

Gorm

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Based on  
The Pressing Monster

By  
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FADE IN:

INT. EMOTIONAL SUPPORT ROBOT FACTORY - MORNING

A cold, quiet factory is dark as conveyor belts and assembly arms are fast asleep.

Above the factory floor sit a dimly lit, over-sized window that oversees the assembly area with a sign that reads;

"LEADERS ALWAYS ZUPERVISING YOU  
(L.A.Z.Y.)."

Several thick, intimidating creatures appear to be peering down through the slightly tinted window.

FADE THROUGH  
GLASS:

INT. L.A.Z.Y. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

From inside the L.A.Z.Y. Room, the intimidating creatures become a myth as they're revealed to be life-sized cutouts.

Cameras and lights scatter across the top of the cutouts as wires cascade down each cutout.

The dozens of wires flow across the floor like rivers, but with little concern for electrical safety.

The wires abruptly stop at two surveillance desks in the back of the room.

Two keyboards cower under four, over-sized monitors controlled by two SECURITY- BOTS.

Each monitor has about four videos on it.

One of the lower screens is focused on RED ROOT TREES.

One Security-Bot is asleep with its wheels kicked up on the desk, leaning back in its chair. The facial monitor display shows;

"REBOOTING..."

The other SECURITY-BOT stares intently, just inches away from a screen that keeps tabs on the factory floor.

A speaker and revolving light pop out of its head as the speaker blares and an emergency red glow fills the room.

SECURITY-BOT #2  
Wait--no. False alarm.

The Security-Bot goes back to intently looking at the screen as the light and siren disappear.

The speaker and light pop out, again, as the speaker screams. The emergency red light fills the room, again.

SECURITY-BOT #2 (CONT'D)  
Wait--no. False alarm.

CCTV SCREEN - CONTINUOUS

In the top right corner of the top right monitor, a small, orange creature, that resembles a cuddly, round chupacabra-like monster, GORM, is tied to a wheelchair in a MEDICAL TESTING ROOM.

SECURITY-BOT #2 (V.O.)  
Wait, no. WAIT! Yup, false alarm.

FADE TO:

INT. MEDICAL TESTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gorm is covered in various tubes, wires, and probes attached to him.

An electric current shocks him as the room lights dim for a beat.

Clear tubes slowly ooze a blue oil that secretes from Gorm after each shock.

Following the lines, the blue oil-like substance flows through a wall into an adjoining HAZARDOUS CHEMICAL ROOM.

INT. HAZARDOUS CHEMICAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A ceiling-to-floor, thick window separates the two rooms.

There are three massive industrial vats in the HAZARDOUS CHEMICAL ROOM, full of the blue oil.

Two vats are covered in stickers that read;  
"F.E.A.R."

The third vat is tucked in the back, sealed, and covered in dusty stickers that read;  
"Voice"

BACK TO:

INT. MEDICAL TESTING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Gorm's fur smokes as a pained expression leaves his face.

He gets a sigh of relief before he shakes from residual shocks.

GORM  
Please, no more sho-o-o-ocks.

Gorm throws his words into an empty room.

The words are met with the clicks and beeps of medical equipment surrounding him.

Abruptly slamming through the double doors, Mr. Beag'S ROBOT ASSISTANT comes zooming in wearing a white nurses gown and cap.

She comes to a squeaking halt as Gorm jumps in his chair, but the straps throw him back into the chair.

GORM (CONT'D)  
Ah! Who does that? Give a monster a warning next time.

ROBOT ASSISTANT  
Your volunteering is complete...for now.

GORM  
Volunteering?

The Robot Assistant drives behind Gorm and, in a flash, unhooks every tube, wire, and probe.

GORM (CONT'D)  
O-o-o-O-O-O-O-W-W-W!

ROBOT ASSISTANT  
Sorry it that HERTZ.

GORM  
Really? You see a jumpy monster hooked up to- whatever was jabbed into my arms and decide it's a good time for puns?

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Don't be such a scaredy Katzerna,  
Born.

GORM

My name's GORM not Born! It's Gor-

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

MR. BEAG's personal ROBOT ASSISTANT rolls out from the  
MEDICAL TESTING ROOM pushing a strapped-down Gorm in a  
wheelchair.

Gorm begins to shutter, again, from more residual shocks.

With each shock, a terrified look grows on Gorm's face.

As they continue down the metal, industrial hallway the Robot  
Assistant continues to joke.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

You are one shocking subject.

GORM

Ah! Oh yeah, I forgot you were  
here.

(a beat)

Do we really need to continue with  
these jokes. Maybe we try enjoying  
some silence?

They continue rolling down the hallway.

Gorm begins to shake from residual shocks, yet again, so the  
Robot Assistant hits the brakes on her and the wheelchair.

GORM (CONT'D)

Ah! Why do you keep scaring me.  
Can't you see I'm already dealing  
with someth-i-i-i-ng

ROBOT ASSISTANT

I don't mean to AMP you up, but the  
shocks wouldn't hurt if you stopped  
being a RESISTOR.

GORM

Those are rough. Can we just go-o-o-  
o?

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Yes, of course. Lets go before it really HERTZ.

Gorm rolls his eyes and tries folding his large, pointy ears downward to cover the lower half of his ears.

Continuing down the hallway, a puff of smoke emanates from Gorm's back.

GORM

Ah! I thought this FEAR thing you were doing would remove my fears?

ROBOT ASSISTANT

You think Mr. BEAG would really do something to help someone other than himself?

GORM

MR. BEAG? Really? That sounds like a made-up name. Like someone saying Mr. Big with a twist.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Made-up or not, he has his own plans. He's always concocting new ways to deal with his DADDY ISSUES. We're heading straight to him so you can hear his newest plan.

GORM

...and I'm guessing it involves me and all these te-s-s-s-sts?

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Yes it does, Mr. Snake.  
(Robotic laugh)  
He'll tell you all about it.

GORM

Sounds like SO MUCH fun.

Gathering himself, Gorm begins looking around at different things on the walls.

He sees some bullet holes in the wall, then some scratches down another wall like something was dragged down the same hallway.

GORM (CONT'D)

Those-- those are scratch marks on that wall.

Gorm sinks into the wheelchair as he cowers.

GORM (CONT'D)

You were over here making puns a second ago while we're following these scratch marks.

Gorm looks down at his restraints and gets visibly scared as he notices "S.O.S." in large letters with a red arrow pointing to a red door.

Next to the door is a wall of glass, showcasing multiple S.O.S. ROBOTS. Red and white robots, all turned off and tightly packed into pods behind the glass.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Pretty cool aren't they? The S.O.S. Robots are capable of doing just about anything. Someone just needs to hit a conveniently located S.O.S. Button and they will all take off.

GORM

Conveniently located? I haven't seen a single one in this entire factory.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

I didn't say who they were conveniently located for.

Gorm shakes his head.

INT. MR. BEAG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Creaking through a heavy, metal door, the Robot Assistant nudges Gorm through the doors then pushes him in with just enough force to ghost-ride him to the desk.

She stretches her robot head into the room, glances around, then disappears.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Good luck, Corn.

GORM

It's Gor-

The heavy door slams shut.

GORM'S POV - CONTINUOUS

A menacing dark blue ram-buffalo creature with curled horns that point straight out. It scowls down at Gorm from the wall.

In a small wheelchair, Gorm nervously stares at the assortment of exotic creature heads attached to the office walls.

An eel-like shark, an octopus creature with crab claws, and a terrifying bear are scattered around the room.

The computer on the desk is angled just enough that Gorm can read it.

He notices that there is a profile pulled up on the computer of CARA, a purple/blue, short, female creature that looks a little like Gorm but has an oversized grin filled with sharp teeth.

Below the picture, Gorm reads to himself:

GORM (V.O.)

Name: Don't care

Details: May be dangerous. Proceed with caution.

Substance extracted: Voice

Creature: Aadhaar

Mr. Beag Details: These creatures have now become mute due to-

A powerful voice startles Gorm and cuts through the room.

MR. BEAG (O.C.)

You may leave now, Nurse.

Gorm huddles in terror as he tries to look behind him, but sees the Robot Assistant is not in the room and did, in fact, push him in and leave.

MR. BEAG (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...and get my lunch ready.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Beag's Robot Assistant has her head stretched over against the door, listening.

She retracts her head as the nurse outfit rolls up and a chef's outfit rolls back down from her necklace.

BACK TO:



INT. MR. BEAG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gorm's eyes dart around the room trying to locate the source of the voice as he shakes uncontrollably.

GORM'S POV - CONTINUOUS

Exotic animal heads protrude from every corner of the room.

A few fully stuffed bird creatures adorn one wall.

A stuffed, large, blue eagle-pterodactyl creature (Cruba) hangs from a corner ceiling.

A green bear-lizard monster (Ligh) stands tall right behind the desk.

Gorm notices the desk chair is facing away from him as his eyes fixate on the possible terror behind the chair.

The strong confident voice bellows out again.

MR. BEAG (O.C.)

Ah, yes, my favorite volunteer.

Gorm clears his throat.

GORM

This again? Am I really a  
volunteer...um, er, sir... ma'am...  
sa'am???

The executive chair turns around revealing a tiny creature confidently perched on a booster seat.

Sitting in the chair is MR. BEAG.

Nothing like his voice, he is a small, plump, egotistical squirrel-lion creature with a crooked smile stuffed into a cheap suit.

His mane is fluffy and lustrous like thick, orange cotton candy.

GORM (CONT'D)

You-- you look familiar.

Gorm cowers as he squints his eyes.

Mr. Beag ignores Gorm's comment as he hops onto the desk and paces with his hands folded behind his back.

Strutting over to the computer on the desk, he kicks the mouse button as the profile of CARA disappears and Gorm's profile takes over the screen.

Insert: (Picture of Gorm) Name: Volunteer, Substance extracted: F.E.A.R., Details: Not dangerous at all, Species: 45% Chupacabra, 45% Primate, 10% Red Root Tree.

GORM (V.O.)  
I'm part Red Root Tree? Is that even possible?

Mr. Beag puffs his chest out as he continues pacing on the desk.

MR. BEAG  
You have volunteered a fascinating new chemical compound with great potential. The new F.E.A.R. substance you have GENEROUSLY donated will be used to make me-er, the company... billions.

GORM  
F.E.A.R.? I'm guessing that stands for some scientific acronym?

MR. BEAG  
Axe-row-nim? Not even close, it's called F.E.A.R. Formidable Emotional Anxiety Resource. But I like Financially Excellent And Rich.

Gorm trembles in his restraints.

GORM  
That first one sounds ter-ter-terrifying. And no, I'm not getting residual shocks...

Gorm's demeanor relaxes as he raises an eyebrow towards Mr. Beag.

GORM (CONT'D)  
...but that second one sounds like you made that up right now.

Mr, Beag ignores the comment and struts to the end of the desk, spins, and struts back the other way.

MR. BEAG  
I need more of your F.E.A.R. though.

(MORE)

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Can't risk us running out of this  
stuff. It's a pity there aren't  
more of you... anymore.

Mr. Beag lets out a maniacle chuckle.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Nonetheless, your fear, or should I  
say my F.E.A.R., will be spread  
across the forest so these  
surrounding creatures can become my  
customers.

GORM  
Used on the forest? Why would you  
want to use F.E.A.R. on the entire  
forest? That's going to make you  
rich...er somehow?

MR. BEAG  
Ha-ha, silly creature. You have no  
idea how finances work, do you?

GORM  
Do you?

One of Mr. Beag's hands emerges from behind his back, ready  
to scold Gorm.

MR. BEAG  
Shoot, I messed up my power stance.  
(under his breath)  
Keep your composure if you want to  
impress father.

His hand retreats behind his back, again, as he continues  
pacing.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
F.E.A.R. won't make me richer. The  
EMOTIONAL SUPPORT ROBOTS that I  
sell to every creature in the  
forest will.

GORM  
I can sense a long, drawn-out plan  
explanation is coming, and I'm not  
really interes-

MR. BEAG (V.O.)  
IT ALL BEGINS with...

CUT TO:

## EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

We see the dark, cold factory with an ominous storm cloud overhead.

MR. BEAG (V.O.)  
 ...releasing the F.E.A.R., in gas form, into the forest. Affecting those closest to the factory first, but eventually it'll affect the everything including the Red Root Forest.

The factory's three enlarged smoke stacks begin spilling out a purple and red gas into the air. It immediately sinks down into the forest.

Deep in the forest we see creatures eyes everywhere. As we zoom in on them, they're all hiding out of fear and anxiety.

A Ligh is hiding in a cave with its tail covering its face.

A Cruba is high up, perched on a branch. It has its large wings covering itself like it morphed into a feathered cocoon.

MR. BEAG (V.O.)  
 Next, the creatures will become frightened, scared, terrified, and anxious.

GORM  
 Those are close to the same emotions...

MR. BEAG  
 The best emotions for me to profit from. Nothing and no-one can outrun their fear. There will be one way to battle these emotions...

## INT. FACTORY SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

A shiny, new EMOTIONAL SUPPORT ROBOT rotates on a bright platform with lights aimed at it as it sparkles with a teal aura.

MR. BEAG (V.O.)  
 ...with one of our Emotional Support Robots! Creatures will be dying for a solution to their issues, and we'll be happy to provide that for a substantial fee.

(MORE)

MR. BEAG (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Supply and demand. We create the  
demand and the supply. It's a win-  
win.

BACK TO:

INT. MR. BEAG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Gorm is confused and a little angry.

GORM  
A win-win...for you. So your plan  
requires creatures, that can't talk  
and have no idea what money is, to  
BUY your robots?

MR. BEAG  
They can take out a loan. Great  
idea, Gorm! We'll open a bank, too.

Simultaneously, Gorm and Beag sigh, but Beag for a different  
reason.

Beag's stomach RUMBLES.

Gorm jumps thinking it came from the stuffed Cruba.

GORM  
Honestly, can you stop scaring me.

Beag angrily tries pressing the INTERCOM BUTTON but misses.  
He relaxes slightly and focuses on pressing the button.

MR. BEAG  
Chef, where's my lunch?

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A door in the back of the factory opens.

The Robot Assistant, dressed as a Chef, carries a sandwich on  
a plate that is piled high with meat through the factory  
floor.

INT. RAFTERS OF THE FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Looking like a circus ringmaster, a swirling colored five-  
galloon hat is tipped at several awaiting bugs by a  
Rottweiler-colored spider named SPISNEY.

A line of various bugs and their families are waiting for admission to SPISNEY LAND.

SPISNEY

Welcome bug and all! Spisney Land  
is officially OPEN!

Spisney spins the hat in the air as it lands on his head like a frisbee on the grass.

SPISNEY (CONT'D)

The only place you can get up close  
and bug-onal with Emotional Support  
Robots without buying one.

POTATO BUG

Spisney Land? You couldn't think of  
a more original name, could you?

SPISNEY

Well, I guess we can call it  
Spisney's East World. Maybe Spisney  
Flags?

The FACTORY floor FINALLY comes to life.

Robot arms furiously begin building an Emotional Support Robot as Spisney spots the ROBOT ASSISTANT zig-zagging through the working equipment.

SPISNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Here we go! 'Spisney Land' is home  
to the largest bug slide, the  
world's largest escalator, and it  
looks like lunch will be right on  
time today.

Bugs begin bouncing in line with anticipation of the thrill rides they're about to enjoy.

Two teen grasshoppers are dropped down by spider web onto a gear that spins them to another gear, then another, and another.

One of the grasshoppers covers her mouth with four arms as she tries to stop herself from throwing up.

GRASSHOPPER #1

Gi-i-irl. That would be sick if you  
got sick. Double-y sick. Sick  
squared.

A single Emotional Support Robot is built and disappears through a "Luggage Bag Check" wall.

As soon as the robot leaves the room, all the equipment shuts down and the room goes dark.

SPISNEY (V.O.)  
AGAIN? These rolling blackouts are seriously hurting my business.

POTATO BUG  
Where's the food man? We're starving.

The bugs are scattered on different equipment as Spisney shouts out.

SPISNEY  
Hurry! Take the Leap-O-Faith onto the Floating Saucer Buffet.

Spisney and the bugs hop onto the large sub sandwich, using it as a cushion for their fall.

SPISNEY (CONT'D)  
...and now we're all aboard the Floating Saucer Buffet ride where you can have fun and eat at the same time.

Three flies shove through the other insects to get a bite of the sandwich.

The flies all tie bibs on as they rub their second set of hands together.

TARANTULA  
If you three don't wait in line, I'm going to make you lunch.

SPISNEY  
Now now. No one is eating anyone.

Everyone looks down to see Spisney with a bib on that has a fly picture that looks just like one of the flies.

Spisney slowly pulls the bib off and lets it float down to the factory floor.

TARANTULA  
(Under his breath)  
Hypocrite.

INT. MR. BEAG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

There's a scent of food in the air as the Robot Assistant (Chef) enters Mr. Beag's office.

Mr. Beag stands on his desk, staring out the window as he continues talking to Gorm as he completely ignores the Robot Assistant entering the room.

She places the plate on the desk and slowly rolls backwards out of the room.

MR. BEAG (O.C.)

...so you're very important to me  
and this factory. You are,  
officially, the last of your kind  
and the only one with the F.E.A.R.  
compound.

Gorm ignores Mr. Beag and squints his eyes, noticing the spiders, bugs, and flies all over the sandwich.

The bugs all notice Gorm staring at them and quickly tuck themselves into the sandwich.

MR. BEAG (O.C.) (CONT'D)

...with your brilliant idea, I'll  
open my own bank to finance all the  
creatures in the forest with high  
interest loans.

(Under his breath to  
himself)

I'm brilliant. I bet Daddy would  
agree.

Mr. Beag turns to face Gorm as he's startled that the sandwich is there.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Ah yes, my sandwich. FINALLY!

Mr. Beag hops onto the sandwich like a lion jumping onto a gazelle.

He takes a hungry, intense bite of the sandwich.

All the bugs inside disperse rapidly. Not wanting to be eaten by Mr. Beag.

Overlyconfident Mr. Beag is only able to bite off some of the crust.

Mr. Beag backs away from the sandwich as he munches on the small amount of crust that he broke off the sandwich.



When the coast is clear, the bugs pop out from behind various desk items and make a run for it.

POTATO BUG

Wow! That was an intense ride.

GRASSHOPPER

We should definitely come back tomorrow.

As the bugs hop, swing, and fly off the desk, Mr. Beag slides out a piece of the deli meat to nibble on as he continues his drawn-out explanation.

Gorm grimaces at Mr. Beag eating the recently bug covered meat.

MR. BEAG

So where was I-

Mr. Beag notices Gorm's insulting look.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

What is that look for?

GORM

Something was... bugging me.

Gorm snickers to himself as Mr. Beag continues eating the meat and turns to look out the window while he keeps lecturing Gorm.

MR. BEAG

So, you, my friend, are this factories future and my stepping stone towards ruling this world and finally impressing my fath- er, my trophies. So obviously you can never leave.

The words "you can never leave" echo through Gorm's head, ignoring the rest of the speech.

Suddenly, Mr. Beag's intercom goes off, startling Gorm.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Uh, sir. There's an ISSUE in the ESR Room.

Mr. Beag drops the meat and leaps onto the INTERCOM BUTTON in anger.

MR. BEAG  
ISSUE? ISSUE? What do you mean  
there's an issue? We don't have  
ISSUES.

Mr. Beag steps off the INTERCOM BUTTON and stares at it.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
One of the Emotional Support Robots  
is turning on by itself and acting  
erratically.

Mr. Beag stomps on the INTERCOM BUTTON, again.

MR. BEAG  
Have them go to the main terminal  
and run a virus scan. Am I the only  
one here with a brain?

Mr. Beag steps off the INTERCOM BUTTON.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Well, technically sir, none of us  
have brains.

Mr. Beag angrily jumps on the INTERCOM BUTTON with both paws.

MR. BEAG  
Don't you make sense to me.

He steps off the INTERCOM BUTTON then stomps back on it.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Shake a leg, spin your wheels, do  
what you need to do to fix this  
problem or I'll come down there and  
FIX all of you.

Mr. Beag steps off the INTERCOM BUTTON.

As Mr. Beag focuses on his situation, Gorm notices his restraints have come loose from his shaking.

Sliding each hand out of the restraints quietly, Gorm begins realizing he can escape with the right distraction.

Mr. Beag glances at Gorm who slams his wrists back down on the restraints and slams his body against the back of the wheelchair, hoping Mr. Beag won't notice he's free.

Sliding a pickle out of the sandwich, Mr. Beag is distracted just enough to not notice the restraints.

The crunching of the pickle is enough to cover the sounds of Gorm escaping.

At that moment, an alarm lights up the office in a RED GLOW.

Once again, Mr. Beag SIGHS in frustration as he stomps on the INTERCOM BUTTON again.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Are we STILL having issues?

Mr. Beag steps off the INTERCOM BUTTON.

He wipes sweat off his face from all the jumping back and forth on the button.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Uh, there's an item jammed on  
conveyor belt #11.

Mr. Beag chokes, coughs, and spits some of the pickle out onto the desk.

His face gets beet red with anger, and steam comes from his ears, nearly in tears.

MR. BEAG  
Son of a XXX9-bot. Why? Why? WHY?!

The alarm stops.

Still in anger, he pounds the table and screams into the PA sound system.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

There are several MAINTENANCE-BOTS gathered around a single bolt that is stuck in a gear of the ARM ASSEMBLY conveyor belt.

MR. BEAG (O.S.)  
(high-pitched scream)  
No more inefficiencies! That's not  
supposed to be a part of robot  
vocabulary. Even a 30-second  
shutdown is unacceptable.

The MAINTENANCE-BOTS look at each other, as one slowly rolls forward.

The robot extends its arms and gently grabs the bolt and yanks it out.

The robot uses its other arm to extend out and move the conveyor belt back and forth as it moves freely now.

BACK TO:

INT. MR. BEAG'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Shaking his head, Mr. Beag looks up at one of his creature trophies.

MR. BEAG  
Now, where was I? Ah, yes.

Gorm quietly and gently takes off his leg restraints.

Frustrated and angry, Mr. Beag calms down as he turns to look out the window, again.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
They'll all need to get their rears  
in gear before we release the  
F.E.A.R. gas into the forest.

Gorm slowly rises from his seat then slides off the wheelchair and carefully tiptoes towards the door.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
I will rule over this entire forest  
from a mountain made of money.

A bubble emerges above Mr. Beag's head of him standing in a dark, cold forest.

A giant mountain of money appears from under his feet and lifts him high above the forest.

As if Gorm were going to bump into the growing thought bubble of money, he carefully tiptoes around it to the door.

Snapping back to reality, as the thought bubble dissipates, Mr. Beag begins mumbling to himself.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Is this enough, Daddy? Will this  
prove to you that I'm enough?

Gorm turns the door handle as quietly as he can.

Mr. Beag is now fully back to reality.

Nodding and satisfied, Mr. Beag takes a bite of his sandwich but only gets more crust.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
I will be enough, once we get some  
more F.E.A.R. from you...

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Are you ready for some more tests?  
(silence)  
Gorm?

He turns with a big smile to Gorm in the wheelchair, but the wheelchair is empty.

He sees the door quietly shut.

Mr. Beag's mouth drops open and some of his sandwich falls out as he lets out a high-pitched scream.

He hops off the desk and runs to the door as he smashes an emergency alarm button on the wall.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
My volunteer-prisoner test subject  
has escaped.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sirens wail and lights flash.

A hallway door bursts open.

Gorm frantically sprints down the hallway.

At the end of the hallway, doors open, and bulky SECURITY-BOTS emerge.

Gorm veers right down another hallway.

A chunk of Gorm's hair catches on the corner of a wall panel, unnoticed to him.

He's jerked up in the air as he lands on his back right under the panel.

Gorm scans the panel loaded with various switches, buttons, and lights.

He desperately presses every button and switch in sight.

Gorm presses a button labeled ESR.

INT. ESR FINISHING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dozens of robots labeled ESR turn on as well as the monitors and computers they are connected to.

DEP is already on and patiently waiting with a smile as the other robots begin booting.

He tries to move but the cables hold him in place.

Confused, he looks around but none of the other bots are completely fired up and most of them read BOOTING across their face screens.

His smile quickly fades as he notices he's all alone in a room filled with others like him.

Dep tries to move again but can't.

The ESR FINISHING ROOM ALARM starts screaming.

Dep jumps, startled, but is jerked down by the cables.

He tries to move, unsuccessfully, again, so he closes his eyes out of fear.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

ALARMS wail.

Gorm presses the last buttons in the panel as he notices a door open that says TO FACTORY FLOOR.

He closes his eyes and covers his ears as he sprints towards it.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

A barcode sticker is stamped on newly manufactured robots on a conveyor belt.

Gorm runs across the factory floor, still holding his ears, as the alarms seem louder.

He runs to the conveyor belt and jumps on it.

Tripping on a robot leg, Gorm rolls onto a lower conveyor belt and onto a finished robot.

He shakes his head and looks up just as the STAMPING ARM slams down.

GORM

I don't need any stamps!

The STAMP ARM stops right in front of his face.

Everything on the factory floor stops as sirens continue to flash and alarms wail.

Gorm wiggles from in between the stamp and the manufactured robot.

He gets up and rubs his forehead trying to remove some ink that dripped on him.

Gorm runs towards another open door as he parkours over the manufactured robots then jumps off the conveyor belt and sprints closer to the door that says ESR FINISHING ROOM.

INT. ESR FINISHING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alarms wail as the ESRs continue uploading.

Gorm plugs his ears from the vast hums and beeps of the computers and robots.

Gorm runs past the robots that are being programmed and uploaded with their CLIENT INFO.

He dodges a lone Security-Bot as it attempts to tackle him.

Tripping over a thick cord, Gorm stumbles into a desk and hits a button labeled RELEASE which releases all the cables holding the ESRs in place.

Dep timbers flat on his face as the cables fully release.

Only Dep falls from his spot.

From the ground, Dep notices the screens connected to the other ESRs are still loading.

DEP

Uh, hello? Nice to meet you.

Deps eyes dart between ESR robots.

DEP (CONT'D)

Hello, nice to meet you?

Gorm is exiting the ESR FINISHING ROOM when he doesn't notice the MAIN ELECTRICAL CABLE lying across the floor.

Gorms takes a hard spill, tripping over the cable.

It unplugs from the wall and all the ESRs and computers go silent as they turn black.

Everything gets quiet as Dep is the only robot active.

The silence is pierced with the sound of Gorm bashing through the door.

The Security-Bot that tried to tackle Gorm is sitting on the floor in a fetal position because he failed.

The silence grabs Dep as he continues to try and talk to anyone, not understanding what happened.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Hello. Nice to meet you?

He surveys the room trying to make eye contact with each robot as he continues.

He raises his hand to wave to everyone.

DEP (CONT'D)  
(To all ESRs)  
Hello, nice to meet you all.

He sighs as he hand slumps all the way to the floor.

Dep's happiness is all but gone.

Looking down and noticing his battery is low, Dep hangs his head and slowly rolls out the same door that Gorm left through.

As the door closes behind Dep, it pierces the eerily quiet room.

No more computer beeps or sounds, just the door shutting and a very faint alarm wailing.

Just as the door shuts, a robot's face illuminates a corner of the room.

A message covers the face-screen that reads "CLIENT UPLOAD COMPLETE."



INT. BACK HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dep has his head down creeping through the back hallway when the door behind him flies open.

Gorm bursts through the door then trips and lands at the feet of Dep.

They look at each other as Dep flips a smile.

DEP

Hi, nice to meet you.

Gorm points behind him at the door.

GORM

Don't go through that door. Lots of security in there. By the way, hi.

Gorm quickly gets up, checks behind him, and runs out of the room as a dozen Security-Bots smash through the door.

GORM (CONT'D)

Sorry, gotta go.

Dep watches Gorm explode through another door, with Security-Bots close behind, and decides to follow behind at a leisurely pace.

INT. FACTORY TRASH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is filled with rows of ESR robots that were returned or never sold due to abnormalities, missing parts, chipped paint, etc.

Some fizzle, some spark, and some smoke a bit as they attempt to turn on.

Dep enters the room, but Gorm and the Security-Bots are nowhere to be found.

He's a little sad but rolls through the room checking out the rows of bins containing broken robots.

One sparks, which startles Dep as he backs into another bin.

A voice yells out at him that frightens Dep so much he cowers down and coils his arms and neck into his body.

SPISNEY

Hey! Be careful.

Spisney crawls out of the robot trash bin and sees Dep cowering like a turtle in his shell.

SPISNEY (CONT'D)  
Oh! Hey. You're one of those  
Emotional Monitoring Objects?

Dep stops cowering as his arms and neck return to normal.

DEP  
Emotional Support Robot.

SPISNEY  
Yeah, yeah, yeah. One of those.  
Hey, think you could do me a favor?

DEP  
A favor? Like something a friend  
would do for another friend?

SPISNEY  
Um... sure. If that gets me a  
favor, we can be friends.

DEP  
(To himself)  
Yes. I have a friend.  
(To Spisney)  
What can I do for you, friend?

Wiping oil off his hands, Spisney quickly cleans himself from dumpster diving then shoots a web onto Dep as he crawls onto Dep's shoulder.

SPISNEY  
I need to get out of this place. My  
first enterprise failed and I need  
to find a new one.

DEP  
A what? A prize?

SPISNEY  
Can you give me a ride out of here?  
Preferably to the junkyard?  
Something is calling my name in the  
junkyard.

DEP  
I don't know where that is but I'll  
try to find it.

Clamping his hands onto Dep, Spisney braces himself, on all eight, to go light speed.

Gorm takes off at a moderate speed.

Spisney is visibly disappointed at the slow speed, but decides to take this time to sit down on Dep's shoulder and knit with his web.

An EXIT sign hangs with an arrow pointing towards the left door. The door on the right says FREIGHT ELEVATOR. Dep rolls through the left door.

INT. FREIGHT ELEVATORS - CONTINUOUS

At the end of a hallway is a doorless freight elevator with an illuminated arrow pointing down.

A Security Drone hovers through the hallway, searching for Gorm.

The freight elevator slowly starts to descend as Gorm races after it.

He hops off the wall and grabs the flying drone.

The drone stops, realizing something is wrong.

Right then, Gorm leaps from the drone onto the descending freight elevator just in the nick of time.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - MID-DAY

The freight elevator stops at the loading dock where a tarantula is waiting for the elevator.

Gorm jumps over the spider and runs.

TARANTULA

That's an overexaggeration? I just forgot my pet frog inside.

Gorm ignores the tarantula as his eyes grow big from the visual of the forest.

GORM'S POV

A beautiful mountainside, mist cascades off a cliff.

Large multi-colored BIRD-CREATURES call out as they glide through the mist like surfers in the water.

One, lone screaming alarm flashes atop the fence ahead, snapping Gorm back to the problem at hand.

He makes it halfway up the fence, but the blaring siren disorients Gorm.

After sliding down, Gorm frantically starts digging.

Dirt flies everywhere, continuously hitting an approaching drone.

The drone flies past Gorm and over the fence to search for him without noticing the obvious.

Gorm doesn't notice any of this as he disappears into the ground.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

A large pile continues to form as dirt gives way.

Gorm's hand pokes through the center of the dirt mound as both hands follow close behind.

He plops out of the dirt, panting and out of breath.

Gorm wipes his brow and lets out a relieved sigh.

Checking his new, beautiful surroundings, Gorm is still on edge.

He's unsure of where he is, but catches a glimpse of the factory in the distance and immediately trots off in the opposite direction.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Dep approaches a vast junkyard with a cement wall around it.

The junkyard is on the opposite side of the property that the factory sits on.

It's filled with even more broken robot parts, vats of chemical waste, and plates with half eaten sandwiches on them.

Slowing down at the double gates, Dep and Spisney look at the padlock keeping them out.

DEP

I suppose this is where our journey ends.

SPISNEY

Seems like it. Once I get the place cleaned up a little, I'll have you over.

DEP

You're going to make this place your home?

SPISNEY

I'll clean it up, then turn it into something spectacular. Just you wait and see.

SPISNEY (CONT'D)

Where are you off to now, Dep?

DEP

I'm not sure. I may just drive in a straight line and see where I end up. I don't really feel a purpose yet, but maybe I will soon. Maybe I'll find even more friends.

SPISNEY

Keep driving and you'll find your purpose. As long as you're moving, new things will show you new paths.

DEP

I'm only one day old, so everything is new to me, but I see what you're saying.

SPISNEY

You've got this, but I've got THIS...

Spisney shoots a web onto the gate and launches himself through the chain-link fence as he spins like a gymnast through the fence.

Finishing with a flip and landing on a partially eaten sandwich as it acts as a cushion, Spisney takes a moment then stands straight up and puts four arms up in the air as if he were trying out for the Olympics.

Dep's face changes to a scorecard that shows a 9.2 score.

Spisney spins around and waves goodbye to Dep followed by a bow.

Dep slowly rolls away, leaving his hand extended behind him for an extra long goodbye wave.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

After leaving the factory and trekking through the forest until he can't see the factory, Gorm finally feels safe.

He takes in the thick, tall trees everywhere with green and blue brush scattered all around him.

Listening to the crickets-like chirps, the clicking and buzzing sounds of various other bugs and wildlife.

There's a bit of trepidation in his eyes, but the fear melts away.

He spins around taking in all the sights, sounds, and smells around him.

Gorm lets his guard down just as an intense GROWL terrifies him and his eyes dart around.

Another growl bellows.

Gorm realizes it's his belly, so he rubs it a bit.

A calm washes over him realizing he just needs some food.

A bush filled with delicious looking red, yellow and blue berries dances in the breeze.

Gorm crawls up through the bush and begins picking and eating the PRIMARY BERRIES.

Gorm hears the bush rustling behind him when he turns and connects eye to eye with a bear-lizard monster (LIGH) zoned in on him.

It opens its mouth and growls with a high-pitched, comical growl.

Gorm laughs until the monster shoots its tongue at him.

Gorm winces and closes his eyes.

The chameleon-like tongue MISSES and slowly retracts.

Gorm peeks his eyes open to see the tongue retracting as he chuckles.

GORM  
Maybe my luck is changing.

While the first tongue retracts, a second tongue launches out.

Gorm dives and just dodges the second tongue lasso.

From the ground, Gorm looks back to the Ligh who lets out another high-pitched scream as both tongues wiggle in his mouth, ready to shoot at any moment.

Gorm curls up into a ball and closes his eyes.

The Ligh shoots both tongues out at Gorm.

GORM'S POV - DAY

In slow motion, the two tongues, like snakes, get closer and closer to Gorm.

A loud screeching CAW breaks Gorm's fear.

A pterodactyl-sized blue eagle creature (CRUBA) catches the LIGH creature by its tongues and carries it up into the lush treetops.

Gorm sits in a frightened trance.

After a beat, he shakes his head and snaps back then rushes up a nearby tree.

CRUBA

Caw caw.

Gorm breaks through the umbrella of trees and sees the CRUBA creature flying off with the LIGH crawling all over it as they continue an aerial battle.

Taking a deep breath, Gorm wipes sweat off his forehead.

GORM

Maybe my luck IS... wait. Maybe I shouldn't say that. No jinxing.

Just before Gorm climbs back down the tree, some plush BLASTA BERRIES catch his eye.

A mix between oranges and pineapples, the tie-dye looking fruit oozes like watermelon juice.

Like a tightrope walker, Gorm tip-toes with his arms straight out to his sides as he inches across a thin branch.

The branch bows as he makes his way.

He leaps onto the fruit-barring tree and pounces on the berries.

A berry is snatches from the bundle as Gorm devours the first one.

He scoops another berry as juice pours down his face.

Gorm's whole body collapses for half-a-second from the ecstasy of the flavor.

GORM (CONT'D)  
This is so much better than  
sandwich crusts and water. What  
have I been missing?

INT. MR. BEAG'S OFFICE

Mr. Beag puts on his fur hunting jacket with a creature head-hood and calls out to his Robot Assistant.

MR. BEAG  
Get my hunting carpet ready and  
lets roll out.  
(chuckle)  
ROLL out...

The Robot Assistant pokes her head into the office through the door.

ROBOT ASSISTANT  
Do you want your large gun, small  
gun, plaser gun, light bow, heavy  
bow-

MR. BEAG  
Just bring all of my guns! Who  
knows which one I'll need.

Mr. Beag maniacally taps his fingers together beneath an evil glare.

The Robot Assistant's head leaves the room, then she pokes her head back in.

ROBOT ASSISTANT  
The rusty one, the shiny ones-s-  
s....

MR. BEAG  
Not old rusty. Lets stick to the  
shiny ones for today so my guns can  
look as good as I do.

Mr. Beag poses as if he's trying to get onto a hunting magazine cover.



The Robot Assistant rolls her eyes like a slot machine, then she exits the room.

The Robot Assistant pokes her head back into the room.

ROBOT ASSISTANT  
Are we taking your Big Wheel Truck-  
tor or...?

MR. BEAG  
You can still transform into  
different vehicles, right?

The Robot Assistant is reluctant to answer.

ROBOT ASSISTANT  
Yes... I guess I can still do that,  
sir.

MR. BEAG  
Great. We should be all set to go  
as soon as you roll out my Hunting  
Carpet.  
(cough cough)

The Robot Assistant leaves the room and immediately a blue carpet bursts through the door and rolls up to Mr. Beag's desk.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Sorry. Sorry, sir. That's the  
Bathing Carpet.

The blue carpet recoils out of the office.

A brown carpet bursts through the door and rolls up to Mr. Beag's desk. Immediately, the Robot Assistant yells out.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Whoa! You definitely don't want  
that one right now. Or do-do you?

Mr. Beag stomps his foot.

MR. BEAG  
This is not the time for that.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
So you don't want the #2 carpet I  
rolled out?

MR. BEAG  
We're wasting precious time!

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Alright. Alright. Give me a second.

The brown carpet recoils out of the office.

After a brief pause a white carpet rolls into the room.

MR. BEAG  
There we go.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
Please don't make any stains. I'm  
out of detergent.

Mr. Beag hops down onto the carpet and begins strutting  
towards the door.

A small scuff is left from Mr. Beag's boots from where he  
jumped down.

He pulls the corner of the carpet over the stain and resumes  
strutting towards the door.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Surrounded by dozens of fruit scraps, Gorm has Blasta Berry  
juice all over his chest and hands.

There's one berry left, but Gorm reluctantly plucks it from  
the branch.

He uncovers a creature with a menacing smile filled with  
sharp teeth.

The creature, CARA, from Mr. Beag's computer, is mute and  
uses sign language.

CARA  
("friend?" in sign  
language)

The hand gesture and smile is too much for the terrified  
Gorm.

He launches into the air and hucks the fruit at Cara hitting  
her in the face.

Cara opens her over-sized mouth and licks off all of the  
delicious fruit.

Gorm zooms down the trunk of the tree.

Gorm searches for a place to hide when he comes across a large boulder.

He breaths heavy while hiding behind the boulder, trying to catch his breath, when he notices a tail slithering along the side of the rock.

Following the tail, Gorm hears rustling behind him.

Spinning around, he sees the same grin looking back at him.

Gorm runs off like a train with his legs disappearing into a circular motion.

Gorm slams on the brakes as he notices a cave.

He grabs a branch with leaves that's lying on the ground and tries to dust away his prints as he backs into the cave.

Gorm sees Cara's shadow approaching and holds up the branch as a disguise.

Leaves rustling as Gorm closes his eyes.

His eyes open, but he doesn't see anything until he looks to his side.

Cara holds a branch in front of her to mimic Gorm.

She realizes he's staring at her, so she flashes another terrifying grin.

Gorm, once again, takes off. Lighting up the cave with fire from his running.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Arriving at the base of a mountain, Dep has wandered far from the factory.

He looks up at the intimidating, snowy challenge in front of him.

DEP

Ah. A perfect test for my purpose.  
Maybe I'm a Sno-Bot in my  
processor?

Starting his journey, Dep realizes quickly how steep the mountain is.

After a small trek, he's almost postured parallel with his tracks.

Entering A snowy area, Dep begins losing traction.

His tracks spin forward but he slides backwards.

It's time for Dep to install his DEEP TREAD TRACKS from his back compartment.

Dep bolts them on and plows right through the snow.

DEP (CONT'D)  
It's time for my BIG BOY Tracks.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK - DAY

Trudging up the last few snow mounds, Dep arrives at the mountain's peak.

An awe inspiring view is laid out in front of Dep.

The clouds partially cover the sunny landscape of colorful fall colors painted across rolling hills.

Dep is in shock at the beauty.

DEP  
I wish I had a friend to share this  
with. At least someone to say,  
"hello, nice to meet you."

Dep looks down at the view and takes a deep breath.

DEP (CONT'D)  
HELLO! NICE TO MEET YOU!

Dep waits for an echo, but nothing happens.

DEP (CONT'D)  
No echo? Well, that's depressing.

Dep changes one of his hands into a camera, winds the camera up, and takes a selfie with the view.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - DAY

Heading down the mountain, Dep can't help but stare at the view as it disappears.

He begins hopping off rocks and extending over ledges.

EXT. BASE OF MOUNTAIN - DAY

Reaching the bottom of the mountain, Dep notices a second set of robot tracks next to his.

He's curious and scans the tracks.

He notices that the tracks are an exact match to his, but they come from a different Emotional Support Robot.

Contemplating the tracks, Dep unconsciously leaves the mountain and rolls off towards the forest.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dep is mesmerized by the tall, thick trees in front of him with their fall colors.

DEP

I've waited my entire one day of  
life to climb a tree. If I can  
climb this tree and see more colors  
up close, maybe that's my purpose.  
A tree colorist.

Pepping himself up, Dep tries to make it up the tree in one shot, but halfway up the tree he falls back down.

Dep tries racing up, again.

This time he revs up his motor to get a bigger start, then he releases his brakes and takes off.

This only gets him slightly higher than before.

He tumbles back down the tree like a fidget spinner..

Dep lands on, and smashes, a small flower.

He looks down at the plant and gently tries to fluff it up.

DEP (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry, little one.

Feeling bad about the plant, Dep decides he has to make it this third and final time.

As Dep gets ready for his third try, unbeknownst to him, Gorm runs up the opposite side of the same tree.

Dep launches for his third shot and zooms up the tree, leaving a dirt-shaped Dep where he was just standing.

The run up the tree launches him off the top of the tree and he goes flying through the air like a failed rocket.

Gorm flinches at the sound.

Gorm's eyes catch Dep flying through the air like a shooting star.

Intrigued, he climbs down the tree a bit and jumps onto the branch of the next one, then the next one, trying to follow Dep's trajectory.

He runs across a branch and hops onto the next tree.

Gorm continues to follow his trajectory as he sneaks closer to where Dep landed.

Standing on a branch, trying to figure out Dep's exact landing spot, Gorm scans the nearby area.

Acting like a bat, he flips around on the tree and continues to scan the forest.

Gorm finally spots Dep, trapped in a rock wall of a cliff that is cracked all around him from the force of Dep crashing into it.

There's something that catches Gorm's eye. An open back compartment door.

He starts to climb over when a bird CAW freezes him and he falls out of the tree.

Dep still hasn't moved from his spot.

Gorm flips to his feet as he notices Dep starting to wiggle around.

Little Gorms fly around his head as he tries to run towards the back compartment door, but he does so in drunken stooper.

Gorm approaches Dep and tries to shake his head to regain focus.

He sees the door on Dep's back is still open and crawls right in.

A few of the little Gorms fly behind him as the last flying Gorm closes the back compartment door.

INT. DEP - CONTINUOUS

As soon as Gorm crawls into Dep, his eyes become satellites.

He's terrified by all the beeps and boops, but loves all the colors and flashes.

Gorm is torn on whether to be scared or excited as he trembles.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Where the woods begin behind the factory, a fancy green carpet rolls out.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.C.)  
Well, since we can't have nice things we can use this carpet until you learn to take better care of your things.

It continues to roll for a while.

Lumberjack Robots, wide, tall robots with chainsaws on each hand with flannel metal panels, cut down any tree that blocks the carpet from rolling out and several trees that are deemed too close to the carpet.

MR. BEAG  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Get that one. And that one. The carpet almost touched that tree... CHOP IT DOWN!

The Robot Assistant strolls behind the carpet as it continues rolling far off in the distance.

Mr. Beag shows off a tiny hunting vest over his suit with a small, pea-shooter looking gun across his chest.

He struts down the green carpet, looking around and taking in all the natural smells and sounds.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Ah, my hunting playground.

He glares at the green carpet in anger.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
This is my GOLFING CARPET!

He stomps his feet like a child.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
(to his Assistant)  
Who programmed you- oh yeah.  
(sighs)  
(MORE)

## MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Let's start this over, but the red one this time.

The green carpet comes storming back and rolls up all the way back to the factory.

Mr. Beag impatiently waits as a red carpet lays out over the same path the green carpet took.

EXT. ROCK WALL - DAY

Dep slowly wiggles himself out ofn the rock wall.

CUT TO:

INT. DEP - CONTINUOUS

Gorm bounces around inside Dep like a bouncy ball every time he wiggles.

BACK TO:

EXT. ROCK WALL - CONTINUOUS

He extends his body down onto the ground then extends his arms to grab the bottom of his blocky head and wiggles it back and forth until it plops out of the wall.

CUT TO:

INT. DEP - CONTINUOUS

Gorm is finally able to relax as Dep is firmly on the ground.

His mouth and eyes get wide as his smile grows.

He brushes himself off and straightens his fur.

Gorm leans forward so he's peering down at a specific spot on the control center.

The reflection of a blue light washes over Gorm as he gets a rare twinkle in his excited eyes.

He is entranced as he stares at a BLUE BUTTON.

Something inside him pulls his hand closer to the button.



GORM (V.O.)  
Press it. Press it. Just do it.  
Look at how beautiful that button  
is.

He's drawn to the blue gem.

GORM  
(to himself)  
O-oh no-o, BLUE is my favori-i-ite.

Gorm presses the blue button once and smiles.

Then he does it again.

Gorm pretends to walk away, then runs back and smashes the button.

He does it over and over, switching hands, then he uses his feet.

He loves watching the blue light get brighter with each press.

We can see the twinkle of other colors sparkling in his eyes, until the blue glow takes over once again.

He starts pushing other buttons, joyfully mesmerized as the inside of Dep lights up like a blue disco ball.

EXT. ROCK WALL - DAY

Dep tries to roll away as one of his arms sticks straight out to the side then extends outward like a bullet shot from a gun.

Suddenly, Dep's eyebrows seem to have a mind of their own as they go up and down, angle, and even spin around all.

Everything on Dep seems to be going crazy.

DEP'S POV

Red text flashes in his view

Insert: "Warning: ERROR, ERRORS."

DEP  
What? Error? Can't my body be a  
little more specific than that?

Dep stops moving and focuses on controlling his body.

He decides to take off in the direction of the mountain, but can't go more than a snail's pace.

Trying to trick whatever is happening, he forces a severely sharp turn to gain speed and go fast, but nothing changes.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Well...this is fun.

Even the expression on Dep's face has turned into a neutral face with no emotions.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Do I go back to the factory to check my warranty? Didn't I just get a phone call about that? I need to do something.

Dep faces the sun like a sunflower, trying to meditate in the sun's rays.

Suddenly, a light bounces off his face.

It's a reflection coming from the snow on the mountain

DEP (CONT'D)  
Maybe I can make it back up there. I wonder if I lost a screw or two in the snow? That's gotta be what's causing this.

EXT. BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN

Dep arrives at the base of the mountain.

DEP  
(deep breath)  
Ok, lets do this. Lets start the search at the top.

Dep focuses on his tracks as he forces himself up the mountain.

He keeps his head down as he tries to drive up the mountain against all his random tweaks and twitches.

As Dep looks up the mountain, Gorm pokes his head out of the slightly open door.

Gorm crosses his arms and shivers from the cold.

INT. DEP

Gorm is confused on why his new home is moving up a freezing mountain.

GORM

Uh, I hate heights...AND the cold.

He tries to keep warm with his arms crossed and shivering.

GORM (CONT'D)

Where is this thing going? I wonder  
if any of these buttons will start  
a fire in here?

Gorm presses a red button, but no fire shows up.

He takes a break from button pressing as he turns slightly blue and his feet freeze to the metal floor.

Gorm breaks one of his feet loose as he stretches to shut the cracked open door.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE - CONTINUOUS

The sound of his back compartment door shutting startles Dep.

He stops and glances behind him, but doesn't notice anything so he continues his trip.

Suddenly, Gorm's body robotically rotates a hundred-and-eighty degrees and changes direction to proceed down the mountain.

DEP

Seriously? Is this an oil change  
issue? Do I need blinker fluid?

A yellow light starts to blink on his side.

DEP (CONT'D)

I guess not. At least something is  
working properly, but nothing else  
is.

EXT. BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

As Dep reaches the base of the mountain, he is approached by a boar-elephant creature called a MION that's the size of a boar with elephant features.

MION  
Excuse me, sir. You seem to be  
leaking oil.

Dep stops and checks behind him.

MION (CONT'D)  
MADE YOU LOOK!

Dep blankly stares at the Mion.

DEP  
Don't do that.

MION  
It's just a joke. Where are you  
going?

DEP  
I don't know. I was trying to  
figure out my purpose, but now I'm  
trying to figure out what's wrong  
with me. You would think a one-day  
old would have it all figured out.

MION  
Well, your purpose can be anything  
from changing someone's day, to  
changing the world. On the topic of  
what's wrong with you...

The Mion looks Dep over.

MION (CONT'D)  
...you're kinda blocky, and shiny.  
That's not very natural.

DEP  
I'm an Emotional Support Robot.

Dep looks down at his metallic body.

DEP (CONT'D)  
But maybe you're right.

Dep rolls past the Mion.

INT. DEP - DAY

Gorm is passed out on the ground, from exhaustion, with drool  
coming out of his mouth.

CUT TO BLACK:

GORM'S DREAM

BABY GORM (V.O.)  
(crying)

GORM'S POV

He looks up at his mom, who snatches him as she frantically runs from something.

INT. BABY GORM'S HOME - DAY

Baby Gorm's mother holds him tight against her as she pinballs her way out of their ball-shaped treehouse dwelling.

Shelves fall over, spilling books everywhere.

Tables slide back and forth across the floor creating an obstacle course.

Hanging hammocks swing all about.

Loud SMASHES and CRACKING can be heard throughout the home.

EXT. BABY GORM'S VILLAGE - DAY

A beautiful village of round tree houses hang like ornaments in the forest trees.

High in the treetops, nothing should be able to get to them.

All of the surrounding trees topple one by one.

They're cut down by bulky tractors and excavators driven by CONSTRUCTION-BOTS.

The CREW doesn't even notice the tiny village they are destroying.

The excavators approach Gorm's tree.

Their house cracks in half as Baby Gorm is tossed out one of the windows.

Gorm's DAD catches Gorm and helps Gorm's MOM out the same window.

They quickly climb down the tree as Gorm's Mom snags Baby Gorm from Dad.

A domino effect of trees crumples right into their tree right where Dad is.

Gorm watches in terror as Dad is pulled to the ground by the tree and he disappears into a cloud of smog that covers the forest floor.

BABY GORM

Dad!?!?

Baby Gorm squeezes his eyes shut.

Opening his eyes to his Mom making it to the ground.

Baby Gorm notices a dark cloud of dirt and smog that blocks out most of the sun.

Mom catches baby Gorm's attention with a smile of her own.

Everything fades away and Gorm connects with Mom's smile until a net shoots out of the darkness and closes around Mom.

It drags her out of sight.

Baby Gorm cowers as he screams for his Mom.

BABY GORM (CONT'D)

Mom?!

A shadow that looks similar to Mom approaches, but as it gets closer it turns into a familiar shape.

SHADOW (V.O.)

Hey there little fella. You look like you should come with me.

Baby Gorm can't make out the shadow.

The sound of a metal slamming knocks Gorm out of his dream.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dep smacks his head.

DEP

Will this fix the problem? Do I need to turn myself off then on?

INT. DEP - DAY

The echoes of Dep's smack wakes up Gorm.

He cracks his eyes open.

Another clang.

Gorm jumps to his feet, trembling.

GORM

Please, no more cages.

Gorm composes himself, looks around, and remembers where he is.

GORM (CONT'D)

Oh wait. I'm safe...ish. It was just a dream. That's all that was...

A single tear drops down Gorm's eye as he quickly wipes it away with the back of his hand.

Cautiously rising from the floor, Gorm stares at the BLUE BUTTON and is reminded of the fun he was having before he passed out.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

The tree Dep tried climbing earlier, appears in the distance.

Dep rolls up to the tree and stares at it.

As Dep looks up the tree, the Mion pokes her head around the tree trunk to checkout Dep.

She notices Dep and his back compartment door is ajar.

MION

(with sass)

Hey, I found your issue. You were raised in a barn.

DEP

What? What's a barn?

MION

You left your compartment door open.

DEP

No I didn't...

Mion pushes it closed with her baby-sized tusk as Dep extends his head to see what she's talking about.

DEP (CONT'D)  
So, what's this barn thing?

MION  
Eh, your back compartment is closed now.

Dep retracts his neck.

MION (CONT'D)  
Feel better now?

Dep stops and thinks for a beat.

DEP  
No. I-

THUMP.

Metal clanging and scratching noises can be heard by the two.

Dep and Mion both notice the noises are coming from near the door on Dep's back.

Dep scans his whole body with his facial scanner and notices the back compartment door is broken.

MION  
Come on, where are your manners?  
Shut your door. What, were you born in a human-stye?

DEP  
Wait, I thought you just closed my compartment door?

Dep re-extends his neck and the two glare at the still ajar door.

They notice a blue glow emanating from inside.

Dep inches his head closer until his head is almost inside his back compartment.

INT. DEP - DAY

Gorm clicks away on the BLUE BUTTON, almost seeming bored at this point.



The button looks worn out with a faded blue mark in the middle of the blue button.

DEP (O.S.)  
Whatcha doing, Blue...?

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Dep flings the door open with his extended hand.

DEP  
I'm not defective! It was a LITTLE  
MONSTER.

MION  
A what? We all have a little  
monster inside us...

He uses his extended hand to point inside of the compartment.

MION (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Wait, what? For real for real?

INT. DEP - DAY

Dep and Mion both glance inside and see Gorm clicking away on the BLUE BUTTON.

Gorm looks up, off-guard.

GORM  
Oh, is this your place...

DEP  
No, this isn't my place... this IS  
ME!

GORM  
Oh. Some cool stuff you got going  
on in here. Especially this little  
button here.

Gorm points at the BLUE BUTTON as there's still a blue twinkle in Gorm's eye.

Dep's extended hand slides behind Gorm and begins tapping him on the back to shoo him out.

DEP  
Off you go now. Shoo.

GORM

I'm so sorry. I may have a slight  
addiction to the color blue.

Gorm trips as he leaves Dep's compartment and lands on his  
back on the ground.

GORM (CONT'D)

I just love the color blue, which I  
understand is my problem and not  
yours. I was originally trying to  
hide from a creature that was  
scaring and chasing me when I came  
across you and your broken  
compartment door.

Just as Gorm finishes his story, the bushes rustle.

GORM (CONT'D)

No-o-o-o....

Gorm hops up and immediately focuses in on the bushes as he  
lifts up some leaves to unsuccessfully hide behind.

There's an orange blur.

It's too fast for Gorm to make out.

GORM (CONT'D)

Did either of you just see that?

Cara pokes her head out from behind Dep's track.

Gorm's eyes get big as he stumbles backwards.

GORM (CONT'D)

Ah! No, no, no, no. Not YOU.

Gorm runs and dives behind a small flower that barely covers  
his head.

Dep looks at Cara and chuckles.

DEP

You're scared of this adorable,  
little creature?

Dep scoops Cara up and places her on his shoulder.

CARA

("Are we friends?" in  
sign language)

DEP  
("Yes." in sign language)

After matching Cara's smile, Dep searches for Gorm.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Hey, where'd you go? Are you still  
hiding?

He notices Gorm shaking behind the immature flower and gently taps Gorm on the back.

DEP (CONT'D)  
I found you.

Gorm leaps three times his height into the air and screams.

GORM  
Ah! No! Stay away!

As soon as Gorm lands on the ground he hides behind one of Dep's tracks and Dep loses him, again.

DEP  
You're not hiding in my compartment  
again, are you? You can't keep  
running from your fear.

Cara rubs up against Dep's face like a cat.

GORM  
She's gonna eat me, or shock me, or  
worse, tickle my belly...

DEP  
Why do you think that way? She  
seems friendly to me.

Dep pets her some more.

She rolls onto her belly and Dep begins rubbing it.

Gorm pokes his head out and sees Cara roll onto her belly.

GORM  
Watch out! That could be a trap.  
That's her stance before she  
pounces.

DEP  
Gorm, has she hurt you? Has she  
been mean to you?

MION

She just wants to be friends, but  
Aadhaars are mute...

GORM

She's a flute?

MION

She can't speak, non-verbal. She's  
trying to be friendly by smiling  
because that's all she can do. Duh!

He's befuddled and shakes his head.

GORM

Uh, sorry. Didn't mean to offend  
you. I've been locked up for so  
long that I feel like a one-day old  
robot. I'm the last of my kind and  
didn't get a chance for my parents  
to raise me and teach me much.

MION

Cara's the last of her kind too.  
But that doesn't stop her from  
being friendly and trying to help  
everyone. It's about the way you  
attack your situation. Scared and  
frightened...

The mion gestures to Gorm.

MION (CONT'D)

Or cute and fearless...

The Mion gestures to Cara.

Cara nods her head in agreement with everything that Mion  
tells Gorm.

Cara scurries down Dep, picks up a sharp arrowhead rock, and  
scurries back up onto Dep's head.

She leans off of Dep's head, on her tippy-toes and scratches  
into a nearby tree; BFFS + CARA

Dep smiles and turns one of his fingers into a tiny chisel.

He proceeds to write; DEP +

Cara sneaks down Dep and cautiously tries to give the  
arrowhead rock to Gorm.

Gorm continues to hide behind Dep's tracks as Dep tries persuading Gorm into scratching his name next to theirs.

DEP

We are all friends now. The question is, do you choose to accept our friendship?

Gorm reluctantly grabs the sharp rock and cautiously carves his name into the tree but accidentally misspells it; CORN.

GORM

Whoops.

Carefully, Gorm changes the C to a G and the N to an M.

GORM (CONT'D)

There we go.

MION

I will not partake in this natural graffiti. This tree-tatto...or tree-too.

Mion takes off running and disappears into the forest.

The three friends shrug then stare at the carving.

Cara grabs Gorm's hands and manipulates them into using sign language.

GORM

("Friend" in sign language)

GORM (CONT'D)

What the forest did she just do to me?

DEP

She's showing you how to communicate with her. That's how you tell her that you're friends.

Gorm glances at Cara as she nods her head up and down vigorously.

DEP (CONT'D)

I'm not sure if it's my purpose, but I have sign language programmed into my database.

Dep begins furiously signing an entire sentence.

DEP (CONT'D)  
 ("This sign language  
 thing is easy. My name is  
 Dep." in sign language.)

GORM  
 Show off.

Gorm stomps off to a tree trunk to sulk under.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Closing in on Gorm, Mr. Beag and his Robot Assistant continue tracking him.

We see that the Robot Assistant is driving next to a robot bloodhound horse that Mr. Beag rides.

The bloodhound horse abruptly stops, almost launching Mr. Beag.

BLOOD-HOUND HORSE  
 Woofa-a-a-ay

Mr. Beag gets excited as he hops to his feet atop the bloodhound horse.

MR. BEAG  
 Um...excuse me. Am I suppose to  
 roll out my own carpet?

The Robot Assistant rolls her eyes as she taps the side of the robot bloodhound horse.

A red carpet pops out and rolls quickly into the forest.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
 And....

The Robot Assistant rolls her eyes again and makes a robotic trumpet sound with her mouth.

ROBOT ASSISTANT  
 Bum ba ba-bum.

There's a rustling.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (CONT'D)  
 Did you hear that, sir?

MR. BEAG  
 Let's stay focused on the task at  
 hand.

(MORE)

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Nothing starts off an egotistical hunting trip like the proper carpet and some light accompanying music.

More rustling.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Oh, do I see a rare Woolly Marmot? Maybe this trip will be more beneficial than I thought.

A docile ground rodent that looks similar to a parrot-mouse can be seen squeaking under a dense bush.

Mr. Beag pulls out a large, box-y elephant gun that shoots cages and launches one at the creature.

It slams shut with a cold, heavy padlock sound.

Mr. Beag rushes over to marvel at his work.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Good shot, sir.

Mr. Beag scratches his chin, in thought.

MR. BEAG

It's a good start. But I need more if I'm ever going to impress Dad. Uh, uh, I mean...if I'm ever to impress the investor. I wonder what else I can catch out here...

EXT. RED ROOT FOREST - DAY

Gorm, Cara, and Dep stumble into dozens of massive Red Root trees on the edge of the forest. In awe, they have to look up as high as possible to truly see the magnitude of their height.

Similar to Redwood trees but even bigger, wider, and redder with curly roots weaving in and out of the ground.

Gorm and Dep continue staring in amazement as some birds CAW.

Cara strolls through the new forest and waves at... something.

It seems as if she's waving to nothing.

The area is not suitable for Dep as large roots jut and protrude out of the ground everywhere making it nearly impossible to drive through.

Dep looks forward and realizes Cara and Gorm are moving further ahead.

DEP  
Hey you two, wait up.

Gorm and Cara glance back and wait for Dep.

Trudging along, Dep continues to slow down until he's at a stop.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Hey. I can't move.

Dep's tracks start to grind on a root.

He looks down and notices his tracks are stuck on part of a Red Root.

The Red Root is pulled into the tracks and tangled up.

He tries to force his tracks forward again with his arm as a crowbar, but nothing happens.

DEP (CONT'D)  
What do I do now?

This grinds and pulls on the roots.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Ah, come on.

His tracks spin faster and harder, but nothing happens.

Dep puts everything he has into his tracks, but he only moves an inch.

Cara finally notices the situation.

CUT TO:

CARA'S POV

Noticing Dep, Cara also notices the tree, but she sees the tree differently from everyone.

It's more cartoony and animated.

The tree shakes and shivers as it screams out in pain.

The roots look more like feet and toes.



TREE  
O-o-ow. O-o-ow.

She looks at Dep and notices his tracks slowly and forcefully grind on the tree's feet and toes.

TREE (CONT'D)  
You're twisting my pinky to-o-oe.

Cara flails her arms in the air as she tries to gain Dep's attention.

BACK TO:

EXT. RED ROOT FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Gorm sees Cara running toward Dep.

GORM  
What's the deal?

Cara jumps up and down shaking her head NO and waving her arms as to tell Dep STOP.

Gorm glares at Cara, confused.

TREE (V.O.)  
That's my middle toe now. You can  
stop anytime now.

Dep can't see or hear Cara from the sounds of the tracks grinding on the root and kicking up dirt.

A run turns into a sprint on all fours as Cara tries to stop Dep.

CUT TO:

CARA'S POV

The tree continues to scream.

TREE  
I don't need a root canal, pal!  
Buddy? Can you hear me?

BACK TO:

EXT. RED ROOT FOREST - DAY

As she slams on the brakes, approaching Dep, Cara points her tail toward the root like a Short-haired Pointer Dog.

Grabbing her foot and hopping, Cara tries to imitate what Dep is doing to the tree.

She points, once again, at the tree with her tail and both her hands.

Gorm jogs up on the two as Dep and Gorm share a puzzled look at the unusual charades Cara is acting out.

She opens her mouth wide, trying to mimic the tree.

As she tries yelling out, no noise emerges.

GORM

Now's not the time for singing and dancing. Can't you see Dep's stuck? Those are some impressive moves, though.

Dep focuses on his tracks again and tries to unstick them.

CUT TO:

CARA'S POV

The Tree yells louder.

TREE

Ow, the pain. This is worse than creatures wanting Red Root Beer.

BACK TO SCENE

Cara tries miming her explanation.

Her hands go up and down, she grabs her foot as if she's in pain, then points at her foot followed by her jumping around like she's in pain.

She then points at Dep and starts jumping up and down.

GORM

I think she wants you to jump. Can you jump?

Cara shakes her head NO and covers her face in exhaustion.

DEP  
(excitedly)  
I can try.

Springs pop out from under his tracks.

The springs shoot him in the air but he gets yanked back down.

MION  
She's trying to tell you that  
you're hurting the tree, genius.

Gorm startles.

GORM  
Where did you come from?

MION  
The forest...

DEP  
(confused)  
Wait. I'm a genius?

Dep and Gorm look at each other and then at the Mion.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Who's hurting the tree?

GORM  
Yeah, who's hurting the tree?

They look at the tree.

GORM (CONT'D)  
Do you know what's going on?

DEP  
No idea. I just know I'm stuck  
here. If only these trees grew  
mouths and could talk.

From their POV, the trees haven't changed or moved.

DEP (CONT'D)  
This tree seems boring to me.

GORM  
Peaceful even.

They look at Cara.

Cara looks at the tree.

CUT TO:

CARA'S POV

The tree howls and moves its mouth and head a little.

TREE

Oh, my pinky root. It's always my pinky root that gets smashed. This pinky root is definitely not going wee wee wee all the way home.

BACK TO:

EXT. RED ROOT FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Dep and Gorm are confused, trying to understand Cara.

DEP

Hurting? I can't be hurting anyone.  
It's a tree...

Cara nods and points to her toe.

She lifts her foot, grabs her pinky toe, and starts hopping around on one leg acting hurt.

Then, she opens her mouth wide, mimicking the pain.

MION

You are hurting someone. Do you think you're giving a nice deep tissue massage or something?

DEP

I'm just trying to get unstuck.  
This wasn't my fault.

MION

Whose fault was it?

Dep begins to understand and looks at the tree, still slightly confused.

DEP

Well, I mean I guess I wasn't paying enough attention to where I was going.

GORM

No need for blame. Let's just work  
together to figure this out...  
Whatever THIS is.

MION

The furball has a point. We need  
some kind of oil or grease...

GORM

...furball?

CUT TO:

CARA'S POV

Cara looks at the tree. The tree points to a nearby plant  
with purple aloe-like leaves.

Cara glances at the plant as it smiles at her.

PLANT

Here you go, Cara.

The plant gently drops a leaf.

BACK TO:

EXT. RED ROOT FOREST - CONTINUOUS

Gorm rushes over and snags the leaf, carrying it over his  
head like it's a surfboard.

CUT TO:

CARA'S POV

RED ROOT TREE

Use some of my branches.

Cara shrugs.

RED ROOT TREE (CONT'D)

The branches! The branches!

One of his large branches wiggles and a piece breaks off and  
tumbles to the ground.

BACK TO SCENE

Gorm holds the leaf as Mion and Cara wipe and SQUEEZE all the oil from the leaf around Dep's track.

Dep wedges branches between his tracks and the roots.

Working together, Dep pushes on the branches as the others step back.

Cara places her hand on the trunk of the tree they just helped and waves at the other trees as they leave.

Dep and Gorm look at each other, then begin waving. They are still confused on what Cara sees but try to play along.

DEP  
 (to the tree)  
 Sorry for the inconvenience? We'll  
 be seeing you around? I think

The tree responds to Dep, not knowing that Dep doesn't hear or see him.

CUT TO:

RED ROOT TREES POV

RED ROOT TREE  
 No problem. I've had way worse.  
 But, hey....your friend over there  
 looks familiar.

The tree points a branch at Gorm.

RED ROOT TREE (CONT'D)  
 Could he be related to someone I  
 know?

Dep doesn't see or hear the tree, but he peeks back thinking he heard something.

BACK TO:

DEP  
 Did that tree branch just move?  
 Dep? Friends?

EXT. FOREST BORDER - DAY

The Robot Assistant enters the Red Root Forest as Gorms is riding the Woolly Marmot.

MR. BEAG

Oh yeah. I remember that tough guy from the wildlife agency that said I shouldn't hunt anything in the forest because...

(In a mocking tone)

...all the creatures of the forest are sacred and should be left alone.

A chuckle dances out of Mr. Beag's mouth.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

I can hunt anything I want, and I dare anyone to stop me.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

I'm sorry, sir. But you sort of sound like a spoiled....

MR. BEAG

What? A spoiled what? Master Huntsman? A Top 100 Business Owner? I will gain the respect and attention from my fath...

Frazzled, Mr. Beag quickly changes the subject.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

...er, lets keep moving this way.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

(Mumbling to herself)

I was going to say a spoiled brat with small creature syndrome. But, sure, lets just keep talking about how great you are.

EXT. FOREST BORDER - DAY

Dep, Cara, and Gorm don't realize that their root incident discombobulated them and they are heading backwards on their trail, right at Mr. Beag.

Rounding a Red Root Tree, an intimidating view of Mr. Beag riding the Wooly Marmot is on the opposite end from the three friends.

The Wooly Marmot has an electric shock-earring on each ear.

Dep and Cara look curiously at Mr. Beag who has his back turned to them still.

Gorm walks out from behind Dep to catch a view of what they're looking at.

GORM

Uh-oh.

The view immediately strikes fear into Gorm's heart as he freezes at the sight of Mr. Beag.

The Woolly Marmot turns towards Dep, Cara, and Gorm after hearing the subtle commotion.

Mr. Beag turns, too, and raises an eyebrow.

Then, he locks eyes with the petrified Gorm.

MR. BEAG

Well, well, look-y look look who it is.

Mr. Beag's eyes get big, face red, and steam comes out of his ears as he hovers above the Marmot for a beat.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

And you stole one of my ESR units for whatever evil plans you have!

Gorm points to himself, confused, then looks around.

GORM

I did what?

Mr. Beag notices Cara on the other side of Dep.

He immediately gets money signs in his eyes.

MR. BEAG

What is that? I think I remember you. You must be a rare beast by now, since the rest of your species is gone. You'll look great hanging on my wall with the rest of my collection.

Mr. Beag whips the Woolly Marmot and points at them.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Mush! Mush!

He whips the Woolly Marmot, again, in anger which makes the creature angry.

He remembers the shock earrings and uses them.



MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Mush! After them!

ZAP.

GORM  
Uh, guys. I think it's time to RUN!

The Wooly Marmot and Mr. Beag go stampeding after the three.

The three friends sprint along the perimeter as the ground shakes.

They try to get behind Mr. Beag and back into the regular forest.

The Wooly Marmot closes in on the three as it charges.

All three friends dive into fluffy, blue and purple bushes.

Dep's leap was a clumsy as he clunks and rolls into his bush.

INT. BUSHES - CONTINUOUS

Gorm catches his breath as he whispers to Dep, who is trying to catch a glimpse of the intimidating Mr. Beag, through the bushes.

GORM  
Hey. Duck that shinny head of yours  
or you're going to get us caught.

Dep lowers his head a little, but his antennae are still visible.

MR. BEAG (O.S.)  
ESR unit number 1... 12....  
1234...? Whoever you are. This is  
your creator. Your father. You  
shall address me as Mr. Beag as you  
come out and leave those heathens.

Dep glances at Gorm, bewildered, and whispers.

DEP  
What was he talking about? What's  
an EDM? Am I an EDM?

GORM  
We don't have time for EDM. We need  
to find Cara and escape.

Cara sees a tiny, matted rat-like creature crawling nearby.

Cara smiles and waves at the rodent creature.

Gorm is about to scream at the sight of it but Dep covers his mouth.

Cara smiles and grabs the rat creature.

She crawls along the bushes and gently tosses him out into the clearing.

EXT. FOREST BORDER - CONTINUOUS

The Woolly Marmot sniffs closer to the bushes, not noticing the rat creature.

Inching closer, the Woolly Marmot comes eye to eye with the rodent.

Like popcorn, Mr. Beag bounces around the Marmot's back as it freaks out over the rodent.

The Woolly Marmot lets out a shrill scream and gets on its tiptoes.

It dances around trying to avoid the scurrying rat.

The Woolly Marmot uses Mr. Beag as a shield against the rodent, trying to hide behind him.

MR. BEAG

Mush. Beat it. Leave me alone.

Mr. Beag swings his hand trying to stop the Woolly Marmot from using him as a creature-shield.

Mr. Beag doesn't notice, but during the skirmish between the Woolly Marmot and the rat-creature, Dep, Cara, and Gorm escape.

Hopping and rolling from bush to bush, they make it far enough away to run, then take off.

In the distance, Dep picks up Gorm and Cara, places them on his shoulders, and takes off with his fully charged battery.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

Making their way through the forest, the three find themselves back at the cave.

They're not moving as quickly as before, but they are all walking and in less of a panic, except Gorm keeps nervously looking back.

DEP

Well, that was exhilarating. It's exciting how many beasts are out here that you can encounter. Even the ones trying to fight us.

Cara just smiles..

GORM

Trust me, that's one beast that is not friendly. He will make sure he controls you like... a controller controls... a robot?

DEP

Are robots controlled by controllers? I don't know. I'm still new here. But that wee monster seems trustworthy, in a weird FATHERLY way.

GORM

He's the only crazy one out here. The other scary monsters out here just want to eat. Maybe they want to eat me sometimes, but it is what it is. We have to stay away from that money hungry owner. He will try to control all of us and probably hurt Cara and I. You might not be hurt because you're an ESR, but he'll definitely control you.

Cara nods, agreeing with everything Gorm is saying.

Dep grows slightly confused by Gorm's comments.

DEP

ESR? That's me, right? I believe I saw a label on me somewhere that said ESR. If he created me, he must know my purpose.

GORM

You're much more than a label, my friend. Only you can know your purpose.

Dep tries preventing it, but a smile grows on his screen after hearing the words MY FRIEND from Dep.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Mr. Beag gathers himself and shuffles through his pockets.

MR. BEAG

I think it's time to turn this up a notch. None of them are as BIG as the usual trophies I hunt, but I could ALWAYS use a new trophy.

Mr. Beag pulls out a USB stick.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

What's going on? Are you going to shoot them with a memory stick?

MR. BEAG

I had my AI developers work on a cool new program for you.

Mr. Beag walks over and crawls up his Robot Assistant.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

A cool new program for ME?

He starts turning a small knob on his Robot Assistant's shoulder near her neck.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

You know, Sir, I started watching this training video at the factory about this very situation...

He opens a compartment on the Robot Assistant's shoulder and plugs in the USB stick.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

And they started talking about this thing called personal space and it got me wondering...

Mr. Beag starts tapping on a tiny screen.

MR. BEAG

(as he taps)

Let's save this discussion for another time.

The Robot Assistant tries to speak, but then she starts twisting and turning as she transforms into a large exotic animal cage-trap like structure.

With some weapons protruding out and a tiny captains seat on the tippy top of the contraption.

The Robot Assistant's face is still on the front of the vehicle-trap, but she is not happy.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Hey, man. Sir. Can't you at least give me warning you're gonna shift my left arm all the way over there and take away all of my control?

The Robot Assistant coughs.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Sorry, got some dirt in my vent pipe.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

(still coughing)

I thought you said this was for me.

MR. BEAG

It is. It's for you to help me. You are the prototype for the future of exotic endangered animal hunting... for me!

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Um, sir.

(cough)

How much of a future can any of these creatures have if they're all endangered?

MR. BEAG

Hush, you. Creature traps don't speak. You'll scare away my prey.

Mr. Beag crawls up and plops on the Captain's Chair.

He looks over and presses a large, red button.

Little rocket boosters start up and the entire contraption begins to fly.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

The three are sitting and relaxing at the mouth of the cave.

Suddenly, some crubas pass overhead.

Gorm freaks out, seeing their shadows is enough to frighten him.

DEP

Relax. They seem friendly, in a frightening way.

Dep and Cara wave to them as they fly by.

GORM

I didn't wait to see what it was, just knew they were some creepy shadows.

DEP

Maybe you shouldn't be so quick to judge everything by its shadow. Shadows are only the outline. They hide what's inside those lines. Sometimes a creature, like a shadow, may only show you a small portion of what they want you to see, but hide everything inside.

Dep looks over at Cara, who is slowly nodding her head while staring at the ground.

She quietly raises one of her paws to gently caress the front of her neck, missing what she once had.

EXT. ABOVE THE FOREST - DAY

Flying high above the forest, Mr. Beag keeps a sharp eye out for the three friends.

Fixated on the forest, Mr. Beag doesn't see the same crubas that the friends saw.

The crubas slam into the trap, biting, scratching, and pecking at the robotic trap and Mr. Beag.

Mr. Beag can only cower in his chair until all the crubas continue on.

He, then, shakes his fist at them, pretending to be a tough hunter again.

MR. BEAG

That's right. Fly away. They're glad they didn't stick around much longer or I would have shown them...

Mr. Beag puffs his chest out.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Shown them what? The back of your pristine hunting jacket? Or maybe you could have stopped them from, at the very least, scratching me up since I can't protect myself anymore because you wanted a giant playpen instead of an assistant.

MR. BEAG

Sh-h-h. I told you, traps don't talk.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Whenever you let me change back, I'm going to roll out a special carpet for you.

MR. BEAG

A "You made Daddy proud" carpet?

ROBOT ASSISTANT

No. A GOODBYE carpet.

MR. BEAG

You have one of those? What color is it?

The Robot Assistant shakes her head in exhaustion, which causes the whole trap to shake from side to side.

Mr. Beag almost falls off his chair, but clutches on just enough.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

You're a bad trap. A very bad trap.

He shakes his finger downward at the contraption.

EXT. CAVE - EVENING

The three are relaxing outside the cave when Gorm's stomach rumbles.

At first he's frightened a little, but realizes it's just his stomach.

GORM

I'm starving!

Cara nods in agreement as she rubs her stomach.

Unbeknownst to the three, Mr. Beag has landed a short ways from them.

He throws a few leaves and small twigs on the Robot Assistant trap, which doesn't do much to cover the obnoxiously big trap.

Mr. Beag sets up some Blasta Berries with some leaves and sticks over a trap to make it resemble a bush.

Finishing the trap, he runs away and slides behind a bush as he hears some rustling coming towards him.

The three friends are hunting for food as they push their way through some other bushes.

Gorm and Cara zone in on the Blasta Berries and get excited by the sight as they race towards them.

GORM (CONT'D)  
Oh, I love these berries.

Cara gets to the berries first as the trap slams shut around her.

A sophisticated lock beeps as large deadbolts lock the cage.

Only a palm-print can open this cage.

Gorm freaks out, not knowing what to do until he rushes back to Dep.

Mr. Beag hops out from behind the bush with his laser gun ready.

The laser gun is way too big for him as he struggles to point it at Dep and Gorm

MR. BEAG  
I love it when a trap slams together.

He slowly advances forward as the two slowly retreat.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
(to Dep)  
It's me, your creator, again.

The Robot Assistant yells from where Mr. Beag left her.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)  
You're not leaving a voicemail for him! Get to the point!



MR. BEAG

(to Dep)

As I was saying... Gorm has been a very bad influence on you. Come back with me so I can get you reprogrammed.

Dep looks at Mr. Beag, considering his offer, then he looks at Gorm, then at a sad Cara trapped in the cage.

Suddenly, the Mion swoops down on a vine and lifts Dep and Gorm up into the trees.

MION

I knew you three couldn't stay out of trouble.

It's a struggle carry Dep and Gorm, so the Mion drops them because they are too heavy.

MION (CONT'D)

Sorry! Maybe you two should drop a couple... like I just did.

Mr. Beag starts shooting at the Mion then at Gorm and Dep.

All three of them dive and dodge the laser blasts as Mr. Beag has horrible aim.

GORM

I thought this guy was a hunter?

DEP

Maybe he needs a smaller gun. You know, bigger isn't always better.

They dodge another laser blast as Gorm runs toward Cara's cage.

He acts like a ninja warrior, dodging, spinning, and ducking around multiple blasts.

Mion swoops in, again, and lifts Dep into the treetops.

They dodge a few laser blasts as they twist and spin with a little help from Dep who uses his extending arms to push off of nearby trees.

Gorm almost reaches Cara's cage until a huge blast hits the ground in front of him, sending him tumbling away from the cage.

Gorm lands at the base of a tree and struggles to get back up.

Casually sauntering over to Gorm, Mr. Beag has his laser gun resting on his shoulder.

MR. BEAG

Looks like we're gonna have to crank the shock therapy up to eleven-ty point five-ty. Sound good to you?

CRUBAS are quietly swirling over Mr. Beag as they start dropping rocks all around him.

Mr. Beag frantically runs in circles, trying to avoid the rocks, and then dives onto the ground as he covers his head.

Gorm sprints over to Cara and tries to pry the door open with a stick and throws some rocks at it, but nothing happens.

GORM

Wait, I think I know what to do.

Gorm finds a tall tree that's close and scurries up it.

Gorm searches for something.

There's a rustle in the tree top right behind Gorm.

His eyes grow large as he slowly turns around and sees a CRUBA on a branch, staring at him.

Gorm turns to run away, but remembers that Cara needs his help.

He's terrified of the CRUBA as it focuses its eyes on him.

Confused, Gorm isn't sure what he should do now, so he closes his eyes.

GORM (CONT'D)

(Muttering)

Help...?

The CRUBA turns around and readies itself to fly away.

Gorm notices the CRUBA is leaving as he hangs his head.

GORM (CONT'D)

I guess Cara will just be another trophy for the crazy robot-hunter guy.

The CRUBA snaps its head around like an owl, looks Gorm right in the eyes, and starts motioning its head to say LETS GO.

Gorm points to the area where the cage is at, still hesitant.

GORM (CONT'D)  
She's stuck over there in a cage.  
She needs OUR help.

The CRUBA leaps into the air and swoops down towards Cara.

GORM (CONT'D)  
Whoa.

Gorm winds up and takes off running.

GORM (CONT'D)  
Le-ero-o-oy.....

Gorm jumps and manages to catch the CRUBAS's foot as he's dragged through the air.

They swoop in swiftly.

Gorm tumbles to the ground as he rolls and slams into Cara's cage.

The CRUBA lands on top of the cage and begins pecking and inspecting it for flaws.

Sadness turns to promise as a smile grows on a curled up Cara's face as she realizes she's not alone.

The CRUBA hops down to peck at the door hinges and sophisticated lock, trying to break them.

Gorm leaps to his feet as he immediately scans the area for signs of Mr. Beag.

The lock and hinges won't break so the CRUBA uses its massive beak and talons to pry the bars apart.

Gorm, still slightly concussed, opens his mouth to yell towards the two when --

A bullet ricochets off the bars above Gorm's head as the loud clang rings in Gorm's ears.

MR. BEAG (O.S.)  
Seems that someone wants to join  
their friend.

Bruised, dirty, hair a mess, Mr. Beag walks up on Gorm and the CRUBA as Gorm covers his head and holds his, still ringing, ears.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Looks like I'll have two new trophies to mount over my desk. I already have a CRUBA trophy. Oh yeah, I still need to find that malfunctioning robot.

Mr. Beag gets lost in his monologue, staring off as he continues talking.

Gorm hears a branch breaking and sees Dep trying to tip-toe through the dirt.

He motions for Gorm to sneak over towards him.

Gorm approaches Dep as they know they need a plan.

Trying to stay quiet, Dep writes in the dirt; USE MY BUTTONS TO HELP?

Gorm climbs up and jumps into Dep's back compartment.

INT. DEP - CONTINUOUS

Gorm bumps his head on the metal as he enters.

He rubs his head and looks around.

Wiggling around, he gets caught in between some wires.

He reaches his arms out through the wires, panicked.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK - BABY GORM

On Gorm's arm, smaller now, also reaching out.

He's all alone in a cage in a room full of cages.

He's crying and scared.

A cruba, in a cage, locks eyes with him and squawks.

END FLASHBACK

Gorm wiggles and squirms until he's untangled and out of that memory inducing spot.

He curls up in a ball, shaking and lonely for a beat.

He remembers something else as he enter a different type of memory.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

A brief flash of Cara smiling as she hands Gorm the arrowhead rock to carve his name into the tree.

END FLASHBACK

INT. DEP - CONTINUOUS

Gorm snaps back.

The memory invigorates him.

With his new confidence, Gorm searches for something to save Cara from that lonely feeling he's had so many times.

GORM

Dep, can you hear me?

DEP (O.S.)

Affirmative.

(chuckles)

Just kidding. Of course I can hear you.

GORM

Mr. Not-So-Beag turned his Robot Assitant into a trap. I wonder if you can morph into cool vehicles like that robot-animal-trappy trap thingy Cara is in. Maybe...

DEP (O.S.)

Now you're speaking my language. Keep an eye out in there. Try one of the NOT blue buttons you haven't pressed to see if they can help us.

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Another cruba arrives and distracts Mr. Beag, who is running around, fighting off two crubas as they peck and divebomb him.

Dep zooms over to Cara's cage.

A USB stick pops out of his thumb and he finds a spot on the complex lock to plug it in.

INT. DEP - CONTINUOUS

Gorm finds a panel where he reads every button from a FREAK OUT button to a COMPLIMENT MR. BEAG button.

GORM  
Definitely not any of these.

Hidden on the opposite edge of the massive control desk, Gorm sees a button on the wall that says S.O.S. ROBOTS.

The emergency red button is covered by a clear plastic cover and has a sticker above it.

INSERT - Sticker.

ONLY TO BE USED IN A DIRE SITUATION.

GORM (CONT'D)  
How is this a conveniently placed  
button? Who is this conveniently  
located for?

Gorm flips the plastic case open and slams down the button.

The entire inside of Dep lights up in red and yellow spinning lights while sirens blare.

INT. FACTORY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Yellow and red lights flash and sirens wail.

The hallway lights up with the words S.O.S. and arrows appear on the floor pointing to a door.

The various robot parts, encased in glass, begin blinking.

The door opens as a Security-Bot enters, cautiously, to check on all the commotion.

The glass from the first encased robot part shatters as it flies off the shelf.

This startles the Security-Bot, who covers his head and ducks under a nearby charging station.

One by one, each glass case shatters as more and more S.O.S. Robot parts fly off the shelves.

The Security-Bot begins to overload as his head vibrates and smoke spits out from seams.

He's confused and unsure of what's happening.

He frantically crawls out from under the table.

The Security-Bot's wheels squeal and burnout on the slick floor while he tries to escape the chaos unfolding.

INT. DEP - DAY

Gorm loves the sirens and lights as he starts to party and groove with the beats.

DEP (O.S.)  
Think it's about time you come join  
us out here?

Gorm sadly squeezes his way out.

Gorm trips and falls out of Dep's compartment.

EXT. CAVE - CONTINUOUS

Gorm lies on his back.

GORM  
Yeah. I didn't see any buttons that  
could help us, except for this cool  
PARTY button. It might have said  
PARTY MODE, but I can't read.

Dep's antennas come together at the top to form the shape of a diamond as the ball on the end of each antennae flashes alternating red and yellow.

Gorm leaps from his back onto Dep's back and crawls up as Dep swaps out one of his hands for a chisel.

GORM (CONT'D)  
A chisel? Don't you have a key or  
something a little more useful?

DEP  
Do you think someone like me could  
be trusted with something like a  
key?

Gorm stares at the slightly sharp chisel from Dep's shoulder.

GORM

Does your creator trust anyone?

Jiggling the chisel in the cage door jam, the deadbolt is pried back as the cage door pops open.

Cara bursts out, races up Dep's side to Gorm, and tackles him with a hug.

DEP

You know, Gorm's not the only one who saved you...

She looks at Dep and then jumps onto him and kisses him on the side of his head.

The three friends take off running, again.

Mr. Beag, disheveled and scratched, comes strolling over to the cage to see a glimpse of the three friends making a run for it in the distance.

MR. BEAG

I love when a hunt turns into a true test.

INT. FACTORY HALLWAY

S.O.S. Robot parts connect to other parts with a Lego-sounding snap to form sleek, dark red, intimidating robots that look very futuristic.

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Two heavy factory doors slowly open.

An ominous rumble emanates from behind the factory doors.

EXT. FACTORY JUNKYARD - DAY

Cara, Gorm, and Dep approach an unlocked junkyard gate as they scan the area for something to hide behind, not knowing Mr. Beag is close behind.

DEP

O-o-o, look at that Robot Washing Machine. Maybe I'll hide in there...and see if it still functions.



GORM

I could hide in that mini-fridge  
over there...and maybe see if  
there's some food left in it.

Cara pretends to puke at Gorm's comment.

GORM (CONT'D)

Fine. Maybe I can hide behind that  
thi-thi-thing? Is that a-a-

Gorm spots an excavator in the middle of the junkyard.

It towers over everything and matches the ones that destroyed  
his home and took his mom and dad.

Dep and Cara are preoccupied with Gorm's freakout, they don't  
notice Mr. Beag sneaking up on them from the gate.

MR. BEAG

You three continue to run, but you  
will never outrun me. You can't  
outrun your destiny.

Mr. Beag corners Dep, Cara, and Gorm, as they back up against  
a broken desk.

Mr. Beag has a SUN-GUN, that shoots "Light Rays," resting on  
his shoulder and saunters over at a cocky pace as he catches  
his breath.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Looks like I don't need to find any  
of you later.

(panting)

I'll take care of you all right...  
now.

Mr. Beag takes aim at Dep and Cara, but doesn't shoot.

The three friends dive for cover as Mr. Beag laughs at them.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

We have plenty of ESRs, so one less  
wouldn't hurt. And now we'll have  
one less creature to find an ESR  
for.

The ground begins to rumble as Mr. Beag's gun bounces so much  
that it hops out of his hands.

Everyone is confused at what's causing the rumbling as they  
nervously look around.

A few dozen, ominous robots appear in front of the setting Sun.

The S.O.S. Robots stop in front of Dep and begin climbing each other to form a much more ominous, super robot that towers just as high as the excavator.

Mr. Beag stares at the towering hunk of metal as its shadow envelops everyone.

Mr. Beag starts an evil laugh.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
Is this your plan? You called MY  
S.O.S. BOTS? You know who their  
alpha and omega is, right?

Mr. Beag pulls a remote out of his pocket and points it at the SUPER-BOT.

MR. BEAG (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You fools like pushing buttons? Ha!  
I was voted "Best Button Pusher" my  
senior year in ORPHAN ACADEMY.

He types a code in his remote just as the robots swirl around and begin to slowly descend.

They speed up and swirl around Mr. Beag like a tornado until they scoop him up and form the SUPER-BOT around him.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
I win. This story is over for you  
three and I will finally win Dad's  
approval...wait, wait, wait... I  
mean....you're a dad!

The windshield of the robot closes on Mr. Beag.

He continues shouting, but nothing can be heard.

A large gust of wind comes down from over the SUPER-BOT as a dozen CRUBAS land on top of the suit.

All the CRUBAS swoop up and then divebomb as they attack Mr. Beag and his suit, pecking and scratching every inch.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
The good guy always wins. Don't you  
three.. uh... non-good guys know  
that?

Mr. Beag fires lasers, from the robot suit's hands, all around his head causing the crubas to disperse.

The three friends want to hide, but they're all frozen in fear.

Mr. Beag focuses back on the friends.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Nowhere to run or hide. You even helped get some of your other animal friends out of hiding for me. Now, maybe I can get a good hunt in before dinner.

He smiles and starts pacing with his robot suit's hands behind its back, just as he did on the desk earlier.

GORM

Seriously? This again? Here comes a long, drawn out-

MR. BEAG

I will become a celebrity master chef of rare endangered animal cuisines and delicacies.

(the robot suit licks its lips)

I've been working on a seared cruba salad with a Blasta Berry vinaigrette that no one will turn down.

GORM

Let me guess, "Gorm on the Cob," too?

MR. BEAG

Gross, I'd rather eat anything other than a Gorm furball. You're not even worth eating. You're a lab rat that will be tossed away when we're done with you just like the others. You're only good for my current plan, nothing more.

Gorm's demeanor melts away as his body slumps.

DEP

Hey, that's my friend!

MR. BEAG

You hush. You're just a robot I created you for financial gains and nothing more.

Mr. Beag glances at Cara.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
 ...and you. Well, you were a lab  
 rat too, but I already got what I  
 needed from you.

Cara slumps as well as she rubs her throat.

Mr. Beag continues pacing back and forth, getting lost in his  
 imagination.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
 I will take the culinary world by  
 storm...

A thought bubble forms.

INT. COOKING SHOW SET

Beag has a chef's hat and stands on a high-chair while  
 hosting his own cooking show "Beagy Flay."

He has some Blasta Berries laid out on the cutting board. As  
 well as a boiling pot of water.

MR. BEAG  
 Beag-y Flay is going to take you to  
 my flavor factory.

Gorm and Dep are handcuffed sous chefs. Mr. Beag grabs an  
 ingredient he's not familiar with and sprinkles a generous  
 amount on Gorm's tongue.

Gorm jumps up and down with a red face from the spice.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
 Remember to always test spicy  
 spices on your prisoners.

BACK TO SCENE.

Mr. Beag is off in his own little world with his thought  
 bubble.

Gorm shakes his head in disbelief.

The three quietly tiptoe further into the junkyard.

BACK TO BEAG'S

FANTASY

INT. BOOKSTORE

A sign hung above a table reads

Insert: BOOK SIGNING FROM THE BRILLIANT AUTHOR, INVENTOR,  
OWNER, CHEF; MR. BEAG

Mr. Beag is sitting behind the table atop several of his books.

Dozens of creatures are waiting to get their books signed.

MR. BEAG'S AGENT

Remember everyone, make sure you  
check out some of the magnificent  
Beag's recipes like "Cruba Soup for  
the Greedy Soul."

BACK TO SCENE:

MR. BEAG

(to himself)

Dad won't be able to ignore this  
success. Maybe I'll even get a hug?

Beag snaps out of his daydreaming and notices the three have disappeared, again.

He knows they didn't get far, though.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

You know that's the one thing  
robots are missing... imagination.  
It's what separates the elites,  
like myself, from all lesser life  
forms. Heck, it's what separates me  
from the elite creatures. That and  
my millions. And I'm sure vermin,  
like you, don't have two Blasta  
Coins to rub together.

Mr. Beag searches for the three, lifting outdated robots and broken robot pieces as he scans underneath them.

MR. BEAG (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I brought one of you into this  
world, and I'll take you out.

There's a loud crash as Mr. Beag tosses a trash heap of cut, discarded wires that almost lands on the three as they hide behind robot washing machines.

Cara, frightened by the crash, makes a run for it.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
That's all you are, useless piles  
of trash.

With a condescending smirk, Mr. Beag nods to himself.

Dep looks sad and hopeless, pinned under a broken conveyor.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)  
(O.S.)  
As my dad use to tell me, you're  
nothing. You'll always be a small,  
worthless piece of trash. Ironic,  
isn't it? Today, I'll prove that  
I'm not trash while being  
surrounded by trash.

Mr. Beag's suit stomps towards Cara.

Dep and Gorm both realize that they're pinned down.

Gorm's tail is stuck under a tipped over refrigerator.

Mr. Beag leaps in front of Cara with the help of a small  
booster pack.

The enormous metal suit lands in front of Cara, knocking her  
to the ground.

Cara quickly pops up and takes off between the legs of Mr.  
Beag's suit.

Gorm and Dep are startled by an angry muffled voice that  
yells out at them.

ANGRY VOICE  
Hey! This is my area. Beat it!

Dep looks around confused.

GORM  
Huh?

Gorm squints his eyes.

DEP  
That voice sounds... familiar.

Some bubble wrap rustles and pops near them.

Gorm and Dep notice a bag of chips that starts to shake  
amongst the trash.

Spisney backs out of the bag.

He's tired from rooting around in the bag.

SPISNEY  
(not looking at them)  
What is all this commotion for?  
Some of us have things to-

DEP  
(cuts Spisney off)  
Spisney?

Spisney turns around.

SPISNEY  
Dep? You came to visit? How did you  
find me?

DEP  
I didn't know you lived here. This  
is your home now? What in the trash  
heap happened? What happened to  
Spisney Land?

SPISNEY  
I got caught up in a web of greed,  
and I didn't know what I was doing.

DEP  
What happened?

SPISNEY  
Crypto, serving boiling hot coffee,  
lawsuits, and then a child getting  
sick on my main attraction. The  
business world is rough. I can  
almost see why people like Mr. Beag  
become so evil. Well, almost.

In the back of the junkyard, Cara ducks and dives from Mr.  
Beag's laser blasts.

Mr. Beag's Super-Bot swats at some crubas trying to protect  
Cara.

At the same time, Spisney uses his spiderwebs and collects  
rusted robot arms to help pry Gorm out of his predicament and  
pulls the conveyor up enough for Dep to limbo his way out.

DEP  
I have no idea what you're talking  
about.

SPISNEY  
Let me explain it...

From the back of the landfill, Cara comes zooming past Dep, Gorm, and Spisney.

The giant metal suit comes rumbling right behind her.

SPISNEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
You see on Crawlstreet...

DEP  
Hold up Spizzy, maybe we should help Cara first.

GORM  
Probably. Maybe? Think you two can handle it?

Dep and Spisney shake their heads in unison.

Dep grabs Gorm's hand.

Spisney jumps on Dep's shoulder and shoots a web at Gorm's other hand as they drag him to help Cara.

The rumbling from Mr. Beag's suit causes some garbage to roll down landfill hills, giving Cara more obstacles to dodge.

DEP (O.S.)  
We need to hurry up. I think Cara may, actually, be in trouble.

Using the trash to his benefit, Mr. Beag purposefully stomps more causing waves of trash to fall.

This noticeably slows down Cara.

SPISNEY (O.S.)  
Lets get spinning. Your friend needs help.

Cara frantically runs.

She turns her head to see where Mr. Beag is just as a block of crushed metal falls and lands on her tail.

GORM (O.S.)  
Oh no! Cara's finished. She can't run anymore.

DEP  
We're not going to give up on her.  
Lets go!

Mr. Beag slams on the brakes and slides to a stop right behind Cara.



The three friends charge right behind Mr. Beag and get ready to pounce on him.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Spisney! Do your thing.

Spisney shoots webs onto the back of Mr. Beag's suit and launches himself into the air.

He gives Gorm and Dep his best hero form while flying through the air.

Cara struggles to free her tail as Mr. Beag's suit crouches over her.

Mr. Beag is in his suit chuckling at the rescue attempt as Dep and Gorm slide between his legs and desperately try to free Cara.

Mr. Beag doesn't notice that Spisney found a gap in the suit as he climbs inside.

The imminent danger of Mr. Beag in his robot suit brings a wave of fear over Gorm as he freezes while staring at the immense suit.

The suit gives Gorm flashes of the excavator.

DEP (CONT'D)  
Gorm, come on. HELP!

Gorm's eyes gloss over.

The word, HELP, echoes in Gorm's head.

The voice transforms from Dep's voice into Gorm's parent's voices.

Gorm snaps out of the trance.

CARA'S POV

Dep uses a rusty robot arm to jack up one side of the hunk of metal.

Suddenly, Gorm appears and grabs Cara's tail as Cara rolls away from being trapped.

The three look at each other, relieved.

They've forgotten the metal monstrosity is still watching over them.

Mr. Beag begins clapping from inside the control center of the suit.

MR. BEAG

So the three of you are friends now, huh? How cute.

(quietly, to himself)

I wish I had friends.

(to Cara, Dep, and Gorm)

No matter how many friends you have, none of you will stop me.

A conk shell type whistle can be heard.

Cara has formed her hands to create an emergency call to the forest.

Dozens of CRUBAS come flying in and surround Cara.

ROBOT SUIT COCKPIT

Looking worried, Mr. Beag gets ready to fight as he presses a button, next to a speaker.

MR. BEAG

Uh, I'm going to need your help.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)

I would love to help you... BUT YOU LEFT ME AS A CAGE THING-Y NEXT TO A CAVE.

MR. BEAG

Oh, right. One moment...

Mr. Beag pulls the remote out of his pocket and presses it.

He presses the intercom button, again.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

There you go. You should be all set, now. See you soon.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Be prepared for my resignation notice after this.

EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Cara uses some sign language to instruct the crubas to carry some boulders to the factory to plug the smoke stacks.

Flying in a tight circle, the crubas seem to communicate to each other before flying off to gather some boulders.

MR. BEAG

It seems your backup has abandoned you. You're all out of friends and hope.

Cara looks up at the suit, narrows her eyes and sticks out her tongue.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

Lets start with getting rid of you first.

The enormous suit bends down as a hand makes its way towards Cara to grab her.

Cara turns back to look at Gorm as she cowers in fear.

A bolt shoots through Gorm.

FADE TO:

GORM'S POV

Cara cowering flashes back and forth between Cara and Gorm's mom.

Both cowering in the same way.

The robot hand flashes back and forth between a robot hand and an excavator arm.

Gorm is overwhelmed with fear until something inside him SNAPS.

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The hand closes on Cara as she shakes, awaiting her fate.

Nothing happens.

Cara uncurls herself from cowering as she sees Gorm, standing strong between her and Mr. Beag.

Gorm turns towards Cara and flashes a grin.

GORM  
("Protect" in sign  
language)

Cara gets teary-eyed at the fact that she's never known the feeling of being protected.

Gorm turns back to Mr. Beag who has stopped reaching and is staring down at Gorm.

MR. BEAG  
Look who thinks they're a hero,  
now? Too bad you're alone.

Gorm's fear creeps back in.

His confidence leaves him as he begins to tremble, until someone grabs his hand.

Cara is standing strong next to Gorm, holding his hand and scowling at Mr. Beag.

Gorm's trembling disappears.

Suddenly, someone grabs Gorm's other hand.

Dep grips Gorm's other hand and smiles up at Mr. Beag.

DEP  
(Still looking at Mr.  
Beag)  
Hello, friends.

GORM  
Hello, nice to meet you, Dep.

Gorm's words shoot through Dep as his eye screens are flooded with oil.

Cara peeks around Gorm and waves to Dep.

Trying to hide his tears, screen wipers begin scrubbing his screen.

Dep can't hold back the biggest grin he's ever had that barely fits on his screen.

All three friends smile as they glare at Mr. Beag.

Dep can't help letting a smile flash across his screen before changing it back to a scowl.

GORM (CONT'D)  
You were right. No one can out run  
FEAR...but we're not running  
anymore!

Cara gives a stern head nod at Mr. Beag.

EXT. FACTORY - EVENING

Crubas swoop down from the clouds with boulders in their talons.

They drop each boulder, one at a time, as they swoop over the plant.

The boulders drop right into the smoke stack pipes as they fly off.

The pipes get completely plugged as the factory begins a Meltdown Sequence with smoke pouring out of every door and window.

ROBOT SUIT COCKPIT

Spisney drops down into the cockpit, behind Mr. Beag's head.

He sees a manual shut off lever next to Mr. Beag.

EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

The three are standing strong as the robot suit raises an arm to fire a laser blast.

The laser heads straight for them as they turn around to brace for impact.

Nothing happens.

They turn to see a large boulder that is cracked from the laser.

A single cruba hovers above them.

CARA  
("Thank you" in sign  
language)

DEP  
(chuckling)  
You're so right.  
(MORE)

DEP (CONT'D)

Good things seem to happen when you  
turn away from danger.

Another laser blast goes off, but it's a little high and hits  
a tree.

MR. BEAG

Alright, this time. I've got you  
dialed in.

The Robot Assistant appears in front of the three and wags  
her finger at them.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Wait, wait, wait. You three stay  
right there. Especially you,  
Gourmet.

GORM

(under his breath)  
It's Gorm.

ROBOT SUIT COCKPIT

Spisney crawls up to the lever and tries pulling with all his  
might.

Leaning all his body weight into it, the lever doesn't budge.

CUT TO:

INT. FACTORY

Smoke fumes begin to seep through the vents of the factory.

The conveyor belts and machinery stop in an emergency  
shutdown.

Fire alarms wail and sprinklers go off.

BACK TO:

ROBOT SUIT COCKPIT

Tired and frustrated, Spisney sits by the switch.

He looks up and sees a large, loose bolt wiggling.

Spisney knows what to do.

He shoots his web up and ascends to it.

CUT TO:

INT. L.A.Z.Y. ROOM

The Security Bots flee. The human cardboard cutouts ignite in flames.

BACK TO:

ROBOT SUIT COCKPIT

Spisney swings from wall to wall, each time unscrews the bolt a little more.

It loosens enough that it's about to fall.

Just as it falls, Spisney rides it down like a surfboard, towards the lever.

The bolt and Spisney crash into the lever, shutting it off as Spisney tumbles to the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. HAZARDOUS CHEMICAL ROOM

Some of the walls are on fire, which heats up the vats.

The alarms set off and then the sprinklers.

The sprinkler water shoots into the steaming vat.

A reaction starts in the vat room as it all bubbles and boils over.

BACK TO:

EXT. FACTORY- CONTINUOUS

The ground rumbles.

The smokestack pipes shake and bulge out.

The smoke stacks crack and break with smoke seeping through the cracks.

EXT. JUNKYARD - CONTINUOUS

As he walks toward Dep, Gorm, and Cara, Mr. Beag's Super-Bot suddenly ceases up then collapses from top to bottom as he is flung out of it, rolling and tumbling across the ground.

In the distance, A blueish-purple misty mushroom cloud shoots up from where the factory was.

The factory is left a burnt shell.

Some bits and pieces are left, including the burnt vats with some chemicals still bubbling and boiling.

EXT. JUNKYARD PORT-A-POTTY - CONTINUOUS

Mr. Beag rolls like a bowling ball, smashing through the door of a port-a-potty.

The entire suit is left as a pile of parts.

Spisney comes sliding out of the debris on a microchip like he's snowboarding up to the friends.

DEP

That was a pretty stylish exit, or entrance. I'm not really sure.

Spisney poses on the stopped microchip as if it were still sliding.

SPISNEY

I guess you can just call me Spisney, Web-Surfer.

DEP

Can you teach me how to do that?

SPISNEY

Sure but we'll need a much bigger board for you. Come by Spisney Universe when I get it up and running. I'll see what I can do.

Cara jumps onto a thin piece of metal that's teetering on a rock and begins pretending to surf.

Everyone laughs at Cara, but the story isn't over.

Mr. Beag emerges from the Port-A-Potty with some toilet paper stuck to his foot.

He's disheveled and his suit is torn.



Mr. Beag looks at all the friends enjoying themselves and begins laughing.

MR. BEAG

Ha-ha. You think you've won? Do you understand how much power I truly wield in one finger?

Mr. Beag points at the friends with intent and anger.

MR. BEAG (CONT'D)

This is the end for you.

Without noticing anything, two PO-BOTS (Police Robots) approach from behind Beag.

One grabs his hand that is pointing at the friends and tucks it behind his back before he knows what's going on.

PO-BOT #1

Actually, this is the end for you.

PO-BOT #2

You are under arrest. Anything you've blown up or collected emotions from, can, and will be used against you in a court of creatures. You don't have the right to an attorney, but you can probably afford one.

EXT. FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

Two PO-Bots escort a handcuffed Mr. Beag, toward a waiting cop car in front of the factory.

Mr. Beag's Robot Assistant approaches the cops.

She puts her hands up, as to welcome the cops and Mr. Beag.

ROBOT ASSISTANT

Please, allow me.

She rolls out a short brown carpet that leads to the cop car for Mr. Beag.

They tip their cap to her and walk Mr. Beag down the carpet.

ROBOT ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

There. This can be your Under Arrest Carpet, too.

## NEWS REPORT

A News Reporter that looks like a Tree Ocelot speaks with a forest graphic behind her.

## REPORTER

Officials have deemed the area an environmental landmark and Nature Reserve. Now, off limits to any self-centered, greedy activity for the foreseeable future.

The News Report cuts to several large drones picking up stranded and lost ESRs from deep in the woods and airlifting them out.

Some drones struggle, but try to pick up every escaped ESR.

## REPORTER (CONT'D)

Numerous Emotional Support Robots, also known as ESRs, are being located and taken back to Shipotle, where they will be packaged up, as we can see here, and shipped to creatures in need of an Emotional Support Robot at no cost to the creatures.

The news story cuts to a shipping factory.

Various creatures are taking in the ESRs and packaging them gently into large refrigerator looking boxes, taping them up, and slapping shipping labels on them.

Box by box, they load them up into a semi-truck to be shipped around the world.

There is a shot of the factory, broken and blown apart with the smoke stacks shattered.

## REPORTER (V.O.)

The explosion caused widespread panic, but everyone is ok. There were no injuries and the cause is still unknown.

A picture of Mr. Beag posing in front of the factory, from when he opened it, pops up behind the reporter.

## REPORTER (V.O.)

The Factory Owner, however, has been taken into custody and charged with Tax Evasion and Emitting Dangerous Gasses Without A Permit.

(MORE)

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Several other charges are still  
pending.

EXT. FACTORY - MORNING

The smoking factory is in the background as we see a drone circling over the debris.

REPORTER (V.O.)  
It appears every single ESR unit  
will be shipped to owners all over  
the world in need of their  
abilities.

Dep, Gorm, Cara, and Spisney are talking next to a tree as they look at the smoking factory.

The three are seeing Spisney off as he discusses his future plans.

DEP  
So, what are you going to do now  
that the factory is gone?

SPISNEY  
Two words... Spisney Universe! I'm  
going to build something even  
bigger and better than before.  
These other bugs haven't seen  
anything yet. I'll have robot arm  
swings, S.O.S. Bumper Cars. I'm  
sure Mr. Beag's sandwich is still  
sitting on his desk. The sky is the  
limit for me this time and I'm  
going to build something to it.

GORM  
Good luck, Spisney. The three of us  
will need to check it out when it's  
complete. Maybe we can stop by in a  
week.

Spisney looks nervous and makes a SO-SO hand gesture.

SPISNEY  
Maybe a week and a half... or a  
year? You know, whenever.

Cara waves to Spisney from the top of Dep's head as Dep waves, too.

Gorm points at Spisney.

GORM  
Later, Spizzy.

The trio rolls off in the direction of the mountain Dep visited before.

DEP (V.O.)  
Wait until you see this view.  
Hopefully you two have thick fur.

EXT. BASE OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

The three friends approach the base of the mountain.

DEP  
Since we're all best friends now,  
we need to do best-friend things. I  
really want to show the two of you  
this awesome view from the top of  
this mountain. But we might need  
some warmer clothes first.

Cara shakes her head NO and then flexes her arms to show that she's tough.

Gorm looks over at Cara, laughs, and then shrugs.

GORM  
Maybe we should look into getting  
your door latch fixed first?

The three new friends laugh as they make their way up the mountain.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PEAK - DUSK

As the sun begins to set, the three friends watch the beautiful view.

Gorm climbs on a rock and notices a small sticker on the side of Dep that is partially torn. When Gorm tries reading the sticker, it says...

INSERT: "Emotional Support Robot: #777, Created for..."

The rest of the sticker is ripped off.

GORM  
(Whispering to himself)  
Darn, it's missing a piece. Who  
were you built for?

Gorm whispers to Cara and Dep overhears.

GORM (CONT'D)  
Did you see that Dep was built for  
someone? Look at this.

Gorm points to the sticker.

Dep extends his neck to check the sticker but gets bummed  
when he sees it's ripped.

GORM (CONT'D)  
I wonder who you were built for.

DEP  
We may never know. But I'd like to.

Stuck to a flower stem, a few feet from the friends, is the  
other half of the torn sticker from Dep's side that says:

INSERT: "Cara the Aadharr."

GORM (O.S.)  
I wonder if Mr. Not-So-Big had a  
chance to create an ESR for me.

There is a second sticker stuck to a nearby rock that says:

INSERT: "Emotional Support Robot #899, Created for Gorm the  
Pressing Monster."

Out of focus, behind the sticker, is another EMOTIONAL  
SUPPORT ROBOT sitting behind a rock.

The three don't notice it, and it doesn't notice them.

DEP (O.S.)  
Where do we go now?

GORM (O.S.)  
Should we try to climb a different  
mountain?

DEP (O.S.)  
Wherever we go, lets just go  
together.

GORM (O.S.)  
Agreed.

CARA (O.S.)  
Agreed.

GORM (O.S.)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. You can talk?

A brief moment of silence.

Cara shrugs.

GORM (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Don't just shrug. Where did that  
come from?

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Spisney is searching through some garbage when he comes  
across a large sign.

The sign is attached to the large excavator that says BEAG  
CONSTRUCTION on it.

Spisney daydreams as the excavator turns into a tower with  
lights all around it and a giant sign across the bucket that  
reads SPISNEY UNIVERSE.

Quickly bolting up the excavator, Spisney gets to the tippy-  
top of the extended bucket and looks around.

High above the forest, he takes a deep breath in and puffs  
his chest.

SPISNEY  
Spisney is back! Spisney Universe  
is officially under construction.  
Give me about a week or so.

Spisney points at the mountain the friends climbed in the  
distance.

SPISNEY (CONT'D)  
I'll try as hard as I can to give  
you a good memory with an  
excavator, Gorm.

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS

FADE IN:

INT. PO-BOT CAR

From the backseat, Mr. Beag is still handcuffed and staring down at his feet when he looks up and sees the PO-Bots are distracted by a large elephant-armadillo strolling in front of the vehicle.

Mr. Beag gets a devilish grin.

He slowly, and quietly lifts his suit sleeve revealing a wristband with a button on it.

Rolling his wrist over, the button reads OVERRIDE.

Contorting his hands, Beag is able to stack his hands on top of each other in a way that he can get his pinky over the button.

His pinky pushes down on the button, but nothing happens.

He presses it a few more times...but nothing.

He finally holds the button to his temple as he presses the button again.

It works.

The two PO-Bots' faces turn blank.

CUT TO BLACK.

MR. BEAG

Ha-ha-ha.