

1. INT. BASEMENT OF THE FAIR - NIGHT

Tom and Sophie have been kidnapped by the evil Orb and are being held in the basement, wrapped in cotton candy (candy floss). They realize the only way to break free is to eat the cotton candy. After eating so much, they start to get a sugar high and be hyper, when suddenly a heartfelt confession is made.

TOM:

I feel weird. I'm weird.

SOPHIE:

My tongue feels like it's been used to mop the Taj Mahal twice but apart from that I feel great amazing actually.

TOM:

I feel like I could do, like, six marathons back to back whilst doing press ups.

They laugh.

SOPHIE:

how would that work? Would that work? That wouldn't work. Would it?

TOM:

I don't know. But I thought I'd have a sugar crash by now. Turns out the best way to get rid of a sugar crash, eat more sugar.

They laugh again.

SOPHIE:

Sugar sugar sugar! Hard-core shugs*.

They laugh.

SOPHIE:

One time I ate so much candy floss I threw up on a clown. Pink puke everywhere.

TOM:

You think that's bad? One time I stayed up like 18 hours playing video games, and that much energy drinks, wee turned luminous yellow. I never told anyone that before.

SOPHIE:
when I was little I got in trouble
for writing my name on the wall, so
I wrote Nas's name instead.

TOM:
You're a genius.

Sophie laughs.

TOM:
I used to forge my mom's signature
to skive off school.

SOPHIE:
That's like... you're a criminal
mastermind.

TOM:
No, they'd just ring up and find
out.

SOPHIE:
Oh no!

TOM:
(laughing) Yeah. She went
ballistic.

SOPHIE:
I bet.

TOM:
(kind of laughing still) Yeah,
"You're pathetic. You're useless.
You'll never amount to nothin'."

Pause. Sophie gets serious.

SOPHIE:
She said that? That's... harsh. What
did your dad say?

Pause. Tom doesn't answer.

SOPHIE:
He sounded nice on the phone.
Called you "buddy."

TOM:
(shrugging off) Yeah, he's the
best.

SOPHIE:
So, you know it's not true. What
your mom said.

TOM:

Look what I've amounted to though.
(he shouts at the skies) How do you
like me now, mom? (beat) We
wouldn't even be here if it weren't
for me.

SOPHIE:

You're right. We wouldn't be here
because we'd all still be sitting
in the sports hall. You got us
moving and kept us going. They're
waiting for you. We just need to
get to Wallgate, and when they see
you they're both going to be so
proud of you. (pause - silence, no
response from Tom) Well, wanna know
my worst secret?

He looks up at her, interested in what she has to say.

SOPHIE:

My middle name's Tango.

He starts smiling at that.

SOPHIE:

Yeah, my parents met at a dance
class. And you thought your mom was
mean, right?

TOM:

Yeah, all right. Fair play, you
win.

They smile.

*shugs = British slang for sugar