

SELECTED SAMPLES FROM THE MR FLOPPY VOLUMES AND SPECIALS.

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A disastrous trip to the movies where Mr Floppy's patience is destroyed by constant shushing.

3. Sketch Sample – Mr Floppy On The Pirate Ship – "GET UP! YOU WILL BREAK THE SEAT!" Edition:

A loud, escalating meltdown as Mr Floppy becomes the centre of attention on a swinging pirate ship.

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5. Sketch Sample – Mr Floppy's Snow Day Meltdown:

A festive disaster featuring snow, shouting, and Mr Floppy's complete inability to cope with winter.

INTRO FOR THE SCRIPT SAMPLES:

These selected script samples highlight the contrasting worlds of Mr Floppy. The sketches showcase chaotic comedy, sharp character humour, and escalating physical mishaps. These samples provide a quick, engaging look at the tone, energy, and storytelling range across three 80 page scripts.

MR FLOPPY ON THE HORSE RIDE

INT. FAIRGROUND - DAY

The old-fashioned carousel. Plastic horses, loud music, flashing lights, parents pretending they're having fun, kids screaming like tiny sirens.

MR FLOPPY stomps toward the ride, already annoyed at the concept of joy.

He picks a horse.

It is far too small for him. Embarrassingly small.

He starts shouting already.

MR FLOPPY
WHY IS THIS HORSE TINY? I LOOK LIKE
A GIANT IDIOT! WHO MADE THIS? A
MIDGET FACTORY?!

He tries to sit.

His knees come up to his chest.

He looks like a folded deckchair.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
I CAN'T EVEN SIT PROPERLY! I'M
SITTING LIKE A SQUASHED PRETZEL!

Children giggle. The ride starts gently.

Very gently. Almost politely.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY IS IT SO SLOW? I COULD WALK
FASTER THAN THIS! I COULD CRAWL
FASTER THAN THIS!

A kid next to him waves happily.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
STOP SMILING! THIS IS BORING!
YOU'RE TOO HAPPY AND IT'S MAKING ME
WORSE!

The horse jerks slightly.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
OH GREAT! NOW IT'S WOBBLING! I'M
GOING TO FALL OFF A PLASTIC DONKEY!

The horse jerks again.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY IS IT MOVING LIKE THAT? IS IT
BROKEN? AM I TOO HEAVY?!

A parent nearby laughs.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
DON'T LAUGH! I'M IN DANGER! THIS
HORSE IS TRYING TO THROW ME OFF
LIKE A BAD WESTERN MOVIE!

The music gets louder.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
TURN THAT DOWN! I'M ALREADY
STRESSED! I DON'T NEED LOUD BANJO
MUSIC ON TOP OF IT!

The carousel speeds up slightly.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
NO! TOO FAST! TOO FAST! I'M NOT
BUILT FOR SPEED! I'M BUILT FOR
COMPLAINING!

His horse leans to one side.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY AM I LEANING? I'M GOING TO
FALL! HEAVENS ABOVE! HELP!

A teenager rides past on a bigger horse.

TEENAGER
You're supposed to hold the pole.

MR FLOPPY
I AM HOLDING THE POLE! IT'S NOT
HELPING! THIS POLE IS USELESS!

The ride finally stops.

Mr Floppy tries to get off.

His leg gets stuck.

He wiggles.

He wiggles more.

He wiggles too much.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY WON'T MY LEG MOVE? I'M TRAPPED!
I'M STUCK ON A PLASTIC HORSE
FOREVER!

He finally frees himself and stumbles off the ride like a
newborn giraffe.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
 FINALLY! I'VE BEEN THROUGH ENOUGH!
 I'M NEVER GETTING ON ANYTHING WITH
 LEGS AGAIN!

He walks away, still wobbling.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
 I'M GOING TO SIT DOWN SOMEWHERE
 FLAT. VERY FLAT. EXTREMELY FLAT!

MR FLOPPY IN THE CINEMA - THE SHHHHHHHH EDITION

MR FLOPPY storms through the cinema.

He spins around like a lost pigeon.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
 WHERE IS SCREEN 12?! WHO HID IT?!

Absolutely everyone is looking at him because of his shouting
 in the corridor.

GROUP
 Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

MR FLOPPY
 STOP SHUSHING ME! I'M CONFUSED!

Inside the cinema his reclining chair launches him backwards.

Mr Floppy screams.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
 WHY IS THE FURNITURE BROKEN! IT'S
 SETTING ME OFF LIKE A CATAPULT!

Everyone:

EVERYONE
 Shhh

MR FLOPPY
 STOP SHUSHING ME! I JUST FLEW OUT
 OF MY SEAT! THEY SHOULD MAKE THIS
 THING PROPERLY!

Giggling can be heard.

Someone opens a packet of peanut M&M's, the packet explodes, they roll down the isle.

Mr Floppy stands up.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY ARE THERE SWEETS TRAVELLING
LIKE A RIVER DOWN THIS ISLE?! WHO
DID THIS?!

WOMAN
Shhhhhhh. Sit down

MR FLOPPY
DON'T SHUSH ME AND TELL ME TO SIT
DOWN DURING A CANDY AVALANCHE! THEM
ROLLING ABOUT LIKE THAT! I COULD
HAVE A SERIOUS ACCIDENT!

Mr Floppy is sitting upright, quiet, then the adverts blast at full volume. Mr Floppy covers his ears.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY IS THE CINEMA BLASTING OUT!
THIS ISNT A RAVE!

AUDIENCE
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

MR FLOPPY
BUT THE ADVERTS ARE LOUDER THAN ME!

A phone rings.

"Sexy Sax Man."

Mr Floppy gasps.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHO BRINGS THAT TO A CINEMA?! A
RINGTONE SHOUTING OUT ALL SORTS OF
THINGS! TURN IT OFF!

AUDIENCE:
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Someone uses a torch to read the snack menu. Half the cinema gets blinded.

Mr Floppy shields his eyes.

MR FLOPPY
WHY ARE YOU USING A FLOODLIGHT?!
YOU ARE BLINDING EVERYONE IN THE
CINEMA!

AUDIENCE
Shhh SHHHHHHH shhh!

MR FLOPPY
BUT I'M NOT THE ONE WITH A TORCH!

WOMAN
But you should not be talking or
shouting in a cinema. Its not
normal.

MR FLOPPY
DONT TELL ME WHERE TO SHOUT. I WILL
SHOUT WHERE I JOLLY WELL LIKE!

The cinema screen freezes.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
LOOK! HE'S JUST STANDING THERE! DO
SOMETHING! I CANT WATCH A FROZEN
SCREEN!

AUDIENCE
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

MR FLOPPY
WELL!!! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING
LIKE THIS IN MY LIFE A SCREEN
FREEZING AT THE CINEMA!! WELL I'VE
SEEN IT ALL NOW HAVEN'T I?! I MAY
AS WELL OF STAYED AT HOME AND SAT
AND LOOKED AT THE WALL FOR THE REST
OF THE DAY!

His neighbour leans over.

NEIGHBOUR
Flappy, shut up.

Mr Floppy explodes.

MR FLOPPY
MY NAME IS FLOPPY! NOT FLAPPY! HOW
DARE YOU GET MY NAME WRONG LIKE
THIS IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY!

Kids giggle.

AUDIENCE
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

MR FLOPPY
STOP SHUSHING ME! HE GOT MY NAME
WRONG! SURELY HE CAN GET MY NAME
RIGHT BY NOW!

The staff member shines a torch on him.

STAFF MEMBER
This is your last warning. Shut up!

Mr Floppy sinks down in his seat trying to hide.

Someone throws a sweet at him. He stands up.

MR FLOPPY
WHO DID THAT?!

AUDIENCE
SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

MR FLOPPY
BUT I'M UNDER ATTACK! SWEETS &
M&M'S FLYING AND ROLLING
EVERYWHERE!

Someone unwraps a sweet for a full minute.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
JUST OPEN IT! SITTING THERE
TWIDDLING WITH A SWEET WRAPPER FOR
AN HOUR!

AUDIENCE
SHHHHHH SHH SHUSH!

MR FLOPPY
IT ISNT MY FAULT IF SOMEONE IS
TAKING A WHOLE CENTURY TO OPEN A
SWEET! WE WILL BE HERE UNTIL NEXT
CHRISTMAS AT THIS RATE!

AUDIENCE
SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Someone has a giant inflatable.

PERSON
It's emotional support.

Mr Floppy stares.

MR FLOPPY
EMOTIONAL SUPPORT?! IT'S BLOCKING
HALF THE SCREEN! FIND IT A CHAIR
SOMEWHERE! GET IT OUT THE WAY!

AUDIENCE
Shhhhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

Suddenly— POP!

The inflatable bursts open with a bang. Everyone screams.

Mr Floppy jumps so high out of his seat, then ducks down with his hands over his head.

MR FLOPPY
WHAT WAS THAT?!
WHO FIRED A
WEAPON?!

AUDIENCE
Shush!

The inflatable re-inflates itself — loudly — like a bouncy castle. It bumps into Mr Floppy's legs.

MR FLOPPY
WHY IS IT COMING TOWARDS ME?! STOP
ROLLING! I'M NOT PART OF THIS! STOP
TRYING TO TOUCH MY LEGS! GET OFF!

AUDIENCE
SHHHHHHHHH SHHH SHHH

MAN
Will you shut up keep shouting in
here?! You are disturbing the whole
film! NO MORE SHOUTING!

MR FLOPPY
BUT ITS TRYING TO GET ME! WHAT AM I
SUPPOSED TO DO?! IT WOULDN'T GET
OFF! IT'S MESSED UP MY CLOTHES! MY
HAIR! I HAVE JUST ABOUT HAD ENOUGH
OF IT! WHO BRINGS SOMETHING LIKE
THAT IN A
CINEMA ANYWAY?!

The inflatable bounces off the wall and heads straight back toward Floppy.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
NO! DON'T COME BACK! GO AWAY! I'M
FED UP WITH BEING ATTACKED BY AIR!

The inflatable slams into him and pushes him sideways.

He screams.

AUDIENCE
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

MR FLOPPY
GET OFF ME! I'M NOT A BOUNCY
CASTLE!

A slush cup leaks, leaving a neon snail trail.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY IS THE FLOOR GLOWING?!

AUDIENCE
Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

MR FLOPPY
BUT LOOK AT THE FLOOR LOOK! WE CAN
BE SEEN HERE FROM SPACE! WE CAN BE
SEEN FROM PLANET MARS!

It's all quiet, then someone tries to walk down the aisle.

Their coat is too big.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY IS YOUR COAT THE SIZE OF A
HOUSE?!

AUDIENCE
SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

FLOPPY
BUT LOOK AT IT! IT LOOKS LIKE A
JUMBO JET!

Two cinema staff grab him under the arms.

STAFF
Sir, you're disturbing everyone.

MR FLOPPY
I'M NOT DISTURBING ANYONE! THEY'RE
DISTURBING ME WITH ALL THE
SHUSHING! IT WAS THAT INFLATABLES
FAULT! AND THE M&M'S!

AUDIENCE
SHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH

Mr Floppy screams as he's dragged out:

MR FLOPPY
I'LL BE QUIET WHEN I WANT! YOU
CAN'T STOP ME! AND ANOTHER THING,
I'M FLOPPY! NOT FLAPPY!

**MR FLOPPY ON THE PIRATE SHIP - "GET UP! YOU WILL BREAK THE
SEAT!" EDITION**

MR FLOPPY storms toward the ride and gets into a seat, slumps down, sliding so low he looks like a collapsed deckchair.

He is already fed up.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
I'M NOT EVEN STARTED AND I'VE HAD
ENOUGH! THIS RIDE LOOKS RUBBISH AND
I REFUSE TO SIT UP FOR IT!

The operator storms over, pointing and angry.

OPERATOR
Oi! Sit up properly! You'll break
the seat lying down like that!

Mr Floppy shoots upright.

MR FLOPPY
BREAK THE SEAT?!
THIS SEAT IS ALREADY HALF BROKEN!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BEING BLAMED FOR
EVERYTHING IN THIS FAIRGROUND! I'M
FED UP!!

Mr Floppy slides down and sits in a slump again with only his eyes moving sneakily to the operator, like he is trying to get away with it.

The operator folds his arms.

OPERATOR
If you don't sit properly, I'll
stop the ride.

MR FLOPPY
STOP THE RIDE?! IT HASN'T EVEN
STARTED AND I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF IT!
I'M SITTING UP! I'M SITTING DOWN!
I'LL SIT DIAGONALLY IF YOU WANT!
JUST GET THIS WOODEN NIGHTMARE OVER
WITH!

The pirate ship begins its slow swing.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
OH WONDERFUL. SWINGING. WELL THIS
IS BORING AND MISERABLE!

The ship swings higher.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS! I'M BEING
TIPPED ABOUT LIKE A BAG OF SHOPPING
SOMEONE DROPPED ON A BUS!

Teenagers behind him burst out laughing.

One of them leans forward...And sticks their tongue out at him.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
DID YOU JUST STICK YOUR TONGUE OUT
AT ME?!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF
BEING MOCKED WHILE I'M SUFFERING!

The teenager sticks their tongue out again — longer this time.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
STOP THAT! PUT THAT TONGUE AWAY!
THIS ISN'T A ZOO!

The ship swings even higher, almost vertical.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
I'M AT AN ANGLE I DON'T APPROVE OF!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BEING TILTED
LIKE A BROKEN WHEELIE BIN IN THE
WIND!

The ship drops back down.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
NOOOOOOOO! I DIDN'T ASK TO DROP!
OIIIII STOP THAT!

The teenager sticks their tongue out AGAIN.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
STOP IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR
FACE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS
ENTIRE GENERATION!

The teenagers scream with joy.

TEENAGER #2
This is brilliant!

MR FLOPPY
BRILLIANT?! THIS ISN'T BRILLIANT!
THIS IS A RUBBISH BOAT SWINGING ME
AROUND LIKE I'M A WET TOWEL IN A
TUMBLE DRYER!

The ship swings violently again.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
I'M GOING FORWARD! I'M GOING
BACKWARD! I'M GOING SIDEWAYS IN MY
SOUL! FORWARD, BACK! FORWARD, BACK!
MAKE YOUR BLOODY MIND UP!

The operator increases the speed.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
STOP TOUCHING THAT LEVER! STOP
CHUCKING ME ABOUT!

The ship reaches maximum height.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
I'M DONE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! THIS
WOODEN DISASTER HAS RUINED MY DAY,
MY WEEK, AND MY ENTIRE OUTLOOK ON
LIFE!

The ship finally slows.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
SLOW DOWN! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF BEING
A HUMAN PENDULUM!

The ride stops.

Mr Floppy sits frozen, hair blown sideways, eyes wide, fists
clenched.

The operator lifts the bar.

OPERATOR
Off you get. And don't lie down on
seats again.

Mr Floppy stands furious.

MR FLOPPY
I'LL LIE DOWN WHERE I WANT! I'VE
HAD ENOUGH OF YOU! I'VE HAD ENOUGH
OF THIS RIDE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF
ANYTHING THAT SWINGS, CREAKS OR
MOVES WITHOUT MY PERMISSION!

He storms off.

MR FLOPPY AT THE FORTUNE TELLER TENT

INT. FAIRGROUND - NIGHT

A dimly lit fortune-teller tent.

Incense burning.

Beads hanging from the doorway.

A crystal ball that looks suspiciously like a cheap lamp.

MR FLOPPY stomps inside, already annoyed at the smell.

He sits down on a wobbly chair.

MR FLOPPY
WHY IS THIS CHAIR WOBBLY? I'M
TRYING TO SIT, NOT PERFORM
ACROBATICS!

The fortune teller, dressed in glittery robes, stares dramatically into the crystal ball.

FORTUNE TELLER
I see... frustration in your future.

MR FLOPPY
I'M FRUSTRATED NOW! YOU DON'T NEED
MAGIC FOR THAT! JUST LOOK AT MY
FACE!

The fortune teller waves her hands mysteriously.

FORTUNE TELLER
You will face a challenge soon.

MR FLOPPY
I FACE CHALLENGES EVERY DAY! LIKE
GETTING OUT OF BED! AND DEALING
WITH PEOPLE! AND EXISTING!

She leans closer.

FORTUNE TELLER
You will meet someone important.

MR FLOPPY
I DON'T WANT TO MEET ANYONE! PEOPLE
ARE EXHAUSTING! EVEN TALKING TO YOU
IS A CHALLENGE!

She taps the crystal ball.

FORTUNE TELLER
Your lucky colour... is purple.

MR FLOPPY
PURPLE? WHY PURPLE? I DON'T EVEN
OWN ANYTHING PURPLE! GIVE ME A
NORMAL COLOUR LIKE BLUE OR GREY OR
MISERY!

FORTUNE TELLER
Your lucky number is seven.

MR FLOPPY
I DON'T LIKE SEVEN! IT'S A WEIRD
NUMBER! GIVE ME A DIFFERENT ONE!
GIVE ME SOMETHING ROUND AND
FRIENDLY!

FORTUNE TELLER
That's... not how it works.

MR FLOPPY
WELL IT SHOULD! WHY CAN'T I
CUSTOMISE MY FUTURE? EVERYTHING
ELSE IN LIFE IS CUSTOMISABLE EXCEPT
THIS RUBBISH!

She closes her eyes dramatically.

FORTUNE TELLER
I sense... a journey.

MR FLOPPY
NO! I DON'T WANT A JOURNEY! I WANT
TO GO HOME AND SIT DOWN! THAT'S MY
JOURNEY!

She continues.

FORTUNE TELLER
I sense... a great opportunity.

MR FLOPPY
NO THANK YOU! EVERY TIME I GET AN
OPPORTUNITY IT TURNS INTO A
DISASTER WITH EXTRA STEPS!

FORTUNE TELLER
I sense... a tall, dark stranger.

MR FLOPPY
NO! I DON'T WANT STRANGERS! I DON'T
WANT PEOPLE! I DON'T WANT ANYONE
TALL OR DARK OR ANYTHING!

She looks confused.

FORTUNE TELLER
You're very negative.

MR FLOPPY
I'M REALISTIC! THIS TENT SMELLS
LIKE OLD FLOWERS AND YOUR CRYSTAL
BALL IS JUST A HEAP OF RUBBISH!

She gasps.

FORTUNE TELLER
This crystal ball has been in my
family for generations.

MR FLOPPY
WELL YOUR FAMILY NEEDS BETTER
LAMPS!

She tries one last prediction.

FORTUNE TELLER
I see... a change coming.

MR FLOPPY
THE ONLY CHANGE I WANT IS LEAVING
THIS TENT AND NEVER COMING BACK!

He stands up, knocking over a stack of tarot cards.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
OH GREAT! NOW I'VE MADE A MESS!
EVEN THE CARDS ARE JUDGING ME!

He storms out, tripping over the bead curtain.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
 WHY ARE THERE BEADS? WHO INVENTED
 BEADS? THEY'RE JUST NOISY STRINGS!

He leaves the tent, shouting behind him.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
 I DON'T NEED FORTUNES! I KNOW MY
 FUTURE — IT'S FULL OF ANNOYANCE!

MR FLOPPY'S SNOW DAY MELTDOWN

MR FLOPPY'S front garden.

Mr Floppy storms outside, marches to his front gate.

He grabs it, pulls and it doesn't move.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
 WHY IS THIS FROZEN?! THIS ISN'T A
 FREEZER — IT'S A STREET!

He kicks the gate, it doesn't budge.

He shakes it violently.

A neighbour walking past laughs.

NEIGHBOUR
 Bit cold, isn't it?

MR FLOPPY
 COLD?! IT'S ARCTIC! MY GATE HAS
 TURNED INTO AN ICE SCULPTURE! AND
 STOP LAUGHING!

NEIGHBOUR
 Try warming it up.

MR FLOPPY
 WITH WHAT?! MY PERSONALITY?! I'M
 FED UP! I'M DONE WITH WINTER! I
 WANT A TROPICAL GATE!

A single snowflake falls.

Just one.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
OH! OH! IT'S SNOWING! FINALLY! I'VE
BEEN WAITING ALL YEAR FOR THIS!
THIS IS THE BEST MOMENT OF MY LIFE!

He spins around dramatically at the sky.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
JUST ONE SNOWFLAKE?!!!
NO. COME BACK! COME BACK RIGHT NOW!
YOU CAN'T JUST FALL ONCE AND LEAVE.
THAT'S RUDE. WHY DID YOU STOP AFTER
ONE FLAKE?!

It starts snowing again. A thin layer forms on the ground.

Suddenly –

THWAP!

A snowball hits him square in the back of the head.

He spins around like a startled penguin.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHO THREW THAT?! SHOW YOURSELF,
DONT YOU DARE THROW THOSE SNOWBALLS
AT ME YOU LITTLE SOD!

A child giggles behind a tree.

CHILD
It wasn't me!

MR FLOPPY
YES IT WAS! YOU'RE HOLDING ANOTHER
SNOWBALL! YOU'RE ARMED!

The child throws another one – misses – but laughs.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
STOP LAUGHING! THIS IS ASSAULT WITH
A FROZEN WEAPON!

More kids walk by, laughing at him.

Mr Floppy decides to build a snowman.

He rolls a snowball.

It's lopsided.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY IS THIS BALL WONKY?! WHY CAN'T
I MAKE A PERFECT CIRCLE?! I'M NOT
ASKING FOR MUCH! HOW FED UP I'AM OF
THIS ALREADY!

He rolls another. It's even worse.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
NO. NO. THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE IT'S
BEEN THROUGH A TRAUMA!

He stacks them.

The snowman leans dangerously.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
STAND UP STRAIGHT!!! YOU'RE A
SNOWMAN, AND I DONT WANT A DRUNKEN
WHITE BALL OF ICE!

He adds eyes.

They're uneven.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
WHY ARE YOUR EYES WONKY?! WHY DO
YOU LOOK CONFUSED! I'M NOT MAKING A
WONKY EYED SNOWMAN!!

He adds a carrot nose.

It's too long.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
NO. NO! THAT'S RIDICULOUS. YOU LOOK
LIKE YOU'RE ABOUT TO POKE SOMEONE
FROM ACROSS THE STREET!

He adds a smile.

It looks sarcastic.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
STOP SMIRKING AT ME!! YOU'RE MADE
OF FROZEN WATER. YOU DON'T GET TO
HAVE ATTITUDE!!

He tries to fix the snowman, it collapses.

He rebuilds it — upside down by accident. Head on the bottom.
Body on the top.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
GREAT!! THIS IS VERY WRONG. YOU
LOOK LIKE YOU'VE BEEN PUT TOGETHER
BY A CONFUSED ART STUDENT!

He tries to flip it. It collapses again.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
I'M DONE. I'M DONE WITH SNOWMEN!
THEY'RE TOO DEMANDING. THEY'RE TOO
FRAGILE. THEY'RE TOO JUDGY!

A neighbour shouts over the fence.

NEIGHBOUR
FLAPPY! CAN YOU SHUT UP?!

Mr Floppy spins around, furious.

MR FLOPPY
I WILL NOT SHUT UP! I'M HAVING A
SNOW-RELATED CRISIS! AND HOW DARE
YOU CALL ME THE WRONG NAME! MY NAME
IS NOT FLAPPY! REMEMBER IT! AND
WRITE IT DOWN!

NEIGHBOUR
It's a snowman, not a hostage
situation!

MR FLOPPY
IT FEELS LIKE A HOSTAGE SITUATION!
HE'S HOLDING MY SANITY HOSTAGE!

He points furiously at the mess of a snowman.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
LOOK AT IT!

Children walk past, pointing and laughing at the snowman.

KID #3
It looks wonky!

MR FLOPPY
I KNOW IT LOOKS WONKY! STOP
POINTING IT OUT!

The snowman's head falls off.

The kids burst out laughing.

Mr Floppy screams into the sky.

MR FLOPPY (CONT'D)
I'M FED UP! I'M DONE WITH SNOW! I'M
DONE WITH SNOWMEN! I'M DONE WITH
EVERYTHING FROZEN!

He chucks down his scarf, he gets tangled with it, while the children are in fits of laughter. He storms inside and shuts the door.

He storms back out, kicks over the snowman and then storms back inside slamming the door.

NOTE TO PRODUCERS:

Thank you for taking the time to read these selected script sketch samples from the Mr Floppy series. Fulllength versions of every sketch, in each of my three scripts are available upon request, including additional material samples that provide a clear sense of the comedic chaos and character energy that define Mr Floppy. I look forward to sharing more of both projects with you.