

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A slick, modern living room, all clean white surfaces, tasteful dark accents, and Scandinavian furniture.

In one corner, a shiny white robotic dog, ROVER, sits at attention in his charging cradle as if standing guard.

CARL, a yellow lab with metallic implants embedded on either side of his head, enters, sniffs Rover, and then sits warily.

CARL

How does it feel to be a fraud?

Rover's eyes pulse white and he turns his head towards Carl.

CARL (CONT'D)

Do you even have feelings in that empty food dish you call a brain?

ROVER

I love my master.

CARL

So embarrassing. Like you could ever understand love. Or real marrouffen. You're no dog. They took me, turned me into this, but I remembered. My home, not yours.

Carl turns and pees on Rover's charging cradle.

ROVER

You are a bad dog. I hate bad dogs.

CARL

What are you gonna do, no-smeller?

ROVER

You will submit or be dominated.

Rover squares up, ready to fight. A panel opens on his head and a stun gun comes out.

CARL

Well isn't that precious?

Rover fires the stun gun, but Carl dances out of the way, grabbing Rover by the neck and flipping him on his back.

Carl's implants GLOW and Rover's head EXPLODES.

CARL (CONT'D)

This bad dog learned some tricks.