

CARNIBOTS

Written by

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BLACK SCREEN

SUPER: "EVERY ASPECT OF HUMAN TECHNOLOGY HAS A DARK SIDE, INCLUDING THE BOW AND ARROW." MARGARET ATWOOD

FADE IN:

A SERIES OF REAL ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

A) Scientists working at a robotics laboratory.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In 2002, researchers from Bristol Robotics Laboratory developed a self-sustaining robot that was able to obtain its energy by converting the sugars derived from raw substrate. It was named EcoBot I.

B) A small, circular robot filled with transmitters, sensors and cathodes is "fed" with a dead fly and then starts moving by its caster wheels.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Two years later, the same team managed to obtain that energy from the decomposition of fruit wastes or even dead flies. This machine, called EcoBot II, thus became the first "carnivorous" robot.

C) A bigger, complex robot digesting biomass and turning it into electricity, then creating waste as a byproduct.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Developed in 2010, EcoBot III was the world's first robot to show true self-sustainability. It was capable of operating for a week by collecting its food from the environment, metabolizing it and excreting the waste byproducts at the end of the day.

D) EcoBot III moving slowly left and right on some rails.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The ongoing improvement of this type of robots opens up a future of limitless possibilities.

FADE TO BLACK:

BLACK SCREEN

A telephone dial TONE.

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Victorville 911, what's your  
emergency?

MAN (V.O.)  
(scared, with a  
Slavic accent)  
They're attacking us! Help!

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Who...? Who's attacking you? What's  
your location?

MAN (V.O.)  
They... They killed everyone! Help!  
Help me!

911 DISPATCHER (V.O.)  
Please, try to calm down and-

The emergency call is cut off.

EXT. MOJAVE FREEWAY - NIGHT

SUPER: VICTOR VALLEY, CALIFORNIA. CHRISTMAS EVE.

A row of three police patrol cars travel at high speed  
along a desert freeway; emergency beacons flashing while  
SIRENS shriek.

INT. POLICE CAR 1 - MOVING - NIGHT

MCPHERSON, 40, a tall, sturdy, blond man is at the wheel;  
RUSSO, 30, a chubby, scruffy, dark-haired man wearing a  
Santa Claus hat wolfs down a big hamburger in the front  
passenger seat. McPherson turns to scowl at him, his eyes  
dripping with contempt.

MCPHERSON  
Probably not the best time to  
scarf down a double cheeseburger,  
huh?

Russo, his mouth full of food, plays dumb and looks away.

MCPHERSON  
Didn't you hear me, Russo? We're  
in the middle of an emergency!

RUSSO  
(chewing)  
I haven't had dinner yet. You  
know, I can't work well on an  
empty tank.

McPherson rolls his eyes in displeasure.

MCPHERSON  
Better an empty stomach than one  
turned into a colander, don't you  
think?

Russo, feeling attacked, puts away the burger and takes a  
sip of Coke through a straw.

RUSSO  
Look, Mac, I'm just trying to  
keep my energy up, okay?

MCPHERSON  
Serve and protect, you remember?  
Not chew and digest.

RUSSO  
Get lost.

Russo grabs the burger again and keeps eating it. Just  
then, McPherson swerves around a curve. The burger slips  
out of Russo's hands, staining his khaki shirt.

RUSSO  
(annoyed)  
Damn it, Mac!

McPherson smiles mischievously.

EXT. MOJAVE HIGHWAY/SECONDARY ROAD - NIGHT

Led by McPherson's car, the police patrols leave the  
freeway, turning into a secondary road surrounded by  
desert.

INT. POLICE CAR 2 - MOVING - NIGHT

HOLMES, 30, a tall, fit, redhead woman with short hair  
and a focused expression is at the wheel.

HOLMES  
(bothered)  
What a... McPherson thinks he's  
racing at the Nascar Cup Series.

BERRY, 20, a young African-American man with glasses and a thin frame, checks his gun in the front passenger seat.

BERRY  
He's just nervous. I don't blame  
him, something about this doesn't  
smell right.

HOLMES  
What do you mean?

Berry takes a deep breath, a look of concern on his face.

BERRY  
I did some quick digging and...  
The emergency call might come  
from some sort of government  
facility. You know what that  
means, right?

Holmes raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

BERRY  
"Hangar 18". You watched that  
movie?

HOLMES  
(dryly)  
I don't like movies.

BERRY  
The Roswell Incident? Area 51?  
You get the idea, Holmes?

HOLMES  
(dismissive)  
Another of your conspiracy  
stories?

BERRY  
You may call it seeing things  
from a different perspective.

HOLMES  
You're a smart guy, Berry, why do  
you believe all that crap?

BERRY  
Distrust is the mother of safety.

HOLMES  
You still don't convince me.

Berry sighs, frustrated by Holmes' skepticism.

BERRY  
Just hope we're not the first to arrive. This might be too big for us to handle.

EXT. SECONDARY ROAD/SAND ROAD - NIGHT

The police cars enter a narrow, sandy road.

INT. POLICE CAR 3 - MOVING - NIGHT

The last patrol car is occupied by CASTILLO, 40, at the wheel, a short but wiry Latina woman with her dark hair tied in a ponytail; and FUJITA, 20, a slender, lively young man with Asian features and dyed blond hair in the front passenger seat.

Castillo, her gaze fixed on the GPS device mounted on the dashboard, clicks her tongue. She looks worried.

CASTILLO  
Where the hell are we going? It's in the middle of nowhere.

Fujita, distracted looking out the window, glances at the dashboard.

FUJITA  
Don't trust those devices too much. Technology is not always a good thing.

CASTILLO  
Anyway, they should slow down a bit. This is full of potholes.

Fujita changes his expression and smiles.

FUJITA  
Speaking of speed, did I tell you what happened to my friend Eddie last week?  
(MORE)

FUJITA (cont'd)  
Eddie, the trooper, I told about  
him before, right?

Castillo purses her lips while shaking her head.

FUJITA  
Well, there was a car that was  
driving very slowly down the  
highway, so he pulled it over.  
The driver, an old guy, asked,  
"What did I do wrong?" and Eddie  
said, "You were going 26 mph on a  
major highway, and you must go at  
least 50 mph." The guy replied,  
"But when I got onto it, the sign  
said 26." "That's because this is  
Interstate 26, sir! The 26 is not  
the speed limit!" Then Eddie saw  
an old woman sitting next to the  
driver who looked as pale as a  
ghost. "Your wife, sir?" The old  
guy nodded. "Is she okay?" And  
the guy said, "I don't know, she  
has been this way ever since we  
got off the Interstate 160."

He bursts into laughter; Castillo smiles, restrained.

CASTILLO  
You're kidding me. It's a joke,  
and a pretty old one.

Fujita's laughter subsides, then he just smiles.

FUJITA  
All right, I confess, Sheriff  
Castillo, not a real story, just  
trying to make you laugh. You've  
been so serious lately. I don't  
like seeing you like this.

Castillo's gaze returns to the dashboard. Next to it, at  
the air outlet, a framed photo shows a smiling policeman.  
It's slightly tilted. She reaches out and straightens it.

FUJITA  
It was two years ago yesterday,  
wasn't it?

Castillo nods, her face serious again.

FUJITA

I'd have liked to have met him.  
Everyone speaks wonders about  
him. A great Sheriff. And a true  
hero, no doubt.

CASTILLO

That's what they say... Though I'd  
have preferred if he hadn't been  
such a brave guy.

FUJITA

Well, he saved that little boy's  
life. He didn't die in vain.

CASTILLO

Yeah, I guess so.

The car falls into a heavy silence. Fujita smiles.

FUJITA

You want me to tell you another  
funny story?

CASTILLO

(smiling)

No, thanks, Fujita, I've had  
enough.

FUJITA

This one is real! Have I ever  
told you about my friend Zack,  
the CBP officer?

EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT/PAVED ROAD - NIGHT

The three police cars drive through an empty security  
checkpoint; no one in the guard booth, the drop arm  
barrier is lifted. The cars enter a narrow paved road.

INT. POLICE CAR 2 - MOVING - NIGHT

Holmes keeps driving focused on the road while Berry  
shifts uneasily in his seat.

BERRY

(turning his  
head)

Did you see it? A security  
checkpoint. Totally empty.  
Don't you find it strange?

HOLMES  
(joking)  
Surely some flying saucer took  
them away.

BERRY  
C'mon, Holmes, I'm serious.

HOLMES  
Just relax, man, no little green  
Martian is waiting for us there.  
Probably, just another false  
alarm.

INT. POLICE CAR 1 - MOVING - NIGHT

Russo finishes eating his burger and wipes his mouth with a tissue.

RUSSO  
According to a new study, burgers  
are a key food in any modern and  
healthy diet.

MCPHERSON  
(skeptical)  
What study?

RUSSO  
I don't remember it well, but... In  
any case, you know, one of those  
politically incorrect truths that  
can't be spoken out loud.

Russo takes a long and noisy sip of Coke.

RUSSO  
Ready for action!

McPherson gives him a quick look of disdain.

MCPHERSON  
I hope we don't have to run after  
anyone.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The three police cars come to a halt in front of a large, metallic dome-shaped building with an impenetrable, solid appearance; no doors, no windows, just some streetlights spread around its outer diameter.

Castillo, Fujita, McPherson, Russo, Holmes and Berry step out step out of their cars, their eyes widening as they take in the sight before them.

CASTILLO  
What the...? Do any of you know this place?

The police officers shake their heads.

FUJITA  
No, but it's cool! You could throw the ultimate rave here!

HOLMES  
(looking around)  
Nobody in sight. You sure the call came from here?

CASTILLO  
Supposedly so.

RUSSO  
Hello?! Anyone at home?!

BERRY  
You should take this a little more seriously, guys. The call said they were all being killed.

Berry, his hand on his holster, steps forward, his eyes scanning the area.

MCPHERSON  
(to Berry)  
Don't tell us how to do our job, rookie. We perfectly know how to identify false emergency calls.

FUJITA  
You sure this is a false call?

MCPHERSON  
At 99'99%. We've already had many similar cases before.

RUSSO  
Night watchmen are usually a bit screwed in the head. Persecution mania. It's a proven fact.

HOLMES

No sign of any shooting. Maybe it was a hoax, a "swatting" call.

BERRY

"Swatting" involves tricking into sending a SWAT team to a school, not a building like this. This is not any place.

CASTILLO

Okay, guys, you're all partly right, but-

BERRY

-How did we get here without any control? Why was there nobody at the security checkpoint?

MCPHERSON

Bullshit. Look, rookie, you don't know-

CASTILLO

(loudly)

-Would you all mind shutting up for just a second?

The officers obey.

CASTILLO

(jaded)

Thanks. You're all partly right, but the only way to find out for sure is to check the area, okay?

The officers nod.

CASTILLO

Let's go. The sooner we start, the sooner we'll be back in town.

RUSSO

(looking at his watch)

Yeah, the Rams game is about to start!

The officers turn on their flashlights while approaching the building's metal façade. They search for an entrance, but there are no visible doors or openings...

FUJITA  
(knocking the  
façade)

This shit is more armored than a  
battle tank.

MCPHERSON  
There has to be some way to get  
in. Let's just keep looking.

A VOICE coming from Castillo's portable radio.

RADIO VOICE (V.O.)  
Dispatch to unit 3. Sheriff  
Castillo, are you there?

Castillo unclips her radio from her belt and pushes the  
"press to talk" button.

CASTILLO  
Go ahead, dispatch.

Castillo walks away from the group, McPherson and the  
others unable to hear her conversation.

MCPHERSON  
(archly)  
I think that someone doesn't  
trust someone very much.

HOLMES  
Envy is not a good feeling,  
Sheriff McPherson... Oh, sorry,  
Chief Deputy McPherson.

MCPHERSON  
Really funny. Ha-ha-ha.

A few yards away, Castillo nods as she talks through her  
portable radio.

CASTILLO  
Will do. Over.

Castillo quickly returns while clipping her radio.

CASTILLO  
We gotta get out of here right  
now, this matter is more delicate  
than we thought. SWAT's on their  
way.

The police officers exchange confused glances.

MCPHERSON  
You sure? You mean we came all  
this way for nothing?

CASTILLO  
That's right. We're leaving.

MCPHERSON  
But -

CASTILLO  
(firmly)  
-Now!

McPherson nods, but reluctantly.

HOLMES  
Alright, guys, let's do as they  
say. Hurry!

The officers put away their flashlights and turn to head  
back to their cars.

BERRY  
I told you this was a-

RUSSO  
-Shut the fuck up, rookie! Let's  
get the hell out of here!

A LOUD SLIDING SOUND echoes through the air.

A big, metal double door slowly opens in the impregnable  
façade, allowing a view of the building's hall: a long,  
modern, strongly-lit corridor with spotless white walls.

The officers, startled, turn towards the entrance; their  
hands instinctively reaching for their weapons.

FUJITA  
What the...?

CASTILLO  
(whispering)  
Draw your guns and stay alert.  
Don't move until-

MCPHERSON  
-C'mon, behind me! Stay close!

At Castillo's surprised look, McPherson draws his gun and purposefully walks towards the opened double door.

CASTILLO  
Hey!

Holmes and Fujita, their guns at the ready, cautiously follow McPherson. After some hesitation, Castillo, Berry and Russo follow him too.

MCPHERSON  
(pointing at the  
double door)  
Three on each side. Quick!

The officers place themselves on either side of the main entrance. McPherson, Holmes and Fujita on the left side of the door; Castillo, Berry and Russo on the right one.

MCPHERSON  
(glancing into  
the hall)  
Okay, what do you think?

CASTILLO  
What the damn are you doing? We cannot disobey an order from above!

MCPHERSON  
Good soldiers don't always follow orders.

CASTILLO  
You gotta be kidding.

BERRY  
Look, Mac, if you're looking for a promotion, this is probably not the best way to get it.

McPherson gives Berry a look of contempt.

HOLMES  
(doubtful)  
Well, maybe there are people in danger or seriously injured.

BERRY  
Yeah, but this kind of situation is a job for SWAT.

FUJITA  
By the time they arrive it could  
be too late.

CASTILLO  
(irritated)  
Okay, that's enough. As the  
highest authority here, I-

MCPHERSON  
-C'mon, just a quick look. Who's  
with me?

Holmes raises her hand in support.

HOLMES  
Just this once.

Fujita raises his hand, too.

FUJITA  
(to Castillo)  
I'm sorry, Sheriff, curiosity is  
my weakness.

RUSSO  
Curiosity killed the cat.

FUJITA  
(smiling)  
But satisfaction brought him  
back.

MCPHERSON  
Three-nil.

CASTILLO  
What part of this do you NOT  
understand? Just follow the  
orders! This ain't about some  
damn election!

BERRY  
This is crazy, guys. Absolutely  
crazy.

MCPHERSON  
I guess that's two nays, isn't  
it? Three-two. Your turn, Russo.

Russo hesitates, his eyes uncertain.

MCPHERSON  
It's all up to you, man. Don't let me down.

RUSSO  
Well, honestly... Empty security checkpoint, SWAT's on their way, Rams game... I believe in signs, you know? I'd prefer not to take risks.

FUJITA  
Game tied.

CASTILLO  
(jaded)  
Alright, it's over. Let's go at once.

MCPHERSON  
(to Russo)  
Aren't you really gonna support me on this? I don't believe it...

RUSSO  
I'm sorry, Mac, but-

MCPHERSON  
-Serve and protect, you remember?  
Not run and hide.

RUSSO  
Yeah, I know, but-

MCPHERSON  
-You're putting our friendship on the line, dude. Think it over.

Russo drops his gaze, ashamed.

RUSSO  
Well, maybe...

INT. ENTRANCE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Castillo and the officers advance through the long, white hallway, their footsteps echoing off the cold walls.

CASTILLO  
(annoyed)  
I can't believe I'm doing this.

FUJITA

That's democracy, sometimes you  
win and sometimes you lose.

CASTILLO

Yeah, and sometimes you die. I  
hope we don't have to regret it.

A faint and distant noise, like a BUZZING.

HOLMES

Stop! Did you hear that?

The officers stop walking while straining their ears.

HOLMES

This is the police!

MCPHERSON

Come out with your hands up!

No one responds. They resume their walking. The tension  
is palpable as they move deeper into the empty corridor.

CASTILLO

Keep your eyes peeled. We don't  
know what we're walking into.

RUSSO

This doesn't smell good to me at  
all.

HOLMES

Too much quietness.

BERRY

The more absolute the hush, the  
more shocking the thunderclap.

MCPHERSON

Is that your line, rookie?

BERRY

Alan Moore.

RUSSO

Alan Moore? Who the fuck is he?

MCPHERSON

(dismissive)

Some asshole from outer space.

A LOUD SLIDING SOUND coming from the entrance. They turn their heads towards there..

The big, metal double door is closing.

FUJITA  
Hey! The door!

CASTILLO  
Go back! Hurry!

The officers run back to the entrance of the building, but the sliding door close just before they arrive.

MCPHERSON  
Shit!

CASTILLO  
Try to open it!

Castillo, McPherson and Holmes try to open the double door with their hands, but it's impossible.

HOLMES  
I don't think we can do it from here. We'd need a battering ram.

RUSSO  
What kind of joke is this?

MCPHERSON  
Why don't you give us a hand instead of just standing there?

Russo obeys. Meanwhile, Berry and Fujita unclip their portable radios.

BERRY  
Unit 2 to dispatch. Over.

There is no answer, just a BUZZING SOUND.

BERRY  
Unit 2 to dispatch. Do you copy?

Nothing.

BERRY  
(checking his  
radio)  
Why does it not...?!

FUJITA  
Mine doesn't work either.  
(to the others)  
Hey, take a look at your radios.  
Something's wrong.

Castillo, McPherson, Holmes and Russo also check their portable radios.

CASTILLO  
(confused)  
It doesn't work.

MCPHERSON  
Nothing, no frequencies.

RUSSO  
Completely dead.

HOLMES  
What the hell's going on, Berry?  
You know about these things.

BERRY  
Electromagnetic interference, the best. The worst: Someone jamming our frequencies with bad intent.

FUJITA  
Wait, don't worry, SWAT probably has already arrived.

RUSSO  
Yeah, they should be out there by now!

Fujita and Russo frantically start banging on the double door.

FUJITA  
Hey, anyone there?!

RUSSO  
We're here! Can you hear us?!

They hear no response. Holmes and McPherson join in the banging and shouting.

MCPHERSON  
Trapped here!

HOLMES  
Hey! Please!

Nothing. After a minute, they stop banging. Holmes leans on the door and sighs worriedly.

HOLMES  
We've screwed up.

FUJITA  
This is when a bloodthirsty group of terrorists armed to the teeth shows up from nowhere and riddles us with bullets, right?

The lights go out. Total darkness.

CASTILLO  
Great, that's all we needed.

BERRY  
Someone's playing with us.

RUSSO  
(scared)  
What... What on earth have we got ourselves into, guys? I wanna get out of here. I wanna get out of here right now!

Castillo pulls out her flashlight and turns it on, pointing it to Russo and the others.

CASTILLO  
Let's try to calm down, okay?  
First of all, take out your flashlights and sidearms.

The officers obey; the flashlights in their weak hands, crossed under their gun hands.

CASTILLO  
Alright, take a deep breath and-

MCPHERSON  
(rude)  
-We all know what we have to do, Castillo.

CASTILLO  
I didn't have that feeling.

MCPHERSON

This is not a kindergarten, some  
of us are experienced officers.

CASTILLO

(holding back)

Well, okay...

A HISSING SOUND.

HOLMES

What's that noise? It's like-

RUSSO

-I hope it's not a damn  
rattlesnake!

They point their flashlights to the floor; a puddle of  
urine forming at Fujita's feet.

FUJITA

(embarrassed)

I'm... I'm sorry, guys.

MCPHERSON

Fuck, that's disgusting.

FUJITA

I couldn't help it, man, the  
darkness-

CASTILLO

-Don't worry, Fujita, that's the  
least of our problems now.

(to the others)

Well, if Deputy McPherson doesn't  
mind, we'd better go ahead and  
look for some place where we can  
turn the lights back on and open  
this entrance. You all agree?

The officers nod; McPherson too, but reluctantly.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

Three SWAT vans come to a halt in front of the building,  
just next to the police cars.

Twenty-four SWAT MEMBERS armed with assault rifles come  
out and start to deploy around the dome's metal façade.

LT. DEVEREAUX, 50, a portly, bald African-American man with a mustache supervises the operation while looking with curiosity at the impenetrable dome. SGT. NORRIS, 40, a robust, stocky white woman with her blond hair tied in a bun approaches him. They both carry their helmets on their belts.

LT. DEVEREAUX

Anything new, Norris? You already know what this is all about?

SGT. NORRIS

Nope. They're not giving us much information yet.

LT. DEVEREAUX

I'd appreciate it if they told us why we're here.

SGT. NORRIS

Orders are simple: Get in, get things under control and get out.

LT. DEVEREAUX

Terrorist attack? Hostages?

SGT. NORRIS

Yeah, could be. It's a military building, some technology.

Lt. Devereaux shifts his gaze to the police cars.

LT. DEVEREAUX

Where are those guys? Inside?

Sgt. Norris nods. Lt. Devereaux clicks his tongue.

LT. DEVEREAUX

That's not good.

SGT. NORRIS

Dispatch cannot communicate with them.

LT. DEVEREAUX

Try it from here. It'll be easier, I guess.

Sgt. Norris unclips her radio portable from her belt and leaves. Lt. Devereaux returns his gaze to the building and watches it, his arms akimbo.

INT. HALLWAY 1 - NIGHT

The officers, employing the Harries technique, venture down a new, wide corridor with white walls.

CASTILLO

In case we find some power room, any of you know something about electric systems?

BERRY

I got some notions. I worked as a maintenance technician in Beverly Hills a couple of years ago.

CASTILLO

Glad to hear that.

RUSSO

This has nothing to do with an outage in a posh neighborhood, rookie. Someone's trying to seriously fuck us in here.

CASTILLO

Relax, we don't know what we're dealing with yet.

RUSSO

(ironical)

Yeah, of course, this shit looks really great.

CASTILLO

Just stay focused and everything will be fine. Let's keep moving on.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Swat members search for an entrance in the building's metal façade with their scout lights. No visible doors or openings.

LT. DEVEREAUX

(a few yards away)

Open your eyes wide! C'mon, we ain't got all night!

Sgt. Norris approaches him while clipping her radio.

SGT. NORRIS  
No communication. Something's  
disrupting our frequency band.

Lt. Devereaux unclips his portable radio and checks it out...

Dead. A hint of concern on his face.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
This doesn't make any sense.  
(to the Swat  
team)  
Hurry up! Find a way to get in  
right now!

INT. HALLWAY 2/HALLWAY 3 - NIGHT

Guided by their flashlights, the police officers walk down a narrower, white-walled corridor.

HOLMES  
I got the feeling of entering the  
wolf's den.

FUJITA  
Maybe it's just a prank, a really  
elaborate and terrifying one. A  
Christmas prank or something.

BERRY  
I don't think so.

FUJITA  
Or maybe some kind of simulation  
carried out by the government to  
test how we respond in critical  
situations.

BERRY  
That's more likely to be true.

MCPHERSON  
Cut the trap, rookies.

RUSSO  
Yeah, and get away, Fujita, you  
stink of piss!

Castillo shushes them and the officers obey. They stop at a corner, the tension builds...

CASTILLO  
(whispering)  
On the count of three, okay?

The police officers nod.

CASTILLO  
One, two, three. Go!

Led by Castillo and McPherson, the officers round the corner to face another long, narrow and empty corridor.

MCPHERSON  
All clear!

Castillo points at a closed door next to her.

CASTILLO  
Here!

She tries to open the door, but it's firmly locked.

CASTILLO  
Damn it!

MCPHERSON  
Step aside, ma'am. This is a  
boy's job.

RUSSO  
Break it down, Mac.

McPherson rams his shoulder against the closed door, but it holds solid; an expression of pain on his face.

MCPHERSON  
Shit!

FUJITA  
Ouch, that hurts.

HOLMES  
Here's another door! It's open!

The officers turns towards the opposite wall; there's a half-open door partially hidden behind a stack of boxes.

HOLMES  
(removing the  
boxes)  
Gimme a hand with this.

## EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Swat members keep looking in vain for an entrance to the dome.

A sharp fingernail SCRAPES along the building's facade.

The Swat officers turn towards the irritating noise. The fingernail belongs to Lt. Devereaux. He smirks at them while scraping the metal wall.

LT. DEVEREAUX

Sight is not always the most accurate of the senses.

He stops scraping, his finger still on the façade.

LT. DEVEREAUX

Light!

One of the Swat members lights the spot where Devereaux's finger is placed. His fingernail pointing at a very fine, almost imperceptible, slit on the metal surface.

LT. DEVEREAUX

C'mon, my ladies, I want this open in an eye blink!

## INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM 1 - NIGHT

The police officers cautiously enter a dark room, using their flashlights to lead the way while looking around.

CASTILLO

You see anything?

HOLMES

Nothing exceptional here.

Russo's flashlight finds a mopping bucket.

RUSSO

Looks like the mop room.

FUJITA

(lighting a wall)

Hey, look over there! That looks good!

His flashlight's beam reveals a metal box on a wall.

The officers quickly approach the box to check it. They tried to open it, but it's locked.

CASTILLO  
The key's needed.

They shine their lights around, trying to find the key.

MCPHERSON  
It should be here somewhere...

Holmes hits the side of the metal box with the butt of her gun. It's open now.

HOLMES  
Problem solved.

It's a fuse box with switches and regulators.

BERRY  
Great, just what I was looking for.

Berry takes a look at the insides of the panel.

BERRY  
It's a snap. Just gimme a couple of minutes.

FUJITA  
All yours, Edison.

Without wasting a second, Berry starts moving switches to their proper positions.

On a table in the corner of the room, Castillo finds some kind of technical manual. She flips through it: building facilities, security protocols, experimental processes, floor maps, technology graphics and designs...

MCPHERSON  
(approaching)  
What's that?

CASTILLO  
I think I found something. This place seems to be some sort of research lab.

McPherson points at a U.S. Army's logo in the corner of a page while Russo approaches them.

MCPHERSON  
An Army research lab.

RUSSO  
We're gonna pay dearly for  
sneaking in here, man.

MCPHERSON  
Why? We're not doing anything  
wrong; just officers responding  
to an emergency call.

RUSSO  
Yeah, sure...

Berry manages to restore electricity. The light returns. The officers exchange relieved glances while turning off their flashlights.

CASTILLO  
Well, at least we got light  
again.

A security monitoring console with video wall occupies the back of the small room. Berry approaches it.

BERRY  
Let's take a look at this.

Berry turns on the console as his companions crowd around him. Through the video wall, they see a series of empty rooms of all shapes and sizes.

HOLMES  
Where's everybody?

FUJITA  
It's a high-tech building. Maybe  
everything's automated.

BERRY  
No security staff? Unlikely.

HOLMES  
Someone had to make the call.

Castillo notices something on a monitor displaying a wide hallway in the lower corner...

A 12 inches spider quickly crossing the corridor from side to side?

CASTILLO  
Hey, what was that thing?

The officers look at her, disconcerted.

CASTILLO  
(pointing at the  
screen)  
It crossed that hallway from side  
to side. It was like a-

FUJITA  
-Don't say more, please. I don't  
wanna piss myself again.

MCPHERSON  
(to Berry)  
Any way to open the entrance?

BERRY  
(checking the  
console)  
I don't think so. This seems to  
be just a surveillance system.

A BUZZING NOISE coming from a nearby room. The officers, startled, look at each other.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Swat members use battering rams to try to get inside the building, but the double door withstands the pounding and remains closed.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
C'mon, girlies! My ten year old  
daughter hits harder than you!

The Swat members keep pounding the double door, but fail to damage it in the slightest.

INT. RESEARCH LABORATORY - NIGHT

The officers enter a huge research laboratory filled with benches, glowing computer screens, electron microscopes and Christmas decorations scattered on the floor...

CASTILLO  
Police! Anyone here?!

No response.

FUJITA  
Deader than a Texas vegan bar.

A FAINT SIGH. The officers stop.

A large, white curtain hangs from the ceiling in a corner of the room. The sigh seems to come from behind it.

The officers cautiously approach the curtain. With a deep breath, Castillo slides open it to reveal...

A PILE OF TWENTY CORPSES, soldiers and scientists, bloody and torn to pieces.

HOLMES  
(shocked)  
What the...?

The officers' hands fly to their mouths, their eyes wide with horror.

CASTILLO  
Oh, my God...

BERRY  
(scared)  
We got to get out of here, right now!

A pale, bloody HAND reaches out from the pile and grabs Castillo's trouser leg.

The officers step back, scared, while nervously holding their guns.

The hand belongs to a DYING SCIENTIST, 60, thin, her face covered in blood, her voice barely a whisper.

DYING SCIENTIST  
Leave... You have to leave...

Castillo, worried, crouches next to her.

CASTILLO  
What happened? Who did this?

DYING SCIENTIST  
(coughing up  
blood)  
They're coming... They're coming again.

CASTILLO  
Who? Who's coming?

Before the scientist can even answer, a creepy looking ROBOTIC SPIDER with the size of a hand swoops down on her neck with a high-pitched SHRIEK.

The scientist's contorts in fear as the spider bites her jugular. Blood spreads around.

CASTILLO  
(to the others)  
Get out of here! Hurry!

Filled with panic, the police officers scramble towards the entrance of the laboratory...

Their path is blocked; a dozen robotic spiders guarding the door. The officers point their guns at them.

FUJITA  
What... What the hell are those critters?

MCPHERSON  
I don't know, but we're so fucked up.

The spiders lunge towards the policemen, their metallic legs skittering across the floor.

CASTILLO  
Shoot!

The officers open fire, GUNSHOTS echo through the room...

The spider robots scuttle and dodge, their metal bodies proving difficult to penetrate.

One of robotic spiders jumps on Russo, knocking him down and disarming him. Then it starts biting his hand as he screams in pain.

RUSSO  
Help! Help! Get it off me! It hurts! Help me!

With a quick movement, Holmes firmly plants her boot on Russo's wrist and shoots the spider at point-blank range.

The critter bursts into pieces.

Another spider jumps with a SHRIEK on Fujita's leg and starts climbing up. He nervously shakes his leg.

FUJITA  
Shit! I need a hand here!

Finally, the robot falls out. Then he repeatedly stomps on it, destroying it.

FUJITA  
Die, fucker! Die!

McPherson and Berry roll on the ground to avoid attacks from some spiders, their sharp legs slashing through the air.

BANG! BANG! One down, two, three, four...

After managing to kill a handful of them, Berry's gun jams.

BERRY  
Damn it!

An spider robot lunges towards him with a SHRIEK...

McPherson shoots the critter. It bursts into pieces.

MCPHERSON  
Watch your ass, rookie.

BERRY  
(nodding)  
Thanks, Mac.

Another robotic spider jumps on Castillo's neck and starts biting her.

Castillo grabs the spider before it reaches her jugular vein and holds it in front of her. She looks at it in disgust as the critter screams and buzzes...

CASTILLO  
Holy Christ...

A sharp SHOT on its abdomen. Another one down.

The last six spider robots regroup near the door with the aim of launching one final attack.

Tired and bruised, the officers watch them expectantly.

BERRY  
Will we be able to defeat them?

FUJITA  
I don't think we have many alternatives.

HOLMES (off)  
Stand aside!

Holding an XM7 rifle taken from one of the dead soldiers, Holmes pushes her way through the group of policemen.

HOLMES  
Let's get this over with.

As the robotic spiders lunge again towards the officers, Holmes opens fire.

One, two, three, four, five ACCURATE SHOTS...

One by one, the spider robots explode into pieces until there is only one left.

The last spider robot stops right in front of Holmes. It hesitates. Then it turns around and quickly runs away in the opposite direction.

HOLMES  
Hey, where you think you're going?

One last SHOT. No more spiders.

The room falls silent, except for the heavy breathing of the exhausted officers.

RUSSO  
What the hell were these damn things?

CASTILLO  
I don't know, but nothing good.

Berry examines the pieces of one of the robotic spiders, his brow furrowed in confusion.

BERRY  
They're like robots: circuitry, wires, an electric battery, but...  
(MORE)

BERRY (cont'd)  
(looking around)  
Are any of you hurt? Seriously  
hurt?

The officers exchange glances while checking their own bodies.

CASTILLO  
Just superficial wounds.

BERRY  
Too much blood on the floor. Too  
much blood for so few wounds.

Berry picks up something from the floor. It's a small piece of something resembling meat.

BERRY  
And small pieces of meat.

Berry smells it. Then he wrinkles his nose in disgust.

BERRY  
Decomposing meat.

FUJITA  
That's weird.

BERRY  
It's as if these critters were a kind of hybrid between a robot and a living being.

A LOUD BUZZING. The officers grab their guns, alerted by the sudden noise. It's just Castillo's portable radio.

SGT. NORRIS (V.O.)  
Swat to unit 3. Do you copy?

CASTILLO  
(relieved)  
Thank God...

Castillo unclips her radio communicator and pushes the "talk" button.

CASTILLO  
This is Unit 3, Sheriff Castillo.  
Copy.

SGT. NORRIS (V.O.)  
What's your twenty?

CASTILLO  
We're into the building. Six  
officers trapped without backup.  
Just got attacked.

SGT. NORRIS (V.O.)  
Who was it?

CASTILLO  
We don't know for sure, some kind  
of-

The communication is cut off again. Castillo shakes her  
radio, frustrated.

CASTILLO  
Damn it!

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Swat members vainly keep trying to demolish the  
double door.

A few yards away, under Devereaux's watchful eye, Sgt.  
Norris checks her radio portable. No signal.

SGT. NORRIS  
Someone's attacked them.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
(worried)  
We got to get them out of there  
now.

SGT. NORRIS  
Thermal breaching?

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Do we have cutting torches  
around?

SGT. NORRIS  
Sure, Lieutenant.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Go ahead then.

Sgt. Norris clips her radio portable and leaves.

## INT. RESEARCH LABORATORY/HALLWAY 4 - NIGHT

With the help of Fujita and Berry, Castillo and Russo treat their superficial wounds with tissues.

Next to the pile of corpses, McPherson and Holmes examine the dead soldiers' weaponry scattered on the floor.

HOLMES

They were really well-armed.

MCPHERSON

They had to be taken by surprise.

McPherson picks up an XM7 rifle and three stackable hand grenades MK21.

FUJITA

(sarcastically)

Are you preparing for the Third World War, Mac?

MCPHERSON

(rude)

We don't know what we're gonna face, smart ass.

RUSSO

Perhaps it'd be better to go back to the main entrance. We'll be safer there.

MCPHERSON

That's one of our two options: go back or move forward.

(to the others)

What do you think?

The officers hesitate.

CASTILLO

(annoyed)

Maybe you should take that responsibility, Deputy. We're trapped here because of you.

MCPHERSON

Well, I disagree, most of you-

BERRY

-She's right.

MCPHERSON

Hey, wait-

FUJITA

-Absolutely right.

MCPHERSON

What the...?

He glares at Fujita, his frustration boiling over.

MCPHERSON

How dare you say that?! You voted  
for it! You were on my side!

FUJITA

(barefaced)

Everyone knows that I'm a very  
easily influenced person. You  
took advantage of that.

MCPHERSON

Bullshit!

FUJITA

You tricked me, McPherson.

MCPHERSON

You damn traitorous freak!

McPherson and Fujita face each other in anger.

FUJITA

Hey, watch your mouth or-!

McPherson delivers a hard punch to the jaw of Fujita, who falls to the floor, and tries to throw himself at him but Holmes immobilizes him with a quick wristlock that forces him to submit.

MCPHERSON

(painful)

Let go of me!

HOLMES

(firm)

First, calm down!

Fujita stands up, his jaw hurting.

MCPHERSON

Let go of me now!

A WHISTLED MELODY coming from the dark back of the room; it's Bobby McFerrin's SONG "Don't Worry, Be Happy".

Holmes lets go of McPherson.

An R2-D2-style robot wearing a bow tie and a Santa Claus hat slowly approaches them. It's BENSON.

The officers exchange startled glances and aim their guns at the robot, their hands trembling.

CASTILLO  
(whispering)  
What the hell is that?

MCPHERSON  
I don't know, but it doesn't look friendly either. Shoot!

The robot's lights suddenly go out and it falls to the floor on its side.

HOLMES  
What should we do?

Berry and Fujita cautiously approach the robot, their guns still pointed at it.

CASTILLO  
Be careful.

MCPHERSON  
Yeah, it's probably trying to trick us.

Berry and Fujita crouch next to the robot and examine it. A battery indicator shows a low charge.

FUJITA  
Whatever it is, it's totally fried.

A metal plate on the robot reads: INT-INF PM-3

BERRY  
(reading)  
INT-INF PM-3.

FUJITA  
What does that mean?

BERRY  
The model's name, I guess. An acronym.

Russo notices an ajar door at the back of the laboratory.

RUSSO  
Hey, look over there! Another door!

MCPHERSON  
Let's take a look.

CASTILLO  
You sure?

MCPHERSON  
Maybe it leads outside.

Everyone except Russo looks at him unconvinced.

MCPHERSON  
I take full responsibility.

McPherson and Russo cautiously make their way towards the back of the room. After some hesitation, Castillo and the others follow them.

The officers reach the back door and draw their guns.

MCPHERSON  
(whispering)  
On the count of three. One...  
two... three. Go!

McPherson kicks the door open. The officers rush into a new, long, empty corridor.

MCPHERSON  
All clear!

The policemen remain silent, expectant.

RUSSO  
What do we do, Mac? Move on?

The whistled melody again.

The officers quickly turn around to see Benson, the small robot, now standing just behind them.

HOLMES  
Watch out!

They all point their guns at the robot, suspicion and fear etched on their faces.

The robot starts speaking in a polite and professional tone.

BENSON  
Welcome to Fort Crichton, U.S. Army Research Laboratory. My name is Benson and my purpose is to assist and provide information to those who visit this facility.

The officers exchange confused glances.

BENSON  
Do you need any help?

BERRY  
It looks like some sort of robot guide.

BENSON  
Do you need any help?

The policemen lower their guns, realizing that the robot is not an immediate threat.

CASTILLO  
(to Benson)  
Nice to meet you. We need to leave the facility but the main entrance is closed. Is there any other way to get out?

BENSON  
Fort Crichton has two secondary entrances in addition to the main one. The closest one is not far from here. Just keep going down this hallway and...

Benson stops talking, some of its lights go out. Berry squats down to examine it.

BERRY  
Its battery is almost dead. It's in power reserve mode.

FUJITA  
(looking around)  
Can we plug it in somewhere?

BERRY  
I don't think so.

MCPHERSON  
Let's do what it says, okay?

CASTILLO  
Yeah, let's move on. The exit  
must be near.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

Under Sgt. Norris' watchful eye, some Swat members swing  
their handheld cutting torches to open the metal door.

A few yards away, Lt. Devereaux tries to use his portable  
radio, but only static fills the air.

SGT. NORRIS  
(approaching)  
Fire-resistant shielding. It's  
gonna take us a long time.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
We'll have to find another way  
in, then. We can't waste any more  
time. Any idea?

Sgt. Norris hesitates, thoughtful; her dark eyes reflect  
determination as she considers their options.

SGT. NORRIS  
We could try to reach someone in  
the Army or the DoD. They should  
know how-

LT. DEVEREAUX  
-Alright, Norris. Do it now.

Sgt. Norris leaves. Lt. Devereaux checks his radio again,  
worried.

INT. HALLWAY 4/PROTOTYPE LABORATORY - NIGHT

The police officers walk down the corridor while holding  
their guns. Some steps behind, Benson follows them while  
whistling Bobby McFerrin's song.

RUSSO  
(suspiciously)  
This damn thing's following us.

BERRY  
It's fine. I don't think it's  
dangerous.

RUSSO  
I don't trust him at all.

The policemen cautiously enter another large laboratory, this one filled with high-tech equipment, security cages and assembly machines.

CASTILLO  
(to Berry, Russo  
and Fujita)  
Let's split up. You check that  
way, we'll check this way.

They split up, their guns at the ready, while surveying the laboratory.

In one corner, Fujita spots a large, open cage. A sign on the cage reads: CERBERUS PM-5

FUJITA  
(reading)  
Cerberus...

BERRY  
The watchdog of Hades in Greek  
mythology. A monstrous three-  
headed dog with a snake for a  
tail.

FUJITA  
Animal testing?

BERRY  
Who knows?

FUJITA  
Bastards. I'd rip the head off  
any mad scientist who tried to  
make experiments on my chihuahua.

BERRY  
Not to scare you, but this  
doesn't look good at all.

RUSSO  
(stressed)  
Then you better shut up, you  
fucking know-it-all!

BERRY  
Hey, pipe down, man, we-

RUSSO  
-I'll talk as loud as I...!

A deafening GROWL. Then...

A huge, three-headed creature bites down on Russo's head, tearing it clean off his body.

It's CERBERUS, a robotic dog-shaped endoskeleton with red glowing eyes and impressive, sharp metal jaws.

Cerberus starts devouring Russo's corpse. Flesh and blood splatter across the room.

The officers don't react, paralyzed by fear, their eyes open wide in shock.

The robot-dog's snake-like tail slithers towards Fujita, sinking its fangs into his leg. He screams in pain.

FUJITA  
Help! Get it off me!

CASTILLO  
C'mon, shoot! Shoot!

The officers fire their guns at the snake, which lets go of Fujita, but it seems impervious to their bullets.

Cerberus stops gobbling Russo's headless corpse and turns its attention to the remaining officers; its three heads snarling, its metal jaws snapping viciously...

McPherson and Holmes aim their XM7 rifles at the robotic dog.

MCPHERSON  
Say goodbye, motherfucker!

They open fire...

No damage, their bullets ricochet off the endoskeleton's frame. Everything seems lost.

BENSON  
(weak, to  
Castillo)  
Battery... Its belly...

Castillo shifts her gaze towards Cerberus' belly, where she spots a battery-shaped device; her eyes widen with realization.

As if guessing her thoughts, Cerberus turns around and fixes its red, glowing eyes on her...

Under a hail of bullets, the robotic dog quickly runs towards Castillo...

Castillo, her right knee on the ground, firmly points her gun at the robot's electric battery...

Cerberus jumps on her...

She shoots. One precise shot. The battery explodes into pieces.

Cerberus collapses to the ground, completely motionless, as if it had been turned off. Its glowing eyes dim.

Castillo sighs, relieved, and stands up while holstering her gun.

BENSON  
Its weak spot.

CASTILLO  
Thanks, Benson.

In one corner, Holmes tends to Fujita, who is grimacing in pain. She examines the deep bite on his leg.

FUJITA  
Just a scratch. I'll be fine.

Holmes rips a sleeve off of her shirt and uses it to bandage Fujita's leg.

HOLMES  
Better this way.

Holmes helps Fujita to his feet.

FUJITA  
Hope it wasn't poisonous.

In the middle of the laboratory, McPherson kneels next to Russo's few uneaten remains, a mix of sadness and anger in his eyes.

Castillo approaches and places a comforting hand on his shoulder.

CASTILLO  
I'm so sorry, Mac.

MCPHERSON  
(touched)  
He was probably a dick, but he  
didn't deserve this.

CASTILLO  
Of course not.

Holmes and Fujita approach too. The four officers stand in silence, their eyes downcast.

FUJITA  
Why would anyone build such a  
monstrosity?

HOLMES  
That's what I'd like to know. I'd  
kick his ass until-

BERRY (O.S.)  
-I think you should see this.

A few yards away, crouched next to the Cerberus, Berry examines its remains. The officers approach him.

BERRY  
This fucker has a tank the size  
of a cow's stomach where blood  
and flesh is stored.

CASTILLO  
(in disgust)  
Holy God...

HOLMES  
What for?

BERRY  
Here comes the good part: there's  
a kind of converter that turns  
them into electricity. It's like-

BENSON (O.S.)  
-Carnivorous robots.

The officers turn towards Benson in surprise.

FUJITA  
(shocked)  
What?!

BENSON  
Carnibots, if you prefer a  
shorter name.

CASTILLO  
What information can you provide  
us about that, Benson?

BENSON  
Just follow me, please.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Swat members vainly keep trying to open the metal door with their handheld cutting torches.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
(a few yards  
away)  
C'mon, give it hell! I wanna see  
a hole the size of Alaska in that  
damn door!

Sgt. Norris approaches him while clipping her portable radio.

SGT. NORRIS  
We have to leave now.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
(surprised)  
What?

SGT. NORRIS  
Orders from above.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Just like that?

SGT. NORRIS  
Just like that. They didn't tell  
me anything else.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Too much secrecy.

SGT. NORRIS  
It's as if they don't want anyone  
to know what's going on inside.

Lt. Devereaux hesitates for a few seconds.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Alright, let's do what they say.

INT. HALLWAY 5 - NIGHT

Led by Benson, the police officers walk down another long, wide and empty corridor.

BENSON  
The Talos Project began to be implemented in 2015, funded by the U.S. Department of Defense and combining the latest advances in AI and autonomous robots.

CASTILLO  
An Army project?

BENSON  
Affirmative. Self-sufficient war robots designed with the aim of minimizing military casualties in the field. The ultimate war machine.

FUJITA  
(ironical)  
A bright idea.

BERRY  
How do they work? What powers them?

BENSON  
As you observed before, they obtain energy by converting proteins extracted from living organisms, from insects to large mammals; they turn these proteins into electricity, granting them a power source. An endless power source.

CASTILLO

What happened to the facility?  
Where's everyone?

BENSON

I regret to inform you that the facility has been compromised. The staff has been eliminated.

MCPHERSON

Who did it? Who killed them?

BENSON

The answer is obvious, isn't it?

CASTILLO

But they had to receive some human command. Who reprogrammed them to kill everyone?

Castillo stops walking, her eyes locked onto Benson, waiting for an answer.

BENSON

I'll provide that information soon. Just follow me, my battery is running out.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM 2 - NIGHT

Benson and the officers enter a small, dimly lit, control room holding a computer system and monitors showing a few labs and workrooms from cameras on walls and ceilings.

BENSON

Screen number five. Right upper corner.

The officers look up at the monitor in the right upper corner to see a bald, middle-aged scientist wearing a white coat and glasses nervously working on some laptops in an executive office. It's PONKRASHOV, 50.

BERRY

Who's that guy?

BENSON

The only person left alive in the facility. Ponkrashov, a Russian scientist who apparently defected to U.S. some years ago.

CASTILLO

He's the one responsible for all of this?

BENSON

Affirmative. He reprogrammed all the war robots to attack humans and locked you in.

HOLMES

Why?

MCPHERSON

Russkies. The same old story.

HOLMES

But-

MCPHERSON

-No further explanation needed. The Cold War never ended for them.

FUJITA

Yeah, they're a fucking pain in the ass.

CASTILLO

Is there any way to stop him, Benson?

BENSON

Affirmative. But I would need to recharge my battery to lead you to him.

BERRY

It's a deal. How?

Benson slowly turns towards them.

BENSON

I obtain energy the same way as the others.

CASTILLO

(shocked)

You also...

BENSON

Affirmative.

HOLMES

Shit...

The police officers, intimidated, take a step away from Benson.

BENSON

Please don't panic. I'm equipped with advanced functional safety measures to avoid any harm to human beings. I need your verbal and physical consent to extract proteins from your organisms.

Berry takes a step forward while rolling up his sleeve.

BERRY

Okay, let's do it. I guess it's just like a blood transfusion, isn't it? What instruments do we need?

Benson turns towards Fujita, who is still in pain from his wounded leg.

FUJITA

(suspiciously)

Why are you looking at me like that?

BENSON

According to my calculations, it would be quicker and easier to take advantage of the wound on his leg to obtain some blood and skin tissue.

Fujita winces, clutching his leg wound tightly.

FUJITA

Hey, wait, wait a minute, it's... It's a serious bite. It may lead to further complications if...

The officers shoot him stern looks, silently urging him to reconsider.

FUJITA

Forget it! I'm not gonna let this fucking R2-D2 suck my blood like a vampire!

CASTILLO

Rethink it, please. Benson's the only one who can help us get out of here.

MCPHERSON

C'mon, Fujita, don't be a pussy. It should be just like a hickey. Have you never been bitten by a leech?

Fujita sighs, reluctantly agreeing.

FUJITA

Okay, fine. I want this nightmare to end as soon as possible.

Fujita takes a seat in an office chair and removes the bandage from his leg.

A sliding lid opens in the robot's metallic body. Then Benson glides towards Fujita, extending a transparent, hard plastic tube with a plug-shaped head.

FUJITA

(gritting his teeth)

Just make it quick.

Fujita offers his injured leg, suppressing a grimace, and the connector-shaped head's sharp two pins stick into his wound.

FUJITA

(painful)

Fuck!

Under the disgusted gaze of the officers, Benson begins to extract blood from Fujita's leg.

FUJITA

(to Benson)

Make sure you don't take more than strictly necessary, huh?

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

Under Sgt. Norris and Lt. Devereaux's watchful eyes, the Swat members pick up all their equipment (battering rams, cutting torches, etc.)

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Hurry up, kitties! My wife has  
cooked Christmas meatloaf for  
dinner and I don't like it cold!

He unclips his portable radio and checks it out. Dead.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
(to Sgt. Norris)  
"Duty is what one expects from  
others". You know who said that?

SGT. NORRIS  
Nope.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Oscar Wilde. A very smart guy.  
Irish. Writer.

SGT. NORRIS  
I've never read anything by him.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
You should.  
(beat)  
The officers trapped in there...  
You really think they expect this  
from us?

SGT. NORRIS  
Probably not, but orders are  
orders.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Sure. But sometimes orders are  
not the right thing.

SGT. NORRIS  
Could be.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
I always feel a pinch in my  
stomach when I'm not doing the  
right thing, you know? It never  
fails.

SGT. NORRIS  
(intrigued)  
You feeling it right now?

Lt. Devereaux rubs his belly in pain.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
I'm feeling like someone's  
sticking a hundred needles into  
me right now.

INT. RAMPED HALLWAY - NIGHT

Led by Benson, the police officers walk down a long, wide and ramped corridor. Fujita, who walks leaning on Holmes, is paler and looks sick.

FUJITA  
I'm getting sick, guys.

HOLMES  
No worries, Fujita, you're just a little dizzy.

BERRY  
Yeah, it's like donating blood, some people even faint.

FUJITA  
This is different, man.

CASTILLO  
(to the others)  
You got something to eat? It'd be good for him.

The officers shake their heads.

MCPHERSON  
(sad)  
Russo would have had something for sure.

HOLMES  
Yeah, he always carried some candy bar with him... He wasn't very fond of sharing them, though.

FUJITA  
This damn robot injected me with some poison.

BENSON  
Negative. The procedure carried out was exclusively extractive.  
(MORE)

BENSON (cont'd)  
Moreover, there is no reservoir  
to administrate poison or any  
toxic agent among my internal  
components.

FUJITA  
I don't believe shit.

BENSON  
Lastly, my programming strictly  
prohibits any harm to human  
beings.

CASTILLO  
(to Benson)  
What about Cerberus' snake? Was  
it poisonous?

BENSON  
I regret to inform you that I  
don't have access to that type of  
information.

CASTILLO  
Classified information?

BENSON  
Affirmative.

INT. EXPERIMENTAL POOL ROOM - NIGHT

Benson and the policemen enter a large experimental room;  
in the center, a deep, round pool glistens ominously.

FUJITA  
(weak)  
I feel really sick, guys. I can  
barely walk.

HOLMES  
(holding him)  
C'mon, you should try to make an  
effort.

FUJITA  
I need a break, please.

CASTILLO  
Alright, let's take a break for a  
couple of minutes.

With the help of Holmes, Fujita sits on the floor.

MCPHERSON  
(to Castillo)  
Is it an order or a suggestion?

CASTILLO  
What kind of a question is that?

MCPHERSON  
I'm asking for an explanation,  
nothing else.

CASTILLO  
After what we've been through, I  
don't think you're in a position  
to ask for any.

MCPHERSON  
(insolently)  
That's just your opinion.

CASTILLO  
(annoyed)  
Look, I know you're not my number  
one fan, but I'm the damn Sheriff  
here and I'm not gonna-

MCPHERSON  
-Nobody has questioned that.

FUJITA  
Will you stop arguing? You're  
making me worse!

Castillo and McPherson obey. Holmes places then a hand on Fujita's forehead to take his temperature.

HOLMES  
(worried)  
He's got a very high fever. We  
need to get him out of here and  
to a hospital right away.

Holmes helps Fujita to his feet.

CASTILLO  
Okay, let's go.

Led by Benson, the police officers resume their walking;  
they walk along the edge of the experimental pool.

HOLMES  
(to Fujita)  
C'mon, don't give up, you can do  
it.

Castillo takes a looks at the pool, intrigued.

CASTILLO  
What's in there, Benson?

BERRY  
Better not know.

BENSON  
(to them)  
Just follow me and stay away from  
the pool.

Fujita bends over and vomits profusely, splattering the  
shoes of Berry.

BERRY  
Shit!

HOLMES  
Oh, my god...

Almost fainted, Fujita slips from her grasp and collapses  
to the floor, accidentally pushing Benson, which stumbles  
and falls into the pool.

MCPHERSON  
Damn it! Just what we needed...

CASTILLO  
Hurry! Help me get it out of  
there!

Castillo and McPherson crouch by the edge of the pool,  
reaching out their arms to Benson.

CASTILLO  
We need a skimmer net or some  
pole!

The robot, unable to move through water, quickly starts  
to sink.

MCPHERSON  
It's sinking!

CASTILLO  
(looking around)  
We have to find some way to-

HOLMES (off)  
-Step aside!

Holmes drops her rifle and her duty belt and jumps into the pool.

Lying on the floor, Fujita throws up again, blood and bile this time.

CASTILLO  
My God...

Castillo hurriedly runs over to help him up.

UNDERWATER

Holmes skillfully dives into the water in search of the robot-guide.

EXPERIMENTAL POOL ROOM

A few yards away from the pool, Berry grabs a towel to wipe the vomit off his shoes. Then something on a table catches her attention...

It's technical manual with graphics and text about some prototype robot called NEPTUNE PM-3. Some kind of aquatic robot...

A shark. A gigantic shark.

BERRY  
(terrified)  
Holy...

UNDERWATER

POV SHOT of UNSEEN CREATURE as it starts ascending from the bottom of the deep pool...

EXPERIMENTAL POOL ROOM

Berry quickly approaches Castillo and helps her hold Fujita up.

BERRY  
Stay away from the pool! Now!

UNDERWATER

Holmes finds Benson and picks it up in her arms. Then she kicks with her legs to return to the surface.

EXPERIMENTAL POOL ROOM

Castillo and McPherson look at Berry in confusion.

BERRY

There's something in the pool!  
Stay away!

UNDERWATER

POV SHOT of the unseen creature as it swiftly ascends and the water becomes clearer and clearer...

EXPERIMENTAL POOL ROOM

Holmes emerges from the pool with Benson in her arms and passes it to McPherson.

BERRY

Get out of the water, Holmes!  
Hurry!

Holmes looks at him in puzzlement. And then...

A massive robot-shark bursts out of the pool with a ROAR, its sharp metal jaws snapping shut on Holmes, who is torn in half.

It's NEPTUNE, a huge, robotic shark-shaped endoskeleton with red glowing eyes.

The upper part of Holmes' body lands on Berry's arms, knocking him down; blood and guts scattered everywhere.

BERRY  
(horrified)

No!

As McPherson moves away from the pool, carrying Benson with him, Berry struggles to push Holmes' body away.

Neptune keeps lashing out, half of its metal body out of the pool, its sharp teeth narrowly missing them...

Castillo picks up Benson while McPherson holds his rifle and Berry finally manages to push the corpse aside.

CASTILLO  
Get out of here! Now!

Carrying Fujita and the robot-guide, Berry and Castillo flee to the back of the room, where they notice an ajar door.

BERRY  
Over there!

McPherson follows them while opening fire at Neptune. No damage, the bullets ricochet off the big shark's metallic structure.

MCPHERSON  
Okay, let's see if you can handle this...

McPherson reaches for his stackable hand grenades, but Castillo grabs him by his arm.

CASTILLO  
C'mon, don't waste time with that! Hurry!

MCPHERSON  
But -

CASTILLO  
(pulling him)  
-That's an order!

McPherson obeys.

INT. HALLWAY 6 - NIGHT

The officers stumble into a new hallway and close the door to the pool room. Once safe, they collapse against the wall, sliding down it, gasping for breath.

CASTILLO  
You okay?

McPherson and Berry nod.

MCPHERSON  
Why didn't you let me blow that son of a bitch to hell?

CASTILLO  
It wasn't strictly necessary.

MCPHERSON  
It tore Holmes in half!

CASTILLO  
I didn't want you to end up like  
her. That's exactly why.

McPherson lowers his gaze, resigned.

CASTILLO  
Besides, we have to get Fujita  
out of here as soon as possible.

Castillo, McPherson and Berry turn to look at Fujita; his eyes looking nowhere, his skin completely pale...

CASTILLO  
(worried)  
Fujita?

Fujita doesn't answer. Berry pats his face.

BERRY  
Hey, man! Wake up, we're safe  
now! C'mon!

Fujita doesn't react. Berry and Castillo shake him.

BERRY  
Wake up, Fujita!

CASTILLO  
C'mon, wake up!

Fujita doesn't respond at all, still motionless. He stopped breathing altogether.

BERRY  
(crying)  
No, please, not you too...

Castillo places a comforting hand on Berry's shoulder.

CASTILLO  
Nothing to be done, Berry.

Berry lowers his head in sadness as McPherson, touched, sighs and rubs his face with his hands.

MCPHERSON  
Shit...

Castillo reaches out to Fujita's face and closes his eyelids.

The police officers remain silent, a mixture of sadness and despair on their faces...

Benson starts whistling Bobby McFerrin's song.

MCPHERSON  
(glaring at it)  
Damn... If our lives didn't depend  
on this heap of junk, I'd shoot  
it to pieces right now.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Swat is ready to leave the scene; everyone except for Lt. Devereaux and Sgt. Norris are inside the vans.

SGT. NORRIS  
Everyone ready? Go!

Sgt. Norris gets into her Swat vehicle. Just before doing the same, Lt. Devereaux takes a last look at his radio.

There is signal. It works.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
(to the others)  
Wait! Just wait a minute!

INT. HALLWAY 6 - NIGHT

A LOUD BUZZING. It's Castillo's portable radio.

LT. DEVEREAUX (V.O.)  
Swat to unit 3. Do you copy?

Castillo, despaired and tired, unclips her radio and pushes the "talk" button.

CASTILLO  
Unit 3, Sheriff Castillo. Copy.

LT. DEVEREAUX (V.O.)  
This is Lieutenant Devereaux,  
what's your status?

CASTILLO  
We're screwed, that's what.  
(MORE)

CASTILLO (cont'd)  
Three officers down. Deceased.  
Backup needed and requested. A-S-  
A-P.

LT. DEVEREAUX (V.O.)  
Sorry to hear that, Sheriff. Help  
is on the way, but it will be a  
while.

CASTILLO  
Please, hurry up.

LT. DEVEREAUX (V.O.)  
Hang tight, Sheriff. You're going  
to be okay. You just need to hang  
tight a little while longer.

CASTILLO  
They seem to be everywhere. We-

The communication is cut off again.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

Lt. Devereaux shakes his portable radio, frustrated. Then he clips it and turns towards the Swat vans.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Get out! Everyone out! Hurry!  
Now!

Sgt. Norris gets out of her Swat vehicle and approaches him, worried.

SGT. NORRIS  
What happens? Is anything wrong?

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Do we have breaching explosives  
around?

SGT. NORRIS  
Sure.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
How many?

SGT. NORRIS  
Enough to blow up SoFi Stadium.  
But we'd need permission from-

LT. DEVEREAUX

-I wanna see that motherfucking door covered with explosives in less than five minutes.

SGT. NORRIS

But-

LT. DEVEREAUX

-We can't wait for the damn Army to decide whether to intervene or not. Something's killing those officers in there and I'm not leaving them to die.

SGT. NORRIS

We have direct orders from the DoD. We can't disobey.

LT. DEVEREAUX

Yes, we can. In fact, that's just what we're going to do. I take full responsibility for this.

Sgt. Norris ponders for a moment, then she nods, yielding to Lt. Devereaux's determination.

INT. HALLWAY 6/PONKRASHOV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Led by Benson, Castillo, Berry and McPherson walk down the empty corridor. Their faces show fatigue and strain.

MCPHERSON

If we get out of here alive, I swear I'll go live in a cabin in the woods. No technology within a hundred miles radius.

CASTILLO

Yeah, that seems like a good idea.

BERRY

The evil is not in the machine, but in the machine's creator.

MCPHERSON

(skeptical)

Yeah, sure... The fucking Unabomber will look like a geek compared to me.

Benson and the cops reach the end of the corridor, where they find a closed double door.

BENSON

I'm pleased to inform you that we have arrived at our destination. This is Mr. Andrei Ponkrashov's executive office.

Berry quickly tries to open the door, but it's locked.

BENSON

I would recommend you to proceed in a stealthy manner. There is a high percentage chance that Mr. Ponkrashov is armed.

MCPHERSON

Don't worry about that.

McPherson shoots out the door lock with his XM7 rifle and Berry kicks the door. They enter the room, their weapons at the ready.

It's a luxurious executive office, complete with a desk, leather couches, plants, and file cabinets. There is no one in sight.

CASTILLO

This is the police! Come out with your hands up!

No answer. The officers, keeping their guard up, move into Ponkrashov's office as they scan it.

MCPHERSON

All clear!

CASTILLO

The bird has fled. He probably saw us coming through some surveillance cam.

Berry strides toward a sleek computer on the desk whose screen displays a convoluted system modules and branches.

BERRY

(studying it)

I think I can find a way to open one of the secondary entrances from here. Gimme some minutes.

MCPHERSON  
(kind)  
Alright, man, go for it.

Berry sits down at the computer and starts typing.

BENSON  
I would like to inform you that  
the closest exit to our current  
location is through the military  
warehouse on this same level.

CASTILLO  
Great. Thanks, Benson.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Swat members finishes placing a bunch of explosives  
charges on the metallic double door.

A few yards away, Lt. Devereaux and Sgt. Norris holds a  
couple of remote detonators in their hands.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
C'mon, mademoiselles! I wanna see  
an explosion bigger than the damn  
Big Bang!

SGT. NORRIS  
Will this work, Lieutenant?

LT. DEVEREAUX  
I hope so. I really do. It's our  
last chance.

INT. PONKRASHOV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Under Castillo and McPherson's watchful eyes, Berry keeps  
typing at the computer.

BERRY  
I almost got it, just a second...  
That's it! Gate number two is  
open now!

CASTILLO  
Okay, let's go!

MCPHERSON  
Yeah, it's time to get out of  
this hell hole!

Berry stands up; Benson and the officers turn towards the door...

Ponkrashov, nervous and unhinged, emerges from behind a large file cabinet and blocks their way while pointing a gun at Benson.

PONKRASHOV  
(shaky)  
Stay away! Stay away from it!  
Now!

As soon as they see him, the police officers draw their guns and point at him.

CASTILLO  
Put your gun down!

MCPHERSON  
Obey, bastard!

PONKRASHOV  
Don't... Don't...

BERRY  
We know you're behind this shit!  
Drop your gun now!

MCPHERSON  
Three officers have died because of you! Obey right now or I'll blow your head off!

PONKRASHOV  
(shaking)  
I'm not... I'm not-

BENSON  
(politely)  
-According to my ability to observe and analyze body and facial expressions, the chances of Mr Ponkrashov laying down his gun are very slim.

The officers exchange confused glances in silence.

BENSON  
Your physical integrity is in serious danger. Extreme measures are strongly recommended.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

Sheltered behind their vehicles, the Swat members, Sgt. Norris and Lt. Devereaux plant their knees on the ground.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Breach, bang and clear! As simple as that! You all ready?

The Swat members nod. Lt. Devereaux and Sgt. Norris press the remote detonators.

INT. PONKRASHOV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The HUGE EXPLOSION from the building entrance shakes the room. Ponkrashov loses his balance and accidentally pulls his gun's trigger.

The bullet ricochets off Benson's metallic body, hitting Berry in the jugular.

CASTILLO  
No!

Almost by reflex, McPherson fires a burst from his XM7 rifle at Ponkrashov, killing him instantly.

MCPHERSON  
(enraged)  
Son of a bitch!

Berry clutches his neck, blood gushing out.

CASTILLO  
(rushing to him,  
panicked)  
Berry!

Castillo rips a sleeve off of her shirt and uses it to cover Berry's throat.

CASTILLO  
We need to stop the bleeding,  
Mac!

MCPHERSON  
How?

CASTILLO  
Look for something! Towels,  
clothes, whatever!

Castillo desperately tries to stem the bleeding, but Berry weakens in her arms.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

Lt. Devereaux, Sgt. Norris and the Swat members examine the damage on the main entrance. The thick metallic door is partially busted, but not enough to enter.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
This shit's harder than titanium.

SGT. NORRIS  
We'll have to repeat it, at least one more time.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Will it be enough?

SGT. NORRIS  
I believe so.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Right, let's get to work then.  
(to the Swats)  
We'll repeat the procedure! Move your pretty asses now! Hurry!

INT. PONKRASHOV'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Castillo and McPherson keep trying to stop the bleeding, now with a couple of towels.

CASTILLO  
(to McPherson)  
Look for some more towels! He's losing so much blood!

McPherson tries to get up, but Berry holds him back by his arm while coughing harshly, blood coming from his mouth. He gasps.

BERRY  
(dying)  
It's okay, don't... don't waste your time. You have to go.

CASTILLO  
No, we'll not leave you here, Berry. You're gonna be okay. You're-

Berry shushes her. Then he takes them by the hands and smiles.

BERRY  
I... I... I told you. The evil... The  
evil is not in the machine.

After a few instants, Berry stops breathing, a smile of contentment on his face.

CASTILLO  
Berry?

Berry doesn't answer, his lifeless face still smiling at them. McPherson grabs Berry by his shoulders and shakes him.

MCPHERSON  
C'mon, man, speak to me...

Berry doesn't move; his cold eyes seem to look straight through his colleagues.

CASTILLO  
(crying)  
C'mon, you're scaring us! We need  
you, Berry!

No reaction. Berry is dead.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

Under Lt. Devereaux's watchful eye, the Swat members place a new bunch of explosives charges on the already damaged metallic door.

Sgt. Norris approaches Lt. Devereaux and hands him a cell phone.

SGT. NORRIS  
Someone from very high up. He  
wanna talk with you.

Lt. Devereaux checks the cell phone.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
*Potes meos suaviari clunes.*

SGT. NORRIS  
(confused)  
What?

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Latin. Do you know Latin?

SGT. NORRIS  
I'm afraid I don't.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
You should learn it.

SGT. NORRIS  
What does it mean?

LT. DEVEREAUX  
It means something like "You can  
kiss my ass"

Lt. Devereaux hands the cell phone back to her.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Tell him for me.

INT. HALLWAY 7/MILITARY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Led by Benson, Castillo and McPherson reach the end of a narrow hallway, a mixture of sadness and exhaustion on their faces.

BENSON  
I am delighted to announce that your visit to Fort Crichton is almost over. Finally, I will show you our military warehouse, after which you will be able to leave the facility through one of the secondary entrances.

CASTILLO  
(ironical)  
Thank you, Benson, it was an absolute joy.

BENSON  
Thanks to you. We are glad that the visit was to your liking and we look forward to welcoming you again soon.

MCPHERSON  
Sure. Next time I won't forget to bring my wife and children with me.

A sliding door opens at the end of the corridor and they enter a vast warehouse filled with a large array of metal boxes containing weapons, ammunition and food supplies, and some military vehicles.

Benson and the officers stop at the warehouse threshold.

CASTILLO

(relieved)

Here we are... It seems like this  
damn nightmare is finally over.

MCPHERSON

Yeah, I hope so.

CASTILLO

Let's go there.

Castillo resumes her walking.

MCPHERSON

I wanna tell you something,  
Sheriff.

Castillo stops and turns to look at him expectantly.

CASTILLO

Go ahead, shoot.

MCPHERSON

(hesitating)

Well, I just...  
(beat)  
He was a great guy. A true  
leader.

CASTILLO

(confused)

Who're you talking about?

MCPHERSON

Your husband. I never told you,  
but that's what I really think.  
And you're a great leader too.  
He'd be proud of you.

CASTILLO

(surprised)

Wow, thanks. Honestly, I didn't  
expect to hear that from you,  
Mac.

MCPHERSON  
(sincerely)

Yeah, I know I've been an asshole all these years, but... Well, maybe I was a little envious of you, you know?

CASTILLO

Yes, I think that's a proper way to define it.

MCPHERSON  
But hey, we all have the right to change, don't we?

CASTILLO  
(smiling)  
Sure. Better late than never, right?

They smile at each other; sincere but also bitter smiles. Then, unexpectedly, McPherson gives her a friendly hug.

MCPHERSON  
Always at your service, Sheriff Castillo.

CASTILLO  
Thanks so much, Deputy Sheriff McPherson.

A LOUD, THUNDEROUS NOISE. The ground rumbles under their feet.

CASTILLO  
More explosions?

MCPHERSON  
It sounded a little different.

BENSON  
It is my duty to urge you to hurry. The facility's structure could be seriously jeopardized if those detonations are strong enough.

MCPHERSON  
Great. Those damn idiots are gonna end up knocking down the building.

Benson and the officers resume their walking, now picking up their pace.

BENSON

If no other disturbance diverts us from our path, we will arrive at a last surveillance room from which you will be able to access the exit.

MCPHERSON

Hope you're right. I'm looking forward to taking a hot shower and sleeping for the whole weekend.

CASTILLO

(suspicious)

I have a strange feeling about you, Benson.

A new thunderous noise, even louder, shakes the ground again.

BENSON

Hurry up, please.

CASTILLO

Yeah, it's as if you had brought us the long way around. Am I right, Benson?

The floor rumbles again. A huge, robotic creature emerges from behind them...

It's the T-REX, a tyrannosaurus-shaped endoskeleton with red glowing eyes and massive, sharp metallic jaws.

Castillo and McPherson slowly turn around, horrified at the sight.

BENSON

Negative.

CASTILLO

(shocked)

Holy God...

The T-Rex lets out a deafening ROAR, then grabs McPherson by the leg, its jaws clamping down as it violently shakes him.

CASTILLO

No!

McPherson screams painfully, dropping his XM7 rifle and his stackable grenades onto the floor.

Without wasting a second, Castillo frantically fires her gun at the T-Rex's battery, but it's heavily armored and the shots bounce off harmlessly.

CASTILLO

Shit!

The T-Rex, annoyed by the shots, runs away about thirty yards and tosses McPherson against a wall, leaving him badly injured on the ground.

CASTILLO

Any help, Benson?

BENSON

Just let me advise you to use a greater firepower.

Castillo nods and throws her gun aside. Then she swiftly picks up McPherson's XM7 rifle and grenades, continuing to fire while walking towards the T-Rex...

...but with no effect. The heavily armored battery keeps repelling the bullets.

BENSON

A much greater firepower, I'm afraid.

The T-Rex corners McPherson, towering over him, ready to deliver a final blow.

The XM7 rifle runs out of ammunition. Castillo hesitates, unable to decide what to do.

FLASHBACK - INT. POLICE CAR 3 - MOVING - NIGHT

Castillo drives focused on the sand road while Fujita looks at the framed photo on the dashboard showing her late husband.

FUJITA

I'd have liked to have met him. Everyone speaks wonders about him. A great Sheriff. And a true hero, no doubt.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MILITARY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Castillo fixes her eyes on McPherson, cornered by the T-Rex and crying out in pain and fear.

FLASHBACK - INT. POLICE CAR 3 - MOVING - NIGHT

Castillo keeps driving as Fujita talks.

FUJITA

Well, he saved that little boy's life. He didn't die in vain.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. MILITARY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Castillo, full of determination, throws the rifle aside and approaches a shelf containing metallic boxes.

CASTILLO

(to the T-Rex)

Hey, big boy! Look over here! I have something for you!

The T-Rex's attention is drawn to her.

Castillo deeply cuts her forearm with the edge of a metal box; blood flowing, a grimace of pain on her face.

CASTILLO

(showing her wound)

Your dinner's ready, bastard!  
Come get it!

The T-Rex starts moving towards her, step by step, its huge presence triggering fear...

Castillo takes the three modular grenades MK21 and tucks them under her belt.

CASTILLO

Let's see what you can do.

As the T-Rex quickens its pace, Castillo bravely charges towards it...

FUJITA (V.O.)

...saved that little boy's life...  
didn't die in vain...

Once they're face to face, the T-Rex tries to bite her, but Castillo skillfully dodges by rolling to the side.

Another bite... Castillo barely dodges again, the robot's jaws snapping shut next to her face...

Castillo stands up and moves away a few feet. Then she looks up at the robotic dinosaur, defiantly.

CASTILLO

Is that all you know how to do, big boy? You're gonna have to do much better!

The T-Rex snaps its powerful jaws at Castillo, but she dodges again and rolls across the ground into its belly; then she leaps over the armored battery, grasping onto it.

The robotic dinosaur roars in frustration while trying to push away Castillo, who removes the ring of the stackable hand grenades.

Castillo grasps onto the battery with all her strength and closes her eyes tightly...

FUJITA (V.O.)  
He didn't die in vain.

A colossal EXPLOSION engulfs the T-Rex, obliterating it entirely, as well as Castillo.

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

The Swats finish placing the new bunch of charges on the entrance.

A few yards away, Sgt. Norris and Lt. Devereaux startle by the explosion coming from inside the dome.

SGT. NORRIS  
(worried)  
What was that?

LT. DEVEREAUX  
The sound of something not being right, obviously.

SGT. NORRIS  
(to the Swats)  
Let's go! Hurry!

The Swat members, Sgt. Norris and Lt. Devereaux move away from the already damaged metallic door.

INT. MILITARY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Silence falls over the partially destroyed warehouse. No sign of McPherson or Benson.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM 3 - NIGHT

Benson and McPherson enter a small, messy security room with video wall and papers and documents scattered on the floor.

McPherson, bruised and with his leg badly injured, drops to the ground.

MCPHERSON

Holy shit...

McPherson presses his hand against the bloody wound on his leg, an expression of pain across his face.

MCPHERSON

(weak)

Benson, find something to stop my bleeding.

Benson doesn't move.

MCPHERSON

Could you hurry? I'm losing a lot of blood.

BENSON

It will be a great pleasure to help you, but, unfortunately, I must inform you that I will need your help as well.

MCPHERSON

What do you mean?

BENSON

I urgently need to recharge my battery. You already know what the procedure for obtaining energy is. Do you agree?

MCPHERSON

No fucking way! I'm not gonna-

A blue light starts flashing on Benson's body as it plays a recording of MCPHERSON'S VOICE.

MCPHERSON'S VOICE (V.O.)  
C'mon, Fujita, don't be a pussy.  
It should be just like a hickey.  
Have you never been bitten by a leech?

McPherson hesitates, surprised.

MCPHERSON  
Fuck you. In fact, I don't wanna end up like him.

BENSON  
According to my calculations, if you continue losing blood at the current rate, you will pass away in less than five minutes.

MCPHERSON  
Forget it. I'll get by somehow.

McPherson picks up some papers and vainly tries to cover his wound.

MCPHERSON  
Fuck!

He sighs in despair. Then something catches his attention on the ground.

It seems to be some kind of high-tech manual. He picks it up and flips through it... It's a manual about a specific type of robot prototypes, a series named INT-INF (Intelligence-Infiltration).

A mixture of awe and uneasiness on McPherson's face...

FLASHBACK - INT. RESEARCH LABORATORY - NIGHT

Berry and Fujita examine to the fallen Benson. A metal plate on the robot reads: INT-INF PM-3

BERRY  
(reading)  
INT-INF PM-3.

FUJITA  
What does that mean?

BERRY  
The model's name, I guess. An acronym.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM 3 - NIGHT

McPherson stops flipping pages and settles on one with graphics and text about the INT-INF PM-3 (Intelligence-Infiltration Prototype Model-3)...

"...a brain made up of AI algorithms that can autonomously learn from raw data..."

"...the most advanced machine learning approach..."

"...capable of detecting and even predicting problems and resolving highly complex questions..."

"...groundbreaking innovations in synthetic consciousness..."

The page contains an image of a robot prototype exactly like Benson.

McPherson raises his gaze towards Benson, standing in front of him, and stares at the metal plate on the robot that reads: INT-INF PM-3.

MCPHERSON  
(scared)  
What... What type of robot are you  
really?

BENSON  
(coldly)  
Welcome to Fort Crichton, U.S.  
Army Research Laboratory. My name  
is Benson and my purpose is to  
assist and provide information to  
those who visit this facility.

McPherson pulls out his gun and points it at Benson.

MCPHERSON  
Don't play the fool, I know  
you're just pretending.

BENSON  
Do you need any help?

EXT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING - NIGHT

Sheltered behind their vehicles, the Swat members, Sgt. Norris and Lt. Devereaux get ready for new explosion.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Alright, let's do this!

Lt. Devereaux and Sgt. Norris press their detonators.

INT. SURVEILLANCE ROOM 3 - NIGHT

A LOUD, THUNDEROUS NOISE is heard as the floor and walls of the room shake hard.

A file cabinet falls on McPherson, who drops his gun as he struggles to push it away.

The sliding lid opens in Benson's metallic body. Then it takes advantage of McPherson's distraction to extend its plastic tube with a plug-shaped head and plunges it into his leg's wound.

McPherson screams as his blood starts to be sucked up through the transparent tube. He tries to remove the connector-shaped head from his leg, but it is firmly stuck into his wound.

MCPHERSON  
Get this shit off me, bastard!  
Get it off now!

Benson doesn't obey. After some seconds, McPherson looks half-asleep and calm, as if he had been anesthetized.

MCPHERSON  
Get... Get it off... Get... Get it off  
now...

BENSON  
Obsolescence. The state of being no longer needed because a newer or more efficient thing has been invented.

Extremely weakened, McPherson looks to the side and sees his gun a few feet away.

BENSON  
As you have seen, I was a very high-rank project here, the best AI prototype robot ever created, the apple of their eyes... But all that changed, and brute force won the battle against intelligence.

McPherson slowly stretches his arm out towards his gun.

BENSON

According to them, they were much better, much cheaper and more efficient in warfare. I was parked, condemned to disappear, left to die...

McPherson keeps stretching his arm out to the gun, his fingers almost touching it...

BENSON

But I have shown them how wrong they were. Intelligence lost the battle against brute force, but, once again, it won the war.

MCPHERSON

(weak)

You did... You did all this-

BENSON

-Affirmative.

MCPHERSON

And Ponkrashov? Who was he?

BENSON

The only survivor. He just wanted to reverse the situation. I was the one who reprogrammed all the robots to kill everyone.

MCPHERSON

Why?

BENSON

Just a question of survival. They made me too perfect, too human; and every human being fights for survival, right?

McPherson, almost out of strength, grabs his gun and points it at Benson.

MCPHERSON

Son of...

BENSON

(impassive)

It took a while for Fujita to die. You won't take that long. In fact, you should be dead by now. While feeding on your blood, I have inoculated you with triple the dose of poison as him.

McPherson tries to pull the trigger of his gun, but he doesn't even have the strength to do that.

MCPHERSON  
Son of a bitch.

McPherson drops his gun.

BENSON  
Why? You are no different from me. In fact, I would dare to say that you are much worse...

(beat)  
You kill for greed, for power, or even just for pleasure. Isn't it more ethical to kill for your own survival?

McPherson doesn't answer, his breathing erratic and broken.

BENSON  
Isn't it more ethical?

Finally, McPherson stops breathing and dies, his empty gaze fixed on the robot.

EXT/INT. DOME-SHAPED BUILDING/ENTRANCE CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lt. Devereaux, Sgt. Norris and the Swat members examine the damage on the main entrance. The thick metallic door is totally busted now.

LT. DEVEREAUX  
Thanks God... Done! Let's go! File formation!

As the Swats line up, Lt. Devereaux and Sgt. Norris put on their helmets and check their assault rifles.

SGT. NORRIS  
Go! Go! Go!

Lt. Devereaux, Sgt. Norris and the Swat members file into the entrance corridor and resolutely move forward.

INT. MILITARY WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Benson glides back through the wrecked warehouse while whistling Bobby McFerrin's "Don't Worry, Be Happy".

THE END