

Thou Shalt Not Jettison
The Doyens
by
David China Woolf

David China Woolf
chidav@outlook.com
+972-52-2662222

FADE IN

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

We are in the main hall of **LLG's** (Larry Logistics Group) main warehouse. It is made up of long rows of racks separated by aisles. Racks have up to 12 levels.

We see robotic forklifts with character, traverse the long aisles, as they move goods on skids from place to place. These forklifts talk among themselves and can understand humans. Humans, however, are not aware of this.

Should a robot malfunction, the entire facility is stopped automatically and a siren is sounded.

Robots are named after their model year (XXX-95=1995 model,XXX-02=2002 model Etc.).

Further, we see technicians as they inspect the robots' work and perform other tasks.

KIM-95 and CAM-12, move side by side, KIM-95 tries to brag.

KIM-95

Today I'm going to break my record.

CAM-12 looks back condescendingly.

CAM-12

Your record is an average day for me.

KIM-95 blushes and slows to avoid more contact, CAM-12 smiles arrogantly.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

ADAM, a scrap dealer, early 50's, unshaved, blond tall guy, wearing a flat black cap, loads PEN-02 on his truck.

JEFF, the owner's son-in-law and newly appointed manager, in his 40's, overweight, wears a suit and has neatly arranged hair, stands close by and supervises the process.

The event is witnessed with dour faces by robots waiting for an assignment.

As Adam finishes securing PEN-02 to the truck, he approaches Jeff, they shake hands and pat each other on the shoulder.

ADAM

Nice doing business with you sir.

JEFF

I guarantee you, there'll be more of these, now that I'm in charge here. But, you must remember, Uhh, I scratch your back, you scratch mine...

Jeff stares at Adam with a sly smile as he increases the intensity of his handshake. Adam adds his second hand to the handshake and laughs out loud.

ADAM

Sure thing, man.

Adam turns around, jumps off the ramp, gets into his truck, and drives away. Jeff lingers, pets his belly, smiles, and walks towards the main hall.

The robots waiting for assignments notice the conduct. Gloomy faces occupy their gazes. As he passes his gaze between them, ALI-02 whispers to his colleagues.

ALI-02

We must do something tonight to commemorate PEN-02.

Other robots nod in agreement and continue to work.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - DAY

The office division is adjacent to the main hall, which can be viewed from large windows. It has six cubicles in its center, a large kitchenette at its back, a large meeting room (which also serves as the owner's office) and a smaller, rather new office, for the manager.

A restroom is located outside the division's door, as is a nice spacious lobby. From the doors of these to the main hall is a long and narrow corridor.

Personnel at the facility sit in their cubicles. Some talk to each other, others examine monitors.

SAMSON, a tall and slim Afro-American in his late 40's in a modern T-shirt under a short sleeved overall, stands up and searches for that day's newspaper on a shelf.

SAMSON

Who took the newspaper, guys?

ROB, late 30s, carefully dressed with a neat hairstyle, stays focused on monitor.

ROB

As you can't do your thing without reading, chances are you left it in the restroom...

BRUCE, in his early 20s with glasses, turn's around, smiles.

BRUCE

You've been there twice today! Newspapers should be placed there...

The guys giggle.

SAMSON

I bet you'd spend the whole day in the restroom if you ate what I eat...

Samson exits the main office.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

ALI-02 carries a heavy load to its destination. A few parts of his body creak. He glances both sides to see if anyone noticed it. His face expressions show he is extra careful while he goes by the office division as a couple of technicians look through the window.

ALI-02 reaches his programmed destination and lifts the heavy load up to the tenth level. His face twitches and his pupils seem to be about to pop out. His top is covered in beads of sweat. After completing a job, ALI-02 tries to carry on as usual. He passes near KIM-95.

ALI-02

The new directives are killing me, man.

KIM-95

I know. Uhh, you might want to feign a breakdown. You'll be sent to the shop, they'll change the oil, and it'll boost your energy levels for a while.

ALI-02's eyes become somehow sad, his voice is shallow.

ALI-02

Yeah, but we are doing that too often. We'll be sold as scrap if all of us do it...

KIM-95 purses his lips, nods and closes his eyes.

KIM-95

Ah-ha! I guess you're right. Take it easy comrade.

ALI-02

You too, keep well.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE- NIGHT

The charging zone is located adjacent to the receiving dock. Charging stations are available for the robots, and each robot is programmed to connect itself to a charging station at the end of each day.

Prior to charging, the robots are arranged in a circle. ALI-02's gaze sweeps over them.

ALI-02

Comrades, in memory of our dear colleague PEN-02, please hold a moment of silence. Hold hands with each other.

Robots extend their small arms out and hold hands with one another. ALI-02 closes his eyes, followed by the others.

After about a minute, ALI-02 opens his eyes.

ALI-02 (CONT'D)

Thank you guys.

As they open their eyes, the robots look at each other with gloomy expressions.

ALI-02 (CONT'D)

We should be very careful at work and avoid doing anything that might result in your removal. Every single one of us is important.

Once more, ALI-02 stares intently into the eyes of his colleagues.

ALI-02 (CONT'D)

Very well, let's recharge.

All robots locate a free charging station and hook up.

NEXT DAY

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

KIM-95 arrives with a small skid at the location programmed into him and is surprised to find a different skid stored there.

KIM-95 closes his eyes, uploads the programmed location, then opens them, checks and sees that it's the same.

Fearful, he proceeds to the nearest aisle crossing with heightened eyebrows and panicked face. While turning around, he advances a short distance, halts, and turns around again. He sees ALI-95 pass by him.

KIM-95
Pssst, pssst.

When ALI-02 hears the whisper, he slows down, looks around and spots KIM-95.

ALI-02
What's up?

KIM-95 has a frightened expression.

KIM-95
LF... again!
(LF- Location Failure)

ALI-02
Umm, I guess that new guy isn't so bright, is he?

KIM-95 becomes impatient.

KIM-95
Dude, I didn't stop for small talk, what do I do right now?? Uhh?

ALI-02 comes as close to KIM-95 as possible.

ALI-02
Don't quote me, but just leave the skid at the end of a row. If you return the skid to --

KIM-95

I'm well aware of that, no need to mention it. Yes, *the receiving technician is always right... shit!*

ALI-02 continues on his current assignment. KIM-95 shakes his head. He checks the surroundings and proceeds to unload the skid at the end of the aisle. He then heads toward the entrance and whistles innocently on the way.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

Reception technician embeds the desired skid location information into barcodes. Using their eyes, the robots then scan the barcode affixed to the skids and transport them.

ALI-02 arrives at the receiving dock. He approaches a skid, scans the location and lifts it. Yet again, the skid feels heavy. His face becomes reddened as he sheds a tear.

Nevertheless, he proceeds to the designated location.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

The assignment isn't easy for ALI-02 and it is noticed by his colleagues. TIM-02 and KIM-95 are proceeding parallelly, they both look at ALI-02, and shake their heads.

TIM-02

I'm not sure he'll make it.

KIM-95

Ah-ha, I couldn't agree more...

TIM-02

If he does collapse, I hope, you know, Uhh, I hope he won't be sold as scrap.

While ALI-02 struggles with the heavy load, both TIM-02 & KIM-95 stare at him with concern. Eventually, ALI-02 is no longer in sight.

ALI-02 arrives at designated location and attempts to lift the heavy skid to the fifth level. His eyes narrow and his forehead grooves deepen, he hesitates for a moment, then tries again with all his strength.

He trembles slightly and suddenly an inner oil pipe bursts and a siren goes off, causing the entire system to cease to function.

Samson, Bruce, Rob and KATHY, in her late 20s with an innocent and generous expression and, run out of the office.

BRUCE

It's ALI-02, somewhere in aisle 11,
what happened?

Kathy is the first one to spot Ali-02.

KATHY

Uhh, there's oil on the floor.
We'll need a cleaning robot.

ALI-02 is examined by the team. He gawks down and occasionally glances up with pursed lips, ashamed. Samson scratches his chin as he inspects ALI-02.

SAMSON

What are you all looking at? Make
sure the leak is cleaned and get
him to the shop right away.

Samson heads back to the office, stalls, looks back and points at Rob.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

In one hour, I'd like a detailed
report. I'll restore power in ten
minutes, hurry up.

Rob calls MOSES, Chief Mechanic.

ROB

Man, ALI-02 is out of order.

MOSES

(O.S.)
Another 2002? Mmm, interesting...
where?

ROB

Middle of aisle 11.

MOSES

(O.S.)
Consider it done...

NEXT DAY

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-WORKSHOP - DAY

The workshop is located in a separate building behind the main hall. There is a repair ramp at its center. Tools are arranged in cabinets and shelves in the workshop. The workshop is very neat.

Short and sturdy, MOSES, is a mid-60s man with a beard, wearing a stained overall. He constantly chews on gum. Through his old headset, he hears heavy rock music.

On ALI-02, he replaces a ruptured oil pipe. Occasionally, he performs an imitation of drumming with tools in his hands, coordinated with music.

After he has completed the repair, he approaches a trash can, takes chewing gum out of his mouth, and throws it in. His head tilts slightly as he examines ALI-02. He takes another gum out of his pocket, peels it, tosses the wrap in the trash, and puts the gum in his mouth.

He then washes down ALI-02 with a high-pressure spray to remove all oil signs. ALI-02 chuckles. Having finished, Moses steps back and tilts his head before sending a kiss into the air.

MOSES

I suggest you don't fail again
mister ALI-02, otherwise, Uhh, you
know your destiny.

ALI-02's eyes widen and he swallows.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

A meeting is held regarding the continued failure of 2002 models. Jeff leads the meeting while LARRY, in his late 60s, Jeff's father-in-law, involved owner of the facility, with short dyed black hair and athletic physique, sits quietly at the head of the table.

Jeff makes dramatic hand gestures when he speaks.

JEFF

These 2002's are costing us too
much. I say get rid of them all.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY (SAME TIME)

Jeff's words are overheard by ALI-02 as he passes by the office.

As he listens, one of the technicians glances out the window, so he moves on with his work, but his expression becomes gloomy.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Jeff glances at Larry as he talks.

JEFF

They're no good for this facility
any more.

Silence ensues and everyone waits for Larry to say something. He tilts his head to Samson.

LARRY

What d'you think?

Samson puts his hands on the table, stares at Jeff in a sullen manner and then at Larry.

SAMSON

We all know I disagree with Jeff on
this issue. The new guidelines
aren't clear to me. Prior to the
changes, the 2002's worked
perfectly, and --

Jeff shakes his head and raises his voice.

JEFF

I know the numbers, if I say --

Larry raises his hand in order to silence Jeff.

LARRY

Let's keep it calm, please. We'll
get to the numbers shortly, carry
on...

SAMSON

Heavy loads aren't stored here that
often. Limiting the weight worked.

JEFF

We don't have enough 2012's to do
the heavy loads.

As he looks at Larry and Jeff, Samson smiles.

SAMSON

That is inaccurate to say the least, uhm, in any case, the new 2018 models arrive soon.

Jeff looks at Larry with an apologetic gaze.

LARRY

Very well. Jeff, please provide me ASAP, a report detailing the cost of repairs, the lost work hours and the heavy cargo we store here. We're done, thank you all.

Jeff looks at Samson nervously as Larry leaves the office.

NEXT DAY

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Each time two robots cross paths, they exchange worried glances. The heavy distress is felt mainly within the 2002 & 1995 models, however colleagues express sympathy towards them and encourage them.

KIM-95 passes by ALI-02 who is struggling to lift a skid to fourth level.

KIM-95

Hold on my friend.

ALI-02

Thank you so much, dude. I'll be fine with this one...

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

The receiving technician inspects a skid that has been unloaded from a truck container. He scans the weight from the skid using his barcode reader. Then he presses a button on the reader, and it produces a new barcode that includes location guidance. He affixes the new barcode onto the old one.

CAM-12, KIM-95 and TIM-02 are in line for an assignment. CAM-12 is regarded with a reproachful glare by the older models. It catches his attention.

CAM-12

Please comrades, don't blame us. I'd like you to stay here forever.

TIM-02 purses his lips and swallows.

CAM-12 approaches a skid with his eyes scanning it, he lifts it, and proceeds to enter the main hall. As he leaves the dock, TIM-02 looks at him.

TIM-02

I'm not sure he meant that.

KIM-95 nods, his eyes express melancholy.

KIM-95

They'll stay and we're doomed!

A WEEK LATER

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Robots are at work as Kathy, Bruce, and Rob, escorted by Samson, measure various intersections and turns on the various routes.

Near the narrower node, they linger. They measure again, look at each other and shake their heads. Samson is angry.

SAMSON

I knew it. I mentioned it in the meetings. I sent memos about it. Shit, now it's too late to cancel.

The technicians look at the numbers again, nod, and eventually Kathy responds.

KATHY

Everyone knows who made the decision about this, why don't we speak to --

BRUCE

I need this job, speak for yourself.

Rob now turns to Bruce, then to Samson.

ROB

Samson, we have you covered.

Samson's pupils move rapidly in their holes, he nods while he scratches his chin.

SAMSON

We should be able to make it work.
Umn, we could program new models
not to come through here.

Samson stares at his colleagues.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

All of us needs this job. It's
better to find solutions than to
engage in confrontation.

Some of the robots hear the conversation, they look at each other, their faces express uncertainty.

NEXT DAY

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Work proceeds however, there is still a poor mood among the 2002's and 1995's. Their gaze is directed towards the floor.

As CAM-12 passes by TIM-02, he notices that he has a heavy load and that he examines the height several times, gasping. He looks in all directions, then approaches TIM-02 as closely as possible, unloads his own skid, and softly utters.

CAM-12

Leave it for me comrade, just read
the location off my load and take
it there...

TIM-02's eyes widen in surprise, a big smile appears on his face as he tentatively looks around.

TIM-02

Sure thing dude, I truly appreciate
this.

Tim-02 unloads his heavy skid, pulls the lighter skid, reads the location and races there.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - NIGHT

ALI-02 is in the middle of a spontaneous gathering of robots of all models prior to charging. ALI-02's eyes seem perturbed.

ALI-02

Why are you all looking at me? It
happened to me last week...

ALI-02 now points at some of the other robots.

ALI-02 (CONT'D)
And to you the previous week, and
to you last month... and let's put
it on the table...

ALI-02 stares at ASH-12 with an admonition expression.

ALI-02 (CONT'D)
It happened to you too, the most
advanced model...

ASH-12 has an embarrassed look, he swallows and says in a low
tone.

ASH-12
It was a minor factory bug in my
operating system.

With a stern look on his face, Kim-95 enters the center and
stares at everyone.

KIM-95
This issue regards all of us, we
must understand --

ALI-02 interrupts and speaks out loud.

ALI-02
We must act jointly, yes? We all
need to put in a little more
effort, with the necessary caution,
of course...

CAM-12
(Arrogantly)
We 2012's don't need --

ALI-02
Now, you 2012's can support us or
not, but don't be haughty over us.

All present nod and mumble positively. ALI-02 looks around
and concludes.

ALI-02 (CONT'D)
Let not our spirit break! Dudes, go
ahead, charge yourselves, see you
in the morning.

A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

We see Samson and Cathy press the power buttons of new 2018 model robots. They nod to each other with satisfaction as they examine their movements.

KATHY

Nice. These new robots can solve some of the issues, Uhh?

As he purses his lips, Samson's eyebrows rise.

SAMSON

Yep. But as you know, our issues aren't technical...

They both walk towards the office division.

Older models notice the situation and are motivated to work harder.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

While ALI-02 slows down and lifts himself slightly to check on his colleagues, he nods to himself with satisfaction when he sees that everything is fine.

Sim-18 suddenly appears in his path, so he diverts just in time to avoid a collision. ALI-02 and SIM-18 are pleased this incident has not been noticed, and that the loads have not been damaged..

ALI-02

What's wrong with you, can't you see where you're going?

SIM-18

Wow, it's you, I'm so sorry dude.

ALI-02

What do you mean "*it's you*"? What difference does it make?

A big smile appears on SIM-18's face as he shakes slightly.

SIM-18

Dude, you're a celeb, I've heard you're **THE** leader around here.

ALI-02 blushes and clears his throat. He examines the surroundings.

ALI-02
I don't consider myself --

SIM-18
No need to be humble now, everyone
says you're a natural leader.

ALI-02
Well, thanks for your words, but
let's get back to work.

SIM-18's eyes look up and down ALI-02, he smiles.

SIM-18
I'd love to collaborate with you in
the future --

ALI-02
Next time, please pay more
attention.

The two split up and each continued their assignments.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - NIGHT

While the other robots meander in search of free charging stations, ALI-02 checks the area and notices SIM-18 is the last robot to enter. Nonchalantly, he proceeds to the charging station next to her.

ALI-02
Pssst, hang on for a minute, don't
start.

SIM-18 looks surprisingly at ALI-02, his eyebrows rise and a small smile appears.

SIM-18
Hey, it's you again, Mr. Leader

ALI-02
Come on, I'm just one of the guys.

SIM-18
For me you're our leader.

ALI-02 shakes his head and closes his eyes in disagreement.

ALI-02
Whatever... now, can I ask you a
favor?

SIM-18's head tilts back and his eyes widen.

SIM-18

Sure thing, anything I can help...

ALI-02 looks around, he lowers his voice.

ALI-02

I need you to downshift your work pace and lead all 2018 and 2012 models to do the same.

SIM-18

What? How?

ALI-02 growls impatiently.

ALI-02

If I'm your leader, don't ask questions.

SIM-18 stretches, his lips twitch and his eyes open wide.

SIM-18

Yes sir, I'll do my best... I'll talk to them as soon as they disconnect.

ALI-02 Smiles and nods contentedly.

ALI-02

I know I could count on you, pleasant charge.

NEXT DAY

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

There is now uniformity of speed among all robots. A big smile covers SIM-18's face as he winks and nods at every robot passing by. Some robots reciprocate with thumbs up.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

While waiting for an assignment on the dock, KIM-95 notices Adam and Jeff standing by Adam's truck. Adam hands Jeff an envelope, which Jeff opens a bit and peeks inside.

As Jeff puts the envelope in his jacket pocket, he smiles slyly. The two shake hands warmly. Then Jeff gestures with his hand to Adam to hurry out of the place.

One of KIM-95's eyes slightly closes and he gently nods.

KIM-95

Uhm...

He then approaches a load, reads location from the barcode sticker and rushes inside.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

KIM-95 unloads, and heads back to the receiving dock. As he makes his way down the aisle, he spots ALI-02 with a load. He looks all directions and immediately follows him, and waits for him to unload, then escorts him to the receiving dock.

ALI-02

Hey pal, you look troubled...

KIM-95

Well, yes... something fishy is going on with the manager and the scrap dealer.

ALI-02

What do you mean?

KIM-95

Well, to date, I've only seen the scrap dealer when old models are being disposed. Why is he here today?

ALI-02

Umn, anything else?

KIM-95 checks around to see if anyone is listening, then adds an expression of apprehension on his face.

KIM-95

There was something strange about the way they shook hands... and the scrap dealer handed an envelope to the manager, who looked very pleased...

ALI-02's eyebrows rise and he purses his lips.

ALI-02

Uh-ha, I'll have to look in to it, thanks for sharing with me.

On his next assignment, ALI-02 intentionally chooses the route near the office division and observes Samson, outside the offices, having an emotional cellphone conversation.

ALI-02 stalls behind a large skid and eavesdrops the conversation. His gaze wanders in all directions.

SAMSON

...I'm sure something can be done,
yes sir, and --

Samson breathes deeply, as he rubs his shoe on the floor and shakes his head.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

No sir, no... uh-ha, yes sir...
please sir, the 2002's are
reliable, its us who determine the
weights... uh-ha... sure sir.

Samson's arm moves while talking.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Sir, please... I'll find a
solution... yes, I'm sure it can be
done... yes, with 1995's...uh-ah,
yes sir, please give me some time.

Samson checks to see if anyone from the office is listening, he then listens carefully to the person on the other end, itches his forehead and nods affirmingly.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Very well sir, yes... make friends
with him? Uh-ha, will do, thank you
sir.

Samson examines his phone after the conversation ends, then dials a number.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Can you come out for a second?

Samson stands by the door, it opens, Rob comes out.

ROB

What's up?

Samson looks around, then at Rob.

SAMSON

Jeff seems eager to send the 1995's
and 2002's to the furnace. We need
to find out why. We need to also
devise solutions for their frequent
breakdowns.

The eyes of the ALI-02 seem to be protruding from their sockets. His mouth is pursed as he swallows. As he examines his surroundings, he tries to listen carefully to the rest of the conversation.

Rob looks at Samson, Itches on his forehead and nods.

ROB

Uh-ha... I'll help you with the research, what about Jeff?

Samson breathes deeply, slightly nods.

SAMSON

Now I have to go make friends with him... let me know if you find something.

Once Samson and Rob disappear, ALI-02 carries on working however now with a worried face.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-PARKING LOT - DAY

Jeff is on his way to a meeting, while Samson escorts him to his car. Samson smiles.

SAMSON

Uhh...if we dispose them, can I have one to commute to work?

Jeff stops. He looks at Samson with wonder as he tilts his head. He raises one of his hands in a questioning gesture.

JEFF

What's up with you man? Do you think I'm kidding? This center will be the most advanced --

SAMSON

Come on man, I'm joking, but we can do it without dumping old robots and spending millions on new ones, it's --

Jeff's head moves slightly up and back, his eyes narrow and his mouth becomes like an inverted U, his tone of speech is very stuck up.

JEFF

Listen man, I'm the manager of this facility, you don't like it? You can leave.

The gaze on Samson's face indicates disdain. He looks directly into Jeff's eyes.

SAMSON

Your father-in-law begged me to be more forgiving toward you, to make an effort towards befriending you...

Jeff's cheeks become red, he breathes deeply. He looks at Samson's face however, he can't stay focused and he moves his face down and sideways and then again at Samson.

JEFF

My father in-law, Uhh? We'll see about that...

Jeff gets into his new red Corvette, and drives away with a squeak of tires.

NEXT DAY

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - DAY

Jeff opens the door to the main office and finds it empty. He looks around, then knocks on the restroom door without getting a response.

He shouts as he enters the office.

JEFF

Hello, hello.

There is no response. Jeff turns his head toward the large window and peers through it to see all directions. As he mumbles with an angry tone, he turns around and heads out of the office.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I'll find them and I'll give them hell.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Jeff walks out of the office division and notices the robots are all still. He lingers, and looks in all directions. He notices there is a tumult at the receiving dock. While his fists are clenched, he shakes his head and strides in that direction. He mutters.

JEFF

Again? Again? I'll get rid of them
all.

Robots stand still and glare at him anxiously as he goes by.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

As Jeff arrives at the receiving dock, he sees a commotion at the dock edge.

Samson operates a manual forklift as he tries to tow LIN-95, who's front wheels are off the dock, back to the dock.

Jeff rushes to the center of the commotion, he waves his arms and shouts.

JEFF

What's going on? What happened?
Stop!

While all technicians back up a few steps, Samson tows LIN-95 without even looking at Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I said stop! Can't you hear me?
Stop!

Samson gets off the forklift, which still has LIN-95 attached to it. He calmly places a wooden log under LIN-95's front wheels.

Jeff, with his hands on his hips and with a jittery gaze comes stands nearby. Now Samson looks at him and says calmly.

SAMSON

Sir, why are you shouting? We --

JEFF

I'll shout as much as I like. What
happened here?

SAMSON

Sir, the decision whether to harm
your throat is yours, however...

Jeff's face becomes red. Deep wrinkles appear on his forehead as he gasps heavily.

Samson points at LIN-95.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
 Uhh, LIN-95, lost control and its
 front wheels --

In addition to checking out the incident spot, Jeff examines the technicians on location, as well as the disabled robots. He nods. His voice calms down a bit but he is still uptight.

JEFF
 I understand. And why is the whole
 facility shut down?

Samson carries on serenely.

SAMSON
 Well, Julian, the new guy, saw the
 incident and cleverly, if I may
 add, pressed the red button.

Jeff stares all directions, his lips are pursed and his pupils raging. Eventually he comes to himself and shouts.

JEFF
 Very well, everyone back to work,
 I'll push the button in five
 minutes.

Jeff now points at LIN-95.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 This useless pile of metal is out
 of here today.

SAMSON
 Sir, we can fix --

JEFF
 Out! Today!

Jeff walks to the office division. On the way he call's Adam.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 As soon as possible, I want you
 here.

Jeff lingers for a while as he listens to his phone.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Just get it out of here, today!

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Robots are all dismayed by the incident. Nevertheless, they persist in working in silence, fixated on their tasks.

ALI-02 is much slower than normal, his eyes are gloomy, and he doesn't communicate with his colleagues. He just murmurs constantly to himself.

ALI-02

It's all over, we're doomed...

On his way to the receiving dock, he notices a pillar of a rack that is a bit damaged and has a sharp metallic bulge in it, he slows down to examine it.

His pupils move in their sockets, slowly at first, then the frequency increases and with them,, his breaths deepen. He moistens his lips and leaves the place with a nod as he stares at the floor.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

SIM-18 notices ALI-02's gloomy mood, he puts on a cheerful smile.

SIM-18

Hey, my leader, what's going on?

Although ALI-02 glances up momentarily, he continues to stare at the floor with a slight nod of the head.

SIM-18 is the next in line to load a skid; he glances back at ALI-02, his eyebrows raze, and a look of apprehension appears on his face.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

On his way to unloading location, SIM-18 whispers to everyone he sees.

SIM-18

I'm concerned about ALI-02, so please keep an eye out for him.

Meantime, on the other side of the main hall, ALI-02 unloads a skid and proceeds determined to the rack with the damaged pillar.

He constantly checks to see if anyone notices his action. Once he arrives, he backs up decisively to the sharp bulge and attempts to hook a small oil pipe that protrudes slightly from his body to the bulge.

The angle isn't comfortable, and he has difficulty approaching.

SIM-18 and KIM-95 appear all of a sudden, their mouths wide open and a look of angst on their faces.

SIM-18 (CONT'D)
Stooooop! What are you doing? We
said we --

ALI-02 talks silently.

ALI-02
Please leave me alone, I've had
enough --

SIM-18
I won't let you, please... let's go
back to work and we'll discuss it
tonight.

There is no eye contact as ALI-02 continues weakly.

ALI-02
We all saw what happened, it could
of been any of us... but no, a
small failure and LIN-95 isn't with
us anymore. What's the point?

SIM-18
No, please, we'll talk --

ALI-02
Talk? There's nothing to talk
about, we're doomed.

SIM-18
But --

ALI-02 now raises his eyes and turns his gaze from SIM-18 to KIM-95.

ALI-02
But nothing... Even the LIN-95 hap
didn't matter to us; we're all
numbed.

KIM-95

Please, someone will come up with a solution. We'll all remember LIN-95...

ALI-02 has a gloomy face. He looks at SIM-18 then at KIM-95.

ALI-02

Solution? Now? In a few months?
I've nothing to --

SIM-18

Don't talk nonsense...

A compassionate smile spreads across the face of SIM-18 as he bumps into ALI-02. SIM-18 gestures to KIM-95 to leave. KIM-95 turns around and carries on with his job.

SIM-18 (CONT'D)

Please, we, umm..., they'll find a solution, you'll see...

ALI-02 nods as SIM-18 tilts his head to focus his gaze.

SIM-18 (CONT'D)

Samson is on our side... come on, cheer up, you're our leader.

ALI-02 raises his head slightly, stares awkwardly at SIM-18, he swallows, twists his lips, slightly nods and says softly.

ALI-02

Fine, let's carry on working.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - NIGHT

All robots position themselves at charging stations, SIM-18 sees TIM-02 about to start charging near ALI-02, he slightly bumps him and gestures with his head to move to some other station so he can be near ALI-02. ALI-02 notices this.

ALI-02

I'm fine and I don't want to talk about it...

SIM-18

Listen, while I respect your desire, I want you to know that you can reach out to me about anything you want...

ALI-02's eyes are half closed, he raises his head slightly, nods positively and says quietly.

ALI-02
Appreciate that, I'll be fine,
thanks.

SIM-18
Good charge then.

NEXT DAY

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Robots are doing routine work, but they are in a gloomy mood. Sim-18 occasionally checks on ALI-02, who works at a regular pace, but his eyes lack vitality.

As SIM-18 checks on ALI-02 during one of his assignments, KIM-95 suddenly appears from around a corner, which causes SIM-18 to perform an emergency stop.

As a result, his skid drops, its packaging is ripped, and magazines of different topics are scattered everywhere.

A siren sounds, and the entire facility pauses.

SIM-18 is alarmed, his mouth opens wide and his eyebrows rise as he looks around to see if anyone noticed the incident.

He maneuvers and assembles the magazines in a small pile. While doing so, he comes upon a magazine titled "LOGISTICS 'BREAKTHROUGH" with a subtitle on the cover- "LOW COST ROBOT UPGRADE", that implies to an article inside. In the blink of an eye, he hides this magazine in his body.

Kathy and Rob arrive, they begin arranging the magazines neatly on the skid SIM-18 carries.

KATHY
I thought these robots are
programed to avoid incidents like
this.

ROB
All programs have bugs, lets just
finish here... I'm in the middle of
'patience'...

SIM-18's gaze is fixed forward, his cheeks blush and his mouth is shrunken.

Once they are done, Kathy calls Samson.

KATHY

You can turn the power back on.

The facility is back to work. SIM-18 continues with his assignments and, as he passes by ALI-02, his eyebrows bounce with obvious delight accompanied by a big smile. ALI-02 looks at him, bewildered, and continues on his way.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - NIGHT

SIM-18 approaches ALI-02 with a grin on his face as he is about to connect to a charger. SIM-18 settles near him and whistle's without addressing him. ALI-02 attempts to get his attention without success.

ALI-02

Okay, okay, what do you want now?

SIM-18 keeps quiet, he just shakes himself gently until the magazine falls in front of ALI-02.

SIM-18

Take a look...

ALI-02

What is it?

SIM-18

Just take a look, what've you got to lose? Come on...

ALI-02's eyes drop downwards, he sees the magazine title, but the meaningful article heading is partially hidden by his body.

After a few moments, SIM-18 notices ALI-02 is unable to see the important article heading, so he bumps into him and moves him a few inches in order to reveal it.

ALI-02

Ouch... what's wrong with you?

SIM-18

Look now.

ALI-02 observes the heading now and indeed is intrigued by it. As he tilts his gaze down, his eyeballs widen up to the limit. Taking a glance at both sides, he turns to SIM-18, who smiles widely.

ALI-02

Where did ya find this?

SIM-18
I found it --

ALI-02
This can be our answer.

SIM-18
Yes, we must --

ALI-02
How'll we get Samson to read it?

SIM-18
I think --

ALI-02
As soon as possible, tomorrow.

SIM-18 in now upset, he raises his voice.

SIM-18
Will you stop for a moment?

ALI-02 stares with astonishment at SIM-18. Yet-to-charge robots stare in their direction.

ALI-02
Why are you shouting, this is
fabulous, it's --

SIM-18
Will you stop and listen to me?
Whos the smallest fellow here?

ALI-02
What? Why?

SIM-18 looks around to determine who is the smallest robot and also to see who hasn't started charging yet.

SIM-18
We need Samson to read this
article... he reads in the
restroom, yes? So we --

ALI-02
Yes, we need one of the guys , one
of the smaller ones, to drop this
magazine near the restroom door --

SIM-18
I'm glad to see we're finally on
the same page...

ALI-02 thinks out loud.

ALI-02
It must be a 1995.

SIM-18
Can you ask one of them to do it?

ALI-02
Kim-95 will handle it, no problem,
I'll speak to him. I'm feeling
better now. Let's charge...

ALI-02 smiles and connects to the charging station. SIM-18 looks at him, smiles and connects too.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

ALI-02 scours for KIM-95 as he works. Once he spots him, he checks that no one is watching him, and he abruptly deviates from his planned path to approach him.

ALI-02
Pss, pss... comrade.

KIM-95
Uhh? Are you talking to me?

ALI-02
Who else? I need you for a special
top-secret mission.

KIM-95 is slightly surprised, his eyebrows rise.

KIM-95
Me?

They both continue talking as they slowly progress.

ALI-02
Sure... do you have the guts for
something risky?

KIM-95
What do you mean? I'm not sure I --

ALI-02
I'm sure you can...

KIM-95
What --

ALI-02

Don't what me now, are you familiar with the narrow path to the restrooms?

KIM-95 hesitates, his forehead wrinkles deepen, his pupils move rapidly in their holes . He examines his surroundings before answering.

KIM-95

Yes... what do --

ALI-02

Again what? What's wrong with you? Can you drop something near the restroom door? Can you do it?

KIM-95

Why me? If I'm caught, the melting pot awaits...

ALI-02

You're the only 1995 I trust, and you're narrow enough to get in and out in no time... this is what I need.

KIM-95

When? What for?

ALI-02

Listen man, don't ask questions! Can you do it?

KIM-95

Samson goes to the restroom every morning, I'll be caught.

ALI-02

The point is to get the job done before he goes there.

KIM-95's eyes dart around him, he purses his lips, nods softly, and mumbles.

KIM-95

Mmm, ummm... I, I... Yes, I can do it.

In satisfaction, ALI-02 smiles and nods.

As they finish discussing the issue, a siren sounds. The two look at each other with a chagrined expression as their eyebrows rise.

ALI-02

I wonder who it is this time...

Meanwhile, Jeff bursts out of the office division on the far side of the facility.

The technicians are on their way to the same location.

Jeff shouts and waves his arms all over the place, as he walks to aisle 3, where TIM-02 is disabled because an oil pipe burst.

JEFF

Which one is it this time... I'm going to send this piece of scrap to where it belongs...

At the spot of the breakdown, none of the technicians dare come close to Jeff, they look at him and mute. Robots nearby squint in the direction and try to hear what is being said. Rob calls Moses.

ROB

Aisle 3, a 2002 model --

Jeff looks at Rob with flames in his eyes, he screams.

Samson arrives at spot.

JEFF

Did I ask you to call Moses?

Rob looks at Jeff, presses the end call button, then looks at Samson, who tries to mediate.

SAMSON

Jeff please, let --

Jeff screams.

JEFF

Who asked you to interfere? All these primitive wrecks would've been somewhere else if not for you and that outmoded mechanic...

Samson comes in front of Jeff, stares in his eyes and says in a very steady, assertive way.

SAMSON

These models shouldn't load heavy skids, we've discussed it.

Jeff continues waving his arms and shouting.

JEFF

You're not the one to determine
who, when and what weight, am I
clear?

Larry approaches. Jeff can't see him.

Samson's gaze is turned to him. He tilts his head back and opens his arms in a gesture of frustration.

Jeff carries on.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I don't want this wreck fixed, it's
going! Am I clear?

Tim-02's expression is spooked and gloomy.

Larry enters the center and interrupts the commotion. He looks at TIM-02 and at Jeff, who gasps and purses his lips. He then looks at Samson and at the technicians. He nods and speaks quietly.

LARRY

Very well, make sure the faulty
robot get's to the shop, now!

With overflowing frustration, Jeff shakes his head as he closes his fists and stares up at the ceiling.

Rob steps aside, calls Moses and whispers.

ROB

Come and get it man, aisle 3.

MOSES

(O.S.)

On my way.

Larry continues, he points at the stand still robots.

LARRY

I want this facility back to work
as soon as possible.

Larry looks at everyone, Jeff evades his gaze, breathes deeply then briefly nods. He makes a big effort to speak softly without looking at Larry.

JEFF

Larry, we... Uhhm, I mean, the cost of fixing these garbage wrecks is too high.

Larry looks directly at Jeff in rebuke.

LARRY

I haven't seen the numbers yet...

Larry now looks at Samson.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Have you found a solution?

SAMSON

We'll have a solution soon, sir. I'm gathering the necessary information.

Larry nods and looks around.

LARRY

Very well Samson, you have until the end of the month.

Larry looks at his smartphone.

LARRY (CONT'D)

That's in twelve days.

Larry now gestures to Samson to send everyone back to work. Samson nods, looks around and claps.

SAMSON

Back to work guys.

Samson points at Rob.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

You're responsible for cleaning up here; I'll turn the power back on in ten minutes.

As the technicians return to their positions, Larry gestures at Samson to also leave. Larry puts his arm around Jeff's shoulder, Jeff swallows and tilts his head down. Larry encourages him as they walk away.

LARRY

Come on, we'll figure it out. As a leader, I expect you to be flexible and, you know... Uhhm, moderate your responses.

As soon as the facility is back to work, ALI-02 and colleagues look at each other with funereal faces, no words are said.

A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - MORNING

It is quite. None of the personal are in yet.

KIM-95 looks out of the charging zone. He then moves quickly to the front of the corridor near the entrance to the office division. After he gazes at the restroom door at the end of the long corridor, he turns his attention to the big hall. The area is empty. With eyes and mouth wide open, he breathes heavily.

Abruptly, he rapidly backs up through the corridor to the restroom door, shakes himself in attempt to drop the magazine from inside his body and rushes back.

Precipitously, his pupils run wild in their sockets as his eyes open wide. He halts. He realizes that he didn't drop the magazine.

The sweat is coming out of his brow and his pupils are dilated. He try's again. This time he drops the magazine near the restroom door.

The magazine partly protrudes from under the door as the rest of it is hidden.

He hurries out of the corridor and advances towards the receiving dock.

He hears Samson and technicians enter the office division. As he increases his speed, he glances back with a terrified expression. He stops for a while near the receiving dock, closes his eyes and tries to regulate his breathing.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - MORNING (SAME TIME)

JULIAN, slim, blond man in his early 30's, is a relatively new receiver & allocation technician. He arrives early and prepares the station for receiving goods. As he views the trucks queuing at the compound gate, he is surprised to see Jeff walk towards him.

JEFF

You know who I am, ye?

Julian smiles and offers his hand.

JULIAN
Sure sir, good --

Jeff ignores the gesture and moves closer to Julian. His gaze is fixed directly on him. Julian can feel Jeff's breath. He swallows.

JEFF
Now, you listen to me carefully and
to me only, am I clear?

Julian, affrighted, clings to the wall behind him.

JULIAN
Ye...yes Sir.

Jeff raises his index finger and points it at Julian's face while he speaks in a slow and assertive tone.

JEFF
In the event that a skid weighing
over twelve hundred kilograms comes
off a truck, and the next in line
is a 2002...

Jeff glimpses all directions and continues.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I expect you'll assign the skid
without any hesitation, huh? Are we
on the same page?

Julian nods in approval hesitantly... Jeff goes on.

JEFF (CONT'D)
There will be no special measures
taken, Uhh, am I clear?

Julian's eyes are wide open, he swallow's.

JULIAN
Yes sir... Uhh, I mean I won't
sir...

Jeff's head comes even closer to Julian's.

JEFF
No one should know this
conversation ever happened, right?
Huh?

Trucks queuing for unloading begin to honk. Both Jeff and Julian look that direction. Jeff looks back into Julian's eyes, nods and leaves the place.

Julian runs his hand over his face, then squeezes his cheeks. He shakes his head, looks both ways, and whispers.

JULIAN

Shit!

Julian notices KIM-95 is lining up for an assignment, he glances at his watch, his eyebrows raise. He presses an intercom button on his desk.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Good morning Mr. Brooks, let 'em in...

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - MORNING (SAME TIME)

A typical morning conversation takes place between Samson, holding the newspaper under his armpits, and other technicians as they make their coffee.

SAMSON

Okay guy's, it's time to turn the power on, so please take your positions. Is Julian at the receiving dock?

BRUCE

Yes sir, you can push the button.

As technicians stand in front of monitors, Samson approaches the main socket and turns the power on.

He then leaves the office and heads to the restroom. Seeing the magazine on the floor, he takes it into the restroom.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RESTROOM - MOMENTS LATER

We see Samson's POV of magazine, as it rests on his naked thighs. As he flips through, he notices the article about robot upgrades and suddenly lifts the magazine upwards.

His eyes express astonishment and his face gradually changes to a smile.

SAMSON

Yupi dupi!

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - MORNING (SAME TIME)

On the way to the receiving dock, ALI-02 passes the corridor leading to the restroom. He slows down and looks inside.

He sees the restroom door is closed, shakes his head and continues to the receiving dock.

He sways, sweats, and taps his fingers on his body as he waits. Despite trying to find KIM-95, he cannot locate him.

Eventually, he is assigned with a new load and rushes inside.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - MORNING (SAME TIME)

Samson rushes into the office, a strap of his overalls untied. He waves the magazine in an excited manner.

SAMSON

I've got it, I've..., Uhh.

The door to Jeff's office is wide open, which surprises Samson. His enthusiasm wanes. Jeff looks up.

JEFF

You've got what?

In their cubicles, the other technicians appear busy at their monitors.

SAMSON

I... Uhh, the what's-the-name,
Uhh...

In turning around, Rob glances at Jeff before winking and smiling at Samson.

ROB

You finally finished the crossword
puzzle? Kudos!

Samson's pupils bounce and he nod's.

SAMSON

Yeah, yeah... I got it,
'ameliorate' is the last word!

Samson winks at Rob.

Jeff shakes his head. Then he shouts loudly for everyone to hear.

JEFF

I understand, that's why it takes you so long in there...

SAMSON

Give me a break, man... what are you doing here so early anyway?

JEFF

I manage this place, I come in whenever I wish.

Jeff continues to work on his laptop.

Samson gestures with head and arm to Rob, indicating they'll talk later.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - MORNING (SAME TIME)

KIM-95 smiles broadly as he strolls towards ALI-02.

ALI-02

Did you drop it? Did he --

A self-satisfaction expression adorns Kim-95's face.

KIM-95

Please... I'm not an amateur. Of course I dropped it, and --

ALI-02

Did he --

KIM-95

Ahm... most likely, he read it.

ALI-02

How can you tell? What did he do?

KIM-95

Well, he ran out of the restroom as if the place was contaminated, with the magazine in his hand...

Kim-95 looks around and stays silent for a moment. ALI-02 gestures with his arms in frustration.

ALI-02

And?

KIM-95

Later pal... we must proceed with our assignments now.

Kim-95 performs a pirouette, smiles and disappears. ALI-02 stares at him, confused and uptight. In anger, he purses his lips, shakes his head and then continues his assignment.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - DAY

Jeff works on his laptop. His office door is wide open.

Samson and Rob exchange frustrated gazes . Samson shakes his head toward Jeff, while Rob gestures with his hands as if he is unable to help, he points at his monitor and continues working.

Within a minute, Rob looks up from his monitor, glances at Jeff, then at Samson.

ROB

Uhh, Samson, I think I have a solution for the new 18 models, you know, taking the corners...

Samson stares at him, touches the back of his head and slightly nods.

SAMSON

Lets discuss it on the spot.

Samson makes sure Jeff can't see and he winks at Rob.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Let's go, Uhh, before the break.

Hearing the conduct, Jeff raises his head from his laptop and a look of curiosity combined with nervousness appears on his face.

Samson, with the magazine rolled in his hand, and Rob, walk out of the office as Jeff stares at them.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Samson and Rob talk while they take measurements at the problematic node.

ROB

So, have you come to any solution?

Samson looks around and shows Rob the magazine. Rob looks at the magazine with an amazement expression.

He opens the magazine and reads the article in question while he holds the measurement tape for Samson.

ROB (CONT'D)
Uhh, interesting... do you think --

SAMSON
First finish reading.

Samson moves around with the measurement tape, occasionally he glances at Rob who holds the other end of the tape and simultaneously reads the article carefully. Rob raises his head, stares at Samson and nods.

ROB
I think this can work. What's the plan?

SAMSON
Well, I'll schedule a meeting with this company before talking to Larry --

Rob smiles and nods.

ROB
Good call, what are the odds he'll go for it?

Samson collects the measurement tape.

SAMSON
I've no idea, let's get back to the office.

A COUPLE OF DAYS LATTER.

INT. LIU INC. MEETING ROOM-DAY

It's the end of a meeting between Samson and RYAN, low 30's with a constant enthusiastic expression, director of marketing for "LIU-Logistic Industry Upgrades" at LIU main office.

Samson stands up, looks directly into Ryan eyes and smiles.

SAMSON
Mr. --

RYAN
Please call me Ryan.

SAMSON

Very well, Ryan, it seems the three hour drive wasn't for nothing, I think we'll do business very shortly.

Ryan comes around the table and extends his hand, Samson shakes his hand warmly.

RYAN

Call me any time, I'm sure we'll have a long beneficial partnership, for both parties...

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

Julian finishes scanning the weight of a new skid coming off a truck and awaits DUG-95, who is next in que for assignment, however DUG-95 is stuck.

DUG-95's expression is of embarrassment. An inner failure prevents him from moving forward. He tries backward with no successes. His pupils move rapidly from side to side, sweat drops drip off his top.

Julian approaches him and opens a small computer lid. He checks the lights and the circuit breakers. His eyebrows raise and forehead wrinkles deepen. He scratches the back of his head and looks around. Other robots are waiting impatiently.

Julian now walks determined towards a sizable red button on the wall, he stalls for a short while, looks around and presses the button. A siren goes off and the facility stops working. He has a worried expression but he calls Moses.

JULIAN

Uhh, Moses,

MOSES

(O.S.)

Yes man

JULIAN

I Uhh, I need... never mind.

Julian hangs up the call, shacks his head and calls Jeff who is already on his way to the receiving dock.

JULIAN (CONT'D)

Sir, I'm afraid we have a problem.

JEFF
(shouting)
Who is this? What problem?

JULIAN
Sir, it's me, the receiving --

Julian now sees Jeff arriving at receiving dock. He waves his hands hesitantly towards Jeff and whispers to the phone before he hangs up.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
The receiving technician sir.

Jeff is annoyed and looks around. Julian points at DUG-95.

JULIAN (CONT'D)
It's, Uhh, he's stuck... I don't know --

JEFF
He's stuck? Uhh? He's out of here today!

Jeff looks around and points at one of the empty truck docking spots.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Just move him to that spot and don't allow any truck to park there, am I clear?

Julian is confused. He stares at other technicians who stand at distance. Rob gestures by spreading his arms open as he can't help right now.

JULIAN
Uhh, yes sir, I --

JEFF
That's enough, just do it!

Other technicians stand at the entrance to the main hall when Jeff sees them. He calls Adam and deliberately talks out loud while he examines the technicians.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Hello? What are you doing right now?

ADAM
(O.S.)
Do you have something for me?

JEFF

Now! If you are available now, it's yours, I want this chunk of metal out of here **now**.

DUG-95 is alarmed, he pales. Jeff has a pleased expression as he nods and stares at other technicians.

ADAM

(O.S)

I'll be there in thirty minutes.

Jeff hangs up the phone and walks through the other technicians with a sly smile on his face. Without looking back, Jeff says.

JEFF

Okay, show is over, everyone back to work. I'll press the button in five minutes.

Julian climbs up on a manual forklift parked beside the dock and proceeds to move DUG-95.

All robots on receiving dock have a gloomy expression. They look at each other with understanding that things are about to change.

Rob nods, turns around and starts walking to office division.

ROB

Come on guys, nothing we can do until Samson is back.

KATHY

When will he be back?

Rob looks at his watch.

ROB

It's a long drive, I guess he'll be here in about two hours.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY (LATER)

Adam arrives with his truck, he backs up to the dock, jumps out of driver seat and looks for Jeff. Jeff arrives at receiving dock, he sees Adam and point's at DUG-95.

JEFF

Get this scrap out of here.

ADAM

Sure thing man, I'm on it.

DUG-95's is helpless. His colleagues look at him paralyzed with melancholy expressions.

Adam loads DUG-95, secures him, and walks out of the truck to shake Jeff's hand. Using a loud voice, Jeff says to Adam as he stares at Julian who continues to assign skids to robots, peeking from time to time at Jeff.

JEFF

There will be more, I guarantee.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - DAY (LATER)

Technicians are sitting in front of their monitors.

Jeff is in his office with the door closed.

Samson comes in with a smile on his face. As the guys turn around to greet him, he gestures with a question expression and his finger to Jeff's office, Rob nods positively.

SAMSON

Everything working well today?

Rob slightly nods and directs his pupils toward Jeff's office.

ROB

Uhh, you know...

Jeff comes out of his office and looks around. Technicians turn back to their monitors. He looks at Samson with a haughty expression.

JEFF

And why are you late this morning,
Mr. Samson?

Samson turns to stand directly in front of Jeff and he stares into his eyes.

SAMSON

Good morning sir, check your
emails, I cc'd you about a meeting
I attended at the request of your
father-in-law.

Jeff has a canny smile.

JEFF
You still think you can find
solutions, ha?

SAMSON
I don't think. I know!

JEFF
Curb your enthusiasm Mr. Samson, it
wont happen. I won't --

SAMSON
With all due respect, it's not your
call. Larry --

Jeff loses his temper, he now shouts.

JEFF
I'm the manager here, I make the
decisions here! My next decision
may be your dismissal.

Samson purses his lips and breaths deeply. He keeps staring
into Jeff's eyes without moving.

Jeff tries to keep still, nevertheless he moves his eyes and
eventually turns around, walks into his office and slam's the
door.

Rob approaches Samson, places his palm on his shoulder.

ROB
Are you good?

Samson smiles.

SAMSON
I'm good, we have a solution and
the cost is less than 10 percent of
purchasing new robots.

ROB
That's great. He got rid of another
one today.

SAMSON
What the hell, what happened?

ROB
Well, DUG-95 had some sort of
malfunction.

Rob looks at Jeff's office door and whispers.

ROB (CONT'D)
The scrap dealer was here in no
time.

Samson's head tilts backwards. His eyebrows raise, he
scratches his chin and nods.

SAMSON
Uh-ha, nothing we can do about
that. I'll draft the upgrade offer
in detail, email it to Larry and
we'll discuss the issue next
executive meeting.

ROB
When is --

SAMSON
As soon as Larry is back from his
vacation.

A WEEK LATER.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-LARRY'S OFFICE - DAY

Larry and Samson are looking at the facility main hall
through the window and chatting while waiting for all
participants to enter the office.

LARRY
How many did we loose in my
absence?

Samson smiles bitterly.

SAMSON
Only one sir, I have a feeling they
knew they were in danger in your
absence.

Larry smiles back, nods and gently taps on Samson's shoulder.

All participants sit at the table, Larry gesture to Samson to
take a seat too.

LARRY
So, regarding the failure of the
older robots, Uhh, Samson found
this company that upgrades robots
and I must say, their offer is very
interesting. Samson, would you like
to expand?

Jeff, at the other end of the table, taps his fingers on the table as he looks all directions and shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

Samson lowers a screen and starts a presentation. We see a series of slides introducing "LIU-Logistic Industry Upgrades" with Samson explaining their proposition.

He uses a laser pen to point as he explains the upgrade in his presentation, which contains illustrations and tables.

As Samson turns to examine all the participants, he pauses for a moment to glance at Jeff.

SAMSON

That's their offer and in my opinion, it pays off for a facility like ours.

Jeff can't help but burst into words. He looks at Larry.

JEFF

This is ridiculous, it's --

Larry raises his hand and says quietly.

LARRY

Jeff please, let Samson --

JEFF

But sir, these --

Larry raises his voice.

LARRY

You'll have your turn, now wait.

Jeff's lips tighten, he gasps and shakes his head in frustration.

Larry gestures to Samson.

SAMSON

Well, I'll finish with the benefits of their upgrade offer.

By stretching his fingers one at a time, Samson counts.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

One, Inexpensive. Two, five years warranty. Three, easy and rapid upgrade process. Four, the upgrade process is done here. Uhh, any questions?

Positive nods are exchanged among those present. However, they have no questions

Larry waits for a short while.

LARRY

Jeff, please.

Jeff now has both arms on the table. He nods and tilts his head slightly aside. He opens his mouth and closes it as his pupils move to the top of his eye sockets. Eventually he starts with an assertive tone.

JEFF

The numbers are in front of you, sir. I have compared for you the costs associated with collapsing old robots versus getting new ones. It seems fairly clear to me that numbers indicate a tendency to purchase new robots.

Larry slightly shakes his head. He arranges his hair with one of his hands.

LARRY

Well, at this point, I won't make any decisions. We are done with the meeting. Please return to your work.

All participants raise and exit Larry's office.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Jeff, please stay.

Jeff starts to walk toward the chair at the end of the table, where he sat. He pauses, looks at Larry, then moves cautiously closer to Larry and sits down.

Larry has both arms on the table as he leans forward. He talks quietly.

LARRY (CONT'D)

A bit of an exaggeration there. I mean the numbers, yes?

Jeff cringes in his chair a bit. He arranges his hair and moistens his lips.

JEFF

Sir, It's true that I bumped up the figures a bit, however, this place will benefit from it.

Larry raises his eyebrows. A small smile appears on his face.

LARRY

A bit?

Jeff swallows and clears his throat.

JEFF

It is important for us to be the largest in the logistics sector --

LARRY

We are the largest and --

JEFF

We --

Larry continues in a very calm manner.

LARRY

...we are growing as planned --

JEFF

But sir --

Larry raises his voice a little.

LARRY

Let me finish. It doesn't make much sense to invest heavily in new robots when the old ones can accomplish the same job.

The look on Jeff's face is one of astonishment as he opens his arms widely.

JEFF

Our image sir, our reputation. Aren't these factors taken into account?

Larry sits back and stares at Jeff. He shakes his head.

LARRY

Your argument doesn't make sense to me. There's no doubt that we're the largest, everyone knows that. Our customers are the most prestigious companies, I mean... what's your point?

A glazed look pervades Jeff's face. His eyes look around as he scratches the back of his head.

JEFF

Well sir --

LARRY

This is enough. For now, we'll go with the upgrade. The only robots that can be disposed are those that are declared total loss by Moses. Thank you. We're done.

Larry turns to his laptop and opens it.

Jeff's pupils seem restless. He moistens his lips and opens his mouth to say something, but regrets it, and walks out in a dramatic manner.

After leaving Larry's office, he enters his own office.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-JEFF'S OFFICE-DAY

Jeff sits down at his desk, purses his lips and nods his head. He whispers to himself.

JEFF

Total loss... mmm.

He picks up his phone and dials to Adam.

JEFF (CONT'D)

I have to see you right now!

ADAM

(O.S.)

Sure thing man, come over.

As he continues to sit in his chair, his fingers tap on the table, his pupils rage in their sockets, and his head nods.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OUTSIDE OFFICE - DAY

Samson, Rob and Kathy discuss the issue. KIM-95 and ALI02 overhear the conversation while hiding nearby.

ROB

My impression is that Larry, you know, uhh, understands your arguments. The man tended to your favor.

Samson leans against the wall, scratches his head and nods.

SAMSON

That does seem the case, doesn't it? But, you know, Jeff is family.

KATHY

Yes but --

Samson releases himself from leaning against the wall and looks back at his companions with an uncertain look.

SAMSON

Our assessments are meaningless, let's go back to work.

Jeff emerges from the offices, he strides sullenly, clenches his hands, and ignores their presence.

Samson, Rob, and Kathy exchange glances, shrug their shoulders, and head in.

ALI-02 and KIM-95 examine each other, ALI-02 shakes his head.

ALI-02

I'm confused by this. But, well, it is what it is, so we'll have to wait.

EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY

The access path is surrounded by scraps of different types and there is a huge grinding machine at work in the back.

A large structure with no windows but a with a smoking chimney stands near the grinding machine. A rickety sign hangs on the closed door of the building. It says - "FURNACE". A heavy duty crane is attached to the furnace.

Dust streams from the rear of Jeff's Corvette as it drives up the access path, the brakes squeak.

Jeff gets out of his corvette and hurries up the stairs leading to the office. Simultaneously, Adam comes out to investigate what the noise is.

ADAM

Uhh, it's you.

Jeff ignores him and walks vigorously into the office. Adam follows him.

INT. SCRAP YARD-OFFICE - DAY

Jeff wanders restlessly through Adam's office. Eventually, In front of the window, he stands with hands on his waist, gasps and nods.

Adams eyes follow him, his head tilts and his arms express "what is going on?"

Jeff turns around, stares into Adam's eyes.

JEFF

We must do something!

Adam gesture with his hand toward the guest chair.

ADAM

Please sit down sir. What do you mean?

Jeff sits in Adam's chair and taps his fingers on the table. Adam looks at Jeff with an embarrassed expression as he sits in the guest chair.

JEFF

We have to find a solution.

ADAM

A solution for what?

Jeff looks around the office while pursing his lips and slightly nodding. His pupils rage in their sockets.

JEFF

Do you want to do business with me or not?

ADAM

Of course, is there a problem?

Jeff speaks very fast.

JEFF

Is there anything we can do to, uhh, you know, to make the damn robots completely inoperable?

Adam squeezes his eyes and tilts his head forward.

ADAM

What the...?

Jeff waves his arm in the air.

JEFF

Don't act as if this is this first time you --

ADAM

I didn't get what you were saying...

JEFF

Let's face it, we both have the same interest, right?

ADAM

Let's slow down for a minute. What is the issue and what do you want to do?

Jeff losses his temper and shouts.

JEFF

Can't you understand what I'm saying? We have to kill...

Jeff slams his fist on the table.

JEFF (CONT'D)

...the old robots if we want to do business. Am I clear now?

ADAM

Kill? What do you mean kill?

Jeff stares in Adams eyes. His voice is slow and annoyed.

JEFF

If you wish to melt the old robots, they must be disabled... Is that clear to you now?

Adam stares at Jeff for a short while, his pupils circle in their sockets.

ADAM

You want me, uhh, us, to disable the old robots...? How? I mean --

JEFF

Exactly! You surely know how to do it.

NEXT DAY

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Routine day at the center. Samson & Rob stand by one of the narrow corners to observe a 2018 model taking a curve.

SIM-18 with eyes wide open and pursed lip, occasionally takes a glance at Samson and Rob as they examine his performance. The turn goes smoothly again. A smile spreads over his face and he rushes to finish his mission.

ROB
You were right again...

Samson tilts his head and smiles.

SAMSON
I studied for eight years, you know.. I should know these things.

The two walk back to the office.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Have you seen Jeff today?

ROB
He came in early and hasn't been out of his office since...

As they turn to enter the office division, a siren goes off. They glance at each other and head to look for the problem.

Jeff comes storming out of the office division. His forehead grooves are deep and his eyes purposefully ignore them as he passes them resolutely with clenched fists.

Julian shouts from the receiving dock.

JULIAN
(O.S.)
It's here, it's here.

EXT. RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

A confused expression spreads across Julian's face as he stands near ALI-02.

ALI-02 looks equally embarrassed as his eyes seek for salvation. Incapacitated, he attracts the attention of the other robots on the receiving dock. Compassion and concern are evident in their eyes.

Jeff is the first one out at the receiving dock. He is ecstatic. He stares in anger at ALI-02 who converges into himself.

JEFF

Once again? What's the problem with this pile of useless metal? I'll personally dump him into the furnace.

Julian stands firmly in his place. He gasps, but his mouth does not utter a word despite opening and closing.

As Samson and Rob arrive, Rob stands back. Samson approaches ALI-02 and ignores Jeff as he examines it.

Jeff stares at Samson. His lips are pursed as he gasps heavily. His hands rest on his hips as he nods.

There is no evidence of oil leak. Samson wipes some dust off the instrument panel. Below the battery charge gauge he sees an illuminated red light. He nods as he recognizes the nature of the failure.

Additionally, he checks all the other functions and finds that they all work. He also manually raises and lowers the forks.

He calls Moses eventually and turns to look at Jeff.

SAMSON

Do we have in stock --

Jeff steps forward aggressively and waves his arms in front of Samson.

JEFF

There is no need for...

Samson stares at him scornfully and continues.

SAMSON

... a battery charge gauge for a 2002 model?

Jeff shouts.

JEFF

Can't you hear me? Th... this robot is out of here, today!

MOSES

(O.S.)

Sure man, what's he screaming
about?

While he stares directly at Jeff, Samson tilts his head backwards and continues.

SAMSON

That's beyond my control, uhh,
we're on the receiving dock. It's
ALI-02, bring the gauge with a
toolbox and replace it.

Samson continues to ignore Jeff as he manually drives ALI-02 to a spot it doesn't interfere with the routine work of the facility.

Jeff looks at Samson with fire in his eyes. He takes a glance at Rob and Julian who stand in distance with their arms crossed.

Moses arrives at the site. He pushes a portable tool cart. He shakes his head to the music he hears through headphones and he chews on gum. His gaze searches the receiving dock for a trash can. Upon finding it, he throws the chewing gum into it.

Moses now takes a new chewing gum out of his pocket, peels it from its wrap, throws the wrap into the trash, puts the chewing gum in his mouth, and chews on it.

This conduct enrages Jeff further. He waves his arms in the air.

JEFF

Stop!

Moses shakes his head as he continues towards ALI-02. Jeff comes in front of him.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Stop, I said! Decrepit loafer,
you...

Moses stops on the spot, takes off his headphones, looks at Jeff, then looks for Samson and finds him. Wonder and concern are evident in his eyes. Samson approaches.

Jeff continues.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Who called you here? I'm the boss
around here and --

Samson stands between them and spreads his arms.

SAMSON

Please sir --

JEFF

You too, can't you understand this place's hierarchy?

SAMSON

Sir, Moses is a well valued employee. He doesn't deserve --

JEFF

You don't tell me who deserves what, am I clear?

The robots at the scene stare at each other and again at the center of the confrontation.

Samson exhales deeply, moistens his lips while he stares at the floor for a moment, then looks back at Jeff. He continues in a very soft voice.

SAMSON

Please sir, it's just a gauge that needs to be replaced. It's --

Jeff starts with a loud voice but as he speaks, the decibels decrease.

JEFF

What are you talking about? The automatic system caused all the facility to stop.

Samson points at ALI-02 and continues in a very persuasive voice.

SAMSON

Sir, it's just a battery gouge, it'll be replaced in no time. Moses will do it right here and now. Work will resume immediately.

Jeff looks around to see who else is witnessing the scene. He stands still. He lowers his head, moistens his lips and rubs one of his shoes on the floor.

He can't bear to look at Samson's face. Eventually he raises his head, straightens his hair with his hand, and nods.

Rob walks inside and Julian walks to the receiving station.

While looking at Samson, Moses takes off his headphones completely and scratches his head. His mouth now chews on the gum slowly.

All robots look at each other. ALI-02's eyebrows are risen.

Eventually, Jeff turns around and walks back into the main hall. He growls quietly and without looking back he says.

JEFF

Just make sure the facility is back
to work as fast as possible.

As he goes further, he whispers angrily to himself.

JEFF (CONT'D)

This metal offal will be out of
here tomorrow...

A small smile spreads over Samson's face as he points at ALI-02 and nods slightly at Moses.

Moses arranges the headphones on his head, advances with the tool cart towards ALI-02 and begins to work as he shakes his head to the sounds of music.

I/E. JEFF'S CORVETTE - NIGHT

Jeff drives aggressively on the highway. Adam, in the passenger seat, holds the handle above his head and his gaze drifts to Jeff occasionally.

A wicked expression covers Jeff's face as he stares at Adam.

JEFF

Have you understood the plan, or
should I repeat it?

Adam's eyes alternate between Jeff and the highway. His words are accompanied by a fearful expression.

ADAM

Ye... yes sir... please look
ahead... on the road...

JEFF

I'll take care of the road. Could
you just tell me if you understand
the plan?

ADAM

I, Uhh, yes I do.

Jeff exits the highway without decreasing speed. The corvette wheels squeak.

Adam is terrified. As he grasps the handle, his right foot presses hard on an imaginary brake pedal and his body is pressed into the seat.

Jeff slows down as the huge LLG logo appears in the distance.

The road leading to LLG's warehouses is somewhat dark. Businesses in this area are closed due to the industrial nature of the area.

Jeff parks his car in the shade of a building and turns it off. He turns to Adam in a monotonous voice.

JEFF

You get out here, don't forget the syringe. Ensure that no dissolvent leaks. Then I head to the gate of the warehouse. I enter the guard room with the guard after he recognizes me.

ADAM

And if --

JEFF

Don't if me now. Are you following me so far?

Adam nods. As he scratches the back of his head, he has wide open eyes.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Don't just nod your head at me, say yes.

ADAM

Yes.

Jeff examines the surroundings and continues.

JEFF

As soon as the guardroom lights flash, that's a sign he's not focused on the monitors. Yes? Are you with me?

Adam nods. When he sees Jeff is about to burst, he adds.

ADAM

Yes, yes sir, yes.

Jeff smiles nervously and examines the surroundings once again.

JEFF

You then go into the charging room
and find the medium-sized robot
with the letters **A L I** , on its
rear, got it?

Adam nods incessantly. In his rage, Jeff screams.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Stop nodding!

Again, he examines the surroundings and now speaks softly.

JEFF (CONT'D)

What's wrong with you? Are you *Jack-*
in-the-box for god's sake? Just say
yes!

Adam swallow's. And stares at Jeff.

ADAM

Hey, hey, stop. I'm not a child. I
don't like it.

Jeff gasps and purses his lips. Now he nods.

JEFF

Very well. Just stop nodding, It
drives me crazy. Okay, where were
we?

ADAM

A L I or something...

JEFF

Yes. Yes... don't mistake.

Adam nods.

Jeff's eyes look as if they'll burst out of their sockets. While he inhales deeply, he grasps his head with both arms. He pauses for a moment, tilts his head down and then raises it. One arm now rest on the steering wheel, the other on the transmission handle.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Don't respond right now. So, you open the bolt I showed you, on the transmission box and inject the dissolvent into it. Are you with me? Please just say yes or no.

ADAM

Yes... yes... let's get started and stop talking.

Adam exits the Corvette with a paper bag in his hand. Without looking back at Jeff, he starts moving toward the warehouse.

Jeff follows him with his eyes until he is out of sight. He then starts the Corvette and drives towards the warehouse.

I/E. LOGISTIC CENTER-GUARDROOM - NIGHT

OMAR, early 20's, with long gathered hair, sits at a desk and types on a laptop while a law book is opened in front of him.

There is a large monitor in front of him divided into nine screens that display output from monitoring cameras in the facility.

Jeff drives right up to the guards entrance and flashes the lights to get the guards attention.

His eyes are drawn to the flashing lights so he approaches the guardroom door. Upon seeing Jeff's Corvette, he immediately recognizes it. As he approaches the corvette window, he straightens his hair.

The Corvette window opens. Jeff smiles slyly at Omar.

JEFF

Do you know who I am, young man?

OMAR

Sure sir, sure. Uhh, what are you, Uhh, I mean, how can I help you sir?

Jeff exits form the Corvette. Omar flinches and steps back.

Jeff now stands near Omar. His face is adorned with a haughty look.

JEFF

Would you mind if I conducted a surprise inspection of my facility? What's your name?

Omar's eyes move rapidly in their sockets. He examines the surroundings, swallows, and with a hand gesture...

OMAR

My name is Omar sir. An inspection?
Sure sir. I'll bring the flashlight
and escort you.

Omar turns around to enter the guardroom. Jeff places his arm on Omar's shoulder.

JEFF

Young man, I'll start right here in
your booth. How does that sound to
you?

Omar lingers for a brief moment.

OMAR

Very well sir, come in.

Jeff enters first, followed by Omar. The open laptop and textbook embarrass Omar as Jeff notices them.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Sorry sir... these long nights. I,
uhh, I study here. Uhh, you know,
for my exams.

JEFF

Never mind that. Just pay attention
to me.

EXT. THE ROAD LEADING TO THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Adam sneaks in the dark until he sees the guard room clearly. As he waits, he kneels. Taking deep breaths, he surveys the surroundings.

INT. GUARDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff's eyes are on the room's light switch. As he stands in close proximity to the switch, he manipulates Omar so that he has his back to the large monitor.

JEFF

Okay, now I'm going to test you.
Don't move.

Jeff's hand turns on and off the light. He comes and stands in front of Omar.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-YARD - NIGHT

Adam leaps out of hiding without hesitation. He passes in front of the Corvette, opens the gate, and enters the yard. Then he runs towards the back of the warehouse.

INT. GUARDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff narrows his eyes in an attempt to see through the window. Omar turns his head the same way.

JEFF

Hey, hey, you! Pay attention to me.
Now, ahm, this is going to be like
a quiz. Are you following me?

Omar swallows and purses his lips. His forehead wrinkles deepen and he starts to turn around.

JEFF (CONT'D)

No! Look at me! Don't turn around!
Am I clear?

Omar nods.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Please, I dare you, don't nod.
Answer me with words, okay?

Omar swallows.

OMAR

Yes sir.

JEFF

Lets begin. The screen at the top
left corner of the big monitor,
what part of the facility does it
display?

Omar smiles.

OMAR

Well sir, it's the camera facing
this gate. Most likely you can see
your Cor... uhh, I mean your car.

Jeff tilts his head slightly and nods.

JEFF

Very well.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - NIGHT

Complete darkness envelops the area. With the exception of tiny red lights at the connection points of the robots to the chargers.

In the light of his cellphone flashlight, Adam moves from robot to robot.

INT. GUARDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff sees Adam on the monitor.

JEFF

Uhhm, okay. Next one, what can be seen on the screen at the bottom right?

Omar smiles again.

OMAR

Piece of cake sir. It's the charging zone. Sorry, sir, all of that I know by heart.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - NIGHT

Adam finds ALI-02 and tries to locate the transmission box.

INT. GUARDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff is distracted by the screen showing the charging zone.

OMAR

Sir, do you wish to enter the warehouse now?

Omar starts turning around. Jeff is alerted. He points out the window and shouts.

JEFF

What's that?

Omar approaches the window Jeff pointed at, and pins his head to it.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - NIGHT

Adam pulls out a spanner from his pocket and begins to open a bolt. As he does so, he examines the surroundings.

INT. GUARDROOM - NIGHT

Omar starts turning his head back.

OMAR

What's what sir, I can't see anything.

Jeff opens the door and point to the other side of the road.

JEFF

I saw something, go out there to check it.

Jeff gently encourages Omar to leave the guardroom. Omar is perplexed but exits while he gestures with his arms. He examines the other side of the road.

Jeff glances at the screen showing the charging zone and sees Adam busy.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - NIGHT

Adam Injects the dissolvent into the transmission box. There is some spillage of the dissolvent. The leak has Adam stressed out, so he attempts to clean it with his shirt.

ADAM

Shit!

I/E. GUARDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff stands in the guardroom's doorway. He looks out at Omar as well as at the monitor. On the monitor, he notices that Adam has started to move away from where he was.

JEFF

Hey, what's your name...come back.
It's gone now. Come, come inside.

Omar stands still and stares in awe.

Jeff hastens him with a hand gesture.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Come on, Uhh, come inside, we'll
continue the quiz.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-YARD

Adam makes use of the shadow to hide on the warehouse side. He observes Jeff and Omar's conduct, and he waits for them to enter the guardroom.

INT. GUARDROOM - NIGHT

Jeff literally places Omar with his back to the monitor. His position allows him to see the monitor clearly.

Omar's eyes are wide open and he shakes his head slightly.

OMAR
What's going on sir?

Jeff's attention is drawn to the monitor. Adam is seen running in the yard of the warehouse.

OMAR (CONT'D)
Sir,

JEFF
Ahm, nothing... nothing. We'll be
done shortly...

With his eyes on the monitor, Jeff continues.

JEFF (CONT'D)
So, Uhh, if, Uhh, if there's a
fire, what do you do?

Omar stares at Jeff with bewilderment.

OMAR
Sir, what's --

Jeff has a big smile on his face.

JEFF
Never mind. The inspection is over.

Jeff exits the guardroom and enters his Corvette. A squeak can be heard as he drives away.

Omar stares at him through the window. He has a constricted mouth and a raised forehead.

His one hand is on his waist and the other scratches his head. Then he sits at the desk, shakes his head, and continues to study.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-PARKING LOT - MORNING

Samson & rob walk towards the offices. They both notice Jeff's Corvette at the same time. Each of them stares at the other in amazement.

ROB
So early??

Samson opens his arms in a motion of bewilderment.

SAMSON
Neither I know nor do I care.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - MORNING

Robots eject themselves from charging stations and rush out of the charging zone.

ALI-02 ejects himself and like others proceeds, but after a short distance he becomes stuck.

Despite his attempts to increase power, he doesn't succeed to move. He's stuck! His eyes are wide open. His pupils flit from side to side and his breathing rate increases.

KIM-95 is the only colleague that notices his stress. He turns around and approaches ALI-02.

KIM-95
What's up comrade?

ALI-02
I have no idea. Can't move, as simple as that...

KIM-95
I'll bump into you, maybe the inertia will do something...?

ALI-02
Go ahead, I've nothing to lose. But hurry, the siren will sound very soon.

KIM-95 comes behind ALI-02 and carefully bumps into him. It doesn't work. The siren sounds as he backs up for a second attempt.

The two stare at each other. Their faces express panic.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Jeff is the first to react. He bursts out the office division and literally runs to the charging zone.

Samson and Kathy exit the office division. The two see Jeff running. Their eyes meet, they shrug and continue towards the charging zone.

All robots halted before they started their day as a result of the siren. A panicked look passes between them. They try to figure out who is missing.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - DAY

A big smile spreads across Jeff's face as he enters the charging zone. As he approaches ALI-02, he acts as if he is checking its interior.

As Samson and Kathy enter, Jeff raises and nods.

JEFF

I think it's over for this one.
I'll call the scrap dealer.

Samson and Kathy stare at each other. Samson shakes his head.

SAMSON

I don't think so, sir. With all due respect, the procedure is that Moses will see what's wrong. It might just be a minor malfunction.

The face of ALI-02 is startled. The pupils of his eyes run through their sockets. He is at a loss.

While Kathy stays at the entrance, Samson approaches ALI-02 and begins to examine him. Jeff tries to interfere by not moving.

JEFF

That old loafer? No need --

Samson ignores him and gestures to Kathy.

SAMSON

Please call Moses.

Jeff stands upright facing Samson. He smiles a nasty smile and turns to Kathy.

JEFF

You don't call anyone. I'll call the scrap dealer and this pile of inferior metal will be melted down before sunset.

ALI-02's face now expresses panic. He exchanges looks with KIM-95. As he swallows and moistens his lips, he tries to understand his situation.

Samson carries on to examine ALI-02 and he notices unusual filth on the transmission box. He points at the dirt.

SAMSON

Excuse me sir, this dirt is odd. Please let me examine --

Jeff's face turns red. He clenches his fists and stomps on the floor.

JEFF

Nothing to examine. I'm the boss!

Samson touches the transmission box with his finger. He examines carefully the dirt on his finger.

SAMSON

Uhm, Larry explicitly --

JEFF

You don't tell me about Larry. I --

Samson's tone becomes loud and assertive.

SAMSON

According to Larry, only total losses are sold as scrap. Moses needs to examine and determine what the problem is.

Jeff raises his chin. He tries looking directly at Samson but is unsuccessful.

Samson moves aside and calls Moses.

Jeff calls Adam.

Their conversations take place simultaneously.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

(To Moses)

Hey man, can you please come over to the charging zone?

JEFF

(To Adam)

I need you at our facility right away.

MOSES

(O.S. to Samson)

Sure thing, I'll be their in two minutes.

ADAM

(O.S. to Jeff)

Uhh, if I come in right now, it'll look too --

SAMSON

(To Moses)

Please bring your flashlight.

Samson and Jeff stare at each other as the talk on their phones.

JEFF

(To Adam)

You're right... Uhh, just be here in twenty minutes.

MOSES

(O.S. to Samson)

No problem.

ADAM

(O.S. to Jeff)

Very well. I'll grab a cup of coffee and enter your place.

Samson and Jeff hang up simultaneously and continue to stare at each other.

As he scratches his chin, Samson tilts his head aside. His gaze returns to Jeff.

SAMSON

Sir, why are you doing this? Would you like me to call Larry and discuss it with him?

Jeff's face is smeared with a wicked smile.

JEFF

You can call him as you wish. The question is, will he answer you today? Please, go ahead and call him.

Samson narrows his eyes as he looks at Kathy and shakes his head. Kathy waves her hand slightly to attract Samson's attention.

KATHY

We were all cc'd. Larry took his wife to a spa for her birthday. He asked not to be disturbed today....

Kathy spreads her arms in frustration as she purses her lips. A look of embarrassment adorns her face.

Faced with satisfaction, Jeff smiles.

Samson now scratches his head. He stares at Jeff, then at Kathy and once again examines the filth on ALI-02's transmission box.

Moses enters the charging zone holding a toolbox and a flashlight. Jeff Comes in front of him, raises his hand with his index finger out.

JEFF

Mr. Chief mechanic, if you dare come closer I'll send you home today. I don't care about your long lasting relationship with my father-in-law. I'm the boss today and --

Moses seems perplexed now. He chews on his gum slowly. Samson interferes.

SAMSON

You can't do that --

JEFF

I can do whatever I wish. Maybe I'll kick you out too.

Samson now approaches Moses and speaks quietly to him directly.

SAMSON

Man, I don't want you to get into trouble. Wait aside while I check something with the flashlight.

The situation is confusing for Moses. After giving Samson the flashlight, he looks at Kathy and comes to stand by her.

Samson approaches ALI-02 with the flashlight. At first Jeff tries to stand in his way. But Samson's contemptuous eyes stare at Jeff, as he advances resolutely towards ALI-02.

Jeff swallows, looks to the sides, and moves aside with an embarrassed smile on his face.

JEFF

Th... this scrap is, Uhh, out of here today.

Samson nods contemptuously.

SAMSON

We'll see about that.

Samson approaches ALI-02, bends over, and illuminates the transmission box with the flashlight. He carefully examines the sticky pulp formed near the transmission box lid.

Samson's eyes narrow and his head tilts. He then purses his lips, and scratches his chin while looking at his dirty finger and at Moses.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Can you please come over here for a moment?

Initially, Moses hesitates. He turns to look at Kathy, then at Jeff, then at Samson again. He inhales deeply and approaches ALI-02.

JEFF

You're fired! Now! Go home! I --

Samson responds calmly.

SAMSON

Don't worry man. Come over here.

Jeff's temper flares up. He points to the door.

JEFF

Both of you, out! I warn --

Samson rebukes him with a look.

SAMSON

(To Moses as he points at the transmission box)
Please take a look at this.
(To Jeff with a dismissive smile)
Sir, please calm down. I'm worried about your health.

Jeff's arms move nervously. His right foot stomps on the floor. He examines the surroundings and growls.

JEFF

It's over. For both of you. You're fired.

Jeff growls once again.

Samson ignores him and encourages Moses to examine the transmission.

Moses glances at Jeff hurriedly. His gum chewing slows almost entirely as he does so. Then, he shrugs his shoulders, nods to Samson, and concentrates on the transmission box.

He touches the transmission box and examines his fingers. He smells them, shakes his head and stares at Samson.

MOSES

This is extremely offbeat. It smells like epoxy glue. I have no idea how it got here.

Jeff shakes his head, clenches his fists and exits the charging zone vigorously. He growls again.

Samson and Moses stare at each other. Moses has a concerned look on his face while Samson has a joyous look.

MOSES (CONT'D)

Do you think we're fired? What --

SAMSON

Don't worry about it. It's more likely that Larry will fire his son-in-law than you.

MOSES

But --

SAMSON

Man, believe me, I know what I'm talking about. So, what do you think about this?

Samson point to the transmission box.

Moses scratches his forehead as he chews on the gum. Again, he looks at the transmission. He glances at Kathy and Samson and nods. He gestures with his arms and says.

MOSES

It's unlikely that an epoxy adhesive container, yeh?

(MORE)

MOSES (CONT'D)

Fell from a shipment, uhm, opened,
mixed and landed on the
transmission box. That's
impossible.

Samson nods.

SAMSON

Then what? Are we on the same page?
Is this a deliberate act of
sabotage?

Moses stares in astonishment at Samson. His eyebrows lift,
his lips purse, and he nods affirmatively.

MOSES

Yep!

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-JEFF'S OFFICE-DAY

Jeff sits at his desk. As his gaze is fixed on an imaginary
dot on the wall, he breathes deeply and taps his fingers
rapidly on the desk.

He now turns his attention to the big red button in the
corner of his desk. Suddenly, he swings his fist and hits the
button. Facility work is now resumed.

A nasty smile spreads across his face as he slumps back in
his chair.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Despite being in motion, the robots lack vitality.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - DAY

Samson Kathy and Moses look at each other as they hear the
facility is back to work.

SAMSON

Well, in that regard, he's right.
It is imperative that the facility
resume operations.

MOSES

What do we do now?

Samson places his arm on Moses's shoulder.

SAMSON

You don't need to worry, man. I can't predict what will happen today, but I guarantee... you won't be leaving anytime soon.

MOSES

Thanks. I'll --

SAMSON

You just go back to your shop and carry on with your assignments. If he asks you to leave, don't argue.

Moses keeps standing in his place.

KATHY

You can trust Samson man, be at ease.

Samson and Kathy leave the charging zone.

As they leave, Moses stares at them and nods. He places his headphones on his ears and makes his way out too.

Near the exit, he stops by a trash bin, steps on the pedal that opens the lid, takes the chewing gum out of his mouth, and throws it in and his foot leaves the pedal.

He then pulls out of his pocket a new piece of gum and starts to peel off its wrapping.

Suddenly, he halts. He shakes his head and rubs his face with his arm. He steps on the pedal once again and bends slightly, carefully inspecting the interior of the bin.

At the bottom of the bin, he sees a paper bag from which protrudes the tip of a syringe.

As his foot remains on the pedal, he straightens up and looks around confused. He puts the gum back into his pocket.

Again, Moses bends over and carefully pulls out the paper bag with his fingertips. It is carefully examined by him and with due care, after exploring the surroundings, he smells its content.

The stare he now gives ALI-02 is a mixture of perplexity and comprehension. The paper bag falls from his hand and he runs out of the charging zone.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-PARKING LOT - DAY (SAME TIME)

Jeff stands near his Corvette and checks the surroundings. He briskly opens the trunk and pulls out a gallon of oil. He closes the trunk and as he walks back towards his office he calls Adam.

JEFF

Be ready to come in when I call you shortly.

ADAM

Very we --

JEFF

Don't respond to me. Listen carefully. A commotion will occur inside the warehouse. Come in, and I'll help you.

Jeff hangs up and enters the entrance hall.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY (SAME TIME)

Samson and Kathy can be seen in the distance, and as he runs, Moses calls to them to stop. The two look back and then at each other. Moses gasps heavily as they approach him. He bends over and grabs his knees. He barely stabilizes his breathing but he points to the charging zone.

MOSES

It's there... I saw it, Uhh, in the bin. A bag, yes?

SAMSON

Slow down pal. What did you see?

Moses stares at Samson and Kathy. He waits for a short while and continues.

MOSES

In the trash bin, Uhh, I found a paper bag, yes? It has a used syringe in it, Uhh, are you following me?

Samson places his arm on Moses's shoulder and nods.

SAMSON

Yes. Come, we'll go there.

As the three walk to the charging zone, Moses continues.

MOSES

I, Uhh, you know... I sniffed the bag.

Moses' hands are turned outward as if to imply he had no choice. Samson nods and pats his back.

SAMSON

Go on...

MOSES

So, Uhh, it's epoxy adhesive.

Moses checks out Samson's reaction as they enter the charging zone.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL -(OTHER SIDE) DAY- CONTINUOUS

Jeff peeks out of the entrance hallway into the main hall. Then, when he sees no one around, he walks briskly against the wall. As he walks, he holds the gallon of oil in his hand and attaches it to his body. In an adjacent aisle, he examines the vicinity and, when he thinks there is nobody around, he pours some of the oil on the floor. He then proceeds quickly back to the office division.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As Samson, Kathy and Moses enter the charging zone, Moses points at the paper bag on the floor.

MOSES

In there.

Samson looks at Moses and at Kathy. From his rear pocket, he pulls out a pair of gloves and puts them on. He picks up the paper bag and examines its interior. He purses his lips and nods.

He examines the charging zone and his eyes focus on the spare battery cabinet. He nods again and points to the cabinet.

SAMSON

You're right man. But we'll leave this in there for now.

The three look at each other, nod and walk out.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

As Samson and Kathy enter the office division, they both notice Jeff is in his office with the door open. His face is hidden behind his laptop screen, and he appears to be reading something.

They look at each other and Samson gestures Kathy to ignore him.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-JEFF'S OFFICE-DAY (CONTINUOUS)

There is a sly look on Jeff's face as his head is behind his laptop screen. As he nods slightly, his pupils flit from side to side, inside their sockets. He peeks occasionally beyond his computer screen to see if anyone is watching him.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

ASH-12 moves carefully with a relatively large and heavy load. As he approaches the destination of the load, his eyes examine the exact location on the seventh level. Thus, he does not notice the oil on the floor, and as he maneuvers to reach the best lifting position, he slips and collides with a pillar of the rack.

The siren goes off as the entire facility halts. Due to the collision, the pillar has been arched and other loads are about to fall.

First out of the office, Jeff rushes to the scene. As he runs, he calls Adam.

JEFF

Come in now.

Jeff reaches the collision point. He puts his hand over his mouth as his eyes grow wide. Once Samson and Rob appear, he shouts out to them as he raises his hand in front as a stop sign.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Please be careful! Warning signs
should be brought here.

Samson and Rob stare at each other as they arrive at the scene. Samson approaches and examines the damaged pillar and assesses the danger with his own eyes.

SAMSON

Ahm..I wonder how this happened.

Samson nods as he scratches his chin.

Jeff opens and closes his mouth as he tilts his head up and down. Eventually, he manages to speak.

JEFF

That, Uhh, that doesn't matter
right now --

Samson stares at him in confusion. He then turns to Rob.

SAMSON

Okay. Rob, please go get the
warning signs. I think --

Jeff steps forward.

JEFF

Hey, hey... I'll instruct everyone
what to do...

Samson stares at Jeff once again, but takes in a deep breath and nods slightly.

SAMSON

Very well then, what should I do?

Jeff points at Rob.

JEFF

You, go get the warning signs. Then
place them around this area.

He now points to Samson.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You, make sure everyone comes here
right away. Tell them to bring
ladders and the portable platform.

Samson calls Kathy.

SAMSON

Please get everyone here to aisle
12. Bring ladders and you, please
drive the portable platforms here.

KATHY

(O.S.)
Got it.

Samson now examines the pillar again.

SAMSON

Sir, I think we'll need a manual
forklift too. Uhh, I mean one with
long forks, you know, for --

Jeff moistens his lips and arranges his hair before he
shouts.

JEFF

Later.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-YARD - DAY

Overtaking trucks waiting in line to enter, Adam drives his
truck carefully to the gate.

MR. BROOKS, guard in his late 60's, with a dark woolen hat,
exits the guard room with a tablet in his hand.

MR. BROOKS

How can I help you?

ADAM

Uhh, well... the boss called me
over, you know.. I don't know what
for. You Uhh, you do recognize me,
don't you?

MR. BROOKS

Yep, I do. I'll just take the plate
number.

Mr. Brooks enters the plate number and time to the tablet.
With a remote button he opens the gate.

Other truck driver hunk. "Wait", Mr. Brooks gestures them
with his hand.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Rob arrives with the warning signs and places them around the
scene. Bruce and Julian arrive at the scene, each of them
carries a ladder.

Moses also arrives. He partly hides in an adjacent aisle.
Jeff sees him.

JEFF

We don't need you, go home.

Samson gestures Moses with his eyes to stay where he is.

SAMSON
Moses is one of us.

With a sullen face, Jeff growls and murmurs to himself.

OTHER technicians arrive too. They keep distance.

Jeff points at Samson.

JEFF
Uhh, just wait here.

Samson gestures with his hands as he looks at his colleagues.

Jeff raises his voice.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Wait!

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

Adam backs his truck up to the dock. He jumps out of the drivers seat and checks his surroundings. He lights a cigarette and searches for Jeff.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

The portable platform is carefully operated by Kathy as she approaches the scene.

JEFF
Is everyone here?

All present look at one another.

KATHY
Well, I guess only Mr. Brooks is in his booth.

JEFF
Good. You have one hour to fix this mess and clean up. I'll be --

SAMSON
Aren't you curious how this happened, sir, I mean --

JEFF
Uhhm, why do you always have to be so cleaver? Just do as I say. I'll operate the manual forklift... once you've cleaned up.

Jeff walks away, but immediately turns around and waves his index finger in the air.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Stay here until I'm back, all of
you.

Jeff disappears.

Everyone stare at Samson as his arms are spread out in frustration.

SAMSON
Okay guy's, lets start cleaning up
this mess.

Everyone joins to clean up.

Small packages are taken down safely from damaged shelves and piled aside. Kathy scans the packages with a barcode reader and marks them.

Moses emerges from his hiding place and checks ASH-12 for damage. Samson approaches him.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Any damage?

MOSES
Not really. The rack too, can be
fixed in no time.

Samson points at ASH-12

SAMSON
Can you take him to the shop for a
checkup?

MOSES
Sure.

Samson pats him on the shoulder, smiles, and nods.

SAMSON
Go ahead man.

Moses gives Samson a thumbs up and carefully drives ASH-12 away from the scene.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY (SAME TIME)

Jeff vigorously leaves the main hall and sees Adam. He waves to him.

JEFF

Come on man, we don't have all day.

ADAM

What do --

Jeff points to a manual forklift parked in the corner of the receiving dock.

JEFF

Get on that and follow me.

Adam seems confused. His eyes turn to Jeff, then to the forklift and then again to Jeff, who hastens him with his arms.

Jeff opens a large door as Adam begins to operate the forklift. He now points at ALI-02.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Just get that, Uhh, you know, get it out of here.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Kathy with one OTHER technician stand on the portable platform and remove last of small packages.

Samson examines the damaged rack and his gaze lingers on the skids that are on the verge of falling. He shakes his head as he looks around.

SAMSON

Can anyone see him?

His colleagues shake their heads.

Samson inhales deeply and shakes his head again. He gestured with his hand in contempt.

With his shoe, he rubs the area on the floor that was slick with oil.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

Good work guys. Now we have to wait for him...

All the guys have question marks in their eyes.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

It is what it is.

KATHY
I'll take the platform back to its
place.

Samson nods affirmatively.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

As Jeff closes the large door, Adam tows ALI-02 to his truck.
The expression on ALI-02's face is one of hopelessness.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Kathy operates the platform carefully between the aisles.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-RECEIVING DOCK - DAY

As Adam finishes to secure ALI-02, Kathy arrives with the
portable platform and she is very surprised to see Adam.

Jeff erupts before she even sees him.

JEFF
Who said you can come here?

Kathy looks at Jeff approaching, then at Adam, then back at
Jeff. Her pupils dilate and she swallows.

KATHY
We... well, I Uhh, I thought --

The way Jeff looks and his tone of voice are venomous.

JEFF
When I say something you shouldn't
think! Now get back there and tell
your colleagues I'll be there in
two minutes.

Kathy gets off the portable platform and enters the main
hall.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Kathy walks calmly at first. Then she turns her head
backwards and speeds up. As she approaches her colleagues,
she is panting. She point to the receiving dock.

KATHY
He, Uhh, he took ALI-02...

ROB
Who took --

SAMSON
What do you mean? Who?

Kathy point again to the receiving dock. Her face is filled with dismay.

KATHY
The scrap dealer. I saw him. ALI-02
is on his truck.

Samson's face fills with rage. His pupils rage in their sockets as he nods.

SAMSON
I knew it. Everything about this
was fishy.

For a while, Samson is quiet. Everyone stares at him. He point at Kathy and Rob.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Very well. You two come with me.
The rest of you go back to your
positions.

Samson begins to walk vigorously. Rob and Kathy follow.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
Could you please find Larry's
email? He couldn't have not given
the option to call him.

As she walks, Kathy scrolls through her emails.

SAMSON (CONT'D)
You know, for an emergency or
Uhh...

KATHY
Got it. Uhhm, uhhm, uhhm. Yes! It's
written clearly.

At that moment, Jeff appears walking towards them. He smiles broadly.

Kathy whispers.

KATHY (CONT'D)
*"Only In case of emergency, please
call my private phone".*

Samson nods slightly at her as Jeff stands in front of them with a nasty smile adorning his face.

JEFF
It's so sad, he's gone. He'll soon
be thrown into the furnace... and
puff, he'll be blazing sizzling
liquid... Ha, ha, ha

Jeff mimics bubbling metal with his hands. A loud laugh erupts from him.

Samson shakes his head. His eyes are filled with contempt. Then he turns to Rob and Kathy. It's clear from his eyes that he doesn't want them to speak.

SAMSON
Let it go, let's get back to work.

Samson, Kathy and Rob turn around and head to the office.

Jeff laughs.

JEFF
I'm the boss. Ha, ha, ha...

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - DAY

Samson, Kathy and Rob consult quietly by the coffee machine.

ROB
This is an unequivocal emergency.

Rob shakes his head towards Jeff's office.

ROB (CONT'D)
He's literally trying to take over.

Samson slightly nods as he scratches his chin. He turns to Kathy.

SAMSON
What do you think?

Kathy spreads her arms out to the sides. Her facial expression is clear.

KATHY
You must make the call.

Jeff enters. His gaze does not wander to the three as he walks upright to his office.

JEFF

I'm not sure he'll appreciate it,
if you'll call him today.

Jeff's office door shuts.

As Samson turns to his colleagues, he wears a serious expression.

SAMSON

Stay here. I'll make the call.

Samson walks out of the office.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Samson sits on a crate in a quiet corner.

The robots that notice him, stare at each other with an expression that combines despair and hope.

Samson inhales deeply and shakes his head. Eventually, he picks up his phone. His voice is steady and calm.

SAMSON

I'm sorry sir, but I'm afraid we
have an emergency.

LARRY

(O.S.)

What is it? I can't hear sirens in
the background...

(to his wife)

I'm sorry honey, I must take this
call.

Samson swallows.

SAMSON

Well sir, uhh, it's you're son-in-
law. He --

LARRY

(O.S.)

Is he okay?

SAMSON

Yes sir. It's not that. Uhh, I
think, uhhm, we think he
deliberately sabotaged --

LARRY

What??!!

SAMSON

Yes sir. Uhh, one of the robots,
and now the scrap dealer has taken
it...

LARRY

(O.S.)

Why do you think it's, uhh... you
know, him?

Samson checks his surrounding.

SAMSON

There are uhh, circumstances, uhh --

LARRY

Never mind, I'm on my way...

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-OFFICE DIVISION - DAY

Samson enters the office. He gestures at his colleagues with his eyes and sits at his cubical. He receives a text message from Larry:

"Please text me the address of the scrap yard and meet me there in one hour".

I/E. SAMSON'S CAR - DAY

Samson sits in his car outside the scrapyard and checks the surroundings. He sees Larry's car and exits.

Larry pulls up alongside Samson and gestures for him to join him.

I/E. LARRY'S CAR - DAY

Samson feels a little embarrassed.

SAMSON

I'm sorry sir, but --

Larry pats his shoulder and nods.

LARRY

No worries man, I shouldn't have
trusted him in the first place.

EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY

Larry's car drives up the driveway and stops. Larry and Samson are surprised to see ALI-02, hanging from a crane while lifted to the furnace.

Larry raises his hand and shouts.

LARRY

Stop! What on earth are you doing?

Adam comes out of his office.

ADAM

What's going on? Who are you?

Larry points at ALI-02.

LARRY

Get it down!

ADAM

I don't understand. This is my business.

SAMSON

That robot is ours. Just get it down.

Adam pulls out a radio from his belt and speaks demonstratively and arrogantly.

ADAM

Come on, Travis. Drop it in.

Samson scratches his chin as he stares at Adam, at the crane and at Adam again. As his lips purse, he nods slightly. His pupils rage in their sockets. His head tilts and his arms move strangely. He appears to be speaking to himself.

Already in a sufficient height, ALI-02 is being driven toward the furnaces opening.

Larry is on the verge of losing his temper.

LARRY

I said stop! I'll call the police.

Adam descends the stairs and approaches Larry. A broad grin emerges on his face as he places his arms on his hips.

ADAM

Call the police. I'll run my
business as I see fit. Get out of
here, now.

There is a short distance between ALI-02 and the entrance to
the furnace.

Larry clenches his fists and comes even closer to Adam.
Samson gently holds his arm and whispers in his ear. Larry
looks at him and backs away.

Samson stares at Adam and speaks in an assertive manner.

SAMSON

It's possible the police won't
arrive in time to prevent you from
melting our robot, but they may be
very interested in the security
video we have in the car.

It is now Adam who is tense. He looks at Larry and Samson
suspiciously. He breathes more rapidly and moistens his lips.
He holds the radio to his mouth.

ADAM

Stop!

(To Samson)

What are you talking about?

SAMSON

You star in a film. The location is
our facility, do you wish to see a
copy?

A small smile spreads across Larry's face as he looks at
Samson.

Adam moves uncomfortably in his place. He looks at the floor
and rubs his shoe on the ground. He doesn't raise his head at
all.

ADAM

What do you want now?

SAMSON

We --

LARRY

We want the robot back at our
facility in one hour.

SAMSON

Otherwise, there'll be a screening
of the film at the police station
tonight. You'll be invited too...

Adam purses his lips. Then he spits on the floor and holds
the radio to his mouth again.

ADAM

Bring the damn thing down man.

I/E. LARRY'S CAR - DAY

Larry nods and smiles at Samson occasionally as he drives.

LARRY

How did you know?

Samson smiles too.

SAMSON

I had a gut instinct.

Larry now shakes his head.

LARRY

Now I've got to deal with my son-in-
law.

Samson takes a glance at him.

SAMSON

You might want to speak to your
daughter first, you know...

LARRY

Yep, that'll be even more
challenging.

SAMSON

And one other thing sir, uhh,
Moses, yes? Jeff's behavior has
offended him greatly.

Larry looks at him and nods.

Samson tilts his head back and spreads his arms.

SAMSON (CONT'D)

It is what it is...

A COUPLE OF WEEKS LATER

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - DAY

Samson, Kathy and Rob, stand outside the office division and examine the work of the robots. They nod contentedly at each other.

KATHY

We're back to normal, ahh?

Samson smiles.

SAMSON

Absolutely.

EXT. LOGISTIC CENTER-WORKSHOP - DAY

A large van branded with the LIU logo is parked near the shop entrance.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-WORKSHOP - DAY

Two "LIU" TECHNICIANS stand near ALI-02. They look at him with satisfaction. One of them turns his gaze toward Moses and gives him a thumbs up.

TECHNICIAN 1

We're done sir.

Moses' eyebrows rise and he tilts his head back slightly.

MOSES

That's all?

Moses approaches ALI-02 and presses the "Start" button.

ALI-02 opens his eyes and examines the surroundings carefully. He moves a bit, then stops. Again, he examines the surroundings and sets off forward without stopping.

Moses and the LIU technicians exchange hi-fives.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-MAIN HALL - EVENING

ALI-02 enters the main hall. To his surprise, he doesn't see his colleagues. He closes his eyes and his screen shows a clock.

He now has his mouth and eyes open wide. He nods and hurries to the charging zone.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-CHARGING ZONE- EVENING

As soon as ALI-02 enters the charging zone, confetti rolls are thrown at him, accompanied by joyous voices. All the robots clap.

ALL ROBOTS

For he's a jolly good fellow...

ALI-02 smiles and blushes but strolls around the room with great pride.

ALI-02

Thank you comrades. New days have come. Lets charge with pride in our hearts.

ALI-02's face is smeared with a huge smile as he connects to the charging station. He is followed by the others.

INT. LOGISTIC CENTER-LARRY'S OFFICE

Plates of pastries and soft drinks are on the table.

All employees are present. Some stand while others sit. They are all engaged in small talk.

Moses sits in the closest chair to Larry. His face betrays his embarrassment.

Larry gets up.

LARRY

Please. Guys, please...

The room falls silent as everyone turns to Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)

We have gathered here to pay tribute to a dear man. He's been here with me from the beginning.

Larry looks directly at moses.

LARRY (CONT'D)

I attribute a significant part of the success of this facility to him.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)

He can retire, but I asked him to stay. His professionalism, and personality enhance this place.

Larry puts his hand on Moses' shoulder and gestures with his head.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Stand up, Moses. For your loyalty and friendship over the years, I thank you.

Moses shakes his head in discomfort. He swallows and can barely look at his colleagues. He stands up, takes a deep breath, and purses his lips. He glances at Larry and nods slightly.

Larry smiles.

LARRY (CONT'D)

One other thing before we start eating.

Larry gazes at Moses. Moses moves uncomfortably as one of his shoes rubs against the floor. His gaze flits from Larry to the floor and back again.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Moses' salary is being raised considerably, and an apprentice will be hired to work under him.

Larry claps his hands. The other join him.

Moses glances at Larry. He blushes. He speaks softly.

MOSES

Thank you sir.

Larry smiles and gestures with his arms to the crowd.

LARRY

Please guys, eat something...

FADE OUT.

(CONT'D)