

SNOWFLAKE

The Musical



SCREENPLAY

Story

By Paul Ritchie Tomkinson

SNOWFLAKE

The Musical

CAST OF CHARACTERS

KATIE - Little Girl

ROCKY - Rocking Horse

FAMILY

(And Neighbours)

MUM - Katie's Mum

DAD - Katie's Dad

GRANDMA - Katie's Grandma

MR. TREVOR - Homeless Gent

POPCORN - (Dog) Himself

IN HEXAGONIA

CREMILDA - Governor of Hexagonia

MAGGROLIGHT - Narrator - Bee

GISHOO - Cloud

THE HEXAD

(Disabled – Able-bodied)

MARION - Christmas Tree Fairy

ANTHONY - Old Teddy Bear

JOAN - Snow-woman

MICHAEL - Puppet

MILLICENT - Comb

DIGITS - Glove

AIDES DE CAMP

(Disabled – Able-bodied)

JOSEPH - Umbrella

VICTORIA - Spectacles

RICHARD - Yoyo

HILARY - Sock

MARC - Scarecrow

BRENDA – Key

SNOWFLAKE

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(A playlist of all songs can be found [here](#))

THE OPENING CREDITS

Ext.

English Country Garden.

A bee hive is filmed over a six month/year period. This footage is sped up, to be viewed in a matter of minutes. Surrounding flora and fauna will obviously, also be observed.

Maggrolight narrates over the footage.

MAGGROLIGHT

BURYING THE HEAD, THE OSTRICH PERFORMS
EXCLUSIVITY, ALTHOUGH, IS NOT THEIRS
EVEN A NAÏVE HUMAN SO CONFORMS
SERIOUS MATTERS, IGNORED, WITH NO CARES

ALL VEGETATION, NEEDS POLLINATION
REQUIRED FOR ALL OF NEXT SEASONS CROP
EV'RY LINK, OF THE WORLD'S POPULATION

TIED INEXTRICABLY, SHOULD THIS ALL STOP
HERBIVORES NEED ALL THE CROPS TO SUCCEED
ESSENTIAL, FOR FEEDING THE CARNIVORES

KINGS OF THE PLANET, WE ALL NEED TO FEED
ESPECIALLY, OF COURSE, THE OMNIVORES
YES, OUR SWEET EARTH ...

COULD BE BROUGHT TO ITS KNEES
SO PROTECT AND FIGHT FOR ... OUR **HUMBLE BEES**

SNOWFLAKE

The Musical

Cut to. Ext.

Road Outside Tube Station.

Snow is swirling across a frosty full **moon**. The camera pans back and down, to reveal an avenue of skeletal trees, lining the street, outside a dimly lit tube station. To one side, Mr. Trevor stands in several layers of clothing, holding a clutch of magazines. He is lit by a *hexagon* of light, emanating from the street lamp he stands under. A train is heard arriving at the station, (this section of the Underground is *overground*). There is a thin layer of snow on the ground, surrounding Mr. Trevor. The snow is still flurrying.

As the first of the commuters exit the station ...

MR.TREVOR

BIG ISSUE – BIG ISSUE

He waves one of the magazines aloft. The commuters dash past, *stampede* fashion.

Close up on Mr. Trevor's face, we see **umbrellas**, scarves and flailing arms. This takes a matter of seconds. Then silence. (And snow causes a very *particular* silence). The camera pans back. We see slush underfoot. No one made a purchase. The snowfall is becoming heavier. Mr. Trevor changes weight from foot to foot, he is obviously very cold.

Mr. Trevor sings ANOTHER LOVE ([listen here](#))...

MR. TREVOR



MR. TREVOR - (ANOTHER LOVE)

IN YOUR EYES I SEE A SPARKLE
EVERY TIME WE'VE BEEN APART
YOUR SMILE IS SO DISARMING
IT QUITE FRANKLY, TUGS MY HEART
OVER YEARS YOU'VE SHOWN ME LOYALTY
UNRIVALLED ANYWHERE
IF YOU GO, I'LL DIE OF EMPTINESS
AND LONELINESS, I SWEAR

I WON'T FIND ANOTHER LOVE
NOT LIKE YOURS
NO MORE LOVE, BEFORE OR AFTER
NOT LIKE YOURS
I COULD SEARCH THE WORLD FOR YEARS
BUT I'D STILL END UP IN TEARS
FOR I WON'T FIND ANY MORE LOVE
NOT LIKE YOURS

IN YOUR GESTURES IT'S APPARENT
YOUR DEVOTED FAITHFULNESS
THE JOY YOU BRING UNPARALLELED
AND ALL THE HAPPINESS
I DON'T EVER DOUBT YOUR MOTIVES
I KNOW, MY LIFE YOU WOULD DEFEND
AND I KNOW THERE'S NO ONE BETTER
FITS THE TITLE ...

Popcorn (his dog) pokes his head out from beneath Mr. Trevor's jacket.

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

I WON'T FIND ANOTHER LOVE
NOT LIKE YOURS
NO MORE LOVE BEFORE OR AFTER
NOT LIKE YOURS
I COULD SEARCH THE WORLD FOR YEARS
BUT I'D STILL END UP IN TEARS
FOR I WON'T FIND ANY MORE LOVE
NOT LIKE YOURS.

Mr. Trevor tucks Popcorn up even tighter in his jacket, with the several scarves he is wearing. He seems to be all *fingers and thumbs* ... it's cold and he's wearing **gloves**.

POPCORN



The camera pans around, past a walled garden of more skeletal trees and rests, on the upstairs sash window of a detached house. Katie has witnessed all of this. She is sitting atop her rocking horse. We see just both of their heads ... *rocking!*

Cut to. Int.

Katie's Bedroom.

Katie leaps off her rocking horse. She is wearing pyjamas. She dashes for her bedroom door and heads for the stairs. She dives onto the banister head first. She slides on her tummy (at full pelt) dismounts at the foot of the banister with a backwards somersault and lands deftly (she *always* does this). The downstairs and hall are *decked* for **Christmas**. She rushes straight for the kitchen and opens the refrigerator door with the *guile of a burglar*. Part of the content, is a large turkey carcass (only the breast has been eaten). She rushes for the kitchen roll and remembers, she *must* close the fridge door. She returns to the fridge and gently closes the door. She rushes to retrieve several pieces of kitchen roll. She returns to the fridge and tears both legs off the turkey. She wraps them in the kitchen roll and rushes for the kitchen door. She rushes back, to the *forgotten* fridge door and gently closes it. Now she heads for the kitchen door and out into the hall. She retrieves her *sensible* coat from the coat-stand (housing several coats and hats), dons the coat and shoves the parcel of turkey into one of the pockets. She wipes her *greasy* hands down her coat. She flicks each of her slippers onto the **baubled Christmas Tree**. Each lands on a branch perfectly. She jumps into *her* set of Wellingtons, next to the **Christmas Tree** (there is a **Christmas Tree fairy** on top). She *tiptoes* to the front door, turns the very large **key** in the door to unlock it, exits ... and closes it very quietly.

Cut to. Ext.

Katie's Garden.

The garden is lit beautifully by the moon. There is a snow-woman built against a shed on the right hand side. A see saw is straight ahead, covered in snow, a 20 foot swing, just behind that (within swinging distance from the 10 foot wall) and to the right of that (and further away) a tree house, built in one of the 10 conker (Horse Chestnut) trees lining the walled garden. Katie rushes to the tree house, shins up a rope at the side of it, retrieves the swing, which is hooked against the opposite side of the tree house and *launches*. She swings and lands on the wall with aplomb and forward somersaults out of sight.

Cut to.

Road Outside Tube Station.

Katie lands from the wall ... she *forward rolls* to make her landing less abrupt. She skids in the slush across the street to Mr. Trevor and Popcorn. Katie hands over the turkey parcel. Mr. Trevor tentatively opens it ... he smiles. Popcorn is beside himself with joy, he sees Katie regularly. Mr. Trevor hands Katie a *Big Issue* magazine. She leaves.

KATIE

GOODNIGHT MR. TREVOR ... GOODNIGHT POPCORN.

MR. TREVOR

GOODNIGHT KATIE ... AND ... THANK YOU.

As Katie rushes home, Mr. Trevor takes a bite out of one of the turkey legs. The meat he has bitten off ... he spits into his hand and hands it to Popcorn. Katie exits through the tall wooden gate at the side of her walled garden. She's not quite tall enough to scale the garden wall, to return the way she came.

Cut to. Ext.

Katie's House – Garden and Front Door.

Katie stands at the front door. Her parents are blocking her entrance. We do not see their heads, only the lower portions of their bodies. They part to allow her entrance. Katie enters and the door gently closes. A *puff* of very fine snow layering the **MERRY CHRISTMAS** wreath, forms a cloud in front of the front door.

Cut to. Int.

Katie's House - Hall

Katie's parents stand with their backs to the front door. We still only see the lower portion of their bodies. Katie removes her Wellingtons and coat (with the magazine in the pocket), retrieves her slippers from the **Christmas Tree** and dons them in silence.

Cut to.

Between the back of the heads of Katie's parents, we see Katie mount the banister, using her hands and feet. She starts to ascend the banister like a *chimpanzee*.

MUM

BED!

Katie's ascension quickens.

DAD

STAIRS!

Katie dismounts the banister. There is a thin strip of carpet up the centre of the stair case. Katie will NOT walk on this; she walks on the wooden part of the stairs either side of it. She reaches the top and *straddles* up to perform a handstand on the top of the banister. She cartwheels out of this, (her landing is practically silent) and exits out of shot and ...

KATIE

NIGHT - NIGHT

Her bedroom door is heard to close. Katie's Mum rests her head on Katie's Dad's shoulder and sighs in resignation. Katie is an *odd* little girl ... in the most *beautiful* way!

A series of *flash backs* follow. A *voice-over* by the Narrator, Maggrolight (Bee) accompanies. The flash backs are under-scored with *Another Love* (permutations).

Cut to. Ext.

Katie's Garden.

Flash back 1.

MAGGROLIGHT

KATIE IS AN ONLY CHILD.

Katie is hanging by her toes on the 20 foot swing. She is wearing a pretty dress. Gravity causes the dress to hang over her head. She pulls the hem back down to her knees (upside down) for decorum. The Horse Chestnut trees are in blossom. From inside the house ...

MUM

KATIIIIIIIE!

Cut to. Ext.

Katie's Garden.

Flash back 2.

MAGGROLIGHT

HER IMAGINATION KEEPS HER WELL OCCUPIED THOUGH.

Katie smoking her pipe (pretend) on the edge of her tree house. She is chatting to a *toy scarecrow*. The Horse Chestnut trees are still in blossom (*Popcorn*).

Cut to. Ext.

Katie's Garden.

Flash back 3.

MAGGROLIGHT

WHICH OF COURSE, SHE SHARES FROM TIME TO TIME.

Katie's Party. The laughter of the children is paramount throughout. Twelve children (including Katie), are playing with **yoyos**, with varying degrees of success. A couple of minor accidents are incurred. The conkers are ripe on the Horse Chestnut trees.

Cut to.

The same twelve children (six either side) ... and see sawing. The yoyos are dangling from the trees. The ground is covered with leaves and fallen conkers. More laughter!

Cut to.

The same children are *audience* to a **puppet** show, performed by Katie's parents. String and hand puppets (made out of **socks**) ... are utilised. Riotous laughter!

Cut to. Ext.

Garden.

Flash back 4.

MAGGROLIGHT

SHE FINDS MAGIC IN ABSOLUTELY EVERYTHING.

Outside her Dad's shed, Katie is wearing one of her Mum's aprons around her shoulders and delving into a huge hessian bag of conkers. She throws some in a bucket of water, waves a wooden spoon as a wand, performing a *magic spell*. A **rainbow** appears above the Horse Chestnut trees. We see the **rainbow** reflected in the *conker bucket*.

Cut to. Int.

Grandma's Sitting Room.

Flash back 5.

MAGGROLIGHT

OCCASIONALLY, SHE VISITS GRANDMA.

Grandma (wearing very ornate **spectacles**) is offering a cake to Katie, from the armchair on Katie's left hand side. We see Katie's legs above the back of the central sofa. An **old teddy bear** is sitting in the arm chair to Katie's right. And later ...

MAGGROLIGHT

AND WHEN SHE CAN SIT *STILL* FOR LONG ENOUGH ...

Cut to.

Grandma is playing *Cat's Cradle* with Katie. Katie is sitting upright.

MAGGROLIGHT

THEY PLAY GAMES.

And later ...

Cut to.

Katie has managed to knot the string into Grandma's hair and is trying to (rather painfully) **comb** it out.

Cut to. Int.

Dad's shed.

Flash back 6.

Dad is making a *tiny hearth brush*, using bristles from Katie's *first tooth brush*. The poker, tongs and dustpan hang on the completed brass post. We only see Dad's hands.

MAGGROLIGHT

KATIE'S DAD WILL DO ANYTHING FOR KATIE.
AND AFTER MAKING HER A TWENTY FOOT SWING
A SEE SAW AND A TREE HOUSE ...

And on a later occasion ...

Cut to.

Dad using a soldering iron in his shed. We see sparks in the reflection of his mask.

MAGGROLIGHT

HE FOUND AN OLD *MERRY GO ROUND*
HORSE IN A SKIP AND AFTER REMOVING
THE POLE FROM HIS BACK HE SET ABOUT
MAKING HIM AS GOOD AS NEW. AND WITH
HIS VERY OWN *ROCKERS*.

And on a later occasion in Dad's shed ...

Cut to.

Dad performing the finishing touches to Rocky's paintwork in **blue** and **gold**.

And with the finished *article* ...

Cut to. Int.

Katie's bedroom.

In front of her sash window, Katie sees Rocky for the first time! Mum and Dad flank Rocky (we still only see Mum and Dad from the neck down). He is tied up with ribbon for Katie's BIG **Christmas** present. Katie names her new *Rocking Horse* immediately!

KATIE

ROCKYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY

And back to real time.

KATIE AND ROCKY



Cut to. Int.

Katie's bedroom.

Katie is sitting on Rocky, staring out of the window. It is still snowing. The **moon** is still full and silhouettes Katie and Rocky's heads, like a *cameo brooch*. They are rocking.

Katie sings WHERE'S YOUR MUM? ([listen here](#))

KATIE - (WHERE'S YOUR MUM? - PART 1.)

WHERE'S YOUR MUM WHEN YOU NEED HER?
WHEN YOU'RE ALONE AND COLD
WHEN YOU'RE TIRED AND YOU'RE LOST
AND YOU NEED SOMEONE TO HOLD
WHERE'S YOUR MUM WHEN YOU NEED HER?
WHEN YOU HAVE SOME *WILL* TO FIND
WHERE'S YOUR MUM?
WHEN YOU FEEL YOU'RE LEFT BEHIND!

Katie wraps her arms around Rocky's neck and kisses him on the cheek. She is about to dismount, when a rather large snowflake sticks to the sash window. It is *pentagonal*!

KATIE

I THOUGHT SNOWFLAKES WERE *HEXAGONAL*.
THIS ONE'S ONLY GOT *FIVE* SIDES.
IT'S *PENTAGONAL* AND THEY CERTAINLY
DON'T COME IN *THAT* SIZE.

The snowflake starts to grow. Gradually, it fills the whole of the bottom sash window and eventually, the whole of the top sash window too! It starts to *ooze* through the crack of the bottom sash, rather like a *pasta machine*. It oozes up the inside of the sash window, until it covers the whole window. Only a *halo* of the **moon** remains.

KATIE (Cont.)

AND I'M SURE THEY DON'T DO *THAT* EITHER.

SNOWFLAKE

The pentagonal snowflake starts to make a *fizzing* sound and its edges darken, like a *frying pancake*. It detaches itself from the window, like a *limpet* would, if pulled from a rock. It hovers vertically and in a *flash* is filled with **colour**. As too, is the **bedroom**.

KATIE (Cont.)

AND DEFINITELY NOT *THAT!*

It *floats* to a horizontal position, directly above Katie and Rocky's heads. It makes a noise like *trying to speak under water*. Having reached its destination, it starts to rotate. As it speeds up, the sound it makes becomes more high-pitched. Katie is about to YELL, when the **snowflake** falls and envelops both Katie and Rocky. It makes a **huge** popping noise, like hitting a glass with a *cupped hand*, only much LOUDER!

Cut to. Int.

Inside Pentagonal Snowflake.

There is silence and the *double head shot* of Katie and Rocky inside the **snowflake** *rolls* like an old fashioned T.V. *on the blink*. Katie sings the second verse of ...

WHERE'S YOUR MUM? ([listen here](#))

KATIE - (WHERE'S YOUR MUM? - PART 2)

WHERE'S YOUR MUM WHEN YOU NEED HER?
WHEN YOU'VE GOT A GRUELLING TASK
WHEN YOU'VE GOT NO STRENGTH TO HOLD
YOUR HEAD UP ... OR SOMEONE TO ASK
WHERE'S YOUR MUM WHEN YOU NEED HER?
WHEN YOU FEEL SHE'S NOWHERE NEAR
WHERE'S YOUR MUM?
NOT HERE!

WHERE'S YOUR MUM?

ROCKY

WHERE'S YOUR MUM?

KATIE

WHERE'S YOUR MUM?

ROCKY

WHERE'S YOUR MUM?

KATIE

WHERE'S YOUR MUM?

ROCKY

RIGHT HERE!

And into dialogue.

KATIE

ROCKY?

ROCKY

THAT'S ME.

KATIE

I KNOW WE'VE HAD MANY CONVERSATIONS,
BUT I'VE NEVER ACTUALLY HEARD YOUR RESPONSE.

ROCKY

WELL, I *ALWAYS* ANSWERED.

KATIE

I KNOW! BUT I ONLY HEARD IT *IN MY HEAD*.

ROCKY

IS THERE A PROBLEM?

SNOWFLAKE

KATIE

NOPE!

ROCKY

I SHOULDN'T THINK SO!
I THINK IT'S THE LEAST OF OUR
PROBLEMS AT THE MOMENT.

KATIE

WHERE ARE WE?

ROCKY

TRAVELLING! PROBABLY IN SPACE
OR TIME. OR BOTH!

The *rolling* of the shot slows down, until it steadies altogether. Katie and Rocky wait in silence ... in anticipation! They don't have to wait long!

Cut to. Ext.

Hexagonia.

The **snowflake** is whipped away abruptly. It is day time. Katie is still sitting on Rocky. They have been transported to a glade in the middle of a forest of blossoming Horse Chestnut trees (Popcorn). The occasional yew tree, is sporadically dotted. Their attention is drawn rather speedily to the **snowflake** flapping furiously. An eccentric looking lady in outlandish garb, is doing the flapping. She has a plethora of miniature adornments stuck in her piled up hair. She throws the **snowflake** onto the ground (it seems to be made of some sort of *material*, rather than ice). She retrieves a miniature rug basher from her hair and gives it a quick flick. It becomes life size.

SNOWFLAKE

CREMILDA

YOU MUST BE KATIE AND ROCKY
I'M CREMILDA. BUT WE CAN DO
THE PROPER INTRODUCTIONS IN
A MOMENT. THIS NEEDS *SEEING TO*
RATHER QUICKLY. HAS IT STOPPED
FIZZING YET?

KATIE

FIZZING?

CREMILDA

WELL ... JUST TO BE SURE.

She *thwacks* the snowflake *twice* with the rug basher. Katie and Rocky *wince!*

ROCKY

I THINK IT'S STILL FIZZING.

Cremilda gives the snowflake one last *almighty* THWACK. Katie and Rocky **wince!**

CREMILDA

NOW IT'S NOT!

Cremilda folds the snowflake up neatly into a tight ball and tosses and thwacks it upwards with the carpet basher ... like a baseball. As it flies, it forms a rainbow across the sky. Katie and Rocky have observed open mouthed.

KATIE

WHAT WAS THAT?

CREMILDA

IT WAS A *CLUE*.

ROCKY

WELL, I HAVEN'T *GOT* A CLUE.

CREMILDA

I HAD TO LET YOU KNOW WHAT
WAS HAPPENING HERE. AND SO ...
I ARRANGED TRANSPORT.

KATIE

YES ... BUT WHAT *IS* HAPPENING?
AND WHERE *IS* HERE?

CREMILDA

HEXAGONIA ... WE'RE AN ISLAND YOU KNOW.

ROCKY

BUT WHAT *IS* HAPPENING AND ... WHY *US*?

CREMILDA

BECAUSE YOU'RE DESPERATELY NEEDED.

ROCKY

YES ... BUT WHY?

CREMILDA

WELL ... AS PROMISED
I'LL GIVE YOU THE PROPER
INTRODUCTION AND ALL WILL
BECOME CLEAR. LET ME JUST
CALL GISHOO, HE'S RUN OFF AGAIN.

KATIE

DOGS ARE LIKE THAT.

CREMILDA

OH, HE'S NOT A DOG.

ROCKY

CATS ARE EVEN WORSE.

CREMILDA

HE'S NOT A CAT EITHER.
GISHOOOOOOOOOOOO!

A line of steam heads towards them. Over the Horse Chestnut trees and then, about the height it *would* be, if it were being emitted from a train ... *but the train is missing!* It comes to an abrupt halt. The line of steam *jack-knifes* and it becomes evident, that the line of steam is actually twenty *single balls of steam ... clouds!*

CREMILDA

AHH ... THERE YOU ARE.

The clouds form themselves into a straight line (floating head height). Cremilda walks down the line of clouds, as if *inspecting her troops*. She reaches the far end of the line. She leans over and kisses the cloud on the end. The cloud jumps onto her shoulder. She addresses Katie and Rocky.

CREMILDA

GISHOO'S NEITHER A LEADER NOR A
FOLLOWER! MORE ... A *PUSHER!*

And to the other nineteen clouds ...

NOW HAVEN'T YOU LOT
GOT HOMES TO GO TO?

She waves the rug basher aloft. The other nineteen clouds disperse every which way. She walks back towards Katie and Rocky. She flicks the rug basher and it reverts to its miniature size. She pops it back into her hair. When she arrives back ...

CREMILDA

MY FEET ARE KILLING ME.
WOULD YOU DO THE HONOURS PLEASE GISHOO.

CREMILDA AND GISHOO



SNOWFLAKE

Gishoo forms himself into a large *fluffy floating armchair*. Cremilda jumps into it.

KATIE

WE HAVE POPCORN TREES
IN OUR GARDEN. BUT NOWHERE
NEAR AS MANY AS THESE.

CREMILDA

YES THE BLOSSOMS *DO* LOOK RATHER
LIKE POPCORN DON'T THEY.

ROCKY

HORSE CHESTNUT ...
THEY'RE HORSE CHESTNUT TREES.

CREMILDA

AESCULUS HIPPOCASTANUM
IF YOU WANT TO BE ABSOLUTELY CORRECT.

ROCKY

HIPPO WHAT?

CREMILDA

AESCULUS *HIPPOCASTANUM*.

ROCKY

LET'S JUST STICK WITH POPCORN TREES.

CREMILDA

MMM ... NOW WE CAN DO THE PROPER
INTRODUCTION. AND WE CAN MEANDER
'TIL OUR HEARTS ARE CONTENT DOING IT.

ROCKY

I CAN STILL HEAR FIZZING.

KATIE

SO CAN I.

CREMILDA

OH, THAT'S NOT FIZZING!
THAT'S BUZZING!

KATIE

WHERE'S THE BUZZING COMING FROM?

Rocky notices that his *rockers* have disappeared and his normal (albeit **blue** and **gold**) legs are functioning perfectly.

ROCKY

I'M OFF MY *ROCKERS*!

CREMILDA

WELL YOU'VE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE THEN!
AND THE BUZZING? AH WELL ...

With Katie sitting on Rocky and Cremilda sitting on Gishoo, they head off for their *introduction* (away from camera), Maggrolight (Bee) *photo bombs* the shot ...

MAGGROLIGHT

THAT BUZZING? WOULD BE ME.
MAGGROLIGHT! WELL ...
ME AND MY MATES. WELL ... ME
AND MY *THOUSANDS* OF MATES.

Maggrolight zooms in between Katie and Rocky ... and Cremilda and Gishoo. He's a little too close to Rocky for comfort. Rocky swishes his tail and knocks Maggrolight upwards at a *rate of knots*. Unperturbed, Maggrolight whistles with his fingers and all of his *mates* collecting pollen in the trees below ... *follow him with glee!*

MAGGROLIGHT



Cut to. Ext.

Sky.

Aerial Musical Number. Maggrolight leads Hexagonia's *National Anthem* ...

HEXAGONIA ([listen here](#)). It is a heavily choreographed flying number ... *drone* style.

Maggrolight flies over the island's beauty spots, *highlighting* all the bee hives and Hexagonia's hexagonal shape.

MAGGROLIGHT - (HEXAGONIA)

WELCOME TO OUR ISLAND HEXAGONIA
A JEWEL IN THE OCEAN, WE CALL HOME
WE'RE ADEPT AT MAKING HONEY
DON'T USE CREDIT CARDS OR MONEY
WE'RE MORE THAN HAPPY MAKING HONEYCOMB

HEXAGONIA ... HEXAGONIA
OUR HIVES ARE WHAT KEEPS THIS ISLAND STABLE
WE HAVE THEM IN THE MOUNTAINS
ROUND LAKE HEXA AND ITS FOUNTAINS
AND WHAT KEEPS ON BRINGING DINNER TO THE TABLE

WELCOME TO OUR ISLAND HEXAGONIA
MOST DAYS IT'S LIKE A BUSY AERODROME
WE ARE THE *BEEES KNEES*
WE HAVE SIX ... IF YOU PLEASE
AND IN OUR SPARE TIME, WE ALL PLAY THE COMB

Thousands of bees start playing their combs (sounding remarkably like *buzzing*) in intricate harmonies of a verse and a chorus. They perform *murmurations* (like starlings) as they play. All the bees sing the final chorus.

HEXAGONIA ... HEXAGONIA
WE COLLECT ALL THE POLLEN FROM THE POPCORN TREES
BEFORE THE POPCORN TURNS TO CONKERS
BUSY BEES ALL WORK LIKE BONKERS
THANK GOODNESS FOR US MODEST, HUMBLE BEES.

A thunder and lightning storm brings the song to an abrupt halt. We do not see where the thunder and lightning comes from ... just the flashes and thunderbolts (no rain). The bees scatter.

Cut to. Ext.

Deep in The Popcorn Forest.

Katie and Rocky ... and Cremilda and Gishoo, arrive at their destination. They are outside a HUGE yew tree surrounded by the majority, Horse Chestnuts still in blossom and frequented by hundreds of bees previously scattered. Both Katie and Cremilda dismount. Gishoo jumps onto Cremilda's shoulder.

CREMILDA

WELL, THAT'S *OUR* INTRODUCTIONS OVER
AND DONE WITH. I JUST HAVE TO
INTRODUCE YOU TO THE HEXAD NOW.

KATIE

THE HEXAD?

CREMILDA

AND THE AIDES DE CAMP.

Cremilda kicks the trunk of the yew tree and it immediately sinks into the ground. A HUGE dome of yew is left sitting on top of the ground. Cremilda pulls one of the branches and a door flips open and up. Cremilda enters and beckons Katie and Rocky. The door closes behind them. Glow worms hang from the ceiling and the internal branches of yew, illuminating their path. The corridor they walk down is a spiral and upwards. No stairs! They arrive at what seems like a dead end. Cremilda pulls another branch of yew and another door flips open and up, *popping like a jar being opened*.

Inside, the circular room is **dark**. Pulling another branch of yew, a glass ceiling is revealed and bright sunlight fills the whole space. A conference table is central. Behind it, are twelve tall-backed chairs. To the side of the table, are two armchairs. There is a small table in between the two armchairs with an intercom (with several buttons) and a picture in a picture frame on it. Cremilda leads the way to the armchairs. She gestures to the chair, closest to the conference table for Katie to take a seat. Katie sits. Rocky stands between her and the conference table (on her right ... he's her *Equerry*, so he should!) Cremilda sits in the other armchair. Cremilda presses one of the buttons on the intercom. She obviously hasn't quite *got the hang* of this technology and SHOUTS ...

CREMILDA

THE HEXAD AND AIDES
DE CAMP MAY NOW ENTER!

A procession of eleven characters, make their way to the chairs behind the conference table and stand (or float). The characters are human, but with C.G.I. additions to *compliment* their characters. It is a rather solemn affair ... like a jury being *sworn in*. They arrive at respective seats, leaving a vacant chair on the end. The following, resembles a ... *twelve step meeting*.

CREMILDA

COULD YOU PLEASE INTRODUCE
YOURSELVES TO OUR GUESTS. THANK YOU.

The eleven take their turns. The character standing closest to Cremilda, Katie and Rocky proceeds. A *spotlight* (directed by Cremilda and her intercom gadget) highlights each character as they ... *take the stand*.

ANTHONY



ANTHONY

HELLO, I'M ANTHONY
AND I'M AN **OLD TEDDY BEAR**.

I WAS THE MOST PRIZED TOY IN
THE PLAY ROOM. THEY CALLED ME
TEDDY WEDDY! WHICH I THOUGHT
WAS STUPID, BUT I WASN'T IN CHARGE.
I WAS INVITED TO MANY TEA PARTIES,
ON A DAILY BASIS FOR YEARS. AND
WHEN NOT ENTERTAINING, I WOULD BE
PLACED ON THE MOST COMFORTABLE OF
PILLOWS, AWAITING MY GUARDIAN'S
BEDTIME, SO THAT THEY COULD CUDDLE
ME AS THEY WENT TO SLEEP.

SOMETIMES, I WOULD BE TAKEN ON
HOLIDAY AND ALWAYS WITH MY OWN
SAFETY BELT IN THE CAR.

I WAS SOMETIMES TAKEN OUT IN A DOLLY'S
PRAM ... IN A DRESS! THE DRESS WAS PRETTY
ENOUGH. BUT IT JUST DIDN'T *SIT WELL* WITH
... ME! THEY DID THAT ONCE WITH THE CAT TOO.
JUST THE ONCE! IN FACT, THE CAT DID ME A
FAVOUR. AFTER BEING SCRATCHED LIKE THEY'D
BEEN PULLED THROUGH **BRAMBLES** ... THEY
DIDN'T PUT A DRESS ON *ME* EVER AGAIN!

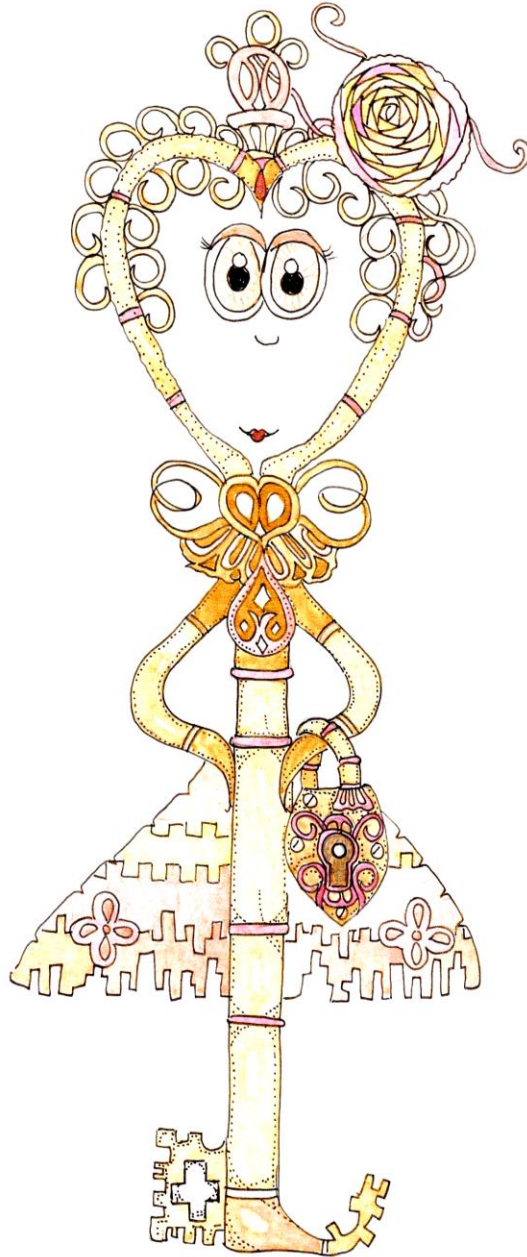
I AM NATURALLY, A VERY CLEAN SOUL,
BUT OF COURSE, AFTER ALL THESE
PARTIES, I BECAME ... ERM ... TAINTED.
AND MY GUARDIAN'S MOTHER PUT ME
IN THE WASH! AND ONE OF MY EARS CAME OFF!

AND HAVING SUFFERED THE EMARRASSMENT
OF LOOKING LIKE A *DROWNED RAT*, I BECAME
LOP SIDED. NEEDLESS TO SAY ... MY GUARDIAN
REQUIRED A LESS *TATTY* MODEL FOR THEIR
TIFFIN SWAREE'S. AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

I'M HEXAD ONE.

Anthony sits. The next character continues.

BRENDA



BRENDA

HELLO, I'M BRENDA
AND I'M A **KEY**.

I WAS, WHAT WAS KNOWN AS A *SPARE!*
A VERY RESPONSIBLE JOB. I DIDN'T HAVE
TO *SHARE DIGS* IF YOU LIKE. I DIDN'T HAVE
TO SPEND TIME IN EVERYONE'S PURSES,
WALLETS OR HANDBAGS. I WASN'T HUNG
ON A HOOK OR ... JUST LEFT IN THE DOOR.

I WASN'T ON A BUNCH, WITH COUNTLESS
OTHERS, JANGLING IN A POCKET SOMEWHERE.
I WAS KEPT, PRIDE OF PLACE ... SOMEWHERE
SECRET. FOR WHEN THE BUNCH OF KEYS
WERE MISLAID. A VERY IMPORTANT JOB!

I REMEMBER THE DISCUSSION, ABOUT THE
BEST PLACE TO KEEP ME. ON TOP OF THE
DOOR JAMB WAS MOOTED. AS TOO, RATHER
DISGUSTINGLY, WAS UNDER THE DUSTBIN.

I

I REMEMBER THE EUPHORIA WHEN MY
FINAL RESTING PLACE WAS AGREED
UPON. I FELT VERY SPECIAL INDEED.
YES ... VERY IMPORTANT AND SECRET.

IMPORTANT ENOUGH FOR A LAST MINUTE
EMERGENCY. AND *SECRET* ENOUGH,
FOR BURGLARS AND VAGABONDS NOT TO
BREAK IN AND RANSACK THE HOME.

SO IMPORTANT AND SECRET, IT WAS
FORGOTTEN, THAT I WAS ACTUALLY
UNDER THE PLANT POT NEXT TO THE
WISTERIA AND BEHIND THE **FLOWERING
ROSEMARY!** AND IF THE GUST OF WIND,
HADN'T ACTUALLY BLOWN THE PLANT POT ...
OVER, I WOULD BE THERE TO THIS DAY!
OH YES ... A VERY IMPORTANT JOB!

I'M ANTHONY'S AIDE DE CAMP.

Brenda sits. The next character continues.

JOAN



SNOWFLAKE

JOAN

HELLO, I'M JOAN
AND I'M A **SNOW-WOMAN**.

I WAS BUILT IN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
GARDEN. CONIFERS ... PEACOCKS ...
THE WORKS. I WAS ADORNED WITH
THE BEST CLOTHES. LITTLE BRICKS OF
COAL FOR MY BUTTONS AND MY EYES
AND MY MOUTH. I WAS CONSTRUCTED
BY MY GUARDIAN AND THEIR FRIENDS.

THEY HAD MARSHMALLOWS TOASTED
ON A BRAZIER ... AND A SNOWBALL FIGHT.
AND THE TRUTH IS ... A MISSILE IS A MISSILE!

AND DON'T GO CRYING TO ANYONE WHO'LL
LISTEN, IF YOU HAVE JUST KNOCKED
SOMEONE'S BALACLAVA OFF ...
IF THEY IN RETURN, PUSH A SNOWBALL
DOWN YOUR VEST!

THEY HAD ... WELL *WE* HAD SO MUCH FUN.
AND I WAS RESPLENDENT FOR MANY A DAY.
THEN OF COURSE, MY GUARDIAN WAS BOUGHT
A SLEDGE! THEN NOBODY VISITED. AND I WAS
STANDING THERE, LIKE *LAMB AND LETTUCE*.

THEN, THE INEVITABLE HAPPENED ...
IT STARTED TO GET WARMER ... AND
I STARTED MELTING. FIRST MY ELBOWS.
AND THEN MY *NECK* OF ALL PLACES.
MUST'VE BEEN THE SCARF!

EVENTUALLY, I HAD A CASCADING WATERFALL
OFF THE END OF MY **CARROT**! NOT THE BEST
LOOK I CAN ASSURE YOU. SO ... THAT'S
WHEN I CAME HERE.

I'M HEXAD TWO.

Joan sits. The next character continues.

RICHARD



RICHARD

HELLO. I'M RICHARD
AND I'M A **YOYO**.

I'VE PERFORMED MANY TRICKS IN MY TIME.
MY TRICKS THOUGH, HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
ONLY AS CLEVER, AS MY GUARDIAN.
MY PREVIOUS GUARDIAN, WAS A *WIZARD*
AT TRICKS. THEN I WAS SWAPPED FOR A
POGO STICK.

I'VE NEVER UNDERSTOOD THE POGO STICK.
ONCE YOU'VE BOUNCED ON IT ... WHAT IS
THERE LEFT TO DO? THERE ARE HUNDREDS
OF THINGS TO DO WITH US YOYOS. NOT THAT
MY NEW GUARDIAN EVER FOUND *THAT* OUT.

MY NEW GUARDIAN, WASN'T AS CLEVER AS
THEY LIKED TO THINK THEY WERE.
I THINK THEY JUST LIKED MY BEAUTIFUL
PAINTWORK. THEY CERTAINLY DIDN'T KNOW
HOW TO MAKE ME *SPIN* PROPERLY. I THINK
THEY THOUGHT I WAS SUPPOSED TO PERFORM
UNDER MY OWN STEAM!

AND YOU NEVER HIT A YOYO
WITH A TENNIS RACKET!

OR A CRICKET BAT!

OR A GOLF CLUB!

AND MOST DEFINITELY *NEVER*
A SHOVEL!

I SPENT MOST DAYS FEELING TOTALLY NAUSEUS.
TO THE POINT WHERE I HAD A CONSTANT
RINGING IN THE EARS. EVENTUALLY, THAT
RINGING, BECAME MY *ALARM CLOCK* ...
SO I CAME HERE.

I'M JOAN'S AIDE DE CAMP.

Richard sits. The next character continues.

DIGITS



DIGITS

HELLO, I'M DIGITS
AND I'M A **GLOVE**.

OBVIOUSLY, I WAS A *PAIR* INITIALLY.
BUT MY PARTNER AND I WERE *DRIVING*
GLOVES. OUR GUARDIAN KEPT US IN
THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT OF HIS RATHER
STYLISH CAR. IT MADE A RATHER COOL
TOOT NOISE IN DIFFICULT TRAFFIC.

WELL, A **WASP** ENTERED THE CAR,
SPEEDING UP THE MOTORWAY AND
OUR GUARDIAN GRABBED THE CLOSEST
THING TO HAND (EXCUSE THE PUN) TO
URGE *SAID* **WASP** OUT OF THE CAR.
UNFORTUNATELY, THAT WAS MY PARTNER!
IT WAS ONLY A PLATONIC RELATIONSHIP,
BUT I WAS FOND.

WE'D BEEN TOGETHER SINCE WE WERE
BOUGHT AT A DE LUXE CAR SHOW.
WELL, I SAY BOUGHT ... OUR GUARDIAN
WON US IN A PRIZE DRAW. THE TOP PRIZE
WAS A CAR! I DON'T THINK OUR GUARDIAN
WAS BEST PLEASED.

I THINK THAT'S WHY HE KEPT US IN THE GLOVE
COMPARTMENT. AND I KNOW THEY'RE CALLED
GLOVE COMPARTMENTS ... BUT ... WHAT'S THE
POINT IN HAVING GLOVES ... IF YOU'RE GOING
TO KEEP THEM IN A COMPARTMENT?

BUT I DIGRESS ... THE **WASP** EVENTUALLY
STUNG MY GUARDIAN AND MY PARTNER
BLEW OUT OF THE OPEN WINDOW ... ALONG
WITH THE **WASP**. OF COURSE, THERE ISN'T
MUCH CALL FOR *ONE* DRIVING GLOVE.
AND THAT'S WHY I'M HERE.

I'M HEXAD THREE.

Digits sits. The next character continues.

HILARY



HILARY

HELLO, I'M HILARY
AND I'M A SOCK.

I TOO, WAS ONE OF A PAIR. WE WENT
TO THE OFFICE EVERY DAY. SITTING
UNDER A DESK ALL DAY ... EVERY DAY
WASN'T MUCH FUN. BUT AT LEAST WE
DIDN'T HAVE TO BE INSIDE A FOOTBALL
BOOT; THE HEADACHES *THAT* MUST CAUSE.

THOUGH, UNLIKE FOOTBALL OR RUGBY
FOR THAT MATTER, MY DAILY ROUTINE
MEANT A PRETTY CLEAN RETURN HOME.
AFTER ALL, I COULD HAVE BEEN **MUDDIED**
UP TO THE EYES.

BUT, I WAS WASHED REGULARLY. AND IN
THE END ... *TOO* REGULARLY. I GOT STUCK
TO THE DRUM OF THE WASHING MACHINE.
I MUST'VE BEEN WASHED TWENTY SEVEN
TIMES. IT WAS LIKE LIVING IN A WIND TUNNEL!

IT WOULD'VE BEEN TWENTY EIGHT TIMES,
BUT I MANAGED TO MAKE MY WAY TO
THE RUBBER BIT WHERE THE DOOR CLOSES
AND CLOG THE MACHINERY! COST THEM AN
ARM AND A LEG TO HAVE THE MACHINE FIXED!

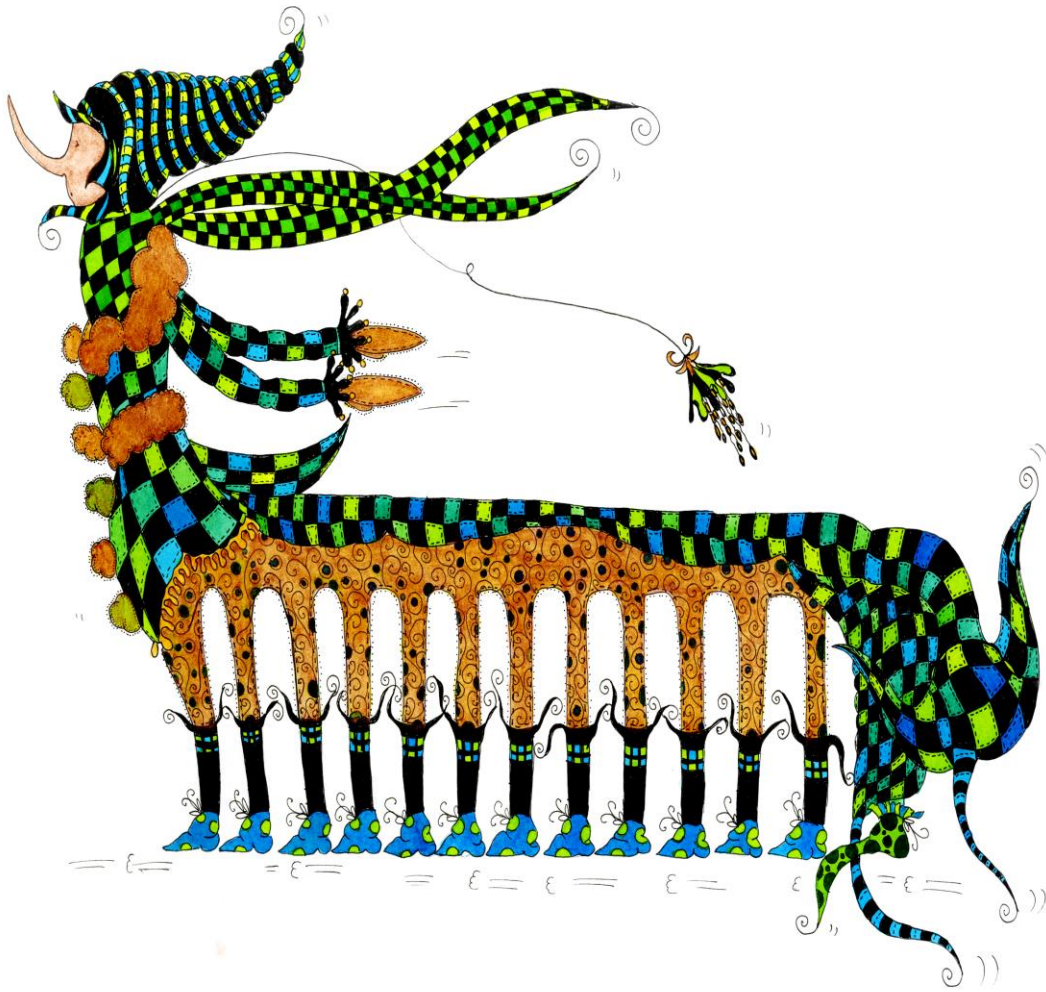
ONE THING I DO THANK THEM FOR ... IS ...
FINDING OUT *JUST* HOW LONG I CAN HOLD
MY BREATH FOR. IT SURPRISED *ME*! I'VE
GOT NO IDEA WHEN I SHALL USE THAT TALENT
AGAIN THOUGH. YOU NEVER KNOW THOUGH.

IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT MY PARTNER WOULD
BE THROWN AWAY. AND ... LIKE DIGITS AND ALL
SINGLE GLOVES ... THERE ISN'T MUCH USE FOR A
SPARE *SOCK*! AND THAT WAS THE FINAL *RINSE*!
SO TO SPEAK. AND I CAME HERE. FORTUNATELY,
MY PARTNER WAS ALREADY HERE TOO!

I'M DIGITS' AIDE DE CAMP.

Hilary sits. The next character continues.

MILLICENT



MILLICENT

HELLO, I'M MILLICENT
AND I'M A **COMB**.

MY GUARDIAN HAD THE MOST LUSTROUS
LOCKS. I WOULD WORK MY WONDERS
MORNING AND NIGHT. AND SOMETIMES,
IF THEY WERE GOING SOMEWHERE SPECIAL,
MY EXPERTISE WOULD BE CALLED ON AGAIN.

I WAS LOST A COUPLE OF TIMES. DOWN THE
BACK OF THE SETTEE MAINLY. BUT THERE
WAS A TIME WHEN MY GUARDIAN GOT THEIR
LEFT AND THEIR RIGHT HAND MUDDLED UP.
AND I SPENT AN EVENING IN THE FREEZER.
WHAT GOT ME THROUGH THE NIGHT ... WAS
THE THOUGHT THAT MY GUARDIAN, HAD A
BAG OF FROZEN **PEAS** ON THEIR DRESSING TABLE.
OH I DID CHUCKLE!

UNFORTUNATLY, MY GUARDIAN HAD A NEAR
DEATH EXPERIENCE, WHEN, CARRYING A
HUGE ARMFUL OF BAGS AND BOXES OF THEIR
WEEKEND SHOP. THEY DIDN'T NOTICE THE
OUT OF ORDER SIGN ON THE LIFT.

FORTUNATELY, THEIR SHOPPING BROKE THEIR
FALL CONSIDERABLY. OTHERWISE, IT COULD
HAVE BEEN REALLY NASTY.

YES ... REALLY NASTY! I COULD'VE BEEN IN
THEIR HANDBAG ... INSTEAD OF ON THE
BATHROOM TOP!

I WON'T GO INTO THE GORY DETAILS ABOUT
MY GUARDIAN ... BUT NEEDLESS TO SAY
... ALL THEIR HAIR FELL OUT! MY WORKING
DAYS WERE OVER. SO I CAME HERE.

I'M HEXAD FOUR.

Millicent sits. The next character continues.

MARC



MARC

HELLO, I'M MARC
AND I'M A SCARECROW.

I WORKED IN THE BEST FIELD IN THE COUNTY.
I GUARDED ALL THE CORN IN A SEVEN ACRE
FIELD. IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT TO BEHOLD.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SUNRISES AND SUNSETS
YOU'VE EVER SEEN. THEN OF COURSE, THERE
WAS THE RAIN AND THE SLEET. AND THE SNOW
AND THE FROST. AND THAT IS THE NATURE OF A
SCARECROW'S JOB. OUT IN ALL WEATHERS.
AND I UNDERSTOOD THAT. WHEN I TOOK THE JOB
ON, I TRIED TO DO IT TO THE BEST OF MY ABILITY.

UNFORTUNATELY, THAT WAS SHORT LIVED.
APPARENTLY, I'M NOT SCARY ENOUGH!
FOR THE *CROWS* THAT IS. THEY CAME FROM
MILES AROUND ... AND FEASTED EVERY DAY
FOR WEEKS. IN THE END, THE FIELD WAS
TOTALLY BEREFT OF CORN. WELL, APART
FROM THOSE LITTLE *BEARDS* THEY HAVE.
THE CORN ... NOT THE CROWS, OBVIOUSLY.

THE BRAZEN CROWS, WOULD SIT ON MY
ARMS AND PLAY *CATCH* WITH *THOSE*.
THEY WERE ACTUALLY NICE FELLOWS.
JUST A GREEDY BUNCH!

MY GUARDIAN, FOR SOME REASON, TOOK
UMBRAGE AT THIS ... AND BUILT A BONFIRE.
AND ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF BEING SO HIGH
UP, YOU CAN SEE FOR MILES.

AND WHEN MY GUARDIAN AND SEVERAL OF
HIS DRINKING PALS CAME STOMPING UP THE
FIELD BY THE BOTTOM GATE WITH A PETROL
CHAIN SAW ... I READ BETWEEN THE LINES
... AND LEGGED IT HERE!

I'M MILLICENT'S AIDE DE CAMP.

Marc sits. The next character continues.

MICHAEL



MICHAEL

HELLO, I'M MICHAEL
AND I'M A PUPPET.

I WORKED AT THE SEASIDE. IN A *PUNCH AND JUDY* SHOW. I TOOK QUITE A BIG PART. I PLAYED A SHOPKEEPER, WHO SOLD SAUSAGES. WELL ... INITALLY, I SOLD PORK PIES TOO. BUT THE SAUSAGES PROVED FAVOURITE. AND SOMETIMES, YOU WON'T BELIEVE ... WE HAD AS MANY AS TWENTY IN THE AUDIENCE! MMM ... I KNOW *BIG TIME!*

I HAD A CATCH PHRASE ... "*WHO STOLE MY SIZZLING SAUSAGES?*" EVERYONE WOULD QUOTE IT ON THE SEA FRONT. I BECAME A SORT OF MINOR CELEBRITY. MMM ... BIG TIME.

THERE WAS ONE TIME, A RATHER FAMOUS TELEVISION COMEDIAN WAS IN THE AUDIENCE. AND HE WAS *ROARING* WITH LAUGHTER. APPARENTLY, THE CURTAIN HAD FALLEN DOWN SURROUNDING THE STALL AND A SEAGULL MADE OFF WITH MR. PUNCH'S ROLLING PIN. HE THOUGHT THAT WAS *HILARIOUS*.

THEN WE HAD OUR QUIET DAYS. AND THE NOT SO QUIET DAYS. THE DONKEYS MUST HAVE HAD A BRAIN STORM ONE DAY. THEY TRAMPLED THE STALL AND DRAGGED IT INTO THE *SEA*. IT'S A SHAME THE T.V. COMEDIAN WASN'T THERE! HE WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT *HYSTERICAL*. I KNOW I DID!

ANYWAY ... THE SCRIPTWRITERS DECIDED THAT THE AUDIENCE HAD HAD ENOUGH OF SAUSAGES! AND A CROCODILE TOOK MY PLACE.

THE CROCODILE'S CATCH PHRASE IS "*LET'S MAKE IT HAPPY AND SNAPPY*". IT'LL NEVER CATCH ON! THAT'S WHEN I CAME HERE.

I'M HEXAD FIVE.

Michael sits. The next character continues.

VICTORIA



VICTORIA

HELLO, I'M VICTORIA
AND I'M A SET OF SPECTACLES.

MY GUARDIAN HAD THREE SETS OF SPECTACLES.
ONE SET FOR READING ... ONE SET FOR NORMAL
WEAR ... AND ONE SET ... *ME* ... FOR SPECIAL
OCCASIONS. I WENT TO THE SWANKIEST
RESTAURANTS AND THEATRES. I EVEN WENT TO
A GARDEN PARTY AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE ONCE!

MY GUARDIAN WAS GUEST OF HONOUR AT THE
MAYOR'S BALL AND HAD TO MAKE A SPEECH.
STANDING IN FRONT OF ALL THOSE PEOPLE.
EVEN *I* WAS NERVOUS. THEY JUST TOOK IT IN
THEIR STRIDE. I SUPPOSE THE GIN MIGHT
HAVE HELPED.

EVER SUCH A GLAMOUROUS LIFE. I WAS
THE *SPECTACLE OF SPECTACLES* IF YOU
LIKE. IN FACT, HAVING PROVED SUCH
A SUCCESS, MY GUARDIAN STARTED TO
BUY CLOTHES ... THAT WENT WITH ME!
AND NOT ... THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

THEY MADE A COUPLE OF FAUX PAS IF YOU
ASK ME. OF COURSE THEY NEVER DID. ASK ME
... THAT IS. IF THEY HAD ASKED ME ... I WOULD
HAVE SAID *NO* TO THE JOHDPURS! WELL ...
NOT IN LUREX! AND DEFINITELY NOT ...
WITH A PONCHO!

THEN ... MY GUARDIAN BECAME AGORAPHOBIC ...
AND STOPPED *GOING OUT*. I IMMEDIATELY
CAME HERE.

I'M MICHAEL'S AIDE DE CAMP.

Victoria sits. The next character continues.

The lighting becomes darker ... these are Marion's *thoughts*. Marion is a **Christmas Tree Fairy**. She still has a *spot*, but with a **blue** gel. She sings DON'T MATTER ([listen here](#)).

MARION



MARION - (DON'T MATTER)

DON'T MATTER WHETHER THE SUN IS HOT
OR IT'S A CRISP AND FROSTY DAY
DON'T MATTER WHETHER CANDLES FLICKER
OR THE TREES BLOSSOM IN MAY

DON'T MATTER WHETHER CHILDREN SMILE
DON'T MATTER IF IT SNOWS
DON'T MATTER IF THE HOME IS COSY
WHEN IT RAINS AND BLOWS

DON'T MATTER WHETHER SYMPHONIES PLAY
OR A POEM HAS NICE WORDS
DON'T MATTER WHETHER CHRISTMAS COMES
OR THE AIR'S FILLED WITH SONGS OF BIRDS

DON'T MATTER WHETHER SOMEONE'S KIND
DON'T MATTER IF IT'S FALL
DON'T MATTER WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS
THERE'S NO GOLD THERE AT ALL

DON'T MATTER WHETHER SOMEONE LAUGHS
OR THERE'S A PERFECT MACKEREL SKY
DON'T MATTER HOW THE CLOUDS ARE FORMED
WHAT'S MORE, DON'T MATTER WHY.

DON'T MATTER IF THE MOON IS CRESCENT
HALF OR FULL OR BLUE
DON'T MATTER IF THERE'S LOVE OR BEAUTY
ALL I WANTED WAS YOU

ALL I WANTED WAS YOU.

The lighting returns to *normal*. Marion has a *crack* in her voice and speaks very little!

MARION.

HELLO, I'M MARION AND
I'M A CHRISTMAS TREE FAIRY.
I WAS BEQUEATHED TO MY GUARDIAN,
BY THEIR GRANDMOTHER.
MY GUARDIAN PREFERRED A STAR.
I'M HEXAD SIX.

SNOWFLAKE

Marion sits. She is *welling up*. And after a few moments ...

KATIE

BUT WHERE IS MARION'S AIDE DE CAMP?

Marion utters a *stifled whimper*. Cremilda has noticed Marion's distress, but rather than draw attention to it ...

CREMILDA

AH ... THAT'S WHY I HAD YOU TRANSPORTED HERE.

KATIE

TO BE AN AIDE DE CAMP?

CREMILDA

WELL ... NO. TO HELP US SAVE THE
AIDE DE CAMP WE ALREADY HAVE!
TO COMPLETE THE *QUORUM*.

ROCKY

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

And like any large family, they all know the anecdote very well and recount it ...
finishing each other's sentences.

ANTHONY

WELL ... AS YOU PROBABLY KNOW
SNOWFLAKES ARE HEXAGONAL.

KATIE

YES ... OF COURSE.

BRENDA

WELL ... IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN
IF THEY SUDDENLY BECAME *PENTAGONAL*.

SNOWFLAKE

ROCKY

WE'VE SEEN A *HUGE* ONE OF THOSE.

CREMILDA

THAT WAS MY *CLUE*.

JOAN

YOU SEE ... IT ALL COMES DOWN TO *WATER*.

KATIE

PARDON?

RICHARD

WATER MOLECULES TRANSPORT
OXYGEN AND NUTRIENTS.

DIGITS

AND WHEN THEY FREEZE
THEY BECOME HEXAGONAL ...
SNOWFLAKES!

ROCKY

I SEE ... I THINK.

HILARY

NOW, SHOULD THE WATER,
WHICH IS WHERE THE SNOWFLAKES
ORIGINATE, BECOME POLLUTED ...

CREMILDA

THERE IS EVERY LIKELIHOOD
THAT THE SNOWFLAKES PRODUCED
COULD BECOME PENTAGONAL.
AND THAT WOULD BE DISASTROUS!

MILLICENT

YOU SEE, THE WHOLE OF HEXAGONIA
RELIES ON HEXAGONS.

MARC

HEXAGONIA ITSELF IS HEXAGONAL
AND IT'S BUILT ON HEXAGONS.

CREMILDA

YOU PROBABLY NOTICED THE OGRE'S
PAVEMENT ON YOUR WAY HERE.

KATIE

OH YES ... I THOUGHT HOW LIKE
THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY IN IRELAND
IT WAS.

MICHAEL

WELL ... THE WHOLE OF HEXAGONIA
AND ITS FOUNDATIONS ARE BUILT LIKE THAT.

VICTORIA

AND OF COURSE, OUR BUSINESS
RELIES ON HEXAGONS.

ROCKY

YOUR BUSINESS?

CREMILDA

HONEY! POSSIBLY THE BEST HONEY
YOU WILL *EVER* HAVE TASTED. EVEN
THOUGH I DO SAY SO MYSELF.

KATIE

BUT HOW DOES YOUR HONEY RELY
ON HEXAGONS?

MARION

Marion is holding back the tears.

THE BEES ...AND THEIR HONEYCOMBS.
THEY'RE ALL HEXAGONAL.

KATIE

OF COURSE, HONEYCOMBS *ARE* HEXAGONAL.

CREMILDA

INDEED THEY ARE. THE HEXAGON IS AN
EXTREMELY EFFICIENT SHAPE TO BUILD
WITH BECAUSE WHEN THEY COME
TOGETHER, THEY'RE EXTREMELY STRONG.

ANTHONY

BUT IF THE FRESH WATER THAT HEXAGONIA
RELIES ON, BECOMES POLLUTED, IT COULD
HAVE A CATASTROPHIC *KNOCK ON* EFFECT.

BRENDA

YES, IF HEXAGONIA'S FRESH WATER SUPPLY
IN LAKE HEXA AND THE GROTTO SPRING ...

CREMILDA

I POINTED THOSE OUT ON THE WAY HERE TOO.

KATIE

OH YES ... BEAUTIFUL.

JOAN

WELL, THEY ARE *NOW*! BUT IF
THE FRESH WATER BECOMES
POLLUTED THEY WON'T BE!

CREMILDA

AND THAT'S WHY WE NEED
A COMPLETE QUORUM. AND WHY
WE NEED *YOU*!

ROCKY

I STILL DON'T SEE *WHY* YOU NEED *US*.

RICHARD

THERE IS AN ISLAND OFF HEXAGONIA'S COAST.

CREMILDA

YES ... HEX ISLE. AND THAT'S
WHERE JOSEPH IS.

DIGITS

YES ... JOSEPH IS IN EXILE
ON HEX ISLE.

CREMILDA

THANK YOU DIGITS

KATIE

AND JOSEPH IS MARION'S AIDE DE CAMP?

Marion interjects ...

MARION

OH, HE'S MUCH MORE THAN THAT!

CREMILDA

YES, OF COURSE HE IS MARION!
A *QUORUM* IS THE MINIMUM NUMBER
OF MEMBERS NECESSARY, TO DEBATE
ANY ISSUE IN OFFICIAL MEETINGS.
JOSEPH IS ESSENTIAL!

HILARY

HIS GUARDIAN WAS A NOBEL PRIZE-WINNING
BOTANIST ... AND WE RELY VERY HEAVILY
ON JOSEPH FOR ANYTHING SCIENTIFIC.

ROCKY

BUT WHY IS HE IN EXILE ... ON HEX ISLE?

CREMILDA

OH ... DON'T *YOU* START!

Cut to. Ext.

Hex Isle.

Hex Isle is much smaller than Hexagonia ... only about a third of the size. There are no trees ... only sand, rocks and boulders. Joseph stands by a very long telescope on a tripod. A marker board is next to it on an easel. He is sitting on a cool box. There is a small dinghy moored on the beach. A *well* is close at hand. Joseph is an **umbrella**. The song is choreographed. He sings THE BROLLY SONG ([listen here](#)).

JOSEPH - (THE BROLLY SONG)

NOBODY'S GOT A GOOD WORD FOR A BROLLY
OUR REPUTATION IS, ONE OF MISERY OR GLOOM
WE'RE USED AS A PRECAUTION FOR PRECIPITATION FOLLY
AND DEEMED NOT QUITE AS USEFUL AS A BROOM.

NEVER PUT YOUR UM-BA-RELLA UP INDOORS IT'S BAD LUCK
NEVER PUT YOUR BROLLY UP INSIDE
IF YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR GAMP
BECAUSE THE WEATHER'S MORE THAN DAMP
BE SURE YOU ONLY PUT THE BROLLY UP OUTSIDE.

JOSEPH



JOSEPH - (THE BROLLY SONG Cont,)`

WE ONLY SEE THE LIGHT OF DAY WHEN DARK CLOUDS LOOM
FOR THUNDER AND LIGHTNING'S WHAT WE'RE KNOWN
WE'RE SEEN AS AN OMEN, AS A PROPHET OF DOOM
A BEAUTIFUL SUMMER'S DAY WE'RE NEVER SHOWN.

NEVER PUT YOUR UM-BA-RELLA UP INDOORS IT'S BAD LUCK
NEVER PUT YOUR BROLLY UP INSIDE
IF YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR GAMP
BECAUSE THE WEATHER'S MORE THAN DAMP
BE SURE YOU ONLY PUT THE BROLLY UP OUTSIDE.

THEN WE'RE LEFT IN THE LIBRARY
THEN WE'RE LEFT ON THE BUS
THEN WE'RE LEFT IN THE RESTAURANT
THEY NEVER THINK OF US
THEN WE'RE LEFT IN THE CHURCH
AND THEN WE'RE LEFT ON THE TRAIN
THEY ONLY THINK OF US AGAIN
WHEN IT BEGINS TO RAIN.

NEVER PUT YOUR UM-BA-RELLA UP INDOORS IT'S BAD LUCK
NEVER PUT YOUR BROLLY UP INSIDE
IF YOU HAVE TO USE YOUR GAMP
BECAUSE THE WEATHER'S MORE THAN DAMP
BE SURE YOU ONLY PUT THE BROLLY UP OUTSIDE.

A thunderbolt misses Joseph by inches. He dives into the well ... a SPLOSH is heard.

Cut to. Int.

The Hexad Yew Dome - The Conference Table.

MILLICENT

JOSEPH IS KEEPING AN EYE ON **MR. STEEP**.

ROCKY

JOSEPH IS A *PEEPING TOM*?

CREMILDA

NO! HE SAILS OVER TO HEX ISLE
DAILY, TO MONITOR THE BEE HIVES.
WE HAVE HUNDREDS OF HIVES ON
HEXAGONIA. AND JOSEPH CATALOGUE'S
THE ACTIVITY AROUND EACH ONE.

MARC

WHETHER THEY NEED HARVESTING OR CLEANING ...

MICHAEL

OR IN DANGER OR BEING THREATENED.

KATIE

WELL, WHO IS **MR. STEEP**?

CREMILDA

YOU KNOW ON OUR WAY OVER HERE
WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED, I TOLD YOU
THAT HEXAGONIA IS AN ISLAND SANCTUARY
FOR *LOST OR DISGARDED SOULS*?

KATIE

YES.

CREMILDA

WELL ... A COUPLE OF WEEKS
AGO, DOZENS AND DOZENS OF
*LOST **TEMPERS*** ARRIVED.

MARC

AND THEY'VE TAKEN THE FORM OF
THE BRUISE CLOUD.

MICHAEL

BUT WE CALL THE BRUISE CLOUD **MR. STEEP**.

VICTORIA

MR. STEEP IS AN ANAGRAM
OF **TEMPERS** YOU SEE.

CREMILDA

AND HE'S BEEN LOOMING
AND AGGRESSIVE EVER SINCE.

MARION

Marion has a lump in her throat throughout.

JOSEPH WENT OUT TO HEX ISLE AS PER
HIS USUAL MONITORING CAPACITY
AND **MR. STEEP** WON'T LET HIM BACK.
HE STARTS CHUCKING THUNDERBOLTS
AND LIGHTNING AT HIM.

ANTHONY

HE WON'T LET ANYONE ELSE OUT TO
HEX ISLE EITHER, TO HELP JOSEPH
BACK TO HEXAGONIA. HE CHUCKS
THUNDERBOLTS AND LIGHTNING
AT ANYONE WHO TRIES.

Marion is still holding in emotion.

MARION

WE'VE TRIED.

BRENDA

AND JOSEPH'S BEEN STUCK ON HEX ISLE
FOR WELL OVER A WEEK NOW AND HIS
PROVISIONS MUST BE RUNNING OUT.

MARION

HE MUST BE *STARVING!*

JOAN

CREMILDA ALWAYS PACKS HIM
DELICIOUS THINGS TO EAT AND DRINK.

Now Marion is crying.

MARION

ALWAYS LOVELY THINGS.

RICHARD

LIKE SHE DOES FOR *ALL OF US*.

DIGITS

TEA, COFFEE, SANDWICHES, SCONES,
CAKES, DESSERTS, CHOCOLATES ...

CREMILDA

I THINK KATIE AND ROCKY
GET THE IDEA DIGITS. BUT ...
AS BRENDA SAID, HIS PROVISIONS
MUST BE RUNNING OUT BY NOW.

DIGITS

WELL ... JOSEPH WAS ALSO MONITORING **MR. STEEP**.

Marion's *volcano* has been *bubbling* for ages. She totally understands the necessity to discuss the plight of Hexagonia, but her priority is Joseph! She can contain herself no longer. She YELLS ...

MARION

YES ... MONITORING THAT MURDEROUS
MR. STEEP! HE'S PROBABLY GOING TO
BLOW MY JOSEPH TO SMITHEREENS!
OR ... AT THE VERY LEAST ...
STARVE HIM TO DEATH!

Hilary tries to adopt a calming tone to placate Marion ... like one would a child.

HILARY

HE SAID HE WOULD BE ABLE TO GET A
CLEARER PICTURE OF **MR. STEEP'S**
MOVEMENTS FROM A DISTANCE, LIKE
HE DOES WITH THE BEE HIVES.

Marion has now *lost it*...

MARION

CLEARER PICTURE?
I THINK WE'VE ALL GOT A VERY CLEAR
PICTURE OF **MR. STEEP** THANK YOU!

Millicent adopts the same calming tone.

MILLICENT

AND ASIDE FROM JOSEPH BEING
THIRSTY AND HUNGRY BY NOW ...

MARION

HE'S STARVING TO DEATH!

Marc tries to adopt the same calming quality. He is NOT a negotiator!

MARC

WE DON'T KNOW THE CONCLUSIONS
HE'S ARRIVED AT, OR HOW TO COMBAT
MR. STEEP.

Marion is now flailing her arms with emotional passion ...

MARION

CONCLUSIONS? NO!
AND WE NEVER *WILL* KNOW HIS
CONCLUSIONS EITHER! UNLESS
SOMEBODY HERE ... HAPPENS TO
BE PSYCHIC! HE FORGOT HIS PHONE!

Marion slumps her head onto her arms on the conference table. After a pause ...

ROCKY

MR. STEEP SOUNDS A RIGHT OLD STINKER.

CREMILDA

OH ... HE IS! JUST TAKE A LOOK.

Apart from Marion, they all look up through the glass dome ... and there is **MR. STEEP**. The Bruise Cloud is not like an ordinary cloud. It doesn't have soft and fluffy edges, it has *sharp points* all over it. It is the same shape and colouration, as a **GIGANTIC** rotting conker ... still in its shell. It is translucent (like a jellyfish) and its insides glow **red** in a *pulsating* manner.

KATIE

YOU'RE RIGHT ROCKY, HE DOES LOOK A
RIGHT OLD STINKER. WE NEED TO GET
TO JOSEPH AND BRING HIM HOME A.S.A.P.

Marion howls into the table.

ROCKY

AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

KATIE

EXACTLY! DON'T WORRY MARION, WE'LL GET
JOSEPH BACK SAFE AND SOUND! GISHOO ...
WOULD YOU MIND ACCOMPANYING ROCKY
AND I ON OUR MISSION PLEASE?

Gishoo *wags* like an excited dog. He jumps from Cremilda's shoulder and onto Katie's. They both jump onto Rocky's back and head for the door. There is a general feeling of relief in the room ... like when reinforcements arrive in a *war zone*. Marion is still sobbing.

ROCKY

WILL WE NEED ANYTHING?

KATIE

WE NEED JOSEPH! HEXAGONIA NEEDS A *QUORUM*!

The three exit through the door.

Cut to. Ext.

High over head shot – towards the beach – an ocean vista.

Maggrolight has been lying on the Glass Yew Dome all of this time. The velux window is closed. We see the following action from his view point. It looks like it's snowing.

He watches as Katie, Rocky and Gishoo head towards the beach in an *under-cover* manner. They are constantly wary and vigilant, for any attack by **MR. STEEP**.

There is a long jetty, which protrudes out into the sea. They all stop at the beginning of the jetty. Katie whispers something to Gishoo. Gishoo darts off into the sky like a *comet*.

MAGGROLIGHT

MAGGROLIGHT AGAIN! IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S SNOWING DOESN'T IT! WELL IT ISN'T! THAT'S POPCORN BLOSSOM. AND IT'S WAY TOO EARLY TO SHED. THIS GLOBAL WARMING MALARKY HAS GOT A LOT TO ANSWER FOR. THE TREES DON'T KNOW WHETHER THEY'RE COMING OR GOING.

YOU KNOW, I'M SURE TREES HAVE SWITCHES. WHEN TO BLOSSOM ... A SWITCH GOES ON. AND WHEN TO PRODUCE FRUIT A SWITCH GOES ON. AND WHEN TO DROP THEIR LEAVES ALTOGETHER, ANOTHER SWITCH GOES ON. OF COURSE, THE *WEATHER* IS WHAT TELLS THEM TO SWITCH ON OR OFF!

MAGGROLIGHT (Cont.)

I EXPECT JOSEPH AND OTHER PROMINENT SCIENTISTS WOULD BE ABLE TO EXPLAIN IT BETTER. (*Thinks*) UNLESS OF COURSE, THEY'RE EVERGREENS, LIKE YEW... I DON'T THINK EVERGREENS *HAVE* SWITCHES.

I ALSO THINK, SOMETHING NEEDS TO BE DONE! AND ... IT LOOKS LIKE KATIE'S GOT HER ... *THINKING CAP* ON.

Cut to. Ext.

The Jetty.

Katie and Rocky Sing THE KEY IS THE QUAY ([listen here](#)). It is choreographed as a *Soft Shoe*

Shuffle. As Rocky dances, Katie performs her steps on Rocky's back, with the aplomb of a *Circus Performer*.

KATIE - (THE KEY IS THE QUAY)

THINK OF FEAR
AS A VERY LONG PIER
THE BRINY IS LAPPING BELOW

ROCKY

OK ... I'LL THINK OF FEAR
AS A VERY LONG PIER
AND THE BRINY IS LAPPING BELOW

KATIE

WE KNOW WE CAN SWIM
WHETHER BIG BONED OR SLIM

ROCKY

I KNOW WE CAN SWIM
I AM BIG BONED YOU'RE SLIM

SNOWFLAKE

KATIE

IT'S ONLY THE DEPTH

ROCKY

IT'S ONLY THE DEPTH?

KATIE

IT'S ONLY THE DEPTH WE DON'T KNOW

KATIE (Cont.)

BUT ... THE KEY IS THE QUAY

ROCKY

THE KEY IS THE QUAY?

KATIE

YES, THE K – E – Y ... IS THE Q – U – A – Y

ROCKY

I SEE ... THE KEY IS THE QUAY!

KATIE

YES ... THE KEY IS THE QUAY

KATIE (Cont.)

BETWEEN YOU AND ME THE KEY'S THE QUAY

KATIE (Cont.)

WE KNOW THERE ARE SHARKS
LOTS OF CREATURES WITH TEETH

ROCKY

STINGING THINGS, GIANT THINGS
LURKING BENEATH

KATIE

WE KNOW THERE ARE PERILS
UNSEEN IN THE SEA
BUT TRUST ME ON THIS ONE
THE KEY IS THE QUAY

KATIE/ROCKY

THE KEY IS THE QUAY
THE KEY IS THE QUAY
YES THE K – E – Y ... IS THE Q – U – A – Y
THE KEY IS THE QUAY
THE KEY IS THE QUAY
BETWEEN YOU AND ME THE KEY'S THE QUAY

KATIE

GO AHEAD JUMP ... GO AHEAD JUMP
THE FEAR WILL MAKE YOUR MOUTH DRY

ROCKY

OK. I'LL GO AHEAD 'N' JUMP ...
YES I'LL GO AHEAD 'N' JUMP

Katie now sits on Rocky's back, urging him to run.

KATIE

AND DON'T BOTHER SWIMMING

ROCKY

DON'T BOTHER SWIMMING?

Rocky is now at a full gallop on the jetty.

KATIE

YES ... DON'T ... BOTHER ... SWIMMING ... JUST ...

Rocky leaps off the jetty.

GISHOO - (I GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES)

I'VE GOT NO BILLS TO PAY
NEVER A RED LETTER DAY
I CRUISE THROUGH LIFE JUST PLAYING
GENERALLY MAKING HAY
I'VE GOT NO WORRIES AT ALL
NEITHER LARGE ONES, NOR SMALL
NO NOT ME SIR
MY LIFE'S JUST A BALL

I GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES

CLOUDS

WE GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES

GISHOO

THERE'S NEVER A NEED FOR SHIRTS AND SHOES

CLOUDS

THERE'S NEVER A NEED FOR SHIRTS AND SHOES

GISHOO

I JUST BOB ALONG

CLOUDS

JUST BOB

GISHOO

OCCASIONALLY BURSTING OUT IN SONG

CLOUDS

IN SONG

GISHOO

I GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES

CLOUDS

WE GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES

GISHOO

I HAVE A TRULY CHARMED LIFE
NO STINKING HEADACHES OR STRIFE
THE ONLY DOWNSIDE MAYBE IS
I DON'T HAVE A WIFE
PLAY HIDE AND SEEK IN THE FOG
SOME DAYS I SLEEP LIKE A LOG
YES THAT'S ME SIR
I COULD BE A *DOG!*

Dance Break for a *whole chorus* ... and then ...

GISHOO

I GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES

CLOUDS

WE GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES

GISHOO

THERE'S NEVER A NEED FOR SHIRTS AND SHOES

CLOUDS

THERE'S NEVER A NEED FOR SHIRTS AND SHOES

GISHOO

I JUST BOB ALONG

CLOUDS

JUST BOB

GISHOO

OCCASIONALLY BURSTING OUT IN SONG

CLOUDS

IN SONG

GISHOO

I GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES

CLOUDS

WE GOT THE I GOT NO BODY BLUES

The flak has stopped altogether. And having succeeded in their task, Gishoo and his friends, head back to The Hexad Yew Dome.

Cut to. Int.

The Hexad Yew Dome.

The conference table is absolutely laden with food and drinks. All of the Hexad and Aides de Camp (including Joseph, who is eating ravenously ... Marion is handing him food and showering him with kisses) are sitting in their appropriate chairs. Cremilda is sitting in her armchair ... Katie, in the armchair next to her and Rocky is standing to the side of Katie. It resembles a *surreal Last Supper* picture. There is laughter and chatter. A knocking and tapping is heard on the glass dome. Cremilda notices. She presses a button on her intercom gadget and the velux window in the dome opens inwards. Gishoo enters, closely followed by his nineteen friends. They run amock! Kissing and greeting everyone, like *very young puppies*. Mayhem!

CREMILDA

SIT DOOOOOOOOOOOOWN!

All twenty clouds dart over to Cremilda and SIT! They absolutely cover her. And in a *muffled voice* (two or three are on her face and head) ...

CREMILDA (Cont.)

SOMEWHERE ELSE!

The clouds repeat their SIT ... on Rocky. Now HE is absolutely covered.

CREMILDA (Cont.)

NOW SPREAD OUT NICELY PLEASE.

The clouds dart to laps, or shoulders ... of ALL (apart from Cremilda) the characters present. Gishoo sits next to a trifle on the conference table.

CREMILDA (Cont.)

GISHOO ... OFF THE TABLE!

Gishoo darts and rests on Cremilda's shoulder. Cremilda retrieves a miniature gavel from her hair. She flicks it ... and it becomes life size. She raps it on her side table.

CREMILDA (Cont.)

ORDER ... ORDER!

The room quietens. She flicks the gavel and it miniaturises. She pops it back into her hair.

CREMILDA (Cont.)

FIRSTLY ... MAY I JUST THANK GISHOO
AND HIS FRIENDS, FOR HELPING KATIE
AND ROCKY, IN MAKING JOSEPH'S RESCUE
SUCCESSFUL. BUT SECONDLY, WE MUST GET
TO BUSINESS, REGARDING ANY CONCLUSIONS
JOSEPH MAY HAVE REACHED ABOUT
MR. STEEP.

IN YOUR OWN TIME JOSEPH.

Joseph has a mouthful of cream cake (which he splutters on). The cream is on his fingers, his face and down his front. And to save him finding a napkin ...

CREMILDA (Cont.)

GISHOO!

Gishoo flies over to Joseph and *flannels him down* with his body. Joseph is startled and wide eyed (like jumping into cold water), but eventually ...

JOSEPH

WELL ... I'M AFRAID
MY WORST FEARS WERE
AFFIRMED! **MR. STEEP** IS
WEEPING INTO OUR WATER SUPPLY.

KATIE

HE'S CRYING?

JOSEPH

WELL ... SEEPING, BUT IT
LOOKS LIKE WEEPING.

ROCKY

YES ... I SUPPOSE WE ALL
FEEL LIKE CRYING WHEN
WE LOSE *OUR* **TEMPERS**.

JOSEPH

HE'S FLOATING DIRECTLY ABOVE
LAKE HEXA. AND DRIPPING HIS
POLLUTANTS INTO OUR WATER SUPPLY.

CREMILDA

DRIPPING? ... HOW DISGUSTING!

JOSEPH

THAT'S NOT THE WORST OF IT.

ANTHONY

WHAT'S THE WORST OF IT?

JOSEPH

GLAD YOU ASKED ANTHONY.
IN MY TIME ON HEX ISLE
NOT ONLY DID I OBSERVE
THE BEES AND **MR. STEEP** ...
I OBESERVED HEXAGONIA IN
GENERAL. SPECIFICALLY ...
WHAT IS HAPPENING TO THE FLORA.

BRENDA

WHO'S FLORA?

CREMILDA

THE TREES BRENDA ... THE TREES.

BRENDA

OH.

JOAN

AND WHAT *IS* HAPPENING TO THEM?

JOSEPH

IT SEEMS THAT OUR WATER SUPPLY
ON HEXAGONIA *IS* GRADUALLY BEING
POLLUTED ... INCIDENTALLY THE
FRESH WATER SUPPLY ON HEX ISLE,
ACCORDING TO MY TESTS, IS PERFECTLY
FINE ... BUT, THE SEASONS OF *HEXAGONIA*
HAVE SPED UP JOAN.

RICHARD

OH, THAT'S WHY I'VE BEEN GETTING DIZZY?

JOSEPH

MAYBE RICHARD ... BUT MORE LIKELY
ALL THE *SPINNING* YOU DO. BUT THE
TREES JUST DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE.

DIGITS

WHAT DO YOU MEAN EXACTLY?

JOSEPH

IT'S CALLED *GLOBAL WARMING* AND IT
THROWS ALL THE SEASONS OUT DIGITS.

HILARY

WHICH MEANS ... THAT BLOSSOMS THAT OUR BEES
RELY ON, ARE AROUND FOR A SHORTER PERIOD?

Joseph nods.

MILLICENT

WHICH MEANS ... LESS TIME FOR
THEM TO MAKE THEIR HONEY?

Joseph nods.

CREMILDA

AND ULTIMATELY OUR BUSINESS ...
UP THE WHATSIT!

JOSEPH

EXACTLY!

MARC

IS THERE ANYTHING WE CAN DO ABOUT IT?

JOSEPH

WELL MARC ... SOMEHOW **MR. STEEP'S**

POLLUTION NEEDS TO BE STOPPED!

MICHAEL

HOW DO WE DO THAT?

JOSEPH

WELL MICHAEL ... THAT'S
WHAT I'VE BEEN TRYING
TO FATHOM OUT.

VICTORIA

BUT YOU HAVEN'T REACHED ANY CONCLUSIONS?

JOSEPH

I'M STILL PONDERING VICTORIA.

MARION

I SUPPOSE WE COULD DO WITH
A LITTLE BIT OF MAGIC REALLY.

Marion flutters her eyelashes at Joseph.

JOSEPH

I PREFER TO RELY ON *SCIENCE* MARION.

Marion frowns at him.

JOSEPH (Cont.)

DEAREST.

Marion smiles.

KATIE

I'VE HAD AN IDEA!

CREMILDA

EUREKA!
AND WHAT MIGHT THAT BE YOUNG LADY?

KATIE

A WELL DRESSING!

There is a communal gasp, like a mass *epiphany* just occurred. Then ... furrowed brows and *sounds of a questioning nature*.

JOSEPH

A WELL DRESSING?

ROCKY

THERE'S AN ECHO IN HERE.

KATIE

YES ... MY GRANDMA LIVES
IN DERBYSHIRE. AND THEY DRESS
ALL THE WELLS AT A CERTAIN TIME OF
YEAR, TO GIVE THANKS FOR FRESH WATER.

MARION

YES ... THAT SOUNDS MAGICAL ENOUGH TO ME!

Joseph raises his eyebrows.

JOSEPH

IT WOULD!

Marion frowns at him.

JOSEPH (Cont.)

DEAREST.

KATIE

WE SHOULD ALSO DRESS THE GROTTO WITH YEW!

SNOWFLAKE

MARION

WITH ME?

KATIE

NO YEW ... Y ... E ... W
NOT YOU ... Y ... O ... U.

CREMILDA

YOU MEAN, LIKE THE TREE WE'RE IN AT THE MOMENT?

KATIE

YES! MY GRANDMA LIVES
IN *YEW TREE COTTAGE*.
AND SHE ALWAYS DECORATES
WITH IT AT **CHRISTMAS** ... BECAUSE
SHE SAYS ... "IT SIGNIFIES ... NEW LIFE
AND THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF RENEWAL".

CREMILDA

WELL ... THIS TREE HAS
ALWAYS MADE A GOOD HOME.
ALWAYS FULL OF LIFE.

KATIE

WE SHOULD DECORATE AROUND
THE GROTTO AND LAKE HEXA
WITH THE MOST **BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS**
AND SPRIGS OF YEW!

JOSEPH

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS AND
SPRIGS OF YEW? WELL ...
THAT SOUNDS A LITTLE
TOO *MAGICAL* FOR MY LIKING.

Rocky stomps his hooves furiously. He jumps to Katie's defence ...

ROCKY

TOO MAGICAL?
WE ARE SITTING IN A DOME IN A YEW TREE,
ON AN ISLAND CALLED HEXAGONIA,
DISCUSSING GLOBAL WARMING!
CAUSED BY A BRUISE CLOUD CALLED
MR. STEEP WITH A LADY WHO HAS A PET CLOUD.

AT THE SAME MEETING, THE OPINIONS
ARE ALL BEING TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT OF
AN UMBRELLA, A TEDDY BEAR ... A PUPPET
A **CHRISTMAS** TREE FAIRY, A YOYO ... A KEY
A COMB, A SOCK ... A SET OF SPECTACLES
A SCARECROW ... A GLOVE AND A SNOW-WOMAN!

AND ALL OF THIS IS BEING POINTED OUT, BY A
ROCKING HORSE! NOW ... IF MAGIC WAS GOING
TO BE SUCCESSFUL *ANYWHERE* ... I WOULD IMAGINE
IT WOULD BE *HERE*!

After a few moments silence ... Rocky receives a HUGE round of applause. Cremilda retrieves the miniature gavel from her hair and flicks it. It grows to life size and she bangs it on her side table.

CREMILDA

ORDER ... ORDER!
WOULD ALL WHO AGREE WITH KATIE'S
PROPOSAL, ALL SAY AYE PLEASE!

All (with the exception of Joseph) raise their hands aloft and in unison SHOUT ...

ALL

AYE!

Marion glares at Joseph and he raises his hand *slowly* and ...

JOSEPH

AYE!

CREMILDA

MOTION CARRIED.

She bangs the gavel on the table and flicks it. It shrinks and she pops it into her hair.

CREMILDA (Cont.)

NOW COULD WE PLEASE SET ABOUT
THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE WELL-
DRESSING PRETTY SHARPISH.
WE HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO LOSE!

She presses a button on her intercom machine and the back wall behind the conference table opens up in a concertina manner. A HUGE and beautiful *Hot House* is revealed. It is full of the most beautiful flowers.

CREMILDA (Cont.)

GISHOO ... WOULD YOU AND ALL YOUR FRIENDS
ORGANISE ANOTHER DIVERSION TO DISTRACT
MR. STEEP PLEASE ... WE DON'T WANT ANY
INTERRUPTIONS FROM THE NASTY TEMPERED
STINKER, WHILST WE'RE DRESSING LAKE HEXA
AND THE GROTTA.

Gishoo and his friends zip off through the open velux window. The rest of the characters head off towards the Hot House.

Cut to. Int.

Inside the Hot House.

The characters are seen entering the Hot House. The flowers and sprigs of yew (collected from the door jambs) *float* and *follow* the character who did the *picking*, including (to their astonishment and relief ... they need MANY flowers) Katie and Rocky. The *whole* is choreographed ... including the flowers!

They sing FLOWERS ([listen here](#)).

KATIE (FLOWERS)

JUST THINK OF OURSELVES AS FLOWERS
EACH OF US, A DIFFERENT HUE
A DIFFERENT SCENT
A DIFFERENT NAME
BUT ALL OF US FLOWERS
ALL THE SAME
JUST THINK OF OURSELVES AS FLOWERS
THE ANALOGY'S PERFECTLY RIGHT
SOME ARE PICKED TO SHOW
SOME ARE LEFT TO GROW
BUT ALL OF US NEED SUNLIGHT

ROCKY (FLOWERS)

THE *LILY OF THE VALLEY*
AND THE *SNOWDROP* ARE PURE
THE **HYDRANGEA** AND **RHODODENDRON**
ARE OSTENTATIOUS
NASTURTIUMS AND **VIOLETS**
GOOD ENOUGH TO EAT
LUPINS AND **DELPHINIUMS**
AS TOXINS JUST CAN'T BE BEAT

Cut to. Ext.

Skip forward in time to dressing Lake Hexa and the Grotto. All the characters are involved. The flowers *float* into position, rather than placed. And choreographed!

JOSEPH (FLOWERS)

SOME FLOWERS ASPIRE TO BE DOCTORS
POPPY AND **FOXGLOVE**
SOME FLOWERS ASPIRE TO BE CHEFS
THYME AND **FENNEL**
SOME FLOWERS ASPIRE TO BE MUSICAL
DAFFODIL, **BLUEBELL**
THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS
WISTERIA AND **HONEYSUCKLE**

SNOWFLAKE

MARION (FLOWERS)

THE **IRIS** AND THE **SUNFLOWER** ARE TALL
THE **PERIWINKLE** AND **FORGET-ME-NOT** ARE SMALL
THE **CHRYSANTHEMUM** IS BIG AND SO IS THE **DAHLIA**
CLOVER AND **CROCUS**, SHORT IS WHAT THEY ARE

CREMILDA (FLOWERS)

JASMINE AND **FREESIA**
YOU CAN'T BEAT FOR AROMA
ORCHID AND **ROSE**'S BEAUTY
CAN'T BE DENIED
THERE'S NO UGLY FLOWER
ANYWHERE IN THE GARDEN
THE ONLY TRAGIC FLOWER
IS ONE THAT'S **DIED**

Each verse has a different tune. It is becoming increasingly darker. This goes unnoticed by all, they are preoccupied. Now all verses are sung together by the whole cast. Then as a final verse, the whole cast sing ...

ALL (FLOWERS)

JUST THINK OF OURSELVES AS FLOWERS
EACH OF US A DIFFERENT HUE
A DIFFERENT SCENT
A DIFFERENT NAME
BUT ALL OF US FLOWERS
ALL THE SAME
JUST THINK OF OURSELVES AS FLOWERS
THE ANALOGY'S PERFECTLY RIGHT
SOME ARE PICKED TO SHOW
SOME ARE LEFT TO GROW
BUT ALL OF US NEED SUNLIGHT

SOME ARE PICKED TO SHOW
SOME ARE LEFT TO GROW
BUT ALL OF US
ALL OF US
ALL OF US
NEED SUNLIGHT

SNOWFLAKE

Gishoo pops onto Cremilda's shoulder.

CREMILDA

I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE CAUSING
A DIVERSION FOR **MR. STEEP**
WITH YOUR FRIENDS.

She then notices how dark it has become. The only light provided, is by the **moon** ... which is HUGE! We see the **moon** reflected in Lake Hexa. The reflection covers practically the whole surface of the Lake. It seems as if there are *two moons*. The Grotto sits on the banks of Lake Hexa. Six fountains, along the shore line are spraying into the Grotto. A small rivulet of water runs from the Grotto, back into Lake Hexa... circulating.

CREMILDA

OH ... IT'S NIGHT.

The camera pans upwards and we see **MR. STEEP** much darker than before. There is only a faint **red** glow emitting from him. He is floating to one side and above Lake Hexa, but still *directly* above it.

CREMILDA

AH ... OF COURSE IT'S NIGHT.
MR. STEEP'S ASLEEP.
NOW FOLKS CAN VENTURE OUT.

Cut to. Ext.

Vignette 1.

Several different castes/characters are standing on The Ogre's Pavement. The characters are in conversation, but *whispering*. Several small clouds are darting around the bee hives playing *tag*. The characters are all holding strings, as if flying kites. The camera pans up the strings ... and at the end of each string, is a small cloud *bobbing*.

MAGGROLIGHT (Voice over)

THESE DAYS, HEXAGONIANS
ARE MAINLY NOCTURNAL.

Cut to. Ext.

Vignette 2.

Dozens more, different characters are witnessing a *ten pin bowling* match in a forest glade. Bee hives are evident. Several small clouds are again playing tag, in and out of the tree trunks. A *comb* bowls a small cloud at a pyramid (vertically balanced) of ten other small clouds. It is a **STRIKE!** The clouds disperse every which way. The gathered throng produce a *whispered* cheer.

MAGGROLIGHT (Voice over)

THEY SEEM TO FILL THEIR NIGHTS
QUITE SUCCESSFULLY.

Cut to. Ext.

Vignette 3.

Victoria (Spectacles) is sitting at the mouth of the grotto (the fountains in view) and overlooking the banks of Lake Hexa, both resplendent with flowers and yew. Couples are walking *hand in hand* or *elbows linked* of varying castes and gender on a romantic **moonlit** saunter around the lake. Beehives are evident. And well out of ear shot of anyone else ... Victoria sings **SOMEHOW** ([listen here](#)).

VICTORIA - (SOMEHOW)

SOMEHOW THE WORLD STOPS
WHILE YOU'RE AROUND
SOMEHOW, WHILE YOU'RE AROUND
I HEAR NO SOUND
SOMEHOW, MY LIFE HAS MEANING
MORE THAN BRASS OR WINDOW CLEANING
SOMEHOW, YOU'RE THE BEST THING I HAVE FOUND

SOMEWHERE, WE'LL FIND
A LITTLE NEST
SOMEWHERE, AWAY
FROM ALL THE REST
SOMEWHERE, WHERE ROSES GROW
AND LUPINS, DAFF'S ... OH I DON'T KNOW
BUT SOMEWHERE, NOT JUST FAIR OR GOOD, BUT BEST

IT'S LOVELY TO BE LOVED
THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE
AND DON'T LET OTHERS TELL YOU
THAT'S NOT SO
BEING LOVED BRINGS WARMTH AND COMFORT
BEING LOVED IS JUST SO ...
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH
IT'S THE BEST ROUTE TO TRUE HAPPINESS I KNOW

SOMEONE, ONCE TOLD ME
I WOULD FIND
SOMEONE, LIKE *YOU*,
I PAID NO MIND
SOMEONE LIKE *YOU*, I THOUGHT
OH NO NOT *ME*, I'M NOT *THEIR* SORT
FOR SOMEONE, LIKE *YOU*, TO LIKE *ME*, MUST BE BLIND

SOMEDAY, WE'LL LOOK BACK
WITH NO REGRET
SOMEDAY, WE'LL BE GLAD
THAT WE BOTH MET
SOMEDAY, WE'LL REMINISCE
ABOUT OUR LOVE, OUR VERY FIRST KISS
BUT SOMEHOW ...

I HAVEN'T MET YOU YET

VICTORIA - (SOMEHOW Cont.)

IT'S LOVELY TO BE LOVED
THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE FOR LOVE
AND DON'T LET OTHERS TELL YOU
THAT'S NOT SO
BEING LOVED BRINGS WARMTH AND COMFORT
BEING LOVED IS JUST SO ...
OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOH
IT'S THE BEST ROUTE TO TRUE HAPPINESS I KNOW.

MAGGROLIGHT (Voice over)

AND I SUPPOSE ... LONELINESS DOESN'T MIND
WHAT TIME OF DAY IT IS.

Cut to. Ext.

Vignette 4.

Several different characters (of differing castes) are performing a *Tai Chi* session on the jetty. We can see Hex Isle on the horizon. Bee hives are evident (on Hexagonia – not Hex Isle). The small clouds zip past the performers. The characters react like they are being attacked by hornets ... and dive/jump into the Sea.

MAGGROLIGHT (Voice over)

THERE IS *FUN* TO BE HAD THOUGH.

Cut to. Ext.

Vignette 5.

The small clouds circle the sleeping **MR. STEEP**, *blowing raspberries* and perhaps getting a little too close! Rather like puppies will taunt a MASSIVE dog. A collection of different characters, viewing from underneath, look upwards, aghast and in horror.
Bee hives are evident around the characters.

MAGGROLIGHT (Voice over)

OF COURSE ... IT WOULD BE MORE FUN
WITHOUT THE *FEAR!*

Cut to. Ext.

We return to the banks of Lake Hexa. Only Cremilda, Gishoo (on Cremilda's shoulder)

Rocky and Katie remain. **MR. STEEP** makes a slight rumble and crackle.

KATIE

DOES HE WAKE EASILY?

CREMILDA

NOT USUALLY. ESPECIALLY WHEN
HE'S HAD SUCH AN ENERGETIC DAY.

ROCKY

DO YOU THINK WE'VE DONE ENOUGH?

CREMILDA

YOU'VE TRIED YOUR BEST YOUNG MAN.
AND YOUNG LADY.

A PLOP is heard. Something *small* has fallen into Lake Hexa. Katie stoops to pick it up.

KATIE

IT'S A CONKER!

ROCKY

THAT WAS QUICK!
THE POPCORN TREES HAVE ONLY
JUST FINISHED BLOSSOMING!

CREMILDA

THAT'S THE EFFECT **MR. STEEP'S**
BEEN HAVING. THE SEASONS ARE
ALL RUSHING INTO ONE ANOTHER.

Katie stoops again towards the water.

KATIE

IT FELT LIKE SOMETHING
JELLIFIED UNDERNEATH THE
CONKER WHEN I PICKED IT UP.

She puts her hand into the water ... in the reflection of the **moon**. She picks up the edge of the reflection. It is like **silvery material**. She pulls it up to her own eye level. The material is obviously part of the **WHOLE** reflection of the **moon**. Rocky is astonished. Cremilda *doesn't turn a hair*.

KATIE

I'VE HAD ANOTHER IDEA!

Cut to. Ext.

Maggrolight is lying on his back (with his top set of arms behind his head) on The Hexad Yew Dome (still glass) so we may see the action occurring in The Hexad Committee room beneath him. Maggrolight is contemplating the **moon**, stars and **MR. STEEP**.

In the Hexad Committee Room, a Briefing (initiated and delivered by Katie) is taking place. Each of the Hexad (and their Aides de Camp) are positioned in their usual place at the conference table. Rocky is positioned as before, to one side. Cremilda walks behind the table and is smearing a **black line** under each eye of The Hexad and the Aides de Camp with her thumb.

Each of the Hexad and Aides de Camp, are sending texts to their hundreds of colleagues on Hexagonia. Katie is pacing up and down in front of the table, like a barrister *summing up!* We cannot hear the instructions she is giving ... but we understand the *gravity and importance!* The meeting continues for the whole of Maggrolight's speech.

MAGGROLIGHT

UGLY *SO AND SO* AREN'T YOU **MR. STEEP!**
UNDERSTANDABLE I SUPPOSE. WHEN
YOU'RE MADE UP OF HUNDREDS OF
LOST TEMPERS, YOU WERE BOUND TO
LOOK AN *EYE-SORE*.

THERE'S A PLACE FOR EVERYONE AND
EVERYTHING! BUT NOT, IF YOU MAKE
OTHERS DO YOUR BIDDING IN *FEAR!*
EVERYONE ELSE MUST HAVE THE FREEDOM
TO LIVE THEIR LIFE AS THEY WISH *TOO!*
AND NOT *UNDER A CLOUD*.

Maggrolight smiles at his own joke.

MAGGROLIGHT (Cont.)

WHATEVER DIFFERENCES A PERSON OR
THING MAY HAVE ... THEY ARE WORTHY
OF THE BEST POSSIBLE LIFE THEY COULD
POSSIBLY HAVE.

AND IF EVERYONE AND EVERYTHING,
WENT THROUGH LIFE, TRYING TO MAKE
THE BEST POSSIBLE LIFE ... FOR *EVERYONE*
ELSE ... BUT THAT'S *EVERYONE* ELSE AND
EVERYTHING ELSE, THEN THERE WOULD BE
NO MORE *FEAR*.

IF KINDNESS AND THOUGHTFULNES WERE
THE ORDER OF THE DAY ... AND NOBODY DID
ANYTHING TO *ANYBODY* OR *ANYTHING* ELSE ...
THAT THEY WOULDN'T WISH TO BE DONE TO
THEMSELVES, EVERYTHING WOULD BE *PLAIN*
SAILING!

Maggrolight smiles again at his own adage.

MAGGROLIGHT (Cont.)

WHEN ANYONE OR ANYTHING IS CAGED,
WHEN IT IS FRIGHTENED ON A REGULAR
BASIS, WHEN IT IS GIVEN THE OPPORTUNITY ...
IT *WILL* BITE BACK!

I'M AFRAID, **MR. STEEP** ...
THAT IS WHAT'S ABOUT TO HAPPEN.
THE PEOPLE AND THINGS YOU HAVE
KEPT *UNDER YOUR CLOUD* ...
ARE ABOUT TO *BITE BACK*.

Cut to. Int.

Inside the Hexad Dome Committee Room. Forward in time.

All the characters are standing. All (apart from Cremilda, Katie and Rocky) are in *Chameleon Camouflage* outfits (invented by Joseph). They are holding a mug of tea with their name written on it. Katie and Cremilda are now standing to one side by their armchairs, with their own mugs of tea. Cremilda raises her mug ...

CREMILDA

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA!
THROUGH ADVERSITY TO THE STARS!
OPERATION **MR. STEEP!**

The rest of the characters raise their mugs. Rocky rears up and whinnies and snorts!

They all YELL in unison ...

ALL

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA!
OPERATION **MR. STEEP!**

They all rush for the door, slapping each other on the back in encouragement. It is very much an ... *Into The Breach* moment!

Cut to. Ext.

Hexagonia Landscape.

OPERATION MR. STEEP is filmed in different locations on Hexagonia. Due to several *manoeuvres* being synchronised, the screen should be segmented, into hexagonal shapes, like a honeycomb. Each hexagonal segment should have facility for *independence*, but also, with the ability to *bleed* into *action*, occurring in other segments. ALL characters perform like specialist NINJA fighters. Not a word is spoken, only faux (night) bird calls. An emphasis on *courage* and *valour* should be portrayed. They are fighting for their HOME!

Cremilda, Katie, Rocky, Gishoo and the other nineteen small clouds, (initially) watch ALL of the action from the comparative safety of THE OGRE'S PAVEMENT. They stand (or float) on a column each. It looks like a *Salvador Dali Chess Game*. It becomes ever more like *said* chess game, as proceedings progress; Like *T.V. shots* of the supporters of an important Football Match, they become more *animated* themselves and change position. Maggrolight and the other bees view ALL from the heavens. We see their view on occasion.

The underscore for this section, (though utilising the tunes from previous songs in the movie), should pay homage to *The Dambusters Theme*. Sir Barnes Neville Wallis (*Bouncing Bomb* inventor) was born in *Ripley*, a small village in Derbyshire.

They initiate **OPERATION MR. STEEP**.

OPERATION MR.STEEP.

1. Joseph and the other UMBRELLAS/PARASOLS, climb all the Horse Chestnut trees on the banks (and surroundings) of Lake Hexa. They reach a mid-height branch, hook their toes over it, invert themselves and on Joseph's OWL CALL, they open their chutes in unison ... and wait!

- 2a. Joan and all the other SNOW-WOMEN/MEN, start to dive off the jetty into the sea. They swim out towards Hex Isle, to start forming an ICE ROAD!

- 2b. Richard and all the other YOYOS, stand at the foot of each Horse Chestnut tree. Marc and the other SCARECROWS attach themselves to each YOYO'S string, like a *safety belt* in a car. Richard makes the first OWL CALL. And on Marc's second OWL CALL, the YOYO strings shoot (like a toad's tongue) up towards each open umbrella. Reaching their destination, the SCARECROWS drop a sprig of YEW into each up-turned umbrella. They all land and start to run *stealthily* towards the jetty and the ICE ROAD.

- 3a. Marion and all the other CHRISTMAS TREE FAIRIES and Michael and all the other PUPPETS/MARIONETTES climb to the top of each Horse Chestnut tree ... and wait!

- 3b. Victoria and the SPECTACLES, Brenda and the KEYS, Millicent and the other COMBS and Anthony and the other OLD TEDDY BEARS, run *stealthily* to the banks of Lake Hexa and take a firm grip on the circumference of the

- REFLECTION OF THE MOON ... and wait!
- 4a. Marion and the other CHRISTMAS TREE FAIRIES and Michael and the other PUPPETS/MARIONETTES, shake the tops of the Horse Chestnut Trees. Hundreds of conkers fall into the up-turned UMBRELLAS/PARASOLS. The WHOOMP they make, is a cause for consternation all round. **MR.STEEP** just makes a *slight rumble* and resumes his slumber.
 - 4b. The CHRISTMAS TREE FAIRIES and the PUPPETS/MARIONETTES climb down the trees and run *stealthily* towards the jetty and the ICE ROAD.
 5. Joan and the other SNOW-WOMEN/MEN have been running along the newly forming ICE ROAD and diving off the end, to continue its construction. They are about three quarters of the way to Hex Isle, when Marc and the SCARECROWS and Richard and the YOYOS arrive at the jetty. Katie and Rocky are waiting there to *lead the army*. They wait for the final construction of the ICE ROAD.
 6. Digits and all the other GLOVES and Hilary and all the other SOCKS fly above the Horse Chestnut Trees. They retrieve an UMBRELLA/PARASOL each (full of conkers) and head towards **MR. STEEP**.
 7. The ICE ROAD is now complete. Katie and Rocky lead Richard and the YOYOS and Marc and the SCARECROWS at a *quiet gallop* towards Hex Isle. The SCARECROWS stand on the *axles* of the YOYOS and *wheelie* across!
 8. Digits and the other GLOVES and Hilary and the other SOCKS hover above the sleeping **MR. STEEP**. On DIGITS OWL CALL, each GLOVE and SOCK

- up-turns the UMBRELLAS/PARASOLS and the conkers plummet.
9. Victoria and the SPECTACLES, Brenda and the KEYS, Millicent and the COMBS and Anthony and the OLD TEDDY BEARS tighten their grip on the REFLECTION OF THE MOON. The conkers plough through **MR. STEEP**, *vapourising* him. The conkers land on the REFLECTION OF THE MOON with a WHOOMP!
10. Digits and the GLOVES and Hilary and the SOCKS swoop down and deliver Joseph and the UMBRELLAS/PARASOLS safely to the ground, who start immediately to run towards the jetty and the ICE ROAD. Digits and the GLOVES and Hilary and the SOCKS, fly and take up the weight of the REFLECTION OF THE MOON. They lift it high into the air. It wriggles like a **cat in a tin foil bag**, as they fly with it towards Hex Isle.
11. Victoria and the SPECTACLES, Brenda and the KEYS, Millicent and the COMBS and Anthony and the OLD TEDDY BEARS (having given the weight of the reflection of the **moon**, over to Digits and the GLOVES and Hilary and the SOCKS) start running towards the jetty and the ICE ROAD *wailing like banshees*.
12. Marion and the CHRISTMAS TREE FAIRIES, Michael and the PUPPETS/MARIONETTES are followed by Joseph and the UMBRELLAS/PARASOLS and *speed skate* across the ICE ROAD *yelping with excitement!*

13. As Victoria and the SPECTACLES, Brenda and the KEYS, Millicent and the COMBS and Anthony and the OLD TEDDY BEARS arrive at the ICE ROAD, they make their way across to Hex Isle like a *herd of wildebeest migrating*. Digits and the GLOVES and Hilary and the SOCKS (carrying the **cat in a tin foil bag**) are directly above. The two platoons make their way to Hex Isle in *tandem*.
14. Having reached Hex Isle, Katie and Rocky, The Hexad and their Aides (who aren't flying and carrying the **cat in a tin foil bag**) spread themselves out across as much of Hex Isle as is possible ... and wait!
15. Digits and the other GLOVES and Hilary and the other SOCKS hover above Hex Isle. On DIGITS ... YELL (barely audible due to the *hysteria* below) ...

DIGITS

CONKERS CONQUER!

- The couriers, all down the left side, leave go of the REFLECTION OF THE MOON so that it hangs vertically down towards Hex Isle. The conkers drop with an almighty WHOOMP!
- 16a. The Hexad and their Aides (on Hex Isle) start stamping the conkers into the Ground ... like a mass *War Dance*.
- 16b. The couriers who dropped their side of the REFLECTION OF THE MOON, now take back hold of it. They start their flight back to Hexagonia and Lake Hexa (a much quicker process, the reflection of the **moon** is much lighter).

17. Having successfully *planted* the conkers, Katie and Rocky lead the Hexad and their Aides back across the ICE ROAD to Hexagonia. It is just as frantic, Joan and the SNOW-WOMEN/MEN are obviously becoming very tired, being *trampled on* by the vast majority of the population of Hexagonia!
18. Digits and the other GLOVES and Hilary and the other SOCKS arrive back at Lake Hexa. On Digits' WHISTLE, they drop the REFLECTION OF THE MOON back onto Lake Hexa. Everything becomes more **illuminated**.
19. The rest of the Hexad and their Aides start arriving back on Hexagonia. Joan and the other SNOW-WOMEN/MEN reverse their out-going process, climbing onto the ICE ROAD and running back to the jetty.
20. Everyone arrives back on Hexagonia. They fill the jetty, the beach, the Ogre's Pavement (Katie, Rocky, The Hexad and the Aides de Camp, join Cremilda, Gishoo & friends) and up to the banks of Lake Hexa ... and wait!

Nobody REALLY knows WHAT is going to happen ... if ANYTHING!

Then ... IT ... happens. Hex Isle starts to *sprout*! And very quickly, hundreds of Popcorn Trees (in blossom) grow to full height! A HUGE ROAR emits from ALL!

Arms are flailing, general euphoria resumes! And at the top of her voice ...

CREMILDA

CONKERS CONQUER!

ALL

CONKERS CONQUER!

The Popcorn Trees start to blossom on Hexagonia itself now. Cremilda takes a miniature conductor's baton out of her hair and flicks it and it becomes life size. She raises it aloft.

The euphoria and noise stop immediately. Each character on the island *stands to attention* and places their right hand on their heart, Cremilda conducts the *National Anthem*. The entire population sing HEXAGONIA ([listen here](#)).

ALL - (HEXAGONIA)

This is the same tune as Maggrolight's earlier version. But this is a more *military feel*.

WELCOME TO OUR ISLAND HEXAGONIA
A JEWEL IN THE OCEAN, WE CALL HOME
WE'RE ADEPT AT MAKING HONEY
DON'T USE CREDIT CARDS OR MONEY
WE'RE MORE THAN HAPPY MAKING HONEYCOMB

HEXAGONIA ... HEXAGONIA
OUR HIVES ARE WHAT KEEPS THIS ISLAND STABLE
WE HAVE THEM IN THE MOUNTAINS
ROUND LAKE HEXA AND ITS FOUNTAINS
AND WHAT KEEPS ON BRINGING DINNER TO THE TABLE

There is a solemn silence on the island. Cremilda flicks the baton and it miniaturises and she pops it back into her hair. She takes a miniature barrel out of her hair and flicks it. It grows to life size and drops to the floor. Cremilda kicks it and the barrel widens to *ten times* its size. The lid snaps back, with the ferocity of a *bear trap*. A HUGE artillery of fireworks emerge from inside (it looks like the mouth of an enormous *predatory fish*).

Cremilda ushers Katie, Rocky and Gishoo (and friends) to stand well back. All Hexagonians run for cover, they know Cremilda's fireworks displays only too well! Cremilda takes a box of matches from one of her many pockets. She opens the box, takes out a match ... and strikes it!

A HUGE *intake of breath* is heard around Hexagonia!

Cut to. Ext.

Maggrolight is lying on his back on the Glass Hexad Yew Dome, with his upper *hands* over his ears. We see the empty committee room beneath him. There is an ALMIGHTY BOOM and the night sky is emblazoned with *colour*. Flashing, banging, whistling etc. A rocket WHOOSHES very closely past Maggrolight's head. The fireworks continue throughout the next section. A *Rio Mardi Gras* atmosphere erupts. Shouting, singing (the last two verses of HEXAGONIA ... Samba tempo).

The shot is on Maggrolight, so we see the fireworks reflected in the Glass Dome. He SHOUTS ...

MAGGROLIGHT

CREMILDA CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO PARTY! STILL, I SUPPOSE THERE'S A LOT TO CELEBRATE. HEXAGONIA WAS CLOSE TO BEING RUINED. THEN KATIE AND ROCKY TURNED UP AND CHANGED ALL THAT. LIKE KATIE'S GRANDMA SAID, THE YEW *DID* ENCOURAGE REBIRTH. WE HAVE A NEW ISLAND. A NEW ANNEXE. A NEW ANNEX-ISLE!

He smiles at his own joke. And still SHOUTING above the fireworks and merry-making.

MAGGROLIGHT (Cont.)

THEY'LL BE ABLE TO PROVIDE US BEES WITH MORE HIVES ON ERM ... ANNEX-ISLE. YES - BEES-NESS WILL BE BUZZING. AND I SUPPOSE THERE'LL BE MORE ROOM FOR MORE *LOST OR DISGARDED SOULS*. TO BE OFFERED A LOVELY HOME. BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT HEXAGONIA AND NOW HEX ISLE ... IS! A LOVELY HOME. FOR EVERY *LOST OR DISGARDED SOUL*.

AND *EVERYONE* IS WELCOME.

Cremilda, Katie and Rocky enter the committee room underneath. The Hexad and the Aides de Camp (who have now removed their camouflage outfits and dressed in their original costumes, but still with black smears on their cheeks) filter in over the next section, to reside in their personal seat. They don't speak ... they are all shattered.

The fireworks and FUN have abated somewhat ... Maggrolight adjusts the volume!

MAGGROLIGHT (Cont.)

CREMILDA'S LIKE THAT. SHE DOESN'T HAVE FAVOURITES. SHE WELCOMES EVERYONE WITH OPEN ARMS. SHE EVEN WELCOMED ALL THE *LOST TEMPERS!* IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY BANDED TOGETHER, TO FORM *MR. STEEP* AND THEN TRY TO RUIN THE VERY STRUCTURE OF HEXAGONIA, THAT SHE THOUGHT SHE WOULD HAVE TO DO SOMETHING. AND THAT'S WHY SHE SENT FOR KATIE AND ROCKY.

FOR EVERYONE CONCERNED, I DO HOPE ... THAT WITH CREMILDA'S, STILL *OPEN INVITATION TO EVERYONE*, THAT MORE *LOST TEMPERS* DON'T REAR THEIR UGLY HEADS. MIND YOU ... AT LEAST WE KNOW *HOW TO CALM THEM DOWN* IF THEY DO!

Cut to. Int.

Inside The Hexad Yew Dome committee room.

Cremilda, Katie, Rocky, The Hexad and the Aides de Camp are residing in their appropriate seats. Gishoo is sitting in Cremilda's lap. A few moments silence and contentment ensue. The velux window is closed, so no Carnival noise is heard. We see the occasional flash of *colour*. They all sing HOME ([listen here](#)).

ROCKY (HOME)

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE IT IS
DOESN'T HAVE TO BE ALL FUN AND PARTIES
SO LONG AS YOU FEEL SAFE AND SOUND
HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

COULD BE A FIRE BURNING

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

COULD BE A TREE

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

COULD BE AN IGLOO
OR A BEE HIVE FOR A BEE

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

COULD BE UNDER THE OCEAN

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

COULD BE ON THE SEA ... BUT ...
SO LONG AS YOU FEEL SAFE IT'S WHERE
WE ALL DESERVE TO BE.

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

COULD BE A MOUNTAIN TOP

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

NEEDN'T HAVE A KEY

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

COULD BE A CARAVAN
OR A WIGWAM OR TEEPEE

ALL

HOME

ROCKY

COULD HAVE FOUR SOLID WALLS
IN A FIELD, MEADOW OR LEA ... BUT ...
SO LONG AS YOU FEEL SAFE IT'S WHERE
WE ALL DESERVE TO BE.

Victoria (Spectacles) and Michael (Puppet) surreptitiously hold hands under the conference table (she's found a beau) ... and they smile a *knowing* smile.

ROCKY (Cont.)

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHERE IT IS
DOESN'T HAVE TO BE ALL FUN AND PARTIES
SO LONG AS YOU FEEL SAFE AND SOUND
HOME IS WHERE THE HEART IS.

And into dialogue. Though a photograph has been evident on Cremilda's side table throughout, Katie has only just studied it.

KATIE

IS THAT YOUR HUSBAND?

CREMILDA

YES ... WAS!

ROCKY

DID YOU GET A DIVORCE?

Cremilda presses one of the buttons on the intercom, by mistake opening the velux window (**Maggrolight flies in**), so presses the correct one and the concertina wall behind the horseshoe table opens (privacy is necessary for this discussion). She gives Gishoo *the nod* and he *zips* to Joseph's shoulder. She picks up the photograph and gestures for Katie and Rocky to follow into the Hot House garden. They comply. Maggrolight is the **hidden camera** for the next section. The Hexad and the Aides de Camp are entertaining themselves, with a debriefing and mutual congratulations for **OPERATION MR. STEEP**.

Cut to. Int.

Hot House.

As they enter the Hot House -

CREMILDA

NO, WE DIDN'T GET A DIVORCE.

KATIE

WHY ISN'T HE HERE THEN?

CREMILDA

HE WAS IN THE AIR FORCE
AND DEPLOYED TO A FOREIGN
COUNTRY. I NEVER KNEW WHERE,
IT WAS TOP SECRET.

ROCKY

TOP SECRET?

CREMILDA

MMM ... I RECEIVED NOTICE
THAT HE'D BEEN *LOST*
IN ACTION.

KATIE

LOST?

CREMILDA

SO I BUSIED MYSELF.

ROCKY

A HOBBY?

CREMILDA

WELL, EVEN THOUGH HE'D
NOT BEEN ON LEAVE FOR
SOME TIME. I COULDN'T
BEAR TO STAY IN OUR HOME
ON MY OWN.

ROCKY

NO ... I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
I CAN'T BEAR IT WHEN KATIE
IS PLAYING OUTSIDE. AND I
JUST OVERLOOK HER THROUGH
THE BEDROOM WINDOW.

CREMILDA

SO I WENT ON A CRUISE.
A *VERY LONG* CRUISE.

ROCKY

AND CAME HERE?

CREMILDA

WELL ... NOT INITIALLY.
I ONLY SAW IT IN THE
DISTANCE. BUT IT LOOKED
SO BEAUTIFUL, I HAD TO
COME BACK MYSELF ...
UNDER MY OWN STEAM.

ROCKY

HOW?

Katie tries to interject.

KATIE

BUT ...

CREMILDA

WHEN WALTER *DID* COME HOME ON LEAVE,
WHICH WAS RARE, HE HAD A BOAT, WHICH
HE TOOK ME ON JAUNTS IN. AND ALTHOUGH
I'D BEEN IN THE BOAT MANY TIMES, HE NAMED
IT CREMMIE BY THE WAY, I'D NEVER ACTUALLY
SAILED HER MYSELF.

ROCKY

AND YOU SAILED CREMMIE HERE BY YOURSELF?

KATIE

BUT ...

CREMILDA

IT'S SURPRISING WHAT ONE
CAN ACHIEVE WHEN ONE PUTS
ONES MIND TO IT.

ROCKY

OH YES ... *ONE* IS CONSTANTLY
SURPRISED ISN'T *ONE*.

Cremilda smiles affectionately. And Katie finally gets to ask her question ...

KATIE

BUT ... LOST?

CREMILDA

OH YES ... I GOT LOST MANY TIMES.

KATIE

NO! NOT *YOU* ... MR. TREVOR!

CREMILDA

MR. TREVOR?

KATIE

YES ... YOU SAID THAT
MR. TREVOR HAD BEEN
LOST IN ACTION.

CREMILDA

OH YES ... SOMETIMES THEY SAY
THAT BECAUSE IT'S A KINDER
THING TO SAY, THAN WHAT
REALLY HAPPENED.

KATIE

BUT HE'S *NOT* LOST.

CREMILDA

NO KATIE, BUT THEY
PROBABLY DIDN'T WANT TO
TELL ME THAT HE'D ... PASSED AWAY.
AS I SAID, IN THAT SITUATION,
IT'S PROBABLY KINDER TO SAY
THAT SOMEONE IS *LOST*, RATHER
THAN ... YOU KNOW ...

ROCKY

DEAD!

CREMILDA

THANK YOU ROCKY.

KATIE

BUT HE'S NOT *LOST*!
AND HE'S NOT *DEAD*!

ROCKY

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

CREMILDA

YES, WHAT *DO* YOU MEAN?

Katie takes the photograph and points to it ...

KATIE

THAT IS MR. TREVOR

CREMILDA

WALTER! I KNOW IT IS!
I TOLD *YOU* THAT?

KATIE

YES, BUT, WELL ... WALTER,
I MEAN, MR. TREVOR, SELLS
MAGAZINES OUTSIDE THE
TUBE STATION ACROSS THE ROAD.
I SEE HIM EVERY DAY.

ROCKY

HE'S GOT A BEARD NOW,
BUT YOU CAN STILL TELL.

CREMILDA

SELLING MAGAZINES?

KATIE

FOR THE HOMELESS.

ROCKY

YES ... HE HAS A BAD LEG.
BUT HE SELLS THEM EVERY
DAY WITH POPCORN.

CREMILDA

HE SELLS HIS LEGS WITH POPCORN?

KATIE

NO, HE SELLS THE MAGAZINES
WITH POPCORN. POPCORN IS HIS DOG

ROCKY

I WONDER IF MR. TREVOR HAD P.T.S.D.
AND LOST HIS MEMORY?

CREMILDA

P.T.S.D?

KATIE

YES, HE MUST HAVE HAD *POST
TRAUMATIC STRESS DISORDER!*
OTHERWISE, HE WOULD HAVE COME HOME
AND MOVED HERE WITH YOU.

CREMILDA

YES, I SUPPOSE HE *WOULD* HAVE.

KATIE

I'LL TELL HIM ALL ABOUT WHAT
YOU'RE DOING WHEN I GET BACK.
I'M SURE HE'D LOVE IT HERE.

CREMILDA

GETTING *BACK!* OH YES ...
WE NEED TO GET YOU TWO *BACK!*

KATIE

BACK? BUT I HAVEN'T SAID
GOODBYE OR ANYTHING.

ROCKY

NEITHER HAVE I!

CREMILDA

OH ... DON'T WORRY ABOUT GOODBYES
I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SEEING US ALL
IN THE NOT TOO DISTANT FUTURE.
ABSOLUTELY SURE! BESIDES, THE
SOONER YOU GET BACK, THE
SOONER YOU CAN ADVISE MY WALTER.

KATIE

OF COURSE ... MR TREVOR!

ROCKY

BUT WE WERE HAVING SUCH FUN.

KATIE

YES, BUT WE NEED TO GET BACK
TO TELL MR. TREVOR ABOUT HEXAGONIA
AND CREMILDA. WELL, MRS. TREVOR.

ROCKY

BUT HASN'T HEXAGONIA
GOT ANY MORE PROBLEMS
THAT NEED SOLVING?

CREMILDA

I THINK YOU TWO HAVE DONE
MORE THAN ENOUGH ALREADY.

KATIE

AND WE NEED TO GET BACK
TO TELL MR. TREVOR THE NEWS.

ROCKY

OH YES, MR. TREVOR.

And with just a smidgeon of irony, Katie repeats,

SNOWFLAKE

KATIE

OH YES, MR. TREVOR.

A rainbow penetrates the glass roof of the Hot House (but only the end of the rainbow, the other end is outside the Hot House) and quivering on the end of it, is the pentagonal snowflake. The rainbow's beauty is enhanced by the dark sky above the Hot House and the refraction caused by the glass ceiling. The snowflake is directly above Katie and Rocky. **Maggrolight zips back through the velux window.**

Cut to. Int.

Hot House.

CREMILDA

PERFECT TIMING, YOUR CAB
HAS ARRIVED. NOW MOUNT
YOUR STEED YOUNG LADY.

Katie hands the photograph back to Cremilda. Katie straddle jumps onto Rocky's back. Cremilda kisses them both on the forehead.

CREMILDA (Cont.)

FROM THE BOTTOM OF HEXAGONIA
AND MY HEARTS ...

ROCKY

AND HEX ISLE'S!

The Hexad and the Aides de Camp have been alerted by the rainbow. They have congregated by the concertina doors into the Hot House. They all SHOUT ...

ALL

AND OURS!

CREMILDA

AND *ALL OF OUR HEARTS* - THANK YOU!

The next section is underscored by HOME (harpsichord). The Hexad and the Aides de Camp filter into the Hot House and head for Katie and Rocky. Joseph (Gishoo is still sitting on his shoulder) and Marion, *bring up the rear*. On his way through, Joseph picks a sprig of yew from the door jamb. They join Cremilda to form a circle around Katie and Rocky. On his arrival, Joseph places the sprig of yew in Katie's hair.

JOSEPH (Umbrella)

I CONCEDE YOUNG LADY -
AND GENTLEMAN! *AS A CONFIRMED
SCIENTIST ... MAGIC WORKS!*

And as she folds an arm around Joseph's waist ...

MARION (Christmas Tree Fairy)

I TOLD YOU SO!

DIGITS (Glove)

IT IS BETTER TO WORK *HAND IN HAND*.

VICTORIA (Spectacles)

OBVIOUSLY, NOT WEARING **ROSE** COLOURED GLASSES!
Victoria holds Michael's hand.

MICHAEL (Puppet)

DON'T LET ANYONE TRY TO *PULL YOUR STRINGS*.

Michael smiles lovingly at Victoria.

JOAN (Snow-woman)

AND DON'T GET OVER HEATED.

SNOWFLAKE

All laugh.

MARC (Scarecrow)

ALWAYS BE *KIND*!
EVEN IF *CERTAIN PEOPLE* DON'T LIKE IT!

MILLICENT (Comb)

BUT YOU CAN *COMB* THROUGH
THOSE *CERTAIN PEOPLE* VERY EASILY.

RICHARD (Yoyo)

TAKE LIFE GENTLY! AND
NEVER GET IN A *SPIN*!

HILARY (Sock)

ALWAYS PUT YOUR *BEST FOOT FORWARD*.

ANTHONY (Old Teddy Bear)

OF COURSE, IT'S LOVELY TO BE
JUST A *TEDDY BEAR*! BUT,
SOMETIMES YOU MUST BE A *GRIZZLY*!

BRENDA (Key)

AND THE *KEY TO EVERYTHING* IS
LOVE!

The pentagonal **snowflake** slaps onto Katie and Rocky covering them completely. The **rainbow** exits the way it came, carrying the pentagonal **snowflake**.

Cut to. Ext.

Atop the Hexad Yew Dome.

Maggrolight is observing the movements below in the chamber. The Hexad and the Aides de Camp make a slow procession from the Hot House concertina doors and make their exit through the other door. Gishoo sits on the conference table, eating the leftover trifle.

MAGGROLIGHT

WELL, I WASN'T EXPECTING THAT
EITHER. CREMILDA HAS A MR!
MR. TREVOR! SHE'S GOT RID OF ONE MR.
... **MR. STEEP** AND FOUND ANOTHER!
AND ONE, SHE *REALLY* LOVES.

I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT'S GOING
TO HAPPEN NOW! BUT I DO KNOW,
BY *HOOK OR BY CROOK*, MR. TREVOR
WILL END UP *HERE* IN HEXAGONIA.

I WONDER WHO WILL BE *TOP DOG*?
AND WHO WILL BE *AIDE DE CAMP*?
I SUPPOSE IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER
THOUGH. BECAUSE IT DOESN'T MATTER
WHERE THE IDEA *COMES FROM*,
SO LONG AS IT *COMES*!
THEN *EVERYONE* BENEFITS!

I HOPE MR. TREVOR LIKES *MAGIC*
THOUGH! BECAUSE, IT LOOKS LIKE
CREMILDA'S GOT HER *THINKING CAP* ON!

Cut to. Int.

Hot House.

The colour has faded from the Hot House. The rainbow refractions have obviously disappeared! The carnival fireworks have halted too. Only the **moonlight** adorns the **beautiful flowers** in there, like a **sepia** photograph: Like the **sepia** photograph Cremilda is still holding. Cremilda sings REUNITED ([listen here](#)).

CREMILDA - (REUNITED)

REUNITED ONCE MORE IN OUR LIFE
REUNITED ONCE MORE, MAN AND WIFE
NO MORE AMPUTATION PAIN
WE'RE REUNITED AGAIN
REUNITED ONCE MORE IN OUR LIFE

CREMILDA – (REUNITED Cont)

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WE WERE YOUNG
 NONE OF OUR FEELINGS WERE LEFT, UNSUNG
 THERE WAS A TIME, WHEN GOOSE PIMPLES
 ROSE AT YOUR NAME
 AND A TIME, FOR WHICH I OFTEN LONG

Cut to. Int.

Katie's Bedroom.

Throughout the next verse (Cremilda voice over), Katie is sitting on Rocky (now back on his rockers) in front of her bedroom window. The pentagonal snowflake is on the outside of the bedroom window. It is the *appropriate* colour and shrinking. The moon is still full and silhouetting Katie and Rocky. Katie notices Mr. Trevor and Popcorn, (under the *hexagonal* light) but is fascinated by the shrinking snowflake. It is snowing. The skeletal Horse Chestnut trees in the garden, are bowed with the weight of the snow they have collected.

CREMILDA - (REUNITED Cont. – Voice Over)

THERE WAS A TIME, WHEN WE WERE APART
 OUR SEPARATION, STUNG LIKE A DART
 THERE WAS A TIME, WHEN I THOUGHT
 I'D SEE YOU NO MORE
 AND LEFT ME WITH A TORN AND BROKEN HEART

The following continues with the REUNITED under-score. The pentagonal snowflake has reduced to crumpet size ... and a *sixth* side emerges. It detaches from the window and floats towards one of the Horse Chestnut trees. It lands on one of the branches. It is obviously *the straw that broke the camel's back* ... it causes the snow, already weighing down the branch, to slide off! The branch flirts upwards like a *coiled spring*.

This has a *knock on* effect on the rest of the trees in the garden ... and like a HUGE *Mexican Wave*, they all empty their weight of snow! And their branches shoot upwards in *relief* ... like *arms waving in an ocean*.

Cut to. Ext.

Road Outside Tube Station.

The next section is under-scored too, with an *unsung* verse of the song. A train is heard arriving at the underground. A stampede of commuters, scurry to the exit. Mr. Trevor is standing in his usual spot. Popcorn is sitting on his feet.

MR. TREVOR

BIG ISSUE – BIG ISSUE!

The people rush by in the flurry of snow. No more sales again! Katie observes all of this from her bedroom window. Katie is about to dismount Rocky to go outside to give Mr. Trevor the wonderful news, but, throughout the next verse, a **black and yellow Rolls Royce** (registration number BUZZ 1) halts directly in front of Mr. Trevor.

CREMILDA - (REUNITED Cont.- Voice Over)

NOW IS THE TIME FOR A SECOND CHANCE
LIFE'S GIVEN US BOTH A SECOND GLANCE
NOW IS THE TIME, FOR US
TO START LIFE ANEW
AND OUR LIVES, WITH OUR LOVE, WILL ENHANCE.

The back door of the **Rolls Royce** opens. Throughout the next verse, Mr. Trevor leans over (picking Popcorn up) to speak to whoever is inside. He wipes Popcorn's feet on his jacket and pops him into the car. He enters the car himself.

CREMILDA - (REUNITED Cont. - Voice Over)

NOW IS THE TIME FOR UTTER BLISS
I'VE WAITED SO MANY YEARS FOR THIS
NOW IS THE TIME ...
FOR OUR UTOPIA
AND A TIME FOR A LONG AWAITED KISS

Throughout this last chorus, the **Rolls Royce** drives away from us, towards the horizon.

It *takes off*, leaving a **rainbow** vapour trail from its exhaust. It is silhouetted against the full **moon**. Bagpipes should accompany this chorus.

CREMILDA AND MR. TREVOR- (REUNITED Cont. Voice – Over)

REUNITED ONCE MORE, IN OUR LIFE
REUNITED ONCE MORE, MAN AND WIFE
NO MORE AMPUTATION PAIN
WE'RE REUNITED AGAIN
REUNITED ONCE MORE IN OUR LIFE

Katie smiles as the last shards of **rainbow** disperse and she *whispers* ...

KATIE

BYE.

She turns her gaze to Rocky and he is back to his *same old* self! Katie knocks on his head and he is, of course ... *wooden*! With obvious disappointment in her eyes, she wraps her arms around his neck and kisses him. She knocks his head again. And then his back. And then his leg, just to be sure. And *yes* ... he's *wooden*!

Cut to. Int.

Katie's bedroom.

This section is under scored with a verse (single cello) of ... WHERE'S YOUR MUM?

Katie's Mum and Dad enter Katie's bedroom with urgency ... they have heard the *knocking*. We still don't see their faces. We see Katie asleep on Rocky. He is *rocking* (on his rockers) silhouetted against the full **moon**. Mum and Dad cross the bedroom, think better of waking Katie and just stop Rocky's rocking. Katie's Mum notices a piece of twig (yew) in Katie's hair. She removes it and puts it on the ledge of the bottom sash window (for **Christmas**). They both kiss Katie, very gently on the top of her head ... and quietly exit.

Still silhouetted against the full **moon**, Rocky starts to *rock*. After a few *blinks* and a very quiet *snort*, he takes hold of a blanket with his teeth, from on top of the ottoman under the sash window and flicks it over Katie. Katie stirs. Rocky turns his head *sharply* to face forwards. And when he is sure that there are no more *stirrings* ... and when he is secure in the knowledge that she is *firmly* asleep ... he cranes his neck and brushes *her* head with *his*. His rocking slows down and eventually ... stops! Then ...

ROCKY

NIGHT NIGHT KATIE

SNOWFLAKE

The Musical

By Paul Ritchie Tomkinson



THE END

For Mum and Dad ... X ... X

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