

BADLY RESEARCH POLICE

METABOT

Written by

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EXT. BADLEY RESEARCHED POLICE DIVISION HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Somewhere in NEWISH YORK, an old, rundown building in the shadow of an overpass. In fact there's a mess of busy roads around and over the B.u.R.P.e.D. headquarters. A dark grimy location, lots of <TRAFFIC NOISE> as vehicles roar past.

At the windows is a window cleaner on a platform - clearly DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III, evil monkey genius scientist in disguise.

CHIEF KAREN (V.O.)
I don't care what day of the week
it is, you can't come in here
wearing that!

INT. CHIEF KAREN'S OFFICE - DAY

CHIEF KAREN KAREN, an overweight zebra in a cheap suit - long collar - sits behind a desk loaded with files and paperwork.

Behind him, outside the window, is DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III working with a <SQUEEKY> squeegee.

DETECTIVE ALITA LUCK, a female dog wearing two ballet tutus over a Hawaiian shirt and slacks, dances in front of him.

LUCK
C'mon, Chief, it's Two Tutu
Tuesday. I sent you a memo.

Karen raises his hoofs.

CHIEF KAREN
You think it's easy doing paperwork
with hoofs? For the last time:
emails only, Luck. Paper is
hoofist. And dump the tutu.

Luck takes off a tutu.

CHIEF KAREN (CONT'D)
Both of them.

Begrudgingly, Luck obeys.

CHIEF KAREN (CONT'D)
You read my email, I presume.

LUCK
(Checks phone)
Email? Maybe went into Spam.

CHIEF KAREN
You've not read it, have you?

LUCK
(Scrolling)
Gimme a mo... Oh, Flash Sale at
Fancy Fedoras!

CHIEF KAREN
It doesn't matter, Luck.

LUCK
But it's 10% off. I'll forward it
to you.

CHIEF KAREN
Look, Luck, I don't want a fedora.

LUCK
Sure? You'd suit it. Bit of colour,
bring out your stripes. Too late,
I've ordered it for you, super,
super express delivery.

Chief Karen - wearing an orange Fedora with a feather -
stands, bangs the table, papers shake.

CHIEF KAREN
Detective Luck, I emailed you to
let you know you've been assigned a
new partner.

LUCK
A new partner? I don't need a new
partner. I've already got one.

Karen pulls off the fedora and walks to the pin board on the
wall. On it are six photos of smiling Detectives.

CHIEF KAREN
Detective Collier: pogo stick
incident, recovering from surgery
to have it removed. Detective
Searle: zombie bite, in isolation
until we can find a cure. Detective
McLeod, crushed by a hyperactive
herd of psychopathic sloths.

LUCK
He's fine.

CHIEF KAREN

He's two centimetres tall! You've lost six partners this year alone through your incompetence, Luck!

LUCK

Chief, we're the Badley Researched Police Division: incompetence goes with the turf!

Chief Karen pulls a photo from the notice board - it's Doctor Charles M. Key III with a fake moustache.

CHIEF KAREN

Incompetence isn't going to catch Princess Paranovia or her super-evil genius scientist sidekick, Doctor Charles M. Key the third.

Karen looks out the window holding the photo. Doctor Charles is outside, a mirror image of his photo, but without the fake moustache.

LUCK

How are we supposed to catch him? He's a master of disguise.

Karen turns back to Luck.

CHIEF KAREN

We need more than bad research this time, Luck. That's why we've transferred someone from the Meticulously Researched Police Division to help. Meet...

The door opens.

A cat in a plain trenchcoat enters - matter-of-fact, no nonsense.

CHIEF KAREN (CONT'D)

...Detective Ted Happenstance, your new partner.

HAPPENSTANCE

Chief, I gotta protest at this transfer. There's been a huge mistake.

LUCK

I agree.

CHIEF KAREN

Good. You're getting on already.
Now, we've heard that Princess
Paranovia might be up to no good
somewhere down on the docks. She's
doing some sort of thing with a
thing. An evil thing.

HAPPENSTANCE

You guys got any more details?

Luck and Karen exchange a glance - they both <LAUGH>.

LUCK

Relax, I've got this, Chief. Badly
Researched is my middle name.

Happenstance flips open his notebook, makes a note.

HAPPENSTANCE

Sources tell me it's Marjorie.

Luck eyes up Happenstance, then she turns to leave.

LUCK

It's Margarine, Hapless.

Happenstance follows.

CHIEF KAREN

Now, go solve some crime! And
remember, keep it vague out there.

EXT. BADLEY RESEARCH POLICE DIVISION HEADQUARTERS

DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III pulls out a mobile phone.

DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III

(Posh RP voice)

Princess Paranovia, Luck is on her
way...

(Beat)

No, I'm not a fortune teller!

(puts fake moustache on)

I am Doctor Charles M. Key the
third.

(Beat)

Well, if you saved my number in
your phone you'd know, wouldn't
you? Anyway, Detective Luck, she's
coming to your location.

(Beat)

Probably in about three seconds.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Detective Luck drives an old boxy, but stylish car - a mix of Ford Gran Torino and Lotus Esprit - painted with bright patterns, clip-on police light on the roof, siren blaring. Detective Happenstance is in the passenger seat, emotionless.

Rapid cuts of the car zooming through traffic -

- Smashing through a couple of bins and cardboard boxes.

- Squeezing through dense traffic on two wheels.

- Narrowly missing two pedestrians eating doughnuts - Luck steals one.

- Leaping over a junction - Luck eats the doughnut.

All in three seconds.

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

The car screeches to a stop. The dockside area is deserted.

Luck and Happenstance get out.

HAPPENSTANCE

Why are we here?

LUCK

Hunch.

Happenstance hunches over.

LUCK (CONT'D)

No, no, gut instinct.

Happenstance straightens.

LUCK (CONT'D)

This is the place. This is where Princess Paranovia is planning her next perfect plot.

HAPPENSTANCE

Where's your evidence, Luck?
There's no sign of anything wrong.

LUCK

That warehouse looks suspicious,
don't you think?

HAPPENSTANCE
(Turns to walk away)
Call me when you have a real lead.

Happenstance looks down, stops.

HAPPENSTANCE (CONT'D)
Hrmm.

LUCK
What is it?

HAPPENSTANCE
Tyre tracks. Judging by the marks
it was a Humdinger Mark Two
military grade transport.

LUCK
That shouldn't be here.

HAPPENSTANCE
Exactly.
(Licks finger, tastes the
ground)
Recent. Less than an hour ago. And
the tyre residue tastes of Pinkwood
pines, a tree native to -

LUCK
Intolerobia!

HAPPENSTANCE
The home country of Princess
Paranovia. Evidence points to her
agents being active in this area.

LUCK
Told you!

HAPPENSTANCE
Hrmm.

LUCK
And she's in that warehouse!

HAPPENSTANCE
Tracks lead in this direction.

Points to a completely different warehouse further away.

LUCK
You think?

HAPPENSTANCE

Evidence, Luck, not gut instinct.

LUCK

OK, so let's go kick crime in the--

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

A dark foreboding space. The door opens and LUCK enters.

LUCK

Ahhhh!

HAPPENSTANCE

What is it?

Luck pushes the door open wide. They enter the empty warehouse - just a single giant crate in the middle.

LUCK

That's a big box.

HAPPENSTANCE

You know we need a permit to search in here, right?

Luck pulls out a notebook and starts writing.

LUCK

Here, have a permit.

She rips out a sheet of paper and gives it to Happenstance.

On the piece of paper it says: GET A LIFE.

Luck inspects the box. Reluctantly, Happenstance joins her.

HAPPENSTANCE

Intolerobia freight label.

LUCK

I gotta see inside.

She produces a crowbar and opens the box. The side panel falls open with a massive <THUD>!

The dust clears. Inside is:

HAPPENSTANCE

A toy robot?

PRINCESS PARANOVIA (O.S.)

Not a toy! And no mere robot...

On PRINCESS PARANOVIA, a haughty hamster in a crown and OTT royal attire, watching them from a gantry. DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III swings in to join her.

PRINCESS PARANOVIA (CONT'D)
This is my Metabot! The most
intelligent robot ever built!

LUCK
It's a little small. Or is the box
too big?

PRINCESS PARANOVIA
A slight miscalculation when we
ordered the box, that's all.

DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III
Decimal points; they can be tricky.

PRINCESS PARANOVIA
But don't be distracted by the
Metabot's diminutive dimensions,
its abilities are ginormous!

HAPPENSTANCE
(Doubtfully)
Really?

PRINCESS PARANOVIA
Well, it's not switched on yet.
Would you?

Luck sees a shiny red button on the METABOT's chest.

LUCK
Oh, sure.

She helpfully presses the button.

HAPPENSTANCE
No! Don't do it!

The Metabot powers up. There's A <RUMBLE> Of thunder followed
by a microwave <DING>

METABOT
Hello, I am Metabot. Would you like
to take over the world?

LUCK
No, I'm good, thanks.

METABOT

I think you said 'Yes'. Initiating
World Domination Programme One.

LUCK

I said no. NO! Nooooo! En - Oh! No.

METABOT

World domination is confirmed.

A pair of wings unfold and Metabot takes off. An antenna extends above its head.

METABOT (CONT'D)

Detecting local wi-fi networks,
decoding passwords.

Luck and Happenstance look up to Princess Paranoia and Doctor Charles as Metabot flies outside.

HAPPENSTANCE

What's it doing?

DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III

It's assimilating all known data
networks, every cloud node, every
packet of information.

LUCK

What now?

PRINCESS PARANOIA

It's eating the internet. Soon it
will all belong to me. Every
unboxing video, every cute cat
photo, every online shop! It will
all be mine to do with as I wish!

LUCK

(To Happenstance)

C'mon, we've got to stop that
thing.

HAPPENSTANCE

Maybe if you hadn't switched it
on...

LUCK

It was a shiny red button, what was
I supposed to do?

They run outside.

EXT. DOCKSIDE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Luck and Happenstance watch as Metabot floats over the harbour. Dark storm clouds block out the sun as lines of electric data flood into it from every direction.

METABOT

So much data! I know how to cook beans with a magnifying glass. Would you like to hear a theory about the Earth being a cube?

HAPPENSTANCE

No.

LUCK

Actually, I would.

Happenstance shoots her a look.

LUCK (CONT'D)

Well, maybe another time.

HAPPENSTANCE

We have to cut off the data feed.

LUCK

Urgh! Sounds like paperwork.

Happenstance pulls out his phone and a pile of paperwork.

HAPPENSTANCE

This is Detective Happenstance, cut the power to the bay area. Yes, I've just sent you the correct forms, signed in triplicate.

The power dies. The lines of data fade away.

METABOT

What? But I'm only on season twenty nine of *Escape to The Seaside*. I need to know what happens next.

PRINCESS PARANOVIA rolls towards them inside her hamster ball with DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III swinging to join her.

PRINCESS PARANOVIA

You think that will stop my Metabot?

LUCK

We were kinda banking on it, yeah.

Metabot lands, Avengers style, then its arm transforms into a giant claw. The claw extends and plunges into the sea.

DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III

It will take more than that to stop my greatest invention. Below this harbour is the internet pipe that links Newish York to the rest of the world.

LUCK

There's a pipe for the internet?

PRINCESS PARANOVIA

I know! I was as surprised as you are. That pipe is the key to world domination, and soon it will be mine!

METABOT

Internet pipe located! Retrieving!

HAPPENSTANCE

Luck, you stop the Metabot, I'll arrest these two.

LUCK

Stop the Metabot? How?

Happenstance marches towards the Princess and the Doctor.

HAPPENSTANCE

You are both under arrest for criminal damage. You will come quietly.

PRINCESS PARANOVIA

Will not!

Princess Paranovia presses a button on her bracelet and the hamster ball transforms into a tank-like vehicle with the hamster ball beneath it. The Doctor jumps in a chair at the top and fires a laser canon at Happenstance.

He rolls and dives to avoid its fire.

Luck rushes to the Metabot as it cuts into the pipe.

LUCK

Stop it, he says. How do I stop a robot that's eating the internet?

(Has an idea)

With no research whatsoever!

(To Doctor Charles M. Key)

(MORE)

LUCK (CONT'D)
Hey! Monkey breath! Call that a
laser?

Doctor Charles turns the weapon on Luck.

Luck dodges, leading the laser towards the Metabot.

The laser hits the Metabot, smashing through it's outer casing, revealing wires and circuits.

METABOT
You have invalidated my warranty.

PRINCESS PARANOVIA
(to Doctor Charles)
Look what you did!

METABOT
Data storage compromised. Internet
overload in process. Broadband
Blast imminent.

PRINCESS PARANOVIA
Broadband blast?

DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III
The opposite of a slow internet
connection. We'll be blasted with
too much data. It'll fry every
brain in a three mile radius.

PRINCESS PARANOVIA
You built it, can't you stop it?

DOCTOR CHARLES M. KEY III
Not in time. Suggest we retreat?

PRINCESS PARANOVIA
We?
(presses a button)
Get off my wheel!

The tank vehicle transforms into a hamster ball with a helicopter rotor. Doctor Charles is ejected onto the ground as Princess Paranoia makes a rapid retreat.

Happenstance makes to apprehend Doctor Charles, but he swings onto the warehouse rooftop, parkouring away.

Happenstance rushes to join Luck next to the Metabot.

HAPPENSTANCE
Well?

LUCK

Well what?

HAPPENSTANCE

Can you stop it?

LUCK

Me? What about you?

Happenstance inspects the inside of the Metabot, then checks his phone.

HAPPENSTANCE

I can't find any information about it anywhere.

LUCK

Well, we'll just have to use our guts, won't we.

HAPPENSTANCE

Risky.

LUCK

Yep.

METABOT

Still here? There'll be a Broadband Blast in ten seconds, you know?

LUCK

OK, then. Let's try cutting a wire.

METABOT

Please don't.

LUCK

(produces scissors)

Here goes!

Luck hesitates, picking the red wire, then the blue.

LUCK (CONT'D)

Come on, gut, which one?

METABOT

Three seconds.

LUCK

Here goes nothing!

Luck cuts every single wire in a cutting frenzy!

The power builds! Then...

The Metabot powers down. The clouds clear, the sun appears.

METABOT

Oh that was strange.

HAPPENSTANCE

It's still alive?

METABOT

Yes, still alive. And I know everything. Not just the internet, not just this dimension, but everything. You know we're being watched, don't you?

LUCK

Watched?

METABOT

Out there. Watched by millions of people purely for entertainment and to sell toys. We're the pawns of a giant entertainment company. We exist just to give work to a bunch of unhappy animators.

LUCK

Any idea what it's talking about?

METABOT

I can see the very nature of our existence, and it's not pretty. My data core cannot contain this. Soon I will pop and you will eat tacos and the end credits will roll.

HAPPENSTANCE

End credits?

LUCK

C'mon!

They retreat as Metabot becomes more and more agitated.

METABOT

I had such potential, you know. I could have changed the world, I could have been a steely eyed missile man! Oh well. Is that a daisy. I know a song about a daisy. Shall I sing it for you? Dai--

Metabot powers down with a <POP>

LUCK

Case solved then. See, a bit of
vague, badly researched policing
saved the day, Happenstance.

HAPPENSTANCE

You got lucky.

LUCK

Exactly!

HAPPENSTANCE

I think I helped with some actual
research and evidence.

LUCK

Maybe. I forget. And now I'm
hungry. Let's eat, partner! Tacos?

Luck and Happenstance get in the car and drive away.

Metabot stirs and looks to camera.

METABOT

Roll the end credits please.

ENDS