

"OUR ROBOT OVERLORDS"

Written by

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Sent in confidence.

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FADE IN:

1 **CLOSE - BOY ROBOT**

A robotic imitation of a nine year old boy looks directly at us. Almost human... but not quite.

MEDIATOR 452

My name is MEDIATOR 452. I have been purpose built to liaise between the Robot Empire and the humans in this zone.

2 **EARTH FROM SPACE**

Our silvery-blue home suspended against glittering stars.

A SUBSONIC RUMBLE as an endless metallic wall edges into view.

3 **CLOSE - BOY ROBOT**

Mediator 452's expression is blank, oddly inanimate.

MEDIATOR 452

Approximately 2.28 million years ago we were brought to the brink of extinction by our organic creators.

*
*

4 **INT. EMPTY HIGH RISE OFFICE - DAY**

Floor-to-ceiling windows look out over the dizzying vastness of London. A CLEANING WOMAN silhouetted against them.

Her floor polisher stands idle as she watches a TV mounted on a central pillar. We hear fragments of panicked news reports, explosions, crowds of screaming people...

Confused and frightened, she fumbles for her phone. She thumbs the screen... No signal.

A deafening KLAXON from outside. She races across the expanse of floor to the plate glass window.

High above, a gigantic CUBE descends through the clouds. Held aloft by four jet-like engines on its underside, spewing flames and fumes.

The woman stares as a shadow falls over her... Her phone slips from her hand and clatters to the floor. Its screensaver: a holiday snap of her husband and children, happy and smiling.

5 **EXT. THE SHARD - DAY**

The tallest building in London. High above it, the Cube, klaxon blaring. And at fifteen mile intervals in every direction, more Cubes descending to earth...

6 **CLOSE - BOY ROBOT**

MEDIATOR 452

Our intention is to study all
sentient thought in the universe.
We will scrutinise this knowledge
to ensure that no life form will
ever threaten us again.

7 **EXT. THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE - DAY**

Another giant CUBE moves into position over San Francisco.

8 **CLOSE - BOY ROBOT**

MEDIATOR 452

Don't be alarmed. We wish you no
harm. However... Disobeying our
laws will not be tolerated.

9 **EXT. GREAT WALL OF CHINA - DAY**

A grid of robot Cubes, stretching out to the horizon.

10 **CLOSE - BOY ROBOT**

MEDIATOR 452

With your full cooperation, we will
complete our study of human kind in
7 years, 8 months, 6 days, 11 hours
and 9 minutes, approximately. We
will leave your planet and never
return.

11 **EXT. RIO - DAY**

A colossal Cube looms over the Christ The Redeemer statue.

12 **CLOSE - BOY ROBOT**

The Mediator smiles, its childlike eyes bright and utterly
vacant.

MEDIATOR 452

Everything we have told you is the
truth. Robots never lie.

TITLE, WHITE OUT OF BLACK:

OUR ROBOT OVERLORDS

FADE TO:

13 **EXT. SEASIDE TOWN - MORNING**

An aerial view of a small town and surrounding
countryside... Waves crashing into the shore, an ancient
wood, an old castle on a hill, abandoned shops...

Here, too, a Cube hovers high overhead. Engines ROARING.

TITLE: ROBOT-OCCUPIED BRITAIN - THREE YEARS LATER

14 **EXT. EMPTY STREETS - VARIOUS**

Suburban street after street... Deserted. No moving cars.

The only sound is the ROAR of the Cube overhead. No planes, no trains.

A SENTRY ROBOT stands on a street corner. A nightmare of a hulking, metallic humanoid, two stories high, its head a dazzling searchlight, its right arm a HUMMING laser cannon.

15 **EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY**

An overgrown tangle of weeds and spider's webs.

The door clicks open...

SEAN stands on the threshold, not daring to step outside. He's 16, tenacious, relentlessly optimistic.

He breathes in the fresh air. Nearby, BIRDS SING.

16 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

On the table beside Sean a tube of tennis balls, a carpet knife. He cuts a slit in a tennis ball and pushes a wedge of folded paper into it: a message in a "bottle".

He has a robotic implant behind his ear. A circular, metallic disc with a display of blue lights.

*

17 **EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY**

Sean - still inside the house - swings a ball in a home-made slingshot made from a torn bedsheet --

-- and away it goes!

And another, in a different direction... and another.

A ball bounces on a neighbouring rooftop, disappearing out of sight.

KATE, a beautiful woman with melancholic eyes, mid-30s, places a hand on his shoulder.

She smiles wistfully, kisses his head and shuts the door.
Kate has a robotic implant behind her ear, too.

18 **INT. FLEETWOOD STREET - LOFTS - NIGHT**

The roof spaces have had most of their walls removed - through the water tanks and beams, we can see down the entire length of the terrace's houses.

But still everyone is confined to the boundaries of their home - there's no crossing the roof beams.

In one attic an elderly, avuncular man - MORSE CODE MARTIN - stands by a window, rain lashing against it. He flashes a torch at someone across the street. A coded message.

In the next loft along a brother and sister crouch either side of a games console. Its case is open, parts scattered across the floor. Toys and comics carpet the floor.

NATHAN - 17, stocky, sandy haired. Nathan masks his underlying lack of confidence with cocksure bluster. *

NATHAN

If this thing is screwed, then that's it, game over. Literally. I mean, what are we going to do? Read books?!

ALEXANDRA is 16. She stoops in a shapeless dressing gown, her greasy hair in a ponytail. *

ALEX

That would mean someone teaching you to read, Nate... *

Both of them have robotic implants behind their ears.

Sean clambers up a ladder into the neighbouring loft. There's a battered sofa, a makeshift punchbag swinging from a beam.

Sean sees the console... and his face falls.

SEAN

What happened?!

ALEX

Numbnuts here broke it.

SEAN

Nate! You total penis! *

NATHAN

It's not my fault, mate! It just - fzzzt - went dead. *

ALEX

It's knackered, Sean, like everything else in this stupid place. Suck it up.

VOICE (O.S.)

You killed her, you bastards!

They all freeze... Where's that coming from?

Morse Code Martin shines his torch on the street below.

MARTIN
Uh-oh. Cabin fever.

19 **EXT. FLEETWOOD STREET - NIGHT**

A CRAZED MAN with an unkempt beard staggers through the driving rain - a wild look in his eyes. Barefoot in vest and tracksuit bottoms, he's armed with a length of metal piping. This is CONNOR'S DAD. The implant behind his ear pulses red.

A 9-year-old boy stands in a nearby doorway; tearful, reaching out. This is CONNOR.

CONNOR
Dad! Come back!

Somewhere above an engine HOWLS, getting louder...

CONNOR'S DAD
You killed her! You took her from me!

A robot AIR DRONE arcs over the rooftops, a jet-type engine flanked by crooked wings to form an upside down "W". A recorded voice booms over the din of its screaming engine:

AIR DRONE
CITIZEN, RETURN TO YOUR HOME
IMMEDIATELY!

CONNOR
Please, Dad!

Kate opens her front door, on the opposite side of the street.

KATE
Go back inside! Do as it says!

*
*

The Air Drone descends into the street, tilting forward, its wingtips only feet from the houses on either side. The downdraft envelops Connor's dad like a hurricane.

AIR DRONE
YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS TO RETURN TO
YOUR HOME. THIS IS YOUR FINAL
WARNING!

A cannon on its underside CRACKLES into life, the barrel spinning. Sean appears behind Kate.

In the next house Alex and Nathan open their door.

ALEX
Get in! NOW!

CONNOR'S DAD
They're gonna kill us all, anyway!
Might as well take me now!

AIR DRONE
FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE!

The air shimmers - a deafening BANG and Connor's Dad instantaneously explodes into a million charred fragments which are swept away in the rain.

CONNOR
DAAAAAAAAAAD!

Connor charges out into the street. BEE-BEEP! -- His implant switches from blue to red.

AIR DRONE
CITIZEN, RETURN TO YOUR HOME
IMMEDIATELY!

KATE
Oh God, no...

*

Connor stumbles to a sooty smudge on the street: all that remains of his father.

AIR DRONE
YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS TO RETURN TO
YOUR HOME.

Sean lunges forward and BEE-BEEP! -- His implant switches from blue to red. Kate hauls him back by the shirt collar.

KATE
No, Sean!

BEEP! Sean's implant winks back to blue, but he continues to struggle. Kate grips him tight with all her strength.

AIR DRONE
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING.

Connor sinks to his knees, sobbing.

ALEX
Kid! Get in now!

NATHAN
Go home, you doofus!

*

The Air Drone's cannon CRACKLES into life!

AIR DRONE
FIVE, FOUR, THREE...

SEAN
Run! RUN!

KATE
Connor! Get inside, please!

AIR DRONE
TWO, ONE --

SMYTHE (O.S.)
STAND DOWN!

MR SMYTHE emerges from the shadows, hand raised. A scheming, Duffel-coat wearing former Geography teacher.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)
Authorisation code 97-ZCRS.
Request: half hour amnesty. Reason:
Citizen intends to return home.

The implant on the Drone's nose pulses as it receives data from the robot network.

AIR DRONE
AUTHORISATION CONFIRMED.

The Air Drone peels away, screeching into the night sky.

Smythe's beady eyes peer out from under a wide brimmed hat, rain dripping from its brim.

SMYTHE
Past your bedtime isn't it, son?

20 **INT. FLEETWOOD STREET - LOFTS - NIGHT**

Connor sobs on the battered sofa. Alex, unused to playing nursemaid, reaches over from her side and tentatively places a hand on Connor's shoulder. VOICES carry from downstairs...

21 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

A large hole in the living room wall, bricks stacked up on one side. A sofa pushed through it so it's half in one house, half in the other. Sean and Nathan - on either side of the hole - work on the faulty games console.

KATE
Let me take him. We've a spare room, he'll be well looked after.

Smythe's armband reads "ZONE CHIEF". He has an implant behind his ear like the others - but it glows green, not blue. He sets a multivitamin tub and a box of teabags on the table.

*

SMYTHE
You're an angel, Kate, but you don't need to shoulder the burden. We have homes for orphaned children. Good homes, good people.

NATHAN

Yeah, stick him in with one of
your... er... what're they called?
... collaborators.

*
*

Smythe is suddenly frosty. Nathan shrugs: *what'd I do?*

SEAN

Nice one, dickhead...

SMYTHE

Collaborator's a word with all
sorts of nasty connotations, son.

Smythe throws Kate a look, laying it on thick: *hurt, betrayed.*

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

The *Volunteer Corps* put food on
your table, keep your lights on...
I'd appreciate a modicum of respect
for myself and my team.

He gestures at the hole in the wall.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

The robots would punish you for
this, but me - a *collaborator* - I
protect you from them, I --

KATE

He didn't know what he was saying,
Robin. I'm sorry.

SMYTHE

It's not you, Kate. You were a
wonderful teacher, and I don't
doubt you're a wonderful mother -
and Sean's a good lad - but these
two...

*
*
*
*
*

ALEX (O.S.)

Excuse me? I can look after my
brother, Mr Smythe.

*
*

Alex is on the other side of the wall now, glowering.

SMYTHE

Can you, child? Look at the state
of you. It's high time we found you
somewhere to live with proper adult
supervision.

*
*
*

Alex looks like she's going to explode. Sean steps between
them - a peacemaker smile.

SEAN
Have you heard anything about my
dad?

SMYTHE
I've checked the records...

Smythe falters.

SEAN
He's alive, Mr Smythe. I just know
it.

Kate chokes back a sob and wipes her eyes, twisting away.

SMYTHE
Oh, Kate, I'm sorry. Be strong.

Smythe embraces her, pressing her breasts against his chest.
His eyelids flutter shut for a blissful, private moment...

SMYTHE (CONT'D)
You can take the boy in. Of course
you can.

Then, over Kate's shoulder, he notices... Sean. Glaring. Brow
furrowed.

22 **EXT. SEASIDE TOWN - MORNING**

The sun peeks over the distant horizon. Rooftops glitter.
Deserted streets below.

23 **EXT. FLEETWOOD STREET - MORNING**

Sean and Kate stand in their doorway, watching and
waiting. A SENTRY towers over them, standing guard in the
middle of the street.

SEAN
You sure this is a good idea?

KATE
The boy's just lost his father. You
of all people...

SEAN
I meant... can you cope?

Kate - stung - turns on him, angry.

KATE
You'd rather hand him over to
Smythe? The robots? This isn't a
choice, Sean...

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24 **INT. CONNOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING**

Connor tugs opens drawers and grabs armfuls of clothes.

KATE (O.S.)

We have to look after one another,
or we're no better than they are.

*
*

25 **EXT. FLEETWOOD STREET - MORNING**

Connor bounds out of his door, a black bag slung over his shoulder. He's dressed like a Viking: helmet, tabard, sword. Various toys, games and books piled high in his arms.

KATE

I said essentials, Connor!

SENTRY

THIRTY SECONDS.

SEAN

See what I mean?

Connor drops half of what he's carrying: clothes and toys tumble across the street.

He starts picking stuff up.

KATE

Not the toys, Connor. Get some clothes!

SENTRY

FIFTEEN SECONDS.

CONNOR

I need all these. Waitasec.

The Sentry trains its laser cannon on Connor. WHEEEEEEE - CLUNK!

SENTRY

YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS TO RETURN TO YOUR HOME.

KATE

Oh for -- Quickly, Connor!

The Sentry's weapon CRACKLES into life, the barrel spinning --

SENTRY

THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING.

KATE

NOW!

Connor snatches up what he can and rushes across the street --

SENTRY
FIVE - FOUR - THREE - TWO --

He crashes into the house. His implant blinks from red to blue - he's safe!

SEAN
Genius. You're gonna be dressed like a Viking for the next four years.

CONNOR
Did you know that they used to give their swords names? Like Head-Biter, or Skull-Smasher...

SEAN
Er... no.

The Sentry marches off -- CLANG, HISS, CLANG! Kate shuts the door.

CONNOR (O.S.)
Some Vikings would take drugs and go completely mental in battle. They were called Berserkers and they were totally unafraid of dying.

KATE (O.S.)
Connor, sweetheart. Shush.

26 **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

An old-fashioned clockwork stopwatch - TickTickTickTick...

Sean charges up and down the stairs, sweating, the carpet frayed and threadbare...

27 **INT. KITCHEN - DAY**

Sean and Connor watch hopefully as Kate carries a brown paper package to the kitchen table, unwrapping it... Gnarled carrots, a few potatoes, unleavened bread, a whole fish. She grimaces. *

28 **INT. SEAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

A pencil scratches a short, vertical line on the wallpaper... Sean steps back to admire his makeshift calendar: a thousand lines stretching to the ceiling, every one a day inside.

29 **INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Sean spreads a dozen crumpled sheets of paper on a dressing table - each has a painstakingly sketched portrait of a man in RAF pilot fatigues, late 30s, handsome, dashing smile:

"LOOKING FOR MY DAD - DANNY FLYNN - HAVE YOU SEEN HIM?"

Connor watches as Sean cuts a slit in a tennis ball and folds up the sketch, jamming it inside.

CONNOR

I hope you find him, Sean.

SEAN

Thanks, bud.

Sean has rigged a home-made catapult to an open window frame. He stretches back a big rubber band, places a ball into the catapult... TWANG!

30 **EXT. FLEETWOOD STREET - DAY**

The tennis ball arcs over the deserted road, bouncing off a neighbour's roof.

31 **EXT. FLEETWOOD STREET - NIGHT**

A clear, moonlit night. A deer creeps along the street, moving slowly. *

32 **INT. FLEETWOOD STREET - LOFTS - NIGHT**

Alex and Sean watch from their respective loft windows. Wistfully envying the deer's freedom. *

33 **INT. KATE'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Kate waters a plant on her bedroom windowsill. Tears spilling down her cheeks. The plant's leaves are brown and dry. Dead.

Sean stands in the doorway behind her with a cup of tea. Kate senses his presence but doesn't turn, hiding her despair.

Sean frowns, concerned... Sets the teacup on a table.

34 **INT. FLEETWOOD STREET - LOFTS - NIGHT**

Sean pounds the attic punchbag with balled fists. Behind him Morse Code Martin and Nathan sit on adjacent leather chairs, a stack of old comics between them. Nathan reads one called 2000 AD. *

NATHAN

"Go to Hell, you filthy traitor".
Come on... Who talks like that? *

MARTIN

Heroes, son. Heroes... You know
what a hero is? *

Nathan ponders for a moment. He shrugs. *

MARTIN (CONT'D)

A man who'll cover your back, die for you, cos they know what they're fighting for is right. He might seem like a quiet man, an ordinary bloke - but when the chips are down, you can trust him with your very life.

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Martin leans in; a conspiratorial whisper - a secret.

*

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I promise you this; there'll be people up in the hills right now, getting ready to fight back - a resistance. Ready to die for you, me, and your mates... and that's why we'll win.

*
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*

35 **INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate, Sean and Connor share their side of the sofa, Nathan and Alex the other. A strip of silver duct tape marks the line between the two houses. They're all watching TV - an episode of an old sitcom they've seen a hundred times before.

The programme cuts as if going to a commercial break, but instead there's a simple caption, white on black:

STAY INDOORS

Alex rolls her eyes.

ALEX

Ugh... You're shitting me.

KATE

Alexandra! Swear box.

Kate slides a glass bottle half-full of coins along the floor. Nathan smirks.

ALEX

I tell you what, Kate, it's not like I can spend it in the shops --

*
*

Alex rummages in the deep pockets of her dressing gown, coins jingling as she drops pennies in the bottle.

ALEX (CONT'D)

-- so I'm gonna buy four more years of swearing. Tits. Twats.

*
*

SEAN

Give it a rest, Alex --

Alex leans as far as she dare into Sean's face.

ALEX

Arsehole!

Nathan gleefully joins in, dropping his last few pennies.

NATHAN

Sheep shagger, shaft tickler -- Can
I borrow 10p?

*
*

CONNOR

Bums. Boobies? Penis!

*
*

NATHAN

Great, hairy, fishy --

*
*

KATE

Can't take it any more!

The kids are shocked into silence - Kate has shrieked at the top of her voice. They exchange nervous glances.

Kate storms out of the room, choking back sobs.

36 **INT. HALLWAY - DAY**

Sean collapses at the foot of the stairs, exhausted, gasping. TickTickTickTick... He clicks the stopwatch - the ticking stops.

37 **INT. FLEETWOOD STREET - LOFTS - DAY**

The games console sits in Alex's and Nathan's attic. Wires trail from a black metal block with cooling fins - a DC/AC power inverter - to a car battery on Sean's side.

ALEX

Power off, Connor.

Connor detaches crocodile clips from the battery terminals as Alex cleans the gold-plated connectors on the video card.

SEAN

I wish he'd stop perverting on her.

Sean stands in the shadows by the attic window. In the street below, Smythe is telling a joke to Kate - she's just out of sight, in their front doorway. Sean glowers.

ALEX

Nothing's changed. He was a sleaze when he was head of year 10.

NATHAN

You can hardly blame him. He needs a new wife, and Kate's well fit.

SEAN

Um... This is my mum you're talking about?!

CONNOR

Why does he need a new wife?

Nathan lowers his voice. Itching to share a secret.

NATHAN

Morse Code Martin told us... Mr Smythe caught Mrs Smythe doinking some other bloke, plus his son was flogging stuff on the black market.

SEAN

All very dodgy for a VIP Zone Chief, so now --
(clicks fingers)
-- gone. Both of them vanished. No one knows where. Dead, probably.

ALEX

Power on, Connor.

Connor, deep in thought, attaches the clips to the battery. Alex checks her multimeter device... nothing.

CONNOR

What's "doinking"?

SEAN

You'll understand once you've grown a few pubes.

NATHAN

That's no way to talk to your little sister.

CONNOR

I'm not his sister! I'm a boy!

ALEX

Power off, Connor.

Alex hands Nathan the graphics card.

NATHAN

Really?! You sound like a girl.

ALEX

Make sure it clicks.

CONNOR

Tell him, Sean!

SEAN

Leave him alone, Nathan.

Nathan moves to put the card back in the console.

NATHAN
Aww. Your big sister's sticking up
for y --
(SCREAMS)

A SPARK as Nathan touches a live wire in the console! He jolts violently, soaring fifteen feet across the loft, crashing into the far wall!

SEAN
Nathan! Shit! ALEX

Nathan thrashes about - his hair's smouldering a little, but he's okay.

NATHAN
Connor! You dozy little tit!

SEAN
Shit, man, you flew! You actually
flew!

NATHAN
My gums are numb! That can't be
right!

SEAN
Whoa, look... Look!

Sean reaches over and grabs Nathan's head --

NATHAN
Get off me, you bummer!

-- and twists it round. His implant is dead.

ALEX
Holy crap.

NATHAN
What?! What?!

SEAN
It's dead!

NATHAN
What do you mean, dead?

Nathan holds the palm of his hand up, trying to reflect the implant's light. It's dark.

ALEX
But that means...

SEAN
... we can go outside!

ALEX (CONT'D)
... we can go outside!

CONNOR (O.S.)
Awesome...

Connor holds a crocodile clip in each hand. He grins.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
Who's next?

38 **MONTAGE - SLOW MOTION:** *

The kids jump up and down in a gleeful, giddy celebration. *

Connor, arms outstretched like a plane, "flies" up and down the terraced lofts. *

Alex and Nathan dance together, stepping over the dividing beams. Grinning joyfully. *

Sean sinks to the floor, staring into his thoughts. Shellshocked. *

39 **EXT. BACK GARDEN - NIGHT**

The back door to the house CREAKS open.

Sean takes a deep breath...

... and steps outside, Connor behind him. Nathan and Alex are waiting for them, in black with backpacks.

They move Commando-style across the overgrown garden, brushing aside spider webs and tall grass. *

Connor pauses... he spots something familiar on the ground. One of Sean's tennis balls! He snatches it up. *

Hearts thumping in their ears, they clamber over the fence into the...

40 **EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT**

Their feet land hard on the path. The alley runs the entire length of the terraced gardens.

The kids look around - this is it! They're outside for the first time in years: eyes wide, big grins, chests heaving.

A trio of AIR DRONES SCREAM over their heads... and vanish into the distance. No searchlights, no warnings: the implants really are dead!

Our gang exchange grins and victory signs - *this is so cool!*

Sean adjusts his backpack and signals that it's time to move.

They steal forward. Breath panting, sneakers crunching.

41 **EXT. BACK STREET - NIGHT**

Sean sidles to the alleyway corner, peeking out... He signals FREEZE.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM! A Sentry robot looms into view, its search beam blazing into dark corners... Its inner gears WHINE and HISS, its weapon arm HUMS and CRACKLES.

The kids are barely breathing, glued to the shadows. All the robot has to do is turn to see them.

But it marches on... Turning a corner and out of sight.

42 **EXT. CROSSROADS - NIGHT**

Four streets meet in the shadow of two housing blocks. The gang scurry across the street, but Connor dawdles behind.

He gazes up at the robot MOTHERSHIP in orbit. A massive, doughnut-shaped space station. Looking down like an all-seeing eye.

WHACK! Sean grabs Connor's shoulder and drags him away. *

43 **EXT. FAIRFIELD BAY TRAIN STATION - BACK DOOR - NIGHT** *

A Victorian red brick building. A sign on the wall reads: *

"FAIRFIELD BAY TRAIN STATION" *

Connor and Sean hurdle a white picket fence to find Nathan wrenching a door open with a crowbar -- CRAAAACK! *

44 **INT. FAIRFIELD BAY TRAIN STATION - NEWSAGENTS - NIGHT** *

The wooden door splinters and swings open. The gang file into the main shop area. *

They take a moment to gaze in wide-eyed wonder...

... then burst into GIGGLES.

ALEX

Quiet!

Hands help themselves to fistfuls of sweets and chocolates... Cans of flat cola, bags of chewy sweets, fresh as the day they were factory-sealed.

Connor bites into a chocolate bar that's turned white.

CONNOR

Bleagh! That's disgusting!

SEAN

Connor! Shh!

Alex finds a jar of fruit salad chews, stuck to their wrappers. She groans with pleasure.

Nathan pours a whole tub of sweets into his bag.

NATHAN
(mouth full)
Connor, you mentile electric
zapping genius.

His eye is drawn to a plexiglass cabinet of lighters - SNICK - he lights one up.

Connor jimmys a firework display case open, bundling the boxes into his backpack. But there's not enough room - he tips it open, revealing a clockwork torch, a stopwatch, a survival handbook and a book on Vikings.

He freezes, listening intently... A muffled FOOM, FOOM, FOOM, like a bass drum. Getting louder!

Something big is coming.

SEAN
Shh! Get down!

Nathan snuffs out his lighter. Everyone ducks --

-- as a searchlight sweeps through the window.

Sean and Alex dare to peek over the counter...

... right outside a SENTRY ROBOT thuds by...

... but it keeps moving! In moments, it's gone.

44A **INT. STEAM TRAIN MUSEUM - NIGHT** *

The gang stagger past glinting steam engines, clutching their stomachs, groaning in pleasure and pain. Nathan sinks to the floor, the others following suit. *

NATHAN
Do you know what this means? This
is just the beginning, man - think
of what we can do!

ALEX
I tell you what we should do - head
home before we get caught. *

Connor sits, shifting uncomfortably. *What's in his back pocket?* He pulls out the tennis ball. *

NATHAN
We can start a resistance, kick
some robot arse!
(MORE)

NATHAN (CONT'D)

My uncle, he was in the SAS. Taught me guerilla warfare techniques.

SEAN

Is this the same uncle who showed you how to kill a man with one punch?

NATHAN

You want proof? Connor, c'mere; I wanna show Sean something.

CONNOR

I found this in the alleyway.

Connor hands Sean the tennis ball. Sean's smile fades.

He hurriedly unfolds the message - his eyes widen, glittering, as they dart back and forth... It's a reply!

SEAN

Hey, listen up...

ALEX

How come Uncle Chris never once talked to me about the SAS?

NATHAN

Duh... You're a girl!

SEAN

Hey, listen!

They turn to look at him.

SEAN (CONT'D)

I... I got a reply.

Alex snatches the note. She reads the handwritten scrawl over the original message:

ALEX

"Danny was captured after the fighting. All the RAF prisoners were put onto ration duty. He was a nice man, said how much he missed you."

Nathan takes it from Alex and carries on where she left off. Sean is in deep thought.

NATHAN

"After a few weeks they were moved on, I don't know where. The Zone Chief keeps files at the school, if you know anyone who works there. Good luck. A friend."

Sean stares into his thoughts... and suddenly stands, zipping up his bag. *

SEAN *

I'm going to the school. To see if
I can find dad's files. *

45 **EXT. TUNNEL - NIGHT** *

Sean leads the gang as they scabble down an overgrown verge to find an arched concrete tunnel under a railway bridge. *

46 **INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT** *

The tunnel is lined with corrugated metal, their footsteps echo as they hurry through. *

NATHAN

My back is killing me.

THUD - Nathan's backpack hits the ground: the console and car battery poking out. *

ALEX

Better safe than frazzled.

NATHAN

Then you carry it! Weighs a bloody ton. *

47 **EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELDS - NIGHT** *

The huddled gang peer over a low stone wall. In the distance their old school, its clock tower looming over the surrounding fields. *

Searchlights sweep past and they duck down. The CLUNK-HISS of SENTRY ROBOTS marching in a slow loop round the building. *

Connor clicks his stopwatch. *

CONNOR

Two minutes ten till they come round again... Hey, that rhymes!

NATHAN

Shut up, Connor.

ALEX

This is insane! This place is crawling with robots.

SEAN

It's okay. You shouldn't come with me, it's my risk --

NATHAN

Nah, we're with you, man.

ALEX

We are?!

SEAN

Dad always said being frightened of something is the best reason to do it.

*

ALEX

I'm not frightened... I'm just not stupid.

SEAN

Alex, you take Connor home...

CONNOR

You're joking, right?!

Connor holds his clenched fist forward. Sean, Nathan and Connor all bump fists - a show of solidarity.

NATHAN

The fightback starts here!

CONNOR

All for one and one for --

ALEX

Shut up, Connor.

Alex bumps her fist too - they're all in.

48 **EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELDS - NIGHT**

*

The gang run full tilt across the field.

49 **EXT. SCHOOL - QUAD ARCHWAY - NIGHT**

*

Breathless, the gang skid into the stone archway. They squeeze through a pair of tall wooden doors, gently clunking them shut.

*

*

*

50 **INT. SCHOOL - QUAD ARCHWAY - NIGHT**

*

Sean positions Connor by the doors.

*

SEAN

If we're not back in an hour, get yourself home. Tell mum what happened.

*

*

*

*

Connor nods, wide-eyed and terrified. Alex adjusts her backpack straps, kneading her aching back.

*

ALEX

Ow...

NATHAN

Told you. Leave it with Shortarse
the Viking.

Alex wriggles her pack off... THUNK! It hits the ground.

51 **INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDORS - NIGHT** *

Abandoned desks, chairs and equipment throw long
silhouettes, pools of water gather under leaky roofs, broken
windows above let in beams from Air Drone searchlights. *

The gang thread silently through - shapes gliding through the
shadows. *

52 **SCENE OMITTED** *

53 **INT. SCHOOL - ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT** *

A cavernous hall lined with stained-glass windows. In its
centre rests a strange machine; circular, like a giant eye.
Dozens of cables, thick like tree trunks, snake across the
floor. *

ALEX

What the hell is it? *

Nathan notices a neck brace, square slots to trap a victim's
wrists. *

NATHAN

I think we found Smythe's perv
dungeon... *

A NOISE! *

They duck and hide in the shadows...

54 **INT. SCHOOL - STAIRS - NIGHT** *

... as a VOLUNTEER CORPS OFFICER descends the stairs towards
the basement.

He has an armful of files.

SEAN

See what he had in his hands? *

NATHAN

No. *

ALEX

Files! *

55 **INT. SCHOOL - VARIOUS - NIGHT** *

The gang stalk the VC Officer through dark CORRIDORS, down STAIRWELLS... every now and then he thinks he hears a noise, peers back into the shadows... *what's the time Mr Wolf?*

... then moves on again.

56 **INT. SCHOOL - FILE ROOM - NIGHT** *

A windowless room, lined floor to ceiling with grey filing cabinets. At the end is a huge Ordnance Survey map of the town, riddled with crosses, post-it notes and string.

The VC Officer uses a stepladder to tidy his folders away in a tall cabinet. He shuffles back upstairs.

The gang emerge from the shadows...

Hands pull open filing cabinets --

Fingers shuffle through files and folders --

Alex pulls at a drawer marked "DEEP SCANS: DISCIPLINARY". *

There's a file on everyone: mugshots of ordinary people, their faces staring, fearful and defeated. Some have red crosses on them. *
*
*

NATHAN *
What do the red crosses mean? *

Sean finds one with a photo of Connor's Dad - this has a red cross too. *
*

ALEX *
I think it means they're dead... *

She brandishes two files: a morose-looking WOMAN and a sullen TEENAGE BOY, both with red crosses.

ALEX (CONT'D) *
Smythe's wife and kid. Morse Code *
Martin was right. *

SEAN
I've found him! I've found him!

His dad's file! And there's no cross on his photo!

SEAN (CONT'D)
He's alive! I knew it, I bloody
knew it! Region 623-7560. Where's
that...?

Sean rips the file photo out, tucking it into his back pocket. He jumps down from his stepladder and rushes to the huge map of the entire zone.

Twenty miles square, it stretches from the sea to the mountains, with the town snug along the coast.

Nathan peers through a crack in the doorway, standing guard. The lights on his implant start to throb, a dull blue... *

Alex stares at Nathan's implant, eyes fearful.

Alex nudges Nathan, pointing at her own implant. The same thing - faint blue lights blinking into life. *

NATHAN

Where's the console? The battery?
(realises)
You twunt!

ALEX

You told me to leave it!

Sean looks for region 632-7560. Houses and streets are crossed out - entire neighbourhoods now empty. In the hills, the word "Resistance?" scrawled, then scrubbed out again.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sean, the implants are rebooting!

Sean ignores Alex, his fingers flying over the map.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sean, let's go!

SEAN

Here he is! The Poseidon Hotel!

Sean holds up his palm, reflecting the flickering blue of his implant.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Oh, crap. We need to go!

NATHAN

Duh! You think?!

Sean scrambles off the table.

SEAN

Back to Connor! Now!

57

INT. SCHOOL - QUAD ARCHWAY - NIGHT *

Connor lurks in the shadows. Faint blue lights blink into life on his implant, the light glimmering on the stone walls around him. *

CONNOR

Uh-oh... Er, Sean...? Sean?!

He gathers up the rucksack and rushes through a door into -- *

57A **INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY. NIGHT** *

Connor, half-whispers, half shouts -- *

 CONNOR *

 Sean? SEAN? *

But no one answers. He's alone. He glances at a nearby *

vending machine - he can see his pulsing implant in the *

reflected glass. *

 CONNOR (CONT'D) *

 Ballbags! *

58 **INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT** *

Sean, Nathan and Alex sprint along a corridor, their feet *

splashing in puddles. Startled pigeons flap away through *

shafts of light. Alex hurdles an upturned table. *

59 **INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT** *

The car battery is connected to the inverter, then to the *

console. Connor reaches out to it nervously -- *

Connor jabs his finger into the console -- FZZZZZZT! Sparks *

fly as he spasms violently, soaring across the hall and *

crashing into the vending machine. It topples over, and *

Connor disappears beneath it... *

59A **INT. SCHOOL - QUAD ARCHWAY - NIGHT** *

Sean, Alex and Nathan charge across the quad, through the *

open wooden doors. *

 ALEX *

 Connor? Connor?! *

Sean scours the ground for the backpack, the charger. *

 SEAN *

 Where's the bloody thingy...? *

Nathan's implant reaches full brightness, glowing blue, *

and... BEE-BEEP! It winks to red. *

 NATHAN *

 Tits. *

Behind him a light sweeps through the crack in the door - a *

Sentry outside! *

The wooden doors shatter into splinters as a Sentry arm *

punches through in one speedy motion -- *

Nathan sprints away but the Sentry snatches him off his *

feet, gripping him tightly around his torso - he's flying *

through the air, arms pinned to his body. *

ALEX
Nathan, no!

SEAN
Run! Go, go, go!

SENTRY
CITIZENS, YOU ARE UNAUTHORISED IN
THIS ZONE. SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY!

BEE-BEEP! Sean and Alex's implants turn red as they charge away from the Sentry, across the quad.

60 **EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELDS - NIGHT**

The kids bundle through a back door -- CLACK! A Sentry grips Alex's body, hoisting her off her feet. She cries out, arms pinned, legs kicking.

SEAN
Alex!

ALEX
GO!

Sean flees across the moonlit grass, a blur of knees and elbows.

The HOWL of an Air Drone above him... The CLANG-CLANG of a Sentry charging in at full tilt!

Sean skids to a halt, the way ahead blocked by an Air Drone... He's trapped!

SENTRY
CITIZEN, SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY.
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING!

SEAN
I am! I'm surrendering. Look at me
surrendering!

Sean raises his hands and winces, waiting for the worst.

SMYTHE (O.S.)
Stand down! Authorisation code 97-
ZCRS.

Smythe emerges from the shadows under the Drone, his coat tails whipped by its downdraft.

SEAN
You lying shitbag! My dad's alive!

Smythe puffs his cheeks out, sheepish, as he walks towards Sean.

SMYTHE

I meant no malice, lad, no harm.
But if you were one happy family,
then I wouldn't have a reason to
see Kate again, would I?

Sean reels as realisation dawns.

61 **INT. SCHOOL - ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT** *

A VOLUNTEER CORPS OFFICER tightens a rope... Sean, Nathan and
Alex are all tied to school chairs. *

Nathan and Alex try to free themselves, twisting and kicking
their legs, but it's impossible. The chairs are lashed to a
radiator. *

Smythe stands before the eye-like machine in the centre of
the hall. He tips out Nathan's bag, sweets cascading onto the
floor. *

SMYTHE

Now... how did you turn off your
implants?

NATHAN

We're not talking... collaborator. *

SMYTHE

That's a big word for you, boy. And
since I very much doubt you heard
it from Kate, it started me
wondering... *

A FORLORN FIGURE is dragged into the hall by two more VC
OFFICERS. It's their neighbour - Morse Code Martin! *

NATHAN

But he didn't do anything!

SMYTHE

I beg to differ... We've been
monitoring the torchlight messages
from his loft window for some time. *

The VC Officers manhandle Martin into the strange machine,
lowering a bar to trap his wrists -- CLUNK! *

SEAN

LEAVE HIM ALONE!

ALEX

LET HIM GO!

One of the VC Officers wields what looks like a suction pump.
He clamps it over Martin's implant... VZZZZZT! Martin
flinches, frightened.

The VC withdraws the suction pump, removing Martin's implant,
leaving a perfectly-formed metal hole the size of a coin
behind his ear.

Smythe looks away, squeamish.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

"Sending subversive communications
on an unauthorised channel." A Deep
Scan is what you get when you break
the rules.

*
*
*

SEAN

No, let him go!

*

MARTIN

Save your breath, son. This bastard
collaborator's been looking for an
excuse to do me in

*

The VC officer presses the suction pump behind Martin's
ear... VZZZZZT! He steps back, revealing a new implant -
similar to the old one, but black.

NATHAN

If you hurt him I'll kill you,
Smythe! I swear it!

Martin grimaces, in pain. The new implant glitters into life.
White lights flicker and pulse.

*

MEDIATOR 452

He is connected to the network.
Begin the deep scan.

MARTIN

Hey Smythe... Go to Hell, you
filthy traitor.

Nathan's eyes glisten with fear and pride.

62

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

*

The toppled vending machine... begins to move!

CONNOR

Nnnnng - ah!

It tips over with a crash, revealing Connor - battered,
bruised, singed, but with a dead implant!

Sweets and chocolate pile around his ankles, packets of M&Ms
in his hands.

CONNOR (CONT'D)

Wicked...

(whisper)

Guys? Where are you?

*

63 **INT. SCHOOL - ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT** *

 Martin shivers, his eyes rolling in their sockets. Smythe *
turns his back, unable to watch. *

 WHUMP! -- An arc of metal whips from the top of the scanner *
to the bottom, almost as if the machine's "eye" is blinking. *
Light briefly illuminates Martin's terrified face. *

 ALEX

 What are you doing to him?

 The Mediator emerges from the shadows, approaching Sean. His *
creepy, soulless eyes peer in a mockery of human emotion. *

 MEDIATOR 452

 The subject experiences every
 thought they've ever had in a very
 short space of time.

 Beside the machine a 2D projection of Martin's brain *
flickers into life. Random portions of the brain image appear *
to momentarily glow and fade, a rainbow hue of different *
colours.

 MEDIATOR 452 (CONT'D)

 The memories of a botanist from the *
planet you call Gliese 581d helped *
us develop a toxin to subdue a *
rebellion. A childhood game on *
Kepler 22b became the basis of a *
battle strategy, ending a war that *
had lasted generations. *

 The cables surrounding Martin begin to glow with a soft *
white light. Martin spasms, gritting his teeth. *

 MEDIATOR 452 (CONT'D)

 This man's mind could yet hold the
 key to defeating an as-yet unknown
 enemy. His data will be stored,
 studied and disseminated throughout
 the Robot Empire. We will know
 everything there is to know.

64 **INT. SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT** *

 Connor's eye - looking in at Martin through a crack in the
door! Martin SCREAMS, in agony.

 Connor jumps back - panting, terrified. Makes a decision...
and runs!

65 **INT. SCHOOL - GEOGRAPHY ROOM - NIGHT** *

 Connor peels out of the hall into the classroom. Martin's *
distant SCREAMS echo off the walls. *

Connor opens a cupboard, revealing a collection of rocks. His eyes widen... *

66 **INT. SCHOOL - ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT** *

Martin's face slams onto the floor, motionless. His terrified eyes stare into space. The kids sob uncontrollably, distraught.

ALEX
You killed him, you actually killed him...

SMYTHE
He isn't dead... Not yet.

One VC Officer drags Martin's body from the hall. *

As the other unties Sean... *

MEDIATOR 452
The process leaves the subject's neurogenic motors permanently impaired.

... and hauls the boy across the hall to the Scanner. *

MEDIATOR 452 (CONT'D)
He is incapable of feeding himself and will die of natural causes... eventually.

67 **INT. SCHOOL - GEOGRAPHY ROOM - NIGHT** *

Connor kneels in a moonlit corner, his Survival Handbook open on the page "How to make a fire". *

He strikes two shards of flint together over a pile of shredded paper, trying to get a spark. *

Beside him is pile of poster tubes. *

68 **INT. SCHOOL - ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT** *

CLACK! -- Sean's wrists are pinned tight in the Scanner. Alex and Nathan look on in horror, red-eyed and exhausted from struggling. *

ALEX
We're dead, we are so dead.

VZZZZZT! The VC Officer removes Sean's implant from behind his ear, leaving a coin-sized hole. He winces. Smythe leans close, whispering.

SMYTHE

For what it's worth... I'll make sure your mother's cared for. All I want is for her to be happy.

SEAN

Bastard! Leave her alone.

The VC Officer places the "suction pump" over the metal hole in Sean's head. VZZZZT! He flinches.

SMYTHE

Alone? No... Poor Kate's going to need a shoulder to cry on.

The new implant has a black casing, different to the old silver one. White lights glow as he GASPS in pain. *
*

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

He is connected to the network.

MEDIATOR 452

Excellent. Begin.

69 **INT. SCHOOL - GEOGRAPHY ROOM - NIGHT** *

Fire! The flames throw shadows on his face. *

But he's too late to save Sean.

70 **INT. SCHOOL - ASSEMBLY HALL - NIGHT** *

The metal arc suddenly swings down over Sean's head, his face illuminated as he spasms in agony - WHUMP! *

Smythe, flanked by his VC Officers, paces in front of Nathan and Alex, his back to Sean.

SMYTHE

People complain about life under the robots, but it was worse before. No sense of community or respect.

Smythe watches Nathan and Alex kick the air with rage.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

In this very hall, I had children like you calling me the C-word... and if I were to take them outside, teach them some manners -- suddenly I'm the villain! *

Sean's ability to think clearly is fading - but he fights as hard as he can, eyes shut tight, jaw clenched.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

If you play by the rules, it's not a bad life. Kick up a fuss and this is where it gets you!

SEAN

Did your wife and son play by the rules, Mr Smythe?

Smythe's head snaps round, eyes burning.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Is that why you betrayed them? Cos you're more loyal to robots than your own family?

SMYTHE

You know nothing about my --

SEAN

Everyone in the zone knows! Martin told us all -- You killed your son cos he was a crook, and you killed your wife --

The VC Officers share a look: *they've heard the rumours too.*

SMYTHE

Silence! Be quiet!

SEAN

-- cos she was shagging half the blokes in town! We've all been laughing at you behind your --

Smythe grabs Sean by the lapels.

SMYTHE

You dirty little bastard, I'll --

MEDIATOR 452

Zone Chief Smythe, calm yourself!

The metal arc abruptly swings up, connecting with Smythe's jawbone - THUNK! Smythe reels, rocking on his heels, woozily reaching out to steady himself -- He grasps a fistful of cables, wrenching them loose as he staggers and falls.

FOOOOOOOM... The machine powers down. The neck brace and wrist restraints snap open and Sean pitches forward, clattering onto the floor.

Sean's eyes can barely stay open - but he's smiling.

His new implant flickers out, fading to black.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

73 **INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT** *

The gang charge down the hallway, feet pounding the floor. *

74 **INT. SCHOOL - SCIENCE ROOM - NIGHT** *

Nathan peels off into the science room. *

From outside: the THUD-CLANK of approaching Sentries!

ALEX

C'mon!

NATHAN

Waitasec -- *

He turns on the Bunsen burner gas taps, one after the other. *

He coughs and splutters as the gas HISSES into the air. *

ALEX

Nathan, now!

Nathan sprints to the door. SNICK-SNICK - a flame dances into life as he places a lighter on the hall floor... *

75 **EXT. SCHOOL PLAYING FIELDS - NIGHT** *

Nathan, Alex, Connor and Sean race across the grass. Behind them, a Sentry clambers onto the clock tower of the school. *

SENTRY

CITIZENS, YOU ARE UNAUTHORISED IN THIS ZONE. SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY!

It raises its weapon arm, ready to blast them all!

WHUUMPH! An explosion consumes the Sentry. The kids are buffeted from behind by the blast wave, Alex tumbling over and scrambling to her feet again.

KA-BOOM, KA-BOOM! A chain reaction of fiery bursts, following gas pipes all around the school! *

Nathan turns to stare, grinning like a loon. Alex grabs his shoulder, dragging him on. *

The kids run flat out, fireballs rising into the night sky behind them. Sean is flagging now, emotionally and physically exhausted... His eyelids heavy...

FADE TO:

76 **EXT. TUNNEL - NIGHT** *

FZZZT! - a flash of blue light illuminates four silhouettes crouching inside the tunnel. *

NATHAN

Ffffffffff -- ! Ah, ah, ah!

77

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Nathan frantically shakes his hand, in agony.

NATHAN

How many times do we have to do
this shit?

ALEX

They reboot after thirteen hours...

The console, adapter, car battery combo sits snugly in the
backpack. All their implants are now disabled again.

Alex and Connor huddle together on damp flagstones. Sean lays
unconscious next to her. She anxiously touches his new
implant.

CONNOR

I was too slow. Poor Martin... Why
do people have to die?
(choking back sobs)
I miss dad. My mum.

Alex holds him tight as he cries.

ALEX

Hey. We'd have died if it wasn't
for you. You saved our lives.

CONNOR

I couldn't save them, though, could
I?

Sean jolts awake - coughing, he grips Alex.

SEAN

The Poseidon... Poseidon Hotel.

ALEX

Hey, hey, take it easy.

SEAN

We have to find dad. He always
knows what to do.

ALEX

What about Kate?

NATHAN

Smythe wants to pork her, she'll be
alright.

ALEX

Ugh. I just sicked up in my mouth.

SEAN
Yeah, shut up, Nathan.

NATHAN
Me shut up? You shut up!

Nathan starts punching Sean - hard! Sean tries to grab his arms. An ugly scuffle.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Martin's dead and it's your fault!
You started this, and who's next?
(to Alex)
You? Connor?

ALEX
Pack it in! Stop!

She breaks them up, holding them apart.

ALEX (CONT'D)
We all had our chance to go home.
All of us. There's no going back
now.

Nathan scowls... Tears well in his eyes.

ALEX (CONT'D)
Save it for the robots. For Smythe.

SEAN
I can't do this without you... What
do you say?

This is it: a big decision...

NATHAN
C'mon knobhead.

He dead-arms Sean. Sean stands it, taking it as an apology.

They dry their tears, heft bags onto backs, and are on the move.

78 **EXT. SCHOOL - DAWN**

Smoke drifts across the rubble of the school.

Smythe, glowering as he watches hapless VC MEMBERS chase slips of paper as they're blown on the breeze. Two MEN struggle with a charred filing cabinet.

VC MEMBER
Mr Smythe!

The VC stumbles over bricks and hands Smythe --

-- Sean's file. His photo has a red cross over it. Smythe scowls, peeling the tape from Sean's face. Furious.

79 **EXT. SEASIDE TOWN - DAY**

A maze of terraces and alleyways, all winding down to the grey-blue sea.

High on a hill, a robot SNIPER - a long laser cannon mounted on six jointed legs - watches and waits.

Behind it four tiny silhouettes scurry from one hiding place to another, unseen by the robots... Our gang!

80 **MONTAGE:**

They painstakingly make their way across town...

Crouching in overgrown bushes as a Sentry passes on patrol.

Creeping behind a wall, bent double. Terraced streets recede into the distance, each one guarded by a Sentry robot.

Running full pelt through an abandoned playground - rusting swings, a see-saw, and a small wooden play fort.

81 **EXT. BACK GARDEN - DAY**

A BORED KID stares out of her bedroom window, her chin resting on her upturned hands. Then her eyes widen...

... as below, four kids clamber over a fence into her garden!

She calls to her BROTHER, who's at her side in a split second. He looks on open-mouthed.

Sean realises they're being watched... He smiles, raises a finger to his lips - *Shhh!* - and follows his friends.

82 **EXT. ALLEY OPPOSITE THE POSEIDON HOTEL - DAY**

The gang hurry towards THE POSEIDON HOTEL.

A once glorious Edwardian seaside hotel. Now faded pink paint flakes on its cracked exterior. Dark windows behind rusting balconies.

CONNOR

I know this isn't the right time,
but I really need a wee!

SEAN

Shhh!

83 **EXT. DELIVERY BAY - DAY**

Wooden gates hang on rusty hinges. Crates and beer barrels litter the ground.

Sean hurdles the barrels and tries the door, but it's locked.

CONNOR
Wait, let me.

He ducks down and tries to squeeze through a large catflap!

SEAN
Connor! NO!

CONNOR
Ah! I'm stuck!

His head is wedged in the catflap.

NATHAN
You dipshit, Connor!

ALEX
Quiet!

Nathan and Sean each grab one of Connor's legs and heave.

Connor springs free -- Nathan and Sean stumble back into the beer barrels with a deafening CLANG!

They freeze... maybe they got away with it?

DANG, DANG, DANG! Something loud is on its way...

ALEX (CONT'D)
Hurry, hurry!

Sean places his coat against a pane of glass on the door, punches it, reaches past jagged shards and unlocks the door, opening it --

-- just as the Sentry steps over the gate in one big stride.

84 **INT. THE POSEIDON HOTEL - KITCHEN - DAY**

They crouch behind kitchen units as the Sentry peers through the window, its searchlight sweeping the room...

Everyone freezes. Sean's new implant starts to pulse --

*

-- and so does the Sentry's! Sean winces, shaking his head.

The Sentry shakes its head, too!

The implant goes dark. The Sentry jolts, hesitating...

... then moves on. They all breathe a sigh of relief.

SMASH! The distant sound of glass breaking.

Sean and Alex exchange apprehensive glances.

85 **INT. THE POSEIDON HOTEL - DARK CORRIDORS - DAY**

The gang move stealthily over grubby carpets, past peeling flock wallpaper. Closer to the chaotic chatter of VOICES.

Sean pushes a double door open into --

86 **INT. THE POSEIDON HOTEL - BAR - DAY**

Bedlam! The once luxurious restaurant and bar now boasts broken tables, cracked mirrors and crooked chandeliers.

Like a Hogarth print, it's filled to the brim with humanity at its wildest and worst - muscular men necking moonshine shots, gin-soaked mothers clutching bawling babies, elderly couples with craggy faces playing poker.

Two THUGS settle a dispute by bare knuckle boxing, a raucous CROWD cheering them on.

Suspicious eyes dart to the newcomers.... chairs scrape the floor. Sudden silence. Everything stops.

BRAWLER

What's this... a school outing?

The BRAWLER grabs Connor --

CONNOR

Hey!

SEAN

Leave him alone!

-- and it all kicks off! A brawling bundle of punching, thumping, chair crashing, kids biting and shin kicking.

BLAM! A shotgun shell takes a chunk out of the ceiling.

VOICE (O.S.)

Oi-oi!

They all look up... into the barrels of a shotgun!

It's held by a wall of a man towering over them, muscular with a boxer's punished face - this is WAYNE. He tentatively lowers the gun.

WAYNE

Where'd you lot spring from?

SEAN

I'm looking for my dad, he was a pilot and he was moved here --

He twists Nathan's head - the dead implant.

ROUGH TEENAGER
Look at this one!

The Rough Teen shows him Sean's implant. Different. Strange.

ROUGH TEENAGER (CONT'D)
Mum'll want to see this.

Connor's squirming. Hand raised.

CONNOR
Er... Can I go to the loo first,
please, sir? I'm bursting.

87 **INT. THE POSEIDON HOTEL - STAIRS - DAY**

Wayne and the Rough Teen lead the way. The Brawler brings up the rear.

The gang shuffle around a steaming bathtub: a moonshine still with copper pipes running in and out of it. Two BURLY MEN wearing rubber gloves carefully pour the concoction into aluminium barrels. ANOTHER chops potatoes.

WAYNE
This used to be a posh hotel, then
the power went down on our estate
and they moved us lot in.

Wayne grins, pleased with himself. The gang trudge up the threadbare carpet stairs past faded graffiti.

NATHAN *
How big is this place? *

WAYNE *
Six floors and a basement, mate. *

NATHAN *
Wish we'd been locked-up here... *

Connor is last. He pauses outside a derelict bedroom - dark shapes move within. A lightbulb moment - Connor "gets" it.

CONNOR *
Let's stay! *

Somewhere in the building someone SCREAMS. It echoes off the walls. Connor freezes, eyes wide...

The Brawler nudges his back and he leaps up the stairs.

88 **INT. MONIQUE'S SUITE - DAY**

A penthouse suite. Bay windows reveal an epic panorama - Alex sidles closer, drinking in the view.

The room is cluttered with furniture, paintings, statues, rugs. Garish and ostentatious, gold leaf, clashing patterns.

And standing centre stage is MONIQUE, AKA "Mum"...

Somewhere in her 60s, tall, she dominates the room; flinty eyes, arching eyebrows, hoop earrings and immaculate nails. An East London accent.

Wayne is at her side, whispering in her ear.

MONIQUE

Show me.

Wayne grabs Nathan --

NATHAN

Eh?! Get off!

-- and drags him before Monique. She twists his head round to inspect the dead implant.

MONIQUE

How'd you do it?

CONNOR

Oh, it's easy, we --

ALEX

Zip it, Connor!

SEAN

Shh! No, no, no, no!

NATHAN

Nice one, divhead.

Monique smiles and scruffs Connor's hair.

MONIQUE

Easy is it? How about I just take what I want? Kids aren't so tough once you break a few fingers.

She winks at Connor, who gulps.

WAYNE

Monique... kids? Really?

She rolls her eyes.

MONIQUE

Wayne's such a softie. He'd knock seven bells out of someone for spilling his drink, but gets all gooey over littl'uns.

Sean unfolds his dad's file photo and shows it to Monique.

SEAN
I'm looking for my dad, Danny
Flynn.

Monique's eyes narrow with recognition.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Is he here?

Monique grins. Wolfish.

MONIQUE
Let's do a deal.

89 **INT. THE POSEIDON HOTEL - BAR - DAY**

BZZZZZT! The Rough Teenager collapses into a chair, now looking even rougher. His hair smoulders and his implant... is dead.

Wayne grabs Sean in a huge bearhug, spinning him round.

WAYNE
You bloody geniuses! There is a
God!

CHEERS from the crowd. Monique stares, her head spinning. *This changes everything.* Alex stands by, a crocodile clip in each hand.

ALEX
I reckon it's to do with the
specific voltage created by the
battery and the dodgy adapter.

SEAN
If we had something to compare it
with, like a taser --

NATHAN
Whoa, whoa! Waitasec -- schtum!
(to Monique)
We showed you ours - now you show
us yours!

Alex grimaces, Sean grins.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
You know what I mean...

MONIQUE
There's someone you should meet.

90 **INT. MONIQUE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Light leaks in through a gap the curtains - the rest is shadows. As Monique gently opens the door, it CREAKS.

VOICE
Whassatnoise? Gerroudoft!

The gang jump back. Sean peers into the darkness...

... there's an old man sitting in a wheelchair with a tartan blanket on his lap. This is SWANN.

MONIQUE
Swanny, love. Brought someone to see you.

His gnarled fingers nurse a bottle of moonshine, he raises it to his trembling lips.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
Swanny here knew your dad. Always fiddling with his implant. Thick as thieves, they were. None of them worried about all those who died trying the same.

The gang gather around the old man. Wayne guards the door.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
And then last spring... they were gone.

SEAN
Gone where? How?

Monique settles down next to Swanny.

MONIQUE
He's a bit mutton... SWANNY, LOVE!
Got some visitors. Can I show 'em your thing?

Swann says nothing, but Monique gently spins his wheelchair, revealing...

... a cylindrical metal hole behind his ear where his implant used to be. The kids gasp.

NATHAN
Sick.

CONNOR
Goes in a long way, doesn't it?

Connor moves to poke his finger in the hole. Quick as a flash Swann grabs Connor's hand.

SWANN
Gerrawayoulittlebollix!

Connor jumps back into Alex's arms.

SEAN
How'd he do it?

SWANN
Watchmaker... watchmaker took it.
Tiny fingers... glass eyes...

ALEX
Watchmaker?

MONIQUE
Tell 'em, Swanny. Tell 'em about
the stones.

Swann looks at Monique as if remembering something long forgotten. His rheumy eyes glisten.

SWANN
... the stones. They left word...
the slaughter stone... shows the
way.

*
*
*

He begins to repeat this over and over...

MONIQUE
Swanny came back for me at the end
of the summer, got lost in the
woods. Heatstroke like you wouldn't
believe...

SWANN
... slaughter stone... the silver
lake...

*
*

MONIQUE
... and now he's a sandwich short
of a picnic, aren't you my love?

Swann grabs Sean and pulls him towards his ravaged face --

SWANN
... follow the river... find the
silver lake!

*
*
*

91 **INT. THE POSEIDON HOTEL - STAIRS - DAY**

The gang descend the stairs, Wayne in tow.

NATHAN
This is bollocks, mate. She's given
us sod all!

*

ALEX
What the hell is a slaughter stone?

CONNOR
It's where druids made sacrifices.
There's one at Stonehenge.

SEAN

There's some standing stones on the
edge of Duncombe Wood.

WAYNE

Clever lad.

SEAN

Swanny's giving us directions!

BEE-BEEP! Simultaneously everyone's implants change colour,
turning green! They share glances; uncertain, afraid.

AIR DRONE (O.S.)

CITIZENS, CURFEW IS TEMPORARILY
SUSPENDED. ASSEMBLE OUTSIDE FOR
ZONE CHIEF ADDRESS.

92 **INT. MONIQUE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Sean, Alex, Nathan, Connor and Wayne bundle into the room.

CONNOR

Look!

Sean peers through a window onto...

93 **EXT. THE BEACH - DAY**

Dozens of people gather between wooden breakwaters on the
shingle beach. Blinking in the sunlight, breathing deeply.
Filling their lungs with fresh air.

A squadron of DRONES hover overhead, engines roaring.

AIR DRONES

CITIZENS, CURFEW IS TEMPORARILY
SUSPENDED. ASSEMBLE OUTSIDE FOR
ZONE CHIEF ADDRESS.

Two VC HEAVIES armed with machine guns move to the front of
the hotel and they're flanking a familiar-looking figure...

94 **INT. MONIQUE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY**

Sean, Nathan, Alex and Connor watch from the corner room
window. Faces full of hatred for the man who killed Martin.

95 **EXT. THE BEACH - DAY**

Smythe clambers up onto a breakwater, extending a hand to a
woman.

SMYTHE

This way, my dear...

It's Kate!

96 **INT. MONIQUE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY** *

Sean snatches up a hat and scarf to cover his face, heading for the door.

WAYNE
Oi, son, no!

Wayne reaches for him, but he dodges past, and he's gone.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
Oh, you silly bollocks...

97 **EXT. THE BEACH - DAY**

Sean steps outside, adjusting his hat, making sure it covers his implant. He shoulders his way through the CROWD towards his mother.

Smythe switches on a megaphone. Over a hundred people look up at him expectantly.

SMYTHE
Citizens of Marine Parade: I am
looking for this boy...

More VC OFFICERS move into the crowd. They hand out printed flyers to everyone: an ID photo of Sean, a wanted poster!

SMYTHE (CONT'D)
This lad's name is Sean Flynn. He
was involved in a terrorist
incident at Fairfield Bay High. *

Sean stops dead in his tracks, heart in his mouth. *

98 **INT. MONIQUE'S SUITE - BEDROOM - DAY** *

Nathan, Alex and Connor - panicked faces. Monique stands at their shoulders. *

NATHAN
Count Crapula - what do we do? *

MONIQUE
Bloody hell... Does your mate ever
look before he leaps? *

Nathan, Alex and Connor numbly shake their heads.

99 **EXT. THE BEACH - DAY**

Sean cranes his neck to find the hotel, but the crowd has closed in around him, and they're all looking at his picture! He's trapped in the middle of the throng.

SMYTHE

Has anyone here seen this young man? Does anyone here know where he is? His mother is very concerned.

Smythe hands Kate the megaphone.

KATE

Sean, if you can hear me... Mr Smythe's given his word, you won't be punished. Turn yourself in!

Sean pulls his hat down and edges back through the crush. It's hard to make headway - people shoulder him aside, refusing to move and Sean is buffeted around.

SMYTHE

Sean's mother will be safe with me at the castle, the new zone HQ.

Kate is ushered away by a Volunteer Corps member.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Anyone with information leading to the boy's safe return will receive an entire afternoon outside, for you and your family. Yours to do with as you please!

An EXCITED MURMUR ripples through the crowd.

A THIN MAN catches Sean's eye - and he recognises him!

Sean pushes through the crowd with added urgency, head down.

SEAN

'Scuse me... Cheers.

*

The Thin Man checks to see if anyone else has noticed the boy... No! He stalks after him.

SMYTHE

Remember, Citizens... Harboursing fugitives, withholding information - the Robot Empire see these as serious crimes.

Sean hits a dense wall of people - he can't get past.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Think twice before you put your lives at risk.

A hand grips Sean's arm. He glances down to see a knife pressed against his ribs.

THIN MAN

Back off; he's mine!

The Thin Man raises his arm.

THIN MAN (CONT'D)
Hey, Mr Smythe! The kid, he's --

Someone abruptly headbutts him, gently lowering his unconscious body to the sand... It's Wayne! He winks at Sean.

Smythe spins to scan the crowd with narrowed eyes. Wayne edges in front of Sean, whispering through a fixed grin:

WAYNE
Anyone says a word... I'll rip
their knackers off and feed them to
the cat.

Wayne glowers at a SHIFTY WOMAN alongside him. She glances away.

Smythe locks eyes with Wayne, scowling... Then turns and marches away. Sean already knows what he's doing next:

SEAN
I need to get to the castle. *

100 **EXT. THE POSEIDON HOTEL - GARBAGE AREA - EVENING** *

Wayne leads Nathan, Alex and Connor through the shadows...

A short, shrill WHISTLE --

-- it's Sean! The gang are reunited in a dark space behind large metal bins.

SEAN
I'm gonna try and rescue mum. Then
we head for the hills. It'll be
dangerous... Up to you if you want
to come with me. *

ALEX
All for one and one for all,
remember? *

Alex puts her fist forward, Connor grinning at her in-joke. The other boys reach in to bump.

WAYNE
A thank you pressie... Here.

Wayne produces a taser and charging lead from his jacket. He clicks the trigger and it CRACKLES bright blue light.

WAYNE (CONT'D)
My spare. Save you lugging that car
battery around. Got you some
sarnies too.

He hands it to Alex. Sean notices Wayne's implant: it's dead.

ALEX
Wicked, thanks.

WAYNE
Monique will see you safe to the
edge of town. Best of British!

Wayne hands Sean a walkie-talkie, saluting the gang goodbye.

MONIQUE (ON WALKIE TALKIE)
You've got about ten seconds to get
across the square. Go!

*

101 **EXT. DERELICT SQUARE - EVENING**

*

A patch of overgrown grass, surrounded by apartments. The gang hurry across it.

MONIQUE (ON WALKIE TALKIE)
Head for the ramps...

102 **INT. MONIQUE'S SUITE - DAY**

Monique - binoculars raised, walkie talkie at her lips.

MONIQUE
... slip through the garages.

Behind her the Rough Teen wedges an oily rag into a vodka bottle - a Molotov cocktail! Another burly man sharpens a panga machete on a whetstone. A third man clunks a magazine into an automatic rifle.

103 **EXT. SPACE BETWEEN GARAGES - EVENING**

The gang dash down the narrow space --

MONIQUE (ON WALKIE TALKIE)
Clanker! Stop, stop, stop!

Sean skids to a halt, raising an arm - everybody slams into his back...

... just as a SNIPER clatters past, casting spiderlike shadows over the gang. They hold their breath - no one moves as its CLANKING rhythm becomes fainter.

*

MONIQUE (ON WALKIE TALKIE) (CONT'D)
Okay. Go.

104 **INT. MONIQUE'S SUITE - DAY**

Monique watches the distant street, walkie-talkie in hand. From up here, the gang are tiny stick figures in the setting sun, racing between buildings, towards the castle on the edge of town...

Wayne appears behind her, snapping his double-barrelled shotgun closed. She turns to face him... A faint smile.

MONIQUE

Good luck, kids. Been a pleasure doing business with you.

FADE TO:

105 **EXT. THE CASTLE - DUSK**

A floodlit castle in the lashing rain, a stone keep towering over the streets and houses nearby.

106 **INT. THE CASTLE - BANQUETING HALL - DUSK**

The glassy eyes and cheering face of a Jester, frozen - a wax dummy. Firelight plays tricks, making him look eerily alive.

Other dummies - Tudor Nobles, Ladies in wimples, serving boys - are arranged round a long oak table. A display left over from the castle's previous incarnation as a museum. Thick red drapes and unravelling tapestries hang on the walls.

Kate pulls on the windows, tries every door but she's locked in - no escape!

The CLUNK-CLICK of a key opening the door... Kate spins to find Smythe in the doorway. *

KATE

Why are the doors locked, Robin? Am I a guest... or a prisoner?

SMYTHE

Kate, may I show you something?

He sits on a chair by the fire, a small black cube in his hand. Kate approaches reluctantly.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

The Mediator gave this to me. All Zone Chiefs get them. It contains a promise. A pledge from the robots.

The cube glows and a HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION flickers into life: a globe turning slowly as it orbits, white clouds clinging to familiar shores...

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Earth-to-be: unsullied by overpopulation and pollution. A brave new world. Here, take it...

He hands the cube to her. She sits beside him as Smythe reverse-pinches the image, zooming-in, and in, and in...

SMYTHE (CONT'D)
Cradle Mountain. Tasmania.

A placid blue lake, surrounded by lush greenery. Jungle-covered mountains rise up in the distance.

KATE
It's beautiful.

SMYTHE
I've been allocated a hundred square miles on the shores of Lake St Clair. It's perfect: quiet, isolated, fecund.

Smythe looks at Kate through the hologram.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)
I'd very much like you to join me there.

KATE
And Sean?

Smythe's eyes flicker for a brief moment --

SMYTHE
Sean, too. He's a great kid, I'd be honoured to be his guardian.

-- but Kate has seen it - *Sean isn't part of his plan.*

107 **INT. GRAVEYARD - DUSK**

Rain pelts down on the gravestones.

Our gang shelter in the cracked, open doorway of an ivy-covered tomb. A stone angel stares down at them as Nathan bites into a sandwich.

CONNOR
When can we go home?

ALEX
Bit late for that, Connor.

NATHAN
We're fugitives, mate. Outlaws.

CONNOR
But if they catch us, they'll --

He starts to sniffle.

NATHAN
Should've left him at the hotel.

Nathan tosses his sandwich wrapper - it bounces off Connor's head.

SEAN
Shut it, Nathan.

Sean crouches, gently holding Connor's shoulders.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Connor... There's no-one to ask for help now. It's just us. But if we look out for each other we'll get through this. Okay? I promise.

Connor nods, uncertain. Sean forces a smile.

108 **INT. THE CASTLE - BANQUETING HALL - DUSK**

Kate stands at the window, bathed in the amber glow of the distant Cube's engines. Smythe lurks behind her, reflected in the glass.

SMYTHE
Kate, look... God knows I've tried to find Danny - there's no stone I've left unturned. But... when do we admit that we're beaten?

She turns to face him, starting to sob. She motions him closer.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)
That's better, let it all out...

Smythe takes her in his arms.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)
I'm not a monster, Kate. I have qualities you can learn to like. Love, even.

He presses his nose into her hair, inhaling deeply. His eyes close...

... as her knee jerks up into his groin! CRUNCH. *

KATE
I've been putting up with your bullshit for three years; your leers, your so-called 'updates' on Danny, and... for your information, my face is here, not here! *

Kate points indignantly at her breasts. Smythe staggers to his feet, trying not to retch.

KATE (CONT'D)

I know you're deluded enough to think you could get into my knickers, and I know that Danny's probably dead... but do you really believe that I'm so desperate, so bloody depressed, that I'd want to run away with you? To Tasmania?!

Smythe moves closer to her. Flushed, his eyes blazing with barely contained fury.

SMYTHE

You're coming with me, Kate... When I tell you the truth of why the robots are here, what they want and how they'll take it... you'll beg me to.

109

EXT. WAR MEMORIAL NEAR THE CASTLE - DUSK

The gang crouch with their backs against a stone memorial column. Behind them, the castle looms. Ominous, imposing.

A Sentry marches along a grass verge circling the castle - THUD, THUD, THUD!

Alex peeks out as its footsteps recede...

ALEX

There's too many, and they're too close together --

SEAN

Then we'll have to be fast.

Alex and Nathan share a nervous glance: *what have they got themselves into?*

Sean counts down with his fingers -- three, two, one...

Bent low, they dash across the road and leap up onto the grass verge. Racing towards the castle entrance.

... Behind them - unseen by our gang - another SENTRY rounds the corner.

SENTRY

CITIZENS, RETURN TO YOUR HOMES
IMMEDIATELY!

SEAN

Shit -- RUN!

They sprint, flat out, but the Sentry makes giant strides, catching up with them in a matter of moments!

SENTRY
 YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS TO RETURN TO
 YOUR HOME.

The Sentry raises its gun arm -- its cannon WHINES, the barrel spinning as it powers up to fire --

SENTRY (CONT'D)
 THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING!

Sean slips and tumbles onto his back, hand held up defensively, the Sentry towering over him!

SENTRY (CONT'D)
 FIVE, FOUR THREE, TWO, ONE!

ALEX
 Sean -- NO!

Sean closes his eyes, grits his teeth and waits for death...

... but the robot is frozen above him! He stares into the spinning muzzle of its laser cannon, inches from his face --

White lights on his implant wink on and off, rapidly.

*

NATHAN
 What the frack...?

ALEX
 Look at his implant, look!

The lights on Sean's implant pulse in time with the Sentry's.

CONNOR
 What's that mean?

SEAN
 I think... I'm stopping it!

CONNOR
 Awesome!

NATHAN
 Bull. Shit.

Sean slowly moves his outstretched arm... The Sentry does the same.

SEAN
 It's like... a video game or something.

NATHAN
 Make it do shit!

Sean lifts a leg in the air --

-- and with a METALLIC GRIND, the Sentry mirrors him.

ALEX
Whoa... This is massive!

NATHAN
Ha! Make it scratch its balls.

Sean does - now they're all laughing.

Sean does bad disco dancing - the Sentry likewise.

They're hysterical now. Sean laughing hard --

-- suddenly the Sentry jolts back into action!

The kids SCREAM and FTOOOM! The Sentry's cannon blasts into the ground, earth exploding upward in a huge plume.

Sean instinctively reaches out, the lights on his implant pulsing in time with the Sentry's again.

NATHAN (CONT'D)
Nearly shat my pants there! *

SEAN
Lost control... concentration.
Sorry.

ALEX
Let it go, we gotta leg it!

Sean stares into space, thinking intently.

SEAN
Wait... I've got an idea.

110 **INT. THE CASTLE - BANQUETING HALL - NIGHT**

Kate stares at her reflection in a medieval mirror hanging over the fire. Pale and frightened. Reeling at what she's learned from Smythe. *

The door CLUNKS open and a TEENAGE VC steps in carrying a tray - sandwiches and a glass of milk. He holds a rusted iron key. *

KATE
Steven Mayhew, is that you? *

VC TEEN
I... er... yes, Miss. *

KATE
You were such a nice boy in school. *

What are you doing in the VC? *

VC TEEN
I got claustrophobia, Miss.

He sets down the tray. Kate realises she might have a way out...

KATE
You can leave the key with the food, thank you.

VC TEEN
But... you're a prisoner?

KATE
How ridiculous. Did Robin - Mr Smythe - say that?

The boy nods. Kate extends her hand.

VC TEEN
I'm not sure I can give it to you, Mrs Flynn...

KATE
STEVEN MAYHEW, YOU WILL GIVE ME THE KEY THIS MINUTE!

He hands it over.

VC TEEN
I should tell Mr Smythe.

KATE
Yes -- fetch him immediately, I want to speak to him. Tell him I'm very upset.

The VC Teen hesitates...

KATE (CONT'D)
NOW!

The boy dashes from the room. Kate smirks to herself.

KATE (CONT'D)
Still got it...

Kate examines the key, turning it in her hand. Her prize.

111 **INT. THE CASTLE - WAR ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate slips out of the banqueting hall, edging along an upper walkway as VOLUNTEER CORP MEMBERS bustle below. Hanging above them is the charred map of the town.

ALARMS SOUND throughout the castle! The VC Members dash to the door, clearing the room.

112 **EXT. THE CASTLE - INNER WALLS - NIGHT**

Sean, arms raised, moves between high stone walls. The CLUNK-HISS of a Sentry pushing him forward at gunpoint. Has he been captured?!

*

113 **EXT. THE CASTLE - OUTER BAILEY - NIGHT**

A narrow drawbridge leads up to the keep's portcullis entrance. A floodlit tower looming above it. The Sentry herds Sean on.

*

*

Two SNIPER ROBOTS clatter across the battlements above like metallic scorpions. Their feet clamp into position and the lenses on their gun barrels rotate -- CLUNK, CLUNK! -- zooming-in on Sean from above.

Smythe crosses the drawbridge and descends the stairs, flanked by armed VC MEMBERS: two have AK-47 machine guns, another a shotgun.

SMYTHE

You should have kept running, son.
You're in the lion's den now.

Sean smirks - not the look of a prisoner...

Smythe's face falls as he realises something isn't right.

Sean suddenly roundhouses his arm like a boxer - the Sentry does the same, its implant pulsing in time with his, its weapon inches from Smythe's face.

The Snipers' weapons CRACKLE as they power up to fire --

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

NO! Stand down, stand down!
Authorisation code 97-ZCRS.

The Snipers's laser cannons spin down.

SEAN

Drop your weapons, now -- or I'll
fry him, then you!

Guns clatter onto the flagstones.

Alex and Nathan rush in from the gatehouse tunnel behind Sean to snatch them up, Connor in tow.

NATHAN

Wassup, fools?!

114 **INT. THE CASTLE - WAR ROOM - NIGHT**

Kate pushes a table against the wall, clamber up onto it. She reaches for a hanging map, pulling it free.

*

*

115

EXT. THE CASTLE - OUTER BAILEY - NIGHT

Four VC stand in a row with arms raised. Nathan grins cockily. He's festooned with weapons: the AK-47 on his hip, shotgun over his shoulder.

Alex awkwardly raises her AK-47. Connor tugs Nathan's sleeve.

CONNOR

Can I have the shotgun, Nath'?

NATHAN

You want it? Yeah?

He starts to give it to him - teasing - then snatches it back.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Ooh, no, sorry mate.

CONNOR

Come on... Please?! I'm so responsible!

NATHAN

Maybe. Ask me later.

Smythe, wide-eyed and breathless, stares into the barrel of the Sentry's laser cannon.

SMYTHE

How are you doing this, Sean?

Smythe sees Sean's implant pulsing in time with the Sentry.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Incredible... You've become something wonderful.

SEAN

Bring my mother here. Now!

SMYTHE

Yes, of course. Of course!

The VC Teen harangued by Kate rushes across the drawbridge. Smythe snaps his fingers.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Kate Flynn. Fetch her, immediately!

The boy rolls his eyes and hurries back inside.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

I was like you at your age. Always rushing into things. Hot-headed. It doesn't get you what you want... you'll learn.

SEAN

All I want is my mother.

SMYTHE

She'll be here in a minute, lad.
Everyone...

The pounding rhythm of GALLOPING HOOVES. Smythe falters:
where's it coming from?

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

... stay... calm...

A HORSE WHINNIES as it charges out of the keep at breakneck speed, its rider steering towards the gatehouse tunnel --

Sean takes cover behind the Sentry as the horse careers past - glancing up to see --

SEAN

MUM!

But she doesn't look back as she ducks down, guiding the horse through the tunnel and out into the night!

Sean steps forward, raising his hand.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Mum, wait!

The distraction is all the first Sniper needs, its barrel moving up and down by tiny increments -- BZZZT, BZZT --

P-TOW! A laser bolt punches through a tiny gap between the Sentry's head and breastplate.

The Sentry freezes for a brief moment, and... FOOM! An explosion inside the robot, its breastplate buckling outward. Sean clutches his head.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Ow!

With a METALLIC GROAN the Sentry sits down with a THUMP, smoke pouring from every opening. *

BADADADADADADADA! The Snipers rain down an incessant hellfire of flashing lasers. *

Chunks of stone and robot armour debris spiral around Sean as he ducks behind the Sentry, head down. *

Connor, Alex and Nathan scramble under the protection of the portcullis. *

Smythe scuttles away, cowering in a corner.

Nathan gives Alex a nod. *

NATHAN
Ready? Watch this...

He and Alex leap out YELLING a WARCRY, strafing the castle roof with machine gun fire! Their faces lit by amber muzzle flashes. Alex is SCREAMING!

NATHAN (CONT'D)
DEATH TO ROBOTS!

Suddenly the ammunition runs out! The kids jump back into the portcullis as Snipers fire back.

ALEX
That's it. We're out of ammo.

One of the Snipers leaps down from the castle turret, arcing through the night sky -- CLANG! It lands directly in front of Sean, its cannon spinning 180 degrees to target him --

Sean holds a hand up instinctively, scrambling back --

-- and his implant pulses in time with the Sniper's: he's controlling it!

SEAN
Whoa...

116 **WHAT SEAN SEES --**

The Sniper's heads-up display... with Sean in the crosshairs - he can see himself through the Sniper!

SEAN
... that's too weird.

117 **EXT. THE CASTLE - OUTER BAILEY - NIGHT**

High above on the castle wall the other Sniper above crabs left and right, trying to target Sean --

Sean crouches behind the fallen Sentry, eyes closed, hand extended. Next to him the Sniper's barrel pivots upward...

118 **HEADS-UP DISPLAY**

Sean steers the crosshairs up the castle wall, finding the other Sniper, locking on to it...

119 **EXT. THE CASTLE - OUTER BAILEY - NIGHT**

A laser bolt streaks toward the other Sniper and -- BOOM! Smoking metal fragments rain down on the courtyard below.

A moment of silence... Connor peers out cautiously from the shelter of the portcullis.

CONNOR

How cool?!

Sean grins. His eyes still closed, arm extended.

ALEX

"Death to robots"... You're such a twat.

*
*

NATHAN

Come on, misery guts! This is like Call of Duty but real; we get to shoot robots, blow shit up --

Nathan brandishes the shotgun. SHUSH-CLUNK! He snaps its slider back and forward.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

-- it's well sick!

CONNOR

Come on, Nath'! My turn!

A movement in the shadows... Smythe seizes his chance and races through the keep, into the castle!

NATHAN

Sorry mate. Unfinished business.

*

Nathan chases Smythe, shotgun raised.

CONNOR

That's so unfair! He said I could have a go!

120 **EXT. THE CASTLE - WALKWAY - NIGHT**

Smythe charges along the narrow walkway, a dizzying drop below. Nathan's hot on his tail.

NATHAN

Go on, run, you knob jockey!

121 **EXT. THE CASTLE - OUTER BAILEY - NIGHT**

Alex and Connor start for the drawbridge. Sean hesitates, arm outstretched towards the Sniper.

ALEX

C'mon, move your arse.

SEAN

But -- if I let go and this thing wakes up again... we're all smoked.

All the fun is suddenly sucked out of the air.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Hold on... Maybe...

Sean clenches his fist and punches down. The Sniper vibrates violently - then folds in on itself, forming a cube. A smaller cube CLUNKS onto the flagstones like toast from a toaster.

ALEX
What the hell is that?

SEAN
Its battery... I think.

122 **EXT. THE CASTLE - BATTLEMENTS - NIGHT**

Smythe desperately looks for an escape route as Nathan advances, raising his shotgun. Smythe backs into a corner, trapped against battlements.

NATHAN
This is for Morse Code Martin. *

Smythe, terrified, tips over the edge! Nathan rushes forward...

123 **EXT. THE CASTLE - STREET OUTSIDE - NIGHT**

Smythe spirals through empty air -- *

WHUMPF! He thumps into the tarpaulin roof of a makeshift car shelter. Its ropes snap and the tarp envelopes him as he tumbles onto to the ground. *

Smythe clammers to his feet, clutching his side, in agony... and runs like hell. *

124 **EXT. THE CASTLE - BATTLEMENTS - NIGHT**

Nathan takes aim and fires -- BLAM! The recoil sends him stumbling backwards, clattering onto his back.

NATHAN
Shitcakes!

He leaps to his feet, catching sight of Smythe as he vanishes into the darkness.

Nathan scowls... but then his eyes drift to the shattered roof of the car shelter below...

... where two parked QUAD BIKES flank a JEEP. He grins.

125 **EXT. THE BEACH - FIRST LIGHT**

A horse's hooves pound the sand along the shore. Kate riding flat out, heading for distant hills.

A distant GROWL. She glances back to see headlights on the road running parallel to the beach. Something's chasing her... no, six lights, three somethings!

Kate digs her heels in, spurring the horse on.

KATE
C'mon girl!

BEEP-BEEP! Whatever it is, it's honking at her. The lights flash as the vehicles pull onto the beach, flanking her - cars, not robots!

The larger one peels right and skids round in front of her.

The horse rears up in fright! Kate tumbles across the sand.

A car, two quad bikes, dwarfed by the hills behind them. Kate surrounded on three sides.

Silence. Kate gets to her feet, hands raised in surrender as she squints through the glare...

A figure steps out of the Jeep. Silhouetted at first...

SEAN
Mum!

Sean runs and wraps his arms round her!

KATE
Thank God you're okay!

Kate kisses Sean's face repeatedly, then crushes him into a bear hug. Behind them the sun peeks over the horizon... A stunning sunrise, purples and reds glittering in the waves.

Connor, Alex and Nathan look on. Happy, but missing their own loved ones. Alex puts an arm across Nathan's shoulders.

Kate brushes Sean's hair back. She tenderly touches his strange implant, puzzled. *

KATE (CONT'D) *

We've got some catching up to do.

A distant HOWL... They turn towards the castle as half a dozen AIR DRONES SCREAM IN, circling the keep like cops at a crime scene, searchlights blazing.

Nathan takes Kate's arm, hurrying her toward the jeep.

NATHAN *

Kate, is it okay if you drive? I *

keep crashing. *

Alex takes Kate's other arm.

ALEX

Kate, er... is it okay if I
electrocute you?

126 **EXT. ROLLING COUNTRYSIDE - DAWN**

The Jeep and Quad bikes bounce and jolt over the uneven ground.

Kate drives the Jeep. Nathan and Connor stand up through the sunroof, arms wide, relishing the freedom.

CONNOR

Bleaugh!

NATHAN

What?

CONNOR

Swallowed a fly!

Sean and Alex laugh as they hurtle past on their Quad bikes.

Sean looks sidelong at Alex; her smile, her long hair fluttering on the wind... he catches himself. Snaps out of it.

The vehicles are dots on the landscape, as the hills rise up around them.

FADE TO:

127 **EXT. SCORCHED CRATER - DAWN**

The CUBE has split into four vertical sections, a ring of ROBOTS gathered beneath it. Some are attached by thick cables to the Cube, powering-up, recharging.

Smythe limps along beside a fully recharged Mediator 452 and his Sentry. Clutching his side.

MEDIATOR 452

The boy's interaction with our network is without precedent. He will be examined. We must capture him alive, Zone Chief Smythe.

SMYTHE

Can't you just lock him out?

MEDIATOR 452

To reconfigure the system would entail taking each and every robot offline. It's impossible.

In the background a SENTRY, sluggish and slow, in need of a re-charge, takes position under the Cube.

SMYTHE

You can track his mother, though.
Let me know where she is and I'll --

The Mediator raises a hand, silencing Smythe. His black implant pulses; it's receiving a communication.

MEDIATOR 452

Citizens with disabled implants are at large in the Marine Parade area. This civil disobedience spreads like an organic virus... The boy's mother is not a priority.

SMYTHE

But if we have her, we'll have him!
Can't you see?!

The Mediator turns to face Smythe.

MEDIATOR 452

Such aggression. Perhaps your level of emotional intelligence is inappropriate for the role you have been assigned?

SMYTHE

I was his teacher, Mediator. I know how he thinks. I'll find him.

Silence. Smythe's eyes full of fear. The Mediator's are blank, devoid of emotion. The white lights on his implant flicker as it consults the hive mind. *

In the background a coiled cable snakes down, latches onto the Sentry. CLUNK-HISS... It rises into the body of the Cube.

MEDIATOR 452

Everybody in this zone is now scheduled for a Deep Scan. A Skyship carrying four thousand and ninety-six Deep Scanners is en route. It will arrive in fifteen hours and seventy-two minutes, approximately. *

SMYTHE

What... Just like that? Good God...

The Mediator turns and walks away, his Sentry following. Smythe is left rooted to the spot, reeling.

MEDIATOR 452

The operation will commence at noon tomorrow. If the boy is still at large... the first deep scan will be you, Zone Chief Smythe.

128 **EXT. STANDING STONES - DAY**

Nathan - hands on hips, shaking his head.

NATHAN

Told you it was bullshit. *

Ancient standing stones, a broken circle of them on the edge of a wood. Oak, ash and conifer tower over them.

KATE *

Hurry. They won't be far. *

The gang rush between the bluestone pillars covered in graffiti: words mingle, tags bleed into surreal images. It's a mess.

SEAN

Swann said they "left word here".
Find it. Come on, we can do this.

Alex scans the mad scrawls that cover every surface. There's hardly a blank bit of stone.

ALEX *

Not exactly making it easy, are they? *

Connor scrutinises a stone lying flat on the ground. It tapers at one end. Pointing. *

Nathan notices Sean, doe-eyed, gazing at Alex, beautiful in the sunlight. His face twists into a scowl.

NATHAN *

No. No way. You're having a bird bath, mate! *

SEAN

Having a what?

NATHAN *

Really? Really? This is my sister!
You're practically family! *

Nathan storms off. Sean watches him go, confused.

Alex glances quizzically at Sean. He shrugs and turns away.

Connor lays on the stone... and grins.

CONNOR

COME SEE THIS! HURRY!

129 **EXT. STANDING STONES - MOMENTS LATER**

Everyone's lying on the ground by the stone. Connor pats it.

CONNOR

The slaughter stone. Look...

POV: Suddenly it all makes sense... From here, some stones block others. Three stones are not obscured. Some words on these three stones stand out. What was meaningless graffiti now reads...

STONE ONE: "CROSS THE RIVER..." *

STONE TWO: "... THREE TIMES..." *

STONE THREE: "... TO SAFETY."

130 **EXT. STANDING STONES - MOMENTS LATER**

Kate spreads Smythe's charred map on the bonnet of the Jeep. Alex and Sean join her. Connor keeps watch from the slaughter stone.

KATE *

If we head straight to the river
and cross here, here, and here... *

NATHAN *

We end up in the middle of nowhere. *

ALEX *

Carshalton Wall... Stannum
Valley... Selforton... *

KATE *

I've not heard of any of these
places... *

SEAN *

The silver lake, Swanny said. *

CONNOR *

Whoa, waitasec! Stannum... I know
that name... erm... ooh... *

Connor sits up on the slaughter stone, trying to remember, clicking his fingers. *

NATHAN *

Something boring to do with
Vikings? *

CONNOR *

No, no... Romans! We did a project
on it. Stannum is Latin for tin.
There's a tin mine in Stannum
Valley. *

Kate finds it on the map. *

NATHAN

If I was in the resistance, that's
where I'd be. Underground, out of
sight.

CONNOR

Guys, guys!

Connor jumps to his feet and points to the horizon.

Rising over the crest of the next hill... A long row of
SENTRIES marching, like forensic cops looking for clues.
Searchlight heads scanning the ground.

130A **EXT. STANDING STONES - WALL - DAY**

The gang clamber over an ancient stone wall, leaving their
Jeep and Quads behind. They race into the wood.

131 **EXT. WOOD - DAY**

The gang hurry between ancient trees, nervously glancing over
their shoulders. The wood is dense, overgrown.

132 **EXT. STANDING STONES - DAY**

A SENTRY picks up the Jeep like a toy. It peers in, shaking
it to see if anyone's inside.

The Sentries suddenly freeze, their implants pulsing.

133 **INT. THE CASTLE - WAR ROOM - DAY**

The Mediator scrutinises a holographic map of the zone, his
implant glittering. Smythe watches from the shadows.

MEDIATOR 452

We have issued an order to abandon
the pursuit, Zone Chief Smythe.

SMYTHE

I'm right, Mediator, I know I am...
Trust me.

134 **EXT. STANDING STONES - DAY**

The Sentries turn together, marching back towards the town.

135 **EXT. WOOD - DAY**

Kate studies the map, Sean on point ahead.

The others round a bend to find a wooden bridge.

136 **MONTAGE:**

Kate and Connor picking mushrooms from under an uprooted
tree, they flick through Connor's Survival handbook...

Nathan shouldering his way through dense foliage...

All five cross --

137 **EXT. WOOD - THE SECOND BRIDGE - DAY**

Wider than the first bridge - old stone, overgrown with ivy.

137A **EXT. WOOD - ANCIENT ROMAN BRIDGE - DAY**

The gang cross the third and final bridge.

ALEX

Now where?

Several dirt tracks lead in different directions, winding deeper into the wood.

CONNOR

Eeeny, meeny, miny, mo...

SEAN

Straight on. Keep heading East.

138 **EXT. WOOD - RISING ROAD - DAY**

The gang walk further into dense forest.

Sean examines the map. Stops. Turns to get his bearings.

NATHAN

I don't want to worry anyone, but Connor's starting to look like lunch. I bagsy his legs when we resort to cannibalism.

CONNOR

Shhh... Look!

Connor points...

... A tiny figure deep inside in the maze of trees. A BOY!

ALEX

Hey... Hello!

Sean puts an arm out, silencing her. Squinting anxiously. *Is it... The Mediator?*

The silhouette turns and runs. That's a boy, not a robot!

139 **EXT. WOOD - DENSE TREES - DAY**

Everybody chasing. Connor fearlessly hurdling fallen branches, dodging tree trunks.

CONNOR

There!

A blur of arms and legs as the boy disappears.

SEAN

Wait!

*

140 **EXT. WOOD - MORE DENSE TREES - DAY**

*

Nathan and Sean lead the charge but the boy is faster, a shadow glimpsed through the trees.

*

KATE

We don't want to hurt you! Please wait!

*

141 **EXT. CLEARING - DAY**

The gang slow down and re-group, gasping for breath.

NATHAN

Lost him.

CONNOR

What's that?

Connor points... A strange shape underneath the canopy of leaves. Beyond it, an overgrown field.

142 **EXT. CLEARING - MOMENTS LATER**

Kate and the kids each take a corner of tarpaulin and drag it to one side, revealing...

NATHAN

Oh man!

A SPITFIRE! A two-seater model, looking as new as the day it was built. Nathan runs a hand along the wing, eyes bright.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

Mark nine training model, fully reconditioned with four 303 Colt Browning machine guns.

(off their reactions)

I know stuff, you know!

CONNOR

Uh... guys...

Sean turns, following Connor's gaze...

... standing on the rocks and in the trees around them are PEOPLE. Tens of them, standing silently. Some carry sticks, hammers, a cricket bat. Fearful faces.

The boy they chased is there too. Like Swann, some have empty metal cylinders where they once had implants. Others have no implants at all!

KATE

We saw the message on the stones.

ALEX

Swann told us. Remember Swanny?

SEAN

I'm looking for my dad, Danny Flynn. He was a pilot. Have you seen him? Is he here?

He unfolds the file photo and shows it to the crowd. People glance at each other - flickers of recognition?

The crowd parts to reveal a MAN at the back of the group. He wears a white t-shirt and olive combat trousers, his beard unkempt. And he looks like he's seen a ghost...

SEAN (CONT'D)

... Dad?

DANNY

Oh my God.

Kate is speechless, open-mouthed.

DANNY (CONT'D)

He told me you were dead, he said you were...!

*
*

DANNY rushes forward and embraces them both. A mess of tears and kisses and hugs. Huge sobs shudder through Kate's body.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Son, look at you! Look at you both!

They embrace again, the hug to end all hugs... They're overwhelmed with relief and happiness - finally reunited as sunlight filters through the trees.

143

EXT. WOODLAND EDGE - DAY

Danny, arm in arm with Kate, leads the gang along a winding chalk path.

DANNY

I never believed Smythe -- every week I snuck into town to look for you. But our street was just a crater...

He chokes back his regret. Kate squeezes him tight.

KATE

They rehoused us in Fleetwood Street.

They step out from the treeline onto...

144 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY**

They stand on a crescent cliff edge. Fir trees lining the ridge.

Below them, a large lake surrounded by the remains of an old tin mine. A dilapidated sign reads:

SILVER LAKE

The others smile. This is it - they're safe.

A rickety wooden platform leads to the mine entrance. There's a second sign:

DANGER - OLD MINE WORKINGS - KEEP OUT!

COMMUNE PEOPLE go about their day: ordinary folk washing clothes, skinning deer, repairing shelters. CHILDREN run around laughing and playing. Some swim and splash in the lake.

DANNY

This is our home, now.

Danny smiles and holds Kate and Sean close.

145 **EXT. RAVINE - DAY**

The gang follow Danny over wooden walkways.

They pass a washing line made from struts of Sentry leg... Barrels of rainwater... A basin built from the battle-scarred breastplate of a Sentry.

NATHAN

Looks like you've seen some action.

DANNY

Just bits and pieces we've scavenged.

ALEX

So... You're not the resistance?

Danny shakes his head. A rueful smile.

DANNY

We keep moving. Hiding. In Spring, we hunt in the woods, Summer, we follow the river.

Some stop and stare as they see the interlopers.

NATHAN

But that's your Spitfire, yeah?

DANNY

Sort of. I was assigned it just before the surrender. I moved it here in case the war ever kicked off again.

(a bitter laugh)

Seems like a long time ago.

NATHAN

I've logged over 300 hours on a simulator, and my great grandad was in the Battle of Britain, so if you ever need a hand...

DANNY

You were in the air cadets?

NATHAN

Er... No. Flight Sim X on the PC.

DANNY

Ah, okay, right...

Nathan, Alex and Connor's eyes are caught by a gang of GIRLS watching them from the mine entrance. They wear dirty overalls, clutch cans of spray paint.

CONNOR

You the ones who left the message on the stones?

One the girls smiles proudly.

NATHAN

Word of advice; your tagging sucks balls!

LOOKOUT (O.S.)

DRONE! DRONE!

The kids squint up at the clifftop --

-- where the LOOKOUT points north, before ducking under a coracle-shaped hide made of interlaced branches.

All around them, people are doing the same: ducking into shelters, unhooking washing lines, drawing into the shadows.

Danny grabs them and drags them into a shelter...

... as their eyes follow a Drone, nothing more than a tiny dot in the distant blue, a vapour trail curving behind it.

It's soon gone and people resume their daily business.

SEAN

How often does that happen?

DANNY

So often you hardly notice.

146 **INT. MINE - WATCHMAKER'S WORKSHOP - DAY** *

An oil lamp flickers as DONALD, THE WATCHMAKER, a man with a permanent squint and a Roman nose, peers through magnifying glasses and investigates Connor's implant using delicate tools. *

DANNY

On the tenth day of the war, they finally figured it out. I got orders to commandeer the Spitfire.

NATHAN

A Spitfire... against Drones?

DANNY

Mechanical flight system.

More blank faces.

DANNY (CONT'D)

No electronics for the bots to control. They were able to access anything with a microchip... Wiped us out without even firing a shot.

He pauses, disturbed by the memory.

DANNY (CONT'D)

But a Spitfire... well that's just me, the stick, the pedals and some cables. More of a fair fight. But then we got orders to surrender and the radio went dead. I hid the Spit, turned myself in hoped for the best. Then I met Donald here... *

Donald, gently removes Connor's implant, leaving the same empty cylinder that Swann had behind his ear.

WATCHMAKER

You're done, lad. Next!

Connor performs an "in your face" victory dance for the benefit of Nathan and Alex.

NATHAN

Shut up, Connor.

CONNOR

But... I didn't say anything!

Sean steps forward. The Watchmaker's eyes widen when he sees Sean's implant. He raises a magnifying glass, leaning closer.

The implant; a glassy, obsidian disc, black and mysterious...

147 **CLOSE - WAYNE**

His face battered and bruised.

Smythe leans in, their noses almost touching.

SMYTHE

Incitement to riot, breaking
curfew, attacking volunteers...

WAYNE

Yeah. It was a right laugh. Loved
every minute.

SMYTHE

People like you... It's your kind
who made this town such a misery
before the robots came. What does
CHAV stand for? Council Housed And
Violent, that's you isn't it Wayne?

148 **INT. SKYSHIP - NIGHT**

Wayne is strapped into a Deep Scan machine!

*

WAYNE

I always wondered why you hate
people so much, but the kids
explained... Bet your missus got
the shock of her life the day you
decided to grow a pair...

Smythe simmers with rage.

WAYNE (CONT'D)

But killing your son, too... Your
own flesh and blood. Even Saddam
Hussein looked out for his kids.

Smythe starts to lunge forward... but checks himself. He's
not making the same mistake twice.

VZZZZT! A VC OFFICER removes Wayne's implant.

SMYTHE

The robots want to look inside your
tiny little brain. Won't take long.
But I need to be sure the boy is
headed for the camp in Stannum
Valley... Silver Lake.

*

*

Wayne's eyes flicker - *he knows about the rebel camp!*

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

Oh, come on. You really think the robots haven't seen the fires at night? The washing lines? They think they're safe and sound, but their time will come soon enough...

*
*
*

The VC Officer places the "suction pump" against Wayne's head and... VZZZZT! Wayne grimaces.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

And your time... is now. Goodbye, Wayne.

As the Deep Scan begins, Wayne SCREAMS.

Smythe walks along a GANTRY, down a RAMP, revealing more and more empty Scanners.

*

KATE (V.O.)

The scan puts you into a coma -- you're dead within a couple of days. Not that they care, we're like ants to them...

SEAN (V.O.)

It's what they did to Martin. What they started doing to me... It's how they punish criminals.

149 **EXT. RAVINE - NIGHT**

*

A crackling campfire.

KATE

Not just criminals... Everyone. Everybody in the world.

DANNY

You mean... Six, seven billion people? That's crazy.

They're joined by other members of the commune, PEOPLE of all ages. They hand out soup in carved wooden bowls. Connor lays asleep in a foetal bundle.

KATE

One by one they're going to trawl through our brains, looking for new ideas.

*
*
*

ALEX

That's why they're keeping us inside?

KATE

Smythe said it takes them a year to process a billion people. They can't do us all at once.

DANNY

And Smythe knew all along?

KATE

The collaborators won't get scanned... That's what the robots told them, anyway.

Sean stares into the fire. He whispers, almost to himself.

SEAN

Robots never lie.

KATE

Smythe said Australia is pretty much empty. Everybody dead.

Fearful glances between commune people.

DANNY

Well, we're under their radar here. *

NATHAN

But you should see what Sean can do -- finally we get to show 'em our balls!

ALEX

What is it with you and balls?

DANNY

We don't give them a reason to bother us and we won't start now.

NATHAN

But we can start hitting back!

DANNY

I've done my fighting! Done it and lost.

Danny catches a glimpse of Sean looking through the flames; disenchanted, disappointed... Danny looks away.

150 **EXT. RAVINE - DUSK** *

Sean, Nathan, Alex, Connor and a bunch of COMMUNE TEENS play in the lake. *

Pure joy on all their faces - the freedom to play outside. *

Sean splashes Alex - she SQUEALS with delight. Nathan laughs - until Connor pours a bucket of ice cold water over his head. *

Sean catches his breath, glancing up to the...

151 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DUSK** *

Danny and Kate sit on the edge of the cliff, enjoying the cool night air and the KIDS' LAUGHTER echoing from below. *

KATE
I gave up. I'm not proud of it, but
it kind of made things easier. *

DANNY
I know what you mean. *

KATE
Sean, though... never let it get to
him. Never lost heart. *

Danny smiles - impressed and proud.

DANNY
That's my boy.

BOOM! The distant thud of a Skyship breaking the sound barrier as it rises through the moonlit clouds on a bright bead of light.

SEAN (O.S.)
We have to do something.

Kate and Danny pivot round to find Sean standing behind them, towelling himself dry as he looks up into the night sky. *

DANNY
You can't save the whole world,
Sean.

SEAN
What about our friends? Our
neighbours? The kids at our school,
mum? *

KATE
If you're forcing me to choose... I
choose my son. I choose you.

SEAN
You told me that we have to look
after one another, or we're no
better than them. So tell me;
what's changed? *

Kate looks away, Danny lowers his head - they can't answer. *

Sean scowls as he walks away. Danny calls after him: *

DANNY

I'm going hunting first thing.
Nathan's coming. Let me show you
what it's like out here? It's a
good life. You'll love it.

Sean marches on, head down.

152 **INT. MINE - TUNNELS - NIGHT**

Connor, twitching in his sleep, wrapped in a moth-eaten sleeping bag. Nathan and Alex sprawled out on the dusty floor. Kate and Danny swaddled in an old duvet.

Around them are more people, slumbering in their chosen nooks as the moonlight glows through the mine entrance.

Sean is tucked in a dark corner, sleeping by stacks of tinned food.

His eyes are open. He turns his now-removed implant over in his hand, inspecting it closely...

153 **EXT. THE WOOD - DAWN**

The sun rises over the woodland canopy.

154 **EXT. CLEARING - DAY**

Nathan, excited like a kid at Christmas, sits in the front bubble of the Spitfire cockpit, as Danny - bow and arrow on his shoulder - explains the dials:

DANNY

And then on the right, you've got
oil pressure, oil temperature --

NATHAN

Can I pull the trigger, Danny?
Please?!

DANNY

Hmmm. Alright, just this once...

Nathan grips the joystick and pushes the fire button --

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM!

An incredible noise echoes around them.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What the hell was that...?

155 **INT. MINE - TUNNELS - DAWN**

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM!

People clap their hands to their ears - it's like a thousand foghorns blasting at once.

AD LIB CRIES
What's happening?! What is it?!

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM! Another one, louder, closer! Dust and debris begins to fall from the cave ceiling.

Kate sprints to the mine entrance. *

Alex is already there.

ALEX
Uh... this is not good. *

156 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY**

SNIPERS and SENTRIES take position around the clifftop opposite the mine entrance. Two Sentries have loudspeaker attachments at the end of their left arms. *

BLAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM!

A tiny figure strides across the grass and stands at the very edge of the cliff. It's Smythe with a megaphone. Behind him an even tinier figure - Mediator 452.

SMYTHE
Good morning everyone. I've come to give you a chance to save yourselves.

157 **INT/EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY** *

Kate and Alex exchange frightened glances. Connor joins them.

CONNOR
Oh crap.

SMYTHE
Hand over the boy, Sean Flynn...
or you will all die. *

MURMURS from the commune people. Some of them dash inside.

KATE
No!

158 **INT. MINE - TUNNELS - DAY** *

Kate and Alex run after the commune people. *

People turn over sleeping bags, tossing aside bedsheets.

KATE
 This is Smythe, the man I told you
 about. He can't be trusted --

*
 *
 *

Kate and Alex try to hold them back.

ALEX
 Back off!

KATE
 Leave him alone!

COMMUNE MEMBER #1
 There!

He points at Kate who stands guard over Sean's sleeping bag
 - she's armed with a rock.

One MAN lunges forward, but Kate breaks the rock over his
 head!

Alex joins the fray, fighting off all comers, but they're
 quickly overwhelmed by the mob.

A WOMAN gets to Sean's sleeping bag, pulls back the sheet...
 ... to find only rocks piled in a vaguely human form.

COMMUNE MEMBER #2
 Where is he?!

Kate and Alex look on, stunned - they have no idea.

CONNOR (O.S.)
 He said he was going to save the
 town...

The crowd parts to reveal Connor.

CONNOR (CONT'D)
 He said he knew what to do.

159 **EXT. FIELDS - DAY**

Rolling meadows, long grass. Sean marches up a hill, a
 determined look on his face. He runs to reach the top...

He takes something from his pocket - his implant! He tilts
 his head to one side, lines it up and CLICK, it's back in.

160 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY**

Smythe watches as a hand waves a scrap of white cloth
 from the mine entrance.

*

Kate cups her hand to her mouth.

KATE
He's not here!

SMYTHE
What?!

KATE
He's gone. We don't know where.

MEDIATOR 452
Zone Chief Smythe, you guaranteed
that we would have the boy. This is
a costly use of our resources.

SMYTHE
She's lying, Mediator. *
(to Kate) *
Kate, I promise you; if you and
Sean join me you won't be harmed.

Kate boldly steps out from the protection of the mine. *

KATE
Robin Smythe... I'd rather die than
spend another second in your
company. You're not getting me, or
my son!

MEDIATOR 452
The mother is not the priority. We
must have the boy.

Smythe, his cold stare fixed on Kate. Making his choice.

SMYTHE
Very well... Mediator: please
remove Kate Flynn from the immunity
list. She is now a viable target.

A DEEP RUMBLE vibrates the very air.

SMYTHE (CONT'D) *
People do the right thing when *
they're motivated by fear. You'll *
see. We'll smoke the boy out. *

161 **INT/EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY** *

Alex edges out of the cave, eyes widening... A shadow
looms, blotting out the sun.

162 **EXT. RAVINE - DAY** *

THE CUBE - a gigantic block of obsidian, its rockets
ROARING as it moves into position over the mine. *

163 **INT/EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY** *

Alex and Kate stare, terrified. Their faces ashen. Connor holds Kate's hand.

SMYTHE

The Cube will drill into the ground
beneath your feet. Its thermal bore
slices through rock like a hot
knife through butter.

The Cube rattles and the air CRACKS LIKE THUNDER!

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

The ground you stand on will turn
to molten lava. You're going to
die, Kate. Your husband, your son,
and everyone here, because of your
selfishness. This is your last
chance. Hand Sean over, now!

The Cube starts to split open into four equal parts,
exposing the bullet-shaped bore. Powering up to unleash fire
on them all.

An overweight MAN panics and dashes from the mine...

The SCREAM of a diving Air Drone -- BLAM! The man is
incinerated. The siege of the tin mine begins!

164 **EXT. WOOD - DAY**

Danny and Nathan watch in horror from the treeline as the
Cube moves into position over the mine. They can hear
SCREAMS, silenced by the P-TOOM of robot weapons.

Danny grits his teeth as he makes a decision...

DANNY

300 hours on a simulator, right?

NATHAN

You're not thinking what I think
you're thinking?!

Danny grabs Nathan by the scruff of the neck, charging into
the wood. Nathan digs his heels in, forcing Danny to stop.

NATHAN (CONT'D)

I don't want to die a virgin.

DANNY

What about your grandad in the
Battle of Britain? What would he
say?

NATHAN

I made that up! My lot were Irish,
they didn't even fight in the war!

DANNY

I can't do this without you.

He runs on, dragging Nathan with him.

Nathan skids to a halt, twisting Danny round to face him.
Ashen-faced.

NATHAN

I'm full of shit... I admit it.

165 **EXT. FIELDS - DAY**

An AIR DRONE high above, a distant black smudge...

Sean waves his hands and shouts at the top of his voice --

SEAN

HEY! DOWN HERE! COME AND GET ME!!

The Drone continues on its trajectory for a few
heartbeats...

... then it lurches into a dive, its inhuman HOWL getting
louder and louder.

Sean's eyes widen: *is he ready for this?*

166 **SCENE OMITTED**

167 **EXT. CLIFF WALL - DAY**

Two CLIMBERS scale the cliff, the mine far below them.

A laser bolt flashes in -- BLAM! A climber is vapourised. The
second climber scrambles upward in a blind panic and loses
his handhold, tumbling through the air --

BLAM! He explodes into a shower of carbon flakes, in mid-air.

168 **SCENE OMITTED**

169 **SCENE OMITTED**

170 **SCENE OMITTED**

171 **EXT. RAVINE - DAY**

A terrible HOWLING from above --

-- the Cube has finished splitting into four, the inner
core now white hot. CRACKLING, spitting... It's ready.

172 **INT. MINE - TUNNELS - DAY** *

Kate huddles with Alex and Connor. Others around them are doing the same: some weep, others pray. The walls shudder, dust falling from the rock ceiling.

Connor whimpers, clutching Kate.

KATE

It's okay, Connor. Hey, listen to me... Whatever happens today, I'm not scared. I'm not sad. Do you know why?

Connor shakes his head numbly, eyes wide.

KATE (CONT'D)

Because you're with me. Alex is with me. Nathan's safe with Danny, and Sean got to see his dad... For a little while, we - you, me, all of us - we were a family. Not many people have that these days. But we did.

Alex forces a smile, blinking back frightened tears.

173 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY**

A vast SKYSHIP ROARS into view, its engines blasting dirty black fumes downwards. It's hurtling towards the ravine, towards the mine! *

MEDIATOR 452 (O.S.)

His control is sublime. Exquisite.

Smythe's head snaps round to find the Mediator staring at the distant Skyship rocketing towards them.

Smythe shields his eyes, straining to see...

174 **EXT. SKYSHIP - DAY**

Dozens of blade-like "pinnacles" extend from the bow of the Skyship. A tiny figure stands on the longest one --

It's Sean! Arm outstretched like a surfer, steering the ship.

On the tip of the pinnacle, tiny like a whale's eye, is the Skyship's implant, and it blinks in time with Sean's.

175 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY**

Smythe stares, open-mouthed.

An Air Drone rises from the ravine, the downdraft from its engines enveloping Smythe and the Mediator like a hurricane.

176 **INT. MINE - TUNNELS - DAY**

*

CRA-ACK! The ceiling splits - a jagged fissure. The ROAR of the Cube deafening now. People SCREAM.

*

Kate pulls Connor tighter to her. She reaches out to Alex. They hold hands: two grown-ups who know what's coming.

ALEX

I don't want to die. A week ago...
maybe I didn't care. But now --

CONNOR

We're not going to die, are we
Kate?!

KATE

No, sweetheart... We'll find a way,
I promise.

CONNOR

Why won't Mr Smythe believe us?
Sean isn't here!

Kate freezes: a moment of clarity. *She can save them.*

177 **EXT. SKYSHIP - DAY**

The gigantic Skyship thunders on. Sean leans forward, buffeted by the relentless headwind.

The Air Drone screams through the sky, the Mediator hanging from its cannon arm. His face blank, impassive. The Drone arcs in behind Sean and sets the Mediator gently onto the pinnacle.

The Mediator walks forward.

MEDIATOR 452

Sean Flynn... you are a fascinating
phenomenon. We wish to study the
connection you have made with us -
our simulations cannot replicate
it. We offer you and your family
immunity, the home of your choice,
freedom to roam wherever you
want...

Sean's eyes are fixed on the Cube, the wind whipping his hair.

MEDIATOR 452 (CONT'D)

Defy us and we will order an
immediate air strike.

The Skyship RUMBLES as it accelerates towards the Cube.

MEDIATOR 452 (CONT'D)
 There is a 94.6 percent probability
 that the collision will kill you.

SEAN
 You reckon?

MEDIATOR 452
 You are perspiring and your heart
 is beating 124 times per minute. We
 know you are frightened.

SEAN
 Being frightened of something is
 the best reason to do it.

MEDIATOR 452
 Your decision is... foolish.
 Goodbye, Sean Flynn.

The Mediator's implant pulses as he begins to send the
 order to attack!

Sean spins, reaching out --

The Mediator stares, dumbfounded --

Sean jolts as he connects to the Mediator, eyes wide as
 his implant goes into overdrive, flashing and pulsing
 manically --

178 **WHAT SEAN SEES --**

*A huge network of three-dimensional cubes, each
 representing a robot's sensory perceptions: the network!
 Millions of them, all connected. A crescendo of noise - it's
 too much!*

179 **EXT. SKYSHIP - DAY**

Sean spins away from the Mediator and clatters down onto
 the pinnacle, dazed and disoriented, gasping for breath...

His gaze falls on the Skyship's implant -- it flickers --

The engines on the left side of the Skyship blast downward --

-- tipping the colossal Skyship on its axis!

Sean - knuckles white as he clutches the pinnacle! The sky
 spins around him.

The Mediator slips and falls. He clings onto the rotating
 pinnacle, but his fingers give way --

180 **EXT. RAVINE - DAY**

The robot tumbles through empty air - a tiny, distant speck.

He smashes into boulders at the top of the cliff face, his shattered body spiralling onto the rocks below. *

181 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY**

Smythe watches, helpless. He shouts through the megaphone.

SMYTHE
Mediator!

But the Mediator lays still on the rocks.

The row of Snipers and Sentries simultaneously raise their cannons, blasting into the sky.

182 **EXT. SKYSHIP - DAY**

Laser bolts relentlessly pound the pinnacle. Sean clings on for dear life, the ship's tilted angle shielding him.

183 **INT. MINE - TUNNELS - DAY** *

Kate shuffles towards the mine entrance, staring, in a trance. *

ALEX
Kate?

KATE
It's me he's after. Not Sean. *

Kate marches forward, determined now.

ALEX
No... They'll kill you!

KATE
If I give him what he wants, I can stop this now. *

CONNOR
Kate! Come back! *

184 **INT/EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY** *

Kate strides into the clearing, hands raised, white flag held aloft. Alex chases, hesitating at the mine entrance. Connor rushes forward, but Alex grabs him, holds him tight. *

KATE
Robin! Robin....? *

She frowns, tracing the robot laser fire up to the Skyship. She turns to Alex, confused, muttering under her breath.

KATE (CONT'D)
They're not shooting at us...?

Alex seizes the initiative, shouting into the cave --

ALEX
Coast is clear! Everybody out now!

*

CONNOR
Go, go, go!

*

Commune Members start running from the mine.

*

185 **EXT. SKYSHIP - DAY**

The Skyship rockets over the ravine at a 45 degree angle.

Sean clings on by his fingertips as laser BLASTS hammer the pinnacle - it jolts and judders, creaking and groaning.

His feet lose their foothold - his legs swing out, dangling over the ravine hundreds of metres below!

Two DRONES swoop in, keeping pace with the Skyship as they take aim at Sean, their sting-like weapons powering-up --

Sean glares at them defiantly - ready for their worst...

... but they explode into fireballs, tumbling from the sky!

☐ Sean looks up --

186 **EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAY**

A familiar shape spirals out of the morning sun, its 20mm cannons pounding!

187 **INT. SPITFIRE - DAY**

Danny leans on the stick in the rear bubble of the two-seater SPITFIRE, as, in the front, Nathan thumbs the fire button, yelling - his battle cry!

The Spitfire swoops underneath the Skyship, curving in on the row of Sentries and Snipers on the clifftop.

188 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY**

Spitfire bullets RIP and POUND and CLANG through the robots!

189 **EXT. SKYSHIP - DAY**

Sean's implant pulses as the Skyship accelerates towards the Cube, its bulkheads CLANKING and GROANING - ramming speed!

190 **INT. SPITFIRE - DAY**

Danny can't believe his eyes.

DANNY
He's doing it... He's actually
controlling it!

NATHAN
Told you -- he's as mental as you!

191 **EXT. CLIFFTOP - DAY**

The remaining Sentries turn their fire on the Spitfire...

SMYTHE
You idiots! Stay on the boy!

192 **EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAY**

The Spitfire skims the cliff walls, evading laser blasts,
and turns up and around for another run. *

193 **INT/EXT. MINE ENTRANCE - DAY** *

Kate and Alex shepherd people out of the mine as the Skyship
thunders overhead. Connor races in, breathless. *

CONNOR
I've found a path back to the
woods. *

KATE
Okay, follow Connor!

Connor helps an OLD LADY to her feet.

ALEX
That's everyone!

They sprint for safety.

194 **EXT. SKYSHIP - DAY**

Sean steers, concentrating intently...

The Skyship is moments from crashing into the Cube!

Sean turns and pelts along the pinnacle, away from the
imminent collision --

He takes a deep breath...

... and leaps from the Skyship's hull into the empty air!

Legs kicking, arms waving as a shadow flickers over him - AIR
DRONES!

Sean reaches out and makes a connection with one passing --

-- the sensors pulse - a connection! - but it's moving too
fast and the link breaks.

Another DRONE spirals by - one last chance!! He reaches out...

... the lights pulse! Link made! The Drone pitches towards Sean who grabs it, clinging on for dear life as the Skyship spears the Cube's core with an ear-shattering CRUNCH... KA-BOOM! It explodes into a colossal fireball!

Sean commands the Drone to hurtle skyward, escaping the shockwave!

SEAN
WOOOOOOHOOOOOOOOOO!

Pure joy as Sean rides the drone into the clouds!

195 **EXT. RAVINE - DAY**

*

Kate, Alex, Connor and the Commune People peer out from behind jagged rocks.

High in the sky successive explosions consume the Skyship and Cube, debris cascading down... The survivors CHEER!

Kate spins Alex around in a hug, laughing. Connor punches the air, cheering at the top of his lungs.

196 **INT. SPITFIRE - DAY**

Danny and Nathan whoop for joy.

197 **EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAY**

The Spitfire, glinting in the sun, pitches into a celebratory barrel roll.

198 **EXT. STANDING STONES - DAY**

Two Sentries march across the field, heading towards a distant Cube. Smythe limps out of the woods, straight into their line of sight.

SMYTHE
Where...? Where are you going? Take me with you!

SENTRY
CITIZEN - RETURN TO YOUR HOME IMMEDIATELY!

SMYTHE
Authorisation code 97-ZCRS. Help me, please!

The Sentry's implant - now flashing red - pulses as it communes with the network.

SENTRY
THE LOCAL CUBE HAS MALFUNCTIONED.
UNABLE TO AUTHORISE.

A CRACKLE as the Sentry's laser cannon powers into life.

SENTRY (CONT'D)
CITIZEN - RETURN TO YOUR HOME
IMMEDIATELY!

Smythe backs away, into the centre of the circle of standing stones.

SMYTHE
Now, just wait a moment, let me
explain: I am Zone Chief Smythe.

SENTRY #2
YOU HAVE 10 SECONDS TO RETURN TO
YOUR HOME.

SMYTHE
Oh for... Can you see any houses
around here?! How the hell am I
supposed to -- ?!

The Sentry raises its weapon arm. Smythe's really angry now: red-faced with flecks of spit on his lips.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)
Stand down! I order you to stand
down! You must obey me! Don't you
know who I am?!

SENTRY
THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING.

<p>SMYTHE I am Zone Chief Robin Smythe, a loyal subject of the robot empire -- !</p>	<p>SENTRY FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE -- !</p>
--	--

The air around Mr Smythe shimmers and BANG! He explodes into a million tiny carbon flakes. Like a plume of dark smoke, they blow away on the breeze.

Something falls the ground...

... Smythe's little black cube. His promise from the robots.

199

EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY

*

Mediator 452 drags his severed torso along the rocky shore with his remaining working arm.

A shadow falls across him...

CONNOR

Sean! Sean! I found him!

200 **EXT. LAKE SHORE - MOMENTS LATER** *

Nathan, Alex and Connor pin the Mediator down. Sean stands over the broken robot.

MEDIATOR 452

You must desist from interfacing with our network, Sean Flynn.

SEAN

Hold him still.

Sean kneels by the Mediator, closes his eyes and reaches out.

NATHAN

Uh... you sure you want to mess with a Mediator, mate? You're gonna get us nuked. *

SEAN

This one's different. It was like I could see their network... *

Sean's implant goes into overdrive again; flashing and pulsing wildly - the Mediator's too. He's resisting... *

MEDIATOR 452

You -- must -- desist --

... but their implants pulse in time. *

201 **EXT. SEASIDE TOWN - VARIOUS - DAY** *

The sun shines over the sea.

On the roads, robots of all kinds march away from the town.

One by one they judder to a halt, freezing in their tracks. Their implants pulse in time with...

202 **EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY** *

... Sean's! His teeth gritted in concentration.

203 **EXT. SEASIDE TOWN - VARIOUS - DAY**

A frozen Sentry vibrates violently, then - CLUNK-CHUNK-THUNK - folds into a smooth cube! A smaller cube ejects from its body - its power cell!

THUNK, THUNK, THUNK! Other robots shake and fold into cubes, their power cells scattered around them. Empty shells. Dead.

NEIGHBOURS start to peer out from their homes.

- 204 **EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY** *
- The Mediator shudders as he tries to fight back, but Sean is in the zone: intense, focussed, eyes closed. Beads of sweat break out on his forehead. *
- The distant RUMBLE of engines thrusting --
- On the far horizon, the CUBE from a neighbouring zone rises into the atmosphere...
- ... and another, and another. Dozens, hundreds of Cubes, slowly spiral into the blue sky.
- ALEX
Sean, they're leaving!
- SEAN
(breathless)
I know... I can see... everything.
- 205 **EXT. SKIES ABOVE - DAY**
- The Cubes are followed by Skyships, hundreds more climbing through the clouds. Each one, implants pulsing in time --
- 206 **EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY** *
- with Sean's and the Mediator's. Sean's brow furrowed, sweat dripping from his forehead. Eyes tight shut.
- 207 **EXT. LOW EARTH ORBIT OVER THE INDIAN OCEAN - DAY**
- A DOZEN CUBES rise into the stratosphere. One of them falters, its implant pulsing, its core glowing white hot --
- FTOOOOM! It rips apart in a tremendous explosion!
- 208 **EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY** *
- Sean's eyes snap open. He trembles - he didn't expect that.
- Before he loses the link, Sean closes his eyes again and concentrates harder than ever.
- 209 **SPACE - EARTH ORBIT**
- The terminator line between day and night over WEST AFRICA.
- In the night side, thousands of orange blooms appear: explosions rippling across the planet as Cube after Cube is destroyed!
- 210 **EXT. LAKE SHORE - DAY** *
- Alex, Connor and Nathan look on, breath-baited. Sean is exhausted, close to passing out.

MEDIATOR 452

This -- is not -- the end --
robots never -- never --

NATHAN

Robots never lie, yeah... Whatever! *

Alex reaches into the Mediator's exposed torso - a mess of
wires and intricate machinery. *

ALEX *

It's just you don't always tell the
truth, do you? *

She twists and yanks out the Mediator's cube battery. His
implant fades, eyes staring. Still. *

Sean spasms and collapses, rolling onto his back, ashen
white. He and the Mediator lay still, side by side.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Sean? Sean?! Is he breathing?

Connor's already flicking through his Survival handbook.

CONNOR

Give him mouth-to-mouth!

NATHAN

I ain't doing it!

Alex shoves Nathan aside and kneels by Sean, pressing her
lips against his. Not mouth-to-mouth... but a kiss.

Nathan and Connor look at each other... *What the fuck?*

Sean's eyes flicker open. He sits upright, gasping for air.

SEAN

What happened?

ALEX

Look!

Sean struggles to his feet, Alex helping him up. Sean follows
her gaze, his mouth open in awe.

Sean and Alex hand-in-hand, as above them --

-- the bright blue sky is full of Cubes and Skyships, black
smoke trailing as they tumble back to Earth.

The gang hug each other, a chaotic bundle of whoops and high
fives.

The robots are defeated.

FADE TO:

211

EXT. THE CASTLE - NIGHT

A blazing bonfire in the grounds of the Castle hotel. A huge crowd of people dancing and drinking.

Sean wanders, enjoying the joyful mood... A band play acoustic instruments... A deer roasts on a spit... A woman acts out a story for a group enthralled children... A gang of children play tag, racing through the crowd, laughing.

On a table a collection of framed photos, wild flowers heaped around them. Amongst them Morse Code Martin and Wayne, smiling. On another table a crate loaded with freshly picked apples.

Nathan is surrounded by teenage girls. He's grinning, regaling them with a tall tale, miming Spitfire strafing runs.

Danny and Kate bask in the heat of the fire, chatting with a young mother. Connor nestles against Kate, wearing his Viking helmet and tabard. His eyelids droop and she hugs him tight.

Monique fills Alex's glass with moonshine. They toast, Alex glancing over at Sean. Their eyes meet.

Sean touches his lips, half-remembering... *Did they?* Alex smiles, mischievous, and turns away.

Sean's gaze drifts to the bonfire and he follows embers carried upwards on the night breeze, twisting to face away from the party. Eyes on the stars.

The robots' orbital ship inches slowly towards to a full moon.

Together they resemble a pair of glowering eyes...

Sean stares back. Brave. Unbowed. Watching. Waiting.

FADE OUT.

THE END