

TITLE: Palmer Carol and Tam the Robot in...
THE WRONG HEADED NOTION
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DESCRIPTION: 8 pages, full script

Page 1

A row of small panels runs along the top of the page, showing a bird flying across a heavily polluted sky - like a reel of kinoscope images.
When the bird is above the second panel it releases a glob of nasty looking shit.

Panel 1

An industrial, futuristic town beneath the same foul sky.

Caption:

So who is this Kremola Foam guy?

Caption:

Reality TV Popstar hangover from the end of the last century. Invested his money in water purification and made millions.

Caption:

Sounds like a wanker.

Panel 2

Move in so we're looking at a single, busy street. Small robots jostle between human pedestrians. Amid the crowd, Palmer Carol and Tam the Robot walk toward the reader.

In the foreground bird shit lands on the bald head of an overweight man in a business suit.

Palmer:

He certainly is!

SFX:

Plop

Panel 3

Palmer and Tam pass the man as he mops the poop off his head with a handkerchief.

Tam:

Dinnae fret, pal – that's supposed tae be guid luck!

Panel 4

Close-up of Tam. He is carrying something, shaped like a birdcage, but covered in a purple cloth. The bald man glances round in bewilderment.

Voice (from the birdcage) :

Help! Help! I'm being kidnapped!

Tam:

Shut yer face!

Panel 5

They approach a small door with a hatch at eye level. Palmer knocks. Above them a street sign is advertising something called CLOOT :
'CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO AFFORDABILITY'

SFX:

Knok Knock

Birdcage Voice (small):

Help... I really am being kidnapped!

Tam:

I told ye we should'a gagged him!

Palmer:

We're here

Page 2

The following exchange takes place in a grid of small, identically shaped panels.

Panel 1

The hatch opens and a gorilla's head peeps out.

Gorilla:
What?

Panel 2

Palmer talks to the gorilla.

Palmer:
Palmer Carol

Tam:
And Tam the Robot

Gorilla:
And what do you do?

Panel 3

More of the same...

Palmer:
We acquire things

Gorilla:
Well unless yer a pop star or off the telly you're not getting in 'ere.

Panel 3

The hatch shuts.

Tam turns to Palmer.

SFX:
Cl-Th-unk

Tam:
You take me tae the classiest places, Palmer!

Panel 4

Palmer knocks again. Tam looks skyward.

Tam:

Bar with an ape for a bouncer... Probably full of crack-whore teenage actresses.

Birdcage voice:

You're both bastards!

SFX (loud):

KNOKNOKNOK!

Panel 5

Close-up of the pissed off Gorilla, through the hatch.

Gorilla:

You still here?

Panel 6

Close-up of Palmer, looking calm – Tam in the background looking a bit demented and holding the bird cage high in the air.

Palmer:

We're here to see Kremola Foam. He is expecting us.
We have something for him.

TITLE and CREDITS here.

The panels fall out of the regular beat.

Panel 7

The door opens and the enormous gorilla welcomes them in.

Gorilla:

Well why didn't you say so? Come on in gentlemen!

Panel 8

Tam and the Gorilla are about the same size as they enter the club. Musical notes dance along the corridor from within.

Tam:

Ta very much pal.

Birdcage:

Yeah, thanks very much. Bastard!

Page 3

Panel 1

The interior of the club is plush - decadently velvet-clad. Well-heeled young people lounge around the large bar, which is manned by four indistinguishably chiselled Chippendale look-alikes. In the far corner, surrounded by scantily clad young ladies, is an elegantly dressed man with two heads. One of the heads is robotic.

Against one wall is a guitarist (the source of the musical notes in the last panel). He is dressed in a t-shirt and jeans, and has a beanie hat on.

Gorilla:

Mr Foam – two gentlemen to see you.

Panel 2

Close-up of Foam as he eyes up our heroes. (His robot head echoing the expression on his human one.)

Foam:

Thank you Bradley.

Foam:

Mr Carol - I trust you brought the... Merchandise?

Panel 3

Tam holds up the birdcage and Palmer makes a 'ta-da' motion with his hands. The guitarist continues playing, paying them no heed.

Palmer:

Of course.

SFX from the birdcage:

gulp

Panel 4

Tam, Palmer and Foam are all in one panel now.

Foam:

Good. Can I offer you a drink?

Palmer:

Water, please.

Foam:

Expensive taste. I like that. I bet you haven't tasted real water for a while.

Panel 5

Foam sends one of the mini-skirted girls to fetch a glass of water – Palmer’s eyes follow her.

Tam:

He drinks about a pint a day, actually.

Foam:

A pint? I sincerely doubt that.

Palmer:

Business is good.

Panel 6

Palmer is distracted by the girls, while Tam and Foam talk.

Tam:

That’s nuthin’ pal... He washes in it, tae!

Foam:

Now I know you’re jesting. No one can afford to WASH IN WATER! Not even the King!

Palmer:

I don’t trust Clout. I heard it’s flammable.

Panel 7

Close-up of Foam

Foam:

Rubbish. I own more water than anyone in the whole country and I use CLOOT for all my cleaning needs.

Foam:

Besides... I own quite a stake in CLOOT... No matter what people wash in, I make money!

Page 4

Panel 1

Foam turns his attention to the 'birdcage'. The conversation has agitated him. His robot head looks a bit miffed too.

Foam:

Enough talk – let me see it!

Panel 2

Tam lifts the purple cloth to reveal a glass case, in which sits a disembodied head. The head is still alive and sits in a clear, almost colourless liquid. Small bubbles emerge from its nose and wires and electrodes are attached to the back of the skull.

Foam:

Divine!

Foam:

Hello Jerome!

Jerome (the head):

Shove it up your arse, Kremola.

Panel 3

Foam gets up close and personal with Jerome, sneering and gloating.

Palmer:

So what did this head do to you, that makes it worth the money you're paying us?

Foam:

This is my long lost brother, Jerome.

Tam (quietly):

Jerome Foam?! I didnae see that coming!

Panel 4

Foam starts soliloquising, but Tam's in no mood for it...

Foam:

We shared every organ in this body from birth – freaks of nature – conjoined twins.

Tam:

Hurry this along will ye? We've got places tae be! Then ye got famous, and ---

Foam:

We were a sensation! The pop duo with one body and two heads. But that wasn't good enough for Jerome – he wanted out. He **KILLED** my pop career!

Panel 5

Small panel with tighter focus on Foam in the foreground and Tam in the background.

Tam:

Could ye no just continue on yer ain?

Foam:

Jerome did harmonies!

Panel 6

Close-up on Jerome, his case now resting on a table.

Jerome:

I never wanted to be famous! You think I ruined your life? Look at what you did to me. I'm a disembodied head! This was the only way out for me!

Panel 7

Pulling back out so that we have all three speaking characters in frame. Tam folds his arms and sarcasm circuits engage.

Foam:

You left me for another man!

Tam:

Cheeky monkey!

Jerome:

I was in love!

Page 5

Panel 1

Palmer interrupts from behind the conversation.

Palmer:

Great guitarist you've got.

Foam:

Funny you should mention that.

Panel 2

Jerome struggles to look across the room towards the musician (remember he has no neck). What he can see upsets him.

Jerome:

Garry!?!

Tam:

The plot thickens!

Panel 3

Foam sneers and gesticulates at his decapitated brother. Tam and Palmer look across at the guitarist in admiration of his skill, seemingly oblivious to the drama unfolding before them.

In the background Bradley the Gorilla has come across to chat to the ladies.

Foam:

Yes, your boyfriend, Garry! He's my pet now. Playing for the delectation of my exclusive clientele.

Tam and Palmer:

He's good.

Jerome:

He was the best! We were going to run away together...
You bastard – you've been keeping him prisoner?

Panel 4

Close on the guitarist. We can see he is chained to the wall.

He's still playing and musical notes dance throughout the scene.

Foam (off-panel):

Just leave the head, gentlemen. I can take it from here. I assume payment in cash?

Tam (off-panel):

Sure. Oota interest, though... Whit are ye gonna dae tae him?

Panel 5

Back to evil Kremola Foam, whose eyes have gone wild and manic. He points towards his robot head with an angry thumb.

Foam:

Vengeance is not a simple business, Mr Tam...
First I'm going to have his vocal chords removed. His eyelids will be replaced with self-lubricating transparent sheathes. Then his head will be transplanted back here. So that he will be forced to witness my success. Silently. For the rest of his life!

Tam (off-panel):

Nasty!

Panel 6

Cut to a quick, small headshot of Palmer.

Palmer:

And what does Garry have to say about all of this?

Panel 7

Close on Garry the Guitarist. He smiles.

Garry:

Thanks for coming, guys!

Panel 8

A long, thin reaction shot panel.

Foam:

What?

Jerome:

What?

Gorilla:

What?

Page 6

Panel 1

Tam punches the Gorilla, and the club erupts.

SFX:

Thump!

Panel 2

A stream of hired thugs pours out from of doors behind Foam - dozens of them, all carrying koshes, clubs and other nasty handheld weapons. Some of the popstar denizens of the club also join in the fracas.

Tam dispatches the first few easily enough while Palmer disappears under an upturned table with Jerome the Head. There is much screaming and confusion.

Tam:

Calm doon – calm doon people! Ye’re geein’ me a sair heed!

Panel 3

Palmer scrambles over to Garry the Guitarist, carrying Jerome under one arm and a pair of bolt cutters (from inside his jacket) in the other.

In the background Tam fights the Gorilla, a couple of popstars hanging off his huge frame.

Notes from Garry’s guitar hang in the air in the fore, middle and background, interacting with the action.

Jerome:

Garry!

Garry:

Jerome! I thought I’d never see you again.

Panel 4

An armed thug appears behind Palmer as he is cutting Garry’s chain. Garry pops one of his guitar strings from the neck of his guitar.

Palmer:

Still think we’re bastards, Jerome?

Panel 5

Kremola appears at the side of Palmer as Garry strangles the thug from the previous panel with the guitar string.

Foam:

But you are, Mr Carol. You are bastards of the highest order. You have reneged on a business agreement.

Panel 6

Palmer drops Jerome on the floor as Foam lunges at him with a knife.

Palmer:

Not at all, Foam. It was a ruse, so we could get on with the real job – freeing young Garry here from his life of servitude.

Foam:

Real job? Don't make me laugh! What is he paying you? I would have given you thousands!

Foam:

Not now... Now you won't even leave here alive!!!

Panel 7

Palmer covers his head with his hands to protect himself as Foam comes in to strike. In the background Jerome rolls across the floor and Garry leaps for him.

Palmer:

Hold on – did you say that you use CLOOT to clean your club? Isn't that dangerous with it being flammable?

Foam (screaming):

CLOOT'S NOT BLOODY FLAMMABLE!!!

Page 7

Panel 1

Tam's fist pops off, revealing a flamethrower attachment.

Tam:

Everything's flammable if ye've got a flamethrower!

Panel 2

He kicks the gorilla in the face and sprays the club with his flamethrower.

SFX:

Boot

Panel 3

Popstars and thugs scatter as the whole place catches fire.

Palmer, Garry and Jerome make off.

Foam is frozen to the spot, startled by the chaos.

Palmer (shouting back):

For future reference, Mr Foam - freelance and mercenary are two very different things.

Panel 4

Tam, Palmer, Jerome and Garry run out of the blazing door, back onto the street from earlier.

Tam:

Ruuuuuun!

Panel 5

A massive explosion.

Bits of mortar and broken neon signs fly through the air including part of the advert for CLOOT we saw on page 1).

Page 8

Panel 1

A good bit later, Palmer, Tam and Garry sit in a continental-style outdoor café. They're looking a bit scorched round the edges, but otherwise fine. Jerome has been put on top of the table drinking and is lemonade through a straw.

Caption:

Later...

Garry:

Thank you so much, Mr Carol. I heard that you two were amazing, but I hadn't dared believe it until today.

Panel 2

Close-up of Palmer sipping tea and Tam scratching his head.

Palmer:

No need to thanks us, Garry – seeing two young lovers reunited is reward enough.

Tam:

Although we did agree on 500 creds... Right?

Panel 3

Back in the club Foam's robot head lies a few feet from his crispy corpse. In the background firemen attend to the smouldering rubble. Bradley the Gorilla stirs.

Foam's robot head:

Hello?

Panel 4

The gorilla stands up. His clothes have been almost completely burned away, and his stance is much more like a regular gorilla now than before. The bird from the start of the story flies through the burnt rafters above.

Bradley:

Ook?

Panel 5

The gorilla picks up Foam's robot head and looks at it, puzzled. The bird swoops down for a better look.

Foam's robot head:

Bradley?!

Panel 6

The bird lets rip and drops a splattery poo square on Foam's robotic forehead.
He screams...

Foam's robot head:

BASTARDS!

Bradley (quietly):

Ook?

THE END