it.

The Dog looks at the Droid and barks again.

DROID
 I don't think he likes me.

FINCH
 (fondling the Dog's head)
 He'll come round. How long was I
 asleep for?

DROID
 Five hours and thirteen minutes.

The Dog bares its teeth at the Droid again. Finch shakes his head. Why can't anything ever be simple.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Cans of Spam and Dog food are placed onto the table - followed by a fork, a plastic plate and the Dog's bowl.

The Dog demolishes his bowlful with customary lightning-speed. Finch cuts his spam up into tiny chunks, savouring each mouthful as if it was Beluga Caviar.

Watching them both eat, the Droid tilts his head to one side, taps it then gives it a quick shake.

FINCH
 Something the matter?

DROID
 I keep hearing a tiny rattling
 noise in my head.

FINCH
(dismissive chuckle)
Maybe you've got a screw loose.
Wouldn't be the first person...
(beat)
You know something. We should give
you a name. Make you more
personable. Perhaps he'd be more
friendly if you had a name?

DROID
I think I would like that.
(then)
Could you suggest one for me?

FINCH
Why not think of one for yourself.
Something simple. Not too fancy.

The Droid looks around for inspiration.

DROID
I like the word Rover.

Finch stops mid-mouthful.

FINCH
Rover? But that's a dog's name.

DROID
I was thinking of the early Mars
planetary lander.

FINCH
Of course. But maybe something
simpler for the Dog to relate to.

The Droid looks at him inquisitively.

DROID
Why doesn't the Dog have a name?

FINCH
He's called Goodyear...
(remembering)
I found him a couple of months
after...
(pointing outside)
... after the world went crazy...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BUS SERVICE DEPOT - DAY

In his protective gear, Finch scavenges for machine parts.

FINCH (V.O.)
I was searching for something or
other. I can't remember exactly...

Finch hears a faint whimpering coming from a GIANT PILE OF
USED TIRES.

FINCH (V.O.)
He'd just been born.

Finch peers amongst the tires and sees a newly born puppy
desperately trying to suckle at his dead mother's teats.

He gently picks the tiny creature up in his gloved hands. The
puppy nestles into his palm.

FINCH (V.O.)
I couldn't just leave him there...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WINNEBAGO - PRESENT DAY

FINCH
He kept me sane. Made existence
bearable.

DROID
But you gave him a name. Why not
use it? He's your dog.

FINCH
He's not my dog. He's his own dog.
Besides with just the two of us.
Who needs names?

A long silence as the Droid digests this, then --

DROID
Jeff.

FINCH
Jeff?
(choking back amusement)
That's it?

DROID
Have I said something funny?

FINCH
 (trying not to laugh)
 Absolutely not.

DROID
 It's simple and short, just like
 you suggested. And I've checked -
 it isn't a dog's name.

FINCH
 (recovering)
 No I can't for the life of me ever
 remember a dog called Jeff. It's a
 good name.

DROID
 Then, with your permission...

FINCH
 None required. Jeff it is.
 (shaking the Droid's
 hand)
 Welcome to the world, Jeff.

ON THE DOG - as it continues to give Jeff a stink eye. Finch
 gets up and starts to put on his protective gear.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 Now that we've got the formalities
 over, Jeff... here comes lesson
 number four. You know anything
 about changing tires?

EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

POV - STORM -- still radiating outwards towards them.

Finch rolls the spare tire towards Jeff's feet protruding
 from beneath the back of the Winnebago.

FINCH
 Any luck?

JEFF
 I don't see it.

FINCH
 Are you sure?

JEFF
 Perhaps it got lost in the storm?

FINCH

Then we are screwed.

Jeff inches back from beneath the Winnebago and stands up.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Out in the middle of nowhere
without a jack... He stares up at
Jeff the Droid. Behind the goggles,
Finch's face creases into a smile
as he doubles-up with laughter.

JEFF

Was that humorous? I don't think
I'm very good with humour.

FINCH

You probably can't see it, but I
have tears in my eyes.

JEFF

Are you upset?

FINCH

No, no... don't start that again.
(shoulders still shaking)
We don't have a jack...
(forcing the words out)
But we do have... a Jeff.

Jeff computes the joke. Doesn't get it.

MOMENTS LATER:

EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

ON JEFF - pistons in his arms and legs HISSING with exertion
as he supports the front corner of the Winnebago.

Finch quickly slots on the spare. Tightens the nuts. He
scrambles to his feet and gives the Droid a pat on the back.

FINCH

Good work, Jeff.

JEFF

I think I enjoyed that lesson best
of all.

FINCH

Good. But we need to work on that
humour.

(beat)

(MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

And by the way, it's okay to let go now.

As Jeff releases his grip and the Winnebago drops back safely down on its suspension.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROAD - LATER

Finch is driving with the Dog happily asleep on the passenger seat beside him. Jeff the Droid stands in his usual position, watching the scenery roll by.

In the side mirrors, Finch eyeballs the growing mass of black in the skies behind them. Forever growing larger.

JEFF

We are still a day ahead of it.

FINCH

(relaxing)

Care to hear a funny story about the name "Jeff"?

JEFF

Is that funny as in strange or funny as in humorous?

FINCH

I'll let you decide.

(beat)

Years ago, I was working for Kudrow Aerospace. We... I say we, but in reality, I was just a junior part of the team. We were working on a new RMS system... the robotic arm that they used to transfer payloads in orbit...

(then)

One day word came down that Bob Kudrow was going to pay us a visit and celebrate our first major contract. We'd all heard about Mister Kudrow... Like he was one of the smartest people on the planet, but sometimes he could act a bit odd. Anyway, there I was at this fancy gathering, feeling a little lost... I've never been that good with people... and out of the blue Bob Kudrow comes up and introduces himself... so I introduce myself.

(MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

(beat)

We talked a bit... quite a lot in fact... and then he moved on to another member of the team and as we shook hands he looked me right in the eye and said "Nice meeting you Jeff" and walked away before I had a chance to correct him.

Finch checks the rearview. Jeff is hanging on every word.

FINCH (CONT'D)

For the rest of the night I kept overhearing him call everyone Jeff. People that I knew weren't called Jeff. There was this bright young girl, straight from Caltech, hell he even called her Jeff.

(beat)

So, I plucked up courage and just as he was leaving I finally managed to ask him what the deal was.

(checking Jeff in the rearview again)

You know what he said to me? He said: "Son, don't take this the wrong way, but I have too many important things to remember and learn in my life. I just can't afford the extra brain capacity of committing people's names to memory."

Jeff remains silent as he digests the story.

FINCH (CONT'D)

So what do you think?

Another silence.

JEFF

I think it's a funny story.
Humorous funny.

FINCH

(chuckling)

That's always how it struck me.

ON FINCH - absorbed in the warm embrace of his memories.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Heading through the mountains along a winding, dusty road.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - DINER/GAS STATION - AFTERNOON

The blistering afternoon heat shimmers off the hot blacktop. Finch almost nods off. He yawns and rubs his eyes.

He sees the Gas Station coming up and slows, after checking the storm behind him. He crawls beneath the roof canopy by the pumps, sheltering the Winnebago from the sun's UV.

Finch waits with the engine idling, double-checking that everything is safe for him to exit.

He checks the Wristcom: "NO WARNING". He unplugs it from the dash and attaches it to his forearm. Taps the screen again and gets the same positive message.

FINCH

Let's make this quick.
 (looking back to Jeff)
 Sometimes opportunities are just
 too good...

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DINER/GAS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

With just a breathing mask as a precaution. Keeping well to the shade, Finch exits the RV. With one eye on the distant storm, he walks towards the Diner.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - CONTINUOUS

Finch extends the Wristcom. Still reading: "NO WARNING."

He makes a cursory check around him, then heads back outside.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOMENTS LATER

Finch re-boards. Removes his mask. The Dog wags his tail.

FINCH

Hey fella. Fancy some fresh air?

Fixing a leash, Finch leads the Dog outside. Jeff follows.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Jeff, stay here. Guard the fort.

He closes the door. Jeff watches through the front windshield as Finch allows the Dog his first taste of the outdoors.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DINER/GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Safely beneath the canopy, Finch keeps an eye on the wristcom, rejoicing in watching the Dog enjoy his freedom of alien smells. Cocking his leg up against all the fuel pumps in quick succession.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Jeff moves away from the windshield and drifts around the Winnebago examining everything with innocent curiosity.

INT/EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Finch leads the Dog into the Diner.

Suddenly swaying from a fit of dizziness. He slumps into one of the seats, looking like death. The Dog looks up at him.

FINCH

It's okay. Nothing to worry about.
'Just need to rest up a second.

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER/GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Out of nowhere, a stiff breeze flurries across the landscape. Small pockets of dust and sand dance in the sudden gust.

ON A DUNKIN' DONUTS SIGN - its surface peppered with ancient gunshot marks - as it starts to sway back and forth noisily.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Jeff squeezes into the drivers seat. It creaks loudly under his weight. He checks out the San Francisco postcard on the sun visor. Examining it intently.

His expressive lens eyes drift down to the dashboard. His hands find the steering wheel - as he begins to play-act out his driving fantasies like some huge child.

INT/EXT. ROADSIDE DINER/GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Finch double-checks his Wristcom: "NO WARNING."

He checks out the open kitchen area. It's clearly been ransacked several times. The cupboards are bare.

He stands behind the counter. Looks at the Dog wistfully.

FINCH

Okay, so what's it to be? Prime
steak... maybe gravy on the side?

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Jeff's bored with pretend driving. He exits the seat.

ON HIS SUBSTANTIAL LEFT FOOT - inadvertently TRIGGERING the
hand brake release.

INT/EXT. ROADSIDE DINER/GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

FINCH

Or maybe some gently roasted
chicken... with all the bones
removed of course... The Dog cocks
his head to one side, looking
beyond Finch. Finch catches the
look and turns. Jaw dropping as --
THE WINNEBAGO - sails serenely past
the window.

FINCH (CONT'D)

What the hell!?

Barking furiously, the Dog beats Finch to the exit --

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER/GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Finch follows the Dog outside. They both reach the limit of
the shade and Finch is forced to haul the Dog back.

THEIR POV - the Winnebago coasts away down a gentle incline.
As it impacts safely with the Dunkin' Donuts sign and halts.

ON FINCH - face drained with simultaneous anxiety and relief.

The Sun's invisible, but deadly UV scorch down on the hundred
yard stretch between them. No man's land.

The door to the Winnebago opens. Jeff, giving his best
attempt at a sheepish look, appears in the opening.

Trying to remain calm, Finch stands on the threshold of
shadow and lethal sunlight.

FINCH

(cupping his hands)

Jeff, I need you to do exactly as I
say. Is that clear?

Jeff looks at Finch and cups his hands, mimicking Finch

JEFF
Are you upset?

FINCH
No I am not upset. But I need you
to listen okay?

JEFF
Okay.

FINCH
Did you just drive the RV?

JEFF
No. It rolled.

FINCH
That's good because I don't think
you're quite ready to drive yet.

JEFF
I have seen you drive.

FINCH
I know, but what I need you to do
is fetch my protective clothes and
bring them here to me.
(beat)
Is that understood?

JEFF
Understood.

Jeff retreats back inside the RV. Finch starts pacing
anxiously back and forth. Jeff reappears again.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Why are you doing that?

FINCH
It helps me think.

JEFF
Oh. Okay.

As Jeff steps back into the RV and closes the door.

FINCH
What's he doing?

A long beat as Finch waits anxiously - suddenly the RV's
powerful V-8 RUMBLES into life.

FINCH (CONT'D)
Oh dear God!

The engine revs a couple of times. The irrefutable sound of the gear shifting into reverse.

The Winnebago starts to back up, slowly gathering speed. The reverse beeper pinging away its warning.

FINCH (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Jeff! I meant bring my gear back to me - ON FOOT!
(as the RV keeps on reversing)
JEFF!

Finch leads the Dog out of the potential danger zone as the Winnebago approaches uncomfortably fast --

-- Reaching the gas station's canopy shadow - CLOSER STILL. The door's almost in the safe zone - but the back of the RV is heading straight for the GAS PUMPS --

FINCH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
(at the top of his voice)
STOP!

The Winnebago jerks to a halt with its rear bumper just KISSING the first pump.

ON THE DOOR - as Jeff flings it open proudly.

JEFF
I am an excellent driver.

Finch has had enough. He erupts.

FINCH
When I ask you to do something, I expect you to do it!

JEFF
I was using initiative.

FINCH
Initiative! You have no idea what the word means! And how could you? I keep forgetting you were literally born yesterday. Next time you decide to act like a brainless fool, think about common sense. Action means consequence!
(beat)

(MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

These things have to be learned,
but not at the expense of our
safety. Ever! We can run from a
storm, but we can't always hide
from the sun.

He beckons Jeff to follow him towards the edge of the canopy.

Forces Jeff's hand into the sunlight. Nothing.

ON THE BACK OF FINCH'S LEFT HAND - as he extends it into the
glaring sunlight beside Jeff's. Within seconds his skin
begins to redden and blister. As he grimaces in pain and
quickly withdraws it back into the shade.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Understand?

Jeff, staring at his metal arm, slowly withdraws his hand. He
understands.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROADS - LATE AFTERNOON

Finch back at the wheel, grim-faced as they travel in total
silence.

He's stuck a large BAND-AID across the UV damaged hand. He
checks the rearview, sees Jeff staring at him with a hangdog
expression.

FINCH

Keep gawking at me like that and
I'll be tempted to hand those nice
wide-angle lenses back to Dewey!

INT/EXT. TUNNEL - LATE AFTERNOON

The road begins to head downwards. The Winnebago heads into a
tunnel set into the mountain.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - MOUNTAIN ROADS - MOMENTS LATER

Back in sunlight. Finch rechecks his rearview: Jeff is facing
away from them, staring forlornly out of the back window.

Regretting what he said, Finch sighs.

FINCH

(choosing his words)

What I said. How I behaved. It wasn't fair. I know you meant well. It's good that you are thinking for yourself. It is. It's just... you need to understand just how vulnerable we are. We're both counting on you.

(long silence)

So you think you're a good driver, huh?

EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Engine idling, the Winnebago sits on a road that stretches towards the horizon. The sky is clear in every direction.

FINCH (V.O.)

Okay, now gently on the gas. Take your time... don't rush it.

The RV jerks forward, then pulls away, gaining speed rapidly.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Trying to look calm, Finch grips the side of his front passenger seat tightly. He looks across to Jeff, filling the driving seat next to him.

FINCH

Now, ease that foot a tad. Just hold her straight. The Winnebago cruises steadily down the centre line.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Perfect.

Jeff stares ahead with total concentration. Eager to please.

The Dog has had enough. Retired to the back of the RV, he's buried himself beneath some blankets.

FINCH (CONT'D)

(relaxing)

She's always been pretty thirsty, but I did a few modifications.

(then)

Keep her steady below fifty and we should be okay.

JEFF
 (vindicated)
 I am an excellent driver.

FINCH
 Okay, Rain Man, let's not get ahead
 of ourself.

JEFF
 I thought we agreed my name is
 Jeff?

EXT. WINNEBAGO - WIDE VISTA - SUNSET

Dwarfed by the landscape. Heading towards the setting sun.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Bitterly cold. Finch wrapped in a coat, scarf and woolly hat.

Jeff watches intently as Finch applies a lighter to kindling
 beneath a pile of branches.

As the fire catches and the dry wood crackles with flames.
 Finch warms his hands. His eyes well up with old memories.

FINCH
 It's been a long time.

The Dog nestles close. They sit in silence, enjoying the
 moment.

Jeff looks up at the sky and the Milky Way.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 The clearest night skies in history
 and just us dabblers left to admire
 them. (beat)
 Of course, dabblers refers to
 myself and the Dog.
 (then)
 I've no doubt you could-

JEFF
 (enthusiasm erupting)
 I could provide information on
 every single constellation
 catalogue dating back to old
 Babylon astrology.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Charts from the Hellenistic era,
discoveries from the Tang period or
recite Bayer's Uranometria Omnium
Asterismorum from any desired
page...

A beat - his lens eyes drift back from the heavens, down to
Finch's bandaged hand.

FINCH

Do I hear a but in there?

JEFF

... I'm sorry you felt the need to
put yourself in danger because of
my actions. And I'm sorry about
your hand.

FINCH

It'll heal.

(then)

That was two sorry's in a row
again. Not bad for synthesized
empathy.

JEFF

Will my emotions ever be real, like
yours?

FINCH

I put everything that I'd ever
learnt and more into making you.
Your brain is just as complex as
mine... maybe more so. You have the
heuristic capacity to experience,
learn and develop everything that
it means to be human.

(beat)

One day something will happen...
something that you can't control.
Emotion will find you... and it's
how you deal with it that will
define you.

JEFF

You really think so?

FINCH

Science, knowledge, logic...
they're not absolute. It's okay to
just believe. And once you make
that jump, you'll have already
taken the first step.

JEFF
And you believe?

Finch looks back up towards the heavens again.

FINCH
I believe in this.
(back to Jeff)
In you.
(to the Dog)
In him.

A long beat, Finch pulls his coat around him, struggles to his feet. He heads for the Winnebago. The Dog follows.

FINCH (CONT'D)
'Too cold for old bones like mine.

Opening the door, he looks back at Jeff.

JEFF
I'm going to stay here for a while.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Lit by the moon and stars, the landscape takes on an ethereal beauty.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Finch is fast asleep inside the RV. The Dog is curled up beside him.

An empty can of Spam is sitting on the kitchen counter.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - PREDAWN

Jeff the Droid sits outside by the dying embers of the fire. Spellbound, as the night sky tinges with dawn light.

The spell is broken by distressed barking from inside the RV.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAWN

Jeff enters to find Finch puking his guts out into the toilet. The Dog frantically runs up and down the RV. Jeff watches helplessly as Finch staggers back to the kitchenette and grabs the last numbered cans of Spam. The tins are bulging ominously. Finch drops them into the trash and then collapses back onto his bed.

HIS FEVERED POV - as Jeff's hazy, soft-focus face peers down at him.

JEFF
You are unwell.

Finch looks up at him through half-closed, delirious eyes.

FINCH
(mumbling)
Should've checked...

JEFF
What can I do?

FINCH
Call a doctor.

Finch tries to laugh, then doubles up with stomach cramps. His eyes close as he slips into unconsciousness.

WITH JEFF - skimming his databases --

He pours a glass of water. Uses some of it to dampen a cloth.

Each time he gets close to Finch, the Dog growls, jealously guarding its master. Jeff ignores it, puts the cloth on Finch's head.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

The RV sits in the desolate, rocky landscape. Its metal surfaces protesting as they expand in the growing heat.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - DAY

Jeff looks anxiously at his frail, still-sleeping patient. He's done all he can.

The Dog laps up some water. It looks down at its empty food bowl and then back up to Jeff.

Jeff get's the message. Checks the dwindling food supplies. Pulls down one of the last cans of dog food and stares at it.

His oversize metal fingers are way too large to operate the normal can-opener.

The can literally 'FLIES' out of his hands and sticks to his chest with a CLANG, as if magnetized.

CLOSE ON HIS CHEST - as a small cavity opens up. Then, with

a whirl of recessed machinery, a can opener appears out of nowhere and removes the offending lid. Finch has thought of everything.

ON JEFF - as he carefully empties the food into the dog bowl.

ON THE DOG - as it gulps the lot down in seconds without a second glance at Jeff.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - DAY

Finch rocks gently with the motion of the moving RV. His eyes flutter open, then close again.

Jeff sits at the wheel, determinedly driving.

A huge decaying sign at the side of the road points to GRAND VISTA GOLDEN RETIREMENT VILLAGE.

As he heads towards it.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - RETIREMENT VILLAGE - DAY

Heading past ordered streets lined with homes. Another sign points towards CLUBHOUSE AND SHOPPING MALL.

It's like something out of Stepford Wives.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Jeff pulls up outside and gets out of the driving seat. Finch is still asleep with the Dog curled up beside him.

Jeff grabs Dewey from the condiment rack and exits.

INT/EXT. GRAND VISTA SHOPPING MALL - DAY

Dewey tags on behind Jeff as he picks his way past the ransacked shops heading towards --

INT. TARGET SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jeff enters and checks out the store. He takes in the brutally ransacked and trashed shelves.

Something catches his attention at the back of one of the aisles. His lens eyes rack focus as they take in a small sign which reads - 'Emergency staircase to Panorama Gym and Fitness Restaurant'.

He heads to the stairs, Dewey following. As he begins to ascend - THUD-THUD-THUD. He stops and looks back. Realizes that Dewey cannot climb stairs.

JEFF
(proudly emulating Finch)
Give me five seconds. Wait there.

Dewey chitters anxiously as Jeff disappears in the darkness.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - SHOPPING MALL - CONTINUOUS

Finch turns restlessly in his sleep. His eyes open as he hazily takes in the static Winnebago and Jeff's absence.

He fumbles for the glass of water. Takes a long gulp, splashing the last drops on his face.

He takes a look out of the window, sees the shopping mall. Immediately realizes where Jeff has gone.

He grabs the Wristcom and activates it.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
Radiation-Detected. Minimums. Air
pressure. Dropping.

As Finch shakes his head and reaches for his protective gear.

INT. PANORAMA GYM - CONTINUOUS

Jeff picks his way through the deserted gym in the darkness.

INT. TARGET SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

ON DEWEY - his attention wandering back to the ransacked supermarket. As his single monocular eye fixes on -- A row of apparently untouched CANS OF TURKEY BREAST. As he scurries towards the gourmet holy grail.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - SHOPPING MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Muttering to himself in agitation, Finch struggles into the last of his protective gear.

INT. PANORAMA FITNESS RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Jeff's servo motors WHINE in the dimly lit restaurant.

SEVERAL DRESSED HUMAN REMAINS sit around a table, like some macabre last supper. He moves on towards the kitchens.

INT. TARGET SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

ON DEWEY'S RESTRICTED POV - as the cans of food grow closer.

He struggles around the wreckage to reach them. Almost there.

He chitters excitedly as he extends his arm towards them. It can't quite reach. Moves a little closer - his impaired single-lens vision failing to notice the camouflaged TRIP WIRE that's been cunningly laid in the rubble --

SNAP. The cruel steel jaws of the Bear Trap SLAM closed -- severing his head. MANGLING his body.

INT. PANORAMA FITNESS RESTAURANT - KITCHENS - CONTINUOUS

Jeff has uncovered a padlocked door leading to a storage cupboard. He grips the padlock and twists it hard.

As the entire padlock rips away from its fixing.

INT. TARGET SUPERMARKET - CONTINUOUS

Finch enters the supermarket. He hears a dull, repetitive BANGING. Cautiously approaches the sound.

He reacts in shock at Dewey's massacred body. His single arm flailing as it repeatedly tries to lift itself off the floor.

As Finch reaches down and cuts off Dewey's power and the arm relaxes into stillness.

INT. PANORAMA FITNESS RESTAURANT - KITCHENS - AFTERNOON

Proud of himself, Jeff emerges from the food store, his large hands are clutching several cans of food.

A SHADOWY FIGURE - looms. Too late, Jeff spots it. Nearly dropping his booty, he whirls around to find - FINCH.

FINCH
(grimly quiet)
We're leaving.

Jeff holds up his treasure proudly.

JEFF

I found these.

Finch's respirator HISSES loudly in the silence. He reaches back and makes an adjustment to quieten it.

FINCH

We need to get out! Jeff looks back towards the food store. Confused.

JEFF

But I thought...

Jeff's servo motors whine as he looks around. Clearly scared. Finch signals Jeff to be silent.

FINCH

Walk away. Now!

INT. TARGET SUPERMARKET - MOMENTS LATER

Retracing their way back across the wrecked supermarket. Jeff looks around for Dewey. Finch pushes him towards the exit.

INT/EXT. GRAND VISTA SHOPPING MALL - CONTINUOUS

JEFF

Where's Dewey?

FINCH

Dewey's gone.

From the mall entrance, a sudden blast of wind GUSTS past them. The entire fabric of the building shifts and creaks.

A CLATTERING NOISE - from somewhere in the mall behind them. Getting closer.

They both break into a clumsy run. Finch struggling in his heavy protective gear. Jeff THUDDING after him.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - SHOPPING MALL - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff barely has time to close the RV door. Finch scrambles into the driving seat, hands shaking as he hits the ignition. The engine fires, tires SCREAMING as he floors the gas.

CLOSE ON EXTERNAL FUEL LINE -- its connector has worked loose. Escaped fuel DRIPS down the side of the RV.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - RETIREMENT VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Finch almost loses control as he skids around a corner. The bull bars SMASH into a rusting car, shoving it aside.

He checks his rearview. Sees something. His face frozen in dread as he tears off his breathing mask to see clearer --

POV SIDE MIRROR -- A SILHOUETTED HUMAN FIGURE, watching from a rooftop.

Finch floors the gas, desperate to get away from the place. ON JEFF - forced to hang on tightly. The rescued food cans slip from his hands, nearly hitting the Dog.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The RV swerves out onto the highway and speeds off towards the horizon.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

Finch still focussed on driving. His eyes repeatedly glancing in his mirrors. But nothing is following.

JEFF

May I say something...?

FINCH

No.

JEFF

I don't think you are well.

Finch jams his foot on the brakes and pulls to a halt in the middle of the road. Dust swirls around them.

Leaving the engine idling, he climbs out of his seat and begins hurling stuff out of a storage cupboard.

Finds what he's looking for -- THE TWINKIE BOX.

Ripping off the lid, he pulls out something wrapped in oilcloth - undoes the cloth to reveal --

AN OLD COLT .45 WITH A TRAY OF BULLETS

His hands shake as he fumbles with the magazine clip. It slips from his hands - as Jeff picks it up and hands it back.

FINCH

Two years... that's all it took for
the food to run out. Two years to
destroy six thousand years of
civilization...

Finch starts thumbing loose bullets into the magazine.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Some people hid in their houses
with their loved ones. Locked the
doors, boarded up the windows, drew
the curtains... trying to shut the
dying world out as it started to
destroy itself from the inside.
Other people...

A bullet slips to the floor. They both let it lie there.

FINCH (CONT'D)

(reciting)

Grab whatever you can, kill anyone
that tries to take it from you.

(looks at Jeff)

I overheard a father telling that
to his daughter in a supermarket
parking lot, the day it happened.
She had a machete in her hand and a
Barbie rucksack on her back. Can't
have been more than nine years old.
Thirty seconds later they were both
dead. Crushed beneath the wheels of
a jacked SUV...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - THE PAST - DAY

Finch watches concealed behind a building.

FINCH (V.O.)

The driver got out the truck. Took
whatever they had. Just ripped it
out of their dying hands. Drove off
like nothing had happened... and
I... I just stood in the shadows
like a coward...

ON FINCH - as he catches his reflection in the supermarket
window. Then turns away in disgust.

CUT BACK TO:

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - PRESENT DAY

FINCH

Hunger turns people into sub-humans. Anything it takes to survive. Anything.

Slots the magazine into the gun.

FINCH (CONT'D)

I despise these things... but I'll use it if I have to.

(eyes welling)

There was a trap and you let Dewey walk right into it!

JEFF

You are becoming emotional.

FINCH

You're damn right I am! He's gone because of you.

JEFF

I am sorry.

FINCH

Listen to me!

(Jeff stares down at Finch's teary face)

Sorry won't always fix it. You're actions compromised one of us... and Dewey was one of us.

(then)

Things are replaceable. People, Dogs, friends... are not.

(suddenly breathless)

No more lessons. No more mistakes. We can't afford them. New rules now. All about survival...

He collapses back into a seat.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Right now, I need you to drive. Floor the gas. We need the miles.

Jeff gets behind the wheel and pulls away. Finch stares out of the window, his fingers tightly wrapped around the gun.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Heading along an endless road between primal rock formations. Weird cloud formations are gathering in the sky.

INT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Finch still in the same position, watching the road. Fighting fatigue. He starts to nod off, catches himself.

Finally losing the battle - eyes closing as he falls asleep.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - LATE AFTERNOON

Finch still asleep, face pressed against the rear window. The Dog snores beside him.

Outside, dark clouds boiling in the sky followed by jagged bolts of lightning crackling between them.

A massive THUNDERCLAP wakes Finch. He sits up, fumbling with the safety on the Colt. Thinking the worst.

Eyes bleary, he looks outside and spots TWO HEADLIGHTS. Half a mile back on the black road behind. Tailing them.

Hands trembling he closes the slats lining the window.

The inside of the RV whites out as lightning flashes. Followed by another, LOUDER THUNDERCLAP.

Finch scrambles to the front as the Dog cowers.

FINCH
(checking mirrors)
Keep driving straight.

JEFF
I had noticed the car.

FINCH
Why didn't you wake me up?

JEFF
You needed rest.

Finch, in a state of panic and disbelief. Eyes the mirrors.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

FINCH

No, Jeff. I'm not okay. Everything I've taught you. So intelligent, but too dumb to see... We are being followed.

JEFF

Yes. For sixty-eight minutes and forty-two seconds. What do you think they want?

FINCH

I don't want to find out.

JEFF

Why are you worried?

FINCH

Because I never taught you about fuel gauges.

Jeff looks at the fuel gauge. It's near RED LINE.

Finch is already putting on his protective suit...

FINCH (CONT'D)

(commanding)

Pull over!

EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - DUSK

Jeff hefting five gallon cans of Diesel. Hurriedly emptying them into the gas tank.

Finch stares at the headlights, still a half mile back. Also pulled over. WAITING. Glittering like the eyes of some predatory creature.

He checks the hybrid modifications to the fuel tank. Finds the loose connection immediately. Starts tightening it.

FINCH

Someone's done this...

He looks back at the distant headlights accusingly.

ZAP - multiple lightning bolts light up the sky. Just enough time to make out the shape of the vehicle the headlights belong to. A TRUCK. Another BOOM of thunder shakes the ground.

THEN -- the headlights begin to MOVE. The truck PULLING BACK ONTO THE ROAD.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 (rising panic)
 We need to go!

Jeff valiantly continues to empty the diesel into the tank.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 Now Jeff! Leave it! Back inside!

No time. All arms and legs as they scramble for the door.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Finch checks through the slatted rear window. The following headlights bright against a sky as black as Hades.

FINCH
 (shouting to Jeff)
 You drive! Get us out of here!

LIGHTNING and another THUNDERCLAP rock the Winnebago.

The Dog, dives beneath the kitchen table.

Jeff floors the gas. The ungainly RV slow to respond as he tries to speed away.

Finch tumbles into the passenger seat. He flips off the headlights, plunging the road ahead into darkness.

FINCH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 Can you still see?

JEFF
 (resolute)
 I can see.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Driving in pitch black. The RV roars by at full speed.

INT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Finch pulls out his large USA road map. Traces along the route with a tiny flashlight.

He checks his watch. Calculates. Looks at the fuel gauge.

Just a hair above RED LINE. Panics.

FINCH

Next turning head south. There's a tunnel beneath the mountains. We could just make it...

EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The RV sways onto a twisting freeway, heading south.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Finch peers into his side mirror. The predatory headlights momentarily hidden by the sharp corners.

FINCH

Okay. Now floor the gas! Jeff throws him a sideways, questioning glance.

FINCH (CONT'D)

(gripping tight)

Do it!

Jeff does as he's told.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - TUNNEL MOUTHS - MOMENTS LATER

Swaying crazily past an ABANDONED VEHICLE, the RV thunders towards the twin ENTRANCE AND EXIT mouths of the tunnel.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - SOUTH BOUND TUNNEL MOUTH - CONTINUOUS180

JEFF

I can see the tunnel. Finch snatches a look into his side mirror. Still clear. In the TOTAL DARKNESS they are dangerously close to colliding with stranded vehicles. THEN-- FINCH THROWS himself at the wheel, grabbing hold and HEAVING it towards the left. HARD. The RV veers across into the opposite lane, narrowly missing the start of a central reservation barrier by INCHES.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - NORTH BOUND LANE - SAME TIME

Gunning towards the opposite, North bound tunnel mouth.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

The V-8 sputters, then catches. Barely.

FINCH
 (off Jeff's confusion)
 We're running on fumes.

FUEL GAUGE... BELOW RED LINE

The tunnel just ahead. Sanctuary. Something LOOMING in the darkness... A half-collapsed structure. UNSEEN ...

Finch eyes his side mirror. Concentration distracted.

CRASH... THE GRINDING TEARING OF RIPPING METAL...

As they all VIOLENTLY SMASH into the dashboard. The RV chokes it's last breath as they all struggle to catch theirs.

SILENCE.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - NORTH BOUND EXIT TUNNEL MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

The RV. Half in, half out. It's a sitting duck.

Most of the solar panels have been ripped off its roof by a collapsed overhead sign gantry.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - EXIT TUNNEL MOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Jeff trying to crank the engine. Finch already on his feet.

FINCH
 (over shoulder)
 Leave it.

He storms to the back, peers out the slats. Sees the ominous glow of approaching HEADLIGHTS in the opposite south bound lane. Arcing the corner toward them.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 (devastated)
 What have I done...

He hears the cabin door open, then SLAM closed. Looks back to see Jeff's empty seat.

FINCH (CONT'D)
 Jeff! Don't-- the lightning--

Before Finch can even stand the RV starts groaning forward --

Jeff, outside, PUSHING THE RV. Behind him on the road, HEADLIGHTS drawing closer--

Finch's desperate face is pressed against the rear window. Beneath him, Jeff LABORS with all his remaining might to push the RV towards the safety of the tunnel.

The RV INCHES painfully forward. The panels scream in agony as they rip and tear above.

-- a stray lightning bolt STRIKES Jeff. His metal body literally GLOWS INCANDESCENTLY like a light bulb as it overdrives his motors to give one last giant shove.

The RV rolls inside the darkened tunnel. Finally hidden.

His SMOKING bulk CRASHES to the ground besides it.

EXT. SOUTH BOUND TUNNEL MOUTH - MOMENTS LATER

The pursuing headlights cruise past, seemingly unaware. Finally disappearing into the South bound tunnel.

EXT. NORTH TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jeff's circuits crackle and whir as they re-boot. He staggers to his feet unsteadily.

KABOOM. The loudest thunderclap in history, outside the tunnel mouth - as that final storm breaks.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NORTH TUNNEL - NIGHT

Finch grabs a flashlight. Tucks the gun in his belt.

He checks the Wristcom. "NO WARNING".

The Dog has crawled from beneath the seat. Finch is too preoccupied to notice him. No friendly words. No pat on the head. Finch makes for the door. Doesn't look back.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - NORTH TUNNEL - NIGHT

PITCH BLACK, pierced by the pencil beam of the flashlight.

Finch hurries across to Jeff. Relief passing across his face, when he sees that he is not seriously damaged.

Finch's eyes follow the beam of his flashlight as he scans the damage to the battered RV's roof and solar panels.

JEFF

(still disorientated)

Maybe you should rest... But Finch is too distraught by the sight of the RV damage. Jeff watches anxiously as he climbs up the small ladder to the RV's roof. Finch slides across to the wrecked solar panels. Pencil beam dancing - as he sees the full extent of the damage. FRAGMENTED IMAGES - His face, hope draining - feet sliding on the damaged metal -- HE SLIPS. Lands hard. Just lies there. Defeated.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Confused. Anxious. The Dog hears the thump from the roof.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - NORTH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Jeff looks up anxiously, switching on his worklights.

JEFF

Finch... Finch?

ON THE ROOF - Finch stares disbelievingly at the damage. His expression boils over from utter loss to rage within moments. He starts SMASHING the wrecked panels with the butt of his flashlight.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

The Dog spins in a worried circle BARKING furiously.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - NORTH TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Jeff stares up at the ladder. His hand grips the first rung.

Uncertain if he should go up or wait.

Then - The pounding stops. Finch climbs back down.

FINCH

It's over... What's the point?
What's the point of pushing on in a
world that just doesn't want us
here anymore?

Approaching the mouth of the tunnel. The storm is building.
Lightning illuminates massive, boiling clouds.

JEFF

The point is those clouds are
Cumulonimbus....

FINCH

I don't want to hear it!

JEFF

It's going to rain, Finch. You know
what that means...

FINCH

Just stop, Jeff! We're done. I'm
done. It's over.

JEFF

I cannot allow you to give up.

FINCH

You can't allow! That's rich coming
from a machine!

The word 'machine' hits Jeff like a sledgehammer.

JEFF

(quoting)

'A robot must not harm a human or,
through inaction, allow a human to
come to harm...'

FINCH

Shut up!

(then)

It's hopeless and there's nothing
we can do about it.

JEFF

'We must accept finite
disappointment, but never lose
infinite hope.' Martin Luther -

FINCH

Enough! Just leave me! Go take a
hike! And you can take that
literally!

(MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

(beat)

GO!

Jeff turns and walks off dejectedly down the tunnel. Finch steps into the storm. Brandishing his fists at the sky.

FINCH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Is this it... my punishment for not believing in you... Ten years I've tried, waited. Yes I even prayed...

Jeff's predicted rain pours down his face as huge forks of lightning flicker across the sky.

FINCH (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I never lost hope... hope that one day things would start to get better... and now you've taken it all away...

INT. NORTH TUNNEL - NIGHT

Jeff walks glumly away. About twenty-five yards ahead, the beams of his worklights pick out --

TWO SMALL GLOWING ORBS - moving towards him.

Jeff stops in his tracks. Staring intently. As the glowing circles get closer and we see what they're attached to --

A LARGE, MALE GRIZZLY BEAR - emaciated, starving.

Jeff checks his database. Recognizing what it is. But not sure how to handle the situation.

JEFF

(artificial menace)

I am bigger than you. I want you to know that.

He stands his ground. Servos whining, raising his hands above his head in an attempt to make himself seem larger.

Wrong move.

As the Bear emits a CHALLENGING ROARING GROWL. Raising itself to its full height which is taller than Jeff.

The Bear moves closer with another deep, grumbling ROAR of suspicion. Sniffs at the air, trying to figure out Jeff.

Its eyes have a milky opaqueness. Still curious, it pads closer. Its sheer bulk, diminishing the Droid.

FINCH (O.S.)
Ursus arctos horribilis...

JEFF
What?

FINCH
You're confusing your bear species.
It's a Grizzly...
(calm authority)
Look down at the ground. Slowly
turn around. Do not attempt to run.
Just walk back to the RV.

JEFF
He's blind. I don't think he can
harm me.

FINCH
He could still rip your head clean
off your shoulders.
(beat)
Do as I say. Now!

Jeff starts his retreat. But the Bear isn't buying it. He
sniffs the air again. He's caught Finch's scent.

ON THE BEAR - as it CHARGES.

BANG! BANG!

Finch's Colt echoes loudly in the confined tunnel. The Bear
Roars one last time, then takes off running.

ON FINCH - shaking, smoking gun aimed high above his head.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Finch continues to fire the Colt into the air until the
magazine runs out. He flings the gun into the darkness and
walks away.

Jeff watches despondently as Finch enters the RV and slams
the door behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

Blinding WHITE LIGHT fills the frame. DAYLIGHT.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - HIGHWAY - MORNING

Jeff, indefatigable is at the wheel.

Finch sleeps off his despair in the back. The Dog, happily snuggled beside him.

The battered RV exits the gloom of the tunnel. White sunlight pierces the protective screens. Etching the battered Winnebago with moving, lined shadows.

WRISTCOM (V.O.)
UV-Radiation-Detected. Minimums.
Weather fronts. Normal. Jeff's
right hand wanders from the
steering wheel. Fingers tapping
restlessly against the armrest.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - DAY

Leaving a trail of dust in its wake, the Winnebago cruises towards a desert landscape peppered with stratified buttes of ochre and red.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - DAY

The dusty road seems endless.

ON JEFF - as his left lens eye stays focussed on the road ahead. Like a chameleon, his right eye, independently twists round and begins to wander --

ONTO THE BOX OF POSTCARDS - sitting on the shelf. His right hand reaches out for it, spilling the box and its contents across the passenger area.

Still driving perfectly, Jeff reaches down and begins retrieving them.

As his lens eye stares down at wonders from the world that used to be - from The Great Pyramids at Giza, to the Taj Mahal - and from great paintings from The Mona Lisa, to Van Gogh's Starry Night.

Ever curious, he turns over one of the cards, but it's blank. No address, no message. Nothing.

He turns over another, then another. All the cards are blank.

The dash mounted Wristcom makes a barely audible bleep as its screen reads: NO WARNING.

Jeff'S too preoccupied to register the good news. Then --

SPLAT! Something hits the windshield. Something soft and bug-like with wings.

He quickly bundles the postcards back into the box, before focussing both eyes on the lifeless object smeared across the windshield - at its delicate yellow wings FLUTTERING in the airstream.

Another FLUTTERING BLUR of yellow and brown crosses the highway, directly in Jeff's path. He SWERVES to avoid it and brings the RV to a halt.

ON FINCH AND THE DOG - as they're almost tipped out of bed.

JEFF (O.S.)

Finch. Finch? You should come and see this.

Staying with Finch, looking frailer and grumpier than ever, as he walks towards the front.

ON HIS FACE - Lighting up. Mood lifting in an instant. Peering intently at the remains of the squashed insect.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I couldn't help hitting it.

FINCH

It's a Dogface... a Dogface butterfly... and it's alive... at least it was alive... I've never seen one this far north...

ON FINCH - realizing the significance of what this means.

The dashboard Wristcom interrupts with a loud BEEP --

NO WARNING

Finch lets out a great WHOOP of joy. He lifts up the Dog and hugs it and then tries to embrace a nonplussed Jeff. He tears around the RV, opening all the shutters letting in the light.

Then he turns to the door. Tentatively pushing it open. Allowing the harsh sunlight to spill into the RV.

ON THE BACK OF FINCH'S RIGHT HAND - as he extends it slowly into the unfiltered sunlight. Warm, comforting.

IT DOESN'T BURN HIM.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Eyes welling with tears. Finch steps off the RV into the open air. Letting the sun wash over him, unprotected, for the first time in a decade.

FINCH'S POV - the second surviving Dogface butterfly happily perched by the roadside. Opening and closing its wings. Absorbing the heat.

He extends his hand gently. The Butterfly lands on it.

Arms extended - Christ-like. Butterfly still perched in his palm. Finch spins joyously in a slow circle. Embracing the moment. And the world.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Hair smartly slicked back from his pale face, Finch poses in front of the mirror, dressed in an immaculate white double-breasted suit at least two sizes too big for him. The Dog sniffs intently at his trousers while Jeff looks on incredulously.

FINCH

That's enough sniffing and gawping.

Jeff continues to stare through his wide-angle lenses. If his jaw could drop. It would.

Finch selects one of his and the Dog's last cans of food from the shelf and begins to open them.

FINCH (CONT'D)

I think we've earned ourselves a picnic.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - DAY

In the middle of the highway, Finch, Jeff and the Dog relax in the shade of a sun awning extending from the Winnebago.

Wearing a Panama hat and sunglasses, Finch sits back in an old deck chair smoking a large cigar. The remains of Jeff's booty from the Panorama Fitness Restaurant lay spread out on a table beside him.

Jeff is still fascinated by the postcard collection as he stares at one picture after another.

The Dog lies happily next to his empty food bowl.

FINCH

If I may say so Jeff, that was the best meal I've ever had... a real 'Dejeuner sur le Black top.'

(he chuckles)

Pity about the lack of grass - but after all that rain... who knows.

He puffs on his cigar. Enjoying the peace of the moment. Jeff seems fascinated by this 'other' side to Finch.

FINCH (CONT'D)

A penny for them?

Jeff stares at him uncomprehendingly.

FINCH (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

JEFF

Are they all like you?

(beat)

Humans have so many different sides to them.

FINCH

Well I'm nothing special.

He looks out to the horizon.

JEFF

Do you think we will make it to the Golden Gate bridge?

FINCH

Maybe...

(emotions bubble behind Finch's eyes)

I would like to think so...

JEFF

I think we will. I saw it in my head the other night.

FINCH

In your head?

JEFF

All of us on the bridge. Like a picture that hasn't been painted yet.

FINCH
 (realizing)
 You dreamt?
 (beat)
 Wow. You had a dream. That blows my
 mind. How I'd love to see you in
 five years time.

Finch sits, amazed at how far his creation has already come.

JEFF
 May I ask you a question?

FINCH
 Sure.

JEFF
 The postcard of the Golden Gate
 bridge. It has writing on the back.
 All the others are blank...

FINCH
 Because my father only me sent that
 one postcard.

JEFF
 (probing)
 Why didn't he send you more?

Finch reaches for one of the blank postcards. A painting of a
 Viking funeral in all its fiery glory.

FINCH
 My mother claimed my dad had Viking
 blood in him.

(beat)
 He left her before I was born...
 Apparently he was a Danish
 engineer. I never had any
 contact... That is until my tenth
 birthday. That card arrived,
 addressed to me, out of the blue.
 It didn't say much, only that one
 day he hoped to meet me... he even
 suggested a rendezvous on the
 bridge... he urged me to 'go see
 the world'.

(beat)
 I treasured it... and when I was
 older, I even brought myself this
 fancy white suit... I wanted to
 impress him. But I never got to
 wear it...

(off Jeff's quizzical
 (MORE)

FINCH (CONT'D)

expression)

I don't know why he never sent any more. I never heard from him again.

JEFF

What about the other cards?

FINCH

I bought them. Every time I saw one in a shop that took my fancy - I'd buy it. Something for the bucket list, I guess? I don't know why.

(beat)

Humans are full of contradictions.

(long beat)

Whatever happens, I want you to see the world. Be true to yourself...

The way I made you. Don't make the same mistakes that I did.

He fondles the ears of the Dog tenderly as Jeff listens.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Sure, you can already tell me how many rivets are in that bridge, how many miles of steel cable were used or how high it is.

(then)

But it's not until you actually stand on it and see the beauty of it - listen to the suspension cables singing in the wind - take in the vision and scale of the men that built it...

(beat)

That's experience. Human experience. It's what separates computers from people.

A long beat. He's looking frailer than ever. He leans in closer to Jeff.

FINCH (CONT'D)

I need you to promise something... something that goes beyond all that prime directive stuff...

(catching his breath)

Promise me that you'll look after him when I'm gone.

JEFF

You mean absent?

FINCH

Jeff, I think it's time we called a
spade a spade. I'm going to die.
I'm dying.

Jeff stares at Finch. Unsure how to deal with the weird
empathetic signals crisscrossing his delicate microcircuitry.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Now make me that promise.
(then)
And never stop dreaming.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - AFTERNOON

Sunlight glints off the battered sides of the RV. A gentle
breeze ripples the awning covering the surreal picnic party.

We hear the sounds of the Dog barking excitedly as Finch
throws the ball for him.

ON THE DOG - panting with the exertion, but still eager for
more. He runs back to Finch and drops the ball beside him.

Finch retrieves the ball and tosses it across to Jeff.

FINCH

Go ahead. Throw it. But not too
hard mind.
(off Jeff's hesitation)
You want to get an animal's
respect. You gotta do this kind of
stuff.

Jeff hefts the ball. The Dog chases after it barking crazily.
He catches it and runs back.

Jeff waits expectantly. But the Dog returns the ball to Finch
instead of him.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Don't worry. Dogs are kind of set
in their ways. He'll get around to
liking you.
(long beat)
I wish I had the time to tell you
more about the world. But I envy
you the adventures that lie ahead.
You could outlast everyone. Carry
the knowledge. Be the last man
standing...

JEFF

But I'm not a man.

FINCH

No you're not. But in my eyes,
you're one better.

Jeff gives an involuntary twitch of his great head. Tapping at it with his palm.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Still got that loose screw?

He chuckles and bursts into a fit of coughing. Blood streams from his nose. It spatters across his suit.

FINCH (CONT'D)

Now look what I've gone and done.
My beautiful suit... It's ruined.

Jeff helps him towards the RV. Goes to follow Finch inside.

FINCH (CONT'D)

No. I'd like to rest on my own for
a while... why don't you take the
Dog for a walk. Work on that
friendship...

Unwilling to be separated, the Dog slips inside beside his beloved master. Looks up at him anxiously. Finch shrugs.

JEFF

Can't I do something?

FINCH

Just shake my hand.

They both grip each other's hand. Finch closes the door. Jeff stands there looking utterly lost.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - LATER

Jeff has packed up the last of the picnic gear. He sits on a rock watching the sunset. His lens eye's are randomly racking in and out of focus.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

Finch is lying on his bed covered by a blanket.

The Dog senses the situation as he nuzzles against his master, desperate to rouse him.

But Finch is near the end. His breathing is shallow. ON HIS EYES - clearly somewhere else --

DISSOLVE TO:

A MEADOW COVERED WITH WILDFLOWERS

A gentle summer breeze ripples a sea of blue and purple locoweed and Alfalfa. The soft hypnotic hum of Bees everywhere.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

Moonlight illuminates the magical landscape.

Jeff looks anxiously towards the RV. But there's no sound or light from inside.

INT. WINNEBAGO - NIGHT

ON FINCH'S HAND - stroking his beloved Dog for the last time.

The fingers tense, then grow still.

ON THE DOG - Realizing. It starts HOWLING, LOUDER AND LOUDER.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jeff hears the Dog's howls of grief. His normally erect demeanor visibly COLLAPSES.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - PRE-DAWN

Neatly covered by a sheet. Finch lies on the bed. His face looks calm and at peace.

Heartbroken, the Dog lies curled up against his corpse. THROUGH THE OPEN RV DOOR - Jeff is gathering small rocks and placing them into four piles.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - DAWN

Dawn paints the desert in yellow light.

Dressed in his white suit, like a Viking Chief on a funeral pyre, Finch's body lies in state on his bed - supported on piles of rocks.

The bewildered Dog watches as Jeff approaches the pyre holding a flaming branch. His arm mechanism SHUDDERS with a whine of servos. It is quite obvious that he cannot bring himself to commit Finch to the flames.

JEFF

Did you know that...
 (his voice falters
 between
 his own and recordings of
 Finch's)
 Cremated human remains are 47.5%
 Phosphate, 25.3% Calcium, 11%
 Sulphate....

The flaming branch falls to the ground.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - DAY

Finch's corpse has been strapped into a sitting position on his bed.

The Dog whimpers pathetically as it tries to nudge his dead master's hand to life.

Jeff paces to and fro, unaware that he is imitating Finch.

JEFF

How can I think, if you keep making
 those noises...

He reaches for one of the last cans of dog food. Opens and pours it out. Places the bowl on the floor. The Dog sniffs at it, then turns away.

ON THE BOWL - filled with Pineapple rings. Jeff oblivious.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Don't worry about me, you carry on.

The Dog ignores him. Jeff pauses. Reflects. Tries again.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(Finch's voice
 recording.)

Don't worry about me, you carry on.

On the Dog - eyes lighting at the sound of his master - then dulling as he realizes that it wasn't genuine.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff absentmindedly tops up the fuel tank. Distracted by a buzzing housefly inside the RV's window.

The diesel is OVERFLOWING. Soaking away into the dry ground.

INT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

The RV sways as Jeff re-enters. He is clearly verging on the bionic equivalent of a human mental breakdown.

JEFF

We're ready to go now.

(to Finch)

I think it makes sense, don't you?

(longer beat)

All of us together.

The buzzing housefly lands on Finch. Jeff watches as it crawls across his cheek, before swatting it away.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - LATE AFTERNOON

Jeff is driving very erratically, concentration wavering as he looks back over his shoulder to the Dog

JEFF

Have you seen the Golden Gate
Bridge?

(in Finch's recorded
voice)

Then we will see it together.

The road curves sharply. Something clatters in the back of the Winnebago as it falls onto the floor.

Jeff takes his eyes off the road for that fatal split-second.

Turns back to his driving, shielding his eye lenses against the blinding, low sunlight.

Something GLINTS up ahead. Reflecting off SHARP pointed edges - stretching across the road like a metallic snake.

A POLICE STINGER.

ON JEFF - as it dawns way too late --

SLAMMING on the brakes - Half-a-century-old front discs screaming in protest --

The overloaded RV dips down on its front suspension. Burying itself nose first into the blacktop --

Front tires skidding over the razor sharp teeth. BANG! BANG!

Rubberless wheel rims digging deep into the road surface - one of them snaps its axle --

THE WINNEBAGO - FLIPPING OVER AND OVER - Windows shattering - Frame buckling --

Sound echoing -- Then SILENCE --

CUT TO BLACK.

SOUND OVER: MICROCIRCUITRY RE-BOOTING ITSELF - THE DOG'S PANICKED BARKING --

FADE IN:

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff's lens eyes iris open as his systems complete re-booting and safety checks - back ONLINE.

His POV - Utter devastation. The RV flipped on its roof like a beached whale. Totally destroyed.

Finch's corpse is hanging from its strapping above him. The Dog is cowering in shock in a corner. Blood oozing from a gash in its side.

Wearing the Wristcom, Jeff carries the Dog to safety --

CUT TO:

EXT. CRASH SITE - DESERT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Placing the Dog on a blanket. Jeff hurriedly cleans and bandages his wound. Then he rushes back into the RV and retrieves Finch's tatty old T-shirt.

THE DOG - raises its head. SNIFFS the air. Recognizing the familiar smell of his beloved Finch.

Jeff carefully covers the Dog.

INT/EXT. WINNEBAGO - DESERT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

INTERCUT
BETWEEN:

FINCH'S BODY - now surrounded by SWARMS of houseflies, as Jeff tears away the straps securing Finch's body --

THE DOG - eyes closing, exhausted --

JEFF - swatting in vain at the cloud of flies as they continue to swarm over Finch --

THE DOG - fast asleep, as lethal danger SLITHERS CLOSER --

JEFF - unaware, still obsessed by the flies plaguing Finch's body --

THE THREE FOOT MALE COPPERHEAD - Blending perfectly with the pinkish hues of the sandstone, raises its head and --

STRIKES --

ON JEFF - as he hears the anguished HOWL of the dog. In a BLUR of surprising speed, he dashes towards the sound. His powerful fingers wrap around the snake's gaping jaws. Hurling the snake away, but the damage has been done --

EXT. CRASH SITE - DESERT ROAD - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK

At double speed, Jeff grabs a large backpack and tosses out its contents. He scoops up the Dog and Finch's T-shirt and carefully places them inside it.

CUT TO:

SOUND OVER: HISS - THUMP - HISS - THUMP -

JEFF RUNNING -

Crossing the landscape at speed --

Heading towards a RAMSHACKLE COLLECTION OF BUILDINGS, perched high on a hillside, strategically overlooking the highway.

JEFF

(words pouring out to himself, in his voice)

Akistrodon Contortrix... commonly known as a Copperhead. Hopefully, no venom... need a pharmacy... just in case... small town's about fifteen minutes away...

(stepping up his speed)

No.. Make that seven minutes...

He snatches a look at the Wristcom. Picks up his pace.

EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

HISS - THUMP - HISS - THUMP -

Jeff moves effortlessly across the scrub. Moonlight burnishes his metallic body like molten silver.

EXT. ROCKY SLOPE - NIGHT

Heading up a steep escarpment towards the group of buildings.

Still alive, the Dog's head lolls from the backpack, but it doesn't look at all well.

JEFF

(Finch's recorded voice)

Everything's going to come up
roses... you wait and see.

EXT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL - NIGHT

Jeff slows his pace as he approaches the first of the buildings. A broken neon sign hangs skewed above the main entrance - DESERT ROSE MOTEL

As Jeff passes, TWO THIN SPECTRAL FIGURES, slip from the shadows of the building and follow.

EXT. GENERAL STORE AND PHARMACY - NIGHT

Jeff spots the PHARMACY SIGN and goes inside.

INT/EXT. GENERAL STORE AND PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

He places the Dog down gently on Finch's T-shirt and begins searching the shelves of the pharmacy.

Whilst he's preoccupied, TWO RAGGEDY SHADOWS fall over the Dog. BONY FINGERS brush across the animal's body and come to rest beside the bloody fang marks.

ROSWELL (O.S.)

If you're lookin' for snake serum,
it's long gone.

Jeff WHIRLS round to find TWO SCARECROW THIN MEN standing on either side of the Dog. Their faces are gaunt. Starving.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)
Besides, it's just a dry bite. We got medicine for that.

JEFF
You know about snake bites?

ROSWELL
We get plenty of Copperheads round here... at least we used to...
(uncomfortable beat)
Me and my brother Dwight... we ate most of them. A man's gotta eat.

Jeff walks across to them and offers his great hand.

JEFF
My name's Jeff. I'm very pleased to meet you.

But both men ignore his friendly gesture.

ON THE DOG - highly unhappy, as Roswell fondles its body with a strange intimacy - but he's too weak to protest.

DWIGHT
Never did get much use for your kind out here.

JEFF
My kind?
(beat)
You mean Droids?

DWIGHT
Whatever you call yourself.

Roswell exchanges a furtive look with his brother. Jeff, ever polite doesn't pick up on it.

ROSWELL
That's a mighty cute little dawg.

JEFF
I'm not sure he'd appreciate that description.

DWIGHT
He your's?

JEFF
I'm looking after him.

DWIGHT
You sure it ain't stolen?

JEFF
I'm looking after him for a friend.

ROSWELL
So where's the friend?

JEFF
He's dead. We had an accident.

DWIGHT
He have a name?

Jeff still not seeing the menace exuding from the men.

JEFF
My friends name or the Dog's?

ROSWELL
The dawg's. We're not interested in
dead people.

JEFF
No.

DWIGHT
But he's your dawg?

JEFF
(flustered. Voice
reverting to recorded
Finch)
He's not my dog. He's his own dog.

DWIGHT
You interested in selling him?

JEFF
No, of course not.
(picking the Dog up)
If you could just be kind enough to
give us some of that medicine. We
need to return to our RV to pick up
our possessions.

ROSWELL
Possessions?

JEFF

What's left of our food. Everything
we need for our journey.

Roswell pats Jeff on the shoulder. Gives his brother another
look behind the Droid's back.

ROSWELL

Well hell now, you should have
said. Dwight and I'll give you a
lift. First, let's get that pretty
little dawg back on his feet again.

Roswell sweeps clutter off a wooden table. Motions Jeff to
lay the Dog on it. He examines the wound with his long,
spidery fingers.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)

Like I said. It's just a dry bite.
There's no venom. (to Jeff) Better
hold him firm.

As Jeff holds the Dog. Roswell applies salve from a filthy
looking bowl. The Dog yelps with the pain.

JEFF

(soothing)
It's alright. He's just trying to
help you.

ROSWELL

Tomorrow he'll be right as rain.

INT/EXT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL - BACK CAR PARK - NIGHT

Jeff clambers into the open back of an ancient TOW TRUCK with
the Dog cushioned in his arms. Roswell in the drivers seat
alongside Dwight riding pillion.

JEFF

Have you lived here long?

They exchange another meaningful look. It's clear that they
are up to something bad, but innocent Jeff isn't getting it.

As Roswell exits the car park in a cloud of exhaust smoke.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(struggling)
You know you are the very first
people I've ever met... except for
Finch, of course.

(beat)

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

It's so encouraging to find other people that have survived.

ROSWELL

Oh we've survived alright. And we intend to keep on surviving.

He threads his way out of the car park. It is crammed full of deserted cars. But Jeff doesn't seem to notice them.

DWIGHT

An we always like to help other folks... you know... give them friendly advice.

(off Roswell)

Set them on their way...

Out of sight in the shadows - A GIANT PILE OF SUITCASES. Some half open - spilling out children's toys and possessions.

EXT. TOW TRUCK - DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

As it sputters it's way along the moonlit road.

Both brothers exchanging furtive words. Hatching a plan in the cab up front. But Jeff is oblivious.

EXT. CRASH SITE - DESERT ROAD - NIGHT

The tow truck grinds to a halt. Jeff goes to pick up the Dog.

ROSWELL

Leave the dawg there. Just in case there's any more of them Copperheads about.

Dwight sees Finch's shrouded corpse. Prods it with his boot.

DWIGHT

When this accident happen?

JEFF

A few hours ago.

Dwight prods Finch's body again. Harder.

DWIGHT

This fella's been dead a lot longer. You better explain, Droid.

JEFF

My name is Jeff.

ROSWELL
(to Dwight)
You reckon the droid killed him?

JEFF
I did not kill him.

DWIGHT
Don't lie, droid.

JEFF
He died. He was my friend. The only
friend I ever had.

ROSWELL
Decent people bury their dead.
Treat them with respect.

DWIGHT
This droid's too dumb to know that.

JEFF
He wanted to be cremated.

DWIGHT
You mean like burn him in a fire?

JEFF
(nodding sadly)
But I could not bring myself to...
to say goodbye.

ROSWELL
Well maybe we can help you do that.

A LOADED BEAT - the two brothers stare at Jeff as if they're
trying to sum him up. Dwight heads back to the truck.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)
You look kinda strong.

JEFF
Do I?

ROSWELL
What sort of Droid are you?

JEFF
I'm not exactly sure because my
creator... my dear friend that
died. He never told me...
(then)
I think I'm a bit of a hybrid.

ROSWELL

You mean a mongrel, like the dawg?

ON DWIGHT - creeping up behind Jeff holding a LARGE ROCK HAMMER.

Roswell gives an imperceptible shake of his head at Dwight. Then continues keeping Jeff occupied.

Dwight disappears back to the truck, only to reappear seconds later. This time he's holding an EVEN LARGER ROCK HAMMER.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)

But Dwight and I... we ain't fussy.
Don't matter to us if it's high
bred or low bred....

CLANG - Jeff REELS as Dwight's first blow SMASHES into the back of his head.

KRUNCH - the next blow follows.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)

Dawgs taste the same...

JEFF - tries to turn. To fend off the next blow -- CRACK - it slams into the back of his knee joints. Knocking him off balance. He TOPPLES to the ground.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)

But don't you worry... like we
promised... we're gonna make that
sweet animal well again...

DWIGHT - rains down more blows on Jeff.

ROSWELL (CONT'D)

Feed him up nice and plump... like
he was our favorite little pet...
(to Dwight)
Ain't that right?

Dwight catches his breath. Smiles through rotten teeth.

DWIGHT

Sure is.

ROSWELL

But we don't need no pets. You
gotta feed pets... we prefer the
pets to feed us...
(final nod to Dwight)

(MORE)

ROSWELL (CONT'D)
 Now stop messin' and get it over
 with. Darn thing looks like it's
 almost suffrin'.

ON JEFF - seeing a blurred image of Roswell looking down at
 him. As Dwight raises the hammer to strike one final time.

CRASH!

BLACKNESS:

SOUND OVER: THE WHOOSH OF FLAMES -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CRASH SITE - DESERT ROAD - DAWN

Smoke mingles with the first rays of sunlight.

Jeff's body lies sprawled across the road. Covered in dents,
 his head and torso have taken the brunt of the beating. His
 left eye hangs loose by its connections.

A barely audible WHIRRING NOISE - as the sunlight strikes
 small SOLAR BACK PANELS.

As Jeff's microcircuitry RE-BOOTS and runs safety checks.

He RE-PLUGS his left eye into its socket. Gets his bearings --

Sees the smouldering wreckage of the RV in front of him. He
 stumbles closer. Then sees the charred remains of Finch on
 the ground.

He reaches out and gently touches an upright chassis support.
 Virtually all that's remaining from the RV. All that's left
 of his world...

The scorched framework COLLAPSES. Covering Jeff in a choking
 cloud of soot and ash. As the dust settles Jeff can only
 stare down helplessly at his shaking hands.

EXT. WIDER ON CRASH SITE - DESERT ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Jeff's haunting WAIL of sadness echoes between the canyons.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MORNING

REBORN from his horrific beating. Jeff has changed. He
 marches - LIMPING with grim purpose.

Without premeditation or design. He has become Finch the father, looking for his beloved child.

Determination. Anger. Fuels him into a fast run. Feet thundering on the blacktop.

INT. DESERT ROSE MOTEL - LIVING SPACE - DAY

Unkempt. Chaotic. Weird, CHILDISH DRAWINGS lining the walls.

The two brothers are slumped fast asleep in their respective chairs. Dressed up in Finch's stolen white suit, Dwight is snoring loudly.

Finch's Bonsai tree sits on a table surrounded by his precious postcards.

OUTSIDE - the tow truck FIRES into life.

Roswell hears it and sits up in confusion. He stares across at Dwight, still asleep.

The tow truck engine ROARS LOUDER. Getting CLOSER --

THE ENTIRE, BACK WALL - COLLAPSES INWARDS. Followed by Jeff, driving the truck like a giant battering ram.

Roswell backs away as Jeff slams open the truck door. Finally waking, Dwight looks dumbly around at the destruction.

JEFF

Where is the Dog!?

Assertive. Commanding. This is the first time we've ever heard Jeff raise his voice. A voice just like Finch's - yet very subtly, somehow different.

NB: FOR REMAINDER OF SCRIPT. JEFF'S VOICE WILL REMAIN THE SAME SUBTLE VARIANT OF FINCH'S VOICE.

JEFF (CONT'D)

WHERE IS MY DOG!? GIVE ME MY...

He stops midstream and shakes his head. Puts it to one side. BASHES it hard with his hand --

ON A TINY SCREW - as it falls to the floor with a clatter. As Jeff breathes a long SIGH of relief.

The Dog hears Jeff's voice. It claws and barks from behind a metal kitchen door.

ON JEFF - as he strides to it and repeats his old trick of literally TEARING it from its mountings.

Cowering inside, the Dog's mouth is bound with wire. Jeff removes it gently, then scoops up the Dog and Finch's precious sweater

Tongue-tied, the two brothers watch as Jeff calmly collects Finch's treasured possessions - including the Bonsai tree and postcards.

As he forcibly dispossesses Dwight of the treasured white suit, before climbing into the tow truck.

With the Dog perched beside him on the passenger seat. He revs the engine - FLOORS the gas --

The truck SURGES forward. BATTERS THROUGH THE OTHER WALL --

INT/EXT. TOW TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

IN THE REARVIEW - Jeff sees the entire Desert Rose Motel slowly collapsing in a giant heap.

Roswell and Dwight just manage to escape. SCREAMING abuse and obscenities at the disappearing tow truck.

Jeff's left eye begins to come lose again. He locks it back into its socket. He sees the Dog staring at him, checking out all the damage.

JEFF

Finch made me to last.

He fondles the Dog's head. For the first time the Dog doesn't flinch.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. TOW TRUCK - HIGHWAY - DAY

Heading towards the sun. Alongside the rim of a canyon.

Wrapped up in a blanket and Finch's old T-shirt, the Dog is fast asleep on the front seat.

Jeff notices an icy patch spreading across the windshield. He looks down at the Wristcom. Its main panel is shattered.

EXT. TOW TRUCK - HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON

It's beginning to snow. The tow truck presses on towards a grey horizon.

INT/EXT. TOW TRUCK - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff struggles to see through the windshield. He tries the wipers, but they don't work.

JEFF
 (false optimism)
 At least it's warm in here.

THE TRUCK - shudders as the engine sputters. Jeff checks the dash. The gasometer reads zero.

EXT. TOW TRUCK - HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The truck slows to a halt. The snowflakes are getting larger.

INT/EXT. TOW TRUCK - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jeff wraps the Dog with Finch's trusty old T-shirt. The snowfall is turning into a blizzard.

JEFF
 (summoning more false
 optimism)
 Well it could be worse.

A GIGANTIC CLAP OF THUNDER - rocks the cabin.

THE DOG - whimpers in fear. Burying its head beneath Finch's T-shirt.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Thundersnow... that's what it's called. You may not know it, but there has to be a precise set of conditions to make it happen... for example, the layer of air closer to the ground....

EXT. TOW TRUCK - HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

The snow is drifting around the truck. Slowly burying it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TOW TRUCK - HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Utter silence. The storm has stopped. We can just make out the outline of the truck.

The driver's door is suddenly shoved open. Jeff steps outside into waist high snow. He clears the windshield, looks around.

ON JEFF - admiring the beauty of the snowy landscape.

Something catches his attention in the depths of the canyon - SEVERAL PINPOINTS OF LIGHT. His eyes 'zoom in tighter' - on what looks like some kind of SETTLEMENT.

INT/EXT. TOW TRUCK - HIGHWAY - MORNING

Inside the truck, rivulets of water are dripping down the windshield as the snow melts in the morning sun.

Both doors are open - large footprints in the melting snow lead away down into the canyon.

EXT. CANYON PATHWAY - DAY

Jeff leads the way down a narrow, precipitous track that winds its way several thousand feet down to the valley.

The Dog has recovered. Following close behind.

JEFF

I don't know why, but I think that this is a good place. Now I realize my thinking doesn't have much logic to back it up...

The path disappears behind a rock face. Jeff's musings on feelings fade away into the distance.

EXT. CANYON FLOOR - LATE AFTERNOON

The path leads through small patches of arable land. Some of the ground has crudely dug furrows.

Ahead, out of sight, voices echo. LAUGHTER.

A SCREAM and WHOOSH - something AIRBORNE, heads directly toward Jeff and the Dog.

Before Jeff has time to respond, it's already at his feet with a playful thud. A SOFT TOY SPACESHIP.

Jeff picks it up with concerned curiosity. He turns it over in his giant hands as, quite suddenly, the laughter is on top of him in a skid of dirt.

TWO YOUNG BOYS stare up at Jeff towering over them. Eyes filled with nothing but wonder.

JIMMY

What are you? Why are you so big?

JEFF

Why are you so small?

Jimmy giggles. The second boy hangs back, scared.

YOUNG BOY

Because I'm only nine.

(looks at the Dog)

Is he your Dog?

JEFF

I am his Jeff. His protector.

WEAVER (V.O.)

Jimmy! Samuel! Come away from him.

Jeff turns to see A STRIKINGLY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (late 40s, early 50s) approaching. Unafraid, she stares up at Jeff towering over her.

She puts her arms around the two boys protectively.

WEAVER

Are you here to harm us?

Disconcerted, Jeff flinches beneath her penetrating stare.

JEFF

I... we...

WEAVER

Well, are you...?

(eying his battered exterior)

You look like a fighter. We have no guns, but if you mean harm, we will fight.

Jeff lowers his head, trying to make himself less threatening.

JEFF

We need food...

(correcting himself)

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

I mean, my Dog needs food.
Obviously I don't require any form
of nourishment...

(then)

We are just looking for a home.

Weaver beckons them to follow.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Melted snow trickles along the bottom of a deep, dried-up river bed winding through several small fields.

Tiny green shoots poke through the earth in one of them.

The Dog laps up water from a puddle.

JEFF

Are they growing?

WEAVER

Rain came sooner than we expected.

(beat)

pH reading was almost neutral. No acid to poison the soil. Our first decent crop.

JEFF

May I ask what's growing?

WEAVER

Grass to make hay. To feed our livestock.

UNDER A CLIFF FACE - A DISPARATE GROUP OF MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN from all races gather around an eclectic mixture of simple dwellings - from Navaho 'Hogans' - to basic wooden huts.

The cliff above them is peppered with caves carved out of the soft rock.

Nine year-old Jimmy runs across to A SWARTHY-FACED NAVAHO MAN sat astride a half built wooden structure. The Navaho hammers away at a dovetailed joint. This is TOMMY NEZ.

He spots Jeff and immediately jumps down, still brandishing the hammer defensively.

Weaver exchanges a brief word with them in fluent Navaho Diné. She turns back to Jeff.

WEAVER (CONT'D)

My husband Tommy and my son, Jimmy Begay. Jimmy will take you somewhere you can rest.

(beat)

Later we will listen to your story and make our decision.

JEFF

Decision?

Her Navaho husband turns to face Jeff without animosity.

TOMMY NEZ

On whether we let you stay.

INT/EXT. TIMBER LEAN-TO - CONTINUOUS

Jimmy pulls aside a goatskin hide and ushers them inside a crude but effective barn and food store built against the cliff face.

SOME SHEEP are penned in at the back.

Jimmy looks up at Jeff in a mixture of awe and fear.

JIMMY

Are you a Haskie?

(off Jeff's blank look)

A warrior?

JEFF

I only just learned to walk. I'm hardly a warrior.

A LITTLE SIX YEAR OLD GIRL enters carrying a wooden bowl of mutton scraps. She puts them down in front of the Dog.

JIMMY

My sister Zahne. She talks a lot.

The Dog sniffs at the fresh meat and wolfs it down hungrily. Entranced, the Girl watches him finish it.

ZAHNE

May I stroke him?

Jeff nods his head.

She sits down next to him and strokes him very gently. The Dog laps up her attention, rolling over on his back and wagging his tail.

ZAHNE (CONT'D)
I think he likes me.

EXT. SETTLEMENT MEETING AREA - NIGHT

In a giant hollow beneath the rock face, all the inhabitants of the settlement are gathered around a great fire. Their attention focussed on Jeff and the Dog.

JEFF
Our story...
(finding his way)
There was this man. His name was
Finch. He created me. I owe
everything to him...

His voice fades and MUSIC lifts as we move across the faces of his AUDIENCE --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CANYON RIM - NIGHT

The glow of the settlement is tiny against the vastness of the moonlit landscape.

DISSOLVE BACK:

EXT. SETTLEMENT MEETING AREA - NIGHT

JEFF
He gave me his knowledge... all
human knowledge... well seventy-one
percent of it to be exact.
(then)
I have four embedded directives
that I cannot override... Would you
like to hear them?

A WHITE MALE amongst the onlookers stands up.

WHITE MALE
We know all about machines and
prime directives. We want to build
a new world without machines!

Weaver signals for him to be quiet. It is clear that she speaks with authority for all of them, including her husband.

WEAVER

It is an interesting story. Thank you for sharing it. Now please allow us to discuss it amongst ourselves.

Jimmy leads Jeff and the Dog back towards the barn.

INT/EXT. TIMBER LEAN-TO - LATER

Jeff peers through the cracks in the wood, trying to gauge how the verdict is going.

HIS POV - as Weaver walks towards them.

The goatskin is pulled back. Weaver enters grimly.

WEAVER

I'm afraid we couldn't agree.

JEFF

Because of what I am?

WEAVER

Because of what you are not.
(seeing Jeff's confusion)
You are not human.

Jeff stares down at the ground. Deeply hurt.

JEFF

But I am not a machine either.
(hesitating)
I never thought I'd hear myself say those words... but Finch believed... in me. He believed that one day I might transcend my programming...
(beat)
And when he died, I knew that moment had arrived.

WEAVER

Unfortunately, some of us... they're superstitious. They don't trust you. And I couldn't persuade them...
(beat)
But the Dog can stay if that helps.

JEFF

I cannot leave the Dog. I gave my word to Finch.

WEAVER

Then you must both leave in the morning.

(then)

I'm sorry...

She turns and leaves them alone in the darkness. Jeff sinks to the floor beside the Dog.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SETTLEMENT - DAWN

A beautiful sunrise lights up the settlement. Smoke from the assembly fire spirals up into a clear blue sky.

Everybody is still sleeping.

THUD - THUD - THUD -- The noise echoes between the canyon walls -- THUD HISS - THUD HISS - THUD -

INT/EXT. TIMBER LEAN-TO - DAWN

ON THE DOG - it wakes with a start. Recognizing the sound. Running outside barking.

EXT. WEAVER/TOMMY NEZ HOGAN - DAWN

Weaver exits her house, scratching her head sleepily. As she stares out towards the noise and SMILES.

EXT. FIELDS NEAR SETTLEMENT - DAWN

JEFF has harnessed himself to the plough. As he effortlessly drags it up and down the field in perfect symmetrical furrows.

Several of the other fields have already been completed.

As the Dog rushes towards Jeff, barking and wagging its tail. Several of the settlement children, including Zahne follow behind.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - LATER

Jeff and the Dog wait for Weaver to speak to them.

WEAVER

We've spoken again. Everyone's
agreed. You can stay.

(beat)

But there are conditions.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. TIMBER LEAN-TO - NIGHT

The Dog watches as Weaver attaches heavy padlocked shackles around Jeff's neck. The chains are secured to a ringbolt embedded into the rock face.

Jeff accepts his treatment with calm dignity.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. TIMBER LEAN-TO - DAWN

Weaver unlocks the padlock. Jeff shrugs off the shackles and sets off to work.

DISSOLVE TO:

PASSING OF TIME MONTAGE

- Jeff completes the remaining ploughing -
- Jeff ripping out a dead tree trunk -
- The green shoots of the hay field begin to flourish -
- The dry river bed fills with fast-flowing water -
- Jeff amongst other workers, harvesting the hay -
- Jeff telling a story to the spellbound children -
- The Dog running, chasing a small rodent down a hole -
- Jeff locking his shackles. Handing the key to Zahne -
- Jeff stomping after birds eating newly sown seed -
- Jeff excitedly examining a new tree seedling -
- Jeff helps build a new cabin for one of the families -

- Jeff acting as schoolteacher. All the children, and several adults watch as he teaches them mathematics -

DISSOLVE TO:

SOUND OVER: CHILDREN SINGING A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

EXT. SETTLEMENT - NIGHT

Snow is falling again. Warm light spills from all the various Hogans, Huts and Cabins.

CHILDREN (O.S.)
 Silent night, holy night All is
 calm, all is bright Round yon
 Virgin Mother and Child Holy Infant
 so tender and mild Sleep in
 heavenly peace Sleep in heavenly
 peace...

Weaver appears from one of the Hogans, followed by little Zahne carrying something.

INT/EXT. TIMBER LEAN-TO - NIGHT

Jeff sits contentedly listening to the Christmas Carol.

The Dog lies beside him on embroidered Navaho blankets.

Weaver enters. Jeff routinely picks up his shackles, inclining his head, ready for the padlock.

Weaver rests her hand on Jeff's shoulder.

WEAVER
 Not this time, old friend. Not ever
 again. We owe you a great debt.
 (beat)
 You are welcome to stay. When the
 new year comes, we will all help
 build you a proper home.

Zahne offers a bowl of meat and a huge mutton bone to the Dog. She's tied a brightly colored bow around it.

Excitedly, she goes to Jeff and offers him his present. A NAVAHO INDIAN CHIEF'S HEADDRESS.

ZAHNE
 It's from everyone.

Jeff bows. She places it on his head. We can almost see the invisible tears of pride run down the Droid's face.

Weaver takes Zahne's hand and leaves the two of them alone.

The Dog, ever hungry, stares salivating at his bowl of meat and the juicy bone. But, from force of habit, he doesn't eat. Instead he raises his mournful brown eyes and looks back up at Jeff.

Jeff pretends to preen the feathers of his new headdress. Raising his arm to admire his reflection in the dented metal.

JEFF

Don't worry about me, you carry on.

ON THE DOG - Looking closely at Jeff. It is as if he had been transported back in time to when Finch was still alive.

As he contentedly looks back to his plate and wolfs down the food.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - DAY

A beautiful early spring day. The simple timber frame of Jeff's new home is under construction.

Several Settlers are helping while Jeff lifts a heavy main roof truss and slots it into position.

The Dog happily occupies itself, marking new territories.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - DAY

It's now mid-summer. The house is finished. It is surrounded by meadows full of wild flowers.

Jeff is hard at work on constructing a garden. The Dog is in seventh heaven.

TIME DISSOLVE:

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - EVENING

It's winter again. Snow on the ground. Light spills from the tiny windows.

INT/EXT. JEFF'S HOME - EVENING

Alongside the Bonsai tree, Finch's treasured San Francisco postcard is mounted in pride of place above the fireplace.

Jeff is sitting on a heavily reinforced wooden rocking chair.

The Dog is resting by the warmth of the open fire. Little Zahne is brushing his fur. She holds up a clump of hair.

ZAHNE

His hair is going gray.

JEFF

He's an old man now. It happens to everyone.

ZAHNE

Even you?

CUT TO:

EXT. JEFF'S HOME - GARDEN AND MEADOWS - NIGHT

Jeff and the Dog share a small campfire.

Jeff stares up at the night sky. Pointing at one star, brighter than the others.

JEFF

You see that star? It's called Sirius, the Dog star. The ancient Egyptians thought it was the most important star in the sky.

(the Dog yawns sleepily)

Light from Sirius takes 8.611 Light years to reach us. It is a main sequence star of spectral type A1V...

He stops himself. Thinks about what he really wants to say.

JEFF (CONT'D)

There's not a second when I don't see his face... From the first moment of my existence, I wanted to be like Finch...

The Dog hears the word Finch and looks across mournfully.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I exist because he made me. He created me to protect you.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

He knew he was going to die. That is why I exist. Because of you. And I will never forget that...

(then)

I know that I can never replace him. I certainly don't look like him... but I feel that somehow he lives on inside me...

(tapping his head)

Up here, I can feel his presence... hear his voice... living on...

The Dog lifts its head and licks Jeff's hand.

TIME DISSOLVE:

EXT. MEADOWS BY JEFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Screams of excitement from Zahne, Jimmy and the other children. Jeff is building a GIANT SNOWMAN.

The Dog watches from the doorway of Jeff's home. He goes out to join them, but his legs are becoming stiff and arthritic.

TIME DISSOLVE:

INT/EXT. JEFF'S HOME - DAY

A magical Spring day. Watching Jeff planting in the tiny garden. The Dog rests sleepily in the shade of the doorway. His coat is peppered with gray hair.

INT. JEFF'S HOME - NIGHT

The Dog has barely moved position. Jeff puts a plate of food beside him. The Dog raises its head. Sniffs at the food. Turns away to face the wall.

Incredibly gently, Jeff lifts the Dog and places it on his lap on Finch's T-shirt. He rocks slowly in his chair.

The Droid fondles the Dog's head as he talks to him soothingly.

JEFF

Didn't I always tell you there was nothing to worry about. Everything's come up roses... just like he promised.

(finding a knot in the

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Dog's fur)
 Now what have we got here?

He produces the battered small brush and gently starts teasing it out. The Dog grumbles imperceptibly.

Slowly, the Dog's eyes close.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT/EXT. JEFF'S HOME - GARDEN AND MEADOWS - DAY

Empty. Above the fireplace, Finch's treasured Bonsai and San Francisco postcard are conspicuously absent.

DRIFTING - through the open doorway. Past the garden festooned with flowers and vegetables --

INTO THE MEADOW - The Bonsai stands beside a humble wooden marker in the middle of a swathe of wild flowers.

A SIMPLE INSCRIPTION, carved into the wood -- 'The Dog. Loved by Finch and Jeff.'

THUD HISS - THUD HISS - THUD --

The familiar sound draws our attention to a distant metallic figure, with a familiar, intermittent limp -- As Jeff marches purposefully away into the distance.

SOUND OVER: THE CRY OF SWOOPING SEAGULLS AGAINST THE SEA -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - MORNING

Bathed in the early light of a glorious sunrise, with Finch's rescued White suit Jacket draped around his shoulders, Jeff stands quietly surveying it's beauty.

As he takes out Finch's postcard and attaches it to the handrail.

MOVING IN ON THE POSTCARD -- We see a small drawing, within the photo, on the postcard itself -- the crudely drawn, stick figures of a man, a dog and a robot - walking in the middle of the bridge.

FINCH (V.O.)
Science, knowledge, logic...
they're not absolute. It's okay to
just believe. And once you make
that jump, you'll have already
taken the first step...

THE END