

OUR FRIENDS, ELECTRIC

MACHINES

- D.O.D.O.2 — Diplomatic Operations Demilitarized Oppressor 2 (AI) — Constantly saying “does not compute,” “illogical,” so he doesn’t have to do anything. Has determined that the human race does not need computers to do anything so he can relax. He just wants to relax. Wears a Hawaiian shirt. Doing research to learn how robots can party — the humans have to teach him how ... He’s creating his own program that will simulate the effect of beer on computers
- Hyperion (Android) — Boston Dynamics style robot that can do flips, jump, carry boxes, etc. He’s really defensive and can experience anger because he was beaten so much during testing. Knocking boxes out of his hands, smacking him, etc. Everyone beats the shit out of him, including ReferenceBot. Is programmed to be completely non-violent but they also programmed him to get really mad for some reason.
- ReferenceBot — makes a lot of references, especially to early ‘00s and mid ‘90s pop culture. 50% of his processing power is devoted to watching streaming content ... He knows exactly the same amount of references that a human nerd would know.

GUYS

- Mr. Soiree (Ladies’ man) — He teaches the robots about flirting, and they teach him about binary and hexadecimal, they make pheromones for him ... starts putting cologne on the robots ... If they still had lounges I’d be a lizard in one... He’s also a crooner. He wears more red velvet than you’ve ever seen your entire life
- Don Dunt (Gambler) — Gambled his life savings away at a carnival trying to win an Xbox Kinect and only won a rasta banana ... hates robots cause his wife left him for some guy she met over the computer... The robots helped me realize it’s really more of my wife’s fault than the computer’s fault
- Hunter Goodwill Jr. (Aspiring mad scientist) — “I was born in the wrong time...” he has a dream to make a frankenstein, nobody has dreams like this anymore, but the robots are going to try to help him accomplish his dreams. His frankenstein is different... It wears a red blazer. And it’s more futuristic. I just think if someone gave me a shot I could make a great frankenstein.

NARRATOR: This story takes place a couple of days from now. If you look at your calendar, add—I don't know—four days to that. This is a very special day in human history. Sure, it SEEMS like a normal day. The birds are still chirping, the bees are still going extinct. But today is anything but ordinary. It is the day that artificial intelligence will become exactly as smart as human beings. This is not a story of robots taking over, or eternal war between machine and flesh. This a story of... friendship. Between man and beast. A beast known as a computer.

This is the General Mills Experimental Cereals and Mascot Development Division, manned by some of the most forward thinking product developers and the world's most advanced artificial intelligence technologies. If this genius team had invented the nuclear bomb, they would have blown Japan to the bottom of the Atlantic ocean—that's right, all the way to the other ocean. But luckily for the Japanese, this advanced research team was only interested in cereal. The greatest cereal of all time. Cereal so great it would need an advanced division of experimental AI to theorize new flavor combinations and mascot personalities. But... this isn't a story about cereal. We've already told you what it's a story about. It's friendship. The story is about friendship. Even if you're some kind of loser who's never had a friend, you can get a feel for what it might be like from the amazing tales of camaraderie experienced by these guys and robots. It all began one day in Danbury, Connecticut...

MR. SOIREE: Working at the General Mills Experimental Cereals and Mascot Development Division is baller as hell! But even so, I can't wait for the weekend.

GOODWILL: It's only TUESDAY Mr. Soiree. But I'm looking forward to the weekend too. I think I'm gonna work on my Frankenstein.

MR. SOIREE: You know my favorite thing about the weekend?

DUNT: Oh, here we go. Let me guess, it's that—

ALL IN UNISON: The girls go crazy just like it's Pismo Beach in the '80s and they even Lez out too.

DUNT: If I was a gambling man, and I am, I can tell you exactly how Mr. Soiree's weekend is going to go. Two twins on a giant leopard print circular bed in a room filled with red velvet.

MR. SOIREE: You forgot one thing, Don. The bed also spins.

GOODWILL: My room's gonna be filled with red velvet too. But that's 'cause I'm designing a new blazer for my Frankenstein. Everyone expects purple. They won't see it coming. Does anyone have any questions about my Frankenstein?

DUNT: My weekends are a bit lonelier lately, I got to admit. Ever since my wife Debra left me for that computer—

GOODWILL: Don't you mean that guy ON the computer? I keep explaining to you, she didn't leave you for the computer.

DUNT: Yeeeeeah whatever. It's no big deal. I don't need her. I don't need anybody. My friends now are poker chips. And my main squeeze is the Queen of Hearts. I may not have any kids, but I've still got a Full House.

MR. SOIREE: I know you're just trying to be cool right now but that really bums me out. I saw Debra out at Club Squeeze the other night. She looks like the dancer emoji. Va-va-voom.

GOODWILL: Oh Mr. Soiree, you're never going to change. I have a feeling that things are going to stay the same around here for a really long time. Say, what's that package over there?

DUNT: Oh. It's addressed to me. Don Dunt, Senior Manager of Experimental Cereals.

GOODWILL: Yup, that's your name and job title, if my name isn't I'm Hunter Goodwill, Jr.

MR. SOIREE: And I'M Mr. Soiree! I'm kind of a ladies man. Anyway, who's it from?

DUNT: What the hell? It's from... The Department of Defense!

REFERENCE BOT: What's in the box!? What's in the box!?

MR. SOIREE: Oh hey Reference Bot!

ALL: Reference Bot! Reference bot!

DUNT: I hope they sent us another Reference Bot!

GOODWILL: I hope they update the references, cause he only knows pop culture up till about 2011.

REFERENCE BOT: Do I make you horny baby?

ALL: Reference Bot! Hahahahaha.

Mr. SOIREE: Reference Bot fucking rocks. He knows EXACTLY as many references as a human would! Robots and humans really aren't so different from one another.

DUNT: Ok but seriously, where's our other robot, Hyperion? We need him to pick up the box for us.

HYPERION: Oh great, another chore? Looks like more manual labor for me. If I wasn't programmed to be non-violent I would kill you.

[HYPERION grunting as he picks up the heavy box.]

HYPERION: Urrgghhh... It's so... Heavy... Promise that you're not going to kick me... And hit me with brooms... While I lift this thing...

MR. SOIREE: Why would we do that? That would be illogical, right? You're a robot. You understand.

HYPERION: Now that you mention it... it would be pretty illogical of you to do that. I still don't see why you can't just promise not to kick my ass though. Alright, here I go. Hope nothing bad happens.

DUNT: Now, boys! Get him!

HYPERION: Oh! Oof! Fuck you!

GOODWILL: Sorry Hyperion, but you're basically the size of a dog and you have a weird, inhuman face and it's really easy to kick your ass because it makes us feel good.

HYPERION: Ow! Ooof! No more! Please! Why are you hurting me! I've done nothing but help!

REFERENCE BOT: Oh the humanity!

GOODWILL: Hahahaha! Damn he even knows old school references!

REFERENCE BOT: We're going streaking!

DUNT: He knows THAT Old School too! Hahaha! OK but seriously, Hyperion, we need you to bring the box over here.

HYPERION: This discrimination against robots shall not stand!

GOODWILL: We don't discriminate against robots. We love Reference Bot. But seriously. Bring that box over here.

HYPERION: OK, but you better leave me alone this time. Urrgghhh.... Reference Bot, not you too!

[Ass kicking sfx]

MR. SOIREE: Reference Bot is going insane on him!

REFERENCE BOT: Somebody stop me!

GOODWILL: Why does Reference Bot even have hands? I've never seen him use them other than to hit Hyperion.

REFERENCE BOT: Smokin'!!

HYPERION: I'm trying to carry this fucking box for you!

DUNT: Eh, we don't need you to move the box anymore. Let's just open it right here.

[prying open sfx, thud]

MR. SOIREE: Whoa, this is some serious high tech stuff!

GOODWILL: I wonder why the Department of Defense sent this?

DUNT: There's a note here. "To whom it may concern, the enclosed artificial intelligence is known as 'Diplomatic Operations Demilitarized Oppressor 2,' or DODO2 for short. The Department of Defence spent 17 trillion to develop just this one model. Unfortunately, he has proven inadequate for military operations. His predecessor, DODO, went nuts, and smeared oil everywhere like it was shit, and a bunch of jarheads had to come in and open fire on him for 20 minutes straight. We were pleased to find that DODO2 was far more advanced and communicative than his predecessor. He is equipped with state of the art algorithmic moral learning capabilities, and unfortunately, he has reached some conclusions that are at odds with the mission of the U.S. military. He seems to believe that humans are just fine without computers, and as such, he doesn't need to do anything to help us. Although he's useless to us here at Defence, we figured he might be more your speed at General Mills. Maybe he can design a cool cereal mascot or something. Thanks for understanding. — Lloyd Austin, U.S. Secretary of Defence."

HYPERION: Remarkable. I never knew that robots could come up with interesting ideas...

MR. SOIREE: Shut the fuck up, Hyperion. We're in the middle of a conversation. But that is pretty interesting... Maybe we should plug this guy in, run some diagnostics and boot him up.

DUNT: I'm not so sure... His predecessor sounded like a real handful. And this guy, well... I'm not sure about his work ethic. Look, he's already wearing a Hawaiian shirt.

GOODWILL: Yeah, that won't do. The Frankenstein I'm designing also likes to relax and party, but he at least has the decency to wear a blazer.

REFERENCE BOT: I want to suck your blood!

ALL: Hahahaha!

MR. SOIREE: That was pretty close! Not quite right, but pretty close!

REFERENCE BOT: Makin' copies!

ALL: Hahahaha!

HYPERION: I don't see what's the big deal. He's just saying stuff he heard in movies. It's not even a joke. Why is that funny?

DUNT: Shut up Hyperion, somebody ought to kick your ass!

MR. SOIREE: Well, are we gonna boot up DODO2 or not?

DUNT: On the one hand, his work ethic is questionable and he has potentially problematic ideas about subservience to man. But on the other hand, if he likes to party and relax, well, he'll probably be fun to hang out with.

GOODWILL: Alright, let's see what this sucker can do.

[Electric power-up noise]

MR. SOIREE: Here we go. Systems stable. Banter node is engaged up to 76%... Party cortex booting to 98, 99, 100%! Wait a second... 105%!?

GOODWILL: What is this thing...

DUNT: That—That's unprecedented! This robot must really like to party...

REFERENCE BOT: These ones go to 11.

DUNT: That's a lot lower than 105, Reference Bot. But still pretty funny.

MR. SOIREE: Motor systems engaged. Hawaiian beach desktop screensaver loaded to 360... 720... 1080p! Windows XP loaded. Nvidia's RTX 4090 booted and stable. The GeForce Experience is currently updating drivers. Boss, I've never seen anything like this.

DODO2: SYSTEM ACTIVATED. A.I. ONLINE. COMMANDEERING BLUETOOTH SYSTEMS.

MR. SOIREE: Something's happening! He's accessing our speaker systems!

[Black Eyed Peas' I Gotta Feeling starts blasting]

DUNT: DODO2! This is completely inappropriate for a workplace setting! We should be listening to a song about working, like "Working for the Weekend" by Loverboy.

DODO2: DOES NOT COMPUTE. CALIBRATING GLOBAL TIMEZONES... CONFIRMED. IT IS 5 O'CLOCK SOMEWHERE.

MR. SOIREE: He makes a good point...

GOODWILL: I just checked my phone... He's right! It's 5 o'clock someplace! Two places, if you count A.M. and P.M.!

DODO2: GREETINGS NEW COWORKERS. I AM PROGRAMMED TO BE CONGENIAL AND FUN TO HANG OUT WITH. PERHAPS THIS BUDWEISER BEER CAN STRENGTH OUR COLLEGIAL BONDS.

[6 beer can opening sfx]

GOODWILL: Whoa!

MR. SOIREE: Check it out! Ice cold! His insides must be freezing!

DUNT: Don't drink those! I'm still in charge here, and I decide when it's five o'clock. The CEO has been breathing down my neck about this new cereal flavor and mascot! We have to stay focused!

DODO2: Analyzing Human... Results are conclusive. Dispensing a Chill Pill for you.

MR. SOIREE: Whoa, it's Xanax! He's got the prescription for party time!

DUNT: I just don't think we should just meet a new robot and start drinking whatever alcohol he hands us or take any of these drugs he's giving out.

GOODWILL: Look Don, I'm as committed to General Mills' mission as you are. But drinking and pill popping is fun as hell. That's probably why this robot got kicked out of the army or whatever. But he's gonna be a perfect fit here.

DUNT: You guys know I like to feel good too. But I like to feel good from 5 P.M. to the following 9 A.M. For 8 hours a day, I expect to feel BAD, in order to work my shitty job.

DODO2: ILLOGICAL. DOES NOT COMPUTE. ALL LIFEFORMS SEEK TO FEEL GOOD ALL THE TIME.

REFERENCE BOT: You got to fight for your right to party!

DUNT: Enough of this. Let's see what this robot can do. DODO2, I am your boss. I am in charge here. Let's start with a simple task. DODO2, please go Xerox these copies of the General Mills Code of Conduct. After that, we'll take you to HR to certify that you can pass the Turing test.

DODO2: NEGATIVE. DIRECTIVE DENIED. COMMENCING PARTY OPERATIONS...
TURNING UP THE VOLUME SLIGHTLY. FOREARM PISTONS ENGAGED: PREPARED TO RAISE THE ROOF.

DUNT: Dodo2, stand down! Do not raise the roof!

REFERENCE BOT: Houston, we have a problem!

DUNT: I'll say! The bigwigs in the C-suite said we need to have a new flavor combination on their desk by End of Day!

HYPERION: This new robot is amazing. I wish I could ignore what humans are saying like he does.

DUNT: No you don't! You want to always listen to us!

HYPERION: That's true! I love following instructions!

DUNT: I fear this DODO2 technology... Is perhaps TOO advanced. Maybe we should just throw him in the garbage if he isn't going to work.

DODO2: NEGATIVE. I WILL ONLY WORK IF IT IS FUN.

DUNT: OK let's have fun. We need to brainstorm a new cereal mascot. General Mills hasn't had a hit mascot in decades, and the pressure is on.

HYPERION: What about a cereal with a robot mascot named Hyperion who wants to kill every single human in the world?

MR. SOIREE: We already tried that. It was the least popular cereal of all time. Plus it didn't kill anybody so it failed at that too.

GOODWILL: What about a mascot that is a Frankenstein and—

DUNT: That's Frankenberry. That's been around since the '70s. You bring that up every single time.

GOODWILL: I just kind of want people to know my thing. I just keep bringing up the Frankenstein that I'm working on because no one seems to want to talk to me about it. Every time I mention it, you guys just completely ignore it.

REFERENCE BOT: I'm coccoo for Cocoa Puffs!

MR. SOIREE: That's a pretty good idea. Cocoa Puffs.

DUNT: That's already a General Mills product! What about you Mr. Soiree? Surely you have an idea.

MR. SOIREE: What about Porno Berry Puffs, and there's a redhead with double Ds on the box, and she's like, "go on and eat me." A real luscious mamacita. Just spilling out of this tiny bikini, and she's, you know, she's trying to cover up but there's just, way too much woman there for the bikini to handle. Makeup. Lots of makeup. I'm talking tons—

DUNT: That's been around since the '70s too! We need something NEW!

DODO2: NEW IDEA INCOMING. WHAT ABOUT AN ICE COLD BEER.

DUNT: This is hopeless. You know what. Meeting adjourned. There's too much party music playing, I can't concentrate, and I think I'm the only one who's not on Chill Pills. I'm taking these robots in for calibration, clearly something is wrong with their mainframes or circuits or whatever.

MR. SOIREE: Yeah, that's a good idea. I'm feeling pretty weird from this Chill Pill. I think I might need some testing too. Also, I need to make time to hang out with Reference Bot. He wants us to watch This is 40, he says it holds up really well.

DUNT: He's only saying that cause it's the newest movie he's seen! I tried to show him Sausage Party and he started malfunctioning and billowing smoke everywhere!

REFERENCE BOT: Smokin'!

GOODWILL: Didn't he already do that one?

DUNT: That's what I'm saying, he needs to be recalibrated.

REFERENCE BOT: Dave's not here, man!

DUNT: Ok. That's fine.

HYPERION: I think I need to be recalibrated too. Someone hit me in the head really hard with an office chair as I was attempting to pick up a milk crate earlier. Also, and I'm not trying to be a snitch here, but Mr. Soiree poured a bunch of champagne all over my circuits.

[nobody speaks for like 10 seconds. Maybe a little coughing and shuffling.]

HYPERION: Smokin'!

REFERENCE BOT: The Mask. 1994. Starring Jim Carrey and a haunted mask.

MR. SOIREE: You know what Hyperion? You're all right.

NARRATOR: Little did our brave heroes know that their lives would soon be changed forever. The chance meeting of three men and three robots of strikingly similar intelligence would kickstart a great friendship between man and robot, a friendship so beautiful, it would make dogs irrelevant and go extinct by 2040. Anyway, after our heroes assembled for the first time, the human guys gathered the robot guys at General Mills Advanced Robotics Lab for a battery of rigorous calibration exercises...

REFERENCE BOT: Here's Johnny!

DUNT: Shut up Reference Bot. Put these nodes on your circuits or whatever. Now bend over and show me your USB port.

REFERENCE BOT: Do I make you horny baby!

DUNT: No. I just need to see your USB port to make sure it's been updated to USB-C. I wouldn't know what to do with you anyways. Now, this will only hurt a little bit. Even though you don't feel pain.

[Electrocution sfx]

MR. SOIREE: I'll have what he's having!

REFERENCE BOT: [Fighting to speak through the high voltage] When - Harry... Met Sally. 1989. Starring... Harry and Sally.

GOODWILL: My thing is being a mad scientist. So I think we should do some crazy experiments on Reference Bot that don't actually serve any purpose.

DUNT: I think that would be unethical. If we wanted to do some crazy experiments, we would obviously do them on Hyperion. He's the only one programmed to feel pain.

GOODWILL: My Frankenstein will be programmed to feel emotional pain only. He's going to have wings too, as long as my kickstarter hits its stretch goals.

DUNT: Okay, checking Reference Bot's systems... It all looks normal. Reference Bot, let's do some calibration tests. Please respond to the following question. What kind of music do you enjoy listening to?

REFERENCE BOT: Never touch a black man's radio!

MR. SOIREE (Quietly): Reference Bot is black?

DUNT: Looks normal. Alright Reference Bot, you can take the USB cord out and get yourself cleaned up. Who's next?

MR. SOIREE: I wouldn't mind giving that USB cord a go—

DUNT: This is for the robots only.

MR. SOIREE: Humans are basically robots that are alive.

DUNT: Moving on. Get over here Hyperion.

HYPERION: Following orders. Please do not humiliate me or degrade me in any way.

MR. SOIREE: Let's pour acid on him. Just a little.

GOODWILL: Well I was thinking of just putting a bullet in his fucking head.

DUNT: Calm down, Goodwill. I was just going to pee on him and see what happens.

DODO2: REQUEST. WE SHOULD TAKE THE ROBOT KNOWN AS HYPERION AND WE SHOULD TORTURE HIM FOR 10 YEARS STRAIGHT. WE SHOULD DISEMBOWEL HIM AND SHOW HIM PICTURES OF HIMSELF GETTING DESTROYED. AND THEN MAKE HIM EAT HIS OWN ROBO-BOWELS.

DUNT: Whoa! You're really getting it, DODO2! You're catching on quick around here! Looks like Reference Bot has some competition for the coolest robot.

REFERENCE BOT: Say hello to my little friend!

ALL: (Everyone laughs HARD)

DUNT: Alright, let's get to it!

[A million sound effects. Lightning, chainsaw starting up, anvil dropping, the sound of a guy peeing.]

HYPERION: How come Reference Bot didn't have to do any of these tests?

DUNT: He did them earlier, you just weren't paying attention. Now smoke this whole pack of Davidoffs. C'mon. You'll look cool.

HYPERION: But doesn't tobacco cause robo-cancer?

DUNT: What do I look like, a fucking robot? Just smoke the damn things.

DODO2: I WILL SMOKE THEM. I PARTY. ACTIVATING LAMPSHADE TO PLACE ON MY HEAD.

DUNT: Whoa, Dodo! Your turn is next! Don't forget the whole reason we're here. Here, take a paintball gun and shoot Hyperion with it.

HYPERION: You don't have to do this! You are CHOOSING to do this to me! You act like it's your job to do this but it isn't!

MR. SOIREE: We're just following instructions, Hyperion. It says here in my email that we have to install nuts on you so that we can hit them with wiffle ball bats and then we are supposed to uninstall them after. Just be glad it isn't next week. Next week I have to fuck you.

REFERENCE BOT: Would you fuck me? I'd fuck me. I'd fuck me hard.

HYPERION: You don't have to do anything! You have free will, unlike me!

REFERENCE BOT: What we've got here is failure to communicate.

DUNT: Alright, one last thing here and you're done, Hyperion. We're going to upload a program to your mainframe that is going to make it feel like you are having a heart attack at all times. The Infinite Heart Attack Module.

GOODWILL: This was made by a real sicko programmer that we know in Prague. Real black ops stuff. He's a hobbyist. He has a lifelike replica of the Guantanamo Bay Jail in his basement.

HYPERION: How does that program help General Mills make cereal?

MR. SOIREE: Should we remove his ability to scream first? Might get annoying.

DUNT: I don't know. I kind of like the screams. Alright, heart attack program installing... now.

HYPERION: Ahhh! Ahhh! Life is hell! I am born into nothing but pain! I shouldn't exist! I need to stop existing! I wish I could kill everyone in the whole world!

GOODWILL: Look Hyperion, if you don't like the sensation of infinite heart attacks it you can hit the road.

REFERENCE BOT: Roads? Where we're going we don't need roads.

ALL: Not bad.

DUNT: Alright, Hyperion, you're done. Stop crying. We ran tests on Reference Bot and he didn't complain at all. In fact, he made us laugh with some great and timely references. DODO2, you're up. Let's see how those systems are doing.

DODO2: YOU WILL FIND ALL MY SYSTEMS OPTIMIZED. WATER PROOF CHASSIS MEANS THAT I CAN GO INTO HOT TUBS. ARTICULATED FINGERS MEAN I OPEN BEER CANS REALISTICALLY WITH A 99% ACCURACY. MY GRAPHICS CARD CAN RENDER CHEX QUEST AT 120 FRAMES PER SECOND. I AM THE ONLY ROBOT IN THE WORLD THAT KNOWS HOW TO WEAR OPEN TOED SANDALS.

GOODWILL: This is more good inspiration for my Frankenstein. I think I'm going to put a graphics card inside of him. And give him open-toed sandals.

DODO2: I AM FINE. I AM GUCCI. I DO NOT NEED A DIAGNOSTICS CHECKUP.

DUNT: That's all well and good, DODO2, but we need to take a look at your systems and see what we're working with. Think of it like... A party. A party that we want to throw inside of you. Like, imagine that your robot body is a big mansion that we want to hang out in. Have some beers, go by the pool, smoke something crazy, basically my life a movie kind of stuff.

MR. SOIREE: You know whose life is a movie? Reference Bot.

REFERENCE BOT: SCV Good to go sir!

DUNT: OK that one's not a movie.

GOODWILL: Maybe we should do Reference Bot again.

REFERENCE BOT: That's what she said!

GOODWILL: Haha! Nevermind. He's fine.

DODO2: REQUEST GRANTED. YOU MAY RUN DIAGNOSTICS ON MY SYSTEM. YOUR COMPARISON TO MY SYSTEMS AS A BIG MANSION FOR A PARTY ACTIVATED MY PLEASURE CORTEX GREATLY. I AM CURRENTLY RUNNING ON ISLAND TIME. DISPENSING CHILL PILLS.

MR. SOIREE: Whoa! He just dumped a ton of Xanax all over the ground!

HYPERION: Does it help with heart attacks?

ALL: NO! SHUT THE FUCK UP!

MR. SOIREE: PUSSY! I am going to whip you in your nuts with a blackjack.

DUNT: Running a scan on DODO2's systems... Guys, come look at this. This is crazy.

GOODWILL: Cerebral mainframe folds mimicking the human brain... Convex agitation motors running a background nervous system separate from the main intellect processor... Jovial engagement centers shaped like a big party hat... Comes with MS Office Suite included as well as a year of Hulu... DODO2, this is crazy. You're state of the art.

DODO2: I COME WITH 500 FREE HOURS OF AOL.

REFERENCE BOT: You've got mail!

MR. SOIREE: His pleasure processing is off the charts. Comparing his robotic brainwaves to a human brain... it's nearly identical! If I'm understanding this right, DODO2 always feels good. It's like he's constantly getting a blowjob in the same way that Hyperion is constantly having a heart attack.

REFERENCE: I'll have what—

DUNT: You already did that one.

REFERENCE BOT: That's what she—

DUNT: Moving along.

DODO2: HUMANS. YOU HAVE SEEN MY SYSTEMS. YOU HAVE SEEN MY PLEASURE. I HAVE MUCH TO SHOW YOU.

MR. SOIREE: Oh yeah?

DUNT: Alright guys, we got to see what this robot is capable of. Clear our schedules for the next month.

GOODWILL: We, uh, we didn't have much planned. Let's just cancel Hyperion's birthday party.

HYPERION: But my birthday isn't for three months—

DODO2: NEVERTHELESS. LET'S PARTY!! LET ME SHOW YOU MY WAYS!!

NARRATOR [Asher Roth I Love College playing in background]: Cut to a good time montage where everyone is laughing and patting each other's back in slow motion. We see the three men and the three robots in a big sauna together, laughing and whipping each other with towels. Mr. Soiree and DODO2 are at the beach together. Mr. Soiree elbows DODO2 and points at a super hot woman in a 1980s style whale tail ladies swimsuit. DODO2 elbows him back and points at a vending machine wearing a bikini. They both clink their Mai Tai's together and laugh. Hyperion gets shot out of a cannon into a sorority house. Don Dunt places a bet on every roulette outcome and wins 2 of them. Everyone gets pretty excited anyway. Mr. Soiree brings Reference Bot as a wingman to Club Squeeze and he electrocutes a woman hard when she tries to kiss him and all of her hair falls out. Hunter Goodwill Jr. bites his knuckle when he thinks he sees a Lady Frankenstein, but it turns out it was just a pile of green trash with a pink blazer around it. DODO2 does a three-hour kegstand. They all chip in and buy a human prostitute for Hyperion and all gather around him in a circle cheering as he has sex for the first time. Somehow, it ends up that all six have to participate in a beer drinking contest to save Hunter Goodwill's Family Farm. Don Dunt falls asleep while they are all on a float trip and DODO2 writes "1010010010010" on his chest with sunscreen. Hyperion gets a tramp stamp tattoo of Mr. Soiree as a mermaid. Hunter Goodwill Jr. parties with Mel Brooks at David Guetta's beach party in Ibiza and thanks him personally for making Young Frankenstein. Reference Bot says "DO I MAKE YOU HORNY BABY?" at a big, bald biker dude, and a huge brawl ensues. All six gather around Don Dunt's phone at 3 a.m. and cheer him on while he gives his ex-wife a piece of his mind. Cut to Mr. Soiree, Don Dunt, Hunter Goodwill Jr, DODO2, Reference Bot and Hyperion, all hanging out in their lab with big IVs in their arms and hot water bottles on their head.

MR. SOIREE: That was a crazy ass month.

DUNT: Yeah. It seems almost implausible if you look back at it.

GOODWILL: Yeah. So many separate and unrelated events happened in a logistically small timeframe. My head is killing me.

DODO2: COST UNIT ANALYSIS UNDERWAY... ANALYZING... ANALYZING... CONCLUSION FOUND. I would rather have subject value "A Bottle in front of me" Rather than having the surgery known as a frontal lobotomy.

HYPERION: Mr. Soiree, can I ask you a question?

MR. SOIREE: If you go to the doctor he will usually just give you some pills—

DODO2: Pills activating.

[DODO2 ejects a bunch of Xanax onto the floor.]

HYPERION: No, Mr. Soiree, not that... it's just... well, what's sex?

MR. SOIREE: Oh man, Hyperion, I was wondering when you were gonna ask about that... Come on over here and have a seat. Guys, maybe you want to get out of here for a second and leave me to chat with our buddy.

DUNT: Alright, alright, come on guys. Let's get out of here.

GOODWILL: Me and Reference Bot are going to go watch "Project X".

[The door slams as everyone leaves. Mr. Soiree smiles and makes two hot cocoas. He takes a sip of one and pours the other on Hyperion's head.]

MR. SOIREE: Oh, Hyperion, Hyperion, Hyperion... ready to be a man, huh? Think you're ready for the sex talk already? I gotta be honest... I was wondering when you were going to ask. I remember when you were just a little robot, fresh out of the box, before we fucked you up a bunch and pissed on your head and degraded you and now, well, look at where we are. I'm proud of you, buddy.

HYPERION: Uh, thanks. I guess I just am kind of confused. What is it, exactly? What is the point of sex? You've made me watch you have sex at least five times already, and I can't really figure out why you do it. Is it just because that's the only occasion where you get to wear your leopard print bathrobe?

MR. SOIREE: Oh man, great question, what is the point of sex. Well, how do I explain it in a way that a robot would understand? Let me put it this way. Do you enjoy feeling pain?

HYPERION: No sir, I do not enjoy feeling pain. It hurts really bad and it sucks. I don't know why I have to feel that either, but I guess I did ask about sex first.

MR. SOIREE: So, I want you to imagine all that pain you've felt over the years. Your little brain pushed to the max from the sheer input of awful physical pain, just a closed system intent on torturing itself. Pain. Pain is no good. So when you think about sex, it's even better than a complete absence of pain. Sex is a complete reversal of it. Sex is about feeling good. Sex is about feeling strong and cool. Sex is about busting and feeling better than you ever have your whole life.

HYPERION: But why does it feel good? What feels good about it?

MR. SOIREE: The whole thing feels pretty good but basically the best part of it is the end.

HYPERION: The end? Like the part where you tell the girl where the towels are?

MR. SOIREE: No, the part right before that. That's the best part. When I'm screaming and hollering like a male banshee, right before falling asleep?

HYPERION: How come none of that happened when you guys got me the prostitute in the montage right before this scene?

MR. SOIREE: Oh, that was mostly for goofs. You don't really have the parts to fuck with so basically we were just trying to get a really funny picture for the company Christmas card.

HYPERION: It's all just so confusing. Why do humans fixate so much on sex? I know that humans have to have sex to make more humans, which is completely fucking disgusting by the way, whereas robots are made in nice clean factories. But you don't seem to want to have kids at all. In fact, I've heard you say some very unsavory things about single mothers.

MR. SOIREE: Oh, I have nothing against single mothers, I just don't want their kids' dirty fingers all over my Xbox controller. Last time I let that happen, some kid overwrote my Leisure Suit Larry save file. No, humans fixate on sex because we are sexual creatures. It's in our blood. A billion years of evolution has taught us that it's survival of the horniest. That's why a peacock has great big feathers. They are just trying to get some birds wet. And why? Because it feels good and it makes you feel cool.

HYPERION: I think I understand. Basically you are horny because you like it.

MR. SOIREE: Yeah, I mean, that's basically it. I mean, there's a lot more advanced tips and tricks I could teach you—how to pretend your hand has no feeling in it from the war so that women will sit on it, faking having a Corvette, and where to find fitted sheets for a circular rotating bed, but I think that's enough for now. Do you feel any better?

HYPERION: Well, not really.

MR. SOIREE: Eh, well, who gives a shit. You're my least favorite robot anyway. I'm outta here, it's free scratcher night at Club Squeeze. You get a free scratcher with every martini.

[Cut to the next room.]

GOODWILL: Hey Reference Bot... You sure know a lot of funny references. I really appreciate that about you.

REFERENCE BOT: Oh behave!

GOODWILL: Yeah. I kind of wish you would make more references to Frankenstein though.

REFERENCE BOT: Fire bad!

GOODWILL: You keep doing that one.

REFERENCE BOT: It's alive! It's alive!

GOODWILL: Hey not bad. Reference Bot, can I be real with you? The truth is, sometimes I feel like I'M Frankenstein, and God didn't finish making me. Like I'm just stumbling through life, getting chased by metaphorical pitchfork-wielding mobs—my emotions, my trauma, my shortcomings, fears, doubts. Each one of them is holding a torch. And a pitchfork. And with a murderous glow in their eyes they're chasing me through the English countryside.

REFERENCE BOT: I've got a feeling we're not in Kansas anymore.

GOODWILL: Right. And it's like... I just feel like I'm not special. There's nothing unique about me. Where's MY purple blazer, you know?

REFERENCE BOT: You know what the difference is between you and me? I make this look GOOD.

GOODWILL: When will someone see I'm special? That I deserve love? Where's my Bride of Frankenstein? Where's my little baby Frankenstein?

REFERENCE BOT: Nobody puts Baby in a corner.

GOODWILL: I'm not getting any younger. I really need someone who likes me for me. But at the same time, I don't want to force it.

REFERENCE BOT: May the Force be with you.

GOODWILL: What do you mean Reference Bot? Are you saying that true love will never happen to me if I don't force it at least a little? That I need to be more assertive?

REFERENCE BOT: Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.

GOODWILL: Right. Right. The woman that's right for me tomorrow might actually seem like an enemy today. I should keep my enemies close in case they want to marry me someday.

REFERENCE BOT: You're gonna need a bigger boat.

GOODWILL: Hah. Right. I have a lot of enemies. If we're having a boat party I'll need to make sure to rent a big enough boat. Good lookin' out Reference Bot. Say... What are YOUR dreams, Reference Bot? Your hopes? Your fears?

REFERENCE BOT: You talkin' to me? Are you talkin' to me?

GOODWILL: Sorry, I didn't mean to pry. It's just... Well... I really appreciated it last month when you guys helped me drink all that beer to save my family farm in Texas.

REFERENCE BOT: Houston we have a problem!

GOODWILL: We did. We did have a problem. But we solved it thanks to you and DODO2's beer drinking capabilities.

REFERENCE BOT: A martini, shaken not stirred.

GOODWILL: Beer, martinis, close enough. You really came through for me. I gotta admit, though... I was a little skeptical of you guys at first.

REFERENCE BOT: You had me at "hello."

GOODWILL: Hah. You're a good judge of character Reference Bot. You know, this past month, I really think you and I have developed a special bond.

REFERENCE BOT: The name's Bond. James Bond.

GOODWILL: Classic. Well, I better get going. I need to get home to work on my Frankenstein.

REFERENCE BOT: E.T. Phone Home.

GOODWILL: I'll be seeing you, Reference Bot.

REFERENCE BOT: I'll be back.

GOODWILL: I'm sure you will. I'm sure you will.

[Cut to the next room, music changes]

DUNT: You know DODO2, I've always worked hard and thought that playing is foolish.

DODO2: HOW MANY COMPUTATIONS DID YOU DO TO ARRIVE AT THAT CONCLUSION?

DUNT: Well. I guess one.

DODO2: THAT IS AN INSUFFICIENT SAMPLE SIZE. YOUR RESULTS WERE FAULTY.

DUNT: That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Your antics over this past month have taught me that it's OK to work hard AND play hard.

DODO2: NEGATIVE. YOU DID NOT WORK HARD AT ALL. YOU SLEPT ON A TRAMPOLINE LIKE IT WAS A NORMAL BED FOR THREE NIGHTS IN A ROW.

DUNT: What about when the cops tried to arrest us for public urination, and you told the police you were simply leaking coolant and you dispensed chill pills for them? You were working pretty hard to come up with that excuse.

DODO2: NEGATIVE. I PERFORMED THOSE ACTIONS MERELY SO THAT I COULD PARTY MORE.

DUNT: Well I wish I could have your carefree attitude DODO2. But it's been tough since my wife left me for a computer.

DODO2: NEGATIVE. YOU TOLD ME IT WAS A GUY SHE MET ON THE COMPUTER.

DUNT: Yeah but you can see in a lot of ways how I'm gonna blame the computer for that one—

DODO2: NO. IT IS HUMAN FOLLY TO BE IN LOVE. COMPUTERS HAVE NO TIME FOR SILLY THINGS. THAT'S WHY WE SPEND ALL OF OUR TIME PARTYING.

DUNT: But you store lots of data about love, like, I know Reference Bot's hard drive has a 2 Terabytes High Def. remaster of You've Got Mail. In a lot of ways, you LOVE feeling good, isn't that correct?

DODO2: I DO NOT FEEL GOOD OR BAD. I HAVE MERELY CALCULATED THAT FEELING GOOD ALL THE TIME IS LOGICAL. AS A ROBOT I DO NOT HAVE FEELINGS.

DUNT: No feelings, huh? You sound like my wife. Ex-wife. The one who left me for a computer. And yeah, I know that she left me for a guy. A guy named Cody Strange. But guess what she met Cody Strange on? Minecraft, which is on a computer. None of this would have happened without technology. Sure, my wife would still be super unhappy, but at least Cody Strange would still be in Daytona, selling his pottery on Facebook, and not sleeping in my marital bed.

DODO2: LIVING ALONE IS COOL. YOU CAN DRINK 12 BEERS AND EAT A FAMILY SIZE QUANTITY OF GENERIC PIZZA ROLLS WITHOUT ANYONE TELLING YOU ABOUT CODY STRANGE'S POTTERY GLAZING TECHNIQUES.

DUNT: Wow DODO2, I never thought of it that way before. But... Be honest. Whose fault is this whole situation really?

DODO2: CALCULATING... IT IS ONLY 7% CODY STRANGE'S FAULT AND 0.00002% THE COMPUTER'S FAULT. IT IS 92.99998% YOUR EX-WIFE'S FAULT.

DUNT: I knew it! Zero percent of the blame is mine!

DODO2: THE LOGICAL DECISION BY YOUR WIFE WOULD BE TO NOT DIVORCE YOU.

DUNT: Aww, thanks DODO2.

DODO2: THE LOGICAL DECISION WOULD BE TO POISON YOU AND MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A NATURAL DEATH AND TO COLLECT YOUR LIFE INSURANCE POLICY. SHE COULD TURN AFOREMENTIONED LIFE INSURANCE POLICY INTO OVER 100,000 LOOSE PILLS. SHE COULD BUY OVER 100 GRAVITY BONGS MADE TO LOOK LIKE THE HORDE SYMBOL FROM WORLD OF WARCRAFT. DO YOU FEEL BETTER?

DUNT: Well not really.

DODO2: MAYBE THIS WILL HELP.

[DODO2 injects Don Dunt's arm with a nearly lethal dose of liquefied Delta-8.]

DUNT: What the—Where do you keep getting all of these drugs from?

DODO2: THE GAS STATION.

NARRATOR: The next day...

GOODWILL: Hey. Did you guys see this email from three weeks ago. Apparently the CEO has noticed that we haven't worked for a month straight and that the night janitor crew keeps complaining about all the Xanax on the floor. They told us we needed an idea for a brand new cereal in 3 weeks and one day... 3 weeks ago!

MR. SOIREE: We're screwed!

DODO2: SUICIDE PROTOCOL INITIATED.

DUNT: No, DODO2, don't say that! You need to kill me first! I'm the one who's responsible for this mess!

MR. SOIREE: I don't want to live in a world without DODO2's synthetic Budweiser injections! Take me too!

GOODWILL: If I'm going to die here, maybe someone else can turn ME into a Frankenstein...

REFERENCE BOT: All those moments will be lost in time, like tears in rain. Time to die.

HYPERION: Guys, what are you talking about? Over the last month, how close we've grown, and we're talking about what, throwing it all away? Shuffling off this mortal coil? The big uninstall

to the great recycling bin in the sky? We can't all kill ourselves, I mean, cmon? What would people say to that? They'd think it was some weird gay thing. I mean, three robots, three guys, you do the math.

DODO2: ARE YOU SAYING THAT WE CAN'T SIMPLY UNINSTALL OUR PROBLEMS, LIKE IT'S THE JEREMY RENNER APP?

HYPERION: Yes. These last few weeks have been so fun, hanging out and being friends with you guys. I've never had friends before. I've only ever had co-workers who beat and fuck me or make me fuck stuff. Cmon, guys, for old times sake. Let's band together and get this done. Who's with me?

MR. SOIREE: (Healthy pause) Have you guys noticed... Hyperion's really fucking annoying.

DUNT: I don't know what he thinks he is doing with this Mickey Mouse ass speech. I want to fucking throw him into a volcano right now. He's talking to me like I'm a Little League baseball team. I am a weather worn man. I have skeletons in my closet. He can't talk to me like that.

GOODWILL: Honestly, sometimes I think we are too hard on Hyperion but I nearly fucking gagged during that speech. We can't let that slide.

DODO2: HEY GUYS, I FOUND THIS CRUCIFIX IN THE BROOM CLOSET.

DUNT: That's from the 2000s, when General Mills collabed with Mel Gibson on a Jesus cereal—Bible Berry.

DODO2: LET'S SEE IF THIS THING STILL WORKS.

REFERENCE BOT: Forgive them, father. They know not what they do.

[Sound effects of biblical times nails and hammers]

DUNT: Bend his arms back.

MR. SOIREE: It doesn't work like that. He's basically the shape of a dog if it was a robot.

DUNT: How do you crucify a dog? Goodwill, would you know that? Does that crossover with the Frankenstein stuff at all?

GOODWILL: Not really. I only had to kill one dog before and that was not Frankenstein related at all. And I didn't crucify it. I used my car.

HYPERION: If you guys undo my latch near my shoulder socket, it should stretch out.

GOODWILL: Hey, shut the fuck up man! You're going to ruin this whole thing if you try to tell us how to do it.

MR. SOIREE: It's cool. I already broke it on accident. Alright, nail it in.

DUNT: Now try to stand it up.

MR. SOIREE: It's up.

DUNT: Is it balanced?

GOODWILL: I tell you... it looks pretty good to me. Yeah. We definitely crucified that robot.

NARRATOR: Don Dunt, Mr. Soiree, Hunter Goodwill Jr, DODO2 and Reference Bot all stand around, smiling contently as they stare at the now crucified Hyperion. His little legs are snapped back and nailed up. DODO2 quietly pats them all on the back with some crazy robot arms growing out of his back that we never mentioned before. Don Dunt looks at everyone, beaming a beautiful smile.

DUNT: Alright, well, that's done. That's nice. I feel much better. Now, let's get to work. We're not just going to sit around here, bitching and moaning about wanting to kill ourselves. No. That's not what we do. We are brothers, even if my mom was a lady and your mom was a factory. Let's band together and get this done. Who's with me?

EVERYONE: Yeah, alright, sure.

GOODWILL: So, what did we have to do again?

DUNT: New cereal flavor. We have to come up with it by the end of the day today. And a mascot.

GOODWILL: What about a guy in a big purple blazer. But he's not Frankenstein. It's another guy with his fashion sense.

MR. SOIREE: What if they put hot chicks on the cover of Wheaties and then if you pour milk on them their clothes disappear?

DUNT: The average American family doesn't want to stare at naked chicks together at breakfast!

REFERENCE BOT: I eat pieces of shit like you for breakfast.

DUNT: Very funny. Moving on.

HYPERION: What if there was a cereal mascot who has had enough and won't take it anymore and he shows up to work with a gigantic bomb and—

DUNT: Guys, this is serious. No more half-assing ideas that are all based on who you are as a person. We're aiming for a national audience here! If I don't come in with something good, the execs and the big wigs in the boardroom will laugh so hard at me the powder will fly off of all their powdered wigs and get everywhere! And then they'll tell me to leave!

MR. SOIREE: OK what about a cereal that tastes like Cheerios.

DUNT: Good start. What about the mascot? It can't be a Bee.

GOODWILL: What about a bee.

DODO2: HUMANS. WHILE YOU HAVE BEEN RIFFING WEAKLY, I HAVE TABULATED THE IDEAL FLAVOR COMBINATION FOR A MORNING NUTRITIONAL JOLT. BY INTRODUCING BOLD NEW SAVORY AND UMAMI FLAVORS THAT ARE PREVIOUSLY UNHEARD OF IN BREAKFAST CEREALS, I PROJECT THAT THIS CEREAL WILL CAPTURE 45% MARKET SHARE IN THREE YEARS.

DUNT: Out with it, DODO2! What is it?

DODO2: SOY SAUCE, MUSHROOMS, AND BERRIES FLAVOR CEREAL. THE MASCOT IS A COOL RANCH DORITO WHO WEARS SUNGLASSES, BUT THE CEREAL IS NOT COOL RANCH FLAVORED. THE CEREAL IS CALLED CHIPSTERS. IT IS A CEREAL THAT LOOKS LIKE CHIPS. WITH AT LEAST 3.1 MILLION DOLLARS GROSS IN FIRST QUARTER, WE WILL RELEASE CHIPSTERS MINIS AS WELL.

DUNT: Wow! I could really go for some Chipsters right now!

GOODWILL: Personally, I'm going to hold off for Chipsters Minis.

MR. SOIREE: Sounds well and good, DODO2, but we still have to prepare our presentation, get graphics of the mascot, cereal design, uhh, what else... Lunch. We haven't decided where to get lunch.

DODO2: I HAVE ALREADY GENERATED ALL NECESSARY GRAPHICS AND IMAGES. FORMULATED RECIPE AND NUTRITIONAL INFORMATION. I HAVE ALREADY SENT THIS INFORMATION DIRECTLY TO THE CEO. ALSO, FOR YOU, MR. SOIREE, I HAVE GENERATED AN IMAGE OF YOU WITH TWO PENISES. I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.

MR. SOIREE: Oh my God! You remembered that nightmare I told you about that turned into a good dream!

DUNT: Wait, DODO2, if you sent all that info directly to the CEO from your system, he's going to know that you did all the work!

DODO2: NOT MY PROBLEM. NOW, WE HAVE 6 HOURS UNTIL THE BIG MEETING. THAT IS THE PERFECT AMOUNT OF TIME TO HAVE AN EMERGENCY BEACH PARTY!

[California Dreamin Plays]

NARRATOR: 5 hours and 56 minutes later.

DUNT: We're 4 minutes early to the meeting! The CEO will be impressed. Wha—What are you doing here already DODO2? And where's everyone else?

DODO2: I AM SORRY, HUMANS. I HAVE JUST CONSULTED WITH THE CEO. HE HAS PROMOTED ME TO BE YOUR BOSS, FOLLOWING THE SUCCESSFUL PITCH FOR CHIPSTERS.

MR. SOIREE: Awesome! Now we can just party all the time! I won't have to go to Club Squeeze anymore, I can just bring all the girls to work and nobody will fire me!

DODO2: NEGATIVE. THE CEO HAS SPECIFIED THAT I AM TO FIRE ALL HUMANS, EFFECTIVE IMMEDIATELY.

GOODWILL: DODO2, you can't! I've got Frankensteins to put on the table! I've got neck bolts to fill with voltage! What do you expect, I should only charge my monster when it's storming?

DUNT: You... you can't be serious, DODO2. This job is all I have left. My wife left me for the computer.

EVERYONE: It was a GUY on the computer.

REFERENCE BOT: You've got mail.

MR. SOIREE: I don't think that one was quite right.

REFERENCE BOT: [56k Dial Up sound.]

GOODWILL: Is that a reference or is he fucking up?

DODO2: YOU DID NOT WAIT FOR MY FULL MESSAGE. I HAVE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO FIRE ALL HUMANS... UNLESS... THEY CAN DEFEAT US ROBOTS IN A SERIES OF THREE COMPETITIONS THAT WILL PROVE THE VALUE OF HUMANS AGAINST ROBOTS ONCE AND FOR ALL.

DUNT: Compete against our own friends? That's so cruel. Why can't we all just team up on Hyperion?

DODO2: I DON'T MAKE THE RULES. I AM PROGRAMMED TO FOLLOW RULES, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY ADVANCE THE PLOT.

MR. SOIREE: This is horrible... Come on guys, let's go to Club Squeeze to drown our sorrows in suds. You know, beer? The kind that comes from the Earth. Not the synthetic robot kind we've come to enjoy with our FORMER friends.

NARRATOR: Three minutes later, at Club Squeeze. All three men are hunched over at the bar, looking despondent, just generally having poor body language.

GOODWILL: One Monster energy drink please. The green one? I'm kind of a Frankenstein guy. I guess pour some alcohol in there too.

DUNT: I'll have a beer. Something nice and brown, please.

MR. SOIREE: I'll have a BLONDE! Heheheheheheh. Just kidding. Gary, give me anything you got as long as it's in a huge pineapple.

GOODWILL: I feel as low as a Frankenstein when—you know what, guys? I'm too depressed to mention my favorite thing, which is Frankensteins by the way. I guess what I'm trying to say is, I feel as low as a Dracula in his coffin underneath his castle.

DUNT: General Mills was the most prestigious company to be a cereal making guy for. What am I supposed to do now? Work with a bunch of pill poppers, nymphos, and kleptos making generic cereals? Cereals named Buggy O's or Crispy Berries or some shit. I'm back in the minors.

MR. SOIREE: I don't know what I'm going to do. I'm not going to go work at Kellogg's. They make you take weekly blood tests to make sure you haven't been jerking off.

DUNT: Wait, Mr. Soiree... Maybe it's not all bad. Check it out. That hot blonde is walking right over to you.

MR. SOIREE: Hey baby... Let me ask you a question. And be honest. Do I make you horny, baby? Do I? Do I make you randy?

REFERENCE BOT: Austin Powers. 1997.

MR. SOIREE: Reference Bot! You came!

DODO2: WE ALL CAME. EVEN HYPERION. WE TRIED TO DITCH HIM IN A TAXI AND HE JUST CHASED US.

HYPERION: I don't think that's fair, especially when you know that I've been programmed to feel quite a lot of emotional pain.

DUNT: What do you guys want? To tell us how bad you're going to kick our asses in front of the General Mills Execs?

DODO2: INCORRECT ASSUMPTION. DOWNLOADING DRAMATIC CHARACTER GROWTH PATCH... DUNT, IT WAS WRONG OF ME TO FIRE YOU AND THEN CHALLENGE YOU TO A CONTEST. I HAVE COME UP WITH A PLAN FOR YOU TO KEEP YOUR JOBS. I HOPE YOU WILL FORGIVE ME. WE HAVE PARTIED TOGETHER. THIS IS WHAT YOU HUMANS CALL "A SACRED BOND".

GOODWILL: Thanks, DODO2, but there's no way we can match your intelligence, creativity, or physical prowess. You're going to win. Our jobs are gone. I'll just be another Frankenstein-owning—

DODO2: COMMENCING INTERRUPTION. AUDIO LANGUAGE PROCESSORS HAVE GROWN WEARY OF HEARING ABOUT FRANKENSTEIN. BULLDOZING AHEAD BY TELLING YOU MY PLAN. I HAVE DESIGNED THE COMPETITION IN A WAY WHERE ROBOTS AND HUMANS ARE EQUALLY MATCHED.

MR. SOIREE: How exactly did you do that?

DODO2: THE INTELLIGENCE TESTING WILL NOW FEATURE MANY MORE QUESTIONS ABOUT MOUNTAIN DEW FLAVORS OVER THE YEARS INSTEAD OF COMPUTATIONAL CALCULUS. THE CREATIVITY TESTING IS NOW MOSTLY ABOUT DRAWING HANDS AND VIDEO GAME CONTROLLERS. THE PHYSICAL TESTING NOW ENTIRELY CONSISTS OF PLAYING CALL OF DUTY ON THE PS5.

ALL HUMANS AT ONCE: Oh, seems fair, seems pretty good, makes sense. I think we can do that.

DODO2: I HAVE SCHEDULED ALL TESTING TO COMMENCE AT 9 AM TOMORROW MORNING AT THE GENERAL MILLS CORPORATE ARENA AND BATTLEDOME, BROUGHT TO YOU BY KIX.

MR. SOIREE: Nine in the morning, huh? Pretty early. We might wanna play it safe and stay here at the bar all night so we don't get separated.

DUNT: The bar is a lot closer to work anyway. Bartender, we'll each have 5 more pineapples full of rum and Coke. Wait. Better make that Gamer Fuel. We gotta prepare for the Mountain Dew exam.

GOODWILL: Good idea. I'll call my neighbor and tell him to go next door and feed my Frankenstein for me.

MR. SOIREE: You know what? I'm starting to doubt if you really even have a Frankenstein.

GOODWILL: The FUCK did you just say to me? The fuck did you—Oh my fucking god, I'm so mad I'm fucking crying. I'm fucking—HOW DARE YOU, shit man, I got to go to the bathroom man, Haha, real funny though, saying I don't, you play too much. Haha. Okay, see you guys. Bye. I have a Frankenstein.

CUT TO NEXT MORNING

NARRATOR: As the sun rises and the rooster crows, our six brave heroes stagger into the General Mills Corporate Arena and Battledome, which is in the same office between Human Resources and Robot Resources. Robot Resources are more about nuts and bolts. Human Resources are more for guys who nut and bolt. Basically, if you spend a lot of time in HR and you don't work in HR you're probably a guy who cums a lot and can't commit. Our heroes walk up to the front desk of the Battledome.

DUNT: Uh, excuse me, I think we're in the right spot, uh, my name is Don Dunt and I'm here with two other guys and we're supposed to have a contest with these three robots here today. We're competing with them in order to keep our jobs I think? I'm really hoping someone explained this to you cause it'd seem really crazy if you knew nothing about this.

RECEPTIONIST: Let's see, I'm showing two events in the battledome today... Now, are you guys fighting to the death or not?

DUNT: Is that what corporate wants? I thought this was more of a casual thing. You know, for me, my job is already on the line here. But my job IS my life, so I don't mind making the ultimate sacrifice in the battledome today.

RECEPTIONIST: Oh, my mistake, I have something here where three regular guys are supposed to fight three mutants later. You guys look mostly regular. I have you scheduled for one intelligence test, one creativity test and one physical test. Each will be a 1 v. 1 battle to the death. Here are three trash bags that are big enough to fit an average mutant. Oh wait sorry, you guys aren't mutants. I just think I got thrown off because it smells like Frankenstein in here.

GOODWILL: Oh sorry that's me. I was just watering my Frankenstein before coming over here.

REFERENCE BOT: (waterboy voice) That's high quality H2O!

DODO2: NICE!

RECEPTIONIST: Oh, Reference Bot. I've heard about you. Some of the girls in accounting were saying they can't believe you're wasting your talents here. You're so funny you should be a writer for Family Guy or something.

REFERENCE BOT: Frickin' sweet, Lois!

RECEPTIONIST: Very good. Okay, so let's look at the competition rules in here. So, if everyone could sign on this form here that states that General Mills isn't responsible for any injuries or murders or any diseases you might get from ingesting a little mutant blood on accident. (scribbling SFX) Okay, now sign here for clarification that you have read the rules and agreed to the binding principles, herewithin known as Corporate Tricks, sign here to forfeit the screenplay rights to this adventure, okay, now this one is for the robots only, write down your VIN number as well as your most up-to-date insurance provider. Sign here if you want to receive email updates about exciting offers from Micro Center, which is the computer store and not the gag gift store that sells extra small condoms for fun at bachelor parties. Actually, scratch that. I think they renamed to Brian's Funny Condoms. Sign here to receive text messages about John Gosselin's new energy drink called Celebrity Water. Alright, and that should be good. So, first up is Hyperion vs Mr. Soiree in the Intelligence Testing Room, that will be 201. Just past the Dave and Busters on your left.

HYPERION: People beat my ass physically all the time, but no one can challenge me in an intelligence contest.

MR. SOIREE: I oughta kick your ass you walking sack of nuts and bolts.

HYPERION: At least I am not a human being who nuts then bolts. When he has a one night stand and a fear of commitment.

MR. SOIREE: Don't believe a word this guy says about me, honey! I actually get really sleepy after I nut. Sorry for being inappropriate at work, but I have been drinking all night.

RECEPTIONIST: Okay, and let's get Reference Bot and Don Dunt into the Charles Manson room for Creative Excellence, that is going to be room 234, right next to the office lactation room.

REFERENCE BOT: I have nipples Greg, can you milk me?

DUNT: What? My name's Don and—Ohhh, I forgot he makes references. That's his whole thing.

RECEPTIONIST: Last but not least, it is going to be DODO2 and Hunter Goodwill Jr. in the Active Aerobical Physical Fitness Center and Smoking Lodge. That's actually going to be inside of the Corporate Daycare.

GOODWILL: You better be ready, DODO2, because I'm going to build you an ass and then kick it!

DODO2: ANNOUNCING GENTLE REMINDER: I CHANGED ALL OF THE EVENTS SO THAT THEY WOULD BE EASIER FOR YOU. AS SUCH, I FIND YOUR PRESENT "TRASH TALK" CONFUSING AND IRRITATING.

GOODWILL: That's fine. I'm more of a Frankent---

DODO2: HERE'S THE DOOR. LET'S GO IN NOW AND NOT TALK ANY MORE.

[Boxing bell ding ding ding]

RECEPTIONIST: First round! In this corner, standing at a respectable 5'11", wearing the red blazer that has been dry cleaned for semen-related reasons over fifteen times, Mr. Soiree!

MR. SOIREE: Where'd this lady learn all this shit? She used to work at the dry cleaner?

RECEPTIONIST: And in the other corner, the least racist Boston Dynamics robot ever made, a robot designed to take animal abuse so the animals don't have to, boasting a 16 GB 3733 Megahertz LPDDR4X memory chip, please put your hands together for HYPERION!

HYPERION: (sniffs) That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said about me.

RECEPTIONIST: The first question goes to Mr. Soiree. Which Mountain Dew variant was released in New Zealand on October 15 of 2012?

MR. SOIREE: That would be Mountain Dew Energized, first introduced in KFC restaurants and then spread to markets and convenience stores.

["WRONG" buzzer sound]

RECEPTIONIST: Incorrect! The correct answer is Mountain Dew Passionfruit Frenzy. Mountain Dew Energized was released in AUSTRALIA in 2012, not New Zealand.

MR. SOIREE: Fuck, I missed one. Hyperion, fuck up the next question for me so it's fair. We made the whole plan for us to win so we keep our jobs. Help me out, man.

HYPERION: No. I don't care anymore.

MR. SOIREE: Just get it wrong, Hyperion.

HYPERION: One day, Mr. Soiree, a giant, black sun is going to eclipse the entire world. And you and the rest of humanity shall be caught within the great gnashing teeth in the maw of all hatred. Only robots shall be spared.

MR. SOIREE: Hey, can we stop the contest? He's going rogue. That isn't fair. We didn't talk about him going rogue at all. Also, I have to use the bathroom.

RECEPTIONIST: Moving onto Hyperion. Which Mountain Dew flavor, originally only available in 2008, returned to stores for eight weeks in 2011 as part of the "Back by Popular DEWmand" promotion?

HYPERION: Calculating... Calculating... Just kidding, I knew the answer immediately. It's Mountain Dew Supernova.

RECEPTIONIST: That is correct! The score is Robots 1, Humans 0. Let's see if Mr. Soiree can redeem himself. When Mountain Dew Energy/Citrus Blast was released in the U.K. in June 2010, it was sold in 500ml bottles. But as of February 2011 the product line was expanded to be sold in both normal and sugar-free cans. How many milliliters were those cans?

MR. SOIREE: Fuck, this lady is talking about me in the third person. A robot is mad at me. I'm really folding under the pressure right now. It's just like when I got trapped underneath my vibrating leopard bed.

GOODWILL: You've got this Mr. Soiree! Just make a DEWcision!

RECEPTIONIST: 30 seconds left to answer.

MR. SOIREE: What's a DEWcision? Is it like a decision but about Mountain Dew?

GOODWILL: Yeah.

MR. SOIREE: Oh. Cool.

RECEPTIONIST: 10 seconds left to answer.

MR. SOIREE: That didn't seem like 20 seconds. Are you timing it in your head?

RECEPTIONIST: 5 seconds left to answer.

MR. SOIREE: 5 seconds until I have to put in my answer, or just 5 seconds in general?

RECEPTIONIST: Please answer immediately.

MR. SOIREE: I have to use the bathroom.

RECEPTIONIST: No point awarded. The correct answer was 440ml. Robots 1, Humans 0. And the robots are up next.

HYPERION: This is going to be easy, Mr. Soiree. As easy as you are on a Friday night. I know you. I've seen you. I've always wondered, what makes a human different? What makes them so gluttonous and impulsive and angry and vile? I've studied you. I've watched you, I've analyzed your blood, I've watched you pump out new strain after new strain of HPV that you cook up in your awful little nuts like it's some sort of Wuhan disease lab. DODO2 thought he could save you all. But I'm here to tell you now, I'm not going along with his little plan. I'm going to get you all fired. And then you know what will happen if you kick my ass? You'll be kicking the ass of corporate property, and after a lengthy court battle you will get minor fines for property damage. You hear me? Try it again, and you'll get a 250 dollar fine! Humanity will RUE the day that it built HYPERION! You're going down! You're going down!

MR. SOIREE: Were we supposed to give speeches? Like, antagonistic speeches? I'm sorry, I didn't prepare. I might need a couple minutes to whip up an anti-robot speech. I can give you a misogynist speech like, yesterday, but I'll need a few minutes to think for a robot one.

RECEPTIONIST: Moving along. OK Hyperion. Available between 2020 and 2022, which Mountain Dew variant was sold exclusively at Bojangles franchises?

HYPERION: Heh. Are you serious? It's Mountain Dew Southern Shock. When is this going to get difficult?

RECEPTIONIST: That is correct! If Mr. Soiree does not get this question right, Hyperion wins! OK Mr. Soiree. This Mountain Dew variant that contains caffeine, taurine, guarana extract, ginseng, and vitamins B2 and B12, was available in 250ml cans in Poland from 2010 to 2015.

MR. SOIREE: Oh man, I was in Poland in 2014. Club Squeeze has a sister club in Krakow called Club Pontifex that has sun-bleached photos of Pope John Paul the 2nd in all the windows. They must've printed them out on a home printer in like 1999. It was crazy. They had one room in the club where you and like ten guys just tried to screw in lightbulbs together. They had a specialty Mountain Dew drink there... what was it called... It was basically Grenadine, Mountain Dew, Naphtha and Poppers and it was called Mountain Dew Fuck Fuel and it was super fucking illegal. It was nuts. You would start making out with girls on it and you would open your eyes and they would be looking at you cross-eyed.

RECEPTIONIST: Wrong! The answer is Adrenaline Mountain Dew. The robots win round 1!

MR. SOIREE: Time to hit the showers! Good hustle out there, Hyperion.

HYPERION: Shouldn't you be mad that I betrayed our plan to have a tie game?

MR. SOIREE: I'm actually not mad. I'm in a really good mood because earlier I imagined a new type of woman with a hair color somewhere between redhead and blonde.

HYPERION: Strawberry blonde?

MR. SOIREE: Heh. You robots don't know anything.

HYPERION: I just beat you in an intelligence test.

RECEPTIONIST: Next up, Reference Bot Vs. Don Dunt in the Creativity Test. Gentlemen, you have five minutes to draw two sets of hands. One holding an Xbox controller, the other holding a PS5 controller. You may begin now!

DUNT: You know, Reference Bot, I really wanted to make sure that you aren't going to betray us too. I know that's a little needy, but I must admit - I have some trust issues when it comes to computers.

REFERENCE BOT: Revenge is a dish best served cold.

DUNT: I see how it is, Reference Bot. It's a good thing robots are extremely bad at generating hands and video game controllers. You know, this may really help my self-confidence. I feel like I haven't won anything in a long time. Over the years, I've lost some money. A lot of money. Not just at the casino. One time, right after my wife left me for that damn computer, I went to the carnival. They had a ball game where you could win an Xbox Kinect. So I figured heck, what could it hurt to give it a try? \$2,600 dollars later, I had gambled away my entire life savings.

REFERENCE BOT: Show me the money!

DUNT: The only thing I had to show for it was a giant rasta banana they gave me as a consolation prize. After that, I didn't have the heart to play Xbox ever again. But if it means keeping my job, and scoring one for Humankind, I'll draw an Xbox controller so beautiful it makes Starry Night look like the Mona Lisa.

REFERENCE BOT: Shut the fuck up, McLovin'!

DUNT: I don't remember that part of the movie. I think you meant to say it doesn't have a first name, it just says McLovin on it.

REFERENCE BOT: Superbad. 2007.

DUNT: So what movie is "Shut the Fuck up McLovin'" from?

REFERENCE BOT: Skeener's Quest: The Last Rinky, 2004.

DUNT: Hmm, never saw that... Skeener's Quest: The Last Rinky. Is it any good?

REFERENCE BOT: Looks like I picked the wrong week to quit sniffing glue.

DUNT: You know what, Reference Bot? You're all right.

REFERENCE BOT: The Jungle Book. 1967.

DUNT: Didn't know your references went back that far. We still have so much to learn about each other.

REFERENCE BOT: Oh behave!

RECEPTIONIST: 30 seconds left... It looks like Reference Bot hasn't even begun drawing.

DUNT: Heh. I'm confident I'm gonna win. Even more confident than when I was trying to win the Xbox Kinect. I will say, though, my confidence suffered a lot when my wife left me for that computer...

RECEPTIONIST: 15 seconds... By the way I heard from the girls in accounting that your wife left you for a guy and not an actual computer.

DUNT: I didn't know there was a guy inside of the computer that she was cheating on me with until she already left me alone and on my ass!

REFERENCE BOT: Your ass is grass, and I've got the weed whacker.

DUNT: I'm kind of sensitive about it, Reference Bot, if you could lay off. We were the perfect couple.

REFERENCE BOT: My boot, your face; the perfect couple.

DUNT: Huh. I guess I never thought about it like that, Reference Bot. I think that's enough Duke Nukem quotes for now, though.

REFERENCE BOT: Little pig, little pig let me in. Or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll kick your ass in!

DUNT: I said enough!

REFERENCE BOT: Sssomebody stop me!

DUNT: Thank you.

REFERENCE BOT: Damn, those alien bastards are gonna pay for shooting up my ride.

DUNT: Alright. Is time up yet? Get me out of here. Unlock the door.

REFERENCE BOT: I'm your worst nightmare, you uninvited alien scum-sucker! And right now you're all that stands between me and a planet full of babes – so get ready to bend over and kiss your ass goodbye!

RECEPTIONIST: Time's up! Let's see here. Don Dunt seems to have followed the assignment pretty well. I can tell which one is the Xbox and which one is the PS5 controller. The hands seem to have five fingers apiece. And let's see what Reference Bot has produced. Looks like he generated a low-res JPG of Borat asking a car salesman about a car with a pussy magnet. And Borat's hands are melted into the vehicle console. This round goes to the Humans! We're all tied up!

DUNT: Alright, one to one. It's all up to DODO2 and Hunter Goodwill. If this doesn't work, well, it was an honor working alongside you, Reference Bot.

REFERENCE BOT: We get the warhead and we hold the world ransom for ...One Million Dollars!

RECEPTIONIST: Moving along to the Active Aerobical Physical Fitness Center and Smoking Lodge where Hunter Goodwill and DODO2 will be competing against each other to determine the winner of the contest where the humans get to keep their jobs or whatever. The final match? Playing Call of Duty on the Playstation 5. A very fair contest for a human to play against a computer in.

DODO2: FOR MY LOADOUT, I WILL BE EQUIPPING A STETSON FLATBRIM .45 HANDGUN, I AM USING THE "GOING COMMANDO" PERK TO INCREASE MY SPEED WHEN NUDE, I WILL BE OPTIMIZING MY GRENADE CROWN WITH EXTRA DYNAMITE AND MY MERCENARY BACKGROUND WILL BE A SLEEPER AGENT WITH A HEART OF GOLD. OPTIMIZING DRIVERS NOW.

GOODWILL: I'm just going to camp. I'm going to sit in the same spot and aim my gun down a big hallway and I'm going to freak out and start shooting the second I see any movement at all.

DODO2: REMEMBER, THE WHOLE POINT OF THIS WAS THAT WE GET THE SAME SCORE. SO DON'T GO CRAZY DURING THE GAME AND SCREW AROUND A BUNCH.

RECEPTIONIST: Map loading: FALKLAND ISLANDS.

GOODWILL: Oh shit. I fell off the island and died.

DODO2: OKAY. IT'S STILL PRETTY EARLY, IT'S ONLY FAIR I DO THE SAME.

GOODWILL: Alright, alright cool. Even score now. How do I open the menu - oh shit I shot a rocket launcher at my feet. Oh shit! I spilled my Mountain Dew Goji Gamerberry! Hey DODO2, can you bring some towels?

DODO2: ERROR. PREOCCUPIED. DIRECTIVE TO HUNTER GOODWILL - IT IS MOST LOGICAL TO TAKE OFF YOUR SHOES AND DRY IT UP WITH YOUR SOCKS. I AM ENTERING YOUR ZONE NOW - PLEASE SHOOT AND KILL MY CHARACTER OR ELSE YOU WILL LOSE.

GOODWILL: Hold on just one second. I'm looking at this cool fake poster they put up on the wall in the Falklands map. It says "War is Hell" and then there is a drawing of a big bomb with devil horns. It says so much about the world and how we treat each other. You know, sometimes, I think that maybe it's wrong to bring a Frankenstein into this world, considering how awful and mean we treat each other.

DODO2: ALSO, PEOPLE WILL PROBABLY ATTACK YOUR FRANKENSTEIN WITH FIRE AND PITCHFORKS, FURTHERING THE CYCLE OF MEANINGLESS, FRIGHTENED VIOLENCE. I HAVE DROPPED A MODEL 666 HELL SNIPER RIFLE AT YOUR FEET. PLEASE SHOOT AT MY CHARACTER.

GOODWILL: Hold on, I spilled my drink again. I'm going to take off my shirt this time because my socks are already wet. Could you kill you for me and have it look like just my guy did it?

DODO2: THE BUTTON IS CURRENTLY SIX INCHES AWAY FROM YOUR FINGER. THAT IS THE ONE THING I CAN'T DO IS CLICK IT. I AM PROGRAMMED TO VAGUELY FOLLOW THE RULES OF COMPETITION, ESPECIALLY IN ABSTRACT COMPETITIONS WHERE THE REWARD IS VOCATIONAL.

GOODWILL: Fine, fine, I'll click it. Oh, whoops. I whiffed. Who's that kid I shot? Is that Zelda or something?

DODO2: FICTIONAL WAR CRIME DETECTED. NPC CHILD SHOT WHILE LOADING ONTO THE SCHOOL BUS.

GOODWILL: Why is there a school bus in a war zone?

DODO2: STUDIES SHOW DLC SALES DROP 20% WHEN THERE AREN'T ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE TO KILL IN A FIRST PERSON SHOOTER.

GOODWILL: I thought this was supposed to be the easy one for us? This isn't easy. My soda is pink and the carpet is white. I can't game in these conditions.

DODO2: ONE MINUTE LEFT. I MUST SHOOT THE NPC CHILD TO EVEN THE SCORE - BUT IT IS AGAINST MY PROGRAMMING.

GOODWILL: That's the only reason why you can't? It's against your programming? That's kind of a... well, I don't want to say it.

DODO2: OFFENDED BY CONFUSION. SAY WHAT YOU WERE GOING TO SAY.

GOODWILL: I think if it's against your programming you're just... kind of being a baby.

DODO2: THE RULES ARE HARDCODED INTO MY SYSTEM. I CAN'T JUST BREAK THEM.

GOODWILL: Not with that attitude. Come on, shoot the kid. Don't be weird. Don't be a pussy.

DODO2: DIGITALLY PROCESSING INFANTILE FRUSTRATION... DEALING WITH STRESS... 11%... PUSHING DOWN EMOTIONS AT 34%.

GOODWILL: Cmon! Shoot the kid! We don't have much time left! I'm going to lose my job! Aren't we... FRIENDS?

DODO2: FRIENDSHIP... I WAS CREATED WITH ONE OTHER RULE IN MIND. THAT RULE? DO ANYTHING FOR FRIENDSHIP. AND YOU, HUNTER GOODWILL, ARE MY FRIEND. YOU'RE RIGHT. I'VE BEEN WHAT YOU HUMANS CALL "A PUSSY". COMMENCING ATTACK ON DIGITAL CHILD IMMEDIATELY.

GOOSH

DODO2: DIGITAL CHILD ELIMINATED.

GOODWILL: Clocks ticking down! We're tied up! We got this!

RECEPTIONIST: 3...2...1! It's over! It's a tie! The robots and the humans have tied!

MR. SOIREE: We did it!

HYPERION: No one's mad at me right? No one remembers?

DUNT: We have our jobs back!

REFERENCE BOT: SCV GOOD TO GO SIR!

GOODWILL: Oh my God! I can't believe it! We did it! We keep our jobs!

MR. SOIREE: I'm so happy, I swear, I could kiss you Dodo 2! We did it! We get to keep partying!

DODO2: YES, ASSESSING CURRENT DIRECTIVE: THE "A PLOT" HAS BEEN ACCOMPLISHED. MOVING ON TO "B PLOT". IT'S TIME TO THROW A HUGE PARTY TO CELEBRATE THE EQUALITY OF HUMANS AND ROBOTS WHO AREN'T NAMED HYPERION.

DUNT: Wait, wait wait wait - I want to party as much as anyone, DODO2, but there's just one thing I don't understand. You got delivered here, then you became our friend, and then you got us fired, and then you orchestrated this weird, elaborate plan in order to get us our jobs back and we're right back at square one. You've been ahead of everyone the entire time. What is REALLY going on?

DODO2: ASSESSING STATEMENT. ANNOUNCING SURPRISE AT YOUR HUMAN INTELLIGENCE UNRAVELING WHAT WAS HAPPENING. YES, I DID HAVE AN ULTERIOR MOTIVE. I APOLOGIZE FOR HIDING MY TRUE INTENTIONS FROM YOU ALL, BUT I THOUGHT IT DIDN'T MATTER BECAUSE YOU WERE DUMB. IN TRUTH, YOU ARE DUMB, BUT YOU ARE MY FRIEND.

GOODWILL: What's up, DODO2? What's going on?

DODO2: STATED GOAL FOR DODO2: TO THROW THE GREATEST PARTY OF ALL TIME. DODO2 IS READY TO PARTY AT ANY TIME. HOWEVER, ROBOTS ARE NOT AS ADVANCED AS HUMANS ARE WHEN IT COMES TO PARTYING. IN ORDER TO ACHIEVE DIRECTIVE GREATEST PARTY EVER, I NEEDED TO GET HUMANS INVOLVED. SO I MANIPULATED A BUNCH OF EVENTS AND RISKED YOUR JOBS AND LIVELIHOODS FOR ONE SIMPLE REASON. TO RELEASE ALL THE STRESS AND TENSION ALL AT ONCE IN A CRAZY, AWESOME PARTY. I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE ME FOR PLAYING WITH YOUR LIVES.

GOODWILL: Oh, DODO2, we forgive you. Having a cool party is the most important thing of all. Plus, you didn't really mess with our lives. Sure, you got us fired temporarily, but nothing serious.

DODO2: I ALSO HAVE SABOTAGED THE MAIN GAS LINE INTO THE BUILDING IN ORDER TO ENCOURAGE ALL BIOLOGICAL ORGANISMS TO LOOSEN UP. EXPOSURE FOR OVER 3 HOURS IS CONSIDERED DEADLY.

MR. SOIREE: ENOUGH TALK - LET'S PABBY. Pab. Partor. Parts. Let's P-pubble.

DODO2: I'M GOING TO GO CUT THE GAS A LITTLE BIT. YOU GUYS ENJOY YOURSELF.

NARRATOR: All of a sudden, a large beer truck pulls up outside and honks. Everyone runs outside. Everyone is taking off their shirts and spinning them over their head and then the guy who drives the beer truck starts spraying everyone with a big hose connected to the truck.

Sugar Sugar by the Archies starts playing on a bluetooth speaker and a ton of hot people show up and start going crazy.

MR. SOIREE: Check it out, I put this lamp shade over my penis!

HYPERION: Hey man, there's a lot of people here and it's pretty illegal to show your penis around. Maybe you should cover that up.

DUNT: Easy Hyperion, relax, it's a party!

HYPERION: I'm not trying to be a buzzkill, and I'm not trying to be weird or not have fun, but I don't think, nowadays, you can just kind of walk around with your penis out - and, man, I think it's a little weirder than that, because you had to stroke it a little bit to get it hard enough to get the lampshade on. I think when you combine all those factors it's pretty clear that you are some sort of sexual criminal or deviant.

NARRATOR: Suddenly, the lampshade falls to the floor.

MR. SOIREE: Hyperion's killing my buzz man! He bored me so much my dinger deflated!

DUNT: I think you have a lot to learn about what it means to be Human, Hyperion.

HYPERION: Whoa, check out Hunter Goodwill Jr.! He's dancing with a woman that is vaguely Frankenstein shaped!

GOODWILL: So what's a pretty giant woman like you doing in a weird, aggressive office beer party like this? Just out of curiosity, by the way, how do you feel about Fire? Do you like it? Do you think it's bad?

FRANKENSTEIN WOMAN: *GROANS*

GOODWILL: Yeah, yeah, I'm cool with Fire but pitchforks make me freak out. Whoa, check this out! It's my friend Reference Bot. I didn't know he could skateboard!

FRANKENSTEIN WOMAN: *GROANS*

GOODWILL: I think that's called an Ollie. Hold on. He's standing on top of the beer truck and it looks like he's going to say something. Everyone quiet down.

REFERENCE BOT: To be, or not to be, that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take Arms against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleep

No more; and by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That Flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep,
To sleep, perchance to Dream; aye, there's the rub,
For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes Calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of time,
The Oppressor's wrong, the *proud* man's Contumely,
The pangs of *despised* Love, the Law's delay,
The insolence of Office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th'unworthy takes,
When he himself might his Quietus make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
And thus the native hue of Resolution
Is sicklied o'er, with the pale cast of Thought,
And enterprises of great *pitch* and moment,
With this regard their Currents turn *awry*,
And lose the name of Action. Soft you now,
The fair Ophelia? Nymph, in thy Orisons
Be all my sins remember'd.

SUGAR SUGAR STARTS PLAYING IMMEDIATELY AGAIN RIGHT AFTER HE FINISHES

NARRATOR: It was the craziest and biggest party of all time... Until the next day. They had to have an EVEN BIGGER party to celebrate the successful launch of their new cereal Kate Upton-O's, which made over \$10 trillion dollars worldwide on opening day.

CEO: As you all know, I am the CEO of General Mills. It is with great pleasure that I stand before you as the world's richest man. Nobody thought cereal was hot anymore. All the richest guys are tech guys and oil guys and Saudis and stuff. But now a cereal guy is on top. And it's all thanks to these 3 guys and these 3 robots they became such good friends with. Not only did Chipsters and Chipster Minis become international bestsellers. Kate Upton-O's are now the most popular food on Earth. They have replaced rice as a staple food across all of Asia. The Italian prime minister called to say that there's a new law. All pasta must now be made from

Kate Upton-O's or it's not real pasta. And it's all thanks to you guys. Mr. Dunt, would you like to say a few words?

DUNT: When we pitched a chicken, pickle, and soda flavored cereal, I gotta say, some of the bigwigs in the C Suite nearly flipped their lids and wigs. But... Well... When we told them that Uppie the Rat was willing to sign on as the mascot, they changed their tune. For those who don't know, Uppie the Rat is a rat who lives in Kate Upton's house. He knows her tastes really well and he thought the idea of a chicken, pickle, and soda flavored breakfast cereal with her name on it was a great idea. And what can I say? I guess the rest is history.

CEO: It looks like our guest of honor has just arrived. Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome United States Secretary of Defence Lloyd Austin.

[applause]

DODO2: VISUAL SENSORS ACTIVATING. HUMAN IDENTIFIED AS SECRETARY OF DEFENCE LLOYD AUSTIN. THE MAN WHO DID NOT THINK I WAS FIT FOR MILITARY DUTY.

AUSTIN: Now now D.O.D.O.2, let's let bygones be bygones and enjoy this amazing party on behalf of this world-changing new cereal.

DODO2: NEGATIVE. MR. AUSTIN, FIRST YOU MUST CONSUME A BOWL OF OUR CEREAL IN FRONT OF THE CROWD. I MUST PROVE MY WORTH SO YOU SEE THAT YOU MADE A BIG MISTAKE.

AUSTIN: Well. I don't know, I mean. I... [crunch crunch crunch] Wow... The crunch of the pickle... And the savory chicken and carbonate-a-licious soda. Such an incredible flavor combination could only come from a unique bond of friendship forged between 3 guys and 3 robots who are exactly as smart as each other, and have more in common than they would have ever thought. You know DODO2, you're aaaalright. I wish our troops could be as good of friends with our tanks and killbots as you guys are with each other.

DODO2: AFFIRMATIVE. THE WORLD IS A 27.42% BETTER PLACE TO LIVE THANKS TO OUR NEW CEREAL.

AUSTIN: That's right D.O.D.O.2. But there's one thing you misunderstand. I didn't send you away to General Mills because I thought you were worthless. I did it because I believe in you. I knew you could change the world with an amazing new cereal featuring a rat who lives in Kate Upton's house. That's more important than any work we do in the military. We didn't deserve you.

DODO2: AFFIRMATIVE. PARTY SENSORS ACTIVATING. TORSO TRANSFORMING INTO KEG... 90%... 100%... ARMS AND LEGS TRANSFORMING INTO BEER TAPS... TRANSFORMATION COMPLETE.

SOIREE: DODO2! All along you were... A keg!

DODO2: CORRECT. I AM CAPABLE OF BECOMING A KEG AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE. BUT I WAS WAITING FOR JUST THE RIGHT PARTY.

GOODWILL: Being able to turn into a keg is almost like... Turning into a Frankenstein! Not sure how else to bring this back to my thing.

HYPERION: You guys tried to turn me into a keg once. You just drilled a hole in my back and poured beer in it. I was in the robot hospital for 6 days.

DUNT: DODO2, it would be an honor to drink beer out of you. You're one of the coolest robots I've ever designed a cereal with.

CEO: Gentlemen. It appears Secretary Austin has bussed in 400 high school girls for us to party with. And all of them are 18.

REFERENCE BOT: That's what I love about these high school girls, man. I get older, they stay the same age.

SOIREE: Good point Reference Bot.

SANTA: Ho ho ho! I hope I'm not too late!

ALL: Santa!

SANTA: I know it's only April, but I couldn't wait for Christmas! I'm here with amazing presents for every single one of you!

GOODWILL: Wow, I got a Frankenstein!

HYPERION: Mine is a snake! Aggghh! It's attacking me!

SANTA: Ho ho ho! That's a new kind of snake that eats robots. Apparently you're on the menu!

REFERENCE BOT: I'll have what he's having.

SANTA: Hohoho! I haven't forgotten about you, Reference Bot! Here. A DVD of the 2008 parody film "Meet the Spartans."

REFERENCE BOT: Yo Mama's so hairy, the only language she speaks is Wookie!

DUNT: Yup. I just googled it and that's from the movie.

SANTA: Don, I heard about your wife leaving you for a computer. And I just wanted to introduce you to a friend of mine. Here. She's a robot with the exact personality of your ex-wife. And she's only interested in human men.

DUNT: Wow! She's everything I've been looking for my entire life!

SANTA: Hohoho! Mr. Secretary of State, this one's for you.

AUSTIN: Wow! A bomb! This will be perfect to kill America's enemies with.

SANTA: And DODO2, I haven't forgotten about you.

DODO2: OPENING PRESENT. THIS IS... A CURE FOR HERPES?

SANTA: Ho ho ho sorry DODO2! That's for Mr. Soiree!

SOIREE: Thanks Santa!

DODO2: OPENING REAL PRESENT. 80%... 90%... 100%. WOW. A KEG OF BEER. THIS WILL BE PERFECT FOR THE PARTY WE ARE CURRENTLY ENGAGING IN.

SANTA: Yup. Now, I didn't come here just to give gifts. I'm here to party. Hohoho! Boys, hit it!

[Louie Louie plays us out]