

Zombie Robot Princess
Episode 01: How Friends are Made

By

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FADE IN

CREDITS

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT CASTLE - DAY

TRUCK IN toward castle.

NARRATOR V.O.

Once upon a time, in the wonderful
land of...

SFX

crow (over name)

NARRATOR V.O.

...there was a king...

CROSS DISS

ANGLE ON PAINTING OF KING

The King looks pleased with himself.

NARRATOR V.O.

Who he was and what he did is of no
importance right now...

The King now looks puzzled.

NARRATOR

...because he died.

The King falls down dead.

NARRATOR

He left behind his only child and
heir, princess Isabel, now queen
Isabel.

CUT TO

INT. COUNCIL ROOM - DAY

LONG on ISABEL, cute girl of sixteen, sitting on a throne.

Her NANNY, a plain no nonsense type, stands further back.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL
Hello!

CUT TO

HER POV

A large table surrounded by seated serious-looking
COUNCILORS.

NARRATOR
...since Isabel was still a
child...

At the far end is what is obviously an EVIL STEPMOTHER.

CUT TO

CLOSE-UP on Isabel, looking worried.

NARRATOR
...she needed a regent

CUT TO

HER POV The full council table.

TRK IN to the FAR END where her EVIL STEPMOTHER sits.

NARRATOR
Her stepmother was all ready to
step in...

MEDIUM SHOT of Stepmother smiling evilly.

NARRATOR
but she never got the chance...

The Stepmother's evil smile turns to surprise as a hook
whisks her OS.

NARRATOR
...when General Nitup
diplomatically suggested a military
alternative...

GENERAL NITUP takes her seat, looking confident.

NARRATOR
But his 'iron hand in a velvet
glove' approach...

He falls through the floor, chair and all, looking
surprised. The chair slides back into place.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

...did not work for chancellor Viz
Alter Nad, who did not approve of
the military...

The CHANCELLOR shuffles into place. Just as he delicately
sits down, a stream of ACID GREEN GOO falls on him, leaving
a clean skeletons behind.

Another councilor pushes the skeleton off and takes its
place.

NARRATOR

...however vizier Dosser disagreed
with the chancellor...

GIANT TENTACLES appear from under the chair, grab the vizier
and drag him OS.

NARRATOR

...the chancellor should not have
disagreed with the Exchequer the
way he did...

The CHANCELLOR peeks in. No way he's sitting in THAT chair!

A beat.

He is pulled OS.

SFX OS

CHAINSAW & SCREAMING

PAN TO

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

PAN further down the table where the Exchequer delicately
dabs at a small blood spot on his cheek.

FX swish goes vertically through him.

Half of him slides down.

NARRATOR

The Prime Minister had a frank
exchange with the Exchequer.

PAN TO

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

Etc

The Prime Minister drinks a glass of water. puts it down. a beat. Water pours out from a dozen invisible holes on his body.

PAN TO

NARRATOR

Etc...

Councilor opens door to lavatory, closes it. Door opens and toilet paper monster comes out.

PAN TO

NARRATOR

Etc...

A councilor swats at a BEE buzzing around him. He hits it with his paper, looks up, and a huge SWARM OF BEES hits him from above, covering him. when they leave, he instantly swells up and falls.

NARRATOR

What was bad for the council was good for business for others.

CUT TO

The swarm of bees flies towards A WITCH standing ready with an enormous jar in which they all fly.

She extends a hand toward screen edge. Another hand appears from OS and slaps a bag of gold into hers.

As the witch looks at the gold in satisfaction a DEATH RAY crosses the screen aimed at the OS character.

OS CHARACTER

Aaagh!

The witch turns to glare at the owner of the death ray.

CUT TO

REVERSE ANGLE

A MAD SCIENTIST, waving ironically.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

And soon...

CUT TO

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

Isabel is looking OS

ANGLE The Council Chamber, same angle, now with all seats empty.

NANNY

We'll need a new batch.

INT. CASTLE CORRIDOR - DAY

Isabel wanders the corridors, looking bored.

Suddenly she notices at the end of the corridor...

ANGLE ON the silhouette of a man pushing an enormous tarp covered shape on a trolley.

ISABEL

Hello?

DOCTOR MAD

Hello!

He wheels the trolley closer.

DOCTOR MAD

Baron Warder! I have here your battle ready killer robot.

ISABEL

The Baron is gone. Sorry.

DOCTOR MAD

Oh? Oh dear...never liked him anyway.

A beat. The doctor thinks of what to do next.

DOCTOR MAD

What about you girl? How would you like to own a Doctor Maddeus exclusive design?

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL
I'm the Queen, actually. Who's
doctor Maddeus?

The doctor takes a bow.

DOCTOR MAD
Why it's me your majesty! Doctor
Hieronymus Theophile Maddeus, MD,
PHD, DDS, proud CSSC member, at
your service!

Isabel looks curiously at this strange man and his
mysterious delivery.

ISABEL
So what's a Doctor Maddeus
exclusive design?

DOCTOR MAD
THIS!

He proudly whisks off the tarp to reveal...

CUT TO

ANGLE ON a ferociously looking BATTLE ROBOT.

CUT TO

ANGLE ON the mad doctor proudly standing beside his
creation.

DOCTOR MAD
Tadaa! What do you think?

Nothing. He looks around.

DOCTOR MAD
Where did she go? Your majesty?

CUT TO

ANGLE ON Isabel peeking out from behind a wall.

ISABEL
What is it?

CUT TO

BACK TO doctor Mad.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR MAD
Its a killer robot, obviously.

CUT TO

ANGLE ON Isabel.

ISABEL
I don't want it. Take it away.

CUT TO

BACK TO doctor.

DOCTOR MAD
I understand that it seems a bit
overwhelming right now
but it does come with wonderful
features, long life battery, self
winding coils, speech recognition
software...

Isabel walks into frame.

ISABEL
Why does a killer robot need speech
recognition?

DOCTOR MAD
Well, the usual things, you know...
'please don't hurt me', 'I am
unarmed', 'I surrender'...

ISABEL
Oh, so its to avoid fighting...

DOCTOR MAD
No, to trigger the flame thrower.

Demonstration of flame thrower.

DOCTOR MAD
I can easily unlock the dialogue
feature...here...wait...done!

ISABEL
Yeah, can you turn off the flame
thrower feature?

DOCTOR MAD
Um? yes...look, it comes with a
voice library! Say hello, robot.

(CONTINUED)

The robot leans down to Isabel, offering his hand (actually a gun).

ROBOT
HELLO ROBOT

ISABEL
Eek, can you please get rid of the gun?

DOCTOR MAD
Yes, yes...do you prefer a grandmotherly tone? Say hello to her majesty.

ROBOT
(old lady voice)
Hello to her majesty.

ISABEL
Ew, no old lady!

DOCTOR MAD
Yes...not appropriate for a killer robot.

ISABEL
That's not it! I am only allowed companions who are princesses or better and the only one around is princess Margaret Valancia Iphigena Thorbram. She's seventy two and pinches my cheeks. Also, can you lose the cannon.

DOCTOR MAD
But that would only leave the bazooka!

A bit put out, the doctor makes the necessary adjustments.

DOCTOR MAD
Well, what do you think of this voice then? Say hello your majesty.

ROBOT
(friendly young girl)
Hello your majesty.

ISABEL
Nice!
Can you lose the bazooka?

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR MAD
Young lady, then all you would have
is a naked robot.

ISABEL
(wondering)
Can't it do anything else than
shoot stuff?

DOCTOR MAD
(not getting it)
I can make it do anything, that's
not the problem...

ISABEL
Could it have a conversation?

DOCTOR MAD
Yes, but that is...

ISABEL
And sing?

DOCTOR MAD
Yes, but...

ISABEL
And dance?

DOCTOR MAD
Yes, b...

ISABEL
And play chess, ride a horse and
embroider?

DOCTOR MAD
Yes...

ISABEL
Great, when can I have it by?

DOCTOR MAD
Young lady...

ISABEL
'Your majesty'!

DOCTOR MAD
(haughtily)
Your majesty, that's not how I
work, I must respectfully...

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL
I'll give you a large wad of cash.

DOCTOR MAD
...decline...what?

ISABEL
Oh yeah, turns out with the recent downsizing in administration I can afford to give you your weight in gold.

(to robot)
What do you think? Want to be my pal?

ROBOT
(gidilly)
Oh, that would be wonderful!

ANGLE ON the doctor. A stare, a shrug, and he takes out a notebook to write Isabel's specs.

DOCTOR MAD
Sing...dance...embroider...Anything else?

ISABEL
(excited)
Yes! make her look like this!

Isabel whips out a doll from her pocket.

CUT TO

ANGLE ON DOLL. A medieval version of Barbie.

CUT TO

Swallowing his pride, Doctor Mad takes a bow.

DOCTOR MAD
I'll get right on it your majesty!

ANGLE ON PRINCESS DOLL

CROSS DISS TO

MATCHING ANGLE OF ROBOT DRESSED AS DOLL

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

MONTAGE various reactions CU:

Doctor Mad, proud of his work.

Isabel, excited.

Nanny, appalled.

CUT TO:

ANGLE on Nanny, disapproving.

NANNY

Your majesty! This is not an appropriate companion for you!

ISABEL

Why not? It's a princess.

DOCTOR MAD

Comes with a warranty.

NANNY

Its not a REAL princess.

ISABEL

Well she's real enough for me.

ROBOT

(touched)

Aww!

NANNY

That's not good enough I'm afraid.
A real princess has pedigree.

ROBOT

Can't I get one?

NANNY

I'm afraid not. It's in the blood
you see.

ANGLE ON Doctor Mad, thinking.

DOCTOR MAD

(to himself)

Princess blood...umm..that can be
arranged.

(to Isabel)

Your majesty! I may need your help!

CUT TO

INT. ROYAL FAMILY VAULT. DAY

Doctor Mad, Isabel and the robot are searching among the mausoleums plaques. Each time Isabel reads out a name, the robot slides out the coffin and opens it like a dish, displaying the contents inside for the doctor's inspection.

DOCTOR MAD

So we need the perfect specimen.

Isabel sitting on a sarcophagus reads from the inventory book, counting markers and pointing at likely candidates.

ISABEL

Count, Baron, Baron, Marquis...Ah!
Princess Stephania!

DOCTOR MAD

Hmm...Too fat.

ISABEL

Princess Margaret.

DOCTOR MAD

That is too short.

ISABEL

Princess Lydia.

When that coffin is opened there is nothing inside but a cloud of dust.

DOCTOR MAD

That is WAY too old.

ISABEL

This one next.

DOCTOR MAD

That is a man.

ISABEL

Princess Bob.

A look. A counter look.

DOCTOR MAD

Moving on.

(CONTINUED)

ISABEL
Princess Coppellia.

DOCTOR MAD
Hello!

ISABEL
Hmm. Princess Coppellia. Last of
her branch, never married, no
descendants.

DOCTOR MAD
Your majesty?

ISABEL
Go nuts.

ROBOT
Oh, gleeeee!

INT. MAD SCIENTIST LAB - NIGHT

TRK-IN into a mad scientist lab in all its steampunk glory.

Doctor Mad is working feverishly on various instruments
around a shrouded figure on a slab.

MONTAGE: Things bubble in jars, vacuum tubes glow, a hand
throws a switch...

BACK TO the lab. ELECTRICITY runs down cables to the figure
on the slab. Doctor Mad is gesticulating.

DOCTOR MAD
(hysterical)
Live! Li-i-ive!

SFX
thunder

ANGLE ON a hand rises shakily in the foreground. It is too
dark to make out the details.

FADE OUT

END EPISODE ONE