

PRETEND YOU ARE A ROBOT

Screenplay by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - LIVINGROOM - DAY

GRANDMA sits on the sofa with a video camera raised to her eyeline.

The camera is pointed at 5 year old CHRISTOPHER as he tightly hugs 11 year old STARR around her neck. Starr sits in a chair, struggles to get out of his grip.

STARR

Get off!

Christopher runs toward Grandma.

CHRISTOPHER

Can I do that?

He reaches for the camera.

CHRISTOPHER

Can I take a picture?

He quickly snags the camera.

GRANDMA (O.S.)

Okay but don't drop it.

Christopher focuses on Starr.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Sis! Sis! Come on sis smile for me.

Starr frowns. She lifts a pillow from her lap and swats at him.

STARR

Get the camera outta' my face.

GRIM, the chihuahua, sits in Grandma's lap.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Hey Grimmy poo...

Grim growls.

Grandma giggles, and pulls the dog back.

GRANDMA  
He doesn't like the camera.

Nineteen year old DOUG sits in the rocking chair.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Hey Doug say cheese.

Doug smiles.

DOUG  
Cheese.

MOM, early twenties, sits on the floor.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Mom. Mom. Say cheese.

Mom beams out a loving smile.

MOM  
Cheese.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
You look like an evil devil.

Everyone laughs. Mom slumps, appears dumbfounded.

Doug rocks back and forth in the chair.

MOM (O.S.)  
I look like an evil devil.

More laughter.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Hey Doug.

Doug raises his eyebrows.

DOUG  
Humm...

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Pretend you are a robot.

DOUG

A robot?

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Yeah. Pretend you are a robot.

Doug gets a serious look on his face.

DOUG

I am a robot.

He smiles. Everyone chuckles.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

You have swords.

Doug holds out two imaginary swords.

DOUG

I have swords.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

And you have weapons.

DOUG

I have weapons.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

You have butt weapons.

DOUG

I have butt weapons?

Laughter fills the room.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Yeah. And you have crazy hair  
eyes. You have hair on your eyes.

Doug pushes his eyebrows down toward his eyes.

DOUG

I have hair on my eyes.

Starr sits next to Grandma and laughs.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Sissy's laughing.

STARR  
I don't know why.

Doug stares ahead, waiting. Christopher points at him.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
You have hair in your ears.

DOUG  
Are you a director now Chris?

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
No... You have eyes in your neck.

Doug gets a serious look on his face.

DOUG  
I have eyes in my neck.

Doug laughs with everyone.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Everyone's laughing. Awesome!  
You have... umm...

Christopher taps the camera lens with his index finger, then points at Doug.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
...buttholes in your mouth.

Doug looks around nervously.

MOM (O.S.)  
Chris!

DOUG  
I'm not saying that. I don't  
care if you are the director.

Everyone laughs.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
You have crap in your stomach.

Hysterical laughter. Mom laughs.

MOM  
You're so wierd!

Doug rocks nervously.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Pretend there's a gun in your  
crap hole.

Doug puts his hands up in an I'm gonna' get you way.

Grandma laughs hysterically.

GRANDMA  
Chris!

Moving closer to Grandma, and Grim.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Grandma. Pretend there is an  
evil guy in your butt.

Grim growls from Grandma's lap, then lunges at the camera.

The frame twists upward. Starr's face appears.

STARR  
We're going to have some  
technical difficulties.

Christopher screams like a little girl. The frame shakes, and  
twists across the livingroom ceiling.

FADE OUT.

THE END