

LAWS OF THE JUNGLE

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EXT. AFRICAN PLAINS - DAY

A mother GAZELLE grazes on the short grasses nearby while two young CALVES playfully nibble on leaves from a stem beside her. One of the calves, slightly smaller and likely younger, sticks close to its sibling.

The mother takes watchful nibbles, remaining alert to her surroundings. The calves show no sign of such vigilance as they relish on their fodder.

A HUNDRED YARDS...

Concealed in the long grass, three LIONS stealthily inch forward, their eyes piercingly focused on their prey. Their mouths are slightly open, almost drooling at the anticipation of raw meat.

BACK ON THE GAZELLES.

The youngest calf finishes chewing on the leaf and turns to his mother, gently rubbing his little head against her hide. She bends down, and their noses touch, a moment of genuine devotion as their doe eyes meet.

SUDDENLY

Catching movement in the corner of her eye, the mother jolts her head up, her eyes frozen in the direction of --

TWO CHARGING LIONS.

Already halving the ground that once separated predator from prey.

The mother steals an urgent glance at her two calves before dashing off, the older calf instinctively darts close behind. The younger calf, however, remains frozen in shock, paralyzed by the terrifying sight bearing down on him.

Galloping hard, the mother twists her neck around toward her youngest, yelping desperately, calling out to her son -- move!

The two lions are now less than twenty yards away, closing in rapidly. In a heartbeat, one extends its claw, inches away from making the catch...

The little calf suddenly dashes, but in the opposite direction of his mother. The lions crash into the spot where he narrowly escaped, quickly scrambling back onto their four legs to give chase.

A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY -- The mother halts as her eldest calf catches up to her.

Together, they turn to face the chase. Despite their animal instincts, a genuine, heart-wrenching concern is etched on their faces as they watch their youngest run for his life.

Both Lions are in close pursuit, the young calve doesn't have the legs of his mum, nor of his elder sibling. The Lions appear faster, their bulk and muscle closing the ground on the hapless youth.

The calf glances behind him, his big doe eyes widening in terror as he sees a claw reaching out to swipe at his hide, narrowly missing by an inch.

The calf shifts his frantic gaze forward, pushing ahead with every ounce of strength he has, squealing in desperation as he does.

He runs so hard that his hooves get tangled in some foliage, sending him crashing to the ground.

The mother watches on, knowing that the end is near...

..But the momentum of both lions sends them crashing over the top of him and into one another. The calf scrambles to his feet and dashes towards his mother.

The lions regain their footing but stop and watch, breathing heavily and exhausted, their eyes locked on their fleeing prey.

The calf glances behind him to see that the danger has passed, then slows slightly as his energy has also dwindled.

Galloping past a patch of long grass, he heads towards his mother and sibling, who in turn make relieved trots in his direction.

Despite the distance between them, the mother and the calf's doe eyes connect once more...

ROAR!!!!

The THIRD LION leaps out from the camouflage of the tall grass, ambushing the calf. The little fella squeals as the massive claws and jaws of the big cat clamp down on him.

The mother halts and dips her head, knowing she's lost him.

The lion grips the calf by the back of the neck, lifting him off the ground like a toy doll. The big cat doesn't bite down, it just holds him firmly while staring directly at the mother, almost in a gesture of victory – a cruel, taunting display.

The calf squeals desperately in the direction of his mother, a final, futile plea for help, as the two other lions eagerly close in on the catch.

But then...

CLOMP... CLOMP... CLOMP... CLOMP... CLOMP

The two lions freeze at the sound of heavy, plodding footsteps. Along with the lion holding the calf in its jaws, they turn to see --

Standing over 7 feet tall, covered in sleek metallic silver armor with a seamlessly matching helmet and visor, and displaying an extremely imposing build, is --

ROBO-GORILLA

This no-nonsense ape has a BANNANA drawn and trained directly on the Lion with the calf in its gob.

ROBO-GORILLA

Let the calfling go, you are under arrest.

The lion, still gripping the helpless calf in its jaws, initially shows signs of relenting. However, this quickly turns into aggressive defiance as it shakes the calf violently from side to side.

The other two big cats also stand their ground.

ROBO-GORILLA'S POV - VISUAL SYSTEM:

In the top left corner in green text is "TARGETING_".

Whilst a green cross-grid overlay targets the lion with the calf, moving to an area between the cat's back legs.

At the bottom left of his visual system reads: "PROTECT THE INNOCENT_"

Out of the POV, ROBO-GORILLA launches the banana with an incredibly precise spin, sending it directly into the lion's genitals. WITH A SPLAT.

The lion emits a high-pitched yelp and instantly drops the calf, its eyes practically crossing in reaction.

The other two lions stare with malign intent at the calf limping away towards his mother, but ROBO-GORILLA has drawn another banana from his right leg holster mechanism. He aims it directly at them.

ROBO-GORILLA (CONT'D)

Your move creeps.

The lions, with eyes on that banana, growl towards ROBO-GORILLA but quickly backpedal... and run for the hills.

The third lion, having just about recovered, follows suit, but its run is marked by a noticeable hobble.

ROBO-GORILLA skillfully spins the banana around his finger before dispatching it back into his mechanical holster which auto closes into his leg armour.

He then, with a sound reflecting the cybernetic nature of his suit, turns in the direction of the gazelle family.

CLOMP.. CLOMP... CLOMP... CLOMP... CLOMP

He plods over to them as we go into ROBO-GORILLA'S POV -

The visual system focuses on the young calf who is now snuggled up against his mother, performing a scan of the calf's neck injuries and offers damage assessment data.

Out of POV, ROBO-GORILLA approaches the mother gazelle.

ROBO-GORILLA (CONT'D)

Madam, you have suffered an emotional shock, I will notify an animal welfare centre.

The mother just stares with her wide doe eyes.

ROBO-GORILLA abruptly shifts his attention and torso to the plains in the distance, accompanied by that cybernetic sound.

ROBO-GORILLA'S POV:

The visual system displays an inset video showing what appears to be live footage of a river crossing. A cross-grid targets a herd of approaching wildebeests, then shifts to the river, focusing on approaching CROCODILES.

Text appears in the bottom left: "SERVE THE PUBLIC TRUST_"

Out of POV, ROBO-GORILLA shifts his attention back to the Gazelles.

ROBO-GORILLA (CONT'D)

I must go now, somewhere a crime is about to be committed.

He plods heavily towards the plains but suddenly stops and turns with cybernetic precision in the direction of the young calf.

ROBO-GORILLA (CONT'D)

Stay out of trouble.

And off he stomps. To the next destination. To the next crime scene.

And to uphold the law.

FADE OUT.