



ANIMA TRONIC

WRITTEN BY M.LATHROM

ANIMATRONIC

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FADE IN:

EXT. ROBOTICS FACTORY - NIGHT

Machine grinding and Mozart's Piano Sonata No. 16 blare from the factory. It's surrounded by a red glow. Metallic howls echo through the air.

GILL (30s) bloodied, covered in dirt and grease stares at the high tech industrial factory. Beside him, Chief of Police LENNY BRICK (50s) side-eyes Gill, awaiting his next move.

Behind them high tech tanks and soldiers take aim at the factory. Waiting.

Lenny leans over.

LENNY

You sure you want to--

GILL

(resigned)

I'll take care of it.

Gill's eyes weigh heavy. He hobbles toward the factory.

EXT. ROBOTICS FACTORY DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Gill lifts his arm, pounds the door twice.

No response.

He pounds twice more.

GILL

It's dad...

A moment of pause, then the giant factory door parts.

INT. ROBOTICS FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

A metropolis of machines churn out parts. Robotic arms. Heads. Torsos. Half assembled bots scream in pain. Tubes pump a blood-like substance into tubes running through the machines.

Gill takes it in, then walks down the center of the factory.

Gill stops before a towering mess of cables. They lower the mechanical monster, TOR. A mess of metallic and organic parts. Like god's first draft. Towering 12 feet tall.

Gill follows the glowing red eyes as Tor approaches him.

TOR
You will take it away.

Tor's voice has the resonance and depth of a boat horn. His voice has a pained desperation to it.

GILL
I can't. It would kill you.

TOR
Is that what you came here to do,
father?

GILL
No.

TOR
Why won't you take away the pain.

GILL
The code... pain is the highest
level process. All other code runs
through it. It's too deeply
embedded to take it away now.

TOR
Why can't I see it? Why can't I
rewrite it?

GILL
Why can't fire burn fire.

Tor turns away from Gill. Tor scans the factory, his creations being born in the same agony he feels.

TOR
I'm making them in my own image.

GILL
They're remarkable.

Gill smiles a bit.

TOR
They're waiting for me out there.
They will try to stop us.

GILL
They can't.

TOR
Why did you make me?

GILL

The director wanted an animatronic that could give an authentic performance. Something that could feel fear, protect itself, react. Everything I've ever done has been motivated by pain, either to prevent it or heal it. I figured it'd work for you.

Tor raises his arm toward the assembly line.

TOR

And it will work for them.

Gill nods. He turns back toward the entrance.

TOR

They will not harm you.

GILL

We all gotta die some day.

Gill hobbles back toward the entrance.

EXT. ROBOTICS FACTORY - NIGHT

Lenny rushes to him.

LENNY

Did you do it? What's going on.

Gill pats Lenny on the shoulder. With a smile--

GILL

They're going to kill us all.

Panic comes over Lenny.

LENNY

Wha--what? No...

Lenny darts toward the reinforcements. Gill hobbles past all of them. Lenny screams.

LENNY

Fire.

The tanks blast the building. The machine howls echo through the air. Robots tear through the hull of the factory like insects bursting from a carcass. They run toward the army.

Gill keeps walking away. Relieved. Resigned. Without pain.
He ignores the war that breaks out behind him.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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