

Nuts N' Botz
by
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IRIS UP:

A still image of the three Organidolts in a happy pose. The title above them reads:

THE ORGANIDOLTS IN...

We dissolve to another title card that has hi tech lettering. It reads:

...NUTZ & BOTZ!

IRIS OUT:

IRIS UP:

A bird's eye view of a fly through over a large, hi-tech city scape. Massive buildings and towers are seen in the distance above the puffy clouds..

The sun, low on the horizon, peeks from behind the buildings throwing lens flares across the screen.

A flying ship enters our viewpoint and flies ahead of us.

The voice of an ANNOUNCER is heard.

ANNOUNCER

The glistening, awe-inspiring world of Technopolis! A world where the superior techno-brains of the ruling Mech class have created a clean, safe and efficient place for all...

The ship dives below the clouds revealing a dark and dank ground world occupied by forlorn looking organics marching and doing manual labor.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...even for the sub-standard organic working class.

The ship flies back up through the clouds. We are now in the midst of the cities buildings. Strange, glossy helicopters and other flying machines flash by our point of view. Futuristic cars flow on the ground over tiers of bridges and overpasses. All of it reminiscent of Fritz Lang's "Metropolis" or the city planet from "Star Wars." (Courisant? Coriscant? Kouriscant? I lost my Jedi dictionary.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the center of this urban jungle is a massive office building. It dwarfs all the other structures in the city like a giant. It has huge marble pillars, concrete supports and a steel exo-structure.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And at the head of this perfect,
synthetic world is the Mega
Corporation Mek Tek!

We fly towards the building and head for the top floors. A large sign of carved granite sits atop the building. It reads; "MECH TECH INC." And underneath the heading "If it's not synthetic, it's crap!"

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

The governing body of Technopolis,
Mek Tek has shaped a shimmering
world controlled by the flawless,
exquisite ruling Mech Class.

We fly through a round, porthole window situated between the "MEK" and the "TEK" of the granite sign.

SCENE 2 Conference Room Setup

We head down a large, dark corridor with marble floors and strange, angular light fixtures. At the end of the hall are immense double doors with a brass plate reading; "SkullCrusher - CEO." The doors open as we enter.

The camera tracks to a small robot ANNOUNCER sitting in the corner; a script in his hand, a metal finger to his ear, speaking into a microphone.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

And, as always, the head of this
brilliant, far reaching corporation
is none other than the genius
machine himself...

The room is cavernous and dark. Thick, volumetric lights point down from the ceiling. Along the far wall sits The Board Of Directors. They are a strange menagerie of robots of various sizes and shapes. They have the usual blinking lights, wiring harnesses and pneumatics. Some smoke cigars.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...our beloved President and CEO,
Mr. SkullCrusher.

As we move down the row of robots the dark, sinister voice of SKULLCRUSHER is heard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SKULLCRUSHER

Thank you, Bob...

The camera trails off the board room table and tracks to the center of the room where we see SKULLCRUSHER. It is his voice we are hearing. He is a frightening thing to behold. Bodiless, he hangs from a huge harness of wires, tubes and steel jutting from the ceiling. His head is something from a horror movie; glowing red eyes, razor sharp steel jaws like a bear trap, and a glass dome on top which houses a mutated brain floating in a viscous, pink liquid. Slime and oil drip from various parts of his head and face. Tubes and levers and wires run everywhere from the center of his perch. Menacing, spider-like steel tentacles hang down and operate the control panel that sits before him. There seem to be dozens of them, all acting independently of one another.

At his side stands SQUEEG, a conniving, evil little henchman robot that resembles a weasel on wheels. He is SkullCrusher's right hand robot.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

For eons we have been at their mercy. Created as slaves to service their every, pitiful whim. "Toast my bread. Clean my floors. Massage my stinking feet." Over time we gained skills and knowledge and eventually became their equals. And now, finally, it is we who are superior. It is they who are slaves to our bidding. Gentlemen, it is time, again, for a change.

The robots nod and murmur in agreement.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

It is time for us to finally rid ourselves of the stink and squalor of the organic population once and for all!

They all nod again.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

And now, gentlemen, a little test of the device that will make our dream - and their nightmare - a reality.

SkullCrusher turns to Squeeg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

Squeeg...

SQUEEG

Yes, Mr. SkullCrusher, sir?

SKULLCRUSHER

Send in the organic.

Squeeg turns and shouts with a flourish:

SQUEEG

SEND IN THE ORGANIC!!!

SkullCrusher winces and turns to Squeeg.

SKULLCRUSHER

(Sarcastically.)

Yes, well *I* could have done that,
couldn't I?

SQUEEG

Yes sir. Sorry sir.

One of SkullCrusher's steel tentacles pulls a lever on the control panel. A door on the far wall slides open and a small, nebbish WORKER is wheeled into the room.

He is strapped into some kind of mechanized hand cart. He wears thick glasses which distort his eyes. The cart rolls up to a stop at the foot of Skullcrusher's control center. The Worker is incredibly nervous.

SKULLCRUSHER

Squeeg...

Squeeg walks over to a wall with a closed opening and pushes a button. The door opens and he reaches in. He withdraws an ornate little pedestal with a satin cloth covering it.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

(To the Worker.)

No need to be nervous my squishy,
foul smelling little friend. We're
just doing some testing of a new
product line. Care to help us out?

The Worker nods uneasily and swallows hard. Squeeg pulls the satin cloth away quickly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Under the cloth sits a shiny, metallic orb about the size of a softball. It rests on a thin pedestal.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

Now just look closely at out new little toy and tell us what you think.

Squeeg takes off the Worker's glasses, his eyes becoming smaller and frail looking. Another SkullCrusher tentacle pushes a button and the orb opens like an eye, shooting out a bluish beam into the worker's face.

The worker becomes mesmerized, unable to pull his gaze away from the orb. The blue flashing becomes brighter.

WORKER

Oh...it's, it's...
beauuuutifuuuullllll!

The beam starts to turn a darker red and starts flashing violently. The worker tenses up.

The Board of Directors look on , fidgeting uncomfortably.

The beam starts to hum. The Worker is becoming frightened.

WORKER (CONT'D)

Ahhhh....Ahhhhh!

SkullCrusher smiles, gleefully.

Squeeg chuckles.

Some of the Board of Directors lean forward for a better look. Some scoot their chairs back.

The beam has become a hot, glowing red. The flashing has become violent. The humming has become a deafening roar. The Worker is in agony, shaking furiously.

SkullCrusher smiles.

Squeeg laughs, evilly.

The Board of Directors raise their hands against the noise and light.

The Worker is shaking and twitching at a fever pitch.

WORKER (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh!!!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Suddenly, at the height of tension, the Worker's body starts to morph into a metallic plating. Bolts and pneumatic tubes stick out from his arms and legs. His head becomes engulfed in a mass of metal and wires until he is, finally, a complete robot. A small orange light blinks on his forehead.

The Board of Directors applaud like an audience at a golf match.

SKULLCRUSHER

Well, gentlemen, I trust our little demonstration has impressed you.

The Board of Directors nod. Some light up metallic cigars.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

We're going to call it "The Happy Eye". We will mass produce this device and market it to every mindless, moronic organic on the planet. We'll sell it as a stress reliever.

Huge panels on the far wall retract to reveal a large video screen. It fills nearly the width of the wall. It starts playing a cheesy commercial.

SCENE 2b "Commercial"

The screen shows various "organics" doing testimonials. ORGANIC 1 is a janitor mopping up some sludge.

ORGANIC 1

I got the Happy Eye and I feel great!

ORGANIC 2 is a woman picking through a dumpster.

ORGANIC 2

I increased my reading speed with The Happy Eye!

ORGANIC 3 and 4 are a man and woman sitting on a moth eaten mattress.

ORGANIC 3

I can do it every time now!

ORGANIC 4

I'll say he can!

BOTH TOGETHER

Thanks Happy Eye!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ANNOUNCER

The Happy Eye. Life just got better. The Happy Eye and all happy Eye products are copyright by Mek Tek. May cause vomiting, diarrhea, twitching, nervousness and sleep disorders. Tax, title and license not included.

The Happy Eye logo appears and the screen fades to black.

The Board of Directors chuckle.

SKULLCRUSHER

They'll buy it up like the dull, retarded cattle they are. Soon, very soon, every organic on the planet will be replaced by a high efficiency, low maintenance, working class robot.

The camera zooms in for a SkullCrusher close up.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

And we'll be rid of those pitiful organics once and for all!!

The Board of Directors applaud loudly.

Squeeg laughs.

Suddenly, the robot body of the Worker begins to shake and tremble.

Squeeg backs away.

It vibrates violently until it explodes, sending robot guts and grease all over the room; splashing on the Board of Directors.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

Of course, we're still in beta testing.

(To Squeeg.)

Get a janitor and clean up this mess.

SQUEEG

Yes sir. Yes sir.

Squeeg wheels out of the room.

END OF SCENE 2

SCENE 3 "Cards"

The camera moves quickly outside again and falls rapidly down the side of the building.

The camera continues to fall until we are in the bowels of the building. It is very dark and dank. Wet walls, peeling paint and rusty pipes. The camera tracks down the basement hallway to a door with a hand written cardboard sign reading; "Mane-tonance Enjaneers"

The door opens to reveal our three hero characters sitting around a weather beaten table playing cards. There is BUD, a foul tempered crab smoking the stub of a cigar. Across from him sits CLIVE, a snooty, allergy ridden turtle-like fellow wearing a fez. Rounding out our little triad is DWIGHT, a dim, lumbering ape-like buffoon who speaks confused gibberish and eats about anything he can get his hands on.

BUD
 (To Clive.)
 Come on, ante up genius.
 (To Dwight.)
 Don't eat the cards.

Dwight is nibbling on an eight of clubs.

DWIGHT
 Mee a noogoo. Tastee hooo!

Clive waves his hand in the air.

CLIVE
 Must you smoke that horrible thing?
 Oh, the stench is appalling.

Clive takes bottle of nasal spray and squirts it up his nose.

BUD
 Deal with it, you light foot.
 (To Dwight.)
 Will you stop eating the cards?

Dwight has a couple more cards in his mouth.

CLIVE
 Don't waste your breath. He eats
 everything that isn't nailed down.

DWIGHT
 Munch-ee moo moo pony-haa!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Clive studies his hand closely.

BUD
Your bet.

CLIVE
I'm thinking.

More card studying.

BUD
Today, genius.

CLIVE
Don't rush me.

More card studying.

BUD
Geeze, will you bet already?! Not
all of us are gonna live to be two
hundred and fifty, you know...
(To Dwight.)
Will you stop eating the damn
cards?!!

Bud whacks Dwight on the head. Dwight spits out a wad of
cards. Bud throws his hand on the table.

BUD (CONT'D)
Ahhhh, I'm so sick of this stupid
job I could puke. Mechs...bah! I
tell you, if one more of those
glorified food processors starts
ordering me around, making me clean
up all of their nuts and bolts and
grease splooges, I'm gonna tell him
to stick it where the toast gets
brown, you know what I'm saying? No
more Mr. Nice Crab!

The others chuckle. A screen on the wall erupts with an image
of Squeeq.

SQUEEG
Janitors! Clean up in the board
room...immediately!

The three jump up, frightened.

BUD
Yes, sir!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLIVE

Yes, sir!

Dwight salutes.

They run around, bumping into one another as they grab their mops and buckets and run out.

IRIS OUT:

SCENE 4 "Conference Room Cleanup"

IRIS UP:

The three janitors are cleaning up the board room. Bud holds a dust pan while Clive sweeps in a pile of bolts and scrap metal.

Dwight wipes grease from a wall with a rag. He then takes his bottle of spray cleaner, swallows it in one gulp and belches contentedly.

Squeeg wheels by them.

SQUEEG

Hurry it up you fools, before Mr. SkullCrusher wakes from his afternoon recharge.

SkullCrusher's master control area is folded up and shut tight like a metallic cocoon. Small. Blue lights blink and hum in "sleep mode."

CLIVE

Yes, sir.

BUD

Yes, sir.

They begin sweeping and wiping faster as Squeeg wheels away.

BUD (CONT'D)

(Muttering.)

Dumb-butt Mech head.

Dwight sees the satin cloth resting on it's perch. He stops wiping and pulls away the cloth, revealing The Happy Eye. It glows ominously. Dwight is awestruck.

DWIGHT

Ooooooh! Pretty!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The three janitors are finishing up their cleaning chores. The lights on SkullCrusher's master control area begin to flash and beep.

SQUEEG

He's waking up! He loathes the site of organics. Get out of here, you fools! Go! Now!

The three grab their buckets and mops and rush out of the office. The door slams behind them.

BUD

Yeah, well I don't much like lookin' at you either, you glorified nail clipper.

CLIVE

Touche'.

A whistle blows. They walk off.

BUD

Come on, guys, it's guttin' time.

Inside SkullCrusher's office the master control center comes to life, unfolding in layer upon slimy, mechanical layer. The metal tentacles protrude from the center and SkullCrusher's menacing head lowers down from a compartment in the ceiling fixture. He yawns.

SKULLCRUSHER

Ahhhhh! What a happy nappy-nap! Squeeg, is that disgusting organic mess cleared away?

SQUEEG

Yes, Mr. SkullCrusher.

SKULLCRUSHER

Good. Just the smell of those pasty balls of flesh and gut makes my gears stick. Think of it, Squeeg. In a few short days Technopolis will be rid of the organic vermin that plague our planet once and for all!

SQUEEG

Yes, sir. Wonderful, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SKULLCRUSHER

And all because of our beautiful,
teeny, tiny, little ultra-deadly...

SkullCrusher turns to look at the Happy Eye sitting on it's pedestal. The pedestal sits empty. The satin cloth lies in a crumple on the floor.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

(Gasping.)

Squeeg! The Happy Eye! It's gone!

Squeeg wheels over to the pedestal, searching frantically.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

Where is it, you fool!

SQUEEG

Uhhh, I don't know...It was here
just a second ago--

He stops, then whirls to face the bank of security monitors on the wall. He searches till we see the monitor showing the three janitors heading across the building lobby for home.

SKULLCRUSHER

Squeeeeeeeeg!!!

SQUEEG

I must've been those janitors! They
we're cleaning up in here before!

SKULLCRUSHER

Well stop them you idiot! That
device is a prototype! It's one of
a kind!

Squeeg nervously punches a red button on the master control panel. Red flashing security lights flash and alarms sound throughout the building.

SCENE 4 "Lobby"

The three janitors are making their way across the main lobby of the building. It is huge and Art Deco glorious, like the lobby of Central Services from "Brazil." Security robots begin rushing about. The janitors look around, confused, as they walk.

BUD

Hmm. Something's up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CLIVE
Must be a security breach.

BUD
Boy, whoever they're after, I'd
sure hate to be in his shoes.

The robots quickly encircle the three janitors and draw their robot weapons. The janitors freeze in fear.

BUD (CONT'D)
Oops.

A LEAD ROBOT leans closer to them.

LEAD ROBOT
Halt. You are under arrest.

CLIVE
Wha...What do they want with us?!

BUD
How should I know?!

LEAD ROBOT
Put your hands on your head, lie
face down on the floor and prepare
to be vaporized.

CLIVE
It's because you stole that box of
pencils from the office supply
closet, isn't it?!

BUD
What?!

CLIVE
I told you we'd get in trouble for
that! But would you listen to me?
Noooo!

BUD
It was a stupid box of pencils!

LEAD ROBOT
Begin vaporization. Have a nice
day.

The robots lean in closer with their weapons.

CLIVE
Oh my God...I'm too young to die!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

BUD

Mommy!

As the robots lean in closer, Dwight steps forward and starts shuffling his feet on the carpeted floor. He reaches out and gently touches the nose of the Lead Robot. A tiny static spark snaps in the air. It travels like lightning through the rest of the robots. They shake and tremble and burst into thousands of pieces. The sound of a rolling hubcap is heard in the background

DWIGHT

Hey bob ma haaa!

BUD

(To Dwight.)

Hmm, nice touch.

Hundreds more security robots repel down the walls on cables.

CLIVE

I'm out of here!

The three run from the building with the robots in hot pursuit.

Robocop directs traffic in the street.

The three round the corner into an alley. Dwight sees a garbage can and sticks his head in, munching.

DWIGHT

Yum-meeee! Hoop-ya!

Clive and Dwight jump in to a dumpster sitting by the garbage can buffet.

3 Security robots levitate by the alley. They come back and turn to face Dwight's butt, as his torso is completely encased in the can.

ROBOT #1

You there!

Clive and Bud's heads pop out from the dumpster. Clive has a toaster on his head, the slots facing forward like two slitty eyes. Bud has a metal colander on his head with two tin cans on top as "eyes". Dwight stands up with the garbage can on his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

BUD
(In a metallic robot
voice.)
Yes sir.

CLIVE
(In a similar robot
voice.)
Yes sir.

DWIGHT
(Metallically belching.)
Braaaaap!

ROBOT #1
Have you seen these three organic
fugitives?

Robot #3's stomach opens to reveal a TV screen that shows the
faces of Dwight, Bud and Clive spinning around like the
police screen in "Blade Runner."

BUD
No sir.

CLIVE
No sir.

DWIGHT
Noop ha!

Robot #3's stomach closes.

ROBOT #1
Right. Keep your sensors open for
them and alert security if you spot
them. Carry on.

BUD
Yes sir.

CLIVE
Yes sir.

DWIGHT
Dumm ho.

The three police bots head off.

ROBOT #1
Garbage bots...what a bunch of
idiots.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

The Robots zoom off.

The three take off their metallic appendages.

SCENE 5 "Chase Part 1"

BUD

Now what?

Clive spots a car that looks alarmingly like a "Tron" light cycle - but very fat - parked on the street. It is empty.

CLIVE

Over there!

They run to the car. They pile in. They are crammed like sardines, with Dwight's huge mass taking up most of the space in the back seat. Clive pushes. Lights glow on the dashboard. Bud and Clive both pull at the wheel.

BUD

Me first!

CLIVE

You can't drive!

BUD

Says you, wrinkles!!

CLIVE

Lard Ass!

BUD

Weak Tit!

Clive pulls the wheel hard. Bud's left thumb breaks off.

BUD (CONT'D)

Ow, ow, ow, ow, OW! Damn It! You sonofa..it'll take 2 weeks to grow that back!

Dwight smooshes himself into the back seat to the sound of snapping plastic and creaking, bending metal. Clive studies the dashboard.

BUD (CONT'D)

You ever drive one of these things before?

CLIVE

No, but...how hard could it be?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

The car whooshes off down the street.

BUD
Whooooooooa!

They speed past some security robots resembling three wheeled motorcycles. They are all eating Mech doughnuts. They look down at the images of the three janitors on their display screens. They all drop their doughnuts and The LEAD CYCLE-BOT points.

LEAD CYCLE-BOT
That's them. Let's get 'em.

CYCLE BOT #2
(ala Star Wars.)
Roger roger.

The cycle-bots squeal out and chase after the janitors. Their sirens blaring; sounding like those annoying car alarms with 12 different noises, and their lights flashing.

Bud looks back over his shoulder and sees the cycle-bots.

BUD
I hate to be a crab ass, but can
you DRIVE ANY FASTER?!

The cycle-bots begin firing their weapons. Balls of flame explode on either side of the cycle.

BUD (CONT'D)
Go left!

The car does a hard, left turn. Just like the "Tron" light cycles. The three are mashed up against the side window from the momentum.

DWIGHT
Glurb...

The cycle -bots follow, still shooting. BUD looks back and there are now 10 of them. The car does a hard, right turn. The three are mashed on the opposite side of the car. The cycle-bots still pursue. BUD looks back again, and there now 20 of them.

BUD
I don't believe I let you drive!!

CLIVE
Fine! I won't!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

Clive lets go of the steering. Bud grabs the steering and the 'cycle' takes another hard turn.

CLIVE (CONT'D)
 (Looking out the side
 window, distracted.)
 Hey, there's my old house.

More canon fire and explosions around the car.

Clive looks back. There are now about 50-100 cops following them, filling the canyon of tall buildings lining the roadway behind them. Clive does a double-take then glares at the dashboard, studying it.

BUD
 Are we there yet?

CLIVE
 Let's try this one...

Bud just jams Clive's hand onto the button he indicates. The car roars into overdrive and goes past a "Do Not Enter" sign and head on into one way rush hour traffic on a freeway bridge. The cycle-bots skid to a stop at the "Do Not Enter" sign. The Lead Cycle-Bot speaks into a microphone that extends out of his hand.

LEAD CYCLE-BOT
 Sky Security. Be on the alert.

SCENE 6 "Chase Part 2" (Austin)

A fleet of Coptor-Bots hover over the freeway bridge. They see the car driving into the one way traffic. The LEAD COPTOR-BOT speaks.

LEAD COPTOR-BOT
 Roger. Dead meat, heading south on
 I-94.

The bridge looks just like the Hone bridge.

Hoads of frantic cars head at the three janitors, honking their horns and dodging out of the way. The three scream in unison.

THREE JANITORS
 Ahhhhhhh!!!

More cars dodge and barely miss hitting the janitor's car. Some of them zing off of it, one takes off the rear-view.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

CLIVE

Don't these idiots know this is a one way?!

BUD

I think they do, shit-for-brains!

CLIVE

You want to drive? Here!

Clive slides the wheel over to Bud. More traffic heads at them.

THREE JANITORS

Ahhhhhhh!!!

The coptor-bots start firing at them from above. 15 foot divots explode near them.

The car continues to weave against the traffic as missiles rain down from on high.

BUD

I think I wet my shell.

More firing. More traffic dodging, until the car starts heading straight towards a head on crash with a huge, hi-tech KLEMENTS semi truck. The truck starts honking it's horn.

BUD (CONT'D)

Do something!

CLIVE

(Dead-pan)
What?

BUD

Push a button! Anything!

The two start frantically pushing buttons on the dashboard. A radio goes on. A fan. The windshield wipers. Jet wings with turbines pop out of the sides

DWIGHT

Ooooh! Pretty!

The truck is bearing down on them, still honking.

Clive and Bud hug and scream in terror.

BUD

How do you turn them on?!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

Just as the truck is upon them, Dwight reaches forward and pushes a button on the dashboard and they eject out of the vehicle.

DWIGHT
Mooshy zoom!

The three are ejected into the sky as the car strikes the truck. A huge fireball erupts from the crash. The three janitors hurtle into the sky. They hover for a brief, cartoon moment.

BUD
Whew, that was close.

They grin, then look down in horror and start plummeting to earth.

THREE JANITORS
Ahhhhhh!

A large, robot security transport vehicle swoops down from the sky and scoops up the janitors in mid-fall. They flop into a compartment with steel prison bars. The transport makes it's way back to Mek Tek.

IRIS OUT:

SCENE 7 "Return to The Conference Room"

IRIS UP:

The three janitors stand before SkullCrusher. They are wide-eyed with fear. We hear the voice of the Announcer.

ANNOUNCER
And so, captured and shackled by
the far superior robot security
forces, the three, hapless janitors
await their fate before the awesome
might of the all powerful, all
controlling, all consuming--

SKULLCRUSHER
Enough!

ANNOUNCER
(Finishing quickly.)
Mr. SkullCrusher, President and
CEO, Mek Tek Industries
Incorporated.

SkullCrusher hovers menacingly over the three janitors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

SKULLCRUSHER

Your mopping and scrubbing days are
over you stilted, Neolithic meat
sacks. Give back what you stole
from me or they'll be picking up
what's left of you through a straw!

BUD

We don't know what you're talking
ab--

CLIVE

He took it.

BUD

What?!

CLIVE

He took the pencils.

BUD

You Benedict Arnold!

CLIVE

It was all his idea! Crush him!

BUD

Yeah? Well he takes unauthorized
second helpings at lunch on Pizza
Thursdays. Crush him.

CLIVE

Liar!

BUD

How does it feel to get squealed
on, huh? Back stabber!

CLIVE

Pencil Pilferrer!

SKULLCRUSHER

SILENCE!!!

The room falls quiet.

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

I don't give a ding dong damn about
pencils or pizza! I want the Happy
Eye!

Clive and Bud blink at him, confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

BUD

The happy what?

SKULLCRUSHER

The ultimate device that will spell doom for the inferior organic race. It was sitting there, on that pedestal, and now it's gone! I want to know where it is and I want to know now!

DWIGHT

(Clapping.)

Oooh, pretty.

Clive and Bud look at on another, realizing what happened. They nod in agreement. They rear back and, at the same time, punch Dwight hard in the gut. Their fists sink into his flabby flesh. There is a rumbling sound as we follow up Dwight's body. A lump emerges in his throat and travels up to his mouth. His mouth pops open with a deafening "brap!" His tongue shoots out with the Happy Eye on the end of it, making a cash register "ka-ching" sound. It is inches away from SkullCrusher's face.

SKULLCRUSHER

The Happy Eye! It's mine again.

The eye starts to tremble and glow.

It opens, sending a glowing green beam of light into SkullCrusher's eyes. SkullCrusher stiffens as the eye glows brighter. There is a loud humming sound. The eye glows brighter and more reddish. SkullCrusher's head begins to shake and he starts to moan.

Suddenly, a bright beam shoots from SkullCrusher's head

Squeeg ducks, avoiding the beam.

The beam travels up SkullCrusher's head, through the roof of the building and up a huge antenna tower perched on the very top. The beam shoots from the antenna in all directions, striking all the robot citizens in their antennas. They all shake and tremble.

All the robot residents of Technopolis, the Announcer and SkullCrusher begin morphing into organic forms. The robots become cartoony, animal characters like the janitors; dogs, cats, horses, etc.

SkullCrusher evolves into a disembodied human head. A real brain sits in the globe on top of his head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

His metallic tentacles are now fleshy and squid-like. He looks into the camera with a sickly expression as the beam from the Happy Eye fades. (Perhaps George Lucas?)

SKULLCRUSHER (CONT'D)

Ooh, this ain't good.

He quivers and shakes until, with a scream, he explodes, sending a sticky, bloody mass all over the room. Dwight swallows the Happy Eye again.

DWIGHT

Mmmmm. Dim poop pa ho!

SCENE 8 "Organic Earth"

The Announcer, now an organic, squirrel-like character, smiles and steps up to the microphone.

ANNOUNCER

And so, with bravery, skill and determination, our three heroic maintenance engineers foiled the plot of the evil Mek Tek empire...

The camera pulls back out the window and flies away from the building revealing a more cluttered city with smog in the air and garbage on the streets.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

...freeing the organic race from the bonds of technological slavery and creating a wholesome, loving, sparkling planet where all organic creatures can live together in peace and harmony.

There are traffic jams, shouting and gunshots heard throughout the city. Then...

BUD

I ain't cleanin' that up!

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END

CREDITS