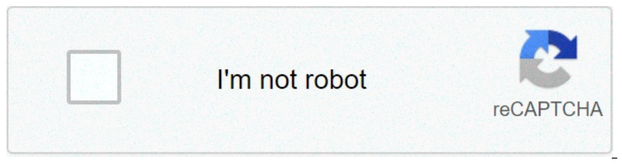

Continue

Barbie rock n royals full movie part 1

الريسية/تقنية/babrie rock n ryals in English part 2 in: Barbie in Rock 'n Royals, Transcripts < Barbie in Rock 'n Royals View source Share Phillip is driving Courtney to the dock. Phillip: We're almost there, princess! Courtney: Thank you. Phillip! Phillip: Enough adventure waits, wouldn't you say, Your Highness? Just think about it: a whole two weeks at Camp Royalty, the big outdoors, mixing with other kings... Courtney: There's no stuffed ceremonies to attend? The chance to kick my glass slippers off? Try something new, maybe have some fun? Phillip: A very innovative concept. Courtney laughs. Transfer to the pier. Stevie: When lining on the pier, pop camper, please stay on the right! Royals, left! Luggage carriers: Walk here! Teenage girl pop camper: Hey, Sloane! Hey! Man with handles for luggage: Great. Just other things. Thank you very much. Genevieve! Good to see you! Hi, Edmund. Genevieve. Two girls laugh. They are dressed for Camp Pop and one is blonde, while the other is brown. Pop camper girls: Selfie! Green Princess: High quality. Pop camper: Woohoo! Pop campers will laugh. Hey, Marcus, don't throw them! Marcus: What? Marcus roars and chases them. A girl screams. Pop camper boy: Olivia... Uncultivated shows. Pop campers will laugh. Sloane plays guitar but stops when she sees Olivia with other princesses.Hey, look. - The underwear. Luggage carriers: Where do you want this bag? Rayna: Did anyone see a pink hat box? A car passes by Courtney and logs. Courtney: Princess Courtney, I have to go. But we'll meet again in two weeks! Courtney: If I need anything, I can call you, right? Phillip: I'm sure it won't be necessary. Courtney: Because I'm gonna have too much fun! Phillip: This is the spirit! Cut to Erika who is transported to the pier. Erika: Eddie, can you take the step? I had to be there five minutes ago. Eddie... I'm not getting a quick ticket just because one of us didn't meet an alarm that couldn't sleep. Erika: Ha ha. You're hilarious. And the slowest driver ever! Relax, Erika. I'll take you to the port in time, okay? But why did you cancel your tour to Camp Pop? Erika: Having the spotlights for you can be a little lonely. You're surrounded by a lot of people, but nobody really feels like your friend. Sorry, kid. I didn't know things were so hard. Erika: Don't misunderstand me, I won't complain. I love performing. I don't know. Maybe things will be different in the field. Transmission to the basin. Clive: Princes, princesses, do we keep things neatly? Olivia... Oh, dear. We're almost late. Who do we have here? Princess Aubray of Allanbrooke... Princess Olivia of Bellmere... Erika from... Oh, it's weird.no kingdom listed. I'm sorry, but could you... Are you Erika? Courtney: No, ma- Clive: So, if you're so kind to wait for your turn. Erika! Here! I'm here! Sorry I'm late! Courtney: Nice! Attention! Erika: Oh, sorry! Let me understand. Oh, thank you. Clive: Are you a princess? Erika: That's what my mother keeps telling me! Lady Anne will love you. All right, let's try? Time to go! Well, I'll see you. Courtney: Thank you! Oh, good. No! You forgot a name! Whoa! Courtney. Stevie: Did Courtney say? Courtney: Mhm. Stevie: Isn't it hard to perform in that dance dress? Execution? Anyway, come with me. Watch your step. On Camp Royalty yacht. The royals speak. Erika: How you doing? The royals speak. On the Camp Pop yacht. The campers talking. Courtney: Hi! How you doing? Campers react to magic. Look! Wow. It's so beautiful. Wow. Zia and Raina: I can't wait. Fields: I can't wait. I can't wait. I can't wait! I can't wait to see everyone I can't wait to sing in the sun You know I'm ready for fun, okay, I have to go to the field, whoa Gotta, I have to go to the field, whoa Horse riding, beautiful arts, all Hot beats, cool riffs, new melodies that I will put to play So magical feelings wherever you go Gonna rock and rollara now I have my dancing clothes, high heels,Oh, yeah. I can't wait to see everyone I can't wait to sing in the sun you know that I'm ready for fun, okay, you have to go to the field, whoa go go, you have to go to the field, whoa now we will sing our poised and confident songs, nothing can go wrong finally get to be somewhere we belong is my favorite day. It's my favorite place guaranteed to be fantastic, you have to, you have to, you have to get to the camp, whoa go, you have to go to the field, whoa I can't wait to see everyone I can't wait to sing in the sun you know I'm ready for fun, okay I can't wait to jam near the lake so many memories to make bet we have to stay awake all night go, you have to go to the field, whoa hey band! I'm finn oxford, your leader without fear here at the pop camp! I'm lady anne, principal and owner of camp royalty. finn: I hope the superstars are stuck, because the next two weeks are all about finding your own individual sound! anne: here, you refine the skills you need to serve your kingdoms with style and elegance, because being a proper king is more than possessing a title. finn: whether it's pop, punk, metal or country, you'll learn to shred a solo guitar player, a pole like jagger, and dress like a diva, dear. anne: from equestrian formation and fine art, to capella and dance, awaits a magical experience. finn: and, above all, you will have fun! Now, who's ready to swing the house? !Excuse me, could you... Ooh! I'm sorry, but I think... Okay. Look where you're going! I'm just a little lost. Don't joke. Looks like Cinderella's wrong way to the ball. Motorhome boy: Don't worry about Sloane. Motorhome girl: She's super talented and super grumpy! Courtney: I'll try to remember that. Wait. Are you Princess? Courtney: Yes, I am. Boy! Whoa! I've never met one in person! Boy! Me neither! What are you doing here? Courtney: Standing like a sore thumb, mostly. Would you mind pointing at the office? Thank you very much. Boy and girl: Please! Brunette: Her hair! Blonde: It's so blue! Brunette: Who looks like it? Blonde: Erika Juno! What would Camp Royalty do? Brunette: I think he heard us! Princess: It's gonna be the best year ever. Prince Chadwick! Whoa! Can you remove everything that is? It's totally in my own way. Erika: I'm sorry. Olivia: What kind of kingdom allows his royalty to dress like this? Finn. Honey, how many times do I have to say this: I don't care if you offer me three times what's worth, I don't sell my field! In fact, I'm breaking out. Anne: That's crazy, honey. This lake isn't big enough to expand both of us, and we're honest. Music is a fabulous business. One day you're at the top, next, you're a has-been. Maybe you should cutlosses now and exit. Finn: Oh, at least I'm developing a real talent here while you do it, what exactly? Running an obsolete school of charm? How dare you? Clive / Stevie: We have a problem. Anne / Finn: This conversation is over! Erika: No. Not a princess. Duchess? Erika: Anne: Not even a marriage dispute? Erika: I'm just a teenager, so... no. You don't know who I am, do you? I have no idea. Good. Anne: How did it happen? His name was on the list. Courtney: And when they called me, I went where they told me. Finn: Yeah, well, it looks like there was some kind of system glitch. I knew we shouldn't have gone through the same data sharing network! Typical kings, always trying to make my life difficult! I'm sorry about the mix up, princess. Anne... But clearly you're in the wrong field. Erika: So, what do I do now? Anne: First, we will have to check the status of the registration, then correct the administrative error to process the transfer. Finn: The problem is, it's getting a little late, so there's nothing we can do right now. Courtney: You mean I have to stay here? Anne: Clive here will find some accommodation for the evening. Now go. Finn: We'll take care of it as soon as possible. Five. Stevie will take care of your accommodation, okay? - Okay. Don't be so worried. Probably just for one night. Two at the most! Lovely! This will beHuh? Hello? So? Courtney: Rayna: What are you waiting for? Come in! You do like yourself at home. There's never anything locked up at Camp Pop. Yes! Everyone knows! I didn't know. Sorry. Oh. Look, I hope you don't mind saying that, but... Excuse me, what's your name? Courtney: Courtney. Rayna: I'm Rayna, and this is Zia. Hey, Courtney. Nice to meet you. Rayna: Anyway, no offense, Courtney, but aren't you a little dressed for the field? Well, I... And trust me. It comes from someone wearing ruffle and fringes. Auntie: It's like a parade. So, what kind of music do you do? You know, what's your style? Courtney: I don't have one. I'm a princess. Rayna: Who's not here? Am I right? Wait. You're not joking. Don't joke! Courtney: No. I'm not. Auntie: So, should we bow to your presence or something? It won't be necessary. Rayna: Do you have any wicked stepsister? Well, one's a little bully. Auntie: You ever yelled: "Stop your head!"? Courtney: No! Real life isn't that exciting. Trust me. Auntie: You live in a castle? Are you cursed by a witch? Have you ever turned a frog into a beautiful prince? Aunt! Come on, now. It's just in fairy tales. Wait... Do you understand? Erika: A real tree house? Wow. Hello? Hello? Wow. Genevieve: May I help you? Erika: Hi, I'm... Oh, you must beto give us our mania! What do you think, Genevieve? I was thinking about French advice, but maybe I should go with something more daring! Aubray, unless our guest has a giant emeria table in there, I don't think that's why he's here. Really? Well, it's disappointing, because these cuticles are a mess. Erika: My name is Erika. Mrs. Anne said I could stay here, but don't worry. It won't take long. I'm moving across the lake. Genevieve: Wait, you're a pop star. Wait a minute. You're Erika Juno! Erika: Yeah, I am. I wanted you to play my sweet 16-year-old. Dad said no. Genevieve: You're not gonna break the room, are you? What? No. Sure. Genevieve: All night? Erika: I brought the headphones. Genevieve: Is it true you can fly to a private jet and go all over the world? Erika: Sometimes. Aubray: What about an entourage? I'd like my entourage! Genevieve: You're a princess, Aubray. You already have an entourage. Oh, right. Genevieve: Have you ever broken a guitar on stage? I saw it in a movie once. It sounded so funny! Rayna: I can't find him, Aunt! Are you sure you did? Auntie: Of course I'm sure, I never go anywhere without it. Courtney: Huh? Rayna: We'll be late! Courtney: Copy that! So, what do you think? Courtney: Very, uh, colorful. You just have such incredible hair. Auntie: I think you areBesides, we have to stop at the wardrobe later. I'll find something better. You mean you can wear whatever you want? Nobody's taking your clothes? Rayna: Not since I was three, no. Anyway, sorry for the bolts, but the band's practice starts in about five minutes, and then we have a dance lesson "Strut Your Stuff"! Auntie: And this year we learn special effects. Lazers, lighting, sparks, call it! Rayna: Come on, Aunt. I guess it's not his kind. Unless you want to check? I mean, as long as you're here. I don't know. Rayna: Don't worry. I thought it was funny. Courtney: Funny. I mean, she looks lovely. I don't know, Genevieve. Are you sure we don't have the tea label before? Genevieve: positive. Wait. How did you do that? Genevieve: With my sceptre, of course. All the royals have one. Erika: Wow. Scepter training starts at 10. After that, it's tea time. Oh, and then let's go make the unicorns! Erika: Yeah, sure. And when do we get to the centaurs? Aubray, wait. Does the dad have any centaurs? It's so unfair! Right. Unicorn. Genevieve: I guess we could get you to meet them. They're really beautiful. Genevieve: Unless you have to go. Erika: Yeah. I probably should. Okay. Hey! Hey! Hey! Looks like the perfect day to be brand new, oh yes Time to dothe world understands you, oh yes rise, do not break down (turn us) do not let the noise drown us (let me go now, now) hold your head up and be proud we can be all we want to be hands up, loud voices, time to scream and cry together we will be forever glorious and we have to make them feel now we have a new sound we will make the world say: wow and we will make them feel it's a new day to feel like I could do something that didn't see the time of tomorrow, don't think 'to yesterday, no, no, no