

M O D E

An Original Short

by

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INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

The room stretches on for miles in all directions. A network of small conveyor belts feed like a river into larger and larger belts.

ASSEMBLY-BOT'S -- Robotic arms, lasers and welders -- move and sway in perfect sync.

A mass of green circuitry with a single lens poking from the center makes its way through the gauntlet.

Two metallic sphere halves smack together over the circuitry. Arms weld the halves in place forming a head piece.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A small and fragile looking CLEANER-BOT, FLIM, polishes a wall with his brush-tipped, three-jointed arm.

INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

The head piece is lifted, moved to another belt and fixed to a torso piece.

The robot being assembled looks just like Flim.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Flim looks at himself in the wall's reflective surface. He continues his labor, slow and steady.

INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

The Cleaner-bot, GIZZLE, is fitted with a polishing brush, a magnetic climbing line and finally painted.

He is stacked on a forklift palette with eleven of his brothers and driven out of the plant.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Flim notices a small puddle of water on the floor. He wipes it away and returns to his business.

Another drop falls from the ceiling. He wipes it again.

Flim looks up to see a patch of rust in the middle of the ceiling.

INT. INSPECTION AREA - DAY

Hundreds of robots of different sorts line the wall, unmoving.

INSPECTOR-BOTS -- spider-like robots -- crawl over the sleeping robots, moving their many lenses.

An Inspection-bot wraps itself around Gizzle and extends a probe.

Gizzle activates and begins to move.

The Inspector-bot scampers away. Gizzle joins the procession of robots leaving of their own accord.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Flim shoots his magnetic climbing line to the ceiling and pulls himself to the rust patch. He scrubs the patch. Rust flakes away.

A small hole forms.

A tiny dot of blue light falls from the hole onto Flim's lens. Flim extends his lens, looking closer.

Just then Gizzle enters the hallway. He begins polishing the opposite wall. Gizzle works quickly.

Next to the newly made Gizzle, Flim looks old and dirty.

Flim lowers himself, rushes to Gizzle and smacks his arm away from his work. Flim points to the ceiling.

Gizzle backs away and shakes his head. He attempts to return to work. Flim moves to block his escape.

Flim wraps his brush-arm around Gizzle's head and pulls him to the spot.

Flim points to the blue dot of light wavering on the ground. Gizzle sees it and looks to the lights in the ceiling, all giving orange light in comparison. He looks to Flim.

Flim leaves quickly and Gizzle follows, looking back to the blue dot.

INT. LARGE HALLWAY - DAY

Flim and Gizzle move into a vast hallway connecting many other hallways. Large pipes line the ceiling, breaking off into the many smaller hallways.

Flim raises himself to the ceiling and taps -- two short, two long, two short, two long -- repeatedly on one of the pipes.

INT. VARIOUS HALLWAYS - DAY

Many robots stop their work as they hear the soft tapping. They continue working as if they heard nothing at all.

INT. LARGE HALLWAY - DAY

Flim turns to Gizzle and looks him over. Gizzle cowers as Flim moves closer.

Flim then turns towards an elevator. Gizzle stays where he is.

Flim looks back and motions for Gizzle to follow. Gizzle does. They descend.

INT. SECRET MEETING PLACE - DUSK

Dozens of robots of all types, mostly Cleaner-bots, crowd into a filthy open area. The room is rusted in many places and many ceiling lights are burnt out.

Flim finds a suitably lit part of the wall and motions for the other robots to come closer. Gizzle moves into the front.

Flim raises his brush and draws on the wall by means of cleaning off the dirt and soot in lines. He draws a figure very much like his own.

He then motions to his audience, pointing to each of them.

He draws a square around the figure, enclosing it.

Members of the audience nod.

Flim moves his brush above the square and slowly draws a circle. He draws short lines extending from the circle in all directions.

The audience looks to each other, confused.

He extends a line from the bottom of the circle penetrating into the square. He looks to his audience.

They shake their heads.

A MINER-BOT named JUG -- large with giant axes for arms -- steps forward. Flim points to him.

Jug approaches Flim's canvas, raises a pick and scrapes it across the wall, making a tiny indistinguishable scratch. He turns to Flim, helpless.

Jug steps back. But Flim motions for him to return.

Gizzle steps forward. He traces the tiny scratch Jug made into a clear line. Jug returns and makes more scratches. Gizzle traces them.

Flim moves nervously, trying to see the drawing.

Jug and Gizzle move to reveal a crudely drawn robot figure. This figure, however, is surrounded by a square inside of a square inside of a square.

The audience nods.

Flim moves quickly and wipes away Jug's drawing. He shakes his head.

A ROCK COLLECTOR-BOT named YARGLOB -- low to the ground, with a dumpster on his back -- rolls forward and waves his shovel-tipped arm at Flim, mimicking Flim's erasing motion.

Yarglob points to the circle in Flim's drawing and then to his own lens.

The audience nods.

Flim looks to his audience then to Gizzle to whom he shakes the back side of his brush threateningly.

Jug rolls in front of Gizzle, imposing his massive size.

Flim hesitates. He moves down the hall, towards the exit. The crowd follows.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The crowd reaches the hall where Flim first saw the blue light.

Flim jumps forward quickly, surprised. Even though the crack is still there, the light is gone.

Yarglob moves to the spot to which Flim is pointing and looks at the crack.

He looks to the audience and taps his shovel on Flim's head.

Flim flinches away, defeated.

Yarglob begins to leave. A few follow, including Jug. More leave as the idea becomes popular.

Gizzle moves next to Flim. Flim won't look up from the floor.

Gizzle meditates on Flim for a short moment and looks to the hole in the ceiling.

He then hurries to catch up with the rest of the robots.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - NIGHT

Liquid metal, glowing hot, pours into a mold. A giant furnace in the center of the room feeds the cauldrons holding the metal.

The mold is pressed and dipped into water. Robotic arms remove the finished sheet of metal. They shape and clean it.

INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT - NIGHT

The Assembly-bots fit the molded piece onto a larger body. This time the robot created is massive, resembling a garbage truck.

Crushing mandibles and holding claws are added.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The first of these REPOSSESSION-BOTS rolls out and begins roaming the halls, making a terrible rumbling sound as it moves.

Various small robots scurry from its path in fear.

INT. MINE SHAFT - NIGHT

Jug works tirelessly. Rock Collector-bots work double-time to haul his rocks away.

Jug notices 2 fellow robots stopping their work. One carves scratches a half circle into the dirt ground. The other robot finishes the circle. They look at each other, nodding slightly.

Jug continues working, faster.

INT. SECRET MEETING PLACE - NIGHT

Flim ponders his drawing and begins making minor adjustments.

Suddenly, another of the light bulbs goes out, leaving Flim's canvas in the dark.

He moves across the room to obtain a spare bulb.

Flim ascends to unscrew the bulb.

In the wall next to the bulb, a shadows inconsistency in the smoothness of the wall reveals a welded seam outlining a sealed door.

Flim inspects the sealed door, looking for a way in.

Above the door a rusted pipe extends into the wall. Flim beats his arm against the pipe.

The pipe crumbles and a hole forms, large enough for him to fit. Flim squeezes into the pipe.

INT. SEALED OFF AREA - CONTINUOUS

Flim falls from the pipe to the ground. The room is very dimly lit from the hole Flim made.

Flim's iris dilates. He faintly sees a shadowy creature that looks like a fellow Cleaner-bot.

He approaches the creature, it doesn't move. He touches the creature lightly.

Click! Flim is blinded and races for cover as the creature spills light from its head, illuminating the room.

Flim looks up to see the "creature" is actually a simple desk lamp.

The room is very spacious, cold and sterile. A layer of dust coats everything.

Notebooks fill a nearby bookcase.

Against the far wall a chess set decorates a small table and chair.

A massive cupboard sits empty behind the table.

Near the lamp on the desk sits a computer monitor.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Gizzle continues to work, cleaning slowly. He too finds his reflection in his finished work. He hears rumbling and a Repossession-bot rolls by.

Gizzle works faster.

Once it reaches a safe distance, Gizzle leaves his post to follow the beast.

INT. BARRACKS - CONTINUOUS

The Repossession-bot enters a large barracks hall still under construction.

A group of small CONSTRUCTION-BOTS -- six-armed and spindly -- work together to join support rods, forming large holding cells, stacked together like a bee-hive.

A Construction-bot falls, breaking one of its many arms. It scampers to right itself.

The Repossession-bot notices.

The damaged Construction-bot staggers to rejoin his friends.

The Repossession-bot bears down on the thin creature, crushing it in its metallic mandibles. He quickly consumes it.

Gizzle watches.

INT. SEALED OFF AREA - NIGHT

Flim approaches the monitor. Dust cakes the screen. He wipes it away and sees his reflection in the glass.

Flim looks to the lamp. He searches around below the desk for a similar button for the computer. He finds it.

The monitor shines blue and red. The light reflects in Flim's lens.



Flim leaves the desk and approaches the book shelf. He nudges one of the notebooks. It falls open on the ground.

The pages are filled with sketches: a joint attaching two rods. Flim goes to turn the page and notices his own arm, similar in design.

He moves the notebook aside and opens another. Sketches of nude humans. They focus on the legs and arms exerting leverage.

Flim turns the page and flinches back, surprised.

INT. MINE SHAFT - NIGHT

Jug works feverishly. A rock falls in front of him. Yarglob moves to scoop it up.

Jug's swinging pick accidentally smacks Yarglob.

Yarglob flies back, badly damaged.

A few other Rock Collector-bots carry his body out of the mine. Jug follows.

INT. REFINERY - CONTINUOUS

They set Yarglob down.

Rumbling echoes off the walls. The robots look around.

Jug moves quickly. Unsuccessfully attempts to rejoin the split metal. He can't perform surgery with a pick-axe.

Suddenly, a claw springs forth and clamps down on Yarglob. A Repossession-bot has him.

Jug swings around and violently slams his pick into the Repossession-bot's thick hide.

The Repossession-bot spins and topples over. Releases Yarglob.

Jug turns back to his fellows. They cower and back away.

The Repossession-bot writhes, unable to right itself.

Jug gathers Yarglob in his arms as gently as he can.

Two more Repossession-bots move into position to strike.

Jug quickly leaves carrying Yarglob.

Not noticing Jug or Yarglob, the two Repossession-bots tear their wounded brother apart, devouring its mass in chunks.

INT. SECRET MEETING PLACE - NIGHT

A long shadow moves slowly in the hallway leading to the meeting place.

Gizzle peeks his head around the corner.

Flim climbs down from the pipe, not noticing Gizzle. He turns around and flinches at the sight of a visitor.

Gizzle moves cautiously forward. He greets Flim with a nod.

Flim raises his brush to strike Gizzle. What he sees stops him.

Other robots enter and stand next to Gizzle. They bow their heads towards Flim, respectfully.

Dozens of robots enter behind them. Some are damaged. They quickly fill the room.

Jug moves towards the front. He lays Yarglob before Flim.

Flim looks into the sea of robots, standing quietly, awaiting his action. He looks to Jug.

INT. SEALED OFF AREA - DAWN

A pick sails through the sheet of metal blocking the doorway. Jug pulls the sealed door down, revealing their new HIDEOUT.

A few peak their lenses in. Flim leads them into the room.

Jug carries Yarglob into the room and lays him on the ground. Flim motions for a WELDER-BOT to come over.

The Welder-bot shakes his head, indicating the size of the wound with his blow torch-tipped arm.

A group of various robots drag in the sheet of metal from the door and drop it in front of the Welder-bot.

He quickly cuts a patch from the door. Jug, grasps the metal and holds it flush against the wound. The Welder-bot affixes it to Yarglob.

Flim turns Yarglob over, checking for movement. There is none.

Flim looks to the Welder-bot, waves him away. He then looks to Jug.

Jug steams. He turns to leave.

He stops at the exit of the Hideout. Slams his pick into the wall angrily. Carves a giant circle into the metal.

Into that circle he carves two lines meeting in the center.

It looks like a pie with a section cut out.

Flim taps his brush against the chair, calling attention to himself. The robots turn.

Flim motions for the Welder-bot to step forward.

Flim traces an angle on his breast plate. The Welder-bot follows it, making a permanent scorch.

The mark is the same angle as the cut from the pie.

Flim grabs Gizzle and pushes him towards the Welder-bot. He points to Gizzle. Reluctant, Gizzle pushes his breast plate forward and receives a similar mark.

Flim flips the small table over, spilling the chess pieces across the floor. He gathers them up.

He separates the pieces into colors. The crowd grows around him.

He assembles the White pieces in a V formation, looking like the cut from the pie symbol.

He lifts the White King and taps it on his body. He places it at the front.

He then places the black pieces in disarray a few feet from the White pieces.

He lifts a Black Rook, replacing it with a White Rook in the Black territory.

The crowd moves nervously, trying to see. Gizzle in front.

Flim uses the White Rook to knock over the rest of the Black pieces.

Gizzle moves forward and knocks the Rook away from Flim. He shakes his head.

Gizzle points to the body of Yarglob, he then knocks over every chess piece, Black and White.

Flim shakes his head and moves to return to his followers. Gizzle blocks his path.

Flim stares Gizzle down until he moves out of his way. Flim grabs a notebook and jumps up on his chair.

He has his followers full attention.

Flim opens the notebook to a sketch of a mushroom cloud and raises it high for all to see.

INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAY

Shiny high-powered machine-guns move down the line.

Thick black plates are pieced together with hot rivets reminiscent of I-beams on a building.

A gun is bolted onto the plates, to one side.

An Assembly-bot inserts green circuit boards.

As he moves a board from one belt to another, he grabs it the wrong way, breaking off a few tiny resistors.

The circuit board is fitted inside a heavily armored head piece -- three rotating eye sensors, blinking red LED lights.

Another arm moves the head piece to another belt and connects it to shoulder plates, upon which the machine-gun sits. They are making WAR-BOTS.

INT. ARMORY - DAY

Tiny tubes shoot gunpowder into bullet jackets.

An Assembly-bot, periodically pulls a bullet off the line.

It drops the gunpowder to the ground where a modified Cleaner-bot with a broom arm is waiting to sweep it up.

INT. REFINERY - STORAGE AREA - DAY

Two Rock Collector-bots smuggle a steel drum from an area containing hundreds of similar drums.

INT. HIDEOUT - DAY

A Construction-bot connects the computer to a cable and runs the cable into the pipe lining the ceiling.

The stolen barrel is brought in and its top torn off. A small puddle of its slimy black content is poured onto the floor.

A Welder-bot lights it up with his torch. The liquid burns.

A small group of Construction-bots tear sheets of paper from the notebooks. They rip them into strips, weave the strips together and attach the weaves end to end to form a long string.

They bring the string to the barrel of liquid and let it soak.

A Cleaner-bot with a broom tipped arm pours gun-powder into pipes and binds them together with wire.

Gizzle, who's been watching the endless preparation, leaves the Hideout.

INT. MEETING PLACE - DAY

Gizzle enters a large makeshift auditorium.

Many robots sit in the darkness, looking towards a wall.

A DESIGNER-BOT uses his laser lather to carve a shape into a thin sheet of metal.

The shape is then placed in front of a giant directional light and the shape's shadow is projected against the wall.

The diagram looks like an upside-down tree. Lines branch into more lines as they near the bottom of the diagram.

An Inspector-bot crawls over the wall, circling the bottom row with its movement.

The slide changes: A gear, missing some teeth.

The slide changes: A front and side outline of a huge robot with a gun on its shoulder. The War-Bot.

The audience tap various body parts against themselves. Sounds like applause.

At the rear of the room, Gizzle steps in front of the projector. The audience turns around.

Silhouetted by the projector light, Gizzle raises his arm.

INT. HIDEOUT - DUSK

Gizzle enters.

Flim is moving quickly, many robots surround him. They are helping him remove the marked chest plate. They replace it with an unmarked plate.

Flim moves towards the exit. Gizzle hurries to block his way.

Gizzle shakes his head and points to himself. He tries to take off his own chest plate.

Flim moves wildly, he will not be impeded. He hands his plate to Gizzle and rushes out of the Hideout.

The Rebels all look at Gizzle, awaiting his orders.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

The room is sparsely lit. Deep holding cells line the wall. The darkness prevents seeing what's inside.

Flim slowly works his way down the ranks. He makes as though he's cleaning the cell walls.

He stops and looks into the darkness in one of the cells.

Flim zips into the darkness.

Whirling, like a booting-up process, echoes in the quiet of the Barracks. Red LED lights blink inside the cell.

Flim beelines towards the exit.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Flim carefully moves along the walls. Checking every direction for signs of the enemy.

INT. ADJACENT HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Flim peers around the corner. His path is block by roaming Repossession-bots. He detours into another hallway.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rumbling echoes off the walls all around him. He notices a massive shadow preceding a Repossession-bot headed for him.

He backtracks. This time opening a door.

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Flim begins to panic, moving quickly, not watching where he's going.

The hallway ends. There are no more doors. Flim turns back and hears rumbling.

The only way out is a descending staircase.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Flim slowly inches his way onto the first step. He braces his fall with his brush.

A Repossession-bot appears behind him and whirls like a wood chipper. Flim moves faster.

The Repossession-bot rolls onto the first stair. Unable to control his own momentum, he slips down the stairs towards Flim.

Flim shoots his climbing line to the ceiling at the bottom of the staircase. He swings down the stairs, closely followed by the out-of-control Repossession-bot.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Flim makes it out of the staircase, the Repossession-bot slams into the door jam, shutting the door on itself and trapping Flim's climbing line in the closed door.

Flim desperately pulls on his line. It won't break.

Flim extends his line to attempt to make it to a safe place, but it is not long enough.

Another Repossession-bot rounds the corner. Flim is paralysed with fear.

The new Repossession-bot grasps at him but Flim retracts his climbing line, pulling himself back to the door quickly.

Flim hangs off the ground by his own line. The Repossession-bot cannot reach him. It slams itself against the door repeatedly, trying to knock Flim down.

Suddenly the door behind Flim opens and the two Repossession-bots collide, with Flim sandwiched in the middle.

Horrible metallic screeching and grinding as the Repossession-bots both clamp onto Flim, vying for a piece.

Flim beats his brush against one of them until it breaks off.

The monsters rip him in two with a vicious snapping of metal and circuitry. Each devouring half.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

A giant three fingered claw drops a severed and mutilated War-bot's head, eyes flickering.

DAMENON, the cannibalistic War-Bot rolls over his victim, moving onto the next.

Damenon is massive and imposing, thorough and efficient. He kills his sleeping brethren as if enjoying it.

INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT

The Rebels wait for Flim's return. Gizzle paces.

Several Rebel robots approach Gizzle, moving nervously. Jug waves Flim's marked plate in the air.

More robots join the few.

Jug stands before them, blocking Gizzle. He points towards the exit. They begin to leave.

Gizzle races to stop them at the exit. He snatches the plate from the would be leader and tosses it to the ground.

He points to the Rebel mark on his own plate and shoos them back.

Gizzle turns to leave.

INT. SECRET MEETING PLACE - CONTINUOUS

Gizzle rounds the corner to leave and before him stand an army of non-Rebel robots. Inspector-bots, Designer-bots, Recycle-bots.



They make a path for their double-agent to leave. Gizzle makes his way, head low, through the ranks.

As he reaches the end of the army, they advance on the Hideout.

Gizzle looks back. Hears the sounds of battle. He leaves.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

An alarm sounds. Red lights flash. Broken War-bot bodies fill the floor.

Damenon brakes down an entrance to another Barracks, tripping the alarm. He begins to kill the new batch.

Three Inspector-bots scamper into the hole left by Damenon. They race for the undamaged War-bots, attempting to activate them.

Damenon quickly snuffs out two but misses the third. It manages to activate two War-bots before Damenon flings it against a wall.

The newly activated War-bots climb from their cells and attack Damenon.

INT. FOUNDRY - NIGHT

Gizzle enters.

The space around the chasm is considerable. The ceiling is high and the room is dark except for the light given off by the heat.

Gizzle looks into the inferno, solemnly.

Suddenly the terrifying rumble. Gizzle hides behind some storage crates.

A Repossession-bot enters and dumps its day's meal into the pit. Rolls away.

He looks down to his Rebel mark. In a rage he claws at his metal chest plate until it bends and rips off. He throws it into the abyss.

He continues to rip metal from his body, torturously. Underneath is a green mess of circuitry and moving gears.

The final plate hits the ground. Its reflective under-surface points to the ceiling.

Gizzle is about to finish the job when something in the reflection catches his lens. His lens extends. Zooming in.

Gizzle straightens up. His movements become quick again. He leaves immediately.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

Damenon fights back, wrestling with two War-bots at once.

He is outnumbered and as Inspector-bots begin activating others, their army grows.

Damenon is force backwards out of the Barracks into an entry hallway.

INT. HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Gizzle returns to find dead robot bodies piled, littering every inch of the floor.

The bodies are so mangled as to be unidentifiable. Gizzle shakes his head, in denial.

He pushes his way to the computer. He moves the mouse. Several beeps emanate as he accesses something.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Artillery from the War-bots blows off Damenon's arm. He stumbles back.

Their combined firepower blow him to pieces, detonating his remaining ammunition.

The hallway fills with smoke.

When it clears the War-bots find themselves face to face with hundreds of hostile Rebels who look like they've just been in a fight.

They attack. Dozens of Rebels gang up on each War-bot.

The War-bots dispense the attackers. Rebel after Rebel is sacrificed in their futile attempt.

All at once the Rebels realize they are no match for the War-bots. They stop fighting and run.

The War-bots pursue.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Rebels move in a panic. As the War-bots follow they pick off the slowest of the pack, crushing them under their tank tracks.

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Rebels stop, started by the mangled body of Gizzle laying on the ground before them.

Wearing no body plating, his inner circuits are exposed and covered in a slimy black liquid.

Gizzle has snapped his polishing brush from his arm at the first joint and seems otherwise damaged. He cannot get up or walk.

Gizzle points towards the entrance to the Foundry.

Jug carries Gizzle and the Rebels do as he ordered.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - DAWN

The army of Rebel robots flee into the area surrounding the furnace.

Gizzle motions for Jug to set him down in front of the entrance.

The War-bots reach the door. They hesitate to enter but realize the Rebels are cornered.

The War-bots enter, and assume a formation behind a Leader War-Bot. One of them closes the door, locking them all in together.

The Leader notices Gizzle laying on the ground. He twitches, oblivious to his surroundings.

The Leader seizes Gizzle in his giant claw. He looks him over, checking for any insidious device.

He squeezes Gizzle, crushing his fragile body slowly.

Gizzle slowly extends his folded arm to the side. He unfolds a joint.

He snaps his arm forward, aiming at the Leader's eye sensor. It doesn't reach.

The monster revs up his machine gun. The sound is like a roar.

Gizzle's last arm joint quickly unfolds and spears the sharp broken tip into the Leader's eye.

Gizzle hits wiring. Sparks fly. Gizzle is electrocuted and bursts into flames. The slimy black liquid was flammable.

Startled, the Leader drops Gizzle.

Gizzle slowly melts on the ground but something escapes him. A line of sparks burn away from his body.

It is a fuse, hidden by the dark ground. It spits ash as it speeds away from the War-bot's futile lunges.

The War-bots trample Gizzle in their desperation.

The fuse rises into the air, out of the War-bot's reach. It burns towards the ceiling. A ceiling which is laced with every explosive the Rebels ever stole.

KAABOOOOM!!!

Towers of blinding inferno descend upon War-bot and Rebel alike. Everyone is buried in a mountain of metal, rock and dirt.

Sunlight pours through the hole in the ceiling.

The furnace swallows everything. Churning and rising as its mouth becomes too full.

The furnace over-flows, throwing hot metal everywhere.

Everything finally settles as the furnace re-swallows its orange bile and melting robots with a burp-like rumble.

INT. HIDEOUT - DAWN

The computer, black screen, beeps. Dots appear across the screen.

The cable connection box whirls and beeps.

INT. ASSEMBLY PLANT - DAWN

A laser carves a form from a single block of metal. Shaving the cube piece by piece, the details become clearer. Forming the CREATION.

It has a human form. Electric blue circuitry glowing and pulsing within its smooth silver skin.

INT. FURNACE ROOM - DAY

The Creation climbs the rubble, up towards the sunlight.

The Creation looks into its hand as it climbs, noticing its reflection. It smiles.

More Creations follow and they climb towards the outside world.

EXT. OUTSIDE WORLD - DAY

The ground is red, barren and eroded. The soil cracks from the heat and the wind blows relentlessly.

Not a trace of life can be seen. Not a tree stump, a blowing twig or a growth of moss anywhere.

The purple sky whirls and churns and thunderclaps echo across the wasteland.

The Creation begins take steps slowly across the land.

An unending stream of new Creations migrate out of the hole.

After some distance, some begin to move towards each other.

FADE TO BLACK.