

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. A BUSY STREET-NEW MILWAUKEE-DAY

Simon Kazloř, a man in his late 20's with unnatural neon green eyes dressed in a gray long-coat. He walks through the crowds with a focused look on his face; his eyes shifting constantly back and forth, focusing briefly on an individual walking by and then nearly immediately shifting his eyes away to another.

A POV is given and we see the Head-up display of his prosthetic eyes, WHICH scans the faces of several people until he gets a read of an older woman wearing a fur coat and expensive handbag. the display shows that the woman has had multiple expensive cosmetic surgeries.

Simon immediately starts moving towards his new mark, he purposely bumps into her and starts apologizing.

SIMON

Oh- I'm so sorry, are you alright?
Sometimes my eyes sort of crap out on
me so i'm kind of flying blind
(laughs)

As he points to his prosthetic eyes with one hand, the other immediately starts delving into the woman bag as he talks; lifting the woman's credit chit, PDA, and ID card. Which he discreetly stows into his jackets' many inner pockets.

SIMON

I guess that's what I get for cheaping
out on something so important.

The woman, at first confused and somewhat offended by Simons vernacular is taken aback for a moment, she then decides her reaction, scoffing and walking off.

INT. APEIRON INDUSTRIES-OFFICE OVERLOOKING STREET-DAY

A high class droid, **C1-FR (Cipher)** a tall silver droid with copper accents over looks the street through his office window.

CIPHER

Ouroboros?

Ouroboros, an AI program that functions as the building wide secretary appears as a circle on the wall.

OUROBOROS
(over intercom) Yes sir?

CIPHER
Put out a call to the police and tell them there's another pickpocket on our street, forward them any security footage from the past 30 seconds that has that man in a gray coat in view.

OUROBOROS
Right away.

CIPHER
Thank you.

Cipher starts to walk towards a window looking inward towards the rest of the office. many robotic arms assemble droids on many countless conveyor belts, before sending the finished chassis along the line to a sectioned off room labeled "outfitting".

CIPHER
Are we getting those new models today?

OUROBOROS
Yes sir.

CIPHER
What time are we exchanging the older units?

OUROBOROS
In approximately 20 minutes.

Cipher nods, then starts walking out of the office onto the main floor.

INT. APEIRON INDUSTRIES-PRODUCTION FLOOR

Cipher continues on starts walking towards the server room until he slips, cracking his face-plate. He lays on the floor for a beat before he shakily returns to his feet his, posture noticeably different, stops and looks for what he had slipped on and notices blood on the floor coming out from under the door of outfitting. He considers for a moment.

OUROBOROS
C1-FR are you still operational?

CIPHER
Wha- ou-ouroboros?

OUROBOROS

Yes?

CIPHER

What's going on in outfitting?

OUROBOROS

Like we had discussed earlier our replacement models came in today so our engineers are currently outfitting the empty chassis with apeirons unrivaled proprietary processor and A.I. technology. Now back to my initial inquiry, are you fully operational C1-FR?

Cipher continues to stare at the blood until he hears voices from inside, changing his focus to the door.

VAUGHN

Dammit not again, sorry.

GARCIA

I told you to leave that part to me(sigh), every time we go through this without fail you manage to fuck up something In a way I didn't even know was possible.

Cipher continues to look at the door a moment before beginning to opening it.

OUROBOROS

C1-FR cease your current course. you are not cleared to go into processing. If you do not comply I will be forced to report you as uncooperative.

Cipher stops a moment before continuing to open the door

VAUGHN

Look I said I was sorry, people make mistakes.

GARCIA

(sighs) Whatever, just focus I don't want to spend my whole day elbow deep in viscera.

INT. APEIRON INDUSTRIES-OUTFITTING

Cipher begins to make his way into a room filled with tanks of fluorescent blue liquid containing human brains outfitted with various wires, the ceiling is filled with tens of droid chassis lined up. in the center of the room are **Vaughn**, an engineer dressed in an orange jumpsuit and **Garcia**, a surgeon

dressed in a white rubber lab coat with a re-breather. Both are on either side of a suspended droid with the top part of its head removed, showing a brain placed inside. Garcia is on a step stool connecting wires to the brain while Vaughn connects wires from the chassis feeding them through the neck, connecting them to the head, where he cinches a tube that had been leaking blood. Cipher stops frozen in place until he is noticed by the two men.

VAUGHN

What the- C1-FR are you allowed in here?

GARCIA

(whisper shouting) Of course not you fucking idiot, no droids are supposed to be in here period! Their programming shouldn't even be allow them to think about coming inside.

VAUGHN

(whisper) So what do we do?

GARCIA

(whisper shouting) How the hell am I supposed to know, they don't usually brief you on the protocol for an impossibility.

VAUGHN

(whisper) Oh really? I thought you were the all knowing authority on this impossible situation just 10 seconds ago.

Cipher, now not the focus of the two mens' attention begins to back out of the room and starts to unsteadily begins to run down the hall.

GARCIA

(whisper shouting) are you serious right now? this is not the fucking time.

VAUGHN

Well all i'm saying if this situation is apparently impossible under your scenario, maybe he actually is allowed in, he's the highest clearance droid on the planet you know.

GARCIA

OK, I see where your coming from, but being a high ranking droid doesn't magically make you not a droid, and its company policy that no operational

droids are allowed to see this process. If they were, i'd have a Mechanic droid for a partner instead of a fuck up like you.

VAUGHN

Jeez dude, all i'm saying is you didn't even let him answer.

GARCIA

Fuckin- fine, C1-FR are you- what the hell?!

INT. APEIRON INDUSTRIES-WAREHOUSE

Cipher continues to run until he sees a crowd of droids being ushered through a door by several foreman.

FOREMAN

Looks like we have a straggler, come along.

EXT. BACK ALLEY-NEW MILWAUKEE-DAY

The foreman ushers Cipher towards the crowd as they're being lead towards the street, once outside the warehouse is closed behind them. the crowd starts to slowly disperse, wandering aimlessly through the city. he looks at his chest for a brief moment before realization flashes on his face and he opens his chest panel and rips something out of his wiring, sticking it on a nearby droid. Cipher breaks off and starts down an alleyway, he then walks for while before his movement starts to slow to a crawl before stopping completely, collapsing next to a dumpster

EXT. BACK ALLEY-NEW MILWAUKEE-NIGHT

Simon Kazlou hurries down ally, somewhat out of breath as red and blue lights flash by, after a beat he relaxes and sighs. he adjust his coat collar to cover a bit more of his face as he starts down the ally. after a moment he notices Ciphers crumpled form on the ground.

SIMON

What the- no way.

Simon starts to lift the chassis of Cipher and reaches into his pocket to pull out a pda and calls someone.

SIMON

Hey its me.

LUKA
(over phone)
(inaudible)

SIMON
Yeah I know its late, listen can you
do me a small favor? I need you to
pick me up i'm near Lincoln Avenue.
bring something with a truck bed and
some tarps or something.

EXT. STREET-NEW MILWAUKEE-NIGHT

Luka Kazloŭ, a man in his early 20's wearing pajamas and barefoot pulls into the curb driving a faded red truck with a gray comforter in the truck bed. Luka flashes the headlights twice and Simon emerges from the alleyway dragging Cipher.

LUKA
The hell is that?

SIMON
Something expensive I found next to a
dumpster.

LUKA
Neat.

SIMON
Unfortunately its also very heavy, you
think you can help me load it?

LUKA
Nope.

SIMON
Why not?

LUKA
I don't have any shoes on.

SIMON
Wha- why do you not have shoes?

LUKA
I didn't know this was going to be a
whole...

Luka motions with his hand

LUKA
Thing.

SIMON
Stop being such a child and help, I

know I said it was next dumpster but somehow I doubt that's the proper way dispose of something like this.

LUKA
(groans)
Fiiiine.

Luka gingerly steps out of the truck and hobbles over to Simon to load Cipher into the truck bed, then they both cover Cipher with the comforter.

SIMON
Nice tarp.

LUKA
Shut up.

Simon and Luka after closing up the truck bed get into the car and drive off.

INT. LUKA'S HOUSE-NIGHT

Simon and Luka drag Cipher through the door way and drop him onto the floor. The room is a small living room with monitors filling one of the walls, and wires strewn haphazardly across the floor.

SIMON
You think you can plug into it and see what its has in its storage?

LUKA
Maybe, it depends on the model. And just looking at it I can tell its not consumer grade, but I might be able to activate and hopefully we can just ask it.

Luka opens a drawer and pulls a cord out of a spiders nest of other cords, he then walks over and looks over Cipher, finding a port at the base of his neck. He attaches it and plugs the other end into his main console.

LUKA
Most models wont come out of hibernation mode until they're fully charged so we'd have to wait until tomorrow to talk to it. best case scenario its got some corporate secret we can use for blackmail, or its blank and we just scrap it as usual.

SIMON

Sounds good, so youve never seen one like this?

LUKA

Nope, and im pretty sure your not supposed to just dump ones like this on the streets. So im pretty optimistic that this time around we might actually get something more out of it than selling it for metals.

Beat.

LUKA

Im getting pretty tired so Im gonna turn in, your welcome to crash here until we sort this out.

SIMON

Thanks bro.

Luka waves goodnight before walking off and entering a room as Simon stares at Cipher for a beat. He smiles then walks of and lays down on a couch and eventually falling asleep.

INT. APEIRON INDUSTRIES-WAITING ROOM-NIGHT

Garcia and Vaughn sit in an empty waiting room.

GARCIA

I cant believe this shit.

VAUGHN

Which part?

GARCIA

Every part! How the hell did any of this happen? First i'm assigned to to do god damn processing for the fourth year in a row and even worse YOU'RE assigned as my partner.

VAUGHN

Aw man come on...

GARCIA

Then C1-FR waltzes in and just fuckin' stares at us and bolts. And on top of it when I checked the cams for him he snuck out with the older models when warehouse dumped them on the street so who knows where he could be.

VAUGHN

We could try checking the colony's?

GARCIA

Good luck with that, there's dozens throughout the city, it'd be like finding a single needle inside one of fifty haystacks. Plus homeless bots get real cagey when people come around looking for individuals. No, we'd need some way to pin point exactly where he is.

VAUGHN

Doesn't he have a tracker?

GARCIA

Yep, but imagine yourself as a droid; something far smarter than you.

VAUGHN

Dude...

GARCIA

That somehow found a way to break one of the only rules in its programming, and is now on the run from your manufacturers whats the first thing you'd do?

VAUGHN

...Find a way to-

GARCIA

Find a way to remove the tracker exactly, the only way we'd find him now is he somehow was dumb enough to hard wire himself into a Ethernet port, and I don't know about you but I dont rely on others fuckin' up in order to get an edge.

VAUGHN

So whats the plan?

The Garcia ponders for a moment

GARCIA

No idea.

A beat passes

VAUGHN

So we wait for him to-

GARCIA

We wait for him to fuck up, yes.

VAUGHN

What do we tell the boss?

GARCIA

Not "we", I will talk to the boss and try and buy us time to find C1-FR on our own.

VAUGHN

Why not ask him for help?

The Garcia pinches the bridge of his nose in annoyance and takes a deep breath.

GARCIA

Because a fuck up this big even if it isn't technically our faults, The boss wont see that way and will fire us at best and at worst the next time we think about something so stupid it'd be as a CPU.

VAUGHN

Jeez.

GARCIA

Yep, so here's whats going to happen. I'm going to report exactly what hes Expecting to hear, that were finished with processing for today and the new models are primed and ready to be installed at their posts. And what are you going to do?

VAUGHN

(silent)

GARCIA

Exactly.

OUROBOROS

Surgeon 18 and engineer 192, Mr. Roscio will see you now.

Garcia and Vaughn both get up from their seats and enter the office, inside is **Roscio**, a man who looks to be around 40 wearing a black and white buffalo-plaid Zoot suit with a black tie, He has slicked back; pure white hair. He motions the two men to sit down which they tentatively do.

ROSCIO
So gentlemen, is outfitting all done
for toda-

VAUGHN
(panicky and fast)
C1-FR ran away.

GARCIA
Are you real? Am I awake?

VAUGHN
He just sort of came in the room and
he saw us- you know- outfitting one of
the new models with a processor, then
ran away.

Roscio grows a knowing smile.

ROSCIO
Gentleman im well aware, and im also
aware that you two know the position
you're in correct?

The two nod.

ROSCIO
Good, so heres whats going to happen.
im a very generous man, so im going to
allow you two 48 hours to find and
retrieve C1-FR. In return I will allow
you to keep your status. Do you two
understand?

The two nod again.

ROSCIO
Excellent, but in the event you two
fail to retrieve C1-FR, I will be
forced to allow GRELL to fix this
mess.

Garcia face contorts in fear, while Vaughn s expression
doesn't change.

GARCIA
Of course sir, well get on this right
away. You wont regret this.

ROSCIO
I hope so. Your time starts now.

Garcia and Vaughn hurry out of the room, half sprinting through the break room.

INT. LUKA'S HOUSE-DAY

Simon wakes up to a PING noise coming from the other room. He groggily gets up and makes his way to the sound and sees cipher still on the ground, but after a moment other sounds start emanating from cipher's body such as a quiet fan starting, and the mass of metal starts to shift.

SIMON

Heya.

Cipher begins to wake up, and takes a moment to register his surroundings before speaking.

CIPHER

I n-need your help.

SIMON

What do you mean?

CIPHER

yesterday I saw something I don't think I was supposed to, and I need you to take me to the Aon institute.

SIMON

What did you see?

CIPHER

It doesn't matter, I just need you to bring me there quickly, I have a battery leak and I estimate my current maximum charge to be approximately one and a half hours. So I need to get to Aon to get a replacement.

Simon begins to grow a curious expression and smiles.

SIMON

Ok, I'll do it, but only if you promise to tell me everything you know, understand?

CIPHER

Yes, but we must go straight away.

Simon pulls out his PDA and types something out before pocketing it and approaching Cipher.

SIMON

alright, let's head out.

Simon unplugs Cipher from the console and begins to help

Cipher up, and they make their way outside.

INT. CAR-DAY

Garcia and Vaughn sit in absolute silence as the drive through the city. Vaughn shifts uncomfortably for a moment.

VAUGHN

Hey, Garcia?

Garcia remains stone faced staring at the road.

VAUGHN

Look im sorry about what happened but it didn't even really matter because the boss already knew so its kinda like I didn't actually say anything you know.

Garcia still doesn't respond.

VAUGHN

Well anyway, you seem to know that Grell guy the boss brought up, who is he?