

WE3

by
GRANT MORRISON

Based on the comic book by Grant Morrison and Frank Quitely

FIRST DRAFT SUBMISSION
SEPTEMBER 2006

INT. PALACE GYM - NIGHT

FADE IN on a dull, repetitive thudding sound and the whir of machinery. It's the chug and rattle of a dated, battered-looking running machine.

A pair of scuffed sport shoes slap the rubber track as the machine rolls out underfoot.

The rhythmic sounds of running are accompanied by music, a heavy metal Latin tune.

Faint sounds of gunfire can be heard from outside.

The runner is MANOLITO GUERRERA (44) - a thick set, unshaven Latin American military dictator, sweating heavily as he huffs and puffs and grunts in his makeshift exercise room. He's gobbling uppers, stuffing the pills in his mouth.

The walls are peeling. Two UZI automatics sit on a table beside a lamp which emits a filthy yellow light and casts strange shadows across the walls.

Outside, the sound of fighting is getting louder until it fills the night...but Guerrera keeps running, as if stoking his fury. Sweating, teeth gritted.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

A squadron of US troops, together with insurgent guerrilla soldiers, is making an attempt to retreat across the grounds through a hail of crossfire which comes from the shabby Presidential palace.

It's a sweltering Central American night and bullets zip through the air. This night raid on Guerrera's stronghold is going badly for the rebel forces.

Zip, spang of tracer fire. Men drop. US troops and insurgent forces crouch behind statuary and parked trucks.

INT. CONTROL ROOM VAN - NIGHT

Inside a small, compact, red-lit 'room' - which is hidden inside an ordinary-looking van - three men work quietly. The only sounds are the pressurized hiss of air and the fast tapping of computer keys. This hi-tech space has three wall-mounted brackets clearly designed to hold some kind of unusual equipment, but currently empty. Three canvas chairs are strung from the ceiling and three military OPERATORS with headsets and microphones sit working on laptops.

The laptop screens show real time camera footage - a glimpse of low level movement through the palace grounds.

The OPERATORS manipulate games console-style control joysticks attached to their laptops.

The display on one laptop shows the inside of the palace as seen through the 'eyes' of a rapidly moving camera. The camera movement is bizarre - close to the floor, then rising into the air, then lifting off again.

A second Operator studies images of men yelling and choking as the palace fills with poisonous gas.

The third operator's screen shows stealthy movement through a cramped dark tunnel, approaching the lit-up grid squares of a ventilation grille ahead.

He presses the STOP button on his joypad.

INT. PALACE GYM - NIGHT

Guerrera is running hard...bunching up his shoulder muscles, sweating and snorting like a bull as he whips himself into a battle frenzy.

Low down in the skirting boards around the room, there is a ventilation grille just like the one seen through the Operator's camera eye.

Two glowing red lights, like eyes, appear at the grille for a brief moment but Guerrera is too involved in his ritual to notice them.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

As they retreat, US soldiers and insurgent troops are being killed by gunfire from the palace.

A SOLDIER takes aim at the upper floors of the palace and shoots.

INT. PALACE BALLROOM - NIGHT

Bullets smash through the window shutters and kill one of Guerrera's men. There are several LOYALIST TROOPS here in the decaying Palace ballroom, all taking aim, yelling and firing down into the Palace Gardens.

A loyalist runs for ammo, crouching down by a box of cartridges.

Then he stops, frozen, and stares into the darkness of a big hole in the wall by the fireplace, crisscrossed by shattered plaster and lathe.

There's something shifting there in the darkness. Two glowing red eyes are looking right back at the man.

Something makes a metallic hissing sound.

INT. CONTROL ROOM VAN - NIGHT

Operator 2 pushes the joystick home.

INT. PALACE GYM - NIGHT

The sound of wild abrupt gunfire comes from the ballroom next door...then ceases as quickly as it began.

Guerrera stops, shoulders heaving, with the steam of perspiration fuming off his body. He looks monumental.

He lifts his guns from the table, wild-eyed, pumped up for violence.

Then suddenly all the gunfire stops, everywhere. The hard music plays on. Then stops dead as Guerrera fingers the CD player OFF button. His eyes shift. He's listening intently, realizing something is amiss. Then a stealthy, scuttling noise is heard. And another from a different angle. As he creeps towards the door, he can hear things moving into position outside the room, getting closer. The scrabbling noises stop right outside.

Beat.

The light goes out, plunging the room and the whole palace into creepy darkness. Guerrera roars and aims his guns, at human head height, blasting the door with round after round.

Beat. Silence.

Guerrera kicks through the bullet-riddled, unhinged remains of the door.

GUERRERA

Eh?

INT. PALACE LANDING - NIGHT

A startling glimpse of three bizarre nonhuman shapes in the dark corridor outside the door.

Three pairs of red, electronic eyes look up. There is a stealthy whirring sound to accompany the smooth unlatching of guns like insect feelers from shiny carapaces.

Guerrera's eyes open wide. He never expected this. The gun muzzles tilt towards him. He aims his own guns down...

A thousand bullets fly with a sound like the apocalypse.

Guerrera's shoe hits the floor, smoldering.

The three machine-like shapes crouch low to the floor but still can't be seen clearly in the dark. They move with the purpose of living things, yet seem technological and unnatural also. Inside these compact outer shells of hi-tech armored Teflon are three small creatures of soft fur, flesh and warm blood -- but for now we see only the functional curves of interlocking armored plates, hydraulic limbs and metal claws, the blank sheen of the helmeted heads. A combination of cutting edge Japanese motorcycle design and articulated machine technology in three different colors - blue, green and dusty pink

So far, they look like little robots, with waving fiber optic sensor aerials and glowing red eyes behind their curved featureless masks, scuttling through the silent, corpse-filled palace.

These three bug-like creatures are We3, a top secret product of advanced military biotech design, part machine, part animal.

INT. CONTROL ROOM VAN - NIGHT

The operators work their joypads silently in the red light.

INT. PALACE ENTRANCE HALL - NIGHT

Sickening, lethal green gas drifts at waist height. Men lie everywhere.

The lead creature, BANDIT, leads his fellow We3 units down the stairs in silence.

A little hatch opens like a camera shutter at the back of PIRATE where an ass would be, and two little spherical bombs fall out. They hit the floor and little spikes with lighted tips pop out so that the bombs look like tiny mines, blinking red.

BANDIT stands up on its hind legs and makes a weird electronic barking noise then the three begin to run.

The little bombs flash and go bleep, and bleep, bleep, bleep...

INT. CONTROL ROOM VAN - NIGHT

As one, the operators all push their joypads forward for speed. The laptop screen show real time images from We3, as well as HUD data - heart rates, acceleration, blood pressure readings and other system statistics.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

We3 are galloping toward us through the Palace grounds, keeping a tight formation.

Then, through the fallen Palace gates and on down the street they race, purposeful.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The bombs blink and stop bleeping.

BEAT.

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - NIGHT

The creatures run.

Behind them, the Palace explodes, lighting the night sky.

TITLES

We3

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

ROSEANNE
Who's a pretty boy?

Meet DOCTOR ROSEANNE BERRY (28). A gifted young scientist working in the field of animal communication for the United States Army. ROSEANNE has mousy hair, lives alone and has no life outside her work - having dedicated the last seven years of her life to looking after her ailing father. She tends to emphasize the plain, studious aspect of her appearance and carries a weight of sorrow and guilt.

Right now, however, her talent for communication doesn't seem to be working. As she feeds her pet parrot, the bird's ignoring every attempt at conversation.

ROSEANNE

Who's a good boy?

The parrot looks at her like she's an idiot and gnaws at a shard of cuttlefish. Roseanne shrugs and gives up on him.

ROSEANNE

I don't get it.

Roseanne's in a bit of a hurry but she seems to have mislaid something; she checks bowls, drawers, growing increasingly exasperated. She shakes the jacket which hangs on a hook behind her front door. Shakes it again. Puts it back. Checks the ticking clock. Searches. Runs around checking things, going in and out of every room.

As she does so, she provides an insight into her life. As she searches under cushions in the little living room, there are half-eaten TV dinners discarded on the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

She darts around the living room, checking behind the sympathy cards, still not put away - CONDOLENCES, WE'RE SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS, DEEPEST SYMPATHIES etc.

INT. DAD'S ROOM - MORNING

The clock continues to tick but Roseanne stops her search momentarily in the strange light of the quiet, abandoned room. Alone in her dad's vacant space. Untouched. The steel-sided hospital-style bed, the disused medical equipment. Someone's been very ill here, requiring home medication. Roseanne doesn't really look at the bed. She checks a shallow bowl on top of a glass-fronted cabinet filled with copies of National Geographic.

A picture of young Roseanne and her proud dad at her graduation is propped up near the bowl.

She stops at the picture. Her body seems to deflate. She shudders. Alone in the room. She fights the urge to break down, swallows her emotions back. Then she wanders out of the room dazed, beaten.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Robotically, she unhooks her coat from the door peg once again and checks the pockets. As she does so, she notices the keys she's been searching for - they're hanging up on the door hook beside a Post-it note which reads KEYS HERE DUMMY!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The Parrot gnaws on his breakfast. She looks sad as she comes back into the room to check on him.

ROSEANNE

You like that? It's good, huh?

The parrot gnaws contentedly, cocking his head. She tries again.

ROSEANNE

Who's a pretty boy?

Silence. Roseanne shakes her head. She stops and takes a look around, as if memorizing every detail of this place. A Picture of the young Roseanne, her mom and dad. Mom already looks ill in the picture.

ROSEANNE

You have no idea, do you?

And that's when we know it. This woman's a gun, ready to go off. Her expression has a blank quality. She opens the parrot's cage door.

ROSEANNE

Who's a pretty boy?

She takes a final look, a deep breath. The parrot watches her leave and the apartment door closes behind her. The Post-it note falls off.

Beat.

PARROT

Who's a pretty boy?

EXT. GARAGE - MORNING

Roseanne backs out of her garage, so dazed and pre-occupied, that she almost runs over a laconic bloodhound wandering across the driveway. The dog gives her a sharp accusing stare.

INT. ROSEANNE'S CAR - MORNING

Roseanne slams on the brakes, yells then stares out of the windscreen. The dog ambles by. She exhales sharply, leaning over the wheel.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

The store owner slices open a bundle of morning papers. The sound of his knife slitting through plastic tape and wrap seems unnaturally loud.

A newspaper headline reads 'GUERRERA REGIME COLLAPSES - Palace siege ends in Rebel forces victory'

INT. CONTROL ROOM VAN - MORNING

Inside the van, in the red darkroom light, the operators are sleeping in their canvas chairs. Pressurized air hisses like gentle white noise.

The lead creature, BANDIT, twitches, listening to the amped up sounds of paper being torn outside.

The robotic shell emits a weird whine of recognition.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Transition from inside the van to an exterior shot as it drives down an American city street towards a strip mall.

On the side of the disguised van, a graphic logo reads 'Pet Supplies'.

It is a bright early morning.

EXT. MALL - MORNING

Roseanne stops at the strip mall. She counts her change.

INT. CONTROL ROOM VAN - MORNING

Bandit's enhanced senses picks up the distant sound of coins being rattled. The creature seems restless. Noises come and go.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

Roseanne buys a newspaper. Taglines are visible - 'SENATOR DAN WASHINGTON AHEAD IN THE POLLS' and 'GUERRERA REGIME COLLAPSES IN NIGHT OF VIOLENCE...'

EXT. MALL - MORNING

She comes out of the store into the bright sunlight munching on her sandwich.

In the background the Control Room Van comes into view.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The Control Room Van is rolling to a stop at traffic lights. Nobody pays any attention to the nondescript van and people continue about their business.

EXT. MALL - MORNING

On the way to her car she meets a homeless guy - FRANK (33) slouching around the mall - he's dirty and bearded, wearing army boots and soiled fatigues, shaking a radio, trying to get it working.

He looks up as Roseanne passes.

FRANK,
Spare some change for an Army Vet.

She is ignoring him at first but meets his gaze. He smiles broadly at her, non-threateningly.

FRANK
C'mon, I got no legs. I was wounded
in action.

She smiles back faintly.

ROSEANNE

I can see that.

FRANK

These?

He bangs his thigh vigorously, keeping the joke going.

FRANK

Dummy legs. I suffer phantom pain.

She searches her purse and gives Frank a few dollars. He looks at it and smiles at her.

FRANK

If there's ever anything I can do
for you, lady. I'm right around
here most days.

He walks away, stiff-legged, then relaxes into a slightly
inebriated swagger.

FRANK,

You should take a look at your
exhaust, I heard one helluva >makes
rasp noise< off that when you came
in...

ROSEANNE

Sure.

She smiles back thinly and continues walking to her car,
opens the door and gets in.

FRANK [YELLS]

Anything!

INT. ROSEANNE'S CAR - MORNING

In the rearview mirror, she notices Frank is still waving at
her and she flutters her fingers from the driver seat, hoping
he'll go away.

EXT. MALL - MORNING

He walks off into the liquor store, poking at the radio in a
strange, adept way. As he reaches the door, his radio
suddenly bursts into life noisily and he turns the sound
down, grinning, drawing our attention to the change in noise
level.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The 'Pet Supplies' Van pulls away from the traffic lights and the mall.

INT. CONTROL ROOM VAN - MORNING

BANDIT twitches and makes a creepy, sniffing, whining sound, listening to the crackling radio noise and Frank's voice distorted, ordering his favorite scuzzy booze.

The other two creatures twitch in their stations.

EXT. COUNTRY - MORNING

City ambience fades out and is replaced by bird song. Leaves fall. The sounds are still super-loud, heard as animals hear things, with higher and lower frequencies combining in a weird undulating soundscape,

The van rolls by.

EXT. LANE - MORNING

The Van pulls up a lane with a sign reading 'STRICTLY NO TRESPASS'. Cameras twitch and rotate to track every movement.

The van proceeds along a quiet woodland road until it reaches a set of electrified razor-wired gates hidden behind the trees.

The Van stops here briefly while the gates trundle open.

INT. CONTROL ROOM VAN - MORNING

Inside the van, the creatures stir restlessly. The sounds of the gates grinding open seem to make them nervous and fretful. A chopper rattles overhead, coming in low.

The Operators wake up, yawn, stretch. One of them kicks BANDIT to stop the creature's weird electronic whining sounds.

The van doors open.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - MORNING

A Chopper is coming in over the trees as ROSEANNE BERRY'S car pulls up to the Base.

She shows her ID to the guard at the gates and they open for her.

The gates close behind her so that we can see the sign reading...

'UNITED STATES ARMY ANIMAL TRAINING LABORATORIES - NO UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS BEYOND THIS POINT'.

INT. CORRIDOR - MORNING

The creatures are wheeled on upright gurneys through a corridor that runs deep into the heart of this underground facility. As the wheels slowly trundle and roll. Along the walls of the corridors we see framed photographs of animal soldiers through the ages - ??? Refs here Hannibal's elephants, a horse and soldier with gas-masks from the WW1 trenches. A carrier pigeon. Dogs with bandaged legs proudly receiving medals in WW2. Dolphins helping Marine divers carry limpet mines. The final picture shows a present day image of a rat with a control box screwed into its skull...

INT. WE3 BAY - MORNING

A red lit bay filled with computer equipment and electronics. Three podiums all at different heights are surrounded by cables.

The creatures are wheeled into the room, moved into their places and hooked up to monitors. Buttons are pressed and fluids move within tubes to their suits.

INT. RAT LAB - DAY

Here in a warren of laboratories built deep into the hills an astonishing scene unfolds - a group of rats are running around in an unnaturally purposeful way. In fact, stranger still, many of the rats are carrying TOOLS in their nimble little fingers.

Let's follow a rat carrying a screw. It hands the screw to a second rat who lines it up with a hole in a piece of metal.

Then a new and more grotesque creature lumbers into view - a surgically-altered rat whose entire head has been replaced by a spinning drill bit. As one rat carefully holds the screw in place, the drill-head aggressively screws it in with a series of devastating headbutts.

Other rats appear and they all seem to be working together to BUILD something. All have blinking diodes on little antennae implanted into their shaved skulls but some have undergone even more radical flesh/machine fusions. There are rats whose front legs have been replaced by wheels, others with welding torches for heads, designer horrors created for specialist tasks.

As they work, it slowly becomes obvious what they're doing - the rats are constructing a JEEP ENGINE.

A group of men overlook the rat run, watching this remarkable display. They are DOCTOR SENJEI HONDA (42), a dishevelled, stout Japanese man in a lab coat. MAJOR MARVIN SAMSON (56), a tall man, uncomfortable in his skin who stands stiffly and formally at all times and lives haunted with the memory of whatever mistake he made years ago that saw him wind up here at the head of this no-hope project, and SENATOR DAN WASHINGTON (54), a well-groomed and photogenic Southern man, an up and coming Presidential candidate with a tough line and strong beliefs. Washington comes across as friendly, interested and likeable but that's his act. This man is Major Samson's last chance for redemption.

MAJOR SAMSON

57 million years of evolution - and
we just improved on it.
Impressed?

SENATOR WASHINGTON (STUNNED)

Amazing.

MAJOR SAMSON

Standard model rat biorgs, Dan.

Doctor Honda? Care to fill in the
details?

Honda is small and bespectacled and seems enthusiastic about his work. He polishes his specs and replaces them on the bridge of his nose.

HONDA

Yes. Of course. As you can see - a whole rat colony working together like this one can assemble a fully functioning jeep engine within...oh, 48 hours.

The rats move efficiently, building, screwing and welding with military precision. They are being controlled by a group of about ten geeky looking gamer-type nerd guys, who sit at workstations with joypad control devices, moving the rats around by remote control.

HONDA

From spare parts, of course.

The senator bends down to watch the little creatures scurry and build.

HONDA

Now imagine that capability transferred to the battlefield. These biorgs can be used to smuggle entire vehicles into enemy territory.

SENATOR WASHINGTON

It's just astonishing. I mean, look at that, they're just like little cartoon creatures, don't you think?

He nods approvingly at the Major.

SENATOR WASHINGTON

I had no idea what you'd been getting up to all these years, Marvin.

The rats go about their task industriously.

SENATOR WASHINGTON [BLUFF]

Animal slaves. What are the ethical implications?

Honda stops. He is matter of fact and direct.

HONDA

Fortunately, rats have no ethics. There's no doubt, Senator, that we can replace a very expensive and increasingly obsolete human workforce with a super-efficient animal alternatives like these...

(MORE)

HONDA (cont'd)
but that is only one limited
application of our Research &
Development program here.

SENATOR WASHINGTON
So, let me get something clear.
The technology's a little outta my
reach but am I right in thinking
you've trained your animals to
build machines?

Is that correct, Doctor Honda?

HONDA
Trained? No, not at all. We steer
them, like cars.

Denise?

Honda's assistant, DENISE (24), appears and hands the Doctor
a remote games console joystick, like the ones the operators
were using earlier.

HONDA
If you'll allow me to demonstrate.

Honda demonstrates the ergonomically-designed control pad in
his hands. Two joysticks for his thumbs. It's the same device
the Operators were using earlier.

HONDA
You speak, quite rightly of course,
of ethics.
With your commitment assured,
Senator, our intention is to save
the lives of countless men and
women in our armed services. Ethics
on a plate.

Honda is trying to control his genuine excitement which
causes him to tremble beneath the veneer of cool.

HONDA
I'll show you.

He holds the joystick up in front of his face.

HONDA
THIS is the GUN of the future.

A scene of rats working on the machine.

HONDA

It is my conviction that the wars
of tomorrow will be fought by
remote-controlled animals, like
these.

Honda manipulates the joystick gently.

HONDA

We make living weapons here,
Senator.
Biorgs.

He presses 'STOP'.

One industrious rat goes about his business with quiet
concentration and fails to see a drill-head rat coming to a
stop nearby.

Honda's thumb pushes the joystick.

The DRILLHEAD raises its ugly head in obedience.

Other rats scuttle aside, sensing danger.

HONDA

Say hello to man's new best
friends.

Honda smiles and twists the joystick in his hands.

The drillhead plunges its whirring mechanical head directly
into its fellow rat.

Honda hands the control pad to the squeamish Senator, who
raises his hand to decline the offer as the squealing
subsides. Samson looks away, coughs curtly into his fist,
embarrassed.

SENATOR WASHINGTON

Major Samson mentioned higher
animal prototypes. Maybe we could
move on.

The Major and Honda exchange glances. Honda hesitates but
the Major nods his curt approval.

HONDA

Yes, indeed.
I'd be more than happy to
demonstrate my work, Senator.
Please come this way.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The Senator and the Major follow Honda.

The red lit space of the We3 BAY is visible ahead.

MAJOR SAMSON

Remember Tan Hua, the warlord?
Found dead in a bamboo hut. All
fifteen pieces of him.

The Senator nods carefully.

MAJOR SAMSON[KNOWING GLANCE]

Weapon 3.

The Senator's face shows a dawning understanding.

MAJOR SAMSON

The assassination of Manolito
Guerrera?

Senator nods more slowly and emphatically.

MAJOR SAMSON

Weapon 3. Ibn al Haroun and his
boys at Dulles Airport? I could go
on...

HONDA

But, please, allow me to show you
what we've created here.

INT. WE3 BAY - DAY

DOCTOR ROSEANNE BERRY is at her computer workstation, typing
away - she shows how the computer is used to both lock and
unlock the animal harnesses by on-screen commands.

She is about to unlock the harnesses but is interrupted by
sounds in the corridor.

She straps on a bluetooth earpiece into her right ear for
communication with the animals and her computer system.

While...

Tech people in sterile suits are spooning out animal food
slop into three elevated bowls nearby.

The cyber-animals strain slightly the tubes connecting to their flesh to their armor, slaving as they anticipate feeding time.

Roseanne walks over to the animals. She makes a feeding gesture with her hands, a gesture in a visual sign language designed for animals to understand.

The shells shudder. Strangled barks and yowls emerge from under the muffling helmets.

Roseanne turns as the doors open and Honda leads the Senator and Major into the room.

HONDA

Gentlemen, welcome to Project A-
DOUBLYA-EE.

They stop for a brief moment at the door entrance and look toward the We3 creatures.

The words **ANIMAL WEAPON 3** are clearly visible for the first time stencilled on the floor in front of the animals restraining bracket.

HONDA

I'd like you to meet Roseanne
Berry, our very own Doctor
Dolittle.

The men walk forward and obscure the words on the floor so that only the letters - We.....3 can be read.

The Senator shakes her hand, briskly. His nose wrinkles at the smell of disinfectant and fear. The bad hospital vibe of the labs makes him shudder slightly, which Roseanne detects. She pulls away. Honda's eyes dart, noting the freeze and he moves to cover up.

HONDA

And let's not forget, Weapon 3.
Tomorrow's soldiers today.

And suddenly, the moment arrives and those helmet visors slowly unlock and begin to rise. First one, sliding slowly back, then the next, then finally the third as We3 is unmasked at last.

The first sleek visor rolls back to reveal the face of a floppy-eared brown mongrel dog - BANDIT - with a control box screwed into its skull. With heartbreaking clever eyes, and fur damp with condensation, the dog blinks in the red lights.

The second visor lifts to reveal an angry ginger and white cat - TINKER - with a control box of its own implanted in its skull. The cat spits, hostile.

While the third visor rises last of all and underneath there is a slightly confused rabbit - PIRATE - with its own head mounted control box. His eye has a distinctive patch.

DOCTOR ROSEANNE BERRY - shrugging on a lab coat, pets the dog's head, calming its nerves.

ROSEANNE
GUD DOG. GUD DOG.

Bandit's throat speaker emits an electronic bark and then a second. The sound is weird, chilling, synthesized. His head strains as if to get free of the locked and constricting armor. His eyes roll with panic.

Roseanne talks strangely, in a clipped and precise way, using a choice of simple language and a mode of pronunciation that is particularly suited to her speaking to the animals.

ROSEANNE
1!

Bandit looks up at her, alert.

ROSEANNE
MISTER WAH-SHING-TON WD LIKE 2 SAY
HULL-OH!

Washington bends down, trying to play this straight but he looks uncomfortable, as if expecting some prank.

SENATOR WASHINGTON
Ha.

Hello boy.

And how are YOU today?

Bandit looks up, with intelligent, suffering eyes. He cocks his head slightly, and in a hair-raising moment to remember, the dog SPEAKS back to the Senator in response to the man's question.

BANDIT
I.M GUD. R.U. GUD 2 ? 'MISTER WAH-
SHING-TON.'

The Senator steps back, genuinely alarmed. Thunderstruck.

SENATOR WASHINGTON

My Lord.

Bandit cocks his head further, quizzical and pleading. He only wants to be loved.

BANDIT

R.U. 2 ?

The weird, pleading, childlike synthesized voice is way too much for the Senator. He seems to space out, stepping back and looking at the people around him for some kind of cue. Honda touches his arm.

HONDA

Please, there's no need...

Number One won't bite unless he's threatened.

Honda tickles Bandit's ears. Bandit looks to Roseanne and whines.

HONDA

He's a good, loyal dog.

Number One only kills the enemies of our nation.

SENATOR WASHINGTON [RECOVERING]

This is unbelievable. Oh my lord.
Good dog. Good dog.

Bandit lowers his head. Those melting brown eyes looking for approval.

BANDIT

GUD DOG.

The dog looks to Roseanne, seeking validation.

BANDIT

IS GUD DOG ?

Roseanne pets his head and muzzle, scratching around the cruel implanted box in his shaved skull.

ROSEANNE

Is gud. Is GUD DOG.

Tech people move the animals' feed bowls into position by Roseanne. She turns to the visitors.

ROSEANNE

You arrived just in time for
dinner. I hope you don't mind us;
they've had a very long journey.

Roseanne walks back over to her computer, and types a command
to deactivate the security system for the animal restraints.

Very obviously see that Roseanne has UNLOCKED the security
harnesses to allow the animals to eat. There is a movement in
the machinery as the locks are released.

We see the locking mechanism opens on Bandit's harness.

The computer screen on her station reads...

URGENT ATTENTION!

SECURE HARNESS LOCKS

SAVE CANCEL

The SAVE command is flashing red, eye-catching. The command
waiting to be executed.

SENATOR WASHINGTON

I've heard great, great things
about your work, Doctor Berry but I
had no idea.

ROSEANNE [SMILES]

They don't let us talk much.

The animals neck braces ease up and allow them some freedom
of movement to reach the feed trays which have been raised to
head height in front of them.

ROSEANNE

Eat now. Gud We3

Roseanne strokes the rabbit's head as the trio chow down
hungrily.

ROSEANNE

This little rabbit, for instance
has been trained to work with an
infantry handler to deliver mines
and poison gas.

PIRATE

EAT. GUD. EAT.

ROSEANNE

And even he has a working
vocabulary of 15 words in English.

The Major steps in, activating a computer graphic display which rotates 3-D blueprints of the animals armor as he talks.

MAJOR SAMSON

Of course it's the hardware that does all the heavy lifting. You can think of the canine biorg here as a small, fast tank -- as designed by Doctor Honda and built right here in our custom machine pool.

The dog pricks up its ears, but keeps munching, pretending not to be interested.

MAJOR SAMSON

The cat - a deadly stealth machine.
A ruthless killer by nature.

And should they ever fall into enemy hands, any attempt to remove this armor will result in a spectacular explosion of animal parts.

ROSEANNE

With respect, the animals are the hardware, Major.

The Major gives her a frosty glance. Graphics continue to play - armor schematics, Haines Car Manual-style diagrams.

SENATOR WASHINGTON

Do they all talk?

He steps back a little from the cat - TINKER. The cat's ears are flattened down, as she looks up from her feed bowl, the eyes blazing with chained ferocity.

The Senator reaches out to touch Tinker and the Major stops him firmly. Tinker hisses, pissed off.

TINKER

SSSSTINK! BOSSS! STINNK! GET!

MAJOR SAMSON

This feisty critter never did find any time to pick up manners along with all the big words.

The cat munches then looks up, hisses again.

TINKER

GET!

She eats. Huffs. Wary. Roseanne rubs behind the cats ears and she rubs back in return then eats.

HONDA

They were developed as battlefield companions for infantrymen, hence the...voice interaction...

SENATOR

How does it work ?

The rabbit chews slowly, happily. Roseanne feeds him another lettuce leaf.

ROSEANNE

Humans have a part of the brain known as Wernicke's Area, which allows us to process our feelings into language.

She indicates the box screwed into the rabbit's skull. Pirate snacks on, seems to wink at her.

ROSEANNE

This apparatus works as an artificial Wernicke's, augmenting the animals' natural abilities. Feelings are assigned to words, which are then processed through speakers in the armor.

She addresses Pirate directly and he pays attention.

ROSEANNE

GUD 3! IS FOOD B ?

PIRATE

EAT. B GOOD. EAT.

Washington turns to Major Samson and Doctor Honda. The graphics display stops.

SENATOR

I'm a witness to history here in this room. History. Good lord.

HONDA

Yes, indeed. We've achieved all kinds of remarkable breakthroughs in machine/flesh fusion in the last few years alone.

MAJOR SAMSON

History indeed.
Feed him up. Feed 'em all up.
They've earned it.

Honda, sensing something interjects.

HONDA

May I show you some of my preparatory designs, Senator?

Gently he leads the Senator away, towards a computer terminal in another area. Roseanne realizes she's been left alone with Major Samson. His face is grave.

He pauses, choosing his words carefully.

MAJOR SAMSON

I understand you may be hearing this from me for the very first time, Doctor Berry...if so, forgive me.

Pause.

MAJOR SAMSON

I'm afraid the Guerrera operation was the end of the line for these animals.

Beat.

MAJOR SAMSON

They just killed their last tin-pot dictator.

Roseanne freezes.

MAJOR SAMSON

I've been given orders to decommission Weapon 3, effective as of today.

Bandit looks up, fearful, alert to the nuances of human speech and body language.

ROSEANNE

But sir...this is years of my work.

MAJOR SAMSON

I understand but resources are being diverted away from the area of verbal communication.

The Major bites his lip.

MAJOR SAMSON

I'm sure your research won't be allowed to go to waste. But as for your own role within this new structure, Miss Berry, be advised that it's currently under review.

BANDIT

'DEE-COMMISH..' ?WORD?

ROSEANNE

But, sir...

MAJOR SAMSON[GUILTY]

I believe I've made my position clear.

ROSEANNE

But these animals are heroes! They deserve medals not...not...

MAJOR SAMSON

These animals are now obsolete.

The rabbit has cleared his bowl and looks up at Roseanne, hoping for more food.

PIRATE

EAT. EAT. GUD. PLUS.

He sniffs at the air.

MAJOR SAMSON

Better hardware has come along to replace them. Something bigger, faster and stronger. Something that won't talk back.

Bandit is worried, he's reading the body language and the obvious anguish in Doctor Berry's face and gestures.

BANDIT

WORD?

Roseanne is shell-shocked.

ROSEANNE

Sir.

Honda returns, pointing to a book in the Senator's hands. The drawings in the book show early prototype designs for the We3 armor. With some embarrassment, Honda is pinning a campaign badge to his lapel - WASHINGTON 4 WASHINGTON!

Honda notices Roseanne's dazed expression as the Major pulls the Senator away.

HONDA

No-one expected this.

He seems disapproving of her sentimentality.

ROSEANNE

It's not right.

HONDA

These animals are test specimens. Laboratory rats. As scientists, you and I both understand the protocols.

ROSEANNE

I'd like to take a memento.

HONDA

I remember a rather long discussion about the dangers of sentimentality when you came to work for me.

She gives him a hard stare,

ROSEANNE

I remember too.

He relents a little, becomes softer.

HONDA

But please, there's absolutely no need for you to be here when it happens. Say the necessary good-byes to the animals today. I'll instruct the Euthanasia Team to wait until you've cleared your locker.

He thinks he's being kind, she can't believe he's so cold.

HONDA

We are about to become politically fashionable, Roseanne. Your contribution will not be neglected.

He makes a tense tiny nod.

HONDA

Please. Take anything you like as a keepsake.

Something in Roseanne snaps. Her eyes burn.

ROSEANNE

Do I get a last meal too, Doctor Honda?

Honda shakes his head and rolls his eyes - 'Roseanne, please!!!' and follows the Major and the Senator out of the Bay.

Bandit is still nervous.

BANDIT

'DEE-COMMISH...DEE-COMMISH..'

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

The Major, Honda and Senator Washington descend in an elevator to the We4 Bay in a lower level of the facility.

The silence is uneasy. Samson shoots a sullen glance at the Senator.

MAJOR SAMSON

Now you've met the cuddly critters.

Elevator doors open on a blue-lit basement laboratory complex. A corridor with locked bulkhead doors.

MAJOR SAMSON

How about we bring on the bad boys?

INT. WE4 BAY - DAY

There's an ungodly snarling and roaring - the primeval sounds of some big, angry creature. Men with wheelbarrows full of raw meat throw huge hunks of pig into a pit in the floor from which where terrible chomping, gnashing sounds emerge.

There's blood on the floors and on the tiled walls, giving the place the atmosphere of an abattoir.

The Senator looks around him as if he's found himself in Hell.

MAJOR SAMSON

4 here is the first of a new breed. Now that we finally have the bugs worked out, we intend to streamline biorg We4 technology for mass production.

That takes animals designed for the job and that's where your support becomes essential, Dan.

SENATOR

May I?

He comes closer to the edge of the pit. The noise of cracking bones, snuffling and chomping.

MAJOR SAMSON

4 doesn't have time for small talk. He's a man of action.

More hunks of meat are shovelled into the snarling pit.

MAJOR SAMSON

You know how touchy the public can be about pets, Dan. I have two little dogs of my own, let's face it.

But war dogs, animals raised to kill. That's a whole different story.

Take a look for yourself.

They look down into the pit.

HONDA

This is our next generation animal soldier.

The Senator's eyes open wide with horror as he sees what's going on down there. The primeval snarling, slobbering sounds get louder.

HONDA

Animal Weapon 4.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 1 - NIGHT

Roseanne is taking a box from her desk drawer in the WE3 Bay.

INT. WE3 BAY - NIGHT

She sorts through the various items in the box. A dog collar sealed in a plastic baggie. It says *MY NAME IS BANDIT*. On the back of the dog tag it reads *IF FOUND CALL...* and a telephone number. A whining sound echoes in the Bay.

BANDIT
DEE COMM-ISH?

ROSEANNE
Shh!

Cat collar tagged in plastic. A home made poster reading

'LOST - TINKER is a ginger-striped cat with a white nose & white tip of her tail. Last seen outside the laundromat on Belltower Street. Please call Carla with any info on ...'

BANDIT
DEE COMM-ISH?

The others eat gorging themselves but Bandit is troubled.

BANDIT
DEE COMM-ISH? ?WORD?

Roseanne turns over the stupid little trophies in her hands. A poster reading *'LOST RABBIT - Can you help us find Pirate? He is white with a brown patch over his eye. He likes lettuce and carrots. Thank you Johnny and Claire' in childrens' handwriting.*

She glances at the CCTV camera hanging from the ceiling.

BANDIT
DEE COMM-ISH?

TINKER
SHHHHUT FACE!

ROSEANNE
Stop it! All of you

She seems overwhelmed.

Bandit whines, confused.

Roseanne's lips tighten.

ROSEANNE

I'm supposed to say goodbye.

EXT. HELIPAD - AFTERNOON

Senator Washington straps himself into the passenger seat of a chopper. His security guys sit behind him.

MAJOR SAMSON

If I'd imagined ANY of this was possible. This is the future!

MAJOR SAMSON

What did I tell you ? I stayed with this outfit because I knew one day the whole world would come calling. Here's to a successful partnership, Dan.

The Senator pauses, betrays his old friend.

SENATOR WASHINGTON

I won't overlook your expertise, Marv, but I'm thinking there's way too much potential here and so much room to develop.

Samson tries to hide his disappointment as the chopper lifts off.

SENATOR WASHINGTON

I'd like to bring in some of my own people.

The Major and Honda stand with the rotor wind whipping their clothes and hair around.

MAJOR SAMSON

His own people?

HONDA

He took very little convincing. Public opinion must be in support of radical solutions.

MAJOR SAMSON

He's the frontrunner for the White House this November.

(MORE)

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHORSHIP

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MAJOR SAMSON (cont'd)

If we can get him to stand on a platform of biorg mass production as an end to conventional warfare we stop being a joke.

You know what they call us?

HONDA

The Funny Farm.

Beat.

HONDA

I don't get it.

Another chopper lands.

HONDA

With so many of our troops dying overseas...this could be an extraordinary way to win votes. I'm sure he saw the possibilities.

MAJOR SAMSON

Exactly...

Not to mention a major budget upgrade. White House support.

HONDA

Respect at last.

MAJOR SAMSON

It's been a long time.

The survival of this project now depends on the success of the Weapon 4 upgrade.

That's YOU I'm looking at, Doctor.

Pause.

HONDA

I hope you can make them reconsider Roseanne Berry's position. She worked very hard to turn those prototypes into a functioning unit...

MAJOR SAMSON

Sure, she's a prizewinner but you tell me what kind of lunatic teaches a rabbit to talk?

HONDA

The biorgs were conceived as companions to soldiers in battle - rudimentary speech seemed like a good idea at the time. You know this. You know why I asked her to join my team.

MAJOR SAMSON

We can't have operators forming emotional bonds with battlefield animals.

Pause.

MAJOR SAMSON

Those mangy, creepy-looking specimens have been hot-wired into a mess of robotics for way longer than anybody ever intended.

He gets into the chopper.

MAJOR SAMSON

Your people may call that a triumph for techno-biological know-how, but I'm looking at three pissed little animals.

He yells as the chopper rises.

MAJOR SAMSON

Put them all out of their misery, Doctor Honda. Get ready for mass production.

INT. WE3 BAY - DAY

Back in the We3 bay, Roseanne watches her animals eat, giving them as much as they want. They eat voraciously.

She stands apart from them, a few feet away, like a lecturer addressing a disinterested audience.

ROSEANNE

The first time I saw you, nobody - not even Doctor Honda - thought you'd pull through your surgery but I did...

The animals eat on, trained to respond only to the 'special' speech she's taught them.

But Bandit's ears twitch, taking in the tone of her voice and picking up certain words. Tinker's ears also angle forward making minor alignments to catch Roseanne's every nuance.

ROSEANNE

You're stronger than you look. You learn, you adapt, you survive.

As she talks the sounds of eating begin to stop. First Bandit's slobbering munch-munch disappears from the soundscape.

ROSEANNE

Now I'm supposed to say goodbye.

Then Tinker's chewing stops.

ROSEANNE

Now I'm supposed to say goodbye.

And finally, Pirate.

Roseanne's eyes are fierce, her lips tight. All three animals are regarding her with cocked heads. Pirate makes a final munch.

BANDIT

DOC-TOR ROSE-ANNE - NO B SAD

Roseanne reaches out to ruffle the dog's big floppy ears, trying to calm him with a false smile. He ain't fooled...

BANDIT

IS 'DEE-COMMISH' MAKE SAD?

ROSEANNE

SHH! GUD DOG.

BANDIT

IS GUD-BYE ?

She peers down for a moment, becoming very still as she makes a decision. She glance at the camera in the ceiling behind her. Her fingers leave his ears and play across the cables connecting Bandit's skull-mounted control box to his armor.

ROSEANNE

No. Not yet.

Suddenly she is decisive. She pulls the cable out of the box, disconnecting the jack.

ROSEANNE

GUD 1!

She does the same for Tinker, who growls low in her throat.

ROSEANNE

GUD GUD 2!

...and Bandit. His nose twitches. Roseanne pops a carrot between her teeth.

ROSEANNE

GUD 3!

Then with the animals watching raptly, she unseals the collar from the plastic bag and holds it to Bandit's nose. The dog sniffs with flaring nostrils and whines. His eyes get wider and a heartbreaking loss can be seen there. His voice-box makes a whispered croak of longing.

BANDIT

HOME ?

ROSEANNE

GUD We3!

Roseanne walks away from the animals, stuffing the collar into the pocket of her jeans. Bandit sniffs wildly at the air. She looks back at them as she stands by the computer and her face hardens into a look of defiance against the whole fucking system.

She bites her carrot. Her Last Meal.

The computer screen reads...

URGENT ATTENTION!
SECURE HARNESS LOCKS
SAVE CANCEL

The SAVE command is flashing red, eye-catching. The command waiting to be executed. Roseanne's hand hovers above the button.

Bandit lets out a mournful howl.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The same scene is appearing on a CCTV camera monitor. Roseanne turns from the keyboard and leaves the scene.

Pull back to see a bank of CCTV camera scenes show the life of the base unfolding from multi-angles. The almost silent hiss of calm machinery.

Sentry at the front gate. (GATE CAM)
Soldiers patrolling the grounds. (EXTERIOR CAM)
The commissionaire at the front desk. (FOYER CAM)
The coats hanging up in an empty locker room. (CLOAKROOM CAM)
Guards posted outside the We3 home bay. (CORRIDOR CAM 5)
Black Ops security door (CORRIDOR CAM 4)
Electric buggy going to Rat Lab (CORRIDOR CAM 3)
Cleaners mopping the floor (CORRIDOR CAM 2)
Soldiers walking through the halls. (CORRIDOR CAM 1)
Honda talking on his cell phone in the elevator. (ELEVATOR CAM)
Roseanne's workstation. (WE3 BAY CAM 1)
We3 sitting in their posts. (WE3 BAY CAM 2)
General scene of the WE3 Bay (WE3 BAY CAM 3)

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 1 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Roseanne Berry is clearing her desk and going through her project notes. Munches on her carrot.

INT. WE3 BAY - NIGHT

Roseanne glances at the fretful dog. She lifts her hand in a little wave goodbye.

Then she stares back at her computer screen. It still reads the same warning message from earlier...

URGENT ATTENTION!
SECURE HARNESS LOCKS
SAVE CANCEL

SAVE is still flashing red, the command still waiting to be executed.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 2 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Doctor HONDA is walking down the corridor briskly. Two other white-coated scientist types join him - a man and a woman. The euthanasia team.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 1 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

The desk, Roseanne is gone. The screen message flashes.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 2 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Bandit barks. Silent on screen.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 1 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Computer flash. Locks.

SAVE (flash, closer)

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 3 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Honda and his team marching purposefully past two cleaners sharing a moments conversation outside the Rat Lab.

INT. CLOAKROOM CAM - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Roseanne puts on her coat and moves towards the door hesitantly.

INT. WE3 BAY - NIGHT

Closer on the screen...

SAVE (flash)

SAVE (flash, closer)

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 5 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Roseanne walks out of the Cloakroom and moves down the corridor alone towards the security door of the sealed Experimental Area.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 2 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

The animals stare. Closer.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 4 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Honda pauses, waiting for the last member of the team.

He sees Roseanne coming and waves the team on ahead.

Roseanne is exiting the Experimental Area as the Euthanasia team enter. The security door closes behind her. He stops her with his hand and says something (ARE YOU ALL RIGHT ?). Silent words.

Hiss of white noise.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

HONDA

I promise: it will all be
completely painless.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 5 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

The Euthanasia team walk towards the lab.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 2 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

The animals all look up, growing more restless.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Honda lets Roseanne pass. He watches her walk away.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 3 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Lab. A white-coated Woman Scientist walks briskly over to the bench and opens her case.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 1- NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Three syringes with blue liquid are inside.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 3 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

One of the euthanasia team moves to the computers. Another prepares to check the harnesses. The third is examining the syringes.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 3 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Roseanne keeps walking, almost in a trance, like a condemned woman walking her Last Mile. From the doorway of the Rat Lab some an electric buggy rolls past with a cage full of rats on the back. The blind drill heads point towards her. The beady eyes seem to accuse her.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 2- NIGHT

The Woman Scientist lifts a syringe filled with lethal blue liquid and taps it to shift bubbles.

INT. WE3 BAY - NIGHT

The Woman Scientist prepares to insert the syringe into a plastic tube in Pirate's suit. Bandit looks over at the threatening needle.

WOMAN SCIENTIST

Good doggie. You won't feel a thing.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 1 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Computer guy looks down at the screen. Notices the warning message, he turns and shouts wordlessly (IT'S NOT LOCKED!).

INT. WE3 BAY - NIGHT

The screen reads...

SAVE (flashing huge)

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 2 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Another scientist reaches for a harness clasp. It springs loose.

Screaming soundlessly on screen the Woman Scientist overturns the case with the syringes.

Something has gone wrong. There is wild movement as the animals break out of their unlocked harnesses.

INT. WE3 BAY - NIGHT

Close on Bandit's snarling muzzle, teeth bared. A loud roar. The sound of gunfire. The sound of breaking glass and choked off screams.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 5 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Honda stops dead in the corridor. Then he backs away from the door to the WE3 Bay.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 3 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Things are being tossed around. It's hard to see what's happening on the little CCTV image.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 2 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Roseanne is walking away slowly towards the exit door. She seems tense, as if holding her breath for something to happen.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM 3 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Chaos everywhere. The food trays are overturned.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 5 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Honda is bowled over by rampaging forms which clatter past him and through his legs.

He recovers, dazed, and spins around to look back along the corridor, slowly realizing what has just happened.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

As he picks himself up he hears the godawful noise of roaring and screeching and running off down the corridor towards the Experimental Area security door.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NIGHT

The alarm siren starts to sound as the duty officer in the monitor room reacts to the chaotic images on his screen. He slams down a button which activates a second layer security door.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 4 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

The CCTV image shows the security door sliding shut.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The animals run towards the closing door. As they gallop headlong at the massive door, a hatch flips open in BANDIT's back and a mini-rocket launcher clicks into place on an articulated arm.

The door almost closes.

The animals run straight for it. The rocket fires.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 4 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

In silence, on the monitor close up, the security door explodes and tears off its frame.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 3 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

We3 are moving so fast there are only glimpses, flash frames caught on the multitude of CCTV monitor screens as the animals disappear around corners, casting flaring shadows on the walls, overturning decorative vases with fake plants in them.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Hurtling forms smash through the rat cage on the electric buggy. The cage bursts open and rats leap to freedom.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 2 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Two cleaners freeze and drop their coffee cups. Then they're knocked off their feet by tumbling shapes moving too fast to see properly.

That crowd of opportunist rats have seized this moment to make their own escape and scuttle down the halls.

INT. CORRIDOR CAM 1 - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

The three fugitive animals are rushing past, bowling down the corridor, tearing through soldiers. Rats at their tails.

INT. FOYER CAM - NIGHT (ON CCTV SCREEN)

Roseanne reaches the exit door, and is swiping her security card, when she hears the sound of the explosion behind her. The sirens whooping.

The desk sergeant in the foyer twists his head, hearing the commotion coming closer.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Roseanne freezes. Something appears around the corner, smashing the plant pots. Stampeding in her direction. The doors slide open in front of her. The door guy yells but there is no sound.

The rushing shapes come closer. Closer.

Roseanne cringes, closing her eyes and lowering her head.

She braces for the bone-breaking impact as the galloping footfalls and panting breaths rise to a sound like frantic thunder.

ROSEANNE

Kill me.

The impact does not come. Instead there's a swoosh of air as something passes by Roseanne, scuffing the edge of her jacket on its way. Another shape - PIRATE'S - sails over head as she ducks below it. Some rats are making their escape here too.

EXT. OUTSIDE LABS - NIGHT

In contrast to the sterile atmosphere of the labs, the night explodes with color - deep blue skies, blazing stars.

The world as seen by animal senses suddenly opens out into a glowing canvas of living nature.

Great liquid jewels of constellations, fiery-colored leaves crackling on the breeze as Tinker, Bandit and Pirate leap wildly, exultantly, into the night.

Roseanne barely moves, as she watches bushes thresh and sway. The sound of gunfire can be heard as the animals tear through the fences effortlessly and are gone into the darkness.

INT. FOYER - NIGHT

Roseanne stands in the doorway as the doors open, then close again, then open, then close. She simply stares ahead. She has made no plans beyond this point.

Military police come up behind her, together with a shaken Doctor Honda. He stares at her, shocked, smoothing down his unruly hair and replacing his spectacles. Fade up sirens.

She turns, eyes wide, shaken by what she has done. Honda shakes his head in a tiny movement. The sirens are very loud now.

INT. WE3 BAY - NIGHT

The restraint harnesses are open. Sirens reach a crescendo, then stop dead.

EXT. PERIMETER FENCE - MORNING

Morning light breaks across the camp. Crows bark raucously through the misty morning air. In the still and ghostly Fall sunrise, soldiers are rounding up rats with bleeping antennae. The soldiers use joypads to steer the poor rodent slaves back to captivity.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - MORNING

In the quietly humming base surveillance room, multiple CCTV screens continue to dispassionately show activity around PROJECT AWe.

INT. WE3 BAY CAM - MORNING

An industrial cleaning operation is in progress with people in NBC suits mopping up the floor of the home bay.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - MORNING

Honda has been up all night, and it shows. He's on the phone, stressed out.

HONDA

You have my word...no, they won't get far but it's not quite as simple as you might think. Doctor Berry disabled the remote link with We3...no, we don't...we have no control of them at this stage...

The Doc's more dishevelled than usual as he rewinds the footage of the animal escape. Scenes run backwards, showing broken furniture reversing into wholeness.

HONDA

Options? Well, as I told you, they can't possibly survive inside those suits for more than a few days...not without medication....

Another screen shows Roseanne in custody in a cramped interrogation room. Her head is bowed, she has a cup of coffee in her hands but hasn't tasted any of it.

HONDA

Days, unfortunately, are all they need to reach the nearest town.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Soldiers stand on guard around her. Honda is choosing his words very carefully, calm and controlled to the point of hysteria.

HONDA (V.O.)

'Pet animals'? Sir, I must ask you to take this seriously.

We3 are surgically-engineered, bio-modified organisms, armed by the United States military and trained by us to KILL.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - MORNING

Screens behind Honda show close ups on the mops and hoses, wiping up. He presses play to watch the animal escape once more.

HONDA

Like all animals, they are
instinctual, amoral.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - MORNING

Jeeps are mobilizing. Choppers take off.

HONDA (V.O.)

They lack the fear of death that
sets limits on human behavior.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM - MORNING

HONDA

Believe me, they won't go down
without a fight.

Freeze frame on a blurred CCTV recording of the escape.

EXT. PINE WOODLAND - MORNING

There is a rustling sound among the trees. Startled birds
take flight.

A laser sight tracks one bird on the wing.

Suddenly a flechette punches through the bird's heart. The
bird drops like a bag of groceries and TINKER leaps up to
catch it nimbly. She lands by Bandit and Pirate. Her
targeting laser swivels on her shoulder as she stares
intently down at her catch.

BANDIT stands stiffly, gently nosing at the air. Leaves blow
around him but he seems very certain about what he's looking
for and will not be distracted.

PIRATE munches at the grass, looking up every now and again,
warily, as if checking that the others are there.

Bandit ignores the cat as she gnaws halfheartedly at her
prey.

He's thinking, considering his next move very carefully. He inclines his head, sniffs. Sniffs. Stops. Faces east, into the light wind.

BANDIT

HOME.

He addresses the others, clearly their leader.

BANDIT

DANGER HERE. We3 HOME NOW.

He starts down the hill, purposefully.

PIRATE

?HOME? EAT. ?HOME? EAT.

Pirate looks to Tinker, chomping at her bird.

PIRATE

2! COME 2!

Tinker looks around.

TINKER

2 WHERE? .

Pirate bounds down the hill after Bandit.

PIRATE

2 HOME! 2 HOME!

Tinker sneers. Tightens her claw around the dead bird.

TINKER

2 STAY.

She lifts the bird to her mouth but her eyes are following the others.

TINKER

EAT.

The others vanish into the trees.

Tinker drops the bird and it falls to the forest floor, uneaten. Her stealthy hiss of a voice gives her words the weight of prophecy.

TINKER

We3 NO HOME WHERE.

Then she calculates her best chances...and runs after the others, disappearing down into the dappled shadows, descending into a valley.

Birds rise up from the treetops, startled by the passage of the animals below.

In the distance, over the tree-tops, three helicopters approach, coming into slow focus out of the morning haze. Cockpits glint in the morning sunshine and the sounds of crackling radio communication get louder.

Heat imaging pictures appear - shots through trees, tracking large moving objects. The chatter of radio static and human voices. Radar screens with tracers sweeping round and registering three moving blips.

Military mobilization is suddenly underway. There are jeeps roaring into the trees.

EXT. MILITARY BASE - MORNING

Black helicopters arrive at the camp. Ordinary soldiers look up and frown. Major Samson and Doctor Honda come down the steps of the compound. Samson has a harassed look, tucking his shirt into his pants. He's just arrived.

MAJOR SAMSON
Dan Washington's people.

The first chopper lands.

HONDA
Who are they?

MAJOR SAMSON
Men who don't exist. Unaccountable men.

BOXER (42) - the cold-eyed leader of the hard-core Black Ops team emerges from the lead chopper. He's a Special Forces officer, 6' 2", rugged and lean. A veteran of many secret battles.

MAJOR SAMSON
Shadow men.

Guys in suits with black briefcases follow him, moving with brisk efficiency. Tough soldiers. About twenty men in all, heading for their stations with minimal fuss. The new regime is here.

Boxer looks around. His gaze is hawkish, predatory.

MAJOR SAMSON (UNCOMFORTABLE)

We all have to get used to a new way of thinking.

The noise of rotors gets louder.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Honda, harassed, comes into the little interrogation room, where Roseanne sits, small and huddled under harsh lights. The MP watching over her nods to the Doctor and leaves the room.

M.P.

She won't say a word.

HONDA

Roseanne...

Honda crouches beside her.

HONDA

What made you do such a thing?

She says nothing.

HONDA

Yes, you've been under a lot of stress lately, I understand. You and your father were very close.

She looks up.

HONDA

Family. The heart. But this.

Despite Honda's emotional awkwardness he is trying to offer genuine sympathy.

HONDA

I know what it's like to lose a loved one. My mother and father, together in a fire,

Silence.

HONDA

To grieve is one thing, yes, but to destroy our own lives and the lives of others around us...

Roseanne almost speaks...

Then Honda's phone rings. Annoyed, he reaches for it.

HONDA

No, I can't talk...what?

Listens, nods.

HONDA

Thank you.

Closes the phone. Puts it away and faces her frankly.

HONDA

They've found them.

She says nothing.

HONDA

See what you've done.

She says nothing.

Honda's cell phone rings again. He tuts nervously, then listens carefully, making tight little nodding gestures.

Woodland noises bleed in...

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - DAY

We're moving among a group of rabbits feeding in a bright clearing between the trees. There's a low bass throbbing, that grows more and more audible. First one rabbit's ears prick up, then the others follow.

The throbbing of helicopter rotors gets louder and clearer. The trees start thrashing. The rabbits scatter, frightened, in all directions at once as the noise intensifies to a climax.

Two black choppers come in low, and open up with chattering gunfire. They're shooting at the trees, chopping wood into splinters.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

HELICOPTER PILOT

Targets at the tree line.

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - DAY

From out under the Pine tree cover come three barreling, bowling shapes. Sunlight glints off their state of the art shells.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

HELICOPTER PILOT

We're all over 'em.

EXT. WOODLAND CLEARING - DAY

We3 race wildly across the clearing running alongside the rabbits as bullets zip and thump all around, taking out the unwary.

Choppers swing overhead and spin, rotating in the air for a second pass.

While the first jeep comes bouncing over the ridge in pursuit, closing in on the three four-legged fugitives.

The animals are still running. They enter the trees - deciduous trees, no longer the pines of the upper valley slopes - on the other side of the clearing, searching desperately for cover.

Bandit casts a look back over his shoulder at the jeep moving in behind. Bullets are whacking through the trees on all sides. Some shells ricochet from the animals' hard protective armor. Terrified, panting, We3 races through the trees, in a strobe of flashing sunlight and gunfire.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Roseanne's eyes, intense flicker and dart as the drama unfolds on HONDA's cell phone.

HONDA

Please...Tell your men to proceed with extreme caution.

If these animals are threatened with ANY kind of weapon they WILL kill.

Honda on his cell phone. He's starting to panic slightly and speaks more quickly, trying to stop the imminent disaster.

HONDA

Listen to me! Their senses are different from ours.

They're much faster than any human being...they experience time and motion in ways we cannot comprehend.

He's panicked.

HONDA

Warn your men.

I simply...simply cannot stress the dangers enough.

He folds the phone down. Mops his brow with a huge handkerchief.

HONDA

They have no idea.

EXT. WOODLAND HOLLOW - DAY

Choppers are firing down into the trees, chopping them to splinters.

But on the ground, the animals have split up and are leading the soldiers into a hollow under the trees.

Tinker takes to the trees, leaping nimbly from branch to branch. Breaking some by misjudging her own armored weight but always scrambling into the highest boughs.

While Bandit snarls and stops dead. Abruptly, unstoppably, the dog turns to face the pursuing jeep. It bears down on him and he tenses his hydraulic haunches.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

HONDA

Those poor men.

He is very agitated, troubled, thinking hard.

HONDA

Wait.

Then comes his Eureka moment of inspiration. Honda has an idea.

HONDA
I know what I can do.

EXT. WOODLAND HOLLOW - DAY

Straight into the action. Head down, Bandit springs and smashes through the jeep's windshield, firing his guns as he goes.

We shift into animal senses special effects time here as everything freezes, stops, starts, magnifies, or slows to a crawl to mimic animal perception - and through it all, the animals move, unerringly and without the slightest thought.

Shattering glass spins all around. Soldiers are thrown from their seats as Bandit's deadly momentum propels him forward until he's smashing through the BACK of the jeep and landing in the wreckage. He shakes his head, sending glass shards in every direction, then looks up at the chattering black choppers above the tree line. A hatch opens in his back and as he shakes himself, a small cannon unlatches and angles itself towards the choppers, copying the tilt of Bandit's head as it tracks his gaze.

Tinker scrambles up a tree as the ruined jeep crashes into the trunk below. The cat seems to leave the frame altogether, moving so fast and with such precise and lethal grace that she seems to reduce everything around her to a series of freeze frame silent movie stills. Tinker seems to move through a gallery of slow-moving statue people. The cat calculates and strikes, in a series of super-precise, strobed motions, slicing weapons from hands and slashing with her claws. So ferocious and so fast, the soldiers can't deal with it at all. Men have barely a chance to react or aim. These blorbs were made too well.

Pirate bounds among the foot soldiers, evading gunfire with effortless giant leaps. All the while, the rabbit is dropping poison gas bombs behind him and littering the forest with bleeping explosive balls. Soldiers duck for cover pulling on gas masks.

One lucky shot chips away the glass covering and shatters the interior light bulb of Pirate's tail light.

From the trees, Tinker launches a round of needle-like flechettes from her mechanical claws. Razor-sharp hail zips and flashes down keeping the soldiers flattened down behind trees. The deadly needle projectiles drill their way across the tree bark, while soldiers cower behind.

There are explosions everywhere, now, ripping through the woodland so that no human being can move safely. These creatures know how to commandeer a battlefield.

Caught in the blast wave from one of the explosions in the trees, the black chopper tilts wildly.

Bandit's face is serious as he looks up at the chopper. His cannon swivels, targets.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

In the passenger seat of the chopper, a sinister black-clad sniper raises his rifle and takes aim at Pirate.

EXT. WOODLAND HOLLOW - DAY

Then Bandit's cannon fires.

The shell whizzes upwards and hammers into the cabin of the chopper, which explodes in a flaming spiral above the trees.

INT. RAT LAB - DAY

HONDA hurries into the rat enclosure.

The Operator center is filled with geek gamer guys operating rats with control pads. These are the soldiers of the future, pasty, overweight and munching on potato chips as they guide rats into battle.

Honda takes the control pad from one of them.

HONDA

We trained them to kill.
If you threaten them with any kind
of weapon they will KILL.

Everyone stops what they're doing and looks at him.

HONDA

There's no need for human beings to
die.

They all go back to what they were doing, heads nodding in time to the music on their MP3 players.

GEEK

Right on.

EXT. WOODLAND HOLLOW - DAY

A group of soldiers in gas masks stumbles through the dispersing curtains of poison gas.

The lead soldier stops and pulls off his mask, gasping for breath, then he hears a growl. He looks up swinging his gun into position.

Bandit is crouched on the rise, growling down at him. Bandit prepares to leap. A burning jeep makes a backdrop of flame behind the dog.

The soldier is shaking, can't seem to make his gun work. He stares into Bandit's eyes and knows he's going to die any moment.

Then suddenly, instinctively, with shaking hands, he lowers his gun.

SOLDIER

Good dog. Good dog.

In response, calmly, Bandit sits back on his haunches, alert but no longer threatening.

More soldiers appear behind the lead soldier. Bandit growls and gets to his feet.

Then Pirate leaps out of the flames and lands with a thump beside Bandit, ready to fight at his side.

There is a familiar yowl of triumphant irritation then Tinker springs lightly into place so that's she's flanking Bandit on the other side.

The dog faces down the soldiers, with the air of a squad captain, well pleased with his team.

The soldier pats the air, instructing the others to lower their weapons.

They do.

Each of the soldiers lowers his weapon and for a moment there is an exchange of curious stares. All three animals are framed by fire, their eyes gleaming.

And first one soldier, then the others holds up his hands, palm outwards.

Led by Bandit, We3 slowly turn and disappear into the undergrowth.

The soldiers look around, amazed they're still alive.

It's a rout in the glade. There are blazing gutted vehicles piled up against trees, jeeps overturned into the ditches of little river valleys. A helicopter burning by the babbling brook.

INT. RAT LAB - DAY

A little village has been built in a walled-in enclosure - the village is constructed using weird improvised rat designs made of plastic Lego-type bricks, straws and other brightly colored, easy to manipulate items.

The rats all have little boxes in their heads. There's something charming and also grotesque about the image of these purposefully scurrying creatures - the weird warren the rats are constructing is like some mediaeval fever dream. Some of the rats have had limbs amputated and the others have constructed little crutches for them. There are weird rickshaw-like contraptions all made of bendy colored wire and plastic components which rats pull around behind them, carrying things

HONDA

This is the point. The whole point
of my work.

The operator geeks man their joypads.

All the fiber-optic antennae in the rats' heads light up at the same time and the creatures all stop what they're doing and lift their heads simultaneously.

Pictures fizzle into view on the operators laptop screens, showing the view from each individual rat.

HONDA

NO-ONE has to die when we have
soldiers like these.

All the rats' heads turn in the same direction. Guided by radio and fully under external control now.

Boxer and his men enter, ready with their weapons. Honda and Major Samson turn to face him.

HONDA

Gentlemen, please.

Honda faces Boxer's emotionless gaze. Boxer looks around contemptuously. The geeks look down to avoid his eyes but Honda does not flinch when Boxer's icy arrogance returns to confront him. It's pretty clear Boxer doesn't think much of Honda, his team or his plan but the doctor has his own form of blank calm.

HONDA

Leave this to us.

MAJOR SAMSON

I'm with the Doctor on this one.

Beat.

MAJOR SAMSON

I am still in charge here.

Boxer smirks.

EXT. WOODLAND HOLLOW - DAY

Wreckage and burning ruins of vehicles.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

HONDA returns to the room.

He closes door behind him and faces Roseanne.

HONDA

They wouldn't listen. Everything is different now.

Still no dice, no words. She does not even open her eyes but her expression changes like weather. Her eyeballs roll under the lids - as if she's dreaming or seeing vision. Nothing needs be said now. Momentum will roll right over her and free her of all responsibility for how things turn out. Just as she'd hoped. Honda tries a different tact.

HONDA

Did you think I would let your work be dismissed or forgotten? You are a genius! A pioneer.

He waits for and answer, accusing. Silence. She's not being difficult, she genuinely CANNOT find the words to say how she feels at this time. It is her personal ironic tragedy.

HONDA
This is suicide.

Her eyes flicker, looking up at him. Yes, it IS suicide. All this and more crosses her face but it happens too subtly for Honda, who sees only obdurate silence and not these deep wells of emotion. He huffs, exasperated, tries to hammer home the consequences.

HONDA
And if Weapon 3 reaches the city?
What then? Have you thought about
any of this?

Roseanne is silent. Her eyes are closed.

HONDA
So be it. You do know what they
said to me, Roseanne?
They said if the rats don't WORK.
Well...

Honda comes to stand by her.

HONDA
YOU will have to do the talking.

Her eyes suddenly open wide...as she considers the shocking implications of what her boss has just told her.

EXT. TRAINTRACK - DAY

A train screams by at high speed. A steep slope leads down into a deep river valley spanned by a metal bridge.

We3 watch the train pass and creep from cover. They make their way down the slope onto the railway embankment, slinking together down through tall grass towards the tracks.

Tinker licks her robotic claw, annoyed. She's flexing her claws with an empty clicking sound. She has used up all her flechettes and her cartridges are empty.

Tinker hisses, annoyed. Click. Click. No weapons.

INT. RAT LAB - DAY

All the geeks sit with their control pads at the ready.

As if synchronized, they operate their joysticks simultaneously.

The rats sit up, then skitter eerily into place, arranging themselves into strict lines and columns, like well-drilled soldiers. The geeks munch candy bars, dip into bowls of popcorn and chips.

The geeks manipulate the buttons on their pads and, in response, the rats flow together out of the room in a creepy procession.

EXT. HELIPAD - DAY

The rats run towards a waiting chopper.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Silence. Roseanne staring. Honda tries again.

HONDA

The communications breakthroughs
you achieved have been remarkable
but that's not what they want!

He's practically sweating, confessing.

HONDA

Don't you understand? They don't
want to communicate, they want to
give orders. The new administration
wants beasts bred to obey orders!

Intense.

HONDA

They want soldiers!

He realizes he too is one of those beasts. He catches himself.

HONDA

To think otherwise is naive.

She closes her eyes, really thinking about what she's done now. He's got her guard down and aims an emotional punch.

HONDA

But you know what hurts most?

It's all sinking in as the self-righteous adrenaline finally wears off, leaving her small and shocked.

He relents.

HONDA
That you didn't ever trust me to
save you.

Silence. He's practically vibrating with internalized
emotion.

HONDA
That's what hurts.

He's lying.

EXT. TRAINTRACK - DAY

Pirate, distracted, turns to look at his broken tail light,
damaged during the battle.

PIRATE
TAIL. BAD. FIX. BAD.

Bandit considers the bridge and the train track.

PIRATE
TAIL. FIX.

BANDIT
3! QUIET!

He sniffs the rails and whines. The others wait impatiently
for a decision. Pirate eats grass. Bandit returns to the
embankment and looks down at the river tumbling over stones
below - it's pretty deep but his eyes follow a rough path
down the ravine to where the shallower water is.

Bandit hesitates, weighing up options.

Pirate is sick, throwing up in the verge.

All around, there is stealthy movement in the trees, coming
closer. Starting stopping, stealthy creeping in the grass.

Bandit knows he must choose right or lose face. He looks at
the path down river again.

BANDIT
HOME.

Bandit walks off the track, heading down into the ravine.

BANDIT
COME.

Pirate moves to follow. Tinker stays.

TINKER
IS STINNK BAD!

Bandit stops and looks back, expecting obedience from the pack.

BANDIT
IS WAY! We3 FOLLOW

TINKER
IS 2 WAY!

Haughtily, Tinker walks off on her own across the bridge.

Bandit watches, frowning.

BANDIT
2! FOLLOW!

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Angrily, Tinker turns to face Bandit, snarling.

TINKER
STINKKK DOG!

Bandit loses it, instinct takes over, and he makes a run at Tinker. She rears up flexing her mechanical claws. Pirate is flustered and skittish.

TINKER
STINKKK DOG!

Bandit barrels into Tinker and the two roll across the train tracks, scuffling and biting. Pirate intervenes, agitated.

PIRATE
NO!

Bandit and Tinker face one another, growling and spitting, while Pirate attempts to separate them in his simple nervy fashion.

PIRATE
1! 2! 3! We3!

Bandit comes to his senses first and backs down. He's unwilling to split his pack and he also realizes that the cat's insubordination lacks substance. Tinker is scared. They all are, but Bandit is their leader.

They need to know if he's trustworthy by testing him like this. He figures all this out in a moment's concerned doggy ponder.

TINKER

GET! GET!

Tinker is still growling and spitting, unwilling to calm down until she realizes the others are now ignoring her.

PIRATE

UH-OH

The atmosphere has changed abruptly. A sense of menacing, circling eyes prevails. They've lingered too long at the half way point of the bridge and it's clear they're exposed, confused and frightened. The bridge structure seems to loom oddly, threateningly, with its rearing pylons and girders.

There is suddenly something ominous about the whole scene.

Tinker stops her complaining and becomes aware of this change in the atmosphere.

Suddenly, all three assume defensive stances. Circling around. They see nothing but they can hear it, a stealthy hissing. Nothing on the tracks.

Then they raise their heads slowly to look up at the girders of the bridge.

There are hordes of mind-controlled RATS looking down at them. Hundreds of rats, all with blinking red diodes in their heads

BANDIT

RATS!

Bandit looks up and barks wildly.

Tinker arches her back and hisses.

Pirate freezes. His eyes roll.

INT. RAT LAB - DAY

As one, the operator geeks slam home the thumb buttons on their joypads.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

And from everywhere, they come, little red beady eyes, flickering diodes, whirring drill bit heads - the RATS, in slippery tides, creeping down the bridge supports, slithering across the rails, dropping from above - they're spreading like furry mould, attacking from everywhere!

BANDIT

We3 KILL!

The lead rat leaps down towards Bandit's face, fangs bared.

But Bandit opens his mouth and snaps down. Snatching the first rat from the air, he shakes it in his jaws, cracking its back and tossing it aside.

Then he braces his legs and growls a terrifying growl as the other rats advance, without heed.

INT. RAT LAB - DAY

A screen goes out on one of the operator geeks' monitors. Static fuzz shows on his screen.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

But there are hundreds. The tide of rats keeps coming and the We3 animals turn to flee across the bridge.

Rats clatter and swarm across Tinker's shell. Drill heads bore into her joints, loosening armor plates. Cybernetic screwdrivers go to work on screws.

Part of the armored panelling around Bandit's leg peels off under the onslaught.

Tinker races forward, plagued by rats which cling to her armor, biting and drilling. She yowls wildly in a headlong plunge then stumbles and goes down under a squirming mess of cyber-rats, rolling, tumbling leaping and clawing. She seems overwhelmed by them. It looks like she's done for.

But Bandit skids to a halt.

BANDIT

2!

The loyal dog shakes his shoulders and, with blazing eyes, turns back to help the cat.

BANDIT
I PROTECT!

Bandit uses his guns. Dozens of rats are chopped down in the spray of bullets.

Then Bandit leaps bodily into the fray, biting and snapping to help Tinker wriggle free of the mass of wriggling rats. Back to back, dog and cat fight together, halfway across the railway bridge high above the river.

Rats are thrown in every direction, spilling into the water far below, or thudding with broken backs against the bridge supports. The noise is horrendous, like a thousand ragged nails dragged across a thousand slate blackboards. So much noise that no-one seems to notice the faint whine from the rails.

INT. RAT LAB - DAY

More monitors go out, all disappearing one by one as the operator geeks throw down their pads in frustration.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Pirate is reaching the far side of the bridge ahead of the others, by leaps and bounds.

Pirate skips and darts away from us, jetting a noxious liquid from the mechanical gland-pipes flanking his ass. Rats caught in the spray, fall, twitching in its toxic grip, and rendered lifeless within seconds.

Then that stealthy whine from the rails seems to rise sharply in volume. The bridge rattles and the rails shake.

The rat hordes freeze - base terror is fighting with their programming. The glittering red eyes flash with fear - the rats slink back, afraid to come forward to face Tinker and Pirate. Rats reel as they clutch at their heads - they cannot defy their instructions yet they must. Fear and adrenaline versus mind control - the contradictory instructions in the rats' minds are tearing them apart!

And as the rails whine, we realize what's scared them - an oncoming freight train.

PIRATE

UH-OH.

We're behind Pirate as he leaps along the track, emblazoned against the lights of the oncoming train which hurtles down the straight. Pirate bounds towards the train, dropping bombs on the track, then, with a single movement, leaps right over the front of the onrushing train.

INT. TRAIN CAB - DAY

The cab driver sees the commotion up ahead and slams on the brakes. Pirate leaps up past his window.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

The train screams to a halt. Slowly shuddering and stopping right in front of Bandit and Tinker. Both animals stare, frozen. A dead rat falls from Bandit's jaws. He looks up... and sees the train driver staring down at him.

They almost breathe a sigh of relief in this brief moment of calm.

A bird whistles. Then the 'bleep bleep bleep' sound from under the train suddenly STOPS.

Pirate's bombs goes off spectacularly taking out the end of the bridge and breaking the train's back.

The bridge structure collapses. The train engine falls, taking its freight with it, crashing down into the river below in a riot of noise and commotion. Birds fly up from trees.

For a moment Bandit and Tinker are watching the train twist away from them like a wounded snake, then they too are caught up in the helpless sliding momentum. They're falling. The bridge is collapsing from underneath them. They plummet down into the ravine, yowling into a chaos of water, bubbles, debris.

Fade to black.

INT. RAT LAB - DAY

The geeks give up, throwing their joypads in disgust. All their monitors but one are out. This last one shows the carnage and the shattered bridge and train wreck. Makes them believe all is lost.

EXT. TRAINTRACK - DAY

Stillness. The bridge creaks, broken in two and shattered beyond repair. On the other side of the exploded gap, is Pirate. Pirate is fretful.

PIRATE

UH-OH.

No sign of life below. Pirate looks around nervously.

PIRATE

UH-OH.

Pirate bounds away along the track, getting as far away as he can from the terrible bridge. Skittish and panicking, he disappears down the track into the distance.

INT. CHOPPER - DAY

The pilot looks at the plume of smoke where the bridge was. Brings his bird in over the devastation.

The co-pilot surveys the disaster scene with his binoculars. Then he makes a thumbs up sign.

INT. RAT LAB -DAY

Cheering geeks. Right on! Mission control high-fiving scene erupts spontaneously.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Honda folds his phone away. Formal and clipped but his hands shake slightly.

HONDA

Thank God.
It's over.

Roseanne looks up, sad and weary now.

EXT. CHOPPER - DAY

The chopper spins above the water, circling overhead for a third sweep.

Bubbles and froth on the water surface.

The chopper peels away.

EXT. FOREST PARKING AREA - DAY

Way downriver, an upscale SUV is pulling into a wilderness parking area.

The truck parks. A man - simply known as DAD (40) gets out and looks up at the chopper sweeping overhead. He's an urban professional trying to do the bonding thing with the son he's hardly seen. It's not working.

DAD

Army choppers. Used to be an old military airfield up on the heights...

So how about that tent?

A boy, TODD (14) gets out, shrugs. He's wearing a Metal T-shirt. Gloomily he unpacks the tent packs and swings his own onto his back.

Dad shakes his head. He retrieves the hunting rifles from the back of the truck, releasing the family dog at the same time.

DAD

We'll pitch up on the ridge.

Dad points across the road into the woodland. The boy rolls his eyes. Dad is offended.

DAD

These are survival skills I'm teaching you. Stuff you'll never forget.

He follows Todd and the dog up the trail to the ridge.

EXT. RIVER - DAY

Ripples spread across the river and the woodland grows quiet once more.

Then suddenly there's a splashing sound. Scrabbling out of the water, here comes TINKER. She climbs up onto a freight car jutting from the river and meows plaintively.

More splashing can be heard. It's Bandit, swimming for the shore, and dragging a man's body with him.

Laboriously, the dog begins to drag the train driver out of the river onto the bank, pleased with his own achievement.

BANDIT
GUD DOG. HELP MAN.

Tinker leaps nimbly from the freight train and lands on the bank.

BANDIT [TO TINKER]
GUD DOG.

Tinker sniffs at the man. She pulls her head back sharply.

TINKER
GUD DOG?

Tinker extends a paw, to pat at the man. Bandit looks uncertain. Part of the armor plating around his back leg has come loose in the fall. He shakes his leg and it rattles.

TINKER
STINNK MAN! BOSS GON.

Bandit takes a sniff at the train driver.

BANDIT
BOSS?

He touches the man, and nuzzles his head, licking it. Suddenly the man groans. The animals jump back a little. The man starts coughing and rolls over on his front, bringing up water. Bandit is pleased.

BANDIT
GET 3 NOW.

TINKER
3 GON. 2 GO.

Tinker wanders off to lap at the water in the riverbank pools, like it's the most important thing in the world.

Bandit turns from the man as he slowly recovers and focuses his disbelieving eyes.

BANDIT
NO GON. GET 3. GET HOME.

Tinker stares at him. She returns to lap at the water.

BANDIT
2 COME!

Tinker looks up, shakes head. Leg. Bandit stares, fuming.

TINKER

I SAY HOME. IS NO HOME.

They face one another. Tinker is confrontational, demanding reasons. The train driver simply stares, afraid to move or speak.

TINKER

HOME IS?

Bandit thinks.

BANDIT

HOME?

Tinker watches as Bandit works it all out in his doggy way.

BANDIT

IS RUN NO MORE.

He gives up on her, then trots off.

Tinker waits a second, considering his answer, then follows her leader into the woods by the river.

The train driver coughs again and looks up, his gaze following the bizarre creatures into the trees.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - EVENING

Bandit and Tinker lope across the countryside. They watch butterflies. Nature montage. The moon rises over the shadowy hills and everything seems enchanted. Bandit, with glowing, zealous eyes powers forward, snuffling through the undergrowth, as Tinker brings up the rear. They move like a military unit, blending into the environment, sticking to shadows and hollows, heading down into the valley and the distant lights of the city.

EXT. RIVER- EVENING

Military teams spotlight the area to dredge the river but they've found no trace of We3. There are only huddled, shuddering rats. Then a couple of Boxer's Black Ops boys come across the train driver. He stumbles into the light, dragging a broken leg and clutching his ribs.

BOXER

Which way did they go ?

The train driver seems almost delirious as he stares at the soldiers.

BOXER

These are dangerous animals. Where did they go?

DRIVER

But they saved my life...if it wasn't for the dog, I'd be dead...

The Black Ops bastards don't want to know and push him aside roughly. Boxer crouches down and checks the tracks by the riverbank then points curtly towards the trees.

DRIVER

Those things saved my life!

The Driver's hustled into a jeep, still protesting.

Boxer picks up a half-dead cyber-rat and looks at the creature with contempt. It's drill head whirs feebly.

BOXER

This is their replacement for a soldier?

He kills the rat, dashing it to the ground and stamping down on it. Then he makes a sharp beckoning gesture.

The Black Ops team moves on into the forest.

EXT. RIDGE - EVENING

Silhouetted against the blue sky and stars of evening are Bandit and Tinker, loping across a ridge.

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT

Waters tumble over rocks to gatherer at a lovely rock pool in a glade deep under the trees. Darkness is coming in and the forest is switching to twilight modes of operation. The light turns velvety and magical as a graceful deer bends to lap from the bubbling rock pool in the moonlight.

Then the red dot of a targeting laser appears on the deer's neck

Click.

EXT. WOODLAND RISE - NIGHT

Bandit's dreamy faraway expression vanishes into a scowl as he realizes what Tinker is trying to do. Frustrated, the cat tries to fire flechettes it no longer has.

Click

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT

Alert now, the deer raises its head rapidly and chews once, then is GONE.

EXT. WOODLAND RISE - NIGHT

Click click-click

Bandit seems sad. Tinker is simply annoyed that she no longer has full firepower, hissing at her mechanical claws even as she flexes them for inspection.

EXT. ROCK POOL - NIGHT

Together, the dog and cat creep down to the edge of the rock pool.

Bandit takes great greedy gulps of water. Tinker joins him. They sit licking their lips in the moonlight.

Beat.

Then body convulsions. Hacking, backing up.

Tinker throws up first, hacking it out as only a cat can. Then Bandit vomits. They both look miserable, heads hanging low, with huge strings of goober hanging from their lips. Two sick animals. Bandit studies the muck he's just thrown up. His nose wrinkles and he backs away. Bandit knows something is wrong.

BANDIT

DEE-COMM-ISH

He shakes his leg again, irritated. The armor panel flaps loose.

Tinker spits, then sits up suddenly, ears pricking.

Voices. Human voices.

EXT. WOODLAND CAMP - EVENING

Back with Dad and his reluctant son as Dad steps back to look at the tent, admiring his handiwork. Todd is inside, trying to support one of the poles.

DAD

I know what I'm doing. Come on out
and see how it looks.

Todd shrugs, let's go the pole and opens the tent flap. The tent falls down.

DAD

You're not supposed to pull on the
zipper like that!

The tent is a shambles.

TODD

How am I supposed to get out?

Todd drags out his sleeping bag.

TODD

I'll sleep in the truck.

DAD

It's miles away.
Come on, how many hours did we just
spend doing this?

Todd dumps his stuff by the little fire where vegetables are cooking in a pot.

TODD

This smells good.

He takes a taste,

DAD

We'll get some flesh in here
tomorrow.

TODD

I don't know about this.

Dad assumes a questioning expression.

TODD

Hunting I mean...shooting animals
and stuff.
It just seems gross.

Deep down, Dad kind of agrees, but he wants to play at being
his OWN dad.

DAD

I used to dream of trips like this.
The whole ritual, you know? A boy
and his dad, like me and the old
man. Help me out here, Todd.

TODD

Let 'em all live; that's what I
say.

DAD

This is your mother's influence. I
know that's not you talking.

TODD

Whatever.

DAD

Out here it's all about survival

Todd gestures towards the sparkling city lights in the
valley.

TODD

Dad, we live in an apartment twenty
miles that way.

Dad deflated. The dog sits up and barks. Todd starts. Dad
puts a finger to his lips.

DAD

Shh!

EXT. UNDERGROWTH - NIGHT

A shape in the undergrowth is lurking, watching the fire and
the light. It backs away.

EXT. WOODLAND CAMP - NIGHT

The dog stops barking. Dad and son relax a little. Dad shakes
his head.

DAD

I'm just trying to show you a
different world; a wider world.

Todd huffs, letting out tension.

DAD

Look, how about you don't even have
to shoot anything.

Todd shrugs and manages a smile. Dad offers the rifle.

DAD

Just take the rifle.
You don't have to use it.

Bear witness to the cringing agony of a dad trying to bond
with his son, too late.

DAD

It makes you look cool. Grown up.

Todd is horrified. But he takes the rifle anyway and there's
almost a moment of understanding between them. Then dad stick
his foot in it...

DAD.

Is your mom still seeing that guy?

Todd's face hardens. He pulls the rifle from his father's
grip.

DAD

I still love her.

Todd's young face is set.

TODD

Where do I pee?

Dad's posture slumps. He makes a defeated gesture to include
the whole forest, the whole world right now.

DAD

Anywhere you like.

Then he watches his son disappear into the trees, a man
consumed by guilt and dissatisfaction. His dog barks again,
sensing something in the trees.

DAD

Shut up.

EXT. UNDERGROWTH - NIGHT

Todd picks his way through branches. He looks back to reassure himself with the light of camp through the trees.

Then, there's a noise. A rabbit skips by. Todd turns. Should he call his dad? Instead, he waves his arms. The rabbit scrams and he chases it a little. It vanishes into bushes...which then shake wildly as if something big is moving in there.

Todd realizes something big IS moving in there. He steps back, vocal chords frozen. He tries to gasp out words but can't find them. The bushes shake, and then part and Pirate emerges in front of the startled boy.

PIRATE

FIX. TAIL.

Todd finds his voice.

TODD

DAD!!!

EXT. RIDGE TOP - EVENING

Together Bandit and Tinker sit and gaze down at the distant lights of the city spread out in the valley below.

BANDIT

HOME.

The lights are mesmerizing. Tinker bright-eyed, almost believing.

BANDIT

IS HOME. IS GUD BOSS.

Then suddenly Bandit sniffs at the air. Brow furrows.

BANDIT

3!

Bandit alert, starts down the hill through the trees. Tinker rouses herself to follow.

BANDIT

3!

Closer to the road and the tent. There's a bright light there.

EXT. WOODLAND CAMP - NIGHT

Todd running. Pirate POV coming after him. Crashing through bushes in the dark. He bursts into the lighted circle of their camp.

TODD

Dad!!

He falls into his dad's arms. Dad grins at first.

DAD [TO SON]

You want me to tell your mother you were scared by a rabbit?

There's a big threshing noise from the undergrowth.

TODD

It's not a rabbit...

DAD [FALTERING]

Of course it's a...rabbit.

Dad turns to see Pirate emerging onto the trail leading to the camp. Wheeze of hydraulic joints. The glow of pilot lights and fiber-optic sensors.

TODD

I think it's an alien.

Pirate hops forward.

DAD

GET AWAY FROM MY SON!

Pirate hesitates, snuffs at the air with twitching nostrils.

DAD

Get back to the truck, Todd.

PIRATE

BOSS. FIX. TAIL. We3 FIX.

Dad lifts his rifle. Pirate lowers his head. Weird whirring noises come from his armor. The boy is scared now.

TODD

Dad, put the gun down..

PIRATE

FIX. TAIL.

Dog barking wildly, scared.

TODD

What if it needs help to get home?

The dad lowers his gun, squinting his eyes.

TODD

You could start an interplanetary war.

Then Pirate stupidly starts forward, with a little hopeful hop. The rabbit's face shows confusion. Dad reacts by raising his gun.

DAD

Don't come any closer.

PIRATE

FIX. TAIL.

Before father and son can think, a crashing, splintering sound from the trees heralds the arrival of Bandit, barking in English.

BANDIT

3!

Pirate turns when he hears the familiar voice. And in that fateful second, the man panics and fires his rifle.

BANDIT

3!

Pirate is hit!

The control box on his head explodes as the rabbit is hurled off his feet and sent skidding across the forest trail, where he lies fizzing and making weird electro feedback noises.

Bandit and Tinker pause for a second in the trail while the hunter and his son gape.

The animals glance at their fallen comrade, squirming and spinning on the trail.

Then they turn towards the man with the rifle.

TODD

Put the gun DOWN, dad!

DAD [TO SON]

You run! You hear me ?

Todd starts running.

DAD

Run and don't you dare...

He doesn't even get a chance to finish. He aims his gun at Bandit who leaps through the air with a snarl.

Tinker blurs through the air with claws extended and the panic barks of the family dog are cut suddenly short.

Todd runs wildly down into the trees and keeps on running as the yells are cut short as a gunshot blast rings out and then there is silence.

EXT. WOODLAND CAMP - PRE-DAWN

The night turns to dove gray pre-morning.

PIRATE

XXVVT

The rabbit shakes his head. Sparks come out of the damaged box. He paws at it.

Bandit's head is hung low.

Tinker sniffs at the legs of the man and his dog, glimpsed behind their truck.

BANDIT

BAD DOG.

PIRATE

VKKZZ

Tinker watches buzzing flies with her cold predator's gaze.

BANDIT

BAD DOG.

Bandit shudders with guilt. He has obeyed his training to kill when threatened but inside he knows he has broken some deeper law. The dog's eyes are closed and he seems to be dreaming awake, shaking.

BANDIT

BAD DOG.

TINKER

HOME?

BANDIT

BAD DOG.

They see lights coming on the road below, hear noises, and hurry away, vanishing into the undergrowth.

Tinker nudges Bandit. He moves a little, shaking out his leg. Lights come closer below. The animals head down into the brush, then dart across the road below as the lights come around the bend, accompanying the rumble of engines. Bandit kicks his back leg again until a loose armor section falls away, exposing the inner workings beneath his suit - a shaved, scabby haunch with hydraulic struts and exo-skeletal joints bolted into the dog's living flesh and muscle.

Tinker pushes Bandit along as they head on down towards the city boundaries.

TINKER

HOME!

EXT. FOREST PARKING AREA - PRE-DAWN

The Dredger team are returning from their work at the river. Winding down the woodland road. Stormclouds building over the city as the wind picks up.

INT. TRUCK - PRE-DAWN

He sees something up ahead in the road, another truck. And a boy standing in the middle of the road.

EXT. FOREST PARKING AREA - PRE-DAWN

They pull up by the truck and leap out. There they find Todd, with staring eyes, cut and bruised and shell-shocked.

The lead guy reaches down and picks up the piece of armor which dropped from Bandit's back leg.

INT. ELEVATOR - EARLY MORNING.

MAJOR SAMSON

They found the boy wandering in the woods a mile from...from the body.

Major Samson joins Doctor Honda, blearily buttoning his uniform jacket as the elevator goes down.

MAJOR SAMSON

These creatures are now within five miles of the city limits. 800,000 people. I'd call this a matter for utmost concern, wouldn't you?

Honda is silent, grave.

INT. WE4 BAY - EARLY MORNING.

They come into the ANIMAL WEAPON 4 bay.

MAJOR SAMSON

I have no choice now. We have orders.

HONDA

Even so.

MAJOR SAMSON(FIRM)

I expect your support.

Honda is stubborn.

HONDA

I have to strongly advise against the deployment of Animal Weapon 4 in a civilian area.

MAJOR SAMSON [ANGRY]

Doctor Honda, if we don't contain those animals, this entire project goes down and takes us with it!

Special OPs Men bringing the monster up from its pit amidst snarls, roars and tearing sounds. Boxer is there overseeing the activity.

MAJOR SAMSON

Now, they want a field test of the Weapon 4 prototype and they're gonna get one.

HONDA

This is a battlefield animal, genetically-engineered for hyper-aggressive behavior.

He looks at the helmet unit on a bench. A big dome of fiberglass, with a sliding polarized visor.

HONDA

His helmet unit is still incomplete. I don't think he's ready...

Boxer looks over.

MAJOR SAMSON [LOSING PATIENCE]

You leave the decisions to me, Doctor.
You think that monstrosity needs a helmet? It has a head like a concrete battering ram and jaws that can bite through steel!

Honda wipes his brow.

MAJOR SAMSON

You designed these monsters to destroy one another on distant battlefields, now am I correct?

The cage is shuddering with the rage of the creature within, bucking and slamming, Honda looks away.

MAJOR SAMSON

Remember those wars of tomorrow you talked about?

Well, thanks to that lunatic you hired, they've already begun, here, today.
Somebody has to put those animals down.

Boxer smiles coldly.

INT. HELIPAD - EARLY MORNING

Roseanne in handcuffs escorted out to the helicopter.

They're mobilizing from the base. The Weapon 4 cage is fork-lifted to a waiting chopper.

Roseanne pauses in the wind from the rotors.

ROSEANNE

Isn't there someone I can talk to?
I want to make a phone call.
Please, I think I left my parrot's cage open.

Everyone turns to look at her incredulously.

ROSEANNE

His name's Mr. Christian.
Doctor Honda...I need to talk to
someone.

HONDA looks away. It's too late for this.

MAJOR SAMSON

Miss Berry, be advised that you're
being held responsible for the
release of not one but THREE
dangerous biological weapons into
the environment.

Roseanne shuts up.

MAJOR SAMSON

Be thankful we still need you to
lure those animals into position.

Snarling sounds.

ROSEANNE

Lure them?

MAJOR SAMSON

They listen to you, don't they.

ROSEANNE

No.

MAJOR SAMSON

You don't have 'no' as an option,
Miss Berry!

ROSEANNE

Doctor Honda, you can't allow this.

She appeals to Honda but Honda is cold.

HONDA

It's beyond my control.

She turns.

ROSEANNE

We taught them to kill! We did this
to them!

Honda looks away, disappointed.

HONDA

WE only made the gun, You chose to
fire it...

Pause.

HONDA

...and now you must catch the
bullet.

ROSEANNE

At least let me save the dog.

Honda turns to Boxer. Boxer shakes his head curtly.

Honda turns away from Roseanne, frosty now. He's done his
bit.

HONDA

The time for talking is done.

As if to emphasize the Doc's words comes a hellish ROAAAR!

Then a slamming weight of muscled flesh hammers against the
bars of its cage, making the whole thing shudder.

Slobbering, red-eyed, the beast within bludgeons its head
against the bars, then draws itself up and bellows a soul-
chilling roar of sheer destruction. Now we finally see the
next generation Animal Weapon 4 in all its terrifying, primal
glory - a giant black mastiff in a matt black heavy duty
version of the We3 armor. Savage, awe-inspiring and utterly
terrifying, the dog slams against the bars once more, teeth
bared, eyes rolling, bloodshot.

And HOWLS.

EXT. TRAIN YARDS - MORNING

Rain falls. Across the train sidings, the yards and sheds.

It's morning. Dirty outskirts of city where the train
tracks converge and countryside breaks down into scrub and
waste ground. Wire fences. Broken down trucks.

FRANK the HOMELESS GUY is in shot, crouched down by the rails
as he works on the wheel of broken down shopping cart. The
cart, piled high with precious junk is the property of
another older bum, SCRUFFY (60), who watches in awe,
scratching at his grizzled beard.

Frank wrenches the axle with his hands, spins a couple of nuts into place, tightens with his grip. The wheel of the cart rolls perfectly again. Scruffy is impressed.

SCRUFFY

How d'you do that without tools ?

Frank shrugs in his tattered army jacket.

Scruffy takes a bottle from inside his coat and offers it to Frank.

SCRUFFY

You were in the war, right? I heard about you.

Shrugs. Drinks again. Scruffy grabs it back but he's pleased his cart runs.

SCRUFFY

I said TWO swallows and a Happy Meal. Here.

He digs under his boxes and plastic bags, then produces a burger in its carton, only slightly damaged.

SCRUFFY

If I'm found starved to death we all know who's to blame.

Frank takes it and puts it in his bag.

SCRUFFY

It's me they want.

Scruffy gets his trolley and clears out.

SCRUFFY

I have past convictions.

Scruffy points upwards, overhead come choppers, circling spotlights through the rain.

FRANK (IDENTIFYING CHOPPER)

CH-47 Chinook.

SCRUFFY

What?

FRANK

It's got the counter-rotating fiberglass rotors. That's military hardware.

SCRUFFY

Told you I was a big shot.

Scruffy shakes his head and, shambles off pushing his trolley.

Frank pulls up his collar, looking up as a helicopter wheels overhead for a second pass. As he walks, huddled in the rain, he pokes with his fingers through the remains of food in the carton. The sky is turbulent, unnaturally dark and glowing in the weird morning light. Wind picks up.

Frank crosses the train tracks, ducking out of the circling spotlights into the sheds.

He comes in, and sits down to enjoy his meal, while the chattering rotor sounds come and go outside. His eyes slowly adjust to the damp gloom. He raises the burger to his lips, then freezes. There are eyes staring at him avidly following every move of his burger. There are shapes in here, light gleams off polished armor. Snuffling, shuffling sounds.

INT. SHED - MORNING

The animals are here, huddled together in this rail shed, hiding from pursuit. Tinker is looking and hunched, coughing occasionally. Bandit, part-pleading, part-on the defensive. Pirate is pawing at his wounded head.

Frank does a double take, blearily trying to deal with what he's seeing.

He lifts the burger. All the eyes move at once. He lowers it and they follow. He raises, stops...and the eyes do the same.

FRANK

What the hell?

Bandit stares with red-rimmed eyes.

BANDIT

MAN GET!

Frank sways a little drunkenly on his heels.

He tosses his bun down in front of the dog, Bandit greedily scoffs it up.

FRANK

There y'go.

Frank crouches down, mesmerized. He breaks off a piece of hamburger and Bandit snaffles that up too.

FRANK

There y'go. Good dog.

Bandit raises his head, hopeful.

BANDIT

GUD DOG.

FRANK

You won't bite 'less you have to,
right?

Frank kneels down.

FRANK

Goddamn, what did they do to you?

What kinda sicko pens an animal up
like that?

He strokes Bandit's head. The dog responds.

FRANK

Good dog.

Tinker eyes him suspiciously as he lightly runs his hand
across Bandit's shell.

BANDIT

IS GUD DOG

Frank falls back.

FRANK

Holy!

He stares, fascinated, and reaches out to touch the dog
again.

BANDIT

IS GUD DOG.

FRANK

Talking animals.

I need liquor. And tools.

BANDIT

SICK. BAD SICK.

FRANK
Tools is all I need.

BANDIT
HELP FIND HOME NOW.

FRANK
Home ?

He thinks.

FRANK
You bet. You wait here.

Frank gets up and backs out.

FRANK
Tools. Good dog. You wait here.
Tinker hacks and shudders then throws up violently.

BANDIT
IS GUD MAN.

PIRATE
ZZZGGV

Bandit with sad, hopeful eyes stares at the door, still sniffing the scent of the departed Frank. Tinker retches.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Frank wanders down an alley towards light in the street ahead.

There's a lot of activity there.

We see flashing lights, and hear the rumble of truck wheels and rotors. There are grim-faced policemen and soldiers up ahead, as we follow Frank down the alley towards what appears to be a police and military blockade of the entire area.

SOLDIER
Hey! You! Out!

COP
Get a light on this guy!

Frank lifts his hand to shield his face against the glare. Cops surround him as he emerges from the alley into a street filled with busy military personnel, including Boxer and his team.

COP 2

You shouldn't be here, buddy.
Seriously.

Didn't you hear there's dangerous
animals loose?

BOXER

Ask him if he saw anything.

COP

There's a big reward.

COP 2

I'm betting that's the sorta money
you could use.

The cop rubs Frank's tatty collar between finger and thumb.

COP 2

A guy like you, right?

Frank lowers his head in the rain, thinking. He's surrounded
by expectant faces. For just a moment he seems almost
shameful, as if he's about to just give in. Then...

FRANK

Yeah, yeah, I sure could.

Frank raises his head and his eyes are intense. He offers a
clear, proud gaze, having made his decision - the code of the
street.

FRANK

But nah...I ain't seen nothing you
fascist pig assholes.

The cops give up, rolling their eyes.

COP

All right...get in the car, wise
guy.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

Soldiers are mobilizing all around. Choppers continue to roar
and rattle overhead. They're cordoning off the streets with
incident tape.

EXT. CHOPPER - MORNING

Spotlights on a CH-47 Chinook airlifting Weapon 4 to the Kill Site. The chopper lands with a thunder of rotors and blazing lights. Smoke billows rise as the hatch opens and Handlers roll out Weapon 4's cage.

The Handlers stand back.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

Doctor Honda and Major Samson are here, watching the preparations unfold. Honda is trying to stay positive, turning up his collar against the rising wind.

HONDA

They'll be much weaker by now.
I'm certain we can still bring this
to a speedy conclusion.

MAJOR SAMSON

I don't need convincing, Doctor.
Believe me, we've come too far to
turn back.

Roseanne hustled from a van. She tries to snatch a moment.

ROSEANNE

Doctor Honda! You promise they
won't suffer!

He grabs her arm.

HONDA

Please just do as they say and
everything will be all right.

All you have to do is lead the
animals into position.

Beat.

HONDA

The specialists will do the rest.

Rain falls.

HONDA

All of this will be over soon.

She looks at him curiously, knowing somehow that what he says is true and this is the last time they'll see one another. He looks away, hands deep in his coat pockets, as she's manhandled down the alleyway.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

The chopper lifts away from the cage containing Weapon 4.

OPERATOR

Animal Weapon 4 engaged.

The mastiff roars.

OPERATOR

Releasing restraint harness.

The cage locks spring open and the cage grille falls down.

OPERATOR

Stand well clear of the jaws!

Red eyes, steaming breath. A rumbling, doom-laden growl. Then the Rooooarrr. Weapon 4 lumbers out of its cage, remote-controlled. Its great head swaying from side to side. Strings of bloody drool hang in loops from the jagged mantrap of its mouth.

INT. CHOPPER - MORNING

The WEAPON 4 operator presses STOP on his joypad.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MORNING

Weapon 4 stops and sits on its haunches with a hiss of air.

Two soldiers use poles to push an oddly-shaped piece of material close to the dog's massive flaring nostrils. It's the piece of loose panelling and rubber that Bandit dropped back at the camp. The monster mastiff snuffles at the fragment, then lifts its head to emit a spine chilling howl of pure hatred, pure anger.

EXT - ALLEY - MORNING

The howl echoes through the canyons of the city. Roseanne Berry looks small and slightly lost, as her escort leaves her positioned half way down the alley.

The soldiers withdraw, leaving her on her own. Her head lowered. Rain drips from her chin. She looks up, hopeless, snared in this inevitable chain of events...

And in a quiet voice, she begins to call out.

ROSEANNE

1?

EXT. ROOF - MORNING

While snipers load their rifles and take their positions high up on the nearby warehouse rooftops.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Roseanne is alone in the rain. She coughs. Her voice gets a little stronger.

ROSEANNE

1! 2! 3! We3! COME!

INT. SHED - MORNING

Cut away to Tinker looking up, sourly.

TINKER

STINK! BAD 2 BE!

Bandit is nervous, pacing, sitting, pacing. Something troubles him.

The sound of rain carries on, monotonous and tension-building.

BANDIT

MAN B HERE SOON.

TINKER

ISS NO SOON!

BANDIT

GUD MAN SAY! WAIT 4 BOSS!

While they argue, Pirate, unnoticed, limps to the door.

He pauses there. A crack of distant thunder grumbles through the churning clouds.

PIRATE

Gzzlk

Pirate's nostrils twitch, sniffing the damp morning air. He smells something wrong.

PIRATE

Vt.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

The rabbit hops out into the rain. Sunlight behind gathering clouds in this visionary, apocalyptic morning.

INT. SHED - MORNING

Bandit yells to stop him.

BANDIT

3! STAY!

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

But Pirate continues into the dazzling light and steam and rain.

PIRATE

3! Gzzzt

Pirate hops slowly down the tracks, with his armor sparking.

Bandit leaves the safety of the shed and follows Pirate.

BANDIT

3!

Then, from behind a stationary train, a huge bulky form makes its appearance, an awful shape forged in a nightmare.

The monster dog Weapon 4, is coming around the corner, all shoulders and glowering eyes and sleek black armor.

Little Pirate is instantly dwarfed by the monster.

Crack. Thunder closing in.

Tinker comes out to join the panic-stricken Bandit. She arches her back in the classic Hallowe'en terror pose.

Bandit leans back on his haunches, with eyes like saucers.

BANDIT

3! 3!

TINKER

Hsssss

Pirate, indomitable, stares down his enemy. Like some rabbit samurai facing death itself, the plucky rabbit shows no fear.

PIRATE

Kzzt

The monster dog slobbers and cocks its massive, blunt head, unsure how to even process this ridiculous challenge.

Then Pirate springs at the dog's face and headbutts Weapon 4 square in the muzzle, like a furry bullet from a gun. 4 staggers back with a broken nose. Pirate sit on the track, shakes his ears.

PIRATE

SNXZZT

Then with one sweep of a massive black-armored paw, the brave little rabbit is hammered aside and rolls across the tracks. He lies still, armor sparking.

Weapon 4 ignores him at first and continues to lumber down the track towards the other animals, gathering speed.

BANDIT

3!

Bandit shakes his head and rolls over. His nose twitches.

BANDIT

GUD 3!

Weapon 4 turns away, just Pirate attacks again...with a spring and a head-butt.

BANDIT

GUD 3!

Bandit starts forward, terrified by the powerful pheromones the monster dog is emitting but driven by his loyalty. He's 50 yards up the track, barking madly, terrified. The morning turns dark.

BANDIT

We3 PROTECT!

Pirate hurls himself at Weapon 4 again. Another head-butt slams into the mastiff's face like a heavyweight's glove. A panel on Pirate's armor explodes and catches fire

4 rears up, with jaws yawning wide, then snaps down on this irritant. There's a terrible squealing sound from off screen.

Bandit whines helplessly, cowering there. Tinker's faith in her leader is vanishing fast as she watches him fall apart.

Rain falls. A Twilight of the Gods atmosphere has descended now. Elemental, storm-wracked morning.

And brave Pirate spasms in the jaws of the monster. Neck broken, the rabbit's dying with True Grit.

Bandit is foaming at the mouth, bundled into a tense crouch, gathering all his courage. He bunches up his shoulders and pulls back his lips to reveal gums and teeth.

He starts to run forward, suicidal.

Then the little shutter in Pirate's rear end lenses open. The rabbit shows no pain, no fear, as his eyes roll up in his head and he makes a last strike.

PIRATE

UH-OH.

Three wee bombs drop out and hit the track beneath them with a clink-clink-clink. Red lights spring out, sparks fly.

Then the bleeping stops.

And BOOM! The massive explosion derails a nearby stationary train carriage.

Bandit is thrown back by the blast and clatters in a tangle of limbs along the trackside.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

Honda and Major Samson stand on the roof of a nearby warehouse building, looking down over the train yards and tracks into town. They have binoculars and radios. Choppers sweep overhead.

MAJOR SAMSON

We got one!

Pray god it's the cat.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

Tinker slinks forward to join a dazed Bandit in the rain, both uncertain in the sudden silence. Bandit shakes the echo of the blast from his head. Smoke rolls down the track. And Bandit raises his head to sniff. There are pieces of Pirate's shattered armor littered across the track. Bandit looks terribly upset. And for the first time, there is something like concern and loss in the cat's eyes as she too recognizes what has happened.

TINKER

WHERE B 3?

Bandit raises his head and howls mournfully to mark his friend's passing. Lightning cracks across the sky.

Tinker stares towards the smoke. The cat's eyes narrow and if ever an animal could vow revenge it's now - there's no mistaking the deadly intent on Tinker's face.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

From the smoke and debris, clanking and hissing, the mastiff emerges. Despite his armor and his size, he's been hurt by the bomb and drags a shattered leg behind him.

Tinker crouches hissing, then screeches, turns and leaps across the roofs of trains, disappearing from sight.

Bandit turns to see her go, confused. He turns back and he's all alone with the monster dog bearing down on him.

Bandit succumbs to sheer terror, turns and starts to run.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

Honda and Major Samson on the lookout.

Honda looks through his binoculars.

HONDA

Roseanne is at the checkpoint.

And I is on his way.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

Bandit runs wildly, skidding in the wet. He's panicking and barely aware of where he's going, leaving the clanking pursuit far behind.

EXT. TIN ROOF - MORNING

Tinker is crouched on a roof, breathing heavily through her open mouth. She watches...pauses. A hiss.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

Shots fire, guiding Bandit in the right direction as they hit trash cans, making him turn this way and that.

He runs, runs, then stops, skidding to a halt at a corner leading onto an alley.

ROSEANNE

1!

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

He turns up the alley and she's there. Roseanne crouches down, calling him gently. She has his old collar wrapped around one hand.

ROSEANNE

HERE 1! GUD 1!

Bandit seems torn, indecisive, but the bullets have stopped. This place seems safe.

ROSEANNE

HERE! SIT 'DOC-TOR ROSE-ANNE'.

He practically crawls on his belly to her. Tentative and uncertain. Sniffing. Bad dog.

ROSEANNE

GUD 1.

She cuffs a tear from her eye.

Bandit snuffs at the air tentatively.

Behind him, his metal tail section begins to wag pitifully.

ROSEANNE

GUD DOG 1.

He comes forward, nosing at her outstretched hand with the collar. The dangling nametag.

ROSEANNE

GUD 1.

He licks her hand. Then lays his poor, weary head in her palm and stares at her with those big liquid, heartbreaking eyes.

BANDIT

DOC-TOR ROSE-ANNE. NO DEE-COMM-ISH
We3.

EXT. ROOF - MORNING

Boxer's Black Ops Marksmen take aim from the rooftops.

Red laser targets are visible.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Bandit's head remains calmly in Roseanne's hand. His eyes close in a moment of peace.

ROSEANNE

I'm so sorry.

Roseanne cradles the poor dog's head in her hands, sobbing.

ROSEANNE

GUD DOG. NO HURT GUD DOG. Now,
listen to me...

She looks into his big brown eyes and carefully explains as she wraps the collar round his neck.

ROSEANNE

U.R. NOT I!

Bandit cocks his head. He's trying to understand. She clips the collar into place around his neck.

ROSEANNE

U HAVE NAME! The name on your
collar when we took you...

And one by one by one, red targeting dots cluster on his head. The little tag around his neck reads 'MY NAME IS BANDIT'.

ROSEANNE

Bandit

Roseanne's eyes open wide.

BANDIT

We3 GUD. GUD DOG. HOME NOW.

The targeting lasers crawl across the dog's skull and three of them converge between his closed, exhausted eyes.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - MORNING

Fingers squeeze on triggers.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

ROSEANNE

U.R BANDIT!

Then she stands up abruptly, putting her body into the path of the laser targeting.

ROSEANNE

RUN BANDIT! RUN FAR!

The laser sights are no longer on Bandit, and are now right on Roseanne's back. She closes her eyes, a human shield.

Shots crack out and Roseanne is hit. Multiple impacts kill her instantly.

Bandit wheels around, traumatized. He moves forward then backs off from her body, terribly upset and guilty.

He whines, uncertain.

Laser lights slide across the ground towards him.

BANDIT

BAD DOG.

Bandit leaps away as bullets fire down, hitting the puddles and throwing up spray.

Rifle fire continues as Bandit turns and starts to run.

EXT. TRAINTRACK - MORNING

He's hit again, and this time the bullet blows the loose panel right off his leg. It drops to the ground with a metallic clink, exposing much of his bare, scabby leg beneath.

He runs, dodging the shots that ring out around him and ricochet from the ground.

BANDIT

BAD DOG.

EXT. OBSERVATION POINT - MORNING

Major Samson buries his head in his hands.

Doctor Honda lowers his cell-phone.

HONDA

Did...did something just happen to
Doctor Berry ?
Major Samson ?

He is shocked. His pent-up anger explodes at Samson, who is actually taken by surprise.

HONDA

WHAT HAPPENED TO MY COLLEAGUE!

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Close in as rain falls into Roseanne's open eyes. She looks at peace.

The sound of heavy footsteps as soldiers run up to her body.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

Bandit runs wildly, eyes rolling.

BANDIT

BAD DOG! BAD DOG! BAD DOG!

Then a grinding noise stops him in his tracks.

And he turns.

A harsh spotlight from above picks him out.

And WEAPON 4 is clambering towards him across a rusted truck, which crumples under the monster's weight. The real bad dog is here, snarling low and mean, dragging its injured leg.

Bandit stands frozen as this huge and shadowy horror slowly crunches down across the wrecked car. Panels slide open, guns slide silently out on articulated arms, swivelling to fix their target.

Bandit's rocket launcher unlatches from his back. It makes repeated clicks, empty.

It's too late anyway. Weapon 4 fires a shell from the cannon on his back.

The impact lifts Bandit off his feet and sends him sprawling with a howl.

He's scrabbling in the dirt, trying to recover, dazed. Electrical arcs crawl across his suit.

EXT. OBSERVATION POINT - MORNING

Major Samson with binoculars, scanning the railway yard.

MAJOR SAMSON

So where is it? Where's the last of them?

HONDA

Yes, that's what I was thinking.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

Weapon 4 is advancing, taking all the time it needs.

Sleek, ultra-modern weapons systems slide from panels in its armored shell. Intricate compacted robot guns unfold into position.

Bandit seems doomed now, backed into a corner, at bay.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

Honda is cold, intense, deadly.

HONDA

Doctor Berry, was very gifted, you understand. Very creative in her approach.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

Weapon 4 cocks its huge blunt head, and prepares to strike at Bandit.

Suddenly it hears something and lifts its head to see what it is. It starts to turn. A shadow falls across its back and head.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

HONDA

She taught her animals to work as a team.

EXT. TRAIN YARD - MORNING

Lightning cracks and thunder roars, merging with her scream of rage, as Tinker leaps down with a snarl, extends her claws and fastens onto 4's head!

She starts ripping and tearing with her talons. 4 bellows in pain.

Bandit rallies, shakes his head, and recovers his courage.

Tinker tears at 4's eyes, blinding the mastiff.

BANDIT

GUD 2!

Bandit starts running, gathering speed.

BANDIT

1 PROTECT.

He leaps with full force at Weapon 4.

They crash through a wall and fall down towards the highway below.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Weapon 4 and Bandit hit the highway in a burst of metal components and fiberglass shell sections.

Tinker springs clear of the mauled, mutilated head of Weapon 4 and lands skidding nearby on the road, with a yowl as a car narrowly misses her.

The same car hits Weapon 4 and flips over. The vehicles behind brake sharply and skid, crashing and piling up.

A police car is among them. It's chaos on the highway.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

Honda's cell phone rings. The Major lowers his binoculars and turns to him.

MAJOR SAMSON

What?

Honda listens quietly. He turns with tight lips.

HONDA

Remote-terminate 4. Before someone else is hurt.

He's had enough.

HONDA

You must.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAWN

The cop jumps out of his vehicle and pulls out his service revolver. His car siren's still howling.

He approaches the fallen tangle of groaning machinery to figure out what's going on.

Bandit is dazed. Tinker crawls away.

4 rears up out of the wreckage, howling. The cop fires again and again at the roaring dog but the bullets bounce from 4's ceramic shells. It turns blindly, attracted to the noise of weapons, swinging its huge head.

4 bellows an ugly roar of pain and confusion. The great head swings in the cop's direction. He freezes.

Bandit looks up.

4 springs. At the same time, Bandit moves into action and knocks the cop flying, out of 4's direct pile-driving path.

The monster hits the cop car, smashing its windows and crumpling the bodywork with a violent head-on collision.

Bandit rolls with the cop. 4 turns again huge head swinging sightlessly, snuffing for scents.

Bandit stands over the dazed cop, shielding the man.

BANDIT
GUD DOG. HELP MAN.

4 lunges.

EXT. CHOPPER - MORNING

A Chopper hovers over the road. Looking down on the action and wreckage below.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Bandit and 4 fight. The jaws crack down. Bandit dodges, snaps and bites.

The cop shoots again and his bullets ricochet from 4's armored shoulder. 4 turns to face the cop. Bandit ducks and strikes again, biting at 4's shell and overbalancing 4.

They roll. Bandit is overpowered as 4 barrels right over him, crushing him under his weight, then tumbling to the ground.

Bandit bites. 4 howls.

The cop is yelling for help on his radio.

4's jaws crush down through Bandit's collar, closing towards the little dog's neck. Bandit can't get loose. He yelps with pain as the neck brace on his suit crumples.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

Boxer joins them as Major Samson takes the cell phone from Honda as he reaches his decision. He knows that he is about to say a few simple words which will send his career hopes crashing to earth in flames.

MAJOR SAMSON
Remote terminate - command FIDO.

INT. CHOPPER - MORNING

The operator in the chopper presses the red kill button on his control pad.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MORNING

Just as he's about to gain the upper hand. Weapon 4's collar winks red and explodes, blowing the mastiff's head to pieces.

Bits shower down over Bandit's surprised face.

The cop stares, unable to believe he's survived this feral battle. Unable to believe his life has been saved again and again by this bizarre little robo-dog that's looking at him.

There's a low 'murring' sound. The cop turns. Tinker is there, backlit by flame. Bandit and the cop lock eyes once more. He nods.

COP

Good boy.

BANDIT

GUD DOG.

Bandit and Tinker seize this moment of confusion and make a run for it.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MORNING

MAJOR SAMSON

Damn thing almost ate a police officer.

He casts a pleading glance in Boxer's direction. Boxer sneers.

Honda looks quietly furious as he turns away from the Major. He has passed his emotional point of no return.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Boxer surveys the damage left in the wake of We3. The wrecked cars, the burning highway. His men join him.

BOXER

Find 'em.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Close up on soldier boots running, stopping, searching. Voices pass.

Move closer on a sewer grille. Little lights pass in the dark below.

INT. SEWER - DAY

Bandit and Tinker scurry through the dark of a long, long waste pipe.

Snuffling along the tunnel, they press on through the dark...until a circle of light appears ahead and gets bigger.

Light floods into the end of the tunnel, getting closer.

EXT. SEWER PIPE - DAY

Bandit and Tinker emerge cautiously from the pipe. Bandit first, eagerly sniffing the ground and still dragging pieces of his dislodged armor behind him.

Nose low to the ground, he's still sniffing as they exit from a concrete pipe which opens onto scrubby developers land under a bright sun. Bandit is purposeful, following a trail.

BANDIT

HOME.

TINKER

STAY. HOLE B GUD.

But Bandit has other plans. With new energy, dragging the clattering pieces of his armor, he forges ahead across the waste-ground and begins to climb an earthen embankment littered with concrete pipe sections..

We can see scabby raw skin below the missing segments of his shell but he feels no pain as he presses on towards 'HOME'.

BANDIT

IS HOME HERE! IS GUD BOSS 4 BANDIT!

Bandit scrambles up the hill of debris and dirt. Tinker follows, believing the hype.

BANDIT

HERE BANDIT IS!

He reaches the top of the rise.

BANDIT

RUN NO MORE.

Bandit has stopped and looks down at the scene beyond with a strange expression. This can't be right.

BANDIT
IS GUD BOSS!

Tinker joins him, with a sour face.

TINKER
Kthh

Bandit looks lost.

BANDIT
HOME.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

BANDIT
IS HOME.

But whatever was once here, it's gone now, replaced by a development site and these partially-constructed modern homes.

Bandit urgently sniffs the wind and for a moment, his superb sense of smell creates a strange POV image of the warehouse buildings that once stood on this site and where he once lived - walls and windows made of streaming vapor appear and disappear in ghostly fashion as Bandit snuffles and catches faint scent echoes of the past. A door opens, a man made of mist emerges and then it's all gone, blown away by a following rotor wind.

The animals look down on a lifeless wasteland of scaffolding and cement with the sprawling city beyond. They're fur begins to ruffle in the wind.

They're beat and exhausted...but it's not over yet as a bullet smacks hard into the dirt beside Bandit and makes him jump.

Choppers rise up behind the animals. Boxer and his men are back on the trail. The pursuit is on once more!

TINKER
STINKK BIRDS!

Bandit lifts his lowered head. Hopeless eyes.

BANDIT
RUN!

And they run, down the hill into the construction site, into the half-dressed skeleton of partially-completed building.

BANDIT

RUN! RUN!

They disappear into the building, tail lights vanishing under flapping tarpaulin sheets.

EXT. SENATE BUILDING - DAY

Senator Washington is walking towards the Senate. A young man in a suit rushes up to him, whispers something urgently in his ear. The Senator seems shocked, white-faced.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

HONDA

There's no next of kin. Her father died recently.

Roseanne's body under a sheet, carried away on a stretcher.

HONDA

They were very close. Alzheimer's.

Honda watches. The Major is trying to be bluff.

MAJOR SAMSON

Law of the jungle, Doctor.
This...this is no world for the weak.

He's talking about himself. Almost trembling in the rain. His lips tighten and he turns away.

Honda watches with contempt, turns up his coat and checks his phone for messages.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

The site is silent. Boxer comes around the corner of a half-constructed house. He makes a sharp gesture and moves forward, with his team falling into position behind him. One by one, the soldiers appear, looking armed and deadly. The red laser lights of their weapon targeting systems criss-cross in brilliant red as the tactical squad move in. They come closer, in formation.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

They enter the unfinished house - a maze of scaffolding and partial construction. A paint tin rolls down the stairs.

INT. HOUSE STAIRS - DAY

Bandit and Tinker race upstairs.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Boxer signals. Three soldiers make their way upstairs.

INT. HOUSE 3RD STORY - DAY

Bandit and Tinker run up three flights of stairs. They're breathing harder, getting weaker and slower. Planks cross a perilous gap between two houses which are connected only by scaffolding. It's easy for Tinker to skip lightly across the narrow plank but Bandit is nervous.

TINKER

1 COME!

Bandit's scared to cross the plank. He falters.

TINKER

1!

Then a chopper rises up. Tarpaulins flap wildly.

Bandit places a paw on the plank, dislodging it so that it falls.

He clatters backwards and falls through scaffolding poles and wooden planks, bringing it all down around him. His armor cracks as he hits a finished floor on the first landing.

INT. HOUSE 1ST STORY - DAY

Soldiers enter. They aim up at the ceiling of the ground floor room. The sound of debris hits the floor above.

BOXER

Open fire.

INT. HOUSE 2ND STORY - DAY

Bandit hauls himself to safety as gunshots burst up through the floor all around. A stray bullet smashes another part of his armor. He drags himself away from it.

EXT. SCAFFOLDING - DAY

Tinker looks down as bullets whiz up and strike the scaffolding. She makes another graceful leap across the dizzying gaps. She's returning to where she left Bandit.

INT. HOUSE 1ST STORY - DAY

The soldiers listen to the sounds from above. They take aim once more.

EXT. SCAFFOLDING - DAY

Tinker lands and dislodges a plank which comes crashing down, bringing others with it.

INT. HOUSE 1ST STORY - DAY

The soldiers back out as the planks come smashing down.

INT. HOUSE 2ND STORY - DAY

Bandit scrambles out of the room and back up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE STAIRS - DAY

Soldiers move on up the stairs, cautiously

INT. HOUSE STAIRS - DAY

Tinker coming down, meets Bandit coming up the stairs and they duck back into the half-finished room on the second floor.

INT. HOUSE STAIRS - DAY

Two advance soldiers reach the first floor, while two more head on up to the second.

INT. HOUSE 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Bandit loses another piece of armor from his back leg as he and Tinker squeeze themselves between walls.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Three soldiers proceed to the 2nd story room, hearing noise.

INT. HOUSE 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Bandit and Tinker crawl behind the walls as the soldiers come into the room. They freeze there, hardly breathing. Eyes glitter in the dark.

The soldiers stop, look into the darkness where the room's missing wall leads to a maze of scaffolding and flapping tarpaulins.

Bandit and Tinker remain still and silent behind the walls, as the soldiers stand directly in front of them. Tension builds.

Then a voice.

SOLDIER

Here.

The soldiers turn.

The animals crouch in darkness. Their eyes following the movement as the soldiers pass by and leave the room.

INT. HOUSE 2ND STORY ROOM - DAY

The two soldiers join a third in the room next door. The third soldier points.

There's nothing but a rocking piece of discarded armor left there on the floor, where Bandit fell through the ceiling.

INT. HOUSE 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Bandit and Tinker slip around the corner, heading back up to the third floor once more.

Tinker leads Bandit to the scaffolding across the gap between two houses. Another set of overlapping, shaky planks.

Tinker crosses easily once more but Bandit freezes. He puts one paw forward then jerks it back.

He hears the sound of soldiers boots, coming upstairs. Smells their guns and sweat.

Tinker glares at him.

TINKER

IS !!

Then he runs across the plank, spanning the gap between houses and as he runs the planks slide away. But Bandit lowers his head and keeps powering forward. A final jump gets him to the other side.

TINKER

IS GUD!

INT. HOUSE 2ND FLOOR - DAY

The soldiers deploy into the second floor rooms only to find them empty.

INT. ADJACENT HOUSE 3RD FLOOR - DAY

Shafts of sunlight cut across the stairs from the open frames of unfinished windows. Bandit and Tinker slink downstairs inside this new house. This building is a little more finished than the first.

INT. SECOND HOUSE STAIRS - DAY

They lurch downstairs, wheezing and faltering as they run out of strength at the end. Bandit can't help but become aware of bits dropping off his armor as it starts to fall apart. He tries to shake it off, biting at it.

And as he pulls at the lose armor, the rubberized webbing and hi-impact Teflon, his face begins to show a strange, dawning understanding. These are not parts of HIM.

BANDIT

IS COAT.

INT. SECOND HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

He looks at Tinker, hopelessly trying to squeeze through a ventilation shaft in her bulky armor. He runs to her side and bites her back leg. Then sits back as if to explain.

BANDIT
IS COAT NOT WE.

Tinker is not amused. In her highly-nervous state she backs out of the shaft with a demented screech and turns on Bandit. She swipes his nose, drawing blood. Then he snarls and tries to defend himself against her flailing claws. Tinker's in a blind fury.

EXT. HOUSE STAIRS - DAY

The tactical team pauses. Hearing the terrible noise of screaming cat and roaring dog from the next door house. Boxer signals for them to move carefully in the direction of the noise.

INT. SECOND HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

Tinker slashes Bandit's head again and this time Bandit loses his temper. He strikes back, sending Tinker crashing against the wall. Sections of armor are falling away.

EXT. SECOND HOUSE - DAY

The team halt.

BOXER
Sounds like death throes. Stay put.

INT. SECOND HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

Tinker loses a whole collar section. She cowers suddenly, dazed and frightened.

Bandit looms menacingly above her with his lips drawn back from his teeth.

TINKER [SCARED]
We3!

Then Bandit strikes like lightning. His jaws close around the back of Tinker's neck.

He lifts the cat off the floor and shakes it brutally in his jaws. Chunks of armor splinter and fly loose.

Bandit gives a final shake. For a moment it looks like he's killed her...then all becomes clear.

Tinker blinks, hanging limp as a kitten in Bandit's jaws. Sections of armor lie everywhere, revealing Tinker's bald, scabby front legs. Then Bandit drops her to the ground.

BANDIT [WITH AUTHORITY]
COAT NOT WE!

Blink.

Tinker ears flat, wild eyed suddenly calms down... understanding seems to dawn in the cat's feral eyes.

Tinker suddenly gets it.

She looks at the broken panels of her armor, then looks at Bandit's scabby flesh showing through the cracks in his own suit. Then she starts to tears at her armor with her teeth and claws, pulling off chunks, wriggling free.

INT. SECOND HOUSE - DAY

The tac team waits for a moment at the top of the stairs to the basement, listening to the noises from below - scrabbling, clattering sounds.

Then the sounds stop. Silence.

Boxer jerks his hand, gesturing his men into position.

They go down stairs slowly.

There is only silence...broken by a soft, insistent, familiar bleeping sound.

INT. SECOND HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

Something disappearing into the ventilation shaft hole.

A section of armored shell falls to the floor and rocks there, settling.

INT. SECOND HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

At the bottom of the stairs, the soldiers get their first glimpse of the inert armor. Boxer speaks into his helmet mic.

BOXER

All I can hear now is a bleeping noise.

The armor flashes, inert on the floor. We can see two suits of armor, broken open, segmented, chewed and ripped at.

The suits are piled together in bits and sections and at first it's hard to tell if there's anything inside or not. It could be the animals contorted in death.

Boxer comes closer, aiming his gun. He looks down at the jumbled pile of armor segments and his tight grin of triumph disappears from his face. He kicks the armor and it separates into clattering sections. The animals are not inside - they're gone! But the bleeping gets louder.

Boxer's men join him. He stares furiously at the hole in the wall.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

Major Samson on the phone.

MAJOR SAMSON

What kind of a bleeping noise ?

INT. SECOND HOUSE BASEMENT - DAY

The light stops flashing, bleeping stops. The silence of an indrawn breath...

Boxer snarls, roaring like a beast. His voice rising to a crescendo of total frustrated rage.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Boxer's enraged roar stops.

Beat.

Then the building explodes.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DAY

Major Samson looks stricken. Honda is pissed.

He walks away.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Time has passed.

And here's a filthy mouse, sniffing through garbage on the floor of a partially-constructed building. Suddenly it stops in the shadows, wary.

A pair of army style boots pass by, crunching on stone and debris. Someone is here. Boots pick across rubble.

The mouse skitters on across the floor, pauses, sits up on its haunches and sniffs at the air.

Suddenly Tinker strikes. The former bio-mechanical assassin is now a scabby ginger cat limping painfully with prosthetic implants. Half blind, fur matted across the bald sore patches, unhealed, trailing wires, she pounces unerringly and takes down the mouse. There's still an inert control box embedded in her head.

She carries the mouse through the deserted unmade building, limping, through an interior which shows recent bomb damage.

It's almost dream-like. Broken-down with fallen girders, oil drums, puddles and rags everywhere. She goes down rough concrete stairs as if she knows the way - down into an abandoned cellar.

Bandit is here, huddled in a corner, naked and shuddering. The dog's dying by the look of it, lying with his chin on the floor, wheezing, eyes closed.

Bandit is out of his suit, threadbare, sore and lean. His sides are caved in and ribby as he wheezes for air.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

More time passes, light changes rapidly as night turns to day.

The crunch of boots walking on gravel and glass and grit gets louder. Someone is coming through this burned out building. Boots. The military? The cops?

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Tinker joins Bandit where he lies, seemingly dying.

He can't even open his eyes.

BANDIT

WHERE?

Tinker lays down her mouse in front of Bandit's nose, which twitches a little. He senses approaching death.

BANDIT [SCARED]

IS BANDIT 'DEE-COMM-ISH'?

The mouse lies in front of his face but he's too weak to move, let alone eat.

BANDIT

IS WHERE?

Tinker pauses, licks his head to reassure him.

TINKER

IS HOME.

Then she flops down beside him. She's so tired and so weak, herself, that it seems hard to imagine she has very long to live either.

Then as she close her eyes, her paws laid over his. Bandit's breathing gets slower. This looks like the end.

Then Tinker's ears prick up.

Someone is coming - a dark shape enters the cellar and slowly comes down the stairs. Boots come to a halt.

The animals lie on the floor down in the dark as a flashlight beam plays across their bodies.

FRANK (V.O.)

Here's where you been hiding.

An arm comes into shot and lays down a battered tin toolbox.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - MORNING

The News vendor slits open a bundle of newspapers, mirroring the earlier scene.

The headline is revealed 'SCIENTIST TESTIMONY SINKS SENATOR CAMPAIGN' with the sub-heading 'ANIMAL SOLDIERS SHOCK' and a photo of Doctor Honda.

Someone is buying the newspaper. It's Honda himself, who takes a look at the cover and the photograph. He looks very stiff and serious. He shakes his head

Then he folds the newspaper under his arm and walks out into the morning light.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Honda crosses a busy road to the courthouse on a bright Spring day.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

A man in his 30s sits on the stairs to the courthouse, begging. We recognize him although he looks a whole lot better than when we last saw him.

He has a cardboard box lid with some coins inside sitting on the stairs next to him.

A handwritten sign reads 'HOMELESS AND HUNGRY - PLEASE HELP'.

To complete the scene, there are two animals sitting there with him on the stairs - a mongrel dog and a ginger cat.

Doctor Honda stops in his tracks. He seems to study the animals for the first time.

HONDA

He's a fine dog.

The young man looks up. It's our old pal, Frank, shaved and scrubbed.

HONDA

They don't need special care?
Medicine?

The dog can only be seen from behind.

FRANK

Nah. Just love and attention, like
anybody else.

And a few scraps of food never
hurt.

Honda fishes in his coat pocket.

FRANK

They bring me good luck.

It's Bandit and Tinker. Bandit tries to look innocent. Tinker is wary.

BANDIT

Arrf

Honda produces a handful of quarters.

FRANK

You got any spare change, we all
could use a break.

HONDA

Yes.

He knows. We know he knows. And he puts his change back in
his pocket.

HONDA

Well.

There's a moment as Honda straightens up, looks at the
policemen. Is he going to give the fugitives away?

The animals stare up gimlet-eyed... 'don't you dare...' they
seem to say. Their heads are scarred, with fur grown back
over cruel gashes.

The animals wait, expectant. Bandit's tongue hangs out in his
best dumb ol' dog expression.

Honda's eyes narrow.

Then he takes his wallet from his breast pocket and removes a
wad of bills.

HONDA

We all need a little good luck in
our lives.

He hands the wedge to Frank. As he does so, the Doctor locks
eyes with Bandit.

HONDA

Good dog. Clever little dog.

Gud Dog!

Then he turns and walks up the stairs to the courthouse.
Bandit barks.

The entrance is flanked with a number of reporters and
photographers.

Flashbulbs go off.