

DECAPITARIUM 3-D

by

PJ Hruschak

ver. 3-2

INT. NIGHT. LAB.

HANS and DR. WILKINSON attend DR. MRS. WILKINSON, who is hooked to machinery and strapped to a seat. DR. WILKINSON adjusts electrodes attached to DR. MRS. WILKINSON. HANS looks at the readings on the control panel.

DR. WILKINSON

How are you feeling, Dr. Mrs. Wilkinson?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Ok.

DR. WILKINSON

Are you ready to make history?

DR. MRS WILKINSON

Yes.

HANS

The system is ready, Dr. Wilkinson.

DR. WILKINSON returns to the control panel.

DR. WILKINSON

Looks like readings are nominal. We're going to start off slow at 1200. (cont.)

DR. WILKINSON pushes a slider to about 10%. Lights on the machine begin to cycle.

DR. WILKINSON (CONT.)

Anything?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

No, nothing yet.

HANS

1500?

DR. WILKINSON

We're going to take it to 1500. Nice and easy.

HANS

Input is stable.

DR. WILKINSON

You should be feeling some stimulation by now.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

No. Wait. Oh, yes. I think it's working.

HANS

Are you ready for some more?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Yes, definitely.

DR. WILKINSON

We don't want to push it. This equipment is untested.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I'm fine. We need to get definitive results.

HANS

2500?

DR. WILKINSON

We're going to 2500. How are you feeling?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Good. Actually, really good.

DR. WILKINSON

I'm not sure I like these readings.

HANS

Stimulation input is nominal.

DR. WILKINSON

Look at the serotonin level. It's going off the chart.

HANS

Is that a problem?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

It's not a problem.

DR. WILKINSON

Ok, we're going to 3000. Let me know if you start to feel something strange.(cont.)

DR. WILKINSON pushes the slider. The equipment sparks.

DR. WILKINSON (CONT.)

The power drain is too much. I'm shutting it down.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

No. We're almost there!

DR. WILKINSON

We can't risk it!

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I'm aware of the risk. We need to go all the way.

HANS pushes the slider to 100.

DR. WILKINSON

Hans, what are you doing?

The equipment sparks some more. The lights flicker.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Oh, yes!

DR. WILKINSON

The levels are rising too fast! We're losing the dampeners!

HANS

Levels increasing to 10,000.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I'm definitely feeling something now. Wow.

DR. WILKINSON

Attenuation is not responding. I can't slow it down!

Alarms sound. The equipment smokes.

HANS

15,000

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Ok, it's starting to get a little weird.

DR. WILKINSON

We've got to shut it down!

HANS

20,000! Dr. Wilkinson, it's not taking
the shutdown code!

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Whoo! Yeah, maybe shutdown.

HANS

It's running itself!

Arcs of electricity shoot from the equipment.

DR. WILKINSON

I'm pulling the power!

DR. WILKINSON runs to a bank of cables hooked into the wall
and pulls on them.

HANS

Levels still rising! 35,000! We can't
contain the reaction!

DR. WILKINSON pulls on the cables. They are melting into
the sockets.

DR. WILKINSON

No!

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Honey, I love you.

In a shower of sparks, the cables pull free. DR. WILKINSON
falls backward, behind a desk. The equipment explodes.

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. LAB

The windows are blown out by a fireball.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. LAB

DR. WILKINSON stands and surveys the chaos. Equipment is on
fire. Smoke is everywhere. HANS is dead, with a piece of
shrapnel in his forehead. The chair is destroyed. DR.
WILKINSON slumps against a shelf, distraught. DR. MRS.

WILKINSON'S head falls from the shelf into DR. WILKINSON'S lap. He screams.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. SAMANTHA'S ROOM

A Tiny ROBOT sparks and smokes.

NORMAN

Shut it down!

NORMAN pulls cables out of the ROBOT. SAMANTHA grabs a fire extinguisher and sprays the ROBOT.

SAMANTHA

At this rate, we'll never make the stupid science fair.

NORMAN

A minor setback. We just need to shield the fold-back transformer better.

SAMANTHA

I'm going to fail this class.

NORMAN

No, you're not.

SAMANTHA

I am so bored with this, anyway.

NORMAN

What? No! I can't finish this without you.

SAMANTHA

Sure you can.

NORMAN

No. I actually need your help to design the electronics. I don't have your skill. I signed on to this project with you because you could help me.

SAMANTHA

You're sure that's the only reason?

NORMAN

Well, now that you mention it...

JIM appears in the doorway. He wears a Pitt County deputy uniform.

JIM

Is there anything I can do to help? I'm not a genius like you guys.

SAMANTHA

There's nothing anyone can do to help. We're going to crash and burn.

NORMAN

We just have to do some more rewiring.

Through the window, KEV can be seen arriving on his motorcycle. SAMANTHA rises to leave.

SAMANTHA

Good luck with that.

INT. DAY. SAMANTHA HALLWAY

JIM stops SAMANTHA as she tries to leave.

JIM

Look. It's been hard on both of us since your mother's death. I need you to keep it together.

SAMANTHA

Yeah.

JIM

Your mother wanted you to graduate from that school.

SAMANTHA

Mom wanted a lot of things.

JIM

It's the reason I stepped down as sheriff; so that I could take less hours and be here to help you.

SAMANTHA

Mom wanted to live, too. We don't always get what we want.

SAMANTHA pulls away from JIM and heads toward the door.

JIM

Samantha! Do not walk away from me.

SAMANTHA (stops)

Sorry, it's just that we've been at this for hours and I need a break.

JIM

I guess. But, I don't want to hear about you failing this class. (looks at NORMAN)

NORMAN

As long as we can work on it tomorrow.

EXT. DAY. SAMANTHA'S HOUSE

KEV and SAMANTHA walk toward the motorcycle.

KEV

Everything alright?

SAMANTHA

Stupid school stuff.

KEV

I think that stuff you guys do with the robots is amazing.

SAMANTHA

Whatever.

KEV presents her with a helmet.

KEV

Here, put this on.

SAMANTHA

You've got to be kidding.

KEV

come on. Your' dad, the sheriff, is totally watching.

SAMANTHA

He's not the sheriff anymore.

KEV

Well, he's still watching.

SAMANTHA

Ok, here. (puts it on) Come on, let's go. (gets on motorcycle, waves)

INT. DAY. SAMANTHA HALLWAY

The motorcycle leaves. JIM turns to look at NORMAN, who shrugs, holding the damaged ROBOT.

CAROL (on radio)

Jim, we have a situation at the college.

JIM

Ten four. What kind of situation?

EXT. DAY. STREET.

As soon as the motorcycle is out of sight of the house, SAMANTHA removes her helmet and hoots as her hair blows in the wind.

INT. DAY. LAB

DEPUTIES investigate the scene of the accident. PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures. JIM interrogates DR. GRUBER, while writing in a notebook.

DR. GRUBER

I saw the whole thing. It's the relentless pursuit of science. Science without a conscience. I knew that Wilkinson was up to no good. It's all fine until the cat gets out of Pandora's Box.

DR. WILKINSON (O.C.)

Shut up, Gruber.

JIM

Ok, can we just focus on what happened?

DR. GRUBER

It all started innocently enough. A few experiments here, an examination there, probing to test the laws of nature. Then, they began to push the boundaries.

JIM (writing)

Then what happened?

DR. GRUBER

How should I know? I was in the English department.

JIM (closes notebook)

Thank you, Dr. Gruber.

JIM leaves DR. GRUBER to join EDGAR, who is questioning DR. WILKINSON. DR. GRUBER is offended.

EDGAR

Where is the head?

DR. WILKINSON

What?

EDGAR

Your wife's head, Dr. Wilkinson. All of the body parts are accounted for, but the head.

DR. WILKINSON

Body parts? (crying) She's dead, isn't she?

EDGAR

Obviously, she is dead. You can't be blown into pieces without being dead.

DR. WILKINSON

No.

JIM sits next to DR. WILKINSON.

JIM

Look, we understand what you are going through,
but...

DR. WILKINSON

How could you possibly understand?

JIM

I know what it is like to lose a loved one.

EDGAR

We're losing focus here. Jim, see if the visor can pick up a trace of the head.

JIM

I'm getting something.

JIM walks over to a trap door in the floor. EDGAR shines a light on the door.

EDGAR

That's what I'm talking about. You need the right tool for the right job. The equipment doesn't lie.
(beat) What's down there?

DR. WILKINSON

Nobody. I mean, nothing. Just stuff.

JIM

I'm picking up a trace of the head.

EDGAR

Where?

JIM (looking around)

Oh, sort of everywhere.

DR. WILKINSON

Oh, God. She's dead.

EDGAR (slams fist)

Where is the head!?

DR. WILKINSON

Why don't you shove it up your...

EDGAR

Because I don't do requests. Now, we're going to go through this again and again until I figure out what the hell happened here!

DR. GRUBER (shakes head)

Science.

JIM

Not helpful.

INT. DAY. CLASSROOM

Rows of STUDENTS sit with goggles in a plain classroom. DR. WILKINSON also wears them. In the VR world, they are all part of a graphical interface, an idealized classroom. SAMANTHA looks pale.

NORMAN

Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Ugh.

NORMAN

Don't forget, we're finishing up our project tonight.

SAMANTHA

I'm so hung-over. I can barely think straight.

NORMAN

What? We have less than a week!

SAMANTHA

Stop bothering me about it or I will literally cut your head off.

DR. WILKINSON

Samantha, is there something you would like to share with the class?

SAMANTHA

What? Uh, No, Dr. Wilkinson.

DR. WILKINSON walks over to SAMANTHA.

DR. WILKINSON

Perhaps you'd like to finish this equation.

He swipes his arm and a partial equation appears in the air.

$$\frac{1}{\pi} = \frac{2\sqrt{2}}{9801} \sum_{k=0}^{\infty} \frac{1}{(k!)^4 396^{4k}}$$

SAMANTHA throws three objects of code above the line. They cycle through numbers until they fill in.

$$\frac{1}{\pi} = \frac{2\sqrt{2}}{9801} \sum_{k=0}^{\infty} \frac{(4k)!(1103 + 26390k)}{(k!)^4 396^{4k}}$$

DR. WILKINSON

Very good, Samantha. Now, everybody take off the goggles. (cont.)

The class is confused, but complies.

DR. WILKINSON (CONT.)

Now, if you wouldn't mind coming up to the board.

SAMANTHA reluctantly joins DR. WILKINSON at the whiteboard. The partial equation is written there.

SAMANTHA

What am I supposed to do?

DR WILKINSON hands her a marker. SAMANTHA looks confused.

DR. WILKINSON

Finish the equation.

SAMANTHA

You mean manually?

DR. WILKINSON

Just try it.

SAMANTHA tries to fill in the numbers with traditional mathematics. She is frustrated.

SAMANTHA

I'm sorry. I can't.

DR. WILKINSON

Why?

SAMANTHA

Because I need the compiler.

DR. WILKINSON

Or so you think. What if I told you that you didn't need the compiler? What if you never needed it again?

SAMANTHA

I don't understand.

DR. WILKINSON

The human brain is quite capable of complex equations under the right conditions. Indeed, through stimulation of the brain, we can achieve results better than the most advanced computers.
(cont.)

DR. WILKINSON shows the class a headband, attached to a machine on his desk. He puts it on SAMANTHA.

DR. WILKINSON (CONT.)

Now, try it again.

SAMANTHA peers at the board as DR. WILKINSON turns a dial on the machine. She begins to see numbers on the board.

SAMANTHA

Wait. I think...

SAMANTHA begins to write feverishly on the board, has a nosebleed, a seizure, and collapses. NORMAN, ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN rush to her, helping her to her feet.

DR. WILKINSON

Uh, class dismissed.

ROSENCRANTZ

Are you alright?

SAMANTHA

I think so.

DR. WILKINSON

Here, let me help.

GILDENSTERN (pushes him back)

We've got her.

The class begins to file out, into the hallway.

DR. WILKINSON

I'm so sorry.

NORMAN

I think we should take her to the nurse.

DR. WILKINSON

Yes, of course. This effect should wear off shortly, though.

ROSENCRANTZ

Let's hope it does.

They lead her into the hallway.

SHEILA

Dr. Wilkinson?

DR. WILKINSON

Yes?

SHEILA

Can I try that?

DEAN USHER enters.

DEAN USHER

Dr. Wilkinson? What's going on, here?

DR. WILKINSON

Dean Usher? Oh, it's just a minor side-effect of some of the exercises we were doing in class. She'll be fine.

DEAN USHER

I came to see you because I have been getting some reports from students and I am a little concerned.

DR. WILKINSON

Concerned?

DEAN USHER

You have been working very hard. I can see you are under a lot of stress. It's only been a couple of weeks since your wife's death and I think you should consider taking some time off to cope with your loss.

DR. WILKINSON

I understand your concern. But, I think it helps me to keep working right now.

DEAN USHER

Frankly, I'm not sure it does. Everybody needs time to grieve.

DR. WILKINSON

Thank you, Dean Usher, but I can assure you that the best way for me to deal with this

right now is to focus on my work. And, we've got the science fair coming up next week.

DEAN USHER

Are you sure about this?

DR. WILKINSON

Yes, I'm quite sure. Besides, it's what Dr. Mrs. Wilkinson would have wanted.

INT. NIGHT. HOSPITAL. DREAM SEQUENCE

ELS: SAMANTHA wanders the hallway of a dark hospital.

CU: HOSPITAL BLIND

There is a light inside the blind. A shadow of a woman beckons.

CU: SAMANTHA

SAMANTHA

Mother?

SAMANTHA runs to the blind and pulls it back. Her withered MOTHER lunges at her.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM

SAMANTHA darts up from sleep. She takes a bottle of gin from the nightstand. She swallows a pill and washes it down with the gin. She looks at a picture of her MOTHER.

INT. NIGHT. LAB

DR. WILKINSON removes DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head from a cooler and places it on a machine. He revives her. DR. MRS. WILKINSON screams through the tiny speaker on the device, as bubbling liquid begins to pump.

DR. WILKINSON

Honey, can you hear me?(cont.)

DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S eyes flutter.

DR. WILKINSON (CONT.)

You're going to be really angry when you find out what happened. (cont.)

She starts to wind down. The lights on the machine dim.

DR. WILKINSON

No. No. Power cell! Hold on!

DR. WILKINSON runs to get a power cell. SHEILA enters.

SHEILA

Dr. Wilkinson? (shocked) Dr. Mrs. Wilkinson?
(cont.)

CU: DR. MRS. WILKINSON

She looks at SHEILA.

ELS:

SHEILA (CONT.)

Ahh! You're alive? What is going on? Are...Are you
ok?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

He's finally gone over the bend. He cut off my
head. He must have found out about Hans.

SHEILA

Hans?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Look, you have to get out of here! He's coming
back!

DR. WILKINSON enters.

DR. WILKINSON

I've got one right here! Oh, Sheila. Listen, I
know this looks...

SHEILA

Don't take one more step! I'm calling the cops!
(takes out phone)

DR. WILKINSON

There's no need for that. Everything is perfectly normal.

He walks to her and tries to take the phone. She hits him with her bag.

SHEILA

Give me my phone, freak.

DR. WILKINSON pulls on the phone and cowers from her bag.

DR. WILKINSON

What do you carry in that thing, doorknobs? Look, there's a rational explanation for all of this.

SHEILA

Get off!

DR. WILKINSON grabs the phone and pushes her back.

DR. WILKINSON

Ha! (beat) Sheila? (cont.)

SHEILA stumbles backward, trips, and falls. She hits her head on the sink and falls to the ground. DR. WILKINSON looks at her for a moment, then kneels beside her.

DR. WILKINSON (CONT.)

Sheila?

He takes her pulse. He breathes into her mouth, then does a chest compression. Blood sprays from the back of her head.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Murderer.

DR. WILKINSON (distraught)

Oh, Sheila ... Look what you've done, now.

DR. MRS WILKINSON

I know you did not just make this about me.

INT. NIGHT. SAMANTHA'S ROOM

KEV and SAMANTHA make out.

SAMANTHA

You're so hot. I just want to stay in here with you forever.

KEV

There is a world outside, you know.

SAMANTHA

Forget it. (kisses him)

KEV

I don't think your dad likes me.

SAMANTHA

Ugh. Why do you care what my dad likes? (takes a pill)

KEV

Didn't you already take one of those?

SAMANTHA

Can we just do it?

KEV

Hold on.

SAMANTHA

What now?

KEV

Look, I know you have been going through a lot lately. But, you can't just turn yourself into a pharmacy. I mean, everybody likes a party once in a while. Sooner or later, you're going to have to deal with your feelings.

SAMANTHA

You don't know anything about my feelings. Let's have sex.

KEV

I've seen where this goes and it's not a good place.

SAMANTHA

Where what goes?

KEV

The drinking and the pills and the not dealing.

SAMANTHA

Can we just forget about it?

KEV

Obviously, I don't think you can.

SAMANTHA pushes away from him.

SAMANTHA

You know what? I don't think it's working out.

KEV

I never had any illusions about our relationship.

SAMANTHA

What are you talking about?

KEV

You're different than me. I get that. The things you guys do at the college are amazing. I can never be a part of that. But, you have a great future. I just see you throwing it all away because you won't accept help from your friends.

SAMANTHA

I see her every night in my dreams.

KEV

Your mother?

SAMANTHA

In the hospital, dying. You couldn't understand.

KEV reaches for her. SAMANTHA pulls away.

EXT. DAY. SHOOTING RANGE

ELS: PATROL CAR

JIM arrives in the car. EDGAR greets him, followed by AGENT CRAWFORD.

JIM

What's this all about, Edgar?

EDGAR

Jim, this is Special Agent Crawford. Agent Crawford, this is Jim.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Ah, Jim Amontillado. Yes, I am familiar with your exemplary record. If I recall correctly, you graduated second in your class at the Pitt County Police Academy in the winter of 2019. Although you did struggle with procedure in the mid-term exam.

JIM

Special Agent?

AGENT CRAWFORD

I have been assigned with the federal government asset utilization program, as a liaison to local law enforcement.

JIM

Asset utilization...What kind of assets?

AGENT CRAWFORD

Well, that's a very good question. Yes. Always the investigator.

JIM

And?

AGENT CRAWFORD

I think you are going to like our little demonstration today, Jim. Indeed, I believe you will enjoy it quite nicely.

JIM

Demonstration of what?

EDGAR takes him aside.

EDGAR

Listen, Jim. This guy can be a little odd, but if we play our cards right, we can get some really cool stuff for the department.

JIM

I don't have time for this. This is why you called me all the way out here?

EDGAR

Look, you have to snap out of it. I know you have been having personal problems. But, I don't think anyone really thinks that I need to be the sheriff, including me. I took this job because I like to shoot guns and drive cars, not run a department. It's a bunch of political garbage. You have no idea how much I hate this.

JIM

And how is this going to help?

AGENT CRAWFORD produces a grenade launcher from the trunk of his car. He cradles it seductively.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Gentlemen, allow me to introduce you to the Draxo Mark Seven rocket propelled grenade launcher. It has laser-sighting, active guidance, fire-and-forget targeting. It can fire a variety of anti-tank ordinance, including fragmentation, heat, and my favorite, high-explosive rounds.

JIM

We need this?

AGENT CRAWFORD

Vary astute, Jim. In fact, you're going to need everything you can get for the coming conflagration.

JIM

Conflagration?

EDGAR

Trust me. Don't get him started on this. Here, what I want you to do is to draw a bead on that target. Just put the cross right on the target. Now fire.

JIM destroys the tiny target with a huge explosion.

JIM

Well, it is fun.

EDGAR

See, that's what I'm talking about.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Just imagine when those whining economic parasites
get a taste of real justice.

EDGAR and JIM exchange a concerned look.

CAROL (on radio)

Edgar, we have a situation at the morgue.

EDGAR

Can it wait? It's not like the corpses are going
anywhere.

CAROL (on radio)

Well, apparently they are.

EDGAR and JIM turn to address AGENT CRAWFORD. He is gone.

EDGAR

Well, Agent Crawford, it looks like...and you're
gone.

JIM

Ok, is it just me, or is that guy really creepy.

EDGAR

It's not just you.

INT. NIGHT. LAB

DR. WILKINSON is seated at a small table, across from DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head. Behind him, on a gurney, is the decapitated corpse of SHEILA. DR. WILKINSON has begun the process of connecting a computer chassis to her neck. Wires stretch from SHEILA to the chassis. She is clad in a Tyvek jumpsuit. HANS enters with a birthday cake. He is in a more advanced state of completion. His head has been replaced by a computer with a blinking light. He puts the cake on the table. There is a single, lit candle atop it.

DR. WILKINSON

Happy birthday, darling.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I want to die. Why can't you just kill me?

DR. WILKINSON

Now, is that any way to act on your birthday? You need to get into the spirit of the occasion.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Oh my God. Is that Hans? What the hell have you done to him?

DR. WILKINSON

I thought it would be nice if we could all be together again, like a family.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You're sick.

DR. WILKINSON

Not one word about the cake. It's like you have to ruin everything.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

What kind of twisted games are you playing?

DR. WILKINSON

Hey, I'm just trying to make lemonade out of sour grapes. Oh, well, I guess I'll give you your present anyway, Debbie Downer.

He places SHEILA'S brain in a container adjacent to DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head and connects it with wires.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You realize you're committing murder?

DR. WILKINSON

I thought you were the one who always wanted to push the envelope.

He throws a switch and SHEILA'S brain lights up. DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S eyelids flutter. SHEILA can be heard, screaming in the distance.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

No... wait. I mean. Yes. It feels so good.

DR. WILKINSON

Sheila's brain will add to your capacity.

DR. MRS WILKINSON

I want more.

DR. WILKINSON

Hold on, dear. Let's not get too carried away.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

More!

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS

Norman sits at a table, he looks at his watch, frustrated. ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN enter.

ROSENCRANTZ

Hey, Norman.

NORMAN

Hey, Rosencrantz

GILDENSTERN

Still waiting for Samantha?

NORMAN

I'm about ready to give up, actually.

GILDENSTERN

She's out of your league, dude.

ROSENCRANTZ

Give the guy a break, Gildenstern.

NORMAN

Actually, the part of her I want right now is her brain to finish this dammed project.

GILDENSTERN

Yeah? Sure.

NORMAN

She's the only one who can finish the circuit design.

GILDENSTERN

Once again, out of your league.

NORMAN

Thanks, Gildenstern. So, what are you guys doing?

ROSENCRANTZ

We're on a mission.

GILDENSTERN

For Conspiracratz.com.

NORMAN

You guys are still doing that stupid conspiracy website?

GILDENSTERN

You know it. We're getting mass hits and this is going to put it right over the top.

ROSENCRANTZ

That stupid conspiracy website just won site of the month.

NORMAN

For ... comedy?

GILDENSTERN

For money.

NORMAN

I thought your website got shut down over the frogman story.

ROSENCRANTZ

Just because people got upset about the story, doesn't mean the frogman isn't real.

GILDENSTERN

Whatever. Besides, you can't keep a good site down. Seriously, though, we're really on to something this time. We might even get national coverage over this one.

NORMAN

What is it?

ROSENCRANTZ

I've been hearing chatter about bodies missing from the morgue. Very creepy stuff.

GILDENSTERN

So, we're going in tonight, with a camera.

ROSENCRANTZ

We're going to get to the truth, this time.

GILDENSTERN

Maybe, but even if we don't, this is going to send our site through the roof.

ROSENCRANTZ

Is that really all you care about? Money?

GILDENSTERN

Well, basically.

ROSENCRANTZ

Can't you see that there is something going on here?

GILDENSTERN

You literally just said the frogman was real, dude.

NORMAN

You did say that.

SAMANTHA walks up behind NORMAN and puts her hands over his eyes.

SAMANTHA

Guess who.

NORMAN

Oh, finally. We have a lot of work to do if we're going to finish this project.

SAMANTHA swings around the chair to sit in NORMAN'S lap.

SAMANTHA

You know what they say about all work and no play.

NORMAN

Are you drunk?

SAMANTHA

No ... Maybe. I think it's mostly the pills.

KEV

Look, I got her this far. She's not ready to go home and she's not ok to drive. You got her from here?

ROSENCRANTZ

Sure. We'll make sure she gets home.

SAMANTHA (kisses NORMAN)

Aww, what's wrong Kevin?

KEV

I'm out. (exits)

ROSENCRANTZ (to NORMAN)

Don't you resent being used like that?

NORMAN

Well ... I might be ok with it.

SAMANTHA

Little man, I'm totally out of your league.

SAMANTHA jumps up to vomit in a trash can.

GILDENSTERN

Delicious.

INT. NIGHT. HALL

DR. GRUBER knocks vigorously on the lab door. Machine noises come from within.

DR. GRUBER

Wilkinson! Wilkinson!

DR. WILKINSON opens the door, peering out through it partial opening. Grinding and clanging can be heard.

DR. WILKINSON

What is it, Gruber?

DR. GRUBER

Well, I was going over the reading selection for the night comp class, only I can't because of the noise and flickering lights! What the hell is going on in there?

DR. WILKINSON

Experiments, of course. Listen, I have some very sensitive work going on right now.

DR. GRUBER

What kind of work?

DR. WILKINSON

None of your business kind of work. Now, if you'll excuse me, I really have to go.

DR. GRUBER

I know you're up to something disturbing Wilkinson. And, I'm going to put a stop to it.

DR. WILKINSON

You're right, you are disturbed. Good night, Dr. Gruber. (closes door)

DR. GRUBER (pounding on door)

Wilkinson!

INT. NIGHT. LAB

DR. WILKINSON enters. The DECAPIDRONES of SHEILA and HANS embrace each other as DR. MRS. WILKINSON cries. Behind her, new brains have been added to her network.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Oh, Hans. What have we done to you?

DR. WILKINSON

You have established control of the decapidrones?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I control them all, now.

DR. WILKINSON touches the DECAPIDRONES.

DR. WILKINSON

You can feel this?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I can feel everything.

DR. WILKINSON

Incredible.

HANS DECAPIDRONE pushes DR. WILKINSON back.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Oh, Hans ... He was a real man. He knew how to treat a woman.

DR. WILKINSON

What? You had an affair with Hans!?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You never were that smart.

DR. WILKINSON

I just can't believe it.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Believe it.

DR. WILKINSON

How could you do that to me?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Well, when a man really likes a woman...

DR. WILKINSON

Listen, I know that we have been through a lot, lately. But, if we work together, we can make it through this. I'm willing to forgive you...

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Forgive me?

DR. WILKINSON

If ... if I can just touch you again...

He reaches for the DECAPIDRONES.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Yes, touch you.

HANS DECAPIDRONE beats DR. WILKINSON to the ground.

DR. WILKINSON

What? Stop it! You bitch!

The DECAPIDRONE punches him in the face.

INT. NIGHT. MORGUE

ELS: VIDEO POV

SAMANTHA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GILDENSTERN break into the morgue with a video camera. There are decapitated corpses.

GILDENSTERN (whispering)

This is a conspiracratz.com exclusive. We are live in the Pitt County Morgue, where recent allegations have reported the disappearance of bodies from right under the nose of local law enforcement.

ROSENCRANTZ

It's weirder than that. Look at this.

CAMERA PANS to show the neck of a decapitated corpse.
Spinal fluid drips.

SAMANTHA

What is that?

ROSENCRANTZ

Some kind of spinal fluid.

SAMANTHA

Oh, no.

SAMANTHA vomits, knocking over a tray.

ROSENCRANTZ

Aren't you empty by now?

SAMANTHA

Yes, but I brought some beer.

GILDENSTERN

Get down!

RANDY, the coroner, looks into the room. He sweeps with his flashlight beam. SAMANTHA, ROSENCRANTZ, and GILDENSTERN hide behind tables.

RANDY

Hello ... Anybody there?

There is a knock on the door. RANDY opens it. EDGAR and JIM enter.

RANDY

Edgar, Jim

EDGAR

So, what are we looking at here, Randy?

RANDY

We've had a couple more. This time, it's three heads, too.

JIM

What do you mean?

RANDY

To all accounts, it looks like two full bodies and three heads got up and walked out. Take a look at this.

RANDY uncovers a body. The head is cut off.

EDGAR

I'd like to keep this quiet, for now. What the hell did this?

RANDY

You got me. But it's a surgically precise cut.

JIM

What's this?

JIM points to a discolored spot on the spine.

RANDY

I'm not sure. It looks artificial. Let me see if I can get a grip on it. (cont.)

RANDY pulls out pliers. He tugs on the object.

RANDY (CONT.)

Doesn't want to come out.

EDGAR

Let me try it.

EDGAR pulls on the object.

RANDY

It's really in there.

EDGAR

I see. (strains)

JIM

Here, let me give you a hand with that.

JIM helps pull. EDGAR falls backward, against a table and lands, seated on the floor as a wiring shunt, dripping with slime, comes out of the neck.

EDGAR

Got it.

Slime pumps out of the neck onto EDGAR'S face. He is disgusted. A beer can opening is heard. RANDY shines the flashlight to reveal SAMANTHA. She stands, clumsily. ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN remain hidden. EDGAR stands and wipes his face.

SAMANTHA

Hi, Daddy.

JIM

Samantha, what are you doing here?

SAMANTHA

Uh, nothing.

JIM

Come here. (looks at her) What is wrong with you?
Are you on drugs?

EDGAR

She's on PCP.

JIM

I don't think...

EDGAR

What kind of sick games are you playing at, girl?
You think it's cool to mess around with dead
bodies? No offense, Randy.

RANDY

Hey, it's just a job.

JIM

What are you doing here? Are you involved with
this?

SAMANTHA

What? No.

EDGAR

You can answer these questions at the station.

EDGAR lunges for SAMANTHA and slips on spinal fluid.
SAMANTHA runs through the doors. JIM chases.

JIM

Samantha!

EXT. NIGHT. MORGUE

SAMANTHA runs outside. JIM follows her, but she is gone.

INT. NIGHT. MORGUE

ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN hide.

ROSENCRANTZ (whispers)

What are we supposed to do, now?

INT. DAY. LAB

SAMANTHA enters. DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head is covered with
a sheet.

SAMANTHA

Dr. Wilkinson?

DR. WILKINSON

Ah, Samantha. What can I do for you?

SAMANTHA

I was thinking about dropping the class.

DR. WILKINSON

Oh, no. That can't be right. Why?

SAMANTHA

It's just that I have been going through a lot, personally, things I have to deal with.

DR. WILKINSON

You have a lot of potential, Samantha. I'd hate to see you fall behind. I don't think you should drop the class.

SAMANTHA

I don't think I can take it, right now.

DR. WILKINSON touches her hand. DR. MRS. WILKINSON eyes her, jealously, through the sheet.

DR. WILKINSON

Samantha, you are one of the best students I have seen at this facility. Normally, I wouldn't do this. But, I would be willing to extend a few deadlines if it meant that you were able to stay in the class.

SAMANTHA

Really?

DR. WILKINSON

For a student of your caliber to fall behind the others would be a travesty. I'm willing to work with you, if you are willing to do the work it takes to finish the class.

SAMANTHA

Thanks, Dr. Wilkinson ... So, what's under the sheet?

A slight growling can be heard from under the sheet.

DR. WILKINSON

Well, you know, I have kind of been all alone, here in the lab. So, I thought I might get a bird to keep me company.

SAMANTHA

Aww. Can I see?

She reaches for the sheet. He stops her.

DR. WILKINSON

Oh, no. She bites. Yes, very jealous and mean.

INT. DAY. HALL

DR. WILKINSON pushes SAMANTHA out.

SAMANTHA

Thank you, Dr. Wilkinson.

DR. WILKINSON

Yes. Yes, of course.

SAMANTHA

And, I can have another week for the science project?

DR. WILKINSON

Yes, ok. And I'll see you in class. Ok, have a nice day.

EDGAR rounds the corner and sees SAMANTHA.

EDGAR

Hey, you! (cont.)

SAMANTHA runs. EDGAR chases.

EDGAR (CONT.)

Get back here!

She rounds a corner and ducks into the men's room. EDGAR looks in the WOMEN'S room. STUDENTS scream and run from the restroom. SAMANTHA sneaks away.

INT. DAY. LAB

The DECAPIDRONE of SHEILA cuts off HANS' hand and replaces it with a saw.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You like that little bitch, don't you?

DR. WILKINSON

It's not like that. She's a very good student.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Well, if you don't want her body, I'll take it.

DR. WILKINSON

You have to stop this.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Oh, there's no stopping, now.

DR. WILKINSON

You know, ever since your decapitation, you have just become cold and spiteful.

EXT. DAY. CAMPUS

SAMANTHA sits at a table. She talks on the phone. She is disheveled.

SAMANTHA

I'm really sorry, Kev.

KEV (o.c.)

You should be. Listen, I'm not going to be a part of you crashing and burning.

SAMANTHA

I know. I've been terrible to everyone.

KEV (o.c.)

Pretty much.

SAMANTHA

I've just been having a lot of problems and I've taken it out on people around me.

KEV (o.c.)

Yep, is that all?

SAMANTHA

I want you to know that I'm going to make changes and get it together.

KEV (o.c.)

That's good. Good for you. Anything else?

SAMANTHA

I just want to start over again. And I might need a place to stay for a couple of days.

KEV (o.c.)

Oh, hell no. (hangs up)

SAMANTHA

Kev?

INT. NIGHT LAB

DECAPIDRONES weld a GIANT ROBOT.

DR. WILKINSON

So, what are these guys doing?

MRS. DR. WILKINSON

They are making a giant, cuddly, teddy bear, just for you, darling.

DR. WILKINSON

Why do you have to be like that?

MRS. DR. WILKINSON

You said you wanted to touch me.

DR. WILKINSON

I know, we've had our problems in the past, but...

MRS. DR. WILKINSON

Yes, problems. I need more power.

DR. WILKINSON

I just think that, if we both tried, we could make it work.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You are like an insect to me, now.

DR. WILKINSON

See, that's what you always do. That's what I'm talking about.

Her eyes glow as power pulses through the equipment.

INT. NIGHT. VISOR STORE

NORMAN sits at the counter. He solders on the TINY ROBOT.
SAMANTHA enters.

NORMAN

What do you want? It's too late. We're not going to make it.

SAMANTHA

I wanted to tell you, Dr. Wilkinson gave us another week for the project.

NORMAN

We might just finish it then, if you're going to help.

MR. PATEL

Good. Then maybe you can get on the inventory instead of playing with your toys during working hours.

NORMAN

Yes, Mr. Patel.

SAMANTHA

How long could that take? You sell one brand of visors and...What is this?

NORMAN

It's a letter opener.

SAMANTHA

A what?

NORMAN

I have no idea.

MR. PATEL

It's to open letters.

SAMANTHA and NORMAN exchange a quizzical look.

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS.

DECAPIDRONE POV

The DECAPIDRONE watches SAMANTHA and NORMAN in the VISOR STORE. MR. PATEL goes into the back with a tablet.

INT. NIGHT. VISOR STORE

SAMANTHA

Look, I wanted to say that I'm sorry for how I have been for the last couple of weeks.

NORMAN

I know you have been going through a lot since your mom...you know.

INT. NIGHT. BACKROOM

MR. PATEL checks off inventory on the tablet.

SAMANTHA (o.c.)

But I'm going to make an effort to get it together, not to drink so much, and basically be nicer.

MR. PATEL (under breath)

She's totally out of his league.

There is a crash from the back. MR. PATEL investigates.

NORMAN (o.c.)

We can work on the project tonight, if you want.

SAMANTHA

Let's do it.

EXT. NIGHT. ALLEY

MR. PATEL looks out, into the alley. He hears another noise.

MR. PATEL

Damn cats! Get out of here!

He grabs a broom and runs toward the dumpster. The door closes behind him. He bangs on the dumpster with the broom. A shadow looms over him. He looks up.

DECAPIDRONE POV

MR. PATEL'S head is highlighted by a target reticle. He raises the broom in defense.

ELS

The DECAPIDRONE attacks MR. PATEL with the saw.

TCU OF MR. PATEL

The saw bisects the broom. MR. PATEL runs to the door.

ELS

The door is locked. MR. PATEL tries the keys, but the DECAPIDRONE is upon him. It decapitates him and unlocks the door.

INT. NIGHT. VISOR STORE

NORMAN

You look terrible, by the way.

SAMANTHA

Thanks. It's kind of a long story.

There is a noise from the back.

NORMAN

Mr. Patel?

DECAPIDRONE POV

NORMAN shields SAMANTHA.

ELS

SAMANTHA

What the hell is that?

The DECAPIDRONE attacks NORMAN. NORMAN grabs the saw and kicks the DECAPIDRONE in the groin to no avail. The DECAPIDRONE punches NORMAN. NORMAN is brought to his knees, gripping the saw. SAMANTHA grabs a letter opener and stabs the DECAPIDRONE in the chest. It falls back, then pulls the letter opener from its chest. NORMAN pushes a button mounted under the counter. He grabs a baseball bat from behind the counter and strikes the DECAPIDRONE. The DECAPIDRONE swipes at NORMAN with the saw, cutting his neck. He falls. SAMANTHA grabs the bat and swings at the DECAPIDRONE. It grabs the bat from her and knocks SAMANTHA out. She falls next to NORMAN. Police sirens sound and the light from patrol cars shines through the window.

DECAPIDRONE POV

SAMANTHA and NORMAN lay on the floor. A warning flashes, "Return to base."

ELS

The DECAPIDRONE runs toward the back.

INT. NIGHT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT

EDGAR and JIM watch the security camera footage from the visor store. SAMANTHA enters - then static - then SAMANTHA is on the floor, unconscious, with the letter opener and the motionless body of NORMAN.

EDGAR

Looks pretty cut and dried to me.

JIM

Really? What is that static?

EDGAR

Some kind of interference.

JIM

You know she is innocent.

EDGAR

Not really. What do you need, a signed confession?
She clearly did this. We have digital evidence.

JIM

There's got to be more to it than that.

EDGAR

I know she's your daughter, but you have to face
facts. She's a killer. The equipment doesn't lie.

JIM

What's the motive?

EDGAR

Motive? She was hopped up on pills. Did you
listen to her story about zombie robots?

INT. NIGHT. INTERROGATION

JIM enters. He sits across from SAMANTHA.

SAMANTHA

They think I did this, don't they? (beat) Is Norman ok?

JIM

It doesn't look good. They've got him at the hospital. Did you and Norman have a fight?

SAMANTHA

Daddy, you have to believe me. I had nothing to do with this.

JIM

Can you remember any details that might help us to find the person who attacked Norman?

SAMANTHA

I told you everything.

JIM

Come on, Samantha. What really happened?

SAMANTHA

I'm telling you the truth!

JIM

Maybe that's just what you thought you saw.

EDGAR enters. He is holding the wiring shunt.

EDGAR

Why don't you tell me what the hell this is?

SAMANTHA

I don't know. (looks at it) It has a control interface chip on it.

EDGAR

I've got missing bodies at the morgue, and corpses with robot shit all over them! Your sick little games just got real serious. What is your involvement in this? Talk!

JIM

Take it easy.

EDGAR

Jim, I'm taking you off of this case.

JIM

No, you're not.

EDGAR

(beat) Uh, Yes, I am.

JIM

Why?

EDGAR

Did you seriously just ask me that?

INT. NIGHT. LAB

ELS

AGENT CRAWFORD enters. DR. WILKINSON throws the sheet over his wife's head.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Dr. Wilkinson?

DR. WILKINSON

Yes?

AGENT CRAWFORD

Well, it's nice to finally meet you.

DR. WILKINSON

Yes. Uh, what can I do for you?

AGENT CRAWFORD

I should introduce myself. I am Special Agent Crawford. How do you do?

AGENT CRAWFORD extends a hand to DR. WILKINSON, who reluctantly accepts it.

DR. WILKINSON

Special Agent?

TWO SHOT

ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN sneak through the door and hide behind a table. They videotape AGENT CRAWFORD and DR. WILKINSON.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Yes, quite. You might not be aware. But, we at the federal government have been watching you very closely, Dr. Wilkinson.

DR. WILKINSON

Oh, you have?

ELS

AGENT CRAWFORD

Indeed, Dr. Wilkinson. We watch everything all the time, everywhere.

DR. WILKINSON

You do? Is that even possible?

AGENT CRAWFORD

You'd be surprised Dr. Wilkinson. I'm afraid we know all about what you have been doing.

DR. WILKINSON (crestfallen)

I see. You have to understand. It wasn't entirely my idea.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Ah, yes, your wife. Well, nonetheless, the work you have done together is fantastically brilliant.

DR. WILKINSON

She just keeps pushing ... Did you say brilliant?

AGENT CRAWFORD

Quite. We at the Department of Internal Espionage have been watching your work for years. Very impressive.

CU: DR. WILKINSON

DR. WILKINSON

Impressive?

AGENT CRAWFORD

We have particular interest in your work with brain stimulation.

ELS: REVERSE ANGLE

At the other end of the room, a DECAPIDRONE enters, quietly hiding behind a shelf.

DR. WILKINSON

Yes, brain stimulation. Of course.

AGENT CRAWFORD

We believe it may have serious applications in the security industry. I'm sorry. Have I caught you at a bad time?

DR. WILKINSON

It's just that it's a lot to take in.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Indeed, I understand. What would you say if I told you that we were interested in tripling your' funding?

DR. WILKINSON

Well, I suppose that would be exceptional.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Excellent. If you wouldn't mind signing a few documents.

AGENT CRAWFORD produces a tablet. DR. WILKINSON reads.

DR. WILKINSON

It looks like this is all in order.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Just sign here, here, and initial here.

DR. WILKINSON

What is the Draxo Corporation?

AGENT CRAWFORD

Well, they will of course own the product of your
work.

DR. WILKINSON

How does that work, exactly?

AGENT CRAWFORD

I find that it is best not to ask too many
questions about the inner workings of the
Department of Internal Espionage.

DR. WILKINSON

I see. (signs)

AGENT CRAWFORD

Well, I will look forward to working together in
the future. (shakes hand) And sorry, I don't want

to interrupt your ground-breaking work any further...So exciting. (exits)

DR. WILKINSON

Yes ... Thank you.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

So, you signed it just like that. It's exactly like the truck all over again.

DR. WILKINSON

It's not like the truck. He says he wants to give us money. Besides, I needed that truck for my equipment.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I don't know. There's just something...

DR. WILKINSON

Yeah, a little off. It's not just you.

DR. WILKINSON pulls the sheet off DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head.
ROSENCRANTZ is aghast.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Oh, and I'm pushy? Is that it?

TWO SHOT: ROSENCRANTZ AND GILDENSTERN

ROSENCRANTZ (whispering)

This just got really weird.

GILDENSTERN (whispering)

Oh, just now?

ELS

The DECAPIDRONE emerges from behind the shelf and walks toward ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN.

DR. WILKINSON

Well, you do get a bit dogmatic.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You haven't seen anything, yet.

DR. WILKINSON

What does that mean?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

The first thing I'm going to do is harvest this entire campus, then the town.

DR. WILKINSON

Obviously, that's something I can't be a part of.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Good luck with that.

THREE SHOT

The DECAPIDRONE activates its saw as it discovers ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN. GILDENSTERN topples a shelf onto the DECAPIDRONE.

GILDENSTERN

Dude! Run!

INT. NIGHT. HALL

ELS

ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN run from the DECAPIDRONE. They duck into a classroom. The DECAPIDRONE pauses at the door and scans the room. It sees them with infrared vision. It begins to cut through the door.

GILDENSTERN

He can see us!

ROSENCRANTZ

Infrared.

INT. NIGHT CLASSROOM.

ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN escape through a window.

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS

A DECAPIDRONE sees ROSENCRANTZ hiding around a corner with infrared vision. GILDENSTERN drops from the roof and knocks its head off with a bat. ROSENCRANTZ pokes at the wiring.

ROSENCRANTZ

What have we got here? This is the most advanced control architecture I have seen. Check this out. It's got the new Draxo Mark Eight chip.

GILDENSTERN

Leave it! We have to get out of here.

INT. NIGHT. JAIL

SAMANTHA has a nightmare about her mother. She wakes up in jail. She huddles in a fetal position, crying.

CELLMATE

Alright, screw this. Girl, I got what you need.
(cont.)

CELLMATE gives her a pill.

CELLMATE (CONT.)

Take this and get some damn sleep. On the house.

SAMANTHA

I can't.

CELLMATE

Yes you can. Who do you think you're fooling, junkie? Now shut up, take the pill, and get some damn sleep!

SAMANTHA stares at the pill in her hand. She sees a vision of her MOTHER, beckoning to her.

INT. NIGHT SAMANTHA'S HOUSE

JIM, ROSENCRANTZ, and GILDENSTERN watch the video.

GILDENSTERN

You have to watch this. It's all on the video.

The first part with AGENT CRAWFORD is static, but then, DR. WILKINSON and DR. MRS. WILKINSON can be seen talking.

ROSENCRANTZ

Some kind of interference.

GILDENSTERN

Yeah, my phone is down, too.

ROSENCRANTZ

Here it is. Look. She wants to decapitate the town. We have to upload this. People have to know.

JIM

Our phones and internet have been down all day.
(cont.)

JIM operates the radio.

JIM (cont.)

Carol. This is Jim. Edgar? Can anyone read?
Damn!

The radio yields only static.

ROSENCRANTZ

It's being jammed.

JIM

I want you boys to take this tape to Sheriff Poe at
the station.

ROSENCRANTZ

It's digital media.

JIM

Ok, I want you boys to take the memory card to the
station.

ROSENCRANTZ

Actually...

GILDENSTERN

Got it!

JIM

I'm going to the college to put a stop to this.

INT. NIGHT. CAR

TWO SHOT

ROSENCRANTZ drives.

ROSENCRANTZ

I knew it.

GILDENSTERN

Knew what?

ROSENCRANTZ

I knew that there was something dark going on in this town. It's been a conspiracy all along! This is going to be our vindication.

GILDENSTERN

Everything has to be a conspiracy to you.

ROSENCRANTZ

Yeah?

GILDENSTERN

In order for it to be a conspiracy, I'm pretty sure two or more people have to know what is going on and have some kind of a plan. I'm still not convinced that's what we've got here. (cont.)

A car pulls up, alongside them. It is driven by DECAPIDRONES. A DECAPIDRONE in the passenger seat wields a shotgun.

GILDENSTERN

Of course, I could be wrong.

ROSENCRANTZ

Holy crap! They can drive? Hang on!

ROSENCRTANTZ sideswipes the car, causing the DECAPIDRONE to misfire. The car swipes back, running them off of the road. ROSENCRANTZ hits a tree.

EXT. NIGHT. ROADSIDE

GILDENSTERN

Rosencrantz! Wake up! (slaps him)

He checks for a pulse. He is sad and angry. The DECAPIDRONES are coming down the hill. He grabs the camera and runs from the car.

EXT. NIGHT. WOODS

GILDENSTERN runs. A DECAPIDRONE surprises him from behind a tree. He drops the camera.

GILDENSTERN

Kiss my ass, you piece of...

Sawing is heard. GILDENSTERN'S head lands, next to the camera as it videotapes. The DECAPIDRONE crushes the camera with its foot.

INT. NIGHT. LAB

DR. WILKINSON

You can't do this! It's insane!

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I can and I will.

DR. WILKINSON

You always have to push it right to the edge. I should have known that before I married you.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You can stand by and watch me run the world. You're good at that.

DR. WILKINSON

Can't we just be normal?

A DECAPIDRONE shocks him with a stunner. He falls to his knees. The DECAPIDRONE plants a wiring shunt in the back of his neck. It has a chip atop it with a flashing light. JIM enters and draws his weapon.

JIM

Alright, Hands ... I mean freeze!

DR. WILKINSON

Oh, come in, Jim. Everything is fine. There's nothing here to worry about.

JIM

I find that hard to accept.

The DECAPIDRONE attacks. JIM empties his weapon and defends with a club, which is sawed in half. He runs. The DECAPIDRONE follows. DR. WILKINSON is possessed. He pulls the sheet off of the ROBOT. It powers up.

INT. NIGHT. HALL

JIM runs down the hallway. He collides with DR. GRUBER.

JIM

Get out, now! You have to get out!

DR. GRUBER

Now, see here, deputy...

JIM

It's coming!

DR. GRUBER

I'm not going anywhere until I get an explanation.

JIM

Fine. (runs) Ask him!

The DECAPIDRONE rounds the corner.

DR. GRUBER

What do we have here? One of Wilkinson's failed experiments, no doubt.

He approaches the DECAPIDRONE and tries to pull off its head piece. It saws his hand off. He turns, gripping his wrist, which gushes blood, to see the GIANT ROBOT cutting off his retreat. He grabs pepper spray from his pocket with his other hand and sprays it on the GIANT ROBOT. The GIANT ROBOT saws off his other hand.

TCU

The hand and the pepper spray drop to the floor.

ELS

The GIANT ROBOT grips his head with its top arm and his shoulder with its right arm, while sawing off his head. It raises the head to its camera as DR. GRUBER'S eyes blink in shock. The GIANT ROBOT uses its saw to split the front of DR. GRUBER'S skull and cracks it open like a peanut.

ROBOT POV

The ROBOT examines DR. GRUBER'S brain, then rejects it. A reading indicates "insufficient brain."

INT. NIGHT. HOSPITAL. DREAM SEQUENCE

SAMANTHA wanders the halls of the hospital. She enters a room. Her mother beckons to her.

MOTHER

Samantha!

INT. NIGHT. JAIL

Shots and screams are heard. SAMANTHA darts up from sleep.

SAMANTHA

What is that?

CELLMATE

Junkie bitch! Can you just shut up and lay down?

SAMANTHA

It's not me.

CELLMATE (groggy)

What is that?

A sawblade pierces the door. Sparks fly.

SAMANTHA

I don't know, but it's coming in.

CELLMATE

Holy Sh... (CONT.)

The door bursts open. CELLMATE grabs a shiv and stabs the DECAPIDRONE to no avail.

CELLMATE

This is MY house!

The DECAPIDRONE cuts off CELLMATE'S head. SAMANTHA cowers in the corner. The DECAPIDRONE grabs her. She struggles, banging on it with her fists. The DECAPIDRONE head-butts SAMANTHA. She is knocked unconscious.

INT. NIGHT. LAB

ELS: DR. WILKINSON speaks with EDGAR. DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head is covered in a sheet.

DR. WILKINSON

So, you see, Sheriff, all of this was the doing of that girl.

EDGAR

Samantha?

DR. WILKINSON

Yes, Samantha. Whatever her name is.

EDGAR

I don't see anything. On the phone, you said that you had evidence. Where is it?

DR. WILKINSON

Very well.

DR. WILKINSON produces a tablet device and plays him the recording from the vr classroom. He zooms in to SAMANTHA.

SAMANTHA (to NORMAN)

I'm going to literally cut your head off.

EDGAR

I need to hang onto this recording.

INT. NIGHT. STATION

JIM enters the station. It is deserted. There is blood. He draws his weapon.

JIM

Carol? Anybody there?

INT. NIGHT. JAIL

The door is cut open. There is blood. JIM looks around.

INT. NIGHT. STATION

Jim turns dials on the radio.

JIM

Edgar...Carol...Anybody.

The radio does not work. He turns around.

CU: RPG

JIM grabs the RPG.

INT. NIGHT. LAB

SAMANTHA is dragged in by two DECAPIDRONES. She struggles as they strap her to a table. They knock her out again.

INT. NIGHT. HOSPITAL. DREAM SEQUENCE

SAMANTHA'S MOTHER reaches for her.

SAMANTHA

Mom?

MOTHER

Samantha!

SAMANTHA

I miss you!

MOTHER

Samantha, you have to wake up!

SAMANTHA

I know. I've been irresponsible.

MOTHER

You need to wake up.

SAMANTHA

And start taking life more seriously.

MOTHER (slaps her)

NO! Idiot, you need to wake up!

INT. NIGHT. LAB

SAMANTHA wakes up as a sawblade hovers over her neck. KEV appears, shoves a jagged piece of pipe into the port on the front of the DECAPIDRONE. It sparks. He releases SAMANTHA'S bonds.

KEV

We have to hurry. The rest are coming!

SAMANTHA

Wait!

KEV

We have to go! Come on!

She puts the pill into the bubbling liquid of DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S machine. It dissolves, changing the color of the liquid.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Get away from me! What are you doing?

KEV

They're coming!

SAMANTHA and KEV run as DECAPIDRONES burst through the door.

POV: DR. MRS. WILKINSON begins to see double.

CU: DR. MRS. WILKINSON

DR. MRS. WILKINSON (blinks)

What the hell are these kids taking? Wow.

INT. NIGHT. HALL

The ROBOT staggers, as if drunk. SAMANTHA and KEV run by it.

INT. NIGHT. THEATER

On stage, an ACTOR dressed as Poe, recites poetry to the AUDIENCE while a projected shadow of a bird caws behind him.

ACTOR

...just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that
is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his
shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating
on the floor
Shall be lifted- nevermore!

The ROBOT knocks over the set and decapitates the ACTOR. In the back of the audience, a PATRON stands and claps. OTHERS join in. The ROBOT turns to the audience. In his POV, the AUDIENCE'S heads are marked by reticles as they stand and clap. He approaches the front row and slashes with his saw as DECAPIDRONES block the doors.

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS

A parked van bristles with antennae.

INT. NIGHT. PARKED VAN

AGENT CRAWFORD watches the situation on monitors with AIDES. All wear black shirts inscribed with D.I.E.

AIDE

Should we move in, sir?

AGENT CRAWFORD

this. No, I want to see how the local authorities handle

AIDE

But, sir, we have assets on standby. The situation is getting out of hand.

AGENT CRAWFORD

I'll decide when the situation is out of hand. Is that clear?

AIDE

Yes, sir.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Now, tell all assets to stand down.

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS

STUDENTS run from DECAPIDRONES. DEAN USHER stops a panicked STUDENT.

DEAN USHER

What the hell is going on, here?!

STUDENT

The theater! Just run!

DEAN USHER

What about the theater?

STUDENT

It's coming!

The STUDENT breaks free and runs. DEAN USHER walks toward the theater.

DEAN USHER

I'm going to get to the bottom of this!

INT. NIGHT. THEATER

DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head is on stage, supervising the construction of more DECAPIDRONES. A parade of heads is brought to the stage. DR. WILKINSON has a flashing light at the base of his neck.

DEAN USHER

Wilkinson!

DR. WILKINSON

Ah, Dean Usher.

DEAN USHER

Explain yourself!

DR. WILKINSON

Well, I have a doctorate in neurology from
Miskatonic University. I completed my masters at...

DEAN USHER

I'm not in the mood for games! What is all
of...this?

DR. WILKINSON

No, of course not. I can assure you, Dean.
Everything is perfectly normal.

DEAN USHER

Normal? You'd better come up with a better
adjective than that! I've seen normal, and this is
not it! Normal is not what you're doing. I want
all of this shut down, now!

DR. WILKINSON

Of course, Dean. Whatever you want.

The GIANT ROBOT stalks up, behind DEAN USHER. DEAN USHER
turns to confront the GIANT ROBOT. It decapitates him.

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS

2 DEPUTIES fire on DECAPIDRONES from cover. It is
ineffective.

DEPUTY1

They just keep coming!

DEPUTY2

I'm running out of ammo!

The DECAPIDRONES close on the DEPUTIES' position.

DEPUTY2

I'm out!

DEPUTY1

What does it take to stop them?

Shots ring out. The DECAPIDRONES are hit in the front of the chassis and fall. EDGAR appears and continues to shoot them down.

EDGAR

You have to hit them in the light on the front!

TWO SHOT

A STUDENT is decapitated.

ELS

JIM pulls up in the car and joins them behind cover.

JIM

How many do we have left?

DEPUTY1

We have two guys on the other side of campus.
Radio is dead.

JIM

We have to clear these people out of here.

EDGAR grabs JIM and pushes him against the wall.

EDGAR

Your sicko daughter is behind this all! I want
some answers, now!

DEPUTY2

They're coming!

DECAPIDRONES overtake the position. DEPUTY1 is killed.

EDGAR

Run!

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS

SAMANTHA and KEV run around a corner.

KEV

We have to get out of here!

SAMANTHA

Not that way!

They run back, followed by DECAPIDRONES. DR. WILKINSON corners them.

DR. WILKINSON

Samantha! Come here! Hurry!

SAMANTHA

Dr. Wilkinson?

KEV stops her.

KEV

Don't listen to him. He's mixed up in this!

DR. WILKINSON

Samantha, you can trust me. It's Dr. Wilkinson.

KEV hits DR. WILKINSON with the pipe. DR. WILKINSON reveals that he has a saw-hand. KEV wrestles with DR. WILKINSON as DECAPIDRTONES close in behind SAMANTHA. SAMANTHA pulls the wiring shunt out of the back of DR. WILKINSON'S neck. It sparks and sputters.

DR. WILKINSON

Oh my God, what have we done?

SAMANTHA (slaps him)

Dr. Wilkinson! Snap out of it!

DR. WILKINSON (cries)

It's too late. All too late. There's no stopping her, now.

KEV

Come on! We have to go.

SAMANTHA

Dr. Wilkinson!

KEV

Leave him!

KEV and SAMANTHA run. DR. WILKINSON shudders, cries, and walks aimlessly through the chaos as STUDENTS are decapitated.

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS AERIAL

HELICOPTER POV:

STUDENTS run. DECAPIDRONES chase them. A blue-and-white tank marked "Pit County Sheriff" can be seen as it rolls onto campus.

ROB (o.c.)

We have an update on the developing situation at Pitt County College. We have reports coming in minute by minute. We will have it all here for you live, here on News Eight.

KELLY (o.c.)

Thanks, Rob. News Chopper eight is on site and we are getting a feed. It appears to be too early in the situation to get a clear picture of exactly what is happening.

ROB (o.c.)

It looks like the Pitt County Sheriff's department has brought some heavy artillery into the field. We still have no statement at this time, Kelly.

KELLY (o.c.)

Yes, Rob, as you know, there has been a communications blackout since earlier this evening. We believe that Pitt County authorities are now working on that situation.

The tank fires a shell, demolishing the side of a building. EDGAR is seen on the ground, yelling and waving his arms at the DEPUTIES in the tank.

ROB (o.c.)

We can now see Sheriff Poe on site. He seems to be speaking to the deputies conducting the operation. I wonder what he is saying.

KELLY (o.c.)

He appears to be agitated about something, Rob.

ROB (o.c.)

From Twitter, CrazyGirl69 writes, "What the expletive is happening?"

KELLY (o.c.)

Well, CrazyGirl69, just keep it here on News Eight for breaking updates as this situation continues to develop.

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. KITCHEN

A smiling HOUSEWIFE pets a DOG.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

You love your dog. That's why you want him to have the best in nutrition. So, you use Draxo, for twice the fiber of the leading brand. (cont.)

The HOUSEWIFE opens a can of dog food. It slides from the can into the dog's bowl.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Yumm.

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS

AGENT CRAWFORD slinks across campus with a carrying case. He runs into DR. WILKINSON.

DR. WILKINSON

Agent Crawford! She's gone crazy! We have to stop her.

AGENT CRAWFORD

Please, calm yourself, Dr. Wilkinson.

DR. WILKINSON

Calm myself? Are you insane? Look what is happening!

AGENT CRAWFORD

Of course, you will be handsomely compensated for your trouble.

DR. WILKINSON

Compensated? What? It has to be stopped!

AGENT CRAWFORD

I can assure you. We are quite pleased with your technology, and we are ready to move on to phase two. You should be congratulated on the success of your experiment.

DR. WILKINSON grabs AGENT CRAWFORD by the collar.

DR. WILKINSON

Phase two? What the...

AGENT CRAWFORD flips DR. WILKINSON onto his back.

AGENT CRAWFORD

There's no reason to get testy, Dr. Wilkinson. You should be more professional.

INT. NIGHT. THEATER

JIM enters. The GIANT ROBOT extends a wiring shunt into DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head, attaching it to the central arm. Her head is now mounted to the ROBOT. Her hair splays out, wildly, atop the robot arm.

JIM

Ok, lady. (cocks shotgun) It's time to...I really did not expect that.

DECAPIDRONES close on JIM. He takes down two of them and reloads as GIANT ROBOT approaches. JIM fires a shot which has no effect on the GIANT ROBOT.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I will crush you like a bug.

She rushes him. He rolls away as she smashes rows of seats. He fires again and turns to run. His way is blocked by more DECAPIDRONES. DR. MRS. WILKINSON swipes him with a robot arm, knocking him down. He jumps up and uses the shotgun as a club, trying to hit DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head. She presses him down with the saw as he deflects it with the shotgun, which is cut in half. He tries to get up, but is grabbed and thrown into the wall by DR. MRS. WILKINSON. DECAPIDRONES drag him toward the stage.

EXT. NIGHT. PARKING LOT

SAMANTHA runs toward JIM'S car. She uses the radio.

SAMANTHA

Hello! Anybody! We need help at the college!
Daddy, are you there?

SAMANTHA is grabbed by a hand. She struggles, then sees
that it is KEV.

KEV

Samantha! We have to move! It's not working!
Come on!

SAMANTHA

Alright, let's go.

They rise from the car as EDGAR points his weapon at them.

EDGAR

Hold it right there, missy! I've got you dead to
rights.

KEV

We have to get out of here!

EDGAR

Not until your girlfriend shuts this down.

SAMANTHA

I have nothing to do with this!

EDGAR

That's not how I see it. Now, drop the pipe!

KEV complies.

KEV

You think SAMANTHA could do this?

EDGAR

I'm not sure what to think. But, I'm going to get to the bottom of this!

ELS: DECAPIDRONES close in.

THREE SHOT

SAMANTHA

Listen, Sheriff. You have known me for years!

EDGAR

Turn around. Put your hands on the car!

KEV and SAMANTHA comply.

KEV

You've got the wrong people! It's that Dr. Wilkinson and his crazy wife!

SAMANTHA

Think about it, Edgar!

EDGAR

That does actually make better sense.
Alright...AAArgh!

DECAPIDRONES attack EDGAR from behind, cutting him with saws. They swarm over him. He shoots a couple of them as he is driven to the ground, bleeding. KEV grabs the motorcycle helmet from his motorcycle. He puts it on SAMANTHA and grabs the pipe.

KEV

Here, put this on!

The DECAPIDRONES' POV no longer shows SAMANTHA'S head as a target. KEV jumps on the motorcycle and rides onto campus.

SAMANTHA

Kev! Wait!

SAMANTHA sees the RPG in the seat of the car.

EXT. NIGHT. CAMPUS

KEV bashes DECAPIDRONES with the pipe. He drives it into the face of a DECAPIDRONE. It sparks and falls. He is dragged from the bike, but manages to fight his way to his feet.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON emerges from the theater and howls. KEV gets on the bike and accelerates toward her. He jumps from

the bike and drives it into the GIANT ROBOT. One of the brain compartments is damaged. The GIANT ROBOT wavers.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You little bastard! I'll teach you!

DR. MRS. WILKINSON rushes him. She decapitates him and howls.

SAMANTHA screams. JIM approaches her with his hand behind his back.

JIM

Samantha, honey. Come here.

SAMANTHA

Daddy?

JIM

We have to get you to some place safe.

She runs to him, taking off the helmet.

SAMANTHA

Oh, daddy. It's horrible.

JIM

I know.

He grabs her and rears up with his saw hand, pushing SAMANTHA to the ground.

SAMANTHA

Daddy, no! Stop!

He resists the wiring shunt.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Do it! I'm tired of this little tramp!

SAMANTHA

Daddy, it's me, Samantha! You have to fight it.

MS:

DR. WILKINSON emerges. He knocks JIM aside.

DR. WILKINSON

Come on!

ELS:

DR. MRS WILKINSON chases them.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

What do you want, now?

DR. WILKINSON

Remember that time we went to Galveston Beach?

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

What?

DR. WILKINSON approaches her.

DR. WILKINSON

We found a little bird with a broken wing.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You and your freaking stories.

TCU OF JIM:

DR. WILKINSON (o.c)

I said it was hopeless. But you insisted.

JIM resists the chip in his neck. He grabs it and pulls.

ELS:

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

Is this going somewhere?

DR. WILKINSON

You nursed that little bird back to health, despite what I said.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I'm really busy right now. I don't have time to listen to this drivel.

TCU: JIM

He pulls the chip out of his neck and screams.

DR. WILKINSON (o.c.)

I know there has got to be something left of that woman in you.

CU: DR. WILKINSON

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

You're really not kidding.

DR. WILKINSON

Some trace of the woman I married.

TWO SHOT:

SAMANTHA tries to pull JIM to his feet. He is disoriented.

SAMANTHA

Daddy, you have to get up!

ELS:

DR. WILKINSON

I know that we can work this out together.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON buries the saw into the face of DR. WILKINSON and screams.

TWO SHOT:

JIM and SAMANTHA run toward the parking lot.

ELS:

DR. MRS WILKINSON pursues.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

School's out for you, and all your little hooligan friends! There's nowhere to run!

EXT. NIGHT. PARKING LOT

SAMANTHA and JIM run to the car.

CU: LAUNCHER

SAMANTHA grabs the launcher.

LS: ROBOT

DR. MRS. WILKINSON rounds the corner to face SAMANTHA. SAMANTHA points the launcher at her.

DR. MRS. WILKINSON

I've killed your classmates and now ... Oh, I did not expect that.

SAMANTHA fires on DR. MRS. WILKINSON. The ROBOT explodes and the DECAPIDRONES fall to the ground. DR. MRS. WILKINSON'S head flies through the air, hits a wall and bounces to the ground. The tank rolls over it.

INT. NIGHT. LAB

ROSENCRANTZ and GILDENSTERN'S are brains in jars on a shelf.

ROSENCRANTZ

So, what now?

GILDENSTERN

I'm pretty sure we're screwed at this point.

ROSENCRANTZ

You have to admit, though. I was right.

GILDENSTERN

About what?

ROSENCRANTZ

It was a conspiracy.

GILDENSTERN

I'm never going to hear the end of this, am I?

ROSENCRANTZ

Probably not.

GILDENSTERN

This is literally the one time you were right about something.

AGENT CRAWFORD enters.

ROSENCRANTZ

Wait, here comes that really weird guy.

AGENT CRAWFORD puts the brains in a case.

GILDENSTERN

What the hell are you doing?

ROSENCRANTZ

I don't think he can hear us. You know what this is, though.

GILDENSTERN

What?

ROSENCRANTZ

A conspiracy.

GILDENSTERN

Just stop.

AGENT CRAWFORD looks around, takes the case, and slips out.

FADE OUT: