

Androids Dream of Flesh (and Sheep)

Based on my original short film script, *Android's Dream of Flesh and Sheep* is adapted into a narrative-driven adventure game where the player controls Sandy, a bubbly but broken rescue android. Programmed to save life long after life on earth has ended, she stumbles upon what she believes to be the last living animal in centuries: a derpy sheep.

The twist? It's a lawnmower.

The short film's script serves as the game's **core narrative spine**. Players experience the story beats of the film in a linear arc, but gain agency between scripted scenes through exploration, choice-based tone shaping, and character interaction. Agency shapes emotion, not outcome.

1. **Core Gameplay Pillars**
2. **Structure**
3. **Barks**
4. **Script (10 pages)**

Core Gameplay Pillars

Exploration & Environmental Storytelling

- Explore a lush, overgrown posthuman world teeming with relics, decaying androids, and forgotten machines.
- Interact with misinterpreted human artefacts and corrupted memory logs.
- Optional areas like the museum, Basil's tent, and Boxbox's scrap hut offer worldbuilding and secret logs.

Emotion-Driven Dialogue Branching

- Dialogue choices determine Sandy's tone: delusional, grounded, or messianic.
- Emotional posture influences NPC trust and unlocks/locks narrative options.

Sample Dialogue Tree

SHEEP:

“Baa.”

SANDY:

→ “A living being’s first words in centuries.

I must carve “baa” into the mountain.” (Delusional)

→ “Maybe he’s just ... hungry?” (Grounded)

Sheep Trust Meter

- Player choices affect how Sheep behaves: clingy, chaotic, or aloof.
- Feeding, naming, or worshipping Sheep increases bond.
- Neglect or logic-based rejection distances Sheep.

Delusion Management System

- Sandy's programming fights against reality. Players "manage" her emotional stability.
- As delusion deepens, UI distorts, NPCs respond differently, and voice lines grow increasingly erratic.

The Twist

Much like Sandy, the player only discovers the sheep’s true nature at the narrative climax. Until then, everything — from Thermal Vision to tender dialogue options — encourages belief in its aliveness.

Structure Overview

Script Scene	Game Segment
Sheep dream	Cold open; click-to-jump dream tutorial
Wake-up & Basil	Hub tutorial: learn vision modes, interact with camp NPCs
Discover museum	Environmental puzzle + relic scan
Clone Sheep	Major cutscene, emotional tone chosen through dialogue
Hide Sheep	Stealth/light deception system + dynamic dialogue
Bond with Sheep	Open exploration zone + micro-quests: mow grass, explore ruins together, play fight, etc.
Sheep disappears	Tracking sequence, light investigation, unlocking dialogue history
Climax confrontation	Dialogue boss: convince Basil / escalate battle / glitch out
Boxbox ending	Philosophical epilogue with player-led emotional tone choice

Player Avatar	Character Type	Character Description	Character Location	VA Notes
SANDY	Player Avatar: Rescue Android	Bubbly, tenacious, and a bit dim, Sandy is a rescue android programmed to save humans and animals from disaster sites. Futilely searching the ruins of the planet despite all humans and animals being dead for 300 years, she finds herself uniquely unable to accept the fall of humanity.	Free Roaming	Child like
Greetings/Standard	Idles	Waiting for Input	Goodbyes	Notes
Hey! I remember you from a dream. You have fewer eyes now.	What is that sound? Oh it's my circuits frying.	I used to know what silence meant. Now it's just more data.	Bye, I'll see ya! Before you see me! (snickering)	
RAHH! (screaming) Haha, got you!	Processing... or glitching. It's hard to tell the difference.	Input appreciated. Otherwise I spiral.	Stay safe! Or don't actually, I could use some busy work.	
Hi Sandy! No wait, that's me...	Must. Keep. Searching.	Stillness is holy. But I'm also bored.	Goodbye, I love you!	
NPC Name	NPC Type	NPC Description	NPC Location	Notes
BASIL	Head Cooking Android	While Sandy would covet a sheep as the first living animal in centuries, Basil would say lamb is best served pan seared with a sprig of rosemary. As head of the cooking androids, he runs his kitchen with militant precision. Even if he is preparing a three course meal of leaves for leaf insects. Basil is often found leading his camp in existential marching songs - disturbing yet humorous.	Camp, Forest	Snappy, yet fond
Greetings/Standard	Idles	Waiting for Input	Goodbyes	Notes
Whatever it is you want, you're not getting it from me.	Still here. Still surrounded by moss and madness.	If I had an egg it would be hard boiled by now. I miss measuring minutes in eggs.	Don't come back with another cult idea!	
Don't touch anything.	Pot roasted, seared, stewed, I would treat you right, mutton mine. (dreamily)	Can we skip to the inevitable breakdown?	About time you got back to your rescue patrols. Good soldier.	
It's a beautiful day to slave over the stove.	Who wants another post-apocalyptic marching chant?	What? What?!	Now, where did I leave my chainsaw?	

NPC Name	NPC Type	NPC Description	NPC Location	Notes
BOXBOX	Mechanic Android	Philosophical, deadpan, and awkward, Boxbox acts as a travelling doctor. With the greatest repository of pre-fallout knowledge, androids often find shelter in him when feeling lost.	Camp	Flat affect
Greetings/Standard	Idles	Waiting for Input	Goodbyes	Notes
You've returned. Or been replicated.	I keep a backup of laughter.	Humans stared at little rectangular androids in times like these.	Farewell. If emotions arise later, I'll timestamp them.	
Any spare parts for me?	You remind me of a human gesture. Imperfect, but earnest.	Your silence is now part of the historical record.	You are departing, Goodbye.	
NPC Name	NPC Type	NPC Description	NPC Location	Notes
Unnamed Androids	Cooking Androids	A dozen cooking androids populate the camp, working under Basil's strict supervision. Outside of kitchen hours they are playful, good naturedly poking fun at their leader. Basil's existential marching chants unify the group.	Camp, Forest	Fluctuating between playful and overworked
Greetings/Standard	Idles	Waiting for Input	Goodbyes	Notes
Enter the Kitchen of Eternal Stirring.	I accidentally called Basil Dad once. Or twice. (embarrassed)	Is there something on my face? Can I cook it?	Bye! Take Basil with you!	
Heya, seen anything new?	Herb found: Battery acid.	Waiting. And waiting. And - I can do the rest in my head.	See ya, wouldn't wanna be ya!	

EXT. GRASSY MEADOW - GOLDEN HOUR

A derpy sheep, tongue sticking out, approaches a picture perfect fence. It jumps over the fence in a hauntingly precise arc.

Another sheep follows it, then another, endlessly.

INT. SANDY'S TENT - DAY

SANDY (rescue android), a snaps her eyes open. She sits, alone, in a tent crowded with acorns and vacuum sealed objects - radios, teddy bears, and Tibetan prayer flags.

SANDY

Wow! What a night!

Sandy leaps from the tent, extending like a high diver.

EXT. CAMP - DAY

Cooking-androids in chef hats bustle. Blades flash, dicing leaves. BASIL (cooking android) seems to be their boss, leading them in a chant, the tone reminiscent of a marching song in the military.

BASIL

I don't know but I've been told!
Boy the humans were hardly old.

ANDROIDS

Hardly old! Hardly old!

BASIL

Found a fossil, shoe untied.
Guess they tripped and simply -
AAAHHHH!

Sandy dangles from a tree branch, eyes glowing red, wide maw showing spinning drills for teeth, reasonably scaring Basil. The rest of the cooking androids snicker.

ANDROIDS

Aah! Aah!

Basil huffily gets to his feet, annoyed at everyone.

BASIL

Quit it! Wise guys ... Sands! We
agreed lunch service is a safe
zone. That scream doesn't count.

Sandy comes down from the branch like a slinky.

SANDY

I had a dream Basil! A real one!

Basil fixes Sandy with a concerned look.

BOXBOX
You should book an
appointment with Dr. Boxbox
today.

Basil sees an android struggling with the fire. He sticks his
hands in and the flames jump higher.

BASIL
Don't be afraid to get your hands
dirty. Yes, chef?

The android nods, eyes wide. Sandy crowds Basil.

SANDY (CONT'D)
There was a biologic! Quadrupedal
and exceedingly fluffy.

BASIL
A dog.

SANDY
No ... something more! Like this
-

She etches a formless blob on a boulder. She can't draw.

BASIL
Ew, what happened to the dog.

Basil approaches a row of androids dressed as waiters.

BASIL
Set up for a three course
service?

WAITER ANDROIDS
Full house, chef.

Basil claps and marches into a clearing.

SANDY
You're so militant about lunch.

BASIL
It's in my programming. Shush
now.

The waiters set plates directly on the grass, revealing a
leafy dish. Basil watches, breath held. At first, nothing.
Then, a stir. The leaves around the plate begin moving,
carried by tiny legs, crawling onto the rim.

BASIL
Leaf insects are the pickiest.

Insects now munching, Basil heads back, eyeing Sandy.

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BASIL (CONT'D)
You're still here? Shouldn't you
be off patrolling that landslide?

SANDY
What's the point ...

BASIL
This spiral again? Just do the
dance, it's in our programming.

SANDY
We're not the same! You're not a
rescue android, programmed to
think that you ... didn't get to
the disaster site in time.

Basil's eyes soften, hand on her shoulder.

BASIL
Sands, they've been dead for
three hundred and ... forever.

SANDY
I know! But I still need to be
close to them. We're going crazy.

The air crackles with fraying circuits. Basil steels himself.

BASIL
You know ... Maybe there is
something out there. I would kill
to cook a dog.

SANDY
Cook for a dog.

Basil hugs Sandy briefly, then pushes her to the exit.

EXT. LANDSLIDE

Sandy inspects a landslide, visor down, set to Thermal View
- her vision shows splotches of blue and yellow.

SANDY
Life forms - nil.

Grumbling, Sandy nears the mountain face, pausing at a
strange draft. Her arm transforms into a drill, widening the
gap. She shrinks down and scampers through it.

INT. HIDDEN MUSEUM - DAY

It's pitch black. Sandy switches on the flashlight in her head and gasps. The room is full of glass cases on pedestals, covered in dust. Sandy perfunctorily scans.

SANDY

Life forms - nil.

Sandy wipes away the grime on a case, revealing a Hindu deity. Then another case - a painting, "The Adoration of the Mystic Lamb", a sheep is depicted in the centre. Sandy smashes the case open, taking the painting. She gingerly touches the sheep. Her attention is then caught by a giant black machine directly across from her.

She approaches, her light landing on a button panel. Without hesitation, she slams her palm onto it. Great metal screeching emerges from the machine. The room lights up - soft blue recessed lighting. The rumbling is deafening, and then abruptly stops. The hiss of hydraulics surprises her - A drawer comes forward. Sandy hesitantly peaks over the edge.

Inside, eyes shut, is a baby sheep. Sandy checks Thermal View - the sheep's centre glows red. Sandy's eyes widen, filling her face, as the sheep opens its eyes.

SANDY

(whispering)

Life forms - one.

The sheep's tongue pokes out. Suddenly, it bleats and launches itself at Sandy's face. Sandy shrieks, running blindly in circles, smashing through glass cases.

SANDY

Help! The animal is eating me!

Sandy stops, something occurring to her. She pries the sheep off her face. It head-butts her. She giggles.

SHEEP

Baa!

SANDY

Sheep, I am the rescue team.

Sheep wriggles with all its strength. Then stills, a leaf insect reflected in its wide pupils. The insect ambles across Sandy's shoulder. Sheep nestles into her, watching the leaf insect. Sandy stands in the dim museum, broken glass at her feet, hugging Sheep.

LATER

Sandy fiddles with the machine as Sheep runs around the room, nose to the ground. She slams buttons to no avail.

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SANDY

Gods, broken. Anyway! We'll have fun! You'll meet the cooking androids, and my best friend Baz, He's the opposite of me but he'll love you too- wait, are you a dog?

Sandy studies Sheep, thinking.

SANDY

Are you hungry? Thirsty?

EXT. LANDSLIDE - NIGHT

Sandy moves quietly through the forest, Sheep tucked under her arm, eyes wide as it takes everything in.

They pass a tall tuft of grass. Sheep strains for it, biting at the air. Sandy curiously holds Sheep forward. It immediately takes a big bite, chewing contentedly.

INT. BASIL'S TENT - NIGHT

Basil is being examined by BOXBOX (mechanic android), his back panel open. Sandy jumps in, startling them.

SANDY

Basil! Oh - hi Boxbox.

BOXBOX

Hello, lovely Sandy.

BASIL

Sands, I'm having a check up!

BOXBOX

Solar panels are faulty. Nothing a few sweet nothings won't fix.

(face in Basil's wiring)

Come on baby, you know we'll spoil you rotten if you open up.

SANDY

I found the fluffy quadrupedal!

Basil looks on disbelievingly - Sandy pulls out the painting.

BASIL

Oh, mutton. Delicious. Pan seared with a sprig of rosemary -

Sandy's eyes reflexively glow red - a sign to back off.

SANDY

Not. Meat. The people, they love it.

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BOXBOX
Man did love sheep.

SANDY
Sheep?

BOXBOX
Before you kill the mutton it is
called sheep.

Sandy looks at Basil doubtfully. He shrugs.

BOXBOX
Sheep were the first to go
extinct after The Fallout, also
the first to be cloned. Cloning
tech was destroyed, of course,
after the second religion wars.

Sandy struggles with herself, mouth opening and closing as
she debates what to say. Boxbox interprets the hesitation as-

BOXBOX
Would you like a check up Sandy?

SANDY
Yes! My thermal sensor is buggy.

She switches to thermal view - the androids glow a faint
orange. She pops her eyeball out, handing it to Boxbox.

BOXBOX
I don't have spares on me. You
shouldn't need the sensor anyway,
it's not like there's any use -

Basil clears his throat pointedly. Sandy eyes them warily.

EXT. MUSEUM

Sandy paces around a huge mound of torn up grass.

SANDY
I was right not to take you to
Baz yet. But if Boxbox can fix
the cloning machine, we'll birth
more sheep! We'll make a deal,
you're a sheep and the rest can
be mutton.

Sheep sniffs the grass but turns its nose up disdainfully. It
drinks a big mouthful of water from a bowl.

SANDY
Not tasty anymore? There's
nothing else to eat in here ...
but you keep searching, huh? Just
like me!

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Suddenly, with nose to the ground, Sheep takes off running.

EXT. FOREST

A confused and on-alert Sandy runs after Sheep. Flowers grow wild and abnormally large, thick vines drop from tall trees, moss of every colour grows on rocks of every size. A tree log lays across their path. Time slows as they both jump over it - like the sheep in Sandy's dream. Sandy laughs.

EXT. GRASSY CLEARING

They emerge into a clearing. The wild grass grows unevenly. Sheep pounces on a tuft and takes a big bite.

SANDY

Good sheep! You seek to hunt the grass yourself. I respect that.

EXT. GRASSY CLEARING - LATER

Sheep has neatly trimmed a square of grass. Sandy lays on her back, smiling, listening to it munching.

INT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Sheep sleeps soundly on a large cushion. Water bowl beside it. Sandy checks on Sheep one last time and then closes the entry door to the museum by pushing a rock into place.

EXT. CAMP

Sandy darts past Basil without a glance. He calls out to her but she doesn't bother answering. Curious, Basil follows.

EXT. FOREST

The forest looks familiar as Sandy nears the landslide. She leaps over a giant boulder. Basil eventually scrambles over it but once on top has lost sight of her. He glances around.

INT. MUSEUM

Sandy is playing with Sheep, using the statues as action figures. Sheep darts forward, head butting the statues.

SANDY

Tomorrow Boxbox will arrive. We can trust him, he'll protect you.

SHEEP

Baa.

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Sandy pulls Sheep into a hug.

INT. SANDY'S TENT - DAY

Sandy's eyes snap open. It's the day.

INT. CAVE - LATER

Sandy approaches the museum, humming. As she draws nearer she notices that the boulder has been moved.

INT. MUSEUM

Sandy runs around the museum - Sheep nowhere in sight.

EXT. GRASSY CLEARING

Sandy sits, crying.

EXT. CAMP - NIGHT

A full moon lights the sky. Sandy approaches the camp, barely holding herself up. The androids are crowded around something - strapped to a wooden table, is a muzzled Sheep. Basil stands over it with a large pair of scissors, a tuft of white fur in his other hand.

Sandy screams, eyes lighting up red. Her body grows, arms morph into giant drills, and sharp blades shoot out her legs.

BASIL

No, Sandy! Stop -

Sandy runs forward, her drills deafening. Basil throws the scissors away, hands up. Sandy's body blocks out the sun.

BASIL

I thought the sheep was real!

Inches away, the deathly tip of Sandy's drill stills.

SANDY

... What?

Sandy's voice is guttural and hostile. Closer now, sees beneath Sheep's fur is wires and metal.

BASIL

I didn't know it was an android.

Her eyes lose the red light. Her body slowly de-transforms. In disbelief, she touches a wire. Basil gasps.

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BASIL
You didn't know, Sands?

SANDY
How ... I cloned it.

BOXBOX
Yes, you cloned its skin and fur.
But its parts are all mechanical.

SANDY
No! It's red in my Thermal
Vision. Only life forms are hot
enough -

BOXBOX
It's very primitive. System is
nearly constantly over heated.

SANDY
I saw it drink water -

BOXBOX
Exactly, to cool its core.

SANDY
No! It eats too! It loves grass -

BOXBOX
It's a lawnmower, Sandy.

Sandy looks at Sheep. It's eyes are scared.

SANDY
A lawnmower ...

EXT. GRASSY CLEARING - LATER

Sandy resentfully watches Sheep mowing the last bit of grass.

BOXBOX (O.S.)
Humans were the most soul our
universe had ever seen.

Sandy turns to see Boxbox and Basil approaching.

BOXBOX
They were truly free, made
without purpose. But it was also
a curse. Their freedom brought
their end.

He drops something into her lap - battery.

BOXBOX
As androids, we see ourselves as
copies.
(MORE)

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BOXBOX (CONT'D)

But the humans were already
copies themselves. Through
progress, humanity's final form
would resemble a circuit board,
and this would be their sheep.

Sandy flips the battery around - a sheep sticker adorns it.

BOXBOX

I understand your heartbreak over
the lawnmower android. But had
humanity lasted, the original
sheep would still be lost to
time.

Sheep has finished mowing the clearing. It looks around,
searching for more uneven grass, but finds none.

BOXBOX

The humans are gone and have
passed their curse onto us.
Without the subjects of our
programming, we have no purpose.

Sheep notices Sandy and bounds towards her. Basil yelps.

BOXBOX

We can do anything.

Sandy's eyes widen as Sheep jumps at her, their heads
thunking hard into each other.