

Bloomb Thicket 's Opera
The Xilon of Witch Racket
By
R. U. Sleeping

R. U. Sleeping
Heyadaya@halloween.comma, Xilon
Phone: 112-233-445-566-778-899-011

FADE IN FADE OUT FADE IN:

EXT. XILON - OLDEN PAVILION GROUNDS - DAY

A horse drawn carriage passes with a load of pumpkins in tow.

Beyond is the grounds of THE PAVILION, where organizers are setting up for THE HALLS EVE FESTIVAL.

A LARGE CAULDRON is wheeled to the right of a CENTRAL STAGE, where the festival's opening ceremony wakes every Halls Eve.

MARSHAL STRONG, (50) the mayor, inspects the order of things.

MARSHAL

No-no. Put the fire bowl on the left, not next to the cauldron. Have you no sense of balance?

The two simple-minded P-WORKERS, dressed in plain grey, wheel the 4 ft firebowl over to the left side below the stage.

Against all odds, STRAW BURKET, (30), dressed in a refined suit runs forward shouting:

STRAW

Against all odds! Against all odds!

Marshal turns in Straw's direction, shocked by his language.

MARSHAL

You're my top advisor and for you to use the low language of such like those SimpleMinds. (points to the grey workers) I would suspect that we have ourselves an issue?

STRAW

Sir, if an issue be the greatest thing that ever were to land on Xilon then yes, we have an issue. A strange golden disk has been found.

Marshal plants a big kiss on Straw's cheek. He blushes.

FLASHBACK TO EARTH - SPACEVIEW

WITCH RACKET flies EARTHWARD on beams, in the dark-down:

INT. OFFICE HALLOWEEN DAY - 1977

Where the earth is on television.

A DIPLOMAT (50), Merlinized, sits at his desk. He watches The News on TV, viz:

MINISTER CARL SAGAN, speaks in front of an audience, dressed in a black robe with silver sparks: Star-Stuff.

CARL SAGAN

I'm "Star Stuff" like it? ... The spacecraft will be encountered and the record played only if there are advanced space-faring civilizations in interstellar space. But the launching of this bottle into the cosmic ocean says something very hopeful about life on this planet.

Diplo rises, meticulous, smooths his clothes. Shuts TV.

LATER

Several costumed individuals, including Carl, watch as The Diplomat prepares to play THE GOLDEN RECORD, an audio time capsule of Earth.

A NEWS WOMAN, dressed as WITCH RACKET, (30) raven-beauty, raises her hand. The Diplomat stops and nods, "yes" to her.

WITCH RACKET

Do you feel confident that extraterrestrials will be able to decipher the symbols?

DIPLOMAT

If they can decipher the code and put the gramophone together, then they will be able to understand with their hearts- music's love.

Witch Racket produces THE CRYSTAL XILON, a kind of translucent pink Jack-in-the box. She gives it to Carl.

WITCH RACKET

Give this, along with The Golden.

The diplomat places the needle down. A grainy sound at first.

DIPLOMAT

All of earth is in This Golden and let them appreciate Johann Bach.

THE SPINNING GOLD RECORD.

Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F plays as heaven.

INT. MARSHAL'S STUDY - PRESENT - DAY

Marshal holds up the GOLDEN RECORD, examining it with an awestruck excitement. He flips through a manual loaded with strange symbols. He looks up toward Straw, then down toward the box of parts.

He glides his hand over a square vintage rose-colored crystal cube labeled XILON, pauses, this is one word he CAN READ.

MARSHAL

Such things I've never seen and these symbols in this manual! How could this have possibly come from a boy? Even I must swear, "Against all odds!"

Straw covers his mouth, surprised. Too coarse.

STRAW

I've never heard you say those words, Sir.

MARSHAL

Just because you've never heard me doesn't mean I never. I have my lowness like the rest. But this is only for this room, you understand?

STRAW

Understood, Sir. The boy said he found it on the QualHALeeka Trail.

MARSHAL

I want this THING built. Azquick! You hear me? Azquick! No time wasted. Call it Project Golden. I want a manager assigned. People hired. Bring The Boy.

Straw raises one hand outward, vertical, with a sharp tilt of the fingers upwards. It's a respectful gesture meaning, "In Fast and Deep, To Go, and Get The Job Done."

STRAW

Fast and Deep, Sir.

LATER

BLOOMB THICKET, (10) enters with his cumbersome looking overly dressed, frilled shirt, and perfectly tight suit.

Marshal regards him for a moment, sickened by the sight.

MARSHAL

New fashion? I thought boys your
age were wearing Toodle Boos.
Tradition for Halls Eve
preparations!

BLOOMB

It's mi mother. Doesn't like mi
honoring Toodle Boos. Sins! She
says- his ghost goes against God.

MARSHAL

Toodle Boos wrote a poem called God
is In The Halls. If she knew of
that, she might change her opinion.
I'll find you a copy and spare you
any further embracement.

BLOOMB

Thank you, Sir. It would be so much
fun to be able to celebrate the
season like the rest of the boys.

MARSHAL

Well, maybe not completely. See, I
have a touch of old-age memory
collapsulus. I need to know why a
boy of ten goes out one day and
comes back with a miracle. I've had
some inquiries done on you and I've
learned you are somewhat of a
prodigy.

BLOOMB

Some people say so.

MARSHAL

Then you'll allow me to be the
judge of your brilliance?

BLOOMB

Yes, but it mi byee just be brill.

Marshal smiles.

MARSHAL

Brill as in you're a master of the
legendary language of universal
symbols?

BLOOMB

Brill as in I've acquired mi
ability through entering the Halls,
but it was not I who opened the
door, but God, Sir.

MARSHAL

That's the Brill I supposed. Just
testing you. Then... State The Law
as you know it.

BLOOMB

The relationship of the size and
qualities of the microcosm are
equal proportionately to that of
the macrocosm.

MARSHAL

Very good, but a parrot can recite
words. What do they mean?

BLOOMB

It's the General/Particular Rule.

Marshal thumps his head. "Old age!"

BLOOMB (CONT' D)

It means Sir, that I can manipulate
the nature of fundamental laws...

MARSHAL

...by the application of those laws
at the level in which you exist on
a micro level.

BLOOMB

Mirror and sympathy principles.
When I draw...

Bloomb grabs paper from Marshal's desk and draws a sword.

BLOOMB (CONT' D)

...I draw a construct "somewhere".

MARSHAL

And where does this sword exist
then? ...besides on that paper?

Bloomb places a fist to his heart.

BLOOMB

Inside me. To fight in the mission
you are giving me.

MARSHAL

I haven't given you a mission yet.

BLOOMB

Then why did I draw the sword?

Marshal smiles, accepting the qualification.

MARSHAL

You are selected. I hereby authorize you to translate this manual and direct those on the team in the building of the...

BLOOMB

When I learn it's authentic name, I will tell you. (smiling) In ze end.

Condensed Montage

The workshop calendar reads: OCTOBER 29 -

Thrown on a Desk: Documents labeled PROJECT GOLDEN.

The HAND of a RUNNER picks up the documents.

He runs past the Pavilion to Marshal's home.

Marshal nods affirmative on the good progress.

TEAMS work overnight, lining a table with parts.

A BLUR OF IMAGES resulting in:

The materialization of an ANTIQUE GRAMOPHONE.

The sun sets.

BLACK

Calendar reads: OCTOBER 30

End Montage

INT. MARSHAL'S STUDY - MORNING

Marshal awakes from his snooze as Straw knocks and enters.

STRAW

Good news, Sir. It's been assembled just in time for Halls Eve. Very profound timing, I'd say.

Marshal is thrilled.

MARSHAL

Apropos indeed. Bring in Bloomb. I want to congratulate him.

LATER

Bloomb enters in comfortable clothes, wearing Toodle Boos, ripped looking wind swept shirt and pants.

Marshal regards him, pleased, he can dress as his peers.

MARSHAL (CONT' D)

You've done your work with deftness and efficiency. You deserve payment more than just Toodle's Poem I gave to your mother.

Marshal notices Bloomb's not happy.

MARSHAL (CONT' D)

I've just said a good thing, no?

BLOOMB

It's been discerned by mi mind that if we play this thing, we will release a dark energy called "Crank" into our planet. That's-

MARSHAL

How do you know?

BLOOMB

General/Particular rule. I developed a sympathetic link through the content of the manual when I worked in translation. One thing: Play the record equals bad.

MARSHAL

Then we reserve the option Not-To! - Although it would kill me Not-to play this and operate this mystery.

BLOOMB

...the other thing. We CAN'T NOT.

MARSHAL

Double negatives, Bloomb? It's like me saying, "Against all odds!"

Bloomb is taken back.

MARSHAL (CONT' D)
 Explain yourself.

BLOOMB
 (re the language)
 After what you just said, I think
 miybe it should be *you* explaining?

MARSHAL STRONG
 I'm pulling rank, Boy. Spill it.

BLOOMB
 If we DO crank the machine...

He acts out whoosh-bam-boom-ki zaba-stan!

BLOOMB (CONT' D)
 Dark energy mi kin people crazy!
 It's by means of sympathetic
projection from The Sender, EARTH,
 whose world is impure. (a beat) And
 if we DON'T crank the machine, a
 pressure will build and we'll have
 storms and what-not.

MARSHAL
 I hate, What-Not. It would seem
 we've just built something evil.

BLOOMB
 A necessary one, I suspect, but I
 think we have an option which has
 been given to us along with the
 gramophone. A safe way.

MARSHAL
 The Xilon? Is that what that's for?
 A scapegoat? I always wondered how
 it bore the same name as our
 planet.

BLOOMB
 Seems whoever sent the gramophone
 already knew the negative effects
 of playing it. The Xilon was
 created to pull in the dark energy
 and hold it so that we only release
 it in controlled bursts.

MARSHAL
We control the evil? Don't fancy
 that idea.
 (MORE)

MARSHAL (CONT' D)
 (mockingly talking to a
 baby)
 Explosives, here, play with this.
 AK!

OPEN PAVILION - CENTER STAGE - THE NEXT NIGHT

ALL HALLS EVE reads the glowing banner.

COSTUMED XILONIAN'S wait in anticipation.

Marshal, dressed as Star-Stuff unveils THE GRAMOPHONE, places the needle gently down and CRANKS.

THE GOLDEN RECORD swirls.

It's BACH. The Brandenburg Concerto No. 2 in F from Voyager.

Ecstatic reactions among the costumed celebrants.

The delicate melody rises amongst the witches and ghouls, the kings and fools.

Marshal watches, cautiously. Everything *seems* fine. As people begin to dance, grown ups and children as merry and gracious.

Marshal moves to question Bloomb stage side.

MARSHAL
 Is it working?

BLOOMB
 Yes. I'm getting color changes in the crystal.

See the crystal Xilon changing color.

MARSHAL
 Excellent! Time for a drink!

Marshal heads to the outdoor bar.

At once, two idiots appear to hassle Bloomb. IDLE STICK, (10) and RAM FOSTER (10).

IDLE STICK
 You're such a little high and mighty. I hate mullheads like you.

In an azquick, Idle swings his leg ready to kick the Xilon.

Bloomb tries to cover it, but he fails. The Xilon FLIES and hits the ground, rolling. At once, the adult crowd is seized by strange behavior.

A male JESTER runs about planting huge shmushy kisses on everyone's cheeks.

A female BLACK CAT hisses at one and another, threading through the crowd, scratching and batting aggressively.

When she runs into the Jester, he KISSES her and she SCRATCHES him.

A SPOCK walks curiously around.

SPOCK
Have you found my logic?

The children watch fearfully. Bloomb calls them over, assuring them it will be OK. Stay by the firebowl.

Marshal returns amid the chaos, Bloomb appears to explain what happened M. O. S. as sound fizzles due to a THUNDERSTORM.

BLOOMB
Get everyone's attention and tell them you have "The Something" they all need. Order them to make The Greatest Soup and they will work.

MARSHAL
What?! Why? Work?

Bloomb gives the hand sign, angled up.

BLOOMB
Fast and deep! Ask questions later.

MARSHAL
Stop, all of you, now! I have "Something" for you.

The ghouls and fools become further ecstatic!

CROWD
The Something! The Something!

MARSHAL
But first, you must make The Greatest Soup Ever Made in Witch Racket's cauldron.

WITCH RACKET walks toward the front of the stage.

WITCH RACKET
An honor! To have The Greatest Soup Ever Made come from my cauldron!

JESTER

Make the soup! Bring forth "The
Something!"

They all run to gather ingredients a la Exotique de Pavilon.

Excited gatherers heap vegetables and herbs into sacks.

THE FIREBOWL

The kids whisper then hush as Marshal and Bloomb speak.

MARSHAL

Why didn't it affect me; you kids?

BLOOMB

Kids are immune. You're immune
because you helped build it. Guilt
by association makes it react in
sympathy with you. It won't attach
to what it perceives to be its own
kind already.

MARSHAL

What is The Something?

BLOOMB

Who knows exactly? It's whatever
their individual attention is on.
What's IMPORTANT. And where their
attention is, that's where the dark
energy is pulled. I need to pull it
off of them, but the easiest way to
do that is if their attention is
focussed on one thing: the pot.

Marshal looks confused. It's Alzheimers alright.

BLOOMB (CONT'D)

It's like if you're trying to clean
up a whole mess of crumbs. To pick
them up individually would take
likens forever, but if you use a
broom and sweep them into one area,
you can clean them up quickly.

WITCH RACKET'S CAULDRON PICKET

The Halls Eve gang variously slice, dice and mix, adding
everything conceivable and inconceivable into the pot.

Every so often someone fails at the purpose and falls back to
old ways of scratching or kissing until they are chastised.

FIREBOWL

Bloomb's excited, says he thinks he's got it. Marshal smiles.

MARSHAL
(whispers)
Against all odds.

Bloomb cranks the Xilon. Up pops a jack-in-the-box. He's not impressed, but shocked.

BLOOMB
Oh no! Something's wrong!

WITCH RACKET'S CAULDRON PICKET

At the pot, gone to pot. The crowd turns: evil looks pointed at Marshal and Bloomb. Like Zombies, they move towards

THE FIREBOWL

CROWD
Give us The Something!

Bloomb and Marshal walk backwards, finally giving the Xilon.

CROWD (CONT'D)
We have our Something!

Children Ad Lib: "Our parents have turned goobed!"

MARSHAL
I have an idea. How 'bout we make them an offering.

Bloomb only stares "What?"

MARSHAL (CONT'D)
You. They can't work the Xilon without you. If they see it that way, you'll become "The Something". You'll be THE OPERATOR OF XILON.

WITCH RACKET'S CAULDRON PICKET - LATER

The ghouls and fools in ecstatic joy eat The Best Soup Ever.

CROWD
Hail to Bloomb! OPERA XILON!

Bloomb is robed in purple. Atop his head, a golden crown. Marshal CRANKS what is now called a WINGED GRIPHONIC. Witch Racket flies her broom, cackling, all the way. Back to EARTH.

