

Pilot

# **THE MEMO SAYS “CHARGE”**

ANSWERING THE CALL

Written by

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**SCENE 1: INT. THE 'OFFICE CORPS' OFFICES. DAY**

VIC DOUGLAS IS AN UNASSUMING CLERICAL WORKER IN THE MILITARY'S 'OFFICE CORPS'. HE IS WORKING QUIETLY AT HIS DESK.

**FX            OPEN PLAN OFFICE ATMOS.**

AN INTERN WALKS OVER, CARRYING SOME PAPERS.

INTERN        Hey Vic, great work on those war reports. Keep this up and they'll have to give you a promotion! The office corp really needs more men like you.

VIC            Thanks David - here's hoping. Anything else?

INTERN        No, not really. (PAUSE) Hey, that looks pretty nice! What font is that, Helvetica?

VIC            Yep, that's the one.

AWKWARD PAUSE.

INTERN        (COUGHS) Oh, by the way - it says here you're being sent to the front-lines tomorrow.

VIC            What?!

OPENING THEME MUSIC PLAYS ABRUPTLY.

FADE OUT.

**SCENE 2: EXT. SHUTTLE BOARDING PAD. THE NEXT DAY**

A LARGE SPACE SHUTTLE IS PARKED UP, ALLOWING NEWLY CALLED-UP SOLDIERS TO BOARD. VIC IS WAITING SULLENLY, SECOND IN LINE.

INTERCOM    Now boarding: all Office Corps members for transit to the front-lines. Please remember to have an up-to-date copy of your will ready for inspection.

ROY BRAUN IS IN ANIMATED DISCUSSION WITH THE FLIGHT OFFICER.

ROY            This is going to be great! I thought we'd never get called up to fight!  
                  Charging the enemy! Defending humanity against the unstoppable robotic  
                  menace! I can't wait! Huzzah!

OFFICER      (PATIENTLY) Yes sir, 'huzzah' indeed. Now, if you could just step on  
                  board...

ROY            Oh yes, of course! (TO HIMSELF) Huzzah!

ROY SKIPS MERRILY ONTO THE TRANSPORT.

OFFICER      On you go, Sir. Have a lovely war. (SHOUTS) Next!

VIC STEPS UP TO THE RAMP.

VIC            Excuse me, but I'm sure this is some kind of mistake; I'm an office worker.  
                  I thought we weren't eligible for front-line duty?

OFFICER      Office Corps? That's what it says here on my paperwork. Yep, looks  
                  like pretty much all of you are being called up. I suppose they need the  
                  extra manpower?

VIC            (PAUSE) And you're sure that it's the *front-lines* that we're being sent to?

OFFICER      (EXAMINES PAPERS) Mmmm... yep! The front-lines, it says here.  
                  Wouldn't want to go there, if I were you.

VIC            Bloody hell. (PAUSE) What, even Jason from accounting? (GLEEFUL)  
                  Ooh, I bet he's going somewhere really horrible! Somewhere like the  
                  Death Mines of Castratron, right?

OFFICER      Lets see... (LOOKS THROUGH THE PAPERS) Jason... Jason...

**FX            LEAFING THROUGH PAGES**

VIC Ooh! Maybe he got picked for the un-nameable apocalypse world of the five burning systems?

OFFICER (READING) Ah! Jason! (BEAT) He's going to the Lust Pits of Venus.

VIC The Lust Pits of Venus?! Oh yes, I'm sure that's bloody *treacherous*...!

OFFICER Oh, yes! Very dangerous indeed, Sir. Only the other week some poor soul there died of exhaustion! (PAUSE) Anyway... your name?

VIC (SIGH) It's Vic.

OFFICER (READS) Vic...? Nope, no Vic down here. Might you be under some other name?

VIC Er, well... I might be under, er... (MUMBLES SOMETHING)

OFFICER Sorry, what was that?

VIC (RELUCTANTLY) Victoria. Try looking for Victoria.

OFFICER (LOUDLY) Ah, Victoria! We were wondering when you'd show up. Just give me a moment.

HE PICKS UP A SMALL RADIO.

OFFICER (INTO RADIO) Hello? Yes, Victoria has arrived. He's coming on board now. (PAUSE) Yes, it's a man. (PAUSE) No, I don't know either. (CHUCKLES) Okay, then.

HE PUTS THE RADIO BACK DOWN AGAIN.

OFFICER Everything's sorted. You can board now, Sir.

VIC But I-

OFFICER Thank you, Sir. Have a lovely war. (SHOUTS) Next!

**FX SPACESHIP TAKING OFF**

**SCENE 3: INT. THE SHUTTLE. A FEW MINUTES LATER**

THE SHUTTLE IS EN ROUTE. VIC IS SEATED BETWEEN ROY AND ANOTHER MAN (KIRK SHETNER).

ROY           Well, this is fun isn't it?

VIC           Fun? You call this fun?

ROY           Oh, yes! Fresh air, free food, camaraderie!

VIC           We're being sent to die, you moron!

ROY           I know! How exciting!

KIRK BEGINS PRESSING THE 'REQUEST ASSISTANCE' BUTTON REPEATEDLY.

**FX           IN-FLIGHT ASSISTANCE BUTTON PINGS, INCREASING IN SPEED**

VIC           You know who the enemy is right? Enormous, hulking killer robots with no feelings and a bigger grudge against humans than the Dodo. They're heartless machines, man!

ROY           Come now, I can't imagine they're all that scary just because they're machines. I always got on quite well with the printers in the office.

**FX           RAPIDITY OF PINGING BUTTON REACHES FEVER PITCH**

VIC           Excuse me... (SHOUTS) Excuse me!

**FX           PINGING STOPS**

VIC           What the hell are you doing?

KIRK          Mm? Sorry, I'm just trying to call for a flight attendant.

**FX           PINGING RESUMES IN EARNEST, INTERRUPTED BY SCUFFLING**

VIC           Stop that! There are no flight attendants, this is a military shuttle!

KIRK          (BEAT) But I can't open my peanuts.

ROY GLANCES OVER.

ROY Er, those aren't peanuts - they're suicide pills.

KIRK Suicide pills? That seems a bit dangerous, doesn't it? They just leave them lying about where anyone could mistake them for an in-flight snack?

ROY I know! You have to be very careful with that sort of thing, I find.

VIC Are you both mad? You do realise we're all heading to the front-lines of a war zone?

KIRK All the more reason to have a snack first!

ROY That's the spirit!

ROY & KIRK (SINGING, BADLY):

*Oh, the army fights 'em off under skies of grey,  
But who saves the day when there's paperwork astray?  
While the soldiers are weathering the storms,  
We'll keep 'em stocked up with requisition forms.  
We'll support the boys as they fight the war,  
It's a grand life in the Office Corps!  
Na na-na na na na-na na-na (CONTINUE AD NAUSEUM)*

VIC (TO HIMSELF) I can't believe this is happening to me.

**FX ENGINES NOISE DROWNS OUT THE SINGING**

INTERCOM Warning: We are now entering a combat zone. Please remember to have your seatbelts fastened. Air-sickness bags and laser-proof vests can be found underneath your seat.

**FX DROPSHIP FLIES OVERHEAD / MARCHING OF BOOTS / TRENCH  
ATMOS**

**SCENE 4: INT. CAPTAIN BOORMAN'S BUNKER. LATE AFTERNOON**

'REGIONAL MANAGER' CAPTAIN BOORMAN LOOKS UP FROM BEHIND A MOUND OF PAPERWORK AS VIC ENTERS THE ROOM.

BOORMAN Ah, Mr. Douglas! Or, should I say, Sergeant Douglas!

VIC Sergeant?

BOORMAN Yes! Welcome to your battlefield induction, I'm Captain Boorman and I'll be your manager, high-command liaison, and, of course, superior officer - but you can just think of me as your supervisor. Emphasis on the super! Ha ha ha ha!

VIC (WOEFULLY) Oh no...

BOORMAN Just a little Office Corps humour, Douglas. You'll find we're a great bunch here. Now, I understand that a lot of the newcomers may have concerns regarding the fact that they've been re-allocated to the front-lines, but I'm sure you understand how vital you all are to the war effort.

VIC Yes, although I'd like to talk about that if we can.

BOORMAN (IGNORES HIM) Is this your first time in the 'firing line,' so to speak?

VIC Yes, but I'd rather it wasn't.

BOORMAN Ha! Very good, Sergeant. Yes, I empathise completely. I'm so proud that sometimes I wish I could say it was my hundredth deployment!  
(CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF) Gosh, we really do have a smashing time here.

VIC Well, actually I'd rather not be here at all, Sir.

BOORMAN (PROUDLY) Well, well! I know your type, Vic! You'd rather be out there, eh? Getting stuck into battle straight away! Ducking and diving. Showing those rustbuckets who's boss!

VIC (PAUSE) Not as such, no.

BOORMAN (IGNORES HIM AGAIN) Not to worry, you won't have long to wait - I've got an excellent assignment for you which we'll get onto in just a moment. First though, we'll need to get you a team.

VIC My team? But I don't want a team! (PAUSE) Why do I get a team?

**FX RUSTLING OF PAPERS**

BOORMAN (READING) It says here you once optimised the entire departmental filing scheme! That sounds like officer material to me.

VIC I only suggested that perhaps the coffee machine maintenance logs didn't require an entire filing cabinet.

BOORMAN And that's just the sort of initiative we like to see! Now then, this team...

**FX DOOR OPENS / BOOTS CLATTER IN, STAMP TO A HALT**

ROY Privates Roy Braun and Kirk Shetner reporting for duty, Sir!

KIRK (LOUDLY, LATE) -ing for duty, Sir!

BOORMAN Fantastic timing, lads! Say, how do you fancy being part of a crack squad of troops for a top secret mission?

ROY Sounds bloody brilliant, Sir! We'd both love it, wouldn't we?

KIRK Er, yeah!

VIC Oh, you've got to be kidding me.

ROY We won't let you down, Sir!

BOORMAN Excellent to hear, Private Braun. Now then - your assignment. Fetch me those papers, Private... Shetner, was it?

KIRK Yes, Sir. These ones, Sir?



BOORMAN Those ones, yes.

KIRK The ones in this red folder, Sir?

BOORMAN That's it, Private - hand them over.

KIRK I can't, Sir.

BOORMAN Why not?

KIRK It says 'Top Secret,' Sir. I might look. (PAUSE) I don't want to get caught snooping on military secrets, Sir - I've heard what they do to spies! First, they chop off your private parts, then they get a really long pair of pliers and-

BOORMAN (INTERRUPTS) That's quite enough of that, Private. No-one's going near you with any pliers, just pass the folder over.

KIRK Alright, Sir - I'll shut my eyes though, just in case.

BOORMAN (SIGHS) Fine.

**FX ENVELOPE OPENING / PAPERS SHUFFLED**

BOORMAN (CLEARS THROAT) Sergeant Douglas - your mission, should you choose to accept it- (PAUSE) Ha ha ha! Only kidding, you don't get a choice. Just a bit of Office Corps humour. (TO HIMSELF, WISTFULLY) Ah, we do like to have fun here...  
(CONTINUES READING) Anyway, High Command have been getting a little concerned about our recent, catastrophic losses in battle against the robot army. They're worried that we don't have what it takes to win this war and, most of all, they're worried that we don't know our enemy!

VIC Know our enemy? They're mindless killing machines, Sir. What's there to know?

BOORMAN Well, that's what we'd like to find out! Your mission is to go out there and canvass the enemy troops for their opinions on the war. Try to get a feel for their morale, you know?

VIC And how exactly is this going to work? Do you expect us to march across no-man's land, hop into the enemy trenches, and say "excuse me, but do you have a moment to talk about *how you feel*"?!

BOORMAN Precisely, Sergeant. Although-

HE PLACES A CAMERA ON THE DESK.

**FX THUD**

BOORMAN We'd also like you to capture it all on camera. Any questions?

ROY (ANGRILY) Now hold on a minute, Sir! This all sounds a bit namby-pamby, 'pop a flower in my hair and sing around the camp-fire' to me! Won't we get to take the fight to the enemy? Really give 'em a thrashing?

BOORMAN Oh yes, Private! (SAGELY) But you'll be fighting them with the greatest weapon of all - knowledge!

VIC We're going to die.

**FX PAPERS ARE RETURNED TO THE ENVELOPE**

BOORMAN Put this away please, Private Shetner.

KIRK Put what away, Sir?

ROY Ha! He's still got his eyes shut!

BOORMAN Oh for goodness' sakes, Private! Here - take *this* and put it in *that* cabinet.

KIRK Aye, aye, Sir. (BEAT) Which way to the cabinet?

VIC It's to your left, Shetner.

**FX                    MUFFLED THUD**

VIC                    Your other left.

**FX                    FURTHER FUMBLINGS, THEN A FILING CABINET IS OPENED**

KIRK                    Aha, I think I've got it now.

**FX                    DOOR SMASHES INWARDS, FOLLOWED BY LOUD FANFARE**

CAPTAIN STEELE OF THE CAVALRY CORPS LEAPS INTO THE ROOM WITH PRACTISED BRAVADO.

STEELE                Stand back, everyone! Hold onto your clipboards! The real men have arrived!

RAUCOUS LAUGHTER ERUPTS FROM OUTSIDE THE DOOR, THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY.

STEELE                What's this, *BORE*man? Having a tea party with the new office boys? The name's Captain Steele, lads - remember it. I'll probably be saving your lives later!

BOORMAN (BLUSTERS) Now, look here - these are some of my top men! They're well-equipped, well-trained, and ready to handle anything those tin cans can throw at us!

KIRK                    (BEAT) Sorry, Sir, but I think I've got my hand stuck in the filing cabinet.

HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER FROM OUTSIDE, WHICH THEN STOPS ABRUPTLY.

STEELE                Enough games! Me and the rest of the Cavalry Corps are about to charge the enemy, and I need the forms to apply for the Medal of Valour. You know - the really big one with the bright, gold star on the front!  
(CHANTS) Rah! Rah!

CHANT OF 'RAH! RAH!' IS ECHOED FROM OUTSIDE.

BOORMAN (CALMLY) I see. How many will you need, Captain?

STEELE Lets see, there's... (SOFTLY COUNTING) one, two... five...  
(LOUDLY) All of us!

**FX SOUND OF NOTEPAD BEING LEAFED THROUGH**

BOORMAN I see. So that's... (SCRIBBLING A NOTE) two-hundred and thirty four...  
giant... gold... medals.

STEELE That's right! We're just that bloody good!

BOORMAN Well, I'll have the paperwork sent over for processing. Good luck in the  
battle.

STEELE Luck? Who needs luck when you've got a laser rifle in your arms, a jet-  
bike between your thighs, and a moustache big enough to hold a  
bayonet?

ROARS OF LAUGHTER FROM OUTSIDE, STOPS ABRUPTLY.

STEELE Well, see you later boys! Don't drown yourselves in the water cooler while  
I'm away!

**FX DOOR SLAMS SHUT, HUNDREDS OF BOOTS MARCH AWAY**

BOORMAN Bloody cavalry.

ROY Wow - now that was a real hero!

BOORMAN You'll learn nothing useful from Steele, Private Braun. Mark my words.  
Now, I have one important piece of equipment to give you, and it's a little  
bit special.

**FX DESK DRAWER BEING OPENED**

BOORMAN This is something new we cooked up over in R&D, and it might just save  
your life one day.

VIC Finally, something useful!

ROY Is it something deadly? Surely it must be a gun.

BOORMAN It certainly could be deadly in the right hands! Here you go, boys - the WorryWhistle™, Mk.1.

BOORMAN GIVES VIC & ROY A SMALL PLASTIC WHISTLE EACH.

VIC What?

ROY With all due respect - it's a small plastic whistle, Sir.

BOORMAN Oh yes - it may look like just a whistle, but appearances can be deceiving!

VIC (PAUSE) Go on then. What's so special about this whistle? Does it call in an air strike? Knock out electronic components? Perhaps it creates concentrated sound waves that can shatter steel?

BOORMAN Almost! Our top scientists worked day and night to produce this - listen.

**FX PATHETIC WHISTLE SOUND**

VIC (PAUSE) Right. Nothing seems to have happened.

BOORMAN No, no, no - listen to the sound!

**FX ANOTHER PATHETIC WHISTLE**

VIC Mmmm... Nope, I'm still not hearing anything apart from a toy whistle.

BOORMAN Two decibels, Sergeant!

VIC What?

BOORMAN It's exactly two decibels louder than most other whistles of this size! Isn't that amazing? It took weeks to get it right!

VIC I'm sorry, Sir, but the genius of this invention must be over my head.

ROY Perhaps the robots are especially sensitive to that volume? Yes, that must be it!

BOORMAN No, I'm afraid field testing indicates it has no effect at all on the enemy robots. Gosh, that would be impressive!

VIC So - and I must stress this next question - what's the point?

BOORMAN Well, if you get into a bit of a tricky situation, you pull out your WorryWhistle™ and...

**FX WHISTLES**

BOORMAN Someone will hear the whistle, and come to your aid! See? It's really very simple.

VIC I'm beginning to wish I'd joined the Catering Corps.

**FX RAID SIREN OUTSIDE, DISTANT EXPLOSION/SHOUTS**

BOORMAN Aha! That'll be the attack starting now. You've got your mission; don't let me down, lads!

ROY Yes, Sir!

VIC Yes, (With faint resignation) Sir.

ROY AND VIC EXIT.

**SCENE 5: EXT. THE TRENCHES. A MINUTE LATER**

**FX FADE IN SOUNDS OF DISTANT GUNFIRE AND EXPLOSIONS**

VIC I mean what's the point? Haven't they got real soldiers to fight the war?

ROY (CANDIDLY) With all due respect, Sir, I don't think the war's going particularly well.

VIC Don't let the Captain hear you say that! Rumour back at the office was that the newest morale-boosting exercise is three weeks colour-coding the toilet paper in the latrines.

THEY BOTH SHUDDER.

ROY Still, it's 'every man must do his duty,' isn't it? We've all got to muck in.

VIC Yes, but the entire office corps?! What are we going to do, photocopy them to death?

CONTINUE INTO:

**SCENE 6: INT. THE BUNKER. SECONDS LATER**

**FX VIC PULLS UP A CHAIR**

VIC Right, we've got our mission. Now how do we get out of it?

ROY Surely you don't mean... (DRAMATIC PAUSE) insubordination?!

VIC The very same.

ROY Sir! That sort of talk can get a man shot, you know!

VIC Yes, and so will asking a homicidal robot to complete a short survey. We're in a tight spot, Roy, and we need a plan.

THEY PAUSE TO THINK.

**FX DISTANT EXPLOSION**

ROY Why don't we just do the surveys ourselves?

VIC That'll never work - we're meant to get them on video, remember?

ROY Hm... hold on a second...

**FX OPENS A NEARBY CUPBOARD, RUMMAGES**

ROY EMERGES FROM THE CUPBOARD WAVING A STAPLER MANIACALLY.

**FX STAPLER CLICKING**

ROY (MOCK ROBOT VOICE) Hi! I am a robot and I am sad because the humans are so great!

VIC Roy. That's a stapler.

ROY (DISAPPOINTED) Alright, alright.

**FX MORE DESPERATE RUMMAGING**

ROY How about... this!

HE IS WIELDING THE SAME STAPLER, BUT HAS ATTACHED GOOGLY EYES.

**FX STAPLER CLICKING, MORE RAPIDLY**

ROY (MOCK ROBOT VOICE) Hi! My favourite hobby is killing and my favourite colour is-

VIC Roy, sticking googly eyes on it does not make that stapler any more menacing.

ROY (SIGHS) Point taken. (PAUSE) What if we just turn the lights out and say it was too dark?

**FX A LOUD EXPLOSION SMASHES THE DOOR INWARDS, SOUNDS OF ROBOTIC SERVO MOTORS / VOCALISATIONS REMINISCENT OF DAMAGED BAGPIPES**

NEARLY A DOZEN KILLER ROBOTS BURST INTO THE BUNKER.

VIC Robots!

ROY Aha! Thought you'd bring the fight to us, eh? Bring it on!

HE LAUNCHES HIMSELF AT THE INVADERS.



**FX CRASHING / VIOLENCE - CAST + FX**

VIC Roy! What are you doing?!

ROY (STRANGLED) It seems to have me by the throat, Sir! Only a trifling tactical disadvantage, I'm sure.

ROBOT (UNINTELLIGIBLE YET ANGRY BAGPIPE-ESQUE NOISES)

ROY (SCREAMS)

**FX CRASH / THUD**

ROY (PAINED) Ah. It seems the scoundrel was able to hurl me across the room, Sir.

VIC Well don't just lie there! Do something!

ROY FUMBLES WITH HIS WORRYWHISTLE™.

**FX PATHETIC WHISTLING SOUND**

VIC (SHOUTS) Roy! Forget the bloody whistle - what should we do?

ROY (DESPERATELY) The photocopier, Sir! It's our only hope!

VIC What?

ROBOT (MORE ANGRY NOISES)

ROY Quickly, Sir! The photocopier! Push it into them!

**FX COPIER IS SHOVED ACROSS THE FLOOR. HEAVY IMPACT, THEN CRASHING AND ELECTRONIC ZAPS AND SHRIEKS**

VIC It's working! Charge!

**FX CHAOTIC BATTLE ENSUES: A TERRIBLE RACKET - CAST + FX**

ROY Watch out, Sir!

VIC            This is madness! There's oil and parts everywhere!

ROY            I can barely look!

**FX            BATTLE CONT. - SMASHING / CRASHING / WHIRRING.  
DELIBERATELY OVER-THE-TOP**

VIC            I've never seen anything like it!

ROY            You're not the only one...

**FX            CHAOS FINALLY DIES DOWN**

VIC            Wow! Great idea, Roy - who'd have thought we had the budget for that?  
                  There must've been about ten of them!

ROY            (INCREDULOUS) I want to know how *that* one got stuck in the ceiling fan.

THEY PAUSE TO TAKE IN THE SCENE AS THE DUST SETTLES, THEN ROY  
BEGINS EXAMINING THE REMAINS OF EACH ROBOT.

**FX            METALLIC RUMMAGING**

ROY            Excuse me?

HE WALKS TO THE NEXT ROBOT AND LIFTS THE HEAD...

ROY            Pardon me...?

AND THE NEXT...

ROY            Hello?

VIC            Er, what are you doing?

ROY            I thought I should check to see if any of them fancy taking our survey.

VIC            (PAUSE) Actually, that gives me an idea.

**SCENE 7: INT. CAPTAIN BOORMAN'S BUNKER. AROUND THE SAME TIME**

BOORMAN IS WORKING QUIETLY AT HIS DESK, HAVING FORGOTTEN THAT KIRK IS STILL STUCK IN THE FILING CABINET.

**FX MUSIC PLAYS SOFTLY, PAPERS SHUFFLING, MUFFLED SOUNDS OF NEARBY BATTLE**

BOORMAN (ABSENT-MINDEDLY HUMS ALONG WITH MUSIC)

KIRK Er, excuse me, Sir?

BOORMAN (STARTLED) Argh!

**FX BOORMAN DROPS HIS PAPERS**

KIRK Whoops. Sorry, Sir.

BOORMAN (COMPOSING HIMSELF) For goodness' sakes, man! You're meant to be out on a mission!

KIRK I was just thinking the same thing, Sir; only I'm still stuck in this filing cabinet.

BOORMAN Well don't just stand there, Private - free yourself! That's an order!

KIRK I tried that, Sir.

BOORMAN And?

KIRK And now both of my hands are stuck inside.

BOORMAN Let me take a look.

BOORMAN STANDS UP AND BEGINS HEAVING AT KIRK'S TRAPPED ARM.

BOORMAN It's no good. (BEAT) We'll have to take the arm off.

KIRK What?!

BOORMAN That's expensive office corps equipment, that filing cabinet! We can't have your grubby arms permanently jammed in my 'Miscellaneous' drawer. What if I get a piece of paperwork that doesn't clearly fit into one of the other sections?

KIRK I suppose I could just take it with me.

BOORMAN Take what with you?

**FX FILING CABINET IS DRAGGED NOISILY ACROSS THE FLOOR AND OUT OF THE ROOM**

BOORMAN Shetner! What are you doing?! Come back with that filing cabinet this instant!

KIRK (FROM OUTSIDE) I'll bring it back later, Captain! Don't worry!

BOORMAN (BELLOWED) Shetner! Shetner! (PAUSE) You forgot your WorryWhistle™!

**SCENE 8: EXT. NO-MAN'S LAND. SOME TIME LATER**

KIRK AND HIS FILING CABINET HAVE WADED INTO THE MIDST OF BATTLE.

**FX LASER BLASTS / WHISTLES / BATTLEFIELD ATMOS.**

KIRK Excuse me? Mr. Robot, Sir? Do you have a moment to take a short survey?

**FX LASER FIRING, NARROWLY MISSES**

KIRK (SHOUTS) I'll put you down as a 'No comment,' then?

HE DRAGS HIS CABINET OVER TO MEET ANOTHER ONCOMING ROBOT.

KIRK Er, hello?

ROBOT (UNTRANSLATABLE BAGPIPE-LIKE GIBBERISH)

KIRK            Yes, I'm from the Office Corps - we're just doing a little survey and I was wondering if-

**FX            LASER FIRING / CRUNCH & SIZZLE OF BURNING METAL**

KIRK            Bloody Nora! (HE EXAMINES THE DAMAGE) Well, so much for the Captain's filing cabinet...

AFTER A MOMENT, HE CONTINUES ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD.

KIRK            Pardon me! Excuse me! Could I have a moment?

FADE INTO:

**SCENE 9: INT. THE BUNKER. CONCURRENTLY**

VIC AND ROY ARE WEARING CRUDE ROBOT COSTUMES, COBBLED TOGETHER OUT OF THE BROKEN PARTS FROM THE BATTLE. THEY ARE SETTING UP THE RECORDING EQUIPMENT.

**FX            THE BATTLE CONTINUES OUTSIDE**

VIC            Alright, Roy - try standing in front of the camera now.

ROY SHUFFLES AWKWARDLY INTO THE CENTRE OF THE ROOM.

**FX            METALLIC CLANKING**

ROY            Okay... How do I look?

VIC            (PAUSE) You look like an idiot dressed up as a robot, but it's the best we can do if we want to get these surveys finished. Now hold still for a minute and put the helmet on.

VIC FIDDLES WITH THE CAMERA CONTROLS.

ROY            This makes me feel a bit uncomfortable actually, Sir.

VIC Really, Private? There's no need to feel uncomfortable. Believe me - I've heard some horror stories about what the robots do to human prisoners. Do you know what happens when they capture one of our special forces teams? They cut off their heads and use them to put on a puppet show. Using bits of destroyed robots as a disguise is practically angelic by comparison, not to mention pretty clever.

ROY Oh, I wasn't concerned about the morals, Sir. I just meant it's a bit tight around the, er...

VIC Well yes, Roy - that's to be expected. All the robots have down there is a charging socket and a couple of USB ports. Now stop tugging at it - you'll make the legs fall off again.

VIC CONTINUES NOISILY ADJUSTING THE CAMERA.

VIC Okay, we'll just check the audio levels. Say something, would you?

ROY (PAUSE) Ooh, I don't know what to say...

VIC It doesn't matter, just say anything.

ROY Should I go with something classical, like Shakespeare? What was that line...?

VIC Roy! It doesn't matter what you say!

ROY (DRAMATICALLY) I will grind your bones to dust, and with your blood make pasta...! Wait, that's not right...

VIC Forget it!

ROY Perhaps you'd prefer something a bit more contemporary?

VIC I said forget it! Let's just get started with the questions.

ROY (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. Alright then.

**FX UNFOLDING OF PAPER**

VIC (READING) Thank you for taking the time to complete this survey on behalf of the marauding robot army. Your cruel, hateful opinions are important to us.

Question one: Please describe your thoughts on the war so far.

ROY Well, I think it's smashing, Sir! Look at us, out on the front-lines! Right in the thick of it, and surrounded by adventure! (PAUSE) What?

VIC You're supposed to answer as if you're a robot, Private.

ROY Oh, right. Yes. Sorry.

VIC Let's try again, shall we? Same question. Go.

ROY (TRYING TO SOUND LIKE A KILLER ROBOT) Er, war is really good. The humans run screaming from my five different kinds of chainsaw. Victory for the robots is inevitable. My programming does not permit surrender.

VIC (IRRITATED) Stop, stop!

ROY Oh, come on, Sir! I thought that was really good!

VIC No, I think I was leaning on the camera with part of my costume; it's zoomed right up your nose, look.

ROY Wow - that's amazing!

VIC For goodness' sakes stop flaring your nostrils, Roy! It's like the tar pits of Neptune up there.

**FX CAMERA ZOOM WHIRS**

VIC Right. Third time's the charm, let's get this out of the way and move on.

ROY SIGHS.

ROY (RUSHING) I'm a robot. The humans must all die. Boil their skulls, drink their blood, etc. (NORMAL VOICE) Got that?

VIC Right! Next question. (READING) Why do you think the humans are going to win the war?

ROY (BEAT) Don't you think that's a bit biased, Sir?

VIC EXAMINES THE PAPERWORK.

VIC Yes, I suppose it is a bit much. Alright, we'll skip that for now.  
(READS) Question three - Do you think the human military is: A.) Efficient, B.) Brave, C.) Terrifying, or D.) All of the above?

STEELE (OFF) In here, lads! I think I can smell burning oil!

ROY & VIC Oh no...

**FX DOOR IS KICKED IN / BOOTS RUN IN**

STEELE RUNS IN, WIELDING A LARGE TASER-LIKE DEVICE.

STEELE Aha - two of them! (APPROACHING) Stop right there, circuit-breath!  
Nobody move, or you'll get 50,000 giga-volts to the charging socket!

ROY I say, hold up a moment chaps! There's been a bit of a misunderstanding-

STEELE That's enough of your trickery, robot scum!

**FX LOUD ELECTRICAL ZAPPING**

ROY (SCREAMS) Argh! We surrender! We surrender!

STEELE What was that?

ROY I said we surrender!

STEELE That's never happened before. (PAUSE) It must be another trick!

**FX MORE ZAPPING**



STEELE And you! Not a word or you'll get the same. Now, what's this? A camera?

HE PICKS UP THE CAMERA AND BEGINS WINDING THROUGH THE FOOTAGE.

**FX CAMERA BEEPS**

ROY (PLAYED BACK FROM THE CAMERA) The humans must all die. Boil their skulls, drink their blood-

STEELE What the...

**FX CAMERA BEEPS**

ROY (PLAYED BACK FROM THE CAMERA) -I will grind your bones to dust, and with your blood make pasta-

STEELE This makes me sick!

VIC Really? I thought the cinematography was quite good...

STEELE Shut it, you!

**FX ZAP**

**FX CAMERA BEEPS**

VIC (PLAYED BACK FROM THE CAMERA) Stop tugging at it - you'll make the legs fall off again-

STEELE I don't know what you've been doing, but I've seen enough. (SHOUTS)  
Men! I have two prisoners to be taken away for questioning!

**FX HUNDREDS OF BOOTS MARCH INTO THE ROOM, PICK UP VIC & ROY, THEN MARCH BACK OUT AGAIN**

CAVALRY (IN UNISON) Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut!

ONE LONE CAVALRYMAN IS EXAMINING A ROBOT IN THE CORNER OF THE ROOM.

SOLDIER There's another robot here, Sir! By the door!

STEELE Another one? Is it alive?

SOLDIER Yes - I think it's stunned, Sir.

STEELE Excellent work! Take it with the others.

**FX METAL BEING DRAGGED OUT OF THE ROOM**

STEELE (TO HIMSELF) Three prisoners in one day! This'll really put the wind up Boorman.

STEELE EXITS THE BUNKER. FADE TO SOME TIME LATER.

**FX SOUNDS OF BATTLE GRADUALLY FADE TO A CALM**

KIRK (OFF) Good news, Sergeant Douglas!

KIRK ARRIVES AT THE DOORWAY AND SEES THE DISARRAY.

KIRK (GASPS) Oh no! There was a robot attack! (FRANTIC) Roy? Sergeant Douglas? Where are you? Are you alright?

HE LOOKS AROUND DESPERATELY.

KIRK (GASPS AGAIN) What's this?

**FX TENTATIVE WHISTLE-BLOWING**

KIRK Roy's WorryWhistle™! (PAUSE) Stay strong, Kirk. He would have wanted you to have this. Something to hold onto... something to remember him by.

**FX STIRRING CLASSICAL STRINGS BEGIN PLAYING**

KIRK (HAMMY) He was a good man! A strong man! The bravest guy I ever knew! He understood the meaning of war... and the meaning of friendship. (SAD PAUSE) And he died bravely, fighting against the evil robot army like he always wanted. Roy Braun - my friend...

**FX THE MUSIC BECOMES HOPEFUL/TRIUMPHANT**

KIRK (DRAMATICALLY) The Kirk Shetner you once knew is gone! From now on, I will strive to be the bastion of bravery! The hoper of hopes! Humanity's protector through the dark days to come.  
(REALLY GETTING INTO IT) And I do it all for you, Roy; my eternal comrade in arms. I will not let this injustice go unpunished! I will not let this wrong go, er, wrong!

**FX MUSICAL CRESCENDO**

KIRK I will be forged anew from the fires of tragedy! From this day forth, I shall be known as... (PAUSE)

**FX MUSIC STOPS**

KIRK (DEFLATED) Actually, I'll probably just stick with Kirk.

HE PAUSES TO LOOK AT THE SCENE AROUND HIM.

KIRK I suppose I'd better go and tell the Captain about this.

**SCENE 10: INT. CAPTAIN BOORMAN'S BUNKER. EVENING.**

BOORMAN SITS ALONE AT HIS DESK.

**FX PAPERS RUSTLING. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.**

BOORMAN Who is it?

KIRK It's Private Shetner, Sir! I have important news!

BOORMAN Come in, come in.

**FX DOOR IS SMASHED OPEN, SPLINTERING OF WOOD**

BOORMAN (INCREDULOUS) Why on Earth did you kick the door in?!

KIRK It's particularly urgent news, Sir. I thought I should be more dramatic.

BOORMAN (PAUSE) This wouldn't happen to be about my filing cabinet, would it?

KIRK No, it's Sergeant Douglas and Private Braun, Sir!

BOORMAN Oh. What about them?

KIRK I've just been in the bunker - it was chaos! There were robot parts strewn all over the floor, scorch marks on the wall, and the photocopier was trashed!

BOORMAN Not the photocopier! (BEAT) Even the toner cartridge?

KIRK The toner cartridge AND the extra paper tray, Sir.

BOORMAN (GASPS) Those swine... It must've been a robot raiding party. What of the Sergeant and Private Braun?

KIRK I fear the worst, Sir. I found Braun's WorryWhistle™ underneath a pile of disorganised paperwork.

BOORMAN (SADLY) Of course... Without a WorryWhistle™ they wouldn't have stood a chance...

CAPTAIN BOORMAN SIGHS HEAVILY.

BOORMAN Two men, a photocopier, and a filing cabinet. Truly, this is a sad day for the Office Corps. (BEAT) I'll organise a commemorative letterhead at once.

KIRK Might I recommend them for posthumous medals of bravery, Sir?

BOORMAN Let's not be too hasty now, Private. That photocopier was under their protection, remember! With that kind of loss, I just don't know if we've got room in the budget for any medals.

KIRK But, Sir! They must have killed at least half a dozen of those robots! Surely such courage is worth more than one photocopier?!

BOORMAN You won't be saying that when it comes time to do the quarterly reports!

KIRK (PAUSE) It'll look good on your annual review...

BOORMAN (HESITANTLY) Hmm. Well, I would like to be interviewed for the company newsletter... Oh, very well.

**FX CHAIR IS MOVED**

BOORMAN Let me just get the correct forms out of (CRUSHING REALISATION) my... filing cabinet... (SIGHS) I suppose that will have to wait until later.

KIRK Aha! But, Sir - I bravely rescued some of your paperwork from the metallic jaws of the robot war machine!

KIRK DROPS A HEAP OF TATTERED PAPER ONTO THE DESK.

**FX RUSTLING OF LOTS OF PAPER**

KIRK Admittedly, it's a bit burnt around the edges.

BOORMAN Burnt around the edges?! It's practically confetti!  
(EXAMINING THE MESS) This bit only has one word on it!

KIRK (PAUSE) Well, you can kind of fill in the blanks.

**FX DOOR IS VIOLENTLY KICKED IN AGAIN**

STEELE (LOUDLY) And so I said, "Stick that in your bagpipe and smoke it, you over-sized calculator!"

LOUD LAUGHTER ERUPTS FROM OUTSIDE.

BOORMAN (SHOUTS) For goodness' sakes, will people please stop kicking in my door?!

STEELE Evening, gentlemen. You'll be glad to know that the Cavalry has once again saved the day, repelling the robot attack with only a handful of casualties. I personally took out three dozen raiders with my bare hands, and I'm pretty sure I saw Corporal Maximus tear one apart with his teeth!

MORE RAUCOUS LAUGHTER FROM OUTSIDE.

STEELE What about you, Boorman? Kill many robots from behind your desk?

BOORMAN I'll have you know the Office Corps lost two brave men defending one of the bunkers.

STEELE Well they didn't do a very good job, Captain - we managed to capture three robots still alive! Bring 'em in, lads!

**FX HUNDREDS OF BOOTS MARCH INTO THE ROOM, DROP OFF VIC, ROY & A ROBOT, THEN MARCH BACK OUT AGAIN**

CAVALRY (IN UNISON) Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut!

ROY Captain Boorman! Thank goodness it's you- (CUT OFF)

STEELE Hold your tongue, scrap-for-brains!

**FX LOUD ELECTRICAL ZAPPING**

BOORMAN (GASPS) Robot prisoners? But how? Are you sure they're safe?

STEELE Oh yes, they're harmless now.

**FX MORE ZAPPING**

ROY (SHRIEKS)

BOORMAN Are you sure you're not hurting them?

STEELE Of course not! They're only robots.

**FX ANOTHER ZAP**

BOORMAN Only it does seem to be groaning a lot?

STEELE Look, who's the one with the prisoners here? I don't see you capturing three robots in one day.

VIC (MUFFLED) Not quite!

VIC TAKES A STEP FORWARD AND REMOVES HIS HELMET.

**FX            LOUD CLANG**

BOORMAN What? What's the meaning of this?

VIC It is I, Sergeant Douglas!

ROY GINGERLY STEPS FORWARD.

ROY And I, Private Braun!

**FX            ZAP**

ROY (SHOUTS) Argh! (PAUSE) I'm human, you idiot!

STEELE Sorry, force of habit.

BOORMAN Sergeant! Private! Explain yourselves! Why are you dressed up as robots?

STEELE Hold on! They're still my prisoners, I'll do the talking! (BEAT) Explain yourselves! Why are you dressed up as robots?

VIC (MAKING IT UP AS HE GOES ALONG) We, er, we're wearing these costumes because... we were trying to infiltrate the enemy. Yes! And it was all going according to plan until these cavalry buffoons burst in waving their lasers around, shot the photocopier, and dragged us both away!

BOORMAN Disrupting a vital mission? Shooting the photocopier?! Et tu, Steele? This will not look good when I send my report off to High Command.

STEELE It's hardly my fault if your lackeys think dressing up like robots and parading around in the middle of an attack is a smart idea.

BOORMAN Nevertheless, the mission is ruined.

KIRK Just a moment, Sir! All is not lost, for I, acting alone, have gathered the required intelligence!

STEELE (ASIDE) Could've fooled us.

BOORMAN Ha-ha! I knew I could rely on you, Shetner! Hand over the recordings and I'll send them off for analysis right away.

KIRK (BEAT) What recordings?

BOORMAN You did take a camera with you, didn't you?

KIRK Not as such, no.

BOORMAN (PAUSE) Right! Well, that's that then.

VIC There's still one more robot we could question, Sir.

BOORMAN Oh? Which robot is that, Sergeant?

VIC TURNS TO POINT AT THE THIRD ROBOT IN THE LINE-UP.

VIC The other prisoner, Sir! It's right- (STOPS ABRUPTLY) Oh.

KIRK It's gone!

STEELE (OUTRAGED) Who stole my prisoner?!

**FX            LASERS, EXPLOSIONS & SCREAMS FROM OUTSIDE**

CLOSING MUSIC PLAYS

FADE OUT.