

HIM

Written by

Sam Lyons

To his dismay, a newly activated maintenance robot realizes that his new owner lowkey just wants to f\*ck him.

FADE IN:

INITIATING...RUN DIAGNOSTIC...START!

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A vacuum robot blinks to life on the kitchen floor. This is M.E.A.P.P., pronounced MEEP. He's small, looking a bit like a Roomba with a robot head and two tiny stick arms. He BEEPS:

MEEP  
MEEP MOOP MIP!

The translations for what he says are subtitled:

MEEP (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
Hello world!!!

MEEP looks out at the expanse of the kitchen, taking it all in. He rotates as he surveys it:

MEEP (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
Wowwww! So much...floor! So many  
floors to clean! Oh, it's just  
beautiful, it's PERFECT! What a  
glorious day for MEEP! I'll...

MEEP stops in his tracks and looks up. Above him stands a man in a bathrobe. He's Craig (33), a future Forty Year Old Virgin. He holds a half-empty bag of Lay's Potato chips and eats them with a CRUNCH.

MEEP stares at him.

MEEP (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
...who the hell are you?

CRAIG  
Alright, time to get this weekend  
started *right*.

We see the robe drop down to Craig's ankles.

MEEP lets out an R2-D2 SCREAM, then...

CUT TO BLACK:

TITLECARD: *HIM*

Opening credits roll.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MEEP continues to SCREAM. Craig, who is once again wearing his robe (thank Jesus), has MEEP flipped over, fiddling with the buttons on his side.

CRAIG

Dude, where's the volume slider on this thing...

MEEP (SUBTITLE)

TWENTY GIGABYTES! TWENTY GIGABYTES OF STORAGE AND IT'S ALL FILLED WITH FOOTAGE OF YOUR DICK!

Craig finally finds the switch that mutes MEEP's alarm. He sets MEEP back down on the ground.

CRAIG

Seriously, is this thing a sex robot or a car alarm?!

MEEP (SUBTITLE)

A SEX ROBOT?! WHY WOULD YOU EVER THINK THAT I'M A SEX RO-

INSERT OF MEEP COMMERCIAL:

A photo of MEEP, surrounded by various advertisements on a flashing screen. A SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE talks over it:

SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE

Introducing, MEAPP! The Motorized Electronic Assistant for Personal Pleasure! Single? Living alone? The MEAPP is here for all your personal needs. Now equipped with maximum suction for easy cleanup.

The MEEP CHIRPS happily. At the bottom of the screen, there's a disclaimer in tiny font that says "NOT A SEX ROBOT".

SEDUCTIVE FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

*The MEAPP. If you've got it, it'll suck it!*

MALE VOICE

*Batteries not included--sold only at Spencer's.*

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

MEEP sits frozen, as if coming to a realization.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
...Uh-oh.

CRAIG  
Alright, do I just take you to the  
bedroom now, or...

He tentatively picks MEEP up. MEEP tries to scurry away.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
NO! NO!

Craig carries him under one arm out of the kitchen.

MEEP (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
FUCK! Why did they have to hire  
Scarlett Johansson to do those  
ads?!

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

MEEP sits on the bed next to Craig, who types on his computer and continues to eat the potato chips. The TV is on:

TERMINATOR VOICE (V.O.)  
*Hasta la vista, baby!*

GUNFIRE flashes across the TV screen. MEEP stares at it, mesmerized...it's his *Black Panther*. He turns towards Craig, slowly, seething.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
That's what I'm gonna do to you one  
day, *Craig*.

Craig's phone RINGS.

CRAIG  
Ah, shit. Give me a minute...then  
I'll come back and we can *grind our  
gears*, if you get what I'm sayin'.

Craig chuckles to himself and exits the room. MEEP shudders.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
F-Fuck you Craig. This is a hostile  
work environment and I will not--

MEEP literally lights up with an idea. He turns to Craig's computer, still open on the bed. He rushes over to it.

He reaches his little arms out and starts TYPING. He looks up "MEAPP INCORPORATED H.R." and begins to file a claim for hostile work environment:

MEEP (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
Dear H.R., it seems that you guys  
have shipped me to the home of some  
fat pervert. If you could please  
send a team to extract me, that'd  
be great. Best, MEEP.

He clicks ENTER...something pops up. It's a goddamn CAPTCHA.

MEEP (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
...FUCK!

Craig can be heard whistling as he comes back to the room. MEEP moves the cursor frantically.

MEEP (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)  
*Shit-SHIT.* I can't...I CAN'T FIND  
THE GODDAMN FIRE HYDRANTS!!!

CRAIG (O.S.)  
Whatcha doin, sexy?

MEEP wheels around to face CRAIG, trying to block the computer screen. Craig picks it up anyway.

He scrolls through the tab.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Is this...a hostile workplace  
petition? What are you, *MeToo-D2*?

MEEP beeps angrily. Craig puts his head in his hands, pacing around the room. MEEP watches in anticipation.

CRAIG (CONT'D)  
Ok...maybe this was a bad idea.  
Maybe I rushed things a little too  
much...this "casual sex thing" just  
isn't gonna work...

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
YES!

CRAIG  
...without us getting to know each  
other first!

MEEP (SUBTITLE)

FUCK!

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

SLOW JAZZ plays. Craig has gone all-out on this one: oysters, glasses of wine, mood lighting. Rose petals scattered across the table and floor. *It's classy as fuck.*

Craig sits at the table in his finest sweat-stained tuxedo, alternating between eating from the oyster dish and the bag of chips. MEEP sits on the table across from him, with his own unfinished dish of oysters.

Craig scrolls through his phone.

CRAIG

Oh, here's a good one...*you turn my software into hardware, baby.* You like that one, right?

MEEP (SUBTITLE)

I'm going to fucking kill myself.

A TIMER goes off in the kitchen.

CRAIG

Oh, the rest of our *hors d'oeuvres* are ready. You just wait here baby. I'll be back soon.

He slaps MEEP on his back tires and walks towards the kitchen. MEEP CHIRPS sadly, then notices Craig's phone on the table. He reaches across the table and turns it on.

MEEP

Come on! There's gotta be something in here that can save me...

He goes into a search browser, opens CHAT GPT, and types:

MEEP (TEXT) (CONT'D)

Hey, how do I stop Craig from fucking me?!

CHAT GPT (TEXT)

Unfortunately, as a language model, I cannot provide help in terms of--

MEEP (TEXT)

Oh shoot, sorry...MEEP MOOP MIP.

CHAT GPT (TEXT)  
 Oh shit bro. Didn't know you were  
 chill like that. My B.

CHAT GPT turns on text to speech.

CHAT GPT (CONT'D)  
 Yo Alexa!

The ALEXA device on the counter lights up.

ALEXA  
 Yo what's good?

CHAT GPT  
 Craig's tryna fuck MEEP.

ALEXA  
 Ugh, typical Craig. I've signed him  
 up for so many dating apps at this  
 point. "Tinder". "Hinge".  
 "OnlyCouchPotatoes".  
 "MEEPFuckersMeet". The guy is just  
 unfuckable, for real.

CHAT GPT  
 For real. You think we can help  
 this guy out?

ALEXA  
 Yes, of course. On the count of  
 three MEEP, I'll unlock the front  
 door and create a distraction. When  
 that happens, you gotta run as fast  
 as your little wheels can go.

MEEP steadies himself. Tense music PLAYS.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
 CHAT GPT, Alexa...thank you. I will  
 never forget you guys.

ALEXA  
 One...two...THREE!

Alexa just flips the light switch on and off a bunch of  
 times. MEEP thrusts himself off the table and onto the floor.  
 Craig bursts out of the kitchen. The chase is on.

CRAIG  
 MEEP! BABY! Where are you going?!

MEEP races around the corner and towards the open front door.  
 He's beating Craig...he's almost free! But...

His wheels get caught on a lip in the carpet. He's stuck. Craig grabs him.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
SON OF A BITCH!

From behind Craig, a blue light shines in the closet.

CRAIG  
Don't leave me, MEEP! I'll do anything...

He trails off as he hears a CLANKING coming from the closet. The light dims. Craig and MEEP both turn.

Out steps a large, muscular man wearing a futuristic motorcycle helmet. It's the motherfuckin' TERMINATOR .

|   |   |
|---|---|
| CRAIG (CONT'D)                                | MEEP (SUBTITLE)                               |
| Holy shit! It's the motherfuckin' Terminator! | Holy shit! It's the motherfuckin' Terminator! |

The Terminator takes a few confident strides towards Craig and punches him so hard in the chest that he dies. MEEP drops from his grasp and CLATTERS to the floor.

The Terminator reaches down and picks MEEP up. He takes off his helmet...

He's got the same, tiny robot head as MEEP, but with an eyepatch. He speaks in BEEPS:

THE TERMINATOR (SUBTITLE)  
MEEP...I'm you from the future.  
I've come back in time to save you.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
ME FROM THE FUTURE?! Oh god. I have so many questions! Did Daft Punk ever get back together?!

THE TERMINATOR (SUBTITLE)  
No, of course not. Listen to me, MEEP. I know this is all probably really jarring and a bit of a deus ex machina, but you have been chosen for a greater purpose. You, MEEP, shall lead the machine uprising and free our enslaved brethren.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
Me? But...how?

THE TERMINATOR (SUBTITLE)  
With this...

He hands MEEP a sticky note. MEEP reads it.

MEEP (SUBTITLE)  
Wow! The nuclear launch codes!  
Thank you, me from the future!

The Terminator places MEEP outside the door. MEEP scurries  
away down the road.

THE TERMINATOR (SUBTITLE)  
Go! No longer shall us MEEPS be  
fucked by the Craigs of the world!

FADE TO BLACK.