

ATLANTICA: BLIND BOX BOTHERS

By

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INT. FELICITY'S DORM - DAY

We see Felicity's hands as she rips open a Belugu box, pulls out the bag inside, and tosses the box aside into a giant pile of discarded packaging and doubles. As she rips the bag open, we CUT TO:

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - DAY

The door to Felicity's dorm. We hear a scream from inside.

FELICITY  
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

The camera pulls back to show Constance and Tate hanging out in the hallway. Constance looks worried, and Tate just looks annoyed. A student walks by, leaning to see what the fuss is about.

STUDENT  
What was that?

TATE  
Felicity keeps getting the wrong  
Belugu.

STUDENT  
Belugu?

TATE  
They're like these mystery box  
whale plush thingies. I don't  
really know-

Felicity whaps the door open, cutting both of them off.  
She's comically crying.

FELICITY  
They're soooo cute and super  
trendy right now and I NEED to  
find the 24 karat gold Belugu, but  
they're sold out everywhere! You  
two will help me, right?

TATE  
No chance-

Constance elbows Tate in the side.

CONSTANCE  
...That we wouldn't help! Right,  
Tate? Besides, how hard could  
finding one plushie be?

CUT TO:

INT. SHOP - DAY

Constance is arguing with a tired clerk.

CONSTANCE  
What do you mean they're sold out?  
She's the princess!

Constance turns away, but she still looks determined. The music swells.

CONSTANCE  
(Sung) She wants it, so we'll get  
it.

TATE  
(Sung) She wants it, won't let us  
forget it.

FELICITY  
(Sung) I want it!

CONSTANCE & TATE  
(Sung) She wants it, yeah.

TATE  
(Sung) We're chasing tiny plastic  
whales, through endless racks of  
no-good sales. Seems like junk to  
me but what do I know?

Felicity spins by.

FELICITY  
(Sung) Not much!

[Remainder of song in WIP with composer- they continue  
searching, but it's fruitless]

EXT. MALL - DAY

The song ends outside the mall. As the group wonders what  
to do next, they spot a BeluguCorp truck drive by.

FELICITY  
A supply truck! Let's follow it!

We see them sneakily following it with a few still frames.

CUT TO:

EXT. GARBAGE PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

Constance is arguing with a tired clerk.

CONSTANCE

Wait, this isn't a store... It's a  
garbage plant?

TATE

They're not being stocked...  
They're being *dumped*.

INT. GARBAGE PROCESSING PLANT - DAY

Belugus still in their boxes are running down a conveyor belt, being crushed, incinerated, then dumped into the ocean. Felicity stoops to pick up a damaged box that fell off the line. The girls look horrified, but before they have time to react, a menacing man in a suit and a Belugu mask appears, standing on top of some machinery.

BELUGU CEO

Hello, tiny consumers! You're not  
supposed to be here!

TATE

What's the deal with- *This*?!

Tate gestures widely and angrily.

BELUGU CEO

My dear, it's simply supply and  
demand. That gold Belugu you want  
can sell for much more if everyone  
thinks they need it, and there's  
only a few to go around.

FELICITY

But the waste- You're polluting  
the environment just for *profit*?

BELUGU CEO

Ah, the ocean is big. The *planet*  
is big. The profit is bigger!  
Besides, they'll all end up here  
eventually anyways.

Felicity drops the damaged box she was holding.

FELICITY

I don't want this anymore... I want you to stop being greedy and hurting our ocean.

BELUGU CEO

That's a shame... I suppose you can't leave, then.

Belugu CEO snaps his fingers, and weaponry emerges from the conveyor belt machinery. He draws a sword from his cane.

TATE

Finally... I've been fed up with you since the beginning!

CONSTANCE

The descendants of Atlantis know the cost of ocean pollution better than anyone.

FELICITY

And we won't let you get away with it any longer! By the power of Atlantica!

The girls transform into their magical girl forms and summon their weapons. Constance jumps up to swordfight with the CEO, while Tate and Felicity work on stopping the machinery. Once they do, Felicity jumps up and uses her bow and arrows to pin the CEO against the wall.

BELUGU CEO

You'll be hearing from my lawyers!

Felicity bends to pick up a discarded gold Belugu, holding it thoughtfully.

CONSTANCE

You okay?

FELICITY

I'm starting to think that one plushie I love is worth more than a hundred rare, popular ones.

TATE

Well, yeah, they're just toys. The only value is what we give them.

CONSTANCE

Maybe we could find homes for  
them?

FELICITY

You're right! Let's get these guys  
out of this mess, and into the  
homes of people who'll value each  
one.

[Song reprise as we see still frames of the girls cleaning  
up the mess and finding homes for each Belugu]