

INVADER ZIM

#27a

"Roboparents Gone Wild"

by

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Record Draft, Revision 1 by Rob Hummel

INT. ZIM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM

We push in on the closet door. ZIM's voice can be heard very faintly from somewhere deeper in the base. We cannot make out what he is saying. We keep pushing in to:

INT. ZIM'S HOUSE, ROBOPARENTS CLOSET - NIGHT

The closet is eerily lit from below. As the camera pushes in the floor, we see the source of the light. A glowing hatch on which is printed: ROBO-PARENTS TUNNEL - KEEP CLEAR.

ZIM (O.S.)

How many times have I told you not to touch anything that sounds like it can explode? GIR, are you listening to me?

GIR laughs. The camera pushes through the glowing hatch to:

INT. DOOR ANSWERING MATRIX

ZIM and GIR hover with FLOATY-PAKS in front of a damaged power cell nexus. Behind them, clamped to the wall, are the RoboParents, inert. ZIM fiddles with the power cell.

ZIM

That's good. You laugh, GIR, while I fix your mistake. You know you're supposed to be MY assistant! I'm surprised you didn't completely destroy this power thingy. You could learn a thing or two by watching me-

The power cell overloads unleashing shmillions of IRKEN ZIGA MOOPS into ZIM and GIR, who flail like ragdolls. Arcs of energy lick at everything in the narrow silo, including the Parents, whose eyes glow with the power. The overload subsides, leaving ZIM and GIR charred messes.

ZIM (CONT'D)

My work here is done. GIR, carry me back to my lab. I'm in horrible pain.

GIR (HAPPY AS EVER)

Hee hee hee. Pain.

The two float into the darkness below. RoboMom's head turns to watch them, her eyes still glowing unnaturally. (From this point on, the eyes glow with this strange light)

(CONTINUED)

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ROBO MOM (STUTTERING WITH MADNESS)  
D... Did YOU see that explosion, honey??

ROBO DAD  
THAT BOY. What have WE told HIM??

INT. ZIM'S HOUSE, THE KITCHEN - LATER

The refrigerator door opens as ZIM and GIR rise up on a lift from within. Their heads smash through the shelves of food, and juices. ZIM flops out, hurt, as GIR just sort of rolls out gracelessly. The lights flicker oddly in the room.

ZIM (JUICY)  
Hmm... looks like some damage was done to the rest of the house. GIR...

The Roboparents stand in the kitchen doorway.

ROBO MOM (STERN)  
Son? Why'd you lock your own parents in a bottomless tube of darkness like that?

ZIM  
Parents? You're ROBOTS!--And what're you doing out? Go back to your storage-

Robo Mom bursts INTO TEARS.

ROBO DAD (ANGRY)  
Don't call your mother a robot!

ZIM  
What is wrong with you?! Have you lost your...eh...the power surge. It did something to your brain chips didn't it? You're actually acting like grotesque human parents now? I'M INGENIOUS!!

ROBO DAD  
So, getting good grades, are you son?

ZIM  
Okay okay, no need to put on a show for ZIM. Save it for when there are humans around. Now, begone! I'm very busy!

ROBO MOM  
You don't talk to your dad like that! A certain little green boy is going to bed without dinner tonight!

(CONTINUED)

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ZIM

Bed? IRKENS don't sleep. The very thought is disgusting! Looks like you guys still need a bit of reprogramming. COMPUTER? PROGRAM INTERFACE.

A maraca-like object floats into the room. It beeps and boops, and glows from the round tip. ZIM holds it up to RoboMom until she snatches it away from him. She turns it on him and fires a beam of weird laser energy at him.

ZIM (CONT'D)

HEY!! QUIT IT! GIVE THAT BACK!

ROBO MOM (HEAD SPARKING)

Not til you do them dishes.

ROBO DAD

Yeahhh. You tell 'im, MA!!

ZIM looks over to the sink. There is a pile of filthy dishes there where once there was none. GIR walks up to the sink still scooping a fistfull of spaghetti off of a plate and tosses the plate into the pile.

GIR

THAT'S GOOOD SPAGHETTI!!!

ZIM

ZIM DOES NO DISHES!! ARE YOU MAD?!!

ROBO DAD

Are you defying your mama?

ZIM (ANGRY)

Are you defying your ZIM?

The RoboParents stand over ZIM, looking all menacing. ZIM backs toward the toilet.

ZIM (CONT'D)

Um... okayyyyy....

He climbs into the toilet.

ROBO MOM

NO, no... NO toilet time until you behave!

\*

ZIM

I'm just going down to my room. There are things down there to...fix you, so-

(CONTINUED)

RoboDad cries now, dumping old spaghetti onto his head and rolling in misery. RoboMom glares at ZIM.

ROBO DAD  
HE DOODN'T LOVE US!! WE raise him and  
give him a toilet to play in, and he  
wants to fix us! I'm gonna find us a son  
that loves us!!

\*

RoboDad storms out of the room.

ROBO MOM (LAYING ON THE GUILT)  
You made your daddy a saddy! Shame on  
YOU! Now, you GO TO YOUR ROOM!!

INT. ZIM'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

GIR (in doggy costume) lays on the floor watching TV. ZIM sits in a cardboard box in the middle of the living room. "ZIM'S ROOM" is written on the side of the box. RoboMom sits on the couch with the sparking tool in her hand. She watches him carefully. ZIM takes a delicate step outside of the box. Robomom blasts him with the laser tool. He squeals.

ROBO DAD  
You stay in your room until your father  
comes home.

ZIM  
HE'S NOT MY FATHER!!  
(she zaps him again)  
AGH! QUIT IT!!!

The front door opens and RoboDad steps inside carrying a GROWLING half monkey, half badger the size of an easy chair. Robodad's clothes and self have been shredded by the insane little monster. ZIM looks on in shocked horror.

ROBO DAD  
Look what I got, honey! Our new boy.

He unleashes the beast into the house. It immediately leaps into the kitchen, screaming and leaving a trail of shatter as it goes.

\*

ZIM  
MY BASE!! NOOOO!! STOP IT!! STOP!!!  
Stop! Stop!...Stop!

\*

GIR looks away from the TV as the hybrid beast vanishes into the kitchen, where horrible destructive noises are heard. GIR SQUEALS, jumps up and runs into the kitchen.

CONTINUED:

The beast roars and throws GIR out against the front door. GIR laughs and runs back for more.

ZIM (CONT'D)

GIR! No more destroying! Obey your master! Obey ZIM!

GIR stops running. He looks from ZIM to the kitchen and back to ZIM. He is anxious to return to the destruction.

ROBO MOM

Go on, freakish doggy thing. Go and play with your new master. Go and play with- Wait, what are we going to call him?

ROBO DAD

Let's call him ZIM!

GIR looks one last time at ZIM, who gives the robot dog a sad, pleading look. The lure of the destruction is too much for GIR and he runs back into the kitchen. The parents put their arms around each other and look on happily.

ROBO MOM

Aw honey, ZIM's like the son we never had.

ZIM

I'm ZIM! Get that thing out of my house!

ROBO DAD

You're OLD ZIM. We love new ZIM now. \*

ZIM

But it's a dirty, insane monster and it's destroying everything!

ROBO MOM

OUR BOY AIN'T DIRTY!!!

EXT. ZIM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The door opens and ZIM is dropped onto the front porch. Inside the house there is much GROWLING and the sounds of things BREAKING. The door SLAMS shut. ZIM gets up and pounds on the door. It opens and the maraca juts out, SHOCKING him. ZIM, in shock, walks over to the living room window and looks in. The Badger/Monkey leaps around with terrifying fury. GIR leaps around after him.

GIR

MWHEEEHEEEHEEE!!! YAAAY!!

(CONTINUED)

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They both plow into Robodad. RoboMom "Awwws" as though it's the cutest thing in the world.

ZIM  
Madnesssss....

ROBO DAD (HEARD THROUGH THE WINDOW)  
Hey look, our little ZIM's on TV!

He points at the TV and sure enough, the badger/monkey is on the screen. GIR turns up the volume.

TV ANNOUNCER (THROUGH THE WINDOW)  
... Dinky, the city zoo's only half monkey, half badger hybrid, was stolen today. Dinky is part of a program that lets KIDS create the animals THEY'D like to see. A worldwide search has begun to find the thief and a large reward is being offered for information leading to Dinky's return...It's a sick world. \*

Dinky lets out a shrill howl and burrows into the floor.

ROBO MOM  
Toilet ZIM wasn't ever on TV.

ZIM turns away from the horrifying scene. He stumbles away. It starts to rain. Suddenly, he turns and faces his house, determination on his face.

ZIM  
I will find a way back in. My mission must continue! There is no stopping me!  
I will never give up! YOU DO NOT TOY  
WITH INVADER ZIM: THE RELENTLESS!! \*

FADE OUT:

OVER BLACK: "ONE HOUR LATER"

FADE IN:

INT. BOX CAR

ZIM lives in a boxcar with a hobo (the hobo's name is HOBO and he's got a big, bushy beard). It's only been an hour but ZIM looks as though he's been living here for years. He's weathered and filthy. The hobo has a weenie on a stick and he cooks it in the fire between them.

(CONTINUED)

ZIM

... and that's how I ended up living here  
in this boxcar with you, a filthy  
stinking hobo.

There is a long moment of silence as the hobo contemplates  
what ZIM says. ZIM looks out at the horizon. He can see his  
house's satellite dish poking up. He SIGHS sadly.

HOBO (NOT PAYING ATTENTION)

I like weenies. I don't think I've eaten  
anything but weenies in twenty years.

A SEARCH VAN drives by, blaring its message.

SEARCH GUY (O.S.)

(extended dialogue)... The city needs its  
Dinky. Please, do not deprive the  
children of their Dinky. If you stole  
him, return him immediately. The  
children are sad. \*

ZIM

I only hope that little monster hasn't  
totally destroyed my home. At least the  
power thingy is safe.

HOBO

I know what you mean...

ZIM

Eh?

As the hobo speaks, he chews on the weenie. Eventually, the  
weenie slips out of his mouth, slides down and lodges in his  
beard. He doesn't even notice.

HOBO (REFLECTIVE)

When I was a boy, my robot parents  
replaced me with a hybrid badger/monkey  
and threw me outta the house, too. I  
swore I'd get back in, just like you.  
But I never did and I been a hobo ever  
since. That'll show'em.

ZIM

NO! I can't become a hobo! I have to  
clear the EARTH for IRKEN control!! \*

HOBO

Yah, I had a mission to destroy life on  
Earth too. But you gotta ask yourself  
what's important to YOU.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

ZIM

Uh-huh. If I can get close enough to the parents, get them to hug me perhaps, I can reset their programming to put a stop to Dinky's rule over my domain. In order to get close, I'll have to disguise myself as Dinky. But I don't have access to my disguise machine...

HOBO

When that happened to me, I just asked a hobo if I could use his beard as a furry disguise.

ZIM

Yes! It just might work! FILTHY HOBO?  
Can I use your beard as a furry disguise?

HOBO

It'll never work.

ZIM

But it was your idea!

HOBO

Okay then.

EXT. ZIM'S HOUSE - LATER

ZIM steps into frame. Wearing a coat of hideously dirty hobo-beard, he looks vaguely Dinky like. The yard is littered with shattered lawn gnomes and shredded furniture. DINKY has been hard at work in his absence. ZIM shudders as he walks up to a large hole in his front yard. VICIOUS GROWLING AND CLAWING NOISES can be heard from the hole.

ZIM

Hey, Dinky...

Dinky looks up from what he's chewing on, which is revealed to be a large, sparking, underground cable. ZIM grimaces.

ZIM (CONT'D)

I think they have all kinds of things in the house next door for you to destroy. Just look at all the... not broken stuff. Yahh... MmmHmmm. A job for DINKY.

Dinky looks out from the hole to the house next door. He ponders ZIM's suggestion for a moment and then leaps from the hole and into an open window in the neighbor's house.

(CONTINUED)

NEIGHBOR'S VOICE (O.S.)

What the- ? IT'S LIKE A BADGER... BUT  
MORE MONKEY LIKE!! AGHHGHGHGHGHGH!!

ZIM

That was uhh... easier than I thought it  
would be...

ZIM takes a step towards his house. Dinky leaps back into  
the scene and throttles ZIM. The struggle is fierce. CUT  
TO:

INT. ZIM'S HOUSE

ZIM opens the door to his house and walks in victoriously.  
Behind him is a beaten Dinky. ZIM is so messed up he actually  
looks more Dinky-like. The inside of the house is utterly  
shredded. The parents sit on piles of shredded material  
watching Family Videos on the cockeyed TV. The videos are  
handheld footage of Dinky destroying things.

ROBO DAD

Aw, remember when the new ZIM ate through  
his first wall? \*

ROBO MOM

Yeah. It's too bad they gotta grow up.

ROBO DAD (NOTICING ZIM)

Oh hey son, didn't hear you come in...

ZIM makes GROWLY NOISES in a bad Dinky impersonation.

ROBO MOM

Something wrong, son? You seem strange.

ZIM (DINKY LIKE)

Hug... RrrRRrrrrGHH

ROBO MOM

He's trying to talk!! I think he wants a  
hug!

Robomom opens her arms and ZIM starts moving toward her.

GIR

He stinks like a weenie! I smell it.  
Yeeeah. A weenie. YA KNOWWWW? \*

ZIM gives GIR a dirty look.

(CONTINUED)

ROBO DAD

Our little lunatic dog is right, honey. That IS weenie smell. And he's not eating through any furniture. He's just standing there. No hugs till he wrecks the place up a little bit.

ROBO MOM

Heyyy... you're right. He IS strange...

ZIM panics, then growls and starts a destructive rage. He throws garbage in the air and chews on random debris.

ROBO MOM (CONT'D)

Awwww... That's our boy.

ZIM turns around and opens his arms in a "gimme a hug" gesture. Robodad pulls out a glowing chunk of wildly sparking debris.

ROBO DAD

Look what we found, son! It's one of those dangerous power thingies! Go on, chew on it! You love these!!

From the look on ZIM's face, it's clear he doesn't want to destroy it.

ROBO DAD (CONT'D)

C'mon, son! It isn't like you to not want to bite into exploding things.

ROBO MOM (WISING UP)

Maybe he's not our son at all...

GIR (AS THOUGH STATING A FACT)

Weenie.

Out comes the sparking maraca tool. ZIM leaps onto the debris and starts gnawing on it. GIR jumps in and enthusiastically helps. The two are enveloped in waves of scary energy.

ROBO DAD

MOMENTS LIKE THESE JUST CALL FOR HUGGIN!

A smoking ZIM leaps into dad's arms, then looks to mom.

ZIM

C'mon Mom! Give me a hug!

ROBO MOM

He did it! He can talk!

(CONTINUED)

ZIM (FALSE LOVE AND SINCERE THREAT)  
I SURE CAN, YOU INSANE ROBOT! NOW HUG  
ME!!

Mom joins the hug and ZIM snatches the tool from her hand.

ZIM (CONT'D)  
HAH!!!!!!

The tool fires a beam into the parents' heads, deactivating them immediately. ZIM hits a few buttons on the tool and then shoots them again, reactivating them.

ROBO DAD  
Welcome home, son!

Robodad wheels headlong into a wall. Robomom SHRIEKS and beats on her own head. ZIM smiles.

ZIM  
Ah. Everything's back to normal.

Two SEARCH PARTY MEMBERS storm in through the front door.

SEARCH GUY  
It's Dinky! Get him! C'omon girl!

ZIM  
Wait! I'm-

He's suddenly surrounded by net and dragged out of the room.

EXT. ZIM'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As the screaming ZIM is dragged to the SEARCH VAN, we see the hobo in the background counting a large wad of reward money.

the end