

222. HAVE A NICE DAY

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FADE IN.

EXT. COLUMBIA HEIGHTS STATE PENITENTIARY - DAY

The state penitentiary building is in the middle of a city block. The large gray building is solid block with no windows. The only markings are the building are the name above a single black door.

It's late afternoon, the sun is quickly fading.

The door opens.

Out walks FLAGLER. He is a white man in his 30s, clean-shaven, bald, pale skin. He wears a white t-shirt, faded blue jeans and scuffed work boots.

He walks from the door to the edge of the sidewalk. While he's walking, he straps a band with a digital face to his wrist.

A CLEANING BOT rolls up to him. It's waist high and has multiple arms with various cleaning implements at the end of each--mop, broom, dustpan, etc.

CLEANING BOT
222. Have a nice day.

Flagler looks down at the bot, surprised.

FLAGLER
Same to you.

CLEANING BOT
714. Who are you?

Flagler doesn't answer at first.

CLEANING BOT (CONT'D)
714. Who are you?

FLAGLER
(annoyed)
I am former prisoner #17770987,
Flagler.

Flagler holds up his wrist band. His prisoner number flashes across the screen.

CLEANING BOT
715. Why are you here?

FLAGLER

I was released two hours ago.

The Bot stops to process information.

CLEANING BOT

27. Move along. 28. Nothing to see here.

It waves one of its arms.

Flagler stares at the Bot for a few seconds without moving.

FLAGLER

Yeah, thanks.

He walks down the sidewalk and around the corner of the building. The Cleaning Bot goes back to sweeping the sidewalk.

Flagler looks around. He doesn't see anyone else on the street, despite the daylight.

A yellow taxi conveyance pulls up to the curb. The CAB DRIVER BOT turns to him with the crude approximation of a face, as if its creators didn't care enough to finish it.

The rear door slides open. Flagler gets in.

CAB DRIVER BOT

222. Have a nice day.

Flagler shakes his head.

FLAGLER

Yeah, yeah.

CAB DRIVER BOT

722. Where are you going?

Beat.

FLAGLER

Pretty direct for a machine ain't you?

CAB DRIVER BOT

722. Where are you going?

Beat.

FLAGLER

Alright, alright. Hold onto your britches.

CAB DRIVER BOT
2. Negative. 874. This unit does
not have any...

Beat.

A recording of Flagler says:

FLAGLER
(recording)
...britches.

Beat.

CAB DRIVER BOT
722. Where are you going?

Beat.

FLAGLER
Home.

CAB DRIVER BOT
2. Negative. 3. That does not
compute.

Flagler clenches his fists.

FLAGLER
Jeesh, don't be so literal.

CAB DRIVER BOT
1. Affirmative. 722. Where are you
going?

FLAGLER
14336 P Street Northeast.

CAB DRIVER BOT
1. Affirmative.

The door slides shut and the conveyance pulls away from the
curb.

It quickly accelerates to 75 miles per hour.

Flagler stares out the window. He sees bots from time to
time, but not a single human being.

Buildings are closed. Boarded up. Not kept up.

The conveyance slows down and turns onto a side street.

Flagler looks up at the street sign. P Street.

He smiles.

On the same street corner, Flagler watches as a younger version of himself runs down the street, dribbling a basketball.

They drive past a boarded up storefront with a dusty sign that reads "Bennett's Liquor Store."

Flagler watches a younger version of himself run out of the liquor store holding a gun, a bag of cash and a bottle of Jack Daniels.

Flagler's smile fades.

The conveyance pulls up to the curb. Flagler leans forward and holds his wrist band out for the Bot.

CAB DRIVER BOT (CONT'D)
65. That will be...

Beat.

CAB DRIVER BOT (CONT'D)
3... 4... 7... credits.

FLAGLER
Yeah, whatever, just do it.

He shakes his arm at the Bot.

CAB DRIVER BOT
1. Affirmative.

FLAGLER
You know that shit is really annoying?

The Bot scans his wrist band.

CAB DRIVER BOT
1. Affirmative.

FLAGLER
Jeez.

The rear door slides open and Flagler steps out.

CAB DRIVER BOT
222. Have a nice day.

FLAGLER
Yeah, same to you.

The conveyance pulls away.

Flagler looks up at his former home, a modest one-story place with flaking aqua paint and one long front window. The lights here, like everywhere, are out.

He walks up the short driveway to the front door.

He knocks on the door.

No answer.

He walks over to the window and looks in. Nothing moving inside.

He tries the door handle. It's locked.

He looks towards the driveway. He sees the memory of a dirty black SUV pull up to the house.

The younger version of Flagler jumps out of the SUV and runs into the house, still carrying the gun, bag of cash and now half-empty bottle of Jack.

He looks around the neighborhood and notices that there are no lights and no people anywhere.

Flagler takes a few steps down the driveway.

He taps his wristband and waits.

He turns and looks back towards the front door.

Two uniformed POLICE OFFICERS walk the younger version him out of the house in handcuffs.

Seconds later, another yellow taxi conveyance pulls up in front of him.

The rear door slides open and he gets in.

CAB DRIVER BOT

222. Have a nice day.

FLAGLER

Is that all you damn machines can say?

Flagler settles into his seat.

CAB DRIVER BOT

2. Negative.

FLAGLER
Of course not.

CAB DRIVER BOT
722. Where are you going?

FLAGLER
65777 14th Street Northeast.

CAB DRIVER BOT
1. Affirmative.

The conveyance pulls away from the corner.

EXT. 65777 14TH STREET NORTHEAST - MOMENTS LATER

The conveyance pulls up in front of a small white two-story house. The grass in the front yard is overgrown.

CAB DRIVER BOT
65. That will be... 0... 5... 5....

Flagler leans forward and holds his wrist band up to the Bot, who scans it.

FLAGLER
Thanks.

The rear door slides open.

CAB DRIVER BOT
222. Have a nice death.

FLAGLER
Yeah, same to...

Flagler freezes.

FLAGLER (CONT'D)
What did you say?

CAB DRIVER BOT
222. Have a nice day.

Beat.

FLAGLER
Uhh... Thanks.

Flagler steps out onto the street.

The conveyance pulls away. Flagler stares after it for a few seconds.

He walks towards the front of the house. As he gets closer, he notices that the front door keeps trying to slide closed, but something blocks it.

Flagler ducks out of view of the front door.

He slowly makes his way forward, but stops with a start.

A pair of human legs blocks the doorway. The door keeps trying to close, but is blocked by the body.

BLUE MEDICAL BOT (O.S.)
6402. Subject identified as...
Roger... Muir.

GREEN MEDICAL BOT (O.S.)
17861. Move the body.

A BLUE MEDICAL BOT drags the body into the apartment. The cylindrical shaped Bot has long spindly arms and moves on treads.

A GREEN MEDICAL BOT, which looks the same as the Blue Medical Bot, rolls through the doorway.

The Green Medical Bot spots Flagler.

GREEN MEDICAL BOT (CONT'D)
8. Alert.

BLUE MEDICAL BOT
3908. Get him.

Flagler bolts from the driveway.

The bots are too slow and he easily eludes them.

An alarm rings from every computer system in the neighborhood--doors, mailboxes, street lights.

Flagler runs down the street, staying in the shadows, away from the flashing alarms.

Further down the block, he sees several bots headed in his direction.

He turns down a side street.

Off the main street, there are no alarms, no lights, no bots, no humans.

Flagler quickly moves down the street, looking over his shoulder.

He sees several bots approach the intersection and he quickly ducks down another side street.

He looks behind him to see if the bots follow.

They shine lights down the street, but don't see him.

Flagler walks a little further down the dark street.

That's when he sees it.

A small patch of light.

He looks up and sees a pink light bulb above the doorway of a small pub in the middle of the block. A sign above the door says "O'Halloran's."

Flagler walks up to the door.

He looks around, but doesn't see anyone.

He opens the door knob and goes inside.

Once the door shuts, the pink light turns red.

INT. O'HALLORAN'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

Inside is a legit Irish Pub, nothing here for tourists. The room is dimly lit, but the beer mirrors and liquor bottles reflect enough light to make it a little brighter.

At the bar is a large man with reddish-blond hair and rosy red cheeks. This is O'HALLORAN.

Flagler walks up to the bar.

O'HALLORAN

Hey, how's it goin' there cap'n?

He puts an empty glass down on the bar and fills it with Jameson.

FLAGLER

Good.

Flagler lies.

O'HALLORAN

I ain't seen you 'round this neck o' the woods before, I'm sure I'd o' remembered your face.

FLAGLER

Oh, I'm from around the block. I've been away for a while.

Flagler drinks the entire glass of whiskey and sets it down on the bar.

O'HALLORAN

Have you now, cap'n?

FLAGLER

Another. Where I been they didn't have anything stronger than soda.

O'Halloran pours him another glass.

O'HALLORAN

I'd say that's a might bit stronger than your soda.

Flagler swallows it.

FLAGLER

Another.

O'HALLORAN

Alrighty.

O'Halloran pours him another.

O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

I'm guessin' you were mighty thirsty. Or you were tryin' mighty to forget somethin'.

FLAGLER

Yeah, something like that.

O'Halloran pulls a beer from a tap.

Flagler sits on a bar stool.

FLAGLER (CONT'D)

Let me ask you something, Mr...?

O'Halloran hands Flagler the beer.

O'HALLORAN

It's just like the sign says. Name's O'Halloran.

FLAGLER

Okay. Let me ask you something, Mr. O'Halloran.

Flagler takes a sip of the beer.

O'HALLORAN

Shoot.

FLAGLER

What the hell's going on out there?

Flagler waves his hand towards the front door.

O'HALLORAN

Ahh, you must be meanin' the bots.

FLAGLER

Yeah, I mean the bots. What the hell else would I be talking about?

Flagler takes a big gulp of his beer.

O'HALLORAN

Simmer, sonny, simmer.

Flagler finishes his beer.

O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

Let's see, I guess it was about eight months 'go when it started. You know how all the bots is run by that giant supercomputer they got down to the college? Well, a while back it developed a glitch o' some sort.

FLAGLER

A glitch? A fucking glitch? I'll say it's a glitch, they fucking killed my best friend's brother. Hell, you're the first living human being I've seen since I got back from prison.

O'HALLORAN

Prison?

O'Halloran pours another beer. He slides it to Flagler.

O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

Well, whatever. Like I was sayin', the big supercomputer develops a glitch and all the bots start talkin' funny.

FLAGLER

Yeah, they keep saying numbers in front of everything. What's that all about?

Flagler takes a sip of the beer.

O'HALLORAN

Well, as I hear it, the story is that when they was makin' the bots in the first place, you know, programmin' 'em and all, they way they did it was that a bunch of guys at the college sat around and came up with a list of words and sentences and phrases and all that that they thought the bots might commonly say. Then they assigned each word or phrase a number based on the order that they came up with 'em.

FLAGLER

Sounds kind of random.

O'HALLORAN

Well, I guess they had more important things on their minds or somethin'. Anyway, so when this glitch comes around--they got no idea what caused the glitch or nothin'--when the glitch comes around, the bots started sayin' the number that was programmed in for each phrase. You know, like, '1. Affirmative... 2. Negative... and all that.

Flagler takes another sip of his beer.

O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

Yeah, well, if you hold on a sec, I'll get to the rest of it.

FLAGLER

Okay. Sorry.

O'Halloran picks up the bottle of Jameson and pours two shots.

O'HALLORAN

Like I was sayin', the glitch that caused them to start talkin' funny didn't stop there.

(MORE)

O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

Before long, the glitch didn't just make 'em talk funny, it made them act sort o' funny. You know, like, 'funny' violent. That kind o' funny. They started killin' people.

FLAGLER

You got some kind of strange sense of humor, Mr. O'Halloran.

O'Halloran gives Flagler one of the shots. He holds the other up.

O'HALLORAN

Yeah, around these parts, they killed just 'bout everyone and everythin'. Cats, dogs, people. Everthin'.

They take the shot. Flagler sets his shot glass on the counter. O'Halloran pours another.

O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

Now, I'll bet your thinkin to yourself, 'why didn't they kill ol' O'Halloran? If they were killin' everybody else, why didn't they kill the ol' barkeep, too?

The front door opens and two KILLBOTS slowly roll in on their treads. Each of the killbots is a square-shaped killing machine on treads. Each has eight arms, the tip of each is a weapon of some sort--knives, chainsaws, axes, flamethrowers, guns, grenade launchers, everything. One of the killbots is red, the other is black.

O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)

Well, Mama O'Halloran didn't raise no fools. I made myself a deal, you see. I'm smart that way.

O'Halloran takes the last shot.

RED KILLBOT

18738. Move toward the door.

The Red Killbot moves closer to Flagler, who gets up from the stool and backs away.

O'HALLORAN

Use the pool room.

O'Halloran points towards the pool room.

The killbots flank Flagler and slowly force him towards the pool room.

O'HALLORAN (CONT'D)
Yep, Mama O'Halloran made sure all
her sons were sharp ones. We're no
fools.

He turns back to the bar and washes the dirty glasses.

BLACK KILLBOT
18738. Move toward the door.

The Black Killbot nudges Flagler with a gun turret.

Flagler backs his way through the swinging door to the pool room.

The killbots follow.

Flagler looks around. The room is covered in plastic sheeting.

The Black Killbot starts up its chainsaw.

RED KILL BOT
222. Have a nice death.

The killbots follow Flagler into the pool room, the swinging door shuts behind him.

O'HALLORAN
222. Have a nice death. Indeed.

O'Halloran puts the shot glasses back on the shelf.

From the pool room, the screams begin.

EXT. O'HALLORAN'S PUB - CONTINUOUS

The red light above the door turns pink again.

FADE OUT.