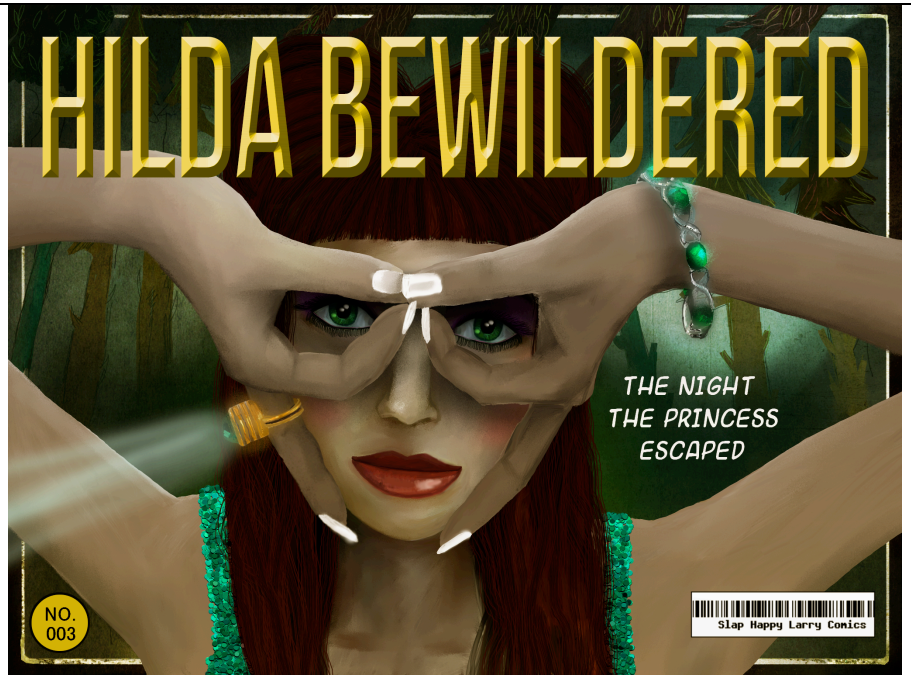
Hilda Bewildered V05

Page	Main Text	Music and Story Notes
SPLASH PAGE		PLOT SUMMARY: In an unspecified European town, in modern times with modern technology, Princess Hilda has come of age (she's around 16-18) and so this young princess has been given the royal duty of delivering a speech to open Winter. (The occasion is nothing important – she is delivering something innocuous as a figurehead.) She is super nervous because she is an introvert, and would rather be drinking tea and reading crime novels under the duvet. While crowds of people wait in front of the podium in the royal grounds, Princess Hilda suffers through the nerve-wracking pre-speech masque ball, where she is given some advice on speech-making by an old earl, and decides that the best way to cope with her nerves is to imagine she is someone else entirely. So 'The Other Hilda' turns up – a product of the Princess's lively imagination. This Other Hilda is far bolshier than the Princess herself, having supposedly broken into the palace in order to steal the Princess's emerald heirloom ring. In the west-walled garden, where the Princess goes to calm her nerves right before the speech, Princess Hilda 'becomes' The Other Hilda by merging into her, and the Princess's imagination takes her on a mental escapade out of the castle altogether, via airship, which eventually lands in a downtown bus depot. The Other Hilda is an expert mugger by trade, a child of the street, wily and confident -- everything the naïve Princess is not, although, like the actual Princess, her livelihood comes from fleecing taxpayers – the Princess is uncomfortably aware of her own privilege. The Other Hilda wanders the grimy, downtown streets, ends up at a dodgy fast food joint (where she finds a rat inside a deliciously advertised burger – nothing is as it seems from the outside, and that's the main message of this story. She then does some distraction mugging on the subway platform. Finally it's time to head 'home', so she pays a taxi driver with a stolen wallet full of cash, after he drives her deep into the forest, where it is revealed that The Other Hilda has no real home; she stays long-term at a rundown, gothic mansion ironically called



The Tropical Palace. In the taxi, she hears breaking news on the radio that the Royal Ring has been stolen.

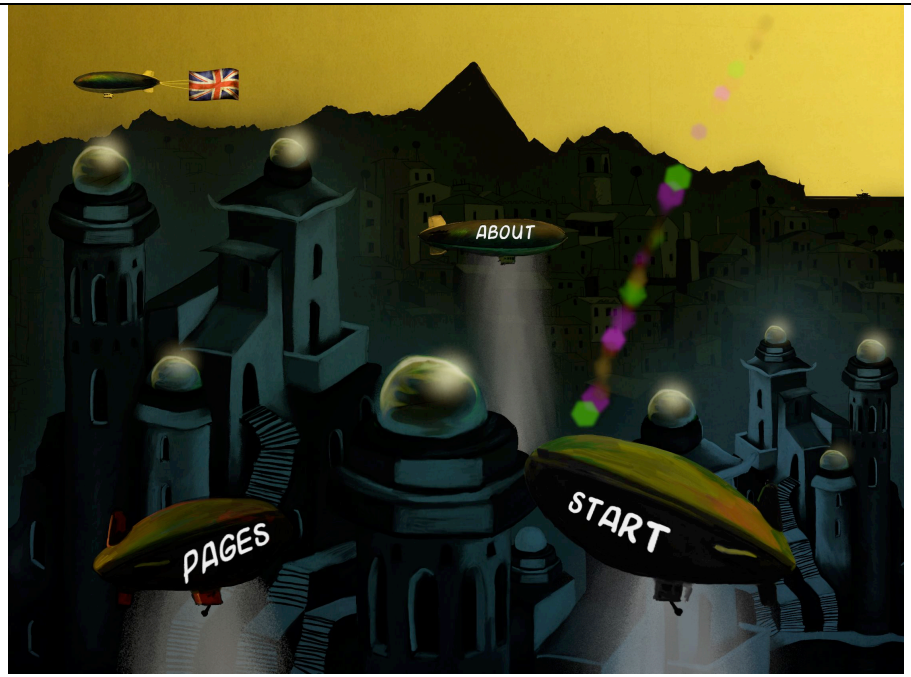
Thinking that Mother (who runs the joint) will be happy to receive payment of an invaluable ring, Mother is instead annoyed – she can't do anything with such a well-known stolen good, and for Hilda's own protection she locks her in the basement for three days. The police have followed her trail via numerous security cameras and fingerprints (revealed to the reader via rub-to-reveal type interactivity), but Mother points the detectives in the other direction to protect her pickpocket guest. After the police have gone, she lets Hilda out of the basement and instructs her to fling the precious jewel far into the deep.

This underground/deep, dark forest/basement imagery is the real Princess Hilda's descent into her own mind, because she dreads delivering a speech to a large crowd. She wishes the 'ground would open up and swallow her'. (And it does, metaphorically, when she goes into the underground via a hole in the footpath.)

Eventually, though, the Princess is called from the royal bathroom where she has been confronted by her reflection in the floor tiles as she crouches, feeling nauseated, and she must now deliver the wretched speech. Grasping the imaginary Hilda's hand as she enters the stage, she imagines she is still in the wilderness; camera flashes from the audience are reimagined as lightning, and the dark figures of the crowd turn into burnt stumps with tussock waving in the wind. As the speech progresses, the Princess has no need for her imaginary alte ego now, and The Other Hilda, standing by a camp fire but freezing cold, fades away to nothing.

GENERAL NOTES ON THE MUSIC

The music in this story will take a central role even more than before, because there will be fewer sound effects, and more music within the story than the previous two apps. The reader still needs to be able to read, so the challenge is to create atmosphere without distracting from the reading of the text (we've decided not to narrate this one – don't want narration competing with your



music). I've written it so that the reader will need to really read both words and pictures closely to even know what's going on.

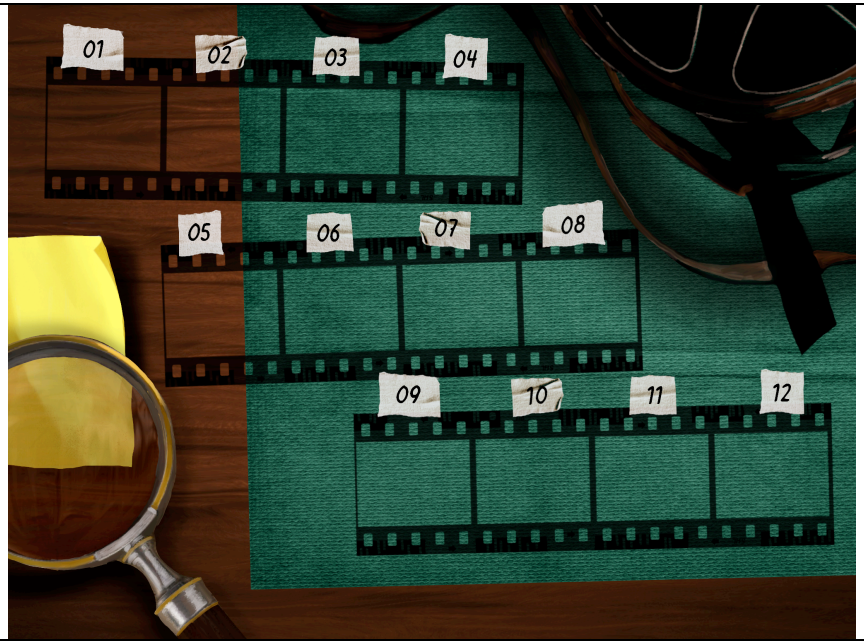
There are great highs and lows in this story, used metaphorically: the highs of being royalty, of riding in an airship, of standing on a podium, contrasted with the lows of being a downtown pickpocket nobody, of hiding underground, of descending into forest, and into despair. Perhaps this could be reflected in the music.

The idea of twins/reflections/duplication/duplicity/doubleness is also a big part of the story.

PIECE ONE: INTRO MUSIC TO PLAY ACROSS SPLASH PAGE, TITLE PAGE, MAIN MENU, NAVIGATION

I'm thinking of a mischievous piece (of around **2 minutes** – it **needn't necessarily loop**, if you preferred a more dramatic/abrupt ending). When I think 'mischievous' I think of, say, the *Dexter* Main Title by Rolfe Kent.

	POLICE PD PD DETECTIVE	



THE PRINCESS PREPARES

1.		**PIECE TWO: A MAGICAL BACKGROUND TUNE** Perhaps reminiscent of a music box, and of a little girl's bedroom to suggest naivety. This will follow the main theme tune directly and so might draw from the same melody? We'll probably be using this tune for the promo video as well: (This gentle music) **Every girl is a princess** (screenshots of the prettiest scenes) **Whether she wants to be** **OR** (Music changes to one of the faster pieces) **NOT** (screenshots of the grimier scenes)


THE DAY OF DREAD HAS ARRIVED. PRINCESS HILDA IS TO OPEN WINTER THIS YEAR, WITH A CAREFULLY REHEARSED SPEECH.
THE LANDSCAPE HAS LOST ITS GREEN. DARKNESS CLOSES IN.



The landscape has lost its green. Darkness closes in.

The day of dread has arrived. Princess Hilda is to open winter this year, with a carefully rehearsed speech.

PAPARAZZI

2.	 **Nerve-wracking throngs gather below. Despite her royal duties, the young princess wishes only to drink peppermint tea and read crime novels under the duvet.** Queen's speech "**Come away from the window, Hilda. Everyone fancies himself a paparazzo these days."**	**No music** – noises from the crowd below, eerie wind
	HILDA WORKS THE CROWD	

3.	 **a. The most enthusiastic of the royalists wait near the podium. They've propped up their canvas chairs, and now they busy themselves with flasks of soup.** **b. A different flame-haired Hilda picks her way through this crowd. Unlike her royal namesake, The Other Hilda is invigorated by large gatherings.** **Today is no exception.**	**No music** – crowd noise, people chatting, perhaps wind as funnelled through a speaker if it's not too annoying

THE GLITTERATI

4.



PIECE THREE: OMINOUS, VAUDEVILLE/SWING JAZZ ROYAL DANCING MUSIC

It doesn't have to be vaudeville or swing jazz inspired – just throwing some idea at you. The masked characters are creepy, so I'd like the music to be **creepy** also – the music should make a nervous princess even more uneasy, thereby transferring this feeling to the reader.

This dancing piece will continue for the next 3 pages as well, at varying volumes depending on whether the point-of-view character is inside the ballroom, just outside, or in a different part of the castle.

I've been thinking of something like Quadrille by Paolo Conte, though I'm aware this song can sound a bit overwhelming after a while, so compose as you see fit

Since we can't predict how long the reader will spend on these pages, this piece **does need to loop**. I'd make it about 2 to 3 minutes long, but it really depends on what you come up with – perhaps this needs only be about a minute if it's a repetitive, background type of tune which is to loop?

That said, and this is just an idea, you might choose to compose a piece which **morphs slightly** as the piece progresses, as Hilda drinks the wine and gets ever so slightly drunk. (We may need to remove the wine from her hand because Apple censors stuff, sorry, makes 'business decisions' about what it allows in the kids' category) in which case the *idea* that Hilda has drunk a glass of wine would be mainly conveyed via the music (and the fact that there is a table of wine in front of her, but not in her own hand).

I'll leave this decision up to you. If you can make this piece sound good with a bi of morph and still loop it, all the better. If not, a simple looping, shorter tune wi be fine.



Inside the palace, important guests chat and mingle. They nibble and cavort; they quip and they sip.

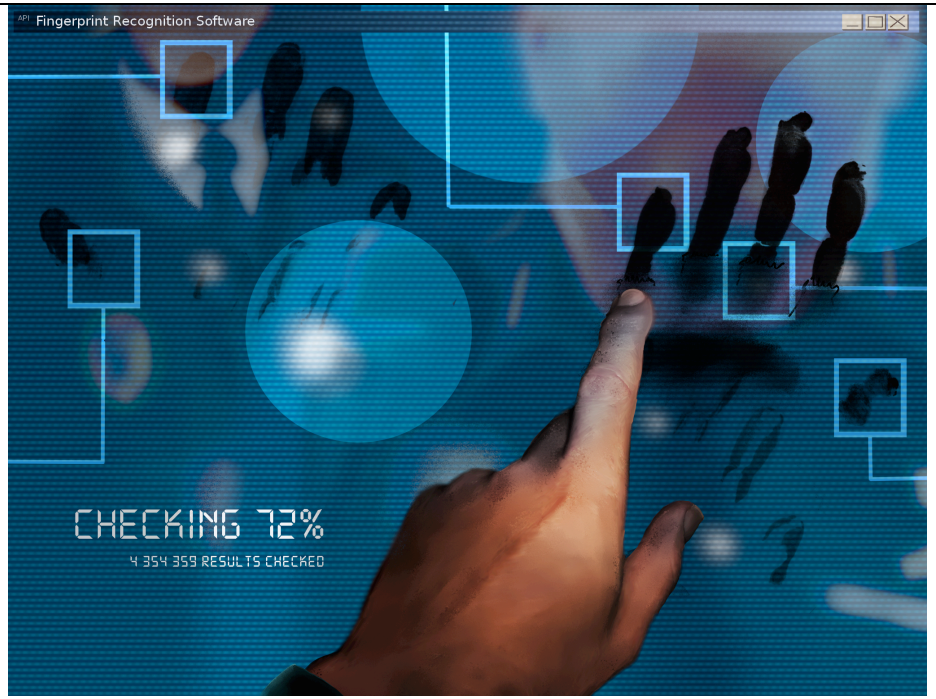
The Princess smiles and nods, though she thinks only of the crowds, those storm clouds of crowds: a festering mass of darkness below!

Speech bubbles:

I remember when you were just a babe in a bib. To think, now you're a grown princess, about to deliver her first public address!
And a fine job you shall make of it, too. Just breathe. In out, in out.

You look as white as a winter snowflake, m'lady.

	I remember my first big speech as duke. **I do confess, I wished that I were someone else.**	
	THE MASQUED GATECRASHER	
5.		**PIECE THREE CONTINUED**



The Other Hilda sees no reason why she can't launch herself over the barricades, scale the castle wall and join The Glitterati inside.

With this masque of bark and feathers, no one will notice an extra guest.

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

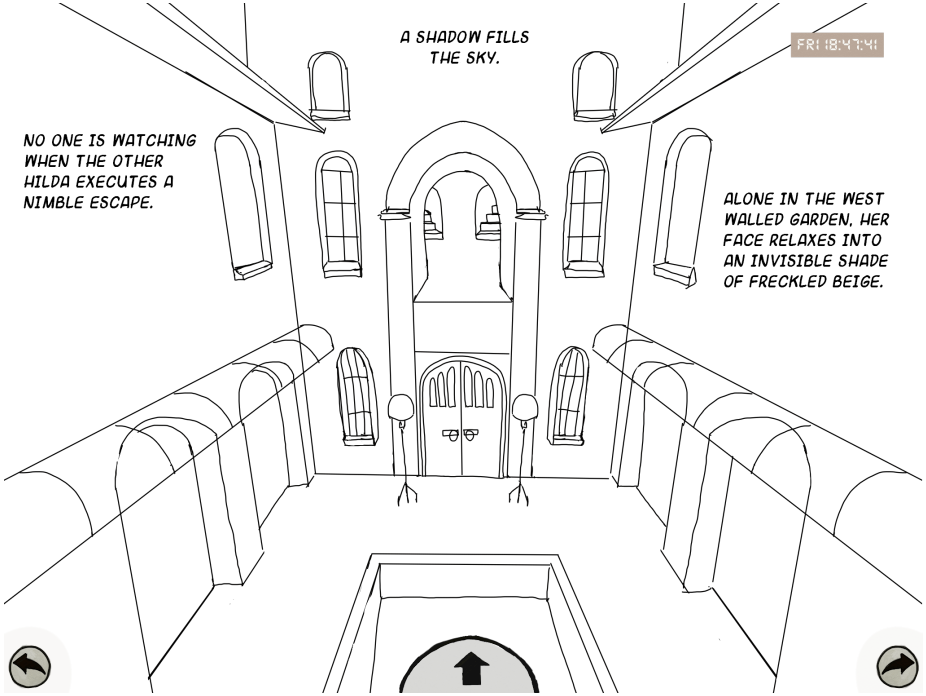
6.		**PIECE THREE CONTINUED**

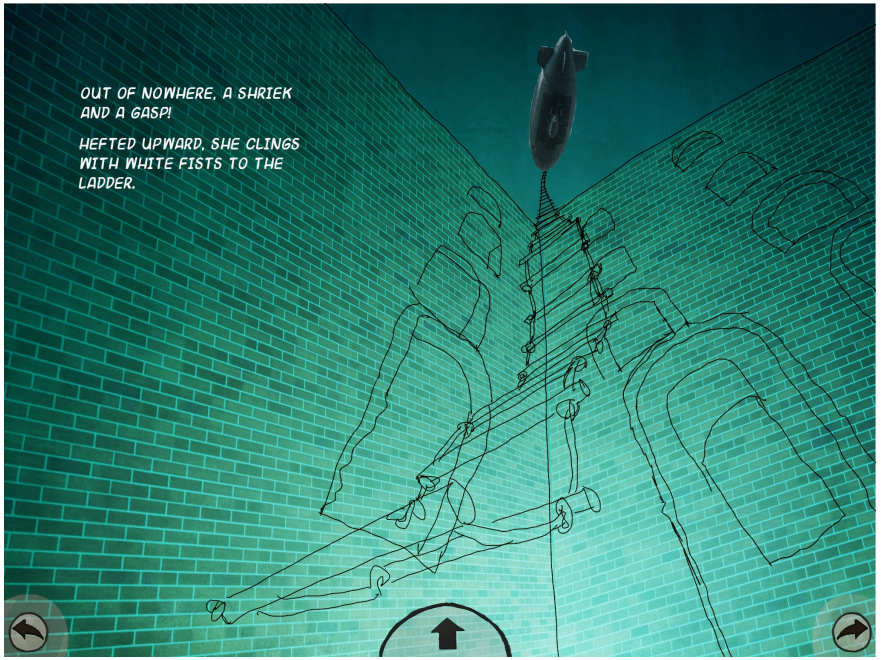


The Princess tries in vain to avoid the view from the window.

But The Other Hilda feels right at home.

“Mm-mm!”
“Wh-- Who are you?”
“Who am I, you ask. There are many more where I come from. We are Nobody Important. We are nothing but sugar-dust, upon a hill of cake.”
“Maybe that’s the trick.”
“Oh, I’m good at tricks. Enjoy the eats, I always say!”
“Nice costume, by the way.”
“Gypsy inspired?”

7.	**Art to come: a view of the west walled garden, with a fountain.**  **The two Hildas will need to merge into each other somehow.** **The pre-speech party draws to a close. Both of the Hildas sense it's high time they escaped.** **The Princess is tailed to the west walled garden, where she sometimes finds time for reflection.**	**PIECE THREE CONTINUED** As the two Hildas merge into one body, the music changes. (via fade out of piece two, fade in of piece three) **PIECE FOUR: A FLOATY PIECE, INTO the IMAGINATION, AWAY FROM REALITY** The colour scheme changes here from greens/golds to blues. Princess Hilda and her imaginary alter ego merge into one. This piece will last for the following three pages as she floats in the air, scared at first, and eventually less so. (**about 2 minutes, to loop**)
	THE AIRSHIP APPEARS	

8.	**Art to come.**  **Hilda is looking into the sky. An airship appears. A ladder hangs down.** **A shadow fills the sky.** **Out of nowhere, a shriek and a gasp!** **Hefted upwards, The Other Hilda clings with white fists to the ladder.** speech **“Look! We forgot a catering girl!”** **“Hurry on up, lovey! The ships are leaving!”** **“Where’s your apron and mop cap?”**	**PIECE FOUR CONTINUED**

SCARED OF HEIGHTS		
9.	 **Up and up the airship drifts until the palace lights are nothing but a fleck and a smudge.**	**PIECE FOUR CONTINUED**
NIGHT LIGHTS		

10.	 **When her breathing has slowed, Hilda moves to the window and admires the beautifully freckled nightscape.**	**PIECE FOUR CONTINUED**
	THE BUS DEPOT – FRI 21:24:20	

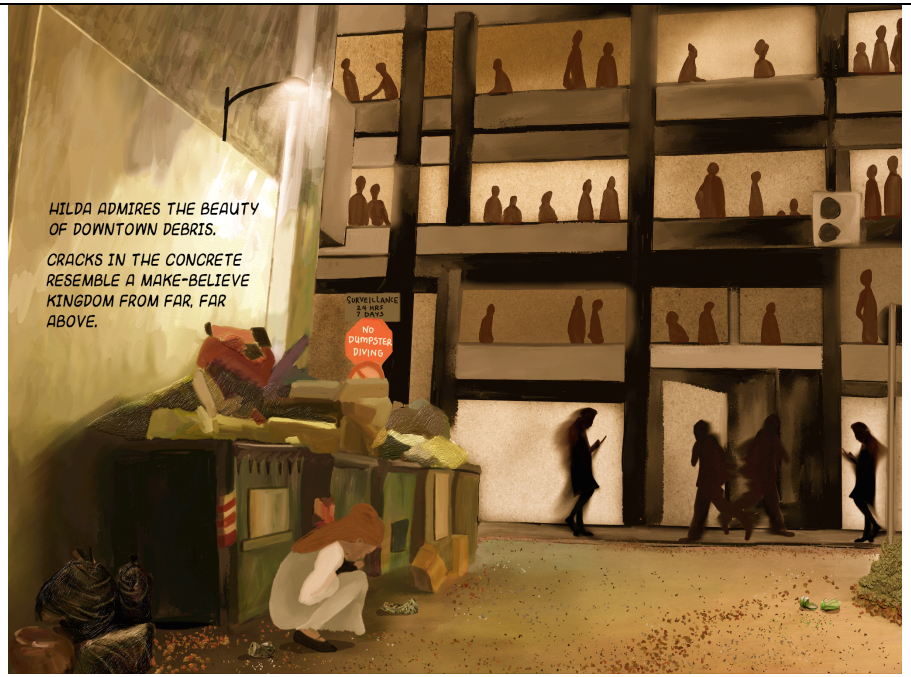
11.		**No music – downtown sounds, maybe the whoosh of an airship – need to check that airships make a sound. Otherwise bus engines.**



(A) Down, down, the ship descends. The girls form an orderly line and plant their feet on solid ground.

(B) Each catering girl disappears into the smoggy gloom.

THE BEAUTY OF DEBRIS – FRI 21:35:09

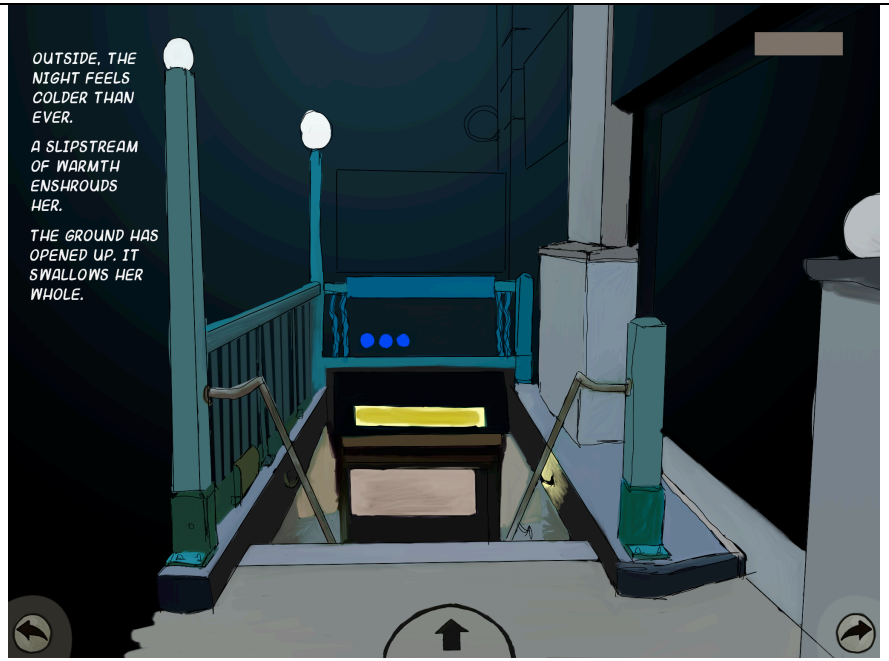
12.	 **Hilda admires the beauty of downtown debris.** **Cracks in the concrete resemble a make-believe kingdom from far, far above.** Shattered glass glimmers and glints. She admires the unique crush of a discarded can. The one-off dents and folds of flyaway foil form valleys in her own miniature kingdom. **Graffiti: Everything is terrifying. Everything is beautiful.**	**No music – downtown sounds continued**

	COSY DESTINATIONS – FRI 21:45:54	
13.	 **On a street nearby, shiny things wink from nooks and crannies.** **Friday night commuters dash towards cosy destinations.** **furry rugs, warm feet against mine, logs on the hearth, wispy smoke from chimney, crock pot of stew, warm hugs, enthusiastic dog greeting, hot bath, steamy shower, handmade quilt, homemade supper waiting, squares of yellow from window, candles and incense, favourite TV show, family together, flannelette pyjamas, fleecy linings, fluffy slippers, bread and butter pudding, gravy boats and roasting trays , hot chocolate , warm buttered scones, loving goodnights, drawing of curtains, bubbles and soap,**	**No music** – downtown sounds continued, footsteps, the chi-chichi-chi sound of someone's earbuds, a bicycle bell, a cellphone ringing, 'hello love, I'm on my way home'

	the smell of my pillow, softness of mattress, sinking into slumber, peaceful rest, pageturner novel, cat purring on my lap, dinnerparty with good friends	
	BURGER BAR – FRI 21: 55: 22	
14.	**Art to come:** Street view of Burger Queen: Free-range meat, chargrilled, which is a big fastfood chain. Second scene is the inside the restaurant (incomplete):  **Hilda shivers -- not with excitement now -- but with newfound realisation of the cold. This cloak of night provides no warmth.** **Aromas of crackling and spice entice her towards a well-lit estate.**	**PIECE FIVE: DODGY BURGER BAR MUSIC** This music can draw on influences from around the world – nowhere in particular – I think they call it **'world music'** when it's not familiar in the West? The music is to sound like it's coming out of a radio, so I'll probably put a high pass/low pass filter on it to give it a lo-fi feel. Length: used on this page and on the following, so about a minute, to loop
	RAT ON THE BUN – FRI 22: 02: 15	

15.		**PIECE FIVE CONTINUED**

		
	UNDERFOOT JUNGLE – FRI 22: 15: 03	
16.	**Incomplete artwork – will end up yellowish and grimy looking:**	**PIECE SIX – A SUBWAY BEAT** A simple, repetitive beat to suggest excitement. Maybe making use of the beat of trains moving slowly over tracks… boom-boom… boom-boom? I may put subway SFX over top of it depending on what you come up with. This will last fo all of the subway scenes. This bass sound is something I might have done myself but since I have no musical training I thought it might be better to leave it to you…I might come up with something similar to a heart beat. For inspiration I'm thinking of the tune off the computer game Bully (Scholarshi edition) which has a strong heartbeat-like sound unifying the soundtrack. (The sound I'm talking about can be heard in the very first track of that YouTube album, and is used on its own throughout the game.)

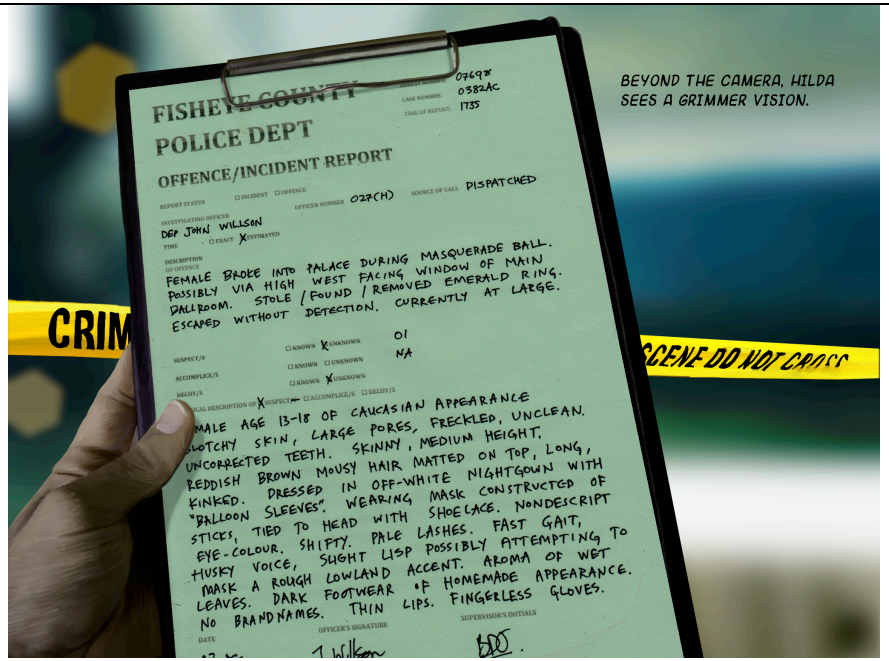
	 **Outside, the night feels colder than ever. A slipstream of warmth enshrouds her.** **The ground has opened up. It swallows her whole.**	Other SFX to be overlaid: street sounds, cars, footsteps, distant rumbling (of trains, possibly thunder)
MAGAZINE STAND – FRI 22: 30: 56		
17.	**Incomplete artwork:**	**PIECE SIX CONTINUED**

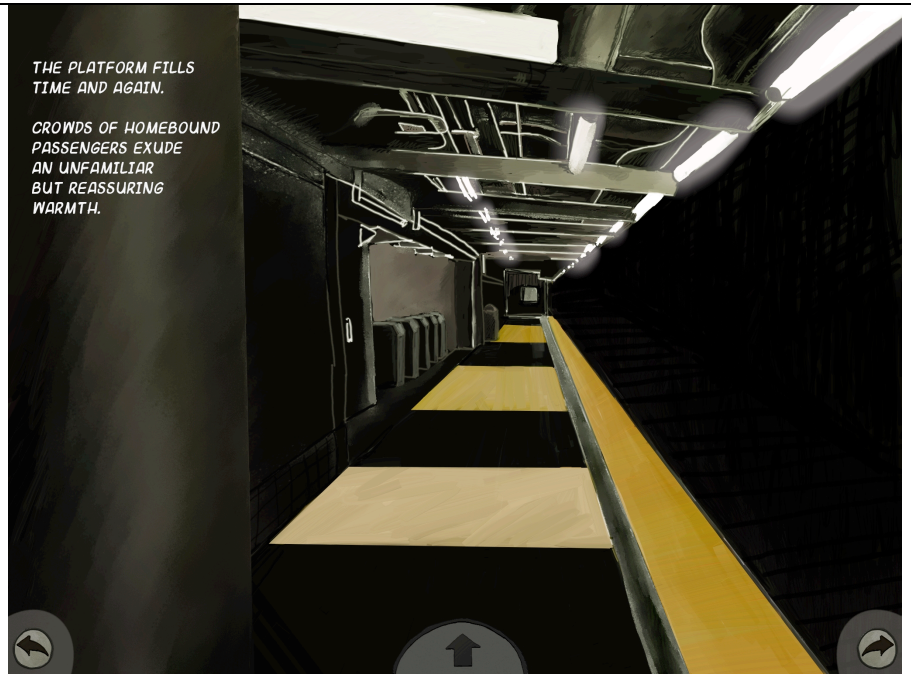


A vendor sells sweets, trinkets and magazines. The Other Hilda sees a true princess: An invented, manipulated, perfect self.

POLICE REPORT - FRI 22:35:55

18.	 **a. But the cover girl with the incandescent teeth is changed.** **This two-dimensional creation -- the one with the airbrushed skin and the digitally enhanced eyes -- stares right past the adoring public gaze.**	**PIECE SIX CONTINUED**

	 **b. Beyond the camera, Hilda sees a grimmer vision.**	
PICKING BERRIES UNDERGROUND – FRI 22:35:12		
19.	**Art incomplete:**	**PIECE SIX CONTINUED**



The platform fills time and again. Crowds of homebound passengers exude an unfamiliar but reassuring warmth.

PULL FOCUS – FRI 23: 04: 34

20.		**No music: street sounds, cars going past**

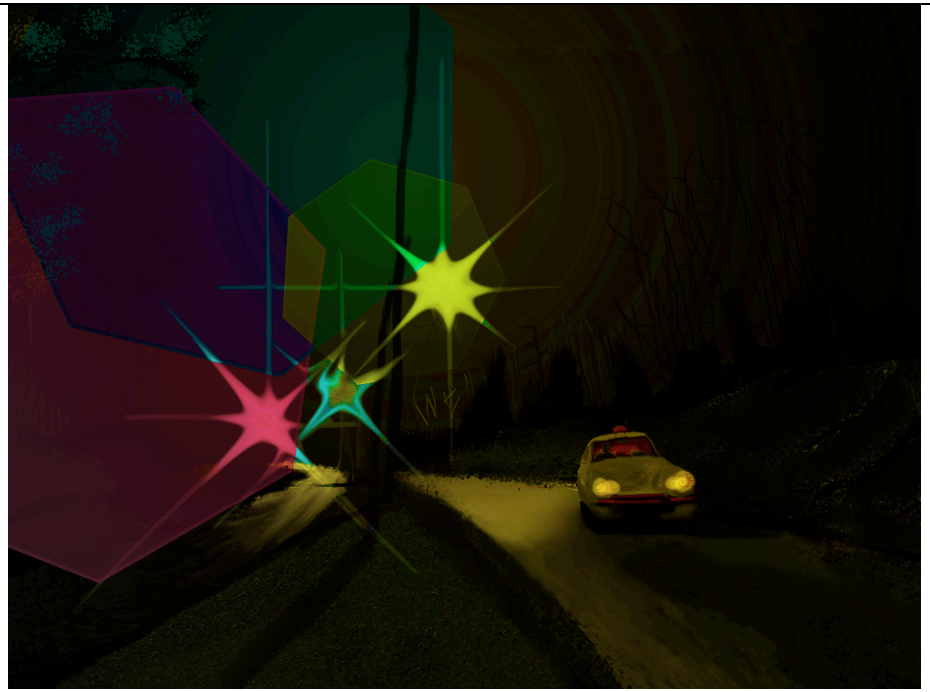


The night is no longer young. Hilda hails a chauffeur.

TAXI DRIVER AGREES

21.	 **She opens her own door. Slight of body, Hilda's entrance is so graceful that at first the driver does not notice he has company.** **Perhaps he has recognised the regal composure of her face. He peers into the rearview mirror for a long moment, then pulls out into traffic.** HIlda: **"Take the Low Road, sir."**	**PIECE SEVEN: TAXI MUSIC** This music will be activated if/when the user touches the button on the stereo, and will continue for the following two pages as Hilda rides in the taxi. This is the taxi driver's own music – he comes from overseas, so again, this music can draw from world music. I've been imagining something like Zorba's Dance from Zorba the Greek for the way in which it starts slowly and builds up. In the story, the music builds up to a news announcement in the taxi: The Royal Ring Has Been Stolen. So the music will stop abruptly, depending on when the user activates the news story on pag 24. **Total length about 3 mins**. Since it is to build up, **no looping necessary**. If the user spends more than 3 minutes on these pages then it can simply stop. I'll then fade in some road noise.
	A HELICOPTER SEARCHES	
22.	**Incomplete artwork:**	**PIECE SEVEN CONTINUED**

	 **Tall buildings turn into squarish, squat ones.**	
INTO THE WOODS – each picture has its own time between FRI 23:25 and FRI 23:45		
23.	**A variety of scenes like this one, depicted as a grid, as if viewed via security cams from some headquarters:**	**PIECE SEVEN CONTINUED**



City lights become sparsely dispersed street lamps

which become rare glimpses of light…

Then

finally

nothing but stars.

The canopy of trees makes a night of its own.

HILDA MAKES THE NEWS

24.	 **Hilda furls her thin body tightly into a ball. She listens to the radio news at midnight and feels glad to be invisible.**	**PIECE SEVEN CONTINUED, THEN INTERRUPTED BY NEWSFLASH FROM RADIO**

THE ROIL PALACE

25.		No music – the sound of a car pulling up on gravel, a raven squawking, birds fluttering, wind.



The taxi driver accepts a masculine-looking wallet from a bony, outstretched hand. He asks no questions and doesn't linger.

MOTHER IS NOT AMUSED -- SAT 00:06:08

26.



Mother has lit the fire. At least the foyer is not cold.

Parrot:
Do you need to rent a towel? Squawk
Night-rate or weekly?
Welcome, welcome

Mother's speech
"You're back late. I thought the thing finished hours ago."
"The night's half gone. Doesn't mean you can barter me down! Ha."

PIECE EIGHT: TROPICAL MUSIC COMING FROM A RADIO SOMEWHERE IN THE FOYER

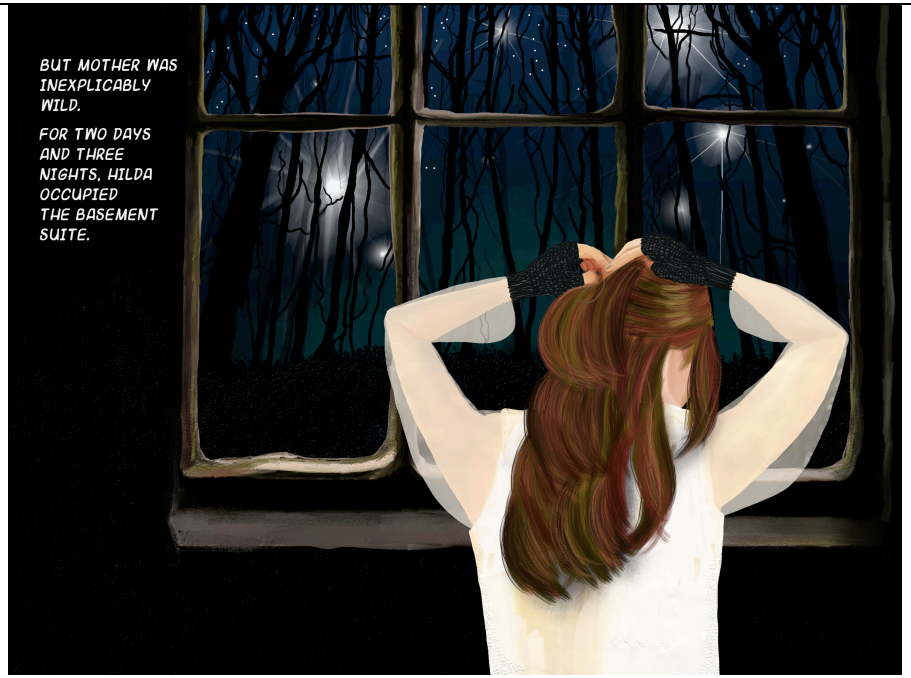
Kitsch as you like. Maybe even the sound of waves in the background. The sort of thing a tourist might bring home on CD from a budget trip to Hawaii.

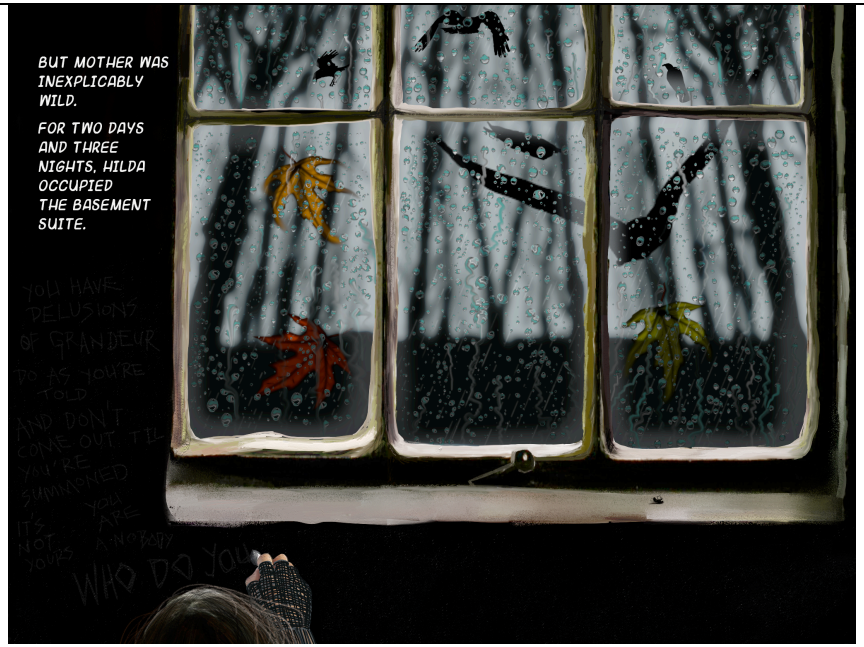
About a minute long to loop – we'll end it abruptly with a gasp sound from Mother when the ring is produced on the following page (27).

THE MOST PRECIOUS THING IN THE LAND -- SAT 00:09:08

27.	 **a. Hilda releases the elastic of each sleeve. She pulls precious goods from her bun.** **With pride and ceremony, she displays her achievements across the counter.** **b. And then, after a well-timed pause, Hilda produces the shiniest, most coveted thing in the land. This! This is surely the prize to make Mother proud.**	**PIECE EIGHT CONTINUED**

THE BASEMENT SUITE -- SAT 00:10:54 (taking out her hair), SUN 14:43:08 (rain falls, black birds), MON 22:07:35 (police arrive)

28.		Here we **may reuse the music from page one**, or if it doesn't happen to fit this basement-bedroom scene, we'll just have basement sounds – water dripping, rain falling, birds squawking, police talking outside.


BUT MOTHER WAS INEXPLICABLY WILD.
FOR TWO DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS, HILDA OCCUPIED THE BASEMENT SUITE.
YOU HAVE DELUSIONS OF GRANDEUR
DO AS YOU'RE TOLD
AND DON'T COME OUT TIL YOU'RE SUMMONED
IT'S NOT YOURS
YOU ARE NO WAY
WHO DO YOU



But Mother is inexplicably wild. For two days and three nights, Hilda occupies the basement suite.

PREPARING FOR THE JOURNEY

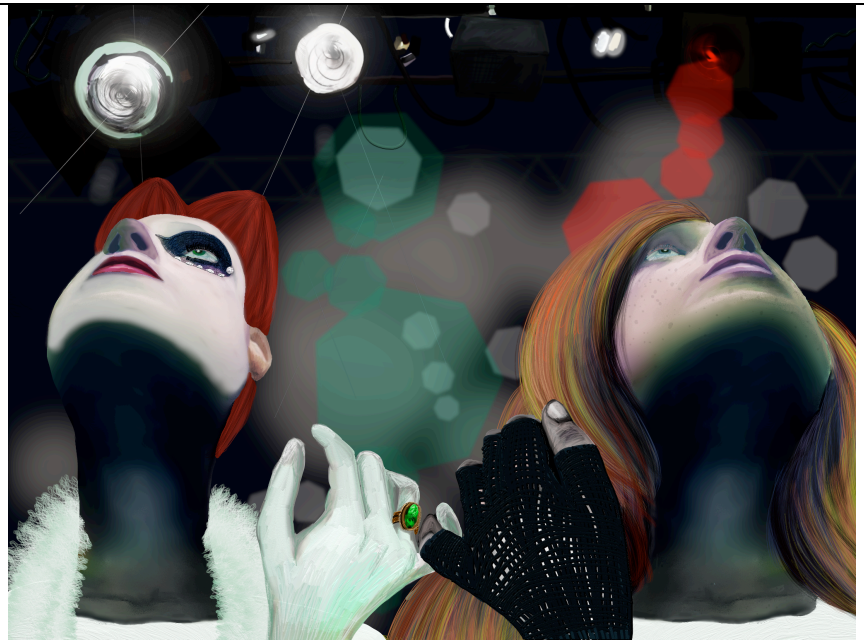
29.	 **In her own corner of dark, she prepares for a lonely journey.** **Mother: “Come out now, Hilda. Take this cursed jewel far, far into the wild. Fling it into the deep.”**	**No music: a simple heartbeat SFX.**



Mother: “Come out now, Hilda. A live broadcast waits for no one.”

FLASHES FROM THE FOREST

30.		**Not a music track: a fanfare sound effect, noises from the crowd, camera flashes to coincide with the 'lightning'.** **(Are you easily able to provide us with a fanfare type of sound, like you hear i a Shakespearian play before the king arrives on stage? If not I can probably find one online – I used a public domain one in Midnight Feast on the page called 'Fanfare' but don't want to use the exact same one again.)**



The time has come. With the confidence of a girl who has nothing to lose, Princess Hilda takes to her stage. Flashes from the ether punctuate her stride.

TUSSOCK

31.		**No music** Maybe muffled, as if announced via loud speakers: PRINCESS HILDA'S SPEECH **This festival which we know as The First Day Of Winter is above all a celebration of charity. To everyone in this Great Land I send a message of gratitude and greeting, from myself as from all my peoples.** **Today we express thanks for the successful crops of spring and for the hard work of farmers over our marvellous summer. We give thanks to the ordinary homespeople, whose wood-chopping, pickling and preserving efforts will see us all through the darkest days of another chill winter.** **I would send a special word of greeting to the less fortunate among us: to the orphaned, the bereft and the poor, and I ask you as good citizens of this most fortunate land to extend a helping hand wherever you see the opportunity. We must all look after one another and extend charity through the cold.**



The princess delivers her speech.
Appreciative tufts of tussock wave in a chill breeze.

32.		**No outro music, just SFX of slow breathing, a slight breeze.** **This is to reflect the 'stillness' of the pictures and the words.**



And everything else is still.

THE END