

INT. TRADITIONAL MEXICAN CASA (BEDROOM) - DAY

FADING FROM BLACK TO...

A bare room. Stone walls, old fashioned, wooden shutters - closed.

It's like something out of a Sergio Leone movie, but we're fuzzy about the timescale - could be 1850 or 2050.

Asleep on a bed at the centre of the room - JOHN CAAN. Late 30s, not bad looking (though in a sort of thuggish kind of way). He's wearing a white T-shirt, jeans, a Rolex, a ring.

Modern clothes, in a not so modern setting.

Caan blinks, awake.

CAAN

Awww...

He sits up and rubs his head. A mirror on the wall reflects the image of his unshaven face.

Then Caan looks round the room, surprised - like he's never seen it before. *Where the hell is he?*

As he looks round, he takes something out of his back pocket, a FOLDED SHEET OF PAPER. He turns it over in his hands: it's familiar, comforting. He pockets it again.

And shakes his head.

For the first time he realizes there is something wrong with the sound in the room - a constant buzzing, a veil of white noise - difficult to cut through.

Caan focuses - the buzzing dies away.

And then, suddenly, clear as a bell -

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

GOD, NO! PLEASE!

SHOUTING. SCREAMING. The unmistakable sound of DYING.

And there's still a buzzing, but now it's a dull whine, like an orchestra of drills or mechanical saws...

Caan half-runs, half-scrambles across the floor, unsteady on his feet. He reaches the shutters and throws them open --

His eyes widen with fear at the sight of --

EXT. THE VILLAGE SQUARE - DAY

A classic Mexican *pueblo*, white stone houses huddle round a plaza. A white church with a bell-tower. A high wall skirts the village, making the pueblo a fort.

But it's not the architecture that draws the eye --

In the square, BODIES - lying in blood or running in panic. Cowering or standing in one last, futile, act of defiance...

... AGAINST THE MECH.

The Mech are a strange mix of high-tech and near obsolescence - eight-foot metal creations whose bodies are swathed in different weaponry - buzz saws, machete blades, flame throwers. But they all have one thing in common, in the centre of their heads a BRIGHT YELLOW LIGHT, like a cyclops eye.

These aren't demo models in a shop window - they're operational. Their metal is rusty, their weapons tarnished -- they look like they've been out in the air and the rain. Dried blood stains their sides.

Their *raison d'être* is clear: they were made to kill.

And - shit - they move fast.

AT THE WINDOW --

CAAN can't believe what he's seeing - a horrible, impossible nightmare --

IN THE SQUARE --

-- A MANTIS MECH stands over a prostrate OLD MAN, driving its central column into his belly --

-- A ROLLER MECH sweeps a woman off her feet, runs her down --

-- A CLAW MECH picks up a passing kid and slams his body against a white stone wall like he's a rag doll --

-- While, over by the gateway to the town, a group of men hopelessly put their weight against a wooden door, trying to prevent more Mech from pouring in.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Caan slams the shutters closed.

Breathing hard, unable to process what he's seen...

... he runs through the room, upturning furniture, looking for something, anything, he can use as a weapon.

CAAN

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

He opens the drawers of a dresser - one after the other - nothing but bed linen.

He turns away and plucks up a lamp stand, ripping the cord from the socket in the process.

He raises it like a long-staff, shade and all - an ancient warrior preparing a last, doomed stand.

Then he glances back at the dresser.

On the top, where - in his speed to find something to defend himself, he'd missed it - a Colt .45 revolver.

*Yeah, that's probably better...*

CUT TO --

Caan, sat with the Colt in his hand, his back against the wall beneath the shutters - a good tactical spot to get anything that dares to come through.

He holds the gun like he's held one before...

... but make no bones about it - CAAN'S SCARED.

Then the screams start to thin out. The mechanical whine of the machines starts to dim.

Maybe this - whatever this is that he's been dropped in the middle of - is coming to an end... Maybe he's survived?

AND THEN THE SHUTTERS CRASH OPEN --

Caan doesn't scream, although every sinew in his face wants to. He waits for the metal killing machines to flow through the window and tear him apart...

...but nothing happens.

Taking his time, Caan slowly wheels around until he is standing directly in front of --

-- an empty window.

Then a SCUTTLING SOUND - like a daddy-long-legs across a bathtub...

And before Caan can even turn - A SPIDER MECH ON HIS BACK.

A baby compared to the other Mech, the Spider Mech is still at least Caan's size. Its six metal legs pinion him.

In the centre of its head, like all the Mech, a yellow eye.