

ORIGINAL SOLDIERS DRAFT 9

INT. U.S. ARMY COMMAND CENTER, SEATTLE - DAY

Windowless, dark and red-lit. A long line of uniformed U.S. Army SOLDIERS staring into terminals.

The Soldier's desks are organized on a matrix, one row above the other, soldiers and terminals on horizontal and vertical axes. There is no sense of time here.

Down the row of faces -- almost identically young, sleek and determined.

Except this one. Stop on SERGEANT GUND. Grizzled and older. He looks like he's been through it all.

GUND

Don't touch my stuff, kid.

ON GUND'S neighbor PRIVATE ANU (pretty but just nerdy enough to fit in here) -- surprised, she pulls her hand away from Gund's bowl of Bazooka bubble gum.

ANU

Your last day on the job and still no sharing?

GUND

I'm not starting anything new today.

CAPTAIN MAY, a by-the-book martinet, is scanning the monitors. A green, rainy landscape in every one.

CAPTAIN MAY

Stow the chatter, Private. Your perimeter report is due in fifteen minutes.

ON PRIVATE ANU

ANU

(whispering to herself)
And the operations report is due an hour after that.

CAPTAIN MAY

And the operations report is due an hour after that.

Gund smiles to himself. He likes her spunk.

Anu sighs, and fills out a form.

ANU
(to herself)
Report for today? Same as yesterday.

Suddenly, a massive EXPLOSION rocks the command center. Worse than an earthquake. Soldiers tumble out of their chairs.

GUND
What the...

CAPTAIN MAY
Status!

Anu pulls herself into her chair and grabs her joystick, scanning, bringing her monitor's view up to the sky --

To see THOUSANDS OF FLYING BATTLE DRONES descending. --

CAPTAIN MAY (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Impossible.

The Soldiers are shocked.

Captain May runs from terminal to terminal. They all show the same thing, a blizzard of DRONES coming down from the sky.

CAPTAIN MAY (CONT'D)
That's impossible!

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

THE DEAFENING NOISE OF A THOUSAND JET PLANES.

Red, flying battle DROIDS. Small, sleek, basically missiles with guns in the nose. A locust swarm. The fleet is interspersed with what look like mosquitoes but are in fact tiny cameras on tiny jet engines.

INT. U.S. ARMY COMMAND CENTER, SEATTLE - DAY

Captain May is panicked.

CAPTAIN MAY
Deploy! Deploy!

Anu and the other Soldiers frantically work their controls.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

A field full of U.S. TANK DROIDS, lined up in combat formation. They're humanoid, bulkier and bigger than the attackers, and have tracks and built-in Gatling guns.

In unison, red lights come on as the droids ACTIVATE, coming to life and looking up to the sky.

IN THE SKY

The horde of attackers drop like banshees.

ON THE GROUND

Trap doors open in the field, and U.S. FLYING DROIDS blast into the air to intercept the enemy. They ascend quickly, pointing their guns skyward.

The tank droids fire upwards in unison, twisting and pivoting as they track their foes.

IN THE AIR

Enemy droids are torn apart by the bullets, exploding in bursts of flames.

The U.S. flying droids blast upwards, ready to destroy the enemy.

INT. U.S. ARMY COMMAND CENTER, SEATTLE - DAY

Anu grimaces in concentration as she monitors the battle.

CAPTAIN MAY
Status?

ANU
All units active and engaged.
Analysis shows we have an 89%
probability of fighting them off.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The U.S. flying droids near their targets. Their guns deploy, missiles prepare to fire.

Suddenly, the enemy horde parts, revealing a FLYING SPHERE. The sphere GLOWS, then lets out a BURST OF LIGHT.

As the wave of light hits the U.S. flying droids, they lose power, engines stop, and tumble towards the ground.

ON THE GROUND

The wave of light hits the tank droids.

On the EYES of a DROID, losing their light, going dead.

The tank droids freeze in their tracks, guns stopping. Statues.

INT. U.S. ARMY COMMAND CENTER, SEATTLE - DAY

All the lights go off. The hum of electronics stops. SILENT
BLACKNESS.

GUND (O.S.)
You might want to recalculate that
probability.

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - DAY

The enemy droids descend and begin to systematically SHOOT THE
U.S. tank droids to bits.

INT. U.S. ARMY COMMAND CENTER, SEATTLE - DAY

FLASHLIGHTS illuminate the dark room. Soldiers looking up from
their terminals, terrified.

INT. US ARMY WAR ROOM -- DAY

GENERAL TODD, Captain May, Gund, and several OFFICERS in a
conference room.

CAPTAIN MAY
...we're helpless. Some form of EMP
we believe... powerful enough to get
through our shields. The entire
battalion is disabled. And we have
reports that enemy ground forces are
heading in this direction.

GENERAL TODD
Where the hell is the Dakota?

CAPTAIN MAY
No communications from the Dakota
since 1300 hours.

CAPTAIN MAY (CONT'D)
We've got to abandon the base.
There's nothing we can do here.

GUND
They must have a command center close
by to be controlling all these short
range drones.

GENERAL TODD
And?

GUND
If we could destroy it, we'd disable
their air support, and our

reinforcements could attack their army.

CAPTAIN MAY
How exactly do you propose to do that, Sergeant? We don't have a single working droid!

GUND
(to General Todd)
Sir, we could hit it with a human force.

GENERAL TODD
We haven't used a human strike team in 20 years.

GUND
I was on that strike team.

GENERAL TODD
(gently)
You're not a one-man army. Most of us wear pistols for ceremony now, Sergeant.

GUND
(insistent)
A mobile command center can be vulnerable to a small human force. Their sensors are designed to detect droids, not people.

CAPTAIN MAY
Ridiculous!

GENERAL TODD
What would you need?

GUND
Guns. And ammunition.

CAPTAIN MAY
Right. And where do we get something like that? In a museum?

GUND
Exactly.
(to General Todd)
The base's history museum, sir.

Todd raises his eyebrows.

GENERAL TODD
Who goes?

Gund glances around the room. The officers look down at their notebooks to avoid his gaze, all except Anu. She nods.

GUND
Myself, Beaker...

CAPTAIN MAY
The museum curator?

GUND
He's a former green beret, Sir.
And we'll need a tech... Lt. Anu seems
good.

CAPTAIN MAY
This is insane. You haven't got a
chance.

GENERAL TODD
We haven't got a choice. Find a way
to disable that command center,
Sergeant. Or this war is already
lost.