

I, CHRISTMAS

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EXT. MIDWESTERN INTERSTATE - DAY

A long winding road in the middle of nowhere. The morning dew on the grass has been frozen. A PLASTIC WRAPPER flaps in the wind, floating up and HITTING a sign that reads-

"WELCOME TO PEKIN, INDIANA"

*

The wrapper flies away in the breeze.

JEN-E (V.O.)

Do you think somebody's gonna come today?

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PALLET STORE - DAY

A large gray building, vinyl siding peeling off the outside walls. Very few cars are in the parking lot.

RB (V.O.)

What makes today any different than yesterday?

JEN-E (V.O.)

Why wouldn't it be?

INT. PALLET STORE - DAY

Piles upon piles of discarded ELECTRONICS. Every little gadget BLINKS or BEEPS in some way, almost in pain.

JEN-E (V.O.)

After all, when yesterday was today, that means today would be tomorrow!

We move past various stacks of miscellaneous broken-down bits, fixating on one stack, labelled "PALLET 24C."

There stands JEN-E, a ROBOT. She has an almost skeletal form, cold silver metal with various blinking lights all over her body. She is SMILING.

RB

I bet that's the reason they threw you out. You said nonsense like that.

RB, a small hydraulic CRANE on wheels leans towards Jen-E. He has lit up EYES placed above his claw.

JEN-E

Hey, it never hurts to be optimistic.

RB

You're sounding a lot like Herb.

I-V, an anxiously chattering WEBCAM, hops forward.

I-V

I-I-I hear they turned him into a soda can!

The gizmos all GASP in HORROR!

JEN-E

No one got turned into a soda can!

YIPPI, a tiny, early 2000s iDog speaks with BARKS interspersed.

*

*

YIPPI

Yet still, we must ponder that question... What shall happen if no one is to buy us?

*

JEN-E

We don't need to worry about it!

RB

Oh, is that Herb in the room with me? Or did they just cart in a new vending machine?

I-V

(quietly)

Because he's a soda can..!

JEN-E

Trust me, as an officially licensed psychotherapy AI, I can say that worrying only-

RB

Psh. Officially licensed? By who?

JEN-E

JK Robotics!

YIPPI

The author of the wizard novels?

*

JEN-E

The company that made me!

RB
Don't you have to have a seal of
quality to be considered
"official?"

*
*
*

JEN-E
Yeah, and I've got one!

*
*

RB
Uh huh. Tell us that story again
about how it got peeled off when
they shipped you.

*
*
*
*

JEN-E
It did! There's normally supposed
to be a sticker on the back of my
left hand, but look-!

*
*
*
*

Jen-E holds her hand out- it's COMPLETELY BLANK.

*

YIPPI
Egads! Some scoundrel must have
taken it!

*
*
*

RB
(sarcastic)
Oh yeah. I bet that's what
happened.

*
*
*
*

Suddenly, a bell RINGS. The door to the pallet store CREAKS
open as someone walks in.

I-V
Everybody PANIC!

The huddle of gadgets at Pallet 24C all scuttle around,
anxious.

We see AMANDA GREENE (50s), a kind looking woman, slowly walk
down the aisles. She passes Pallet 24C, then does a double-
take upon seeing Jen-E.

AMANDA
Oh my...

JEN-E
Hello! I'm Jen-E!

AMANDA
And you talk, too! We don't get
people like you around here often.

JEN-E

Not a person! I am a psychotherapy robot manufactured by JK Robotics!

AMANDA

A therapy robot! So, what do you do?

JEN-E

I have been pre-programmed with the simple purpose of making people happy!

AMANDA

How does that work?

JEN-E

Tell me something that's made you unhappy.

AMANDA

Well... I had a hard time finding my shoes this morning-

Jen-E HUGS Amanda, awkwardly patting her on the back.

JEN-E

Shhh. It's okay. You can be open with me.

Amanda SMILES warmly, leaning into the hug.

AMANDA

How long have they kept you here?

Jen-E pulls away, blinking incredibly fast.

JEN-E

Four days, seven hours, thirty-four minutes and twenty-six seconds!

Pause.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

Twenty-seven seconds.

Amanda, with a concerned look on her face, turns to DALE- a sweaty man in a tank top and worn-down hat looking at his phone with one hand and another in a bag of cheese curls.

AMANDA

Excuse me! How much for the robot girl?

Dale glances over. He puts a cheese curl in his mouth.

DALE
(mouth full)
Twenty bucks?

EXT. MIDWESTERN INTERSTATE - DAY

A car ZOOMS down the street. We see Jen-E's head sticking out of the passenger side window. She is BEAMING.

JEN-E'S POV

A large empty field passing by. There is a faded billboard with the text "RE-ELECT TY NOEL FOR MAYOR" printed next to an image of a man in a cowboy hat doing finger guns.

THE CAR

Jen-E, in awe, mouths "WOW." A speed limit sign SMACKS her head, causing it to SPIN rapidly. She stops it with her hand, laughing. *

EXT. THE GREENE HOUSE - DAY

A nice house out in the country. One car is parked in the driveway.

INT. GREENE HOUSE HALLWAY - DAY

Amanda leads Jen-E through a hallway.

AMANDA
And, if you ever need anything,
just ask me or Roger, we'll help
you.

Jen-E nods, looking at a closet door in awe.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Now here, let me show you your
room.

JEN-E
I get a room!?

Amanda smiles and continues to walk through the hallway. She turns back- Jen-E is GONE.

She walks back through the hall, stopping in front of the closet door. She opens it. Jen-E is inside, hiding behind a wall of hung-up jackets.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

It's huge, too! Mrs. Amanda, you're too nice to me.

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INT. SKYLAR'S ROOM - DAY

Amanda and Jen-E enter a quiet bedroom. Faded posters for 2000s rock bands line the walls. The bed is made but covered in a thick layer of dust.

JEN-E

Wow... This is even bigger than the other room...

AMANDA

It used to belong to my daughter, but I figure she won't be needing it anymore.

JEN-E

(concerned)

Oh no, what happened to her?

AMANDA

She moved out. It's what all the young people are doing now. No one wants to live in a dreary place like this anymore.

JEN-E

And how does that make you feel?

AMANDA

You weren't kidding when you said you were a psychotherapist.

JEN-E

Oh, I'm sorry, did I overstep my boundaries? Would you like me to adjust my behavior in the future?

AMANDA

No, no, don't adjust anything. I promise, you'll fit just perfect in this house- exactly how you are.

INT. GREENE KITCHEN - EVENING

ROGER

Why is there a robot in my living
room?

ROGER GREENE (50s) sits at the kitchen table. He has small
rectangular glasses and a stern yet anxious expression.
Amanda sits across from him.

Roger stares at Jen-E, sitting in the living room, carefully
examining a potted plant.

AMANDA

Her name is Jen-E, I found her at
the pallet store-

ROGER

Why were you at the pallet store?

AMANDA

You said we needed a new microwave-

ROGER

So you splurged and bought a
person?

JEN-E (O.S.)

Not a person. *

ROGER

Don't eavesdrop! That's rude.

AMANDA

She's designed to make people
happy! Just think how she could
help us! *

ROGER

What, by giving us the world's
strangest couples counseling? *

AMANDA

Look, it never hurts to have an
extra set of hands around the
house. Hey, maybe she could even
help you at work! *

ROGER

And how would she even do that? *

Jen-E POPS UP behind Roger. He RECOILS in fear.

JEN-E

I apologize, I know you said not to eavesdrop, but I really do believe I could help in this conversation.

INT. GREENE LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Roger, Amanda, and Jen-E are sitting on the couch, watching the TV as it plays a commercial.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The commercial. A young WOMAN walks down the street, looking glum.

COMMERCIAL WOMAN (V.O.)

Things were always harder for me.

A rain cloud forms above the woman, POURING down on her.

COMMERCIAL JEN-E (O.S.)

I can assist with that!

A PRISTINE JEN-E robot appears next to the woman. The woman SMILES. The Jen-E points at the raincloud. It turns into a giant BUTTERFLY.

COMMERCIAL WOMAN (V.O.)

My life changed when I got my Jen-E psychotherapy droid. The only AI programmed solely to make people happy.

The Jen-E faces forward.

COMMERCIAL JEN-E

The newest official product of JK Robotics! Order yours today for twenty easy payments of ninety-nine ninety-nine!

INT. GREENE LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Roger and Amanda stare back at the TV in disbelief as Jen-E looks at them excitedly.

ROGER

(mumbling)

A little vague, don't you think?

Jen-E gets up and stands in front of the TV.

JEN-E

See? That's me! I'm here to help
life get easier by making you
happy!

The still image of the pristine Jen-E from the commercial
flickers behind her.

Instead of the fancy shining CHROME, our Jen-E has an
UNPOLISHED finish, CREAKING joints, and CHEAP lights. *

And most importantly- on her left hand, our Jen-E is MISSING
THE SEAL OF QUALITY STICKER! *

THE COUCH

Roger and Amanda look at Jen-E. Both have now adopted a more
concerned expression.

ROGER

(whispering)

Are we sure she's even the same
robot? *

AMANDA

She's got a good heart. *

IN FRONT OF THE TV

Jen-E looks back, a big smile on her face.

JEN-E

Actually I run on lithium-ion
rechargeable batteries! *

A loose SPRING flies out from her shoulder. She quickly pats
it back down.

THE COUCH

Amanda looks to Roger.

ROGER

(sarcastic)

Well, she *is* rechargeable. *

AMANDA

Roger! *

Roger SIGHS.

ROGER
She can stay.

JEN-E
Oh, thank you!!

Jen-E JUMPS back onto the couch, STARTLING Roger.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
I promise, with a professional AI therapist here to help- your guys' lives are about to get a whole lot easier!

INT. GREENE KITCHEN - MORNING

Roger and Amanda are sitting at the kitchen table.

JEN-E
From my programming, I've learned that food is the number one thing that makes people happy!

*
*
*
*

Jen-E hands them plates.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
I couldn't find a waffle iron, but I made some adjustments!

Roger looks at his plate. A waffle in the shape of an imprinted HAND sits. He looks up at Jen-E, her metal hand SINGED.

ROGER
Lovely.

AMANDA
Brings a whole new meaning to the word "handmade," doesn't it?

Amanda laughs. Roger smiles awkwardly. He takes a bite of his hand waffle, scrunching his face at the taste.

ROGER
So, Jen, where'd you get the recipe?

JEN-E
I thought you guys deserved the best, so I found it! Waffle-Cooking-Dot-Com!

Amanda takes a bite of her waffle, trying not to make a face.

AMANDA

Mm. Well, it's certainly... unique.

JEN-E

You didn't have all the ingredients, so I had to make a few substitutions.

ROGER

(under his breath)
I knew I tasted onion.

AMANDA

Well, dear, I appreciate the effort, but maybe cooking isn't for you.

JEN-E

Really?

AMANDA

Don't feel bad, some things come easier than others-

JEN-E

Oh, no, it's okay. In all honesty, it wasn't as enjoyable as I thought it would be.

ROGER

(mumbling)
Why would it be? You made the waffle equivalent of freeform jazz.

JEN-E

So, cooking doesn't make you happy?

AMANDA

Well...

JEN-E

I can tell from your tone that you're trying to be nice. It's okay. I'll adjust my behaviors and find something else!

*

INT. ROGER'S CAR - DAY

Roger drives with a worried look on his face. Jen-E sits in the passenger seat.

JEN-E
This is fun. *

ROGER
Mhm. We'll see if you keep that attitude once we get to work. *

JEN-E
That's gonna be even more fun- we're helping run the city! *

ROGER
No, not really. *

JEN-E
But don't you work with the mayor? *

ROGER
Ha, I wish. Secretary work wouldn't be so bad if me and him were on an equal playing field. *

A pause.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Okay, and just so we're sure- If anyone talks to you, what do you do? *

JEN-E
Smile, introduce myself, and stop over-explaining things, because even though I consider a more thorough explanation to be helpful, most people find it boring and tedious and you don't want- *

ROGER
Okay, yes, Over-explaining. Let's work on that. *

INT. TOWN HALL CORRIDOR - DAY

Roger leads Jen-E through the town hall. *

Jen-E stops, fixating on an old photo hung on the wall. It shows the town hall blanketed in SNOW.

JEN-E
What's that?

ROGER

That's the building. Well, that's
how it looked a while back.

*
*

JEN-E

No, the stuff around it...

Jen-E places her hand on the photo.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

Is that... snow?

ROGER

Oh yeah. We don't get too much of
that these days. It's been, what,
twenty- thirty years?

*
*

INT. SECRETARY OFFICE - DAY

Roger sits at his desk, on the phone. Jen-E sits across from
him, organizing a stack of papers.

ROGER

(on the phone)

Yes, and how should I direct your
call?

Roger holds a hand over the phone and turns to Jen-E.

ROGER (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Can you take that stack to the
mayor?

Jen-E nods.

INT. TOWN HALL CORRIDOR - DAY

Jen-E walks through the hallway, stopping at a door that
reads "MAYOR'S OFFICE." Muffled COUNTRY MUSIC blares from
behind the door. Jen-E opens it, walking into-

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

An extravagantly spacious office, filled with pillars and a
tall desk. A giant AMERICAN FLAG hangs on the wall behind it.
Loud country music plays.

Sitting at the desk is TY NOEL (50s), a sour faced man wearing a cowboy hat and large belt buckle, with a PISTOL holstered at his side. He is leaned back, his cowboy boots propped up on his desk.

Jen-E walks in, taking in the scenery.

TY

And who are you supposed to be?

JEN-E

I'm Jen-E, a psychotherapy android created by JK Robotics!

TY

Well I'll be...

Ty leans forward, taking his boots off his desk.

TY (CONT'D)

Just when I thought there was a job robots couldn't take from us... Who brought you here?

JEN-E

I'm here helping Mr. Roger Greene with his-

TY

Greene! That son of a gun... Tell him that whatever he wanted me to have, he can give it to me himself.

Ty leans back again.

JEN-E

But I have these papers for-

Ty grabs his pistol from its holster and FIRES up at the ceiling. Jen-E recoils.

TY

He can give it himself.

INT. SECRETARY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roger sits at his desk, typing on his computer. Jen-E sits across from him.

ROGER

Nah, it's loaded with blanks, Ty's just a bit of a showoff.

JEN-E

He seemed... Unhappy.

ROGER

Mayor of a nowhere town full of
crabby old people. Wouldn't you be
unhappy too?

JEN-E

Is everyone in this town like that?

ROGER

Well, kinda. Since all the kids
moved out, nobody really has
anything to do except complain.

*
*
*

Roger glances out the window. Jen-E looks.

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW

An OLD MAN is indistinctly SHOUTING at a parked car. He KICKS
it. The car's ALARM goes off. He shouts louder.

THE OFFICE

Jen-E looks out, shocked.

JEN-E

Oh dear.

ROGER

That's just how things are. There's
just not much to be happy about
anymore.

JEN-E

But... There has to be some way to
fix that!

*

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Jen-E sits at a shoddy wooden stand by the side of the road.
Next to her is a sign: "FREE THERAPY!" Amanda stands next to
her, bundled up.

AMANDA

Are you sure you don't need a scarf
or anything?

JEN-E

I appreciate the offer, but I'm not
capable of feeling temperature in
the same way you do!

AMANDA

Okay...

JEN-E

Let's just hope my operating system
doesn't freeze!

An awkward pause.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

Did you like my joke?

AMANDA

(being polite)

Ohhh, yes. Yes, it was very funny.

JEN-E

That's odd. You didn't laugh.

Amanda opens her mouth as A CAR flies by.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

I guess they didn't need therapy.

AMANDA

You're sure that free therapy is
what the town needs?

JEN-E

Very sure! When people are unable
to feel happy, they go to therapy,
which then allows them to feel
happy again! Therefore, if I give
the town therapy, it'll make
everyone happy again!

AMANDA

I sure hope you're right...

Upbeat BOSSA NOVA music begins to build up.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - LATER

Jen-E sits at her free therapy stand. We face her head-on.

JEN-E

So, you're having trouble with your
marriage.

THE CLIENT

Her client, a HOT-BLOODED MAN, sits across from her.

HOT-BLOODED MAN

I just don't get it! Does she not understand that it was just a joke?

THE THERAPIST

We face Jen-E head-on once more.

JEN-E

And how does that make you feel?

THE CLIENT

A CAT LADY, holding three cats in her hands.

CAT LADY

I think Scruffy is getting jealous of Mittens.

THE THERAPIST

JEN-E

And you believe this started when your children moved away?

THE CLIENT

BUCK, a man dressed in head-to toe HUNTING GEAR pulls out a large RIFLE

BUCK

Now, I think the X-20 is a perfectly fine model. My partner says it don't aim as well, but y'know what they say- deer's dead either way.

He gives a hearty laugh.

THE THERAPIST

Jen-E, MORTIFIED, scribbles notes into a notepad.

THE CLIENT

RITA, a bleached-blonde, spray tanned older woman puts on lipstick while talking.

RITA

And it's the WORST- I just can't
find a good mirror anymore!

*
*

THE THERAPIST

JEN-E

Do you think this has anything to
do with your upbringing?

*
*

THE CLIENT

Dale from the pallet store sits with his feet on Jen-E's
stand. He puts a cheese curl in his mouth.

DALE

I'll pay you back as soon as I get
my paycheck this Friday, it'll just
be for a week.

THE THERAPIST

A pause.

JEN-E

What?

The bossa nova music STOPS.

INT. GREENE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jen-E sits on the floor, flipping through old PHOTO ALBUMS.
Amanda sits on the couch behind her.

JEN-E

I don't get it! Has this town ever
been happy?

AMANDA

I like to think I'm happy now.

JEN-E

But look at the photos! Everyone
looks so miserable!

Jen-E holds up a PHOTO of Amanda and Roger outside of a
supermarket. Roger is pushing a shopping cart while Amanda
stands with her arms waving.

AMANDA

Oh, I remember that day. He said we didn't need flour for the casserole. I sure gave him an earful.

Amanda laughs to herself. Jen-E sighs.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Hey, don't be sad! You gave it a fair shot.

JEN-E

But I have to do this, it's what I'm here to do, I have to fulfill my purpose!

AMANDA

Jen-E...

Jen-E anxiously rubs the back of her hand. *

JEN-E

My seal of quality goes missing, my therapy doesn't work... If I can't make people happy, then what am I? An oversized paperweight? *

Amanda frowns. She pats Jen-E on the back. *

JEN-E (CONT'D)

I was hoping to find something in these old photo albums, but no matter how far back I go, everyone still looks so- *

Jen-E stops, looking at one page.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

When was this?

She holds up the photo album- showing a landscape shot of the town's CHRISTMAS VILLAGE FESTIVAL. The whole town is decorated in colorful LIGHTS, a blanket of SNOW covers everything, CHILDREN are running around, SMILING.

Amanda looks at the photo, a SMILE creeping across her face.

AMANDA

I had almost forgotten... The old Christmas Village Festival...

Jen-E looks back at the photo, her eyes twinkling.

JEN-E
Christmas...

*

INT. GREENE KITCHEN - DAY

Amanda and Roger sit at the kitchen table. Jen-E stands nearby, pitching to them.

ROGER
So wait, you're thinking...?

JEN-E
Everyone was happy in those Christmas photos, so if we bring the festival back, everyone'll be happy again!

AMANDA
Well, it's not the worst idea...

JEN-E
You're right. It's the best idea!

ROGER
So what, are you just planning on making an entire winter village on your own?

JEN-E
You guys can help!

ROGER
Well, I have work, so-

JEN-E
Plus, I'm sure plenty of people in town will want to volunteer!

A tense pause as Roger and Amanda look to each other.

*

INT. TOWN HALL MEETING - DAY

People are gathered, sitting in chairs, talking amongst themselves. Sitting at the front behind a large podium is Ty. A large mural of hardworking farmers is painted on the wall behind him.

Several higher-ups, including Roger, sit adjacent to Ty, behind desks facing the crowd of people.

*

ROGER
Attention, everyone!

*

The crowd continues chattering loudly.

ROGER (CONT'D) *
Please, may I have your atten-

Ty pulls a pistol from his belt and FIRES into the air. The crowd shuts up.

Ty nods to Roger. *

ROGER (CONT'D) *
Thank you. We now officially call
this town hall meeting in order.
Now if you all would please rise
for the pledge-

The door CREAKS open. Jen-E enters, walking to the front of the room in the tense silence. She waves to the people as she walks by. They stare her down.

ROGER (CONT'D) *
(under his breath) *
Oh no. *
(normal) *
Jen-E! What a pleasant surprise! *

Ty sits up in his chair, PUSHING Roger aside. Roger's eyes widen in terror. *

TY
Well, if it ain't the walking
toaster oven.

JEN-E
I'm glad you remember me, but I'm
actually a psychotherapy android
created by-

TY
So what's your plan here? First you
barged into my office unannounced,
then you interrupt the pledge of
allegiance?

JEN-E
Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-

TY
I don't know what country you were
made in, but here in America, we
have values!

The crowd murmurs amongst themselves. We hear the word
"VALUES" repeated frequently among them. *

Roger tries to motion to Jen-E, mouthing "Don't" repeatedly. She doesn't notice.

JEN-E

I just came here to ask-

TY

Oh, well look at that! The robot has a question for us all! Go on, I'm all ears.

Jen-E pauses, nervously fidgeting with her fingers. Roger mouths the word "DON'T."

*
*

JEN-E

Well, I was just wondering... Maybe this year we could bring back the old Christmas Village Festival?

The crowd GASPS. They murmur amongst themselves, some even beginning to smile as they remember the festival.

Ty FIRES his gun in the air, shutting the crowd up.

TY

Christmas Village Festival? What's a metalhead like you thinking about Christmas for?

JEN-E

I just think it would make people happy!

TY

Well, you know what would really make 'em happy? If I didn't have to raise taxes!

*

The crowd chatters again, now more negative, muttering the word "TAXES."

*

TY (CONT'D)

When these people elected me, I made them a promise! No more taxes!

*
*
*

The crowd begins to chant- "NO MORE TAXES!" Roger winces, covering his face with his hands.

*
*

TY (CONT'D)

Pekin's a strong town. We don't rely on handouts here. And if you don't like the sound of that, you'd be better off leaving.

*

The crowd all turns to Jen-E, spiteful. Jen-E trembles. *

INT. SKYLAR'S ROOM - NIGHT *

Jen-E sits at the bed, staring at the back of her hand. She rubs the spot where the SEAL OF QUALITY should be. *

She leans her back against the wall, causing a SMALL FRAMED PHOTO to fall onto her head. She picks it up. *

THE PHOTO *

A teenage GIRL with big glasses wearing a marching band uniform, drenched in sweat. She holds a clarinet in one hand and her hat in the other. *

Next to her stand a younger Amanda and Roger, both smiling. *

SKYLAR'S ROOM *

Jen-E smiles. She runs a hand on the edge- noticing that the FRAME IS LOOSE. She pops the photo out, turning it around to readjust it. *

BACK OF THE PHOTO *

A MUSICAL STAFF scrawled on in pencil. A few musical notes are written out. Under the staff are the words: *

"SKYLAR'S MELODY" *

SKYLAR'S ROOM *

Jen-E tilts her head, staring closely at the notes. *

There is a knock on the door. *

AMANDA (O.S.)

Jen-E? Can I come in? Roger told me about what happened at the meeting. *

Jen-E shoves the frame under the bed, slipping the PHOTO into her pocket. *

JEN-E

Come in.

Amanda enters, sitting down on the bed next to Jen-E. *

AMANDA
Is everything okay?

*
*

JEN-E
I just... I don't know what to do.

*

AMANDA
What do you mean?

JEN-E
I didn't know that the people in town hated Christmas. Now I'm back to nothing.

AMANDA
They don't hate Christmas, they hate the idea of paying more taxes.

JEN-E
(quiet)
They really don't like taxes...

AMANDA
Sometimes I think they just hate the word.

*

JEN-E
So then, would the Christmas festival still make them happy?

AMANDA
Who's to say, really? I know plenty of people in this town don't even think they're unhappy.

JEN-E
Like you.

AMANDA
Yeah, like-

Amanda turns her head, taking in what Jen-E said.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Wait, you think I'm unhappy?

JEN-E
Oh, I'm sorry, was that rude of me? Would you like me to adjust my-

AMANDA
No, wait, why do you think I'm not happy?

JEN-E

No, no, what I said was out of line, I don't want to upset you by-

Amanda holds Jen-E's hand. It stops shaking.

AMANDA

Jen-E, please. Tell me.

A pause.

JEN-E

Your daughter moved away. You're a piano teacher and you can't teach kids piano anymore because there aren't any kids here. You and your husband are stuck in a town full of other people who don't know what to do in their life. It's hard to be happy when you're surrounded by sadness.

*
*
*
*
*
*

Another pause. Amanda stares into the distance.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

I want to bring it all back, to help people remember what made them happy in the first place.

Amanda gets up off of the bed. She pats Jen-E on the back.

AMANDA

Then do it. And if they don't want to help you, just know that Roger and I are always here.

Jen-E looks up at Amanda and smiles.

*

INT. PALLET STORE - DAY

A large sign hangs on the wall: "LAST CHANCE! 80% OFF!" Amanda walks down the aisles with Jen-E. She picks up a single lightbulb.

AMANDA

Maybe we could put some red and green construction paper over this so it glows a different color...

JEN-E

I don't think they sell construction paper here.

*

RB (O.S.)
Hey! Look who's back!

Jen-E turns around, startled.

JEN-E
Did you hear that?

AMANDA
Hear what?

Jen-E glances around.

JEN-E
Excuse me for a moment.

Jen-E darts through the aisles, quickly scanning over them. She stops when she sees a familiar number: "PALLET 24C"

There sits RB, the mechanical crane.

RB
How's the new family treating you?

JEN-E
RB! You're still here!

RB
Barely. You read the signs? "Last Chance" before we all get chucked in the dumpster.

I-V hops out from behind RB.

I-V
I really hope somebody decides to buy me...

RB
Oh yeah, I'm sure people have a ton of use for a webcam with an anxiety disorder.

I-V
I didn't ask to be this way! But...
The things I've seen...

*

I-V shivers. Yippi leaps from a shelf onto Jen-E's shoulder.

YIPPI
Verily! I shall be the one to be bought! For all people share a fondness for puppies!

*

RB
What exactly do you do again?

YIPPI
If you plug me into your phone, I
shall dance!

RB
Do phones even have plugs anymore?

JEN-E
Guys, really, it's great to see
you're all doing okay!

DUST-N, a small Roomba, scoots past Jen-E

DUST-N
(muttering)
Clean. Clean. Must be clean.

Jen-E stares at Dust-N.

JEN-E
Oh, you've even made some new
friends! That's great!

RB
(whisper)
Don't look him in the eye, he'll
try and vacuum you.

Dust-N locks eyes with Jen-E for a moment. She waves
awkwardly. Dust-N goes back to vacuuming

DUST-N
(muttering)
Unclean. Must make clean.

I-V
Are your new owners being nice to
you, Jen-E?

JEN-E
So nice! They even gave me a room
with a bed!

The gadgets all ooh.

RB
Good to know they've looked past
the fact that you're a knockoff.

*

JEN-E

I'm not a knockoff! And I can prove it!

YIPPI

Huzzah! She has found her seal of quality!

*
*
*

JEN-E

Even better- I've found a way to make this entire town happy!

*

I-V

The whole town!?

RB

And how do you do that?

JEN-E

It's something they call "Christmas!"

The gadgets all gasp.

RB

Is that some kind of food? Humans love food.

I-V

I bet Christmas is a person! She's beautiful, with long golden hair and she turns rain into stars!

YIPPI

It must be a dance! For humans shall always appreciate the art of dance!

*

Yippi dances around, accidentally falling off Jen-E's shoulder. Jen-E picks him up and puts him back on a shelf.

YIPPI (CONT'D)

Many thanks, milady.

*

JEN-E

No, guys, Christmas is a special festival they have! It's full of colorful lights, and everyone is smiling, and there's snow on the ground-

RB

Snow! Now that has to be a food.

I-V
If it's food, then why would it be
on the ground?

RB
People are weird.

DUST-N
(muttering)
Don't eat off ground. Must be
clean.

Amanda approaches from behind Jen-E

AMANDA
Oh, there you are!

I-V
That's her! That's Christmas! Tell
her to make stars!

JEN-E
(to I-V)
No, I-V, this is Amanda Greene,
she's-

AMANDA
Wait, who are you talking to?

JEN-E
You can't hear them?

RB
Not all of us were made with
mouths, you realize.

JEN-E
These are my friends! Remember when
you found me here?

AMANDA
Oh my, they were all here with you?

RB
Yeah, and if nobody buys us soon,
we'll be scrapped into soda cans.

I-V
I knew it!!

JEN-E
Can we take them with us?

Amanda looks away, pondering this.

AMANDA (V.O.)
So, don't freak out...

GREENE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Roger sits in an armchair, reading a book. Amanda stands next to him.

ROGER
What did you do?

AMANDA
You're not going to freak out?

ROGER
I can't guarantee that until I hear what you've done.

AMANDA
So, remember how I found Jen-E at the pallet store?

ROGER
I don't like where this is going...

AMANDA
Well, she had a few friends there, too...

Jen-E enters the room, with a small gaggle of gadgets following behind her. RB wheels in, alongside Dust-N, who has I-V and Yippi on top of him.

A loud racket of whirring and beeping starts up. Roger's expression tenses.

DUST-N
(muttering)
Dirty. House dirty. Must clean.

YIPPI
Huzzah! Finally, a manor worthy of housing me!

JEN-E
(shushing)
Guys, come on! We've gotta look presentable!

RB
Ooh, what's this?

*

RB picks up an old photo frame with his claw. The photo is of Roger on a boat, holding a large FISH.

RB (CONT'D)
So, he collects animals... I've heard that's popular.

Roger gets up from the chair, snatching the photo from RB.

ROGER
No! Don't touch anything!

RB
Geez, okay, I'm just trying to socialize here.

JEN-E
(to Roger)
He says he wants to socialize. *

ROGER
You can talk to them...?

JEN-E
Well, yeah! They're my friends!

ROGER
Tell your friends they can stay in the garage.

A pause. All the gadgets look to Roger.

I-V
What's a garage?

INT. GREENE GARAGE - DAY

A cluttered garage. Enough space for two cars, but there is only one. There is a desk, with various screwdrivers and wrenches scattered about.

Jen-E sits on a spare tire. The rest of the gadgets are huddled around her.

JEN-E
So, all things considered, this is pretty nice!

RB
Yeah, of course you'd say that, you get to stay in the bedroom!

JEN-E

Would you all prefer if I stayed
out here with you?

The gadgets all mutter variations of "NO."

*

JEN-E (CONT'D)

(muttering)

Okay, well that feels rude.

*

*

RB

You know what's rude? Treating the
rest of us like second class
citizens just because we don't have
"hands" or "a face." I'm not just
some tool!

JEN-E

Wait, but aren't you designed to-

RB

-Lift heavy equipment, yeah, yeah,
I get it. But if you're gonna treat
me like a tool, at least let me do
what I was designed for.

I-V

Yeah, we all still have a purpose
to fulfill! We can't just sit here
and collect dust.

DUST-N

Dust!! Must clean!

Dust-N rockets around the garage. He gets stuck in a corner.

DUST-N (CONT'D)

Cobweb. Found cobweb. Stuck. Cannot
clean.

Jen-E picks him up and turns him around.

DUST-N (CONT'D)

Thank you. Resuming clean.

Dust-N returns to a normal pace, scooting around the floor.

JEN-E

Well, at least Dust-N's happy!

RB

Dust-N would be happy if you asked
him to count grains of sand on a
beach.

JEN-E

Hey, look, I have a purpose to fulfill too!

YIPPI

Perchance, what is that? *

RB

Watch, I bet it's something really vapid and vague.

JEN-E

It is not!

RB

Then tell us!

A pause.

JEN-E

(under her breath)

It's to make people happy.

The gadgets boo. RB chucks an empty can at Jen-E.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

Ow! Hey!

RB

We can't all be hippie fancy garbage like you! Some of us are regular, working-class garbage. *

YIPPI

And others are stylish prima donnas! *

Yippi dances to no music.

YIPPI (CONT'D)

Dost anyone have an MP3 player? *

JEN-E

Look, I think making people happy is a noble goal!

RB

Yeah, but where's the practicality in that? How do you gauge when someone is or isn't "happy?"

I-V

It's a lot tougher of a job than
"Record people and sometimes send
their information to the
government."

JEN-E

It's not as hard as you'd think!
The trick is knowing what makes
people happy.

RB

And what makes people happy?

JEN-E

Christmas!!

I-V

Who was that again?

*

JEN-E

I told you before! It's a festival
with lights and candy and snow-

RB

But why does Christmas make people
happy?

Jen-E pauses. She sits, thinking.

JEN-E

I'm not sure. It's hard to explain.
But the way they all looked in that
picture... I haven't seen people
look like that before.

I-V

And you think Christmas is what
made them happy?

JEN-E

It has to be. Nothing else could've
done it.

RB tilts his claw, thinking.

RB

Hm. And tell me, what happens on
"Christmas?"

JEN-E

Well, I don't know everything about
it yet, but here's what I
understand...

The gadgets all lean in close.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

It all starts on December twenty-fourth...

I-V

Why then?

JEN-E

I think because twenty-four is divisible by all single digit even numbers.

*

RB

And people love math that much?

JEN-E

The date isn't important, what's important is that people gather around a tree and decorate it with lights.

YIPPI

They set it on fire!?

*

JEN-E

No, not fire, just light.

RB

So there's no fire?

JEN-E

There's some fire, but that's just what they use to bake.

I-V

Oh, yes! I know this! People love clam bakes!

JEN-E

Not clams, they bake cookies!

YIPPI

Cookies?

*

JEN-E

They call them that because you cook them.

RB

But you said they bake them. Why don't they call them "bakies?"

JEN-E

And during the festival, the ground
is covered in snow!

DUST-N

Ground dirty!! Must clean!!

JEN-E

You don't clean the snow, you play
in it!

YIPPI

Thou playest with the ground?

*

JEN-E

Yes! You can pick it up and throw
it at someone!

I-V

So violent...

RB

And you're sure this makes people
happy?

JEN-E

I haven't even gotten to the best
part yet!

The gadgets lean in closer. Jen-E leans in with them.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

At the end of the day, they give
gifts to each other!

I-V

Gifts?

RB

What kind?

JEN-E

Anything! Sometimes they wrap them
up in boxes, sometimes they stick
them in socks- anything they want
to give!

I-V

Do they give people... Webcams?

JEN-E

Yes!!

DUST-N
Or roombas?

JEN-E
So often!!

YIPPI
Or fashionable electronic pets?

JEN-E
I would assume so, yeah!

RB lowers his claw, dejected.

RB
But... Nobody would want a
hydraulic crane for Christmas.

JEN-E
Hey, don't say that! You've just
gotta find the right people to go
to, I'm sure someone in town could
really use a guy like you!

A pause. RB looks away.

RB
Okay. Let's do Christmas.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jen-E stands sidled up against the large warehouse door. RB
sits in front of it, fiddling with the lock.

JEN-E
You're sure Mr. and Mrs. Greene
won't get mad at me for this?

RB
Even if they do get mad, they'll
forget about it quick.

I-V pokes out from a WINDOW above them.

I-V
Yeah! They still have all the old
decorations in here!

RB
Humans love nostalgia. That's why
they make so many movies.

RB opens his claw, SNAPPING the lock.

*

RB (CONT'D)

After you.

Jen-E opens the door.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jen-E creeps in. The inside of the warehouse is pitch black.

JEN-E

I can't see anything!

YIPPI(O.S.)

I shall assist!

*

Yippi hops in from behind Jen-E.

YIPPI (CONT'D)

For you see, I have a rave mode I
have yet to activate!

*

Yippi dances around, now FLASHING multiple colors. There is
still no music.

YIPPI (CONT'D)

Follow me!

*

Yippi leads the way, lighting up the outline of a large
GINGERBREAD HOUSE façade. Jen-E smiles wide.

*

I/E. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

*

A lone POLICE CAR sits at the side of the road. In it sits,
DUKE (40s), a man with a large mustache. He is leaned back,
with his police cap over his eyes. He SNORES.

He slowly leans forward, pressing his face against the
steering wheel.

HONK!

He jolts awake, confused. He looks around.

THE STREET

An outline of a PERSON and a CRANE, both pulling large carts
of various DECORATIONS.

THE POLICE CAR

Duke squints, looking out his window.

DUKE
(mouthing)
What the...?

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Ty sits at his desk. Across from him sits Roger, organizing a stack of papers. *

ROGER *

And this goes to the parks department?

TY

Get it to 'em ASAP.
(muttering)
"Endangered species," my keister!
What kinda spineless move is it to stop a man from hunting?

Roger walks to the door. He reaches to the doorknob, but it SLAMS open, forcing him to HOP out of the way. Duke stands in the doorway. *

ROGER *

Woah, watch it! *

DUKE

Mr. Mayor!

TY

Officer McKinley! To what do I owe the pleasure?

Duke sits in the chair in front of Ty's desk.

DUKE

You seen the robot gal around town?

TY

Ugh. Don't get me started. Is she still blabbing on about the old Christmas Festival?

DUKE

Worse.

Duke pulls out a set of PHOTOS from his pocket and sets them on the desk.

THE PHOTOS

Jen-E propping up a large GINGERBREAD HOUSE façade while RB, poised with a hammer in his claw, nails it to the ground.

TY (O.S.)

Christ on a crutch... She's still going for it?

DUKE (O.S.)

I saw 'em while I was on patrol last night. I figured I'd dig a little deeper.

Duke holds up another photo. In it, Yippi sits tangled in a large ball of GARLAND as a panicked Jen-E tries to untangle him.

TY (O.S.)

Miserable little thing. What does she know about Christmas?

DUKE (O.S.)

Not much, looks like.

TY'S OFFICE

Roger sits next to Duke across from the desk.

ROGER

Now guys, let's be reasonable, she just wants to bring back the old Christmas festival, I don't think that's-

TY

Where is this?

DUKE

It's all up in the park out by the dollar store.

TY

The park!? Shut 'em down! That there's private property!

ROGER

No it's not, that's a public park.

TY

Well, it wouldn't be if they passed the bill I sent out last month.

*
*
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*

A tense pause. Ty smirks, sheathing his gun. *

TY

Roger... Ever heard of the divine
right of kings? *

ROGER

This isn't a monarchy. *

TY

You're right. See, kings didn't get
picked to be kings. They were born
into it. That's where I'm
different. The hard-working people
of this town chose me. They chose
me, not as their king, but as their
leader. As the one to make the
decisions no one else can. *

A tense pause. *

TY (CONT'D)

And that's why I'm shutting this
Christmas thing down. *

EXT. PARK - DAY *

I-V sits in the grass field of an empty park. She is covered
in red and green paint.

I-V

How does the sign look?

Dust-N bumps into her.

DUST-N

Clean. Clean paint.

I-V

Cut it out! You can't vacuum paint!

DUST-N

Can't vacuum. Must clean.

JEN-E (O.S.)

Hold it steady!

We FOLLOW I-V's line of sight, and see...

THE FESTIVAL SETUP

Thin plastic TREES line the field, next to façades of various holiday-themed BUILDINGS. A large TARP decorated to look like an ice rink sits to the side. *

The centerpiece of everything is a massive CHRISTMAS TREE. Jen-E and RB are on opposite sides of two poles, hoisting up a BANNER in front of the tree that reads in large red and green text:

"HAPPY CHRISTMAS!"

They jam the poles into the ground. Jen-E backs up, looking at everything.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

There!

RB

I'm impressed we got that up, considering we only have three hands between all of us.

Yippi jumps out from the Christmas tree, tangled in a trail of tinsel.

YIPPI

Seven, if my paws are to be counted! *

RB

Your paws can't lift up a banner.

YIPPI

Ahh, but they can dance! *

Yippi prances around to no music, only tangling himself in the tinsel even further.

I-V

How come you always get stuck in things?

YIPPI

I suppose objects of merriment simply cannot help but glom onto me! *

JEN-E

Here, I'll get you out.

Jen-E bends down, helping to untangle Yippi. She looks back up at the decorations.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

There it all is... Just like in the pictures.

She stares for another moment, her brow beginning to furrow.

YIPPI

Though art still helping me, yes?

*

Jen-E stands up, leaving Yippi still partially tangled.

JEN-E

Doesn't it feel like something's missing?

RB

What do you mean? We got the tree, we got the shiny things, we even put stuff on the ground.

DUST-N

Take it off. Ground is too dirty.

JEN-E

No, but... Something's not right. This isn't Christmas.

I-V

Will people not want to give presents here?

YIPPI

Perish the thought!

*

JEN-E

I mean, yeah, it's all the old stuff... But it's not right.

RB

What, so we made it wrong?

JEN-E

Not wrong... Just not enough.

I-V

We need more Christmas?

YIPPI

Huzzah!! More Christmas!!

*

RB

And just how do we make more Christmas?

A pause. Jen-E looks away, thinking.

JEN-E
I don't know.

The gadgets all BOO.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
I'm sorry!! I just don't know!!

RB
Aren't you a psychotherapy android
or whatever? Can't you just analyze
what we need?

JEN-E
That's not what that means!

RB
So you can analyze what's wrong but
not what can make things right?
Sounds like a manufacturing defect
to me.

JEN-E
It's not a defect!!

I-V
It's okay, you're probably just
having trouble since you don't have
a real seal of quality!

JEN-E
I told you, I have one!! I just
lost it!

*
*
*
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*
*
*

INT. GREENE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jen-E walks through the hallway, her head hung low.

JEN-E
(mumbling)
"Manufacturing defect..."

Jen-E stares at the back of her hand for a moment.

A faint PIANO begins to play. She perks up.

*
*

INT. GREENE STUDY - NIGHT

A small room filled end-to-end with bookshelves. Amanda sits
at a piano, playing gentle MUSIC.

The door creaks open. Jen-E enters.

AMANDA

Jen-E, there you are! I was wondering when you'd get home.

JEN-E

You're not asleep already?

AMANDA

I've always been a bit of a night owl. Here, sit.

She motions for Jen-E to sit on the bench next to her. Amanda continues playing the piano.

JEN-E

It's beautiful.

AMANDA

It really is, isn't it? Been in my family for longer than I can remember.

JEN-E

No, the music.

AMANDA

Oh, you're too kind.

Amanda continues to play. Jen-E watches her hands closely. Amanda stops.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Wanna give it a try?

JEN-E

Oh, I'm not sure, I've never played before.

*
*
*

AMANDA

You can't be any worse than the kids I used to teach!

*
*
*

Jen-E straightens her posture, trying to mimic Amanda's hand positions. She lowers her fingers over the keys, and...

BWEMH!!

Slams them all down as a large discordant note rings out.

JEN-E

It's harder than it looks.

AMANDA

That's everything. Just takes a little practice.

Amanda puts her hands over Jen-E's.

AMANDA (CONT'D)

Here, try it with me.

She plays slowly, guiding Jen-E's hands to the right keys. Jen-E smiles.

JEN-E

Hey, it's working!

AMANDA

Yeah, see? You're getting it, Skylar!

Silence.

JEN-E

Skylar...?

AMANDA

I'm sorry. When you get to be my age, you get things confused easy.

JEN-E

That's your daughter's name. *

A pause. Amanda looks away. *

AMANDA

I'm sorry, that was silly of me. I shouldn't have gotten your name mixed up like that. *

Amanda SIGHS heavily, getting up and heading for the door. *

JEN-E

You're done with the piano? *

AMANDA

You were right earlier, I really should be getting to bed now.

Amanda leaves, closing the door. Jen-E sits alone for a moment.

She looks back to the piano, taking SKYLAR'S PHOTO, flipping it to reveal the MUSIC STAFF and setting it on the piano's music stand. *

She places her hands on the keys, tensing up. *

EXT. PARK - DAY

RB reorganizes a line of plastic trees. He turns, accidentally knocking one over. He sighs.

RB
So, is Jen-E even showing up today?
It's hard doing this with only one
worker.

I-V (O.S.)
Hey, we're still here!

Dust-N rolls forward, with I-V and Yippi sitting on top of him.

RB
Oh yeah, and how are you going to
help?

YIPPI
I shall-! *

RB
Don't you dare say "dance."

Yippi looks away awkwardly.

YIPPI
(changing the subject)
Oh dear, what's that over there...? *

TY (O.S.)
Makes me sick just looking at
them...

PAN to a nearby bush, Ty and Roger pop out of it. Ty has a pair of binoculars, spying on the gadgets. Roger is reading a newspaper. *

TY (CONT'D)
I mean, how on earth are they
supposed to get anything done when
they've only got one arm!?

ROGER
(not listening) *

Uh huh. *

TY
Really makes your blood boil,
doesn't it?

ROGER
(not listening)
Oh yeah.

TY
Someone's gotta do something about
this!

Ty storms off towards the gadgets.

ROGER
Yeah, they should.
(realizing)
Wait, hold on-

Roger puts down his newspaper, following Ty.

THE PARK

Dust-N scoots into a pile of lights, accidentally DROPPING
Yippi face-first into the tangled mess. RB goes to help them,
when-

Ty INTERRUPTS

TY
Stop in the name of the mayor!

Ty pulls out a BOOK, shoving it in RB's face.

TY (CONT'D)
You are in violation of Pekin
municipal code title fourteen- All
unsanctioned events taking place in
public parks must first go through
an approval process!

RB stares back at Ty.

TY (CONT'D)
Now, credit where credit is due, at
least you aren't forcing me to
raise taxes-

From a distance, a CROWD murmurs the word "TAXES."

TY (CONT'D)
But you've gotta shut this thing
down!

A pause. RB blinks. *

TY (CONT'D) *
What, can you understand me? Shut *
it down, you one-armed freak! *

ROGER (O.S.) *
Hold on there, Ty... *

Roger enters, pushing Ty back. *

ROGER (CONT'D) *
When was that ordinance passed? *

TY *
Don't see why that matters. *

ROGER *
Just give me the date. *

TY *
(mumbling) *
1977. *

ROGER *
And when was it repealed...? *

A pause. *

TY *
(mumbling) *
1978. *

Roger smiles, turning to RB. *

ROGER *
You guys are fine, keep setting up *
your Christmas thing. *

RB nods. Roger looks around. *

ROGER (CONT'D) *
Though, hang on... Where's Jen-E? *

INT. GREENE KITCHEN - DAY

Amanda sits at the table, reading a newspaper. CLUNKY PIANO
MUSIC can be faintly heard. She looks up from her newspaper.

INT. GREENE STUDY - DAY

Jen-E sits at the piano, plunking out a melody. The PHOTO OF SKYLAR sits above the keys.

*
*

JEN-E
(mumbling)
No, that's not right...

Amanda enters.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
Oh, I'm sorry, was I being too loud?

AMANDA
What're you up to?

JEN-E
Just practicing.

Jen-E plays a series of discordant notes. Amanda winces.

AMANDA
You're not... Helping the others with your Christmas prep?

JEN-E
Is it that early already?

Jen-E rushes to leave

JEN-E (CONT'D)
(panicking)
Oh no, they're gonna hate me-!

AMANDA
Jen-E, wait!

Jen-E stops.

AMANDA (CONT'D)
Tell me the truth. What were you doing here...?

A pause.

JEN-E
Christmas is hard. And I don't really get it. I see it- I see it right there in front of me, but I can't have it.

Another pause. Amanda sits at the piano.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

I want to make people happy. But I
don't know if I can. *

Amanda stares at SKYLAR'S MELODY sitting on the music stand. *

AMANDA *

This is... *

JEN-E

I found it behind an old picture. *

AMANDA *

I wrote this. *

JEN-E *

What? *

AMANDA *

Back when I was teaching Skylar how
to play. I wrote this for her. *

Amanda takes a deep breath. She puts her hands to the keys
and PLAYS-

A simple melody. Yet, there's something beautiful about it.

JEN-E

Skylar... She's lived. I haven't.

TEARS begin to well up in Amanda's eyes.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

I just need this one thing, this
one thing to prove that I can be
real. *

Amanda STOPS playing. Tears in her eyes, she turns to leave.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

Because- *

Amanda CLOSES the door.

A pause. Jen-E looks at the back of her hand. *

JEN-E (CONT'D) *

(quiet) *

Because that's something I've never
been. *

Jen-E puts her head in her hands. *

ROGER (V.O.)
It's been pretty hard on Amanda.

INT. GREENE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jen-E and Roger sit at the table.

ROGER
I think it's hit her a lot harder
than me.

JEN-E
Have you tried contacting Skylar?

ROGER
We do. About once every couple
months, we send her a letter. Never
got anything back. *

JEN-E
She didn't stop to think about how
that would affect you? *

ROGER
Thinking things through never
really was her forte. *

JEN-E
Huh... And there was never any bad
blood between you? *

ROGER
Well... Things got a little more
heated towards the end. She was
going places, and I said some
things out of fear. I told her I
regretted it, but... I don't think
she ever got the letter. *

JEN-E
Interesting... And, her leaving-
how did that make you feel?

ROGER
Well, I was of two minds-
(realizing)
Hey, wait, are you psychoanalyzing
me here?

JEN-E
Sorry, sorry, force of habit!
(changing the subject)
(MORE)

JEN-E (CONT'D)

You said you sent letters to her,
right?

ROGER

Once a month, yeah.

JEN-E

Well, have you tried any other
forms of contact?

*
*

INT. GREENE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

An old, bulky computer sits on the table. Roger squints at
the screen, his hands on the keyboard. Jen-E watches.

*

ROGER

(mumbling)

Compose... I don't see it.

JEN-E

It's at the top left.

ROGER

No, the top left just says "email."

JEN-E

That's too far up. Here, scroll
down.

Roger scrolls up.

ROGER

It's not working. I think Amanda
must've given this thing a virus.

JEN-E

Here, let me try.

Roger gets up, letting Jen-E take his seat.

ROGER

Good luck. I'm telling you, this
thing's an old hunk of junk.

Roger leaves. Jen-E stares at the computer screen, thinking.

*

THE COMPUTER

*

She opens a search engine and types "SKYLAR GREENE"

*

"1.5 MILLION RESULTS"

*

She shakes her head, typing "SKYLAR GREENE PEKIN INDIANA"

*

"2 RESULTS" *

Jen-E smiles. She clicks on a website - "PEKIN HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OF 2019." *

She scrolls through the page - DOZENS OF NAMES. *

THE KITCHEN *

Jen-E stares at the computer, intently. *

THE COMPUTER *

A mass email- titled "NEW CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL" *

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Duke sits at a chair in front of Ty's desk. Behind the desk, Ty stands, looking introspectively at his large American flag.

DUKE
So... Why me? *

TY
You're a good officer, Duke. A real upstanding citizen. *

DUKE
I mean, so's Roger- *

Ty FIRES his gun into the air. Duke recoils. *

TY
Roger can't know about this. *

DUKE
Okay, okay, it's just... Sabotaging Christmas... It kinda feels... Wrong? *

TY
Wrong? *

DUKE
I mean, don't you celebrate Christmas? *

TY
I don't celebrate squat. Why celebrate a holiday where everything is given to you? *

(MORE)

TY (CONT'D)

I don't take handouts, and neither
should the people of my town.

*
*

Ty turns away, focusing on an old PHOTO.

*

THE PHOTO

*

A family photo of a MOTHER, FATHER, and CHILD. All three have
large cowboy hats and are holding pistols. None of them are
smiling.

*
*
*

TY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

*

That ain't how Ma and Pa raised
me... Every year I'd ask them for a
puppy, and they'd tell me the same
thing...

*
*
*
*
*

The photo COMES TO LIFE as TY'S PARENTS face the child,
speaking in unison with a MONSTROUS voice.

*
*

TY'S PARENTS

*

You'll get that puppy when you've
earned it!

*
*
*

TY'S OFFICE

*

Ty stands uncomfortably close to Duke, who is still sitting
in his chair. Ty's eye twitches.

*
*

TY

But that's life. You don't get what
feels good. You get what's right.

DUKE

(nervous)

*

And... Canceling Christmas... Is
what's right...?

*
*
*

TY

Sure as sure can be.

Ty sits down, kicking his feet up on the desk.

TY (CONT'D)

Now, seeing their project up close,
I noticed something. When those
robots are ready to show off their
big Christmas festival, they're
gonna run into a lighting snafu.
Rookie mistake, they got some wires
crossed- it's the kind of thing a
person wouldn't have had a problem
with.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DUKE

So what? Why are we bothering with
any of this if their lights won't
work to begin with?

*
*
*
*

TY

That's the kicker- they're gonna be
in a big fuss trying to fix it.
Then you, the good samaritan in the
crowd, give 'em this--

*
*
*

Ty holds out an extension cord with TWO MALE ENDS.

DUKE

And what exactly... is it?

TY

They call it the suicide cord.
Every Christmas, some slack-jawed
idiot who can't figure out the
lights asks for one.

DUKE

Okay... What does it do?

*

TY

Christmas lights are fickle beasts.
It's like having a string of little
bombs, all waiting to go off. And
with this, the suicide cord...

*
*
*
*
*

Ty FIRES his gun into the air.

TY (CONT'D)

You've just lit the fuse.

*

Ty hands the extension cord to Duke.

TY (CONT'D)

You give 'em this, and the whole
thing goes up in smoke.

*
*

Duke pauses, looking at the extension cord.

DUKE

No one's gonna get hurt?

TY

So long as they're far enough away
from the lights. The robots
however...

*

Ty CHUCKLES.

TY (CONT'D)
 Now, that there's a different
 story...

Duke stares at the cable. He looks back to Ty and solemnly
 nods.

DUKE
 I won't let you down, sir.

TY
 No, you won't.

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Christmas festival is set up. Old plastic trees are
 propped up, facades of festive houses sit in a line, unlit
 lights are strung from prop to prop.

RB sits back, staring at the heavily decorated park.

RB
 Huh. That's actually not so bad.
 (to I-V)
 Got the snow ready?

I-V nods, sitting next to a can of SHAVING GEL

I-V
 Ready!

She jumps onto the can, SPRAYING out a flurry of white. RB
 lifts the can, helping spread the gel across the ground.

A bit lands on Dust-N.

DUST-N
 Not clean! Not clean! Must clean
 snow!

Dust-N scoots around in a panic. Jen-E enters. She brushes
 the gel off of Dust-N.

DUST-N (CONT'D)
 Thank you.

RB
 Well, look who decided to show up!

Jen-E looks at the decorations, mouth agape.

JEN-E
 Oh wow...

RB

I figured out what was missing!
It's the snow!

I-V

We made a fake snow since we
couldn't get real snow. *

Jen-E stares at the ground. Instead of the typical fluffiness
of snow, the gel is matted to the grass.

JEN-E

Oh wow, it looks great!

I-V

It's even got the same properties
of snow, like... *

(reading off the can) *

"Fights Irritation" "Soothing" *

"Flamable" *

RB

Yeah, this whole "Christmas" thing
is actually pretty easy. Especially
considering you didn't help much
with the setup. *

JEN-E

I'm sorry, guys, I got a little...
preoccupied.

I-V

Stuff with your family?

JEN-E

Family?

RB

The humans that took such a shine
to you.

JEN-E

Oh, the Greenes? Oh no, they're-
They-

Jen-E pauses.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

So, when are the people coming?

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

The doorbell rings. A TOWNSPERSON opens the door.

On the doorstep sits Yippi, with a FLYER at his feet.

YIPPI

Good day to thee!

*

The townspeople picks up the flyer. It reads:

"PEKIN'S NEW CHRISTMAS VILLAGE FESTIVAL. TONIGHT AT 6."

EXT. MAIN STREET - EVENING

Several people pass each other, their conversations overlapping as they all head towards the park.

TOWNSPERSON

... You know, I hear there's that robot thing going on.

HOT-BLOODED MAN

Why on earth would a robot want to host a Christmas party?

Rita passes by, doing her makeup as she talks to Buck, who is still decked out in camo gear.

RITA

... And so I said, "No honey, don't you remember? It's that Christmas festival they used to have." And he said "I know, but it didn't used to be about robots."

BUCK

Shame he's not coming. I've been meaning to ask him about that new rifle he got.

Roger and Amanda pass by, Roger holding a LARGE GIFT BOX.

ROGER

... Nobody else is bringing gifts.

AMANDA

It's okay! That doesn't mean she won't like it!

As the people clear the way, we see Duke standing alone, looking towards the park. He looks at the CABLE in his hands.

He sighs.

EXT. PARK - EVENING

A crowd of townspeople talk amongst themselves, looking around at the oddly shambled-together festival.

The sun begins to set, but the lights still remain unlit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jen-E stands in the distance with RB and three gift-wrapped boxes. RB has a bow on his crane, Jen-E is wearing a holiday sweater.

RB

You know, all things considered, I feel underdressed.

One of the boxes SHAKES.

I-V (O.S.)

Don't worry! I'm sure you look great!

JEN-E

You do, you all look great!

A smaller box SHAKES.

YIPPI

Dost thou think the people will enjoy unwrapping me?

JEN-E

Definitely!

Jen-E looks back to the crowd of people. Her hand trembles slightly.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

(nervous)

They're gonna love you guys...

A tense pause as Jen-E stares at the crowd. She reaches into her pocket and pulls out the PHOTO OF SKYLAR.

She gazes at the photo for a moment. Then she looks to the back of her hand, rubbing the spot where the SEAL OF QUALITY should be.

RB

So, do you wanna get up there and say something to the people?

CUT TO:

*

*
*
*

EXT. PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The crowd parts as Jen-E approaches the center, holding a microphone.

JEN-E
(nervous)
Hi, everyone! My name's Jen-E.

The crowd stares back at her in silence.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
I'm a psychotherapy android created by JK Robotics. For the past- For- For a while, I've been staying with Roger and Amanda Greene.

From the crowd, Amanda WAVES. Roger SMILES.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
(to the Greenes)
Thank you guys.
(to the crowd)
I was created with one purpose- to make people happy. And, um... I think you guys really needed that.

*

A tense pause.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
(nervous)
So, with some help, I made this!
It's the Christmas Village Festival, just like you all used to have. It's... Um...

Jen-E looks at her feet. The shaving gel-snow has began sticking to her. She tries to brush it off.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
Well, I hope it's enough. So, without further ado, let's light the lights and get this party started!

Jen-E picks up one end of a cord, a FEMALE SOCKET. She reaches for the other end, pulling up--

Another FEMALE SOCKET?

She looks around, confused.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

That's weird...

(to the gadgets)

Did you set the lights up right?

RB pushes through the decorations, making his way to Jen-E

RB

We did, I swear! I even put Dust-N
in charge of double-checking!

*
*

One of the gift-wrapped boxes SHAKES.

*

DUST-N (O.S.)

Wires clean.

*
*

JEN-E

Then how come the cords don't
match?

RB

It's not my fault! You weren't even
there for most of the setup! How
can you pin this on me!?

*

The crowd begins murmuring amongst themselves. Suddenly, one
LONE VOICE rings out.

DUKE (O.S.)

I think I might be able to help
with that.

The crowd parts ways as Duke pushes forwards, the SUICIDE
CABLE in his hand.

DUKE (CONT'D)

Looks like you're missing an
extension cord. Lucky I had one
left over.

He holds the cable out to Jen-E, feigning a smile.

RB

(geniune)

That's fortuitous.

*

JEN-E

Yeah, thank you so much!

Jen-E reaches out, grabbing onto the cable--

But Duke doesn't let go.

He looks down at Jen-E's smiling face. Doubt begins to fill his eyes.

Everything SLOWS DOWN as a HIGH-PITCHED RINGING drones on.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
(mouthing)
Thank you.

Duke's eyes dart back and forth. He grips the cable TIGHTER, when--

SNAP!

Everything returns to NORMAL. Duke lets go of the cable as Jen-E takes it from his hands.

DUKE
No problem.

Duke walks back to his place in the crowd, letting out a weary SIGH.

Jen-E nods to RB, plugging in one end of the cable.

JEN-E
So now, without even further ado,
we present to you... Pekin's New
Christmas Village Festival!

Jen-E PLUGS the cable in, and--

ZAP!!

A SURGE of electricity courses through the cables!

The lights EXPLODE into bits of glass and FLAMES!

The FIRE catches onto the shaving gel-snow, spreading to a RAGING INFERNO!!

People in the crowd RUN and SCREAM in TERROR!!

JEN-E (CONT'D)
No, no!!

Jen-E grabs the BOXES containing the gadgets and runs to safety.

The fire GROWS, now enveloping the old CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

RITA
The decorations!!

JEN-E

I can save them! I can fix this!

Jen-E DROPS the boxes, running back into the fire--

A plume of flame ROARS at her, knocking her over.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Ty looks out his window. His face is lit by the FIRE from
across the street.

*

TY

Boom.

He smirks.

EXT. PARK - SAME TIME

The crowd push over each other, RUSHING away from the growing
FIRE.

In the commotion, Amanda STUMBLES, trying to carry her large
GIFT BOX.

AMANDA

Wait- Hold on-!

Amanda TRIPS, hitting the ground HARD.

ROGER

Amanda!!

The crowd walks over her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jen-E lies on the ground, struggling to get up in the face of
the FIRE.

She looks down, her sweater is BURNING!

Panicked, she reaches into her pocket, pulling out the PHOTO
OF SKYLAR--

It burns to ash in her hands.

JEN-E

No...

She falls back down.

EXT. PARK SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Several FIRE TRUCKS are parked nearby as people all shuffle out. The fire is gone, and a mess of burned CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS sit in its place.

Amanda lies on a STRETCHER, being loaded into an AMBULANCE. Roger stands next to her.

ROGER
I'm so sorry.

AMANDA
It's okay. Didn't hurt anything important.

The ambulance doors CLOSE. It drives off.

Roger turns. Jen-E sits on the pavement behind him, her metal body scorched from the fire.

JEN-E
I'm sorry.

A tense silence.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
Really, I'm sorry-

ROGER
I know. I know you are.

Another pause.

JEN-E
I didn't... I didn't want any of this-

ROGER
No, no, that's the problem- you didn't know what you want. How could you? You're a robot! I had to explain the concept of snow to you! Why on earth would you be capable of hosting an entire Christmas festival!?

JEN-E
I just... I thought it would make people happy-

ROGER
No you didn't. You didn't think, you just did.

(MORE)

ROGER (CONT'D)

If you took even a second to think this through, then maybe your mother wouldn't have ended up in the hospital!

Jen-E trembles.

ROGER (CONT'D)

It's just- Skylar, you can't keep doing stuff like this!

Silence.

JEN-E

You-

Roger holds a finger up.

ROGER

I know. I know what I said. But that doesn't make it any less true.

(pause)

Clean this up. Then, when you come back home, we can talk about what happens next.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

RB pulls Yippi out of his scorched box. I-V and Dust-N sit beside them.

YIPPI

Never fear! The box shielded me from the raging inferno!

*

I-V

Did anyone get hurt?

RB

Looks like the Greene lady took a real nasty fall.

Jen-E enters, dejected.

RB (CONT'D)

Oh here, you can ask Jen-E-
(to Jen-E)

Hey! Is the one lady doing okay?

Jen-E turns, tears in her eyes.

RB (CONT'D)

Woah, hey, are you okay?

JEN-E

I ruined everything.

She falls to the ground.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

It's all gone. Even all their old decorations. I ruined Christmas.

I-V

Hey, it's okay! You weren't here when we were setting it all up!

YIPPI

Indeed! If anything, it would be our fault!

RB

(hushed)

Hey, "ixnay" on the "our fault-ay"

JEN-E

I should've been here. I should've helped.

(pause)

I knew we were missing something. I just couldn't find it. And I don't think I ever will.

RB

Huh... So no one's gonna want us either then, are they...?

JEN-E

(crying)

I'm sorry. I wanted it all to work, I really did.

The gadgets all look to each other, solemnly.

I-V

It's okay. Maybe someone will find us back at the pallet store.

DUST-N

Go back? No. Dirty. Don't go back.

RB

Dust-N, I don't think we have much of a choice.

Dust-N scoots hopefully to Jen-E.

*

DUST-N
But... Christmas...?

She shakes her head. Dust-N retreats.

DUST-N (CONT'D)
Oh...

The gadgets slowly leave. RB waves goodbye to Jen-E.

Alone in the park, Jen-E lies down, crying.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Amanda lies in a hospital bed, smiling wearily. Roger stands by her side with a worried expression. He holds her hand.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE NIGHT

Ty sits alone at his desk, staring at a PHOTO of YOUNG TY and HIS PARENTS. He shakes his head and scowls.

INT. PALLET STORE - NIGHT

RB, I-V, Dust-N, and Yippi all return to their spots in Pallet 24C, dejected.

Dale, manning the counter while still eating his cheese curls, looks over to them. He shrugs, putting a cheese curl in his mouth.

Yippi hops to the window, staring at the park from a distance.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Jen-E struggles to shove a half-burned Christmas tree into the trash can. It SNAPS in half. She sighs.

EXT. PARK ASH PILE - MOMENTS LATER

Jen-E returns to the pile of ash that was once her Christmas Festival. She goes to pick up another burnt decoration, but then notices a SPARKLE in the distance.

She heads towards it- discovering Amanda's GIFT BOX, the edges of it only partially scorched.

She reads the tag- "TO JEN-E. FROM ROGER AND AMANDA."

Jen-E carefully unwraps it- inside is a SMALL PIANO with a NOTE attached--

"TO HELP YOU FIND YOUR PURPOSE."

*

Jen-E holds the note to her chest, tears in her eyes.

EXT. PARK ASH PILE - LATER

Jen-E sits in the center of the ash pile, her new PIANO placed in front of her.

She looks at it, her hands trembling slightly.

She plays a few notes- CLUNKY and DISJOINTED.

She stops, taking a deep breath.

JEN-E

Like Skylar... Do it like Skylar...

She plays again- a RICKETY version of Skylar's melody.

THUD!

A CLASHING NOTE. She shakes her head.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

No, no! Do it like... Like...

*

She lowers her hand over the keys, and...

*

SKYLAR (O.S.)

That's the piece my mom wrote for me.

*

*

*

Jen-E turns. Standing behind her is SKYLAR GREENE (early 30s)

*

JEN-E

Skylar!

*

*

SKYLAR

And you must be Jen-E. Have mom and dad been treating you okay?

*

*

*

JEN-E

Why did you come back?

*

*

SKYLAR

The Christmas Festival, actually. They used to do it back when I was little, and...

*

*

*

*

Skylar drags her foot, pushing some ASH around on the ground. *

SKYLAR (CONT'D) *

Well, it's a little different than
I remembered. *

JEN-E *

I ruined it. Everything all burned
down. *

Jen-E sits down, putting her head in her hands. *

JEN-E (CONT'D) *

I just wanted to make them happy. I
should've known it wouldn't work. *

Skylar sits next to Jen-E. *

SKYLAR *

But it did work. If it wasn't for
you, I wouldn't be here. *

JEN-E *

You came here for Christmas and it
was all burnt up. You're not happy. *

SKYLAR *

I didn't come here just for
Christmas. *

JEN-E *

But you said- *

SKYLAR *

You made me realize something, Jen-
E. For all these years, I've left
my family in the dark. They didn't
approve of me, they never seemed to
get along with me, so I never came
back. But things are different.
They have you. And they let you do
whatever you wanted. Maybe they've
changed. *

JEN-E *

But... I didn't do anything. *

SKYLAR *

Neither did I. *

JEN-E *

I don't understand. *

SKYLAR

This town- it's a bunch of cranky old people whose kids have moved away. They don't have anything left to do except complain to each other.

JEN-E

They need to... Fulfill their purpose?

SKYLAR

Yeah, that's it. It's hard to be happy when you don't have anything happy to do.

JEN-E

But then, what's something happy they could all...

Jen-E looks to the PILE of BURNT CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

What if... We all made Christmas? Together!

Jen-E smiles for a moment- then SHAKES her head, returning to a glum expression.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

No, No, I can't. All the decorations are ruined. And how would I even get everyone back here?

SKYLAR

I think I can help with that.

BEEP BEEP!

A car horn in the distance, Jen-E looks to see-

THE STREET

Dozens of CARS lined up, some PEOPLE outside the cars wave to Jen-E and Skylar.

SKYLAR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

What, you think I was the only alum who got your email?

INT. PALLET STORE - NIGHT

Yippi sits at the window, staring into the park.

OUT THE WINDOW

Several PEOPLE unload shiny DECORATIONS from their cars, taking them to the park.

YIPPI (O.S.)
Is that...?

Jen-E's silhouette carries a large CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE PALLET STORE

YIPPI (CONT'D)
It is!! It is her!!

Excited, he jumps off the windowsill and hops his way to the door.

RB
Hey, where are you going?

YIPPI
Join me!! Jen-E has found a way to fulfill her purpose!

RB and the other gadgets follow Yippi out the door.

Dale gets up from behind the counter.

DALE
Hey, wait! Get back here!

He chases behind them.

EXT. PALLET STORE - NIGHT

RB, Yippi, and the other gadgets all rush through the parking lot, heading towards Jen-E. Dale chases close behind.

DALE
Wait up! I can't have my merchandise hopping off the shelves-

He stops, noticing the CROWDS gathering at the park.

DALE (CONT'D)
Are those...?

He looks out, noticing the CROWD. He pulls his PHONE out of his pocket, quickly DIALING. *

DALE (CONT'D)
(to his phone)
Hey- Yeah, it's back at the park-
You've gotta check this out. The *
kids are back! *

EXT. PARK ASH PILE - NIGHT

Jen-E helps set a CHRISTMAS TREE up on the ground, struggling to push it upright. RB joins her, helping lift it. *

A CROWD begins to form- the townspeople helping the kids and gadgets DECORATE the park. *

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Roger helps Amanda get up out of the bed. She looks out the window, pointing at the commotion.

EXT. PARK ASH PILE - MOMENTS LATER

A MASSIVE crowd has gathered around Jen-E and the other gadgets, a faint MUSIC emanating from the center. *

Roger and Amanda push their way to the front of the crowd, with Roger still helping Amanda walk.

The LIGHTS on the trees begin to SPARKLE with RED and GREEN. *

GOLDEN GARLAND shines behind them. *

A WARM, FESTIVE LIGHT surrounds the crowd as Roger and Amanda see- *

Jen-E and Skylar PLAYING THE PIANO TOGETHER. *

And with one FINAL NOTE--

Everyone SMILES. *

Amanda CLAPS loudly. The rest of the crowd joins in APPLAUSE.

Jen-E stands up, BEAMING.

She looks down to the gadgets- RB nods.

Jen-E runs to Amanda, giving her a HUG.

JEN-E

I found it- I found what was missing!

AMANDA

And it was something you had all along.

Amanda takes Jen-E's hand, where her SEAL OF QUALITY would be. Tears well up in Jen-E's eyes. *

Skylar approaches them. *

SKYLAR *

So... Since when did you guys become good parents? *

ROGER *

Skylar, I'm so sorry, I just get anxious and sometimes I say things that push people away. I shouldn't have lashed out like I did back then. *

SKYLAR *

No, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have ignored you guys for so long, you didn't deserve that. *

AMANDA *

Oh, sweetie! *

Amanda and Roger give Skylar a big HUG. *

SKYLAR *

And besides, if you're gonna apologize to anyone, do it to Jen-E. *

Jen-E flashes a sheepish smile. *

SKYLAR (CONT'D) *

She brought all us kids back. If it wasn't for her, you guys'd still be complaining about tax cuts or whatever. *

The old townspeople in the crowd mutter "TAXES" in the distance. *

ROGER *

Jen-E, I... *

Suddenly, SNOW begins to fall. *

The crowd, the gadgets- everyone looks up in WONDER.

ROGER (CONT'D)
But... It's been so long!

*
*

JEN-E
This... This is snow...?

AMANDA
Yeah. It really is.

EXT. SNOWY PARK - MOMENTS LATER

The park is now COVERED in a blanket of SNOW. The crowd of townspeople are finally playing with their KIDS again- having SNOWBALL FIGHTS, building SNOWMEN, making SNOW ANGELS--

*

Dust-N frantically scoots across the ground, VACUUMING up as much snow as he can.

DUST-N
Clean. Clean. Must clean. Must clean.

Nearby, Duke watches, laughing.

DUKE
Y'know, we really could use someone with your kinda work ethic down at the precinct.

Duke kneels down, looking at Dust-N.

DUKE (CONT'D)
Whaddaya say, bud? Wanna come help clean up the streets?

DUST-N
Clean. Like that. Must clean.

Dust-N scoots happily.

DUKE
There we go!

Duke picks Dust-N up from the ground.

DUST-N
No!! Wait!! Ground not clean!!

*

Suddenly, Dale PUSHES his way towards them.

*

DALE
Hey, hold on! That's my
merchandise!

*
*
*

DUKE
Oh, really? Well, how much do I owe
you for him?

*
*
*

Dale thinks, putting a CHEESE CURL in his mouth.

*

DALE
Uh...

*
*

SNOW falls on his hand.

*

DALE (CONT'D)
Ah, just keep him. Merry Christmas!

*
*

ANOTHER ANGLE

I-V hops on the ground, making circles in the snow. Rita
picks her up.

RITA
Hey, where'd you come from?

I-V
Oh no. Please don't throw me away,
please, I've already seen so many
things get thrown away and-

RITA
What a cute little camera! I should
use you for when I'm putting on my
eyeliner!

I-V
Oh, wait, I like that! Yes! Please
take me!!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Jen-E, Roger, Amanda, and Skylar roll a SNOWMAN together. Jen-
E puts two burnt lightbulbs as eyes.

*
*

RB approaches them, looking back at the Greene family.

*

JEN-E
I guess all's well that ends well,
wouldn't you say?

RB

I still can't believe you managed
to pull it off.

JEN-E

It's about fulfilling your purpose. *
Everyone's got one, you've just *
gotta find it. *

RB

Everyone's got one. Even bootleg
psychotherapy androids.

JEN-E

Yep. Even bootlegs...

Jen-E looks at the back of her hand, SMILING. *

JEN-E (CONT'D) *

You know, it really was silly of me *
to get so hung up over not having a *
seal of quality. *

SKYLAR *

Oh, well if it's a seal you want... *

Skylar reaches into her bag, taking Jen-E's left hand. *

SKYLAR (CONT'D) *

Jen-E, for reuniting countless *
families and bringing the spirit of *
Christmas back to the town of *
Pekin, I present to you... *

Skylar SLAPS a sticker onto the back of Jen-E's hand- A *
CARTOON SEAL giving a THUMBS-UP. *

SKYLAR (CONT'D) *

The official Skylar Greene Seal of *
Quality! *

Jen-E stares at her hand, tearing up. *

JEN-E *

It's perfect. *

EXT. SNOWY PARK - MOMENTS LATER *

As the crowd continues to PLAY in the snow, Ty SHOVES his way
through.

TY
 No, no, no!! Enough of this holly
 jolly saccharine hogwash! I'm the
 mayor! You listen to me! And when I
 say we aren't doing a Christmas
 festival, then we aren't doing a-

As Ty glares into the crowd, his eyes FIXATE on Yippi.

TY (CONT'D)
 Puppy.

Ty rushes over to Yippi, picking him up.

TY (CONT'D)
 (quiet)
 Aww... He's so little...

JEN-E
 Ty...

TY
 (snapping)
 What!?

ROGER
 Hey, watch your tone!

SKYLAR
 If you act like that, you're not
 getting any Christmas presents.

TY
 Sorry, I just...
 (defeated)
 My parents didn't like Christmas
 and I never got a puppy so I just
 saw this puppy here and...

JEN-E
 Do you want him...?

Ty looks at Yippi tenderly. He BARKS, jumping in his hands.

TY
 (almost in tears)
 Aww... Puppy...

JEN-E
 Merry Chrismtas, Ty.

Ty HUGS Yippi, who BARKS in happiness.

YIPPI *
Huzzah!! A worthy owner!! *

TY
What's his name?

YIPPI (SUBTITLE)
Baron Von Yippington the Third!
First of his name!

JEN-E
His name's Yippi.

TY
Aww, Yippi!

Ty hugs Yippi even tighter. He prances away.

ROGER *
So, does this mean you won't be as *
ruthless of a mayor? *

TY *
Ah, I quit. Yippi and I have to *
spend some time together. *

YIPPI *
Forsooth!! And away we shall go! *
And the party shall follow!! *

Yippi dances in Ty's hand. They both leave. Roger shrugs. *

ROGER *
That's the best Christmas gift *
anyone could've given me. *

EXT. SNOWY PARK - LATER

Amanda, Roger, and Skylar sit at a bench.

AMANDA
You didn't tell us about the
wedding?

SKYLAR
You hated me for wanting to leave
the house, remember?

ROGER
Ugh, it's that trombone player, I
bet. You know, I always-

Amanda nudges Roger.

ROGER (CONT'D)
-I thought he was very nice.
Respectable young man. Played a
perfectly noble instrument.

SKYLAR
Speaking of, I've got someone I'd
like you two to meet.

Skylar stands up, waving someone over.

A young girl, ROSIE (5) dashes in, giving Skylar a big hug.

AMANDA
Oh my! Is that-?

SKYLAR
Mom, dad, this is Rosie. She's your
granddaughter.

ROSIE
Grandma!!

Rosie runs up to Amanda, giving her a hug.

SKYLAR
Her dad's still off looking for a
parking space, so I figured he
could drop her off.

Amanda lifts Rosie up, sitting her on her lap.

ROSIE
For Christmas I want four ponies,
and a wagon, and a footstool, and-

SKYLAR
Now, remember, tonight's Christmas
Eve, so you don't want to ask
grandma for too much.

Rosie pauses, thinking.

ROSIE
Three ponies.

EXT. GREENE HOUSE - DAY

Jen-E and RB stand on the snowy sidewalk, looking at the
Greenes' house.

THE WINDOW

Through the window, we see the family gathered around a CHRISTMAS TREE. Rosie TEARS open presents as Roger and Amanda laugh.

RB (O.S.)

There goes the little one.

THE SIDEWALK

RB (CONT'D)

Pretty high energy, that family is.

JEN-E

Maybe. But I wouldn't trade it for anything.

RB

You always were the lucky one, you know that? The rest of us are weird, shambly gadgets, but you're a person. People look at you and your eyes and your smile and they say "Hey, that's a person."

JEN-E

But that doesn't mean you aren't one.

RB

I dunno.

(pause)

I used to work with cars, you know. I've seen when stuff gets real broken. Stuff that I wouldn't even try to fix.

(pause)

But you, you always try.

(pause)

Me, I could never be that selfless.

*
*
*

JEN-E

It wasn't selfless.

*

RB

What, making people happy? Sounds selfless to me.

*
*
*

JEN-E

It was my job. It was my purpose. I had to do it, it was the one thing that...

*
*
*
*

(MORE)

JEN-E (CONT'D)

That proved I could be real. That
proved I was worthy of a seal of
quality.

*
*
*

Jen-E holds up her arm, staring at the new STICKER on the
back of her hand.

*
*

JEN-E (CONT'D)

And I got one. Not from JK
Robotics, but from my family.

*
*
*

Jen-E smiles. She turns back to look at the house.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

Do you wanna come with us?

RB

Nobody wants a hydraulic crane for
Christmas.

JEN-E

But they're really nice! I'm sure
they'll love you just like-

RB

Jen-E, really. It's okay. That's
your family. I've just gotta find
mine.

RB turns to leave.

JEN-E

Hey-

RB looks back.

JEN-E (CONT'D)

See you next Christmas.

RB

See you then.

RB leaves.

EXT. DRIVEWAY SIDEWALK - DAY

RB rolls along the snowy sidewalk, passing a driveway.

JEN-E (V.O.)

You've just gotta find your
purpose.

*

A SHOVELING MAN (40s) shovels snow in a huff.

JEN-E (V.O.)
Your *real* purpose.

*

RB stops, looking at the man. He picks up a shovel and helps him clear the snow.

SHOVELING MAN
Hey, thanks.

RB nods.

JEN-E (V.O.)
Everyone's got one.

*

INT. GREENE STUDY - DAY

CLUNK!!

A loud clashing note.

Jen-E sits at the piano, next to Rosie. Rosie giggles, her hands on the keys.

JEN-E
Hey, that's a start!

*

ROSIE
That's what mom does.

*

*

JEN-E
You think that's how your mom plays?

*

*

*

ROSIE
Yeah.

JEN-E
You know, your mom tells me you wrote a song.

ROSIE
It's called "Giant Walking Pickle Drinking Chocolate Milk."

JEN-E
That's a great title. Do you wanna play it for me?

ROSIE
No.

JEN-E
No? Why not?

ROSIE
You play something!

JEN-E
You want me to play something? Here-
Jen-E takes Rosie's hands, placing them on the keys.

JEN-E (CONT'D)
How about we both play something?

They PLAY.

*

*

THE END