

Miner One

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

SUPER: "SOLTARIS ASTEROID BELT - JUNE 2249"

ORION, a massive extinction-level asteroid, targets Earth. Thousands of platinum coated nano-probes set explosives.

Spectacular plumes of gold erupt like fireworks!

MISSION CONTROL (V.O.)
Negative. Surface impact only.

PRE-LAP: Melodic HUM of EV Taxis & Delivery Drones.

DOOMSDAY EVANGELIST (PRE-LAP)
The time is now, brethren.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

SUPER: "EARTH"

A large 4D screen on the side of a high-rise building broadcasts Orion's journey.

DOOMSDAY EVANGELIST (O.S.)
Earth will sustain. We must prepare
for a global reset.

COUNTDOWN TO IMPACT scrolls across the bottom.

CITIZENS stream past the weathered A.I. DOOMSDAY EVANGELIST as it glides back and forth along the sidewalk.

Uber-precocious MILAN TAYLOR (6), dodges the Bot and zips across the street! Her kinky twists bob with each stride.

DOOMSDAY EVANGELIST (CONT'D)
Yes, child. Run for the hills and
not the stars!

DEREK
Milan! Slow down!

DEREK TAYLOR (32), African-American, Girl Dad, speeds up.

His eldest daughter, YAMINA (12), Mother Hen, takes off.

Paris (8), introspective Middle Child, bursts into a sprint, springs off the curb, and snatches Milan by the end of her cape, just as a hover taxi ZOOMS by!

Milan squirms and tries to yank free.

MILAN

Let me go, MAN HANDS!

Paris pulls Milan closer. Yamina steps in.

YAMINA

Let her go.

The girls whip their heads towards the oncoming excitement.

Sirens BLARE as two TEENS on hover-scooters outrun a fleet of white FEDERATION DRONES.

MILAN

Woo-hoo! You're home free!

Lead drone fires EMP DISCS. Scooters slam to a halt! Riders rocket over the bars and SKID across the pavement.

LEAD DRONE (V.O.)

Citizens you are under arrest.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Derek catches up to the girls.

MILAN

Did - you - see that!?

DEREK

Come on, we'll cross here.

Milan kicks Paris and hops into a Karate stance. Paris grins like "let's go, baby sis." Derek grabs Milan's hand.

The ground vibrates. The girls and Derek look up.

An enormous gray munitions vessel dredges along. GALACTIC FEDERATION stretches across the body in coal black letters.

YAMINA

That's the second one I've seen.

DEREK

And it's not the last, sweetheart.

Derek and the girls cross the street.

COUNTDOWN BLIMP floats nearby. The scrolling banner displays:

"IMPACT: 320 DAYS" - "EXODUS LOTTERY RESULTS - TONIGHT"

EXT. E-SPORTS ARENA - DAY

The marquee reads: BATTLE BOT DEATH MATCH!

Sliding glass doors open as RACERS and BUILDERS lug drones and the coolest looking bots inside. Scooters and hoverboards float at the entrance.

YAMINA
We'll get set up.

DEREK
Ok, I'll meet you at the booth.

The girls head inside.

INT. E-SPORTS ARENA - TAYLOR BOOTH - DAY

Derek tinkers with a kick ass metallic black bot.

A PORTLY BROTHA comments about his speed and unique style.

The girls grab their drones and take off.

DEREK (O.S.)
You have ten minutes!

CONCOURSE

The sisters stare at the Champions Leaderboard.

RANCE RACING glistens above a life-sized hologram of top pilots, JAMIR & NARVENE RANCE (19 & 14), African American, siblings.

Milan gazes with starry eyes. Narvene has brown skin, freckles, and kinky twists.

MILAN
We'll beat them one day.

Yamina, Paris, and Milan test the drone track.

Augmented Reality cameras activate.

Battle Bot Rankings hover above the center of the arena. "D. TAYLOR" ranks 4th in the Pro League.

INT. E-SPORTS ARENA - TAYLOR BOOTH - DAY

Milan hands Derek a bucket of stainless steel ball bearings. He pours them into a large modified wok and seals it.

Paris turns on the device. Milan climbs into a chair and hops on her dad's back. Yamina situates the bot and opens the Faraday lined ammo chamber.

The bearings pelt and rattle the contraption.

PORTLY BROTHA (O.S.)
What are you cooking up, Taylor?

MILAN
None of your business!

Milan scowls and lays her chin on Derek's shoulder.

Paris turns it off, Yamina removes the lid, they all peer in.

Glowing yellow short-term EMP's!

PORTLY BROTHA (O.S.)
Got another job. Could use a Bot Surgeon with your skills. Walk away with enough to get you and your girls off this rock.

Derek eases the bearings into the bot's ammo chamber, and hands Portly Brotha a "FUCK OFF" glare.

DEREK
Girls, get to your spots.
(to Portly Brotha)
You already know the answer.

Derek shoots the girls a thumbs-up.

BATTLE BOT ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Engineers deploy your bots.

EXT. E-SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT

Walking home, the Taylors celebrate their victory. Derek kisses his Galaxy Crypto Wallet and hands it to Yamina. Paris and Milan tug at the small 1st Place trophy.

YAMINA
Who wants pizza?

DEREK
Get whatever you girls want.

Milan shouts.

MILAN

Oh yeah! No pineapple, Paris.

Paris spins and fake kicks at Milan.

Derek shakes his head and strokes the wedding band that hangs from his neck.

Yamina holds Derek's hand.

INT. TAYLOR APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Two empty Light Speed Pizza boxes lie on the table next to a handful of "PAST DUE" bills. A yellow note on top reads: "I'll get these in the morning - Mina"

Yamina, in sweats and a t-shirt, dries the dishes, and turns on the oven light.

SOFA BED

The modest virtual wall monitor projects a captivating first person view of a journey into deep space.

Derek, in pajamas, snores on his back.

Milan, in a purple gown with stars, burrows into his side.

Paris lies opposite, shorts & t-shirt. A visible distance between her and Derek.

Yamina stands in front of a small display. Her tender gaze drifts into a framed funeral program.

"En memoria amorosa de Selena Ortiz Taylor" - The picture shows a young brown skinned woman.

Yamina wipes her tears, covers everyone, and eases onto the sofa bed. Milan snuggles against her.

INT. ALL POINTS TRAVEL & INSURANCE - DAY

Derek enters and looks around. Contractor grade carpet. Framed athletic jerseys with fake autographs line the walls.

ROMAN STRONG (29), fast talking prick, slides a flask of liquor into his desk drawer. He gives his hard-coffee a quick stir, sips it, and HOWLS.

ROMAN

What can I do for you, my-man?

Derek pauses, "Did he call me, my-man?"

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You look like you're under a deadline. Exodus Package, right?

Derek places his hands in his pockets.

DEREK

Possibly.

ROMAN

You're in the right spot. If Roman Strong can't help, no one can. Have a seat, brotha.

DEREK

It's Derek, bro. Derek Taylor.

Derek sits. Roman slithers into his chair.

DEREK (CONT'D)

I need some insurance for my girls. It's for - you know - if I.

Roman makes a hangman sign.

ROMAN

How many girlfriends we talking here? You're a fit guy, about 28. Probably have the ladies chasing --

DEREK

-- Daughters. Three daughters. I need to set them up financially in case I'm not around when everyone launches.

ROMAN

Right. Daughters.
(obnoxious laugh)
We have several packages, but you'd be perfect for the Federation Family Plan.

Roman taps a touch screen and a VR hologram appears on a gold platform to his left. A STRAWBERRY BLONDE in a bikini poses.

STRAWBERRY BLONDE (V.O.)

Back so soon, daddy?

ROMAN
Oops, wrong pitch.

Derek stands.

DEREK
I'm good, bro.

MEMORY FLASH - INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Derek lies next to SELENA, the woman from the photo Yamina cried to.

SELENA
Be sure to use my payout and boost your coverage. We have to give the girls a fighting chance.

DEREK
We don't know the results, baby.

Selena smiles and wipes a tear from Derek's eye.

SELENA
No new gadgets, okay.

DOCTOR walks in.

END MEMORY FLASH.

ROMAN
I know the blonde isn't real. Come on, I'm a single guy. We only live once.

Roman points to the 24-Hour ASTEROID NEWS on the screen.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
I'll take good care of you.

Roman switches to the insurance pitch. An interactive brochure pops up, in place of the blonde.

Derek scrolls. Scrolls more and nods.

DEREK
This works.

ROMAN
You're making a great decision. Let's get you logged & coded.

Roman uses a DNA thumb drive to secure Derek's blood & retinal markers. He inserts the drive into a laptop.

Encrypted code swarms his screen and Derek's data is uploaded to the GALACTIC BLOCK, an interstellar blockchain.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

One last item. The nano-tracker.

Roman pauses.

DEREK

I'm good with it.

ROMAN

Of course you are. I mean how else would they find your body?

Awkward silence. Derek holds out his left palm. Roman presses the pinhead sized tracker into the base of Derek's hand.

Derek grimaces.

DEREK

When you taking off?

Roman perks up.

ROMAN

Wanna grab a brew, my-man? I'm off in thirty.

DEREK

Damn. No. I mean leaving Earth.

Roman laughs, takes a drink of "coffee."

ROMAN

Ok, Captain Serious. I'm heading to Star One in six months. Premium Exodus Package. You interested?

Roman hands Derek a screen with prices and destinations.

Four of the six locations show: UNAVAILABLE.

DEREK

How about the IMANI OUTPOST?

ROMAN

Eh, you have girls right? Landar is the one. Spots are filling up fast, my-man. Fare only covers one journey locker per traveler. Hell of a deal though.

Derek rubs the ring on his chain.

DEREK
Can you hold four spots?

ROMAN
Tell you what. Since you grabbed
the insurance, I can hold your
spots for two weeks. I'll need a -
(pauses a beat)
- 65% deposit.

Derek stands.

DEREK
Sixty-five percent!? You serious?

ROMAN
I'm doing you a favor, my-man.

DEREK
I'll try my luck with the lottery.
Call me "my-man" one more time...
Just send over the insurance docs.

ROMAN
Okay, 15%.

DEREK
I was thinking five.

They agree and Derek places his thumbprint on the pad.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Derek glides to work. He kisses his wedding ring and looks to
the sky.

DEREK
One more check and two more wins,
and we're covered.

EXT. FEDERATION BANK - CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Orange cones block a large section of sidewalk.

HOVER-TAXIS line the street.

MEAL DELIVERY DRONES clutter the sky.

CONSTRUCTION SITE

Derek pounds the sidewalk with a SONIC ZAP HAMMER.

The incompetent CREW ribs him.

Derek mouths, "I can't hear you," and flips them off. He drifts outside of the marked area.

The burly FOREMAN, a block away, bites into his burger. He squints, drops everything, and plods into a desperate run.

FOREMAN
TAYLOR! Stop drilling!

Derek powers through the unmarked area.

Loud CLANKING & HISSING of metal pipes.

DEREK
Shit!

Drill pierces water line and the bank's EMP COIL. Water rockets straight up and the pierced coil detonates.

Frequency waves ripple Derek's face.

Hundreds of drones, meals, and drinks plummet to the ground.

Taxis die on the spot.

TOURISTS catapult over Segway bars.

Derek and the crew can't plug the leak. Chaos erupts.

The Foreman stumbles up and grips his chest.

FOREMAN (O.S.)
Taylor! What the fuck, son!?

Derek zones out.

JERK CREW MEMBER
Your ass is fired.

Everything in the vicinity is drenched.

Derek's gaze drifts to the alley. SANITATION BOTS deploy MINI ROVERS into the bank's ground vents.

A.I. RAPID RESPONSE TEAM arrives and secures the area.

FOREMAN
You're done. No check either.

Derek hands over his hard hat and gloves.

INT. TAYLOR APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

SUPER: "One Week Later"

Derek spreads a blueprint of the bank on the table.

PORTLY BROTHA sits to Derek's left. The mysterious woman, across the table, wearing AR glasses, is EYE IN THE SKY.

PORTLY BROTHA
How will we extract the cash?

DEREK
No cash, all crypto.

EYE IN THE SKY
Bank stores 80% of their clients' tokens on ten Ledgers.

Portly cuts his eyes.

DEREK
It's a honey pot. Sky's drone will transmit an Echo Frequency to buy us time.

PORTLY BROTHA
No cash. What about the Rhylan?

DEREK
Negative. A.I. Bots will put a generational target on our families if we even sniff their power source.

Portly Brotha bangs his hand on the table.

HALLWAY

Paris and Milan listen from around the corner. The scene enamors Milan. Paris scowls.

KITCHEN

Derek sets his battle bot on the table and demonstrates.

DEREK
Exhaust vents lead right to the server room.

Paris walks in and shakes her head.

PORTLY BROTHA
Who is this?!?

Milan pops around the corner, SUPER AMIRA doll in hand.

MILAN
She's my big sister! WHO ARE YOU?

Derek picks up Milan. Paris snatches her hand away.

DEREK
(to Portly Brotha)
Just handle the security feed, and
stick to the plan.

Derek ushers Portly and Sky out of the apartment.

INT. TAYLOR APARTMENT - GIRLS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Yamina is zonked in her twin bed.

Paris climbs into the other bed and faces the window. Derek places Milan next to her.

PARIS
Mom would not approve.

Derek reaches for Paris' hand, she pulls away. Milan grabs his hand and hugs it. He kisses Milan's cheek and touches Paris' shoulder.

DEREK
Daddy loves you all very much.

Milan blows a kiss. Derek blows one back and shuts the door.

PARIS
I hope they get caught.

Milan bucks against Paris. Paris bucks back. Milan cries. Paris rolls over and hugs her. Yamina slides out of bed and climbs in with her sisters.

The moonlight makes them look like little angels.

EXT. TAYLOR APARTMENT - BALCONY - NIGHT

Derek leans against the rail and looks at the moon.

DEREK
I'm out of options, Selena.

INT. TAYLOR APARTMENT - DAY

Derek walks out of the bathroom. Paris stands in his way.

DEREK

It's summer. You can sleep in.

He tries to hug her. She stiffens.

EXT. FEDERATION BANK - NIGHT

Derek, black-clad, zips away on a 3D printed scooter.

Eye In The Sky's drone tracks him from above.

EYE IN THE SKY (V.O.)

You're clear for two blocks.

Derek's battle bot shifts in his compression backpack.

DEREK

I picked up a second bot on my
feed! Is he going for the vault?

EYE IN THE SKY (V.O.)

I thought you knew.

INT. GRAY 4-DOOR EV - NIGHT

Portly Brotha focuses on a dash monitor as he guides his bot through the bank's ventilation.

ON SCREEN

A translucent case containing glowing aqua-blue Rhylan, shows on his screen.

Portly's Bot releases a localized EMP-surge that disables room's infrared beams.

Graphene cable with a mechanical arm latches onto the case and retracts. - SILENT ALARM TRIGGERS -

INT. FEDERATION ENFORCEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Red light flashes. VAULT BREACH shows on all monitors.

BASEMENT GARAGE

A Black Autonomous Armored Van loaded with DEATH BOTS barrels onto the street.

INT. GRAY 4-DOOR EV - NIGHT

Case in hand, the Portly Brotha smiles. The glow of the Rhylan reflects off his face.

EXT. GRAY 4-DOOR EV - NIGHT

One dozen DEATH BOTS converge like a SWAT team on wheels!

DEATH BOTS
Citizen, remove yourself!

INT. GRAY 4-DOOR EV - NIGHT

Portly fumbles the case, floors it, and slams into three bots on the passenger side. A blue electrical surge runs through the vehicle. Car dies.

EXT. GRAY 4-DOOR EV - NIGHT

Death Bots snatch the doors off the frame.

PORTLY BROTHA
I saw it all! DEREK TAYLOR. That's
who you want!

Portly Brotha exhales and hands over the Rhylan.

Head Death Bot secures the Rhylan.

HEAD DEATH BOT
How did you locate this material?

PORTLY BROTHA
Derek Taylor. I told you.

Driver's side bot delivers a DEATH SURGE to Portly, plants a bomb kit, and torches the vehicle.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SIDE STREET - DAY

Derek emerges from a homeless camp, dismantles his scooter and deposits it into a gutter. He strides one block.

EYE IN THE SKY (V.O.)

All clear.

He secures the hard wallets in a hand-sized stainless steel Faraday case and hurls it overhead. A drone swoops in.

EYE IN THE SKY (V.O.)

Package secured. Your girls are covered.

Drone zips away.

Derek tosses earpiece, heads home. Sun breaches the horizon.

EXT. TAYLOR APARTMENT - DAY

COPS drag Derek down the stairs. Yamina and Paris follow.

DEREK

Let me hug my girls! Where's Milan?

YAMINA

Dad, what do I do?

EXT. TAYLOR APARTMENT - 2ND FLOOR BALCONY - DAY

Milan lies prone, wrist-rocket loaded with an EMP pellet, and two in her cheeks.

Officers lead Derek down the walkway. They allow the girls to hug him. He whispers to Yamina.

OFFICER-1

Ok, Taylor, wrap it up.

DEREK

Paris, find your sister.

First pellet pings a cop car and kills the EV charge.

A second set of bearings splinter the surveillance drone.

Milan spits in disgust and targets the DEATH BOT.

MILAN

Eww YUCK!! RUN DADDY!

Paris dives and catches Milan's hand before she fires.

MONTAGE - INT. JAIL - NIGHT

-- Officers toss Derek into Gen-Pop.

-- Friends of Portly Brotha gang up.

-- Derek stands his ground but barely survives the night.

END MONTAGE

INT. JAIL - DAY

GUARD #1 approaches cell.

GUARD #1

Taylor! Inmate Derek Taylor!

Derek, bruised and exhausted, weaves his way to the front. Blood stains cover his orange jumper.

DEREK

Who posted my bond?

INT. JAIL - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

OFFICER WILLIAMS, rigid, by the book, and a DEATH BOT await.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Mr. Taylor, have a seat.

He motions to the guard to remove the cuffs.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

I'm Officer Williams.

Derek rubs his wrists and takes a seat. Eyes on the bot.

DEREK

What does The Federation want with me? You're Federation right?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

You recently purchased insurance.

DEREK

That's not a crime.

Cautious. Derek watches the bot.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

The Federation underwrites 98% of policies on Earth. Yours has a conduct clause.

DEREK

Conduct clause? I bought a death benefit for my girls.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Your bank fiasco triggered the clause, which automatically voids your policy. There is an additional section.

DEREK

Gets better and better.

Irritated, Derek slides his chair backwards.

Death Bot's servos twitch and rotate. Taser extends.

Derek shows his palms and freezes.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

The clause states: A policy holder who commits a high crime against --

DEREK

-- HIGH CRIME!?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

...commits a high crime against The Galactic Mining Federation will have their policy voided and be immediately commissioned to the Outer Rim Mining Alliance for a term equal to the costs of policy underwriting. Furthermore, the policy-holder's family shall be held as collateral until the debt is PAID IN FULL!

Derek bangs the table and jumps up.

DEREK

WHAT THE FUCK!

Death Bot jolts Derek. His muscles seize. He convulses.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Release him.

Derek drops to the floor.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I'll only make this offer once. I
see that you are widowed with three
young girls.

Derek closes his eyes and nods. Bot places chair beside him.

Williams pulls up Derek's blank rap sheet on his tablet.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Help me understand. No priors. So
why'd you do it?

Derek has a distant stare.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
I'm willing to cover your girls'
Exodus Journey to Landar.

DEREK
In exchange for what?

OFFICER WILLIAMS
This is not a negotiation.

DEREK
What do I have to do for this deal?

OFFICER WILLIAMS
You will be deployed on an
experimental Asteroid Mining
Mission. A five year campaign.

DEREK
There's a hundred other inmates in
that cell. Why me?

OFFICER WILLIAMS
Only a select few have the bot
skills and blood composition for
multiple deep space jumps.

MEMORY FLASH: Derek remembers the blood sample he gave Roman.

DEREK
My girls will have safe passage?

OFFICER WILLIAMS
Guaranteed.

DEREK
What if I decline?

Williams looks off and grins.

OFFICER WILLIAMS

Back to Gen-Pop. Get your ass whooped, AGAIN. Stand trial. Still mine for us. But you watch your girls die when Orion obliterates this planet!

Derek places his thumbprint on the dotted line.

OFFICER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Smart choice. Welcome to The Federation.

DEREK

Can I see my girls?

OFFICER WILLIAMS

You'll have an opportunity to say your goodbyes prior to being placed in cryo. GUARD!

INT. TAYLOR APARTMENT - SOFA BED - DAY

Loud KNOCK at the door. The girls look at each other.

MILAN

Daddy?

Yamina answers. A young FEDERATION OFFICER and a PEACEKEEPING BOT stand at attention. Bot scans Yamina. She clears.

Officer uploads a digital voucher to her Wrist Communicator.

YOUNG FEDERATION OFFICER

This covers rent and essential food items. Exodous instructions have been sent to you and your sisters.

MILAN (O.S.)

We win the lottery? Where's our dad?!

YAMINA

Yes, when can we see our father?

SOFA BED

Milan ducks under the quilt and loads her wrist-rocket. Paris keeps her eye on the door and touches Milan's hand.

PARIS

Not now.

The Bot projects a 3D virtual image of Derek.

DEREK (V.O.)

Girls, can you see me?

Milan and Paris tumble over each other and run to the door.

YAMINA

Dad!

MILAN

DADDY! When are you coming home?

ENTRYWAY

Paris stands next to Milan and folds her arms.

YOUNG FEDERATION OFFICER

Not for a very long time.

Paris cuts her eyes. STEELY AS FUCK!

PARIS

She didn't ask you.

DEREK (V.O.)

Don't have much time. Gotta mine a few asteroids. Take care of each other. Milan, listen to your sisters.

MILAN

Okay, daddy.

Tears flow from Yamina.

YAMINA

I don't know what to do?

DEREK (V.O.)

Babygirl, you've always known what to do. This is your team now.

Paris turns her back. Milan tugs at her.

DEREK (V.O.)

My tough one. Just like mommy.

Tears pour. Paris turns and erupts.

PARIS

Told you not to do it! I hate you!
Why did mommy have to die? It
should've been you!

Milan screams at Paris. Bot cuts the feed.

PARIS (CONT'D)

Turn it back on!

Paris drops to her knees. Milan jumps and kicks the Bot's
display. SPARKS FLY.

The Federation Officer cowers behind the bot.

Yamina grabs Milan and helps Paris to her feet.

YOUNG FEDERATION OFFICER

This incident will be reported!

MILAN

REPORT IT THEN!

Milan slams the door!