EXT. SCRAP FOREST

Nolan pulls Swansea out of her reverie by jabbing the bag of gold discs in her face.

SWANSEA
When did you find that?

NOLAN
While you were gushing about Celica the Wonderful.

Nolan smiles and pushes up his glasses. He weighs the bag in his hands and starts to undo the drawstring.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Wonder how much is in here?

SWANSEA
Don’t open it!

NOLAN
I just want to see how much is in here. And also hold a gold disc. I’ve never held one before.

Swansea flicks Nolan in the forehead and reaches for the bag.

SWANSEA
We should return it unopened.

NOLAN
Too late for unopened.

He backs away rifling through the bag. Swansea grabs the scruff of his shirt and pulls him forward. The two begin to squabble, Nolan curling his body around the bag of gold to keep Swansea from reaching it.

Swansea boots Nolan in the behind and he tumbles forward losing his grip on the bag. Mini gold CDs spill over the forest floor.

SWANSEA
Look what you did, stupid!
Me? You! Shut up!

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Look what you did, stupid!
Me? You! Shut up!

As they gather the gold, a single disc rolls towards an auto boot sticking out of a bush. Nolan dashes over to pick it up, his hand brushing a copper-plated one.

He looks up into the face of an incredibly tall forest automaton with a screw through its head and an X marked on its face. Its chest is a mesh of slow moving gray gears.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Hey, Swan...

SWANSEA
(not paying attention)
If you're missing a coin, then it's your fault.

The automaton clicks and whirrs. It picks Nolan up by the scruff of the neck.

NOLAN
SWANSEA!

Swansea whips her head around as the auto tosses Nolan deep into the forest and bends to pick up the gold. Its eyes zoom in on it and then on the pile that Swansea has in her hands.

SCREW HEAD
Gold detected. Alerting partner.

SWANSEA
Partner? There's two of them?

NOLAN (O.S.)
Aaaahhhh, there's two of them, help!!

The underbrush shakes and a series of clanks and dings sound from deep inside the forest, away from the path. Nolan yells again.

Swansea drops the discs she collected in her pockets and takes out her sledgehammer. She assumes a wide-legged stance.

SCREW HEAD
Hostile intent detected. Engaging in combat.

Screw Head lumbers toward her with its arms outstretched, metal spikes gleaming where nails would be on a human hand.

Swansea inhales through her nose and bounds towards the auto, hammer slung back. She heaves the hammer forward, landing a solid blow to the hip of the auto that sends it spinning.

Its outstretched metal hands scratch Swansea's arm as it stumbles away and immediately redoubles its attack.

SCREW HEAD (CONT'D)
Retrieve gold. Engaging in combat.

SWANSEA
You must really be broke, huh?

They clash, the automaton wrapping its hands around the sledgehammer and Swansea holding her ground. She grits her teeth as she hears Nolan shout again.

NOLAN (O.S.)
SWAN, IT'S GOING TO EAT ME!

SWANSEA
Autos can't eat!

NOLAN (O.S.)
TELL THAT TO THIS ONE!

EXT. DEEPER SCRAP FOREST

Nolan crashes through the forest, his pocket leaking gold as he runs. The automaton chasing him is large and blocky with square hands, feet, and face. It has a rooster weathervane sticking out the top of its head. Every few steps it stops to pick up a coin.

WEATHERVANE
Gold detected. Gold detected.
Apprehend human, obtain more gold.

Nolan looks behind him at the path of gold coins, then at his pockets.

NOLAN
Aw, jeez.

He stops and turns around to face the automaton. He takes all the gold out of his pockets and holds them out.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
Here, take it! I don't want 'em!

Weathervane stops and stares at the coins. It holds out its hands.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
(dropping the coins)
Yeah! Here you are, bud. All that I got on me, all yours!

WEATHERVANE
Gold objective acquired.

Nolan sighs in relief.

WEATHERVANE (CONT'D)
Initiating next objective:
eliminating organic targets.

NOLAN
Huh?

WEATHERVANE
Organic target lock on. Engaging in combat.

NOLAN
(running away)
I thought we were cool!

EXT. SCRAP FOREST

Still entangled, Swansea and Screw Head have a shoving match. The auto continuously tries to bite Swansea's face. She pushes back with her sledgehammer then lets it go, sending the auto flying.

As it tries to regain balance, Swansea takes out two medium hammers from her tool belt and hefts them in front of her.

SWANSEA
You're armed now. So let's do this.

The auto observes the hammer in its hands then tosses it aside.

SWANSEA (CONT'D)
HEY. That's re-enforced steel!

SCREW HEAD
Engaging in combat.

SWANSEA
I'll engage your combat.

She charges into a slide and brings both hammers against its head. The auto whirrs and picks her up by her suspender straps, tossing her over its shoulder.

Swansea lands in a heap, losing a hammer and her breath. She struggles to get up, angling the remaining hammer at the auto and flinging it.

The hammer wedges into the gears in its chest plate and the auto begins to smoke and jerk.

SCREW HEAD
Critical malfunction. Assessing error and repair.

SWANSEA
You're not repairing this!

Swansea retrieves her larger sledgehammer and uppercuts the auto with it. The crunch of metal echoes through the forest as the auto starts to pour smoke and beep.

It staggers backward and then falls over, the screw in its head popping out. It does not move anymore.

SWANSEA (CONT'D)
One down.

NOLAN (O.S.)
AUUUUGGGGHHHHHAAAAHHH!

SWANSEA
Another to go.

EXT. DEEPER SCRAP FOREST

Weathervane holds Nolan upside down by the ankle, shaking him ceaselessly. He almost seems to be enjoying himself.

WEATHERVANE
Eliminating organic target.

NOLAN
You’re not eliminating me, you’re teasing me!

Weathervane makes a series of beeps that sound like laughter. It swings its arm back and prepares to toss Nolan.

Swansea bursts through the underbrush right behind Weathervane, sledgehammer raised high above her head.

SWANSEA
Put him down!

She brings the hammer down on Weathervane’s head, shooting its rusted rooster weathervane through its jaw.

Weathervane’s hand opens and Nolan falls to the ground, dazed. He lands right on top of his glasses.

SWANSEA (CONT'D)
Nolan, outta the way!

Swansea pulls the hammer back while Weathervane is stunned and whips it into his head. Screeching metal noises ring throughout the forest as Weathervane’s head pops off and goes flying.

The now headless auto stands smoking for a beat before tumbling forward, barely missing Nolan on the way down.

NOLAN
Whoa, man. Swan, that was amazing!

Swansea lowers her hammer and flashes a smile.

SWANSEA
I know. Now let's get this gold up and head back. There might be more of them and I can't swing around my hammer for long.

Nolan nods and places his broken glasses in his pocket. Swansea lays down her sledgehammer and they begin to gather the discs.

Swansea crawls into some dense bushes collecting wayward coins, concealing herself, just as the sound of horse hooves fills the clearing.

Two riders on horses emerge from the forest and surround Nolan. One points a rapier at his back.

QUAN
Stop what you're doing and turn around very slowly.

END OF ACT TWO