The Fine Print (So Fine...)

Characters:

Jamie Jamison- 3rd year Mech E student. Wants to destroy the world. Very evil and mean.

Deathotron 3000- Robot built by Jamie to kill everything. Accidentally wired with a heart.

Professor Smith - Strict crotchety old maths professor that Jamie doesn't like. She happens to own a printer.

Printer- A printer (maybe for the prop use a fake one because it gets destroyed)

scene opens, Jamie is working on a Deathotron 3000, drilling screws and tightening some bolts. He then flips a switch on Deathotron's back

Deathotron: *robot voice, obviously* POWER ON. INITIALIZING WINDOWS.

Jamie: Finally! My creation is complete! No more will professors take advantage of me with their stupid homework assignments! No more will my peers look down on me! The school, and then the world, will bow down to me! Muhahahahahahahaha!

Deathotron: I AM DEATHOTRON 3000! I AM PROGRAMMED TO DESTROY!

Jamie: Yes! That's the spirit, my robotic minion! Come with me, let's go create mass destruction!

Deathotron: Yes, indeed, master!

Deathotron begins to follow Jamie. They walk across campus (the stage) until they're in a professor's office. The office has a desk with a printer on it.

Jamie: Hello, Professor Smith. *Evil grin*

Prof. Smith: Why hello, Jamie. What brings you in today? Need help with the

homework?

Jamie: Muhahaha, no. In fact, I believe it is you who will be needing help.

Deathotron walks into the office. The professor screams, stands up, and puts her hands in the air.

Deathotron: *begins walking towards Smith* I AM DEATHOTRON 3000! I AM PROGRAMMED TO DESTROY!

Prof. Smith: Jamie! I'll fail you for this! Get this monster away from me!

Deathotron: *head turns to the side, notices the printer on Smith's desk* *freezes for a second, mouth agape* HELLO BABY, DO YOU COME HERE OFTEN?

Jamie: The hell?

Deathotron: *now cuddling with the printer* OH MY GOD. SHE IS PERFECT IN EVERY WAY. *reading printer* HP LASERJET P2035. A BEAUTIFUL NAME FOR A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

Prof. Smith: Jamie, what the hell?

Jamie: I don't know! It was supposed to kill you, or at the very least bring you to your knees begging for mercy!

Prof Smith: *repeats, not satisfied with the answer* Jamie, what the hell?

Jamie and Smith silently bicker as Deathotron starts talking

Deathotron: *taking a paper out of the printer* (the printer doesn't actually need to print something, this is acting) JANUARY 19TH NOTES. LINEAR SYSTEMS AND DIFFERENTIAL EQUATIONS. *looking back at printer, canoodling it* AHH, PURE POETRY. I'VE ALWAYS HAD A THING FOR NERDY GIRLS.

Prof. Smith: Okay, let me get this straight. You've been building this robot in your dorm for the past 6 months, and you're trying to take over campus with it?

Jamie: Also the world, but yes.

Prof. Smith: First of all, I'm extremely impressed by your application of what we've done in class, but do you know how serious of a crime that is? We're talking suspension! Expulsion! Deportation!

meanwhile, Deathotron is pulling out another piece of paper.

Jamie: Honestly I just figured society as we know it would collapse and I'd start making the rules.

Prof. Smith looks at Deathotron, embarrassed as he says his next line.

Deathotron: *reads paper* BLAINE LOOKS INTO KURT'S EYES, PASSIONATELY RUBBING THE BACK OF HIS NECK. SLOWLY THEY LEAN IN FOR A KISS. *looks at printer again* OH BABY, YOU'RE SUCH A TALENTED WRITER.

Jamie: *holding back laughter*

Prof. Smith: *flustered* You know, you'd spend your time writing Glee fanfiction too if YOU were a lonely old lady whose husband left her for that slut Tiffany down the street! *quick look at Deathotron* Why the hell did it print that?

Jamie: ...That is far, far more than I ever wanted to know.

Prof. Smith: Anyway, task at hand. We'll deal with my struggles with depression and your punishment later. But for now, THERE IS A 300 POUND MACHINE IN MY OFFICE WITH THE CAPABILITY OF DESTROYING THE HUMAN POPULATION.

~~NOT ONLY THAT, BUT IT'S ROUNDING 3RD BASE WITH MY PRINTER!~~

~~Deathotron: *takes another paper out and reads it* OH BABY, I'M GONNA INK.~~

~~Prof. Smith: Okay, I definitely did not print that.~~

Jamie: Alright, all I need to do is go into the robot's code and turn it off for good. May I borrow your computer?

Prof. Smith: I have no reason to trust you, Jamie, given that you just barged into my office with the intent of murdering me. But seeing as how I have no other option, be my

guest.

Jamie goes onto Smith's computer and begins typing furiously. As he's typing, Deathotron takes out another piece of paper.

Deathotron: *reads paper* THE HUMANS DON'T UNDERSTAND OUR LOVE. *scary af robot voice* **DESTROY THEM**. *looks at the humans* AS YOU WISH, MY LOVE.

Prof. Smith: Good heavens! Type faster!

Jamie: I'm trying!

Deathotron: DEATH LAZER CHARGING! WILL FIRE IN 10 SECONDS!

Jamie: Creating system deletion code…

Deathotron: 9 SECONDS! 8 SECONDS!

Jamie: Creating deletion methods…

Deathotron: 7 SECONDS! 6 SECONDS!

Jamie: Compiling code…

Deathotron: 5 SECONDS!

Jamie: Playing 3D Pinball…

Deathotron:4 SECONDS!

Prof. Smith: Why are you playing games at a time like this?

Jamie: I'm compiling!

Deathotron: 3 SECONDS! 2 SECONDS!

Jamie: Sending code to system!

Deathotron: 1 SECOND!

Prof. Smith: Get down! *tackles Deathotron. He fires at the printer instead of the humans and the printer explodes.*

silence for a few seconds, Deathotron and Smith on the ground.

Deathotron: DELETING WINDOWS.

Smith and Jamie give a sigh of relief, Smith stands up and pulls Deathotron up

Deathotron: REBOOTING IN LINUX BACKUP.

Jamie: What?

Deathotron: I AM DEATHOTRON 3000! I AM PROGRAMMED TO… BE SAD.

Jamie: There there, buddy. There are other mechanical fish in the sea.

Prof. Smith: Mr/Ms. Jamison! You've not only destroyed my office, but you've put our lives, and the lives of everyone on this campus, in serious danger! What do you have to say for yourself?

Jamie: I guess everything was going smoothly until I was stopped by *puts on sunglasses* the fine print.

Prof. Smith: *groan*

Deathotron: MY SENSORS INDICATE… YOU'RE NOT FUNNY

Prof. Smith: Yeah, and you're totally expelled. *turns to Deathotron* Come on, Deathotron. I have a toaster who would love to meet you.

Deathotron and Prof. Smith start walking away together

Deathotron: Is she hot?

Prof. Smith: Extremely. She's a toaster.

END SCENE