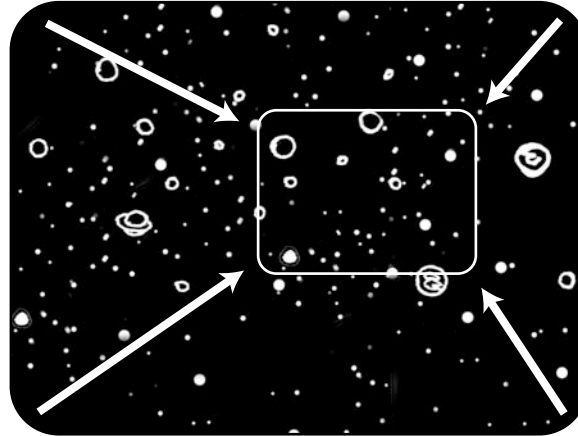


CLOSE-UP ON KRICKY.

KRICKY: YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT IT'S LIKE, MAN.

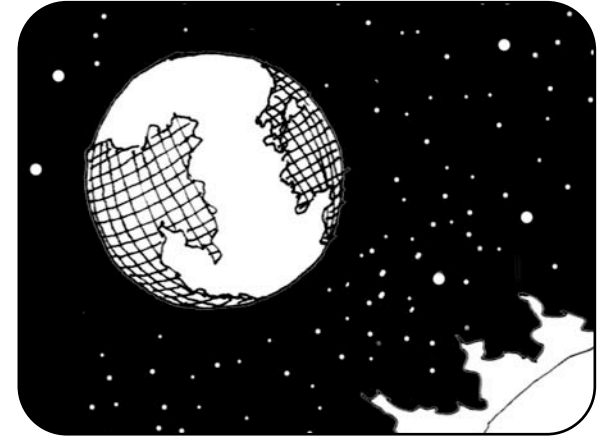


SLOW ZOOM IN. FLYING THROUGH SPACE.

KRICKY (OS): YOU CAN'T. NO ONE CAN.

IMAGINE BEING BORN INTO A PERFECT SOCIETY.

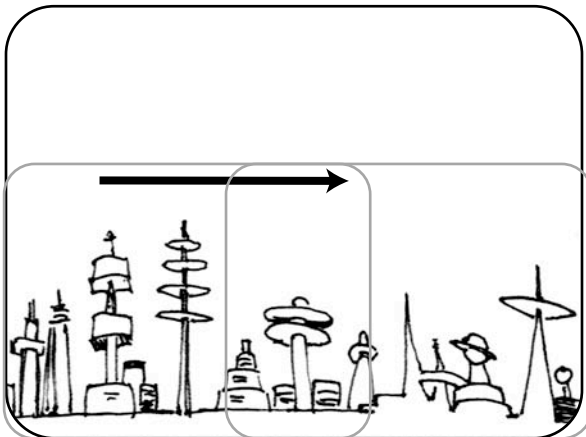
CALL IT UTOPIA. CALL IT SHANGRI-LA.



CONTINUE ZOOM TO PLANET.

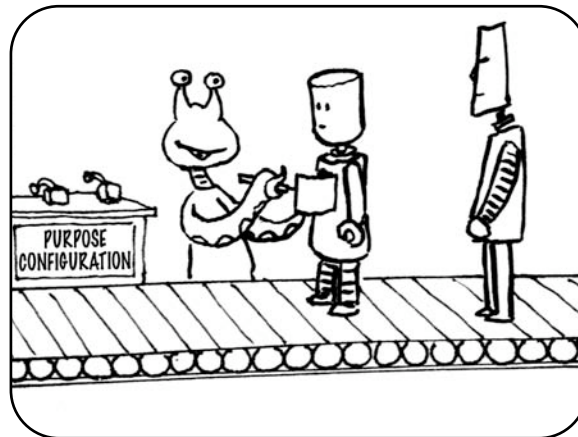
KRICKY (OS): CALL IT XERBIX 319.

WHEN I SAY PERFECT, I MEAN PERFECT.



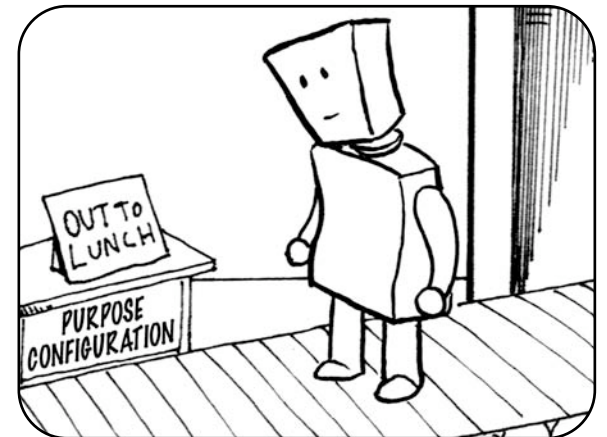
PAN XERBIX CITYSCAPE.

KRICKY (OS): EVERYONE HAD A PLACE. EVERYONE HAD A FUNCTION. NO ONE HAD TO ASK THE BIG QUESTIONS LIKE "WHY AM I HERE?"



INTERIOR. ROBOT FACTORY.

KRICKY (OS): YOU KNEW WHY YOU WERE THERE. IT WAS IMPRINTED IN YOU. LITERALLY, MAN, YOU WERE MADE.



KRICKY (OS): THEN HE CAME ALONG. THE FLUKE.

THE ONE ROBOT BUILT WITHOUT PURPOSE.



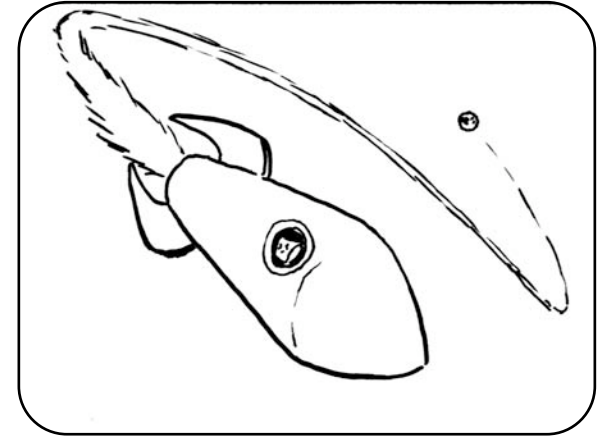
EXTERIOR. ROBOT WANDERS STREETS.

KRICKY (OS): WHY? I DON'T KNOW. HE DOESN'T KNOW.
THAT'S THE BLOODY POINT, ISN'T IT?



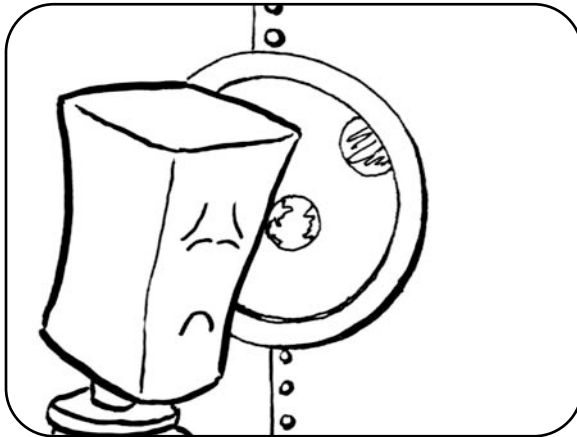
ROBOT CONTINUES TO WANDER.

KRICKY (OS): MAYBE THERE WAS A GLITCH IN THE SYSTEM.
MAYBE THE JOB HE WAS CREATED FOR WAS DEEMED UNNECESSARY.
NO ONE EVER TOLD HIM. WHICH LEFT HIM THE ONLY SQUARE PEG
IN A WORLD FULL OF ROUND HOLES. HOLES THAT HAD ALREADY
BEEN FILLED.



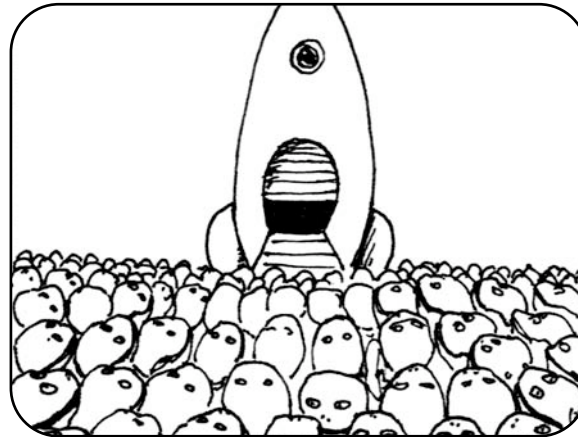
SPACE. ROCKET FLIES AWAY FROM PLANET.

KRICKY (OS): YOU'D LEAVE TOO. WHAT ELSE COULD
YOU DO? HE FIGURED HEY, MAYBE THERE'S A PLACE
OUT THERE.



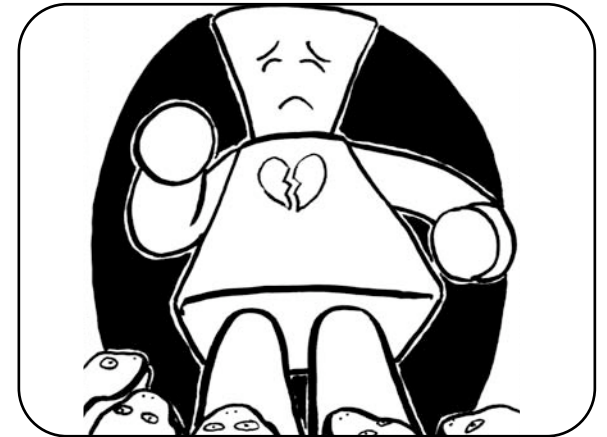
INTERIOR SPACESHIP. ROBOT WATCHES PLANETS PASS.

KRICKY (OS): A PLACE THAT NEEDED HIM. WHERE HE
COULD FIND THAT MISSING PART OF HIMSELF.



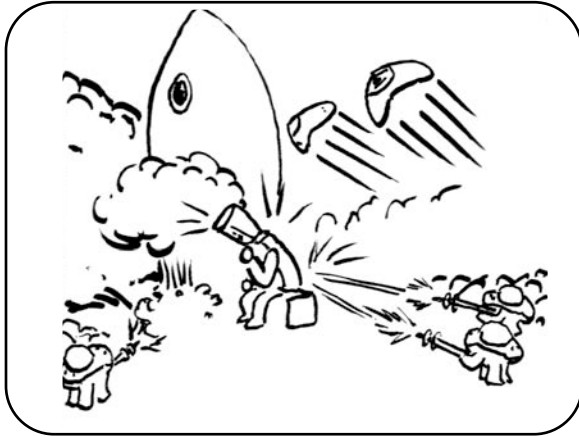
ROCKET LANDS ON PLANET. SWARMS OF FROG-PEOPLE
COME OUT TO SEE.

KRICKY (OS): THAT'S HOW I MET HIM. HE CAME TO MY
WORLD LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO FIT IN.



ROBOT EMERGES FROM ROCKET. LOOKS LIKE
OLD-STYLE MONSTER MOVIE POSTER.

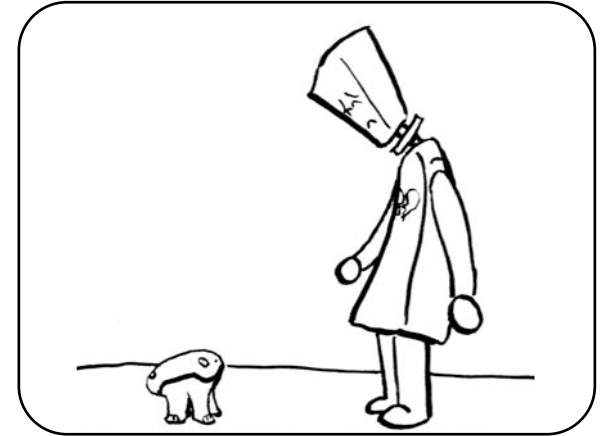
KRICKY (OS): WE SAW A MONSTER. A BIG METAL
MONSTER.



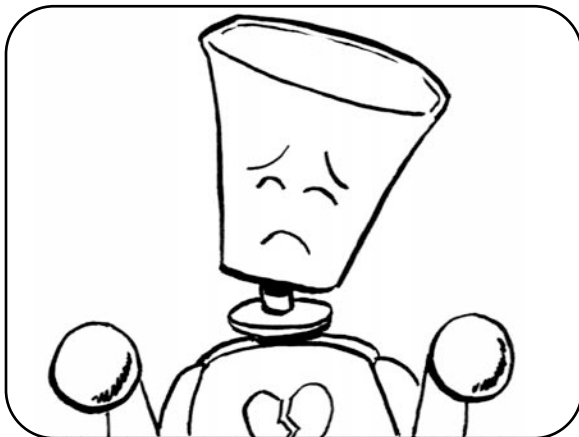
EXTERIOR. ARMY ATTACKS ROBOT. ROBOT IGNORES THEM.
KRICKY (OS): IT WAS CHAOS FOR A FEW DAYS. OUR SKY
PATROL AND LAND FIGHTERS WOULD DROP BOMBS ON HIM
DAY AND NIGHT. HE WOULD JUST SIGH AND KEEP WALKING.



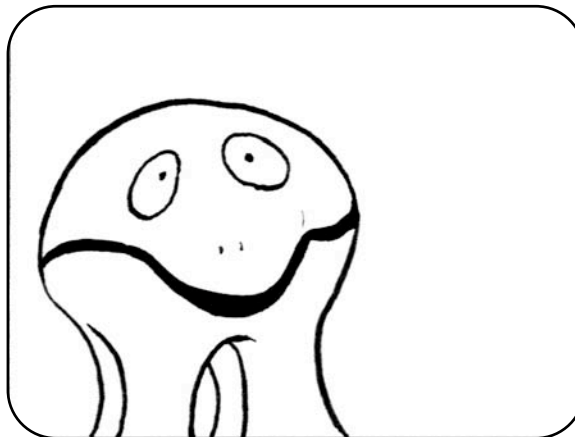
ROBOT SITS.
KRICKY (OS): THE ARMIES ALL GOT BORED AFTER A WHILE.
FROG #1: I'M GOING HOME!
FROG #2: YEAH. IT'S NO FUN SHOOTING WHEN THE TARGET
IS IGNORING YOU.



KRICKY APPROACHES ROBOT.
KRICKY (VO): I WAS ONE OF THE LAST PEOPLE TO LEAVE.
I REMEMBER FEELING LIKE I'D BEEN CHEATED. LIKE HE
WAS SUPPOSED TO TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT MYSELF.
KRICKY: WHY ARE YOU EVEN HERE, ANYWAY?



KRICKY (OS): THAT'S WHEN IT HAPPENED.
ROBOT: THAT'S IT. THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M TRYING
TO FIGURE OUT!



KRICKY: ISN'T THAT FUNNY? NO-ONE HAD ASKED HIM, SO HE HADN'T
SAID ANYTHING. I DECIDED TO LEAVE WITH HIM AND JOURNEY
WITH HIM, HELPING HIM FIND HIS PLACE IN THIS VAST, VAST
UNIVERSE. SURELY YOU CAN UNDERSTAND WHY?
COP: YEAH, SURE, I UNDERSTAND...



COP: ...BUT YOU STILL CAN'T PARK HERE.