Malibu Basil

by FrozenFairy

Summary

Basil has a problem with his tour bus on the Malibu leg of his world tour, and ends up staying at a certain pink mansion for a few days...
"BOOM BOOM MALIBU! WE LOVE YOU!" Basil Brush cried out to the crowd in front of him at Malibu Theatre, Malibu, California. As he looked out on the massive audience, he couldn't quite believe he was here. Even after nearly half a century in showbiz, this was his first world tour. And he was loving every second of it.

"We can't wait to meet you guys after the show!" his best friend, Mr Stephen, called out to the audience. The curtain went down and the boys hurried back to their dressing room, relaxing for a little while until they met the fans.

"That," Stephen said, "was great. Is it me, or is Malibu the biggest venue we've done so far?"

"Do you know, I think it is," Basil replied. "Where's next?"

Stephen looked at the list of tour dates that was conveniently pinned to the wall in the dressing room "LA. But first, we have to go out there and meet our fans."

"You mean my fans," Basil corrected him. Stephen just rolled his eyes.

It wasn't long before they were out in the foyer signing autographs and posing for 'selfies'. And it also wasn't long before one particular fan caught Stephen's eye/ She had long, blonde hair and was wearing a pink top and skirt, with ridiculously high heels.

"Is... is that who I think it is?" Stephen whispered to Basil.

"Who?"

"Barbie Roberts... THE Barbie Roberts!"

"Don't be silly," Basil said. "What would Barbie be doing here?"

"Hi," the girl said as she and her family approached Basil and Stephen. "I'm Barbie."

Stephen fainted.

"Is he OK?" Barbie asked.

"Erm... I think so..." Basil replied.

"Oh, these are my sisters, Skipper, Stacie and Chelsea."

"The show was awesome!" the youngest sister Chelsea gushed.

"Why, thank you," Basil said.

Stephen eventually came to. "Barbie..." he whispered dizzily. "You're so... beautiful..."

"Cool it, Romeo," Stacie, the middle sister, giggled. "Ken already has dibs."

"I knew that," Stephen said, embarrassed.

"He's like that with everyone," Basil explained.

All this time, the oldest sister, Skipper, had not looked up from her smartphone. Barbie nudged her.
"Say hi, Skipper."

Skipper still didn't look up from her phone. "Hi Skipper," she repeated.

Whether it was intentional or not, Basil found this quite funny. "HAHAHA, BOOM BOOM! Well done, Miss Skipper, that's a good one."

"When is this lameathon gonna be over? I need to update my PJ Sherman blog."

"Please excuse my sister," Barbie said. "She's a teenager."

After posing for pictures, Barbie and her sisters left the theatre. It wasn't long before Basil and Stephen were on the road again. And Stephen couldn't stop talking about Barbie.

"I can't believe we met her... D'you think she fancies me?... Maybe I should've got her number..."

**CRASH!!!!**

The tour bus came to a halt.

"What just happened?" Stephen asked.

The driver of the tour bus called to the boys who were sitting in the back. "Sorry, guys, looks like we've had an accident."

*Uh-oh...*
Welcome to the Dreamhouse

The tour bus driver pressed down on the accelerator furiously, but the bus just wouldn't budge. "What are we going to do now?" Stephen panicked. "We've got a word tour to finish!"

"Don't panic," Basil said. "Something will work out - it has to!"

Suddenly a bright pink camper van pulled up beside the tour bus. "Hey," Chelsea called from the camper. "Is that Basil Brush?"

All four sisters looked to the right to see Basil and Stephen in a very broken tour bus. It had smoke coming out of the back and everything.

Barbie stepped out of the driver's seat of the camper. "Hey, are you guys OK?"

"'Fraid not, Miss Barbie," Basil replied. "I think the bus has broken down!"

"Shouldn't you guys be long at home by now?" Stephen asked.

"Not exactly," Barbie said. "We had to stop and change the batteries."

Stacie leapt out of the camper, followed by Chelsea. "What are you guys gonna do now?" Stacie asked.

Suddenly Chelsea had a brainwave. "Can they stay with us, Barbie? Can they, can they?" She started doing her 'begging dance'.

Well, there was an invitation Stephen wasn't going to pass up. "Yeah, can we, can we?"

"We certainly have enough room in the Dreamhouse..." Barbie said.

"Ken could fix the tour bus," Stacie suggested. "But wait... how will we get the tour bus back to the Dreamhouse?"

"Wait," Skipper said, "doesn't the camper convert into a tow truck?"

"Wait, doesn't the camper convert into a tow truck?" Barbie repeated.

So they hooked the tour bus onto the newly converted camper-van-cum-tow-truck and headed for the Dreamhouse. The camper van was actually a Dreamhouse in itself, with a hot tub and a spa on board. Basil wondered how it all ran on just a couple of batteries.

"Wish I'd bought my trunks, Mr Stephen," he said, pointing towards the hot tub.

Stephen stared into space dreamily for a moment, and Basil could tell what he was thinking. "I say, you're not thinking about getting into that jacuzzi with Miss Barbie are you?"

"No... is it that obvious?"

Meanwhile, Chelsea and Stacie were talking about Basil.

"Do you think our pets can talk like he does?" Chelsea asked excitedly.
"I dunno, but you'd better not get any ideas about playing dress-up with Basil like you do with Blissa," replied Stacie.

Chelsea giggled, thinking about the times she tried to put dresses on the family cat. "Blissa enjoys it really," she smiled.

Soon they pulled up outside a large pink mansion.

"I don't think I can take much more pink," Stephen said.

"I don't think we have a choice!" replied Basil.

"Welcome home, guys!" Barbie said brightly. "Oh, I can't wait to introduce you to my friends!"

"Barbie!" her next door neighbour called from her house.

"What's up Raquelle?"

"Is Ken around?" Raquelle fancied the pants off Barbie's boyfriend.

"He's probably in the garage... Hey, where's Ryan been the past couple of days?" Raquelle's twin brother, Ryan, was crazy obsessed with Barbie, but he hadn't bothered her since the weekend before.

"Urgh," Raquelle sighed. "He's got this new Internet girlfriend. He won't get off the phone to her. She's a fashion designer from LA or something... wait, who's your friends?"

"Oh, sorry guys. This is Basil and Stephen. Their tour bus broke down on the road and they're staying with us for a while till Ken fixes it."

"Wait... tour bus?" This piqued Raquelle's attention. "Are they, like, rock stars or something?"

"Not exactly..." Before Barbie could finish her sentence, Raquelle had ran off, probably to cook up some sort of scheme.

Ken emerged from the garage a few moments later. He took a look at the tour bus and shook his head. "This is gonna take some fixing," he said.

"How long will it take, Mr Ken?" Basil asked.

"Depends what the problem is. I should have it figured out by the end of the week."

Basil gulped. "The end of the week?"

Suddenly Chelsea looked over at Basil and smiled evilly.

"Why is she looking at me like that?"
Maddie In Malibu

"This is where you'll be staying," Barbie said as she led the boys into a spare bedroom which was - yes - pink. "I hope it's ok for you."

"Guess we don't have much of a choice," Basil sighed. "But, as long as you keep that little sister of yours away from me with her... dress up... then we should all get on just fine."

"Chelsea? Oh, she's harmless."

"Thet's easy for you to say!"

Barbie laughed. "Feel free to explore the Dreamhouse. There's food in the kitchen."

"Ooh, got any jelly babies?" Basil asked.

"No, but we do have plenty of sherbet. If it hasn't all melted in the Malibu heat that is."

"Well, you heard what she said," Stephen said after Barbie had left. "Let's go and explore the... er...Nightmare House."

"Dreamhouse."

"Trust me, Basil, this is a Nightmare House."

"Surely it can't be all pink?"

But as Basil explored the rest of the house, he came to a chilling realisation.

It was all pink.

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Knock, knock, knock.

"I'm coming," Raquelle called, walking towards the front door and smoothing down her hair. As she opened the door she immediately started singing loudly into her hairbrush.

Ryan was standing at the front door. He covered his ears mockingly. "Sis, what are you doing?"

Raquelle stopped singing. "Oh, it's you," she said with disappointment in her voice.

"Nice to see you too Sis," Ryan said sarcastically. "What's going on?"

"Barbie's got some friends over. Their tour bus has broken down. I figured the fact that they have a tour bus must mean that they're rock stars or something. So I thought I would impress them with my natural talent."

"Riiight..." said Ryan. "Well, I just came over to tell you that Maddie's coming to stay with me this weekend."

"Who's Maddie?"

"This girl I met online. She's really cool."
"And you're telling me this because...?"

Ryan shrugged. "I just thought you wanted to meet her. But I'll take her to meet Barbie instead."

"Whatevs," Raquelle replied. "I have an audition to practice for." She continued singing into her 'mic' and shut the door in Ryan's face.

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The next day was a Saturday, and Barbie thought it would be a perfect opportunity to introduce the guys to her BFFs. By the afternoon, Midge, Nikki and Teresa had arrived at the Dreamhouse.

"This is Basil and Stephen."

"Nice to meet you," Basil said.

"Could you teach Bananas how to do that?" Teresa gasped.

"Teresa, Bananas is a sock monkey," Nikki sighed.

"He's probably just shy," Teresa protested.

Stephen raised an eyebrow.

"Your owner is pretty cute," Teresa said.

"Owner??" Basil had never been more insulted. "If anything I own him!"

"Hey!" Stephen said.

"And you are?" Basil turned to Midge.

"Uh... I'm Midge," she replied. She could feel herself blushing for some reason.

"Pleased to meet you, Miss Midge," Basil said.

Midge laughed and snorted a little.

Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Barbie went to answer it.

"Ryan, we have a door bell you know," she said to the floppy haired boy in front of her. "Guys, this is Ryan."

"Hey, I just came to introduce my new girlfriend," Ryan said. "You know, since Raquelle isn't interested."

"That's not very nice," Barbie said. "Ryan, I'd love to meet your girlfriend."

Ryan stepped aside and a blonde haired girl entered the house. "This is Maddie."

Basil and Stephen's eyes went wide. This girl looked very familiar.

"Madison?"

Maddie took off her sunglasses. "Basil? Stephen?"

"Teresa!" Teresa perked up. Everyone stared at her like she was stupid. "Oh, are we not doing that?"
"M-m-madison," Stephen stuttered. He'd had a crush on his old friend for years and she still made him feel a little tongue tied. "What are you doing here?"

Madison turned to Ryan. "Ryan, can you excuse me for a few moments?"

"Uh, sure," Ryan replied, confused.

"Barbie, is there anywhere my friends and I can talk privately?"

"Wait, you know these guys?" Ryan asked.

"Kinda," Madison said. Stephen immediately found this reply a bit insulting.

Barbie led Maddie and the boys into the kitchen. Maddie was instantly impressed by Barbie's cupcake maker, but soon forgot about it as she had more pressing matters to attend to.

"What are you two doing here?" she asked Basil and Stephen.

"We could ask you the same thing, Miss Madison!" Basil said.


"Actually," Basil said, "I'm on a world tour. I'm that famous now, you see."

"That I don't doubt," Maddie said. "I've seen your YouTube videos. You're quite popular, aren't you?"

"I'm in the videos too!" Stephen said.

"So what are you doing at Barbie's Dreamhouse?"

"Well, you see," Basil explained. "The tour bus broke down on the road, and Miss Barbie offered us somewhere to stay while her boyfriend tries to fix it."

"This is crazy," Madison said. "I never thought I'd see you guys again!"

"Well I do apologise," Basil laughed.

"It's a good thing," Madison smiled. "We can hang out again!"

"Unfortunately, we have a world tour to finish, and we'll be on the road again as soon as Mr Ken has-"

"Shh, Basil," Stephen said. "I'm sure we can put LA off for a few days while we hang out with Maddie."

"Uh, only Ryan calls me Maddie."

"Sorry, Madison " Stephen said, embarrassed and, if he were honest with himself, more than a little bit jealous.

At that moment, Ken arrived in the kitchen. "Well guys," he said, "I think I've figured out your
Stephen was a bit annoyed, thinking he wouldn't get to spend much time with Madison after all.

"Your Schlond Poofa's missing," Ken explained.

"I beg your pudding?"

"Schlond Poofa." Ken held out a pink exhaust pipe from behind his back. "I'll just go install this baby and you'll be good to go!"

"Hang on a minute!" Basil exclaimed. "I'm not having a flamin' PINK exhaust pipe on my tour bus! I have a reputation, you know!"

"I-it's the only one I have," Ken said, a little intimidated.

"Well, buy another one then! I'm sure you can afford it; after all, your girlfriend has had 150 different careers!"

"I'll see what I can do, Basil," Ken said.

Stephen breathed a sigh of relief. Maybe now he could buy a little more time with Madison. He just had to get Ryan out of the picture...

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