

8-BIT BOOTUP

Written by

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EXT. OUTDOOR CONCERT VENUE - DAY

Open on a CU of a sound board with stage and audio equipment in the background.

A list of bands to play is visible on a sheet of paper, each with a funny name related to robots and music (e.g. The RAMmones, The Power Chords, etc.).

Off screen, sounds of a band setting up, feedback come through.

TITLE

8-Bit Bootup

As the title flashes across the screen, the drummer begins laying the beat for the soon-to-pop-off song.

EXT. OUTDOOR CONCERT VENUE - MOMENTS LATER

The song begins in earnest. The drummer begins pounding on his tom-toms and bass drum. The guitarist strums emphatically, banging their head as they play.

After a moment, the camera hones in tightly on a microphone. A robot girl made of mismatched, different-colored metal parts and dressed in classic punk rock/garage rock style steps up and begins singing. The lyrics mention something about "heavy metal," or another robot-adjacent pun.

As she sings, the guitarist continues playing with gusto. He's tall, lanky, and sports a style reminiscent of Slash meets Brian May, and wields a guitar that looks like Frankenstein, Eddie Van Halen's guitar.

Behind the singer/bassist and the guitarist sits the drummer. He's a large, round robot who barely fits in his drum kit. He has a permanent expression of bliss engineered on his face. Though his drums resonate, he barely moves his hands to play, as if they're delicate and he's trying not to break them.

The camera pulls back, revealing the outdoor concert venue. All three band members play with enthusiasm, even if they aren't that good.

The guitarist's rips into a solo, his mechanical hands moving with precision and alacrity, as if they were engineered specifically for guitar playing.

The drummer carries a steady beat, his blissful face unwavering.

The lead singer seems to tower over the crowd, her on stage charisma makes her seem larger than life.

EXT. OUTDOOR CONCERT VENUE - MOMENTS LATER

The lead singer grabs the microphone and presses her LED eyes shut, belting out the last notes as she does.

When the note finally subsides, her lids shudder open. She's shocked as she looks out at the audience.

Standing in front of her is an audience of one: a lone child.

The robot child looks on bewildered, an oil bubble expanding and contracting from his nose until it pops.

The lead singer looks down, takes a breath...and gives a big smile

Cut to black.

LEAD SINGER

Thank you, and goodnight!!

Credits roll.