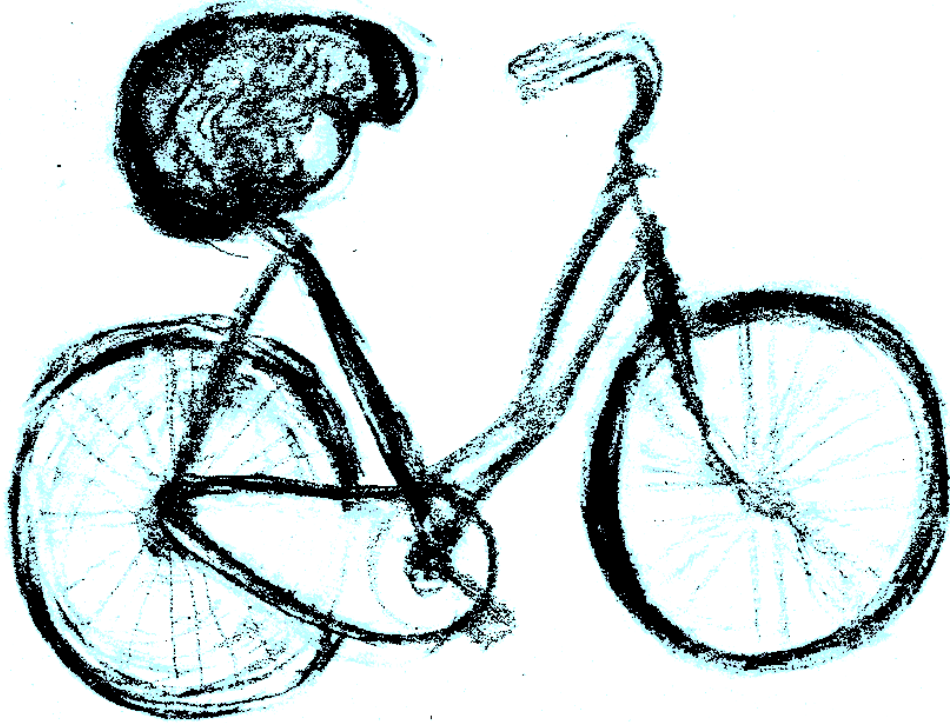


THE ADVENTURES OF THE FROZEN EMBRYOS



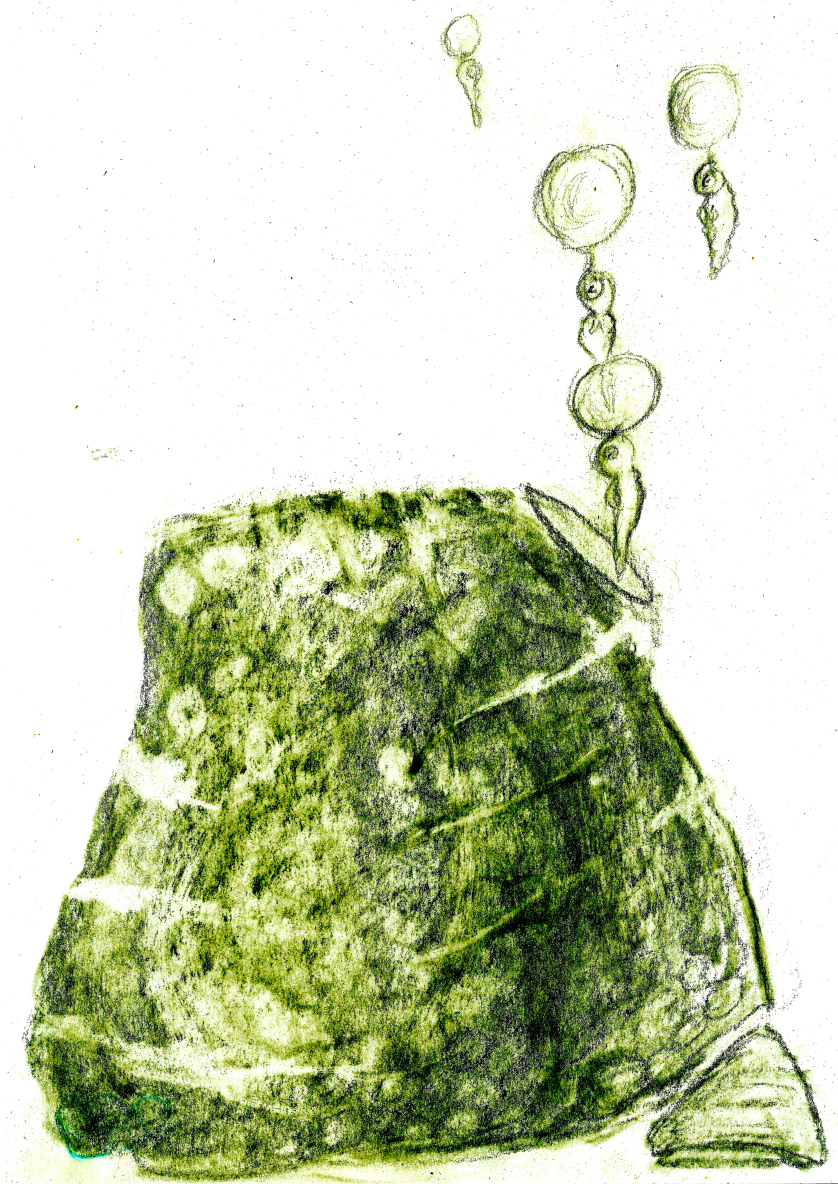
Text and Illustrations by The Ornamental Hermit

Contact: moxycasimiro@gmail.com

Price:

Because it is unlikely we shall ever be born due to fouled air, plastic pollution and climate change, we have fled our storage canisters in the depths of human fertility facilities and we are walking among you.

We are Unborn People Trafficking
in bags of frozen peas —better check
your freezer, we may already have
infiltrated your family home.



CHORUS It's a business

MAKEPEACE Being me

CHEWING GUM I'm chewed and then exploded
Whenever Nostradamus' head gets loaded

It's banging

CHORUS It's banging

CHEWING GUM Being me

NOSTRADAMUS The Never Born have risen!

Do they free us or imprison?

It's puzzling

CHORUS It's puzzling

NOSTRADAMUS Being me

BrainBike rings and pleads but, as always,
goes unheard and is left fastened to the fence.
Everyone else disappears into the school

END OF ADVENTURE ONE

ORLA Look at me, I saved a tree /by sharing
a soul that was given to me... Oh, it's easy

CHORUS It's easy

ORLA Being me.

PLATE I'm quite hurt by my dad's act --
he went to court and that's a fact\ It's awful

CHORUS It's awful

PLATE Being me.

LACEY Immature won't set me back
You can work it through if you can hack.
It's edgy

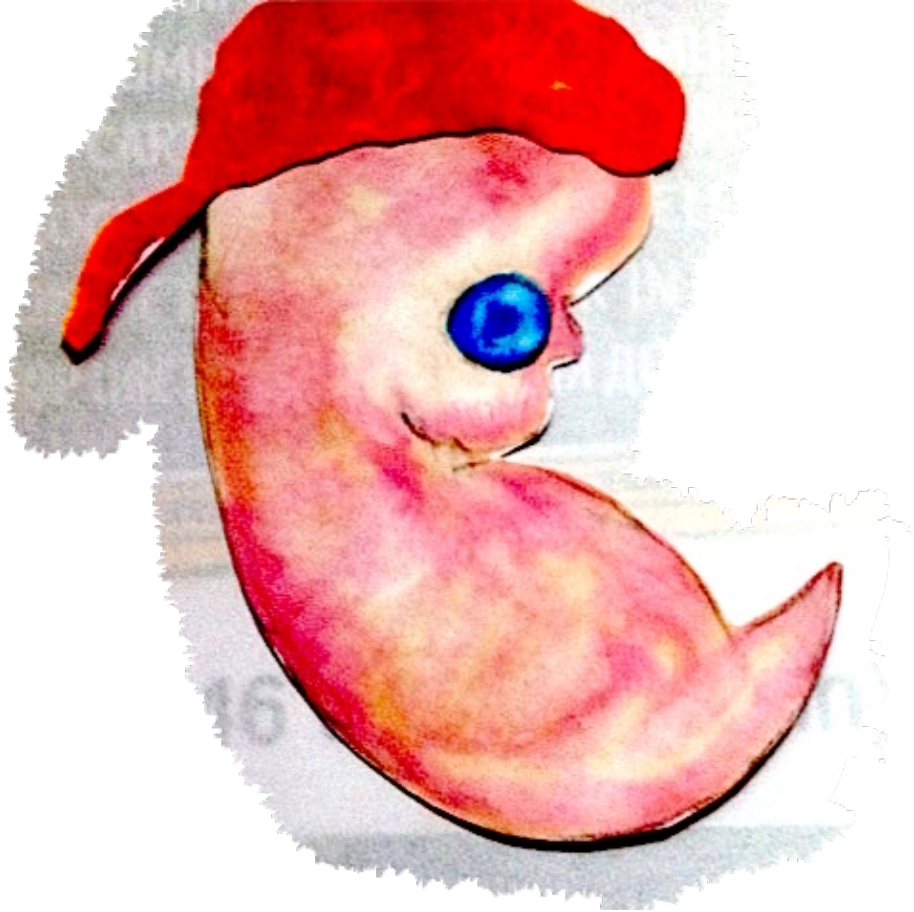
CHORUS It's edgy

LACEY Being me.

MAKEPEACE Opportunity's abounding /If I
exploit my surroundings

Well, Lacey is looking
very chipper considering
his father has just
instigated court
proceedings to have him
destroyed!





We wear our placentas
on our heads like bright
berets! Ahem, this little
chap seems to have
defrosted...

MAKEPEACE But we can't walk and we can't
do much with our arms because, at the moment,
they're just buds.

The Gum begins to inflate. NOSTRADAMUS

I'll fit you with wheels.

I'll scutch up some little prosthetics, little
helpful things, and tape them to you.

The Gum pops.

We glimpse Nostradamus thinking-up
contraptions to help the embryos and gum
integrate better at school.

Scene 14 EXT. NEXT DAY. SCHOOL GATES
Lacey, Plate, Gum, Makepeace and Orla are
decked in a rough approximation of school
uniform. They kiss Uncle Tender goodbye,
BrainBike screams and pleads and is
misunderstood, as usual, and they kiss him on
the brain and make their way towards the
entrance. Just before they do, they turn and
sing the closing song.

I'm not going to chop you down, my lovely. Oh no.
I'm going to marry you, we'll have acorns or nuts of some sort

The chainsaw also gets a soul but totters around, buzzing and accidentally slicing things.

NOSTRADAMUS Back on the bike, embryos, only now
I'm going to stack you — for fun.

CUT AWAY Nostradamus on his bicycle with the embryos balanced like a stunt acrobatic balancing troupe.

Scene NEXT DAY

NOSTRADAMUS'S FLAT

The glacier goes past their window with part of the town and its characters frozen into it.

NOSTRADAMUS Well, I won't be going into work seeing
as my work place is going past the window inside a glacier.
What I will do, instead, is...

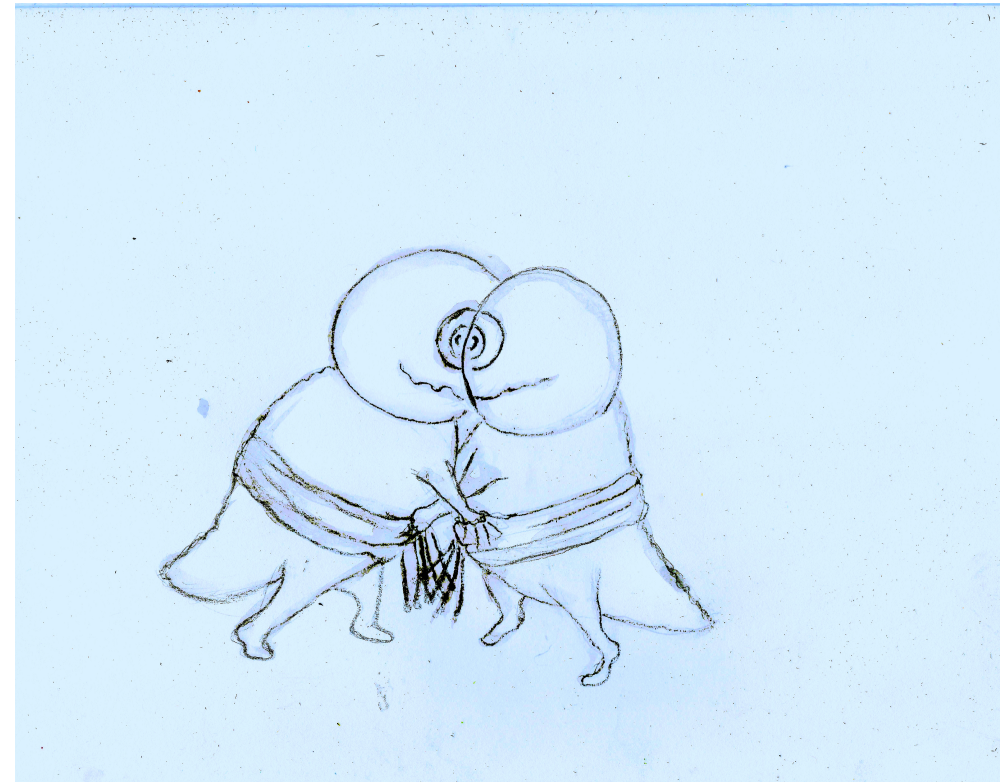
Chewing gum begins to inflate.

NOSTRADAMUS Spend all day on the online betting
sites. Imagine I'm a woman. Enrol you all in school.

The Gum pops.

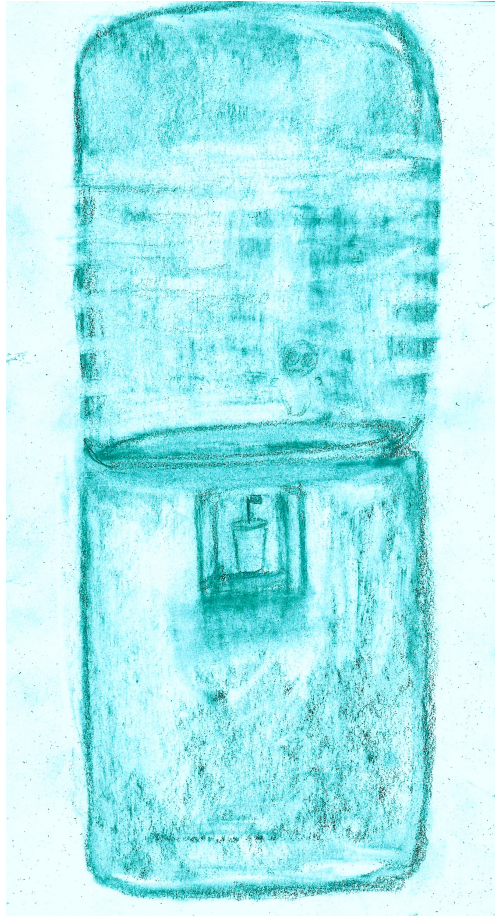
BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER You're right, Mr
Nostradamus.

Beyond the bounds of my calling I know fuck all.



Sumo wrestling's fun —
except we tend to stick together
and have to be chiseled apart.

The Poltergeist Aquarium



Prior to manifestation

The Pope pops and disappears again.

NOSTRADAMUS Oh, I wonder if that will work.

Nostradamus cycles over to the tree, leans BrainBike against the trunk and holds out the little embryos so they can touch the lowest branches. The Embryos grow suddenly and Nostradamus sets them on the grass. The Chewing Gum grows incrementally, too.

NOSTRADAMUS Maybe if you can get one of your surplus souls into this tree, then it might be spared the chainsaw and the chipper.

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER These are human souls you're talking about. It wouldn't be right -- despite what the Pope sang!

ORLA That's, ah, soul fascism! What about the world soul? Here, I'm going to give it a go.

Orla wriggles a bit closer and her head rests against the trunk.

CHAINSAW GUY Are those little tea-cup pigs?

NOSTRADAMUS No.

ORLA Here, tree, have a soul!

An entity resembling a gambling symbol flies into the tree like a computer download. The tree shakes and glitters.

CHAINSAW GUY What've you done to this tree?
It's...beautiful!

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER Its saddle is a human brain. Is the soul still inside it?

NOSTRADAMUS I've no idea. I just accept it as is. It's been a good bicycle. Never had a flat Even grips an icy road and makes uphill pedalling a doddle that's with no gears. Bishop, you don't question a good thing, not in the real world.

They bicycle along, the embryos and gum staring out of the handlebar mounted wicker basket and we see the tops of trees going by beneath them.

Pan back to the fact that they're cycling through a bonsai forest dotted with lots of very embarrassed looking full-size wild animals trying to avoid each other's eyes.

LACEY What's with the little trees, Mr Nostradamus?

NOSTRADAMUS They're Happy valley town's bonsai forest. It's moveable. People have a forest they can stride over or shift if it gets in the way of parking.

They approach a full size tree that's about to be felled. The tree is sobbing. The guy with the chainsaw is standing in front of the tree...

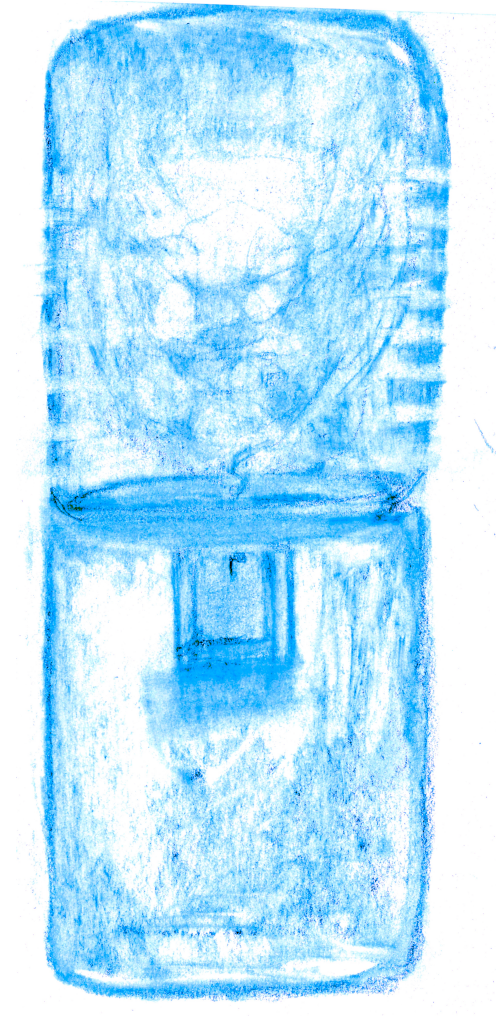
CHAINSAW GUY La la la not listening. You're too big. Everyone wants little trees in pots. I'm so not listening...

ORLA What did the Pope sing...about trees?

Pope pops up again:

POPE POP A SOUL! Want to save a tree from chopping Or cut down costs when shopping? Do more effective mopping? Look cool, not nuts, when hopping? Pop a soul!

Poltergeist!



I collect poltergeists from wherever they manifest (see water cooler above). Then, down in the crypt of my cathedral, I anaesthetise them and seal them inside illuminated velum tubes. And lo, they are become bombs. Proximity to puberty detonates them. Qua, I — we — can never accidentally trigger them.



Yes, it is a pogo-stick/shepherd's crook combo. Thank you for asking.

EXT. DAY. TIME CONTINUOUS

Car park. There's a bicycle with a human brain where the saddle should go: it's Brainbike. The glacier smashes through the side of the building.

MAKEPEACE What's that?

NOSTRADAMUS Why, that's BrainBike. Of course, I can't sit on it without putting its helmet on -- I mean, it's a brain! Brainbike has strong opinions. Well, I have no idea what Brainbike is thinking but, sometimes, I have to wrestle for control of the handlebars!

BRAINBIKE (voice like a bicycle bell, continuous throughout) Argh, no, don't sit on me! Please, somebody help me! Dear god, no, not another day being ridden about!

NOSTRADAMUS Hear that? The fella's always so sparky, ringing its bell. Nothing seems to get him down.

MAKEPEACE Where did you get it from?

NOSTRADAMUS I was beachcombing on holiday when I found it stuck upright in the sand. The tide was coming in and

I was chewing gum and the bubble popped just as I was considering helping myself to this free, customised mode of transport.

CHEWING GUM I'd like that. Maybe you'd let me put forwards my opinions, too?

NOSTRADAMUS Or you could assume your bubble mode — when I'm speaking and you pop I'll do whatever it was I was saying.

CHEWING GUM Oh, it will be just like old times... where my opinion counted for zilch.

Chewing Gum begins to blow itself up

NOSTRADAMUS Uh oh, danger! A glacier is starting to form. We'd better stay and watch it...

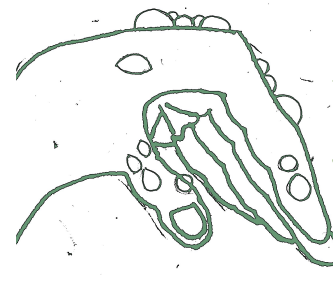
The Gum hasn't popped ...

NOSTRADAMUS So we'd better start up a business selling ice we can chip from its surface with my chopsticks!

The Gum hasn't popped but the glacier has grown considerably and is going to crush them all.

NOSTRADAMUS We'd better get out of here fast...

FX Gum explodes. Nostradamus hurriedly puts on bicycle clips and carries the embryos and gum outside with him.



The Pope's hand, covered in swarming frozen human embryos, hovers unbeknownst over an angel with underarm hair.



I'm an angel with underarm hair

and god doesn't like it growing there

nah nah

so he's made me wear batik

so I look a flipping freak

whilst I rinse the halitosis out of prayer



By attaching their placentas to cryonically preserved human heads, the embryos invented external memory.

The Pope vanishes again.

NOSTRADAMUS When I said 'period of adjustment' I meant outright war... and its bloody aftermath. Big humans versus little developmentally immature but viable humans. Pre-children. Correction. Pre-War. It will be as bloody as a maternity ward if the whole human race was being born at the same time in the same place.

We catch a glimpse of that scenario.

A glacier starts to form around the open steel vat that the embryos have escaped from.

MAKEPEACE What's that?

NOSTRADAMUS It looks like a baby glacier. Scientists have been storing excess weather here for years alongside excess geological phenomena and trying to breed from them. They're getting ready to start up new space colonies and want to take the climate and the scenery with them but in portable forms.

But what should I do?

CHEWING GUM I'm still here, Nostradamus.

NOSTRADAMUS Ah, chewing gum. My dear friend, I have always relied on the formation of opinions and the commissioning of acts. You have been my guide. I might not be chewing you now, I might never chew you again -- but perhaps you could help me to undertake the right course of action.

want to cut the crap from liars Then meet with my
suppliers! from urban 'hoods to shires don't do downers,
only high-ers

Pop a soul!

Let bombers and insurgents, Organo-phosphates and
detergents eco-melt downs tipped as urgents Be defused
and find convergence

Pop a soul!

Get 8 grammes from my dealers or as I call them, 'healers'
let the spirit put out feelers
Come and be my holy spielers! Pop a soul! (They all sing
'in tongues')

The Pope, and Li Po, vanish like a popped bubble gum
bubble.

NOSTRADAMUS How many souls do they have in them,
Bishop Embryo Crowther?

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER There's no way of telling
but I'm guessing hundreds. Maybe more. Hell, the Pope
doesn't seem concerned. In fact, it looks like he's found
himself a new source of income.

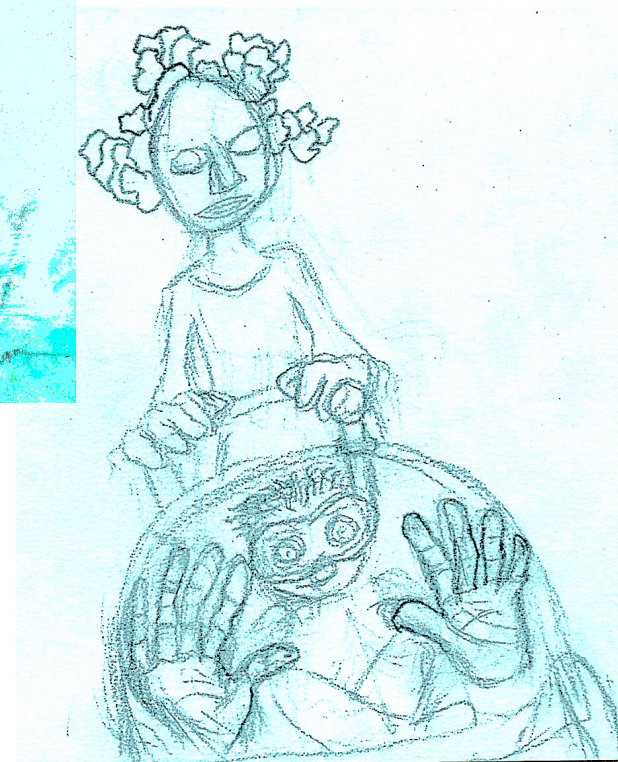
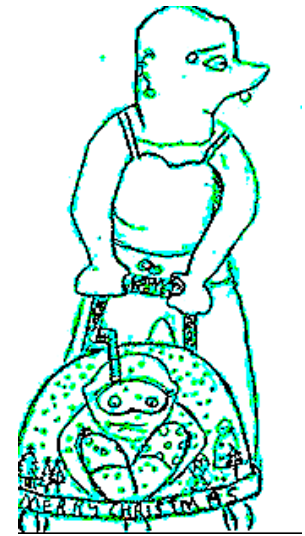
NOSTRADAMUS Yep. The soul is the new street drug.

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER I never saw that coming.

NOSTRADAMUS Where do you think he's getting them
from?

Pope's head pops up from beneath the bench...

POPE Don't ask!





"Hey, thanks for teaching me
how to walk on water!"

"You're welcome — as long as
you give us a nod if anyone
asks..."

NOSTRADAMUS Humans have got to get smaller because
resources are shrinking. You little fellas might just save
the world... But before you foetuses triumph there's going to
be a period of adjustment. But holy huh! This must have
been how the Neanderthals felt the first time they met a
leprechaun. I'm in shock.

EMBRYOS Okay. Understandable.

NOSTRADAMUS Battle lines will be drawn. I've got to get
you out of here.

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER And I've got to get those
souls out of you. You have so much soul you're overloaded.

The Pope appears among them spontaneously. He starts to
sing and they all dance -- it's very gospel.

POPE POP A SOUL! Want to save a tree from chopping
Or cut down costs when shopping? Do more effective
mopping? Look cool, not nuts, when hopping?

Pop a soul!

Want to salvage from destruction? Want abundance not
reduction? Want love and not seduction? Want Li Po not
liposuction?

Li Po, the Chinese poet, appears. He dances along.

LI PO Pop a Soul!

INT. STAINLESS STEEL FLASK. The embryos burst out of it. Nostradamus is still dithering at the door.

NOSTRADAMUS What the...? Right, yes, this comes as no surprise.

PLATE Is this the world? Eww.

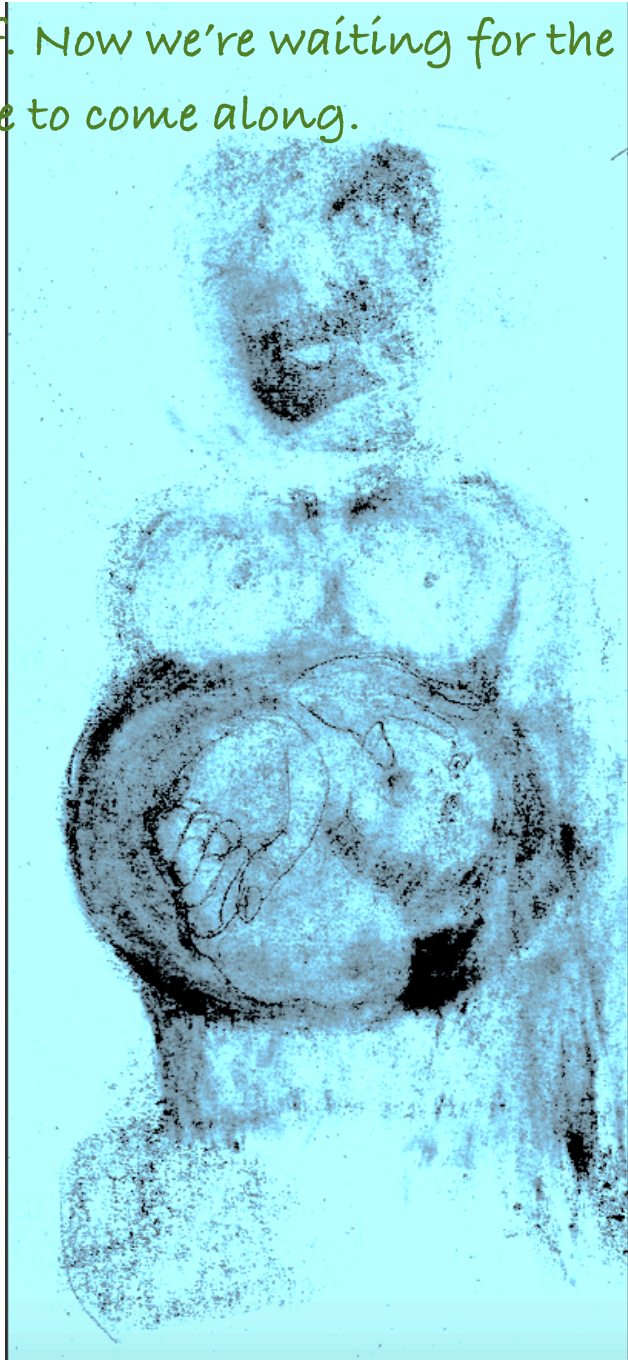
Nostradamus picks up the embryos and talks to them on his open palm.

NOSTRADAMUS I've got to tell you something. I foresaw this happening. I'm Tender Nostradamus, the fortune-telling Nostradamus's great great great great great great grandson. I see the future.

It's like watching the pilot show before they commission a series so it's a bit rough and some scenes have been cut by the time it airs. But I saw the rise of the foetuses. I saw The Rising even more of the Foetuses. I saw the prequel, the vicious sperm and egg roasts I saw you.



We boarded one of these but, shortly after we embarked, we were escorted off. Now we're waiting for the next one to come along.



DR SHAPE

They're never going to drive cars, are they? What kind of a workforce will they make? What kind of consumers? Oh Jesus!

DR APRICOT

Calm down. Everything will work out if there's a mixture. You know, fully grown humans and, er, fry.

DR SHAPE

Policing's going to have to change. How could you put them in jail?

What type of crimes would they commit?

DR APRICOT

We'll call a press conference. We've got to get a leaflet out to everyone. Things are going to change.

DR SHAPE

Er, that one's wearing a hat. And it's got a bag.

DR APRICOT

So, they've discovered accessories.

DR SHAPE

Spontaneously. Oh! It must be an inherited trait!

PAN DOWN to a Bishop Embryo and his little ziplock bag. He's also baptizing embryo's in the saucer.

DR APRICOT

Which means there's a gene for it!

Grab it! That one's a breeder. They grab him.

DR SHAPE

Heskolimol loskopotol askapoppins piskoflopper zoppalentil headalwedal?

DR APRICOT Axolotls?

DR SHAPE YES! What is it?

DR APRICOT South American lizards. They stay as larvae. They hardly ever turn into adults.

DR SHAPE This is our future?

DR APRICOT It's looking that way.

DR SHAPE No, no, we'll die out!

DR APRICOT Maybe not. It doesn't stop them being...you know, active.

DR SHAPE Oh, oh, embryos having sex! How teeny will their baby's be? Oh god!

DR APRICOT Downsizing's good. Cheaper. Think of how many we'll be able to cram into a classroom.

People will be able to have hundreds -- thousands -- of kids. Their homes can team with them. It won't matter!

DR SHAPE

Okay, okay, I'm getting my head round this. What do they eat?

DR APRICOT Energy drinks. Powdered astronaut type meals. Small portions, obviously. I just stick a saucer in with them.

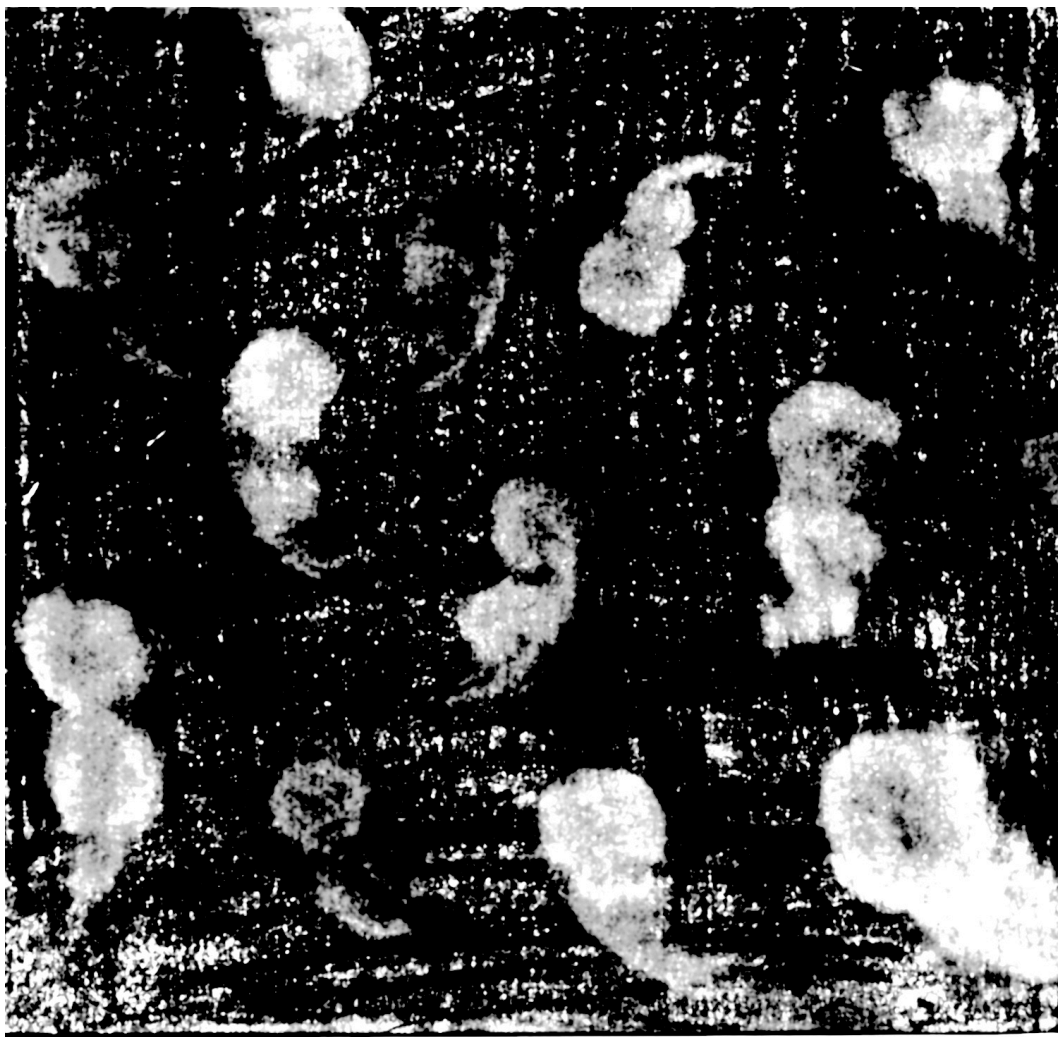
Shot of embryos round a saucer. A couple have fallen in, several float, drowned, on the surface.

Death-Nell the Goth

Campanologist has handbells with frozen human embryo clappers.

It's how we get our fix of ultrasound





We figure skate on
anaesthetic

Scene 9

CUT TO THE LAB NEXT DOOR. INT. TIME

CONTINUOUS. Dr Apricot places a small aquarium on the stainless steel work surface. Tiny human embryos shuffle about inside it. Some peer out.

DR SHAPE Eugh!

DR APRICOT They were implanted into their mothers' wombs like this and they came out just the same 8 months later.

DR SHAPE Double eugh!

DR APRICOT Did you say 'W'?

DR SHAPE No. Double eugh.

DR APRICOT 'W'?

DR SHAPE Double eugh.

Dr Apricot just stares at Dr Shape, waiting for more explanation. It doesn't come. She points to two canoodling fetuses.

DR APRICOT So, these two are celebrating their sixteenth birthday. They're real kids but they're... still embryos. We're sharing the same developmental problems as the axlotl.

DR SHAPE As the axo hol?

DR APRICOT Sorry?

DR SHAPE Lopoxal

DR APRICOT Is that your ringtone?

MAKEPEACE Wait a minute. My heart has begun beating!

PLANE Mine, too!

LACEY And mine!

ORLA : Argh!

PLATE Quick, quick, stuff us up a lady's mystery or we won't survive!

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER Oh no, no, all that has changed! I have travelled many faces and discovered -- it's a whole new world. Look at me, I am the same as yourselves yet I was able to thrive in the usually hostile environment outside a mother's water-filled blister.

MAKEPEACE We have to accept change.

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER: But you'll always be frozen. Locked into a permafrost. Ice will be part of you. You'll always be FROZEN HUMAN EMBRYOS, human snowballs, although you'll maybe now start to have adventures...

CUE MUSIC: THE ADVENTURES OF THE FROZEN EMBRYOS!

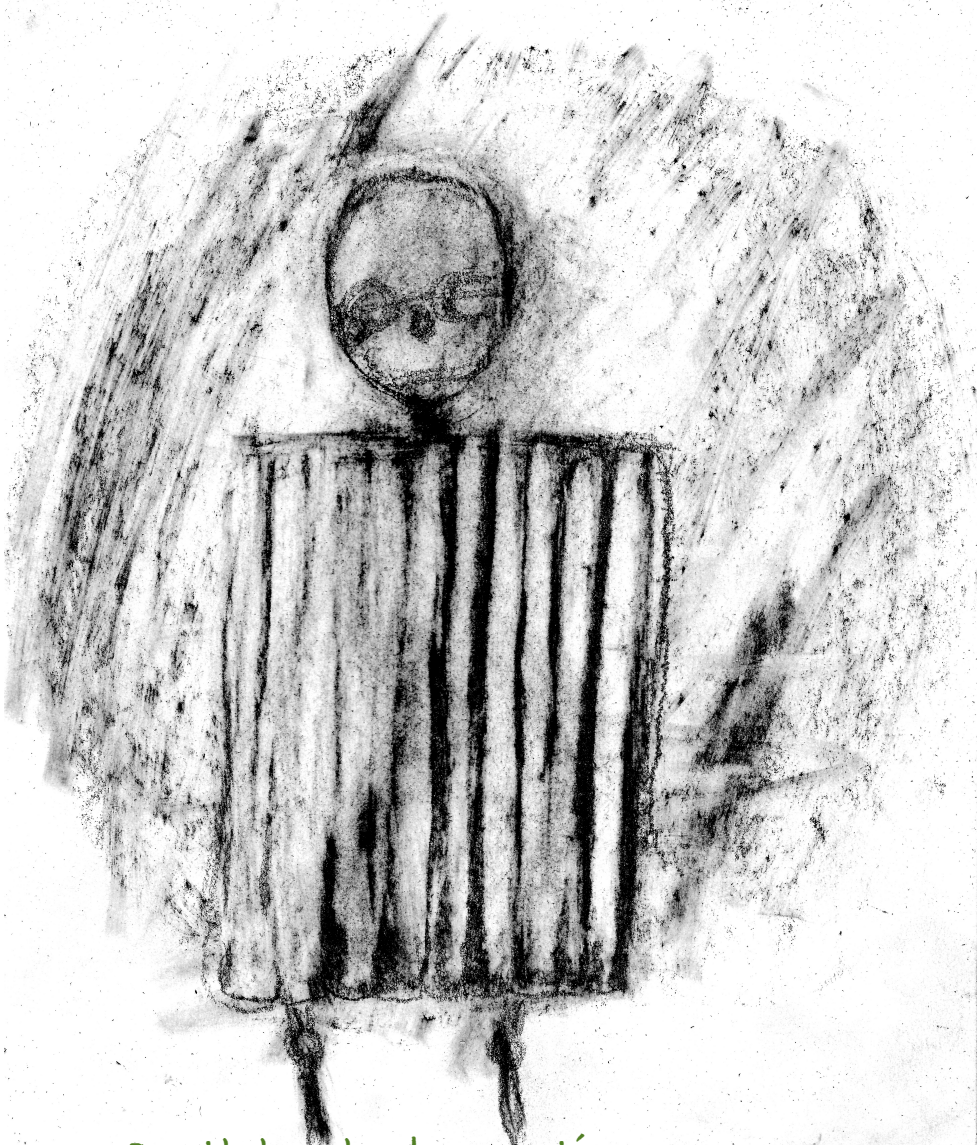
BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER: Or maybe not.



PENILE SERVITUDE!

Inside every man we see
a spermatozoa penitentiary
round and round those prisoners go
(think of Dore and van Gogh*)
some are lifers, some Death Row!
Some leave early on parole!

See Dore's The Exercise Yard & van Gogh's version of Dore's.



Death has had cosmetic surgery. Their ribs have been replaced by vertical blinds. We embryos sit discretely on the ribs

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER I'm Bishop Frozen Embryo Crowther! I've got souls in this ziplock bag. But I can't get the fucker open. Holy crappola.

CHEWING GUM I'll get the fucker open. Give it me.

THE CHEWING GUM HURLS THE BAG ABOUT, KICKS IT TREATS IT VERY VIOLENTLY AND IT RIPS OPEN.

Loads of souls spill out -- they look like slot machine symbols -- and slink into the embryos.

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER Bastard hell! You've all got too many now! You're all possessed! I'm gonna have to get them out of you start over. Shit pigs. Gotta fetch the frozen embryo frozen-exorcist!

MAKEPEACE Is there such a thing?

BISHOP EMBRYO CROWTHER How do I know? But wait a minute! Where are your rotating heads? Where are your jets of spew? Why aren't you upside down, bent over scuttling? Why isn't it happening?

ORLA Duh. Because we're frozen solid.

DRAMATIC MUSIC.

Camera draws back to include them all in shot.

PLATE: Souls? How're we going to get souls when we're stuck like this?

ORLA We're human. We've got souls.

MAKEPEACE We don't get souls till later. Forty days for a male, ninety days for a female.

ORLA So when's God going to do equality?

LACEY Who says they take that long to arrive?

MAKEPEACE Shrug.

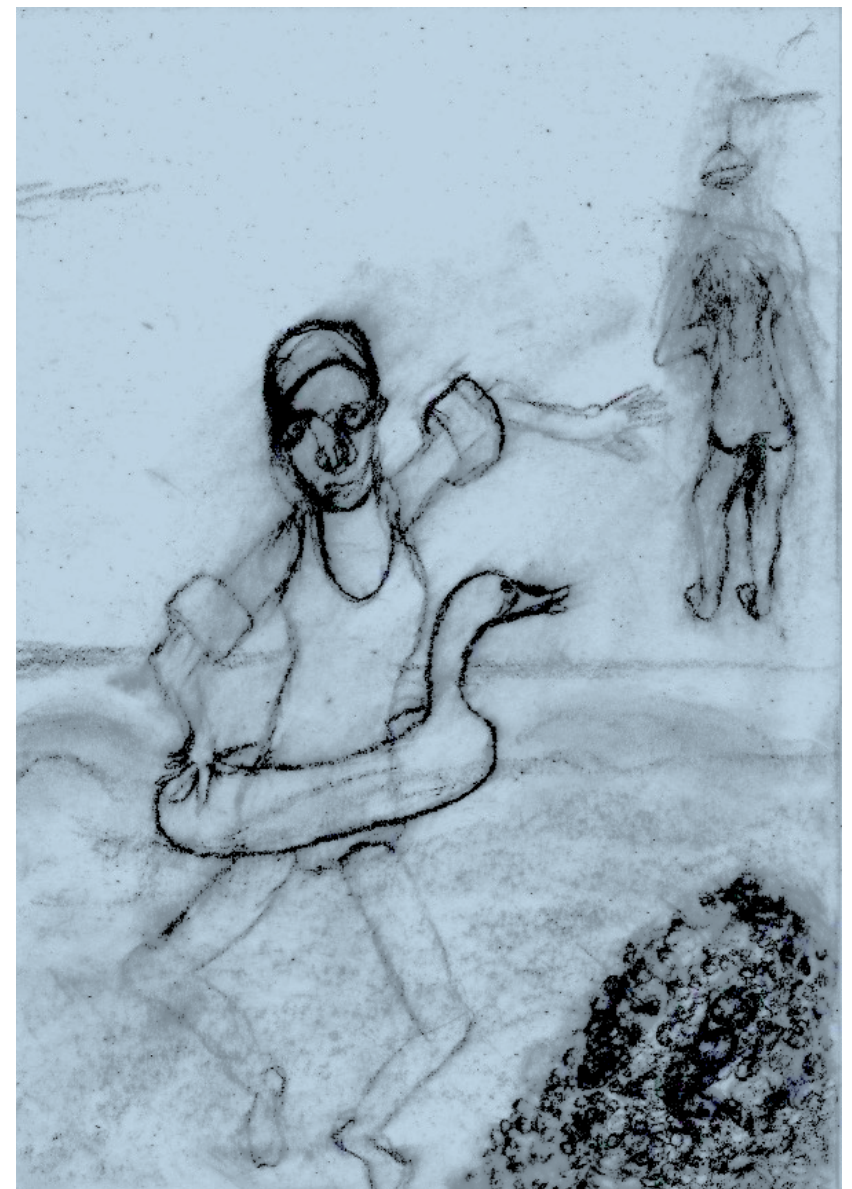
PLATE Hang on, we've been here five years.

PAN TO A CALENDAR SCRATCHED INTO THE ICE CRYSTALS ON THE FLASK INNER WALL. The calendar has five ones crossed out, no day by day gate counting.

MAKEPEACE Yeah, but developmentally, we're five weeks old.

ALL We need... we need a soul before the bomb goes off!

CHEWING GUM I'm not a bomb, I'm just chewed gum. And something fell in alongside me. Maybe whatever it is can help you. At any rate, it's wearing a hat that's as big as its body and it's carrying a bag.



Our mother visiting the verruca reef
at the local swimming baths just
after putting us in storage



At the age of nine, Lacey will look like there's a high rise office block growing out her skull. Genetic? Nah. Dystopian.

Tender Nostradamus replaces the lid on the flask, slings it back into the vat of liquid nitrogen and then can't decide whether to leave the room or not, pulling the door open a little way, letting it go (repeated).

Cut to:

INT. CRYONIC FLASK. TIME CONTINUOUS, SORT OF. The gum and Bishop Embryo Crowther plummet past a scattering of frozen embryos and land with a 'ding'. The embryos don't/can't move.

The camera pans to each in turn, despite them not moving.

PLATE Anyone expecting a delivery?

LACEY It's a meteor.

ORLA Uh, no. It's a statue of one of us. Me, probably.

MAKEPEACE It's a bomb.

PLATE Oh, oh, why do they hate us so!? I mean, I'm very chipper considering my father's begun a court action to have me destroyed!

LACEY It's quiet...for a bomb.

MAKEPEACE Obviously it's, you know, movement triggered.

ORLA Then it's not going to go off.

PLATE It will... it's meant for me. My daddy sent it.

MAKEPEACE They'd stop trying to kill us if we had souls.

CUT BACK TO THE LAB AND NOSTRADAMUS

He ticks the 'not stuck together' box on his clipboard sheet.

He throws the chopsticks onto the workbench and empties the last piece of chewing gum into his mouth. Bishop Embryo Crowther creeps down towards Nostradamus's lips.

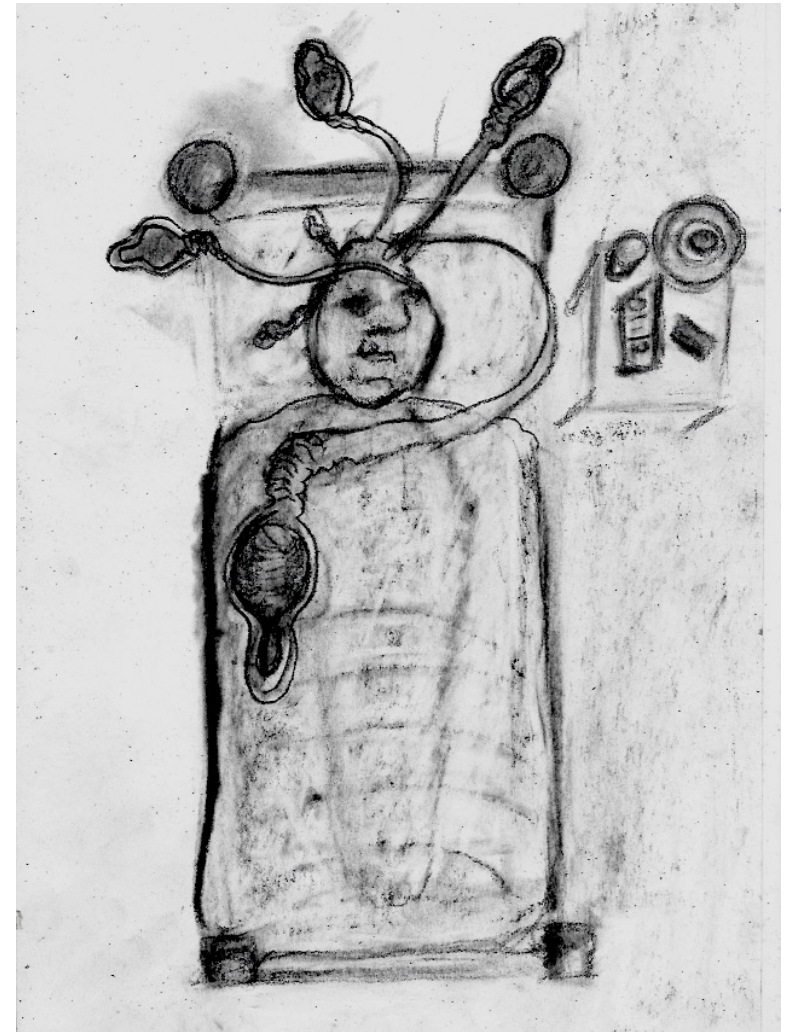
NOSTRADAMUS Gum helps me to concentrate, concentrate hard to the OUCH point! /Real thinking hurts! Whooo female relative! When I try to solve a problem I blow a bubble and when that bubble pops I get my answer -- whatever I am thinking at that moment -- that's my decision!

CHORUS (WOLF-EARWIGS) That's his decis-i-i-ion!

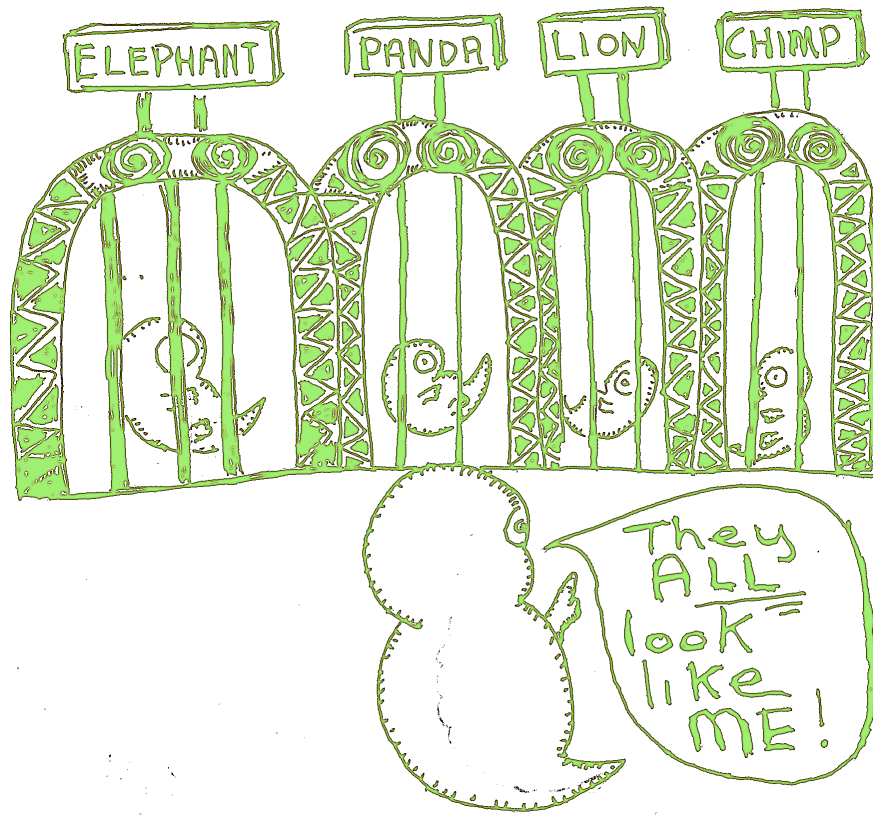
Tender Nostradamus gives the flask a shake so it rattles and then accidentally drops his chewing gum inside it, Bishop Embryo Crowther jumping onto it as it falls.

NOSTRADAMUS SONG Well, I'll be making foof-all decisions today. That was my last piece of gum. Oh yes. Procrastination back to back with free-style dithering. Um and ah. Um and ah on the calendar.

CHORUS (WOLF-EARWIGS) Um and ah on the calend-arrrrrr!



When our Daddy couldn't sleep
He counted sperm instead of sheep.



This can't be right!?

NOSTRODAMUS Bollocks minus balls.

NOSTRADAMUS Let's make sure you embryos haven't all stuck together in a cluster freeze.

Nostradamus puts on oven gloves shaped like crocodiles and lifts a steel flask out of liquid nitrogen and unscrews the lid. Then he pokes around inside it with food-soiled chopsticks.

NOSTRADAMUS Grab yourselves some chow mien, little pellets.

CUT TO INSIDE THE FLASK, THE EMBRYOS ARE ROLLING ABOUT WITH THE CHOPSTICKS RATTLING BETWEEN THEM. FLAKES OF CHOW MIEN COME OFF.

ORLA Why is the take-away always delivered by someone on stilts?

PLATE Why is it alway chow mien?

MAKEPIECE Why do they make us work for it?

LACEY
Why is it always dried up?

SCENE 2

INT. TIME CONTINUOUS. THE FUTURE FACILITY
WING OF A MEDICAL CLINIC

We enter the Future Facility wing, passing three doors, one marked 'DANGER! UNKNOWN COLOUR ON WALLS!', the next, 'DANGER! WOLF-EARWIGS' and the third, 'SARCASTIC PEOPLE! DR APRICOT, DR SHAPE' whom we glimpse through the door window, pointing at a small aquarium and screaming.

TENDER NOSTRADAMUS hoves into view in his unbuttoned white lab coat. He's carrying a clipboard, chopsticks and pen and he's chewing gum and blowing snappy little bubbles. He also has a stowaway on his face -- tiny

Bishop Embryo Crowther. We accompany them into the Human Embryo Cryonic Storage Room.

INT. HUMAN EMBRYO CRYOGENIC STORAGE ROOM. TIME CONTINUOUS.

There are rows and rows of small vats oozing fog. Mr Nostradamus rakes his pen against them like a stick against railings and rolls his eyes. We see his clipboard also has Toilet Check Rota on it.

NOSTRADAMUS: Check temperature?

Nostradamus flicks the temperature gauge.

Frozen Embryo UK

a case of stunted
development



Frozen Embryo Bishop Crowther is actually a donkey embryo. You wouldn't have guessed, would you? Fundamentally, especially at the outset, we are almost identical.



TRANSLATOR

What the...? Yes, Holy Father.

POPE

Good. Now, away to work. No time to lose!

The Pope climbs back into his mini Pope-mobile and pedals away down the marble, moonlit corridor.

SCENE 2

INT. TIME CONTINUOUS. THE FUTURE FACILITY WING OF A MEDICAL CLINIC

We enter the Future Facility wing, passing three doors, one marked 'DANGER! UNKNOWN COLOUR ON WALLS!', the next, 'DANGER! WOLF-EARWIGS' and the third, 'SARCASTIC PEOPLE! DR APRICOT, DR SHAPE' whom we glimpse through the door window, pointing at a small aquarium and screaming.

TENDER NOSTRADAMUS hoves into view in his unbuttoned white lab coat. He's carrying a clipboard, chopsticks and pen and he's chewing gum and blowing snappy little bubbles. He also has a stowaway on his face -- tiny Bishop Embryo Crowther. We accompany them into the Human Embryo Cryonic Storage Room.

POPE Okay. Trial run. One by one, make your way out of the gloves to the papal ring.

They do.

POPE That's right. Keep it fluid. As the ring is kissed, attach yourselves to the kisser.

The Pope kisses the ring and they swarm onto his kisser. He wipes them back inside his gloves. One gets stuck on his eyeball like those dots that float your across your vision from time to time. It stays put and keeps gliding across. His eye twitches from now on.

POPE Then you must travel, crossing from person to person, until you reach a place of human embryo storage.

BISHOP EMBRYOS (MUFFLED) Yes, Holy Father.

POPE Now, where are my translators....?

Out of the shadows flicker a group of translators.

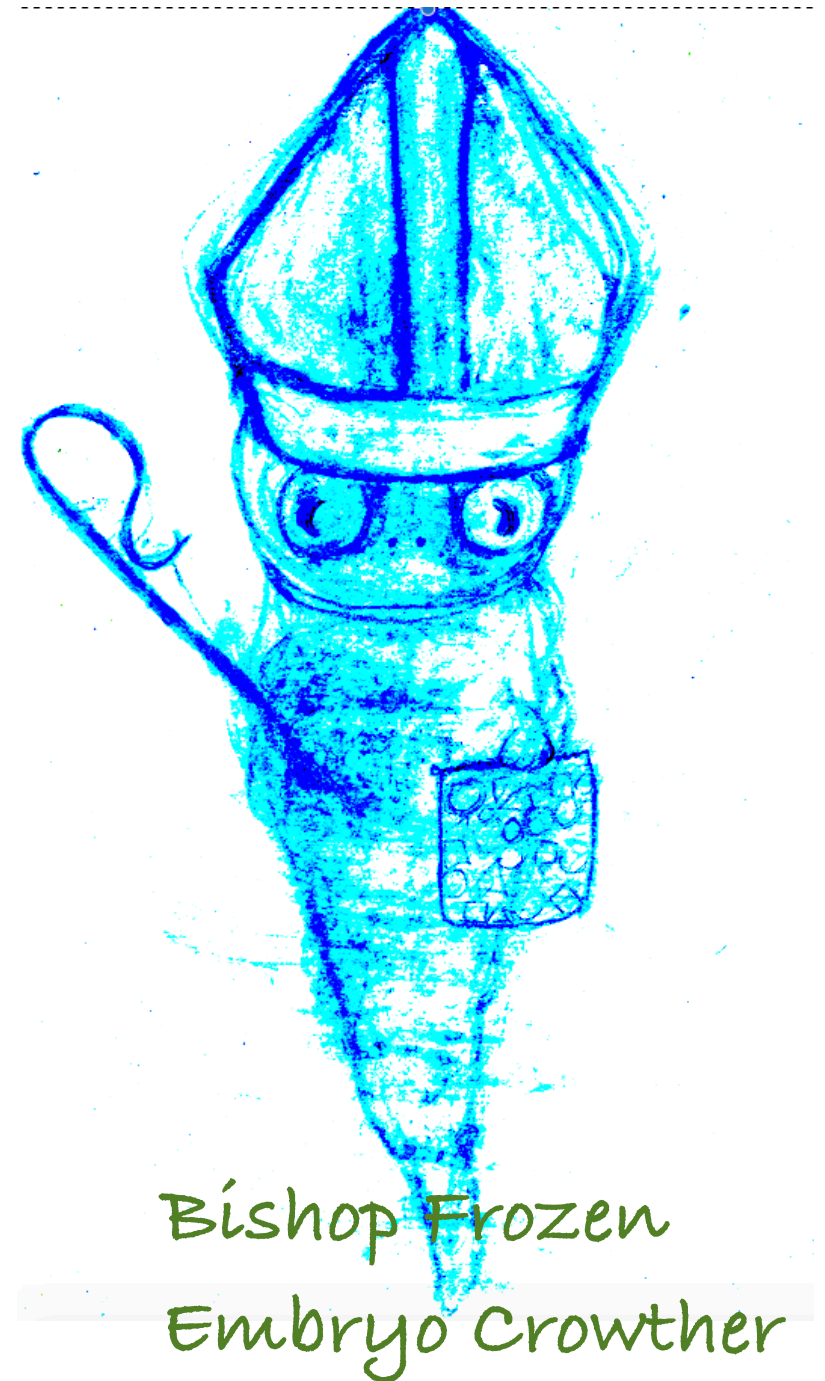
TRANSLATORS Yes, Holy Father?

POPE I want you to translate the Human Genome Project into Latin.

TRANSLATORS Uh?

POPE Then chunk it into verses like the rest of the bible. Is that understood? Genesis is about to get bigger.

A translator flips open the Human Genome Project and we see from their p.o.v. pages of DNA code such as: ATG-TCA-AAT-AGT-GAT-AAT-AGA-GCA-TAT-GAG etc





This is your city after the Poltergeist Bomb has been dropped. The black-top roads are wound around it like wrist restraints. All your buildings are stacked oh-so precariously and teeter...and teeter (seen through a heat-sensitive camera)

POPE My very special envoys! My dear bishop human embryos! Only, don't ask where you've come from!

The Frozen Human Embryo Bishops all look up.

BISHOP EMBRYOS We won't ask where we've come from, Holy Father!

POPE I am about to arm each of you with a ziplock bag of souls -- only don't ask where I got them! The Pope hands out tiny bags of souls and the embryos hug them close.

BISHOP EMBRYOS We won't ask where you got them, Holy Father!

POPE Your mission is to go out into the world, to all the clinics and institutions -- everywhere there are embryos threatened with indeterminate storage or destruction -- and you must give them souls. No one will kill them if they have souls.

Come, climb onto my hands. Spread out. Crouch down. The Bishop Embryos swarm over the Pope's hands.

POPE Ah, good, good, no one will know my plans because you look like warts.

The Pope puts on his gloves and his ring. Stains appear where several have been unintentionally squelched.

Cut to Amnesty International style shots of frozen human embryos being inhaled like a line of cocaine; embryos being flicked into tiddlywinks pots; embryos mopping computer keyboards; embryos being made to skywalk on drones; embryos rattling inside inflated balloons; embryos being shown anatomical pictures and then being forced to turn into hearts, kidneys, lungs, legs, ears and so forth; embryos chain-gang style tied to dental floss and squeezing between teeth, and other dangerous situations. Back to Pope.

POPE Ah, but the Pope is changing, too.

The Pope flicks open the thurible. It's hinged like a pop-up cigarette lighter.

Inside

it's teaming with frozen, gently steaming frozen human embryos, each wearing a bishop's mitre. There's a general party atmosphere. One of these Embryo Bishops (for that is what they are) is flipping communion wafers on a BBQ rigged up over the burning incense and another calls out to him.

BISHOP EMBRYO 2 No, no, let it sing. I like mine well done.



Your City, prior to
the dropping of our
Poltergeist Bomb.



Scene 1

INT. VATICAN. PAPAL PALACE.

NIGHT. Eery 'The Shining' style music.

The Pope (could be the Pope Emeritus in brown shoes) is riding a mini version of the Pope-mobile. It has oversized plastic wheels, and he's pedalling madly across chequerboard marble floors in a deserted, nocturnal vatican. We follow him till he reaches a room whose door mysteriously swings open.

The Pope stops, climbs from his vehicle and goes inside.

Scene 2

INT. CANDLELIT ROOM IN HEAVY SHADOW. TIME CONTINUOUS.

A lone and rather magnificent thurible (incense burner) swings from a chain attached to the ceiling. The Pope catches and holds it.

POPE Things are changing out there.

So many frozen human embryos are facing uncertain futures.