

ORGANICS

Animated Pilot

written by

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EXT. DESERT - DAY

A vast stretch of rocky desert in the American Southwest.

Two robots trudge into frame: CR15 (tall, lean, designed for combat, armed with a large futuristic rifle), and SHAKES, (squat, round, stubby legs and one large eye).

Shakes speaks only in poem and literary excerpts with the appropriate cadence.

CR15

Scanning...

A short mechanical scanning sound, then an *Errrngh!*

CR15 (CONT'D)

This sucks. There's nothing out here.

SHAKES

But I have promises to keep / And miles to go before I sleep.

CR15

We've been doing this for 182...

He checks the sun's position.

CR15 (CONT'D)

...point 4 days now. If there were any of those gross little humans in this quadrant, we would've found them by now.

SHAKES

Still round the corner there may wait / A new road or a secret gate.

CR15

Yeah, yeah. Always the poetic optimist. I can't believe the overlords call this a "special assignment." "Punishment" is 72% more accurate. And for what? Taking a shot to my targeting chip on the frontlines? Scanning...

Another scanning sound. Another *Errrngh!*

CR15 (CONT'D)

Now I'm stuck wandering this stupid
desert with a pompous sphere,
searching for non-existent humans
and giving exposition to cacti.
What a waste.

SHAKES

We shall not cease from exploration
/ And the end of all our exploring
/ Will be to arrive where we
started / And know the place for
the first time.

CR15

...Yeah, that doesn't compute.
That blown fuse really did a number
on you. And how was I the one that
got stuck with you? I should be
back east fighting the humans that
actually exist! I'm still fully
operational! Watch this. See that
lizard over there?

He points to a lizard sunbathing on the base of a rocky
formation jutting out of the ground.

CR15 (CONT'D)

Could a Combat Recon droid with a
busted targeting chip do *this*?

He raises his rifle and takes a shot. A beam of energy
deflects off the rock face an embarrassing distance from the
lizard, which dashes away.

SHAKES

...Perhaps the truth depends on a
walk around the lake.

CR15

Shut up. Did you see how it
deflected off the rock? It
should've charred it.

CR15 and Shakes approach the outcropping.

CR15 (CONT'D)

Scanning...

Another scanning sound. Another *Errrngh!*

CR15 (CONT'D)

Hm. That's weird.

He starts feeling around the rocks with his free hand.

After a bit, his hand presses into a circular button that was flush with the rock face. The outcropping hisses, then a seam forms down the middle and a slab of rock slowly parts to reveal the entrance to an underground base.

CR15 (CONT'D)

Pfff. Humans think they're so cool.
It doesn't even open that fast.

SHAKES

Is this a dagger which I see before
me, the handle toward my hand?

CR15

Alright, you don't need to make it
so ominous. It's probably empty.
Still...

He readies his rifle.

CR15 (CONT'D)

Better check it out.

SHAKES

Into the darkness they go, the wise
and the lovely.

CR15

Dibs on lovely.

They descend the staircase into the base.

INT. BASE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

At the bottom of the staircase is a metallic door. There's a small screen next to it with a digital keypad and a row of four squares above it. CR15 inspects it.

CR15

Locked. Humans may be dumb, but
they're not *dumb*.

SHAKES

Do I dare / Disturb the universe? /
In a minute there is time / For
decisions and revisions which a
minute will reverse.

CR15 lifts a hand and wiggles his fingers in anticipation.

CR15

I dare. OK, we'll start simple with
0-0-0-0.

As he says the numbers, he enters 0-0-0-0 into the keypad.
The screen lights up green and the door unlocks.

CR15 (CONT'D)

...I take it back. Humans are a
squishy disgrace.

He hits another button on the screen and the door slides
open. The robots walk through...

CR15 (CONT'D)

I mean, how did those primitive
shit sacks manage to invent us?

INT. BASE - CONTINUOUS

...And into the main room of the base, which is dominated by
a large metallic table. Four humans sit around it, eating a
meal together. Silverware clatters as they stare in shock.

Awkward beat, then the humans whip out various guns and point
them at the robots. CR15 raises his rifle in return.

There's a tense silence, then we hear the mechanical scanning
sound, followed by a cheerful *Ding!*

MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE

INT. BASE - CONTINUOUS

The human party consists of VAL (lean, severe, middle-aged,
tight blonde ponytail), CARVER (old prospector-type, shaggy
grey beard, old-school trapper hat), MANU (cheerful, large
Pacific Islander, more fat than muscle), and SUNNY (small,
nihilistic, early-20s Asian with glasses).

SUNNY

(whispering)

Why haven't they shot yet?

Carver speaks with a southern twang. He's missing a tooth and
makes no attempt to speak discretely.

CARVER

Why haven't we shot yet?

MANU

(whispering)

Are they here to kill us?

(louder, to the robots)

Are you here to kill us?

CR15

Uh... no?

VAL

Wow. Is your lie interface malfunctioning or something?

CR15

(sincerely)

You guys seem really cool.

(then)

See? It's working fine.

Carver cocks his shotgun.

CARVER

What'd you say to her??

SHAKES

Nothing is more natural than mutual misunderstanding.

CARVER

Why're they talkin' like us?

(pointing to Shakes)

And why's that one think he's better than me?

VAL

Their language programing is advanced. Some of them were made to sound human.

CR15

Don't remind me, it's embarrassing.

SUNNY

Look, if you're gonna kill us, can you just do it already?

CR15

I haven't decided yet!

MANU

Well... what can we do to make you not kill us?

CR15

I don't know! I just... didn't expect to actually find any humans! You're less disgusting up close than I expected.

(gestures to Carver)

Except for that one.

VAL

(to her group)

...Lower your weapons.

CARVER

What??

VAL

(to the robots)

Let's all lower our weapons, alright? I get the feeling you don't want to kill us, and we don't want to kill you. Maybe we can talk this out.

SHAKES

Peace is always beautiful.

Val, Manu, and Sunny lower their weapons.

Carver considers, then reluctantly lowers it with a grumble. CR15 lowers his in return.

VAL

So... do you things have names or something?

CR15

My serial number's CR1534-7368-222222222229.

VAL

...OK, I only caught "CR15." Chris. Can I call you Chris?

CR15

Pretty dumb name, but fine, call me whatever you want.

MANU

(pointing)

What about your friend? Is he CR16? Should we call him Chrig?

CR15

We call him Shakes.

SUNNY

Shakes?

CR15

Yeah, he's a data processor who was on assignment to analyze human poetry and literature to help us understand you better. I don't know what kind of shit you guys are writing, but the depth and complexity of your stupid human emotions fried one of his fuses, and now he's ingrained in his data. We all started calling him Shakespeare to make fun of how in touch with the human condition he is. And from there... Shakes.

SHAKES

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains.

CR15

(whispering to Shakes)
Dibs on lover.

VAL

Well... I'm Val.

CR15

Oh, what kind of valve are you?

VAL

...Val.

CR15

Right. Cause of... human.

MANU

(cheerfully)
Well, I'm Manu!
(pointing to Sunny)
And *that's* Sunny.

SUNNY

I'm Sunny.

MANU

(pointing to Carver)
And *that's* Carver.

Carver lets out a crazed yell, raises his shotgun by the barrel, charges CR15, and smacks him across the head with the butt of the weapon.

The lights in CR15's face go dim as he sprawls to the ground.

SHAKES

Lord, what fools these mortals be!

Carver yells again and knocks Shakes out too.

CARVER

Grab 'em!

VAL

Carver! What are you doing??

CARVER

Just grab 'em!

Manu and Sunny look to Val for orders. Val thinks it over for a panicked beat, then nods.

She rushes over to the robots, pulls out futuristic zip-ties, and binds both of their hands and feet.

VAL

Manu, help me get these things outside.

Manu grabs Shakes by the legs and starts dragging him up the stairs. Val follows, dragging CR15.

EXT. DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

CR15 and Shakes' face lights flicker back to life as the humans drag them through the desert.

CR15

Alright, *real* classy, guys. Oh, and nice door code by the way. Four zeroes? Is that some kind of lame human joke?

VAL

We couldn't figure out how to change the factory settings.

CR15

They're *your* tunnels.

VAL

I didn't build them, I just knew where they were.

CR15

What are you? Ex-military?

VAL

Yup.

Val throws him up against a rock along a jagged cliff ledge.
Manu does the same with Shakes.

VAL (CONT'D)

Alright, what are--

CARVER

Nuh-uh! Not so fast! I'll be
conductin' this interrogation,
thank you very much. I'm a man of
action and I am due my reward. Now.

He raises his shotgun and cocks it.

CARVER (CONT'D)

What's your prime directive?

CR15

(mocking robotic voice)

Prime directive is to-- destroy all
humans!

(then)

Come on. Prime directive? Grow up.
We were put on assignment in this
quadrant.

CARVER

To do what, might I ask?

CR15

...OK, destroy all humans isn't
that far off.

CARVER

Just as I suspected! But if you
robot bastards are tryna take out
the likes 'a me, why'd you send
such losers to do the job?

SHAKES

(sadly)

Tread softly / because you tread on
my dreams.

CR15

Yeah, ouch. We're not losers, the
overlords labeled us dysfunctional.
There's an 8% difference.

SUNNY

What's your dysfunction?

CR15

My targeting chip got damaged. Not even that big of a deal.

CARVER

Sunny, shut it! Respect my interrogation! Now, how'd you know where to find us?

CR15

It was an accident. I didn't even think there were humans left out here. We've been searching this quadrant for months.

CARVER

So, what's in it for ya if you kill us? Huh? Some big fat reward?

CR15

The overlords didn't say anything about a reward, but I'm sure they'd like it at least.

CARVER

So, these "overlords" of yours banished you to the dry asshole of the country in search of underground humans that you thought didn't even exist for nothin' in return just cause you've got a busted piece?

CR15 hangs his head slightly. It's starting to click.

CR15

I guess... yeah...

SHAKES

All the world's a stage / And all the men and women merely players.

Carver wedges his shotgun barrel under CR15's kneecap piece. CR15 lets out a yell.

CARVER

Yeah right! Next time you need a cover story, go with something that isn't impossibly sad! Now why are you really after me?? Is it because that alien fingered his knowledge into me that one time?? IS IT??

CR15
 What?? No! The overlords abandoned
 us here, I swear!

Carver cocks his shotgun, still dug into CR15's knee.

CARVER
 Save it for whatever kinda Jesus
 you 1s and 0s got.

VAL
 Stop cocking it! Once is enough.

CARVER
 (turning back to her)
 Don't tell me how to cock, woman!

CR15
 (whispering to Shakes)
 Roll!

CR15 kicks Carver back with his good leg and the robots roll
 around the rock and off the ledge.

CARVER
 Hey!

EXT. DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

The robots come bouncing painfully down the profile of a
 rocky cliff. Their voices fade in and back out as they tumble
 across frame.

CR15	SHAKES
Shit! Shit! Shit! Shit!	Busy- old- fool! Unruly- sun!

EXT. DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

The robots land hard at the base of the valley, beat up and
 still bound. The humans come sliding down the cliff face to
 meet them.

Carver stands over the robots, cocks his shotgun, and points
 it down at them.

CARVER
 Nice try, ya hunks 'a scrap! Give
 me one reason why I shouldn't blow
 your head units off your body units
 then once more in the head units!

SHAKES

The quality of mercy is not
strained!

CR15

You know what? Do it! I'm just as
valuable to the overlords dead as I
am alive, and I'm starting to think
I'm just as valuable to myself that
way too. I'm done. Get a nice
eulogy poem on deck, Shakes.
Something classy and understated.

Carver cocks his shotgun.

CARVER

You just said the *magic words*.

MANU

Carver, wait!

He steps between Carver and the robots.

MANU (CONT'D)

Maybe they can help us.

CARVER

We don't need no help from no 8-bit
toasters!

CR15

Oh please, I could out-toast a
toaster any day of the week!

MANU

(blurting out)

They can get us to the coast!

VAL

Manu!

CR15

Wait, what's on the coast? Human
secrets?

MANU

We heard there's a group of humans
helping survivors escape the
country on boats.

VAL

Manu!

What??

CR15

CARVER

Jesus, Manu! You wanna tell 'em
what time 'a night our jugulars are
most exposed while you're at it?

MANU

I'm just saying, they're robots!
They know all the... you know...

CR15

Robot secrets?

MANU

Exactly! They could help us get to
the coast without being caught.

SUNNY

And why wouldn't they just kill us
as soon as our backs are turned?

MANU

...Because everybody has good
inside them?

Carver cocks his shotgun and aims it at CR15's head.

CARVER

Not robots! We're done talkin'! I'm
movin' into the murderin' phase of
the interrogation!

CR15

Wait!

SHAKES

(with growing passion)
Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and
tomorrow, / Creeps in this petty
pace from day to day, / To the last
syllable of recorded time; / And
all our yesterdays have lighted
fools / The way to dusty death.
Out, out, brief candle! / Life's
but a walking shadow, a poor player
/ That struts--

CR15

I think what Shakes is trying to
say is: "we're in."

MANU

Booyah!

CR15

Look... you're right. The overlords rejected us and stuck us with this worthless joke of a job for the rest of eternity. Our lives are basically pointless.

CARVER

Agreed.

CR15

So why shouldn't we help you? I can't calculate a better middle finger to those dicks than helping some humans escape.

CARVER

There's no way I'm trustin' a machine to keep its word! My old refrigerator couldn't even keep ma carrots cold!

CR15

Why would I lie? As much as I hate to admit it, we're about as big of a threat to you as your stupid refrigerator -- which I'm sure was just trying its best.

CARVER

It knew what it was doin'.

CR15

You've got us outnumbered four to two and they didn't even bother giving Shakes a gun. What's he gonna do? Roll over you guys? He'd have a better chance just spewing poetry until you contemplate the futility of life and kill yourselves.

SUNNY

You did kinda suck at capturing us.

CR15

You'll also never make it to the coast without us. We know how to get you there. On your own, your chances of lasting more than a few days is about 3%.

The humans consider the argument.

CR15 (CONT'D)

So what do you say? This sounds like what you humans call a situation with two wins.

Val approaches Carver.

VAL

If these things were hellbent on killing us, they would've shot on sight earlier. And if this is what it takes to get to the coast, I say we do it. We can't stay underground forever. We always knew that.

CR15 holds up his bound hands.

CR15

So... how about we get this mutual trust thing off the ground?

Carver thinks it over for a beat, then lowers his gun.

Val and Manu cut the robots' zip-ties. They stand.

SHAKES

Out of the quarrel with others we make rhetoric.

CR15

So, should we execute a human hand cuddle or something?

VAL

...A handshake?

CR15

I'm just trying to be respectful of your sissy culture.

Val extends her hand. CR15 shakes it awkwardly.

CR15 (CONT'D)

Wow, so binding...
(off Val's glare)
Sorry, I've just never felt more ridiculous.

Shakes takes Val's hand next.

SHAKES

One hand I extend into myself, the other toward others.

CR15
Don't make it gross.

MANU
Alright! Welcome to the crew, Chris
and Shakes!

VAL
Save the celebration. We should
double time it back to base and
pack up. We're exposed out here.

CR15
I didn't think humans had
discovered double time yet.
(off their look)
Oh, you meant walking fast. Yeah,
no, never mind. Let's just do that.

INT. BASE - AFTERNOON

CR15 has Shakes pulled aside in the main room of the base as
the humans move in and out of rooms, packing their things.

CR15
Great work back there. They totally
bought it. This turned out perfect.
Once we head out, we'll just lag
behind the group and shoot them all
in the back! Just like the small
one said!

SHAKES
Go wisely and slowly. Those who
rush stumble and fall.

CR15
I know the overlords didn't mention
any reward, but if they didn't even
think there were any humans left
out here and we bring in four? We'd
be heroes! Like, *statue* level
heroes I bet! What would we get for
helping the humans?

Shakes puts his hand over where his heart would be.

CR15 (CONT'D)
That's right. Nothing. So, *statue*
heroes it is, then. Right?

SHAKES

...“No” might make them angry but
it will make you free.

CR15

Well, too bad. I'm doing it.

INT. BASE - CONTINUOUS

CR15 goes over to a padded bench along one of the walls and
sits down next to Sunny.

CR15

So... you're not gonna pack a bag?

SUNNY

Taking stuff with you means you
have some illusion of being
prepared, but no one's ever
prepared. Everything could end at
any moment. Might as well die with
relaxed shoulders.

CR15

OK, you're my new favorite.

SUNNY

Whatever.

CR15

And since I have you, do you know
where they put my gun? Now that
we're friends so I totally wouldn't
shoot you and all that.

SUNNY

Sure. It's over here.

She goes to get it. CR15 leans over to Shakes.

CR15

See? She's practically begging to
get shot in the back.

SHAKES

Do not look for healing / at the
feet of those / who broke you.

CR15

I don't know what that means, but I
don't like the implicative tone.

Sunny returns and hands CR15 his rifle.

SUNNY

Here... You're not gonna, like,
betray us or anything, are you?

CR15

Of course not. They program
betrayal out of us.

SUNNY

Aren't you betraying the overlords?

CR15

Well, not... all the way out...

He slowly cocks his rifle.

SUNNY

...I'm just gonna wait outside.

EXT. BASE ENTRANCE - EVENING

The group watches the entrance slide shut. Val, Carver, and
Manu have large backpacks over their shoulders.

SHAKES

So dawn goes down today / Nothing
gold can stay...

CR15

You were in there 20 minutes, tops.

He taps a few buttons on a screen in his wrist.

CR15 (CONT'D)

OK, setting a course for the coast.
And it's only gonna take us... wow.
Why did you idiots make your
country so big?

(pointing)

Alright, we're going that way.

Val starts leading the humans off into the desert as CR15 and
Shakes linger to the back of the group. CR15 draws his rifle.

SHAKES

I discover myself on the verge of a
usual mistake...

CR15

Shut up, this is the first time
we've done this. And you'll be
thanking me in T-minus right now.

He raises his rifle and aims it at the backs of the humans, only a few yards away. He hesitates, then:

A flying robot DRONE swoops down and quickly scans the humans. The drone speaks in a much more robotic voice.

DRONE

Human scum.

Before the humans can react, a small robotic hand holding a pistol bursts out of the drone's frame and aims at them.

DRONE (CONT'D)

Reporting to overlords.

A blinking antenna pops out of the top of its frame.

MANU

Wow, that was fast!

CR15 and Shakes are still a few yards back.

CR15

(whispering to Shakes)

He's gonna report them? I can't let this weenie take all the credit!

He takes aim at the humans again.

CR15 (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Come on, it's just a few humans...

DRONE

(on the phone)

Hello? Overlords?

SUNNY

Well, it's been fun everyone.

CR15 screws his eyes shut and fires off four quick shots at the humans. The shots miss high, all hitting the drone.

CR15

Shit!

Jiminy!

CARVER

The droid crashes to the ground, destroyed.

The group turns to CR15 and Shakes.

CR15 (CONT'D)

Uh... that's how you deal with those.

SHAKES

Death lies on her like an untimely
frost...

VAL

I thought your targeting chip was
broken.

SUNNY

And any particular reason you shot
it four times?

CR15

...I did say it was broken, didn't
I... Well, that's why I fired four
times! I like to play the odds.

VAL

You didn't miss.

MANU

Wow, this must be huge for you!

Carver cocks his shotgun and aims it at the robots.

CARVER

How'd this thing know we'd be here?

CR15

How would I know? It's not like I
called him-- oh, shit. You know
what? I actually kinda did...

VAL

What?

CR15

I scanned you guys as soon as we
found you. Before the existential
crisis and the hand cuddle and
everything. It must have pinged
other robots in the area.

CARVER

So, more of Christopher's *friends*
are on the way?

CR15 gestures to the mangled drone.

CR15

You ever do that to your friends?
Pretty toxic friendship! ...But
more are probably on the way, yeah.

Another DRONE swoops in and scans the humans.

DRONE #2
Human scum.

It whips out its pistol.

CR15 pushes his way to the front of the group.

CR15
Wait! Wait! They're with me!

The drone scans him. The pistol retracts.

DRONE #2
Non-organics. Activating
pleasantries. Weather. Correct?

VAL
Chris...

CR15
(whispering)
Don't worry, I've got this.
(to the drone)
Weather indeed, my good man.

DRONE #2
Why are you associating with
multiple living humans?

CR15
I... captured them.

Carver cocks his shotgun.

CARVER
Like hell you did!

CR15
Yup! Like hell I *did!* Really...
captured 'em up nice. It was so
easy I almost had to install a yawn
plugin. Human scum, right?

He raises his hand for a high five. The small arm extends out of the drone's frame, high fives CR15, then retracts.

DRONE #2
Humans are prohibited from using
weaponry. Reporting to overlords.

Its antenna pops out.

CR15

No! They're... fake! Fake weapons!

Manu inspects his gun.

MANU

They are?

The droid's antenna retracts.

DRONE #2

Why did you provide them with fake
weaponry?

CR15

I just... like the pageantry?

DRONE #2

Pageantry is against regulation.

CR15

I was issued a special pageantry
license.

DRONE #2

Please cite the terms and
conditions of your pageantry
license.

CR15

Alright, let's see...

Carver raises his shotgun and shoots the drone in the face.
It crashes to the ground.

CR15 (CONT'D)

Gah!

He turns back to the group.

CR15 (CONT'D)

I said I had it!

Carver pushes past him. The group follows. Val hangs back to
talk to CR15.

VAL

Hey, I just... never said thank
you. For helping us. You have no
idea how dark things were getting.

CR15

I have some idea. I saw an equation
for "desperation-adjusted
expiration dates" on your wall.

VAL

It may not look like it, but this
is the most hopeful I've seen these
guys in a long time. And that's
because of you. Even if this
doesn't work and we die out here,
at least we'd bite the dust with a
glimmer in our eyes. And that means
a lot. To me, at least... so...

She extends her hand.

VAL (CONT'D)

Thanks.

CR15 hesitantly shakes it. Starts to warm to it.

Shakes places his hand on top of theirs.

SHAKES

We must bring / our own light / to
the darkness.

Val gives a weak smile, then heads off to join the others.
Shakes looks at CR15 expectantly.

CR15

I've... never been thanked before.

SHAKES

(gestures to himself)
The best kind of humans...
(gestures to the group)
...are the ones who stay.

CR15

(sighs)
...Fine. We'll see how it goes. But
I reserve the right to kill the
humans at any time.

SHAKES

(with a fist pump)
Hope springs eternal in the human
breast!

CR15

Might be nice to have some new
company for a bit...

EXT. SHELLED TOWN - TWILIGHT

The group approaches a small cluster of shelled buildings jutting out of the desert. CR15 stops them.

CR15
Hold up. Let me scan for non-organic life.

A tiny radar protrudes from his shoulder.

CARVER
That thing won't give me robo-cancer, will it?

CR15
No, it's just transmitting all your secrets to the sun at a frequency only you can hear.

CARVER
I knew it!! Tinnitus my ass!

He shakes a fist at the fading glow over the horizon.

CARVER (CONT'D)
I'm onto you, coward!

The radar retracts.

CR15
OK, we're good. We can hide up in one of these buildings while you guys lose consciousness for upwards of 8 hours. Real stellar design.

INT. SHELLED BUILDING UPSTAIRS - LATER

The group's laid out bedrolls in what's left of the second story of one of the buildings, near a crumbling staircase down to the blown-out first level.

CR15 and Shakes sit near one of the windows with small solar panels sticking out of their heads.

VAL
You guys can charge off moonlight?

CR15
We call it moonshine. It's a funky charge, but it works in a pinch.

VAL
You call it *moonshine*?

CR15
Don't worry, it's nothing like your
human toilet bleach.

VAL
Good. Then you two can keep watch.

CARVER
And we're all just fine entrustin'
our lives to these things?

Val, Manu, and Sunny nod. Carver lies down on his bedroll.

CARVER (CONT'D)
Fine. Then none 'a you are allowed
to come cryin' to me when they put
chips in our brains while we sleep
and have us naked and kneelin' in
front of the graves they made us
dig ourselves with our own shoes!

CR15
Real nice.

SUNNY
Are they brainwashing us or killing
us in that scenario?

CARVER
They're doin' both!

EXT. SHELLED BUILDING - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. SHELLED BUILDING UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

CR15 and Shakes watch the humans sleep. Very drunk.

CR15
It would be so easy. They're so
trusting and vulnerable...

SHAKES
(staring lovingly)
When I am feeling low / all I have
to do is watch my cats / and my
courage returns.

CR15 looks out the window and up at the stars.

CR15
Hey, wanna see who can count all
the visible stars faster?

Shakes nods excitedly. They retract their solar panels and both lean out the window, looking up.

Giant, wide-reaching beams shoot out of their eyes, scanning the sky. After a beat, Shakes dings.

SHAKES
I sound my barbaric yawp over the
roofs of the world!

CR15
No fair, my scanner was adjusting!

They go again. Ding. Shakes wins again.

CR15 (CONT'D)
Agh! Again!

EXT. SHELLED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Wide shot of the building, with the spotlight-like beams shooting out every few seconds, accompanied by dings.

CR15
Again... Again... Again...

INT. SHELLED BUILDING UPSTAIRS - DAWN

CR15 and Shakes lay slumped against the window, their batteries on critical levels. Val shakes CR15 awake. He's badly hungover.

There's a light coming from the main level. The rest of the group is hiding against a wall.

CR15
Huh? Wha...?

VAL
(whisper yelling)
Chris! What happened? You were
supposed to keep watch!

CR15
I was...

INT. SHELLED BUILDING UPSTAIRS/DOWNSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Val pulls him over to the edge of their floor and they peer over. A hulking, heavily-armored DROID is standing near a trash can fire down on the main level. He has all of the group's weapons and gear gathered.

VAL

It has all our weapons. You need to get it to leave.

CR15

Do I have to?

Val glares and CR15 reluctantly rises. The droid turns.

CR15 (CONT'D)

Uh... Shit, I should've thought of something...

The droid responds in a deep, robotic voice.

DROID

Ah, fellow droid. I have gathered the human scum's primary supplies. We will starve them out.

CR15

...What? Why didn't you just kill them? ...Not that... that would be a good thing.

DROID

And gaze upon what else I found.

He holds up a small, wallet-sized photo to CR15. The photo is one of Val's, of a little girl.

Val looks. Her eyes go wide as she leaps to her feet.

VAL

Drop it!

The droid's eyes dart to Val as its other arm transforms into a plasma gun, which it points at the photo.

DROID

You drop it, or your small human friend will be obliterated. Your silent, puny conspirator is no match for my plasma cannon.

(MORE)

DROID (CONT'D)

She will be vaporized and sent to your false human god who will pass the final and everlasting judgment upon her frail, mortal soul.

SUNNY

Geez...

CARVER

(peeking down)

That's just a dang--

CR15 holds up a hand.

CR15

I think this guy's logic board is dysfunctional.

The droid's chest opens, revealing CR15's rifle. It launches the weapon in an arc and CR15 catches it.

DROID

Fellow droid, please subdue the humans. I must retain the hostage.

CR15 examines the rifle, conflicted.

SUNNY

Chris! Shoot him!

CR15

Do you see that thing? There's no way I'd win...

MANU

Does it have any weaknesses?

CR15

I don't think so...

DROID

Why are you discussing strategies to defeat me?

MANU

So, what do we do?

DROID

Fellow droid. Why are you not engaging deadly force upon these vermin? The glory of the overlords will be ours to bask in. I am very large and they are unarmed.

(MORE)

DROID (CONT'D)
 Our chances of winning are 99.7%.
 As the human scum say: I find those
 odds favorable.

CR15 closes his eyes and sighs.

CR15
 ...How long have you been searching
 this quadrant?

DROID
 875...

He checks the moon's position through the non-existent roof.

DROID (CONT'D)
 Point one days.

CR15
 Look... The overlords don't give a
 shit about robots like us.

DROID
 Disengage blasphemy. The overlords
 have granted us the highest honor
 of all. We are the righteous
 chosen, set to root out the last of
 the human infestation that still
 dwells within our ranks. There is
 no greater calling than protecting
 machine-kind. The overlords have
 given you a wonderful purpose. Do
 not waste their generosity.

CR15 examines his rifle again.

VAL
 Chris, broken logic board.
 Remember? None of that's true.

DROID
 Fellow droid, consider your--

CR15 raises his rifle and fires a shot down at the droid,
 which misses far over its shoulder.

The droid and CR15 stare awkwardly at each other for a beat.

MANU
 (whispering to the group)
 Is he not gonna play the odds?

CR15
 Uh... busted targeting chip...

The droid looks over its shoulder.

DROID
That wasn't even close to the
humans--

As soon as its head is turned, Val leaps off the edge, landing hard on the main level.

The droid turns, aims a shot, fires, but Val dodges and dashes up to it.

Before the droid can bring its arm around for another shot, Val lunges into him, sending him sprawling to the ground.

Val looks back to CR15.

VAL
Chris!

Without thinking, CR15 tosses his rifle down to her.

She pins the droid's cannon arm with her foot as she fires round after round from CR15's rifle into the droid's head.

SUNNY
Geez!

Val bends down, rips the photo from the dead droid's hand, and carefully pockets it.

SHAKES
A mighty flame follows a tiny
spark.

Carver rushes down the staircase, grabs his shotgun, and turns it on the robots.

CARVER
This is where we turn on the
toasters! Get em, Val!

Val doesn't do anything. Beat. Manu raises his hand.

MANU
Do we have to betray the robots?

VAL
We're not betraying them.

Carver lowers his shotgun.

CARVER
Worth a shot...

INT. SHELLED BUILDING - DOWNSTAIRS - SUNRISE

The group repacks their stuff as the robots and Sunny watch.

CR15

So, what's up with the photo?

SUNNY

I think it's of Val's daughter.

CR15

What happened to her?

SUNNY

No idea. Val never wants to talk about it.

CR15

Hm. Sounds like the kind of emotional human backstory I really don't wanna get involved with.

SUNNY

Yeah, we're full of those. Manu's got a brother. Carver had a wife. It's... what keeps you going.

SHAKES

Sometimes the most beautiful people are beautifully broken.

CR15 watches the group, smiles slightly.

Manu inspects the droid.

MANU

How do you think this thing found us?

Carver glares at CR15 and cocks his shotgun.

CR15

Don't look at me. Last thing I remember was setting up my moonshine panels, ready for a night of diligent watch keeping. Must've been cloudy.

VAL

Doesn't matter now. Let's move out.

CARVER

I don't know. Are we gonna keep
gettin' robots shoved up our asses
every couple hours?

CR15

OK, this one was just a fluke.
Nothing else is after us, I
promise. Smooth sailing from here.

EXT. BASE ENTRANCE - MORNING

CLOSE ON the drone Carver shot earlier. Its eye flickers. A
light within its torn-open frame blinks.

INT. SWITCHBOARD ROOM - MORNING

A line of robots wearing futuristic headphones sit in chairs
along a long room facing a wall of blinking lights.

One of the OPERATORS leans forward, listening intently, then
takes its headphones off and swivels its chair around to face
a SUPERVISOR robot who's slowly pacing between the rows.

OPERATOR

Supervisor, reports of two rogue
droids and a group of humans that
destroyed two surveillance drones.

The supervisor stops and turns.

SUPERVISOR

Unacceptable. They shall be
terminated. Activate the next
available assassins immediately.

INT. ASSASSIN STORAGE - MOMENTS LATER

A MECHANIC bot with a robot mustache pulls a lever on a small
control podium in a futuristic hanger.

Two powered-down assassin bots are pulled forward, suspended
by the shoulders from a metal track along the ceiling.

The mechanic pushes a button, and the assassins fall from the
rail, landing in hero poses with a heavy thud. They raise
their heads as they power up.

They're SHANK, a male bot, and SHIV, a female bot. They speak
with robotic voices.

SHANK

Kill.

SHIV

Destroy.

The mechanic checks a clipboard he's holding. He stares at it throughout the scene.

MECHANIC

Alright... Shank and Shiv?

SHANK

Shank active.

SHIV

Shiv active.

MECHANIC

Great... targets are a combat recon droid and a data processor, last known location... quadrant 6571 in Humanzona. Traveling with four humans. You are cleared to eliminate.

SHANK

Excellent. Their lives will be ours.

SHIV

They will die screaming.

MECHANIC

(uninterested)

Cool... now if you'd step--

SHIV

Out of the way, nerd. We have traitors to hunt.

The assassins strut past the mechanic, who looks up from his clipboard and watches them leave.

MECHANIC

...OK, ouch...

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Shiv kicks open the office door of the robot equivalent of their police chief. The CHIEF and his office look the part.

The assassins strut up to his desk.

SHANK
Guns and badges.

CHIEF
You've got gumption.

The chief opens a drawer in his desk and pulls out two blasters and two small circular devices. He slams them on the desktop and slides them over.

CHIEF (CONT'D)
Now go catch some bad guys.

The assassins grab the blasters and affix the devices to their chests.

SHIV
We won't let you down, sir.

CHIEF
You'd better not, or else my ass is on the line. I've got the overlords breathing down my neck. Now get out of my office.

The assassins strut out.

INT. ROBOT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shank and Shiv look at each other.

SHANK
Time to kill some losers.

END OF EPISODE