



GLITCH

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A finger swipes through photos on a shattered iPhone: a woman with a small child, both happy, selfies, the child on a pony. Next screen is a video. Finger pushes play: buildings ablaze, glowing embers bounce like fireflies off the rubble.

LOW BATTERY blinks across the fragmented screen.

FADE IN:

INT. CHARGING STATION - DAY

A compact room, cables and wires like spaghetti.

SUPER: 2027

MOYA (V.O.)

You've been charging that device
for six years. Do you really think

SEVEN (13 going on 21) unplugs a myriad of wires to find one that fits into the charging port of the iPhone.

SEVEN

Yes, I really do and hopefully it
will be someone coming to break me
out of this prison.

She passes by MOYA (20ish), beautiful, perfectly shaped and wearing a tool belt full of electronic gadgets.

MOYA

There is no one else. You've seen
the drone footage, even though you
broke protocol to do so.

Moya turns and watches Seven exit.

EXT. WASTELAND - DUSK

DRONE'S POV: Round futuro pods all connected together like a patch of mushrooms. We fly away from the pods over a deserted, desolate city reduced to debris.

The drone's steady movement changes to aerobatic maneuvers: a 180 degree reversal, a tailspin, it pitches and rolls like a Blue Angel. A wasteland spinning...so fast that we almost miss a **boy** below.

The drone stalls. Drops. Races down, crashing against rubble.

INT. CHARGING STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Seven bursts into the room. A line of PEOPLE sit against the wall like yuppies at an oxygen bar, except these people look asleep or dead until...

Seven reaches around them one at a time pulling a plug from a port nestled behind their ears.

SEVEN

Get up! Come quick!!

As each robot boots up, they stand, look around disoriented, then follow Seven out of the room.

INT. DRONE COCKPIT CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Panels. Modules. Joysticks. And a large monitor covered in pulverized cement.

Seven tries to convince.

SEVEN

I swear to God, I saw someone out there.

Facing her are three skeptics, Moya, ZHORA and SKY, (ageless and look-a-likes).

ZHORA

Seven, there are none other.

SEVEN

So you're calling me a liar?

MOYA

Disobedient. Defiant. Dissentious.

SEVEN

Determined.

SKY

To do what, crash every drone we have?

SEVEN

You know I'm a better pilot than anyone here. It's just when I saw him

ZHORA

Him?

Zhora looks at Sky and Moya with curiosity.

SEVEN

A boy. A human. Like me. Except he was a he.

ZHORA

We know it is hard for you, but the gamma ray scorched the planet. You are the only...the only...one.

SEVEN

I'm sorry, I've put you all in jeopardy pulling the ports.

Seven bends her head down as if ashamed. She reaches behind her back, feels the control board, pulling a rectangle flash drive out.

MOYA

Sky will retrieve the drone or what's left of it tomorrow.

SEVEN

It's my fault. Let me go.

Moya heads for the exit. The others, including Seven, follow.

INT. SEVEN'S BUNK - NIGHT

The door closes. A locking mechanism can be heard.

CLOCK READS: 0130

On her bunk bed, Seven works between wire cutters, the flash drive and the ancient iPhone cell device.

CLOCK READS: 0500

A faint video starts on the shattered screen. Through intermittent static, Seven watches the footage. A BOY (about 13) turns over hunks of debris and heavy cement, searching.

Her face aglow from the small amount of fragmented light coming off the iPhone screen.

CLOCK READS: 0700

She watches the footage over. Replays.... an idea emerges.

She shimmies off the bunk. Packs a bookbag with clothes.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

With her bag, Seven skulks down the tubular passage.

ZHORA (O.S.)

Seven?

Seven stops. 'Shit!' She throws her bookbag into a closet.

INT. DRONE COCKPIT CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Zhora sits in front of the control panel. Seven walks in.

ZHORA

Why didn't you come for breakfast?

SEVEN

I was...

She pulls out the iPhone.

SEVEN

Playing Candy Crush.

Seven notices something on the big monitor: Sky, dressed in a tight rubber suit, headgear with goggles. Sky rides a motorcycle like *Mad Max* across the wasteland.

SEVEN

I should've been the one to go.

ZHORA

Any time any one of us has to go out, it puts the whole at risk.

SEVEN

But I'm dying to get out of here, so to me, it's worth the risk.

Zhora holds out her hand 'shh'. Then motions to the screen.

ON MONITOR: Sky steps off the bike near the downed drone, she sets the kick stand, but it doesn't work. She tries again a bit harder. It works. But as she steps away, her rubber suit is torn by the rugged brake pedal. Sky begins staggering around, her eyes swell as if they are going to bust through the goggles, and then she drops onto the ground.

Zhora is emotionless. Seven runs out.

Zhora clicks off the monitor and works several dials on the panel board. Her hand stops on an empty drive port. She hesitates, then gets up and walks out.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Zhora walks down the round, tubular hall. Stops by a certain door marked: 7.

She pushes the door but it's locked.

ZHORA

Seven? If you want to talk.

EXT. GROUND LEVEL - SAME TIME

Seven snakes her way through a storeroom chock full of old motorcycles, cars, even a city bus.

She stops next to protective gear hanging on the wall.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zhora runs her card key through the slot but it doesn't work.

ZHORA

Seven? I know you are in there.

Zhora turns to see Moya making her way towards.

INT. GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in a black rubber suit, Seven pulls goggles over her head, adjusts them around her eyes.

She pushes a heavy dirt bike towards the hatch.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Zhora puts her ear against the door. Moya arrives.

MOYA

She has lifted Sky's key card.

Zhora turns, strides away. Moya follows.

INT. GROUND LEVEL - CONTINUOUS

Seven slides the key card through the security lock. The hatch opens to a gray landscape.

She turns the choke button. Kick starts the dirt bike. After two tries, it fires.

EXT. WASTELAND - MORNING

Seven rides the bike erratically across the landscape. It zig zags, putters and backfires across the rough terrain, disappearing in a cloud of dust.

DRONE CRASH SITE

The bike skids to a stop. It remains running while Seven scans the area. 'Is this the place?'

Seven looks back towards the pod station which is barely visible for distance.

She peels off on the bike kicking up a dust cloud.

EXT. DETERIORATING FACTORY - DAY

The dirt bike putters to a halt.

Seven stares up at her surrounding. The oxidized rotting building looks like a dinosaur corpse.

She tries the choke. She tries kick starting. It coughs but doesn't crank.

She gets off the bike, tries the kick stand. No luck, rusted shut. She SCREAMS through her headgear.

She lets the bike fall into the crushed mortar sending up dust again. She kicks the bike, yelling at it.

Kicks it. Kicks it again. Kicks rocks at it. When the dust settles, she can see a rip across her lower pants suit.

She freaks. Staggers around. Screaming louder though muffled.

She pulls her head gear off. Goggles go flying. She screams stammering about until --

-- two ARMS wrap around her, restraining her.

Her writhing and screaming stops.

She turns to see a face. Much like her own, yet masculine.

They stare at each other without words. Seconds seem like minutes until he speaks.

THREE

I am Three.

She is in shock. Is she dreaming? He loses his arms from around her.

She steps back. Feels her face. Looks down at the rip in her protective suit.

And then she looks back at THREE (teen), long hair, hardened skin from wear and tear of the atmosphere.

He touches his chest. And speaks slower.

THREE

My name. Is Three.

SEVEN

I. Understand. English. I thought I was dead. Our master drone operator, ripped her suit and I just watched her die. Well on the screen but it was horrible. I thought I was going to be.

She waves her hands in the air and sinks down. Voice high.

SEVEN

I'm melting! Like the witch. In the

THREE

Wizard of Oz.

SEVEN

(taken aback)
You saw that?

THREE

Of course. It was the only movie

SEVEN

In the station.

They both pause. Something in common.

Three begins to walk away.

SEVEN

Wait. Where are you going?

THREE

To get you some gas so you can go back before they find out

SEVEN

They already know I'm sure.

He turns back.

THREE

Then there's no sense in me getting
you gas.

SEVEN

Because

THREE

Because they won't let you back in.
Unless...

He turns and walks away. She hurries behind, grabs his
shoulder.

SEVEN

What?

THREE

Unless they aren't finished with
whatever experiment they were doing
on you.

SEVEN

What do you mean? They are my only
family. They saved me. They would
never...

He pulls away, walks. She pulls out the iPhone from her
bookbag. Follows him into the

INT. DETERIORATING FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Skeleton of a building. So much rust it looks like blood.

SEVEN

Here. I have proof. My mom. Me.

She powers on the device. Swipes to the 'gallery'.

He turns into an open area where fires are burning in
barrels. A few OTHERS about their same age crouch around.

Three smirks to the Others.

THREE

She has proof.

They all pull out a similar cellular device.

Seven deflates. Confused.

THREE

That's two. Four and Six over there.

The Others nod.

THREE

All of us are just like you. And those god damned robots...

SEVEN

A.I.

THREE

Aren't your family. They're the enemy. Who do you think sent the gamma ray blasting down on us?

SEVEN

So we are what..

THREE

Just a puzzle piece in their galactic game I guess. Who knows.

SEVEN

I'm going back.

He turns and grabs her wrist, pulls her around.

THREE

You can't go back now. They will find us.

He releases his firm grip on her arm. She settles.

LATER

The fire is only embers. All of them, wrapped in worn rags. Sleeping. Except Seven who climbs up quietly.

EXT. WASTELAND - DUSK

Seven stumbles her way across the rugged landscape.

The pod station can barely be seen through the gray haze.

FADE OUT.