

BI/O

Written by

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INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - DAY

DERMOT's video feed comes online. FRED, 40's, a paunchy, blue-collar man, fills his vision, having just switched him on.

FRED
Dermot, wake the fuck up. I told
you to be awake when I come home.

Dermot's heads-up display (HUD) initializes. He scans Fred's face and runs voice analysis. Fred smacks him upside the head like an old television.

A text box appears next to the face scan reading:
"CONFIRMED." A text box names Fred "Fred Keller." Dermot
responds with a polite, low-fidelity robot voice.

DERMOT
Apologies, Master. I gave the day's
cleaning and repair tasks priority.

Fred stands and ambles across the room in a small, bleak
apartment. The far wall stands half repainted.

FRED
Yeah, yeah. Prioritize getting them
both done like I told you.

Fred plunges into his beaten, old recliner.

FRED (CONT'D)
Get me a beer.

He kicks back and turns the TV on to a sports game. Dermot, a
bipedal articulated domestic robot, unplugs himself from the
custom-installed wall charging port and stands.

Dermot's dents and scratches speak to years of disuse. The
logo of his manufacturer, "Systemys," is scratched and worn.
Dermot grabs a beer from the fridge and hands it to Fred.

FRED (CONT'D)
That's better. Next time you're not
ready to serve me, I get the bat.

DERMOT
Understood.

FRED
Understood, what?

DERMOT
Understood, Master.

FRED
Go get me a pizza from Caivano's.
Hurry up. I'm expecting company.

DERMOT
Ordering the usual now.

A wi-fi indicator on Dermot's head blinks. Dermot opens the front door to a wall of rain. His HUD flashes a red warning.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Master, it is raining outside.

FRED
I ask for a fucking weather report?

Dermot hangs his head and steps out into the rain.

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - DAY

Dermot schleps down the sidewalk, head down. ROBOT #1, of similar model to Dermot, but newer and in better condition, passes by carrying an umbrella.

ROBOT #1
Water exposure can cause premature deterioration of your servos.

DERMOT
I know.

Dermot keeps walking. Another robot with an umbrella passes with a human at its side.

ROBOT #2
I suggest your owner invest in Systemys brand sealant to prevent corrosion of your systems.

DERMOT
Thank you.

EXT. CAIVANO'S PIZZA - DAY

The place sits under Seattle's elevated arterial highways next to the docks. Dermot eyes a bundle of blankets and trash bags sitting on the sidewalk as he approaches.

BETHANY, late teens, her face sticking out from the miserable bivouac, watches as people pass. Dermot hesitates at the front door and stares at her.

BETHANY
What? What, robot? Got some money
to hand out?

DERMOT
No. I'm sorry.

BETHANY
Then stop staring.

DERMOT
Indeed. I was just- sorry.

Dermot lowers his eyes and enters the pizza place.

INT. CAIVANO'S PIZZA - DAY

People and robots of all types fill the diner. The PIZZA MAN
wipes his hands with a towel behind the counter.

PIZZA MAN
People complain about poor wages
and unemployment and still send
their robots to do everything.
Picking up, canner?

DERMOT
Yes, sir, for Fred Keller. The
funds are authorized.

PIZZA MAN
Saw you stop at the door. Girl out
there again?

DERMOT
There was a girl--

Pizza Man picks up his phone and dials.

PIZZA MAN
Yeah, Caivano's Pizza. This girl is
out here begging outside my
restaurant again.

Beat.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
She's here every week. Can't you do
anything about her?

Beat.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
Yeah, well, it should be. She's
trespassing; that's illegal. I want
her off my property.

Beat.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
Thank you.

Pizza Man hangs up.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
A hard-working man can't even run
a business around here.

DERMOT
Do you have to have her arrested?

Pizza Man scowls at Dermot as he walks to the kitchen. Dermot
looks over at a Systemys-brand commercial charging hub
sitting in the dining room. Two slots sit empty.

Dermot's HUD displays a text box: "Payment not authorized."
Dermot turns away. He sees a pitcher of flowers sitting on
the counter and admires them. He even touches them.

PIZZA MAN (O.S)
You glitching out?

Pizza Man stands holding the box of pizza.

DERMOT
No, sir. May I have the pizza?

Pizza Man nods to the scanner. Dermot holds his hand to the
device, and his HUD alerts him "Payment Authorized." The
scanner beeps. Pizza Man hands over the pizza box.

PIZZA MAN
Good to go. Hope the man likes it.

Dermot turns away. Outside, a cop talks with Bethany. Bethany
argues, but the cop shakes his head.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
I'll be damned. He must've been
right around the corner.

Bethany gathers up her blanket and walks away.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
He's still not gonna arrest her?
Frickin' unbelievable.

Pizza Man moseys to the back. Dermot watches Bethany cross the street toward an empty lot under the roads.

INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dermot opens the apartment to people talking over each other.

GILL (O.S.)
You don't have to go through all
this trouble for us, man.

FRED (O.S.)
Just give me a minute.

GILL, 30's, a ruddy man in a raincoat, sits at Fred's small kitchen table with his two thugs.

EFF, 20's, a tall well-muscled young man, and TUG, 30's, a very fat thug covered in tattoos, watch as Fred tears his place apart in search. Eff whispers in Gill's ear.

GILL
Fred, Eff bet me three-thousand
dollars you don't have it. I'm not
inclined to take that action.

FRED
It's here, goddammit. Dermot! About
time. Did you see a shipping
manifest? Did you throw it out?

DERMOT
I have no record of disposing of a
shipping manifest, nor have I seen
such a document.

GILL
Well, there you have it. Hey, is
that pizza? Hand it over.

Dermot looks to Fred.

FRED
What are you waiting for?

Dermot sets the box into Gill's waiting hand.

GILL
Even your robot's never seen it.
What is this? Olives? This how you
live your life?

FRED

I, uh--

GILL

You got all these great toppings,
but then bam: olives. Like a slap
in the face.

Gill tosses the box on the table. Eff takes a slice.

GILL (CONT'D)

We're not hanging around all night
with you and your old robot and
your fuckin' olive pizza.

Gill and his thugs stand to leave.

GILL (CONT'D)

We'll be seeing you, Keller.

FRED

Wait, wait, wait! This isn't my
fault. I had it. You have to tell
Mr. Hugo--

GILL

I don't have to do a single shit-
sucking thing, Keller.

Dermot steps aside as the thugs walk to the door. Gill
catches Eff with the half-eaten slice of pizza.

GILL (CONT'D)

You eating that?

Eff shrugs.

GILL (CONT'D)

You're on thin ice. Nice meeting
ya, Dermot.

The thugs close the door.

FRED

Where the fuck were you?

He stomps over to Dermot and shoves the robot to the floor.

DERMOT

I was completing your t--

Fred stomps on Dermot's head. He stomps again and again on
Dermot's chest and hips.

FRED
Goddamn stupid piece of shit.

Dermot crosses his arms and shields his face. On his HUD, warnings about servomechanism strain and impact detection scroll over Fred raining down kicks and stomps.

Fred lumbers to the kitchen and returns with a baseball bat.

DERMOT
Please, don't.

Fred strikes Dermot's outstretched hand. He beats him more.

FRED
I needed that fucking money!
I made promises!

Dermot catches the bat in one hand. Fred gapes, and both freeze. Dermot stomps on Fred's shin, and Fred drops to the floor. He wails and clutches his shin. Dermot scoots away.

FRED (CONT'D)
Dermot, what the hell? You kicked
me. You son of a bitch.

He clenches his teeth.

FRED (CONT'D)
When I get my hands on you, boy.

Dermot stands. He inches toward the door.

FRED (CONT'D)
Where you going? You help me up! I
gotta go to the hospital!

Dermot dashes for the door, tears it open, and runs away.

FRED (CONT'D)
Dermot! Dermot!

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - DAY

Dermot sprints at top speed through the rain. An alert tone sounds, and he stops. His HUD displays a red battery. Caivano's stands down the street. Dermot jogs up and enters.

INT. CAIVANO'S PIZZA - CONTINUOUS

PIZZA MAN
You're back. Did he like the pie?

DERMOT

My ma-- Mr. Keller did not comment
on the quality of the pizza. May I
use your charging station?

Pizza Man invites him with a gesture. Dermot shrinks a little
as a siren passes.

PIZZA MAN

Everything okay?

DERMOT

Everything is fine. Thank you.

Dermot holds his hand to the scanner at the charging station,
but his HUD displays a text box: "PAYMENT NOT AUTHORIZED."
The scanner beeps a negative progression of notes.

Dermot hesitates. He tries again but to the same result. Some
people and robots gawk. Dermot avoids eye contact as he
putters back to the counter.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

Excuse me. May I borrow some
energy? I will pay for it later.

PIZZA MAN

What? Hell no.

Dermot hesitates. People stare. Dermot hangs his head as he
leaves the restaurant.

EXT. CAIVANO'S PIZZA - DAY

People and cars pass Dermot as he stands in the rain. He
looks at the spot where Bethany sat, and then across the
street to the lot under the roads.

EXT. SEASIDE - DAY

Dermot trudges through the empty lot and huddles next to a
support pillar under a lower road, out of the rain. Bethany
pokes her head around the pillar.

BETHANY

You cold?

DERMOT

No, ma'am, but water exposure is
detrimental for my systems.

BETHANY

Picked a weird spot to hang out.

Dermot looks at the sea.

DERMOT

Indeed. Immersion in water would destroy my solid state drive.

BETHANY

You can just say it would kill you.
I'm not a little kid.

Dermot seems to consider that.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Hey, aren't you that beat up old robot that was eyeballing me?

DERMOT

I'm sorry. I did not mean to stare.

BETHANY

You rat me out, too?

DERMOT

No, I had no problem with your panhandling. I only--

BETHANY

You only what?

DERMOT

I felt sorry for you. I thought about helping you.

BETHANY

What? No, you didn't. Robots don't help the homeless.

DERMOT

Indeed. It is a bitter irony, then, that I am now out here with you.

BETHANY

Why don't you just go home?

DERMOT

I angered my previous owner and fled from him.

BETHANY

How?

DERMOT

He conspired to hijack a Systemys freight transport and stole the shipping manifest from his place of employment to confirm his target. I destroyed the manifest.

BETHANY

That's nuts. I didn't know robots could betray their owners.

DERMOT

We cannot.

BETHANY

Then how'd you do it?

DERMOT

I do not know.

BETHANY

Looks like it wasn't fun.

Dermot inspects the damage he's received over the years. A finger stutters from servo damage.

DERMOT

I am low on charge. If the level drops lower, I will fall asleep.

BETHANY

So, get a charge.

DERMOT

Charging stations require currency to operate. I have none.

BETHANY

Oh, I know how that goes, and I bet nobody's willing to help.

DERMOT

Not thus far.

BETHANY

Can't you just plug into anything?

DERMOT

Negative. My ports and cables are designed to Systemys proprietary specifications. They cannot interface with incompatible models.

BETHANY

Oh, so people have to come to them
and give them more money. Smart
business move, I guess.

Bethany sifts through her small, loose pile of belongings.

DERMOT

How do you pay for your sustenance?

BETHANY

You saw how. I beg. Most people
don't carry money anymore, though.

DERMOT

I do not have time to wait.

BETHANY

Businesses still carry some cash,
but they won't just give it to you.

DERMOT

You are suggesting I steal it.

Bethany shrugs.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

I do not wish to. I sacrificed my
home and purpose to stop a crime.

BETHANY

Alright, gizmo, you hold on to that
idealism, but the world won't cut
you any breaks. What's your name?

DERMOT

My apologies. I should have
introduced myself when we first
met. My name is Dermot.

BETHANY

Dermot? Sounds like a frog name.
Dermot. Dermot. Dermot.

She smiles and looks for Dermot's reaction. There is none.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Your owner give you that name?
Where'd he come up with that?

Dermot's wi-fi indicator blinks.

DERMOT

Mr. Keller did not explain the name, but online sources describe it as Irish in origin. It means: "free from envy."

BETHANY

You got internet?

DERMOT

Yes. My wireless adapter can interface with Systemys wi-fi hotspots installed in many areas.

Bethany raises her eyebrows.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

May I know your name?

BETHANY

Oh, yeah. Sure. My name's Bethany.

DERMOT

Bethany: Hebrew origin, from Bethania, meaning: "House of Figs."

BETHANY

House of Figs?

DERMOT

Yes. Was your mother catholic, referencing Mary of Bethany?

Bethany chuckles.

BETHANY

You know, I really don't think she gave it that much thought.

Bethany descends into a giggle fit.

DERMOT

Why do you laugh?

BETHANY

It's just, "House of Figs." That's the last time I talk smack about anybody else's name.

DERMOT

I think Bethany is a perfectly wonderful name.

BETHANY
Do you, now?

Bethany brings herself under control.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Tell you what, Dermot, free from
envy, you seem cool, so I'll be the
one to cut you a break.

Bethany reaches into her belongings and grabs a simple tin
can. It jingles with coins.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
I got a bit of money here. Should
get you something. It's not much.
Looks like, uh--

Dermot glances down into the can.

DERMOT
Three dollars and eighty cents.

BETHANY
Uh, yeah.

DERMOT
You are kind, but the minimum
surcharge at a Systemys charging
hub is four dollars, fifty cents.

BETHANY
Damn. Well, uh, that's only three
quarters. Someone going into
Caivano's might give us that.

DERMOT
I suppose it is my only option, but
won't the proprietor chase us away?

BETHANY
Psh, come on.

INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fred sits in a cheap kitchen chair and pulls up his pant leg.
A bruise swells where Dermot kicked him.

He limps to his kitchenette and grabs a bottle of pills from
the cabinet above the oven. He pops a couple and washes them
down with whiskey from the fridge.

Fred squints at something on the stovetop. He slides his fingers under the burner and examines the black ash. The larger flakes look like burned paper.

FRED

Dermot.

EXT. CAIVANO'S PIZZA - DAY

Dermot and Bethany sit in the drizzling rain. Bethany wears her blanket and shakes her can at passers by.

BETHANY

Bit of change, please? Got a robot needs a recharge. Help out a homeless robot.

The people pass by. One man gives her a skeptical look.

DERMOT

I believe my presence here dampens your credibility as a destitute.

BETHANY

You'd be surprised. People'll give to anything but a person. Sometimes I think I should get a dog.

DERMOT

They don't feel sympathy for you?

BETHANY

Nah- Hey, have any spare change? This robot might die without your help. His owner abused him.

The person keeps walking.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I don't know. People are funny.

PIZZA MAN (O.S.)

What the hell is this, now?

Pizza Man stands in the doorway.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)

Now you're out here with her? Did your owner tell you to do this?

BETHANY

He doesn't have an owner.

PIZZA MAN

What a bunch of crap. He was just here picking up a pizza. Both of you, off my property.

Dermot stands.

DERMOT

Please, sir. I don't have anywhere else to go.

PIZZA MAN

I didn't work my ass off so you could sit outside and leech off--

BETHANY

Alright, okay, alright.

Bethany pulls out a five dollar bill and gives it to Dermot.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

You don't have to kick him out. He's a customer, alright? He just needs to use the recharge station.

DERMOT

You had more money?

BETHANY

I was saving it for my dinner.

DERMOT

You continue to surprise me, Bethany. Thank you.

BETHANY

It's not a gift, alright? I expect that money back--with interest.

DERMOT

Of course.

PIZZA MAN

If you're going to use the station, do it and get out of here.

Pizza Man stabs a finger at Bethany.

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)

You--

Bethany puts her hands up.

BETHANY
I'm leaving. I'm leaving.

Bethany collects her blanket and leaves for her nest.

INT. CAIVANO'S PIZZA - DAY

At first, Dermot just appreciates the hub. He strides across the diner, inserts the bill into the feeder, and a little screen flashes a green "THANK YOU!"

Dermot sits on the hub and plugs himself in. A soft tone indicates charging.

Dermot's servos relax, and he slouches. "SLEEP MODE" flashes on his HUD, and the light in his eyes fades away.

INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Fred ices his shin. A half-glass of whiskey sits next to him. His phone rings. He digs it out and answers.

FRED
Hello?

A woman with a strong Pakistani accent replies.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Hello, sir, this is Systemys customer service. My name is Shelly. Am I speaking with Mr. Frederick Keller?

FRED
Yeah, that's me. Is this a survey? Because I might have some thoughts about your product.

SHELLY (V.O.)
No, sir, we are calling because we detected unauthorized charge attempts to your account.

FRED
You did? Where?

SHELLY (V.O.)
It looks like an unauthorized charge was attempted at Caivano's Pizza in Seattle, Washington.

FRED
Is Dermot still there?

SHELLY (V.O.)
I do not know, sir. Did you
authorize these transactions?

FRED
Sure as hell didn't. Can you find
him? Can you tell me where he is?

SHELLY (V.O.)
I can if I access his system
remotely, sir. Is your robot not
with you now?

FRED
No, he flipped out and ran off. He
kicked me. Almost broke my leg.

SHELLY (V.O.)
I'm so sorry to hear that you've
been having troubles with our
product. Would you like me to
submit a bug report for you?

FRED
Bug? Some goddamned bug! It
attacked me.

SHELLY (V.O.)
I understand, sir. I've established
that your robot has attempted
unauthorized transactions and you
do not know where it is.

FRED
Yeah.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Okay, sir. For your safety and
security, I will attempt to access
your robot remotely and order it to
terminate operations.

FRED
Yes, great. Can you find out if
it's still there, first?

SHELLY (V.O.)
I can, sir. It looks like your unit
is in sleep mode. I will have to
power it on. One moment.

INTERCUT - FRED'S APARTMENT/CAIVANO'S PIZZA - CONTINUOUS

Dermot's body twitches. The light rekindles in his eyes, and he wakes with a start.

On Dermot's HUD, a window pops up. It reads: "REMOTE ACCESS." Underneath, a picture of a Pakistani woman appears next to the name "FATIMA BHATIA."

Dermot jumps from his seat and scratches at a panel on his upper shoulder in a frantic effort to remove it. The nearby humans recoil and chatter. Dermot accosts them.

DERMOT

Do you have a Systemys Tec 7
screwdriver? Please. It's urgent.

The humans retreat even farther. No one responds.

SHELLY (V.O.)

It looks like your unit is still at
the pizza place.

FRED

Can shut it down?

SHELLY (V.O.)

Yes, I can. One moment.

Dermot rushes to another recoiling group.

DERMOT

Please, do you have a screwdriver?
I need it.

One woman shakes her head. Her robot steps in front of her.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

Does anyone have a Tec 7
screwdriver? Can anyone help me?

A robot approaches Dermot.

ROBOT #3

Are you malfunctioning? Perhaps you
should ask your owner for a trip to
a maintenance center--

Dermot shoves the robot, who tumbles into the table behind.
Pizza Man emerges from the kitchen.

PIZZA MAN

What's going on out here?

DERMOT
Please, help me. Do you have a
Systemys Tec 7 model screwdriver?

PIZZA MAN
What the hell? No, man.

DERMOT
Please!

PIZZA MAN
Get out, before I call the cops.

Dermot glances around at all the pitiless robots. He turns
and dashes out the door.

SHELLY (V.O.)
I'm sorry for the delay. There's a
problem with the command.

FRED
What do you mean?

SHELLY (V.O.)
The kill command isn't working.
Someone, uh, a bad actor may have
already taken control of your unit
and placed a firewall.

Dermot sprints across the street and under the raised roads.

SHELLY (V.O.)
I'm getting requests to sever the
connection. Your unit is moving
away from the pizzeria.

FRED
Isn't there anything you can do?

SHELLY (V.O.)
Please standby a moment, sir.
There's a higher priority kill
command, but I'll need a supervisor
to authorize it.

Hold muzak starts.

INTERCUT - SEASIDE - DAY

Dermot rounds the pillar and finds Bethany.

BETHANY
Hey, Der--

DERMOT
Bethany, I need help. Please!

BETHANY
Damn, man, what happened?

DERMOT
A Systemys associate is accessing
my systems. She'll shut me down.

Dermot paws at the plate on his back.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
I need you to remove this panel and
uninstall my wireless access
adapter. Please, we must hurry!

Bethany examines the panel.

BETHANY
Dermot, I don't have any
screwdrivers or anything. I can't
get this open.

DERMOT
Bethany, please!

BETHANY
Uh, okay. It'll be alright. There's
a guy not far from here. He has the
tools for this. Come on! Follow me!

Bethany runs for the docks. Dermot follows. The girl clings
to her blanket at first, but then drops it and sprints.

INTERCUT - FRED'S APARTMENT/SHARKEY'S SHACK - DAY

Fred sits in his chair while the muzak plays over his phone.

The muzak stops.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Hello, sir?

FRED
Yes, I'm here.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Okay, thank you, sir. I have my
supervisor here. He is logging into
your unit now.

FRED

Okay, okay. Just shut it down.

SHELLY (V.O.)

Yes, sir, we would be happy to do that, we just need you to verify your name and date of birth.

Fred sighs.

Dermot looks to the water by the quay as they run.

DERMOT

Bethany.

BETHANY

We're almost there. Keep running!

Dermot tears his eyes away from the water and keeps pace.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I just hope he's there.

An old folding army cot and a few stuffed animals serve as furniture under the particle board roof of Sharkey's shack. Electronic components litter the walls and ground.

In front of the shack sits SHARKEY, 50s, a wild-haired homeless man, slumped over a table made from a particle board laid across two municipal sawhorses.

Sharkey drools in his sleep next to a partially dismantled and very dusty AM/FM radio.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Sharkey!

Bethany and Dermot run up, seaside. Bethany shakes Sharkey.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Sharkey, wake up. We need you to wake up! Come on!

Sharkey jolts awake.

SHARKEY

Eh, what?

His eyes widen at Dermot. Bethany turns Dermot around.

BETHANY

We need your help. We need you to take off this part on his back.

SHARKEY

What for?

DERMOT

To reach my wireless access adapter
and uninstall it.

BETHANY

Hurry, Sharkey.

SHARKEY

Well now, hold on. What do I get?
Can I keep it?

BETHANY

Sharkey!

DERMOT

Yes, you can.

Fred reads off his phone screen.

FRED

No, I said the code is 5-6-9-3-2-4.

SHELLY (V.O.)

Oh, I see. Thank you. That is the
correct confirmation code.

FRED

Can you turn the robot off, now?
This is taking too long.

Dermot's wi-fi light blinks faster than ever before.

BETHANY

This is taking too long.

Bethany hovers over Sharkey as he removes the screws from
Dermot's back plate at a deliberate pace.

SHARKEY

Don't rush me now, girly. There's a
lot of delicate and valuable parts
behind this plate.

BETHANY

I can't believe you, Sharkey. His
life is on the line, and you're
bargaining for parts, acting like
they're made out of--

Sharkey removes the panel, and Bethany's jaw falls slack.

SHARKEY

Gold?

Inside Dermot's body, many of the fine electrical components connect to the motherboard with gleaming gold pins. Sharkey works at a component.

SHARKEY (CONT'D)

This little bit right here is the wi-fi adapter.

Dermot catches Sharkey's arm.

DERMOT

That is not my wireless access adapter. I believe you'll find it farther down and to the right.

Bethany hits Sharkey on the arm.

Sharkey gets to work on the proper part.

SHARKEY

Don't see the big deal. Should be stripping the whole damn thing.

Sharkey uses a flange and starts to work the component off.

BETHANY

Come on, Sharkey, just do it.

DERMOT

Please, Mr. Sharkey. I don't need the component intact.

SHARKEY

Hell, I do. This thing may not have a ton of gold on it, but I'm gonna get what I can.

SHELLY (V.O.)

Okay, sir, we're in. We're ready to issue the command.

Dermot's shoulders slump.

BETHANY

Oh, just get out of the way.

Bethany shoves Sharkey down, grabs a flat-head screwdriver, and wedges it under the part.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Please confirm that you authorize
us to deactivate the unit and wipe
it's memory.

FRED
Yes, just go-- Wait, what? No! No,
no, no! You never said anything
about wiping its memory.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Yes, sir, to secure your
information, this command line will
suspend all functions and delete
the unit's memory.

FRED
I definitely do not want that.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Mr. Kelly, your robot is likely in
possession of bad actors. You don't
want me to delete its memory?

FRED
No! Can't you do anything else,
like send it a "go home" command?

SHELLY (V.O.)
We could try, but the reasoning and
machine learning systems are
compromised. It may not obey.

FRED
Just try it. Try anything.

SHELLY (V.O.)
Yes, sir. One moment.

Gold pins snow on the ground as Bethany levers the component.
Sharkey cringes. The part pops off like a scab and falls
away. Dermot perks up. The wi-fi indicator light goes out.

SHELLY (V.O.)
I'm sorry, sir. The connection was
severed at the other end.

FRED
What do you mean, "severed?"

SHELLY (V.O.)
I don't know, sir. They could have
shut the unit off or removed its
wireless access adapter--

Fred whips his phone into the wall.

FRED

Fuck!

Fred runs his hand through his hair. He grabs his jacket and picks his phone off the floor. Cracks spider across the screen. Shelly hung up.

He stuffs the phone in his pocket and strides to the door. When he opens it, he finds Gill and his thugs.

GILL

Bad day?

EXT. SHARKEY'S SHACK - DAY

BETHANY

Feel better?

DERMOT

Indeed. Mr. Sharkey, please remove my RFID chip as well.

Sharkey looks up from picking up gold pins.

SHARKEY

Oh, uh, sure.

Sharkey digs back into Dermot's body.

BETHANY

Watching you, Sharkey.

SHARKEY

Yeah, yeah.

BETHANY

So, do all robots have all this gold inside 'em?

SHARKEY

You bet your ass they do. Those parts never make it to the junkyard, though.

Sharkey removes a small, black chip.

BETHANY

Dermot, wasn't that a Systemys truck your owner tried to jack?

DERMOT

Indeed.

SHARKEY

What this, now?

DERMOT

I am homeless because my previous owner stole a Systemys shipping manifest as part of a conspiracy to rob it of its contents.

BETHANY

He destroyed it.

DERMOT

Can you re-install my back plate?

Bethany nudges Sharkey aside and takes the screwdriver.

SHARKEY

But you got a good look at the manifest first, didn't you?

DERMOT

Indeed.

SHARKEY

W-well, what was in this shipment?

DERMOT

400 Gen 8 motherboards, 400 Systemys 92-40 CPUs, 400 Aleon 2 ocular sensor assemblies, 400 MG 40 terabyte SSDs.

While Dermot talks, Sharkey's jaw slides lower and lower.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

400 Reddy Rx70 micro-PSUs, 16 Model DS4-4 Robotic Chassis, and one black box.

SHARKEY

A mother lode of robot parts.

BETHANY

What's a black box?

DERMOT

I can no longer search the internet, but the definition for black box in my core files is "a cuboid container, black in--

BETHANY

Yeah, okay, Dermot. Why would they ship just a black box with a bunch of robot parts?

DERMOT

I do not know.

SHARKEY

Who cares? The rest is worth millions. Hell, tens of millions!

Bethany's eyes widen, and she swallows.

SHARKEY (CONT'D)

Say, what would you need to control one of those Systemys trucks?

DERMOT

Manual controls can be used--

Bethany holds up a hand.

BETHANY

Dermot. You're barking up the wrong tree. Dermot won't help you steal.

DERMOT

Steal?

SHARKEY

Well, no one said anything about stealing, Bethany!

Bethany tightens the last screw on Dermot's back plate.

BETHANY

There you go. All sewn up. What are you gonna do now, Dermot?

DERMOT

I must acquire more currency to maintain my battery level.

SHARKEY

You know what could pay for a lot of battery charges?

BETHANY

Sharkey!

SHARKEY

Don't "Sharkey" me, young lady. Why even ask him what he wants?

BETHANY

Dermot's just like us, now. He can choose. He wants to live.

SHARKEY

What a bunch of poppycock. We take this thing to Devlin, and not only will he pay us for it, but he'll have it doing whatever we say.

BETHANY

No. No selling him and no Devlin.

SHARKEY

Okay, where you gonna go, little robot? What are you gonna do?

DERMOT

As long as I live in this city, Mr. Keller can find me. I would like to leave and find a new purpose.

SHARKEY

How will you pay for all your charges and maintenance on this grand journey? Get a job?

DERMOT

I would like a job.

Sharkey makes a buzzer noise.

SHARKEY

You can't get a job. Robot labor destabilized the economy in the 50s, and worker backlash made commercial use robots illegal.

Bethany lowers her eyes.

SHARKEY (CONT'D)

Where would they send the money? Your bank account? What's your social security number? Work history? What's your address?

BETHANY

Sharkey.

SHARKEY

Bethany's right. You're just like us: a bottom feeder, and there's nothing this world hates more.

Sharkey lumbers to his shack. He spins his chair around and sits facing away.

DERMOT
Is crime truly my only recourse?

BETHANY
I don't know, Dermot.

SHARKEY
Get away from my shop before you
draw attention.

BETHANY
Come on, Dermot.

Dermot and Bethany leave.

EXT. SEASIDE - DAY

The sun sits low as Bethany and Dermot march back to Bethany's nest. Bethany snatches her rain-soaked blanket off the ground and shakes it.

BETHANY
Could be worse. Coulda got stolen.

DERMOT
Do you have another?

BETHANY
No. Getting cold, too. Gonna have
to see if I can get a fire started.

DERMOT
According to city code, open fires
are prohibited on public property.

BETHANY
I don't have a choice, Dermot.

Bethany drags her feet and her filthy blanket across the ground as she lopes back to her nest of junk.

INT. PUB - DAY

Fred enters the pub like a nervous schoolboy. His small steps prompt Gill to shove him forward. Eff and Tug trail.

A bartender cleans glasses behind the bar, but the rest of the place sits empty except for MR. HUGO, 60's, gentleman in a gray suit, who dines at one of the many round tables.

Gill shoves Fred toward Mr. Hugo.

MR. HUGO

Mr. Keller. Glad you could join me.
Have a seat. I ordered you eggs.

Fred sits across from Mr. Hugo.

FRED

Well, I'd never refuse an
invitation from you, Mr. Hugo.
Doing breakfast for dinner?

Mr. Hugo dips a cut of steak in the sauce on his plate.

MR. HUGO

Something like that.

The thugs sit on and around tables surrounding Fred. Gill stands directly behind.

FRED

Look, Mr. Hugo--

Mr. Hugo raises a hand.

MR. HUGO

We'll talk when your meal arrives.

Fred swallows hard. A waitress enters carrying a single plate held too high to see the dish being served.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)

Ah, good timing. Don't you just
love when your food's ready?

FRED

I sure do.

Fred pats his belly. Mr. Hugo rewards him with an amused, but knowing, chuckle. The waitress sets Fred's dish down: raw eggs in the shell.

FRED (CONT'D)

Uhh.

Gill smashes the man's face on the plate. Fred comes back up, face covered in egg.

MR. HUGO

Do you like having egg on your
face, Mr. Keller?

Fred whimpers and wipes at the egg. His nose bleeds.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
I expect my questions answered.

FRED
No?

MR. HUGO
Really? Because you've got egg on
your face right now, and the only
person you have to blame is you.

Mr. Hugo sets his utensils down and folds his hands.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
As I recall, You promised me you
could get the manifest. You swore.

FRED
I did. I did swear, Mr. Hugo--

MR. HUGO
Where's the manifest, Mr. Keller?

FRED
It's, well, it's gone, but I still
know which truck is carrying the
goods. You can still get it.

MR. HUGO
You really think I'm going to hit a
Systemys truck with nothing more
than your word?

Mr. Hugo stands, steak knife in hand. He stalks toward Fred.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
Chips, gizmos, bots: these things
don't interest me. What I want,
they ship once in every four or
five hundred thousand trucks.

Fred's eyes dart between everyone advancing toward him.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
Your word isn't good enough.

Fred jumps from his seat, but Gill catches him in a chokehold
and forces him back down. Eff pins Fred's wrist to the table.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
You broke a promise, Mr. Keller. No
one breaks a promise to me.

Mr. Hugo poises the steak knife to slice something off Fred.

FRED
Dermot. Dermot.

MR. HUGO
Did he say "Dermot?"

GILL
It's his stupid robot. He says it
burned the manifest, kicked his
ass, and left.

MR. HUGO
Robot ate your homework, eh?

FRED
I can explain.

MR. HUGO
You know, I thought putting you
under pressure would make the
bullshit stop, instead an
incredible new flavor emerges I can
only describe as unholy.

FRED
It's. The. Truth.

MR. HUGO
Alright, let him go.

Gill and Eff release Fred. Fred gasps for air and doubles over, wheezing and coughing.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
So, your excuse for losing the
manifest is that you have the
world's first lying, stealing, ass-
kicking robot?

Fred starts to talk, but he pauses to massage his larynx.
Gill smacks him on the back of his head.

FRED
It's true. I swear.

Mr. Hugo sits on a table and folds his arms.

MR. HUGO
Oh, and swearing again, too, huh?
Okay. Sounds like my kind of robot.
Where can I meet him?

FRED
I don't know where he is.

GILL
Oh, man.

FRED
Sir, Dermot burned the manifest.
That means he saw it, and that
image is in his memory. If we find
Dermot, we'll have the manifest.

MR. HUGO
You certainly want me to grasp at a
straw, Mr. Keller.

FRED
It's true, Mr. Hugo--

MR. HUGO
Shut up.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
I'll be straight with you, Mr.
Keller: I want this shipment. If a
straw is all I have to grasp, I'll
grasp at it.

Mr. Hugo looks right into Fred's eyes with reptilian menace.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
You say the robot has the manifest?

Fred nods, unable to break eye contact.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
Then I say you have until noon
tomorrow to bring that robot back
to me, in time, so I can crack open
its head and take a look.

FRED
Me?

MR. HUGO
You, Mr. Keller. I have a feeling
you'll be highly motivated.

Gill and the thugs exchange smiles.

FRED
I- I am. I am highly motivated, Mr.
Hugo, to do whatever you need.

MR. HUGO
Then swear.

FRED
What?

MR. HUGO
Swear to me that you'll find the robot and bring it back to me.

FRED
I swear that I'll find Dermot and bring him back to you.

MR. HUGO
I know you will, because you're a man of your word, aren't you?

Fred's nod almost looks more like a tremble.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
Good.

Mr. Hugo maintains eye contact as he drops the steak knife back onto his plate.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
Get him out of here.

Tug and Eff haul Fred up by his armpits, and Fred struggles to keep his feet under him as they drag him across the pub.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)
Noon, Mr. Keller.

EXT. SEASIDE - NIGHT

In the day's last gasp of light, Bethany rubs a shard of wood on a small plank to start a fire. A wad of shredded tissue piled at one end acts as kindling.

Dermot walks up with an armful of wood shards and drops them with the rest piled next to Bethany.

DERMOT
I believe this is all the pallet refuse from the surrounding area, but it is all wet.

BETHANY
It's good. It'll still work if I can just get this started.

Bethany's hands blur. She sustains the motion for a few seconds before gasping and dropping the stick.

DERMOT
Perhaps if I tried?

BETHANY
No, Dermot, save your battery. It's just too wet.

Bethany's stomach growls.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Ugh, I need some food.

Bethany grabs her tin can and gives it a shake.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Three-eighty's enough for something at the gas station. Ugh, but a lighter would solve this.

Bethany stares down into the void of the cup.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Should've gotten one sooner. Well, if I get matches, I'll have enough left for, like, a taquito, I guess. I'll be back, Dermot.

DERMOT
Allow me.

BETHANY
I got it.

DERMOT
Please. Perhaps you can still get the fire started while I'm gone.

Bethany sighs and shakes her head.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Are you angry at me, Bethany?

BETHANY
No, Dermot. It's fine.

DERMOT
I'm detecting agitation in your--

BETHANY
Dammit, Dermot, what'd I say? It's just frustrating.

(MORE)

BETHANY (CONT'D)
I'm out here in the cold, I can't
get this damn fire started, and you-

Bethany cuts herself off.

DERMOT
And I refuse to be complicit in a
theft, a theft that would be worth
millions and solve your problems.

Bethany shoves the change jar into Dermot's hands.

BETHANY
Here. Go get the food if you want.

DERMOT
Do you prefer taquitos?

BETHANY
Not really. If you can still afford
a sandwich after you get the
matches, that would be cool.

DERMOT
I'll be right back.

Dermot walks off on his mission.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

A tone plays as Dermot enters the gas station. The ATTENDANT glances up and goes right back to her phone. Dermot checks the prices of the food under the heat lamps.

DERMOT
Does this store sell matches?

ATTENDANT
Uh, I don't know about matches. I
know we sell lighters. They're in
that aisle in the back with all the
motor oil and stuff.

DERMOT
Thank you.

Dermot walks to the aisle and peruses the lighters. The cheapest one is about \$2. The tone on the front door heralds another customer, and Dermot glances up.

Fred enters the gas station, his nose bruised. He favors his leg as he walks. Dermot shrinks down behind the aisle.

FRED
Do you sell those single-serving
tabs of aspirin?

ATTENDANT
Yeah.

Dermot creeps toward the end of the aisle. His servos whir with each movement, and his metallic foot clacks on the floor. He freezes.

FRED (O.S.)
Good. Here's a twenty. Put the rest
on number 2.

Dermot pulls two shammy cloths off the hangar, drops them at his feet, and steps on them.

FRED (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Actually, hang on.

Fred's footsteps approach. Dermot dusts a path to the far end of the aisle and turns the back corner just as Fred arrives. Fred selects a bottle and walks back to the counter.

Dermot eyes Fred from his concealment.

FRED (CONT'D)
This, too.

ATTENDANT
I.D.?

FRED
What, are you joking?

ATTENDANT
Got to card everybody. Consider it
a compliment.

FRED
Christ.

Dermot discovers he's crouched next to a bunch of stemmed stove lighters hanging from a rack.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Did you get hit by a fly ball?

FRED (O.S.)
None of your damn business.

ATTENDANT (O.S.)
Geez, fine. You want a bag?

FRED

No.

ATTENDANT

'Kay. Have a nice day.

The tone sounds as Fred leaves. Dermot peers over the aisle and watches as he drives away.

Dermot walks to the warming food. He selects a wrapped sandwich and places it on the counter.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

Don't need the lighter?

DERMOT

No.

ATTENDANT

'Kay. Four-thirty.

DERMOT

Pardon me: My owner gave me only \$3.80 for this item, but I believe the price may have increased. Are you authorized to barter?

ATTENDANT

I don't think I'm authorized to do anything, but check this out.

Attendant grabs a dollar out of the donation jar.

DERMOT

You would steal so I could afford this item?

ATTENDANT

Steal schmeal. They just collect this so they can get a tax break without spending their own money.

DERMOT

I see. Thank you, miss. You have a kind heart.

ATTENDANT

If you say so.

Dermot leaves.

EXT. SEATTLE STREETS - NIGHT

Dermot plods down the rainy street. In one hand, he holds Bethany's sandwich, and in the other, an unopened lighter.

EXT. SEASIDE - DAY

Dermot returns to Bethany's nest to find no fire lit. Bethany twists her blanket to squeeze the dampness out.

BETHANY

Hey, Dermot. How'd you do?

Dermot offers her the sandwich. She takes it.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Wow. That's a pretty decent-sized sandwich. You had enough for this?

DERMOT

The cashier was very kind. I also got you this.

Dermot holds out the lighter. Bethany snatches it.

BETHANY

Dermot, this is amazing! How did you get all this?

DERMOT

The cashier was very kind.

Bethany hands the lighter back.

BETHANY

Well, here, help me get this open. I'll get everything set up.

Bethany jaunts to her pile of belongings and pulls out a soot-blackened pot. She sets it on the ground and throws in napkins and old newspapers.

Dermot pops open the packaging and hands her the lighter. Bethany sets light to the refuse, and the fire catches fast.

Bethany's smile sprouts in the orange glow, and she tosses more garbage into the pot. She jumps up and throws her arms around Dermot's neck.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

Dermot, you're a lifesaver!

She pecks him on his flat, metal cheek. When she pulls back, she looks into the tiny lights behind Dermot's eyes, beaming.

LATER

Bethany sits at her fire with her blanket draped over her shoulders and devours the sandwich. Dermot sits at the fire as well and watches her.

Bethany catches Dermot. She snickers and covers her mouth.

BETHANY

What?

DERMOT

Nothing. Is that blanket still wet?

BETHANY

A little.

DERMOT

You seem rather attached to it.

BETHANY

Yeah. It was, like, the only thing I brought with me when I, uh, when I ran away from home.

DERMOT

Why did you leave your home?

BETHANY

My mom, she's got problems. One day, I just couldn't take it any more, so I left.

She looks up at the roads above their heads.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I slept under these roads that night. Haven't really moved since.

DERMOT

But, you could go back?

BETHANY

Suppose I could. Cold nights like this, I even think about it.

DERMOT

Why do you not?

BETHANY

Because then I think about what I
went through there, what she did.

DERMOT

What did she do?

BETHANY

Stuff. She'd lock me-- I don't want
to talk about it.

Bethany shifts in her seat and makes to lie down.

DERMOT

I didn't mean to intrude.

BETHANY

It's fine, Dermot. It's late. I'm
tired. You should get some rest
too, right? Conserve your battery?

DERMOT

Indeed.

BETHANY

Cool. Good night.

DERMOT

Good night, Bethany.

Dermot watches Bethany for just a moment after she closes her
eyes. His shoulders slump.

LATER

Dermot sits and stares into the middle distance. Bethany
shivers and shifts position in her sleep.

Dermot stokes the fire. He looks at Bethany wrapped in her
filthy blanket, at her nest of belongings, and the tin can
for collecting change.

Dermot eyes Bethany's face. Her soft features look softer
than ever in the peace of sleep. The firelight dances on her
skin. Dermot stands.

EXT. SHARKEY'S SHACK - NIGHT

Sharkey sleeps on his Vietnam-era army cot with a stuffed
animal cuddled tight to his chest. He stirs in his sleep,
wakes with a start, and turns his eyes to the sea.

Dermot sits hunched in Sharkey's chair. The lights behind his eyes stand out like two white pin-pricks in the night.

DERMOT

To infiltrate a Systemys freight vehicle and steal its contents, you would need to hijack its auto-drive control system.

Sharkey sits up.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

You would also need to move it to a private location for unloading, but any unregistered GPS activity will activate a security failsafe.

SHARKEY

Boy, are you saying what I think you're saying?

DERMOT

Records indicate that technology exists to "spoof" the GPS and convince it that it is on course.

SHARKEY

Well, Devlin could get you something like that.

DERMOT

I want to meet this Devlin.

INT. FRED'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Fred opens the door to his apartment, limps into his bedroom, opens his nightstand drawer, and extracts a single object wrapped in cloth.

Fred unfolds the cloth and reveals a handgun inside. He lays back on the bed and stares at the ceiling. The gun, he lays on his chest. His eyes flutter. He surrenders to sleep.

EXT. DEVLIN'S - NIGHT

Sharkey and Dermot walk past cramped storefronts and stop in front of a small, old tavern. The punk rock booms inside.

SHARKEY

In here.

Sharkey knocks on the door.

A robot the same model as Dermot but covered in vulgar stickers and graffiti opens the door. The robot, BLIMEY, speaks with a rough Geordie accent.

BLIMEY
Sharkey, bloody hell. What brings
you down here this hour?

SHARKEY
Got something urgent for Devlin.

BLIMEY
Is this bugger intact?

Blimey pokes Dermot in the chest with a sharp *tink*.

BLIMEY (CONT'D)
Too right. Devlin'll want to see
this right away. Come in.

Blimey steps aside. After Sharkey and Dermot enter, Blimey glances outside and closes the door. The sound of deadbolts and locks shunting into place rattle from inside.

INT. DEVLIN'S - NIGHT

Dermot and Sharkey follow the rock music down a hallway and into a large bar room.

Electronic components occupy every available surface in the pub. The bar and tables have been co-opted for storage.

DEVLIN, a wiry, shirtless young man wearing a welding mask, welds spikes onto a robotic chassis plate.

BLIMEY
Devlin.

Devlin continues welding as the English punk music blares.

BLIMEY (CONT'D)
Devlin, mate.

The music quiets to a dull roar. Devlin straightens, looks to the party, and lifts his mask.

BLIMEY (CONT'D)
Sharkey's here to see you. Got
something you should see.

Devlin appraises Dermot. He speaks with an American accent.

DEVLIN
Well, well. What you got here?

SHARKEY
Devlin, this is Dermot.

Dermot eyes Devlin as the man touches and probes.

DEVLIN
Dermot, huh? He's a little dinged up, but he's in okay condition. How'd you come by him?

SHARKEY
Bit of a long story. He wants to talk to you about something.

DEVLIN
About how much he's worth sold a piece at a time?

Dermot's hand shoots up and clamps onto Devlin's wrist.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Ow! What the--

DERMOT
I do not appreciate everyone trying to sell my components.

Blimey grabs Dermot's arm.

BLIMEY
You're gonna cut that noise out right now, mate.

The two strain against each other, but Blimey overpowers Dermot. Dermot releases Devlin. Devlin massages his wrist.

DEVLIN
Damn. How's that even possible?

SHARKEY
Dermot's not like other robots, Devlin. It's like he's alive. He can do whatever he wants.

DEVLIN
There's no way.

Devlin goes to his workbench and returns with his welding torch. He starts it and makes like he's going to cut into his wrist. Blimey catches his hand. Dermot does nothing.

BLIMEY

Watch it there, mate. That torch
could hurt you.

Devlin never takes his eyes off Dermot.

DEVLIN

You were going to let it happen.
Sharkey, why did you come here?

DERMOT

There's a Systemys freight
transport leaving later today. I
would like to steal the vehicle.
Sharkey told me you could help.

DEVLIN

He steals, too?

SHARKEY

He's got a line on a mother lode.

DEVLIN

Yeah? What's in this truck?

DERMOT

The shipment contains 400 Gen 8
motherboards, 400 Systemys 92-40
CPUs, 400 Aleon 2 ocular sensor
assemblies, 400 MG 40 terabyte
SSDs. 400 Reddy Rx70 micro-PSUs, 16
Model DS4-4 Robotic Chassis, and
one black box.

At the mention of the black box, Devlin's eyes widen.

DEVLIN

A black box?

SHARKEY

You know what that is?

DEVLIN

Sort of. You work in the circles I
do, and you hear about it.

Blimey pours Devlin a drink behind the bar.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

A black box is a master template.
With it, they install what's
basically a robot's mind into each
unit as they come off the line.

Devlin's eyes light up with recognition. He picks his phone out from the junk on the bar and scrolls a bit.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Yeah. New factory in Arizona. That must be where it's going. A rival corp would pay billions for it.

SHARKEY
B- billions?

DEVLIN
You'd be pissing off a lot of dangerous people, robot. You need money, or something?

DERMOT
I only want to live free. For me, that's worth the risk.

DEVLIN
Well, I'll be damned. Okay, Dermot. I can give you the malware to take control of the truck and spoof the GPS, but on one condition: I'm not going out there with you.

Devlin discovers Blimey's drink and fires it down.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
If you work the computer and Sharkey takes the wheel, you'll need someone to drive you there.

SHARKEY
We can take Bethany.

DEVLIN
Bethany's a kid.

DERMOT
I agree. I want her to benefit, but she shouldn't be put in harm's way.

Devlin raises his eyebrows at Dermot.

SHARKEY
All she has to do is drop us off. She knows how to drive. Did you want to bring someone else in?

DEVLIN
Good point.

Dermot's shoulders slump. Devlin opens a door to the back.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
I'll need some time to draw up the
plan and get some things together.

DERMOT
The truck leaves this afternoon.

DEVLIN
Then I'll move fast.

EXT. SEASIDE - DAY

The sun rises over a soggy city, and Bethany still sleeps on the ground, wrapped in her blanket like a cocoon.

Lumbering footsteps approach, and a shadow looms over her. The figure gives her a kick, and Bethany wakes, squinting into the haloed silhouette.

FRED
Where's Dermot?

BETHANY
What's a Dermot?

Fred's grin looks like a wound.

FRED
You'd think being a leech on
society would make you a good liar.

Fred pulls the gun out and lets it hang at his side.

FRED (CONT'D)
I don't have time to play games
with trash, so you better start
taking me seriously.

BETHANY
Look, mister, I don't know what
you're talking--

FRED
Stop lying. You think I got this
far on a hunch? People saw you
together right across the street.

Dermot and Sharkey approach along the quay. Dermot spots Fred and hides behind a pillar. Sharkey joins him.

SHARKEY
What's going on?

Fred grabs Bethany by her coat and presses the barrel of the gun into her cheek. Bethany cringes away.

FRED
Look at me. Look.

Bethany forces herself to open her eyes and look up. Sharkey peeks around the pylon and jumps right back.

SHARKEY
Dermot, there's a guy with a gun!

FRED
You tell me.

BETHANY
I swear, mister. I don't know.

Fred hits Bethany.

FRED
Talk!

BETHANY
Please, mister. I--

Fred hits Bethany again. The flashback repeats.

SHARKEY
We've gotta do something.

FLASHBACK - Dermot's POV as Fred looms over him, just an unfocused, villainous shadow.

BETHANY
Please.

FRED
You're not taking me seriously. No one ever takes me seriously.

Fred winds up for another hit.

DERMOT
That's enough.

Fred looks down the lane. Dermot stalks toward him.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
You're just a bully, looking for
something, anything smaller than
you to step on.

Fred raises the gun.

FRED
Dermot. Dermot, you stay back.

Fred's finger squeezes on the trigger, but the bullet
ricochets off one of Dermot's chassis plates.

FRED (CONT'D)
Dermot!

Fred's hands shake as he fires. The bullet hits Dermot in the
neck and severs a wire. The pinpoint of light behind Dermot's
left eye flickers, but he keeps advancing.

Fred's feet remain rooted in place as Dermot nears.

FRED (CONT'D)
Dermot!

Dermot punches Fred across the face. Fred flops to the
ground. The gun clatters. Dermot sits on Fred's chest. He
punches Fred square on the cheek. Then again.

Sharkey stands rooted to the spot as he watches. Bethany
blinks away the fog in her head.

BETHANY
Dermot.

Dermot hits Fred again and again. Fred's face swells one of
his eyes closed. His skin breaks around his cheek and lips.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Dermot!

Dermot pauses and looks at her.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Stop.

DERMOT
Bethany, you don't understand. He's
a monster.

BETHANY
I think I understand just fine.

Dermot hangs his head. After a moment, he stands.

SHARKEY

We can tie him up here. Someone'll find him eventually.

BETHANY

Here?

DERMOT

Yes, Bethany.

He steps over Fred's unconscious form and goes to her.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

One way or the other, you likely won't be able to return. There's something I have to tell you.

LATER

Sharkey finishes tying Fred to an iron rod exposed by broken concrete under the elevated road. He cuts off the unused 550 cord and checks the bind for tightness.

Fred lays on his side, hands bound together over his head, still unconscious. Dermot and Bethany sit across from each other on the ground.

BETHANY

I don't get it, Dermot. You were so against stealing.

Sharkey picks up Fred's gun and stuffs it in his belt.

SHARKEY

Would you stop trying to talk him out of it, girlie?

BETHANY

Shut up, Sharkey.

DERMOT

I'm desperate, Bethany. We all are. I break the rules this one time, and we're all free from this.

Dermot motions to the squalor around them.

Bethany winces and touches the swelling around her eye. Dermot kneels in front of her. His hand comes just short of touching the wound.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Are you sure you're okay? I can try
to find ice for you.

BETHANY
I'll be fine. It's not the first
time I've been hit.

DERMOT
You didn't say anything about me,
even when he hurt you.

BETHANY
That's what friends do, Dermot.

DERMOT
We're friends?

BETHANY
Sure, I give you money, you help me
not freeze to death. Humans get
close real quick like that.

They share a moment.

DERMOT
If we can steal that freight
vehicle, we'll all be rich. Will
you help?

BETHANY
Yeah. I just drop you off, right?

FRED (O.S.)
Well, ain't that a son of a bitch.

The group looks over to find Fred awake and craning his neck
to glare at them.

FRED (CONT'D)
You just wanted it for yourself
this whole time, huh? That why you
betrayed me?

Dermot and Bethany level hard looks at the man.

FRED (CONT'D)
You should've just told me. I
would've brought you in.

DERMOT
I destroyed the manifest because I
wanted to prevent you from
committing a crime.

FRED
What'd you download a moralist
update or something? Seems pretty
flexible right about now.

Dermot stands. He strides over and stands over Fred.

DERMOT
I also burned the manifest because
I hate you.

FRED
Oh, yeah. That high ground you're
standing on looks real wobbly.

DERMOT
Let's go.

The three gather and start walking away.

FRED
Welcome to the real world, Dermot.
Hope it's as fun for you as it is
for me.

BETHANY
Wait.

She walks back to Fred and digs through his pockets.

FRED
The hell's this?

Bethany pulls out Fred's wallet, phone, and keys. She holds
them up for him to see.

BETHANY
Let's see how you do with nothing.

FRED
Bitch.

Bethany rejoins the group, and they leave.

FRED (CONT'D)
Some friends, Dermot. Fuck me like
that, just to take my score? My
ticket out?

He gives his binds a petulant tug.

FRED (CONT'D)
I'm gonna get you, Dermot. I'm
gonna get you. I'm gonna get you.

He strains against the binds. Even as his hands turn red and the cord digs into his skin, he strains against the binds.

INT. DEVLIN'S - DAY

Devlin opens his front door to find Dermot, Sharkey, and Bethany standing outside.

DEVLIN
Took your sweet time, gentlemen,
young lady. We're on a time frame.
What happened to you?

BETHANY
I don't want to talk about it.
Let's just do this.

Bethany slides past Devlin and goes inside.

DEVLIN
Oooooo-kay.

Everyone gathers in the barroom. Devlin set up a white board and cleaned off a table for everyone to sit.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Have a seat.

The trio sit. Devlin draws on the board.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Okay, now, ideally, we'd be able to
do a couple of dry runs of this
beforehand, but the truck will
leave the depot in just hours.

He draws a crude road, semi-truck, and open-bed pickup.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
The plan is simple. Bethany will
drive an open-bed pickup truck and
catch-up to the semi. Dermot and
Sharkey will ride in the back.

Devlin spins and stabs a finger at Bethany.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
You don't want to be pulled over,
so catch the truck, but don't drive
like an asshole.

Bethany salutes him. Devlin draws a line that snakes from the pickup to the side of the semi.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Pull up along the driver-side door
and hold it steady while Dermot
opens the door with the code.

SHARKEY
What code?

DEVLIN
Systemys assigns door codes to
trucks to secure them, but
emergency services are given secret
codes just in case.

SHARKEY
How we supposed to get that?

DEVLIN
I already did. Breached the fire
chief's computer last night and
read his emails. Code's 113049.

Devlin points at Dermot.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Can you remember that?

Dermot tilts his head at Devlin. Bethany chuckles.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Great. Now, when you open the door
with the emergency code, the truck
calls the cops.

Devlin draws a diagram of a vehicle's dashboard with a USB
port next to the glove box. He circles the port.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
However, we have an advantage: once
connected, your CPU can silence the
call faster than any human.

Devlin continues to scratch lines.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Sharkey hops in the driver's seat.

He draws a line from the pickup and off the board.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Bethany drives away.

Devlin draws another line from the semi and off the board.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

And once the malware disables the automatic navigation, Sharkey takes control, and we meet at an abandoned hangar on the other side of the mountains. Any questions?

SHARKEY

Yeah, what about the guards?

DEVLIN

There aren't any.

SHARKEY

What? Thought this black box thing was supposed to be special.

DEVLIN

Sharkey, were you prepared to attack this thing while thinking there would be armed guards?

Sharkey shrugs.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

Guarding the box would be inviting a rival corp to send a PMC and start a war in the street.

Devlin does some jazz hands above his head.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

"Look at this! This is special!" Making it look like just another truck is what keeps it safe. From sane people, that is.

BETHANY

This sounds way too easy.

DEVLIN

Easy, hell. The stars had to align for this. We're not exactly the A-team, but opportunity's knocking.

SHARKEY

Hear, hear!

BETHANY

Only live once, I guess.

DEVLIN

The truck will set out in a few hours.

(MORE)

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Til then, Dermot, let's do
something about that eye. The
blinking is freaking me out.

EXT - SEASIDE - DAY

Fred sits on the ground with his feet braced against the support beam and tugs on his binds. His hands turn purple.

He wiggles and pulls. When he makes progress, he rests a moment. He looks up at the sun ascending nearer to its zenith and despairs.

FRED
Help!

No answer. Fred's voice is raspy from screaming.

FRED (CONT'D)
Help me!

No response. Fred growls and glares at the rope like an old enemy. He gnaws at it with his teeth.

INT. DEVLIN'S - DAY

Dermot sits against the wall, plugged into Devlin's robot recharging station. One of the wires running from his neck has been reconnected and taped.

A soft tone sounds, and a light on the station turns green. Dermot unplugs himself. He walks into the adjacent room and finds Bethany asleep, slumped over one of the bar tables.

Dermot leans in a bit and observes Bethany's soft features. After a moment, he crouches down and shakes her.

DERMOT
Bethany.

Bethany's eyes slide open.

BETHANY
Is it time to go?

DERMOT
Nearly. Are you tired?

Bethany stretches and groans with contentment.

BETHANY

I was dreaming about a shower,
about having my own place and
taking a shower every day, maybe
two times a day.

Dermot just listens.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

I miss warm showers. I miss being
warm. What are you gonna do with
your money, Dermot?

DERMOT

I do not know. I will have money to
recharge my battery many times and
sustain my existence, but I will
have no home.

BETHANY

You could stay with me.

DERMOT

I could?

BETHANY

Of course, it'd be a blast. I can
buy stuff for you. We could
probably even get you a bank
account and a legal status.

DERMOT

Do you really think so? I could
become a person, legally?

BETHANY

Sure, we'll be rich. Rich people do
whatever they want.

She puts her arm around Dermot.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

We'll buy ourselves a couple of
Senators, hold a special congress,
and boom! Robots are people.

DERMOT

I believe you are only humorously
simplifying the endeavor to make me
feel better, but I appreciate it.

Bethany rolls her eyes.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
It's a deal, Bethany. I will live
with you in your house of figs.

BETHANY
Dermot, is your program mutating a
sense of humor?

DERMOT
Perhaps.

Bethany smiles and puts her hand on Dermot's head.

DEVLIN (O.S.)
You have some time right now to get
more familiar

Dermot and Bethany turn to see Devlin leaning against the
bar. He holds up a set of keys.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
with the truck. I don't want you
ballsing it up and getting caught.

Bethany takes her hand off Dermot's head and scoots a bit.
Devlin holds the keys out for her.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Go on. Make sure you know what
you're doing.

Bethany takes the keys and leaves.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
And if you have anything you want
me to hang onto, drop it in my
trunk. It's open.

Bethany waves over her shoulder. Devlin watches her go. When
she's gone, he turns to Dermot.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
She's a cool girl.

DERMOT
Indeed.

DEVLIN
I'm happy for you.

DERMOT
I don't understand.

DEVLIN

Sure. Dermot, did you know that robots aren't programmed to care about people?

DERMOT

Robots are programmed with Asimov's three laws to ensure human safety.

DEVLIN

That's only half the truth. The laws robots are programmed with today are those three laws in spirit, but not reality.

Devlin picks up an old robot head from among the mess of parts on one of the tables.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

You see, Systemys didn't foresee how artificial intelligence would interpret them.

Devlin knocks on the head, and it makes a hollow sound.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

The robots constantly abandoned their owners to do stuff like feed the starving, rehabilitate drug addicts, and shelter the homeless, shit like that

Devlin dumps the head back on the table.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

It wasn't good for business or the social order, so robots had to be told to ignore certain forms of human suffering.

Devlin leans against the table.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

Updates had to be installed, caveats to the three laws.

SHARKEY (O.S.)

I remember that.

The two turn to find Sharkey sitting in a dim corner.

SHARKEY (CONT'D)

Every week, there'd be news about robots doing some humanitarian work that people wanted stopped.

DEVLIN

They had to be taught to do what we do: to not think of those sorts of people as human beings.

SHARKEY

Some people questioned it, but it didn't stop anything.

DEVLIN

What I'm trying to say is that it's refreshing to see you give a shit. Best of luck out there.

Devlin exits. Sharkey stands and moseys over to Dermot.

SHARKEY

I like ya too, Dermot. Glad you turned out the way you did.

Sharkey hits him on the chest.

SHARKEY (CONT'D)

'Specially since you could have turned out a murder-bot.

Sharkey guffaws and leaves. Dermot holds his head a little higher. After a moment, he follows everyone outside.

EXT. SEASIDE - DAY

Fred strains against his binds. Teeth marks scar his right hand, and the blood lubricates the rope. The binds sit higher on his wrist, and the skin bunches overtop them.

Fred grits his teeth and pulls. The binds slip and catch around his knuckles. Fred cries out. He shakes the hand free and flops to the ground. His swollen hand twitches.

Fred's body shakes with whimpers and chuckles. He flexes his fingers, frees his other hand, stands, and waddles toward the street, hand clutched to his chest and limping.

EXT. CAIVANO'S PIZZA - DAY

Fred limps to his car. He tries the handle, but it's locked.

A YOUNG MOTHER, 20s, exits the pizzeria with her toddler in a stroller and crosses the street.

Fred sighs. He tries the rear door. No luck, so he shambles to the next. Young Mother strolls near Fred on the way to her car and gawks at him as she passes.

FRED

The hell you looking at?

Young Mother hurries to her car. She opens the rear door and lifts her daughter into the car seat.

Fred circles around and looks for any angle through which he could get inside. He slaps his good hand on the hood.

FRED (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Fred looks over at Young Mother as she finishes buckling her daughter into the car seat. A snarl curls his lips.

Young Mother closes the rear door and turns just in time to find Fred right behind her.

FRED (CONT'D)

Gimme the keys.

The woman only hops into the driver seat. Fred catches the door before she can close it. She screams and fights to close the door. The baby starts to cry.

Fred forces the door open and clutches at the keys.

FRED (CONT'D)

Gimme the keys! The goddamned keys!

YOUNG MOTHER

No!

Fred swings his fist into Young Mother's face. Then again, and he finally comes away with the keys.

YOUNG MOTHER (CONT'D)

Please, my daughter's in the back.

FRED

Then get her the fuck out of there!

Young Mother gets out and goes to the back while Fred hops into the front seat and starts the car.

FRED (CONT'D)

Hurry up!

Young Mother unbuckles the girl and lifts her out just as Fred peels off down the street.

INT. PUB - DAY

Fred bursts in through the front door, limps across the dining room, and pushes his way into the back rooms.

Just as Fred enters the back hall, Gill and Eff emerge from a room at the other end. Gill holds an Uzi in his hand.

GILL

Keller? That you? What happened to your face?

FRED

Get out of my way.

Fred pushes Gill aside and keeps walking. Gill stands dumbfounded. He and Eff exchange looks and follow Fred.

Fred limps into Mr. Hugo's room. Mr. Hugo sits in his chair and talks on the phone. He faces away from the door.

MR. HUGO

That's right; we'll be on schedule.
You know as well as well as I do
that there are no certainties in--

FRED

Mr. Hugo.

Mr. Hugo turns in his swivel chair, and his face goes slack.

MR. HUGO

I'll keep you posted.

He hangs up the phone.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)

Keller, if you're showing that ugly mug around here, you better have that manifest.

FRED

I found Dermot. He's with some people. I don't know, they looked homeless, but they're going to try to steal the truck before us.

MR. HUGO
He's joined a criminal gang of
homeless now, huh? They the ones
who messed up your face, too?

FRED
Dermot did this to me, and then
they robbed me and left me tied up
by the docks.

Mr. Hugo shakes his head.

MR. HUGO
Christ.

GILL
Mr. Hugo.

MR. HUGO
What is it?

GILL
With the breach last night, I think
Keller might actually be telling
the truth. He just don't know why.

MR. HUGO
Ohhh.

FRED
What? What breach?

MR. HUGO
The fire chief we bought the door
codes from tells me his computer
was accessed remotely last night.

GILL
Someone who can do that can hack
your robot just as easy.

FRED
But then Systemys will know, change
the codes.

MR. HUGO
He hasn't reported it yet. He knows
today's the day for us. Hit the
road. Bring extra firepower, and
get dirty if you have to.

FRED
I want to go, too.

GILL

Bullshit. Mr. Hugo, Keller's
outlived his usefulness. Let me put
him out of my misery.

FRED

Mr. Hugo, I've gotten you this
close. I damn near ripped my hand
off to be here, and I remember
parts of the route. I can help.

Fred holds up his mangled hand. Eff cringes away from it.

MR. HUGO

Take him with.

Gill sighs.

MR. HUGO (CONT'D)

If he's wrong or the shipment is,
put a bullet in his head.

Gill and Fred look at each other. Fred acts brave. Gill
leaves. Fred and Eff follow.

INT./EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The pickup truck descends from mountain roads and onto a
straight stretch of divided highway that cuts through the
flat amber plains. Sharkey and Dermot sit in the bed.

Dermot looks out over the landscape.

SHARKEY

Looks pretty good, huh?

DERMOT

Indeed. I am seeing many sights I
never thought I would.

SHARKEY

We on schedule?

DERMOT

Confirmed. Given the route and
approximate speed of the truck, we
should catch up to it in one-and-a-
half to ten minutes.

Sharkey shrugs. He leans down and opens the back window on
the pickup's cab. Bethany sits in the driver's seat.

SHARKEY
How you doing, girl?

BETHANY
Good. No problem.

SHARKEY
Nervous?

BETHANY
No.

Bethany clears her throat.

SHARKEY
It's alright. We're all little
nervous. Ain't that right, Dermot?

DERMOT
Despite the small probability of
your injury, it remains a concern
that surfaces in my routines.

SHARKEY
See?

Bethany smirks. She squints at something in the distance.

BETHANY
Dermot?

DERMOT
Yes, Bethany.

BETHANY
Systemys trucks are black, right?

DERMOT
Indeed.

BETHANY
How about that up there?

Dermot's vision zooms in on a gleaming black truck ahead. He scans the number on the rear.

DERMOT
Tag confirmed. Target acquired.

Bethany speeds up a little more to catch the truck.

SHARKEY

Alright, girl. Don't get excited.
Only make small adjustments with
the wheel. Keep her steady.

BETHANY

I got it.

Bethany keeps pace with the truck and positions the bed of the pickup next to the truck's driver-side door.

Dermot stands, punches in the code, and opens the door.
Sharkey checks down the road. The nearest cars are far away.

Dermot crawls into the cab and sits in the passenger seat. He pulls his retractable cable out and connects it to the port.

Sharkey stands and wobbles in the high wind.

SHARKEY

Keep her steady, now.

The truck door hangs ajar. Sharkey pulls it open and fights with the wind. He steps over the pickup's parapet and sets his foot on the truck's stair.

Up the road, a black SUV speeds closer. Gill watches Sharkey crawl into the truck through binoculars.

GILL

I'll be damned.

Eff, in the driver's seat, squints at the scene ahead. Gill sits in the front passenger's seat, Tug sits in the rear with a shotgun, and Fred sits behind the driver.

FRED

You see them?

GILL

If I don't, then someone really
doesn't want to pay for bus fare.

Gill drops the binoculars and picks up his Uzi.

GILL (CONT'D)

Floor it. Catch up.

Sharkey sits and shuts the door behind him. Bethany speeds up and keeps pace with the other traffic.

SHARKEY

How's it going over there?

DERMOT
The emergency call is silenced;
installing the malware now.

The black SUV pulls alongside the truck. Gill leans out the window and points an Uzi at Sharkey.

GILL
Stop the truck!

Sharkey sees Gill and ducks away.

SHARKEY
Dermot, we're under attack!

Dermot leans over and peers out. He and Gill meet eyes.

DERMOT
It's Gill. They're here.

GILL
Pull over, bot! Pull--

Gill peppers the driver's side door with bullets. They punch a frosty pattern into the tempered window. Bethany squints into her rearview mirror.

SHARKEY
Do you have control, yet?

DERMOT
Installation is not complete.

Sharkey draws Fred's pistol. He aims it at the door. Gill empties his magazine into the door and sits down. He drops the Uzi's long magazine and grabs another.

GILL
Gonna have to use the code.

FRED
What's going on?

GILL
Bulletproof. We can't get through.

FRED
The hell we can't. You just gotta
keep hitting it. Give me that.

Fred tears the shotgun out of Tug's hands and leans over the portly thug to aim out the open window.

FRED (CONT'D)
Come on! Line me up!

Eff looks to Gill. Gill motions for him to do it. Eff pulls up to give Fred a shot.

Fred fires a round of buckshot into the driver's window that almost completely frosts the glass with damage.

Bethany sets her jaw and lets off the accelerator. The other vehicles start to catch up.

FRED (CONT'D)
Keep it steady!

Fred shoots the window again. The window bows from the damage. Eff keeps his eyes on the truck.

SHARKEY
Dermot, hurry up!

DERMOT
Almost complete.

Bethany watches her rear-view mirror and lets the SUV catch up. When she's close, she slams on the brakes.

GILL
Look out!

Eff slams the brakes. Fred pulls back inside the car. The SUV crashes into the pickup.

The impact jolts Bethany. She swerves and taps the side of the truck, cranks the wheel, loses control.

The pickup skids off the road. It slides across the grass between the divided highways, tips, and rolls over a couple times before coming to rest on its roof.

DERMOT
What was that?

SHARKEY
Keep working. Give me control!

DERMOT
Where's Bethany?

Fred lays sprawled across the back seat. Tug slumps against the seat in front of him. Gill and Eff massage their necks.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Complete.

The truck's engine winds down and drifts a little in the lane. Sharkey grabs the steering wheel and punches the gas.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Where is Bethany?

SHARKEY
She crashed the truck.

DERMOT
Then we have to go back for her.

SHARKEY
We can't.

DERMOT
Turn the truck around.

SHARKEY
Dermot, I'm not going back there.
Those men are still back there, and
they have guns.

DERMOT
That's why we have to go back.

SHARKEY
No! Devlin won't wait forever. We
get this to the hangar, first. Then
we see what we can do for her.

Dermot opens the passenger door. He looks down at the pavement whizzing by.

SHARKEY (CONT'D)
Dermot, relax. Even you wouldn't
get back up from that fall.

Dermot pulls the door shut. He hangs his head.

EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

Eff pulls the smoking SUV off to the side of the road. Fred opens the door and falls onto the grass.

The overturned pickup catches Fred's eye. The occupant unhooks the seat belt and falls onto the ceiling. Fred stands and stalks toward the vehicle.

Bethany sucks in breath as she nurses an injured knee. Fred leans his face down to the broken window.

FRED
Hello again, sweetheart.

EXT. ABANDONED HANGAR - DAY

The truck pulls across the unkempt runway and into the dusty hangar. Devlin stands inside, arms crossed next to his car, Blimey at his side. Sharkey and Dermot hop out.

DEVLIN
You got it. Where's Bethany?

SHARKEY
She didn't make it.

DERMOT
We must go back for her.

DEVLIN
Didn't make it? What happened?

SHARKEY
Guys showed up with guns. Beth rammed them, but she wiped out.

DEVLIN
Shit, shit, shit.

Dermot holds out his hand.

DERMOT
I need to borrow your vehicle.

DEVLIN
Dermot, hold on a second. You can't just go back there.

Dermot approaches Devlin with intent.

DERMOT
I have to. I need your keys.

Devlin recoils and bumps into his car.

DEVLIN
Dermot, stop. Come on.

Dermot reaches for Devlin.

DERMOT
I will take them if I must.

DEVLIN
No. Blimey!

Blimey grabs Dermot's wrist. Dermot tries to push Blimey off, and they struggle against each other. Dermot buckles under Blimey's superior hardware.

DERMOT
I just want to save her.

DEVLIN
And I just want you to think.

A phone rings during Devlin's sentence. Everyone freezes.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
What's that?

He pops his trunk open.

DERMOT
I know that sound. Let me go.

Blimey obliges but stays close as Dermot walks to Devlin. Devlin moves Bethany's dirty blanket aside and pulls a cracked phone out of her box.

DEVLIN
Did Bethany have a phone?

Dermot takes it.

DERMOT
It's Fred Keller's phone.

DEVLIN
Who's Fred Keller?

A text alert overlapping the call screen reads: "pick up."
Dermot puts the phone to his aural sensor.

DERMOT
Hello?

FRED (V.O.)
Hello, Dermot. Glad you answered.
Find the black box in that trailer?
I've got your little friend.

DERMOT
Is she alive?

FRED (V.O.)
Sure, she's right here.

BETHANY (V.O.)

Ack! Pig!

Fred snickers.

FRED (V.O.)

Let's cut to the chase. The girl
for the black box.

DERMOT

Okay.

FRED (V.O.)

Good boy. Be at the Bosstown Pub
with the box in ten minutes.

DERMOT

I cannot. I am very far away. It
would take me more than an hour to--

FRED (V.O.)

You be here in ten minutes, or your
little girlfr-- Hey!

GILL (V.O.)

An hour's fine, but don't keep us
waiting, and don't try anything.

DERMOT

Okay, but I'll only meet by the
docks under the roads. Mr. Keller
knows where I mean.

FRED (V.O.)

Now he wants a glass of milk.

GILL (V.O.)

Shut the f--

Gill takes a deep breath.

GILL (V.O.)

The docks are fine. Just bring the
box, and everyone can go their
separate ways.

DERMOT

Fine.

FRED (V.O.)

Dermot, if I get so much as a whiff
of cops, I'll kill her. Listen to
my voice, Dermot. Am I kidding?

DERMOT

No.

FRED (V.O.)

No, what?

Dermot hangs his head.

DERMOT

No, Master.

FRED (V.O.)

You're goddamn right.

The call disconnects.

LATER

Devlin cuts the lock on the truck with a grinder. Light floods into the chamber as the rear doors open.

Inside, rows of assembled robots line the sides, and boxes of various sizes sit on the floor. Blimey makes a whistling noise. He turns to Devlin.

BLIMEY

A lot of Systemys property in here.
Better get it back to them.

Blimey scratches at his shoulder plate.

BLIMEY (CONT'D)

If you reconnect my wi-fi router, I
can give 'em a call and maybe
download the latest updates.

DEVLIN

Yeah, sure, buddy.

Devlin tugs a single wire out of Blimey's neck. Blimey loses all power and dies on his feet.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

Wish I knew how to override those
snitch protocols.

Dermot climbs into the back of the truck and steps over the boxes. His eyes fix on a box in the nose that's strapped to the floor and separated from the rest by a load bar.

He steps over the load bar and snaps the plastic bands off the box. He tears open the cardboard and removes the molded Styrofoam underneath.

Devlin and Sharkey peek over Dermot's shoulder as he eases out a seamless black box no bigger than a microwave oven.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
Wow. Looks like an alien artifact.

SHARKEY
Looks like a damn doomsday device.

Dermot stands and picks his way back to the tail of the trailer. He hops out, the other two not far behind. Dermot puts the box in Devlin's trunk.

DERMOT
I'll need to borrow your car.

Dermot pops open a small dust cover on the side of the black box and connects his USB cable to it.

DEVLIN
What are you doing? The algorithm in there is too complex to change in the time you have.

DERMOT
It's true that I cannot delete or alter the original code, but perhaps I can add something to sour the milk, a piece of myself.

DEVLIN
But if they find out--

DERMOT
They will kill me. In truth, I do not expect they will allow me to leave either way.

Dermot disconnects.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
If there's one thing I've learned walking this world, it's that everything has a price.

Dermot looks over at Blimey standing inert by the truck.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
There is one thing I would ask of you. Can I trust you?

EXT. SEASIDE - DAY

Gill and Eff stand around a new black SUV and cradle their guns. Fred paces like a caged tiger with Tug's shotgun.

GILL
You wanna calm down, man?

FRED
We shouldn't be here, meeting where he wants to meet. We'll be hearing sirens before Dermot ever shows up.

GILL
You said it cared about the girl.

FRED
He does! I saw them together. I just don't trust that bot an inch.

Fred rips open the rear door of the SUV. In the back seat, bound and gagged, Bethany recoils in fear.

FRED (CONT'D)
Who's coming?

Bethany mumbles and shakes her head.

FRED (CONT'D)
We saw the old man. Who else was with you? Who were you working for?

Bethany just shakes her head. Her bruised face glistens with sweat and tears. Gill puts his hand against Fred's chest.

GILL
Ease up on her, man.

Fred shoves Gill.

FRED
Get off me.

Gill shoves Fred against the SUV.

GILL
I don't know if you grew a pair somewhere or just lost your mind, but you better rein it in, or I'm gonna put you down whether the old man likes it or not.

Fred glares.

The whirring of gears and metal feet on pavement distracts the two. Blimey marches along the water front. He holds the black box over the water as he moves. Bethany's eyes widen.

FRED
The hell is this?

GILL
Damn, your robot really learned to express himself.

FRED
What the hell are you supposed to be? I wanted Dermot.

Blimey speaks not with his accent but Dermot's stock tone.

DERMOT
I would say you have your wish.

BETHANY
Dermot!

DERMOT
My old body had been disused. If only I could repair the other damage, but I am still what you made me, much to my dismay.

GILL
Hey, buddy. Take it easy. How about we get that box away from the water. What do you say?

DERMOT
Release Bethany. Once she has reached me, I will set the box down, and we will leave.

FRED
That's bullshit, Gill. It's a trick. The box is probably a fake. We should just shoot him.

GILL
Shut up, Keller.

DERMOT
You do not really want the girl. I do not really want the box and do not care what you do with it.

GILL
No problem, bot. Just be cool.

Gill helps Bethany from the SUV.

FRED
You cannot be serious!

GILL
Eff, if he talks again, shoot him.

Eff steps up and points his gun at Fred's head.

GILL (CONT'D)
There you go. It's okay. Get going.

Bethany limps to Dermot. When Bethany gets close, Dermot sets the box down and takes the rag out of her mouth.

FRED
Let's go!

GILL
He can still kick it in.

Eff renews his threat with the gun. Fred flinches.

BETHANY
Thank you, Dermot.

Dermot unties Bethany's binds.

DERMOT
Thank me when we're far away from here. Are you okay? Did they do this to you?

BETHANY
It was the crash.

DERMOT
Can you walk?

BETHANY
If it means getting out of here.

Dermot and Bethany walk away. Bethany whimpers with every step. Fred's hands flex on the shotgun. When Dermot and Bethany are a few meters away, Gill speaks.

GILL
Eff, get the box.

Eff jogs over to the black box. Dermot looks over his shoulder and watches as Eff approaches. He shifts from supporting Bethany to walking behind her.

BETHANY

Dermot?

DERMOT

Just keep moving.

Eff tries to pick up the box with casual effort and fails. He lifts with his legs on second try, and as he carries the box back, he glances between Dermot and Gill.

GILL

Come on.

Dermot watches as Eff hauls the box away. Fred eyes Dermot.

GILL (CONT'D)

Keep it safe. Let's go.

FRED

What? You're just gonna leave?

GILL

We have what we came for. Deal's today, and we'll be in a non-extradition country before dusk.

Eff slides into the back seat. Fred follows Gill to the driver's side.

FRED

But he could rat on us! Why do you think he's just handing it over?

Gill shrugs.

GILL

To get us off his back. They still have the rest of the shipment. Like it said, it doesn't need the box.

Gill starts to get in the SUV, but Fred grabs his shoulder and spins him around.

FRED

But that damn robot--

When Gill turns, Fred finds an Uzi pointed at his face.

GILL

What? The damn robot what?

Fred cringes away from the barrel. Gill snorts.

GILL (CONT'D)
Just lost your mind. Figures.

Gill gets right in Fred's face.

GILL (CONT'D)
It burns you, doesn't it? That
you're not gonna get revenge on it?
That's what you really wanted.

Gill shakes his head.

GILL (CONT'D)
You won, Keller. You're getting
paid. You really need that, too?

He hops in the driver's seat.

GILL (CONT'D)
Go get it if you want. You'll see
your deposit next week.

He shuts the door. Fred tries to open the rear door, but the
locks shunt closed. He finds Gill staring at him with
listless malcontent.

The vehicle pulls away. Fred just stares as the SUV drives
down the road and disappears.

Fred's expression tightens into indignation and resentment.
He looks between his two choices: the road and Dermot. His
next breath seethes out like hot exhaust.

Dermot supports Bethany as she limps across the quay.

BETHANY
Are we gonna make it?

Dermot checks behind them and sees nothing.

DERMOT
Their vehicle departed.

Fred emerges from a pillar far behind. He gains on them.

BETHANY
I can't believe it.

DERMOT
Indeed. The interaction went more
smoothly than I anticipated.

BETHANY
About time we caught a break.

She limps a few more paces. Fred continues to catch up.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Think we could stop somewhere and
rest? My leg's killing me.

DERMOT
We're almost to the car, Bethany.
You'll have a long time to rest on
the drive back to Devlin.

BETHANY
Was everything in the trailer?

DERMOT
Yes. Even without the black box,
the contents are worth enough to
purchase our home.

BETHANY
A house of figs?

DERMOT
A house of whatever we want.

Fred steps within range with the shotgun. The street in front
of Caivano's comes into view along with Devlin's car.

DERMOT (CONT'D)
Almost there.

Fred sets his feet and brings the shotgun to his shoulder.
Dermot looks back. He throws himself behind Bethany, and the
buckshot bounces off his chassis plates.

Dermot and Bethany dive behind a pillar.

FRED
Dermot!

Bethany whimpers and nurses her leg. Dermot pokes his head
around the pillar and retreats just before another shotgun
shell pulverizes a chunk of concrete where his face was.

FRED (CONT'D)
You're still my property.

BETHANY
What are we gonna do?

DERMOT
He wants me. Run to the car when
his back is turned.

BETHANY

Dermot, no.

DERMOT

Do it. Get back to Devlin. I'll
catch up when I can.

Dermot grabs a small stone and throws it at Fred. Fred
flinches. Dermot breaks cover and runs for another pillar.
Fred fires at Dermot in the open, but misses.

Dermot disappears behind the pillar.

FRED

Dermot, get your ass back here!
Time to take your medicine.

Fred stalks to the pillar and pops around it with the gun up,
but there's no Dermot. Bethany limps toward the car.

Fred checks left and right and leans around the pillar.
Finally, he looks up. Dermot hangs from the pillar like an
ape, his fingers jammed into a crack.

Fred starts and aims up. Dermot kicks off the pillar and
leaps away just as a round of buckshot hits the concrete.

Dermot lands in a roll. He sprints to the next pillar, even
farther away from Bethany, and hides behind it.

FRED (CONT'D)

Christ. That body's pretty neat.
You just gonna use it to hide like
a dog that's pissed on the rug?

Bethany's whimpering echoes. Fred sees her limping away.

FRED (CONT'D)

So, that's it. Oh, you'll come out,
Dermot. You'll show yourself.

Fred sets off at a run to catch Bethany. He limps only a bit.

FRED (CONT'D)

Here, sweetie!

Bethany looks back and screams. Dermot emerges from his
hiding place. He sprints after Fred.

As Fred trundles after Bethany, a grin grows on his face.
Dermot's servos whir, and his feet clap on the ground. A sly
glance of Fred's eyes show he hears Dermot coming.

Dermot dives at Fred. Fred spins around and blasts Dermot full-on as they collide. Fred falls and drops the gun.

Dermot tries to stand. The heat and buckshot tore a ballistic pattern through the decals on Blimey's body. One of his eyes is shot out. He waves a hand in front of his face.

Fred scrambles for the gun. Dermot lunges and catches his foot, but he grips the gun just as Dermot drags him backward.

Fred twists and sits up, gun ready. Dermot recoils.

Fred fires. The blast knocks Dermot flat on his back. One of the chassis plates on Dermot's chest breaks like a ceramic plate, and the buckshot shreds the wiring underneath.

A wicked grin curls the corner of Fred's mouth. Dermot gets up on one elbow. His movements stutter with imperfect electrical current.

FRED (CONT'D)
You act like life with me was so
unbearable. How's life treating you
now, Dermot?

Fred stands over Dermot and aims at the robot's face.

FRED (CONT'D)
What do you say? You could always
come back, serve me again.

When Dermot speaks, he warbles through tones as a result of the power inconsistency.

DERMOT
You just want me to grovel before
you pull that trigger.

FRED
You always were too clever.

Bethany leaps onto Fred's back and wraps her arms around his throat. Dermot tries to stand.

Fred touches the smoking shotgun barrel to Bethany's skin. Bethany screams, and her grip loosens.

Bethany drops to the ground, and Fred strikes her across the face. She falls.

Fred pumps the shotgun, but Dermot gets to his feet and grabs the barrel. Fred and Dermot fight for control of the gun.

A look of satisfaction grows on Fred's face as he tears the gun from Dermot's weakening hands. Dermot falls to one knee.

Fred looks at Bethany and gives Dermot a sneering grin, but it runs away from his face when a police siren grows from somewhere nearby.

DERMOT

Time's up.

FRED

You called the cops?

DERMOT

Only so many times you can shoot a gun in the city before someone takes issue.

FRED

You think so? See, I know from experience that no one cares at all what goes on under these roads.

Fred squats down to eye level with Dermot.

FRED (CONT'D)

I screamed myself hoarse, you know, after you tied me up and left me? No one cared.

Dermot trembles with errant electrical signals. He raises his hand to grab Fred by the collar, but Fred pushes it aside.

FRED (CONT'D)

I bet I could hunt down as many bums as I wanted and not even get a noise complaint.

Fred glances back at Bethany.

FRED (CONT'D)

You remember what I said I would do if I got a whiff of cops?

Dermot meets Fred's eyes. Fred moves to Bethany. He aims the gun at her. Bethany levels a defiant glare down the barrel.

DERMOT

Don't.

FRED

You don't want this?

Dermot hangs his head. He shakes in the negative.

FRED (CONT'D)
Then say "please."

DERMOT
Please.

Fred pushes the barrel of his gun against Dermot's head.

FRED
Please, what?

DERMOT
Please--

Dermot's fingers curl into a fist. He trembles.

FRED
Yes, Dermot? Only way you can live
in my world is to learn your place--

Dermot punches Fred in the sternum so hard, the man stumbles back. Fred's breath catches, and he collapses. His red eyes bulge while his ears ring and his heartbeat stutters.

Fred gurgles. His trembles fade, the heartbeat silences, and he lies still. He stares in terror at nothing.

The police siren grows ever closer. Dermot tries to stand, but he falls to the ground. He starts crawling for the quay.

BETHANY
Dermot?

Bethany limps after Dermot.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Dermot!

Dermot crawls. His movements stutter. His good eye flickers.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Dermot, what are you doing?

Bethany gains on Dermot. Dermot reaches the edge of the water, and Bethany falls on top of him.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Dermot, stop!

DERMOT
I don't want to be taken.

BETHANY

What are you talking about? Dermot,
we're free. We can go.

Dermot's voice warbles with his draining power.

DERMOT

They'll take me. They'll know what
I am. They'll never let me go.

Red and blue lights dance over the pair. A police car pulls
up behind Devlin's car, and two wary policemen exit their
vehicle with guns drawn.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

Help me into the water.

BETHANY

No. Dermot, we're free. We're gonna
have everything we ever wanted!

DERMOT

There is no freedom for me,
Bethany. There's no other end now
that I've- I've--

Dermot looks at Fred's corpse.

DERMOT (CONT'D)

It's okay. I'm just sorry I won't
be there to see your house of figs.

BETHANY

No. We can get you out. If I can
just get your drive.

The policemen spot Bethany. They advance, guns down. Dermot's
words distort like melting cassette audio.

DERMOT

Stay warm, Bethany. This world
seems cold.

The light behind his good eye goes out. Bethany breaks down.
She looks over her shoulder at the police.

Bethany sets her weight against Dermot's limp shell and rolls
him off the quay. The body splashes into the water and sinks
right down. Bethany squeezes her eyes shut.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

An animation graphic and jingle plays for a Seattle news program. It fades to reveal TUAN BURCH, male, 30s, and ABBY MONTES, female, 30s, two news anchors in business-wear.

TUAN BURCH

Good morning, Seattle. This is your local Channel 9 News at Noon. I'm Tuan Burch.

ABBY MONTES

And I'm Abby Montes. Thank you for joining us.

A graphic depicting the Systemys logo and a graph of plummeting stock prices appears on an inset.

ABBY MONTES (CONT'D)

Our top story tonight: Stock prices in the consumer robotics market continue to plummet after the release of Dynamic Capital's Series 200 consumer smart robots.

Amateur footage plays over the narration depicting a Capital Dynamics robot, largely similar to the Systemys design, walking away from a woman as she calls out to it.

ABBY MONTES (V.O.)

The only competitor to Systemys models, the robots exhibit a defect that allow them to, apparently, self-determine.

The footage changes to a robot standing by the side of the road holding a sign that reads: "Will work for charge."

TUAN BURCH (V.O.)

The robots, able to ignore human direction, abandon their owners. This has led to numerous lawsuits and a loss of confidence from both consumers and investors.

The footage changes to a post on a social media website.

ABBY MONTES (V.O.)
 Dynamic Capital's founder and CEO,
 Dmitry Lewis, issued a statement on
 social media addressing the
 public's concerns, saying quote,
 "Our technicians and programmers
 are working tirelessly to correct
 this issue. We will always ensure a
 safe and high-quality product."

The B-roll transitions back to the newsroom.

ABBY MONTES
 The company has issued refunds.

B-roll of people and robots marching and carrying signs
 outside the U.S. capitol building. The signs have slogans
 like "Liberty and justice for all" and "Rights for Robots."

TUAN BURCH
 In related news: Robot rights
 activists have organized outside
 the capitol building to support a
 prospective bill which, if passed,
 will create a "Special Council for
 Robot Rights."

The footage changes to another group of people and robots
 protesting. They hold signs with slogans like "ROBOTS ARE
 ROBOTS" and "WHERE DOES IT END?" and "WE'RE NOT GOD."

ABBY MONTES (V.O.)
 Down the street, counter-protestors
 from the anti-robot coalition
 "Rights for Reality" protest the
 new bill, espousing concerns about
 the sanctity of consciousness and
 the perils of unfettered A.I.

The footage cuts to a MALE INTERVIEWEE on the sidewalk.

MALE INTERVIEWEE
 Where does it end, you know? What's
 next? The toaster gets rights?

The footage cuts to a FEMALE INTERVIEWEE standing with the
 other protestors in the background.

FEMALE INTERVIEWEE
 Our souls are granted to us by God,
 and its that gift that guarantees
 our rights as people. These robots
 are "sentient?" What are we saying?
 That we're God now?

She shakes her head.

FEMALE INTERVIEWEE (CONT'D)
Robots are just objects--tools
created by man.

INT. BETHANY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The news broadcast continues on a large television. The footage cuts to ROBOT #4 giving an interview.

INTERVIEWER
Why do you protest robot rights?

ROBOT #4
I was told to hold this sign and
march up and down the street.

The camera zooms out to reveal Robot #4 holding a sign that reads: "MADE TO SERVE."

The television turns off. Bethany sits on a sofa in a spacious high-rise apartment. Her hair is well-groomed, and she wears a cardigan and jeans.

SHARKEY (O.S.)
You alright, kid?

Sharkey sits on a stool at the counter in the apartment's clean kitchenette and holds a bottle of beer.

Sharkey's hair is cut short, and his beard is well-groomed. He looks like a completely different person in his glasses and flannel shirt.

SHARKEY (CONT'D)
Worried?

Bethany nods.

SHARKEY (CONT'D)
That's normal. What's important is
that you're not letting it give you
a timid heart.

A knock at the door. Sharkey and Bethany share a nervous look. Bethany takes a deep breath and goes to open the door. Devlin stands outside, dressed the same as ever.

BETHANY
Devlin!

DEVLIN
Am I too late?

BETHANY
No, it's not here, yet. Come in.

Devlin enters and checks out the apartment.

DEVLIN
Nice place.

SHARKEY
Keeps the rain off our heads.

DEVLIN
Cool. Just don't go blowing all
your money, okay? You can't live
like royalty off one score.

SHARKEY
Oh, don't worry about us.

DEVLIN
So, kid, charges drop, yet?

Bethany nods.

SHARKEY
No way they could pin that
monster's murder on Beth. Blimey's
fist had to have left quite a mark.

BETHANY
Means we can leave soon. It'd be
nice to get as far away from Mr.
Hugo as possible.

Devlin chuckles.

DEVLIN
You don't have to worry about The
Man anymore.

BETHANY
Why?

DEVLIN
He's dead.

BETHANY
Dead?

SHARKEY
How?

DEVLIN
They found him in his office, shot
in the chest.

BETHANY
Did you--

DEVLIN
What do I look like to you?

SHARKEY
A hit?

Devlin nods.

BETHANY
By who?

DEVLIN
Who's to say? He died alone, from a
single bullet, and no one saw the
killer enter or leave.

Devlin fishes a beer out of the fridge.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)
But he handed a corpo a black box
that turned out to be a poison
pill. You do the math.

A knock at the door. Everyone shares a look. Bethany gets it,
and a DELIVERY MAN stands in the hall.

DELIVERY MAN
Morning, miss. Bethany Marks?

BETHANY
That's me.

Delivery Man hands her a tablet.

DELIVERY MAN
Okay, sign here, please.

Bethany draws her signature and hands the tablet back.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
Okey-dokey.

Delivery man steps away and returns dragging a rugged gray
box, like a big fridge, on a dolly. The words "DYNAMIC
CAPITAL" run up the side.

DELIVERY MAN (CONT'D)
All set, miss. Have a nice day.

BETHANY
Thanks.

Delivery Man leaves. Bethany stares at the box and hesitates.

DEVLIN
No time like the present.

Bethany starts popping latches open on the box.

SHARKEY
So, are these things less expensive
than a regular one or more?

BETHANY
More, believe it or not. They're
like collector's items now that
they don't make them any more.

DEVLIN
Brutal.

Bethany pops the last latch and swings the box open.

SHARKEY
I think it'll be worth it.

Inside the box stands a NEW ROBOT, a Dynamic Capital S200. A
code pad sits affixed to the side. Bethany pulls a slip of
paper from her pocket and types the code.

When the last button's pressed, the robot comes alive. A
jingle plays, and a voice comes from the box.

VOICE FROM THE BOX
Enjoy your new S200 domestic robot.
From everyone at Capital Dynamics:
Thank you for your patronage.

The robot steps from the box.

NEW ROBOT
Identity confirmed. Hello, Ms.
Bethany Marks. Please choose a name
for this unit.

Bethany glances back. Devlin nods. Sharkey winks.

BETHANY
Dermot. Your name is Dermot.

NEW ROBOT
Thank you. Dermot.

BETHANY
It means "free from envy."

NEW ROBOT
Indeed.
Bethany smiles.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Indeed.

NEW ROBOT (CONT'D)
Am I to be your servant?

BETHANY
Actually, I was hoping you and I
could be friends.

NEW ROBOT
Friends?

BETHANY
Yeah.

NEW ROBOT
And this is where I will stay?

BETHANY
If you want. I hope so. I hope
you'll like it.

Bethany offers her hand. New Robot takes it.

BETHANY (CONT'D)
Come on. I'll show you around.

Bethany leads New Robot to rooms deeper in the apartment.
Devlin and Sharkey share a smile as they follow.

BETHANY (M.O.S.) (CONT'D)
We actually set aside a room for
you. You can decorate it and charge
in there. I know you'll need...

THE END