BRYN

EPISODE 1: "MEMORY PATCH"

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INT. BUS - DAY

The bus is old and decrepit, with rust-coated sides, broken windows, and seats riddled with holes and tufts of torn, discolored stuffing.

About halfway down sits BRYN, 17, thin and lanky with patchy overalls and mechanical goggles perched on her head.

She has an over-large army jacket in her lap. She sows a half-torn off patch back on.

The front door of the bus opens, and three boys enter.

OWEN, 17, tall with red hair and a pock-marked face, is in the lead. Behind him is SEAN, 16, lean, stocky with matted brown hair and too-large ears. Last in is BRADFORD, 16, rat-like with two black eyes and a busted nose.

Bryn lowers her head at the sight of them and stares down at the jacket patch. She tenses up, her fingers frozen over the half-sewn patch.

Owen smirks at Bryn as he walks past her toward the back of the bus.

OWEN
(whispers)
Fucking bitch.

As each of the boys pass Bryn, snatches of dialogue from a previous altercation SOUND OUT in Bryn's mind.

OWEN (V.O.)
This jacket is much too big for you. Y'know what, I think I'll take it.

The SOUND of cloth RIPPING.

BRYN (V.O.)
Give it back! I'm warning you --

As Sean walks past her, he cuts his finger across his throat in a slashing motion.

SEAN (V.O.)
It's not even hers. I heard it belonged to her father.

Bradford walks past, head down. He peeks at Bryn out of the corner of his eye.

BRADFORD (V.O.)
But her stupid father went and got himself killed -- OW!

The SOUND of a fist HITTING flesh.

BRYN (V.O.)
I'll kill YOU, you fucker!

BRADFORD (V.O.)
Get her off me! OW!

In the present, Bryn fake-lunges for Bradford from her seat. Bradford flinches back, then regains his composure and scurries after Owen and Sean.

CARETAKER MARSH (O.S.)
Miss Bryn, you stop this horrid behavior this instant!

Bryn's head whips around to see CARETAKER MARSH, 60, a stern and straight-laced woman in a neck-to-ankle matron-style dress, enter the bus. Caretaker Marsh glares at Bryn.

As Bryn locks eyes with Caretaker Marsh, the resolution to the previous altercation plays through Bryn's mind.

CARETAKER MARSH (V.O.)
Miss Bryn, what do you think you're doing?

BRYN (V.O.)
But they --

CARETAKER MARSH (V.O.)
I will hear none of your lies! You'll spend the next month at the Scrap Yard - maybe that, along with no meals for a week, will encourage you to feel remorse for your reprehensible actions!

The sound of SNICKERS and LAUGHTER echo from the three boys in the memory.

CARETAKER MARSH
Miss Bryn, do you understand me?

Bryn flinches, snapping out of it. Caretaker Marsh now stands before her, glaring. Bryn sets her jaw, but nods.

BRYN
Yes.

Quick as lightning, Caretaker Marsh slaps Bryn.

CARETAKER MARSH
Yes, WHAT?

BRYN
Yes, ma'am!

CARETAKER MARSH
Good. This is your last warning. One more fight out of you, and it'll be straight to the Detention Center for good, do you understand?

BRYN
Yes...
(beat, gritted)
Ma'am.

CARETAKER MARSH
Good.

Caretaker Marsh turns and makes her way to the front of the bus. She sits down as the DRIVER, 50s, starts the bus.

The old bus rattles and bangs as it moves, and black smoke leaks from the engine and drifts past the window as the bus starts moving.

Bryn returns to fixing the patch as Owen, Sean, and Bradford snicker at her dressing-down in the background.

Bryn makes the last stitch and bites the string to cut it.

She pulls out a small toolkit from her pocket and stores her needle and remaining string inside it before putting it away.

Bryn shakes out the jacket and puts it on. It's at least three sizes too big for her, but she doesn't seem to mind.

Her fingers stroke the patch on the jacket's arm.

The patch is shaped like the side-profile of two heads, mirrored. One head is human, while the other is a robot head. Within the silhouette are two hands, one human and one robotic, shaking hands.

Behind the two hands are a fighter jet and a robot flying on a blue sky, their trails making a "V." Over this is stitched the words: "1st Battalion 1092 Robotics Regiment"

Bryn looks out the broken glass at the black smoke that obscures the view.

EXT. SCRAP YARD - FRONT GATE - DAY

The bus parks next to a rusted front gate that reads: “FINCH SCRAP YARD”

The side of the bus reads: “MARSH ORPHANAGE”

The sky is thick with smoke and ash that pumps from giant processing plants that clutter the skyline. The sun is completely blocked, everything tinted brown and grey.

FINCH, 40, ill-kept and weasely with beady eyes, exits the run-down office next to the front gate. He crosses his arms and leans against the gate, waiting.

Owen, Sean, and Bradford exit the bus. Owen smiles meanly at Finch, who tilts his head in curiosity.

Owen makes a grand gestures toward the bus.

BRYN (O.S.)
Ouch! Lemme go!

Caretaker Marsh drags Bryn out of the bus by her ear.

CARETAKER MARSH
Silence, you horrid wretch!

A nasty smile spreads across Finch’s face. He claps his greasy, oil-stained hands together.

FINCH
Well well well. Lookee who we’ve got here. It’s been a long while since I last saw you, little miss. Too long.

BRYN
That’s one creep’s opinion.

CARETAKER MARSH
Miss Bryn!

Caretaker Marsh twists Bryn’s ear until she’s bent nearly double.

CARETAKER MARSH (CONT’D)
You will watch your mouth and behave, or it’ll be a week in the Pit, understand?

Bryn, with a rebellious look on her face, tries to nod. Caretaker Marsh twists her ear until she cries out in pain.

BRYN
Yes, ma'am! Yes, I understand!

CARETAKER MARSH
Good.

Caretaker Marsh releases Bryn. Bryn holds her ear and runs through the gates. Finch leers at her as she passes, and the three boys smirk nastily.

EXT. SCRAP YARD - DAY

Owen, Sean, Bradford, and Bryn all stand in a row, Bryn significantly removed from the other three.

All of them carry a large metal trash-can strapped to their backs, and hold a long pole with a grabber on the end.

Behind them, as far as the eye can see, are massive piles of rusted pipes, misshapen robot arms and legs, broken parts and machines, and half-destroyed speeders.

Finch stands in front of the boys and Bryn with a clipboard.

FINCH
Boys, you're in charge of finding as many gaskets and screws as ya can, as well as any meltable iron. I'm short this month.
(sarcastic)
You think you can handle it?

OWEN
We'll certainly do our best, sir.

FINCH
See that ya do.

The boys snicker as Finch turns to Bryn.

FINCH (CONT'D)
As for you, little miss, I think you'll be mannin' the Arc Furnace today.

BRYN
What?!

FINCH
Sorry; wommannin'.

BRYN
Doing that by myself would be suicide!

FINCH
Well, if you can't handle it, you're free to spend the day with me in the office, just relaxin'. I might even have some chocolate, if ya wanna come check.

Bryn scowls and grits her teeth.

BRYN
I'll manage.

Bryn turns and storms off. Finch calls out after her.

FINCH
Suit yourself. But I doubt you'll be able to manage all month. I'll be waitin', little miss.

The boys hoot after her as Bryn stomps away into the piles of scrap and metal.

EXT. SCRAP YARD - ARC FURNACE - DAY

The Arc Furnace is a massive, roaring pit filled with spitting, molten hot metal and spinning blades. It sits in the ground at the base of the mountains of scrap metal.

Thick black smoke pours from the smoke stacks that circle the Arc Furnace.

The smoke blocks out the dim brown light from the sky, throwing the whole area into a sinister contrast of white-hot red and black shadows.

A large crane that is fixed to the control booth lowers a massive metal drum to lean against one of the mountains of scrap.

Bryn, face blackened with smoke, goggles fixed over her eyes, and shirt pulled over her mouth, exits the crane's control booth and runs along the arm to the drum.

She jumps into the scrap and uses a bent and misshapen shovel to push the scrap downhill and into the drum.

Her shovel catches the torso of a ROBOT, old and rusty with a missing leg.

Bryn drops the shovel and shoves at the Robot until it tumbles down into the drum, on top of the rest of her gathered scrap.

Bryn climbs back into the crane and moves the drum until it's on the drum platform. She exits the crane and presses a button on the control panel.

The platform shakes, and Bryn braces herself. She shields her eyes from the hot glare of the Arc Furnace.

Above Bryn, a line of hooks starts moving. Bryn runs over to the drum and lifts the massive handle. As she does, she jostles the Robot, and his arm falls loosely out of the drum.

Bryn stares - branded on the Robot's arm is the exact same design as her patch.

One of the hooks catches the handle Bryn holds aloft, and the drum is pulled away from Bryn and toward the heart of the Arc Furnace.

Bryn lunges for the Robot and manages to grab its hand. She reaches out and grabs the railing for the platform.

Her and the Robot hang over the Arc Furnace. The roaring of the Arc Furnace drowns out Bryn's scream as she refuses to let go of the Robot.

The drum continues to pull away from her. Bryn's hand starts to slip.

END OF EPISODE