

Salvage Episode 1

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

SUPER: ARIZONA, USA, JUNE 2099, RAD COUNT: 1200 mSv/hr,
CURRENT OBJECTIVE: (err_sync_data_not_found)

A distant, desolate highway runs parallel to the horizon.

One or two lonely vehicles quietly crumble to rust along the tarmac.

The bleached bones of their drivers and passengers recline on bare springs.

The abandoned hulk of a junkyard dominates the centre of the vista.

High walls of corrugated iron, crowned with barbed wire.

The gates lie open to the dusty road, an invitation for travellers long extinct.

Beyond the gates, piles of scrap metal, old appliances, vehicles and parts of vehicles, form the walls of a jagged metal labyrinth.

EXT. WASTELAND JUNKYARD - DAY

Movement just inside the gate...

Something small and rat-like scurries back and forth, investigating the junk.

SCOPE POV.

Not an animal, a machine! A RATBOT.

It emits inquisitive BEEPS and WHISTLES as it explores.

It pulls a section of motherboard from the pile and turns it over.

A cluster of glowing lenses on its head swivel and focus.

Above the Ratbot, a ROBOTIC ARM telescopes from the junk wall.

The little metal beast freezes, its sensors turning towards the danger.

The robotic arm crashes down on the Ratbot, smashing it to smithereens.

A second arm joins the first, hovering over the Ratbot carcass.

With their clumsy hydraulic digits, they tease apart the wreckage and recover a PROCESSOR.

One arm tosses the broken Ratbot back into the pile.

The other holds up the prize.

Then both arms snake back into the wall, to blend imperceptibly with the junk.

END SCOPE POV.

EXT. WASTELAND RIDGE - DAY

A lone figure lies at the edge of a mesa overlooking the highway.

RONIN (M, 20's) puts aside the scoped automatic rifle he's been surveying the junkyard with.

He stands and slings the rifle.

Clad in sleek, black body armour, moulded plates over flexible mesh at the joints.

Ragged cloak over the armour, hood up like a warrior monk.

Beneath the cowl a full face mask.

- Solid goggles.

- Perforated plate where the mouth and nose should be.

- No visible human features.

Strapped with weapons, spare clips and gear

- Pistol on thigh holster

- Katana on belt

- Belt of twist cap grenades on chest

Ronin descends from the mesa, hopping down the steep, rocky face, agile as a mountain goat.

EXT. WASTELAND JUNKYARD - DAY

Ronin warily approaches the junkyard gates in a half crouch. His armoured left hand grips the pistol, ready to be raised. His right hand rests on the hilt of the katana.

He stands, back to the wall by to the entrance, and leans out to look.

The coast seems clear.

VERY CLOSE on Ronin's boots as he steps across the threshold and pauses.

The RING of steel as his blade is drawn.

The tip of Ronin's katana drops into view, alongside his boot.

A brilliant white glint plays along the cutting edge.

One of the Robot arms erupts from the walls, telescoping forth to punch at Ronin's head.

Ronin bends backwards like a reed, and the arm retracts over his chest.

The second arm makes a grab for his ankle, but receives a quick burst from the pistol.

It too retreats.

Ronin is poised, alert for what will come next.

A forest of arms swarm at him, snapping, darting, lunging.

He's driven back, parrying and slashing.

His katana a flurry of steel and sparks.

Chunks of robot arms fly in all directions, severed by the flashing blade.

He rounds a corner.

Ahead of Ronin, a SENTRY TURRET bursts from the top of the wall, showering junk.

Ronin somersaults backwards, a hail of automatic fire carving a path to him.

He slams back against the corner, out of the line of fire.

A solitary arm comes at him.

With a flick of the blade, its severed hand twitches and sparks at his feet.

Ronin sheathes the blade and pistol, and unslings his rifle.

He leans out of cover, snapping the rifle to his shoulder.

Ronin opens fire.

SCOPE POV:

The turret is hammered with bullets.

It slumps and sags on its suspension, billowing smoke and sparks.

END SCOPE POV.

A SECOND TURRET springs from the wall above him, spraying fire even as it rises.

Ronin darts under its line of fire so he's directly beneath it.

The turret cannot bring its barrel to bear on his position.

It swivels frantically, spewing fire in an arc around Ronin.

Ronin, without even looking up, raises the rifle to point directly above his head.

He looses a burst up through its base, and the second turret crumples on its mountings.

The severed hand at Ronin's feet flips on to its fingers.

It scurries away like a scorpion, trailing a section of telescoping arm.

The sparking end of the arm section snakes around a corner and out of view.

Ronin gives chase.

He stops to take aim with the rifle.

Too late! It snakes around another corner.

Ronin follows, turning the corner into...

EXT. WASTELAND JUNKYARD - CENTRAL COMPOUND - DAY

Ronin skids to a halt in a large, clear area, immediately aware of the trap he's sprung.

The centre of the area is dominated by a large mound of junk, piled up around a CRANE.

At the foot of the mound, two ROBODOGS rise on point, alert.

At the four corners of the compound, TURRETS spring to life and train their barrels.

The Robodogs hurtle at him, as all four turrets pour converging streams of bullets at Ronin.

He leaps high into the air as the Robodogs and bullet streams pass under him.

At the apex of his leap, behind Ronin, the mound shudders, junk tumbling from it.

In a crescendo of screaming metal, a great shape coalesces within the junk mound...

The JUNKYARD BOSS: A thrashing, flailing animated hill of robotic junk.

Ronin lands and immediately rolls to the side.

A tentacle of junk shoots from the mound like a battering ram, narrowly missing him.

Bullets chew up the yard in all directions around him as the turrets rain fire on Ronin.

He comes up in a crouch and is hit in the flank by one of the Robodogs.

His rifle skitters away with the impact.

Ronin and the Robodog roll, and he comes up holding it like a shield.

The Robodog snaps and struggles.

Turret fire shreds its back.

Ronin whirls about and with both hands, hurls the Robodog wreckage into one of the turrets.

Robodog and turret are consumed in a fireball.

Ronin has no time to rest and sprints back across the yard.

He keeps the mound between him and the back two turrets, so he only has to dodge oncoming fire from one turret.

The remaining robodog hotly pursues him.

Its pursuit is interrupted as one, two Boss tentacles slam down in front of it, trying to swat Ronin but missing.

Ronin weaves under the turret's line of fire and scales the wall in two bounds.

Below him, the robodog catches up and jumps in vain at the wall, unable to scale it.

Ronin gets behind the turret and grabs the weapon.

He flexes, the weave beneath his arm plates bulging.

With a SCREECH of protest, the gun is torn from its mount, trailing wires and a section of ammo belt.

Holding it at his hip, Ronin trains the heavy weapon on the turret opposite

The other turret comes to bear and opens fire a fraction of a second after Ronin.

He empties the weapon's remaining rounds into the other turret, pulverising it.

When he's out, Ronin contemptuously hurls the useless weapon at the Robodog beneath him.

The Robodog bounds to the side to avoid the thrown wreckage.

The final turret, diagonally opposite comes to bear.

Ronin flips from atop the wall, drawing katana and pistol as he jumps.

Tracers streak overhead, but he's already below the level of the central mound, out of the line of fire.

He lands in a crouch a few metres behind the Robodog.

It spins and charges.

Ronin strides forward to meet the charge, firing his sidearm.

Bullets glance off its armour plating.

It leaps, just as Ronin casts aside the pistol.

He meets the lunge with a two-handed katana blow that neatly bisects the Robodog.

The two halves sail past Ronin, cut edges glowing, to land in a heap behind him.

The light goes out in the Robodog's lenses.

Ronin bends to retrieve his pistol, but is swept off his feet by a tentacle of junk.

The junk coils around his waist, crushing, and drawing him in.

He stabs his katana into the mass, but it is wrenched from his grasp by the writing metal.

He is inexorably pulled towards the flailing mass at the centre.

A great vortex, like a yawning mouth, parts before him.

A swarm of robotic arms erupt around the mouth to encircle him, their pincers CLICKING.

Ronin discerns a dim light at the bottom of the yawning maw.

It blinks within the cabin of the crane.

The side of the crane cabin bears the legend: A.R.M. -
AUTONOMOUS RECLAMATION MODULE

As he's drawn slowly towards it, Ronin wrestles the grenade belt from his torso.

He twists the cap on the topmost grenade.

The ARMING LIGHT winks on and a rising BEEPING refrain issues from the explosives.

He hurls the whole belt down into the cabin.

The maw closes on it.

Then the whole hill EXPLODES.

Ronin is tossed clear amid an avalanche of junk.

He hits the ground and rolls left, then right, burning metal raining all around.

He checks his roll just in time.

The katana slams point first into the deck, right in front of his face.

Then it's over.

The final turret retracts its barrel and is quiescent.

Ronin picks himself up, and dusts off debris.

Starting with the katana, he collects his scattered weapons.

He clambers up the wall to the deactivated final turret.

He pries open the panel housing its targeting lens.

Ronin regards the spherical object in his palm.

He undoes a catch on the side of his face mask, flipping it open to reveal...

Ronin is an android!

He detaches the lens from his right eye, and replaces it with the lens from the turret.

He fastens the mask back in place, and hops down from the wall.

EXT. WASTELAND HIGHWAY - SUNSET

Ronin follows the highway into the sunset.

END.