

Radioplay: Whoppers! The Icemen Are Coming!

CHARACTERS

COLONEL DIGBY.....a 704-year-old whopper-
THROCKMORTON.....teller
JETHRO BINSLEY.....a failed batsman
DAME HILDEGARDE WIBBLEY-.....a cricketing friend of
HOOT.....Throckmorton's

MANAGER OF A FREEZER CENTRE

Icefolk:

ROBIN PRENDERGHASTLY.....our iceman hero
FIONA SNOWDOTTIR.....his true love
SENATOR BLUESNITCH.....an iceman personage
NARVIK SHIVERUMBLITHERUM.....another iceman
OLAF SLEETBRAINS.....yet another iceman
HAARKON NOSEFLAKE.....a iceman from another
icetown
WENDY BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR.....Bluesnitch's secretary
FRANK FROSTLYLOLLYICE.....Leader of the Opposition

ICE-TOWNSPEOPLE

Scotsfolk:

DOUGALL LUMPHANAN.....a Scotsman

THROCKMORTON: You eat too many peas, that's your trouble. I saw you buying oodles of peas in the freezer centre the other day.

BINSLEY: I've never eaten a pea in my life!

THROCKMORTON: (TO DAME HILDEGARDE, MEANINGFULLY) Peeeeeeeeas.

BINSLEY: Don't you believe him, Missis.

THROCKMORTON: Go on, Mr Out-for-a-Duck...

BINSLEY: Binsley.

THROCKMORTON: ...tell Dame Hildegarrrrrde about the iceman.

BINSLEY: Wot iceman?

THROCKMORTON: The iceman who jumped out of the freezer covered in bags of frozen peas.

BINSLEY: (FURIOUS) More whoppers!

THROCKMORTON: (TO DAME HILDEGARDE) So as I was saying, this gentleman, I and the chap in charge of the freezer centre all chased the iceman up the High Street, down the High Street...

SCENE 2

Ext. High Street

FX/SPOT

PRENDERGHASTLY, THE ICEMAN, IS RUNNING.
SOUND OF HIS SPLASHY FOOTSTEPS, HIS PANTING

PRENDERGHASTLY: (A PECULIAR SCANDANIVIAN ACCENT) Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! The sun is so hot. I am melting! My toes are gone already! My foots are going splish-sploosh. They will not take me much further.

BINSLEY: (IN BACKGROUND, SHOUTS) He's dropping the peas! Follow the peas!

THROCKMORTON: THERE HE IS!!!!

SPOT THROCKMORTON, BINSLEY AND THE FREEZER CENTRE MANAGER RUNNING UP

PRENDERGHASTLY: Oh, dearie me! They are going to catch me and smash me to mush with their ice-picks!!!

THROCKMORTON: Got you! Dastardly frozen pea thief!!!

PRENDERGHASTLY: I did not mean any harm. I was hiding in the freezer. Anyway, you're the ones that have spoiled the world! You're the ones that made the glaciers melt!

BINSLEY: This man isn't a man. He's ice. Just ice with a little pink heart in the middle.

FX THE KNOCK OF KNUCKLES ON ICE

THROCKMORTON: So he is! Ice, right through! Better get him back to the freezer, chaps, he's melting.

MANAGER: I can't have no ice-men in my freezers, what would the health inspector say! He'd close me down!

THROCKMORTON: Tish! Seems you're in a bit of bother, Mr. Iceychappy. Nothing you can do but melt.

PRENDERGHASTLY: Shall I tell you my lifestory while I'm melting away?

THROCKMORTON: (MOUTH FULL OF FROZEN PEAS) Oh, doooo, yes. No whoppers, mind you...the whole truth and nothing but....

SCENE 3

Ext.

PRENDERGHASTLY BEGINS HIS TALE IN THE HIGH STREET SCENE, BUT IT QUICKLY CHANGES TO BEING A NARRATION, SO THAT HE IS ADDRESSING US DIRECTLY

PRENDERGHASTLY: My name is Robin Prenderghastly. I am made of ice, all of me except my little pink strawberry of a heart which is so full of love and my little purple plum of a brain which is so full of thunkments. We are all like this where I come from...

GRAMS

QUIETLY IN BACKGROUND: 'NORWEGIAN BRIDAL PROCESSION' FROM GRIEG'S PEER GYNT SUITE

PRENDERGHASTLY: ...Not quite at the North Pole but not so far from it, further North than the polar bears go... In an icy valley between blue glaciers, that is where our little town was. Our pretty icy town with its pretty icy houses and the fish finger shops and our snowball fountain...all gone, all melted away. The world has been getting warmer, you see, warmer and warmer because of all your motorcars and factory chimneys...and it has been the end of us. I remember the day we realized what was happening.

SHIVERUMBLITHERUM: Senator Bluesnitch!

PRENDERGHASTLY: Senator Bluesnitch!!!

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: Senator Bluesnitch!!!

FIONA: Tell us it's not true!!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (HUGE AND CORRUPT, WITH A COLD) Are you old enough to vote?

OLAF/PREND'LY/FIONA:He is! He is! He is!

SHIVERUMLTHERUM: I am. Naarvik Shiverumblitherum, sir.

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: And who did you vote for in the last elections?

SHIVERUMLTHERUM: Errrrmmmmmmmm...you, sir.

PRENDERGHASTLY: (WHISPERS, TO SHIVERUMLTHERUM) No you didn't!

SHIVERUMLTHERUM: (WHISPERS BACK) Yes I did. (ALOUD) We were wondering, Senator Bluesnitch...

FIONA: (WHISPERING) It is, it's blue...his snitch.

SHIVERUMLTHERUM: ...if these rumours are true?

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: You been talking to my wife?

SHIVERUMLTHERUM: Not those rumours, sir. The ones about us melting, about us breaking off the glacier and floating away and turning to water.

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (ON HIS WAY) Good morning.

(THEY CHASE AFTER, CALLING 'SENATOR BLUESNITCH!')

PRENDERGHASTLY: It's true, isn't it! True!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Good morning!

FIONA: Don't you dare cold shoulder us you old Bluesnitch!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (STOPPING IN HIS TRACKS) WHAT DID YOU CALL ME?!!!

FIONA: Robin Prenderghastly and I are going to be married...this is Robin Prenderghastly...we're going to build ourselves an igloo and scratch 'I Love You' on the icy windowpanes and have ourselves an icicle or two! We have a right to know if our town is melting!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (THE ANSWER OF AN EXPERIENCED POLITICIAN)
Miss, I assure you, you have the assurance of the man your friend here voted for and thereby helped make the greatest politician our town has ever known...I assure you, Miss, we are not melting. We shall all live long freezing lives, your icicles will grow up and win their diplomas and live even longer lives. It's nothing but a silly rumour put about by Frank Frostlylollyice and his irresponsible elements.

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: How come my Ma woke up in bed with a walrus last Snowsday?

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: That, my boy, is your mother's business, not mine!! (ON HIS WAY WITH A CRUEL CHUCKLE)

FIONA: (JUST ABOVE HER BREATH) Slippery customer, that one.

PRENDERGHASTLY: You voted for HIM, Shiverumblitherum?!

SHIVERUMBLITHERUM: Naw, I voted for my Uncle Frank!

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: She said it came through a crack in the wall but my father wouldn't believe her....

SCENE 4 Int. Cave

PRENDERGHASTLY: (NARRATING) Over the ice-fields where we had the most stupendous snowball fights with the ice-people from a nearby ice-town, was the ice-palace...a huge cave (WE HEAR HIS ECHO IN THE CAVE) full of the sound of your own voice and your own face reflected a zillion times in the shiny ice. When we wanted to be alone and exchange words of love, Fiona Snowdottir and myself would go there...

FIONA: (WHISPERS) I love you, Robin Prenderghastly. (THE ECHO WHISPERS BACK, ENDING WITH)...ghastly...ghastly...ghastly.

PRENDERGHASTLY: (IN NORMAL VOICE) I love Fiona Snowdottir. (IT ECHOES)

FIONA/PREND'LY: (SHOUT) I LOVE YOU!!!! (IT ECHOES HUGELY, THEY LAUGH AS THEY HEAR THEIR VOICES COMING BACK AT THEM AND THEN THE LAUGHTER ECHOES)

HAARKON NOSEFLAKE: (FROM MOUTH OF CAVE, CALLS) Help! Tis I, Haarkon Noseflake!

PRENDERGHASTLY: Who did he say it was?

HAARKON NOSEFLAKE: Help!

(PRENDERGHASTLY AND FIONA ARE ON THEIR WAY TOWARDS HIM)

SPOT ECHOING FOOTSTEPS

FIONA: It's Haarkon Noseflake, from the ice-town on the other side of the glacier. Perhaps Olaf Sleetbrains has had another attack of the sleetbrains and they want you for this afternoon's snowball fight.

FX AT THE MOUTH OF THE CAVE. AN ICY WIND

HAARKON NOSEFLAKE: At last I have found someone....

FIONA: Why so slushy-faced, Haarkon Noseflake?

HAARKON NOSEFLAKE: My ice-town has broken off from the glacier. It is floating away and melting.

PRENDERGHASTLY: It's true, then. We're next.

HAARKON NOSEFLAKE: It was terrible! (HE SHOUTS INTO THE CAVE, IT ECHOES) TERRIBLE!!!! Walruses kept coming through the walls of our houses. One was lying on me when I woke up this morning. I've never been so hot! Look! I'm half melted!

PRENDERGHASTLY: You are! He is!

FIONA: We must take him to see Senator Bluesnitch.

THEY HELP HAARKON TO HIS FEET. HE GROANS WITH THE PAIN OF MELTING

FIONA: Hold onto us, Haarkon Noseflake, we are nice and cold.

SCENE 5

Narration

PRENDERGHASTLY: (NARRATING) Yes, Fiona Snowdottir was so cold and clear that her little strawberry of a heart made her whole icy body look pinker than a prawn. She was forever rubbing snow on her chest to give her the cool blue colour of the other girls. But I liked her prawn-pink glow, in her cheeks, her long pink hair, and in the snow under her feet, pink, and my own hands when she held them: pink, pink, pink.

SCENE 6

Int. Office

(THE GROANING OF HAARKON NOSEFLAKE)

FIONA: Senator Bluesnitch, please.

BLUESNITCH'S SECRETARY: I'm sorry, Miss. The Senator isn't seeing anyone this morning....

PRENDERGHASTLY: But it's terribly important!

BLUESNITCH'S SEC'TY: (IN EXACTLY THE SAME TONE AS BEFORE) The Senator isn't seeing anyone this morning.

FIONA: I INSIST THAT WE SEE THE SENATOR!!!

FX A DOOR OPENS

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (WITH TEARS IN HIS VOICE) What seems to be the trouble, Wendy?

BLUESNITCH'S SEC'TY: These people, sir, are behaving like a blizzard!

PRENDERGHASTLY: We've important information, sir... This is Haarkon Noseflake. His ice-town has broken away from the ice. It is floating away and melting.

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (WEEPS LOUDLY) It's not my fault! I never did anything! Someone else made it happen! Not me! Not me!

FIONA: You must do something! Or we'll be next! Cummon, man... You're our leader!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Too late! It's too late!

PRENDERGHASTLY: (AMAZED) His brain's already melted!

BLUESNITCH'S SEC'TY: (CONFIDENTIALLY) He's had some bad news, I'm afraid. Mrs Bluesnitch was sat on by a walrus last night and has completely melted away.

FIONA: (BITING HER LIP WITH A CRY OF ANGUISH)

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (FX: THROWING WIDE THE WINDOWS) Too late! Too late! Listen to the ice breaking.

FX WE HEAR HUGE CRACKS, LIKE A WHIP WHIPPING THE BACK OF THE VENUS DE MILO

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Hear it! HEAR IT!!! And the ice-palace is collapsing! Where first I whispered my words of love to dear Mildred!

FX THE DISTANT COLLAPSE OF THE ICE-PALACE, LIKE A FARAWAY ORCHESTRA HITTING EACH OTHER WITH THEIR INSTRUMENTS

FIONA: Oh, the ice-palace.

PRENDERGHASTLY: Not the ice-palace!

HAARKON NOSEFLAKE: My head's coming off.

FIONA: Oh, do shut up.

FX IT FALLS OFF. WE HEAR ITS CLUNK AND HAARKON'S COMPLAINING CRY

SCENE 7 Narration

PRENDERGHASTLY: (NARRATING) The Senator was right. It was too late. The snowball fountain disappeared. In its place was a dark-blue pool. We watched in horror as it grew and grew. And there, every minute or so, the toothy face of a walrus popped into view. We threw snowballs at it. But then there were two walruses. Then ten. Then 50. Then more of them than there were of us.

FX THE SOUND OF 50 SNORTING WALRUSES AND A FEW BARKING SEALS

PRENDERGHASTLY: And some flopping along our little icy-streets and breaking in under our houses. And seals too, out-barking our little ice-dogs.

FX A BIG SEAL'S BARK FOLLOWED BY AN ICE-DOG'S PATHETIC YAP

PRENDERGHASTLY: One morning we woke up surrounded by lukewarm waves! Our little town was tossing in the waves, floating far out to sea. The ice on the floor of my bedroom was so thin that I could see the sea-creatures swimming underneath.

SCENE 8 Ext.

ICE-TOWNSPEOPLE: (WAILING, SOME FEARFUL, SOME ANGRY) Senator Bluesnitch! Senator Bluesnitch! What shall we do? What shall become of us!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (SUCKING HIS THUMB, BLUBBING) I don't know! I don't know! (WAILS IN ANGUISH) I want my mammy!!!!

PRENDERGHASTLY: (SINGING CONTINUES LOW IN BACKGROUND) No one believed Olaf Sleetbrains when he said:

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: There's land outside. Land! All green and brown and purpley and peculiar. No ice at all!

SCORNFUL VOICES: (AS THE SINGING BREAKS UP) 'Get away!' 'Sleetbrains!' 'Errrrrh!!!'

SHIVERUMBLITHERUM: Hey, he's right, you know. Look.

PRENDERGHASTLY: (NARRATING) Suddenly, Senator Bluesnitch stopped weeping, pulled himself together and said:

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: I have heard tell, in my capacity as your democratically elected Senator, of the creatures who live in this land. In historical times they visited our town and are called Vickerings. They had long shaggy hair, big noses, and had horns coming out of their heads.

BLUESNITCH'S SEC'TY: There's one! There! On yonder hill, eating green stuff.

FX WE HEAR A DISTANT MOO

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: In my capacity, I must wade ashore and speak with the Vickering representative. (HE GRUNTS POLITICALLY, THEN:

FX A HUGE SPLASH AS HE JUMPS INTO THE WATER)

BLUESNITCH'S SEC'TY: (A LOVESICK SIGH) Isn't he a wonderful iceman?

SCENE 10 Ext. Scotland

GRAMS

A STIRRING BLAST OF THE BAGPIPES.

THE PAIR OF SCOTSMEN ARE PAINFULLY SLOW IN
THEIR RESPONSES

DOUGALL: Angus.

ANGUS: Aye, Dougall.

DOUGALL: Aye.

ANGUS: Aye.

DOUGALL: I be looking upon a mightily strange thing,
Angus.

ANGUS: You'll o be takkin about my nose again,
Dougall?

DOUGALL: Aye, ye rightly say, Angus, that yon nose
of yours is a mightily strange thing. But I
was refferrin to yon wee man made of ice,
makkin a speech to yon highland bull.

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (IN DISTANCE)...and the democratically
elected Senator of the House of Ice, I come
in peace and crave audience with your
leader, O Vickering!

FX

IT MOOS

ANGUS: Och, aye, I seen one this morning wanderin
up yonder glen. I thought maybe it were
these new glasses. I mentioned it to Moira
and she hit me with the porridge-spoon.

DOUGALL: She no'!

ANGUS: Aye, the porridge-spoon.

DOUGALL: Did it no' have porridge on it at the time?

ANGUS: Aye, it did. It did.

DOUGALL: Aye, she's a violent woman, is Moira.

ANGUS: Could we no', Dougall....

DOUGALL: No' what, Angus?

ANGUS: Could we no' invite yon icy-folk up to oor hooooose for a wee dram?

DOUGALL: Ooooo, what would Moira say?

ANGUS: She'd say: I'm sorry I hit you with that porridge-spoon, Angus, cos ye was right when ye sayed ye'd seen the icymon.

DOUGALL: Angus.

ANGUS: Aye, Dougall.

DOUGALL: De ye no' see what I see.

ANGUS: Aye. Aye. I dooo.

DOUGALL: Icyfolk by the dozen coming in with the tide.

ANGUS: (CALLS) Awayeeeeeeee, icyfolk. What would ye say to coming up to oor hooooose for a wee dram?

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (CALLS BACK FROM DISTANCE) You won't hit us with ice-picks, will you?

ANGUS: What's he say, Dougall?

DOUGALL: (A SCOTTISH NOISE)

SCENE 11

Int.

FX BUZZ OF A DRINKS-PARTY MADE UP OF 53 TIPSY ICE-PEOPLE. ONE IS PIXILATEDLY SINGING A PATRIOTIC SONG

MOIRA: (ANGRY AND OVERLY SCOTTISH) Angus! Angus! Yon icy friends of yours are meltin all over my floor!

ANGUS: They're no' my friends, they're Dougall's.

DOUGALL: THEY ARE NOT!!!!!!

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: (TIPSILY) Aren't you terribly-terribly hot with that hairy thing wrapped around your belly?

ANGUS: Hairy thing, laddie? (OUTRAGED) You'd no' be refferrin to my kilt, would ye??

MOIRA: (FURIOUS) They're meltin everywhere. The hoose is like a fishtank! Angus! ANGUS! Shoo them oot or it'll be the porridge-spoon for yeee!

ANGUS: No' the porridge-spoon!!!

MOIRA: Aye! The porridge-spoon!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: We can't help melting, Mrs MacMacPherson. We are used to the shivery cold of the Polar regions, you see. Is there not some way you can help us? If we continue melting like this then very soon we shall all disappear.

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: (IN BACKGROUND, BOASTING AND SCARED) My nose is halfway down my left leg!!!

MOIRA: Well...there's the fridge-freezer.

ANGUS: Aye, the fridge-freezer!

MOIRA: If I pulled oot all the wee shelves and the kippers there'd be room for one of ye to stand up in.

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: An excellent suggestion, Madam.

DOUGALL: Aye, and if I dashed oot right now and called a meeting at the kirk, I'm sure we'll find enough kind-hearted Highland folk to take in all yon icyfolk into their fridge-freezers....

ANGUS: What about my kippers?

MOIRA: Och, it's only for a wee while, Angus, until we can find a more permanent solution.

ANGUS: I'll fade away myself wi'oot my kippers.

DOUGALL: Shall I fetch the porridge-spoon for ye, Moira?

MOIRA: (EXTRA SLOWLY) Aye, Dougall. Better had.

SCENE 12

Int. Kirk

GRAMS

BRIEF SNATCH OF HIGHLAND MUSIC, GIVING WAY TO THE BUZZ OF A MEETING IN A SCOTS' KIRK, A NOISY BUZZ

SPOT

DOUGALL BANGS A GAVEL HARD, TO SHUT THEM UP. MOST OF THEM DO.

DOUGALL:

ORDER!!! ORDER!!! ORDER FOR THE REVEREND MacMOWDIE!!!

(THEY ALL SHUT UP)

REV. MacMOWDIE: (A THIN VAGUE VOICE) Ladies and Gentlemen, fellow Scots, a great wonder has come among us. This morning 53 people made of ice were washed up in MacDoom Bay.

(SCORNFUL JEERS)

REV. MacMOWDIE: Och, I have seen them! I have shaken their cold hands! I have looked into their souls!

(WORSE SCORNFUL JEERS)

REV. MacMOWDIE: (ASIDE, TO MOIRA) They don't believe a sausage! What am I to do? (DESPERATE, TO CONGREGATION) It is more than a miracle that has fallen into our midst, it is an opportunity to show the Christian charity that is in our hearts. (CONTINUES IN BACKGROUND UNDER MOIRA'S NEXT SPEECH) We, the Human Race, Christian and Heathen alike, are responsible for the icyfolk's unfortunate condition. Twas our motorcars, our factory chimneys, our greed and foolishness which caused the world to warm and the icyfolk's icyhomes to melt.....!

MOIRA: Angus! Dougall! Off ye go and fetch one of yon icyfolk.

DOUGALL: It's too hot in here for them, Moira! They'll melt away.

MOIRA: They'll all melt away if these folk don't give us the use of their fridge-freezers.

(BRING UP REV. MacMOWDIE AGAIN)

REV. MacMOWDIE: I implore you as I have never implored before...

(BRING UP SCORNFUL JEERING OVER HIS
SERMONIZING, THEN DROP SCORNFUL JEERING
SUDDENLY...)

SCENE 13

Int. Kirk

(BRING UP BORED NATTERING OF CONGREGATION)

FX A DOOR OPENS, WIND OUTSIDE

DOUGALL: We brought one. Olaf Sleetbrains.

MOIRA: (IN A HALF WHISPER) He understands that
he'll melt away completely if he comes in
here..?

ANGUS: Aye, he kens, he kens. Ye ken, laddie,
don't ye?

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: (COULDN'T BE MORE CHEERFUL) I understand
completely.

MOIRA: Away yeee up into the pulpit with the
Reverend, laddie. Off ye go.

SPOT A PLASHY THUNKING STEP AS HE CLIMBS THE
PULPIT STEPS

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: (WHISPERS BACK TO THEM) What exactly is it
that I'm supposed to understand?

REV. MacMOWDIE: HERE, BRETHREN, IS THE TRUTH OF WHICH I
HAVE SPOKEN!!!! THE ICEMAN COMETH!!!

(AN AMAZED MURMUR FROM CONGREGATION)

FX DURING THE REST OF THIS SCENE THERE IS THE
PERSISTENT DRIPPING OF OLAF SLEETBRAINS
MELTING

REV. MacMOWDIE: (WHISPERS TO OLAF SLEETBRAINS) Say something!

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: Hello.

REV. MacMOWDIE: (WHISPERS TO OLAF SLEETBRAINS) Do something! Don't just stand there meltin!

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: I'll sing a song, shall I?

REV. MacMOWDIE: As long as it's not rude....

OLAF SLEETBRAINS: (SINGS)

We are icy, very very icy...
Nice and icy, cool and icy...
I'm not icier than you!
You're not icier than me!...coo,
it's hot in here!
We're all icy, everything is icy!
Icy! Icy! Nicely icy!
We are icy, very very icy...

REV. MacMOWDIE: (SHOUTS OVER THE CONGREGATION'S AMAZED MURMUR AND OLAF SLEETBRAINS' SONG) Will your hearts no' warm to these 53 poor chilly souls...all they need is the loan of your fridge-freezers. One fridge-freezer for each one of the icy-folk.

MEMBER OF CONGREGATION: I've a fridge-freezer ye can have!

REV. MacMOWDIE: Thank you! 53 fridge-freezers to save 53 unhappy wanderers. Surely more than one of you will take pity...

FX A MELTING SPLISH-SPLASH. OLAF SLEETBRAINS' SONG GETS WEAKER, IT SOUNDS AS IF HE'S SINGING WITH HIS HEAD HELD DOWN A TOILET

REV. MacMOWDIE: Come on, just 52 more fridge-freezers...

MOIRA: 51, Reverend. Olaf Sleetbrains is...a puddle.

REV. MacMOWDIE: (A SAD GROAN) LET US STAND IN SILENT PRAYER.

(THE CONGREGATION GETTING TO ITS FEET, COUGHING)

REV. MacMOWDIE: He's melted all down my troosers!

SCENE 14

Int. Kitchen

PRENDERGHASTLY: (NARRATING) And so, due to the brave sacrifice of Olaf Sleetbrains, the warm-people said we could stay in their fridge-freezers until the next cold winter. Senator Bluesnitch was allotted the Reverend MacMowdie's fridge-freezer. I stayed in the fridge-freezer belonging to Moira and Angus MacMacPherson. My true love, Fiona Snowdottir was taken across the glen to stay in the fridge-freezer of a man called Old Beardie.

PRENDERGHASTLY: (EMOTIONALLY, TO FIONA) Goodbye, my love. Until we meet again! (AN ICY KISS)

FIONA: Oh, Robin, my handsome chunk of ice! Remember the ice-palace.

PRENDERGHASTLY: The ice-palace!

FIONA: And our kissing faces reflected a zillion times in the cool, cool ice.

PRENDERGHASTLY: I shall think of it every moment I am in the fridge-freezer.

DOUGALL: Away in, laddie, or you'll be a mess on the flooor.....

FX THE CRUNCH OF ICE AS HE FITS IN, THE SLAM OF THE FRIDGE-FREEZER'S LID

PRENDERGHASTLY: (AS THE LID SLAMS) Fiona! I...

SCENE 15 Ext/Int. Old Beardie's house

SPOT/GRAMS KNOCKING ON A DOOR. A PIPER PIPES FAR AWAY

DOUGALL: Old Beardie! Old Beardie! It's Dougall Lumphanan. I've brought ye yeer icy person.

OLD BEARDIE: (ANSWERING THE DOOR WITH A COUGHING FIT, AN EVIL OLD VOICE) Errrrrghgh, wot ye botherin an old man fer? I was asleep in ma' chair enjoying a bad dream.

DOUGALL: Old Beardie, this is Fiona Snowdottir, for to be staying in yeer fridge-freezer awhile.

OLD BEARDIE: Aye, aye, haweeey in. Don't mind the smell.

SPOT THEY GO IN, CLUMPING ON BOARDS

FIONA: It's very kind of you to help me, Mr Beardie.

OLD BEARDIE: Och, wot a pretty wee lassie. As clear as a glass figurine. Is that no' yer little pink heart shining there?

FIONA: Yes, sir.

OLD BEARDIE: (A SCOTTISH NOISE OF FASCINATION)

DOUGALL: Hurry and put the lassie in yon fridge-freezer or she'll melt to nothing.

OLD BEARDIE: (HURRIEDLY OPENING HIS FRIDGE-FREEZER) Och, we'd no' want that, such a pretty wee lassie. In ye go. (STRICTLY) And don't go kicking about in that pile of rabbits. They're to last me all summer.

DOUGALL: Bye, lassie!

FIONA: Tell Robin I....

SPOT DOOR SLAMS

FX THE SILENCE INSIDE THE FRIDGE-FREEZER, JUST THE CRUNCH OF ICE AS SHE GETS COMFORTABLE. SUDDENLY: THE DOOR OPENS AGAIN!!!

OLD BEARDIE: Lumphanan's away the noo. It's just you and me. (AN EVIL CHORTLE) Ye won't mind if I put the old hound-doggie in with ye from time to time.

FIONA: Not at all.

OLD BEARDIE: When he needs the punishment I locks him in the fridge-freezer overneet. (IN SUDDEN ANGRY PASSION) LASSIE!!! When I gets the fevers will ye no' rub yer pretty cold wee hand over my hot brow?

FIONA: Of course, sir.

SPOT/FX HE SHUTS THE DOOR AGAIN WHILE CACKLING

SCENE 16

Ext. Glen

PRENDERGHASTLY: (NARRATING) I stood in my fridge-freezer for days and days, thinking about Fiona Snowdottir and the happy times we had shared. How we kissed in the ice-palace. How we skated on the ice-fields, hand in hand. I was so lonely for her! So lonely! Late one night I pushed open the door...

FX CREAK OF FRIDGE-FREEZER DOOR OPENING

PRENDERGHASTLY: ...left the little hoose (HE SAYS 'HOOSE' SCOTTISHLY) and wandered through the glen looking for my true love...

FX NIGHT IN THE GLEN, AN OWL HOOTS

FIONA: Robin! Robin Prenderghastly! Is that you?!

PRENDERGHASTLY: My darling, Fiona Snowdottir! I have been looking for you everywhere.

FIONA: I have been looking for you everywhere also.

PRENDERGHASTLY: Now I have found you and you have found me!

FIONA: Let us sit on this bench where the breeze can cool us. We can kiss until the sun rises.

SPOT SOUND OF THEM SITTING ON THE BENCH AND KISSING

FIONA: (IN THE MIDDLE OF A KISS) How are the owners of your fridge-freezer?

PRENDERGHASTLY: Good honest people. But one is always striking the other with a porridge-spoon. And yours?

FIONA: Mine is an elderly gentleman with a hairy ginger face. He has been telling me his life story, but only when the door is closed, so I cannot hear him. He is always opening the door and saying:

OLD BEARDIE: Are ye sure ye can hear me when the door is closed?

FIONA: (TO OLD BEARDIE) Oh yes, sir, yes.

PRENDERGHASTLY: (LAUGHS LOVINGLY) But you cannot?

FIONA: (GIGGLES) I cannot!

PRENDERGHASTLY: (PASSIONATELY) Oh, Fiona, does not the moon look wonderfully cold tonight?

FIONA: (WHILE KISSING HIM) Icy, my dearest, as icy as your lips!

SCENE 17

Ext. Glen

PRENDERGHASTLY: (NARRATING) Every evening I met my true love by that little wooden bench. We kissed. We talked about the ice-town that we would see no more. We whispered words of love. We snoozed in each other's arms. And as the yellow sun peeped over the purple hills we hurried back to our fridge-freezers: mine in the MacMacPhersons' cottage, hers in the croft of Old Beardie. On some nights she brought an old hound-doggie with her. Its nose was cold but its tongue was warm. It slept at our feet with its legs in the air. Then that terrible morning. I had snoozed too deep. The sun was in my eyes. I was dripping. I was alone.

SPOT

THE HOUND BARKS WORRIEDLY

PRENDERGHASTLY:

(IN GLEN) Fiona Snowdottir! Fiona, my Ice Queen! Where are you?

FX/SPOT

PANTING OF OLD BEARDIE COMING DOWN THE PATHWAY. THE HOUND BARKS, HE HITS IT WITH HIS STICK, IT WHINES

OLD BEARDIE:

Where've you put yon ice-lassie?

PRENDERGHASTLY:

I don't know, sir. She was here. She must have returned to your fridge-freezer.

OLD BEARDIE:

She has not! I just come from there! (A WAIL OF MISERY) Och, no, the poor pretty wee thing. There she is, or what's left of her. She's melted awayyyyyyyyyy.

PRENDERGHASTLY:

(NARRATING) Fiona had melted in the first beams of the morning sun. Her little pink strawberry of a heart was throbbing on the ground by my feet where the hound-dog was sniffing at it. I reached out, but as my fingers entered its glow, the glow went out and I had nothing but water to touch.

PRENDERGHASTLY:

(IN GLEN) I loved her! How I loved her!

OLD BEARDIE:

(WEEPING) Me too. Aye, I loved her canny face. She was the first thing I ever loved since my dear mither passed away. Och, I'm so lonely! (WANDERING AWAY) I'll strangle a few rabbits to comfort myself in my hour of misery.

FX

THE DOG BARKS AFTER HIM

(THE SOB OF PRENDERGHASTLY ALONE IN THE GLEN)

PRENDERGHASTLY:

Fiona! Fiona! My true love!

SCENE 18

Ext. Street/Int. Kitchen

FX

DURING THIS SCENE WE HEAR THE CONSTANT
DRIPPING OF PRENDERGHASTLY'S MELTING

THROCKMORTON: (WEEPING MANFULLY) In all my 704 years, that is the saddest story I ever heard. The poor girl completely melted away, did she?

BINSLEY: (WEEPING MISERABLY) And him too, look, there's only his head and his strawberry left! It's too horrible. I can't bear it.

THROCKMORTON: I am most awfully sorry, Mr Prenderghastly, about the death of your poor lady.

PRENDERGHASTLY: (HIS MOUTH HALF-FULL OF MELTWATER) Oh, she's not dead. No. Not dead. We are made of water and water cannot die. When Fiona Snowdottir melted, her meltwater sank into the earth and seeped into the brooks and from the brooks into the lochs and rivers and to the sea, whirled around the world as part of the great green, blue seas...and in the steam rising from the hot southern oceans is the tiniest bit of the memory of Fiona Snowdottir, and in the rain that falls on the desert, that seeps into the sands, that rises as steam again and falls on the faces of all the peoples of the world as they walk home in the rain, or feel for raindrops with their hands during a picnic with their trueloves. Oh, she is not dead, kind sir, she is everywhere: in the clouds, in the fountains, in those tears swimming in your bloodshot eyes. And soon I shall melt into this drain and be carried to the sea where I shall mingle with the waters and join her. We shall not quite be ourselves. We shall not remember everything. But I shall remember her and

she shall remember me and we shall be together.

THROCKMORTON: (GRUFFLY, NOT A DRIP OF SENTIMENT) Oh, that's all right then.

BINSLEY: (TEARFUL, TO THROCK) Is he melted yet?

THROCKMORTON: Not quite. His mouth's still there. And an eye. And a little purpley bit. (CALLS AS IF DOWN A WELL, TO THE MELTED PRENDERGHASTLY) I say, Mr Prenderghastly! Mr Prenderghastly! Can you still hear me?

PRENDERGHASTLY: (ALMOST A GARGLE) I hear you.

THROCKMORTON: I was meaning to ask you; you were in the Scottish Highlands, were you not? How did you manage to get all the way down here to...(DOESN'T KNOW WHERE HE IS) ...where are we?

PRENDERGHASTLY: I had to come. To stop them.

THROCKMORTON: Stop who...doing what?

PRENDERGHASTLY: Oh, it's too late. They'll be there by now. If they haven't melted. And Senator Bluesnitch is a slow melter.

THROCKMORTON: Senator Bluesnitch?

PRENDERGHASTLY: Senator Bluesnitch. He found out about it. In the Reverend MacMowdie's fridge-freezer he found a newspaper wrapping up an old haggis. There was an article in the newspaper all about atomic bombs...

(SENATOR BLUESNITCH READING THE ARTICLE TO HIMSELF, EXCLAIMING WITH DELIGHT AS HE DOES SO)

FX

THE FRIDGE-FREEZER DOOR OPENS

REV. MacMOWDIE: Good evening, Senator. Would you care for a fish finger? It's very cold.

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Ha! Ha! We're saved! SAVED!

REV. MacMOWDIE: (DELIGHTED) You wish to be received into the Church?

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: (OUT OF THE FRIDGE-FREEZER AND AWAY) I must find my people! I am a genius! The greatest leader of all time! I have saved us all!

SCENE 19

Int. Kitchen

PRENDERGHASTLY: (NARRATING) I was in my fridge-freezer, dreaming of my lost love, when Senator Bluesnitch, Naarvik Shiverumblitherum, Haarkon Noseflake, Eric Wifficenlemon and Frank Frotstlylollyice pulled open my door and stood there smiling, chuckling and splashing and holding up a wet piece of paper.

(THEIR CHUCKLES!!!! ONE IS HUMMING THE ICEMEN'S PATRIOTIC SONG)

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: It's all in this article, Prenderghastly. It tells here all about atomic bombs, you see. Now, if they're let off, the sun will be blotted out and a nuclear winter there shall be! Cold, colder and colder across the whole earth. Ice everywhere! All the rivers and seas! Everything. We shall build a huge new ice-town with ice-statues of me on every corner of every street. All we've got to do is let some of these atomic bombs off!

PRENDERGHASTLY: But the bombs...this nuclear winter...wouldn't it destroy all the warm-people?

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: So what if it does!

SHIVERUMBLITHERUM: Yeah, so what!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Don't they deserve it?! They're the ones that destroyed our lovely icytown, making the world warm with all their motorcars and their factory chimneys.

OTHER ICEMEN: Yeah. Yeah. That's right. Serves them right.

PRENDERGHASTLY: But they've been so kind to us. No, it would be a wicked thing to do.

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Don't be a fool, Prenderghastly! When there's a nuclear winter there'll be ice-towns everywhere, a slide from one end of the world to the other.

PRENDERGHASTLY: But it's the warm-people's world too! Not just ours!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: If you're not for us, you're against us.

PRENDERGHASTLY: I could never agree to such a thing. And I'm sure my dear Fiona Snowdottir would feel the same if she hadn't melted. No, I won't allow it! (YELLS) ANGUS!!! DOUGALL!!! Mrs MacMacPHERSON!!!

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Shut him in, lads, and jam the door.

FX THE SLAM OF THE FRIDGE-FREEZER DOOR,
PRENDERGHASTLY SHOUTING INSIDE, FURNITURE
BEING PUSHED AGAINST THE DOOR

SGT. PWHELLILLI: (HORRIBLY WELSH) Oah, that's all right then, isn't it! There's 347 of the big bombs, made for dropping on big countries, see. And 432 little bombs for dropping on little countries, see, issent it, like Belgium and what-have-you. I don't like Belgium...you're not from there, are you?

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Ooh, no. Not us.

SGT. PWHELLILLI: Wait a mo, wassent there six of you a minute ago? One melted, I saw that, but where did the other one go?

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: He's gone inside, I'm afraid. To let all the big bombs and all the little bombs off.

SGT. PWHELLILLI: (UNEXCITEDLY) Ooh, I'd better blow my whistle, isn't it!

SPOT HIS WHISTLE BEGINS TO BLOW, BUT IS MUFFLED

SENATOR BLUESNITCH: Get him, lads!!

SGT. PWHELLILLI: (YELPS UNEXCITEDLY AS COLD HANDS MANHANDLE HIM) HELP!!! ICEMEN!!! HELP!!! THE ICEMEN HAVE COME!!! ISN'T IT!!!

FX THE ALARM GOES OFF AT THE BASE, IT WAILS PAINFULLY. THE RATTLE OF A SCREAMING AMBULANCE, FEET RUNNING EVERYWHERE.

SCENE 22 Ext. Cricket Pitch.

FX A PERFECT SUMMER'S DAY, CRICKET MATCH IN PROGRESS, BAT HITTING BALL

THROCKMORTON: Well played, sir!

FX/SPOT RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE

THROCKMORTON: And there he was telling me his incredibly sad story, but he melted before he reached the end...halfway through a word and PLIP! He was gone down the drain.

DAME HILDEGARDE: You're telling us whoppers again, Colonel Throckmorton.

BINSLEY: Whoppers! Whoppers!

THROCKMORTON: Not at all. Every word was true! I promise! It happened only yesterday!

FX WHACK OF BALL

DAME Well played, sir!

HILDEGARDE/THROCK:

FX DISTANT BOOMS, EXPLOSIONS AND ERUPTIONS

THROCKMORTON: Entirely of ice, don't you know. Except his heart and his brain. I tried to catch the heart as it slipped away, but it was just water on my fingers.

DAME HILDEGARDE: What's that unearthly noise?

THROCKMORTON: Explosions, I expect. Atomic bombs going off.

DAME HILDEGARDE: Nonsense! That sky's gone awfully dark suddenly though. It'll be bad light stopped play. And Blenkinsop only needs 12 more for his double century.

FX LOUDER EXPLOSIONS, CLOSER

DAME HILDEGARDE: I say, Colonel, you could be right.

BINSLEY: We're doomed. This is the end of all my dreams!

THROCKMORTON: Oh, Dame Hildegarde...you don't know where I can get some extra thick underwear, do you? These nuclear winters are a swine.

DAME HILDEGARDE: (SHIVERING, OUTRAGED, AMID MORE EXPLOSIONS)
What on earth would I know about Gentleman's underwear!!!!

FX EVEN BIGGER EXPLOSIONS, A RUSH OF NOISY WIND

SCENE 23

FX THE EXPLOSIONS FADE AWAY

FX A TAP DRIPPING SLOWLY

FIONA: Tis I, Fiona Snowdottir. The tiniest part of me is in every drop of water, every flake of ice, everywhere in the world. I am floating in the ice floes. I am drifting in the snowdrifts. I am in the glass of water on the restaurant table in Rio de Janeiro. Fiona Snowdottir is my name. I remember so little of myself. I love an iceman called Robin Prenderghastly.

PRENDERGHASTLY: Fiona! My truelove! I am here, with you, in every drop, in every flake, I am with you.

FIONA: (AN ECHO LIKE IN THE ICE-PALACE, BUT SMALLER) I love you, Robin Prenderghastly!!!!

PRENDERGHASTLY: (ICE-PALACE ECHO) I love you, Fiona Snowdottir!!

FX A TOILET FLUSHES LOUDLY, AGAIN AND AGAIN

(THE ICEMEN PLAY OUT WITH THEIR SONG:)

ICEMEN:

(SINGING)

We are icy, very very icy...
Nice and icy, cool and icy...
I'm not icier than you!
You're not icier than me!
We're all icy, everything is icy!
Icy! Icy! Nicely icy!
We are icy, very very icy...

END



If you have any comments or questions please email me: 