

Synopsis:

Z.E.R.O. is one of those 11-minute jobs that follows 15-year old Otis Plainerd and his robot best friend Zillion. Zillion is the smartest robot ever made, designed to fix the world's unsolvable problems. Otis is the kinda weird kid at school, designed to maybe have one friend and basically lay low until he gets to college. Zillion escaped from the Robotics Institute of Technology and disguised himself as a human boy to avoid the monotony of robotic life. Running from the R.I.T. scientists, he just happened to duck into the Plainerd's house right when they were expecting their new foreign exchange student to show up. The Plainerds assume Zillion is that student and he happily takes on the role, sharing a room with Otis and attending his school.

Wiser than most, Otis quickly sees through Zillion's clever disguise (just a baseball hat) and is more than happy to keep his secret in exchange for having the world's smartest robot for a best friend! Otis will teach the super-curious robot to be more human and Zillion will teach the weird introvert kid to be more of a person.

Please see the attached documents for character descriptions and sides for: Bouncy King, Sally Sue Plainerd, and Hal Plainerd.



BOUNCY KING

Bouncy King is the head of the government operation tasked with locating Zillion and erasing his brain. His expert cover is that he works for Fun Bouncy Items, makers of bouncy castles, inflatable characters, and those blowy guys they put in front of car dealerships to attract attention. He weasled his way into judging the school washtub race in the hopes of finding the escaped robot. He's all business, hates kids and is suspicious of everybody.

1. BOUNCY KING

Bouncy King to Bouncy Castle. Successfully infiltrated event. Cover intact. Initiating robot search. On lookout for robot technology and robot behavior. Will report back with findings. Going to try to start using more complete sentences.

2. BOUNCY KING

You, weird-looking civilian minor. Your washtub looks a little scum-bum for a school competition. (suddenly sinister) *A little TOO scum-bum!* Tell me, did you scum this washtub's bum on purpose to try and throw me off the scent?! Did you?! (sniff sniff) Speaking of, what IS that scent. Seriously. Smells like a hobo helped make this thing.

3. BOUNCY KING

(brain erased, still deadpan) Mommy said I could lick the beaters. But not the lemon beaters because they make my stummy hurt. I like brownie beaters best. But not with nuts! Nuts are grunky and make my nunky junky.