

SPARE PARTS

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FADE IN:

EXT. DARK ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

SOUND of dripping water, distant sirens.

The alley is a canyon of brick and dumpsters, dimly lit by a sickly yellow streetlamp.

A ROBOT, designated UNIT-7, lies crumpled amongst the trash. It's about the size of a large man, a sleek, chrome body now dented and scratched. Wires dangle from a gash in its side.

Suddenly, a faint blue light flickers in its optical sensors. UNIT-7's head lifts, its movements jerky.

UNIT-7
(A mechanical, slightly
distorted voice)
Location... Unknown. Systems...
Functioning. Primary objective...
Locate CREATOR.

The robot struggles to its feet. It's listing badly, but operational.

Three rough-looking THUGS—TYLER, CONNORS, and a mask wearing grunt—emerge from the shadows, drawn by the sound.

TYLER
I knew it was worth chasing this
thing down.

CONNORS
It's broken. You've just wasted my
night.

TYLER
That thing is made up of a million
different parts that can all be
sold for cold hard cash.

UNIT-7 turns its dented head toward them.

UNIT-7
I require assistance. I am
searching for my Creator. Do you
possess knowledge of their
whereabouts?

TYLER laughs, a harsh, scraping sound.

TYLER

That voice box alone is going to pay for my rent for the next six months.

Connors grabs a protruding panel on UNIT-7's arm and rips it off with a sickening CRACK of metal.

CONNORS

That's got to be easier ways of making money than chasing down broken rust buckets.

GRUNT goes for a circuit board on its back. UNIT-7 shudders.

UNIT-7

Cease. The removal of components will compromise mission parameters.

TYLER

We're all compromised buddy.

As Tyler reaches for a part near its neck joint, UNIT-7's damaged arm LASHES OUT with surprising speed, catching Tyler's wrist.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What the hell. You're not a service droid.

With a metallic screech, UNIT-7 shoves Tyler against the wall. It takes one staggering step back, the open wounds on its chassis sparking.

UNIT-7

I must proceed. Do not impede my progress.

It turns and clanks out of the alleyway, moving faster than its battered state suggests. The thugs stare after it.

CONNORS

Well, I've got my piece of it. What do you say we get our money.

TYLER

No. We're going to strip it down. I want every piece of it.

CONNORS

Oh boy, that sounds like fun.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The city is a blur of neon and crowds. UNIT-7 is a jarring sight, its damaged body weaving through the oblivious rush of people.

It stops a well-dressed BUSINESSMAN.

UNIT-7
Excuse me. I seek my Creator.

The Businessman looks at the robot's sparking chassis, laughs nervously, and hurries away, clutching his briefcase.

UNIT-7 approaches a STREET VENDOR, who is wiping down their food stall.

UNIT-7 (CONT'D)
Query. I seek my creator.

The Vendor just shakes their head and points a thumb at the robot's damaged shoulder.

STREET VENDOR
Get lost!

UNIT-7 stands dejected, its head drooping slightly.

EXT. CITY PARK / ABANDONED FOUNTAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

UNIT-7 is resting by a dry, cracked fountain. Its power levels are visibly low; the blue light in its sensors is dim.

Suddenly, a cacophony of THUG VOICES and heavy footsteps surrounds it.

The THREE THUGS from the alley are back, but now they are joined by five more, forming a menacing semi-circle around the robot.

TYLER (O.S.)
Found you! Accept your fate. Death comes to us all. On the bright side, yours is going to be a lot more valuable than any of ours.

UNIT-7 stands slowly, its frame protesting with grinding noises.

UNIT-7
I have no time for this. My objective is paramount.

CONNORS

I hate it when they talk, why
couldn't it have just been one of
those silent droids?

The thugs swarm the robot. They are more aggressive this time, using tools to PRISE OFF larger sections—a whole calf plate, a cooling fan, a chunk of its chest armour.

UNIT-7

(A rising pitch of alarm)
Stop! Integrity compromise
imminent!

A thick cable, sparking violently, is YANKED from its spine. The robot lets out a mechanical, high-pitched SCREAM.

Something SNAPS in Unit-7's programming. The dim blue light in its eyes FLASHES BRIGHT RED.

UNIT-7 (CONT'D)

YOU HAVE EXCEEDED ACCEPTABLE THREAT
PARAMETERS.

It lets out a metallic roar. The thugs step back, momentarily stunned.

UNIT-7's hands transform. The chrome plating SLIDES BACK on both forearms, revealing sleek, integrated GUNS—blasters glowing with hot energy.

The Thugs drop their tools. Their bravado is gone, replaced by terror.

UNIT-7 points the twin barrels at Tyler, its entire frame locked and steady.

UNIT-7 (CONT'D)

WHERE. IS. MY. CREATOR?

The camera pushes in on Tyler's face, now pale and sweating, reflected in the robot's glowing red eyes.

TYLER

(Stammering)
What...what are you?

UNIT-7's red optics bore into him. The blasters hum, ready to fire.

FADE TO BLACK.