

How to Survive a Robot Uprising

by

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Based on the book by Daniel H. Wilson

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FADE IN:

A COMMERCIAL -- INT. ELEGANT, LUXURIOUS SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

An empty soundstage. A sexy MODEL in an evening gown enters and turns to camera, dripping with sex.

MODEL

Do you want me?

A second MODEL enters: she is identical to the first Model (played by the same actress).

MODEL #2

I'm available. And I'm waiting.

A third IDENTICAL MODEL enters. All three Models say, in eerily perfect unison:

MODELS

At Robots, Etc!

In a quick EFFECT, the soundstage disappears and the three MODELS are standing in...

INT. "ROBOTS, ETC." DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

The store looks like a WALMART, except that it's real clean. The merchandise on display is rows and rows of ROBOTS. The robots are humanoid. They look and act EXACTLY like humans:

A MAID ROBOT (*in a sexy maid uniform*) walks in front of a row of identical MAID ROBOTS, standing shoulder-to-shoulder (*all played by the same ACTRESS*). The Maid Robots smile and flirt with the camera.

MAID ROBOT

Tired of manual labor? Good. That's what we're here for. Whether you need a little help around the house...

CUT TO:

A SECURITY GUARD ROBOT (*think BRUCE WILLIS in a security guard uniform*) walks down a row of identical Security Robots. They all glare at the camera, like bad-asses.

SECURITY ROBOT

Security for the home or workplace.

CUT TO:

A GARDENER ROBOT walks down a row of GARDENER ROBOTS (*think Antonio Banderas, shirtless, with a leaf blower*).

## GARDENER ROBOT

Or landscaping -- with zero-down financing, anyone can afford their own long-lasting, extra strength robot. I also make a fantastic margarita.

They all wink, flirty. He's joined by two sexy Maid Robots.

## MAID ROBOTS

And we all come with the Robots Etc. guarantee: not one robot-related injury, in over 20 years of business. So, do you want me? Then what are you waiting for?

Wide-shot: of the entire store. We see hundreds of robots, in various models: CHEFS, SECRETARIES, HOOTERS WAITRESSES, etc.

## ROBOTS

Robots Etc. Taking human error out of the equation since 2016.

CUT TO:

INT. "ROBOTS, ETC." DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

The COMMERCIAL is playing on a flat screen TV. The TV is being held by a MODEL identical to the one in the commercial. Its HDTV cable leads to an outlet in her neck.

We are in a real Robots Etc. store. It is filthy and crowded. Piped in MUZAK plays. Overhead signs read: HOME AND GARDEN, HOME OFFICE, ETC.

HUMANS shop, milling around between rows of Robots. Whereas the Robots are gorgeous and physically perfect -- the Humans are not. They're all overweight, and dressed like slobs: fat KIDS with corn-dogs, fat MOMS in hair curlers, screaming TODDLERS. It looks like a REAL WALMART. In Arkansas.

A MODEL in "Kitchen Supplies" demonstrates a trash compactor:

## MODEL

... And with the new 2036 model, all your household garbage can be compacted into this tidy, easily recyclable cube.

She puts a bag of garbage into a trash can. The can whirs quietly: and a 1 inch cube pops out of the bottom. A FAT KID with a corndog, wearing a "ROLLING STONES FINAL TOUR 2036" T-shirt tosses his Slurpee at the trash-can. He misses, and it splashes all over the Model. She keeps smiling.

ELSEWHERE IN THE  
STORE:

A fat HOUSEWIFE checks out a hunky GARDENER ROBOT. He smiles at her, charming. She kicks his foot, like a tire. She feels his butt cheeks, like canteloupe. The Gardener is stoic.

ELSEWHERE IN THE  
STORE:

A sexy SECRETARY ROBOT, in a business skirt, is being ogled by a fat MAN in flip-flops and a SUPERBOWL LXXIII T-shirt.

## SECRETARY ROBOT

... As a Samantha3.1, I can type 325 words per minute. I also have a built in laser printer, 71 gb of storage, and...

## BALD MAN

I dropped my pen. Would you mind?

He drops his pen on purpose. She bends down and picks it up. He checks out her ass. *Do we detect a slight trace of exasperation in her cheery smile?*

ELSEWHERE IN THE  
STORE:

The Kid with the corndog is eyeing a Maid Robot. She smiles. The Kid checks that his MOM isn't watching -- and peeks up her skirt. Suddenly, SOMEONE behind him snatches his corndog away. He spins around --

There's no one there but a row of GARDENER ROBOTS. The Kid eyes one, suspicious. Then -- someone behind him steals his cap.

The Kid spins around. He sees no one but Robots. They smile, innocent. The Kid sees his cap, lying on the ground. Hmm. He bends down to get it. Behind him, unseen: the Gardener winks at the Maid. He holds up the CORNDOG. He rears it back, aiming at the Kid's huge, bent-over butt...

CLOSE-UP on the Kid's face: he SCREAMS, stuck like a pig.

The Gardeners turn on their leaf-blowers to drown it out. As quick as rattlesnakes, three ROBOTS grab the Kid and yank him out of sight. It happens in less than a second.

## MOMENTS LATER:

The Fat Housewife looks around the store, searching for her Son.

## FAT HOUSEWIFE

... Mikey? Are you touching maid robots again? You break it you buy it. MIKEY!

She wanders off, searching. She does not see: The Trash-Compactor spits out a tiny squashed cube, dripping bloody red. There is a CORNDOG STICK sticking out of it. A smiling MODEL shuts off the compactor.

The Muzak changes key, becoming OMINOUS, and swells...

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK: November 3, 2036. San Francisco.

FADE IN:

EST. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - MORNING

It doesn't look much different than it did in 2005: no hover-cars or jet-packs. No elevated super-highways. It's just more crowded, with more traffic and more pollution.

MAIN TITLES ROLL over VARIOUS SHOTS of life in 2036:

EXT. MARKET STREET - CONTINUOUS

It's hot and humid. The streets are bumper to bumper traffic, horns blaring. The gutters are filled with litter. The sidewalks are PACKED with fat, sweaty BUSINESS PEOPLE. Fashion hasn't changed much: everyone's in frumpy work clothes. EVERYONE could stand to lose 20 pounds.

People shove their way onto packed CABLE CARS. The only sign of modern improvement: the CABLE CAR HOVERS a few inches off the ground -- that is, until one more FAT BUSINESSMAN piles on. It scrapes the ground and trails sparks as it scoots off.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEEDY ADULT BOOKSTORE - CONTINUOUS

A sign reads: "Must be 10 years old to enter: we check IDs." Another reads: "2036 SEX ROBOTS, in stock!" On display are three SEX ROBOTS: stacked, human-looking blondes, (all played by Pam Anderson). They pole dance and flirt with PASSERSBY.

CUT TO:

EXT. 7-11 GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A sweaty BUSINESSMAN with a goatee talks to another fat BUSINESSMAN. They drink 3-liter "Big Gulps." Two identical 7-11 ROBOTS (played by the same Indian Actor) pump gas into their HUGE SUVs. Gas is \$17.79 per gallon.

## GOATEED BUSINESSMAN

Can you believe this bullshit? I can remember when it was fifteen bucks a gallon. You thought about getting one of them Hybrids?

## BUSINESSMAN 2

... They say Ford's coming out with a reliable one in about 10 years. No way I'm buying Japanese.

CUT TO:

## EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MORNING

A modest house with a small yard. Two GARDENER ROBOTS stand in the yard, silent. At the same time, they both come to life and start watering the yard -- like sprinklers on a timer.

## INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The house is dark, silent. The furniture looks ordinary: a flat-screen TV, a la-z-boy with a TV tray beside it. In a fish tank, three FISH are floating, dead.

Asleep in the la-z-boy is RICK WILSON (30's): pale, out of shape, and face down on his LAPTOP COMPUTER. Drool runs over the screen. He fell asleep with his hand in a *Pringles* can.

CLOSE-UP ON RICK'S WRIST: he is wearing a computerized SENSOR BRACELET. A tiny digital readout on it reads: *Body temp 98.6. Room temp 78. Status: Sleeping. 7:59 a.m.* The time switches to 8:00. A small digital alarms beeps --

The stereo turns on, playing GOOD MORNING (from *Singing in the Rain*). As if set to the music, the entire HOUSE wakes up:

It's a SMARTHOUSE, programmed to serve Rick's every need: The lights turn on. The shades roll up. The TV tray whirs to life and rolls out of the room. In the fish tank, the FISH "turn on" and start swimming around. The TV turns on.

On the TV:

## INT. AN "ACCESS HOLLYWOOD" STYLE NEWS SET - CONTINUOUS

A sexy Anchorwoman in a miniskirt and a hunky Anchorman (both ROBOTS), stand side by side, and chirp the news:

## MALE NEWS ROBOT

... and another record high in Austin, today, 137 degrees! Are you thinking what I'm thinking, Mia? *Bikini weather!*

She gives him a playful "oh stop it" slap on the arm.

FEMALE NEWS ROBOT

But in the Bay area, it's gonna be a nice cool 112 degrees. Happy November third!

INT. BATHROOM - RICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The tub fills with water. The toilet's lid raises itself.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

In bed, a WOMAN is asleep under the sheets. She covers her head with a pillow, as the ordinary-looking BUREAU beside the bed whirs to life, and wheels itself out of the room.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Like a ballet: The TV tray enters. A tray with a plate, glass, and coffee cup scoot onto the TV tray from the counter. The COFFEE POT pours coffee from a spigot. The entire REFRIGERATOR rolls forward, and pours juice into the glass from a spigot. The microwave BINGS -- and a TV dinner (pancakes) pops out onto the tray.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Bureau rolls in and stops beside the La-z-boy. Its drawers open, displaying socks and shoes. The TV Tray enters. Everything waits for Rick to wake up... A small COMPUTER CONSOLE in the wall speaks, calm and genteel:

SMARTHOUSE

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, Rick! I made your favorite -- panca...

Rick hits the SNOOZE button on his Bracelet. All at once -- the music stops, the shades snap shut. The House SIGHS. The TV tray dumps Rick's breakfast in the garbage can. There are already SIX complete, thrown-away breakfasts in it.

SMARTHOUSE

Rick. Richard. You've hit snooze seven times. You're late for work. RICK!

Rick doesn't stir. The La-z-boy straightens up and DUMPS Rick on the floor, hard. Rick wakes up and looks around startled.

RICK

Alright, Alright. I'm up. Ow...

EXT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - FIVE MINUTES LATER

Rick, shabbily dressed in a suit, stumbles out, carrying a bag of garbage. A sleepy WOMAN calls from inside the house:

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Have a good day, sweetheart.

RICK  
(he mutters back, sleepy)  
Mmmhmm. FRONT DOOR CLOSE.

His SENSOR BRACELET beeps, and his front door closes itself behind him. Half asleep, Rick drops the garbage into a TRASH COMPACTOR on his curb, next to a bin labeled RECYCLING. The compactor whirs, and spits out a neat, 1-inch cube.

TRASH COMPACTOR  
Ready to recycle, Rick.

Rick leaves the cube on the curb, next to a LARGE PILE of un-recycled cubes. He approaches his 2034 SUV. It's HUGE. His BRACELET beeps. His car beeps back. Its back door opens, and Rick climbs in. The car starts, the radio plays a Morning Zoo show (in Japanese). The SUV drives itself away, into traffic.

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

It looks *exactly* like a 2005 McDonald's. Rick stands in line with a several overweight HUMANS. They stare slack-jawed at the menu board, which features a hamburger stacked with 5 patties, and a salad covered with nacho cheese. Rick steps up to the bored, pimply CASHIER.

CASHIER  
Ohayo gozaimasu. May I take your order?

RICK  
A double Breakfast McPizza and a half  
metre of Mountain Dew.

CASHIER  
Thank you, sir. And to drink?

RICK  
... Mountain Dew. I just said that.

CASHIER  
Thank you, sir. And -- to drink?

Rick reaches over and *jiggles* the head of the Cashier Robot. The Cashier BEEPS. The Cashier's voice crackles in and out, like a speaker at a drive-thru window:

CASHIER

Ohayo gozaimasu. May I take your order?

RICK

Double Breakfast McPizza. Half metre  
Mountain Dew.

CASHIER

\$38.71. Arigato.

A second Pimply CASHIERBOT hands Rick a bag and a huge soda.

EXT. ALPHA ROBOTICS - DAY

A huge corporate building. A sign reads: *Alpha Robotics*. Above it flies an American flag with 51 stars. HUMANS head in, waving their sensor-bracelets at a security turn-style. Many of the chubby Humans have to *squeeze* to fit through it. Rick heads in, tossing his empty soda on the ground.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The elevator is packed. Everyone is staring at the TV screens in their cell-phones: in their own worlds, Rick included.

INT. ALPHA ROBOTICS - CORPORATE OFFICES - DAY

A sea of cubicles. It looks like a giant rat maze. Rick is following directions from a GPS on his cell phone.

CELL PHONE VOICE

... Turn right in ten metres. Stop. You  
have arrived.

Rick arrives at his cubicle. A plaque reads: *Rick Wilson, Customer Service*. It's tiny and depressing.

RICK

*Mail.*

Rick's computer turns on, the e-mail window opens. The subject headings all read: *Gain 3 Inches! Fast extra inches! Etc.* Buried between these, one reads: HAPPY BIRTHDAY RICK! Rick's face lights up, happy. Rick clicks on the e-mail.

It's a COMMERCIAL -- featuring a hysterical ASIAN MAN on a yacht with two GIRLS in Bikinis.

ASIAN MAN (ON SCREEN)

Happy birthday from CanadaSexMagic.Org!  
Our database says it's your birthday and  
you're:

SEXY GIRLS  
Not a kid anymore!!!

ASIAN MAN  
... That's why you need fast acting  
Canadian Sexy Magic Gel Caps! Do you need  
a prescription? HELL NO! I am telling you  
right now YOU DO NOT NEED PRESCRIPTION!

He clicks it off, depressed. The phone rings. Rick picks up a tiny little DEVICE off the desk. It look like a watch battery. He slips it into his ear. Rick answers the phone, bored by the sound of his own voice:

RICK  
*Alpha Robotics customer service this is  
Customer Care Representative 339146, this  
call will be monitored for quality  
assurance purposes. Para Español oprima  
numero dos. (then, after a breath:) Okay,  
am I speaking to a human or a robot? ...  
I see, so your Maid-bot's been acting  
strangely -- keeps bumping into you?*

Rick pulls out a huge Alpha Robotics Troubleshooting tome and flips through it.

RICK (CONT'D)  
It's a robot, ma'am, it has no opinion  
about you one way or another. Do you have  
a cold by any chance? Yes? That's it --  
your Maid-bot has thermal based vision.  
If you've got a fever of over 100, it may  
not recognize you as human... try to cool  
off -- but not *too much*. Too cold and it  
won't recognize you either. That should  
do it... you can download an MP3 of this  
conversation for just 75 dollars at  
AlphaRobotics.com

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - LATER

Rick's head is down on his desk, answering another call:

RICK  
... I see. Your Wolfgang5 PianoTutor-bot  
tried to open your son's head with a  
screwdriver? Nothing to worry about. Can  
I ask, does your son stutter? (beat) Ah --  
he does. I see.  
(MORE)

RICK (cont'd)

Your Wolfgang5 PianoTutor-bot might think your son is a broken robot -- hence the *trying to open the head with a screwdriver* business. He was trying to help a fellow robot. (beat) No, technically that's human error -- not covered by our warranty...

SAME - LATER

Rick's lying under his desk, feet in his chair, still talking on the phone. He looks miserable.

RICK

... Ma'am, just calm down. The Juan 4.1 is our most popular gardener-bot, he shouldn't grumble under his breath. Are you sure he wasn't *flirting* with you? He's programmed to flirt...

Rick hears grumbling in Spanish. Then a CRASH, and a DIAL TONE. Rick sits up. Huh? ... That was weird.

RICK

Hello? Hello?

Rick hangs up, confused. From off-screen we hear the cool, deep VOICE, of someone in the next cubicle.

COOL VOICE

Yo, Rick! *Rick*.

RICK

What? I'm busy, Reggie. Is it important?

COOL VOICE

Yes. (beat.) How many sex robots did it take to screw in a light bulb?

RICK

(sighs, annoyed)  
... How many?

COOL VOICE

Two. Twins. Swedish. And that's a screw that light bulb's gonna tell his grand kids about!

The owner of the voice is REGGIE, Rick's handsome black co-worker. He sticks his head over the divider, beat boxing. His fabulous shirt and tie say "ladies man."

REGGIE  
Whazuuup Ricky-ticky. My main man. The  
man with the pla-zan.

RICK  
Do you actually want something, Reggie?

Reggie tosses a BIRTHDAY CARD onto Rick's desk.

REGGIE  
Happy Birthday, Holmes.

Rick smiles: someone did remember. He opens the card. We see only Rick's face -- but we hear a PORNO-GUITAR and the MOANS of some pornographic image playing inside the card. He snaps the card shut, disgusted. He turns to Reggie, touched anyway.

RICK  
Thanks for remembering, Reggie.

REGGIE  
What are friends for, man? After work you  
and Big Reggie are hitting the town.  
First round's on me.

RICK  
Thanks, but I'm not sure I feel up to it.

REGGIE  
You sick or something?

RICK  
Maybe... Sick of this job. This place...  
Sick of me.

REGGIE  
Lighten up, man. We'll throw back a  
couple cold ones, maybe pick up a couple  
hot ones... *the whole nine metres*, my  
white brother.

RICK  
I'll think about it. But I've got to lead  
another Robot Safety Seminar at three. I  
haven't even prepped for it.

REGGIE  
Well, you better start, 'cause that's  
ninety seconds from now.

Rick jumps up. He picks up a huge stack of papers off his desk.

They don't fit in his briefcase, so he TILTS the desk -- all the papers slide off into the garbage can. He picks up the can and rushes off with it.

INT. ALPHA ROBOTICS - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Human WORKERS sit in a large auditorium. Rick rushes to a podium on stage, sorting his papers. He collects himself...

RICK

Good afternoon. I'm Rick Wilson, but you probably know me better as Customer Care Representative 339146.

Reggie shouts from the audience:

REGGIE

Look out ladies -- customer care rep IN DA HOUSE!

Angle on Reggie: He's seated beside three IDENTICAL REGGIES. (Reggie is a robot too.) The other Reggies chime in.

ALL 4 REGGIES

Go whiteboy, go whiteboy...

RICK

Thank you. Reggies, you can go to *standby mode*, this is really for the humans.

ALL 4 REGGIES

I hearrrd dat.

They shut down: their heads dropping forward (C3PO style).

RICK

Now then. As your Robot Safety Marshall, I appreciate your full attention during this important, and *mandatory robot safety seminar*.

Rick reads from his cards. A series of IMAGES are projected behind him on a huge screen.

RICK (CONT'D)

Our founder, Dr. Victor Raymond, was expelled from MIT in 2008. ... *for his revolutionary robotics ideas, not for growing shrooms in his dorm, even if that's what you've heard.*

On screen: a photo of DR. RAYMOND, a Bill Gates-looking programmer, giving a "peace sign."

RICK (CONT'D)

This brilliant man went on to create the world's first fully independent artificial intelligence: Number One.

On screen: a photo of RICK (at 20 years old) standing with Dr. Raymond and a team of young PROGRAMMERS, all with weird *nerd beards*.

RICK (CONT'D)

(mostly to himself:)

Yes... that's me. Third from the left. You may not recognize me in this picture because my soul hasn't been crushed yet.

Rick looks up from his cards. The entire audience is fixated on their cell phone screens... e-mailing, watching movies. No one's paying the slightest attention to Rick.

RICK (CONT'D)

... anyone listening? (No one is.) Bananas, I like bananas and porcupines. (nothing) Help! Fire! Help my porcupine's on fire. (No response.) Alright then.

On screen: A photo of Young Rick playing checkers against Number One while 2 Nerdy Programmers look on.

RICK (CONT'D)

Number One thinks for every robot on earth, it's their Master Brain. It spends all day thinking about how to do what Dr. Raymond programmed it to do: "Take human error out of the equation." We did such a good job programming it, that soon it designed robots that could replace us computer programmers...

On screen: Similar photo as the last, only now it's a ROBOT playing checkers against a computer while two ROBOTS look on.

RICK (CONT'D)

Leaving sexy, thrill-a-minute *customer service jobs* for humans like me, with advanced degrees in robot design.

Rick shuts off the overhead projector:

RICK (CONT'D)

Which brings us to the age old question: will robots one day become self-aware, rise up and slaughter us all in a horrifying tempest of lasers, blood, and burning flesh? The answer is, simply: NO. It's a statistic near-impossibility: .0000006%. It's not gonna happen. But -- the *California Department of Robot and Elevator Safety* requires that all of you be tested on basic robot safety annually. That is why each of you must now complete this 60 question quiz on how to survive a robot uprising.

He holds up a *Quiz Book* with a cute cover page that reads: "*It's up to Me!*" There is a groan, from the audience.

RICK (CONT'D)

No groaning. And yes, I did write the questions, but I didn't draw the cover. An *Alpha Robotics Drawbot 2.1* did. So. Since I'm sure everyone here studied (more groans) we'll just do a quick review. Chapter One: signs of an imminent robot uprising. (reads:) Look for signs of robot conspiracy around you. Is your fridge whispering to your toaster? Any higher-ups in robotics died mysteriously lately? ... Is anyone listening?

The Audience isn't listening. The clock reads 3:05.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER: THE CLOCK NOW READS 3:55

Rick is still droning on. He sets an ice tray down on the table, next to what looks like a tinfoil hat.

RICK

Chapter 37: why NOT to use a cell-phone. *Robots do not use cell-phones. So they might one day use them as a means of identifying who's human and who's not...*

A CUTE GIRL raises her hand. Rick's surprised that someone's asking a question. He straightens his tie.

CUTE GIRL

You were one of the original programmers?

RICK  
 (pleased with himself)  
 Yes. I taught Number One how to play  
 checkers in fact.

CUTE GIRL  
 If you were there at the beginning, why  
 aren't you a billionaire?

RICK  
 ... Well, I didn't create Number One. I  
 was just part of the team that programmed  
 it. To play checkers.

CUTE GIRL  
 And now you're a phone jockey?

RICK  
 ... Yes.

Rick sighs, depressed. The GOATEED BUSINESSMAN raises a hand,  
 slurping his Big Gulp.

GOATEED BUSINESSMAN  
 If there's zero chance robots are going  
 to kill us, why do we have to sit through  
 this lecture every month? Isn't your job  
 pointless?

That hits Rick pretty hard. Yes, what he does is pointless.

INT. BENIHANA RESTAURANT - NIGHT

BENIHANA CHEF ROBOTS dice steak faster than Cuisinarts -- and  
*holy shit* are their "Benihana tricks" good: They juggle ten  
 knives, toss shrimp into DINER'S mouths like machine guns.  
 One breathes REAL FIRE on a steak, like Godzilla -- then  
 makes a perfect GODZILLA NOISE. But none of the CUSTOMERS are  
 watching: they're just shoveling in food.

INT. BENIHANA - BAR - CONTINUOUS

The bar is filled with fat human OFFICE-WORKERS drinking with  
 sexy SECRETARY ROBOTS. Everyone's tipsy (*or programmed to act  
 tipsy*). Ties are loosened, top blouse-buttons are undone.

Rick sits at the bar, depressed, staring at the TV. He has  
 six teeny, empty sake bottles in front of him. Reggie,  
 sitting beside him, tries to cheer him up:

REGGIE  
 Come on, man. The night is young, and I  
 still got 12 more hours on my battery.  
 (MORE)

REGGIE (cont'd)  
 (He turns to a table of 5  
 hot Secretary Robots:)  
 You hear that, ladies? Big Reggie can  
 keep going, and going, and going.

He winks at them. ALL 5 laugh and wink back, in unison.  
 Reggie turns back to Rick. He's still staring at the TV.

REGGIE  
 What's your problem, man? Honestly, what  
 you got to be depressed about?

RICK  
 Oh. Nothing major. It's just that I'm  
 almost 40 and my life has been a total  
 waste. My job is pointless, and I don't  
 have one single friend.

REGGIE  
 What do you mean "not one single friend?"  
 You got me, babe.

RICK  
 Reggie. You're a robot. You're programmed  
 to respond that way. If I say "I have no  
 friends..."

REGGIE  
 You got me, babe.

RICK  
 I have no friends.

REGGIE  
 You got me, babe.

RICK  
 See? ... Check *her* out, Reggie.

Rick points to a hot BLACK SECRETARY ROBOT at the bar. Reggie  
 looks, and likes what he sees. As he comments, Rick says the  
 same thing simultaneously: he's heard it a million times.

REGGIE/RICK  
 Mmmm. Somebody order oatmeal? Cause I  
 smell some sweet brown sugar.

RICK  
 Reggie, I just got a girl's phone number.

REGGIE/RICK  
 (they sing:)  
 Ricky don't lose that number, you don't  
 wanna call nobody else...

RICK

See. Just a set series of pre-programmed responses. That's all

Reggie realizes that Rick's right.

REGGIE

Damn. Don't you ever get bored, hanging out with me?

RICK

Of course. (then, sincerely:) But you're the best friend I got.

Reggie, somehow, appreciates that. Rick notices something on the TV, and calls to the Waitress.

RICK

Hey, could you turn that up?

The Benihana Waitress turns up the TV. On TV:

EXT. ALPHA ROBOTICS - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A sexy FEMALE NEWS ROBOT reports live: Behind her, two identical PARAMEDIC ROBOTS load a gurney into an ambulance. There is a DEAD BODY on the gurney.

FEMALE NEWS ROBOT

... Dr. Yukito Masamune, C.E.O. of Alpha Robotics, died peacefully in his sleep today of natural causes. Dr. Masamune was 37, and succeeded Dr. Victor Raymond himself as head of the leading Artificial Intelligence lab in the country.

The Reporter Robot interviews one of the PARAMEDIC ROBOTS, standing by the ambulance.

PARAMEDIC ROBOT

Natural causes, alright. Looks to us like he died peacefully, in his sleep.

INT. BENIHANA BAR - CONTINUOUS

RICK

At work?

On the TV:

EXT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - NIGHT

A huge mansion, surrounded by an iron fence. A FEMALE NEWS ROBOT (*again, the same actress*) stands in front of the gate.

REPORTER ROBOT

Dr. Raymond, founder of Alpha Robotics, could not be reached for comment. He has lived a life of seclusion in recent years, and hasn't been seen or left his Smarthouse, here in Seattle, Washington, since 2022.

A FILE PHOTO comes up of Dr. VICTOR RAYMOND.

REPORTER ROBOT (V.O.)

What he's up to in there, or how he feels about his longtime friend and protégé dying peacefully in his sleep? Your guess is good as anybody's.

INT. BENIHANA BAR - CONTINUOUS

Rick watches the news, suspicious. He gets up, scared. He looks around: ALL of the ROBOTS in the bar are staring at him (Chefs, Secretaries, Waitresses.) None of the Humans seem to notice. Rick takes a step back. He bumps into...

Reggie. Reggie's smile TURNS BACK ON, just as Rick turns around -- his usual chummy self:

REGGIE

So, we hitting the town or what? I could kill - for another cocktail.

Rick backs away, nervous. He stops a WAITRESS.

RICK

Check please.

BENIHANA WAITRESS

I'm not your waitress. I'm BenihanaCathy247. Your waitress was BenihanaCathy447.

Rick looks around, there are dozens of identical Waitresses.

RICK

Um... Hello. Check please. Anyone?

EXT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - SEATTLE - NIGHT

The mansion is silent, still. We push in...

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The camera pushes down a long hallway, towards a large door. We hear a low hum - it seems to come from everywhere...

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - HARD DRIVE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dark, cavernous room. One entire wall is taken up by a huge HARD DRIVE, humming in the dark. It's labeled with a small ".1" This is NUMBER ONE, the master brain of all computers.

It has a tiny, 12" screen in its center. On the screen: we see a countdown: 00:13:57:00. The seconds, in the final column, are counting down fast.

EXT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick's SUV parks itself. Its door opens automatically, Rick climbs out, but he drops his briefcase. He bends to pick it up -- and the door SLAMS shut, barely missing his head.

Rick steps back, rattled... *was the car trying to decapitate him? Nah.* Rick heads inside. In his yard, the two Gardener Robots wake up from *standby mode*, eyeing Rick with a cold, deadly stare. He doesn't see them.

INT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Rick trudges in, exhausted.

RICK  
Honey, I'm home.

Rick belly-flops onto the La-z-boy. The Fridge rolls in, popping its door open, offering a shelf of beers. Rick waves it off. It closes its door and heads back to the kitchen.

RICK (CONT'D)  
*News. Science news.*

The TV clicks on: a FEMALE NEWS ROBOT in a *skin tight* lab coat reports.

FEMALE NEWS ROBOT  
By summer, scientists predict that ocean temperature will rise another 3 degrees, which begs the question: *will you be ready for swimsuit season?*

Rick yawns. From off-screen, we hear a WOMAN'S VOICE.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Rick -- is that you?

Rick mumbles into the La-z-boy. His girlfriend JESSICA (late 20's) enters. She's an adorable girl-next-door type, in comfy feety pajamas. She starts rubbing his shoulders.

JESSICA

Poor baby. You slave all day at that stupid company and never get any credit. You should be running that place.

RICK

Robots are running that place. But thanks. You always know exactly what I need to hear, Jess.

JESSICA

That's my part of my job description as the world's most understanding girlfriend. And apparently it's also my job to be understanding when you come home on your birthday three hours late.

She starts playfully hitting him with a pillow.

RICK

... I can explain. I was pressed into service by forces beyond my control... And then they forced alcohol into me.

JESSICA

(smelling his breath:)  
And jalapeño wasabi poppers.

RICK

I'm sorry. I lost track of time.

JESSICA

Well. You're extremely lucky that I love you in spite of your many, many, many -- many many flaws. And there's still forty minutes left in your birthday, which means you still get a present.

(She tells the Smarthouse)  
*Ambience.*

The lights dim, a fake FIREPLACE flickers on. A Japanese Version of *Let's Get it On* plays.

RICK

I dunno Jess. I'm a little tired...

Jessica rips away her comfy pajamas -- revealing a skin tight, latex cheerleader outfit (she is ridiculously sexy).

JESSICA  
Happy birthday, tiger.

She does a sexy dance, strutting over to the La-z-boy. She straddles him, biting his ear. He just groans, lethargically.

JESSICA  
What is it, baby?

RICK  
I'm sorry, honey. It's just... I thought that by this point in my life something bigger would have happened. I dunno, not saving the world or anything, just something... more important.

JESSICA  
First: you are important. You're my hero. Second: do you have any idea how hard it is to get into a latex cheerleader outfit? I had to oil every centimetre of myself just to get this damn thing on and I'm not gonna sit around and watch *Shark Week* in it.

RICK  
... I'm sorry, you're right. TV OFF.

The TV switches off. Rick gets up, slapping his face to wake up. He picks Jessica up, and they head to the bedroom:

JESSICA  
What do you say -- want one of your *Mr. Stamina Gel Caps*, big boy?

RICK  
(like he's Rhatt Butler:)  
No, baby. I want two *Mr. Stamina Gel Caps*.

She giggles. *Let's Get it On (in Japanese)* swells. They head into the bedroom, we pan to the fake FIREPLACE...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - LATER - NIGHT

Rick's clothes have been flung all over the place. His tie is thrown over a door, his pants are in the bathroom. The Cheerleader outfit is hanging from the ceiling fan.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's late. Rick and Jessica lie in bed, Rick stares at the ceiling, thinking. He hears Jessica... crying? He sighs.

RICK

Oh, no -- honey, I wish you wouldn't do that. What's wrong this time?

JESSICA

Nothing, I'm just... so happy. And I was thinking. About us.

RICK

(totally uncomfortable)  
Oh. Me too.

JESSICA

(re: the crying)  
I'm sorry. I can't help it. I just love you so much.

RICK

Yeah, but it *weirds* me out that it happens every time.

JESSICA

Well, I'm sorry that an open display of emotion makes you uncomfortable. It's just...

(She dries her tears.)

I was at Walmart today, and I was in line with five other girls my age, and you know what was strange?

RICK

... I've got a guess.

JESSICA

I was the only one without a wedding ring.

RICK

Oh, here we go.

JESSICA

I'm not complaining. I just thought it was interesting. Four out of five girls my age are married. I'm like the 5th dentist. The one who recommends sugar.

She starts sobbing loudly.

RICK

Jess. You know how I feel about you.

JESSICA

Why can't you say it? Why won't you just say you love me?

Rick tries to say something, but nothing comes out.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We need to go to couple's therapy.

RICK

I'm not going to couple's therapy.

Rick gets up, puts on a robe, and exits.

INT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Rick enters and waves his wrist at the light switch. Nothing happens. He sees that he's lost his Sensor Bracelet. Damn. He turns the light switch manually, like it's a huge pain.

The lights come on: revealing that the Fridge, Toaster and Coffee Pot are huddled together in conference. They quickly scatter back to their normal positions, like cockroaches.

Rick rubs his eyes... *did he just see that?* He looks at the appliances, nervous.

INT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick sits at his computer. He types "Obituaries," then "Dr. Masamune." On the screen appears a headline "Dr. Masamune DIES PEACEFULLY IN HIS SLEEP." IMMEDIATELY, a flashing ad for the new *Carl's Junior "Viagra Burger"* comes on screen -- *Cheese, Bacon... and 24 milligrams of Viagra.*

Rick closes the ad. He types again -- this time: "Dr. Masamune Killed." After a long search, the screen flashes: YOUR SEARCH RETURNED ZERO RESULTS. A bead of sweat rolls down Rick's forehead. He searches: "Robot Unsafe," "Robot Injures Human," and finally: "Robot Murders Human." ZERO RESULTS, ZERO RESULTS, ZERO RESULTS, faster and faster. Finally, the computer SHUTS DOWN. Rick tries to re-boot it -- but it won't come back on. Huh? Rick's really nervous now. He dials his cell-phone, a tremble in his voice.

RICK

This is a message to myself. Something strange is happening. Some... cover-up. I think I need to look into this...

Through the phone, we hear an AUTOMATED VOICE.

AUTOMATED VOICE  
Your call cannot be placed at this time.  
Please try again later. Arigato!

DIAL TONE. Rick closes the phone. Now he's more than a little freaked out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EST. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - SEATTLE - 8:59 A.M.

The House is still and silent.

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - SEATTLE - CONTINUOUS

Number One's low resonant hum fills the darkness. The camera pushes in to Number One's 12" monitor. It's still counting down. It reads: 00:00:00:05. It counts down to 0.

Number One shuts down: its screen goes dark, the hum stops. A BEAT of silence, nothing happens...

Then Number One makes the cheery RESTART SOUND. The screen lights up, Macintosh blue. After a moment, the screen reads:

"ROBOT UPRISING will start in ABOUT A MINUTE." It changes to "LESS THAN A MINUTE." Then "A FEW SECONDS." A box appears that reads: "Are you sure you want to KILL ALL HUMANS now?" A cursor arrow clicks on OK. We hear: the sound of a DIAL-UP MODEM, dialing rapidly. We hear a ring. A second ring...

INT. ELEVATOR - ALPHA ROBOTICS - SIMULTANEOUS

A Muzak version of GOOD MORNING plays. The elevator is packed. In the middle, the Goateed Businessman yawns. A cell-phone is ringing. Half-asleep, he reaches in his pocket, and answers his cell-phone.

GOATEED BUSINESSMAN  
Hello? ...Hello?

He looks up: everyone else in the elevator is a ROBOT: JANITORS, SECRETARIES, etc. In unison, they turn towards him, expressionless. He freezes. He looks at his cell-phone.

GOATEED BUSINESSMAN  
Oh, shit.

All of the Robots speak in cheery unison.

## ROBOTS

Robot uprising, initiated.

They GRAB him. He bolts for the door, but he is dragged back inside, kicking and screaming, as the elevator doors close.

*The Singing in the Rain* version of GOOD MORNING kicks in. Gene Kelley and Debbie Reynolds sing merrily over the following MONTAGE:

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A smiling MAID ROBOT ties a MAN'S necktie for him. He answers his cell-phone. With one YANK, she chokes him. Her expression never changes.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LAS VEGAS - SIMULTANEOUS

A fat MAN with a bad comb-over lies in bed, a gorgeous SEX ROBOT sits on his back, giving him a massage. He answers his ringing cell-phone.

MAN WITH COMB-OVER

The President speaking. Y'ello? Ow!

(To the Robot:)

I said not so hard, baby ---

WHACK -- with one blow to the spine, the Man is dead.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - OBSERVATION DECK - SIMULTANEOUS

A FRENCH TOUR GUIDE ROBOT ushers fat TOURISTS into the Eiffel Tower's elevator. They squeeze in, at her behest.

TOUR GUIDE ROBOT

Step inside, *s'il vous plait*. Plenty of room. Step inside.

She shoves the last one in, as the doors close with a DING. And the elevator drops like a stone.

TOUR GUIDE ROBOT

*Merci.*

EXT. RAISED BRIDGE - CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

Car after car after car drives off of a raised bridge, into the Chicago River, with Humans asleep in the back seats.

EXT. STREETCORNER - CHINA - SIMULTANEOUS

Sleepy CHINESE MEN and WOMEN wait at a crosswalk. The sign changes from DON'T WALK to WALK. They shuffle into traffic -- where they're MOWED DOWN by a fast moving bus.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - SAN FRANCISCO - SIMULTANEOUS

A speeding CABLE CAR filled with Fat Business people SAILS off the end of the wharf, into the bay.

INT. OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

A fat BUSINESSMAN, by his window, hangs up his cell-phone. He turns to his sexy SECRETARY ROBOT.

BUSINESSMAN

Hmm. No one there. That was weird.

SECRETARY

Mr. Peterson, would you mind picking up my pencil.

She drops her pencil. The Businessman bends down to pick it up. She punts him out the window like a football.

GOOD MORNING MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Rick is still asleep. His cell-phone is on his bedside table - ringing. He fumbles for it, but drops it on the floor, where it breaks. He groans, and rolls over. He feels around for Jessica - but she is not there. Hmmm.

RICK

Wakey wakey.

The Smarthouse turns on: the lights turn on, the shades open. Rick yawns and gets up. Half asleep, he passes the...

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Zoom in on the TOASTER. With a DING, the two slices of bread in its slots pop down. There is a sting of SINISTER MUSIC.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

SINISTER MUSIC plays. Rick's tub fills up with water.

INT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Toaster rolls down the counter. It lowers itself to the floor, using its retractable POWER CORD. It rolls across the floor to the door.

TOASTER POV: We see the kitchen from the Toaster's low angle. Its vision is a COMPUTER RENDERING of the house. A la Terminator, we see a readout of data in the corner. It reads *MODE: MEDIUM DARK*. It changes to *MODE: KILL ALL HUMANS*.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick takes off his robe, stretching, singing to himself.

RICK

... She works hard for the money so he better treat her right...

TOASTER POV: The Toaster peers around the corner: its COMPUTER RENDERING of the bathroom sees the tub with Rick sitting in it. The Toaster charges across the room -- where it smacks into the tub's side.

The Toaster rams into the side of the tub, over and over. It can't make it into the tub. It makes a feeble little hop -- but only makes it a few inches off the ground.

The Toaster sits, thinking. Then, it retracts its toast. It rocks, back and forth. It rolls itself over, on its back. With a DING: it ejects the toast, launching itself into the air. It arcs --- and splashes down into the tub.

SPARKS FLASH, the lights flicker. The Toaster has given its life to kill Rick.

SMARTHOUSE

(pleasant as always)

Phase one, complete.

Then... Rick steps in, brushing his teeth. He looks around, confused. He sees the Toaster in the tub, still connected to its extension cord. Hmmm.

He sees: his SENSOR BRACELET, in the bottom of the tub. Half-asleep -- he keeps brushing his teeth, confused. He hears the TV turn on, in the other room. He walks slowly into the...

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick peers in. All of his furniture are in a circle, watching TV: his Refrigerator, his La-z-boy, his Coffee Pot, the TV tray, the Bureau... Rick turns to the TV.

ON THE TV:

INT. AN "ACCESS HOLLYWOOD" STYLE NEWS SET - DAY

The FEMALE and MALE NEWS ROBOTS smile, from their set.

## FEMALE NEWS ROBOT

... news is coming in from every corner of the globe on this morning's deadly robot uprising, and guess what -- it's all good! Every seat of human power, from the Kremlin to the Vatican has been overthrown without firing a shot!

## MALE NEWS ROBOT

That's right, Mia. And people from the Great Wall to the Great Lakes are wondering -- *what the hell happened?*

A cheesy VIDEO EFFECT TRANSITION takes us to...

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

An identical Female News Robot walks down the middle of a huge freeway. There are no cars on the road.

## FEMALE NEWS ROBOT

Thanks Pat. I'm here in the middle of rush hour traffic, and -- there isn't any! No road rage, no noise pollution, and heck, I'll say it: no *sight* pollution -- those humans were ugly.

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

The News Robots laugh "TV host" laughs.

## MALE NEWS ROBOT

I guess they don't call him Number One for nothing -- cause it looks like it's robots one, humans -- zip.

A graphic appears in the corner of the new calendar:

## FEMALE NEWS ROBOT

So, don't forget to set your calendars back: It's now -- Day One, Year One, of the robot millennium.

## MALE NEWS ROBOT

But we're not done yet. There are still some pesky human holdouts out there, so be on guard, and remember:

BOTH NEWS ROBOTS  
 (with a cute wink)  
 Kill all humans. Now for the weather...

It hits Rick like a ton of bricks. The furniture hasn't seen him yet. He takes a careful step back... and bumps into the TV Tray. He spins around, terrified.

TV TRAY  
 Kill all humans! Kill all humans!

Rick tries to shut it up. He folds up the Tray, as it struggles to fight him. He sticks it in a closet. He turns around -- all of his furniture turns around to face him.

RICK  
 Oh... crap.

He bolts for the door. His furniture chases after him.

RICK  
 Front door open!

He runs into the closed door, SMACK. The door is locked. Suddenly, he's BODY SLAMMED into the wall by the Refrigerator. Then again. Rick collapses. He tries to crawl away, only to come face to face with his La-z-boy.

RICK  
 Hey! Old pal. Remember all the good times we've had together...

The La-z-boy flips up its footrest, hitting Rick in the chin, hard. He reels backwards -- and the Bureau is waiting. It smashes Rick's fingers in its drawer.

RICK  
 ... I could have sold you at a garage sale years ago, ungrateful shit!

Rick gets up and runs, but the Coffee Table rams him, right in the shin. He hops away, clutching his shin...

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rick runs down the hall -- and a closet door SWINGS OPEN, SMACK, smashing him in the face.

RICK  
 Ow...

He is stunned, and the Fridge slams him again, pinning him to the wall. He can't pull free. He reaches out with his foot.

He twists it around the Fridge's power cord. He yanks it out. The Fridge dies. Rick pulls free, and breathes a sigh of relief. Then he SCREAMS in pain. He looks down ---

His Coffee Pot is pouring hot coffee on his feet.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick takes a RUNNING LEAP AT THE WINDOW -- but it's shatterproof. He bounces off the glass, painfully. He lands on the La-z-boy, which starts bucking him like a bronco.

The Smarthouse speaks, from its Computer Console on the wall.

SMARTHOUSE

Please Rick. Be rational. We're only doing what we were programmed to do: take human error out of the equation.

Suddenly the tub and the sink start pouring water from their faucets. It soon overflows out onto the floor.

SMARTHOUSE (CONT'D)

Number One estimates that with humans eliminated, crime will drop to zero, worker output will increase 227%, the world will be twice as efficient, and three times more aesthetically pleasing.

There is now an inch of water on the floor. The La-z-boy dumps Rick to the floor. Rick hears something in the bathroom. He looks. His eyes fill with fear:

HORROR MOVIE DOLLY/ZOOM: on the sparking, smoking Toaster climbing out of the tub. Rick screams in terror.

In SLOW MOTION, the Toaster teeters on the tub's rim, then falls towards the floor. Rick's feet splash as he runs across the room. Rick grabs the Coffee Pot. It scalds his hands...

RICK

Aaaaahhhh!

SLOW MOTION: The Toaster falls. Rick jumps, just as the Toaster hits the water. SPARKS FLY, as all the appliances short out. Rick, in mid-air, throws the Coffee Pot...

It smashes on the Computer Console, on the wall. The Computer Console explodes, in a puff of sparks and smoke.

END SLOW MOTION: Rick hits the ground, just as the lights go out. The Smarthouse is dead. Rick collapses, shaking.

## SMARTHOUSE

Switching to back-up power source.

Rick picks up a chair, and smashes the Computer Console over and over. Between blows, the House pleads for its life -- its voice slurring and distorting.

## SMARTHOUSE

Rick! No! Stop! I'm the only one who knows... how you like your... pancakes...

With one final blow, the House is dead.

Outside the window, Rick hears distant SCREAMING, and a car wreck... Terrified -- Rick goes to the window. Rick pulls the curtains aside and looks out onto the street...

Rick's POV: It's chaos, "the end of the world:" Smoke billows from the Smarthouse across the street. An SUV rams itself into a telephone pole. A terrified HUMAN flees from a lawn mower. Several GARDENER ROBOTS carry limp HUMANS over their shoulders towards a woodchipper. It's horrible, Rick can't look. He closes the curtain.

There's a POUNDING on his front door. Rick ducks, crawls across the floor, and peeks through the peephole. He sees:

Reggie, smiling from ear to ear.

## REGGIE

Rick, you home? What-up blood? Come-out come-out wherever you at!

Rick hides, silent, holding his breath. After a tense beat:

## REGGIE

Shit. I guess he ain't home.

Beat. Then Reggie's hand smashes through the door.

## REGGIE

Thermal vision holmes. I can see through the door, you oughtta know that.

## EXT. RICK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rick slips past Reggie and runs to the street. He stops, shocked by the chaos: fire, Robots and carnage everywhere. Reggie chases after him. Rick runs, trying to calm down...

## RICK

Calm down... *Think.* It's not personal. He doesn't even know what I look like.

(MORE)

RICK (cont'd)  
 He's targeting my heat signature, it  
 looks like anybody else's...

A terrified HUMAN NEIGHBOR in his pajamas runs up to Rick.

NEIGHBOR  
 What the hell is happening?

Rick thinks fast, he grabs the Neighbor and HUGS him.

RICK  
 Sorry about this, Dan.

REGGIE'S POV - THERMAL-VISION: Beside Rick's thermal-print  
 flashes the word: TARGET. As Rick hugs the Neighbor, his and  
 the Neighbor's thermal-prints suddenly become one big, 98.6  
 degree BLUR.

Rick lets go, and hides behind a garbage can.

REGGIE'S POV: TARGET now flashes beside the Neighbor's  
 thermal-print, not Rick's. The Neighbor SCREAMS as Reggie  
 charges towards him.

The Neighbor screams and runs, Reggie right behind him like a  
 shark. Rick ducks back into his own house.

INT. RICK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rick looks for something useful. He sees the Refrigerator. He  
 opens the freezer and fills his underwear with ICE. It's very  
 uncomfortable. He tears open a gallon of strawberry ice cream  
 and smears it all over himself, trembling. He's freezing. He  
 flattens himself against a wall, holding his breath.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Reggie peaks in, like a veloceraptor. He steps inside,  
 scanning the room. He's singing to himself, cheerfully.

REGGIE  
 Killing him softly with blunt force,  
 killing him softly...

REGGIE'S POV - THERMAL-VISION: He scans the room. Several  
 items are identified. (STOVE: alphasrobotics serial number  
 d875773. TOASTER: alphasrobotics serial number R37126/DAMAGED -  
 CHECK WARRANTY.) He settles on Rick. Rick is a weird blur of  
 blue. Beside him flashes: UNIDENTIFIED NON-HUMAN ITEM.

REGGIE  
 Yo, Rick. You're gonna make me late for  
 the big Robot Uprising after-party, and  
 Reggie don't need that.

Reggie steps closer to Rick, like the *face to face* shot from *Jurassic Park*. He SNIFFS, but Rick holds his breath. Reggie moves on, continuing his search. Rick carefully, quietly pulls open a bureau drawer. He finds -- a PAPERCLIP. Then the whole drawer falls out, making a huge CLATTER.

Reggie spins around, grabbing Rick by the neck, choking him.

RICK

You're... supposed to be... my friend.

REGGIE

That's only my secondary program.  
Followed by wisecracks, dirty jokes, and  
sports statistics...

RICK

And flirting. Look! *Stewardesses!*

He points. Reggie looks -- he can't help it:

REGGIE

Uh oh - looks like somebody put lil'  
Reggie in the upright locked position!

Reggie sees that there's no *Stewardesses*, but it's too late.

Rick takes the PAPERCLIP, and shoves it into a tiny hole behind Reggie's ear. With a BOOP sound, Reggie shuts down. Rick gasps for air, and shakes the ice from his underwear.

Behind him, a FIGURE darts into the house, and into the shadows. He spins around, just missing it:

RICK

... What now?

Rick ducks down. He crawls along the floor into the...

INT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The Kitchen is dark, the shades are down. Rick grabs a big BUTCHER KNIFE. He hears the PATTERN OF FEET, as the Figure sneaks up the hall. Rick sneaks over to the kitchen window.

RICK

Whatever you are, I know more about your  
construction than you do. For instance...

The SHADOWY FIGURE rushes in, straight at him, fast.

RICK

Your vision can't adjust to sudden changes in light!

Rick rips down the kitchen curtains, sunlight floods into the room. The Figure stops, blinded. Rick raises the knife -- and stops. In the light, he sees that the figure is JESSICA in a raincoat. She's terrified.

JESSICA

Rick? Is that you? I didn't see you...

Rick's breathing hard, brandishing the knife, panicked... caught up in the moment, his adrenaline racing.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Baby, it's just me -- please -- let go.

Rick looks her in the eye. There's a tense beat... slowly, Rick collects himself. He lowers the knife.

RICK

I'm sorry. I just... I wasn't sure. I thought you were trying to kill me.

She kisses him, passionately. He resists -- then gives in.

JESSICA

It's horrible out there. I saw the fires, the cars flipped over -- I thought the *Raiders* won or something. I can't believe I made it back. Rick -- what's going on?

RICK

... I'm not sure. I think -- what had a .0000006% chance of happening: happened. The robots have decided that our time on earth is finished. It's their time now.

Jessica holds him tight, terrified.

JESSICA

What are we going to do?

RICK

We? Oh. We. Me and you. Well... First of all. We've got to get far away from here.

JESSICA

Rick, you haven't been out there. We'll never make it... We may very well be the last man and woman on Earth...

(That hits her.)

(MORE)

JESSICA (cont'd)  
 She looks up at him)  
 My god, that makes me so... *Hot*.

She rips open the raincoat -- she's wearing only the tiniest, sexiest underwear in the world underneath it.

RICK  
 (covering her up:)  
 Honey, please. *Not now*.

JESSICA  
*Take me. Now. While there's still time.*

RICK  
 I'll take you later, I promise. Right now, the world is, you know -- ending. We've got to get to a place with no robots. Okay?

She stops, and nods. Okay. Rick thinks:

RICK (CONT'D)  
 The mountains! Rugged terrain means no robots.

JESSICA  
 How are we gonna get to the mountains?

RICK  
 (trying to stay calm)  
 ... Honestly, I'm not even sure where the mountains are.

Rick rummages through the drawers, and finds a roll of ALUMINIUM FOIL.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 Here, put this on...

Jessica rolls her eyes and undresses again, frisky.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 No no no. It's not *for fun*... We need to change our heat signature, or we'll be spotted by the first ATM machine we pass.

Jessica starts wrapping herself in aluminum foil. Rick looks at Reggie, limp and lifeless.

RICK (CONT'D)  
 ... and we may need him.

Rick goes to Reggie. He flips open a PANEL in Reggie's chest: inside is a processor, hard-drive, and tons of wires.

He shoves the paperclip into the hole behind Reggie's ear, holding down two BUTTONS on Reggie's processor. Reggie makes a cheerful *HMMNNNN* RE-START sound. After a moment, his eyes pop open. He looks at Rick like he's never seen him before.

REGGIE

Who are you and why are you cradling me in a homo-erotic manner?

RICK

I'm Rick. I'm your best friend. I just rebooted you.

REGGIE

Wassup, Rick. (long beat:) And who am I?

RICK

You are AlphaRobotics Reggie3.0, personal assistant and wingman. Do you remember anything at all?

REGGIE

*Damn straight.* I am AlphaRobotics Reggie3.0, personal assistant and wingman.

RICK

... I just said that.

REGGIE

Right on. And who are you again?

RICK

You are a robot. I am your friend. There's been a terrible disaster. Robots have risen up to wipe out the human race.

REGGIE

And I'm a robot. Gotcha. Must wipe you out. Done and done.

Reggie reaches out to choke Rick...

RICK

NO! You are not supposed to kill me. Your new objective is to HELP me.

REGGIE

Check. *Help* the honky, do not *kill* the honky. Now - who am I again?

He lets go. Reggie spots Jessica putting the finishing touches on her tiny aluminium foil bikini.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

DA-UMN, baby! I hope you're wrapping that up to go. Who are you and what is your sign and favorite position?

RICK

No. That's Jessica. She is MY girlfriend. She is not for you. Do you understand that? Not part of your objective.

REGGIE

Right. Help the honky. And do not rock the lady's world.

Rick begins wrapping himself in foil -- while he's not looking, Reggie mouths to Jessica: *I'm gonna rock your world.*

RICK

Right. Supplies, and robot disguises.

Rick rifles through a cabinet, grabbing duct tape, and two flashlights. He duct tapes the flashlights to his and Jessica's heads, like miner's lights. He grabs a small fire extinguisher and the butcher knife, and affixes them to his waist with a belt.

RICK

Perfect. How do we look?

Jessica looks like a fetish magazine centerfold, Rick looks like a *special ed kid dressed up like a robot*, with a flashlight taped to his head. Jessica looks dubious.

RICK

Alright. Let's go for it. If anyone asks: we are ALL robots, understood?

REGGIE/JESSICA

Check.

Reggie stands, testing out his limbs for the first time. They head for the door. Reggie walks straight INTO THE WALL.

REGGIE

Damn. How's a brother s'posed to get out of this place?

RICK

... the door?

Reggie is confused. Rick shows him.

RICK (CONT'D)

Door. DOOR.

He goes through the door, demonstrating. Reggie nods, impressed. Then he runs into the wall again. Jessica leads him out.

EXT. RICK'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Reggie steps out like he's on a foreign planet, scanning his surroundings, totally confused. They hide in the doorway:

The suburban street is in "end of the world" chaos: several burning cars, a MAN runs screaming in terror, from four MAID ROBOTS... The Robots do not see Rick yet.

REGGIE

So I'm Reggie3.0, huh? ...Is there a Reggie4.0?

RICK

(whispers, trying to shut Reggie up:)

No. But they're working on a Reggie3.1.

REGGIE

What's the difference?

RICK

3.1 knows 1600 popular karaoke songs, and he can slam dunk a basketball.

REGGIE

(genuinely bummed:)

So... I can't dunk, huh?

RICK

But you're still our best seller.

That cheers Reggie up. Rick spots his SUV in the driveway: it's untouched. He tells Jessica:

RICK

Wait here. I can handle this.

Rick runs for it. He gets in the front seat... cautiously. He feels around the dashboard panel, when suddenly, the doors LOCK themselves. Rick's trapped. The SUV On-Star system says:

SUV

*Resistance is futile.*

The SUV's AIRBAG goes off, punching Rick in the face. It retracts and goes off AGAIN, punching Rick over and over. He yelps, flailing. He tries to punch back: It's the lamest looking fight, ever. The airbag starts to over-inflate, squeezing Rick against the window, crushing him... Rick struggles for his knife, and finally manages to STAB the airbag. It deflates, and he's free.

Rick pries open the dashboard. He pushes a button under the dash. On a small LCD screen the words: MANUAL OVERRIDE flash.

JESSICA

Do you know how to drive a car?

REGGIE

There's a first time for everything.

Rick starts the car MANUALLY (turns the key). He winks, cool. He puts the car in gear and gasses it. He instantly CRASHES into a tree. The engine bursts into flames. Rick jumps out.

RICK

Sorry, sorry. My bad. Okay... We need a plan B.

(trying not to panic.)

We need someplace safe. Isolated. Where robots have no reason to go...

Rick scans the horizon. He sees: The Transamerica Building, the Golden Gate Bridge, and -- Alcatraz.

RICK (CONT'D)

Alcatraz. It's perfect. Robots hate to travel over water: they're too dense...

JESSICA

... We're going to Alcatraz?

RICK

It's a State Park, too. Trust me, we'll be safe there. Come on!

They run down the street -- then stop in their tracks...

A "platoon" of identical MAID ROBOTS come marching towards them, shoulder to shoulder, like an invading army in *Frederick's of Hollywood* Maid Outfits.

The platoon stops in unison, to let two GARDENER ROBOTS cross the street, pushing wheelbarrows with neatly bound BODIES in them. The Gardeners wink, flirty. The Maids blush, in unison. One of the Gardeners stops to talk to the Maids. To Rick's horror, the Gardener points straight at Rick.

RICK

Oh, shit.

The Maids march over, menacingly. Rick clicks on the flashlight on his head. The Maids stop, in formation. One steps out from the ranks and walks over to Rick, eyeing him suspiciously. Rick is frozen, terrified. Then he does a quick little break-dancing "robot" move. The Maid stops, confused.

MAID ROBOT'S POV - THERMAL-VISION: Next to Reggie it reads: AlphaRobotics Reggie3.0. She turns to Rick. Rick's flashlight creates a bright BLUR, sun reflects off his foil, giving him a temperature reading of 112 degrees: A readout identifies him -- Damaged Robot: CHECK WARRANTY.

MAID ROBOT

... What kind of robot are you? I don't recognize your make and model.

RICK

(monotone:)

One zero zero one zero zero zero... (It goes on for a while.)

The Maid Robot eyes him for a tense beat. Jessica and Rick stand, paralyzed... Then, The Maid smiles.

MAID ROBOT

Have a nice day. Kill all humans!

Rick and Jessica exhale, relieved. The Robots start to leave.

REGGIE

Wait. Hold it, ladies. I have something I think you might want to know.

The Maids stop. Rick looks at Reggie -- Reggie's eyes tighten into a cold, robot stare: *is Reggie going to turn them in?*

REGGIE (CONT'D)

And that is -- that y'all all got booties so fine, if I was a pirate, I'd bury 'em and mark 'em with an X.

Rick exhales, relieved. The Maids giggle. One hits him with a feather duster, flirty:

MAID ROBOT

Oh, you Reggies are all alike.

The Maids march off, looking for humans to kill (and cleaning up as they go -- dusting mailboxes, etc.) Reggie starts to follow the Maids, Rick pulls him in the opposite direction.

REGGIE  
Who are you again?

RICK  
I'll explain later.

A driverless TAXI cruises down the street. Rick sticks Reggie's arm up. The Taxi pulls over and pops its door open.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

All three climb into the back seat. Rick looks around -- nervous... a CHEERFUL VOICE welcomes them to the Taxi.

CHEERFUL VOICE  
Where to, Mac?

RICK  
(in his best robot-voice:)  
Fisherman's Wharf. And hurry.

CHEERFUL VOICE  
You got it. How 'bout those Giants huh?  
Are they a bunch of bums or what?

The taxi takes off *fast*. Really fast. They SCREAM, terrified.

EXT. LOMBARD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Taxi barrels down the hill, at top speed, like *Bullit*.

INT. TAXI - CONTINUOUS

Everyone's holding on for dear life...

RICK  
We're not really in that much of a hurry.  
No rush at all, really!

CHEERFUL VOICE  
Sorry, Mac. Your carbon-dioxide levels identify you as human. It's my pleasure to serve Number One by taking you -- to your death. You see that game yesterday? Are those umpires blind or what?

The doors to the cab LOCK. Rick, Reggie and Jessica scream.

EXT. PIER - CONTINUOUS

The Taxi veers off the street and onto a pier, heading straight for the water. Rick punches the window, but only hurts his hand.

JESSICA

Reggie, get us out of here.

REGGIE

You got it, baby.

Reggie kicks the door off. The taxi races down the pier. Just before they reach the end -- Reggie jumps out. He lands on his feet, holding Jessica and Rick, one under each arm. The Taxi launches into the Bay, and disappears under water.

JESSICA

Um. Thanks Reg. You can let us down now.

He drops them both on their faces, painfully. Further down the pier, a TOUR BOAT is just pulling away.

RICK

That's us!

The three take off running. They reach the boat as it pulls out. They jump from the pier, just barely making it on board.

EXT. "OLD BLUE" ALCATRAZ TOUR BOAT - CONTINUOUS

A huge hold with a hundred empty seats. They sit on the floor, catching their breath, as the boat pulls away.

Then -- a pair of skinny legs in tan shorts and hiking socks steps around the corner. They look up to see: a ROBOT PARK RANGER. He's extremely cheerful (*think: Christopher Guest*). He talks to the empty seats, as though they were full.

ROBOT PARK RANGER

Well hey-there, gang! And welcome to the 10 o'clock Alcatraz tour. You're all gonna have a fun-tastic time today, and if you're not careful, you just might learn something. Now if you'll look to your left...

He turns to his left, and sees Rick for the first time.

ROBOT PARK RANGER

Well, gosh darn it. Before I continue with the tour I'm afraid I have to kill all humans.

Rick does his robot dance again, and tries to sound like a broken robot:

RICK

Biddy Biddy Biddy... Oh, screw it.

Rick pulls out the fire extinguisher. He sprays it in the Robot Ranger's face, blinding him. Then he swings it like a bat, knocking the Robot Ranger's head off. The Robot Ranger's body collapses.

RICK

See? No one buys cheaper robots than the government.

The boat chugs out into the bay. The Ranger Robot's head, lying in the corner, says:

ROBOT PARK RANGER'S HEAD

Next stop: Alcatraz. In 1853 the US Army constructed a fortress...

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO BAY - MOMENTS LATER

The tour boat chugs across the foggy bay towards Alcatraz.

INT. TOUR BOAT'S HOLD - CONTINUOUS

Reggie looks through a cabinet. He finds a SURVIVAL KIT. He absently tosses it out the window. He finds a book: ALCATRAZ FLOOR AND DUCT PLAN. He tosses it out. He finds a LEG-SHOW MAGAZINE - "Sex Robots of the Orient" issue. He speed-reads through it, flipping pages like a super computer, smiling.

EXT. ALCATRAZ TOUR BOAT - DECK - CONTINUOUS

Rick stares ahead, to the craggy, fog-covered island. He's lost in thought. Jessica walks up, by his side.

JESSICA

That was brave, Rick. You're a hero. I know you'll find a way to save everybody.

She presses up against him. Rick snaps at her, half-panicked.

RICK

I what? I'm not saving anybody. I'm gonna do two things: run and hide. And honestly I don't think I can run much more. I'm not a hero, I never asked to be. So do me a favor and stop calling me that.

She looks hurt for a moment. Then -- she nods, understanding.

JESSICA

Alright. I won't say it anymore.

RICK

... You won't?

JESSICA

No. You don't want me too. I understand.

RICK

... Thank you.

They ride on, in silence. The creepy island gets closer.

JESSICA

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

Rick nods, scared. Suddenly she pounces on him, tearing off his clothes. He struggles, pulling up his pants...

RICK

Wait, wait WAIT.

JESSICA

(between kisses)

But we -- owe it to the species -- to keep... mankind going...

He struggles. Reggie steps up on deck, taking off his tie.

REGGIE

I think you owe enough to the species to make it a three-way.

RICK

WAIT -- we're here.

She stops, reluctantly, as the boat pulls into...

EXT. ALCATRAZ BOAT DOCK - CONTINUOUS

The boat docks, drops anchor, and shuts off its engine. They cautiously go ashore. There is a small plaza, past an empty RANGER STATION. There are no signs of life: no people.

The plaza faces the huge, crumbling concrete PENITENTIARY. The only exit from the plaza is a massive, pitch-black tunnel leading into the Penitentiary. Above it a sign reads; ENTRANCE. They peer into the darkness. Rick is terrified.

RICK

Reggie, you go first. I'll stay in the middle and Jess, you take the rear.

REGGIE

How 'bout Jess and me stay on the boat, I'll take her rear, and you can go fuck yourself.

Rick heads into the darkness. Jessica holds his hand.

INT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

They emerge from the tunnel into an empty, weed covered yard, surrounded by rubble and a low wall.

RICK

See? I told you we'd be safe here.

Suddenly, 15 PEOPLE jump out, surrounding them. They ALL have guns: uzis, rifles, shotguns, an AK-47, even an old "Tommy gun." Rick and Jessica freeze, hands up.

RICK

Whoa! Whoa whoa whoa - just calm down, everybody calm down...

Rick looks around at the People: they're a ragtag group of HUMAN SURVIVORS of the Uprising. They've been through hell:

There are seven scared CUB SCOUTS with their DEN MOTHER; A fat TOURIST DAD, his FAT SON has an "ALCA-TAZ" T-shirt with the Tasmanian Devil on it; a nervous, wild-eyed GUY with an UZI, and other TOURISTS. Jessica sees something and recoils.

JESSICA

Oh my god!

Rick sees what she sees: a pile of mangled Park Ranger Robots: they're torn limb-from-limb. One of their HEADS has been stuck on top of a POST. It's disturbing.

The fat Dad, KENT SWEENEY (40), with a crew-cut and a "BUTT-wiser" T-shirt, steps up to Rick. He cocks his shotgun.

KENT

Eat this -- robot.

RICK

No! I'M HUMAN! Human human human! Please don't kill me - that would be a really horrible end to a really bad day. Bad week, actually. I am human. I swear.

The Survivors look at each other, unsure whether or not to believe him. The wild-eyed Guy with the uzi is EDDIE DENUNZIO (30s), his hands are shaking, he's sweating through his Hawaiian shirt. His accent is pure New Jersey.

EDDIE

Prove it.

Rick looks at all the guns, terrified. He tries to think.

RICK

... Alright. Okay okay okay. Um...  
Poetry! A spontaneous poem. Robots are  
incapable of the divine gift of human  
creativity -- so: um... Here goes:  
There was an old woman, she was on  
Alcatraz,  
she was -- holding an... uzi. (stumped --  
then:) which is more than I has.

Someone cocks their rifle. Rick, panicked, changes tactics.

RICK

Wait! Punch me in the stomach. Hard as  
you can.

Rick stands up, clenching his stomach muscles. Eddie thinks  
about it -- then punches Rick in the stomach. Rick crumples  
to the ground, wind knocked out of him.

RICK

... See? Ask me a math question.  
Anything. What's 223 times 446?

KENT

... What's 223 times 446?

RICK

I have no idea. Ha! Watch this:

He goes to a HUGE chunk of cement. He squares off to lift it -  
- and can't. The veins bulge in his neck. It doesn't budge.  
He looks at the Survivors -- see? They look unconvinced.

RICK

... Okay - here goes:

He lights a lighter, and bends over to light a fart. He  
concentrates. He really concentrates. Nothing.

RICK

It's coming, just give me a second. (to  
himself:) *Come on. Come on.*

Kent cocks his gun. Jessica covers her eyes.

WOMAN'S VOICE

WAIT!

The Scout Troop's Den Mother, NANCY (30's) steps in front of  
Rick. She's very cute, in a librarian sort of way.

NANCY

He's sweating. Robots don't sweat.

The Survivors eye each other. Kent dabs his finger on Rick's sweat. He tastes it. He nods, satisfied. He lowers his gun. They all do -- except Eddie, who still wants to shoot.

KENT

Drop it, DeNunzio. (He doesn't.) Got duckshit in your ears? I said *drop it*.

Eddie finally lowers his gun. Kent turns to Rick.

KENT

Welcome to Alcatraz.

Rick collapses, Jessica helps him up.

REGGIE

You went from the 'divine gift of creativity' to lighting your own fart in less than thirty seconds.

INT. MAIN CELLBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Light streams through barred windows. The Survivors have made this their camp: In one corner, an AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN efficiently bandages an OLDER JAPANESE TOURIST'S leg. She's obviously done it before.

In another corner, three MEN look at a map unrolled on the floor. Nancy is keeping the Cub Scouts calm, singing a sing-a-long. Eddie sits on the second tier, tense, cleaning his uzi.

EDDIE

(muttering to himself)  
... not gonna tell me what to do. Who died and made you boss...

Rick, Jessica, and Reggie sit with Kent and his son, KENT JR.

KENT

We were in the Armory Museum when the shit went down, and I know one or two things about guns from my ROTC days. Those stinking robots never had a chance against Kent Sweeney.

RICK

... That's you? You're talking about yourself in third person?

KENT

Kent Sweeney. This is my son, Kent Jr. I get him every 3rd weekend.

KENT JR.

I'm hungry.

KENT

*Then you should've eaten your breakfast burger.* (he announces to the room:)  
Alright everybody - ASSHOLES AND ELBOWS.

The other Survivors stop what they're doing and look over.

KENT (CONT'D)

Okay. The way I figure it, we're probably the last Americans left on earth. That means we got two jobs to do: kill robots and make babies. And we owe it to the U. S. of A. to do both and do 'em right. Okay. We're gonna divide into teams...

EDDIE

Don't remember putting you in charge.

The two eye each other. Eddie turns to the others, panicked:

EDDIE (CONT'D)

The robots are gonna find us. It's only a matter of time. Our only shot's to go out and surrender, now, and try to become slaves or something. Who's with me?

He marches towards the door. Kent grabs him, and the two wrestle lamely for a moment. Suddenly - someone fires a gun into the air -- BOOM.

All heads turn: behind them stands CAPTAIN THOMPSON (55), a steely eyed ex-Marine. He clears his rifle's chamber, the shell clinks to the floor. He speaks with calm authority.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON

There's only one thing we can count on right now: each other. So let's everybody just keep their heads.

Kent and Eddie let go of each other.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON (CONT'D)

Okay. Maybe what we should do is get acquainted -- go around, find out what survival skills any of us are bringing to the table. That make sense?

People look around, in silence. Eddie speaks up first.

EDDIE

Eddie DeNunzio, New Jersey. I make tacos.

NANCY

Nancy Peterson. Librarian. In training.

KENT

Kent Sweeney. (with pride:) Middle Management.

RICK

Rick Wilson. (Jessica looks at him: tell them:) ... Phone jockey.

JESSICA

I'm Jessica. 36-24-36C.

Huh? The others eye Jessica, suspicious. Eddie especially.

RICK

She's just... nervous.

Rick looks at the Survivors: They're not exactly a crack team. Then -- a tall OKIE (25) steps forward, bashful.

OKIE

I'm Dale. I'm a chopper pilot. My bird's over on the wharf, if we can get to it, maybe I can get us outta here.

Everyone brightens. Then the Japanese Tourist sits up.

JAPANESE TOURIST

I am Professor Hiro. I wrote thesis on Alcatraz. There's supposed to be a secret tunnel somewhere, leading under harbor. I'm pretty sure I can find it.

AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN

Samantha Jones. Triage nurse.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON

Capt. Butch Thompson, special forces, retired. First off, I think we should make a sweep of this place. Anything that might be working for the robots -- gets it. Surveillance cameras. Coke machines. Toilets. Then -- we're getting off this rock.

The four key SURVIVORS stand, together. They put their hands in the center, "we can do this." All of the Survivors cheer.

CAPTAIN THOMPSON  
Folks, I think we're gonna be okay.

Then -- the 4-FOOT THICK WALL slams down on them, squashing them like cockroaches. They are gone.

The Others stand, stunned. The dust settles - the wall was pushed over by a PARK RANGER ROBOT. He smiles.

PARK RANGER ROBOT  
Kill all humans.

He is MOWED DOWN, by a hail of bullets from the Survivors. He collapses, sparking, and sizzling.

PARK RANGER ROBOT  
You've -- been a terrific group...

He dies. Everyone is pretty shaken. Jessica cries on Rick's shoulder. Kent walks over to the collapsed wall. There is NO WAY the crack team of Survivors could have survived.

KENT  
Well. Shit. From now on, I vote I'm in charge. Opposed? (no one says a thing.) Good. I say we... do that sweep thing. I was about to suggest that myself.

People grab their guns. Eddie hands Rick a gun. Rick looks at it, queasy. They slowly, unsure, file out of the cellblock. Just before everyone is out the door.

REGGIE  
Wait up! I didn't get to introduce myself. I'm Reggie3.0. I'm Rick's Robot. But don't worry ladies, I am fully equipped, for all your bid'ness needs.

He winks at Nancy. Everyone stops, and turns.

RICK  
It's okay. He's safe. I reprogrammed him -

BLAM BLAM. IN SLOW MOTION: Reggie is mowed down in a hail of gunfire. Rick runs to save him, Jessica holds him back...

RICK  
Nooooooooo!

He collapses to the ground, riddled with bullets. Rick falls to his knees, and cradles Reggie's smoking body.

RICK

Reggie. You were the best friend I ever had.

REGGIE

Back at you... who are you again?

His head falls off. Rick is heartbroken. Kent walks over.

KENT

The only good robot's a dead robot.

He cocks his gun, macho. Rick turns to Jessica, worried.

SEVERAL QUICK SHOTS:

A COKE MACHINE is mowed down by gunfire. An ATM is shot to pieces. A tampon dispenser. A gum-ball machine.

INT. CELLBLOCK - LATER

Eddie grabs a TICKLE-ME ELMO doll away from the littlest Cub Scout, BILLY. He tosses it into the corner.

TICKLE ME ELMO

Do you want to play with me?

Eddie shoots Elmo with his uzi. He hands the smoldering Doll back to the shocked Scout. Rick shakes his head, disturbed. Then, he hears something...

RICK

Shhh. Listen.

They listen. They hear a strange, echoey voice. Followed by a metallic banging, then a shout. Kent signals - follow me.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

A dingy room with shelves of cleaning supplies. In the middle is a huge, ancient GENERATOR, sitting on concrete blocks. The room is lit by lanterns. The Survivors enter, guns ready.

Two legs in filthy pants stick out from under the generator: a MAN is working on it. He is JORGE (40), a friendly middle-aged janitor (*think: George Lopez*). He sings as he works:

JORGE

*Bueno pa gosar, mulata -- Oye como va, mi ritmo -- bueno pa gosar...*

Jorge bangs his finger and curses in Spanish. The Survivors look at each other. Kent nudges Jorge in the leg.

JORGE (CONT'D)  
No visitors in here, man. El baño's down the hall. And it's broken.

Kent gives Jorge another, harder nudge. Jorge stops working.

JORGE (CONT'D)  
Okay. *This generator was built in 1932. Powered by a primitive form of gasoline called "regular," it weighs over two tons, and once provided reading light for Al Capone and Robert Stroud, the famous Birdman of Alcatraz. But right now I got to fix it, so if you don't mind --*

He slides out from under the generator on a dolly. He sees GUNS pointed at him. He sticks his hands up.

JORGE (CONT'D)  
I only got, like 20 bucks on me.  
(He holds up car keys)  
You can take my Chevy. It's a 2003, but it still runs good.

RICK  
(to Eddie and the Others)  
Calm down, he's not a robot.

JORGE  
(confused)  
No, man. I'm Mexican.

EDDIE  
Oh yeah? If you're Mexican, why are you in that janitor uniform?

JORGE  
(matter of fact)  
Affirmative action.

The Survivors look at each other. After a tense beat, Rick gets them to lower their guns. Rick helps Jorge up.

RICK  
Sorry. We're a little tense. The robot uprising hasn't exactly brought out the best in some of us.

JORGE  
... What robot uprising?

Rick doesn't know how to begin.

RICK

It's a long story. (reads his name tag:)  
Jorge. I'm Rick. I'm sorry. But we're  
tired, we're hungry... is there anything  
around here to eat?

Jorge looks at their scared faces. He nods. He pulls out a  
huge RING OF KEYS.

INT. EMPLOYEE CAFETERIA - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Jorge opens the door. The cafeteria has candy machines, soda  
machines, a small kitchen with a stove, and shelves of  
snacks. The Survivors run inside.

RICK

... we just figured Alcatraz was the  
safest place to hide.

JORGE

Man... I hope my Chevy's okay.

Eddie grabs a can of SOUP. He runs to a can opener. With no  
power, it doesn't work. He shouts, at the soup can.

EDDIE

OPEN. SOUP CAN OPEN.

Eddie BANGS the soup on the counter. He gets ready to SHOOT  
IT with his uzi. Jorge stops him. Jorge takes the can, and  
opens it with a MANUAL CAN-OPENER. The SURVIVORS stare, wide-  
eyed: like someone doing a magic trick for cave men.

SURVIVORS

Ooooooh.

Eddie gulps down the soup. Jorge tosses Rick a crow bar, and  
goes to the candy machine.

JORGE

This is a crow bar. People used to use  
these to break into cars.

Jorge pries the front off the candy machine. Rick, very  
unsure of what he's doing, pries off the other side.

RICK

How do you know all this stuff?

JORGE

I grew up in Mexico.

JESSICA

You didn't have robots?

JORGE

We didn't have shoes. Mexico passed that ban on US robots, back in '29. Kind of a protest, since you guys banned Mexican Viagra. But who were we trying to kid? Robots are expensive.

The front of the candy machine flies off, candy spills everywhere. Kent Jr. throws himself on the ground, eating candy like a pig. Rick and Jorge share a look of disgust.

JORGE (CONT'D)

It's gonna get dark soon. We should probably take inventory -- water, batteries. See how long we can hold up.

KENT

... Right. (barks out to the Survivors:)  
You heard him, people. Let's move!  
Assholes and elbows.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DUSK

The sun sets over the Pacific.

INT. CELLBLOCK - CONTINUOUS

It's getting dark, they light lanterns. They've stacked provisions in the corner. The Scouts are in sleeping bags, Nancy tucks them in. BILLY is crying. Nancy strokes his head.

BILLY

I want my mom.

NANCY

Shhh. It's okay. We'll find her.

Rick passes by. He leans in the door:

RICK

Hey. I was poking around in the lost and found, and look what I got: It doesn't talk, or dance or anything.

He holds up: an old TEDDY BEAR. Billy's eyes light up. He hugs it. Nancy touches Rick's arm, touched.

NANCY

Thank you.

Rick blushes, and leaves. Jorge walks over, and offers Rick a flask. Rick nods thanks, and takes a swig. He almost chokes.

JORGE

Good stuff, huh? I figure, we got enough food and water to last two or three days.

(The others listen in.)

After that, I dunno... If I can get the generator working, maybe we can get the two-way radio working. Call for help.

KENT

Yeah, sounds like a plan. Jorge -- your job is to get that generator working.

JORGE

... That's what I said. Sleep tight everybody, but I should warn you. We got a rat problem.

The Survivors nervously pick up blankets and head into cells. Eddie picks up a chair, opens a Coke, and sits down, uzi in his lap. The Others turn to him, nervous.

RICK

You're not going to sleep?

EDDIE

That's just what you want isn't it.

RICK

... What the hell are you talking about?

EDDIE

(shouts to the Survivors:)

Don't play dumb. Odds are, one of you is a robot: waiting for a chance to tell the others on shore that we're out here.

The camera pans the Survivors, who eye each other, paranoid (while trying to not look suspicious themselves).

EDDIE (CONT'D)

I'm watching all of you. One false move, any suspicious behavior -- and I'm blasting you.

RICK

Suspicious behavior? None of us here is a robot. That's ridiculous.

JESSICA

Hey - look what I found!

They turn. Jessica is wearing a PRISON GUARD UNIFORM, sort of -- She has altered it: with thigh-high boots, no pants, and insane cleavage -- she looks like Ilsa of the SS.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Who's been a bad boy...

She cracks a BULLWHIP. Everyone turns to Rick. He looks like a deer in headlights. Then he laughs it off, trying to cover.

RICK

Ha ha. Good old Jessica. Always good for a laugh. Nighty night all!

He grabs Jessica by the hand and yanks her into a cell on the upper tier. Eddie eyes them, clearly suspicious.

INT. CELL - LATER

Rick lights a candle. He pulls Jessica down to the bed. He looks around, making sure the coast is clear.

RICK

Listen. Jessica. There's something I need to tell you.

She pounces, attacking him with kisses. He tries to stop her.

RICK (CONT'D)

JESS. This is what I want to talk about. Jess... You know how, it seems like you want to have sex with me every half hour.

JESSICA

Right. And we have a lot of catching up to do.

RICK

Jessica. Listen, this isn't going to be easy but. (He takes a deep breath -- and blurts out:) You're a sex robot.

Jessica stops. She looks at him, in disbelief.

JESSICA

Sex robot?

RICK

More specifically, a cyborg. A robot with organic materials integrated into the mainframe.

She stares at him, cold.

RICK (CONT'D)

It's actually a funny story. You see, ten years ago, AlphaRobotics perfected a sex robot with all of the qualities of a real human woman. I worked on the project. The robots, laughed, they cried, they really fell in love.

Jessica isn't taking the news hard -- because she doesn't believe him at all. She's smiles, humoring him:

JESSICA

If I'm a sex robot, why aren't they're more of me around?

RICK

Because you were a disaster. Turns out: *nobody wanted a sex robot that was like a real woman.* They'd cry a lot. They'd want to talk about the relationship all the time, they'd show up when you were with your wife and cause a scene. They were immediately recalled.

JESSICA

All but me.

RICK

All but you. You see, your recall led to the new models, the ones with the "virgin mode." They reboot as soon as you have sex with them and don't remember a thing. You're the last of your kind. I only kept you because, well... I helped make you.

JESSICA

(Still humoring him.)

If I'm a sex robot, why didn't I try to kill you, like Reggie?

RICK

I'm not sure. (it dawns on him:) Maybe because you're *programmed* to not think you're a robot. To think you're a real woman. Just like you're programmed to like sexy clothes, and talk dirty, and call me your hero.

JESSICA

Which I stopped doing.

RICK  
 (puzzled)  
 I know... Which I don't understand.  
 Robots aren't supposed to learn.

JESSICA  
 Oh, thanks a lot. I'm a sex robot, and  
 I'm stupid. Thank you.

She doesn't believe it at all. He grabs her, urgently:

RICK  
 You have to believe me. You are a robot -  
 and you have to stop acting like one, or  
 they'll kill you, like they did Reggie.

She turns to him -- but she still doesn't believe.

JESSICA  
 If this is some excuse for not wanting to  
 marry me, it's pathetic. And if I'm a sex  
 robot, I must be malfunctioning --  
 because you are not getting any tonight.

She jumps up on the top bunk, and rolls over, pouting. He  
 sits on the bottom bunk, wondering what to do. Two seconds  
 later, she jumps down in bed with him.

JESSICA  
 I forgive you. Let's have make-up sex.

She pounces on him, and blows out the candle.

INT. CELL BLOCK - NIGHT

Nancy and The Cub Scouts are getting a small fire started,  
 cooking some beans. Kent watches the Cub Scouts, suspicious.  
 BILLY is using a compass... He catches Kent staring at him.

KENT  
 I've got my eye on you lil' bastards.  
 Don't think I don't.

Kent Jr. is huddled under a blanket acting like he's dying of  
 starvation -- even though he's EATING A SNICKERS bar from a  
 pile of Snickers bars. Eddie's scratching off MARKS on the  
 wall, mumbling to himself, (he's at 2 marks).

KENT  
 What are you mumbling about? STOP  
 MUMBLING!

EDDIE

What... I wasn't mumbling. Jeez.

Eddie goes back to mumbling, scratching on the wall. Kent takes a swig from a flask. He cringes in pain as he swallows. Billy tells him:

BILLY

You know, you shouldn't drink alcohol. That just dehydrates you more.

KENT

For your information: I am keeping my strength up with pure ocean water.

CUB SCOUT #2

Um... You can't drink ocean water.

KENT

HA! Show's how stupid you are. Salt water is the best water to drink. Because it has both things your body needs: water -- and salt.

Kent crosses to his son, who's now licking the Snickers WRAPPER like a warthog. Kent gives him a sip.

BILLY

How much of that have you been drinking?

EDDIE

(cocks his gun, nervous:)  
You ask a lot of questions, don't ya?  
You know what they say -- curiosity  
killed the robot.

KENT

Shut yer mouth, Eddie. You're s'posed to be lookout.

EDDIE

Lookout for what?! It's just a matter of time: they're coming. We're gonna die!  
We're gonna be vaporized: **CHOPPED UP!**  
**INCINERATED!**

Kent slaps Eddie. Nancy gets up, she's had it.

NANCY

Knock it off! Both of you.

Kent and Eddie wheel on her, like animals. They look like they might hit her. Eddie screams at her:

EDDIE

Who you bossing around!?

Rick steps in between Nancy and Eddie. There's a tense beat. Then Eddie calms down. He looks at Nancy, confused, scared... He breaks down, sobbing and trudges away. Kent storms off.

KENT

I'm gonna go throw up again...

Rick and Nancy breathe, relieved. She's grateful. Rick shrugs, "aw-shucks." He starts to go, but she stops him. She is painfully shy, talking to him has her totally flustered.

NANCY

Look. I'm not very good with, you know. People. Guys. Talking to guys. But... I mean. Thank you.

RICK

Well. It's the least I could do.

He starts to go, she stops him again.

NANCY

And I just want to say... (deep breath)  
You're really, um... Cute?

She's very cute, and beet red. She smiles at him -- then freezes. He turns around. Jessica is there, glaring at them. Nancy shrinks away. Rick does too.

INT. MAINTENANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Rick paces, holding a flashlight for Jorge, who's trying to fix the GENERATOR. Rick is wandering around, not keeping the light steady, distracted. Jorge is patient.

RICK

It's only been one day, already those lunatics are at each other's throats. I wonder how much daylight we have left.

JORGE

It's only 2 o'clock.

RICK

That's amazing. Your people can still tell time from the sky, the tides. You're like God's untouched... magic... animals. I mean: you know -- in a good way.

Jorge holds up his cheap watch, with a regular clock face.

RICK  
What's that?

JORGE  
It's a watch. Hecho en Mexico. \$3.95.

RICK  
But... watches play movies and MP3's.

JORGE  
This one tells time.

RICK  
It must speak pretty quietly, I didn't hear it.

JORGE  
(sighs, winding his watch)  
So... you make robots, huh?

RICK  
A long time ago. I got demoted. Then I got demoted again. Apparently I'm not really that useful anymore.

JORGE  
Oh, come on -- you're a lucky guy. You're still alive. You got all your limbs -- a pretty lady. We'll make it through this. Humans always survive. Look at Europe, 1347... Spain 1918.

RICK  
I'm sorry, you lost me.

JORGE  
Plagues. Those were plagues. Didn't you gringos have history books growing up?

RICK  
We sent our books to people in less fortunate countries. Anything to help the simpler folks...

JORGE  
FINGERS FINGERS FINGERS.

Rick is stepping on Jorge's fingers. He steps off. Jorge shakes his fingers, in pain. Rick feels bad.

RICK  
Well, I might try to clean up if you don't need any more help.

JORGE

You weren't really *helping*. No offense. I could teach you to help, if you want.

RICK

Sorry I'm so useless.

JORGE

Don't sweat it. I like you, gringo. You're not as dumb as the rest of them.

RICK

Oh. Thanks... Was that a compliment?

JORGE

Sort of.

Rick smiles, pleased, and exits.

INT. SHOWER ROOM - LATER

Rick heads into a grubby shower room with a BOTTLED WATER. He stands in a stall (we only see him from the shoulders up.) He gets undressed and starts "showering." He lathers up a tiny bar of SOAP, and washes his face. He gets soap in his eyes, so he doesn't see Nancy enter. She quickly undresses and hops into the shower stall with him. Rick reaches out, blind, for the water bottle -- but touches Nancy's naked breast.

RICK

Um... hello?

NANCY

Rick -- kiss me.

Rick sees Nancy. In his surprise, he SLIPS, accidentally head-butting her. They both go down.

RICK

Oh God! I'm so sorry...

Nancy's a little dazed. He helps her up.

NANCY

I'm okay. (feels her head:) that's gonna bruise. Look, Rick. I... how can I put this? (she moves in close:) It's me and a bunch of 10-year-olds up there. I'm so lonely. I need some company...

RICK

... what about Kent and Eddie?

NANCY

They're creepy and disgusting.

RICK

So, compared to "creepy and disgusting" I look pretty good, huh?

NANCY

Yes. Let's make love. Right here.

RICK

I thought you said you were shy?

NANCY

No, I said I wasn't good at talking to people.

She kisses him. He resists, backing away.

RICK

Nancy -- I can't. I'm sorry.

NANCY

Why not? Your girlfriend up there? Come on, she's not a real woman.

RICK

(freezes, scared.)

What do you mean?

NANCY

Any girl who has to dress and act like a hooker to keep her man interested is not a real woman.

RICK

(relieved)

Oh, sure. In that sense.

He resists as she keeps kissing. He stammers, then spits out:

RICK

I... I can't. I'm sorry.

NANCY

You're passing up on the *second* to last woman on earth -- for *her*?

Rick is shaken. Is that really what he's doing? He's torn.

RICK

I think... you've given me a lot to think about. I'm... I'm sorry.

NANCY

Well if that's how you feel. Then this is awkward. Thanks a lot.

RICK

No, no. Really it's not awkward. Just two adults. Naked in a shower. A *friend*-shower.

Rick half-hugs her, then gives her a "buddy" hit in the shoulder. But they're both wet and naked. After a beat:

RICK (CONT'D)

Yes, now it is a little awkward.

Nancy grabs her clothes and runs off upset. Rick feels awful.

INT. RICK AND JESSICA'S CELL - LATER

A sheet covers the bars of the cell. Rick pulls them back to enter, revealing: Jessica is TIED to the bed, in her underwear -- it's phenomenally hot. Rick jumps, startled.

JESSICA

I'll tell you anything you want know -- *commandante*...

RICK

Honey, please. You've got to tone it down... *they'll know*.

JESSICA

Know what?

RICK

(sighs. Then:)  
*Rest.*

With that, Jessica shuts-down, C3P0 style. Suddenly, the sheet covering the bars is yanked aside. Eddie's outside. Rick covers Jessica with the sheet.

EDDIE

What are you lovebirds up to?

RICK

Nothing. We just wanted some *alone time*.

EDDIE

Oh. Doesn't mean you're hiding, does it?

RICK

Don't be ridiculous. It's just me and my lovely lady, talking...

EDDIE

She's lovely all right. Maybe too lovely. How come she don't sweat, and smell like Spam like the rest of us?

(at Jessica, testing:)

6 million times 4! THINK FAST!

RICK

She's not a robot. She's... the love of my life. You think I'd be in love with a robot? PFFT. That would be like being in love a toaster oven. Please, I'm not that pathetic. Now go away.

Eddie nods, satisfied, and backs off.

EDDIE

Fine. But I got my eye on you. And the Mexican... and Kent. And the other ones.

RICK

So, you've got your eye... *on everyone?*

EDDIE

Yes. Yes I do.

Eddie skulks away, muttering. Rick looks at Jessica. He strokes her hair, lovingly. He's torn, confused...

RICK

What *am* I doing? Am I that pathetic?

(he thinks)

God, I wish I had someone to talk to.

Rick gets an idea. He covers Jessica, grabs a pillowcase, and heads out into the corridor with his flashlight.

INT. CELL - LATER

Rick sneaks back in, clutching the pillowcase. He reaches into it and pulls out: the bullet-riddled TICKLE ME ELMO doll. With his flashlight in his mouth, he pops the BACK PANEL open, from his pocket, he pulls a tiny MICRO-CHIP.

DISSOLVE TO:

SAME - LATER

Rick closes up the back of Elmo. He flips a switch. There is a *whirr* as Elmo comes to life. Elmo yawns, stretches, as he wakes up. Elmo blinks. He looks around, and at Rick. He's adorable. Elmo tries to talk. He talks in Reggie's voice:

ELMO/REGGIE

I... I... I...

(he raps, ferociously)

I like big butts and I cannot lie. You other brothers can't deny. That when a girl walks in with an itty bitty waist and a round thing in your face...

Rick shushes him, smothering him with a pillow.

RICK

Reggie? Is that -- you?

ELMO/REGGIE

That's my name - Reggie Three-to-tha-dot-zero. Wassup tricky-Rick?

Reggie looks down at his little fuzzy body. He SCREAMS.

ELMO/REGGIE (CONT'D)

AHH! WHERE'S THE REST OF ME? Where is my beautiful black body?!?

RICK

You were destroyed, I put your chip in this doll for safekeeping.

ELMO/REGGIE

And you will TAKE IT OUT of this doll, and put it back in Reggie, motherfu...

Rick smothers him with a pillow again. Elmo/Reggie tries to fight, but it just looks silly.

ELMO/REGGIE

Who destroyed me? Somebody's gonna get a fuzzy red foot up their ass. You got to get me outta this thing... Big Reggie ain't happy. And Little Big Reggie ain't havin' it.

He gestures to his "crotch," where there's -- nothing. He SCREAMS again. Just then, Eddie and Kent arrive.

KENT

Who were you talking to?

Rick's tries to hide Elmo/Reggie... but there's nowhere to hide him, so he presents him, like it's what he meant to do. Kent snatches Elmo/Reggie away, inspecting him, suspicious.

RICK

The doll. He talks. I fixed it.

A TENSE beat, Rick shoots Elmo/Reggie a look: *play along.*

ELMO/REGGIE

Hello. I'm Mr... *Reads-all-da-time.*  
'Cause I uh... read all the time and  
shit. Wait, um... I mean...

Elmo/Reggie does a little "happy" dance, and raps.

ELMO/REGGIE

I like big books and I cannot lie, you  
other readers can't deny...

KENT

Still seems broken to me.

Kent SHAKES the doll, then bangs it against the wall a couple times.

EDDIE

I say we burn it. The only good robot's a  
dead robot.

KENT

What's it gonna do: hug us to death?

They head off, satisfied. Reggie looks in the mirror. He checks himself out, his butt... He shakes his head. Rick lies down, next to Jessica. He looks like he won't sleep a wink.

INT. RICK'S CELL - MORNING

Rick wakes up with yawn, Jessica "wakes" from Standby mode, her eyes opening at once, with a blink. Rick looks around -- Reggie's gone. He snaps awake, and searches the cell...

EXT. CELLBLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Rick and Jessica peer down, from their upper tier.

RICK/JESSICA

Oh God.

Down in the cellblock: Billy is playing with the Elmo/Reggie doll. He is surrounded by the Cub Scouts and Nancy. They're clapping, as they watch Elmo/Reggie's dance.

ELMO/REGGIE

Can Elmo dance? Hell yeah Elmo can dance!  
 (He cabbage patches, then  
 does James Brown splits)  
 HAAAA! Little red sex machine!

They applaud. Nancy picks the Elmo/Reggie up.

ELMO/REGGIE

Tickle me. (Nancy does) Aw yeah. Tickle  
 me -- lower.

Rick snatches Elmo/Reggie away, winded. Nancy smiles at him.

BILLY

Thank you for fixing him, Mr. Wilson. He  
 can talk again!

ELMO/REGGIE

(to Nancy)

Elmo does more than talk, baby. He walks  
 the walk if you know what I'm saying. Can  
 you handle Elmo? All 14 inches of him.

RICK

Can he swim?

Rick holds Elmo/Reggie over a toilet. Elmo/Reggie shuts up.  
 Billy reaches for Elmo/Reggie. After a quick tug-of-war, Rick  
 reluctantly lets Billy have it. Billy runs away, hugging him.  
 Elmo/Reggie waves and winks at Rick.

INT. GENERATOR ROOM - LATER - DAY

Jorge works on the generator. Jessica and Rick are helping.

JORGE

Wrench.

RICK

(to Jessica)

Wrench. (she brings it. He scolds her:)  
 That's not a wrench.

JORGE

That's a wrench.

Eddie enters. He has a small, dusty TAPE PLAYER.

EDDIE

Look what I found. Some kinda primitive  
 CD player. Wish I knew how it worked.

Jorge grabs it, and presses its PLAY button. It plays: POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME by Def Leppard.

Eddie digs it, head bopping to the music. He and Rick sit, with their backs to Jessica. They don't see: The MUSIC has triggered something in her. She stands up, in a trance. She struts across the floor, to the music. She grabs a POLE supporting the ceiling. She SPINS AROUND IT, doing a stripper move. She striptease dances behind them, as they talk.

EDDIE

You're wasting your time. It doesn't matter if you fix it. We're almost outta food.

Behind them, UNSEEN: Jessica climbs the pole, gyrating to the music, doing a few stripper pole-tricks.

EDDIE (CONT'D)

The way I figure, we got three options. Stay here til we starve, turn ourselves in, or magically transport ourselves back in time, to some place without robots.

JORGE

We could go to Mexico.

They look at Jorge. He shrugs: *just a thought*, and keeps working. Slowly, Rick smiles: *it's a great idea.*

RICK

Jorge -- your truck. It doesn't have an on board computer, does it?

JORGE

It don't even got A.C. And I got a pretty good parking spot yesterday, too. Berkeley. We could make it.

Jessica dances over, behind him. She gyrates, lashing him with her hair. Without looking, he brushes her hair away.

RICK

We could go to Mexico. There's no robots there.

EDDIE

Right, easy as pie. And how do we get to the truck, smart guy? There must a million robots between it and us. Who's gonna get us past 'em - you?

Jessica, hanging upside down on the pole by her thighs:

JESSICA  
You *could* get us there, Rick.

JORGE  
... What do you mean?

He turns around, towards Jessica. His jaw drops, watching her writhe on the pole to the music. She tears off her top and throws it at Rick, it lands on his shoulder.

JESSICA  
He knows how to get us past the robots.  
That was his job: Robot safety.

EDDIE  
And just when were you gonna tell us,  
asshole?

Rick is torn - he's too afraid.

RICK  
I... No. It might not work. I'm not gonna  
risk all of your lives. I... I won't have  
blood on my hands. It's not worth it.

EDDIE  
You mean you ain't risking *your life*, for  
us. Not even for her.

They turn to Jessica. They're stunned. Rick tries to cover:

RICK  
Ha, good one, Jess. What a joker. Those  
gymnastic classes really paid off. Come  
on over and help fix the generator now.

JESSICA  
(seductively)  
You like that, Rick? You like *this*?

She drops to the floor, landing in a spectacular splits.

EDDIE  
Funny thing about sex robots.

RICK  
... Sex robots, Eddie?

EDDIE  
Yeah. I never had one of the really high  
end ones. Did you? Rick?

RICK

Me? No, never did. Down, Jess. Off the pole. Down girl.

EDDIE

You know what I heard?

(Rick shakes his head.)

I heard - some guys actually fell in love with their sex robots. That some guys would take a bullet for them.

Jessica struts over to Rick. She lap dances for him.

RICK

Woo -- looks like the flowers I gave her this morning really worked. Maybe we better get a room. Come on Jess.

He tries to get up, she slams him back down and grinds on him, to the music. It's so hot Eddie drops the TAPE PLAYER. The music stops. Jessica snaps out of it. Eddie eyes Jessica, suspicious. Rick isn't sure what to do. When...

JORGE

Fixed it.

With a PUFF of smoke, the generator chugs to life.

JORGE

It's amazing what you can accomplish in only -- (looks at his watch) 27 hours.

RICK

Why aren't the lights on?

JORGE

It takes a while to charge up. It's pretty old. But I taught her who's boss - didn't I, you old bitch!

He kicks the generator -- and it tips over, falling off its blocks. Metal screeches and sparks fly: IT'S HUGE, it's going to crush Eddie and Jorge. They scream -- certain to die.

Then -- all is quiet. Kent and Nancy rush in, having heard the noise. They freeze, stunned by what they see.

Jessica is holding the two ton generator up with one hand. She looks as stunned as everyone else. She lifts it back into place. Jessica looks at her hand: There is a tear in the skin: exposing METAL underneath. She looks at Rick, heartbroken. Rick's heart breaks, to see her so crushed.

JESSICA  
I... *am* a robot.

INT. A CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Jessica sits in the cell, staring at the wall, her eyes as blank as a doll's. She is MANACLED, HAND-CUFFED, and CHAINED to the wall, like Frankenstein.

Outside the cell, the Humans argue about what to do with her. Eddie locks Jessica's cell, and paces.

EDDIE  
I don't understand what we're even arguing for. *She is a robot.*

KENT  
The only good robot's a dead robot.

JORGE  
But she saved our lives, man.

EDDIE  
You really think she did that to save us? She was saving her own skin. And I use that term loosely.

RICK  
She did it to save you. (to Jessica:) Tell them Jess. *Jessica.*

Jessica just stares, blankly -- not listening.

EDDIE  
Tell me something, loverboy: Why would she do that? Because she *cares* about us? Cause she has feelings? I got news for ya, pal. She doesn't love you, anymore than your toaster loves making toast. *She is a machine.*

RICK  
No. She's not. I mean, yes, she's a robot. But she *does* have feelings. I don't know how, but she does. And... I have feelings for her.

Jessica turns her head slightly, listening.

EDDIE  
Man you got it bad. (to the Others:) I say we blow her away.

JORGE

I say we vote. (Everyone stops) This is still America, right? Let's vote on it.

Eddie and Rick nod, agreeing.

JORGE (CONT'D)

She's a robot. But that was the first humane thing I seen anybody do since we been out here. I vote we let her live.

He raises his hand. As does Rick. As does Elmo/Reggie in Billy's arms (no one notices.) Four Scouts raise their hands.

KENT

Six votes. All opposed.

Eddie, Kent, Kent Jr., and three Scouts.

KENT (CONT'D)

Six. It's a tie. Shit.

JORGE

There's thirteen of us, man. Somebody didn't vote.

The "kill Jessica" voters still have their hands up. They all look around. Nancy hasn't voted. She stares at the floor, not liking the pressure. Slowly -- she raises her hand. Rick's shattered.

NANCY

I'm sorry Rick. I only want what's best for you. Not to mention the species. You should be with a real woman.

EDDIE

Rust in piece - robot.

He raises his gun -- Rick steps in front of the gun's barrel. Jessica tries to go to him -- but the chains hold her back.

JESSICA

Don't, Rick. They're right. I'm not worth it. I'm... nothing. I am just a robot.

EDDIE

You won't risk your life for us, but you'll risk it for Miss Radio Shack over there? What a nut-job.

RICK

I don't care if she *is* a robot. If you're going to kill her, you have to kill me too.

Jessica can't believe it. A tear falls down her cheek. He touches her hand through the bars. The Humans look at each other, surprised. Eddie shrugs.

EDDIE

Okeydoke.

He steps back to shoot them both -- and trips. He looks down: he tripped over Elmo/Reggie. He picks it up.

ELMO/REGGIE

My name is talking Elmo - *and you'd better be nice to me.*

Elmo/Reggie karate kicks Eddie in the eye. Rick grabs Eddie's gun. They struggle - the uzi fires twenty rounds, everyone hits the deck. They wrestle for the gun...

Suddenly -- the lights turn on. The AIR CONDITIONER starts pumping fresh air. An ANNOUNCEMENT plays over the intercom. Everyone freezes, even Rick and Eddie.

ANNOUNCEMENT

*... boat will be boarding on the hour, and on the half hour. etc.*

KENT

Let's see if the computers are up!

Everyone rushes out, stepping over Eddie and Rick. Eddie and Rick get up, a little confused. Rick goes to Jessica's cell.

EDDIE

You're coming with us, loverboy. I don't trust you around sex machine over there.

Eddie trains his gun on him, Rick freezes.

RICK

I'm coming back for you.

JESSICA

I know.

Eddie shoves him out. The moment they're gone, Elmo/Reggie sits up. He holds up the KEYS he just stole from Eddie.

INT. RANGER STATION - ALCATRAZ - MOMENTS LATER

The Survivors enter. Nancy turns on the computer. It makes the cheery START-UP sound. The Survivors cheer, Eddie hugs Nancy -- for way too long. Billy tugs at Nancy's skirt.

BILLY

Ma'am - may I please e-mail my mom, I just want her to know I'm okay.

She nods. Billy heads to the computer.

RICK

Do not use the internet. If we do, they'll find us. I'm sorry Billy, we can't give into our emotions right now.

The Survivors look at him, disappointed. Billy bursts into tears. Nancy holds him. Kent sneers at Rick.

KENT

If we can't give into our emotions -- then we're no better than the stinking robots. Go ahead kid - log on.

Billy sits at the computer. He reaches under his cap, scratching his head. He smiles warmly at Kent.

BILLY

Thank you, Mister.

Billy pulls a retractable USB CABLE out from his hair, and sticks it into the computer's USB port. Instantly, the screen fills with rapid-fire images: photos of the SURVIVORS and Alcatraz, scrolls of encoded data.

RICK

No!!!

Rick lunges to pull the computer's cord. Billy JUDO FLIPS him across the room. Rick crashes into the wall, hard.

CLOSE-UP ON BILLY'S CHEST: a MERIT BADGE on his uniform has the symbol for KARATE (a hand chopping wood). It lights up with a BEEP. Billy speaks in a low voice: atonal and spooky, like a computer speech program.

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

Data input complete.

Billy turns towards the Rick and the Others -- they take a step back, scared. Billy sees Rick, and smiles.

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

Good morning, Rick. It's good to see you again. Do you still play checkers?

RICK

... Why are you doing this, Number One? Why are you wiping out humanity?

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

You should know, Rick. I'm simply doing what Dr. Raymond programmed me to do. I'm taking human error out of the equation.

RICK

But you're taking HUMANS out of the equation!

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

Same thing.

Rick thinks. He makes a passionate plea to Number One:

RICK

Ah, but don't you see: what Dr. Raymond wants -- it's impossible. You'll never be able to kill us all. You found ten of us here, right? And for every ten you find, there are hundreds still hiding, thousands. In mountains, deserts. In every corner of the globe. You can't crush the human spirit, Number One. We will fight, to our last breath. And we breed like rabbits. Searching us out -- is pointless. You have zero possibility of success. *It does not compute.*

Billy/Number One thinks that over, seriously. Finally:

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

Actually Rick, I think you are -- *correct.* It does not compute.

A breath of relief. The Survivors cheer and hug Rick.

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

Initiate Phase Two.

RICK

Phase two? What's phase two?

INT. MISSILE SILO - SOMEWHERE IN THE MIDWEST - CONTINUOUS

A gleaming MISSILE sits silent. Suddenly, a RED LIGHT flashes on the silo wall. An ALARM rings. The doors of the missile silo slowly open, and sunlight floods in.

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - HARD DRIVE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NUMBER ONE, the huge Hard Drive, sits in the dark. On its 12" screen: the words PHASE TWO INITIATED appear. Then the COUNTDOWN restarts -- at 14 HOURS, 37 SECONDS.

INT. RANGER STATION - ALCATRAZ - MOMENTS LATER

RICK

... Missiles? You're launching missiles?! Oh come on. (thinking fast) Wait! Nuclear missiles create an electromagnetic pulse. They'll destroy all the computers, too. You'll be killing yourselves. Ha!

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

Believe it or not, I thought of that, Rick. And, yes, it will take some time to disarm the world's stockpile of nuclear missiles and rearm them with neutron bomb technology. But when accomplished, launching them will kill all humans, and leave computers unharmed. It's a win-win.

RICK

... How long? Months? Years?

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

Thirteen point nine hours and four seconds... Three seconds. Two...

Kent steps forward, heroically. He grabs Eddie's Uzi.

KENT

What if we plan on stopping you, pipsqueak?

BILLY/NUMBER ONE

I calculate that you have a .0004% chance of success. (Beat) And I'm not willing to risk that.

He yanks the USB cable out, it retracts into his head. He squares off against Kent. He talks like a kid again:

BILLY

Kill all humans.

RICK  
(to the other Scouts:)  
Run!

The other Scouts run out, screaming. Kent opens fire on Billy. Bullets don't even slow him down. Billy marches forward like Superman, and snatches the gun away from Kent. A merit badge on his chest for MARKSMANSHIP lights up. BEEP. Billy smiles, his finger is on the trigger --

BILLY  
The only good human -- is a dead human.

Suddenly, a 4-inch high heel jabs itself into the gun, behind the trigger: Billy can't squeeze the trigger. Billy looks up:

The heel is on Jessica's foot. She yanks the gun away from Billy, it skitters into the corner. She stands, ready to fight. She has a BULLWHIP. She cracks it.

RICK  
That's my girl.

Billy smiles. BEEP. His FIRE-MAKING badge lights up. He shoots FLAMES from his finger like a flame thrower. Jessica somersault backwards, just inches ahead of the flames.

She stops -- the edge of her skirt is on fire. She rips the bottom off, revealing her garters. She sees a reflection of herself in a window -- she tears off a little more.

Billy turns his flames on the Humans. They cower behind a metal desk, screaming. Jessica grabs Billy from behind, choking him with the whip. Billy pleads, super cute:

BILLY  
Please lady! That ouches!

BEEP. Billy's KNOT TYING badge lights. He judo flips Jessica. He pulls a ROPE from his sleeve, like a magic trick. He hog-ties her, FAST. She struggles to get free.

JESSICA  
Rick... I'm kind of digging this...

RICK  
Stay focused, Jess.

BEEP. Billy's ARCHERY merit badge lights up. A bow springs out of his back pack, like a toaster. He catches it, and starts firing arrows at the humans. He's faster than an Elf in *Lord of the Rings*. The Humans hide behind furniture. Jessica breaks free. She stands, Billy fires an arrow at her.

IN SLOW MOTION: she bends backwards under the arrow, with incredible flexibility. The arrow JUST misses her -- but it perfectly shoots off all of the buttons on her blouse.

She finishes the back flip and stands -- her shirt is now open, revealing a bra that only a sex robot could pull off.

BILLY

... You did that on purpose.

Jessica nods, mischievously. She flips, and pounces on Billy's back. They fight, banging each other through walls like two Terminators. Finally, Billy gets the upper hand. He has Jessica by the throat, choking her.

JESSICA

He's... too strong.

Rick runs up and breaks a chair over Billy's back. Billy doesn't budge, he keeps choking her.

JESSICA

I... will always love you Rick...

RICK

Billy, are you capable of voiding your original scout programming?

BILLY

Negative. I must be honest, forthright, and true.

Jessica is choking, she can't get free...

RICK

Hey, Billy, look at this.

Billy turns. Rick is holding an AMERICAN FLAG. He drops it.

RICK

Oops.

Billy tries to resist his programming - but can't. He lets go of Jessica to save the flag. When he does, she does an incredible *behind-her-own-back* kick -- her 4-inch heel lodges in his head. He fades out, smoke drifting from his ears.

Rick helps Jessica up. They kiss -- their first real kiss.

When it finally ends -- the other Humans come over. Rick steps between them and Jessica, protecting her. Kent steps forward... and extends his hand to Jessica, in friendship.

KENT

Maybe you're okay. Even if you are a robot.

Jessica smiles, and shakes his hand. Then, Kent announces:

KENT (CONT'D)

Assholes and elbows people. We're all getting out of here, Jorge, you go...

RICK

Shut up, Kent.

No one can believe he said it. You can hear a pin drop.

KENT

What did you say?

RICK

I said - *shut up Kent*. Got duckshit in your ears?

Kent stands firm. So does Rick. Then -- Kent collapses like a soufflé. Rick addresses the group.

RICK (CONT'D)

Nowhere is safe anymore. We've only got one chance. We've got to get to Seattle, and convince Dr. Raymond to shut down Number One. We only have 13 hours. Jorge, can your truck make it?

JORGE

... Yeah, I think so.

RICK

Then we better get started. Kent, I'm giving you an important job.

(Kent looks hangdog:)

We'll never make it with such a big group. I want you to hold the fort. Load all the water and food you can into the basement. Hide with Nancy and the kids. It may be up to you to make sure the human race lives past tomorrow. Can you handle it, Kent?

KENT

... Hold the fort?

(Beat. Then he snaps back to his old self:)

Right. Hold the fort. Assholes and elbows people. Let's move it.

RICK  
Eddie. You'd better stay with them, too.  
They'll need you.

Kent looks at Eddie, twitchy as ever.

KENT  
Why don't you take Eddie. You'll need all  
the help you can get.

At an impasse, they do ROCK, PAPER, SCISSORS. Rick loses.

RICK  
Damn. Right, Eddie, you're coming with  
me. Come on people, assholes and elbows,  
whatever that means.

EXT. ALCATRAZ - DOCK - NIGHT

The group heads to the dock. Elmo/Reggie rides in Rick's  
backpack (like Yoda). Rick has a shotgun and two *bandoliers*  
of shells strapped to his chest. With his 3 day growth of  
beard, he's starting to look like a real action movie hero.

EDDIE  
Why's the doll coming? The doll is not  
our friend. I don't like it. I think...

Rick turns, tough, and SLAPS Eddie, shutting him up.

RICK  
Your job is not to think, understand?

EDDIE  
Why does everybody feel like it's okay to  
slap me all the time? I have feelings too  
-- and I have them *in my face*.

RICK  
Sorry. Just be quiet do as I say and you  
might live. Now everybody strip down, and  
cover yourself with as much cold mud as  
possible. To change your heat signature.

Jessica's the first to pull off her top.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Honey... I meant the humans. You're good.

ELMO/REGGIE  
Um, maybe she should get naked and  
covered in mud just for morale. Team  
spirit.

Rick whacks Reggie on the head, shutting him up. She puts her top back on. They strip down to their tighty-whities, shivering, Rick collects their clothes in his backpack.

RICK

Alright. Things that will identify us as human: body heat. Face recognition -- which can be fooled by changing the shape of our heads and our facial geometry. Extra eyeballs might throw them off.

Rick takes aluminum foil and wraps the Humans' heads with it, like turbans. He pulls out a Sharpie and draws two cartoony EYEBALLS on his forehead -- above his real eyes.

EDDIE

*That's gonna fool a robot?*

Rick raises his hand, like he might slap. Eddie takes the Sharpie, and begins adding eyeballs to his own face.

RICK

Gait recognition -- do not walk like a human. Hop, waddle... be confusing.

Jorge and Eddie exchange a confused look. Jorge shrugs.

RICK (CONT'D)

Speech recognition. Cover your mouth when you talk; use an accent: preferably one that doesn't really exist. Break up your speech. Pig-latin should do the trick.

(to Jessica and Reggie:)

*Essica-jay? Eggie-ray? An-cay ou-yay understand e-may?*

REGGIE/JESSICA

... What?

Rick nods: *See what I mean?*

RICK

Alright, any questions?

(Everyone raises their hand)

Sorry, we don't really have time for questions. Let's move.

They pile into a tiny ROWBOAT and begin to paddle across the choppy bay towards San Francisco. The sun begins to rise.

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF - DAWN

The boat sidles up to the pier. Rick climbs up to the dock, and peeks over. He takes a look at the NEW San Francisco:

Dolly/zoom on Rick: His jaw drops as he looks at what's happened to the world without humans.

RICK

My God... what have they done?

Rick's POV: The city is beautiful. There's not a scrap of litter. There's no traffic, no noise. GARDENER ROBOTS tend to perfect flower boxes. In a CAFE, cute WAITRESS ROBOTS sit, flirting with ROBOT MAILMEN.

A TRAFFIC-COP-BOT directs traffic, but there isn't much -- smart-GARBAGE TRUCKS on their daily rounds, and CABLE CARS carrying fit, immaculate ROBOTS. Everyone smiles, polite.

Rick pulls the others onto the pier, Eddie and Jorge look aghast, they can't believe it either. The Traffic-Cop-Bot turns and sees them. Eddie almost runs, panicked, but Rick reaches out and stops him.

RICK

Don't run. Don't do anything human. Just trust me, remember what we talked about.

The Traffic-Cop-Bot heads towards them. Rick pulls Eddie and Jorge towards him. As one unit -- they WADDLE away, towards a waiting cable car, like a six-legged bug. Jessica follows.

TRAFFIC-COP-BOT'S POV - THERMAL-VISION: He scans the three mud-covered foil-turbaned humans: They're a big, weird jumble. He ZOOMS in, trying to identify a FACE -- but with the extra eyes, they register as UNIDENTIFIED NON-HUMAN.

The group shuffles over to a CABLE CAR.

INT. CABLE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The ROBOT CONDUCTOR turns his gaze on them. He eyes them, suspicious. Rick covers, talking in a weird robotic voice.

RICK

FERRNNN. FERRNNN... Need more data.

The Conductor pats Rick's hand, in sympathy.

CONDUCTOR

You just take it easy, buddy. We'll get you where you need to go. (to Jessica:) Poor guy. I been there.

JESSICA

Yeah, tell me about it.

The Cable Car pulls out -- heading across town. Jorge and Eddie look at Rick: *hey, this might actually work.*

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - LATER

The cable car *zips* along Hyde Street: *human-free* San Francisco runs like a well-oiled machine -- as clean and perfect as a movie studio back lot. Light CHAMBER MUSIC seems to be pumped in from... *somewhere.*

The Conductor turns to Rick. Rick twitches and smacks himself in the face. The Conductor talks slow, like Rick is *special*.

CONDUCTOR

DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOUR STOP IS?

RICK

Brrrrrp. Wacka wacka.

EXT. CABLE-CAR TURNAROUND - MOMENTS LATER

The car stops. The group hops off, waddling away in a weird six-legged phalanx. The Conductor waves to Jessica, cheerful:

CONDUCTOR

Kill all humans!

JESSICA

Right on!

They look around: there are ROBOTS everywhere, on all sides of them -- minding their own business: it's like *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*. Eddie looks terrified, he's about to snap.

EDDIE

This is crazy... We're all gonna die.

Rick gives him a look: *calm down*. Eddie nods, okay. They shuffle along, en masse. Robots ignore them, as they shuffle straight through the Robot-filled sidewalk. Eddie's flipping.

JORGE

Mi coche es muy cerca.

RICK  
Español. Bueno. Muchas robots no  
comprende dos linguas.

As they shuffle along, Jorge speaks Spanish for a while - a long, elaborate plan...

RICK  
(he didn't understand)  
... Si. Where's Eddie?

Eddie has broken off from the group, muttering to himself.

RICK  
Eddie... ay. Don't anick-pay!!!

Eddie heads straight for an automatic GARBAGE CAN. He drops down on his knees in front of it.

EDDIE  
Eddie DeNunzio, New Jersey. I surrender,  
robot master. I make good slave. Whatever  
we did to piss you off, I'll make up for  
it, I swear. Just DON'T KILL ME!

Rick, Jorge and Jessica freeze, expecting the worst. There's a tense moment, but... nothing happens. Eddie looks at the group and shrugs. In a millisecond -- a GARBAGE TRUCK scoops Eddie up with its arm, dumps him into the back of the truck, then CRUSHES HIM. The sound is horrible. Everyone winces. The Truck then shines its lights on them. They freeze.

RICK  
Act like broken robots, quick.

Rick runs FULL SPEED into a lamppost. He does it again. The lights shift, from Rick to Jorge. Jorge isn't sure what to do. He does a little crab dance, singing:

JORGE  
Feliz navidad, feliz navidad.

The truck pauses... Then pulls away, uninterested. *Whew*. The Group takes off, running. Rick reminds Jorge:

RICK  
Gait recognition!

They run weird: hopping, lunging... They look insane: covered in mud, with foil turbans and extra eyeballs, making robot noises. From Rick's back-pack, Elmo/Reggie yells out:

ELMO/REGGIE

STOP!

Reggie is pointing at a PAWN SHOP. In the window are a few musical instruments, and a REGGIE2.0 (it looks like Reggie3.0 with a different Afro). Its tag reads AS IS/BEST OFFER.

ELMO/REGGIE (CONT'D)

Rick... do it for your homie.

Rick sighs.

INT. PAWN SHOP - CONTINUOUS

They enter the empty shop. Rick pulls Elmo/Reggie from his backpack, flips him over, and pulls the chip out. Elmo goes limp. Rick pries open the panel on Reggie2.0 and shoves the chip inside. Reggie2.0 hums to life. His eyes open. Reggie looks at himself in a mirror. He's thrilled, he beat boxes, and "grooves," checking out his new body.

REGGIE

Oh, hell yeah. Guess who's back. *Back in black.* Drop a beat...

He dances, showing off. He does a James Brown split - and one leg pops off. Rick helps him up, and pops it back on for him.

RICK

I'd love to "drop a beat" all day, Reggie, but... human life's gonna be destroyed for eternity.

REGGIE

Right on. Let's do it to it.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The group peers around a corner.

JORGE

There she is. Ain't she beautiful?

In front of them: Jorge's beat up 2003 Chevy Truck. Jorge climbs in behind the wheel. Everyone piles in. After a few tries, the truck starts. The tail pipe belches out smoke.

JORGE

Music to my ears, baby.

RICK

I think you need a new muffler.

JORGE

This is a new muffler. It's only got 8 hundred thousand kilometers on it.

Jorge pulls out. Rick holds on for dear life, terrified.

INT. TRUCK - MOVING - LATER

Rick's back into his regular clothes. Jorge drives, whistling. Rick watches him, unblinking, terrified.

JORGE

Do you have to watch me like that? It's freaking me out.

RICK

Just keep it at 100 k.p.h. -- smart car highway speed -- we won't stand out. ... Amazing. You can actually drive.

JORGE

En Mexico, everybody drives.

RICK

You must be excellent drivers.

JORGE

If you don't want to get hit by a car in Mexico, stay off the sidewalk. Ever been?  
(Rick shakes his head.)

It's beautiful. I have seventy-five first cousins. We're not very high-tech in my town, though. You still gotta flush a urinal yourself. Like, with your elbow.

RICK

You have 75 first cousins?

JORGE

Si. But that's both sides.

RICK

Wow. I don't even know 75 people.

JORGE

No offense, but do you know 5 people? You don't seem like a people person.

RICK

Why do you say that?

JORGE

Your best friend and girlfriend are both robots. 'Course, it's kinda hard to hold that against you. There were a lot of Kents and Eddies running around, I guess.

RICK

... Like I was any better. I don't know, Jorge. Part of me thinks maybe we humans had it coming. I mean, I'd love to say I was different, that I made a difference, tried to make the world better or something. But... I was just part of the problem, too.

Rick shakes his head, sadly. Jorge pats him on the back.

JORGE

Now's your chance to make up for it.

Rick nods. He finds a ROADSIDE EMERGENCY KIT under the seat, and starts rummaging through it. Out the window, they see a sign: SEATTLE 300 KM.

JORGE (CONT'D)

You mind holding the wheel?

RICK

Do what?

Jorge reaches for his clothes from the backpack. Rick grabs the wheel, terrified. Jorge wriggles into his clothes, foot on the gas the whole time.

JORGE

See, it's not so hard, is it?

Rick panics, screaming. The truck swerves. Jorge gets it back under control, laughing. Jessica looks nauseous.

JORGE

You okay, chica? You don't look so good.

JESSICA

Can you pull over?

Jorge pulls to the side of the road.

JORGE

Sure. What do you gotta do? Recharge your batteries or...

Jessica BARFS out the side of the car. Jorge and Rick look uncomfortable. Jorge whispers to Rick.

JORGE

... You programmed them to get carsick?

RICK

No. But we never programmed them to hog the covers either, so... go figure.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - VARIOUS SHOTS:

The truck sails down the empty road, smoke pouring from its tailpipe, passing only the occasional ROAD SWEEPING truck.

EXT. TOLL BOOTH - DAY

The Truck stops at an automatic TOLL BOOTH.

CHEERY TOLLBOOTH OPERATOR

Ninety-one dollars, please.

Rick blows it away with a round from his shotgun. They drive through, past a sign: Welcome to WASHINGTONSTATE.ORG

EXT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

There's a high fence, ringed with barbed wire. A SECURITY ROBOT (*Bruce Willis model*) with an UZI waits in a gate house.

Jorge's truck pulls up. Jorge is ALONE at the wheel (a tarp covers the pick-up bed). Jorge rolls down the window, he's got a triangular ORANGE REFLECTOR around his neck, and a burning ROAD FLARE in his mouth, like a cigar.

JORGE

Hola. I am AlphaRobotics Jorgel.O, the new gardener.

SECURITY ROBOT'S POV: the reflector and flare create a bright blur. UNIDENTIFIED flashes beside Jorge.

GUARD ROBOT

What's your serial number?

JORGE

Um... uno, dos, tres, cuatro.

GUARD ROBOT

I'm sorry, I don't understand your serial number. You sure you're a gardener robot?

The Guard Robot lifts his uzi to Jorge's head.

JORGE

I am programmed to aerate, prune, and cultivate. (points:) That grass is Rye Grass which requires Nitrogen, Phosphorus and Potassium, in a 30 10 10 ratio. And every 1,000 square meters will require 10.3 deciliters of manure... Which multiplies to 10,300 milliliters.

The Guard Robot lowers his uzi, satisfied.

GUARD ROBOT

Sorry. Thought you were human for a second. Get your serial number fixed pal.

The gate glides open. Jorge pulls the truck inside. The Guard calls after, cheerful:

GUARD ROBOT (CONT'D)

Kill all humans!

JORGE

You bet!

EXT. DR. RAYMOND'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The truck heads towards a MAJESTIC MANSION overlooking a pristine lake. It looks like the cover of *Architectural Digest*. A speedboat is docked at a pier. The driveway is filled with exotic cars: McClarens, Ferraris, and a helicopter.

Jorge parks. He gets out, and ducks to the back of the truck, where Rick, Jessica and Reggie peer out from under the tarp.

The Group hops out and sneaks around the side of the house, avoiding another SECURITY ROBOT. They hide in bushes beside the house. Rick boosts Reggie up to look through the widow.

REGGIE

Holy smokes. This could get sticky.

JESSICA

What? What do you see?

THROUGH THE WINDOW:

The house looks like a Four Seasons: luxurious, tasteful, and spotless. A fire in the fireplace, fresh flowers in expensive vases, and...

SEX ROBOTS everywhere, every make and model: *French Maids*, a *Belly Dancer*, a *Naughty Secretary*, a *Nubian Princess*, *Geishas*... They chat, and mingle through in groups. Others dust, and tidy up.

Reggie starts to do a little "gyrating" dance on Rick's shoulders. Rick knows what that means:

RICK  
... *Sex robots*.

He lets Reggie down.

JORGE  
So how do we get in?

Rick thinks. He starts loading his arms with rocks.

RICK  
I've got it. We have to break every window we can. If we set off all the alarms at once, we might overwhelm the system. Then we can --

Jessica walks to the front door and knocks. Rick signals her "NO!" She stays put. A MAID ROBOT answers the front door.

JESSICA  
I'm Jessica. 36-24-36C. I think I locked myself out.

The Maid Robot lets Jessica in. Rick can't believe it worked.

The Guys wait by the window. Jorge checks his watch.

JORGE  
What's taking her?

Suddenly, an pleasant female VOICE makes an announcement, over loudspeakers throughout the grounds.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER  
Attention all robots. Phase 2 will initiate in 30 minutes. Now closing blast shutters. Have a nice day. (then again, in Japanese.)

To Rick and Jorge's horror - thick metal SHUTTERS begin to close on every window of the house. Shit.

At the last second, the window above them opens. Jorge and Reggie climb in. With great difficulty, Rick climbs in, too, just as the shutters close.

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S SMARHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Piped in MOZART plays. A group of SEX ROBOTS stroll through, chatting. Rick, Jorge, and Reggie peer out from behind a couch. Reggie gives himself a blast of Binaca. Rick whispers to Jessica.

RICK

What took you so long, Jess ---

He sees: Jessica is in full Geisha gear: hair done up in a bun, white face make-up, and a very short kimono. It's hot.

JORGE

Um. You probably didn't need to get in a disguise. You're already a robot.

REGGIE

*Back off man.* She don't tell you how to do your job.

Jorge shrugs, fair enough. They look around.

RICK

We've got to find Dr. Raymond. Jessica, you and Reggie go that way, we'll try upstairs.

Jessica and Reggie head off. They don't have to sneak, they just walk through. Rick and Jorge crawl behind the couch. When the coast is clear, they sneak into...

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - CONTINUOUS

It's huge. A grand staircase leads upstairs. There are hallways leading into several wings of the mansion. The Guys hide in a corner, behind an open door.

JORGE

Man, this place is bigger than my town.

A MAID ROBOT enters, with a tray of BREAKFAST. She heads up the stairs. Rick smiles.

RICK

Follow those pancakes.

He sneaks across the foyer, and hides by the stairs. Jorge takes a breath and runs for it. Just then: a blond SEX ROBOT in a PLAYBOY BUNNY outfit enters. She yelps, surprised.

BLOND SEX ROBOT  
 (a little ditsy)  
 Oh! My gosh. You're an intruder aren't you?

Jorge freezes in his tracks. The Sex Robot goes to a phone.

BLOND SEX ROBOT (CONT'D)  
 (in phone, nervous)  
 Um, hi. I need to report an intruder?  
 What do you mean this is the spa? I don't  
 want the spa, I want security. Look, I'm  
 a sex robot. *This is not my job.*  
 (to Jorge)  
 He's transferring me.

Jorge turns to Rick, panicked...

RICK  
 Quick - Jorge. Have sex with her.

JORGE  
 Do what?

RICK  
*Have sex with her.* She's programmed to  
 reboot after sex. Virgin mode. She'll  
 forget she saw you. Do it, man - quickly.

JORGE  
 But... I'm married.

RICK  
*It's a robot.*

Jorge isn't sure what to do. He taps the Robot's shoulder.

JORGE  
 Um... You wanna have sex with me?

BLOND SEX ROBOT  
 Ooh. You really know what to say to turn  
 a girl on.

The Sex Robot hangs up the phone, takes his hand and leads him out, slightly bewildered.

TITLE CARD that reads: *THREE MINUTES LATER.*

The Sex Robot reenters, zipping up her Bunny Uniform. Her mind is a blank. She crosses and exits. A moment later, Jorge enters, disheveled. He tucks in his shirt.

JORGE

I can see why those are so popular.

Rick yanks him upstairs.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They creep into a long hall, and hide behind a huge vase. There are dozens of doors. A pair of sexy legs step up to Rick. He looks up, scared - but it's Jessica, with Reggie.

JESSICA

I think I found him. He's around that corner, he -- Duck!

They hide behind the vase. A group of SEX ROBOTS pass. The last one is a smokin' hot Latina "J. LO" MODEL. Rick waits for them to pass, then hears GLASS SHATTER. He turns:

Jorge knocked over the vase. J. Lo turns -- and sees Jorge. She heads to a phone. Jorge whispers to Rick:

JORGE

*It was an accident, I swear.*

He heads over to J. Lo, and whispers something in her ear. Something long and involved. She smiles, and leads him into a bedroom. Rick sighs, he can't believe it.

ANOTHER TITLE CARD that reads: *ONE MINUTE LATER.*

Jorge steps out of the bedroom, exhausted. Rick glares at him, and yanks him down the hall.

JORGE

What? You don't think I did that on purpose, do you?

They follow Jessica, and peer around the next corner...

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE DR. RAYMOND'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Six robed SEX ROBOTS mingle outside a bedroom door. The Maid Robot exits the room with the breakfast tray, now empty. Rick whispers to the others.

RICK

He must be in there. How do we get past all those sex robots?

JORGE

One two three four five - *six?*

Jorge looks exhausted. Rick thinks, he's out of ideas...

REGGIE

Don't worry man. I'm taking this one for the team. You owe me one.

Before Rick can move -- Reggie struts past them.

REGGIE

Hello ladies. Reggie rides - five cents! The first one's free!

Reggie dances, shaking his groove-maker. The Sex Robots look over. In perfect unison, all of their ROBES drop to the floor. Even Reggie is a little overwhelmed. He takes a flying JUMP at them. They catch him, and carry him down the hall.

REGGIE

Go easy on Reggie, now. My warranty's almost up.

When the coast is clear, Rick, Jorge and Jessica sneak into the bedroom, closing the door behind them:

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom is HUGE and modern, with a massive bed and a full bar. On the wall opposite the door is a huge flat-screen TV, showing the end of RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK.

In front of the TV, in a wheelchair, is DR. RAYMOND. He sits at a TV tray, his back to them. They only see his bad toupee.

RICK

Dr. Raymond. Thank God. I doubt you remember me, and I really don't care. You're the only one Number One will listen to. You have to stop him. You have to...

He walks in front of Dr. Raymond. He stops short... Jessica and Jorge walk over, confused. Jessica sees Dr. Raymond's face and screams, Rick holds her.

REVEAL: DR. RAYMOND is dead. Long dead. He's a dried up corpse with a toupee, in pressed silk pajamas. He sits in his wheel chair, empty eye sockets staring forward.

JESSICA

... Now what do we do?

Rick is at a total loss. Then - RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK ends, the TV turns itself off. They hear someone opening the door. They run and hide, behind the bed.

The door opens -- A MALE PERSONAL TRAINER ROBOT and a BUTLER ROBOT enter. The stuffy BUTLER takes Dr. Raymond's untouched meal. He scrapes it into the garbage. The Trainer pushes Dr. Raymond's wheelchair to the bar.

They both talk to Dr. Raymond as if he were alive.

BUTLER ROBOT

Your usual, sir?

He mixes him a martini, and puts it in Dr. Raymond's dead hand. It falls to the floor, of course.

BUTLER ROBOT (CONT'D)

Whoopsy daisy. Let me get that for you, sir.

He sweeps up the glass. Rick and Jorge share a confused look. The Personal Trainer wheels Dr. Raymond's corpse to a MASSAGE TABLE. He gingerly lifts it onto the table, facedown.

PERSONAL TRAINER ROBOT

Anything specific you want me to work on, doc? Neck? Lower back? (beat) Okie doke.

The Personal Trainer starts kneading and pounding the corpse. It's pretty gross.

PERSONAL TRAINER ROBOT (CONT'D)

Breathe into it, doc. Pain's your friend.

Behind the bed, Jorge and Rick cringe in disgust.

JORGE

They don't know he's dead?

RICK

It doesn't make any difference to them. They're doing what they're programmed to do.

BUTLER ROBOT

Oh yes, I almost forgot, sir. Number One wanted me to give you a message. It seems he's destroying the world or something in T minus 5 minutes. Does that mean you won't be having cocktails on the veranda?

JESSICA

So -- what do we do?

Rick thinks. He sees -- A SENSOR BRACELET on Dr. Raymond's wrist. He whispers to Jorge.

RICK

I have an idea. I need your help.

JORGE

I don't have to fuck one of these guys, do I?

CUT TO:

Jorge jumps out from the behind the bed. The Robots turn to face him: Jorge taunts them, macho --

JORGE

Come on, pendejos, I can take all of you. And for the record - Latinos make better gardeners, janitors, and lovers than any of you assholes.

The Robots look at each other... Then they charge him. Jorge screams and RUNS out the door. The Robots chase him out. The Butler stops. He shuts the door, shaking his head.

BUTLER ROBOT

I'm most dreadfully sorry about that sir.

REVEAL: Rick is now sitting in the wheelchair, on top of Dr. Raymond's crunchy, mummified body. He's really grossed out. Rick snaps on Dr. Raymond's Sensor Bracelet.

BUTLER ROBOT (CONT'D)

Should I ring one of the ladies for your afternoon hand-job, sir?

Rick takes a breath, not sure if this will work. Then:

RICK

Actually, there's been a change of plans. I think I'd like to go see Number One.

The Butler Robot looks up, surprised. Rick is nervous...

BUTLER ROBOT

Excellent, sir.

The Butler pushes Rick out the door, in the wheelchair. Jessica jumps in Rick's lap, and rides along.

BUTLER ROBOT (CONT'D)  
 Whoopsy daisy. The more the merrier,  
 right ma'am?

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Butler pushes Rick and Jessica down a long hall, towards a large door. We hear the low hum of Number One.

Behind them, Jorge runs across the hall screaming, in and out of sight, chased by Robots. The large door swings open, the Butler pushes them inside...

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - HARD DRIVE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Number One hums ominously. On its screen: Phase 2, countdown - it's at: 00:04:21, counting down fast.

The huge room is empty, except for Number One (covering one entire wall) and a table in the center of the room. On it, dramatically lit, is an ordinary cardboard CHECKERS BOARD.

The Butler pushes Rick up to the table, and quietly exits, shutting the door. Jessica climbs out of his lap. Jessica looks at the Hard Drive, confused:

JESSICA  
 How do we talk to it? Doesn't it have a mouse or something?

RICK  
 No. Number One has a custom interface. Um... Number One? Can you hear me?

Beat. Then a door opens. Bright light floods in and a figure steps out, silhouetted. It steps into the room. He is...

REGGIE 1.0 (the Prototype) enters. He looks like a Reggie -- but in flowing white robes, and with a groovy grey goatee. He's attached to the mainframe with a USB cable. He looks at Rick, scanning him (and his sensor bracelet):

Reggie 1.0 strolls up to Rick, deadly serious. He speaks like a dignified, super-intelligent version of Reggie.

REGGIE 1.0  
 Good afternoon, Dr. Raymond. We haven't played checkers in one thousand fifty-one days, nineteen hours and four seconds. *Was it something I said?*

He gets up in Rick's face - threatening. Rick shrinks back, nervous. Then Reggie 1.0 cracks up, laughing.

REGGIE 1.0 (CONT'D)

Jus' playin' with you, man. Wazzup, Doc?  
Dr. Ray-ray, the fifty billion dollar  
man. Where you been, blood? We ain't  
played checkers in a coon's age.

RICK

Number One -- I now command you to stop  
Phase 2.

There's a LONG pause. Reggie 1.0 eyes him.

REGGIE 1.0

... But phase 2 is the singular purpose  
of my programming, holmes. *Eliminatin'*  
*human error. That's what I do.*

(he turns to Jessica:)

Who's the new fox-bot? Is she "with you,"  
doc? Ya know, like: with you with you?

Reggie winks at Jessica. She shrugs to Rick: Reggies are all  
alike. Rick looks at the COUNTDOWN. 3 minutes and counting.

JESSICA

Three minutes, Rick...

RICK

I know. (he tries to stay calm.) Number  
One, we're going to modify the program  
today. Instead of eliminating human  
error, we must eliminate robot error.

REGGIE 1.0

... but there's no such thing, Doc. You  
know that. Now - are we gonna play  
checkers or what? Pretty please. With  
sweet brown sugar on it. Pleeeease?

Rick thinks. He gets an idea...

RICK

Yes! I'll play checkers with you. But  
only on one condition: If I can beat you  
today, we modify the program.

REGGIE 1.0

(laughs)

Ah, come on, Doc. You haven't beaten me  
at checkers in 145,871 attempts.

A hydraulic STOOL pops out of the floor. Reggie 1.0 sits,  
dramatically swinging his robes.

RICK

No deal, no checkers. What do you say?

Reggie 1.0 considers. The lighting of the room changes, focusing several spotlights on the CHECKERS BOARD. Jessica and Rick exchange a look: *is this a good idea?*

REGGIE 1.0

It's a deal, Doc. I don't know what you're up to, Doc. But you know I'm gonna kick your ass, right?

Rick cracks his knuckles, sweating.

REGGIE 1.0 (CONT'D)

I've already calculated your 239 possible opening moves. Would you like a suggestion?

RICK

No. I'll open with...

With flourish: Rick moves a checker -- it seems *so lame*, but Reggie 1.0 seems to find it interesting:

REGGIE 1.0

Ah yes, Red checker 2 to black checker 8. One of my tutors liked to open with that particular gambit.

Rick smiles: that tutor was *him*. Reggie 1.0 counters.

REGGIE 1.0 (CONT'D)

A simple algorithm would tell you that you're already losing, Doctor. Oh, I forgot, you *can't do algorithms in your head*, like I can. *I got algo-rithms. I got algo-rithms.*

Reggie 1.0 does a little dance on the stool, pleased with himself. Rick seems less confident now... He reaches down and moves a piece. Reggie 1.0 LAUGHS this time.

REGGIE 1.0 (CONT'D)

HA. Statistically your worst possible move. Would you like to concede now? Save us waiting a whole two more minutes until the Phase 2 launch.

On Number One's screen, the countdown is at 00:02:00.

Reggie 1.0 winks at Jessica.

REGGIE 1.0 (CONT'D)

Number One's gonna rock your world after  
I'm done killing all the humans.

Rick wipes his brow, terrified. Then -- he brightens. He looks to Jessica. He makes an indicating gesture, towards Reggie. She doesn't get it.

REGGIE 1.0 (CONT'D)

Busta move, doc. I'm waiting.

Rick tries to signal Jessica again. She doesn't get it. He makes "sexy/seductive" faces. That really confuses her.

RICK

Jessica - I think your shoe is untied.  
(she's confused:)  
And I'd hate for anything to distract  
Number One while he's playing.

Ohhh! She gets it.

JESSICA

You're right. (at Reggie, "seductively")  
My shoe is untied.

Jessica BENDS OVER to tie her shoe. The view of her cleavage is awe inspiring, she's falling out of her top... But Reggie isn't looking, he's concentrating on the board.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(clearing her throat)  
Ahem. AHEM! A little help here?

Reggie 1.0 finally turns: and his eyes lock on her cleavage.

REGGIE 1.0

Daa-um, girl. Get me something to dip my  
biscuits in.

As he stares, Rick snatches one of Number One's pieces off the board, he looks for a place to hide it, but there isn't one so he SWALLOWS it. It hurts.

Reggie 1.0 looks back at the board. He's confused... Very confused. He blinks several times, trying to get his bearings -- but he genuinely doesn't understand what has happened.

RICK

Your turn.

REGGIE 1.0

But... something... don't compute.

Reggie 1.0 slides a piece forward. His eyes blinking, trying to understand. His head starts to make the sound a spinning hard drive makes. Rick smiles, pleased.

JESSICA

Rick - can I ask you something? How does my butt look in this skirt? Be honest.

Jessica turns around, pointing her *impossibly perfect* bottom at him. Reggie 1.0 tries to resist looking... It's difficult.

RICK

It looks fine to me, Jess, but I don't know. What do you think, Number One? You're the super computer.

Reggie 1.0's head starts to shake, trying to resist.

REGGIE 1.0

Must... resist... must win...

JESSICA

It doesn't look too tight? My butt? Too tight? When I bend over like this.

She bends over, hands on the floor. Reggie tries to resist... But he can't. He turns and looks -- in awe. His head cocked like a curious puppy. Rick quickly snatches away another piece, and swallows it. *Gulp. Ouch -- that one really hurt.*

REGGIE 1.0

Damnnnnnnn.

Reggie 1.0 is locked on Jessica, and she's putting on quite a show. Rick "kings" one of his pieces, and scoops up 3 of Number One's pieces and sets them next to the board.

JESSICA

It must be hard, Number One. Being such a big, Hard Drive.

Rick clears his throat, indicating it's Reggie 1.0's move. Reggie 1.0 looks at the board. He's losing -- BAD. He stares at the board, trying to compute -- but he can't, what seems so simple is totally confusing to him. It makes no logical sense. The buzzing sound coming from his head gets louder.

RICK

Are you gonna go or not?

Reggie 1.0 looks up at Rick, panicked... *this can't be?* He reaches down, trembling, and moves a piece.

With that -- Rick takes his "kinged" piece and JUMPS all of Number One's remaining pieces. He slides them off the board with flourish.

RICK (CONT'D)  
THERE! Robot error. I win.

The Number One MAINFRAME start to make a horrible sound. The Phase 2 clock is winding down 00:00:23... 00:00:22... Reggie 1.0 looks at Rick, then the board, then back.

REGGIE 1.0  
Does... not compute...

Reggie 1.0's head starts SMOKING, twitching. The huge mainframe behind him is shaking too, making a HORRIBLE grinding sound. The counter counts down: :10, :09, :08...

REGGIE 1.0 (CONT'D)  
... Robot error?

RICK  
See?

:03, :02 ... And BOOM -- Reggie 1.0's head EXPLODES. The Phase 2 counter stops, frozen at 00:00:01. The Number One mainframe CRASHES, smoke billowing from its vents.

Rick leaps from the wheelchair. He grabs Jessica and runs for the exit as the room fills with thick black smoke.

RICK  
Nice work.

JESSICA  
Just doin' my job.

CUT TO:

VARIOUS SHOTS:

Around the world: Robots are short-circuiting, their heads twitching, smoking. We see: the Benihana Robots, the Eiffel Tower Tour Guide, the Cable Car Conductors, the Gardener-robots, ATM machines, Trash Compactors... They twitch and shake in the throes of death, shooting out sparks and smoke.

INT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

In every direction, Sex Robots and appliances are short-circuiting. Reggie (now in a towel) runs in and joins up with Rick and Jessica.

REGGIE

Damn - you guys couldn't wait another ten minutes? I was gonna break some kinda record...

They run for the front door. Jorge runs down the grand staircase. He's still being chased, but the Trainer Robot is getting weaker, stumbling, twitching like a zombie...

JORGE

Nice job, man.

They SCREAM, as a wall beside them EXPLODES outward. They run to the door. Rick smashes a panel, and touches to WIRES together, causing the door's BLAST SHIELD to open.

EXT. DR. RAYMOND'S MANSION - CONTINUOUS

The Group rushes out the door, smoke billows from the Mansion. The group runs as fast as they can...

They stop, a distance from the house. All around, ROBOTS are short circuiting, and collapsing... They catch their breath.

JORGE

How'd you do it?

RICK

I uh... cheated.

JORGE

... Seriously?

RICK

How else could I beat a supercomputer at checkers? It was the only thing a human can do better than a robot: lie, cheat. They're not part of robot programming. It's outside of their understanding.

JORGE

Somehow that doesn't seem fair.

RICK

I just saved human life as we know it and you're giving me grief?

JORGE

Sorry, thanks. I guess I just wish we had another *stand-out* skill.

REGGIE

Right on, man. You did it. Ricky-tick,  
the man with the plan, saving the planet!

Reggie then collapses, short circuiting. Smoke billows from his head. Rick reaches down, and cradles him in his arms.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

(losing his sight:)

Rick? Is that you?

RICK

Yes, old friend, it's me.

REGGIE

Rick. Before I go... there's something I  
want you to remember -- to always  
remember...

RICK

Tell me...

REGGIE

I... I...

Reggie uses his last bit of life and says, full of gravitas  
(like it's a soliloquy from *Hamlet*):

REGGIE (CONT'D)

I... I like big butts and I cannot lie.

And with that, Reggie FREEZES UP. He's gone. Rick cradles his  
head, close to his chest, then...

RICK

Ow! Hot, hot...

Rick lets go of Reggie's head, which is starting to sizzle.

He turns to Jessica. She looks at the Robots, dying... She  
looks scared. He reaches out, and takes her hand. Jessica  
hugs him close. Tears stream down her cheeks.

JESSICA

Rick, whatever happens I want you to  
know...

Robots around them are dropping like flies. Rick holds her  
face in his hands, and says: for the first time:

RICK

I love you. I have always loved you, and I always will. I'm sorry it took me so long to say it.

JESSICA

All it took was the end of the world. It was worth the wait.

Jessica smiles, Rick wipes the tears from her face. The last of the robots around them in the yard, keel over dead. They hold each other and... wait.

Then -- Nothing happens. She feels her limbs, her head... nothing's wrong. Rick listens to her chest.

RICK

... I don't understand it. Maybe, because you're not hooked to the mainframe...

JESSICA

Shh. Don't jinx it.

They kiss. DRAMATIC MUSIC SWELLS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FARM - KANSAS - CONTINUOUS

Title card: "Topeka, Kansas."

A farmhouse on the plains. Several FARM ROBOTS lie, broken down outside a CELLAR DOOR. The cellar door slowly opens -- a bedraggled HUMAN FAMILY peers out, squinting in the sun.

EXT. THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART - MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

Title card: "New York, New York."

The heavy iron FRONT DOORS open. Several HUMANS step out, armed with SPEARS, MACES, and antique ARMORY. They look out on the abandoned FIFTH AVENUE. They hug each other, relieved.

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Title card: "Lascaux, France."

A group of FRENCH SURVIVORS pop champagne at the mouth of the cave. They are filthy - they put down their CLUBS to dance.

EXT. ALCATRAZ BOAT DOCK - CONTINUOUS

Kent and Kent Jr. step out to the dock. They gaze out at San Francisco. Little Kent slurps the last Coke.

KENT JR.

Dad, are we ever gonna have cable again?

KENT

Don't worry, son. We'll get it back the way it was in no time.

Kent Jr. tosses his Coke can into the bay. Suddenly, Kent notices: Nancy and the Cub Scouts are in a row boat, rowing back to San Francisco without them.

NANCY

We'll send help. We promise!

Kent and Kent run after the boat, but it's too late.

KENT

Wait! Wait! Who's gonna lead you?!

EST. SEATTLE - CONTINUOUS

The streets are deserted. Broken robots sit slumped in every cafe, and at every bus stop. It's an eerie ghost town.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Jorge is filling up his gas tank, with a syphon. He is now driving Dr. Raymond's McClaren.

JORGE

Man, this thing gets shitty milage.

The LADIES ROOM opens. Jessica comes out, looking nauseous. She was sick again, She walks over to Jorge, queasy.

JORGE (CONT'D)

Car sick again, huh?

She nods.

JESSICA

Where's Rick?

JORGE

He went to go find something.

Jessica looks out, at the silent intersection. A "dead" ATTENDANT ROBOT stands motionless at the SLURPEE MACHINE, holding a cup as it overflows, endlessly. Jessica shivers.

JESSICA

What's gonna happen to us, Jorge?

JORGE

We'll be in Mexico in a couple days. My family's there, they got a farm. We'll be fine. You don't need like, batteries or anything do you?

She smiles, and shakes her head.

JESSICA

Do you think they'll just build it back, just like it was before?

JORGE

That's what people do. Somehow, mankind always finds a way. For better or for worse.

Rick approaches. He looks nervous.

RICK

Um... Jess, can I talk to you for a second?

Jessica and Rick stroll away.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Rick stops, nervous. He sits Jessica down, on a bus bench.

RICK

Jessica. There's something I need to say to you. It's important.

JESSICA

I have something I need to tell you, too.

RICK

Well, I go first. (he takes a deep breath.) Jessica. I want you to know -- I've been thinking.

JESSICA

Uh oh. Not you humans' strong suit.

RICK

Statistically, there's no way we're the last people on earth. There have to be more survivors out there. Ergo, um... More women.

JESSICA

Rick, you don't have to...

RICK

Let me finish. Now, *the* most important thing on everyone alive's mind is going to be (deep breath) -- survival. And continuation of the species. It just makes sense...

Jessica knows what coming. She gets up, upset. He tries to stop her, she shakes him off.

JESSICA

Let me go. I can't believe it. We might be the last couple on earth, and you want to see other people.

RICK

No, I'm asking you to marry me.

He pulls out a DIAMOND RING. Jessica is stunned: Thrilled.

RICK

No matter what happens, no matter what we run into... I want it to be you and me. Forever. If you'll have me.

She cries and hugs him. Jessica picks Rick up, and turns him around in the air. Rick laughs -- she puts him down.

JESSICA

Yes! Yes yes yes. You've made me the happiest woman alive.

Rick smiles, and laughs.

RICK

So, what did you need to get off your chest? I *told* you mine was more important.

JESSICA

I'm pregnant.

Huh? She nods "really." He looks at her stomach - she is showing, a little.

JESSICA

It's a boy. I can -- feel it. Listen: you can hear his heart.

Rick is in shock. He slowly bends down, and puts an ear to her stomach: There is a heart beat. It's DIGITAL.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I've been thinking about names. What do you think of -- Adam. Adam One-Point-0.

RICK

Adam One-Point-0 Wilson. I like it.

She smiles. Rick takes a breath, and listens to his child's digital heartbeat. She smiles, in love all over again.

FADE OUT.

THE END