

*A messy kitchen, there are flour and baking ingredients everywhere.
Kim, wearing an apron and also covered in bits of cake, is on the phone.*

Kim: Hey, Poopy, it's Blake and Col's birthday today and the bomb on the back of the snail isn't finished. I've done what I can with the fondant, but it's just proving really tricky. Could you come down and give me a hand?

Kim hangs up the phone and continues to try to balance a small fondant bomb on top of a cake snail shell. It keeps falling off.

Kim: Come on...

Enter Poopy wearing 90% of a clown costume.

Poopy: Hey, so what's not working?

Kim: *(shocked)* Jesus Poops...

Poopy: You said you needed some help?

Kim: Why are you dressed like that?

Poopy: It's for the party. Your Mum wanted me to go as a clown, cause she's going as a ringmaster.

Kim: It's fancy dress?

Poopy: I hope so... Have you tried a cocktail stick?

Kim: Sorry?

Poopy: For the bomb?

Kim: Oh... no, let me see if I have any...

Kim starts rummaging through cupboards. The oven beeps.

Kim: Could you get those out please?

Poopy opens the oven, and takes out a tray of small cakes shaped like rats.

Poopy: I don't fully understand the theme of this party.

Kim: Me neither. Just baking what I've been told do.

Kim sticks the fondant bomb onto the cake snail with the cocktail stick

Kim: There we go. Good call.

Enter Kim's Mum, in a ringmaster's costume.

Kim: Looking good Mum!

Mum: Thank you sweetie – oh lord, what are these?

Kim: It's what Col wanted. Blake wanted to the snail.

Mum: Go and get changed while these cool, hey? Otherwise, we'll be late.

Kim: I don't have a costume.

Mum: Yes you do. It's on the bed, I picked it out for you. Honestly, Kim, you just don't pay attention sometimes.

Kim leaves.

Mum: These things are hideous!

Poopy: They're not what you'd normally expect of party favours.

A little while later – the kitchen is empty. Col and Blake arrive in fancy dress costumes.

Col: Kim? Oh, Blake, look, the snail – it's perfect!

Enter Poopy

Poopy: Oh, you're here.

Blake: Looking good Poops!

Poopy: Ah- thank you – look, I'd best be heading off...

Col: Are you ok?

Poopy: Yep. Yep. Just need to-

Blake: Ooooh, are these the rats?

Poopy: Yes, but if you could just hang on...

Blake opens the box, and looks horrified

Col: What's wrong?

Blake: Look!

Col: Oh god...

Poopy: I'm sorry, there was an incident...

Enter Kim in a sparkling red lobster costume.

Kim: Hi guys! How're you Doing? Don't you think the snail looks great! Careful with the bomb, there's a cocktail stick in it... do you like my costume? I thought the red would work nicely...

Col: Red? Are you stupid? Your mother's clown stuck a knife in all those squawking rats over there!