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Omega Doom

By Albert Pyun

And death shall have no dominion.
Dead men naked, they shall be one...
with the man in the wind and the west moon.
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone...
they shall have stars at elbow and feet.
Though they go mad, they shall be sane.
Though they sink through the sea, they shall rise again.
Though lovers be lost, love shall not.
And death shall have no dominion.
Once upon a time...
there were humans and robots...
and a Great World War.
On the last day of the war...
a robot soldier named Omega Doom...
fought a human soldier of another army.
The bullet struck Doom in his program...
destroying his memory and prime directives.
The dark epoch had arrived.
And what was left were ruins and the robots...
who fragmented into rival gangs and challenged each other...
for control of what remained.
Then a new threat arose.
The robots discovered a few humans had survived...
and were intent on reentering the world.
The robots believed there were vast hidden arsenals of guns...
that would help them overcome the crude weapons they were forced to use.
Finding the guns would enable the robots...
to defend themselves at long range...
from the approaching humans.
On a good day...
I feel fortunate.
On a bad day...
Bad days don't exist.
This isn't funny. Don't you think you could stop?
Don't kick me anymore, please!
Let me put it another way. If you continue to kick my head, I'll break.
If I break, your fun is over, see?
Two different gangs, sleeping under the same roof.
Interesting.
Hey, Marko, that guy looks like big trouble.
I'd pay attention to him. Forget about me!
You can always come back and kick me around!
Hey! Stranger!
Over here!

What are you, deaf?
Over here!
Right down here!
Right down here!
Right.
Bingo. All right.
You're not blind.
So how's the weather down there?
Looks like we might be in for some snow.
Considering we're in a nuclear winter, I'd say chances are pretty good.
You're looking for action, aren't you?
Looks like you've had about enough.
Hey, hey, wait a minute.
Wait a minute.
Stop!
Aren't you the least bit curious about this place?
Well, you've got your Roms on one side. They love to kill.
You've got your Droids on the other. They hate the Roms.
So the question is why aren't they fighting?
- What's on your mind?
- Well, you know...
I always pace when I think.
And right now, all I can do is roll.
Now, if I could only find somebody to help me out...
You don't want this one?
- Nope.
- That's an antique.
Yep.
Well, a little shorter than I'm used to...
but it'll do nicely.
The Droids used my body for spare parts.
Unfortunately, I was still using it at the time of the transaction.
It looks like the morph circuits are still functioning.
You can link up, if you're compatible.
Are you kidding? Compatible is my middle name.
Ow! Ease me down. You gotta match it.
Down.
Easy.
Well, there you go.
This'll take a minute.
Thanks. Thanks a lot.
I've been decapitated for almost a year.
I was a teacher Drone headed for Las Vegas.
I heard there was a human community they were trying to start up.

It was probably just another wild rumor. But I thought, what the heck?
Maybe I can actually teach again...
and help rebuild this planet.
Excuse me.
I'm stabilizing. Yes, indeed.
Now that really pisses me off...
him fixin' up my soccer ball like that!
I'd ask you to calm down, but I know better.
A very interesting situation, don't you think?

Roms:

Droids:

They have less memory, but are good at adapting to any combat situation!
Whoa!
They hated each other during the war.
And yet here they sit, watching, waiting, watching...
waiting, watching, waiting, watching...
Mirror, mirror, on the wall...
who's the fairest of them all?
Who are they waiting for?
Well, friend...
they're both here lookin' for a treasure...
guns.
- Guns?
- A mountain of it.
Supposedly buried right around here.
But neither side knows exactly where the guns are buried.
Each side seems to have clues that the other doesn't.
You see, the Roms and the Droids got here just about the same time.
Being what they are, they immediately started slaughtering one another.
After a while there weren't too many of'em left.
So now they sit around...
waiting for the other to make the first move to find the treasure.
So which side is the fairest?
The Roms are definitely deadlier.
Their leader is Blackheart, military-type.
Not too big on thinking things through, though. Impulsive.
She is determined to track down...
even the slightest trace of a human being.
You know, Captain Ahab in search of the great white whale.
- Real killer woman.
- Yep.
The Droids, well, they're not well-organized.

Their leader is Zik...
who seems quite evolved, but most of them are just goons.
Like Marko, the fellow who decapitated me.
He said he did it for parts, but it was just his own amusement.
A total psychopath!
What about the guns?
Legend has it that the human army...
hid them around here in the last days of the war.
Anyway...
they both want the guns to kill the humans.
You heard the rumor that the humans are about to come out and kill us all?
I don't know if it's true, but these two believe it is.
What's with her?
She's a worker Drone, programmed to serve a purpose, do a job.
She saw the two gangs camp around here...
so she set up shop, drilled for water...
and then the killing started.
- She got stuck in the middle.
- Well, she can quit.
They won't let her.
Her place is sort of a neutral site, and her water attracts travelers...
that both Droids and Roms can have fun with, like myself, for instance.
You did me a big favor. Take some advice.
If I were you, I'd keep movin' on.
Skip this town.
No, I think I'll hang for a while, check things out.
You don't want to tangle with either one of these gangs.
They're real bad metal.
Maybe I can make them understand the error of their ways.
I don't mean any disrespect, but...
have some of your circuits shorted?
Hey, have you seen something over there?
First, I'm gonna take care of that Head, like I should have a long time ago.
Don't do anything you might regret later.
I thought you enjoyed kickin' the Head around.
I think I've found me a new head to play with.
It's pretty.
Who asked you?
I'm just trying to make conversation.
You've made enough conversation already.
Outside.
Some people have to learn not to meddle in other people's business.
Feet, don't fail me now!

What can I get you?
I'll have a water...
on ice.
Get real.
Okay.
No ice.
Drink up and move on.
You're lucky that the Roms and the Droids haven't sliced you to pieces yet.
I take it violence is not your cup of tea.
It's not mine either.
How about a little can-opening party?
But I'm really not a party person.
Come on. Let's talk.
You know me.
I'm a jokester, Marko. I can't handle this. Please!
Come on!
I have nothing to chat about!
I'm just chock-full of information.
I could tell you about the stranger and why he's here to kill you.
Kill me?
You were kicked one time too many.
You would know, Marko. You're brain-dead.
I'm sorry, Marko! I didn't mean it!
You're a very bright guy! Ow! That hurt!
You're damaging my circuits!
Please, don't!
I'm begging you don't cut off my head again!
I'd rather die then...
So much for the fine art of conversation.
Are you satisfied now?
You cut off my head. What more do you want from me?
What do you say, Marko? Do we have a deal?
Look what I've done to your friend!
Marko, please.
Let's make a deal.
What do you want?
You already have my best parts.
Look what I've done to your friend.
Please, Mister! Don't let Marko hit me anymore!
He's going to torture me!
Please, stop him! You can do it!
Marko just talks tough!
You gonna help me or what?
You gonna let this guy do this to me? He's a maniac!

Come on!

I'll have another one.

You scum-sucking slimebag, you!

Oh, yeah, Head? We'll see about that!

Sometimes I wish I wasn't created a Drone.

Sometimes I wish I were a soldier like you.

I'd kill every bastard like Marko on the face of the planet.

We're a dying breed.

Are you kidding?

You're heading straight for the Roms, aren't you?

What's to stop them from killing you as soon as you walk in?

I'm a very interesting fellow.

I love what you've done to this room.

You talk too much.

That's because I have something to say.

Not so far, you don't.

Look...

I'm a Hybrid 5.5.

That makes us pretty much family.

We could join forces.

We could kill you where you stand.

There's more where this came from.

Bring me a gun as proof.

- Bullets are so much lighter.
- How do I know you're telling the truth?
- I promise.
- We can kill you...

even if you are telling the truth.

Now that would be pretty stupid...

without the guns.

- Why didn't you grab these guns and go?
- I need tools to dig them up.

Besides...

I'm always on my own.

I could use some company.

You should have gone to the Droids with this offer. They're more your kind.

- I'm not the Droid I used to be.
- Liar.

You're a lousy 5.5 Upgrade.

I've killed your kind before.

Yet here I stand.

The world is turning...

and most of my peers have gone.

How do I know you're not already working with these Droids?

It may be a risk...
I wouldn't take.
You're in trouble now, Head!
Cut it out, Marko! Leave the Head alone!
What is this?
It won't sound so pretty after I'm done with it.
You must think you're a pretty tough drive, Mister.
You don't like music?
I mean...
coming into our town, messin' with the way we live.
We like things here just the way they are.
Looks like I'm going to have to teach you a lesson.
It's never too late to learn.
You're dead metal, Droid! This is our town.
We do things our way!
Did you ever consider psychotherapy?
What?
The bartender and the Head are very unhappy about your manners.
What?
We need to discuss your behavior.
You're nuts.
You see, the Head is hurt.
Now, his feelings are very important to me.
He's my friend.
Now, you may think all of this is harmless fun...
but you see, the Head, he doesn't get it.
He thinks you're doing it to be mean.
I am doing it to be mean!
Really?
And you don't like that, huh?
I said,
you don't like that, huh?
Like we can't see this coming.
Still, it would be fun to watch the 5.5 become a zero.
Be quiet! Both of you.
I think you should apologize...
to the Head.
You think I should apolo...
Listen up, pal.
I'm gonna kill the Head.
But first, I'm gonna kill you.
My, my.
You are a tough...
killing machine.

I've killed over a thousand.
I'm not afraid of nothin'!
This is gonna hurt.
Make your move, asshole!
Okay.
Just say when.
All right!
Marko asked for it.
Yeah, I warned you about your temper, Marko.
I told you that one day you'd lose your head.
Why did you have to kill him outright?
Why didn't you make him suffer the way he made me suffer?
- I was tryin' to make a point.
- Oh, yeah?
What was your point, that you're serious?
Something like that.
I think everyone's got it. Too bad you had to wreck Marko's body.
It looks okay. There you go.
Oh, man.
The circuits are damaged. I'm not gonna be able to move my legs.
Stop whining. Just morph.
"Just morph".
It's easier said than done!
We need to talk.
You're fast with the shank.
I'm impressed.
Frankly, I could use a bot like you on my side.
It's destiny for us to meet.
God must be smiling down on us.
- God is on a vacation.
- Still...
I could use a good guardian angel.
To guard you from what?
Blackheart.
Haven't you heard about the human army coming out of hiding...
hunting us down?
These guns could be the difference.
Since the humans are the enemy...
why don't we approach the Droids with a partnership?
I don't trust the Droids. They want the world all to themselves.
We don't have to share anything.
We're tougher than the Droids.
And with these guns, we can take them all.
You still have your two guys.

We have a truce. If it's broken, there could be a free-for-all.

We could all end up dead.

But you...

you're an outsider.

Did she tell you about the treasure?

I told her I know where it is.

I just need a little help.

- And she agreed?

- She's thinking about it.

I don't need to think about it.

I'll help.

Where are the guns?

It would have to be a 50-50 split.

Sure. Whatever.

Let's go get them now.

Now, we would have a little problem if we did that, wouldn't we?

- How so?

- What do you think she's gonna do...

when we go out of town with the whole gang?

She'll come after us, there'll be a war...

we all lose a lot of megabytes and nobody gets the guns.

You're right.

So what should we do?

I suppose...

I'll tell her I'd like to...

take one of her guys and show him the spot.

Then I could send out a man after you.

Then you zap him.

Two against one.

I like it.

Then she realizes she's defeated and she leaves town.

And I would get the treasure.

You've got a good head on your shoulders.

I'm Zik.

What should I call you?

Guardian Angel will do.

One more for the road.

One last shot before you get yourself dismantled?

So delicate.

It must be old.

It belonged to my last mistress.

A little girl.

I was her nanny when the clouds came.

She used to sing along with it.

Funny...

I can hear her voice, but...

I can't hear the words anymore.

Smells so nice in here.

Is that you?

Or is it the flower?

How many towns like this have you seen?

Many?

I saw something the other day.

I must admit, I hardly recognized it.

A bird.

- A bird?

- Yeah, way up in the sky.

That's how I would define hope.

Hope is this thing with feathers.

It flies.

There's no hope.

Nope.

You're all the same.

You, the Droids, the Roms.

You're just like bullets.

And once the bullet's been fired, you're gone.

You leave nothing behind.

You think the Droids are stupid enough to fall for this?

Don't let their oafish behavior fool you into thinking they're stupid.

They're clever in their own feeble way.

I don't care for Droids much.

They're slow.

But I convinced them I would lead one of you to the treasure.

One of them will follow.

And when we get out far enough...

we kill him.

She thinks you're gonna convince me...

into sending one of my own into an obvious trap?

I'm very persuasive.

So you'd double-cross Zik, then the odds are in our favor.

- Forget it.

- Trust me.

You are one piece of machinery.

Ironface, go with him.

And if anything looks strange...

kill him.

Things look strange to me right now.

- It's a trick.

- Yeah.

Mine.

There they go.

So, what's the plan?

I'm going to follow them and kill them both.

Then while the Roms are waiting...

you attack Blackheart and Zinc from behind.

They'll be too busy waiting for our Angel to deliver their guns...
to notice you.

A sneak attack? It could work.

This one will work.

This one they won't be expecting.

Man, Zik was deep today.

There.

I could kill you here and now and save myself a hike.

What are you gonna tell Blackheart? He didn't get the guns.

Don't confuse me with logic.

What is this, your intuition?

This is a trick. I know it.

You knew all along I was lying?

That's right.

You figured I'm gonna take you out one by one?

Damn straight.

Well, Ironface...

I must admit...

you are a hell of a piece of hardware.

That's right.

Guardian angel.

You're very fast.

How did you start?

Someone must've switched on the light.

It came into my consciousness.

Whenever you're ready, Princess.

Wow, that was fast.

Do you want me to end it gently?

I'll just sit here for a while.

You wouldn't need to suffer.

I can handle it.

Go on. Get out of here.

I've got a lot of things to think about.

Here he comes, Zinc.

And he's alone.

Go prepare our welcome.

Where's Ironface?

Rotting in synthetic hell.
This is a bad idea, Blackheart. This one is too scary.
We don't need the guns.
Who's left to kill, anyway?
We don't even know the humans exist.
Let's get out of here while we can.
Forget about killing. Those last two were nothing.
I'm satisfied.
The fastest way for you to see Ironface again...
is to cross me.
We follow our program.
I'll prepare the welcome...
Just like you want.
Go get me a drink.
Keep your mouth shut. You understand?
Zinc showed some intelligence, Blackheart.
Why don't you get out while you still can?
Because I need those guns.
To kill imaginary humans.
Can't you let it go?
You've gotten pretty friendly with the stranger, haven't you?
Maybe you've forgotten who's allowed you to stay alive all this time.
Who is this male?
- Where did he come from?
- He hasn't told me anything.
He likes water on ice.
Water on ice.
Liar!
You all right?
What do you care?
I'm having a heck of a time trying to access my motor controls.
Let's just say I'm still a work in progress.
Do you want a new body?
I don't think there's anybody out there that'd work.
You can go shopping.
Are Ironface and Zik dead?
Ironface is. Zik's counting down.
I couldn't see it, but I think Blackheart killed Zik too, and Titus.
It figures.
You could still just walk away and go about your business.
I am the business.
Hey. Watch out for Zinc.
She's the tricky one.
Poor Ironface and Zik.

You must be some kind of real monster.
You don't mind if I kill this Drone, do you?
It's not like we need her, since I guess we're all moving on.
Why don't you let her live.
Drones like this bartender are basically weak.
They're always thinking that someone good like you is gonna save them...
from someone bad like me.
Since I'm pretty much pure evil...
I want all Drones to know...
good just doesn't exist anymore.
That's my mission in life.
I'm willing to give up my share.
Your share?
What does that amount to?
I wouldn't know...
since I haven't actually seen it.
If it means so much to you...
she's gonna have to die.
Kill her.
All right.
Don't worry. I won't kill you just yet.
I need to probe your memory.
Surprise.
So, who are you?
Your memory.
Bartender.
- We gotta do something.
- Like what?
Let's get the hell out of here before Blackheart kills all of us.
Holy Toledo.
- A gun.
- Maybe I can save him with this.
You're gonna shoot Blackheart?
No. There's no bullets inside.
The gun's empty.
But maybe I can get Blackheart to think that I know where the treasure is.
While she and Zinc are following me, you get the guy out of there.
How am I supposed to do that?
Pull yourself together. It's his only chance.
- Where can I possibly hide him?
- You were a teacher. Think of something.
Yeah. You're absolutely right.
A problem to solve. That is so cool.
We'd better do this now.

- Before they kill him.
- No, before I lose my nerve.
- Where did you find the gun?
- When I first drilled the water well.
The treasure is right under their noses?
Must be.
It's the only thing I came up with from the dredging.
I haven't found anything else in all this time.
Come.
I hope my legs hold out better...
than my backbone.
I have faith in you.
You are a machine...
but you are now different.
We have reprogrammed you...
with a human purpose.
Now you can clearly see which machines are good and bad...
who deserves to live and who deserves to die.
What did you see?
Nothing.
He doesn't know anything about the guns.
But his mind...
it's controlled.
By what?
Purpose.
She's got a gun.
Where did you get that?
I can show you.
Humans thought they were so clever, didn't they, to send one of ours.
Well, it just won't work.
He's been sent by humans?
Is that possible?
It doesn't matter.
It's empty.
Show me where you got this.
Sure.
Let's go.
- She's gonna kill us.
- It's not in her program.
What about him?
He doesn't matter now.
I need the bullets for this gun.
The humans are coming.
I want that treasure.

Humans.
My God.
You okay?
Oh, God.
This came from there?
I found it where I first dredged for the water.
You expect us to believe that?
Dig.
Might as well kill me now. I'm not gonna do it.
Kill her.
I'm glad I wasn't created a Drone.
I'd rather be born human.
At least humans fought back.
But look at you.
It's a pitiful existence.
God, I'm glad I wasn't created a soldier.
What a burden it must be to have to kill.
Enjoy my murder, Zinc.
Hope it makes you feel better about your life.
I never enjoyed the killing.
Is it just the program?
What else could I do?
Just kill her!
Give me a hand.
You're okay. You're okay.
Bartender's trying to keep her busy so we can get out.
Wait, don't...
This is all that I am.
You could be more, Zinc.
What eyes.
All right! Kill her!
Kill her! She's not dead yet!
Damn.
You're very resilient...
for a Hybrid.
I heard Zik call you a guardian angel.
I guess you've fallen.
Not quite. Don't move.
I'm not going anywhere.
It's a wicked world, isn't it...
when even the weak and the innocent have to die?
And the innocent sometimes...
have to think the world is changing.
All I can do...

is follow my program.
Your program stinks.
Your masters started this war...
and I'm gonna finish it.
The war is over.
Who died and made you God?
You did.
That was great!
Okay, one more morph.
All right.
Much, much better.
More befitting a Drone of my station.
Body stealer.
Thief.
I promise to take better care of it than she ever did.
In fact, I promise to use it to make the world a better place.
- But it's not yours.
- So?
Did she appreciate it while she had it? Afraid not.
Question, dear, is...
are you gonna work with us or against us?
I don't want to die.
We'll need a lot of help to fill the hole in.
If there is a treasure down there, I don't want anyone to know about it.
Amen to that.
Sure.
But what if it's true about humans coming to kill us?
Don't worry about it. We'll take care of it.
Besides, we got a friend.
I'm okay. I'm okay.
I'm stabilizing. Yes, I'm stabilizing.
The town's yours. What are you gonna do with it?
Is it true about the humans? Are they coming here to kill us?
They're busy rebuilding the world.
Then we've got a lot of work to do...
before they get here.
I never understood...
why so few of us get along.
Why are you leaving?
He's got to go. He's got a job to do.
We need more friends.
You were right about the snow.
Stay warm.
Joy to the world

The Lord has come
All finished?
Just about.
Would you do me a favor?
Sure.
Can you turn my head a little?
I want to see the sunset.
Looks like I'm gonna make it to the sunset.
It'll be close.
I hear there's another one of you.
A Hybrid up north.
He's supposed to be a real killer.
Worse than you.
You are Omega Doom model 5.5.
You are a machine...
but you are now different.
Dead men naked, they shall be one...
with the man in the wind and the west moon.
When their bones are picked clean and the clean bones gone...
they shall have stars at elbow and feet.
Though they go mad, they shall be sane.
Though they sink through the sea, they shall rise again.
Though lovers be lost...
love shall not.
And death shall have no dominion.
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