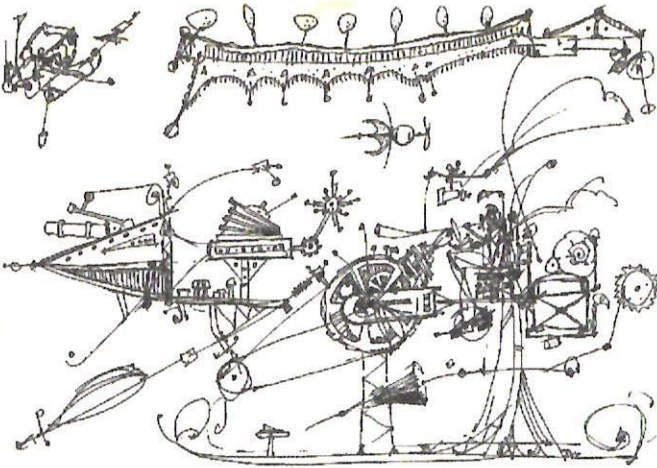


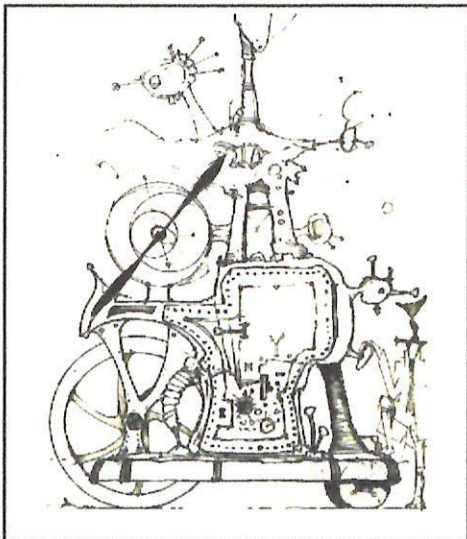
RICHARD HAIGH

Stories, Scripts, Illustrations, Film Ideas, Production Design & Storyboards

Writer



Writer



SWANSONG

Final part of the Zachariah Swift story. He is now very old and can hardly move around, but his quiet days are suddenly interrupted by a couple of strangers who take him on the journey of his life.

Z x Z

Second part of the fantasy story told in verse. Feeling lost in the middle of life, muddled in his own story and with an inability to see the value in the life around him, Zachariah Swift wrestles with himself and his world in this odd and imaginative tale.

ZAK & the GENESTALK

Fantasy story in verse. As a young boy, Zak has a bad fall but with the help of Dr. Xueebody and a spirit brother, Zimo, he is helped to help himself in this strange tale full of imagination and loving sentiment.

APRIL'S CLOCK

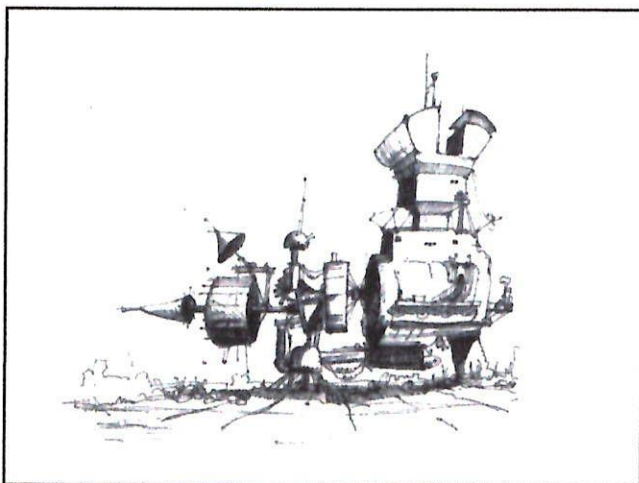
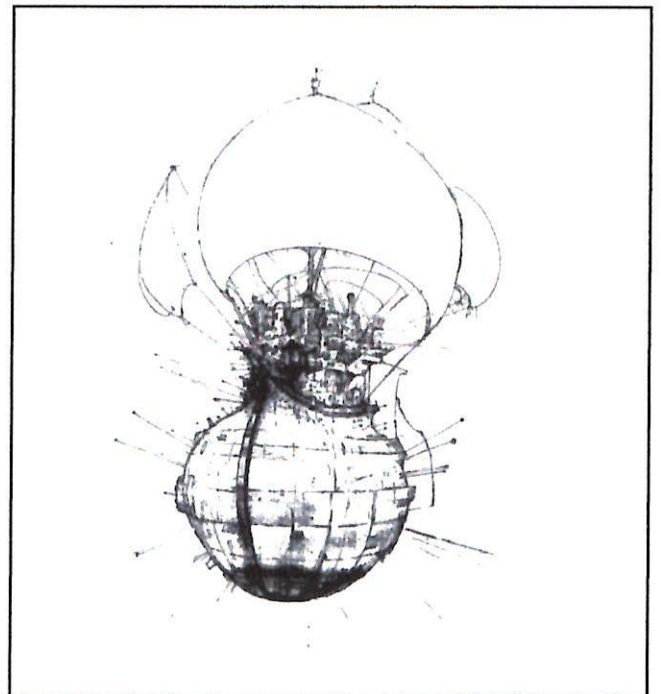
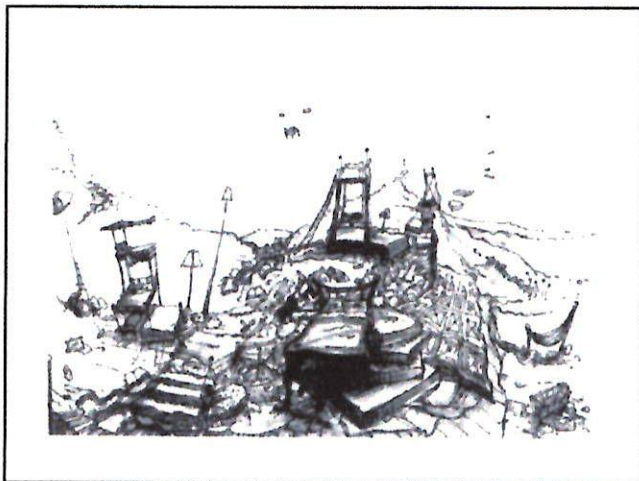
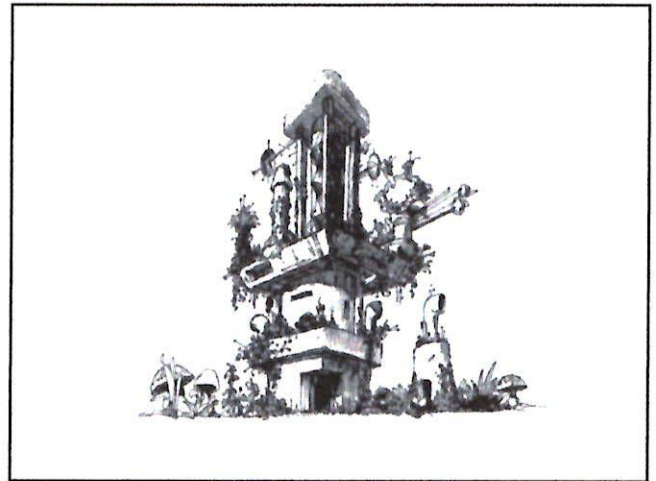
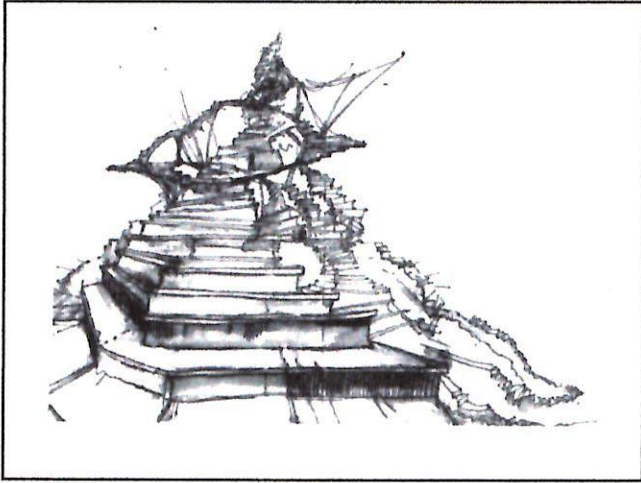
After losing the love of her life, April Snow lives in a lighthouse overlooking the waters that took her lover. In old age, she suffers alone until her radio crackles with a strange message ...

THE MAGIC MACHINE

A mysterious stranger arrives in a town where everyone seems to argue about everything. He invents a strange machine with which he teaches the townsfolk a lesson and a more peaceful way of life.

The Wooden Hill

Fantasy saga in verse. Guardian of dreams and amazing inventor, S.Milus ban Tom, builds an apprentice and takes off on a journey to discover more of his strange world. He meets many odd characters, sees many strange sights and becomes caught up in a search for a dangerous individual who's destiny can only be altered by Milus himself.



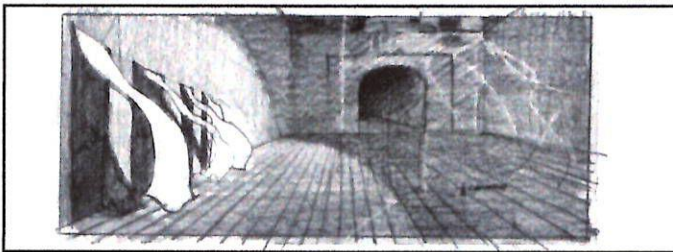
1997 *Writer*

ArtWars

Black comic fantasy in which a scientist uses cloning to bring famous artists and writers back to life to combat the organised assassinations of present day practitioners. Designed to be a highly stylised film, it is a satire on the art world and it's many flamboyant and bizzare characters.

1996 *Writer & Designer*

Asylum

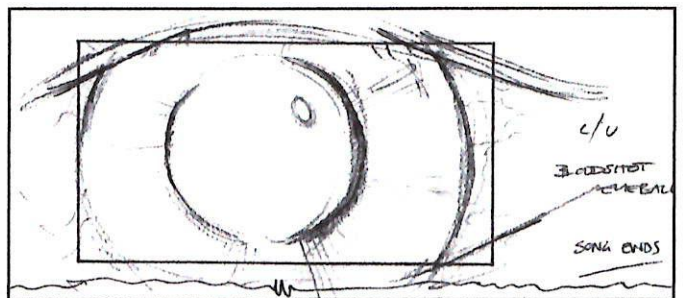
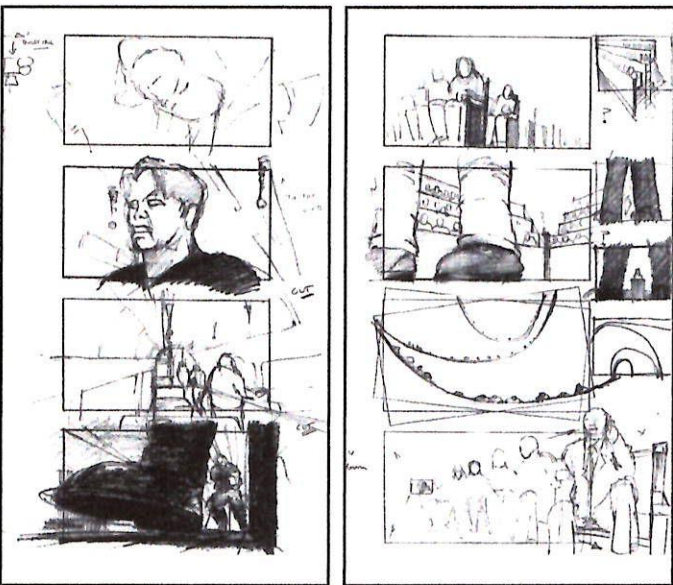


Dark supernatural tale of young lovers who are discovered by the girl's mother, a witch. She curses and banishes them to a limbo in which they remain until, hundreds of years later, they find a way back into the world when the remains of the witch are unearthed near a remote farmhouse.

1995 *Writer & Designer*

Dead Man's Handle

Early monday morning, a womans body is laying before a man who slowly gets ready for work as an underground train driver. He goes to work and embarks on a reckless journey through the dark, culminating in a breakdown and realisation of his actions in a surreal trial where he has to explain himself.



Zak
& the
Genestalk

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*Well ... Zak was a boy, with many a toy
yet liked to play out in the sun
his blonde hair would flow, in the midsummer glow
in days that were endlessly fun*

*but, when he was small, young Zak had a fall
down a well, in his garden at home,
he fell on his head, which cracked like an egg
and broke almost all of his bones*

*an ambulance chimed, a fireman climbed
down the hole in which he had dropped
he picked up young Zak, threw him over his back,
and climbed all the way to the top*

*from there Zak could see, the family tree
budding in all of it's glory
it's sap was like blood, that flowed through the wood
growing with many a story*

*In hospital, young Zak could tell
he wouldn't be playing for ages
in bed he would lay, all night and all day
flicking through storybook pages*

*one day, in came, a man with a cane,
Dr. Cedric Nicolais Xueebody,
an old man of letters, who had equalled his betters
and never did work that was shoddy*

*he'd once been a vet, and had many pets
and a doctor of trees for good show
there was no living mix, that he couldn't fix
and nothing that he didn't know*

*Zak peeked a look, up over his book,
like a bird peeping over a wall,
the Doc said, "Young man, put down fairy land,
for I am about to tell all!..."*

*... As you lay in bed, that fall on your head,
is causing you problems inside,
if I could just take, some blood I could make
some headway and plot me a guide*

*for within your blood, as everyone should,
you have codes that can show who you are,
they twist 'round each other, like two climbing brothers
connected by branches and arms*

*a ladder of stories, your ancestor's glories
a spiral of information
describing your roots, your trunk and new shoots,
and the rate of your own cultivation*

*you see, inside this swirl, is a whole other world
that grows so tremendously deep
and if we were to climb, this stalk so sublime
we may find out what treasures you keep*

*for if something is taking, those treasures you're making
we must find out where it resides
for your mind, like a bird, must sing and be heard,
be uncaged and be able to fly*

*these treasures I say, like eggs that are laid
are wonderful, golden and bright
they are your ideas, born between your ears
and should be giving your body more might*

*at the moment they're being, hoarded it seems
by something quite selfish and large
and if it's a giant, he won't be compliant
if we try to book him as charged*

*so, much as I do, a lots up to you
and the length of your bloodline repeating
so believe in your tree, for in it you see
is the strength and the good to defeat him!"*

*With evening falling, the last birds were calling
and singing their songs through the gloom,
and Zak knew his mum, and dad would be glum
when they came to tuck him up soon*

*and sure enough, both in a huff,
they came in and shuffled their chairs
they mumbled and moaned, they grumbled and groaned,
and spent the whole hour splitting hairs ..*

*.. visiting time, was over by nine,
and outside, it started to rain,
and when they'd stopped rowing, his mum, as if bowing,
kissed him, and gently explained:*

*"It's not the lack, of our love for you Zak,
that's making you lay in this bed,
it's just that your genes, are fuddled, it seems,
and the fall, well, it's puddled your head."*

*That night as the shutters, were pulled, all the gutters
were filling with torrents of rain
it just wouldn't stop, as it patted and plopped
like an ocean that tapped at his brain*

*Zak felt as he dozed, almost comatosed,
that that ocean could drown him for sure,
and so as he slipped, into dreamland unclipped
he'd a notion to sound out a cure*

*he dreamt he could see, his family tree
like a genestalk so massively grand
it twisted so high, through clouds in the sky,
with roots firmly deep in the land*

*slow spinning, revolving, it's own pathway solving
it hung like a spiraling frame
then silently turning, and constantly learning,
it whisked up young Zak in it's game*

*It felt like a timer, was flipped by the rhymer
for his heartbeat was starting to flutter
and as the stalk turned, young Zak, he discerned
that rivers had poured from the gutters*

*as further he climbed, through his family vine
the land disappeared below,
then not so surprising, an ocean was rising,
he was caught between cloud and it's flow*

*so up through the rain, he climbed in his pain,
into clouds that had more rain to come,
but the stalk was still growing, and lifted him knowing
a leg up is needed for some*

*through the clouds and above, it lifted with love,
this lad who was now dripping wet
but now in the sun, the tree's growing was done,
then a voice shouted, "So, have we met?"*

*From across the divide, on the other side,
sat a boy, exactly like him,
he shouted again, waved his arm, then,
started climbing across on a limb*

*by the time he got there, within young Zak's stare
he was far too nervous to grin,
"You look just like me, who on earth can you be?"
and the boy said, "Why, I am your twin!..."*

*... And we're not on earth, on this tree of our birth,
we are sitting in skies of another
and I'm glad you are here, so please have no fear,
for your company, now, is your brother!"*

*"No, no, no, my mother, told me of no brother,
especially one the same age!",
"Oh really", he said, "that's because, as it's read,
I reside on a different page ..."*

*... I live in the leaves, between all the trees,
that are flattened and made into books,
and so in between, those pages you've seen,
I've seen you ... and the way that you look,*

*although like two pips, we're not joined at the hip,
'though the apple we came from is whole,
but also we wear, the suit of a pair,
for together, we're joined at the soul*

*we're not siamese, all tangled and teased,
like hair platted tight in the morn,
but we are entwined, like mind within mind,
and have been since 'fore we were born,*

*My name was to be - Simon, you see,
if I were alive and not dead,
and I so like your name, but can't have the same,
so, here, call me Zimo instead,*

*Like Peter and Paul, we're perched on this tall
ever growing chemical tree,
but now it has stopped, it's our time to jump off
and I don't like the look of that sea!"*

*then through the cloud, a furrow was ploughed,
by a ship that was silent and vast,
it sailed through the weather, covered in feathers,
a crow's nest on top of it's mast*

*as they sat and stared, that curious pair,
like a couple of straddling dreamers,
it lifted with ease, rising up on the sea,
like a puffing and paddling steamer*

*and with it's arriving, the man who was driving
came out of his cabin and waved
and Zimo and Zak, waving straight back,
felt lucky that they had been saved*

*The closer he came, holding his cane,
Zak thought that he looked so familiar,
then as he neared, it became clear,
to Doc. Xueebody, he was so similar*

*“Come over, on board!”, this odd Captain roared,
in a voice that could summon the dead
and over they flew, becoming his crew,
his leadership taken as read*

*so, freshly recruited, the lads both saluted,
asking, “Captain, what are our jobs?”,
he said, “We must prevent, an enormous gent,
from gobbling all he has robbed!”*

*then, looking worried, he said, “We must hurry,
for time is not on our side ..
.. and Zak, you’re in danger, for that giant stranger,
has been taking your mind for a ride!”*

*So into the fray, they paddled away,
to look at this ogre so rare,
then using stethoscopes, plugged into telescopes,
they heard and they saw what was there ...*

*... a muttering, moaning, irksomely groaning,
great giant beast of a thing,
he had two voices, of differing choices,
so his notions could never take wing*

*like two giants in one, with a bickering bond,
he just couldn't agree with himself,
and eating these eggs, his mind never begged,
for he thought they supplied mental wealth*

*inside, civil war raged, only greed was uncaged,
all ideas were cooped up and eaten,
and so they decided, that this thing divided,
would have to be stopped or be beaten*

*His bulkiness sat, resting so fat,
on a great cage of fluttering birds,
some nesting, some flying, some tweeting and crying,
as if they were uttering words*

*to see this huge cage, filled Zak with a rage,
for the beauty within it was trapped,
like a mind that was locked, this fluttering flock,
sang a well of ideas untapped*

*and so as he stared, it was Zimo that dared...
to tell Zak, and the Cap gave a nudge,
that what he was seeing, was his very being,
and the ugliness that must be budged*

*you see, upon his mind, sat a dangerous kind
of thing that threatened his life,
then he twigged in his broken old head still unwoke,
that back home .. he was under the knife ...*

*The realization of this situation,
gave Zak a new focus and lift,
so the plot to be hatched, and quickly despatched,
would have to be sure and swift*

*so .. Xuee, Zimo and Zak, formed their attack,
'round the notion of playing a trick,
that they'd give to the troll, a present so droll,
it would make him quite foolishly sick*

*with the Doc keeping calm, Zimo holding his arm,
Zak started to concentrate,
for if all his thoughts, were being gobbled for sport,
then he'd put something wry on the plate*

*so he thought up a treat, tasty and neat,
so lethal, no prisoners taken,
a fool's golden egg, the illness now pegged,
to hang up Goliath like bacon*

*Zak closed his eyes, his mind on the prize,
in this theatre of operations,
for while having his head examined in bed,
he was brewing a new incubation*

*salted with tears, peppered with fear,
he whispered words under his breath,
an egg was then laid, within the great cage,
that bore a great hallmark of death*

*the Zzz Bomb was made, of such a high grade,
a sleeping pill with quite a shot,
a mixture of whims, both complex and grim,
to tie that great oaf up in knots*

*for he would be greedy, his head being so needy,
and woof the egg down in a flash,
imagining that, his thoughts would grow fat,
on this new golden egg from his stash*

*Meanwhile, the giant, this illness reliant
on Zak's very brain for his food,
an evil encroacher, this dangerous poacher,
was still in a grumbling mood*

*he growled to his tum, "Fe, Fi, Fo," and "Fum!,
I smell the blood of a boy so young!
I sense the thoughts of a mind that is caught
and I am so hungry for some!"*

*He groped in the cage as he did every day,
fumbling around for his dinner,
and to his surprise, he found a new prize
and pulled out the bright golden winner*

*no need for a bowl, he swallowed it whole,
and straight away knew his mistake,
for instead of being fed, it went to his head,
making him stand up and shake*

*So, slowly standing, his mind undemanding,
this pellet was stopping the rot,
then almost as if, it was boring him stiff,
it riveted him to the spot*

*he went very quiet, this arguing giant,
and eventually made up his mind,
to stand there in silence, in dozy compliance,
a monster struck deaf, dumb and blind*

*and as he stood still, bereft of his will,
a statue of stone, monumental,
he started to fall, this problem so tall,
the beginning of which was so gentle*

*he started to lean, and both lads could see,
through binoculars that they were sharing,
that when the thing fell, a great wave would swell,
and that life jackets, they should be wearing*

*A tumultuous wave, full of watery graves,
came hurtling quickly towards them,
a great wall of death, making all hold their breaths,
it threatened to whip up and board them*

*it rose like a flood, chilling their blood,
making them wavesick and queezy,
and all in one boat, like a basket afloat,
they felt they'd be turned over easy*

*but, as they scurried, there was a flurry
of shadows then filling the sky,
a blanket of birds, like eiderdowned words,
descended and pulled the ship dry*

*the old cage was broken, the flock had awoken
and they were the rescuing kind,
at hour eleven, instead of in heaven,
Zak was saved by his very own mind.*

*Then from above, down flew a dove,
an olive branch held in it's beak,
The Captain said, "Grand! We are nearing land,
and home for both strong and the weak ..."*

*but just as he thought, they were nearing port,
the genestalk was starboard, in sight,
the Captain said, "Zak, it's time to go back!"
and Zimo said, sadly, "He's right!"*

*the guiding rope broke ... he slowly awoke,
though Zimo was still in his ears ...
... he opened his eyes to see with surprise,
both of his parents in tears*

*their eyes were so wide, with love and with pride,
they kissed him and held him so tight,
the doctor said, "Zak, we're so glad you're back,
you've given us all quite a fright! ..."*

*... Now, sing your own song, for the giant has gone,
this morning has dawned a new day,
and the young chap you met, in your chirpy duet,
has helped bring you back from the fray."*

*Then his mum, having heard, every tossed and turned word,
leaned in with a question to ask:*

*"...And what was he called, this boy who saved all,
..easing Doc Xueebody's task?"*

*"It was Simon, his name, and we played such a game",
then his mum smiled with tears in her eyes,
he said, "Don't cry mum, we were having great fun,
he's my brother who lives in the sky!"*

*You see, every time, I read stories and rhymes,
we can talk through the pages as one,
and he'll see me quite clear, whatever the year,
as we walk through the ages to come!"*

*So onwards and older, 'a toast to those soldiers!',
who helped to put Zak back together,
his head was now better, uncracked and unfettered,
with energy bright and untethered*

*"... Every egg, every bird, every yet to say word,
will grow out of what you have here ...
... for you, Zak, my son, the battle is won,
you are free to enjoy your ideas!*

*Your mum and dad missed you, no wonder they kissed you,
you have slept for an entire year,
so now is the time to make use of these rhymes,
and live your new life without fear.*

*Your confidence risen, clean out of your prison,
soon you will stand up and leave,
but, Zak .. always know .. that wherever you go,
you're as strong as what you believe!"*

You

Knowing you
I wouldn't dream of that

Not knowing you
I couldn't bare to dream of that

Hating you
I could dream of that

Loving you
How I love to dream of that

Loving you
How I'd love to live like that.

Exorcising Doubt

As the rocking chair creaked
the Blackwood sang
so soft and dark
silent memories
sent the meanings
hit me
later on
flitting in
and out of focus
getting lost in doubt
so unsure as evening comes
so resigned as daylight goes

the pirates of the mind
could never captain such danger
like the blue devils that Tom saw
those psychic vampires I heard about
shadows at the edges
of sight and consciousness

They come
when Hercules is tired
when Einstein is asleep
they came
to take what made them laugh
through tunnels and clouds
biting on cyanide
in Black Magic's pouch

The garden soaked up the night
as I smoked at the back door
I couldn't give up the ghost
although I toyed with the idea

my solid breath remarked in vain
'it was the pain that made me change'.

Speed the Game

Night crawls
licking the land
soaking the sky
dancing the fields
climbing trees
breaking hearts

non stop

he needs no breath
to pounce from boughs
to snake the green blades
like the wind inside the sea

Silence the word
Speed the game
Timelessly pretending

He pounces
to slice the light into himself
it's all he knows

He finds us at the starting blocks
making conversation and love
wishing below
a gust of tired geese
lit by the milk of the moon
forever fresh
we leap the bowing trees
hurdle kneeling rocks
we outrun the wind

Running to the East
against the rushing current
neck and neck
with the tide of night.

I can see her

I can see
the life that is really her
dancing in that fleshtone frame
prancing in a garden game

Her mind is made of music
happy within her head
her mind knows in it's way
that nothing need be said

I can see her
far behind those breathing eyes
far beyond that field of hair
her face before the music
her mystery and melody

My everlasting dream wrung dry
is hers to melt and mould
in the afternoon when all seemed lost
the sun turned into gold

I can see her
well within that twisted beauty
a mad truth hits an elegance
I'm not fooling
like I did to do the dance
upside down to learn
how on earth that old romance
was fresh at every turn

I can see
she doesn't see me
I can tell
she doesn't know me

Reasons call reasons but logic must fal
I don't dare call what others call love
Reasoning doubts that there's reason at all
To spend time with her is reason enough

My Hero

All the time
I was playing
the fool
acting
the goat
pretending to be
my hero
my childhood hero

All the time
something
was happening

All the time
something
was digging
and taking away

Taking away
my hero
my adult hero

my hero.

Going Nowhere

I've travelled far beyond Wit's End
through winding lanes and back again
I find I live inside Square One
the turn off, out of town, has gone

The traffic lights are always green
to travel 'round and 'round unseen
however fast, however keen
I always end up where I've been

One day I thought I'd found a way
to leave the road and off I strayed
but all I got was lost and found
myself to be a backward hound

I joined in with the current throng
helped them make and do me wrong
kept my brightness out of sight
as if those fools had got it right

I saw that they were capable
of raping something rapeable
and overcome with mortal fear
I reached out for another beer

My impact craters multiplied
the path to death was simplified
a bright red carpet led the way
it looked as if I'd had my day

I agreed but wouldn't go
I argued with myself but no
it seemed that I would stick around

Like Indy Jones
beneath the truck
like any poem
by Chuck Buk

like Byron DONE
for all his fancies
Da Vinci DONE
for Necromancy

like Oscar Wide
in Reading goal
like Einstien
in a roaring gale

like those who tend
to fuck and judge
make up their minds
and never budge

like those that think
they've got it right
because the future's
out of sight

like those believing
each new day,
each thing believed
yesterday

Autumn

We must meet somewhere
I warm to hear you
in the snuggled slumber
of a frozen morning
I smell her nimble breath
within the red of Autumn's womb
a pure white winter sets to bloom
I was looking for the bones of a snowman
I cut my throat on a broken promise
we drank wine and talked
we made love
we slept
we woke
half kissed
kissed
touched
her breast
her hair
she was so warm
hot, warm
inviting and intriguing
so warm and real next to me
wonderfully tired
complicated
white magic
she devastates me
how haphazard
the things she says and does
she would be scared
to hear my mind
and still the snow will fall
and the morning becomes a day
I couldn't drink, but I did
and slept all the way through Christmas Day.

Home

With everything to come home to
and nothing to go away for
I'll sit here in my little town
and write my little fairy tales

I'll farm a little land
for just enough pay
to feed myself and anyone else
who happens along the way

The fields are just too beautiful
to leave this time of year
the children are too wonderful
to spoil with city tears

parents and then grandparents
are always by my side
as I will be with my children
so I can seek, when they hide

so how does my holy wife
clean out my woven hive?
She fills out my molish life
and keeps my dreams alive.

Mountain Cries

I heard a rush of mountain cries
before I left my lay
and much more strangeness came to pry
before the break of day

and in the dawn the wailers came
heath trudging, fork and song
my terrors flew, left hearts lame
and church bells floated long