

"Yorbert"

Written by

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"Yorbert"

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

DOUGLAS, a lazy teen, sits on the couch playing a video game. His baby sister SALLY enters, holding YORBERT the stuffed lion.

SALLY

What'cha doing?

DOUGLAS

Playing Mega Man Twelve. Gotta get past Vein Man's stage.

SALLY

Well, look at this!

DOUGLAS

Not now, I'm busy.

SALLY

His name is Yorbert, and he's the nicest bear ever.

DOUGLAS

Yeah, sure.

SALLY

Or maybe he's a doggy. I forget.

DOUGLAS

Cool. Go away.

SALLY

He's so cuddly and fuzzy and silly... hey, are you listening?

DOUGLAS

Sure. Whatever.

SALLY

Look at my doll, bitch!

Sally shoves Yorbert in Douglas' face. We hear an explosion followed by game over music.

DOUGLAS

Aw man, you made me lose! You stupid--wait, what is that?

SALLY

Yorbert.

DOUGLAS

Did you steal that from Old Lady
Witchencurse's house?

SALLY

Well... I sort of borrowed him from
her.

DOUGLAS

(Sigh) Sally, you know better than
to steal from Old Lady
Witchencurse. Everything she owns
is either cursed, haunted, or '70s
teen idol memorabilia. For all we
know, that could have the soul of
one of the Osmond Brothers in it.
You have to take it back.

SALLY

Yorbert isn't haunted. He's
just... special.

DOUGLAS

Haunted means haunted. I'm taking
him back.

He grabs Yorbert and heads out the front door. Sally
follows behind, but the door slams in her face.

SALLY

Douglas, wait!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The game over music comes up to score a montage of
Douglas walking down streets on a bright summer day.
The music fades out as he approaches a corner next to a
garbage bin. He peers down the street. In the
distance, a dark castle looms over the suburban sprawl.

DOUGLAS

Only four more miles....

He looks to the bin, throws Yorbert inside, and heads
back the way he came.

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INT. HOUSE - DAY

Douglas steps in empty-handed. Sally waits for him.

SALLY

Is Yorbert happy back home?

DOUGLAS

Uh, yeah. I guess so.

They both leave for another room. The camera remains on the front door as we fade forward in time to...

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

The door creaks open. We hear soft footsteps and an unnaturally deep, ominous VOICE.

VOICE

I'm coming inside.

Cut to Douglas rolling in bed, then to a dimly lit stairway. A small and indistinct shadow moves up the stairs.

VOICE

I'm climbing up the stairs.

A low angle of a hallway. A large knife dips into frame.

VOICE

I'm right outside your door.

INT. DOUGLAS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

The door creaks open, shedding a sliver of light onto the bed. Douglas darts up.

VOICE

Why did you throw away Yorbert!?

DOUGLAS

Aah! I'm sorry! Don't kill me!

Sally steps up to the side of the bed, Yorbert tucked under one arm.

SALLY

I won't kill you, silly! I just went to see if Yorbert was okay, and Old Lady Witchencurse said he wasn't home, so I looked everywhere, and I found him in a trash can, and--

DOUGLAS

Okay, fine, I threw him away.

SALLY

Ooh, and I found a flatware set in the trash can, too. Look at this chef's knife!

She lifts her other hand and shows off the knife.

DOUGLAS

Huh. So, what was up with that voice I heard?

SALLY

Oh, it's a little trick I learned in school. I just go...

She casually throws the knife behind her and places her now empty hand on her throat. The knife embeds itself in the wall.

SALLY

(With deep voice)

...like this.

DOUGLAS

Well, I guess that explains everything. Yorbert wasn't haunted after all.

SALLY

Of course he wasn't! He's just an evil killer robot.

DOUGLAS

What?

Yorbert's eyes glow red.

YORBERT

Initiating protocol "a-splode all y'all", phase gamma.

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Yorbert explodes, destroying the entire house. The room is reduced to burning rubble. Sally, Douglas, and Yorbert are covered in soot, but otherwise unharmed. In the distance, a car alarm goes off. Douglas casts Sally a disappointed glare. She hangs her head in shame.

THE END