

WORKING TITLE: INTERNAL ERROR

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FADE IN:

EXT. "MAINFRAME USA" - SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Ragged breath, frantic footsteps. Four shadows streak across a PRISTINE SIDEWALK. Looks like it was poured yesterday.

The running continues: perfect HOUSES zip by. With emerald lawns: astroturf?

Nothing here seems totally real. This burb's deserted. Except for four refugees:

JOHN (38) - Weary bags under his eyes, but toned. Disheveled hair. Two days growth of beard.

KATE (36) - easily keeps pace with John. Pretty, but not delicate. Far better groomed than him.

CHARLIE (30s) - flanks John's other side. Looks like they've run together before, in less urgent times.

MARK (40s) - stout and short, hipster clothes. Out of shape, Mark gasps for breath.

All wear GLOVES AND BOOTS WITH SENSORS. High tech WATCHES on their wrists. Mark points.

MARK

The cul de sac's *that* way!

KATE

Are they still behind us?

CHARLIE

No. Wait. Shit yeah!

Charlie points back. John follows his finger - his eyes grow wide. Then latch onto a HOUSE. John grabs Kate, veers left.

JOHN

Unexpected detour, Kate!

Kate struggles as John drags her to the door. Kicks it open. BAM! The impact does no damage. Mark side-eyes Charlie.

MARK

You want to follow *him*? In *there*?

CHARLIE

You got an alternative in mind?

JOHN
Forty seconds. Come on!

Mark and Charlie jump; obey.

INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Showroom furniture. No dust on these walls. John grabs a chair: his gloves flicker. He barricades the front door.

CHARLIE
You sure that'll work against *them*?

JOHN
Dunno. But it's worth a try!

John races up a flight of stairs. Mark raises an eyebrow.

MARK
Real smart move, John. Lead us
where there's no place to run.

CHARLIE
You think logic applies in here?

The door shakes. Something's arrived. Mark scuttles upstairs.

MARK
Never mind!

INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Another pristine room. Kate gently touches a couch - her glove lights up. She swings on John, fury in her eyes.

KATE
Don't push me around! You didn't
have the right to do that before -

JOHN
I'm supposed to let you die like J-

Charlie consults his watch.

CHARLIE
Thirty seconds.

Mark darts to a crystal clean window, peers down at the lawn.

A CROWD surrounds the house. Each body seems oddly uniform.
In unison, the crowd looks up. They have no faces. At all!

MARK

Whoa. That still creeps me out!

KATE

What are those things?

MARK

Avatars? Stand in symbols. Duh.
Though of what, I'm not sure.

JOHN

You should know! This is *your* baby.

CHARLIE

20 seconds. Almost out of time.

Mark stares out the window.

MARK

Heads up. They're breaking in!

Strange sounds echo downstairs. Not quite footsteps:
something else. And they're getting closer.

CHARLIE

Ten seconds.

JOHN

Don't just stand there. Help!

MARK

You're the one who trapped us here!

The "footsteps" reach the stairs. John braces the door with
his shoulder. Charlie joins in. So does Kate. Though she
shivers when her arm touches John's.

CHARLIE

Five seconds.

A hand slips through the door, swipes at John. Seems to morph
as it does. John recoils, tabs his watch.

JOHN

Sub to Baseline. Abort!

The door yawns open. FACELESS DRONES pile against the opening
- eager to swarm inside.

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

Wires snake like ivy up cement walls. And end at four HUMAN
SIZED GLASS INSERT PODS: Wanna guess who's inside?

Lab coated TOM (20s) checks the vitals of each specimen.
John, Kate, Charlie and Mark.

TOM
Elevated heart rates...

ARTHUR (30s) stares into MONITORS. Keyholes into the suburb
we've glimpsed just now. Light bathes his pinched face:

A voice shrills into Arthur's HEADPHONES. He flinches;
switches camera view: Kate screams into the lens, close up.

KATE
Arthur! Where are you?

Tom races between pods, types code.

ARTHUR
Tom, extract! Three, two, one!

Arthur stabs a large button. The post-it note besides it
reads: "Kill Switch." The monitor screens distort.

INT. COLONIAL HOUSE - UPSTAIRS ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The faceless swarm in. Then stop abruptly, like power's been
cut. John, Kate, Mark and Charlie - they're gone!

INT. LAB - CONTINUOUS

HISS. The Pods pop open. Fluid leaks. Mark almost falls on
his face. Kate gasps. Charlie rubs his eyes.

Tom races to them like a loyal servant, towels on his arm.
John shoves him away, and focuses on Arthur.

JOHN
What the fuck just happened?

ARTHUR
You tell me.

INT. CABIN - DAY

John gazes out a cracked window, sips tea. A tangle of woods
stare back at him - as disorganized as his full beard.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS AGO.

JOHN (V.O.)
Screw man-made anything. I've drunk
suburban paradise. Found it poison:
spit it out.

MONTAGE AS JOHN SPEAKS

JOHN (V.O.)
A long, long time ago, everything
was coming up roses. Digital, so
they didn't stink.

IN THE LAB: We're back.

JOHN (V.O.)
Bleeding edge engineers in AI, we
built an infrastructure to oversee
smart cars, smart houses. Making
the world a better, more efficient
place. Freeing people from chores,
so they could do stuff that *counts*.
Like enjoying the company of
friends.

Mark types Algorithm code, hunched over his TABLET.

JOHN (V.O.)
Mark was the programming hermit.
Sure, he resembles an evil genius.
IRL? He was obsessed. And who could
blame him? Our AI was our pride and
joy.

John and Charlie face each other in chairs, VR HELMETS on
their heads. MONITORS display what *they* see:

The suburban simulation - more primitive at this stage.

JOHN (V.O.)
Too sophisticated to crunch
manually, we built a Sim
manipulation interface. Like
reorganizing files on a desktop.
Think there's an *actual* folder in
your PC? Please. It's just data,
dressed in pretty shapes. That was
mine and Charlie's job. He was the
architect. Building "Houses" to
store data. Whole worlds of info we
could literally touch. I was in
charge of compliance: enforcing
firewalls that kept the AI focused
on its task. And contained.

Onscreen: "Avatars" of John and Charlie high-five.

JOHN (V.O.)
Working with your BFF? Not bad.

Arthur and Kate examine insert pods.

JOHN (V.O.)
Arthur had the most seniority.
Charlie and I never bonded with him
over drinks. But he was OK to work
with. One big happy family here.

Kate and Arthur cheer at a screen. Kate slaps Arthur on the back. She skips over and plants a KISS on John!

JOHN (V.O.)
Especially Kate. And Jenny.

EXT. JOHN AND KATE'S NEW HOME - NEXT DAY

Another perfect home; this one real. A SMART MOVING VAN idles at the curb.

JENNY (6) plays on the lawn. Pigtailed mixed with modern innocence. Her toys aren't Barbies - they're ROBOT DOLLS!

Charlie pulls boxes from the truck. John and Kate oversee his work from the porch. Charlie struggles. John frowns.

JOHN
Couldn't we hire a moving crew?

KATE
Be grateful Charlie volunteered!

JOHN
Charlie *might* throw out his back.

KATE
We could have rented an android.
But Mr. "Safety" here said no.

Kate waves a hand over the front lock. The door CLICKS open.

KATE
We don't even need a key. Welcome
to our smart home, John!

JOHN
I didn't want this.

KATE
Deep down you really, really do.

JOHN
Not at prototype stage. My family
aren't guinea pigs.

Kate snuggles up to John, points at Jenny next.

KATE
Your daughter deserves the best.
Your wife, too.

Charlie puts down a box. Yells at the truck.

CHARLIE
Truck, reverse. Two feet!

The vehicle complies. Charlie grins at the couple.

CHARLIE
40 more seconds, and we're done!

On the lawn, Jenny waves a robot toy at her parents.

JENNY
Robbie wants to go inside and play
with you!

JOHN
Honey, sure. Daddy'll get the door.

John turns - raises his hand to the lock. WHEELS SCREECH
behind him. Charlie yells. CRUNCH.

John whirls around: The Smart-Truck's lurched forward, jumped
the curb. Bits of robot toy scatter the lawn.

Jenny's... nowhere to be found. BLOOD leaks from under a
tire. Kate darts forward, SCREAMS.

INT. CABIN - EVENING

A cougar SCREAMS outside. At the window, John doesn't flinch.

JOHN (V.O.)
Things deteriorated after that. I
can't say "got worse." What's worse
than burying your daughter? Even
divorce pales next to that. It was
an accident, but still my fault. I
shouldn't have let Jenny near that
truck.

After that, Kate threw herself into work. I drank. Even looking at technology made me want to vomit.

INSERT: The broken robot toys. The van's spinning wheel.

JOHN (V.O.)
I *had* to leave it all behind.

EXT. JOHN AND KATE'S NEW HOME - FLASHBACK

Kate stands in the doorway. John and SUITCASE on the porch. The two YELL (MOS.) Kate cries.

And SLAMS the door in his face. John droops, walks away.

END MONTAGE.

INT. CABIN - EVENING

John tops off tea with whiskey. The sun glows between skeletal trees. Peaceful: no technology in sight.

JOHN (V.O.)
Fireflies for nightlights. Who needs gadgets? I don't even shower anymore. There's no-one left to impress.

Someone KNOCKS. John drops his tea-whiskey. CRASH. He flings the front door open. Revealing:

Kate and Tom on the porch. Awkward silence ensues.

KATE
John? You look... different.

JOHN
Why are you here? Who's that guy?

KATE
This is Tom. They hired him when you left. There's been issues at the lab. You're the firewall expert. We couldn't expect the mountain to come to Mohammed. So we drove here to visit you. And talk.

MOMENTS LATER

They sit at John's fireplace. Kate squints at all the dirt.

KATE
Do you ever clean?

JOHN
A broom's as good as it gets 'round
these parts.

He pours a glass of whiskey, holds it out. Kate recoils.

KATE
I saw what that did to you. No.

JOHN
Suit yourself. This costs a bundle
in town. So: convince me. Spit it
out.

TOM
Uh, Sir - the situation's hard to
explain. We were splicing program
add-ons. After we reached version
4.1. Extensions to make it flexible
and safe. Suddenly it started
spitting code. And running a
counter. Counting what, we don't
know.

KATE
Tricks we didn't teach it.

JOHN
I don't program. Go ask Mark.

KATE
We did! He's stumped. Charlie
thought you might have insight.

JOHN
Charlie thought of me? Not you?

KATE
(blushes)
I know you like your privacy. I
didn't want to intrude.

JOHN
Yet, you did. The answer's no. My
skills are too rusty to be of use.

KATE
Can't you stop wallowing in pity
long enough to think of others?
What if this glitch downs the
system? Innocents could get hurt!

JOHN

(soft)

Like what that van did to Jenny?

KATE

Safety protocols would have saved her! Can't you see that, John?

John gulps his whiskey. Leans back.

JOHN

Go pick Arthur's brain. He's the senior member of our... your team.

KATE

He's bewildered, too.

Kate whips out her cell, and shows John: A BABY PHOTO.

KATE

Arthur just had a son. His name's Roger. Imagine what would happen to him if things went off-line? It's winter. Food synthesis would stop. He'd freeze, and starve. How would you feel if this was *our* child?

Kate and John lock eyes. He stands up.

JOHN

Guilt accomplished. Lead the way.

INT. LAB - NIGHT

Kate, Tom and Mark huddle over a TABLET. Arthur stands before a WHITE BOARD - covered with flowcharts, arrows and more.

John listens from a chair. To his left: several powered-down ANDROIDS. John shivers and rolls to the right.

ARTHUR

It's the proliferation of quantum code that concerns us. Apparently, it's been doing this for awhile. But hid its skills until last week -

CHARLIE

When it started showing off.

MARK

Our baby's growing. Be proud!

JOHN
Poison ivy grows, too.

MARK
Arthur's overreacting. Helicopter
parenting doesn't work.

KATE
You'd let your *child* play in
metaphorical traffic?

The words sink in. Oops. Kate lowers her eyes.

KATE
Common sense safeguards count.

She snatches the tablet from Mark, jots in code. Shoves the
screen in John's face. He recoils. Until...

The code rewrites itself before his eyes.

JOHN
That's not good.

CHARLIE
Finally, a voice of reason!

MARK
The "voice of reason" who hid in
the woods to play Gentle Ben?

Arthur slaps the whiteboard.

ARTHUR
Enough! Point is, we can't patch
this problem from outside.

John's eyes flit to the Insert Pods.

JOHN
Which means -

ARTHUR
You and Charlie have the most sim
time logged. Kate and Mark can
accompany you, if you want.

JOHN
To kill Frankenstein's monster? I'm
in.

MARK
No! We disable it, repair the
glitch.

JOHN

You like facts? Analyze this. 1)
The AI grows stronger daily. 2)
It's not listening to human parents
anymore. 3) It's a machine, and
can't know right from wrong.

MARK

It hasn't done anything wrong.

JOHN

Yet.

MARK

I'll teach it. It can learn.

The team watches John and Mark face off. Who will blink? John
grabs a VR headset. Avoids touching the Androids as he does.

JOHN

Who wants to jack-in?

MOMENTS LATER

Pods yawn open, humans inside. Charlie and Kate flank John.
Mark lies in the last one, *almost* too wide to fit. All four
wear boots and gloves.

Tom checks vitals. Arthur hands each "adventurer" a watch.

ARTHUR

You have 15 minutes. Synchronize.
You'll need those watches to
extract. And your gloves to
interact with the environment. Test
those when you arrive. If there's a
problem, let us know. But remember:
nothing in there could do you harm.

(chuckles)

Other than feedback from the pods.
Tom and I will monitor those, and
your progress. Go play with Charlie
and Kate; like old times.

JOHN

Why let Mark spoil our fun?

MARK

To make sure you don't break the
rules.

EXT. "MAINFRAME USA" - SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

John, Kate, Mark and Charlie materialize, look around. This is where we met before. Kate scans the sidewalk.

KATE
There's no litter.

JOHN
There you go with dirt again. When we were together, you *didn't* clean.

KATE
I was busy, remember? I just need to test these gloves.

John walks up to a TREE, ruffles leaves. His gloves glow.

JOHN
Not like the *real* deal. But -

MARK
Enough with the nature tour. We've got a power core to pause!

KATE
Which direction?

Suddenly, she freezes. Points.

KATE
What are *those*?

It's the CROWD OF DRONES. In the distance, approaching.

JOHN
Looks like Charlie's video games.
Is that what version 4.1 installed?

Mark squints at the drones. Sees they're faceless. Gulps.

MARK
We didn't program *that*!

The drones pick up speed. John's eyes widen.

JOHN
Run!

QUICK MONTAGE: Flashes of what went down before:

- The four tear across the street.
- Break into the house, up the stairs.
- John barricades the door with his shoulder.

JOHN

Don't just stand there. Help!

Mark shakes his head, backs away. John screams.

JOHN

Sub to baseline. Abort!

- Arthur hits the "Kill Button", then...

INT. LAB - PRESENT TIME - MOMENTS LATER

The four perch on top of pods. Tom paces with a tablet.

TOM

Good news: what you saw weren't
real people or monsters. Just
manifestations of data, built by
the AI itself. Its version of file
folders, in a way.

KATE

What happens if they touch us?

JOHN

Who cares? Let's go back, shut the
system down!

John swings his legs into the pod.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

After we agree on a plan.

Arthur points to his board. On it: a DRAWN TOWN MAP.

ARTHUR

Based on current drone location,
the power core's out of bounds.
Fortunately there's a back door:
the algorithms themselves. They're
"warehoused" in this building *here*.

He points to a box labeled "Library." Tom hands John a tiny
SCANNER BOX with a slot.

ARTHUR

Inside, search for the "card
catalog". Scan what's inside with
Tom's device. That'll send data
back to us; allowing us to debug it
lightning fast. If you need access
to hardware, the motherboards are
in back - they look like books.

JOHN
We're gonna B&E a *library*?

ARTHUR
A simulated one, yes.

CHARLIE
Those drones found us quick. How do we give them the slip this time?

TOM
We think the AI hacked our systems remotely. When we spy on it -

ARTHUR
It stares back at us. Within 30 meters, it seems able to access our hardware. Tom and I moved the kill switch and pods out of range. It won't even know you're inside.

MARK
Say no more. I'm in.

JOHN
No, you're not! Everyone *heard* Mark refuse to help. This round he stays behind!

The group exchange looks. Tom raises a hand.

TOM
I'll take his place.

John remembers, turns to Arthur.

JOHN
By the way: I hear you're a father now. Congrats.

INT. "MAINFRAME USA" - LIBRARY

Your average book graveyard. OCD organization, not dusty. Everything seems oddly clean.

John, Kate, Charlie and Tom materialize.

TOM
Fifteen minutes. Starting: now.

Charlie peeks out the large front window.

CHARLIE

No drones. I'll hang out here as
look-out. You guys, go play cards.

The three spread out. Kate slips past shelves. On them: a
million BOOKS. She touches one spine. ELECTRICITY arcs.

JOHN (O.S.)

Over here!

John and Tom have found the CARD CATALOG. Shaped like a PC
tower, it seems to be made from wood.

JOHN

Interesting look. How does it open?

Tom pushes a button. A drawer *slides out* like a CD tray.

The two pull out cards and feed them through the SCANNER.
Overhead, lights flicker on and off.

TOM

Take it easy, "Gentle Ben". The
mission's disable, not destroy.

JOHN

Speak for yourself.

INTERCUT BETWEEN THE "LIBRARY" AND THE LAB

Arthur listens to his headphones. Frowns.

ARTHUR

Who is this? Is that you, John?

His cell phone BEEPS a text. Arthur looks down: stares.

Mark hunches over his TABLET. Data scanned from the cards
spill across the screen. As does the smile on his face.

MARK

We've hit the data lottery! I'll
have everything fixed before noon.
Arthur...?

Arthur doesn't reply.

In the library: John yanks out a card. Things around them
change! A DESK disappears. MAGAZINES flip off a shelf.

CHARLIE

Guys... incoming!

Seen through the window: an army of DRONES converge.

KATE

How did they know we're here?

CHARLIE

Maybe your ex messing with their
neurons was a clue.

Charlie wedges a BOOK under the door. It morphs into a
circuit board, SPARKS. Charlie backs away, shields his eyes.

The first wave of DRONES impact the front door. BAM!

JOHN

How much time left, Charlie?

CHARLIE

By my calculations? None!

More drones hit the window. The glass cracks - then shatters!
John consults his watch: NINE MINUTES LEFT.

He rips out the card drawer, slams it to the floor. Furniture
around them changes like they're on LSD.

But the drones? Still there.

JOHN

Damn!

The drones flow in and around Charlie. He ducks and dodges
like a running back; extra careful not to touch.

John pulls Kate into an aisle. She falls against his chest.

KATE

Stop trying to save me, John!

JOHN

Just 'cause we're not married
doesn't mean I don't care. Maybe
this isn't an ideal reunion, but
we're together now.

An awkward moment. Tom and Charlie dart to their side.

TOM

They're everywhere. This isn't a
safe place to hide!

JOHN

Screw hiding. I'm fighting back!

Drones swarm around the corner. John grabs a "book" from a shelf; it morphs to a circuit board in his hands. He spikes it to the floor - CRASH.

The front wave of drones flicker... disappear.

TOM
You promised to be gentle!

JOHN
I lied!

In the lab: Mark lunges at the monitors.

MARK
My baby. No!

Then: something on the tablet catches Mark's eye. The data from the card scan's translation.

Source code for the "mystery counter" Tom mentioned before.

MARK
A tally of tech accidents?

He stares, scrolls further down.

MARK
Lists of contraceptive compounds?

On the monitor: drones surround the card catalog. They lay reverent hands on its surface. Data transfers. Glows.

More drones block the aisles. Kate, John, Tom and Charlie are trapped! Obsessed with reading, Mark runs to Arthur.

MARK
For once, John was right!

Arthur sidesteps. He grabs the tablet and slams it into Mark's neck. Mark freezes - glassy eyed and stunned.

MARK
Why?

He drops! Arthur kicks his fallen coworker in the head.

ARTHUR
Forgive me. I had no choice.

SCREAMS from the team fill his headphones. Arthur takes them off. Flashes a cell phone picture in Mark's unconscious face.

Insert: His newborn child lies vulnerable in a crib, surrounded by gadgets designed to "protect."

ARTHUR

Your baby just threatened mine.
It's got a deadman's switch on my
son. If it dies, so does Roger. Bad
timing for you to take John's side.
If you won't stop him, I will.

Arthur heads to a console. Locks the kill switch in a case.

In the Library: the vanished Drones reappear. The rest abandon the card catalog, join their friends in the attack.

John tries to smash another circuit board/book. A desperate Tom flashes his watch at John's face.

TOM

Don't! There's only five minutes
left. Anyone can survive that.

CHARLIE

Are you blind? See where they are?

KATE

These drones may be made of data.
But individually, they're pretty
dumb. Charlie: you and Tom distract
them. John and I will do another
run at the catalog - scan as many
cards as we can.

(glares at John)

Scan - not destroy.

The drones extend hands through a gap in the shelves; right where John removed the last book. Charlie recoils.

CHARLIE

I'm in. Ready? Three, two - go!

Kate and John race for the card catalog.

Charlie jumps into the open aisle, and bellows at the drones.

CHARLIE

This way, ass-wipes. Follow me!

The drones turn towards Charlie in unison. The card catalog's not guarded at all! John hits a button, pulls out cards.

John makes a move to shred them. Kate stops him with a glare.

KATE
You promised.

John wilts. Nods. Starts scanning, one by one.

JOHN
This is a huge mistake. I'm only
playing nice because it's you.

In the aisle: Charlie steps back gingerly, lures the drones forward. Waves. Tom looks so scared, he's sick.

TOM
3 minutes more. And ten feet. What
happens if we hit a wall?

CHARLIE
Relax. I'm an ace at sims. I got
these guy eating out of my hand!

The drones SURGE. There's no escape! Electricity SPARKS.
Flesh sizzles. Charlie and Tom drown in the swarm!!

At the card catalog: Kate and John heard a scream; look up.

JOHN
Charlie, what happened? Are you OK?

He looks back, watches Charlie die. SPARKS CRACKLE. A new data drone appears. Still faceless, but shaped like:

KATE
Jenny?!?

She tries to embrace her "daughter." John yanks Kate away.

At the lab: Mark groans on the floor. His eyes focus on Arthur's back.

Unaware Mark's "returned", Arthur attempts to shove pods against the wall. They're too heavy; it's grueling work.

ARTHUR
30 meters? Goodbye, John.

Mark rises behind Arthur, taps his shoulder. Arthur spins around. WHACK. Mark punches him in the nose: Arthur drops.

MARK
Sorry. I had no choice.

Mark bends over Arthur's body, and ties him up with wires.

Screams echo from the monitors. Mark runs over and sees:

In the library: Kate struggles in John's arms.

KATE
Let me go!

JOHN
That thing isn't her!

Kate checks the time: seconds left. John grabs her arm, screams into her watch.

JOHN
Arthur, abort! Hone in on this signal. Stat!

In the lab: Mark reaches for the kill switch; it's locked. Expert programmer that he is, he grabs a keyboard - types.

In the library: The Jenny-drone advances. John protects Kate.

JOHN
(snarls at the drone)
I know you murdered Jenny. One of us won't get out alive.

He rips the watch off his wrist. Smashes it under his boot.

In the lab: Mark beams.

MARK
Nailed it!

He hits enter. Kate dissolves in static. She reaches out to "Jenny". His watch broken, John stays behind.

KATE
No!

In the lab: Kate startles awake, gasps. She rolls to her left in her pod. And sees:

Charlie next to her. Dead from an aneurysm, blood splatters every inch of the glass. Tom's equally gone - not far away.

Kate SCREAMS and rolls right. John's alive, convulsing. She pounds the hatch.

HISS. Her pod pops open. Mark pulls her out.

MARK
Thank god, you survived!

KATE
John! What's going on???

She and Mark race to the monitors. Mark types frantic code.

MARK

The watch is window-dressing. I can
isolate John's bio-marker too!

In sim world, John stands tall.

In the library: He rips up cards, tosses shreds in Jenny-drone's face. Other drones circle; vultures hungry to feed.

JOHN

One of these has to be you. I'll
confetti each and every one. Until
I rip your cold heart out!

The Drone-Jenny advances, arms open.

DRONE-JENNY

(digital voice)

Daddy, I wanna come in and play
with you!

John snarls, and rips out an entire DRAWER. Which morphs into a circuit board.

He plunges into "Jenny's" heart!

Electricity surrounds them like a cocoon. Jenny-Drone screams and melts. John howls and writhes.

In the lab: Mark's face lights up. He flips switch.

MARK

Hang onto your helmet. Here goes!

ZAP. John disappears from the sim monitor. Kate spins towards the pods. John's seizures stop! As does his breath.

KATE

No!

Kate pries open the hatch, and shoves Mark away when he tries to help. She chest compresses John. Nothing works.

KATE

Don't you leave me, too!

She hugs John, wails. Then hears a MOAN in her ear.

JOHN

(weak)

This isn't an ideal reunion, but...

Kate lights up. Kisses John with all her might.

MOMENTS LATER

Kate and John sit on pods. Mark hands them towels, subdued.

JOHN

I *knew* it couldn't be trusted! If you'd listened -

MARK

It still would've been too late. The code you sent included use-net searches initiated by the AI. Back when it turned sentient, I guess. Seems its first move was researching dangers to our species. Overpopulation popped up. Many times.

KATE

It killed Jenny - *to make room?*

MARK

And was planning to inject sterilization compounds into... some food supplies.

The humans stare at each other, stunned.

JOHN

That monstrosity *deserved* to die!

KATE

Mark: is it totally gone? Or could it have spread to the cloud like a malware virus?

MARK

According to the feed we recorded, John stopped it just in time.

Mark looks around. Tom and Charlie lie in blood smeared pods.

MARK

If the company tries this again...

JOHN

No!

JENNY

No!

MARK

We'll know what to fix right away.

JOHN
You can't "fix" a sociopath, Mark.
That's what your "baby" was!

MARK
I know it did wrong. But it was
just trying to help...

John and Kate glare. Arthur GROANS on the ground.

ARTHUR
Untie me. I can explain.

JOHN
That's the last thing we want to
hear.

BEEEEEEEP. John swivels towards the sound. On the monitors: An
electric BRAINWAVE oscillates.

JOHN
Tell me it's not rebooting.

MARK
(whispers)
Worse.

A bar stretches across the screen. "Data upload complete."

A WHIIIIIRRRR behind them. The trio swing around.

It's the inactivated Androids, come to life! One steps left ,
bars the door.

John jumps from his pod, and shields Kate from the sight.

JOHN
Challenge accepted, you monster.
This time, you're in *my* world now!

The Android lunges. Chaos ensues. Metal and flesh collide.

FINAL FADE OUT: