



DAMN YOU, AMELIA BEDELIA

Written by

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(Loosely & crudely) Based on the *Amelia Bedelia* children's book series by Peggy Parish

COLD OPEN

EXT. HELLISH WASTELAND, USA - DAY

A post-apocalyptic hellscape. Murder in the streets. Fire. Destruction. RAGING PEOPLE beat each other with KAYAK PADDLES. ROBOTS swallow FLAMING TRASH CANS. SWAN-HUMAN HYBRIDS duel over a BAGEL. How did we come to this?

One of the Swan-Hybrids wins the bagel and flies towards a scary MANSION. Lightning crashes. The Swan is suddenly speared by a SAVAGE LADY, who catches the bagel and runs.

PRELAP: A loud SHRIEK!

INT. FOYER OF TORTURE - SAME

A grand hallway of the mansion. Everywhere you look, people are tortured by CYBORGS, UNGODLY HUMAN HYBRIDS, and ROBOTS:

A CYBORG IN A GIMP MASK rips a guy's NIPPLE off with TWEEZERS and hurls it at a DART BOARD where it briefly sticks, then slides down the wall. The Cyborg cheers at making a bullseye.

A BAT-HUMAN HYBRID referees a gladiator duel between TWO WOMEN armed only with BRICKS. They whack each other furiously.

A MUSCLY LADY WITH EARS ALL OVER HER HEAD feeds spoonfuls of APPLESAUCE to a BALDING MAN in a high chair.

BALDING MAN
No! I hate the texture!

Another, louder SCREAM! We follow the sound down to:

INT. THRONE OF RUIN - CONTINUOUS

A dark throne room littered with BONES. A spotlight illuminates a TREMBLING MAN tied to a chair. A suspended JAR OF HONEY slowly drips onto him. FOUR HUNGRY BEARS are tethered to the corners of the room, straining and salivating.

A SILHOUETTED FIGURE sits atop a THRONE, watching the man.

HONEY-COVERED MAN
Please! Stop!

The Figure puffs a cloud of smoke. In a gruff female voice:

SILHOUETTED FIGURE
And why would I do that?

She cranks a LEVER and the bears' ropes loosen a foot closer.

HONEY-COVERED MAN
At least let me say my goodbyes!

SILHOUETTED FIGURE
You already have.

HONEY-COVERED MAN
No I didn't.

SILHOUETTED FIGURE
You said the words "my goodbyes."

HONEY-COVERED MAN
That's not what I meant!

SILHOUETTED FIGURE
Then why did you- ugh. Why can't anyone ever say what they mean? People will say "I love you," when you mean "I need something from you," they say "I want Buffalo wings" when there's no such thing! It's just chicken wings in sauce! That's why I have to destroy the world.

HONEY-COVERED MAN
You're a monster!

SILHOUETTED FIGURE
Oh, I'm not a monster...

The Figure descends the stairs and steps into the light.

First, we see a pair of sensible black HEELS. Then a blood-stained old-timey MAID'S UNIFORM. Then the scratched face of a WOMAN (30's-looking) with an eyepatch and a CIGAR hanging from her mouth. She wears a jaunty little BONNET with flowers sticking out of it.

NOW UN-SILHOUETTED FIGURE
I'm Amelia Bedelia.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SQUEAKY CLEAN SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

We're suddenly in a retro HAPPY INTRO SEQUENCE, animated in bright, Midcentury Modern-style deliciousness (think *The Jetsons* or *Gerald McBoingBoing*). A middle-aged couple, MR. & MRS. ROGERS, stroll to their front door. Tinny-sounding crooners sing a bouncy theme song!

CROONERS
 WHO'S THAT KNOCKIN' AT YOUR DOOR?
 OPEN IT UP, THERE'S FUN IN STORE!

The Rogers open the door to find AMELIA BEDELIA, looking fresh and eager! She tips her hat.

CROONERS (CONT'D)
 AMELIA BEDELIA!
 NEVER A JOB TOO BIG OR SMALL!
 AMELIA BEDELIA!
 GIVE HER A LIST AND SHE'LL DO IT ALL!

The Rogers hand her a LIST, wave goodbye and take off in their car! Amelia waves, then bounds around the house!

CROONERS (CONT'D)
 YOU BEST BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU SAY!
 CUZ AMELIA WILL DO IT ALL THE WAY!

AMELIA
 Dust the furniture? Got it!

She sprinkles DUST all over the Rogers' furniture. She reads the next instruction: "DRESS THE TURKEY." Amelia dresses up a ROAST TURKEY in a cute little outfit.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
 Lookin' swell!

CLOSE ON: Amelia's face, concentrating. A SPLATTER OF RED sprays her. PULL OUT to reveal she's pouring a bowl of gooey CHERRY MIXTURE into mini pie crusts.

The Rogers return and gasp at their house, but Amelia presents them with a steaming CHERRY TARTS and they soften.

CROONERS
 BUT WHO WILL STEAL YOUR HEART
 WITH HER CHERRY TARTS?
 AMELIA BEDELIA, THAT'S WHO!

Amelia takes a WHIP and cracks it at a bowl of CREAM, which, of course, turns into WHIPPED CREAM. She cracks it again to perfectly dollop it onto the pies.

AMELIA
 That's me!

TITLE CARD: "AMELIA BEDELIA". Then, with a sudden minor chord, the words "DAMN YOU" splatter over it in RED CHERRY JUICE.

END COLD OPEN.

ACT ONE

INT. THRONE OF RUIN - SAME

CLOSE ON: The Honey-Covered Man, terrified.

AMELIA (O.S.)
So, are we feeling comfy?

HONEY-COVERED MAN
Of course not! Stop playing games!

PULL OUT: We see Amelia mid-hopscotch.

AMELIA
Darn, I was just getting good! Do you know why you're here?

HONEY-COVERED MAN
Someone threw a bag over my head and drove me here?

AMELIA
That's the 'how.' The 'why' is that you're the greatest computer genius the world has ever known.

HONEY-COVERED MAN
What? No I'm not!

Amelia takes out a LAPTOP, shows him a TWITTER ACCOUNT.

AMELIA
Don't be modest, "TechWizard4life."

HONEY-COVERED MAN
I'm not! I picked that username after I learned how to do a powerpoint.

AMELIA
Index finger, extended arm, confident posture. Doesn't seem so hard.

HONEY-COVERED MAN
I swear, I'm not a computer genius!

AMELIA
Drat! This torture thing is harder than I thought! I'll never find someone who can use Microsoft Word! ...More food for the bears, I guess.

She wearily reaches for the LEVER.

HONEY-COVERED MAN
No! Wait! I can use Microsoft Word!

AMELIA
Yes! Good one, Amelia!
(to Man)
Here's the deal. I need someone to
tell my story. Before I decimate
the planet, I want the people to
know why I did it.
(re: laptop, perplexed)
But I cannot for the life of me
understand this dang Microsoft
Word! First of all, nothing soft
about it. And then it's all "File,
Tools, Table, Window--"

HONEY-COVERED MAN
Help!

AMELIA
Exactly. I need you to write my
story and transmit it around the
world. Dickhead! Buttface!

TWO CYBORGS enter. One has a mechanical phallus for a head
and the other has a butt face. She snaps and points to Honey-
Covered Man. They untie his hands, wipe them off with some
BABY WIPES. She hands him the laptop. He shakes with rage.

HONEY-COVERED MAN
Why are you like this?!

Amelia nods her head, indicating for him to open the laptop.
He opens it, pulls up Microsoft Word.

HONEY-COVERED MAN (CONT'D)
(resigned, interview-speak)
So, tell me Amelia, why are you
like this?

AMELIA
I wasn't always this way. My story
begins long ago...

FADE TO:

FLASHBACK: PRESENT DAY

INT. THE ROGERS' HOUSE, AMELIA'S ROOM - MORNING

We're back in the quaint house from the intro. Flower pots, picket fence. Birds chirp as Amelia stretches and rubs her eyes. She hops out of bed, fully dressed.

INT. THE ROGERS' HOUSE, STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Amelia bounds down the stairs. The wall is covered in PHOTOS of Amelia and The Rogers over the years. *Discerning eyes may notice they stretch all the way back to the 60's*

AMELIA (V.O.)

I'd been working for the Rogers for as long as I could remember.

INT. THE ROGERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

She pulls a handwritten NOTE from under a FRIDGE MAGNET.

AMELIA (V.O.)

They'd give me a list of things to do-

She reads the neat, cursive writing: "MAKE A POT OF COFFEE"

Amelia scratches her head, then has an 'aha' moment. She scoops COFFEE GROUNDS into a PLASTIC VAT, pours WATER over it, stirs, and examines the consistency - not quite right. She adds some DIRT from a FLOWER POT, then filters the sludge through a CLOTH. She throws the COFFEE-CLAY onto a POTTERY WHEEL and messily sculpts a POT.

AMELIA (V.O.)

And I'd do them.

She puts the pot in the OVEN. Next on the list: "FETCH PAPER"

EXT. ROGERS' HOUSE, PORCH - CONTINUOUS

She speeds past the NEWSPAPER lying on the porch, hops on a BICYCLE, and pedals away. She returns carrying a giant stack of PRINTER PAPER.

INT. THE ROGERS' HOUSE, STAIRCASE

MR. and MRS. ROGERS (now in their 80's) descend the stairs. They sniff the air and grimace.

INT. THE ROGERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN

Amelia hurries around, baking. Splatters of coffee-clay and loose sheets of paper cover every surface. The Rogers enter, observe the scene and GASP!

MR. AND MRS. ROGERS
(disapproving)
Amelia!

Amelia presents a plate of PANCAKES and the Rogers soften.

MR. AND MRS. ROGERS (CONT'D)
(pleased)
Amelia!

The three of them laugh at the ridiculousness. Amelia sets down the sculpted COFFEE POT, still pretty wet.

AMELIA (V.O.)
We had a great thing going!

The trio sits down to enjoy their pancakes together.

MR. ROGERS
Amelia, you sure have a funny way
of seeing things.

AMELIA
Maybe I should get some glasses!

As the Rogers laugh, Mr. Rogers pours from the coffee pot. A dirty SLURRY drips into his MUG.

MRS. ROGERS
We just mean that you're very
special, dear.

Mr. Rogers tries a sip of the "coffee" and spits it out.

MR. ROGERS
Jesus fucking christ-
(covering, smiling)
The pancakes are delicious!

AMELIA
So, what are you doing today?

They respond quickly, almost rehearsed.

MR. ROGERS
Oh, a little of this...

MRS. ROGERS
...a little of that.

AMELIA
Sounds like fun!

MRS. ROGERS
Say, it's your turn to pick for TV
night! What're we watching?

AMELIA
I'll watch whatever you guys want.

MR. ROGERS
(not missing a beat)
I want Scandal.

MR. ROGERS (CONT'D)
It's Amelia's turn, Rob.
(to Amelia)
You don't want "Chopped"? Alex
Guarnaschelli's judging tonight!

AMELIA
I love Alex more than life itself,
but I told you, you pick! If you're
happy, I'm happy.

MRS. ROGERS
Oh, Amelia. That can't always be
your answer.

MR. ROGERS
We're late! Time to blow this joint.

He gets up as Amelia holds up a FAT JOINT. He takes a hit.

MRS. ROGERS
Robert Rogers, you did that on
purpose.

MR. ROGERS
(deep inhale)
It's just an expression. That will
never, ever get old.

EXT. ROGERS' HOUSE, FRONT YARD

Amelia presents the Rogers' with a PAPER SACK with a hand-
drawn hearts on it.

AMELIA
Packed your favorite, oatmeal raisin!

Mr. Rogers takes one more hit and hands Amelia back the
joint. Mrs. Rogers hands her a new LIST.

MRS. ROGERS

Here you go, dear. We'll be back in
time for supper!

They hop in their CAR and wave goodbye. Amelia waves back.

AMELIA (V.O.)

We had a great thing going. I took
care of them and they took care of me.

INT. ROGERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN

Amelia returns to the kitchen and examines the new list.

AMELIA (V.O.)

But everything was about to change.

FADE TO:

INT. ROGERS' HOUSE, KITCHEN - EVENING

Amelia checks the last item off the list. A beautiful DINNER
is set at the table. We see various MESSSES around, results of
Amelia's 'help.' The oven DINGS!

She takes out a beautiful BUNDT CAKE and turns it over onto a
serving platter. She looks expectantly at the door.

EXT. ROGERS' HOUSE, FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Holding the cake platter, Amelia peeks her head out the door.

AMELIA (V.O.)

That day, the Rogers did not return
at their usual time.

EXT. ROGERS' HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Amelia sits on the darkened porch, the cake half-eaten.

AMELIA (V.O.)

Nor did they return later that night.

EXT. ROGERS' HOUSE, FRONT YARD - MIDNIGHT

The MOON is high in the sky, but Amelia hasn't moved. She
looks at the last two pieces of cake she saved for the Rogers.

AMELIA
Where are you?

With resolve, Amelia shoves the pieces of cake into her apron pocket. She takes a deep breath, and walks out the front gate.

EXT. TOWN STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Amelia wanders the streets of the cute little town. At this time of night, it's silent and a little eerie.

AMELIA
Mr. Rogers? Mrs. Rogers?

Amelia walks and walks. Finally, she hears a clatter coming from behind the POST OFFICE.

EXT. BEHIND THE POST OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

In the dark, Amelia carefully navigates around JUNK and TRASH CANS. She steps in a PUDDLE.

AMELIA
Drat! My favorite shoes.

She takes off a shoe and polishes it with her apron. She steps out of the shadows, where the moonlight illuminates a huge RED STAIN on her apron. She looks at the shoe, then to the puddle, then follows the river of red to reveal:

THE DEAD BODIES OF MR. AND MRS. ROGERS.

Amelia falls to her knees.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
OH NOOOOOOOOOO-

Off her echoing wail, we:

END ACT ONE.