BRYN

EPISODE 3: "NEWEST RECRUIT"

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INT. BRYN'S WORKSHOP - DAY

The projection flickers on. ROLAND PARKER, 45, silver-haired with a scar across his left eye, has his face up close to the camera. He peers directly into it.

ROLAND
-- yoo-hoo! Anyone in there? Of course not, that's the point --

The light flickers across Bryn's enraptured face.

INT. BUNKER - THE PAST - DAY

Within the bunker are four neat cots, four haphazardly tossed military bags, and a computer set-up.

Wires extend from the computers and plug into the open chest of the Robot, where AUBRY REYNOLDS, 25, spiky red hair and wearing overalls, tinkers.

The Robot is brand-new, with both legs and a spot-less chassis. The Robot's eyes glow blue, but it doesn't move.

Roland moves away from the Robot and sits down on one of the cots. He continues ranting.

ROLAND
-- the whole "machines can work with people, instead of for them" initiative. What a load of bullshit. It's unnatural!

QUINCY O'REILLY, 35, dark skin and a kind face with laugh lines, stops typing at the computer and groans. He speaks with a light Irish accent.

QUINCY
Bollucks.

Aubry laughs and holds out her hand.

AUBRY
Pay up, sucker.

Quincy pulls out his wallet and hands Aubry a bill.

AUBRY (CONT'D)
Pleasure doing business with you.

QUINCY
Oh bugger off.

ROLAND
What's going on here?

Aubry shoves the bill into her pocket and turns back to the mess of wires in the Robot's chest.

AUBRY
We bet on how long it'd take you to say it's "unnatural" after we booted it up. I bet three minutes.

QUINCY
I bet five --

THOMAS WILSON, 30, thick brunette hair and beard with a commanding air, walks into the bunker carrying a package.

THOMAS
And I bet one minute. I believe those winnings are mine.

AUBRY
Oh crap, that's right.

Quincy hoots with laughter as Aubry hands over the winnings from Quincy and a bill from her own wallet to Thomas.

Roland huffs and crosses his arms.

ROLAND
You guys suck.

THOMAS
Hey, old friend, it's not our fault you're just so damn predictable.

ROLAND
You take that back!

THOMAS
Not a chance. So, Aubry, how's our newest recruit doing?

AUBRY
Great! Quincy is helping me run a quick diagnostic to make sure everything is running smoothly.

Quincy taps the side of his computer monitor.

QUINCY
I should have the full report shortly. So far, though, the read-outs all seem to be in order and --

ROLAND
Yeah yeah, who cares? What's in the box, Chief? Did you bring me a present? How did ya know it was my birthday?

AUBRY
It's your birthday? Why didn't you say --

THOMAS
Your birthday's not for another seven months, Roland.

Aubry huffs and throws her screwdriver at Roland, who laughs.

ROLAND
What can I say, I must be getting forgetful in my old age.

THOMAS
(amused)
Bullshit. But you got one thing right. These are a gift, of sorts.

All three perk up and turn toward Thomas. Thomas opens the box and reaches inside.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Say hello to your military-issue jackets.

Thomas pulls out a brand-new version of Bryn's jacket. He tosses one to each of the team, who admire them.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
Soldiers, welcome to the 1st Battalion 1092 Robotics Regiment.

INT. BRYN'S WORKSHOP - THE PRESENT - DAY

Bryn jerks up, eyes wide.

BRYN
No way!

Bryn jumps off the workbench and scrambles in a pile of scrap, searching for something.

The video continues to play, but the sound is drowned out by Bryn's actions.

She cries out in success as she pulls out a beat-up looking black box with a slit on one side and a button on the other.

BRYN (CONT'D)
I know you got one more in you.

Bryn rushes over to the bench and sets the box next to the Robot's head. But as she does, she accidentally bumps into the Robot.

The projection flickers, and changes to a different memory.

The projection shows smoke and bodies and flashes of light. SCREAMS and YELLS sound through the workshop. It's a battle.

BRYN (CONT'D)
Shit. No no no!

Bryn fiddles with the Robot's head as snatches of the battle echo through the workshop. The screen flickers and glitches.

THOMAS (O.S.)
Fall back, fall back!

ROLAND (O.S.)
Where's that damned Robo --

The sound of Quincy's SCREAM cuts Roland off.

THOMAS (O.S.)
Oh shi --

ROLAND (O.S.)
Hang in there, Quince! Do you hear me?! You hang in --

THOMAS (O.S.)
Where's Aubry? Where is --

Bryn CLICKS something into place, and the projection switches back to the previous memory.

Bryn takes a deep breath and plugs the black box into the back of the Robot's neck. Her hand hovers over the button.

INT. THE BUNKER - THE PAST - LATER - DAY

Everyone is now wearing the jackets. Roland is gesticulating wildly as Thomas, Aubry, and Quincy laugh.

ROLAND
You can't name it after me!

THOMAS
Technically, I can. That's his name. Besides, it'll make the two of you like brothers, and you know how I am about promoting unity within the ranks.

ROLAND
Fuck you.

Quincy laughs as he stands up, a little remote in his hand.

QUINCY
Oh, don't be sore. I think it suits him. On another note, the diagnostic's done.

Aubry closes the Robot's chest and wipes her brow.

AUBRY
And I'm all done, here. Time to let him scan us.

ROLAND
What? Why?

QUINCY
So that he knows that we're his team. Standard procedure.

ROLAND
There's nothing "standard" about any of this.

Thomas pulls Roland so that he's standing with him, Aubry, and Quincy in front of the Robot.

THOMAS
Oh, stop being so pissy. Say cheese!

INT. BRYN'S WORKSHOP - THE PRESENT - DAY

Bryn slaps the button on the black box.

The box rattles ominously. The projection glitches. The back of the Robot's neck sparks and starts to smoke.

BRYN
No no no! C'mon!

Bryn screams and ducks down as the Robot jerks and a shower of sparks shoot out. The projection turns off and the Robot's eyes die, leaving the room in total darkness.

Bryn claps twice. The normal lights turn on.

Bryn grabs the black box.

BRYN (CONT'D)
Did you work?

She stares for a moment. Nothing.

Bryn sets the box down and bows her head, defeated.

DING! The black box spits out a picture, before it sputters and dies.

Bryn grabs it and turns it over. It's of Thomas, Aubry, Quincy, and Roland.

From left to right: Quincy holds up the remote that activated the camera, a wide grin across his face; Aubry throws up double peace signs, tongue sticking out and eyes crossed; Nathan's head is thrown back in a full-belly laugh; Roland shoves at Nathan's arm, a full-blown scowl across his face.

Bryn strokes the picture, reverent.

BRYN (CONT'D)
(whispers)
Who are you people? And... which one of you is my dad?

The Robot sparks again, causing Bryn to jump backward, protecting the picture.

BRYN (CONT'D)
Whoops.

Bryn stares as the Robot hisses and smokes.

END OF EPISODE