
ZEE AND THE TRAVELING CLIPPERS

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PITCH:

A kind-hearted badger barber, guided by his grandfather's journal, travels a world of wondrous towns with his four loyal friends. In their custom-built mobile barbershop, they solve problems, change lives, and chase the legend of the mythical Golden Shears, one haircut at a time.



COLD OPEN

INT. BARBER SCHOOL - DAY

A grand, sunlit hall adorned with banners depicting scissors, combs, and stylized hair. A large audience of proud animal families fills the seats. On a decorated stage, a line of twenty animal students in formal caps and gowns fidget nervously.



ZEE THE BADGER, his face a mask of pure, unadulterated joy, is at the very front of the line.

DEAN BARNABY, a distinguished and wise old owl with spectacles perched on his beak, stands at an ornate podium.



DEAN BARNABY: For two years, you have studied the art and science of barbering. You have mastered the cut, the trim, the shave. You have learned that a barber is not just a hair cutter, but a confidant, a storyteller, a pillar of the community.

He pauses, looking over the eager faces of the graduates.

DEAN BARNABY: And now, with the power vested in me by the Royal Academy of Barbering, I pronounce you... Barbers!



The hall erupts in thunderous APPLAUSE. The students CHEER, flinging their caps high into the air. The caps seem to hang in the air for a moment, a constellation of black squares against the bright windows.

Zee leaps, catching his cap with a triumphant whoop. He clutches his diploma, a scroll of fine parchment tied with a silken red ribbon, as if it were a holy relic.



ZEE: I did it! I'm a barber!

He scans the cheering crowd, his eyes landing on his four best friends.

PENELOPE THE FOX, FERDINAND THE BEAVER, and WILLOW THE SPARROW are on their feet, cheering louder than anyone.

Cupping her paws around her mouth.

PENELOPE: Woohoo! Way to go, Zee!

Waving a small, hand-carved wooden sign that reads "ZEE ROCKS"

FERDINAND: You're the best!

Willow lets out a beautiful, melodic bird song that cuts through the applause.

WILLOW: (Bird song)

Zee beams, his heart full. This is the



CREDITS MONTAGE

Images of the first episode.



ACT 1

> FADE IN:

INT. ICE CREAM PARLOR -
LATER

The five friends are crammed into a booth, a mountain of half-eaten sundaes between them. Zee's diploma has pride of place in the center of the table.

PENELOPE: I still can't believe it. Zee the Barber. It has a nice ring to it. So, what's the five-year plan? You gonna take over the world, one haircut at a time?

Laughs. Shakes his head.

ZEE: One step at a time. First, I need a shop. I've been dreaming of it for years. A place where people can come, relax, and leave feeling like a new animal.

FERDINAND: You should open your own place! I've already got designs for a hydro-powered, self-sweeping barber chair. It's revolutionary!

WILLOW: And I could paint a mural on the wall! A big, beautiful tree with branches that tell the story of all the people who've sat in your chair.

Zee's smile falters slightly. He stirs his melting sundae.

ZEE: That's the dream. But dreams cost money. And right now, I'm rich in skills but poor in coins.

He sighs, a cloud passing over his sunny disposition.

PENELOPE: So, you'll have to work for someone else first? What about that fancy place downtown, Snips & Snouts? They're always looking for new talent.





ZEE: I guess. But it's not the same. I want to build something of my own. Something that matters.

He looks out the window, a thoughtful expression on his face.



ZEE: I need to think. I'll be back.

He slides out of the booth, leaving his friends to exchange worried glances.



INT. ABANDONED
BARBERSHOP - CONTINUOUS

Everything is covered in a thick layer of dust. A single barber chair, its leather cracked and faded, sits in the center of the room like a lonely throne. Zee runs a paw over the armrest, a wave of nostalgia washing over him.



He sees a framed photo on the wall. It's a younger version of his GRANDFATHER, a proud and smiling badger, standing in this very shop with a young Zee on his shoulders. Both are holding combs like swords.



Zee smiles, a tear rolling down his cheek. He knows he can't afford to reopen this place, but being here, in this space, reminds him of why he became a barber in the first place.



He spots an old, rusty key hanging on a hook behind the counter. It's labeled "THE VAN."

A slow smile spreads across Zee's face. He has an idea. A crazy, wonderful idea.

EXT. ZEE'S HOUSE - DAY



The friends stand in front of Zee's cozy little burrow-house. Parked in the driveway is a VAN. It is, to put it mildly, a wreck. It's a relic from a bygone era, covered in rust, with one door hanging off its hinges and a family of squirrels nesting in the engine.

Stares, dumbfounded.

PENELOPE So... this is the inheritance your grandpa left you? A van?

Patting the van affectionately, dislodging a cloud of rust.

ZEE It's not just a van. It's... an opportunity.



Ferdinand circles the van, his expert eyes taking in every flaw. He kicks one of the tires. It deflates with a long, sad HISS.

FERDINAND It's a lemon, Zee. A big, rusty lemon. The chassis is shot, the axle is bent, and the engine... well, the squirrels seem to like it.

A squirrel pops its head out of the engine, chatters angrily, and throws an acorn at Ferdinand.

Peering through a grimy window.

WILLOW It has character! And a lovely... patina.lovely... patina.



Zee struggles with the back doors, finally wrenching them open with a loud, groaning CREAK. A cascade of junk spills out - old newspapers, empty cans, a single, forlorn roller skate.

ZEE: I know it doesn't look like much now, but I have an idea. A big idea.

He unrolls a piece of paper. It's a detailed, beautifully rendered drawing of the van, but transformed. It's a sleek, retro-chic mobile barbershop, complete with a striped awning, a gleaming chrome barber pole, and a cheerful, welcoming interior.

With a flourish.

ZEE: The Traveling Clipper!

His friends stare at the drawing, then back at the rusty, squirrel-infested van. The disconnect is vast.

PENELOPE: You want to turn *that* into *this*? Are you sure you didn't eat too much ice cream?



There's a long silence. The friends look at each other. They see the passion in Zee's eyes, the desperation. They know this isn't just about a van. It's about friendship, and dreams, and honoring a legacy.

Sighs.

PENELOPE: A mobile barbershop... It's the craziest thing I've ever heard. But... I'm in.

FERDINAND: I do love a challenge. And I've always wanted to build a snack dispenser into a barber chair.

WILLOW: We can paint a mural on the side! A beautiful, flowing mural that tells a story!

Barnaby, who has been quietly studying the van's dilapidated engine, pushes his glasses up his beak.

Clears his throat

BARNABY: Well, I suppose I could chart our course. For academic purposes, of course. And to ensure we don't drive off a cliff.

Overjoyed.

ZEE: Then it's settled! The Traveling Clipper is officially in business!

They all put their hands (and wings) in for a group cheer, a symbol of their shared commitment to this crazy, wonderful dream.

> FADE OUT.

.END OF ACT ONE



ACT 2

EXT. ZEE'S HOUSE - MONTAGE



The next few weeks are a blur of activity. A fast-paced, energetic montage shows the friends transforming the van. The music is upbeat and catchy, with our first Barber Shop Quartet song about working together and building a dream.



THE CLIPPER'S COMIN' TOGETHER!

A Barbershop Quartet Song for the Van Restoration Montage

Characters & Vocal Parts:

- Zee (Baritone/Lead): The optimistic leader, carrying the main melody.



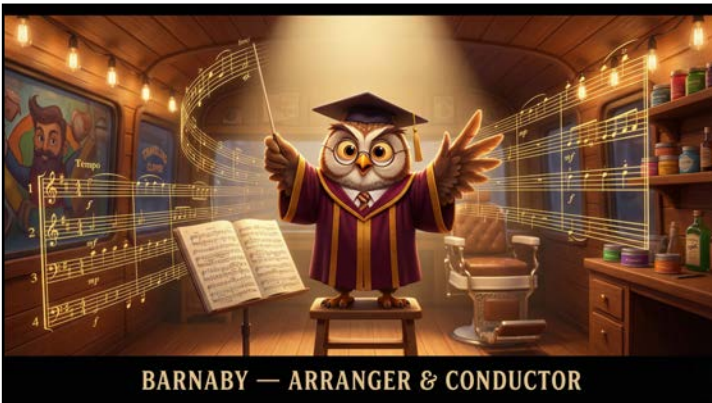
- Penelope (Tenor): Energetic and resourceful, providing high harmony.



- Ferdinand (Bass): The steady mechanic, providing the low, rhythmic foundation.



- Willow (Soprano): The artistic soul, adding a light, soaring harmony.



- Barnaby (Arranger): Conducts the Quartet

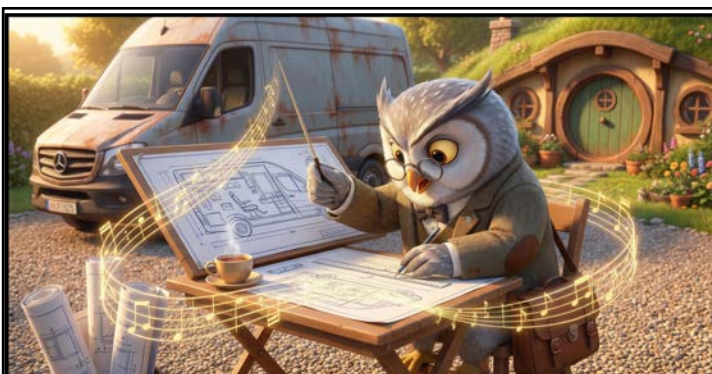
(Music: Upbeat, rhythmic, classic barbershop acapella style with a sense of building excitement.)



INTRO

All, in a slow, slightly mournful harmony.

ALL Oh, this van, this rusty van, It surely wasn't part of the plan! With a busted door and squirrels inside, Where will our noble dream reside?



Verse 1

Ferdinand takes the lead, with a low, rumbling bass rhythm.



FERDINAND: Well, the chassis' shot, the axle's bent, My engineering mind's been sent! A-weldin' and a-sawin' with a rum-tum-tum,



ZEE, PENELOPE, WILLOW: To make this rusty bucket hum!



FERDINAND: I'll rebuild the engine, strong and new,



ZEE, PENELOPE, WILLOW: He'll see it through!



FERDINAND: A snack dispenser's comin' too!



ZEE, PENELOPE, WILLOW: He's the beaver who can build it true!



ALL: Oh, hammer and sing! (Bum-bum!) Let the paintbrushes fly! The Clipper's comin' together, Beneath a bright blue sky! With a friend at your side, And a dream in your heart, We're makin' a brand new start! A brand new start!



Verse 2

Penelope's part is quick, clever, and energetic.



PENELOPE: Now, parts cost coins we haven't got,

But I can bargain on the spot! I'll charm the pigeons, trade with rats,



ZEE, FERDINAND, WILLOW: For shiny chrome and hubcap flats!



PENELOPE: A grumpy dog has bolts to spare,



ZEE, FERDINAND, WILLOW: A clever fox beyond compare!



PENELOPE: I'll find the treasures anywhere!





ALL: With a little charm and a lot of flair!

Chorus: All together, in a big, swelling, optimistic harmony.

ALL: Oh, hammer and sing! (Bum-bum!) Let the paintbrushes fly! The Clipper's comin' together, Beneath a bright blue sky! With a friend at your side, And a dream in your heart, We're makin' a brand new start! A brand new start!

Verse 3

Willow's part is light, airy, and melodic.



WILLOW: A splash of color, a gentle hand, The prettiest van in all the land! A swirling mural, a story told,



ALL: In colors warm and brave and bold!



WILLOW: I'll choose the fabrics,
soft and deep,



ZEE, PENELOPE, FERDINAND:
While the others work, she doesn't
sleep!



WILLOW: A cozy place for us to
keep!



ALL: Our happy secrets while we
sleep!



Bridge

Zee takes the lead, his voice full of warmth and encouragement.



ZEE: Now, lift that wrench and hold that light! We're working hard with all our might! When spirits tire and muscles ache,



ALL: A friendship's bond will never break!



ZEE: We're more than just a simple crew,



PENELOPE, FERDINAND,
WILLOW: Our dreams are old, our
hearts are new!



ZEE: We're a family, tried and true!



ALL: And we'll see this crazy
journey through!

Grand Chorus

All together, bigger, brighter, and
more triumphant than before.

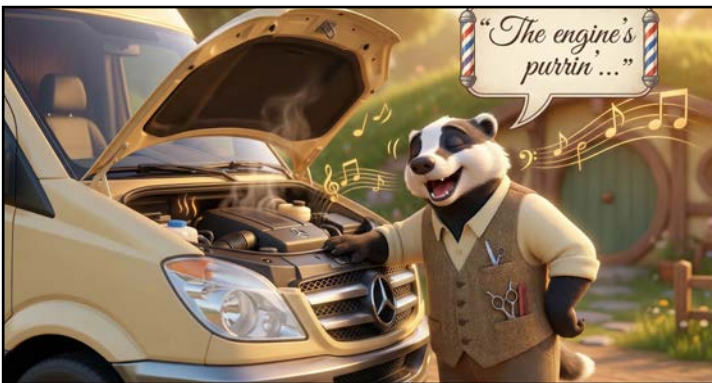


ALL: Oh, hammer and sing! (Bum-
bum!) Let the paintbrushes fly! The
Clipper's comin' together, Beneath a
bright blue sky! With a friend at
your side, And a dream in your
heart, We're makin' a brand new
start! A brand new start!



Outro

Slowing down, with a final, proud flourish.



ZEE: The engine's purrin'...



FERDINAND: The chrome all gleams...



PENELOPE: It's better than our wildest dreams!



WILLOW: Our home!

All, in a final, sustained chord

ALL: The Trav'ling
Clliiiiippppeeeerrrrs! (Ding!)

A final, crisp 'ding' sound, like a shop bell ringing.



INT. THE TRAVELING CLIPPER - DAY

The interior is a marvel of compact design. It's a fully functional barbershop, with a comfortable waiting area, a state-of-the-art barber station, and a cozy sleeping loft. The walls are lined with books, maps, and Willow's beautiful paintings.

Zee is sweeping the floor, a look of immense pride and satisfaction on his face.



ZEE: It's perfect. It's... home.

As he sweeps, a loose floorboard creaks. He kneels down, his curiosity piqued. He pries the board up with his claws. Underneath is a small, intricately carved wooden box.

ZEE: What's this?

His friends gather around, their eyes wide with anticipation. The box looks ancient, like it holds a secret.





Zee's paws tremble as he picks up the journal. He opens it to the first page. There, in stunning, detailed ink, is a drawing of a magnificent pair of golden scissors. They seem to shimmer on the page.



Reading over Zee's shoulder, his voice filled with awe

BARNABY: The Golden Shears. A mythical tool said to give the perfect haircut, every time.



PENELOPE: The perfect haircut? Pfft. No such thing. It's all about the barber, not the tools.

Zee turns the page. It reveals a hand-drawn map, but it's incomplete. It's a puzzle, a series of clues and riddles that seem to lead across the globe.

Reading from the journal, his voice filled with wonder.



ZEE: "My dearest Zee, if you're reading this, then you've inherited my van and my dream. But there's a bigger dream, a grander adventure. The Golden Shears are real. I never found them, but I came close. This journal is the key to finding them. The journey will be long and full of challenges, but I know you have the heart of an explorer. Your loving Grandpa."



Zee looks up at his friends, his eyes shining with a mixture of shock and excitement.

ZEE: A quest! A real-life quest!

A slow grin spreading across her face.

PENELOPE: Now you're talking! An adventure! A real, honest-to-goodness adventure!

EXT. THE TRAVELING CLIPPER
- NIGHT

The friends are gathered around the small table, studying the journal. The mood is a mix of excitement and apprehension.

FERDINAND: A quest for magical scissors... It's not exactly in my wheelhouse. I'm more of a nuts-and-bolts kind of guy.

WILLOW: But it's romantic! A journey to find a lost treasure, guided by a mysterious map! It's like something out of a storybook.

PENELOPE: It's dangerous. And probably a wild goose chase. But... it's also the most exciting thing I've ever heard.

ZEE: I know it's a lot to ask. But I can't do this alone. I need you guys.

He looks at each of them, his expression earnest.

ZEE: This is more than just a quest for me. It's a chance to connect with my grandpa, to finish what he started. It's a chance to see the world, to help people, to make a difference. It's a chance to... be more than just a barber.



There's a moment of silence as his words sink in.

Sighs.

FERDINAND: Well, when you put it like that... I guess someone has to make sure the van doesn't fall apart. And I still haven't perfected the snack dispenser.

WILLOW: And I can document our journey in song! We'll be legends!

Grinning.

PENELOPE: Fine. But if we get eaten by a dragon, I'm blaming you.

Adjusting his glasses.

BARNABY: I've already cross-referenced the first clue with my historical atlases. It seems our first destination is a town called Grumblewood. Known for its... grumpy inhabitants.

ZEE: Then Grumblewood it is! First thing tomorrow, we hit the road!

They all cheer, a renewed sense of purpose and camaraderie filling the small van.

INT. MADAME ELENORA'S
OPULENT LAIR - NIGHT

A lavish, dimly lit chamber dripping with wealth and menace. Dark velvet curtains, golden candelabras casting dramatic shadows, shelves lined with rare trophies and stolen scissors collections in glass cases.

At the center, MADAME ELENORA — a magnificent snow leopard with ice-blue eyes, wearing a deep crimson fur-trimmed robe with white ermine collar, pearl necklace, holding a jeweled magnifying glass — sits in a high-backed throne chair.



She leans forward with dangerous interest, one elegant claw tapping the armrest. Before her, a small nervous INFORMANT (a tiny mouse in a trench coat) holds out a crumpled note.

Madame Elenora's ice-blue eyes narrow with predatory focus as she reads it. On the note, barely visible: "Zee the Badger... Golden Shears... quest begins."

A slow, cold smile spreads across her face.

MADAME ELENORA: The Golden Shears... So the little barber thinks he can find them first.

She dismisses the informant with a flick of her claw. The mouse scurries away.

Madame Elenora rises and walks to a large wall map, a route marked in red. She picks up a small, ornate bell and rings it.



From the shadows, THE WEASELWIND TWINS emerge. Two identical weasels, lean and sneaky, wearing matching worn brown leather aviator jackets with patches, goggles pushed up on their foreheads, cargo pants, and mischievous identical grins.

One twin holds a crumpled MAP, the other holds a TIRE PUNCTURE TOOL (a sharp spike).

MADAME ELENORA: Follow the badger. Slow him down. The Golden Shears will be MINE.

The twins exchange a gleeful scheming look.

In unison.

WEASELWIND TWINS: With pleasure, Madame.

They bow and exit, leaving Madame Elenora to stare at the map, her eyes gleaming with cold ambition.

> FADE OUT.

.END OF ACT TWO

.ACT 3

> FADE IN:

EXT. THE TRAVELING CLIPPER
- DAY

The Traveling Clipper, gleaming in the sun, cruises down a scenic highway. Inside, the mood is electric. Zee is at the wheel, a determined look on his face. Barnaby is in the passenger seat, a massive, ancient-looking tome open on his lap.



BARNABY: According to the first clue, a riddle about a "grumpy giant with a flowery heart," our destination is a town called Grumblewood.

ZEE: Grumblewood? Sounds... charming.

In the back, Penelope is practicing her ninja moves, Ferdinand is fine-tuning the snack dispenser, and Willow is composing a song on her ukulele.





EXT. ROADSIDE - DAY

A short distance behind the Traveling Clipper, the WEASELWIND TWINS ride a rickety old scooter with a sidecar. They keep a low profile, ducking behind bushes whenever the van slows down.

One twin drives while the other looks through a pair of binoculars.

WEASELWIND TWIN 1: They're making good time.

WEASELWIND TWIN 2: Time to slow them down.

He pulls out the tire puncture tool and grins mischievously.

EXT. SCENIC HIGHWAY - DAY

The scooter suddenly ACCELERATES, roaring up alongside the Traveling Clipper. The driver, WEASELWIND TWIN 1, expertly matches the van's speed.

In the sidecar, WEASELWIND TWIN 2 leans out precariously, the sharp spike of the tire puncture tool held low and ready.



Weaselwind Twin 2 attacks the tire, but doesn't account for the centrifugal force of the wheel turning. He stabs the tire and is immediately pulled from the side car.



He is holding on tight to the puncture tool as it whips him around as the tire turns.



He is eventually thrown free into the air.



Weaselwind Twin 1 veers off the road following his twin until he catches him in the side car.



They hide behind a stand of shrubs.



INT. TRAVELING CLIPPER -
CONTINUOUS

The van suddenly lurches. Zee struggles to control the wheel.

ZEE: Whoa! What was that?



Inside the barbershop of the van, the team is oblivious. Ferdinand is polishing a wrench, Penelope is studying the map, and Willow is napping on a pillow. They are thrown around the van as Zee struggles for control.

ZEE: Are you alright back there?
Can you tell what's happened?



Ferdinand looks out the back window, but sees nothing.

FERDINAND: I don't know. Felt like we hit something.

The van pulls over to the side of the road.



EXT. ROADSIDE - LATER

The Traveling Clipper is pulled over on the side of the road. The right rear tire is completely flat.

Ferdinand is examining the tire, a puzzled look on his face.

FERDINAND: That's strange. This tire is brand new.



Zee kneels down and runs a paw over the tire. He finds a small, deliberate puncture mark.

ZEE: This was no accident.

Penelope scans the horizon, her eyes narrowed.

PENELOPE: You think someone's following us?

ZEE: I don't know. But we need to be careful.

They all exchange worried glances. The quest has just begun, and already, they have a mysterious enemy.

They all sigh, their spirits sinking. Their grand adventure has stalled before it even began.

Looking around.

WILLOW: At least it's a beautiful place to be stranded.

She points to a field of wildflowers. Penelope, ever the opportunist, gets an idea.

PENELOPE: I'll be back.

She disappears into the woods.

A few minutes later, she returns with a grumpy-looking BADGER who is holding a bouquet of wildflowers.

PENELOPE: This is Bartholomew. He was on his way to propose to his girlfriend, but he forgot the ring. I told him we could help.

Grumbling.

BARTHOLOMEW: She said if I forgot one more thing, she was leaving me for a squirrel.





Grumbling.

BARTHOLOMEW: She said if I forgot one more thing, she was leaving me for a squirrel.



Ferdinand, inspired, rummages through his toolbox. He emerges with a handful of nuts, bolts, and shiny washers. With a few deft moves, he fashions a beautiful, intricate ring.



FERDINAND: Here. It's not a diamond, but it's from the heart.



Bartholomew is so grateful, he offers them a ride to the nearest town in his rickety pickup truck so they can get their flat tire repaired.



EXT. GRUMBLEWOOD - DAY

The Traveling Clipper, now fully repaired, pulls into Grumblewood. The town is picturesque, with quaint cottages and cobblestone streets. But it's also eerily silent. The streets are deserted, the windows are shuttered, and a tumbleweed rolls by.



PENELOPE: Where is everyone?
It's like a ghost town.



They spot a single, large, and rather grumpy-looking house on a hill overlooking the town. A massive, furry figure is peering out the window.

WILLOW: Maybe he knows what's going on.



They park the van and cautiously approach the house. The door creaks open a crack, and a grumpy-looking BEAR glares at them.

BRISTLES THE BEAR: What do you want?

With a friendly smile.

ZEE: We're new in town! I'm Zee, and this is my mobile barbershop. We're here to offer haircuts, and maybe a little bit of cheer.

Bristles the Bear scoffs, a sound like rocks grinding together.

BRISTLES THE BEAR: A barbershop? What do I need a barbershop for? I've got all the fur I need. Now go away!

He slams the door, rattling the windows.



PENELOPE: Well, isn't he's a ray of sunshine.



WILLOW: I think he's sad. And lonely.



**INT. THE TRAVELING CLIPPER -
LATER**

The friends are gathered inside the van, brainstorming their next move. Suddenly, a strong wind blows up making the van shake followed by a loud, splintering CRASH echoes through the town. They rush outside.



A giant oak tree has fallen, completely blocking the only road out of Grumblewood.

FERDINAND: We're trapped!

Just then, Bristles the Bear comes barreling out of his house, his face a mask of panic.

BRISTLES THE BEAR: My prize-winning petunias! They're on the other side of that tree! I have to get to them before the big flower show! They're my pride and joy!

He's on the verge of tears.



ZEE: Don't worry, we'll help you.

Ferdinand grabs his toolbox, a determined glint in his eye. He directs the others, and together, they work as a team. Ferdinand uses his saw to cut the smaller branches, Penelope uses her agility to climb the tree and attach ropes, and Zee and Bristles the Bear use their combined strength to pull the massive trunk out of the road.

EXT. GRUMBLEWOOD - LATER



The road is clear. Bristles the Bear is so grateful, he finally lets his guard down.

Sighs.

BRISTLES THE BEAR: I've been so embarrassed. My fur is a mess, and I didn't want anyone to see me. I used to have the best fur in town.

With a kind smile.

ZEE: I can help with that.

INT. THE TRAVELING CLIPPER - LATER



Zee is giving Bristles the Bear a haircut. It's a masterpiece of barbering. He snips and clips with the skill of a master sculptor, transforming the bear's matted fur into a magnificent, flowing mane.

ZEE: A good haircut can change your whole day.



He finishes with a flourish, spritzing the bear with a touch of pine-scented hairspray. Bristles the Bear looks in the mirror and gasps. He's a new bear. He's handsome, confident, and regal.

BRISTLES THE BEAR: I... I look amazing! I look... like me again!



EXT. GRUMBLEWOOD - LATER

The town is transformed. The residents, inspired by Bristles the Bear's new look and confidence, have all come out of their homes. The streets are filled with laughter and music.

Zee is busy giving haircuts to a long line of eager customers.



As a thank you, Bristles the Bear gives Zee a small, intricately carved wooden feather.

BRISTLES THE BEAR: This was my lucky charm. It has brought me good luck in the flower show every year. I want you to have it.



Zee takes the feather. He recognizes it instantly. It's a perfect match for one of the symbols on his grandfather's map.



ZEE: Barnaby grab the journal. I think this might be the the first clue!



Zee holds the journal while Barnaby pages through it to find the feather. The feather is there. It's the first clue.



He and his friends CHEER, their hearts filled with the thrill of adventure and the satisfaction of a job well done.



EXT. THE TRAVELING CLIPPER
- SUNSET

The Traveling Clipper drives off into the sunset, leaving a trail of happy, well-groomed customers in its wake.

The quest for the Golden Shears has truly begun.

> FADE OUT.

THE END