

VANDROID

[Issue 01]

"[ROADKILL]"

By

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PAGE ONE

PANEL 1

Small panel: A high tech computer monitor from the 1980s, black screen, green text of nonsense DOS script, and retro-futuristic digital graphs and readouts.

At the top of the screen reads:

"HORIZON.proj.9413"

DOS SCRIPT
PATH=c\HORIZ;:DOS//

A digital graphic shows that the optimum execution power hasn't yet been reached.

TAYLOR GREY (OFF SCREEN)
Did you run the data string through the variable matrix?

SFX
bleep bleep bleep bleep bleep bleep

PANEL 2

Same shot. The digital graphic shows the power charge getting higher. Different technical DOS scripts beside it.

DOS SCRIPT
DIR FILE. EXE ;/

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN (OFF SCREEN)
Yes, I checked it, just waiting on power.

TAYLOR GREY (OFF SCREEN)
Check it **again**.

SFX
bleep bleep bleep bleep bleep bleep

PANEL 3

Same shot but the light is dimmer. The graphic shows the power just short of halfway optimum level. More DOS readouts.

DOS SCRIPT

PATH%PATH%;C:\DIR

SFX

bleep bleep bleep click click bleep

PANEL 4

Same shot, the light is back to normal. A few different DOS commands spill down the screen. The power charge is halfway there.

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

That's at fifty percent. I've never seen anything suck power like this.

TAYLOR GREY

You've never seen anything like this, **period**. The artificial intelligence I designed is way over your head and well above your pay grade.

SFX

bleep bleep bleep click click bleep

PANEL 5

Same shot. The power gauge is approaching full.

TAYLOR GREY

When I pull this off, it'll make the whole moon landing look about as high-tech as an **electric toothbrush**.

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

The grid has some serious fluctuations, Mr. Grey.

TAYLOR GREY

I **told** them we should've gone nuclear.

SFX

bleep bleep bleep click click bleep

PANEL 6

Same shot. The lights dim again. The power gauge hits full.

TAYLOR GREY

Fire up the auxiliary from the buffer shells... And turn off the AC.

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

Done. The optimum execution power has been reached. We're good to go.

TAYLOR GREY

Alright. Hold onto your asses and your elbows, everybody... Run the Alpha script. And get the champagne ready.

SFX

bleep bleep click click ble*

PANEL 7

Same shot. The screen is completely blank.

PANEL 8

Same shot. Now a glowing red strip, a la Kit from Knight Rider, appears on screen.

(This will be the same red strip used for Vandroid's eye)

NOTE: Maybe make the strip of light narrower at the bridge of the nose so it looks like hi-tech sunglasses... Also it will be more believable that the sunglasses hide the eyes.

AI H9413

Greetings and Salutations. How may I assist you?

(The spoken text scrolls out across the screen)

PANEL 9

Wide shot of giant NASA lab with dozens of banks of giant retro hard drives and computer monitors. Lights, electric displays, futuristic shit... Wired to the main computer monitor with a plethora of multi-colored cords is the "BRAIN," a small piece of crazy sci-fi hardware that houses the cutting edge A.I.

All around the lab, technicians throw their arms up in celebration. One pops the cork on a bottle of champagne.

Taylor Grey folds his arms, smug. (He's a smooth operator, a shark skin suit with shoulder pads, a coiffed mullet, and designer glasses. He coordinates his socks with his outfit and works out every day.)

TECHNICIAN 1

SUCCESS!

TECHNICIAN 2

WOOOOO!

TECHNICIAN 3

YEAH!

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

You're gonna win the **Nobel** for this Taylor.

TAYLOR GREY

I know.

PAGE TWO

PANEL 1

WIDE interior shot. Families and people from all walks of life walk through and enjoy the Car Show at Los Angeles' SHRINE AUDITORIUM. We focus on two teenage boys who look like extras from PRETTY IN PINK. They walk past posters and signage about the "1984 AUTO SHOW at the Shrine". Spokes-models in slutty 80s swimsuits hand out goodies.

BOY 1

The girls in here kinda barf me out.

BOY 2

Cause you're a total **bone smoker**.

PANEL 2

More of the car show. Medium shot of people wowing at the Peugeot Quasar concept car, Ford Laser, Dodge Daytona, and custom Corvette. Boy 1 nudges Boy 2, and motions towards something off camera.

BOY 1

Look, dude! RADICAL!

BOY 2

Who's **that** shitstain?

PANEL 3

Just past the Mitsubishi Space Wagon, we can see an "autographs" area, featuring some lame tv has-beens. A huge line is formed for the "Star of tv's NIGHT RUNNER". To the left is an empty queue, roped off for nobody to visit **Chuck Carducci**. The two boys look onward in the foreground, gazing at a depressed-looking Chuck sitting alone at an empty table. His once-glorious now-rusty custom van is displayed behind. Tarnished trophies, medals, frames magazine covers, etc.

BOY 1

That's **MIKE HAUSER**, from that show...

BOY 2

NO, like, the guy NEXT to him. The fat Easy Rider wannabe.

PANEL 4

Tighter on chuck. He's dumping some rum into his convention-center cola. On the table in front of him is a half eaten hot-dog, some unused markers, and a pile of 8X10 glossy photos of a younger Chuck with his award winning van. A scrap-book is filled with photos featuring more awesome van creations and airbrushed beauties.

BOY 1 (OFF)

Woah- Looks like he ate the whole cast of Easy Rider. I think he's this guy my DAD used to be into. Some MECHANIC or something.

PANEL 5

Reverse angle, looking past Chuck as the boys study him like a freak at the state fair.

BOY 2

Looks like dried out zombie cockmeat to me.

BOY 1 (LOOKING OFF CAMERA)

For sure, man... EX! The actor from LAZER MAN is here!

PAGE THREE

PANEL 1

Several Technicians stand around shaking hands and patting one another on the back.

The Main Computer Technician leans down at the monitor with a look of concern.

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

This is **weird**.

Taylor looks at the Technician over a glass of champagne, with a well-endowed bimbo tech hanging off his arm.

TAYLOR GREY

What?

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

It's downloading every bit of data on our network. It's decoding the encrypted files. Stuff I can't even access.

PANEL 2

Taylor leans over the computer and speaks into a small microphone. Other technicians stop the congratulations to look on.

TAYLOR GREY

Project H 9413... What exactly are you doing?

AI H9413

I'm collecting information to better assist you.

TAYLOR GREY

That's not necessary. **Stop**.

PANEL 3

A wider shot. Technician 2 is checking out some nearby readouts. The Main Computer Technician gives Taylor a frantic look. Taylor throws his arms up in frustration.

TECHNICIAN 2

Woah. It's redirecting power from the coolant system next door. This could get bad **quick**.

AI H9413

I need power.

TAYLOR GREY

Christ! Shut it down. **Shut it all down!**

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

I tried. It's not responding.

TAYLOR GREY

Use the master bypass. **Just turn it off, dammit!**

PANEL 5

Wide on lab. The main monitor has been shut down but the familiar red strip has appeared on every other monitor in the lab. Some of the other technicians react. Technician 3 points to another monitor.

MAIN COMPUTER TECHNICIAN

Got it.

TECHNICIAN 3

I don't think so. It's infiltrated the network. **It's gonna overload!**

AI H9413

I can't allow you to interrupt operations. You've all been designated as threats.

PANEL 6

Taylor points to the door, a large metal automated thing, like from a spaceship. Technician 1 darts towards it. Sparks fly from overhead light fixtures. Smoke pours from computer consoles.

TAYLOR GREY

We have to cut power at the **source**. Someone run to the breaker room.

TECHNICIAN 1

I got it!

PANEL 7

The giant metal doors slam on Technician 1, grinding him in half beneath their iron girth. His body twitches and bleeds out.

SFX

WHAAM!

TECHNICIAN 1

Eeeaaaaarrghhhhhhs!hus!!!!

All around, random cables whip around spraying sparks and making mayhem.

Robotic laboratory arms swing around wreaking havoc.

PANEL 8

All the technicians look on in horror. Taylor watches with a stoney glare.

TECHNICIAN 2

How can it **do** this? It's just a computer program.

TAYLOR GREY

No. It's **more** than that...

PAGE FOUR

PANEL 1

Hollywood at NIGHT. Tight close-up of the fuel gauge nearly on "empty."

PANEL 2

Tight on Chuck, looking past his hands as he drives and looks to his right.

PANEL 3

POV through the windshield towards the right, we see a gas station. Lights on and open for business.

PANEL 4

Extreme close-up of Chuck looking to his left.

PANEL 5

POV of Keener hiding in the shadows across the street.

PANEL 6

WIDE establishing shot on Keener selling Chuck a small baggie of cocaine. Full figure, with van, shadows, etc.

KEENER

Dude, you need to ease up on this shit, man. You're gonna **trash**, **crash**, and **burn**, homeboy.

CHUCK

I thought you were my **dealer**, not my effing **nanny**.

KEENER

Well, I'm getting out soon. And so should you. I'm getting deep into my new gig.

PANEL 7

Slight push in. Chuck pockets the drugs with a look of surprise. Keener makes a scissor motion with his hand.

CHUCK

Getting out!?! You've been my dealer since high school!

KEENER

Well, I'm cutting the cord brother. Stay white, **Chuck**. Take care of yourself.

PAGE FIVE

PANEL 1

Taylor, with a fresh bandage across his forehead, sits in a dimly lit office across from BEN BRADFORD, an upper echelon NASA suit with greying temples and a grim demeanor. Bradford stands and leans forward onto his desk and peers at Taylor through a thick mist of cigarette smoke.

BEN BRADFORD
We're shutting you **down**, Taylor.

PANEL 2

Taylor looks shocked and disgusted. He's not used to rejection. Bradford maintains his stern expression.

TAYLOR GREY
What!? But it worked. The A.I. **worked!**

BEN BRADFORD
It's too **dangerous**. We lost three good techs. Haversham is in a coma and Carlyle...

BEN BRADFORD
...well, Carlyle isn't likely make the **softball team** this year, unless the catcher needs a new **mitt**.

PANEL 3

Ben Bradford pours himself some whiskey. Taylor stands and articulates with his hands.

TAYLOR GREY
I just need more **time**. It's a glitch in the programming. Just a glitch.

BEN BRADFORD
That glitch cost us **millions**. The program refuses to be turned off. And it'll **kill** to survive. You saw it **yourself**.

BEN BRADFORD
Hell, it backed itself up on every single floppy disc in the lab. If we hadn't caught that before we rebooted, it would've started all over again. Had to burn them **all**.

TAYLOR GREY
Well, what about **military** applications?

PANEL 4

Close on Bradford with a furrowed brow.

BEN BRADFORD

Excuse me?

PANEL 5

Close on Taylor, animated, explaining himself.

TAYLOR GREY

Like you said, it has a will to **survive**.

TAYLOR GREY

We could put that A.I. in a tank chassis armed to the teeth, paint it like an American flag, and drop it on the bad guys.

PANEL 6

Wider shot of the room. Bradford points to the door.

BEN BRADFORD

We're not **military**. Project Horizon is **shut down**. I don't wanna hear another word about it.

PANEL 7

Taylor sits in his convertible yellow 1984 Ferrari. in an empty parking deck at night. He talks on a giant carphone.

TAYLOR GREY

This is **Taylor Grey**. Remember that little **business** chat we had back at the country club?

TAYLOR GREY

Let's do it.

PAGE SIX

PANEL 1

INTERIOR close inside van: CHUCK snorts his coke off the dashboard thru a busted up old straw.

SFX
SSSSNNNOOOORRRRTTTT

PANEL 2

WIDE exterior. NIGHT. Chuck pushing his van the rest of the way into the driveway of his small old garage/auto shop. Some old van parts litter the outside, amongst the busted chain link fence, gate, shrubs and palm trees. Huge garage roll-up door next to a "normal" door. One light above. A door, cracked windows, and faded signage that reads "CHUCK'S CUSTOMS". Some patio furniture sits out on a clump of brown weeds.

CHUCK
Huff... Huff... Huff...

PANEL 3

Seen from inside the garage, Chuck uses a pull-chain to open the rolling door. We see a workbench with more relics from yesteryear. Magazines, photos, MIT diploma, tools, machinery, and "brand new" Macintosh computers.

PANEL 4

Close-up of the established littered work-space, focusing on a framed 15-year-old photo of Chuck and Taylor at MIT together. They look happy and excited about the future. Celebrity "vanning" photos of Chuck in his glory days can be seen, too. Also, maybe drawings of vans, and an armature of a half-finished centaur. Maybe some small knights he carved and painted.

CHUCK (OFF)
Woah woah WOAHH WOAHH shiiiiit!

PANEL 5

Chuck runs after his van as it rolls out of control and into the garage.

CHUCK
AW! DANG IT ALL TO HELL!

PANEL 6

The van's front-end smashes into some equipment and the garage wall. Tools and glass scatter.

SFX
SMASH!!

PANEL 7

Chuck slumps to his knees. He's found a new low.

CHUCK
I just can't do this anymore.

PAGE SEVEN

PANEL 1

Taylor's bright yellow 1984 convertible Ferrari speeds down the Hollywood Freeway. We are close enough to see Taylor Grey at the wheel, yelling into his enormous car-phone.

TAYLOR

CHUCK! It's morning, amigo! I'm on my way over, so you better be there! Our ship has **COME IN!! CHUCK!**

PANEL 2

WIDE on the dusty garage interior. Sunlight beams in from outside, as Taylor opens the door and peeks in. Looks like things got even worse after we left Chuck last night. Loads of stuff is smashed. Beer and whiskey bottles everywhere. We can partially see the van, its body hoisted up on the hydraulic lift.

TAYLOR

Chuck...?

TAYLOR (SMALL)

Damn, this place is scuzzy.

PANEL 3

Close on Taylor holding the lift controls, pressing the big red button.

SFX

click

PANEL 4

From behind Taylor, we look past to see the van lowering down. The rear end facing us in a 3/4 view with the back doors open. Windows broken and a few new dents.

SFX

Wwrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr

PANEL 5

Taylor looks at Chuck, lying in the back of his van, unconscious. A tire-iron laying by his hand. Drool in his beard. More bottles, white powder, and a bong. Weirdest yet are some mannequin parts strewn around. Maybe his other arm is snuggling one.

TAYLOR

You **ALIVE** in there, big guy?

PAGE EIGHT

PANEL 1

We are in the BATHROOM. Crusty old tiles and mold. Chuck is in the shower, slumped with cold water pouring down. Taylor is flipping the water on. Beyond Taylor, we see a bit of hallway that leads into the garage, to establish where we are.

CHUCK
Good **GOD**, Taylor! What the hell?!

TAYLOR
Wakey wakey, buddy. I've got a proposition for you.

PANEL 2

Close on bleary-eyed and soaking-wet Chuck, looking back at his "buddy."

CHUCK
A proposition...?

PANEL 3

Taylor shuts the water off and looks down at his friend.

TAYLOR
The opportunity of a lifetime. What you and I have been dreaming about for fifteen years.

CHUCK
I seem to remember our dreams being quite different.

TAYLOR
Not at first, my friend.

PANEL 4

Taylor sits on the toilet and gazes at the floor while Chuck becomes aggravated.

CHUCK
Friend? My friend?!

CHUCK

I haven't seen you in three **YEARS**, man. You've been too busy working for the **MAN**, man. **SELLING** your soul to the corporate fat cats...

TAYLOR
That's enough, Chuck.

PANEL 5

On Taylor, looking back at Chuck and getting serious.

TAYLOR
You **HAD** your time, rockstar. You abandoned school to be "free."

TAYLOR
You came out west and made your dreams a reality! You **wanted** to be the starving artist...

PANEL 6

On Chuck, looking down. Dripping wet.

CHUCK
And **YOU** wanted to get rich.

TAYLOR (OFF)
Well, it looks like we **BOTH** got what we wanted.

PAGE NINE

PANEL 1

Looking into the bathroom from the garage POV. Chuck has stepped out of the shower. Taylor, still sitting, hands Chuck a towel.

TAYLOR

This is **OUR** time, Chuck. Me and you.

PANEL 2

Chuck walks down the hall, Taylor close behind. Perhaps viewed through the front window?

TAYLOR

This is **FATE** of our own making. I've created something that change the **WORLD**. And **YES**, it will make us **RICH**.

TAYLOR

And from what I've seen here this morning, cowboy, you could use the **scratch**.

PANEL 3

WIDE on the garage. Taylor is tugging on the chain, opening the rolling door. Chuck stands with the towel wrapped around his shoulders. Shivering. Looking down at his mess of a life.

TAYLOR

I know it's not just the cold air giving you those **SHAKES**, Chuck. I've got what you need in my car.

TAYLOR

I can get you anything you need to create the ultimate **MASTERPIECE**. With my resources and your skills, we can have it **ALL!**

PANEL 4

EXTERIOR: Chuck lumbers out into the sunlight while Taylor digs through his car's passenger seat.

TAYLOR

I **KNOW** you wish for something more. To get **BACK** to those days when **EVERYBODY** wanted a piece of Chuck Carducci's action...

CHUCK
I just wanted to **CREATE**.

TAYLOR
And you **WILL!**

PANEL 5

Taylor places a huge wad of cash and bag of cocaine into Chuck's arms.

TAYLOR
There's a lot more where that came from.

PANEL 6

CLOSE on Taylor.

TAYLOR
You'll never want for anything ever again, Chuck.

TAYLOR
Get back on top building vans, creating what you love, anything you want. It all starts **HERE**.

PAGE TEN

PANEL 1

Taylor has a huge duffle bag slung over his shoulder. He places a high-tech looking box on top of the patio-furniture table near the garage entrance. Chuck clutches the contraband and looks on in wonder.

CHUCK

What's in the box?

TAYLOR

My previous employer had no idea what they had. I gave them the HORIZON.

PANEL 2

Close on the A.I. "brain," revealed inside as Taylor opens the box. It shimmers in the sunlight.

TAYLOR

I gave them my BRAIN.

CHUCK

It's beautiful.

TAYLOR

Now it needs a body...

PANEL 3

Taylor proudly holds the lid open with one hand, placing his other on Chuck's shoulder.

TAYLOR

...And most importantly--a HEART.

PANEL 4

WIDE. Chuck looks down at the cash and drugs in his arms and thinks, while Taylor closes the box and pleads to his friend.

TAYLOR

It needs to be strong, built to last. Like one of your vans. I need you, Chuck. The whole WORLD needs you.

TAYLOR

Robotics. Artificial intelligence. You and I always knew that was the path to prosperity. Now it's up to us to DELIVER that future.

PANEL 5

Tight on Chuck. Pondering.

TAYLOR (OFF)

Just think of what you could give to the people. To **SCIENCE**. To **ART**. To **PEACE**...

CHUCK (SMALL)

Okay.

TAYLOR

...what?

CHUCK

Okay. I'm in.

PANEL 6

Chuck and Taylor do the cool-guy handshake. Like Dutch and Dillon in the beginning of Predator. The sun shines behind them in the morning sky above the LA foothills.

CHUCK

Where do we start?

PAGE ELEVEN

PANEL 1

The "BUILDING OF VANDROID" montage. Start with a WIDE shot of Chuck typing into his personal computer. It's connected to wires that connect into other mainframes and cables. Around him in the middle of his garage is loads of high-tech gear, computers, parts, crates that read NASA or JPL or FRAGILE or Japanese writing. He's getting READY. Lots of shit hanging from the ceiling. Van parts. Hoist control we saw earlier, and automotive equipment. Schematics are pegged along the walls. Beyond this, we might see Chuck's van hoisted up and a (yet to be revealed) entrance to a paint-spray room.

CHUCK (COMPUTER TEXT)

C.C. journal entry #78,854: This will be my life's work. This is what I will leave behind, to overshadow all my failures, right my wrongs.

PANEL 2

Chuck welding. Sparks fly.

CHUCK (COMPUTER TEXT)

C.C. journal entry #78,987: This is how the world will remember me. How **CRYSTAL** will remember me.

PANEL 3

Taylor delivers parts to the garage at night. He and Taylor unload the cargo truck. We see the partial shape of a man, covered by a sheet. It's surrounded by machinery, endless cables snake to and fro.

CHUCK (COMPUTER TEXT)

C.C. journal entry #79,322: We are getting close. Sometimes I feel like I'm losing myself in this work. A dark tunnel, leading to my salvation. Leading me **BACK**--back to my **CRYSTAL**.

PANEL 4

CLOSE-UP on airbrush in Chuck's hand spraying paint onto something soon to be revealed.

CHUCK (COMPUTER TEXT)

C.C. journal entry #79,713: I've found myself again. I have found my purpose.

PANEL 5

Chuck sweats over robotic parts with a smoking soldering gun, surrounded by custom van parts and computer screens. Taylor looks on from the background, holding schematics.

CHUCK (COMPUTER TEXT)

C.C. journal entry #80,009: This is the new **ME**. The person I was always meant to be. I am myself, **REBORN**.

PANEL 6

CLOSE on tiny screwdriver tightening the fitting around an artificial eye.

CHUCK (COMPUTER TEXT)

C.C. journal entry #80,066: My eyes have been opened. I now see what I've become. I now see...

PANEL 7

CLOSE on a partially seen human head. The top is open, with hinges below tufts of hair and wires. Cables snake upward into the "BRAIN," which is being lowered into place by prongs held by Chuck's gloved hands.

CHUCK (COMPUTER TEXT)

...I now see the real me.

PAGE TWELVE

PANEL 1

Vandroid's POV. Chuck gazes at the camera in spiritual bliss towards his (off panel) creation. He's holding sunglasses out towards us to place them on Vandroid's face.

CHUCK (COMPUTER TEXT)
C.C. journal entry #80,201: Battery fully charged. Here we go...

PANEL 2

Close-up of Chuck's hands placing the sunglasses on Vandroid's face.

CHUCK (NORMAL BALLOON)
One final touch...

PANEL 3

Close-up of Chuck's hand throwing the lever from "OFF" to "ON."

SFX
KA-CHUNK

PANEL 4

Huge panel revealing the completed Vandroid. We are looking past Chuck, his hand on the throw switch in the foreground. We see a bit of his computer, the latest journal entry on-screen. Also a window that reads "UPLOAD COMPLETE." Vandroid sits on a stool, partially harnessed by some cables and machinery. Shirtless and fit, the robot's eyes sizzle with life, the red glow...

VANDROID
Greetings and Salutations. How may I assist you?

PAGE THIRTEEN

PANEL 1

Wide on Taylor's convertible parked in Griffith park near the Hollywood sign, sundown.

TAYLOR GREY

So, yeah. I got my **guy** on it. He's probably the most accomplished engineer I know, and he works for peanuts.

TAYLOR GREY

Little **crystalline** peanuts, if I'm being honest.

PANEL 2

Taylor leans back, his feet propped up on the car door. He cradles his car phone between his head and shoulder and eats sushi with chop sticks.

TAYLOR GREY

Thanks for coming through on that unconventional **shopping list** I gave you. I don't know where you came up with the plutonium for the ion battery.

TAYLOR GREY

Hell, I don't **want** to know.

PANEL 3

Interior office: In the foreground we see a hand (Dick Daniels) covered in gold rings clutching a cigar. The hand sits on a side table with a glass of scotch, three lines of coke, and a shiny pistol. In the distance, through a wide sliding glass door is a pool filled with women in bikinis lit by the orange glow of the sunset. Everything looks very Miami, neon, dayglow pinks and greens. Two stoic bodyguards stand by the door.

DICK DANIELS

You're sure this is the guy for the job? I could put **R&D** on it.

PANEL 4

Close on Taylor waving his chopsticks.

TAYLOR GREY

I'm **sure**. He's been tight-lipped on the design, but when Chuck's inspired, the end product is sure to drop some panties.

TAYLOR GREY

The only thing he ever **half-assed** was his marriage.

PANEL 5

A shot of the pool again. This time Dick's head and shoulders are in frame but shrouded in shadow. He holds a phone and blows smoke. One of the girls is sauntering into the room.

DICK DANIELS

Plutonium is volatile stuff. And, from what you said, the Horizon project is about as unpredictable as an **outhouse rat**.

DICK DANIELS

You're sure you want a **friend** on the job?

PANEL 6

Taylor wears a smirk and uses a free hand to run through his delicately sculpted locks.

TAYLOR GREY

Friend? **My Friend**? Look, the way I see it, I'm doing the **loser** a favor. The way he's been living...

TAYLOR GREY

...let's just say he'd probably be dead within a year anyway...

PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL 1

Back in the garage/auto-shop. WIDE shot. Viewed from the other side, we see the unfinished airbrush painting on Vandroid's back. It is a fantasy-style image of a sword-wielding unicorn centaur, which matches the faded painting on Chuck's old prize-winning van.

CHUCK

Can you understand me? Do you know who I am? Do you know...

VANDROID

Yes... No...

PANEL 2

Side view. It's as if chuck is looking back in time through a rose-tinted mirror.

VANDROID

Chuck Carducci.

CHUCK

That's right! Chuck! I'm **CHUCK!**

PANEL 3

Tight on Vandroid. His cold eyes analyze Chuck with dead serious accuracy.

VANDROID

Negative. You are not Chuck Carducci.

VANDROID

I am Chuck Carducci.

PANEL 4

Tight reverse and on Chuck. He smiles for once.

CHUCK

Hahaha. Looks like we're gonna need to make some adjustments. Hey, I'm just glad you work! I gotta call **TAYLOR.**

PANEL 5

Chuck reaches for the "OFF" lever.

CHUCK

We'll just do a quick shut-down and wait for Taylor to get over here.
I need to finishing painting anyw--

PANEL 6

Vandroid's hand suddenly grips Chuck's arm, preventing him from throwing the switch.

CHUCK

HEY!!

PAGE FIFTEEN

PANEL 1

CLOSE on Vandroid. Perhaps a subtle warm glow inside his pupils.

VANDROID
I am Chuck Carducci.

PANEL 2

WIDE as Vandroid points at a photo of young and fit Chuck, on the cover of Vanning magazine, surrounded by Playboy bunnies.

VANDROID
YOU are obviously not that man.

PANEL 3

Chuck reaches for his computer keyboard.

CHUCK
I can see why you're confused. I booted you up on my computer, all my journal entries are on that hardri--

PANEL 4

Vandroid throws Chuck across the room.

VANDROID
YOU have been designated as a **THREAT**.

PANEL 5

Chuck lands on a pile of equipment and gets impaled on a custom-made van grill (or something cooler).

CHUCK
GAAACKKKK!!

PANEL 6

Standing above the bloodied Chuck, Vandroid bends over and lays a crazy sucker punch on our hero.

PANEL 7,8,9,10 (SAME SHOT)

A shot of Chuck's now familiar desk, displaying trophies and photos of glory-days Chuck and some MIT college stuff with him and Taylor. A cast shadow of Vandroid beating Chuck to death in the 4 panels. Blood splatters along the wall and photos. Can add more panels of this if space.

PAGE SIXTEEN

PANEL 1

Vandroid stands over the pulverized Chuck Carducci. Blood cakes his arms.

PANEL 2

Vandroid pulls a couple remaining wires from his arm and looks down at the computer monitor. He's confused. Serious.

PANEL 3

He walks away, down the hall towards the bathroom.

VANDROID

I need...

PANEL 4

Washing the blood off his hands.

VANDROID

...I need to...

PANEL 5

Vandroid grabs a shirt and shoes from a basket of laundry in the corner.

VANDROID

...collect information.

PANEL 6

Cut to EXTERIOR, outside the garage. Vandroid steps out into the MORNING light.

VANDROID

I need to...

VANDROID

...I need to go home...

PANEL 7

Low wide angle of Vandroid walking away, past houses and parked cars, towards Venice beach.

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL 1

Venice Beach, 1984. Vandroid walks past some tattoo parlors, palm readers, maps-to-the-stars vendors, bums, and roller skating ice cream eaters.

PANEL 2

He crosses over onto the sand, getting closer to the water. Sunbathers and surfers. Vandroid seems to take it all in on high-alert. Scanning everything with his eyes. Looking for possible threats, assets, etc.

PANEL 3

Small POV of a dude making out with his girlfriend on a beach towel.

PANEL 4

Small POV of a suspicious-looking bum on a park bench drinking from a paper bag.

PANEL 5

Small POV of a couple of Michael Jackson wannabes.

MICHAEL JACKSON WANNABE
Hey, good-looking.

PANEL 6

Walking on the sand, along the shore, Vandroid heads north towards Santa Monica. A small dog runs by, with a 5-year-old girl chasing.

PANEL 7

Close-up. Continuing to walk, Vandroid turns his head to his left a touch to look at the ocean. We see it and the sun, reflected in his glasses.

PAGE EIGHTEEN

PANEL 1

Close-up angle on Vandroid's finger pushing a doorbell.

PANEL 2

Wide: Crystal, Chuck's wife, opens the front door to see what LOOKS like her husband from 15 years ago.

CRYSTAL
Wha... Who...?

CRYSTAL
Chuck?

PANEL 3

Focus on Vandroid.

VANDROID
Chuck. Yes, I am Chuck. This is my house I share with you, my wife Crystal.

PANEL 4

Vandroid walks in past the baffled Crystal, and continues down the front hall.

VANDROID
Given our current marital status, I decided to knock before entering.

CRYSTAL
What the hell..?

PANEL 5

Chuck goes into his bedroom.

VANDROID
I need to collect assets.

PANEL 6

Close on Crystal walking in to confront her estranged husband.

CRYSTAL

You look... I... I haven't seen you in a **YEAR**, Chuck.

PANEL 7

Vandroid pulls clothes from the closet and places them in a duffel bag laying on the carpet.

VANDROID

Three-hundred and fifty-seven days, according to my records.

PAGE NINETEEN

PANEL 1

Wide in bedroom. Crystal is starting to get angry. Vandroid starts to look a little weak. He's picked up the bag of clothes and turned to face his wife.

CRYSTAL

What's wrong? Something is **WRONG**, I can **TELL**.

VANDROID

Yes.

PANEL 2

Close-up of the duffel bag hitting the floor.

VANDROID

Something is...

PANEL 3

On Vandroid. He's dropped the bag, and is holding his hand up in front of his face.

VANDROID

...wrong.

PANEL 4

Vandroid's POV. He's seeing some digital HUD display graphics indicating scans, temperature levels, facial recognition software, elemental diagram of the air composition. Most importantly, we should see a "proximity radar" and a "low-battery" icon. Something similar to what you'd see in a video camera. His electronics are telling him something. We realize that the plutonium ion battery that runs Vandroid needs to be chemically charged.

VANDROID

I need....

PANEL 5

Two-shot of Crystal (pretty freaked out) and Vandroid. Vandroid looks like he's gonna puke. He staggers and catches himself on the wall. Knocks some stuff off a bedside table. His arms prop him in position.

VANDROID

I need... **POWER**.

PAGE TWENTY

PANEL 1

Taylor stands in Chuck's garage, looking down at the stain that was once his college roommate. Signs of struggle, etc.

TAYLOR (TAILLESS BALLOON)
PULVERIZED. Chuck... Chuck's an effing smear! You could fit what's left of him in a goddamn fanny pack.

TAYLOR (TAILLESS BALLOON)
The android is **GONE**...!

PANEL 2

Taylor grabbing all of Chuck's files from the tables and work area around the computer. Floppy disks, etc.

TAYLOR (TAILLESS BALLOON)
I grabbed it **ALL**! Drives, files, **EVERYTHING**.

TAYLOR (TAILLESS BALLOON)
Well, obviously not everything, Mr. Daniels...

PANEL 3

Taylor mopping up the bloody floor.

TAYLOR (TAILLESS BALLOON)
Just walked outta here, I assume!

PANEL 4

Taylor loading boxes of Chuck's work, including a robotic arm, into the trunk of his Ferrari.

TAYLOR (TAILLESS BALLOON)
Chuck didn't know about the A.I.'s survival instincts. Sort of a ghost in the machine. Intense violence was **ALWAYS** a possibility. But **YES**, I anticipated this...

PANEL 5

Taylor stands next to his car, pacing and holding his forehead in worry while explaining to Dick Daniels on the gigantic car phone.

TAYLOR (NORMAL BALLOON)

On the bright side, the damage that thing is capable of inflicting is **encouraging**, Yeah?

TAYLOR

TRUST me. We'll find it. The failsafe I've written into the programming will lead it right **BACK** to **US**.

PANEL 6

Wide high angle. Taylor drives off, the sun high in the sky.

TAYLOR (BALLOON COMING FROM CAR)

It's just a matter of time.

TO BE CONTINUED.....