

PIP & MICK'S EMPORIUM

Series 1 Ep. 1

"Snot"

Created by

Paul Galloway & Richard Watson

Written by

Anthony Burt

Whirlwind Media Ltd

The Bottle Yard,  
Whitchurch Lane,  
Bristol  
BS14 0JZ

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Half Hour (22 mins)

PIP & MICK'S EMPORIUMSE1 EP1 - "SNOT"TITLE CREDITS:

An OLD MAN grabs the doorhandle of PIP & MICK'S EMPORIUM. The door rattles but won't open. He glances at the colourful, jam-packed Emporium windows - lights are flashing; the store is crazy and playful. The Old Man sees a sign hanging in the door:

"WE'RE OPEN! PLEASE COME IN & ASK A QUESTION!"

He turns the handle again, pushing against the door. It stays locked. The Old Man angrily shakes a piece of paper at the shop. Written on it in big letters are the words: "HOW DO I STOP SWALLOWING MY FALSE TEETH?" He walks away, grunting.

SFX: A TV screen in the shop window flashes up a cartoon picture of a tongue being stuck out. A loud farty-raspberry sound comes out of the shop as the TV screen flickers with the words: "NO OLD PEOPLE ALLOWED!"

A young BOY and GIRL walk up to the shop, push the door and go in. Inside, they interact with characters and parts of the shop in a QUICK-FLASH introductory tour of the Emporium's interior.

PIP spins around on roller skates, wearing a colourful lab coat and head phones. She peers into a microscope as test tubes bubble and steam with green liquid next to her. She lights a Bunsen burner and pulls goggles over her face.

MICK juggles some apples and oranges, ponders deeply in a chair, sits cross-legged on top his workstation reading a book (called "How to Creatively Create Stuff"), and flicks paint on a huge picture of a rocket taking off.

Mick gets paint on Pip's face. She wipes it away, then slams her hands on her hips. They banter and laugh as they start a paint fight.

Covered in multi-coloured paint, they jump outside the Emporium and high-five each other. They lean happily against their shop door before running back inside as--

END CREDITS

1. INT. EMPORIUM FRONT. DAY

--the JANGLE-JANGLE of the shop's bell echoes. A Boy walks in and blows his nose. He looks at the counter, the futuristic-looking sofa-chair (with a huge question mark hanging over it) and the two doors behind the counter.

No one's around. The Boy whacks the counter bell - a plastic head of ALBERT EINSTEIN.

SFX: Loud, dramatic Beethoven's Fifth Symphony blares out.

The Boy leaps back in fright. Lights flash around the shop, the floor shakes, the chair wobbles (its question mark lighting up). TV screens above the two doors display the bright words: "WELCOME! YOUR QUESTION IS IMPORTANT TO US, PLEASE HOLD ON."

BOY  
(Looks around)  
To what?

The Boy grips the counter as the Fifth Symphony is replaced by awful "on hold" lift music.

More lights flash, the IDEA NOUGATS tube on the counter shoots out steam as it delivers a chunky sweet into its tray.

As the Boy picks up the sweet, an alarm blares. He flings the sweet down, holding his hands up in surrender. The TVs flash new words: "WELCOME TO PIP & MICK'S EMPORIUM, QUESTIONER GIRL!"

Both doors fly open. Pip jumps out of one, Mick strolls calmly out of the other.

PIP  
(to Mick, annoyed)  
You changed Albert's music again, Mick! (rubs Einstein's head as if sorry for him.) To booooooring classical music...

Pip yawns in Mick's face. She ignores the Boy.

MICK  
Yes, Pip. But, at least I don't listen to that whizza-whazza-hub-bub-bub-waaooow-waaaooooow stuff you like.

The Boy waves at them, trying to get them to notice he's there.

PIP  
It does NOT sound like that!

Pip smashes her hand on Einstein's head. The music and lights STOP. But the TV screens keep flashing: "WELCOME TO PIP & MICK'S EMPORIUM, QUESTIONER GIRL!"

The Boy raises his arm in the air, as if in a classroom.

Pip and Mick turn to the Boy, smiling.

PIP & MICK  
(brightly)  
Hi! Welcome to Pip and Mick's, how can we help you?

BOY  
Niiiiice shop. But, um, I'm not a girl.

Mick raises an eyebrow. He bends over the counter, looking closely at the Boy. Mick wobbles the Boy's cheeks and pulls his ears outwards.

Pip looks over the counter too. She runs a whirring gadget (a modified metal detector with bubbles coming out of it) over the Boy's head, looks at the machine's screen and turns to Mick.

After some consideration, they nod.

MICK

Yes, you're correct. Is that all?

BOY

Er, no. It's just... (points at TVs)... your shop seems to think I'm a girl.

Pip spins to look at the TVs, slamming her hands on her hips.

PIP

Hmm, the Emporium's hyper-sensitive gyro-reading gender detector must be on the blink! (to Boy) Your name is?

BOY

Eric.

Pip spins, wagging an annoyed finger at the shop. She stomps to an electronic panel on the wall and smacks it. An alarm sounds, the TV screens flash "OUCH!" before the words re-appear: "WELCOME TO PIP & MICK'S EMPORIUM, QUESTIONER BOY ERIC!"

ERIC

Tha... than... thaaaannnkyoouu AATCH000!

Pip and Mick jump as ERIC sneezes over the shop counter.

A large cupboard springs open to Eric's left. Hundreds of multi-coloured tissues fly out.

Eric runs to the cupboard, catching some tissues. He blows his nose as the tissues just keep coming; they float all over him.

Pip and Mick run round the counter, chasing and catching tissues. They try to cram them back into the cupboard, slamming the cupboard closed. There's tissue chaos everywhere. Eric, Pip and Mick look around, sighing.

The cupboard doors spring open once more. A whole toilet roll flies out, hitting Eric on the head. There's a long pause - the cupboard doors staying open - then a box of tissues flies out, hitting Mick. The cupboard doors slam shut on their own.

MICK

Thank you VERY much, Emporium!

Mick pulls a tissue out of the box and blows his own nose, even though he hasn't got a cold.

ERIC  
Your shop has a mind of its own.

Eric sneezes again.

Pip takes his hand, pulling Eric across to the chair.

PIP  
You're not well. Come and sit down.  
Cup of warm Diet Coke with floating  
marshmallows, baked beans and custard?

ERIC  
(sits down)  
Er, eeew! Definitely not.

Pip looks disappointed as Eric gets comfy in the chair.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I'm here because people say you guys  
find answers to difficult questions.

Pip and Mick nod. They clap their hands with glee.

MICK  
Yes, yes! With the help of our  
Galorium Emporium we hunt down any  
answer in the world. But! The Question  
(his eyes go twinkly) - aaah, yes! -  
The Question. It has to be GOOD.

PIP  
And weird. And strange. And mean we  
can get messy. And do scientificky  
experiments.

MICK  
And be artistic! And get to meet new  
expert people. And go travelling to  
new worlds through our Inter-  
Dimensional Doorway. And, and, and...

ERIC  
Okay, okay! I've got it. I think.  
(sneezes again) So my question is-

Pip hands Eric a glass with some gloopy yellow and red liquid  
in it and a chocolate flake poking out the top.

PIP  
Some custard and baked beans with a  
flake. It'll help with your cold.

Eric takes it, raising an eyebrow. The drink looks like vomit.

Pip stares at him eagerly until he takes a sip, leaving a  
yellow moustache on his lip. He screws up his face, but forces  
a smile at Pip.

ERIC  
 (custard on top lip)  
 So, as I was saying, my question is-

Mick jumps forward.

MICK  
 Wait!

Eric sighs, rolling his eyes.

Pip runs forward, picking up a device from behind the chair. It's an upside-down, flower-painted metal watering can with two toilet brushes sticking out its sides like antenna. Lights flash on it and wires stretch back into the chair.

Pip plonks the techno-watering can onto Eric's head, then flips a pair of sunglasses (fastened to the can) down over his eyes.

PIP  
 Now, we're ready!

Mick tugs Pip's overall I.

MICK  
 Um, no. Pip, you promised that I could-

PIP  
 (ignores Mick)  
 Okay Questioner Boy Eric. Ask your-

Mick tugs Pip's overall I's harder.

MICK  
 (whiny)  
 Piiiiip! Come on, you promised I could sing my song before we did a question.

Pip huffs, putting her hands on her hips. She turns to Mick.

PIP  
 No, Mick! I'm in charge here and I told you that-

Mick leaps over to a mini-jukebox on one of the shop's shelves. He taps a button and leaps back centre-stage in front of the counter. Disco lights come on, music blares and a microphone stand slides in front of Mick as he poses like Elvis.

MICK  
 (singing badly)  
 Oooh, hmmm, yeeaaaah!

Pip sighs, flopping down on to the arm of the chair.

MICK (CONT' D)

(singing and dancing badly)  
 We have a questioner / And they're not  
 a pensioner / Cos they're young and  
 curious, bold and ingenious / They're  
 here today at the Emp-or-ium / To  
 uncover some amazing Sci-en-ti-fic-ium /  
 They have fan-tab-ulous, weird and  
 wonderful quesssssssstions / For Pip  
 and Mick's diff-ere-ent answer  
 suggestsssssstions!

The music scratches to a stop. The lights go up.

Pip stands next to the jukebox, her finger on the STOP button. She raises her eyebrows at Mick before walking back to the chair. A deflated Mick scrapes his feet over to the chair too.

PIP

Ask away Questioner Boy Eric!

ERIC

Okay. My question is: How do we catch  
 a cold?

An alarm goes off. Lights around the shop flash crazily. The cupboard opens up and closes before streamers fly out of it. Steam shoots out the top of the Idea Nougats tube. The TVs above the two doors flash the words: "GOOD QUESTION!"

Pip and Mick high-five each other, running around excitedly.

PIP & MICK

Yay, it's a GOOD question!

Mick pulls the techno-watering can off Eric's head, yanking him out of the chair. All three of them run around the counter as smiley faces appear on the TV screens.

PIP

Come on, let's go answer your  
 question!

Pip takes Eric by the arm and leads him through her door. Mick skips through his.

## 2. INT. TRANSITION - "THE PROF KNOWS BEST". DAY

SFX: Green snot sprays on-screen as the word "SPLAT!".

ZOOM IN ON a small MOON LANDER BUGGY with chunky wheels, antennas and a telescopic pole leading up to a large flat TV screen. The all-knowing half-man, half-robot THE PROF appears on screen as a TALKING HEAD.

Above his head is a sign that says: "THE PROF KNOWS BEST..."

PROF

(sarcastic, know-it-all)  
Did you know, there are over 200 different viruses that cause the common cold. That means, you could get 200 colds one after another after another! (sneezes) THAT is a LOT of SNOT!

SFX: A stream of green, slimy snot drips down over the screen.

3. INT. EMPORIUM BACK ROOM. DAY

Pip and Mick stand behind two work stations. One each. Pip's to the left, Mick's to the right. They're dressed in their "work clothes": Pip's a pseudo-science labcoat with funky accessories and big glasses; Mick's a steam punk-like arty overall look.

Eric stands in the middle of them, looking either side.

ERIC

I'm sure you two were wearing other clothes when we came through to the ba-

MICK

(waves Eric's comment away)  
Yes, yes. Minor point. (rubs his chin in thought) So then: how do people catch colds?

ERIC

I don't know. That's why I asked you.

MICK

Yes, I know that. I was just talking out loud to, you know, get-

Pip grabs Eric's arm and drags him to her work station.

PIP

To understand how we catch a cold, I think we need to know how a virus works.

Out of a small door behind the work stations - which has a sign reading "STOCK ROOM" above it - a small person wearing bright green CARETAKER overalls and a flat cap shuffles over. He has an eye-patch over his left eye, so he walks sideways.

This is SAM THE STOCK ROOM MAN. He bumps into Pip's work station, lifts up his eye-patch to see, then walks round the table to slam a microscope in front of Pip.

SAM  
 (uninterested)  
 Here's your stupid microscope. With  
 your stupid germs in it. (sticks out  
 his tongue) Bleugh!

Pip smiles and drags the microscope towards her.

PIP  
 (overly bright)  
 Thanks Sam!

ERIC  
 Who was that rude person? Does he live  
 here?

MICK  
 Yes, that's Sam the Stock Room Man.  
 He's always grumpy.

ERIC  
 What happened to his eye?

MICK  
 He lost it in a freak spelling contest  
 accident.

Eric looks at Mick, bemused.

PIP  
 So, as I said, we need to know how the  
 nasty germy virus thing that makes a  
 cold can assimilate itself to us.

ERIC  
 Ass... what?

MICK  
 She means how a virus joins or sticks  
 to us. Er, I think that's what she  
 means. (sighs) Pip always uses big,  
 scientific terms I don't get.

Pip looks inside the microscope.

CUT TO:

A spikey-looking cold/flu virus squirming around in a petri  
 dish. GRAPHICS: A big arrow flashes on-screen, pointing at one  
 of the germs. Words next to the arrow flash: "A VIRUS. YUCK."  
 After a second, they change to: "VIRUS = COLD = SNOT!"

CUT BACK TO:

PIP  
 Eeeew!

Eric goes to look in the microscope.

SFX: DING-DONG-DING-DONG!

Eric jumps away from the microscope.

ERIC  
(holding hands up)  
I didn't touch anything!

Mick skips in front of the work stations and heads to a door to the left of the Back Room.

MICK  
(chants)  
That'll BE the door for ME! That'll BE  
the door for ME!

Mick yanks open the door. Standing there (a bricked-up back alleyway behind him) is a skinny young man wearing a red postman-like uniform. He has an incredibly tall baseball cap on, which he's tilted to the side in a bad "street" way. On the cap's front is the motif: "2 + 2 = 1: Awe Sum".

On his shirt is a SNAIL logo with the word "MAIL" underneath it. This is ROGER DODGER the delivery boy. He's posh, but thinks he's cool; he's an upper-class hoodie. He weaves back and forth in front of Mick, gangster-like, chewing gum.

Roger thrusts a large, white papier-mâché Rhinoceros' head at Mick.

ROGER DODGER  
(posh accent playing "street")  
Delivery for Mick. One. Rhino. Head.  
Sign here!

Roger shoves a clipboard at Mick. He scribbles on it with an overly large pen. Keeps scribbling. Then scribbles some more.

ROGER DODGER  
(raises his eyebrows)  
Thassa long surname, mate. Here ya go.

Roger hands the Rhino head over to Mick, who looks confused.

MICK  
When did I order this?

ROGER DODGER  
(looks at clipboard)  
Accordin' to this, you ordered: One.  
Rhino. Head. Through jungle.com  
tomorrow afternoon for delivery today,  
which is of course yesterday but is  
really today. If ya see what I mean,  
Guv' nor.

MICK  
It's Mick.

ROGER DODGER

Whatevs.

MICK

(Looking at Rhino head)  
Okay, I see. (turns to Pip, shrugging)  
I must have ordered it whilst I was in  
the future inside the Inter-  
Dimensional Doorway.

Pip nods.

ZOOM IN dramatically as they look over at the magical, steam  
punk-looking doorway across the Back Room. There's a clock  
above it with two faces, one reading "HERE", the other "THERE".  
A sign above the door reads: "INTER-DIMENSIONAL DOORWAY".

On the door is a GENTS toilet sticker: the universal STICK MAN  
symbol. Another sign underneath reads: "TO OTHER WORLDS: MIND  
YOUR STEP".

ERIC

So, that's a toilet to the future?

Pip looks with awe into the distance, pointing a finger.

PIP

It used to be a toilet. Until the  
Emporium turned it into an ever-  
changing, galactic-explorer portal  
into time, space and the universe  
beyond.

MICK

But it's a Gents toilet too. (pauses)  
Which, you know, is handy for me.

Mick turns to Rodger. He holds up his Rhino head, smiling.

MICK (CONT'D)

Thanks for delivering this, Rodger  
Dodger.

ROGER DODGER

Hey, no problem, mate. (sidles over to  
Mick and nudges him) As I've said to  
ya before --

PIP

(rolls her eyes)  
And you'll no doubt say again...

ROGER DODGER

(ignores Pip, posh accent)  
-- Nudgy-nudgy-winky-winky, don't ask  
me where I got it, alrighty?

Rodger winks at Mick, exiting the back door. The door closes on its own.

MICK

Alrighty!

Mick carries his Rhino head to his work station. Then pulls Eric from Pip's work station area over to his side of the room. Mick picks up two paint brushes, handing one to Eric. They start painting the Rhino head.

SFX: Eric and Mick paint in slo-mo first of all, then speed up to hyper-fast. TWINKLY MUSIC, a TRANSITION and CUT TO: The Rhino head magically painted in a perfect, realistic way.

Mick holds it up.

MICK

Now, you see, viruses that cause colds are made up of two types. One type is called a Coronavirus and the other type is called a Rhinovirus!

Mick nods the Rhino head up and down, roaring. Badly.

PIP

That's not very scientificy Mick, is it?

Mick frowns. He slams the Rhino head down on the work station and turns to Eric.

MICK

Okay, Questioner Eric! Come with me...

Mick stomps over to the old brass Telegraph speed controller (from a sailing ship) on the wall next to the Inter-Dimensional Doorway. He pulls a lever, presses some flashing buttons and then pushes the Telegraph's handle over the glass dial.

CU OF DIAL: There are five sections, each a different colour. From left to right the sections are: "TOILET" (white); "PAST" (grey); "PRESENT" (green); "FUTURE" (orange); and "OH, WHAT THE HELL!" (red).

Mick slams the dial over to the "OH, WHAT THE HELL!" section.

MICK

The only way we're going to really know how people catch a cold, is if we get right inside one!

Eric sneezes as the Inter-Dimensional Doorway lights up.

Mick grabs three hard hat helmets from hooks by the door, handing one to Eric and the other to Pip.

MICK  
These are special space-time portal  
protection devices.

Eric puts his on, strapping it around his chin.

ERIC  
They're hard hats, you mean.

MICK  
Yes, yes. But look!

He holds his hard hat up before he puts it on, pointing at the capital letters written across the front of it: "IDDIOT".

MICK  
(points at each letter on  
saying each word)  
These are: "Inter-Dimensional Doorway  
Intensely Obstinate Tools".

ERIC  
They make us look like right idiots.

Pip smirks. She turns her hard hat round the other way as they all step through the door. It closes and everything goes quiet.

In the empty Back Room, Sam shuffles out of his office, bumping into furniture as he goes.

SAM  
(Looks around, sighs)  
Oh good, they're gone. Stupid people.  
Now for some peace and quiet... quiet...  
AAAAACCCCHHHHOOOOO!

Mick's Rhino head explodes.

CUT TO:

SFX: Animation of a long, space tunnel as we travel into it.

#### 4. INT. DARK, DINGY, SLIMEY ROOM. DAY

Pip, Mick and Eric land in a gloopy, dark green mess. There's slime dribbling everywhere: off the soft and spongy walls, beneath their feet and dripping on their helmets.

Eric picks up one foot. Slime is stuck to it.

ERIC  
Oh gross! Where on Earth are we?

MICK  
We're inside your nose! And it's disgusting.

ERIC  
Hang on. What, we're actually inside  
my own nose right now?

MICK  
Yes! Amazing, eh? That door's magic!

PIP  
But whatever you do, don't sneeze.  
Otherwise, we're done for!

Mick looks up, panic in his eyes.

MICK  
Oh no! There's a massive globule of  
snot falling this way. We are done  
for!

SFX: A huge slimy bogey rolls down towards them. It squelches  
and roars as it tumbles (like the Indiana Jones stone ball).

ACTION FREEZES. CUT TO:

GRAPHICS: "AAAARGH!" word flies on-screen. A series of STILL  
IMAGES show Pip, Mick and Eric in poses of over-the-top peril.

DEEP-VOICED V.O. MAN  
Oh no! Will Pip, Mick and our hero  
Eric meet a slimy, snotty end? Will  
they be bonked on the head with  
bogey's? Or drown in mucky mucus? Will  
they EVER get back to the Emporium?  
And will Pip EVER stop making horrible  
bean and custard drinks that look like  
sick? Find out in just a moment...

CUT TO: AD BREAK.

5. INT. TRANSITION - "THE PROF KNOWS BEST". DAY

ZOOM IN on "THE PROF KNOWS BEST..." sign and the Buggy.

PROF  
Did you know, you'll catch around four  
colds a year. And you can be ill for  
two weeks with each one. (sneezes,  
winks) So, if you want two weeks off  
school, catch a cold!

An explosion of green snot hits the centre of the screen.

6. INT. DARK, DINGY, SLIMEY ROOM. DAY

Pip, Mick and Eric are crouching down in fear as bogey-slime  
slowly drips down on to their heads.

ERIC

I can't believe I'm going to be crushed by my own snot. Then drown inside my own nose!

PIP

Yes, but look on the bright side. How interesting is this? (points to a red, throbbing part of the nose) You can see here how the virus has infected the sides of your nose. It's red raw!

Despite the bogeys above closing in, Pip shuffles to the nose's cavernous wall and presses on the sore red part.

ERIC

Ow! That hurt!

PIP

Oops, sorry. It's just that this really helps to answer your question.

MICK

(Looks up at snot)  
Pip, this is s'not the time!

PIP

Mick, do I have to tell you what to do all the time? Please help us. Use our Freeze All Real Time System!

ERIC

(Looks confused)  
The Freeze All Real Time System?

Mick pulls off his hard hat to reveal a set of antique wooden fire bellows. He takes them off his head, puts the hard hat back on, and holds the bellows up to the ball of snot.

MICK

Yes! This is a special gadget Pip invented for stopping time: the Freeze All Real Time System.

He presses a flashing button on the bellows, pushing them together.

SFX: A loud, wet-sounding fart noise bursts from the bellows.  
GRAPHICS: Animated smoke and a speech balloon with the word "PARP" in it shoots out the end of the bellows.

MICK

The gadget's FARTS for short.

Eric wafts his hand in front of his face.

ERIC

Phew! Doesn't smell short to me.

The slimy snot-ball above them stops falling.

MICK

It doesn't last long though! Only a minute or so...

ERIC

(smirking)

So it's short farts, not just FARTS for short.

Mick pats Eric on the shoulder, chuckling.

Pip leans into the slimy nose cavity. Holding her breath, she sticks her head and shoulders in the sore, swollen hole. After rummaging, she pulls back out, covered in snot.

In Pip's hands is a large, spiky red and blue ball. It looks like what was inside the petri dish earlier.

PIP

Here it is! The virus that's caused your cold. It buried itself inside the lining of your nose.

ERIC

So that's why it feels so sore. Cos that's in there!

Pip nods. She turns the little, spiky ball around frontwards. It has a sad face and a droopy, snotty nose itself. The little cold virus sneezes, dribbling all over Pip's hands.

PIP

(soppy)

Oh poor ickle-wickle cold virus doesn't feewl vewy well. (strokes its chin) There, there don't be sad. I'll make you a wuverwy custard and bean dwink to-

ERIC

Um, excuse me. Don't be nice to the horrible germ that's made me ill!

The spiky cold virus snuffles sadly.

Eric walks guiltily over to stroke the virus's chin too.

ERIC

There, there. I'm sorry. (to Pip) So, are viruses actually alive then?

PIP

Another GOOD question! Well, some of my scientific friends think they are and some don't. It's a difficult one to answer. (strokes virus) This virus certainly looks alive! But, let's ask The Prof that question when we get back to the Emporium.

ERIC

The Prof?

MICK

Our resident know-it-all. Besides Pip, that is.

Pip scowls at Mick.

MICK (CONT'D)

I think what we do know for sure about your cold, is a virus attacks your ears, nose and throat.

Mick uses his fingers to attack his own face (ears, nose and throat) in a hyper, demented fashion.

MICK (CONT'D)

And when it's buried inside you it irritates you.

ERIC

Yes, having a cold is very irritating.

MICK

Yes, but I mean the virus infects your nose lining with its, er, badness and this causes a reaction.

ERIC

What kind of reaction?

The ball of snot above unfreezes, dropping onto their heads. Gloopy, radioactive-green slime and bogey lumps cover them all. Mick spits out a globule of snot, wiping his face.

MICK

That! Your body creates A LOT of mucus to fight off the virus. That's why you have a snotty nose when you catch a cold.

Eric wipes slime off his face.

ERIC

Nasty. But how do we get out? Of my nose, that is.

He lifts up his head to sneeze again.

MICK

Oh my! You're about to sneeze inside your own nose. Weird.

ERIC

AAAAAACCCCCHHHHHH0000000!

The nose rumbles, snot and smoke bubbling everywhere. Pip, Mick and Eric slide around and, finally, tumble OUT OF SHOT --

CUT TO:

7. INT. EMPORIUM BACK ROOM. DAY

-- An avalanche of giant green bogey-balls, Pip, Mick and Eric fall out of the Inter-Dimensional Doorway into the Back Room. They wipe themselves down, hanging up the IDDIOT hard hats.

MICK

Phew! That was a close one. I thought we'd be trapped in your nose forever. Hmm, I could write a song about that.

Pip rolls her eyes at Mick.

PIP

(to Eric)

Come on! Let's leave the daydreamer and get some real answers.

8. INT. THE PROF'S BUGGY SCREEN, EMPORIUM BACK ROOM. DAY

Pip and Eric leap to the Prof's steam punk Moon Lander Buggy. On its screen, fast asleep, is the head of an old mad professor. He's semi-human, part computer. At hand-height are two big buttons. A green "ON" one, and a red "OFF" one.

PIP

Go ahead Questioner Boy Eric.

Eric looks fearfully at Pip, then at The Prof. He leans forward and whacks the green button. The Prof snorts, waking up.

PROF

(camp, posh, patronising)  
Ow! Goodness me, don't be so rough young man. Didn't your mother ever tell you not to push a stranger's buttons so hard?

ERIC

Oh, sorry. I didn't realise you could feel that.

PROF

(dramatically feigns hurt)  
My dear, I feel sooo much. More than you or anyone else will ever care to-

PIP

Hi Prof! Can you help us please? We don't have much time!

PROF

(sighs, talks slowly)

Yes, I suppose, darling. That's the trouble with youngsters today. Always in a rush to find an answer before they even know the-

ERIC

Okay, we're learning about colds and how we catch them. And we just wanted to know whether viruses are alive?

The Prof raises his eyebrows, then smiles.

PROF

Ah, at last! Some intellectual stimulation. (to Eric) I don't get much of that in here with these two.

PIP

Now, there's no need for that, Prof. Can you answer the question?

PROF

Tch, silly girl. Of course I can!

Mick is busy in the background with large music sheets and a guitar. He seems to be writing that song he mentioned earlier.

PROF

Watch this...

### 9. CARTOON ANIMATION. DAY

The Prof's head fades off the screen. It's replaced by a cartoon starring the spiky-ball Virus from inside Eric's nose.

The Virus sits in a deck chair with his sunglasses on. He's on a beach, eating ice cream. He lies back to read a book called: "HOW TO MUTATE INTO THE FLU".

PROF (V.O.)

Usually viruses don't have much to do. They're leisurely things.

PROF (V.O. CONT'D)

They hang around in what's called a 'dormant state'. This is a time when they wait for a host to come along and make contact with them. Scientists who study viruses - they're called virologists - call viruses in this state "Virions". They believe, whilst a virus has no host, it's not alive.

The Virus makes an "AAAK!" noise and drops off the deck chair. Its ice cream flies into the air as the Virus lands flat on the beach. Its eyes search around, panicked. Then the ice cream lands - SPLAT! - in its eye.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL hundreds of Viruses on the beach. They all fall over, with high-pitched "AAAK!" screeches.

PROF (V.O. CONT'D)  
 Viruses are made up of the same building blocks of life as us: DNA. Except they don't breathe and can't reproduce like we do. But, things change fast when a host comes along.

A huge foot stamps on the Virus, squashing it. But, as the foot carries on walking away, the Virus clings on shouting "YIPEE!".

PROF (V.O. CONT'D)  
 Once a virus has been touched by a host, it springs into life.

A big hand scratches the big foot. The Virus leaps on to the hand and disco lights flash on. The Virus now wears a hula-hula dress and dances around.

A finger picks its nose, the Virus clambering inside. Now the Virus sits on a snot-sofa in a plush living room drinking tea.

PROF (V.O. CONT'D)  
 A virus needs to bury itself in a host so it can replicate. Replicating is not the same as making baby viruses. Replicating's when a virus has a nice, cosy home for it to easily make many, many more viruses just like itself.

The Virus on the sofa shudders. It's confused. Then another Virus pops out of it with a little "PLIP!" sound. Both Viruses look at each other, bemused. They both shudder. More Viruses "PLIP!" and explode out of them. This continues until the living room is full of blinking, spiky viruses.

There's a loud sneeze.

#### 10. INT. THE PROF'S SCREEN, EMPORIUM BACK ROOM. DAY

CUT BACK TO the Prof's face.

PROF  
 So from then, the virus attacks its host as it replicates. But, even then, the virus is not completely alive like we are. So, the answer, young man, is that viruses are both alive and not alive. Ta-duh!

ERIC

I think that's slightly cheating.

PROF

Oh, why oh why does everyone have to question what I say so it makes me fee-

Pip smacks the red "OFF" button. The Prof drops into a sleep. She runs to her work station with Eric.

Mick's chewing a pen, still strolling around in a thoughtful, artistic fashion.

PIP

That was interesting, but we STILL haven't answered your question properly! We don't know HOW people catch a cold. Let's see...

Pip waves her hands across her workstation. Magically standing on it now is a large door handle and some anti septic gel.

Sam shuffles out of his office carrying a fluorescent tube.

SAM

Here's your stupid UV light.  
(sniffles) Bleugh!

Sam stands the light-tube on Pip's workstation and turns it on. The purple light flickers on and Sam walks away, sideways.

PIP

(overly brightly)  
Thanks Sam! (to Eric) Now, this is a little experiment to show us how a cold virus might spread.

Mick's in the background throwing giant bogeys around. He pauses to write a line of his song, strums a tune on his guitar and hums annoyingly. He mimes sneezing, making as if one of the big bogeys shoots out of his nose.

Making plane noises, Mick flies the bogey through the air, landing it on Eric's face. Whilst rubbing the bogey all over Eric's head - oblivious to how annoying he is - Mick sings a song about bogeys and being trapped in a snotty nose.

Pip grabs Eric back to her work station.

PIP

As I was saying before I was rudely interrupted-

A small, white-lit door (shaped like a pineapple) on the back wall behind them flings open.

Out of it trundles a clattering, shaky old robot with rusty rivets.

His mop bucket body has a worn sign written in ancient "CHECKBOOK" font: "R1CK-EE". Pronounced RICKY, he's a Mark 1 Cleaning Krew robot. Stuck in the past - as he's discontinued - he has a bad memory and an oil can head with sad, old eyes.

R1CK-EE

(panicky rough robot voice)  
Eeek! Zzzz! What year is it? Ding-dang-doolie! In my day, when you owned a shop you sold actual real things in it to make money. Not spend all day answering questions. Zzzz! Tch!

PIP

Thanks, Ricky. Times change, eh? The year's 2014. The same as yesterday.

R1CK-EE

Eeek! Zzzz! 2014? Blast! I missed my romantic date in 1955 with Polly. Ding-dang-doolie! Anyone invented time travel yet? Zzzz! Eeek!

Rick-EE's hands (a sink plunger and a vacuum tube) cover his eyes. He shuffles back into his cupboard.

PIP

(to ERIC)  
Can you please give me your tissue?

ERIC

What the one I blew my nose in?

PIP

(gleeful)  
Yes please!

Eric takes out the tissue and hands it to Pip.

PIP

Let's rub our hands in this germ-infected tissue.

ERIC

Let's not!

Pip chuckles, rubbing her hands in the tissue before giving it back to Eric. She motions for him to rub his hands with it too.

ERIC (CONT'D)

(rubs hands in tissue)  
You're weird.

Pip clicks her fingers. The Emporium's lights go out. Everything is pitch-black except Pip's work station. Its lit up with the purple UV light. Pip holds her hands under the UV. They're covered in splodgy white germs. Eric does the same.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
That's disgusting! I'm infected!

PIP  
Um, duh. You were anyway.

ERIC  
Oh yeah. Whoops.

PIP  
The virus causing your cold has rubbed off onto our skin. Now, if my lovely assistant here - who is NOT infected - can show us, these door handles have NO viruses on them.

Mick prances over, happily lifts up the UV light-tube and shines it over the door handle. It has no white splodges.

PIP (CONT'D)  
Now let's do this!

Pip rubs her hands over the door handle. Eric does the same.

Mick now wears night-vision goggles: the Emporium from his P.O.V. is black and white for a moment. He shines the UV light on the handle; it's now covered in germy white splodges.

PIP  
Now, as scientists believe cold viruses stay "alive" in the open air for up to 48 hours, then my lovely assistant should now get infected!

MICK  
Oh, but I don't want to-

Pip grabs Mick's arm and shines his clean hand under the UV.

PIP  
Nothing there at the moment...

She wipes his hand over the doorhandle. Then Mick puts his hand under the UV light again; it's covered in white germ-splodges.

PIP  
And THAT'S how we catch a cold! We spread it on surfaces and - as Mick showed in his own way earlier - we shoot the virus into the air when we sneeze so other people catch it.

Mick looks at his hands and panics.

The Emporium's lights come back on. He runs around the room, rubbing his face in terror. He collapses on the floor, spinning around and kicking his legs in the air.

MICK

Eurgh! Yuck! Noooo! I'm infected!

He leaps up, runs in front of the work stations and bumps into Sam as he drags a yellow PODIUM to the middle of the floor.

SAM

Watch where you're going. Stupid!

Sam walks away, sneezing, bumping into Mick again as he goes.

Pip leads Eric round the work station and helps him up on to the podium. Mick, recovered, hands Eric a large award. It's a big shiny, golden head shaped like an egg.

PIP

Here Questioner Boy Eric! It's your  
Pip and Mick's Emporium Egg-Head Award  
because...

MICK

Because...

An alarm sounds and lights around the room flash. Cupboards and shelves shake and the Inter-Dimensional Doorway opens and shuts as its clock dials swirl. Oz comes out of his door, twit-towooing, Roger Dodger springs through the back door dancing.

Sam comes out of his office, the Prof wakes up and jigs his head around, the cold Virus jiggles around on a work station and Pip and Mick do a hop, skip and a jump around each other. Trumpets sound and streamers fly from every direction.

PIP & MICK

(twirling hands in circles)  
We answered your quesssstion! You  
answered your quesssstion!

There's a party atmosphere for a moment. GRANDMA wheels on a trolley full of cakes, tea and balloons. Then things die down. Mick runs to pick up his guitar, smiling and dancing around.

MICK

Which means it's time for my song!

Everyone looks at him, afraid.

Mick strums the guitar. He opens his mouth to sing the first note and --

END CREDITS ROLL.

FADE OUT.

END.