

IRON EGG: ORIGINS

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

A row of painted Easter EGGS line a wall near a busy swing set. HUMPTY, male, hard-boiled but still fresh, watches the HUMAN CHILDREN play. He claps his tiny hands with joy.

TIMMY, 6, hops on top of the wall, sits next to the eggs. He picks one up, admires the colors.

A nearby EXPLOSION breaks the peace. The wall shakes. Out of sight, but close, metal GRINDS, SCREAMS erupt, lasers BLAST.

Humpty looks up. A semi-truck falls from the sky -- headed straight for the playground.

HUMPTY  
Everybody run!

Nobody can hear him. He's an egg.

As the other eggs bail for cover, Humpty grabs Timmy's shirt, pulls hard, but, he can't move the child.

Suddenly, something fast, robotic and red swoops through, snatches the semi, disappears over a nearby building.

The children are safe, but Humpty wobbles from the force of the rocket man's wake. He plummets from his perch.

INT. SECRET LAB - NIGHT

Humpty blinks awake. To his left: robot arms whir with efficiency as they build something small, round. To his right: TONY, male, 40s, intense, pours over schematics.

Tony looks at Humpty, turns a nearby knob. Humpty quickly falls back asleep.

EXT. SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Timmy swings. Other children laugh and play. A nearby tree stands tall. A large branch hangs over the grounds.

Something small rises into view: An egg. Red. Round. Robotic. Tiny thrusters shoot from his palms.

He settles onto the branch, watches the children play.

FADE OUT.