

BATTERY LIFE

Written by

Axel Klevenhaus

E-Mail: [axel.klevenhaus@gmx.de](mailto:axel.klevenhaus@gmx.de)

Copyright (c) 2024

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

**EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - NIGHT**

An old VAGRANT pushes a shopping cart down a sidewalk.

The rain has passed, but a drizzle remains. It SIZZLES gently on the olive, military-issued tarpaulin that protects all his belongings in the cart.

He walks carefully, eyes fixed on the ground, trying not to slip on the wet autumn leaves.

Depressing, soviet-era apartment blocks loom over him from both sides of the street.

Dark rain spots on the concrete facades, decaying balconies, pale lights behind stained windows.

A black combat boot stops the cart, then kicks it back into the vagrant. Puzzled, he looks up.

Before him stands a MILITARY POLICEMAN (MP) in a navy blue combat dress and helmet with the white letters "MP" glowing above his eyes and on his armband.

Over his shoulder, further down the road, the vagrant sees a white van, parked on the side of the street. On its side, he reads the name "THRONE" under a logo.

Surrounding it, are navy blue humvees, kitted out for urban use, with flashing blue and orange lights on their roofs.

The wet asphalt reflects their lights into the drizzle mist, that fills the entire street.

On the street and on the opposite sidewalk, three more MPs have assumed position, forming a line.

MP

No passage.

VAGRANT

Huh?

MP

No one gets in or out.

VAGRANT

But i live right over there.

MP

No exceptions.

VAGRANT

I won't tell anyone.

MP  
No. Exceptions.

VAGRANT  
(under his breath)  
Fascist.

MP  
What was that?

VAGRANT  
I was asking when i can go home.

MP  
You can go home once we're finished  
here.

VAGRANT  
Can you tell me, when that's going to  
be? I gotta sleep.

MP  
Well, then you're just gonna have to  
find a bench somewhere else, won't  
you?

The vagrant is stunned.

VAGRANT  
What--

MP  
Fuck off!

The MP kicks the cart into the vagrant again, who stumbles  
backwards.

VAGRANT  
Alright, alright...

As the vagrant retreats, an armored bus approaches behind  
the MP. Stopping next to the van, in the middle of the  
street.

VOICE (MEGAPHONE)  
This is the military police.

Dark shapes appear in the dirty windows.

VAGRANT  
What's going on there?

The MP is still as a statue.

VOICE (MEGAPHONE)  
Sector four is under quarantine.  
Stay in your apartments.  
Keep your ID numbers available.

The vagrant scoffs and turns around to walk back the way he came.

**EXT. BUILDING NO. 12 - NIGHT**

A strike team in HAZMAT suits, kick open the bus door and pour onto the street. Two of the soldiers carry heavy metal boxes.

The van's backdoor swings open and an AGENT in a black rainjacket with the "Throne"-logo on the back jumps out.

The strike team's LEADER approaches him.

LEADER  
So? What have you got?

The agent points at the building they're parked next to.

AGENT  
Building Number 12. Ground floor,  
last apartment on the right. No. 6.  
Still looks inactive. Despite your  
theatrics here.

LEADER  
Looks inactive?

AGENT  
For now. Be careful anyway.

LEADER  
OK.

**INT. APARTMENT BLOCK HALLWAY - NIGHT**

The strike team make their way down the hallway, hugging the walls, kicking down doors, clearing apartments, pulling inhabitants out, sending them out of the house.

No word is spoken.

Neon lights along the ceiling illuminate the rundown interior. Some of them flicker, some of them don't work.

The strike team stop at the last door on the left under a dysfunctional neon tube.

The BREACHER gestures to the team that this is their target.

In the murky, flickering light, we can see that it's Apartment No. 6.

**INT. APARTMENT NO. 6 - NIGHT**

A faraway street lamp lights the fragile face, framed with filthy, brown hair.

It belongs to a young WOMAN in oversized tracksuit pants and windbreaker. Both colorful under a thick layer of grime.

She sits on a stained carpet floor, leaning against the wall. Her eyes are empty, as if she's meditating.

The wall is covered in posters for an anarchist terror group. Leaflets lie strewn around the floor. Some of them still in upright stacks.

She is not alone in the apartment. A couple of people sit and lie on ugly sofas and the dirty floor.

Their skin is grey and spotted red. Clumps of hair are missing from their scalps.

Some of them breathe faintly. Others don't breathe at all.

Hands clasping buckets of vomit, some of it red. Butts sitting in brown puddles.

With a sudden CRACK, the doorframe splinters and breaks, the hinges give in with a weak CREAK.

The light beams of flashlights cut through the thick air.

With a sudden burst of energy, the young woman jumps to her feet. Light beams hit her face.

A feral grimace of panicked rage distorts her face.

BREACHER

It's her!

For a moment, time stands still. Fingers on triggers, guns and flashlights aimed at the small person, alone in a room of death.

Then, with seemingly inhumane strength, she lunges through the closed window.

Muzzles flash, shots CRACK, wood splinters, glass shatters.

The window sill, frame and remaining pane explode into tiny shards, when the bullets hit them.

But their target was gone before they could react.

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT**

The young woman lands on hands and feet on the wet paving stones of a narrow back alley.

Bullets WHIZZ overhead, rip through a hedge and hit the facade of Building No. 11.

Shards of glass, cheap plastic and chunks of mortar rain down on her.

She sprints down the back alley.

Two soldiers jump through the window behind her and land on their feet. One slips on the hedge's leaves, slips and twists an ankle.

HOBBLER

Fuck!

BREACHER

You alright?

HOBBLER

Yes. Get her!

He gets up and starts hobbling after his comrade.

The leader sticks his head out of the window and looks after his men.

LEADER

(into his headset)

She's gone. Back alley. Heading left.

**EXT. HOUSING PROJECTS - CONTINUOUS**

The agent rolls his eyes and kicks the van's tire.

AGENT

Fuck!

He takes off running, down a path along the house towards the back alley, where the hobbling soldier appears.

**INT. APARTMENT NO.6 - CONTINUOUS**

The leader sends the rest of his men through the window.

LEADER  
Well? Go! Go go go!

He stops the last two, the CARRIERS with the boxes.

LEADER (cont'd)  
You two are coming with me.

The carrier points at the inhabitants.

CARRIER  
What about them?

LEADER  
Not our problem. They're done,  
anyway.

**EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

The agent overtakes the hobbler and catches up with the breacher.

They reach a corner.

Behind it, another, longer back alley leads to a crowded street. Ahead of them, the woman sprints towards the street.

The breacher raises his weapon and SHOTS at the woman.

But he misses, and the bullet ricochets off the ground and shatters a window on the first floor of another building.

The agent rams into the breacher, who crashes through a hedge.

AGENT  
There are civilians on the road!  
(into the radio)  
She's heading towards the prospect!

**INT. STRIKE TEAM VAN - NIGHT**

The leader starts the engine of their armored bus. Both carriers sit behind him.

LEADER  
(sarcastic)  
Oh, great! More people.

He grabs the radio.

LEADER (cont'd)  
All units, lock down the prospect.

**EXT. PROSPECT - NIGHT**

The woman shoots out of the back alley onto the sidewalk and crashes into a passerby.

It's the old vagrant, who circled around the quarantine zone.

VAGRANT  
Hey!

They tumble to the ground, toppling his cart.

The tarp rips and spills all of his belongings onto the busy street.

VAGRANT (cont'd)  
Oh no!

On his knees, he scrambles to pick it all up.

The woman is on her feet and running again.

AGENT (O.S.)  
Out of the way!

The agent and the breacher ram into the old man, throwing him forward onto the street.

He hits the asphalt head-first and barely manages to evade an oncoming car.

Lying on the wet asphalt, the old vagrant looks after them with a hateful twinkle in his eyes.

He gets on his knees and spits out.

The armored bus races past him, splashing him with water from a puddle.

VAGRANT  
(yelling after them)  
Fuckin' fascists!

Masses of people stream up and down the sidewalk.

The woman sprints through them, splitting them like a wedge, pushing them aside.



Her pursuers follow in her wake.

But the masses grow too thick. She runs a few of them down, but eventually, she cannot get through them anymore. So she runs onto the street.

WHACK! She's immediately hit by the bus, sent flying through the air before crashing down hard on the pavement and sliding a couple of feet.

The bus comes to a screeching halt and spins halfway around, blocking the road.

The woman struggles to her feet and finds her left arm broken at the elbow and dangling loosely down her side.

She reorientates herself and sees the agent sprinting past the bus, as the leader and the carriers jump out.

On the other side of the street, she spots a metro sign, flickering above the crowd on the sidewalk.

She sprints towards it as if she had never been hit by a bus.

Behind her, the agent draws his gun and aims at her.

AGENT

Stop!

She doesn't listen and disappears in the crowd on the other side of the road.

The agent lets out a frustrated ROAR and picks up his speed again.

At the metro sign, she stops. There are no stairs. Only now she notices the sign, right under it.

It says: "100m". A helpful arrow points the way.

So she keeps running.

Two MP humvees appear on the road beside the metro stairs.

MPs jump out and block the stairs.

The woman ducks below the crowd's eyelevel and keeps running.

The agent burrows through the crowd, close enough so he can see her jumping over the railing and onto the stairs behind the MPs.

AGENT (cont'd)  
(screaming)  
Behind you, you fucking idiots!

They turn around, confused, and run after her.

**INT. METRO STATION - NIGHT**

The woman jumps down the last couple of steps, onto the slick floor, slips and catches herself with her good, right hand.

Then, she runs along the platform.

The agent slips past the MPs, who bulldoze people out of the way. Some of them spill over the edge and land on the tracks.

The woman has paved a way for the agent, so he manages to catch up to her.

At the end of the platform, the woman reaches a heavy metal door with the sign: "MAINTENANCE" on it, and just rips it open.

**INT. METRO MAINTENANCE CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

The agent lunges through the closing door and grabs her by the ankle, taking her down in the maintenance corridor.

The heavy door's mechanism swings it shut and squishes the agent's ribcage, squeezing the air out of his lungs.

She turns and kicks him in his face. His grip loosens and she frees her foot, just as the MPs open the door.

Before she can get back on her feet, an MP lands on her, taking her down again.

She wriggles free and kicks him in the chest, sending him flying backwards landing on the agent, as the breacher and another MP barge into the corridor.

She crawls backwards down the corridor, struggling to get back on her feet with only one arm, but is taken down by the two pursuers, right at the corner of the tunnel.

Around the corner, she can see the train tunnel.

AGENT  
(screaming)  
We got her! Bring the boxes! Quick!

The agent pushes the MPs aside and kneels down on the woman.

AGENT (cont'd)  
Keep holding her down!

He rips the woman's windbreaker and the t-shirt under it apart, as if they're made of paper.

Her torso is covered with rubbery, synthetic skin. She doesn't have nipples or a navel.

There is a fine line from shoulder to shoulder over the collarbones, separating her synthetic skin from the more realistic, organic-looking skin that covers her skull.

The leader arrives with the carriers.

They put the boxes on ground and open them.

Only now, we see the warning symbol for ionizing radiation on one of their lids. The other is a toolbox, marked by a painted-on wrench.

LEADER  
Anyone without a HAZMAT suit, get out now!

A couple of MPs leave.

The carriers pull the agent off the woman.

The breacher and the hobbler keep holding her down.

She fights back ferociously, making it a struggle for both men.

One of the carriers takes a utility knife out of the toolbox and cuts open the woman's torso from beltline to neck.

Her eyes and mouth SCREAM of confusion and terror. She goes limp.

The carrier pries the skin apart, revealing the ribcage.

It's not bone white, but titanium grey. The "THRONE" logo is etched into the sternum. A faint, blueish glow emerges between her ribs.

The other carrier reaches back for to the toolbox and touches the agent's leg, who still remains the corridor.

CARRIER  
Are you crazy? Get out of here!

The leader, who didn't notice the agent was standing right next to him, takes him by the arm, opens the door and shoves him outside.

LEADER

We got her! Go report!

He closes the door.

A carrier unscrews the ribs with an electric screwdriver and takes them out.

The woman is frozen in terror, staring at her open body. Apparently she didn't know she was an android.

In her chest, right where her heart should be, is a leaking nuclear battery.

The carrier takes a pair of tongs, dislodges the battery and pulls it out of her chest. It's still connected to her body by wires.

The other carrier disconnects the wires

The android's face contorts in existential terror...

ANDROID

Noooooooooooo!

...and goes limp. Powering down. Dying.

HOBBLER

Oh god!

CARRIER

It's just a machine...

The carrier places the battery in the lead-lined box and shuts it. With a HISS, the box seals itself airtight.

CARRIER (cont'd)

Phew... Done. Go get the casket.

The breacher and the leader leave through the maintenance door.

The hobbler remains, leaning against the wall, staring at the woman.

The carriers but their tools back into the tool box.

HOBBLER

She's still moving.

CARRIER

Yeah. The fan keeps spinning a little when you unplug it. It'll stop in a minute.

Her head falls to the side, looking around the corner of the maintenance tunnel into the main subway tunnel.

There is a low RUMBLE in the distance, getting louder. The hobbler looks at the android.

Faint, panicked SCREAMS join the rumble from the platform.

HOBLER

(worried)

What's that?

CARRIER

A train...

The RUMBLING grows into a THUNDER as the train passes, blowing his wind through the maintenance tunnel.

The wind hits the woman in the face and blows through her hair.

Her eyelids flutter and shut close.

THE END