# SCRIPT – HALFWAY ACROSS THE GALAXY AND TURN LEFT

***SCENE 1***

***JACKSON’S LOUNGE/HOUSE***

***INT (DAY)***

*Mother backs in, dragging a bundle of bed linen. She adds it to a pile of belongings in the middle of the room. She takes in the enormous stack of furniture, clothes and personal items. Everything the family’s accumulated while they’ve been here. We hear a sob from the doorway. Dovis enters, and tearfully adds the contents of her dressing table to the pile.*

**Dovis** Go on. Do what you want to. I don’t care if I come out in green spots. No one will see me on that boring trip home anyhow.

*X sees her control under threat. Hecla is watching from the doorway. She decides*

*not to jeopardise her dignity by physical fighting, but looks to Dovis, storing this up*

*for later.*

**X** Attacking an Organiser is a very serious offence. When we’re back on Zygon, I won’t allow you to go to any underwater concerts for 3 lunar months…

*Dovis shrugs, unscathed. Her loss has been too great.*

**Dovis** What’s an underwater concert compared to a cricket match? I never want to go anywhere ever again. When I get back I intend to stay in the modular and starve myself to death with David’s photograph beside me. You’ll have it on your conscience.

*X represses the urge to box her ears and defuses the moment.*

**X** Since you’re being so emotional about it, I’ll let you keep that picture during the voyage…

**QWRK** And what about… *Cut off*

**X** *Cuts QWRK off…* QWRK may keep his violin for the same reason. But before we orbit Zygon, violin and photograph will be gotten rid of. This planet is completely out of bounds, and we’d all get detention in spite of the bribe.

*QWRK clutches his violin stubbornly as X resumes control. While X turns to Dovis,*

*QWRK puts his thumb in in his nose and waggles his fingers in the time honoured*

*gesture of rebellion.*

**X** *Indicates to the pile…* Very well, Dovis. Bulk kinetine it all into outer space. Now!

***SCENE 2***

***ZYGON’S ENGINEERING WORKSHOP***

***EXT (DAY)***

*A robot tows the SFX117 raft from the hangar overseen by Chief. The Technical Wizard watches nervously.*

**Technical Wizard** I’m not authorsied to release it. I’m still working on it.

**Chief** And as Chief Lax Enforcer I’m telling you, I want the raft now.

**Technical Wizard** I’ve had no clearance from Central Command.

***SCENE 3***

***HALLWAY***

***INT (NIGHT)***

*X moves through the doorway and closes it behind her. She looks to Mother coolly.*

**X** Yes, Mother…?

**Mother** Can’t you please try to contact Lox now?

**X** Lox. Why?

**Mother** To beam Hecla back. She unfortunately lowers the tone of any dwelling she’s in. The sooner she’s returned to Zygon, the better.

**X** She doesn’t want to go back…

**Mother** Then make her. You’re the Organiser, X. You’re in charge.

**X** Sometimes I wonder.

*Mother follows her look, to the fleece fur rug, curling up around their knees.*

**Mother** You’re angry, about the carpet…

**X** Not just the carpet. There are fish in the bathroom. Plaid grass flowers in the main room. Which is dominated by that hideous monstrosity, Father’s Klickscore Trophy!

*Mother hangs her head at the required angle.*

**Mother** I’m sorry, X. I was so terribly homesick, I got carried away…

**X** And vey nearly endangered all of us… I invited 3 girls home from school, as you can imagine. I had some explaining to do.

**Mothers** *Nods…* Now, about Hecla…

**X** Mother, you didn’t ask how I managed…

**Mother** But you always manage, X. You’re so competent.

**X** All the same, I would like to be asked.

**Mother** Well then, X, how did you manage?

**X** I managed very well, I always do.

**Mother** There, I told you so! *Pause…* Now, about Hecla, please can we get rid of her?

*But X hasn’t forgiven her yet.*

**X** She’s not doing any harm, Mother. It really was nice of her to come all this way to see us.

*She returns to the kitchen. Mother stands knee deep in the fleece fur pile, and*

*stamps her foot petulantly.*