

## Clifford "Dogbot"

(upbeat music) ♪

Emily: Wowwww! What a great book! Robot book, complete.

Clifford: Yes. It was very enjoyable. What should we robots do now?

Emily: Robot dance. Activate!

♪ (upbeat robot dance music)

♪

♪ Emily: We are roobots! ♪

♪ We are mechanical machines.

Clifford: ♪ Roobots!

♪ We don't wear sweaters or jeans. ♪

Emily: ♪ We have computers for brains. ♪

Clifford: ♪ We only rust when it rains. ♪

Emily/Clifford: ♪ We are robots.

Clifford: ♪ Beep boop!

Emily: ♪ We do things very fast. ♪

Emily/Clifford: ♪ Robots.

Clifford: ♪ Beep boop!

Emily/Clifford: ♪ Robots.

(funky dance music)

♪

Emily: ♪ We say 'affirmative' instead of 'yes.' ♪

Clifford: ♪ Affirmative, affirmative. ♪

Emily: ♪ We're good at addition. ♪

♪

Clifford: ♪ One plus one, equals two. ♪

Emily: ♪ We rarely break down...♪

♪

Clifford: ♪ Malfunction! Malfunction! ♪

♪

Emily: ♪ On a robo-mission!

Clifford/Emily: (giggle)

Clifford: Robo-mission?

Emily: Sure! Robots always do what they're told to do -- that's their robo-mission. And they always finish their robo-mission really fast. I am Emily Elizabot. My robo-mission is to twirl like a ballerina.

Clifford: I am Dogbot. My robo-mission is to make you twirl even faster.

(deep inhale)

(whoosh!)

Emily: Woahhhhh! Malfunction! Malfunction! I'm breaking down!

Emily/Clifford: (giggling)

Mrs. Howard: How's the clean-up going?

Emily: Oops...Sorry, mom. We kinda forgot.

Mrs. Howard: Well, we're having guests over for dinner tonight and there's still a lot to be done before then. You don't want to have to rush to clean before our friends get here.

Emily: Okay, we'll do it now.

Mrs. Howard: Great. Thanks, sweetie!

Emily: I wish we had a robot to do all of this work for us. Hey...

Emily/Clifford: ♪ We are robots.

♪ And we will clean up this lawn. ♪

♪ Robots.

Clifford: ♪ My cleaning sensors are on. ♪

Emily: ♪ Our robo-mission is clear. ♪

Clifford: ♪ Let's get our tails into gear. ♪

Emily/Clifford: ♪ We are robots.

Emily: (beep boop!)

Emily/Clifford: ♪ We do things very fast. ♪

♪ Robots. ♪

♪ Beep boop!

♪ Robots!

(giggling)

Mrs. Howard: Wow! That was fast!

Emily: (robotic) Fast is what we do. I am Emily Elizabot. Beep boop!

Clifford: (robotic woof!)

Emily: And he is Dogbot. (beep, boop, beep, boop) What is our next robo-mission?

Mrs. Howard: (giggling) Okay, my little, and big, robots: do you think you two could help me with some errands?

Emily: Of course! I mean... (robotic) Affirmative. Beep boop!

Mrs. Howard: (giggles) Terrific. First, I need you to take out this garbage. Second, you and Samantha wanted to wear matching shirts at the party, right?

Emily: That is our awesome plan.

Mrs. Howard: Then you'll have to deliver Sam's shirt to her, in this red bag. And third, Mr. Basu is making dessert, so I need you to go pick it up from his house.

Emily: Affirmative, Mrs. Howard.

Clifford: (robotic woof)

Mrs. Howard: (giggles) Thank you! Now just make sure you're done before the guests arrive.  
(robotically) Now this Mom-bot must get ready for the party. Beep boop!

Emily: (giggle) Okay Dogbot, you take the shirt to Sam while I take out the garbage and get the dessert from Mr. Basu. We'll have our robo-mission completed faster than ever!

Clifford: Affirmative! Beep boop borp!

Emily: ♪ We are robots. ♪ Beep boop!

♪ We do things very fast.

♪ Robots.

♪ Beep boop borp  
bleep bing! ♪

♪

Turtle: (slurps)  
(pew)

Clifford: Beep boop borp!

Clifford: Oh! Sorry, Mr. turtle!

(upbeat music)

♪

Clifford: (robotic oof!)  
(Woof)

Samantha: Hi, Clifford!

Clifford: (robotic woof woof)

Samantha: Oh. A robot dog delivery! Thanks so much!

Clifford: (robotic woof)

Samantha: Ohh!

Clifford? Why are you giving me orange peels, coffee grounds, and expired yogurt?

(embarrassed giggles)

Mr. Basu: Okay, Emily Elizabot, here are my famous frozen fudge bars! I promised your mom a batch. They'll make a perfect dessert for your dinner party.

Emily: They appear to be delicious.

Mr. Basu: (giggles) Just make sure that you put them in the freezer as soon as you get home, so they don't melt, okay?

Emily: Affirmative. Beep boop!

Clifford: Malfunction! Malfunction!

Emily: Dogbot. What's wrong?

Clifford: I just delivered this bag of garbage to Samantha!

Emily: Garbage? (gasps) Oh no! But if this bag has the garbage in it, that means that the bag I put in the trash had the shirt in it!

Clifford: (gasps!) We threw the shirt away!

Emily: Oh no! We've got to go get it!

Clifford: Sorry again, Mr. turtle! Emily We've gotta get that bag out of the trash can before--

Emily/Clifford: (gasps) It's gone!

Emily: Look! Ms. Ellerby has collected the trash already! We've got to catch up to her!

Emily: Ms. Ellerby! We need you to pull over!

Ms. Ellerby: (giggles) Was I speeding, officer?

Emily: We need to look through your garbage!

Ms. Ellerby: The garbage?

Emily: Samantha and I are going to wear matching shirts at the party tonight and I accidentally threw her's out!

Clifford: (sniffing)  
(woof!)

Ms. Ellerby: Is it in here?

Emily: Thanks, Ms. Ellerby! We found it! (whew )

Emily: Now we must take this shirt to Samantha and take these frozen fudge bars. (gasps)  
The fudge bars! We didn't put them in the freezer right away and now they've melted!

Clifford: (oh no how!!)

Ms. Ellerby: It's alright. Maybe you should just slow down and think this through.

Emily: We can't slow down now! We have to run back to Mr. Basu's house to see if he has any more fudge bars left! Super speed, Dogbot!

Ms. Ellerby: Good luck, robots!

Emily: Faster, Dogbot! Beep boop!

Emily: Mr. Basu!

Mr. Basu: Oh! Hello again, robots!

Emily: We've got a major malfunction! We didn't get the fudge bars into the freezer in time, and now they've melted into fudge soup!

Mr. Basu: Well... I'm afraid those were my last ones. I gave out the rest to the neighbors! But it's okay—

Emily: Oh no!

Mr. Basu: No, no! Don't worry. I've got an idea.

Emily: We don't have time for ideas! We've gotta keep going! The dinner party is going to start soon, and we have to hurry up and deliver this shirt to Samantha!

Mr. Basu: Shirt?

Emily: (gasps) The shirt is gone! It must have fallen off when we were rushing over here!  
Double malfunction!

Clifford: (sad whine)

Emily: We failed at our robo-mission!

Emily: Nooooo!

Clifford: Howwwwwl!

Mr. Basu: Aww. Don't be so hard on yourselves. Everybody makes mistakes. Even the best robots malfunction sometimes.

Emily: We tried to do things fast like robots, but we just made everything worse!

Mr. Basu: You know, sometimes when you do things too fast, it's easy to make mistakes. If you want something done right, it's usually best to take your time and be careful.

Emily: But it's too late. We don't have the shirt, the fudge bars, or anything.

Mr. Basu: Luckily, you do have something most robots don't have, friends who are willing to help!

Emily: What do you mean?

Mr. Basu: Ms. Ellerby called me and told me what happened to the fudge bars, so I called Samantha and...

Samantha: Hi, Mr. Basu!

Here are the fudge bars.

Emily: Fudge bars?

Samantha: Mr. Basu gave me some earlier, but if you need them for the dinner party tonight, they're all yours!

Emily: Really? Thank you so much, Samantha!

Clifford: (Bark! Bark!)

Emily: Hey look! The shirt! It walked here on it's own!

Samantha: (giggling) Not on it's own! It got carried by a turtle!

Emily: Awww! It's still clean! Thanks, Mr. turtle!

Emily: And here you go, Samantha. You'd better get dressed. The dinner party is going to be starting soon!

Samantha: Will do!

Emily: We'd better go, Mr. Basu. We've got lots to do! We've got to hurry and get these fudge bars into the freezer and then get ready for the party and (calming breath)

Emily: But we're not going to go too fast. Just fast enough for no malfunctions. (giggles)

Mr. Basu: Affirmative! (laughs)

Emily: Thanks again, everyone!

Mr. Basu: You're welcome!

Samantha: See you soon!

Emily/Clifford: ♪ We are robots.

♪ And we don't go too fast. ♪

♪ Robots. Beep boop.

(sniffing)

Clifford: Wait. Look Emily Elizabeth. Here you go Mr. Turtle.  
(sniffs)

Wow these flowers smell so nice.

Emily: Hey... A wildflower bouquet is just what tonight's party needs. Glad we didn't race by them!

Emily: Emily Elizabot and Dogbot ready to greet our dinner guests.

Clifford: Affirmative!

Samantha: Hello, robots! Nice shirt, Emily Elizabot!

Emily: Nice shirt, Samantha! Won't you please join us?

Mrs. Mulberry: It would be our pleasure!

Mrs. Mulberry: Ooo! Something smells delicious!

Dr. Mulberry: And what a beautiful bouquet!

Mrs. Howard: Well, great job completing your errands! And (sniffs) fresh wildflowers too?

Emily: What can we say? Robots always complete their robo-mission!

Emily: But they take their time and do it right.