

Honey, Chocolate and Nerkles

By

Shannon Weston
100355614

"Fiona lands in a sticky situation but she's up for the
challenge."

S.Weston2@unimail.derby.ac.uk
07801477524

FADE IN

INT. FIONA'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Twelve-year-old FIONA LEWIS -wearing her school uniform, black trousers and a white polo-shirt, her honey-coloured blazer hanging on her chair- is sitting at the kitchen table eating toast with her seven-year-old brother, JAMIE, DAD and heavily pregnant MOM.

On the fridge door behind Fiona, there is a drawing of a rounded creature that has scales resembling skittles and a vaguely recognisable rhinoceros snout. Jamie's name is scribbled in the corner.

Fiona cuts her toast by using her elbow to pin one-half of it onto the plate. Each time she moves to spread the butter, the plate clatters on the table.

JAMIE

Why don't you do things normally?

MOM

Jamie!

JAMIE

No one else cuts toast with their elbow.

The plate flips over and smashes to the floor. Pieces of glass scatter across the floor.

Jamie rolls his eyes.

MOM

It's ok sweetheart, I've got it.

DAD

Are you ok? Do you need a lift to school, sweetie?

Fiona shakes her head.

CUT TO

EXT. KLANNIT SECONDARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Children between the ages of 11-16, wearing the same uniform, darting around the playground.

Fiona is in the school playground watching the other children play on the obstacle course.

A boy, JOSH CLARK(13), pauses and glances at Fiona. He stretches his arm out towards Fiona, palm up.

JOSH
Hey Fiona, wanna join in?

FIONA
I can't.

GEORGIA WOOD(13) playfully nudges Josh, knocking him off one of the stepping stones of the obstacle course. She giggles. Her blonde hair tied in a ponytail and her polo shirt slides up her belly. Georgia's eyes are fixed on Fiona.

GEORGIA
Aw! Don't worry, I'm sure Joshy just forgot Wimpy Limpy.

Georgia clenches both of her hands and pretends to weep tears.

JOSH
Shove off Georgia.

GEORGIA
Make me!

Georgia pushes an unsuspecting Fiona. She falls onto the grass.

MRS DERELL, the P.E teacher has seen the commotion.

JOSH
Why are you such a...

MRS DERELL
Josh, Georgia! Come with me now!

The bell rings. Josh and Georgia follow the teacher. All the other kids run towards the classroom, but Fiona lags behind, her right leg dragging behind her.

CUT TO

INT. MR HICKS' ENGLISH CLASSROOM - DAY

Fiona is sitting in class, filling in today's English questions (left hand) when Georgia and Josh are brought into the classroom by Mrs Derell.

Josh mumbles under his breath.

MRS DERELL
Sit down! Both of you.

Georgia kicks Fiona's chair as she sits behind her. Fiona's pen creates a wobbly line through the exercise book.

GEORGIA
(Whispering)
Get me in trouble again, I'll do
worse than push you over, Wimpy
Limpy

Fiona looks towards the door.

CUT TO

EXT. SWEET SHOP - LUNCH TIME

Fiona peers through the window of an old victorian style sweet shop.

There is mostly assorted sweets in old-fashioned jars. On the counter is a weighing scale; some sweets are bagged and set at £2.95.

The clock on the wall reads nine past twelve.

In the distance there is laughter, followed by "Wimpy Limpy"

Georgia is walking down the path, mimicking Fiona's limp. Mumbling and pretending to whimper.

CUT TO

INT. SWEET SHOP

Fiona limps into the shop, a bell rings as she enters. Fiona tries to pick up a packet of humbug sweets with her right hand. Her fingers move simultaneously and she is unable to hold the sweets longer than a second. She catches the packet in her left hand.

LOUISE (mid-20s), the shop owner, is wearing a "Keep Calm and Eat Sweets" apron.

LOUISE
You ok, love?

Fiona nods as the bell rings to announce that a COUPLE OF CUSTOMERS have walked into the shop.

Fiona continues to play with the packet of sweets, trying to get her right hand to grab it in different ways.

She rests her back on the storage cupboard door and it flings open. The packet flies behind her and Fiona falls backwards.

DISSOLVE TO

EXT. FIONA'S WORLD - DAY

Fiona continues to fall, not to the ground, but through a shuttle of memories. The fuss of her parents when she breaks the plate.

JAMIE(V.O)

Why don't you do things normally?

Georgia pushing her over, the P.E class signalling loser at her, Josh at the obstacle, giggling.

She plops on what appears to be a spider-web made out of icing weaved between the two hands of a bell tower clock. Although the top of the web is hidden by candy-floss clouds, it is clear that the hour hand is pointing at twelve. The time is seventeen past twelve.

The web acts as a ledge. Below the clock, there are trees with ice-cream as leaves and buildings made out of wafers.

As Fiona moves to have a look at the scene below, her hair, legs and arms get tangled into the web. The more she tries to free herself, the more tangled she becomes.

A NERKLE with a rhinoceros snout, furry scales made from skittles and lollipop wings swoops down and starts to chomp away at the icing. However, each chomp the creature does, it too becomes entangled in the spider's web.

FIONA

No! Wait!

The Nerkle is able to get Fiona's left arm out when a JAZZLE-SPIDER, with sprinkles for eyes and black liquorice laces for legs, swiftly climbs the web and weaves the Nerkle tightly into the net. Fiona begins tearing and pulling at the net. The Jazzle spider speaks with a slimy spit drooling down its mouth.

JAZZLE

My home! You're destroying my home!

FIONA

Let the poor thing go.

Jazzle hesitates, looking between the Nerkle, its web and Fiona. He waves his four front legs and sighs.

JAZZLE

Stop fretting and leave my home alone. I'll let the nerkle go if you can tell me a story. One I've not heard before. One better than mine.

FIONA

That's all?

JAZZLE

I'm a weaver by blood. Not just of webs, but of stories and words never before told. Never has someone created a more beautiful masterpiece than I.

The clock's minute hand wavers and shake but the hand continued to point at the seventeenth minute. Fiona's bottom bounces on the web like it's a trampoline; the nerkle makes a muffled noise and its wings try to slice through the web. Heavy breathing is exhaled from the Nerkle's efforts.

FIONA

Why did you build your web on a clock?

JAZZLE

Oh, it makes the awfulest sound when the two sticks join at the top. Not to mention the one every quarter.

Jazzle gives a dismissal wave, knocking the tears of spit off its chin. It splashes on the number six below.

JAZZLE

Do you know how difficult it is to think of a story when you have something chiming away every fifteen minutes!

FIONA

Ok. Why not build one further from the clock. Somewhere quiet and not so high?

Jazzle raises higher on his liquorice legs, shadowing over Fiona.

JAZZLE

Let me tell you a story.

Jazzle bounces on his liquorice legs, spit covers Fiona's face and she rubs it off with the sleeve from her blazer.

JAZZLE

Once there was a little jazzle-spider, named Dazzle, living in a web not much different to this one, with his hundreds of brothers and sisters. They lived happily, playing catch

JAZZLE
the fly, weaving the worlds best
web, swing and hiding.

Jazzle puts his first two legs together, eyes looking
towards the sky.

JAZZLE
One day, Dazzle's siblings were
all hiding, unaware that a
mountain of hot chocolate was
going to raise from the sea.
(beat)

His voice becomes hoarse and he speaks faster.

JAZZLE
It began to spread across the
city. The screams of his brothers
and sisters echoed and Dazzle
ran. Since that day he couldn't
make a web close to the ground so
he decided to find the highest
point in the world and make that
his home.

FIONA
Oh, I am so sorry.

Fiona reaches out a hand to comfort Jazzle but he pushes
it away, climbs up the spider web and rests in its centre.

JAZZLE
It's ... It's your turn to tell a
story.

FIONA
Ok. I'm a bit tangled here. Can
you release me a bit and may,
(Beat)
may I have some honey and milk,
please?

JAZZLE
Honey and milk? Honey and milk?
whatever for?

Jazzle loosens the web's grip on Fiona and tilts his head,
looking a lot like a coin when it falls on its side.

FIONA
To stop my throat from getting
dry.

JAZZLE
If you insist.

Another mouthful of spit tangles itself in Fiona's hair. She groans.

Jazzle clutches its web, climbs over the nerkle and disappears into the clouds. He dangles down, producing more spiderweb threads and comes back with a cup made out of a marshmallow filled with honey and milk, passing it to Fiona

FIONA

Thanks.

Fiona takes a sip of the honey and licks her lips. As Fiona talks, her left-hand moves.

FIONA

This is the story of Wimpy Limpy.

JAZZLE

Is Wimpy a spider?

FIONA

No.

Fiona has spilt some of her honey on her blazer. She begins to try and remove it by placing the cup on number 3 and rubbing the blazer between her fingers.

FIONA

Wimpy is a human. A girl. She went to school.

JAZZLE

What's school? And what do humans always do?

Jazzle sets on six of his hind legs, staring at Fiona. Fiona looks down and starts to wave her hand again.

FIONA

School is a place where people, humans learn things so they can understand the world and humans do everyday things like buying food.

Jazzle waves one of his legs before lying down.

JAZZLE

Why not just take the food? or catch it?

FIONA

Humans can't - not fully.

Jazzle places one of his legs on his forehead, shaking his head.

JAZZLE

That's dumb. Humans must really struggle to survive.

FIONA

Anyway,

(beat)

at school, Wimpy was bullied by this child troll with blonde hair and a sharp tongue.

Jazzle covers his eyes, crouching as small as possible. Fiona grabs hold of the cup.

FIONA

Worst of all, her sharp tongue prevented Wimpy from making friends. No one wanted to be friends with someone who couldn't do anything.

JAZZLE

What can't Wimpy do?

Jazzle begins climbing up the web trying to find somewhere to balance as the minute hand attempts to move again. The honey splatters as Fiona takes a sip.

FIONA

Many things, like climbing, jumping, catching a ball, running fast. All the stuff the other children could do.

JAZZLE

But she can do things, right?

Fiona rests the cup onto the number three and starts rubbing her fingers through her hair to get the honey and spit out.

FIONA

I guess, she's really good at telling stories. If she reads Shakespeare in class, the children would fall quiet and all eyes would be on her.

Jazzle kneels on its four hind legs, waving the four front ones around uncontrollably.

JAZZLE

Could she make up her own stories?

FIONA

She loves making up her own stories.

JAZZLE

Then why does she need to do what the other children do?

Jazzle lays on his two front legs, and closes four of his hind legs.

FIONA

Well ... err, she doesn't, but she thinks she does. All the children push her away, and all she wants is a friend.

JAZZLE

She has no friends? No one? they're all mean?

Jazzle yawns, watching as a chocolate fly is flying around them.

FIONA

There's a boy, he tries to involve her in games. But she doesn't know whether he really wants to be her friend, or if he just pities her.

JAZZLE

How is she going to know, though, if she doesn't try? He could be looking for a friend too.

Jazzle climbs up the web to eat a chocolate fly that had just flown into there. Fiona grabs hold of her cup and takes a sip.

FIONA

He could?

JAZZLE

Of course, So how does the story end?

FIONA

All I know is that Wimpy stops letting the troll from upsetting her. She starts to believe that not everyone is against her and tries to put more effort into friendships. She's just going to be her Wimpy self, but with strength she didn't know she had.

Jazzle yawns and crawls towards the Nerkle.

JAZZLE

I've never heard this story
before. I'm the master of stories
yet, never have I heard this one.

Jazzle begins picking at the thread to fully release both
the Nerkle and Fiona.

It flies free and begins hovering over Fiona and flying up
high up the web, squeaking each time before repeating.

FIONA

Do you want me to follow you?

The nerkle flies behind Fiona and attempts to push her up
the web

JAZZLE

Climb!

Fiona grabs on to the web and attempts to climb, but her
right arm and leg aren't strong enough to help her hold
her place.

JAZZLE

You have a mouth you know. Just
don't bite too hard.

Fiona tries again, this time using her mouth to hold her
spot as she reaches forward with her left hand and climbs,
using her right only to give a little extra support.

She reaches the candy-floss clouds where she is shown
happy memories: Mom and Dad reading her a bedtime story,
Playing hide and seek with Jamie, Josh helping her when
she drops her school books.

Some of the memories before have changed. The fuss turns
to love and comfort. Jamie's questions are inquisitive
rather than interrogative, Josh's hand is an invitation of
friendship.

CUT TO

INT. SWEET SHOP

Head covered with candy floss and uniform smeared in icing
sugar, Fiona emerges from the storage cupboard. The clock
on the wall reads: twenty past twelve. Louise is holding
her hands up in the air.

LOUISE

Oh my! Are you ok dear? I thought
it was locked? You shouldn't have
been able to get in there. I'm so
sorry love.

Fiona points to the "Keep calm and eat sweets" apron and laughs.

FIONA
It's ok, honestly. It was an
adventure.

Louise laughs.

LOUISE
As long as you're ok dear.

FIONA
Never better.

LOUISE
Let's get you all cleared up
love. Can't have you going back
into school like you've had a
flour path now can we?

CUT TO

EXT. SWEET SHOP

The shop door's bell rings as Fiona steps out of the shop. Most of the candy floss and icing has been rubbed off her uniform. A honey stain is visible on her blazer. Fiona places her hand in her left pocket. She pulls out a Jazzle and a few strands of black liquorice. She looks back at the shop, then back to the sweets before placing them gently back into her pocket.

CUT TO

INT. FIONA'S KITCHEN - EVENING

Fiona is sitting crookedly at the kitchen table, her blazer screwed up on the ledge and dinner stains on her shirt. Jamie is kneeling on the chair next to her. He covers his eyes with the back of the chair. One of his feet is lost in the tunnel of his black pyjama trousers. Fiona is telling Jamie the story of the brave Jazzle spider.

FIONA
And then one day, a flood of hot
chocolate came over the city like
a tsunami...

JAMIE
What's a tsunami?

Jamie peeps up from the back of the chair, looking at Fiona.

FIONA

It's a ginormous wave that can
drown a city.

He crouches back behind the chair, hands covering his
eyes.

FADE TO BLACK

The end