

**LITTLE WINGSTERS:
Episode 1:
Coco comes to Winghaven**

by

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Episode 1: COCO COMES TO WINGHAVEN

FADE IN

EXT. WINGHAVEN, COCOON ON SLYNAPS TREE - DAY

The cocoon hanging from the feather-crowned Slynaps Tree on Winghaven, starts to wriggle and bulge. Feathers loosen.

MOYA, the central intelligence at the core of the planet, interrupts her humming to the music of the planet to speak.

MOYA (O.S)

The day Coco landed on Winghaven
was a perfectly ordinary perfect
day like every day on Winghaven.

INGA, a white-blond haired, Nordic angel in an orange, fur-trimmed robe, is under the tree, searching the ground.

MOYA (O.S)

Inga was looking for a feather for
her mobile. There was nothing under
the tree so she decided to ask
Ignatius.

Inga disappears over the horizon and finds IGNATIUS, a winged sheep, lounging in a deckchair. Inga stops next to him and flicks another deckchair into existence with her thumb and forefinger. She sits down sideways on it, to face him.

INGA

Ignatius! Got any feathers for me?

IGNATIUS

I'm very busy, Miss Inga. I do have
some but I still need them. Here's
a broken pen, though.

Ignatius fetches a ballpoint pen from his waistcoat pocket.

INGA (O/S)

Thanks, Iggy. I'll use that, then.

Ignatius gazes at her, and down at the deckchair which has gold tassles at the back dangling cut-out snowflakes.

IGNATIUS

You Wingsters are usually such
show-offs. Why didn't you just make
a feather? If you can make a chair?

INGA

I'm sticking to lost and found
things for this gift. A new angel's
arriving. I'm making this for her.

IGNATIUS

That's nice. Can I rest now?

INGA

Of course, Iggs - sorry. Please enjoy your... rest of your rest.

EXT. WINGHAVEN, LAWN IN FRONT OF POSTBOX, DAY

Inga comes over the horizon. She stops below the Keep and floats straight up, holding the ballpoint pen like a spear. After shrinking it with a pinching movement, she steps onto the landing outside her apartment.

XUKI, a Greek cherub with blue hair, comes out of his door.

XUKI

Ah, Inga - where's Little Boy Blue?

INGA

Xuki! One day Punki will hear you. He's back soon - just heard him thinking about the great idea he gave Trevor Smith for his project.

XUKI

Hmmm. And our new Wingster's nearly here too.

Inga looks up at the cocoon struggling on the Slynaps tree.

INGA

Any second now - that cocoon can't hold much longer.

XUKI

Oh look - Punki's arrived there already. Always has to be first.

INGA

Really, Xuki?

XUKI

Unless I am, of course.

EXT. WINGHAVEN, COCOON ON SLYNAPS TREE - DAY

The cocoon is now shedding feathers thick and fast. A foot peeps out, then an arm. A big sneeze blows out a gap, revealing a brown face. PUNKI, a bright blue angel wearing a bullet belt full of pencil crayons, bats away feathers as he leans forward to see the occupant, COCO.

PUNKI

Hey! Hi! We've been waiting!

COCO

Hello. Am I late?

PUNKI

No, of course not. But Inga can't wait to welcome you with her gift. She always makes things. And soon she might even make an appearance.

INGA

I'm right behind you, Punks! Hello there! What's your name? I'm Inga.

COCO

(Just one eye visible)

Coco.

PUNKI

Cool! I'm Punki, and here's Xuki too. He doesn't say much. He speaks in triangles.

Coco's eyes grow big. Xuki disappears with a pop and pops back into view, bearing Inga's mobile.

INGA

Xuki, why have you got my gift?

XUKI

Your scissors are on the mobile.

INGA

Ah, yes. They still work but they're very old. They were lying around in one of the pyramids. I asked the people in there if I could take them and nobody said anything. So.

Inga takes the scissors from the mobile. The mobile unbalances as the other items start to slip off.

INGA

Whoa! We'll have to add something else...

PUNKI

Xuki, can we have PEG for a minute so she can hang in there? Just till Inga's finished with her scissors?

XUKI

Okay - (shouts) PEG!

Peg, Xuki's home-made flying horse, does a few pogo-jumps and comes flying up to them. Xuki shrinks her with a pinching gesture, then hangs her on the mobile by her handlebars. Peg throws up her head and whinnies uncertainly.

INGA

Thanks Guys - it's very kind of you. (strokes Peg's head) Just for a minute, Peg. You're so pretty.

Xuki smiles shyly. Inga liberates Coco with a few snips.

INGA

Okay, Coco - I've given you the standard angel outfit. You can design the rest later.

Coco is half-out of the cocoon, her wings free. They stretch out and she gives them a slow flap and a sudden flutter.

COCO

Oh, my wings are beautiful. I don't need much, with wings like this. Thank you Inga.

She emerges fully and hovers there, fluttering her wings and smiling. Around her waist is a classic cherub's loincloth.

INGA

Well done! Suits you, ma'am.

They all hug Coco, Xuki rather awkwardly and quickly. Inga hangs her scissors back on the mobile. Peg flies free, with a 'TV screen' gesture from Xuki bringing her back to normal.

XUKI

You don't have to work your wings so hard all the time. Just think of a place and you'll be there.

INGA

Yes. Try it. Picture yourself on the grass down there with Ignatius.

Immediately, Coco is on the grass and the others join her.

INGA

Well done! That was easy, huh?

COCO

Yes! But why do we have wings then, if we go everywhere by thinking?

PUNKI

Well - some children can see us. So if we have wings, then they know what we are and aren't scared. I must just hang mine up.

He goes to the pole supporting the dovecote and hangs his wings and bag amongst the others.

COCO

Hey, Igg..nay? Hello, Sheepy.

Coco strokes Ignatius. He turns and looks her up and down, sniffing at her bare feet.

IGNATIUS

We haven't been introduced!

The other three Wingsters giggle, but Coco looks worried.

INGA

Ignatius, meet Coco. She'll bring children joy, laughter and good health. Coco, this is Ignatius, the planet's manager.

IGNATIUS

Well and good. Perhaps children need happy frippery. Just don't try and make ME laugh. My life is serious. I have a lot to do. And no time for fun. I -

PUNKI

(to Coco)

Well, apart from the odd little thing, we're in the happiest place imaginable - and now you can help us imagine even more cool things.

Inga grabs the mobile artwork from Xuki, who's idly swinging it around and gazing into space.

INGA

Thank you Xuki! Anyway, Coco, I made you this... Collection of things I've found here and there.

Inga fumbles with the mobile and drops it on Ignatius. He flaps off, mobile and all, to the top of the Slynaps tree.

IGNATIUS

Thank you! I think I'll stay up here, now. Out of harm's way.

PUNKI

We'll get it back, Coco - you can decorate your home with it. So let's show you the Keep.

COCO

Thank you Inga - It looked so nice. What's the Keep?

XUKI

Up there. Moya made it for us.

COCO

Moya?

INGA

You'll meet Moya soon. She doesn't
look like us. She looks like...
many different things.

The four float up to the dovecote-like Keep, Punki and Inga each holding one of Coco's hands, ending up on Punki's landing.

PUNKI

So, this is my spot -

Coco gasps. The entrance becomes a portal to another reality: a huge industrial apartment has floor-to-ceiling windows revealing an oddly organic cityscape outside, obviously from an alien planet.

COCO

Wow!

INGA

Come and see mine. We all imagine
our spaces to suit ourselves - soon
it's your turn.

Inga's abode is a castle, with a fire in a massive hearth, Viking helmets on a hatstand, deep carpets, a leather couch, Northern Lights flickering through arched windows, and magnificent tapestries on the wall. Coco is transfixed.

XUKI

Mine's the best, though.

INGA

We all think ours are the best -
it's what we each like best.

COCO

Well I can't think of anything. I
like the African sun, but...

XUKI

This is my abode.

They enter a beautiful Greek temple, with carved female figures supporting a marble roof. They walk towards the marble steps past a hammock into blazing sunlight, and gaze out across an aquamarine sea beyond a steep cliff. Peg pogos past them, down the steps and over the edge of the cliff.

XUKI

She often has a happy landing. Good
thing she has wings, though.

INGA

Now come and meet Moya.

EXT. WINGHAVEN, BEHIND POSTBOX, DAY (EVENING)

Inga points out a door in the back of the postbox.

INGA

Okay, now we go in here and slide down into Moya's room and land on a cushion - it's great fun!

COCO

If you say so.

INT. WINGHAVEN, MOYA'S ROOM - DAY

In her perfectly spherical room, Moya manifests as a dense cloud of tiny lights like fireflies, rippling over the floor of her perfectly spherical room. Through the middle grows the trunk of the Slynaps Tree.

All land on the big cushion, then rise and sit on a thick, semi-circular carpet facing Moya who rises up as two wings.

MOYA

Ah, my dear ones. Welcome!

INGA, XUKI AND PUNKI (IN UNISON)

Hello, Moya.

COCO

... Moya.

Moya forms a golden, sparkly shawl to hug Coco.

MOYA

Coco. At last you're here. Are they looking after you? They haven't explained about the postbox or the rules yet, have they?

COCO

Not really.

MOYA (O/S)

Right. When children are in trouble, the planet hears and sends me the news through the earphones on Winghaven, and those speakers.

COCO

Okay... Do you also hear when they are happy?

MOYA (O/S)

Of course! Their laughter and singing is part of our music.

COCO

I did hear something...

MOYA

But when a child feels bad, I send my little messengers out. Punky takes them ideas, Inga takes skill and patience to them, Xuki finds clever answers to their schoolwork.

XUKI

And Coco?

MOYA

And you, Coco - you take them joy so they can feel better, even when they're sick or sad. (morse code signal) Oh here one comes now - go up so I can tell you all about it. But there's one more thing-

Moya forms herself into a column which bends at the top, starts whirling and enters the top of Coco's head. Coco lights up, in ecstasy.

MOYA

I'm just imparting the laws of Winghaven to you directly so you will not forget them. You are now a fully-fledged Wingster. Welcome to Winghaven, Coco and happy prodging!

EXT. WINGHAVEN, LAWN IN FRONT OF POSTBOX, DAY

The British postbox plays a cheerful tune, and directions come out on a telex next to the screen. The four angels pop into view in front of it.

MOYA (O/S)

Punky! Coco! A new mission for you.

They all watch CASEY on her bed, trying to fix her doll's leg which has come off.

XUKI

Well, isn't Inga the one for this mission? She fixes...

MOYA

No, the problem isn't the doll. Casey's mom has been on a business trip for two weeks and Casey just misses her, especially right now.

COCO

So she's just sad, and we must make her happy?

PUNKI

How? Must we bring her mom back?
She'd be very heavy. And we can't
shrink her.

MOYA

No, her mom must finish her work
far away, first. Just cheer Casey
up and comfort her, Coco.

PUNKI

And what must I do?

MOYA

Help Coco - it's her first project,
so make sure she has her wings and
her bag and finds her way back.

PUNKI

Cool. Come Coco, let's proj on.

COCO

Proj? Moya also said-

PUNKI

It's short for project - we're
prodjing on our project. You see.

COCO

If you say so. I have never...
prodged before.

PUNKI

I know - just remember the rules of
Winghaven Moya gave you.

COCO

Remember my wings and bag. Take
away only what's unwanted. Thoughts
become things (flicks forefinger
and thumb) and I can go anywhere I
can think of.

PUNKI

Yes? One last one, also about
thinking, kind of?

COCO

I can make anything bigger or
smaller, like this.

She spreads her thumb and forefinger.

PUNKI

Yes, good. But not living things.
Which is why I'm still the same
even though you just did it to me.

COCO

I wanted to put you in my bag!

PUNKI

Nice try. Okay, guys, we're off.
Watch and be amazed!

They fetch bags and Punki's wings off the hatstand.

XUKI

Oh, we will. I'm getting popcorn.

Popcorn appears above Xuki, and he fetches it down and goes to stand in front of the screen.

XUKI

While we're young! Off you go!

INGA

Make us proud!

Ingsa fetches down a glass of fizzy liquid from the air just to her right and flicks a couch into existence. They sit.

INT. SMITHS' HOUSE, CASEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Punki and Coco pop into view in Casey's room. Casey is still trying to fix her (Barbie-like) doll. She throws the doll down onto the bed, which bounces up straight through Coco, who jumps out of the way a little too late. The plastic leg falls onto the carpet below. Coco looks at Punki who motions her to carry on. She hovers above Casey, spiralling her hand down over Casey's head.

COCO

Don't worry, Casey. Be happy.

Casey turns and sits hunched over on the side of her bed.

PUNKI

Coco, get some joy out of your bag
- you need to send that down onto
her head so she can get your
message. Waving your hands around
ain't gonna do it, Girl.

COCO

Ah okay. Here we go. So much to
remember.

She tries again, scooping out a good handful of sprinkles and deluging Casey with them. Punki rushes to stop her.

COCO

Casey! Be happy - be very happy!

PUNKI

Noooo, Coco! That's too much! Wait!

COCO

Oh. Now what?

Casey leaps up on the bed and jumps up and down, burping every time she lands. Books and the doll fly off. Her dog FLAPPY jumps through the window from outside to join in.

PUNKI

Oh no. Dogs can see us.

Punki flies upwards as Flappy leaps onto the bed with Casey and snaps at Coco, managing to grab a feather from her wing.

COCO

Punkeeeeeee!!

Punki grabs her and pulls her up by her leg as the feather hangs on and finally detaches into human reality. The Wingsters pass through the whirling fan into the ceiling.

PUNKI

I gottya, Cokes, don't worry.

Their faces reappear through the ceiling, followed by their bodies.

PUNKI

Okay, that happened quickly.

COCO

I think I've done enough. She looks really happy now.

PUNKI

True, that. But I can see an accident happening any minute.

Punki hovers behind Casey and fetches some sprinkles out of his bag, then showers them onto Casey when she comes up again. With big rotations of his hand, he sends a thought into her head.

PUNKI

Casey, look - Flappy has a feather.

Casey stops jumping immediately.

CASEY

Flappy - stop! Where did you get that feather? Did you kill a bird?

Flappy looks guilt-stricken, hanging his head and dropping the feather. Casey's DAD comes in, clapping his hands.

DAD
 What's all this noise? Go play
 outside, you two.

Shrieking, Casey runs outside. Flappy follows, barking and leaving the feather behind. Her dad smiles as they run outside, then walks out and picks up a basketball.

EXT. WINGHAVEN, LAWN IN FRONT OF POSTBOX, DAY

Punki and Coco pop up behind Inga and Xuki, who are watching Casey and her dad shooting hoops on the screen.

MOYA (O/S)
 Time for your report back,
 Wingsters. I'm waiting.

INT. WINGHAVEN CENTRAL - DAY

Moya forms into golden arms to hug them all as they come whooshing down the slide, and they sit down on a semi-circular cushion. Music includes a bouncing basketball and Casey and her dad's laughter.

MOYA
 Right, that went rather well, all things considered. Coco, well done. You learned quickly. You will find a new outfit in your home as a gift from me. But, Punki, return that doll's leg. It wasn't 'lying around' and you weren't tidying up! Casey still needs it.

Punki sheepishly fetches the doll's leg out of his crayon belt. The story ends with the other angels watching Punki on the Postbox screen, replacing Riley's doll's leg under the bed. Punki reappears among them and they all high-five him for the 'happy return'.

Then they all begin their tasks, singing along with the Song of Wings enveloping them from Moya's postbox screen.

Xuki polishes Peg, Inga negotiates with Ignatius in his tree and fetches down her mobile; Coco invents her home, in her new outfit, with a dizzying sequence of decor. Punki sprays designs on the pole supporting the Keep, with his pencil crayons. He drops one and Ignatius snatches it up. Punki chases him as Ignatius flies up and drops the pencil, which propels itself into space still trailing a pink cloud.

THE END

FADE OUT