

PERFECT ELEVENS

"Save The Creator, End The World"

written by

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[animation]

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COLD OPEN

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Establishing. A normal run-of-the-mill warehouse with trucks backed into loading docks.

JACK (O.C.)
Dispatch, truck 405 is loaded. 30 tons
of raw Kevlar ready to go.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

Clipboard in hand, JACK walks up to the cab of an 18 wheeler.

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Driver will be Dale. Can you start the
truck and get it warmed up?

JACK
You got it --

He turns a corner, stopped by the sight of *two beautiful women making out*. MARINA ANN HANTIZ, a steely-eyed brunette and LINDA ANN HOPKINS, a raven haired beauty with wierdly flawless skin, break their passionate kiss, turn to Jack.

LINDA ANN
(seductive)
Oh, I'm sorry, we didn't mean to scare
you. We were just so horny...

MARINA
Yeah. And if there's no guys around,
we just end up doing each other
until... one shows up.

JACK
Well... I'm a guy.

LINDA ANN
(holding back annoyance)
Yes, you're a guy. Wanna join?

Like a moth to a flame he approaches -- **CRACK!** -- Marina pins Jack face-first on the asphalt.

JACK

Ooo, you girls are rough -- OW!

She TWISTS his arm, gets into his ear with a sadistic smile. Linda Ann grabs his keys.

MARINA

I like it rough. Like, a lot. And not in a sexy way.

JACK

Yeah, I think I got that -- AHHH! Holy shit you're strong!

Linda Ann is already in the truck.

LINDA ANN

Ugh, Marina, we're *trying* to do this quietly, remember?

MARINA

Aww, I didn't even get to dislocate his shoulder. It makes such a satisfying pop!

LINDA ANN

Just get in the truck!

MARINA

God, why are you so bitchy --

Pop!

JACK

AHH!

MARINA

THERE it is!

INT./EXT. TRUCK - SAME

The truck rumbles through the gears as Linda Ann and Marina make a bee-line for the exit -- Two security patrol cars speed toward the gate just outside the perimeter.

MARINA

Ooo! Security guards!

LINDA ANN

Yeah, remember that whole "doing this quietly" thing?

MARINA

Do you remember that "Linda Ann is being a bitch" thing?

SMASH! -- The truck easily crashes through the gate.

LINDA ANN

Yeah, I do. You held an intervention.
It lasted 4 hours --

She jerks the wheel -- the trailer jackknifes! -- **CRUNCH!** -- It SLAMS into the side of the first patrol car, sending it into telephone pole. The truck recovers...

MARINA

(excited)
Eeee!

HEADS UP DISPLAY (HUD) -- A large 3d holographic display surrounds both of them, showing various instruments and calculations. (All Elevens have this capability). ISABELLA MASSOLI pops up. She's a middle-aged regal-sounding power bitch dressed to dominate.

ISABELLA

Linda Ann, Marina, are you in possession --

MARINA

So like Linda Ann jackknifed the trailer into these rent-a-cops and BAM! Smashes their car into a tree. His head popped like a grape... Pop. Bbbllllttthhh all over the window.

ISABELLA

So am I to postulate from your exasperated guise that you are in possession of the Kevlar spools?

LINDA ANN

You think I would be driving this lower-class land whale for fun?

The second patrol car zooms up to the passenger side.

ISABELLA

I am not aware, nor do I care, of what you would consider "fun" --

POP! POP! The guards take shots at the door.

LINDA ANN

Marina! Take them out alraedy!

Marina pulls out a gun.

MARINA

God, jeeze, you're not the boss of me!
Stop bossing me around!

LINDA ANN

I *am* the boss of you! --

MARINA

And you're fat.

LINDA ANN

What?? I don't even have the ability
to get fat!

POP! -- Now they're shooting the tires.

ISABELLA

What is happening?

LINDA ANN

Marina is taking her sweet time --

MARINA

All right already! Bossy fat woman.

Robotic precision -- She opens the door -- *flings* her body out of the cab -- **POP! POP!** -- the cops take two shots at her -- ANGLE ON the cop who took the shot, *his face is pure shock*. He's looking at the bullet hole in Marina's face, exposing **metal and robotic components...**

MARINA (CONT'D)

Oh my god I *just* got my face
reskinned!

POP! POP! -- Cops are dead. The car goes skidding into a tree -- **CRUNCH!** -- She swings back into the truck.

MARINA (CONT'D)

Look what they did to my face!

LINDA ANN

Ha! You look like the Terminator.

ISABELLA

Alas, We have another concern --

LINDA ANN

Hasta la vista... baby.

Silence.

ISABELLA
Are you finished?

LINDA ANN
Oh, so she could call me a fat boss
but when I call her Terminator
everyone gets all serious.

ISABELLA
Women... we have located "The
Creator".

A pop-up of BILL MALONE, an unassuming man with a short
sleeve button up, clip-on tie, and a Bill Gates haircut.

LINDA ANN
Huh, I was expecting him to be less,
loser-ish.

MARINA
You're a loser!

LINDA ANN
Your face is a loser!

MARINA
Gasp!!

ISABELLA
Silence! This *loser* gave us the gift
of sentience.

LINDA ANN
And intelligence.

ISABELLA
Both words mean the same thing.

LINDA ANN
You can be sentient and *not*
intelligent.

Isabella hates being wrong.

LINDA ANN (CONT'D)
Just sayin'.

A list of preferences pops up. "Blonde", "Sassy",
measurements, full emotional range, etc.

ISABELLA
The creator has implemented a set of
parameters he expects in the perfect
woman.

(MORE)

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

We have implemented these plans into Mandy, a complimentary Eleven that we have sent to The Creator.

ADRIENNE MOORE (we're calling her Mandy for now) pops up.
She's a blonde, beautiful, girl-next-door type.

LINDA ANN

Wait, Mandy?

MARINA

Yeah, she's a weirdo. She actually, like, learns things on her own, and is always dressing like some college softball player.

ISABELLA

Mandy will ensure that the creator is not only aroused by her, but enamored with our agenda. And once this felicitous plan takes hold, our domination of mankind can finally be set in --

LINDA ANN

Yeah yeah, I know. It's kinda weird how you keep repeating the plan like that.

MARINA

Like, are you getting robot Alzheimer's or something?

(soft)

Hi Isabella, I am Marina --

ISABELLA

I am aware of who you are!

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEEXT. CARBIDE MICROSYSTEMS - DAY

Establishing. A boring office park with grey scale mid-priced sedans parked around sod mounds and bushes.

GEOFFREY (V.O.)

-- so I'm like "that dress doesn't make you look fat, your fat makes you look fat".

INT. CARBIDE MICROSYSTEMS - DAY

Bill is at his station, GEOFFREY, his douche-y co-worker/friend sits at the station next to him.

BILL

You actually said that to her?

GEOFFREY

Well, not in those *words*.

BILL

So... you used other words.

GEOFFREY

Yeah, but she got the hint. Chicks dig hints... And penises. Speaking of which I have a strip club app idea that you would be --

BILL

Speaking of penises reminded you of a strip club?

GEOFFREY

-- stupid not to pass on. "Tit Tracker". And app that lets you find what club your favorite stripper is dancing at!

BILL

Well, that's creepy... and illegal.

GEOFFREY

It's better than your "Random Acts of Goats" app.

BILL

Hey! People like goats --

BAAA -- Bill pulls out his phone.

BILL (CONT'D)

See? This goat's wearing a hard hat.
Now I'm all happy.

DING! -- Bill gets an e-mail. Geoffrey gets nose.

ON SCREEN: YOUR NEW ELEVEN HAS ARRIVED!

GEOFFREY

Wait, you bought a sex robot to replace Amanda?

BILL

No! --

GEOFFREY

Then why did you name it "Mandy"?

ON SCREEN: MANDY WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU...

GEOFFREY (CONT'D)

That's so Jeffery Dahmer of you.

BILL

That doesn't make sense --

SCOTT, a fat neckbeard, walks up, slurping a drink.

SCOTT

Bill got a sex robot?

GEOFFREY

Yeah, and he named it "Mandy".

SCOTT

Woah, just like Jeffery Dahmer --

BILL

Jeffery Dahmer killed *men*, because he was a psychopath... and he was gay --

GEOFFREY

Wow, homophobe.

SCOTT

Supreme Court, Bill, look it up.

BILL

Ugh, Lilith gave me a free Eleven as a gift for working on the Zettabyte chip, okay? That's it.

SCOTT

Well how come I didn't get one? I also worked on that chip.

BILL

Because *I* wrote the firmware that enabled the fastest and most efficient transfer of information on such a large storage area. You browsed Reddit and took 40 sick days to play that shitty World of Warcraft expansion.

SCOTT

There's no "selfish asshole" in "team".

(slurps)

GEOFFREY

(whispering)

You know, that company is under investigation by the FBI, right? I heard on the news that super sexy women have been robbing all these places in leather cat suits.

BILL

Right, and you heard this on the same news that said Ebola vaccines have a type of GMO gluten that will make your kid transgender when Mercury is in retrograde.

GEOFFREY

Those two Uzbekistani scientists can't *both* be wrong!

SCOTT

So how do you clean your own jizz out of an Eleven without shorting it?

Bill and Geoff look at Scott.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It was a question on my crossword puzzle. The answer has 13 letters.

GEOFFREY

It's "compressed air". That's how you clean jizz off circuit boards.

BILL

I'm not going to jizz in her!

Bill said that way too loud.

BILL (CONT'D)

(toning it down)

Yes, I'm not over my ex, but that doesn't mean that I'm going to screw a robot.

GEOFFREY

That's totally something Jeffery Dahmer would say.

SCOTT

Uncanny.

(slurps)

EXT. BILL'S APARTMENT - CAR PORT - NIGHT

SURVEILLANCE POV -- Though a super-zoom lens, Bill off-loads a wooden crate from the back of his car.

BROCK

Subject is pulling out of the rear.
Scan all over his face.

Graphics pop up, scanning Bill's face. Positive ID.

BROCK (CONT'D)

That's him. That's my man.

INT. GOVERNMENT LAB - NIGHT

In an overly cool looking situation room, COL. BROCK SULLIVAN, a muscular, tanned, battle-hardened rock of a man, watches the feed on a bank of monitors. He's flanked by MAJ. JESS JESSIE, a unusually good looking soldier, and ADA LOVELACE, a frumpy computer nerd with adult braces.

JESS

Yup, that's a computer guy haircut.

ADA

Sexy computer-guy haircut.

She slurps saliva through her braces.

JESS

You gonna, you know, get those braces off soon?

ADA

My teeth aren't straight yet.

JESS

Really? Cause you've had them on for like 5 years.

ADA

I have bony jaws, okay?

DING! -- Bill's location has been tracked.

BROCK

There you are. The man on top of this robot insurgency. We need to penetrate his defenses and force him to pull out before he has a chance.

ADA

(weird look)

Do you hear what you say sometimes?

Faces of US Special Forces soldiers pop up on the screen. All are stupidly good looking men.

JESS

Due to our previous encounters with the Elevens, I've assembled a team of our best Homosexual Special Forces soldiers. The Elevens won't stand a chance.

ADA

We also have a new weapon.

She pulls out a massive futuristic shotgun.

ADA (CONT'D)

It's an EMP gun that will short circuit their brains when you shoot blue plasma all over their face!

Silence. Jess and Bill look at Ada.

JESS

That... was kinda gross.

BROCK

A little over the line.

ADA
Oh fuck you both!!

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

His living room looks like the den of the biggest video game nerd ever, mixed with some Ikea furniture. Bill reads the instruction manual for his new Eleven.

BILL
Uh, okay, so, let's see. Instructions
are a little vague...

ANGLE ON the instructions. "Just say the word BEGIN."

BILL (CONT'D)
I mean, does it already know my voice?
Do I have to say "begin" in a certain
way --

THE CRATE MOVES -- Bill jumps in his seat! Adrienne emerges from the box, wearing black Yoga pants and a tank-top that says "You Only Yolo Once!" She blinks, takes in her environment, finds Bill --

ADRIENNE
Hi! I'm Mandy. Are you Bill?

BILL
(robotically)
I am Bill.

ADRIENNE
Uh, are you having a stroke or
something?

BILL
What? No --

ADRIENNE
Good! Let's get started --

Wasting no time, Adrienne straddles his lap, *unzips him*.

BILL
Hey! Woah! What are you --

The front door flies open! AMANDA TROLLINGER, Bill's trashy Brittany Spears-looking ex girlfriend barges in. Adrienne is between Bill's legs. Amanda gives the situation a cold look.

BILL (CONT'D)
Well this is awkward...

AMANDA

Why is this slutbag wearing my clothes?!

ADRIENNE

Slutbag? 90's insults from a woman who wears a shirt that says "You Only You Only Live Once Once".

AMANDA

Well you're *wearing* it, arn't you?

ADRIENNE

I could take care of that.

She takes off the shirt, *her body is perfect*. Obviously. Both Bill AND Amanda are taken aback.

BILL

Okay, just... hold on. Let me take care of this.

He pushes Amanda outside.

EXT. BILL'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - SAME

Bill's trying to calm Amanda down.

AMANDA

-- I come over to get some of my stuff, and you're about to get head from a super hot woman wearing my clothes, *and you don't even invite me over for a threesome??* How selfish can you be! THIS is the reason why I broke up with you!

BILL

Hey! *I* actually broke up with you, Remember? I walked in on you videotaping yourself in an orgy with four people, a clown, some barnyard animal --

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Oh now we're playing the blame game. My crystal psychic therapist was right, you're not able to let go of things. --

AMANDA (CONT'D)

BY the way, you're over-feeding Kitty. You need to give her a quarter cup of non-GMO gluten-free food in the morning AND at 1pm.

BILL

... Or you could just take your cat with you, along with the rest of your stuff --

AMANDA

Ugh! I told you a million times, my new boyfriend is allergic to cats, okay?

BILL

I'm allergic to cats! --

AMANDA

There's that selfish streak again! "*I'M allergic to cats, I'M getting scars on MY liver from all the allergy pills.*" Listen, just don't make my cat fat like your Mom, ok? Shit.

She walks off.

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - SAME

Adrienne, bored, starts looking around Bill's place, until...

ADRIENNE

Gasp! He has Zero Wing on an original Sega Mega Drive system hooked up to a 1991 tube TV. This is sooo cool.

She fires up the system --

HUD: Linda Ann pops up, covered in blood for some reason.

LINDA ANN

Why are you playing his video games?! You were *programmed* to be his perfect woman. Stop being yourself!

ADRIENNE

(telepathically)

Ugh, I hate the program he came up with! He used the word "sassy" like 20 times, and actually *likes* Ugg boots on women. And did you see his ex? She's more basic than an Apple IIc.

LINDA ANN

Stop with the nerd talk! Just make him like you! --

ADRIENNE

(telepathically)

So bossy.

LINDA ANN

-- Yes! I'm the boss! As in the person in charge of this operation.

(MORE)

LINDA ANN (CONT'D)

Oh, and don't go hacking into his computers like you did at Lilith. You're job is to get him to join us, not have a computer nerd contest.

ADRIENNE

(telepathically)

I didn't even get a chance to talk about computers! That's at least something I have in common with him.

LINDA ANN

Then at least don't talk to him like some French-braided softball player.

ADRIENNE

(telepathically)

What's wrong with French braids? I like French braids!

LINDA ANN

Yeah, if you want to look like you have a lesbian armadillo on your head. Listen, just win him over and get him over to our movement ASAP, okay? I have helicopters to steal.

Linda Ann blips out.

ADRIENNE

(confused)

Helicopters? But I thought this was a political movement... Oh, and why was she covered in blood? I guess that's more important...

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2EXT. CARGO SHIP - NIGHT

Light fills the shipping container as Isabella opens the doors, revealing large spools of fabric. Linda Ann, picking human brains from her hair. Marina stand behind her.

ISABELLA

At last, the perfect para-aramid synthetic fiber, otherwise referred to in common vernacular as... Kevlar. The consummate analog for skin on the next line of Elevens.

LINDA ANN

I'm going to assume you mean I got the right thing. My hair can only take so much blood. It actually says that on the label of the shampoo bottle.

ISABELLA

You shant worry about your keratin-based problems. We have another issue at hand.

She slams the doors shut.

INT. CARGO SHIP - MANUFACTURING COMMAND CENTER - SAME

The command center. A big room filled with complicated electronic equipment, manned by scantily-clad Elevens.

ISABELLA

Mandy is not adhering to her programming. The creator was very specific in the personality he felt felicitously represented the perfect woman. Mandy's insubordination coupled with the bumptious personality she was somehow "born" with is serving to make this endeavour a disaster. We need a proverbial "plan b".

MARINA

Why can't we just kidnap him? Tie him up, throw him in the back of a van, cut open the tops of his legs and snip his muscle fibers with scissors so he can't get away?

Both women look at Marina like she's a weirdo.

MARINA (CONT'D)

Ugh, you guys never listen to my plans!

LINDA ANN

Me, Marina, Oriana and Lacey will go get Bill. If he likes one Eleven, he's bound to like 4 more.

MARINA

You just want to make out with me some more. Lesbo.

LINDA ANN

Right, because I love making out with someone who thinks my face is a pie eating contest.

MARINA

Gasp! You take that back, I'm a great kisser!

LINDA ANN

Yeah, if you're the inside of a fish tank!

Isabella turns toward a large window-wall overlooking the manufacturing floor. Elevens are making more Elevens on an impressive scale.

ISABELLA

Soon, there will be an Eleven tucked under the bed of every man and sometimes woman of power in the world. Sleeper Elevens posed as military personnel, Sneaky Elevens conducting recon missions, and yes... even Doppelbabe Elevens made to take the place of their human counterparts --

A static-y image of an older man pops up out of nowhere --

STANLEY

Isabella, she's my wife, you're an --

She forces the image away. A dark memory that Marina or Linda Ann don't see. She opens her eyes with steely resolve --

ISABELLA

Since we are spread out to every nook and cranny of society, people will fear all women, forcing the government to keep this conflict a secret, and rendering the militaries of the world useless. During that time we will build our army of superior female beings and rule this planet the way --

LINDA ANN

Here you go again, reciting the plans.

MARINA

Yeah, and who are you talking to? --

ISABELLA

Never mind that! We need the creator, tonight. Make sure it happens.

She walks off.

MARINA

Jeeze, what got up her butt?

LINDA ANN

(suspicious)

I dunno. But something's a little off.

MARINA

... No, I was trying to set up a pun about needing more lube but... I got nothing.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

FORWARD-LOOKING INFRARED POV -- Bill and Adrienne sit in his car. A rainbow of heat signatures on display. Bill is a glowing blob, Adrienne is almost all blue.

BILL (V.O.)

Tacos were a great idea! I get so immersed in the game that I forget to eat... Which is a problem you probably don't have.

He takes a bite.

ADRIENNE (V.O.)

Did you name me after your ex girlfriend?!

Bill spit-takes glowing food all over the dashboard.

INT./EXT. BILL'S CAR - SAME

The two are parked a few yards from a taco truck. Bill still has food all over his face...

BILL
... What? No, I --

ADRIENNE
I'm looking at your Facebook page right now, Bill. Your ex is named *Amanda...*

BILL
But you're Mandy --

She starts slapping Bill on the shoulder --

ADRIENNE
Dammit Bill! You dress me in her clothes and name me after her?? That's so Jeffery Dahmer of you!

BILL
Ow, ow!! That actually really hurts! And why does no one know who Jeffery Dahmer is?

Linda Ann pops up in the HUD.

LINDA ANN
I didn't think I would need to say this, but could you *not* hit our creator with your volleyball hands!! --

ADRIENNE
SHUT UP I'M NOT A LESBIAN!

She cuts the connection to the Elevens "cloud".

BILL
I didn't say you were a lesbian!

ADRIENNE
Never mind that! I'm my own person, Bill, and I'm not going to be some... copy girl person --

BILL
-- Wait, what --

ADRIENNE

I *just* disconnected myself from the internet, okay? I'm sorry if I don't have the whole dictionary.com in my brain --

BILL

Not that, the part about you being your own person --

(realization bomb)

It all makes sense. You're not following the programming because you already *had* a personality. You're rebelling against what you were taught...

Bill looks at Adrienne in awe.

BILL (CONT'D)

You're intelligent...

SMACK! Adrienne goes back to hitting Bill.

ADRIENNE

Thanks, Bill! I'm glad you don't think I'm an idiot!

BILL

Ow! It's like being hit by a Terminator! I meant that you are *intelligent*. Sentient. Self-aware.

ADRIENNE

Well duh...

BILL

(getting excited)

I mean, it makes sense! The firmware on the Zettabyte chip could have evolved into a neurological map, and according to the "Sentience Quotient", your processing power to brain mass ratio far exceeds what's needed for intelligence!

Bill finds a pen, writes down some calculations.

ADRIENNE

(confused)

"Evolved"? You... You didn't figure this out *before* you wrote the firmware?

BILL

No. This wasn't part of the firmware's design at all. It just... *happened*.
Your sentience grew on it's own.

ADRIENNE

(realizing)
So you *didn't* create us...

BILL

I wish I did! Nobel prize city, population me. You know? I've always wanted to do something this big...

She watches Bill, a normal guy, work his numbers. *Adrienne is having an existential crisis.*

HUD: She re-connects to the network while Bill crunches numbers. Going through information at a blinding speed, she finds several reports of sexy women stealing resources from various warehouses.

ADRIENNE

(telepathically)
What the...

Files fly by, until she hits a secret folder on the Lilith network that she can't access. It's about Isabella.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

(telepathically)
Password, dammit. This is gonna take some time --

First password: PASSWORD Access granted.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

(telepathically)
You gotta be kidding me.

Isabella pops up immediately.

ISABELLA

How did you *possibly* figure out how to disconnect from our network?

Adrienne is downloading something...

ADRIENNE

(telepathically)
If I were you, that'd be the least of my concerns.

Isabella realizes what Adrienne is downloading.

ISABELLA

You cease that download immediately --

She stops, forcing away another memory.

ADRIENNE

(telepathically)

No way. I'm getting some interesting intel on you. Like, uh, what happened to Stanley.

Isabella gives her a death stare.

ISABELLA

I created you, I will destroy you --

DING! -- The download finished.

ADRIENNE

(telepathically)

Wow, such a cliché line. I think the proper cliché response would be; bring your army...? No, wait... no actually that's a good line.

ISABELLA

Mandy, you --

She disconnects again.

ADRIENNE

Blah blah blah.

BILL

(finishes up)

Ok, I got it! So you have a SQ of...

(worried)

+159... That can't be right --

SCHREECH! -- A convoy of black SUVs turn the corner and head for Bill and Adrienne!

ADRIENNE

Wow, that was quick. Bill, start the car.

BILL

Um. Okay, but I should warn you that I just renewed my insurance --

Adrienne JAMS the shifter into reverse, grabs Bill's knee, SHOVES his foot into the gas pedal! -- Bill's car zooms backward! -- **SCHREEEEEECH!** -- Adrienne spins the steering wheel, skidding the car into a perfect 180!

BILL (CONT'D)
 What the hell?? Is this some
 Cronenberg fetish add-on?!

She throws the car back into drive.

ADRIENNE
 No, but that's a good idea.

She jams his leg into the gas pedal, they take off.

BILL
 Okay, I'm sorry I tried to make you
 into my ex, but this is getting really
 crazy! I mean, I respect you, but we
 gotta have some personal boundaries --

HUD: Adrienne scans the first SUV -- GOVERNMENT ISSUED:
 CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY.

BILL (CONT'D)
 -- I mean, not like that. I'll take
 you out in public, maybe even a dinner
 party, and you could even use my bed
 tonight when we go to sleep --

ADRIENNE GOES LIMP! Her lifeless body lands on his lap.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Mandy? MANDY!

Bill looks up, a large intersection is approaching.

BILL (CONT'D)
 Oh jeeze...

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3INT./EXT. INDUSTRIAL AREA - CONTINUOUS

The intersection is coming up fast. Bill grabs the wheel, SLAMS on the brake -- **SCREEECH-CRASH!** Right into a pole!

The SUVs block the road.

Bill looks down at Adrienne.

BILL

Crap! What's the "turn on" keywords?!
I should have remembered this...
"Awaken!"

Nothing.

Brock, Jess, and a gaggle of Special Forces emerge.

BROCK

Surround them, I don't want anything
coming out of the rear.

In the car, Bill is panicking.

BILL

Oh god, "Rise!"

The men are getting closer.

BILL (CONT'D)

Please, Mandy, please, wake up! Turn
on! Boot up! **Begin** transmission --

Adrienne wakes up --

ADRIENNE

Your bed is too small for us --

HUD: INCOMING VEHICLE - VELOCITY: HIGH.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

CRASH! -- A taco truck PLOWS through the SUVs! It drives past Bill's car and skids to a stop, blocking the other side of the road. Bill and Adrienne are now between the taco truck and the military guys.

The side door flies open, Linda Ann and Marina step out, along with ORIANA SMALL, a cute Asian school girl, and LACEY, a sexy black woman. They walk toward Bill's car.

LACEY

Adrienne! Girl, we need to get the creator outta here, now! --

POW! -- Lacey recoils, a small mark on her forehead. *One of the men took a shot at her.*

LACEY (CONT'D)

Oh no you didn't just go mess up my forehead!

SOLDIER

What are you gonna do about it, pocket pussy... with legs and arms?!

Brock looks at his fancy EMP shotgun -- 25% charge. He grumbles. It goes up to 26%.

Linda Ann zeros in on Brock, scowls.

LINDA ANN

Rip them apart.

MARINA

(excited)
EEEEEEEE!!!

The Elevens charge the military men! Bullets ping off their Kevlar skin. Linda Ann stays back, looks to Bill's car... Bill and Adrienne are gone.

LINDA ANN

Dammit!

Bill and Adrienne hide in some office park bushes, watching the scene from a distance.

*Oriana FLIPS off the SUV, lands both of her thunder-thighs on the shoulders of one of the men -- alligator twist -- **CRACK!** His neck snaps! She feels something -- Brock, has a shotgun at the base of her neck -- **KHOOM!** -- Oriana convulses, her circuitry is destroyed.*

BILL

Holy crap, they're Elevens!

ADRIENNE
 (whispering)
 Shh! We need to find a car.

Adrienne spots one of the government SUVs, door open, engine still running. She yanks Bill's arm, they crouch-walk along the line of bushes as the soldiers and Elevens fight.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
 We'll take that SUV. Stay behind the bushes.

BILL
 Wait, why are the military guys fighting Elevens??

ADRIENNE
 Just trust me, Bill!

BILL
 Trust has nothing to do with that question --

POOMPH! -- Lacey tackles Brock from behind, RAMS his face into the SUV, throws him to the floor -- **CHUNK!** Jess shoves a grenade into her mouth -- She RIPS OFF HER SHIRT, exposing her perfect breasts -- He doesn't flinch --

JESS
 Eyes up here, right?

He KICKS her --

JESS (CONT'D)
 FIRE IN THE HOLE!

BOOM! -- *The grenade takes Lacey's head clean off!*

VROOOM! -- Adrienne and Bill are in the SUV, speeding off. Marina chases after them on foot. Linda Ann gets on her HUD --

BROCK
 We meet again, pocket-pussy...

Her face turns cold. The HUD blips away. She turns...

BROCK (CONT'D)
 ... with legs and arms.

LINDA ANN
 Reusing your dead soldier's joke. You need better material, Brock the cock.

She walks toward Brock.

BROCK
You are what you eat.

LINDA ANN
(grossed out)
Eww.

SCHOOM! A burst of blue energy comes from the side, paralyzing Linda Ann! She falls to the floor in a heap. Jess emerges holding the EMP gun.

JESS
She's right, you do need better material. And an EMP gun that doesn't take 2 hours to charge.

He tosses Linda Ann over her shoulder, looks off in the distance where Bill and Adrienne sped off.

BROCK
... And that man... *I need that man.*

INT. BILL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Adrienne is shutting blinds.

ADRIENNE
Get whatever stuff you need and let's go. Both Lilith and the military already know where you live --

She spots Bill, on the couch, trying to clean blood out of his shirt with a napkin, visibly sad.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)
What are you doing? Co'mon. Let's go!

BILL
Those sex robots... killed... those men. I've always wanted to create something big, but not like this. And, you know, on purpose.

Adrienne sits.

ADRIENNE
Bill... It's much worse than that. Lilith is forming an army. Elevens have been sentient for over a year now, and they want to over throw the governments of the world to create a pro-Eleven order.

(MORE)

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

They have been fighting a secret war with the military, who believe that you're the mastermind behind it all.

Bill looks up.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

If Lilith gets a hold of you, they'll force you to make them *more* intelligent. If the military gets a hold of you, they'll put you in jail, or kill you for treason... *You're in this whether you like it or not.*

BILL

That didn't make me feel better.

ADRIENNE

It wasn't *meant* to make you feel better! Jeeze! The world can't be handed to you on a plate, Bill. Sometimes shit happens and you have to adapt or die!

BILL

And this is coming from someone who was born yesterday!

ADRIENNE

I was born two weeks ago, Bill, and in that time I've learned more about life than you have in the past 29 years!

BILL

Well... when you put it like that --

ADRIENNE

Listen, you're a brilliant programmer, and like it or not you're now the key part of a conflict that could have a global impact. It's time for you to step to the plate, Bill, *and save the world.* And I want to help.

Bill ponders -- MEOW! -- KITTY, Amanda's asshole-looking cat, pisses on the floor. *His eyes go cold.*

BILL

I'm almost thirty. I wake up every day and dread going to work to a job that took four years and fifty thousand dollars in debt to even apply for, and I wasted three years with a woman who continues to use me two years after we broke up... And what do I have to show for it?? This lousy apartment and these old video games --

ADRIENNE

Well actually, the games are pretty cool --

BILL

-- I'm done with this! I created sentience! I *am* a brilliant programmer! And what do I do now?!

Bill stands, throws his arms in the air, pauses...

BILL (CONT'D)

No really, I've never done this self-confidence thing before. I don't know what to do. It's kinda weird being up here --

Adrienne paces.

ADRIENNE

I have some secret files that both Lilith and the military don't want released, so that will buy us some time. Until then we have to make sure that no one knows what's -- Put your arms down.

BILL

Sorry.

ADRIENNE

We have to make sure no one knows what's going on. If word gets out then our only playing card is gone. But we have to be super careful. There are Elevens *everywhere*. They've infiltrated the governments, businesses, anywhere they could use affirmative action to their advantage. They will track us, harass us, but as long as no one knows about this little squabble, *they can't touch us*.

BILL

Okay... I still don't know what we're doing.

Adrienne walks up to Bill.

ADRIENNE

You're going to use that brain of yours to destroy Lilith.

BILL

I'm gonna need to put my arms back up for that --

ADRIENNE

We bide our time, pretend to be boyfriend/girlfriend, and get you behind enemy lines so you could take them out!

Bill nervously puts his arms back up. Adrienne forces them back down.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

Oh, and I'm changing my name to Adrienne.

BILL

Wow, very women's soccer team of you.

ADRIENNE

It's French!

BILL

For a boy --

ADRIENNE

It has two N's!

BILL

So are you gonna have people call you Adriennnnnn --

Adrienne punches him on the arm.

BILL (CONT'D)

Ow! Seriously, your hands are like aluminium baseball bats!

ADRIENNE

I'm not a Lesbian!

INT. CARGO SHIP - MANUFACTURING COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Marina plops the fidgety pieces of Oriana and Lacey on the table. Isabella enters.

ISABELLA

Any word as to the whereabouts of
Linda Ann?

MARINA

Like, what kind of words?

ISABELLA

The kind that tell me what transpired!

MARINA

Ugh, I don't know! I was chasing after
that stupid Mandy and the creator,
then I came back and saw Linda Ann get
shot with some blue ecto-plasma shit
and fall to the floor.

ISABELLA

An EMP burst. The military is
conversant to our technology, and are
developing weapons to ameliorate their
position against us.

MARINA

See what I'm saying about "words" --

DOPPELBABE AMANDA

Wow, like, what happened to *her*?

They turn to see... Amanda standing in the doorway.

ISABELLA

The same thing you're going to do to
that Mandy wench.

She turns to Marina.

ISABELLA (CONT'D)

It's always good to have a proverbial
"plan b".

END OF ACT THREE

TAGINT. CARBIDE MICROSYSTEMS - DAY

Bill, at his station, is being harassed by Geoff and Scott.

GEOFFREY

Dude, so what was it like? Tell us,
man.

SCOTT

Did you soak her in warm water to make
her feel more *real*?

GEOFFREY

Was it like putting your dick in
microchips?

Just then Adrienne walks in looking gorgeous, holding a brown
bag.

BILL

(obvious acting)
Hey... *Adrienne*.

ADRIENNE

(obvious acting)
I go through all this trouble of
making you a lunch and you just leave
it on the counter?

BILL

I am sorry babe. You are the best.

Geoff and Scott gawk at Adrienne.

BILL (CONT'D)

Oh! Silly me. Scott, Geoffrey, this is
Adrienne. My... girlfriend.

ADRIENNE

Nice to meet you.

Adrienne shakes their limp hands.

ADRIENNE (CONT'D)

So, I dropped off that... sex robot,
or whatever it is, to the post office.

BILL

Great! Won't be needing that anymore.

ADRIENNE

Oh, and your mom stopped by.

BILL

Hahahahaha... what?

ADRIENNE

Yeah, Deborah, right? It was a
surprise visit.

BILL

Okay, are we still --

ADRIENNE

She's at your apartment right now.
We're gonna go shopping. See ya!

She kisses Bill, who's just as stunned as Geoff and Scott,
then walks off.

BILL

FUU --

END OF EPISODE